

# Mother Knows Best part 1

*[BE, Size Envy]*

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"Mom, you're doing it again." Amelia groaned.

"Ope, sorry Millie!" Stacy said with a polite grin.

"Amelia." She muttered, glaring down at her cereal.

"Sorry dear." Stacy adjusted in her seat.

It was breakfast, so Stacy tried to excuse her daughter's brusqueness. When Amelia told her a week ago that she didn't like her mom resting her boobs on the table she took it in stride. At least they were talking again.

Still, it was hard adjusting. The boob thing especially. Ever since middle school Stacy had been the biggest girl in the room. Something that was more than fine with her. Growing up Stacy spent most of her time in the mall, so it was pretty easy to find new cute bras. By the time she was pregnant with Amelia her girls had grown to be nearly the size of her head and just as heavy. Stacy supposed that's where her boob resting habit started. But things change. Amelia was a senior in high school, not the little girl she took home from the hospital.

"I saw an ad on Facebook. Said there was this big sale at the mall." Stacy suggested.

The teenager at the end of the table didn't respond.

"Maybe we could go." She continued. "Meet your friends and all that."

"No one goes to malls anymore." Amelia said. "Or on Facebook."

"Oh." Stacy took a bite of her eggs. "I just found these coupons is all. For Victoria's Secret. Maybe you and your girlfriends could get something fun."

Amelia stood up, looking her mom in the eye.

"Why?" She asked. "Not like I need anything from there."

It was different from Amelia's other remarks. Stacy thought she heard hurt in her voice, not just anger directed at her mother.

Amelia turned and left.

"You need someone to drive you?" Stacy called after.

"Got my license last week, remember?" Amelia sneered from the other room.

"Oh yeah."

A door slammed. Stacy was alone again.

Her daughter was so much different than her growing up. Stacy spent her high school years partying. Meanwhile her daughter was the captain of all these after school clubs. Amelia buried her nose in SAT study books while Stacy had spent her time reading celebrity gossip magazines.

Even their appearances contrasted. Stacy's big, blonde, hourglass body had grown nicer with age. While Amelia was a mousy black haired girl with a slight build. Amelia seemed to

dress to blend in. Amelia dressed loud and sexy, like the 80s never died, albeit without the hairspray. But the mom was right about 80s nostalgia coming back in a big way. Stacy suspected her daughter never forgave her for that. The only real similarities they shared was that they were pretty tall for women. Stacy a towering six-foot-three and Amelia a still respectable six-feet-even.

Stacy didn't think her daughter stopped talking to her because of her clothes, teens usually drift away a bit. But she assumed that was where the embarrassment came from. But complaining about slouching too close to the table? She thought Victoria's Secret was the coolest. And her daughter was mad about having nothing to wear there? Was she self conscious about her body?

Stacy pulled out her phone. She squinted at the small letters before letters for a moment before giving up. She didn't look it, but Stacy was getting older. Stacy dug a pair of reading glasses from her cleavage. She thought back to how often she stored things in there. Sure at her size it was convenient, but was she just rubbing salt in her daughter's wound?

After a few minutes of looking Stacy managed to find the same Facebook post she had seen a few weeks ago. It was for some kind of diet powder that was supposed to add inches to your chest.

"Crazy what science can do these days!" Wrote an old high school friend. It wasn't like either of them needed a boost. It only stuck in Stacy's mind because of how mean all the people were in the comments. Calling her friend a fool for promoting a scam.

Most people could have seen it as a magical solution. But little Millie was already 18. In eight months she'd be off at college. Stacy felt she needed something magic to keep them from drifting apart entirely.

So she bought a whole case.

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Amelia wondered why her Mom was suddenly taking such an interest in her. They'd had an unspoken agreement to let each other keep to themselves. An agreement Amelia was more than happy to keep. She found her mom's bubbly personality grating. Not to mention her appearance. Amelia learned as early as middle school to stop letting boys over to her house, lest they stare slack-jawed into her mom's cleavage.

"Why does she have to wear such low cut tops?" Amelia asked herself that morning at breakfast.

Starting in high school she stopped having people over period. Her friends weren't exactly popular. But even they weren't immune to a little boob envy. There was a joke in the women's chess team that Penelope's double d's were the second largest, the first being the club booster "Ms. Stacy." Amelia tried not to show her friends how much these jokes got to her. (Especially when Dana quipped she would be ranked last.)

Fast forward Amelia's senior year; she was flat as ever and her mom was even more obnoxious. She had gone from insisting they spend dinners together to nearly every meal she

had at home. Not even breakfasts were safe. Every morning for the past few weeks there'd been a glass of smoothie waiting for Amelia when she got up. Her mom just stood there, still wearing a bright neon unitard from her morning workout. Amelia tried not to gag at seeing her mom in something so form fitting. Still, the smoothies were surprisingly good. She wondered if maybe those fad diets in her mom's magazines weren't so bad after all.

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"Mom!" Shouted Amelia from upstairs.

Stacy jumped in surprise.

"What honey?" She called back in a sing-songy voice.

Stacy wasn't used to her daughter being up so early. She barely had time to finish her morning run before starting on this morning's smoothies.

"You need to read the tags better!" Amelia called back.

Stacy took a scoop from the supplement powder and dumped it in the blender.

"What dear?" Stacy asked.

"My things shrank."

A smile grew across Stacy's face.

"Things?" The blonde asked, trying to sound coy.

Her daughter's response was drowned out by the blender. Stacy left the kitchen, grinning from ear to ear.

"What was that?" Stacy asked, climbing the stairs to her daughter's room.

There was a grumbling from the other side of the door.

Stacy covered her mouth to suppress a giggle.

"Can I come in?" She asked.

After a moment Amelia grunted:

"Yeah."

Amelia stood before a floor-length mirror. Long black hair done up in a ponytail. She was fidgeting with the hem of a shirt. Relaxed, it hung near her bellybutton. Pulled down a perky pair of breasts eked out the neckline. Stacy practically beamed upon seeing a cute pair of orange sized boobs breaking up her daughter's svelte frame.

"What?" Amelia asked, scowling at her mom in the mirror.

"You just look so grown up!" Stacy said.

She perhaps put more emphasis on the word 'grown' then she had intended. This didn't go unnoticed by Amelia whose attention returned to her chest.

"You think I need a new shirt?" She asked.

"Maybe." Stacy said, giving what she thought was a care-free shrug.

Amelia just glowered back at her mom.

"Maybe you're a late bloomer." Stacy suggested. Amelia rolled her eyes.

"I'll see you downstairs," she said.

It sounded more like a command than a nicety. But Stacy was too happy to take her daughter to task about it. True to her word, Amelia met her mother downstairs; barely enough time for Stacy to finish her daughter's smoothie. She was wearing a baggy sweater and a dower expression.

"Here you go." Stacy said, handing her daughter a hot pink smoothie.

"Thanks mom." she grunted.

Amelia took a long drink.

"You know, I just realized I never took you bra shopping." Stacy began. "Maybe we could go after school? You and me?"

Amelia glared over her glass. She swallowed.

"You don't need to baby me," she said.

"What?" Stacy said. Her daughter's words had more venom in them than she expected.

"Make me cute little drinks," Amelia continued. "Take me shopping."

"I was just making breakfast." Stacy said, smile fading.

"Then how come I'm the only one who ever has any?"

Stacy returned to the blender. In her haste she made enough for two. She angrily poured herself a cup.

"FYI young lady." Stacy took a swing. "I drink mine after my run."

Amelia scoffed.

"And I'd like a little less attitude from you." Stacy said. She took another drink to prove her point.

Her daughter stood there, arms crossed.

"Sorry." she grumbled at her feet.

It wasn't much, but it was the first proper apology Stacy had gotten in years.

"It's cool," Stacy said. Unsure what to do, she took another swig of smoothie, finishing the glass.

"Ah shit." the mom said, clutching her head. "Brain freeze..."

Amelia gave a small laugh. It didn't have the usual bite of making fun of her mom. So she laughed as well.

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Amelia tried going to a department store by herself. She soon realized she knew absolutely nothing about bra sizing. She tried on at least a half dozen. The closest she came was an ugly powder blue bra which had fitting cups, but only when held up to her chest. When fastened around her chest it hung there uselessly. She resorted to asking Dana after gym class.

"What's your measurements?" Amelia asked.

"Why?" Dana asked, confused. Amelia wondered if she came on too strong.

"Just curious." Amelia asked, now trying to sound more casual.

Amelia watched as her bob-haired classmate eyed her up and down. Dana's lips curled into a smile.

"You've done some growing haven't you?" Dana grinned.

"What? No." Amelia said. Her words were abrupt, too focused on covering her chest to sound convincing.

Dana took off her shirt.

"Well... in case you have any 'friends' who might be interested...." Dana said, gesturing to her own chest.

Dana was a short, chubby, girl with smooth olive skin and a bob haircut.

"You measure your rib cage for that number on the tag, and then subtract that from whatever number you get from your bust line." Dana traced a line from her ribs to the tip of her tit.

"Stop." Amelia groaned.

"Stop what?" Dana asked

"Acting all sensual and shit."

"Just showing off the goods." Dana laughed, palming her chest.

Amelia tried not to notice how much flesh oozed between her friends fingers, or the envy that gnawed at her when she did.

"Anyway, you subtract them and the number you have left is your cup size." Dana continued. "So if you're built like me it might take longer for you to go up a size than if you're a tall skinny chick like you. So don't be discouraged."

"I'll try not to be." Amelia scoffed. She was being only half sarcastic.

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Stacy didn't think her daughter suspected anything. She was just at the age when she wanted to be independent. Individual smoothies made by your mom did not scream 'independence.' Still, it made it harder for Stacy to sneak Amelia her daily supplement. Mixing it in with a spoon made the smoothie all clumpy. Making them separate worked every now and then, but it seemed more than a little suspicious. Stacy tried to make up some kind of excuse for why she was drinking her's later. But she was never good at lying. The most convincing idea the blonde could muster was busying herself with chores or starting her work day during breakfast. But it sacrificed valuable time with her daughter. So Stacy resolved to just work off the extra pounds.

Wasn't like she needed to be any bigger.

Her body had other plans. Stacy thought she had just imagined the tightness in her bras. It had only been a week after all. It took Stacy three to show results. She added ankle weights to her morning runs. Stacy tracked her progress with a scale, but each day it seemed she had to lean forward a little more to see the number. She tried incorporating some calisthenics into her

routine. But pushups proved too much of a challenge; squashing her increasingly heavy hangers from chin to belly button.

Stacy resolved to do serious research on the matter. She asked around facebook, even going as far as the second page of the google search results. There was informal chatter online about the supplement affecting some women differently than others. Strangely teenagers were being advised against using the supplement because of how susceptible they were.

There were also some serious studies done at universities but Stacy had trouble understanding them. So she ended up just cursing her own incredibly gifted body. Even if Amelia took after her father's side of the family, Stacy could still see results in her daughter's straining bust line. She had upped the dosage now that they shared the drink. But maybe three scoops a day was too much.

"Mom, you're staring again." Amelia said.

"Oh, sorry." Stacy said. She took a sip of her smoothie.

"And your boobs are on the table."

"Sorry." Stacy repeated. With minimal slouching, Stacy could now rest her boobs in her lap. She tried to ignore this.

It was Saturday. There was no school. Yet her daughter joined her for a meal. Of her own free will! Even more shocking, Amelia asked her to make her a smoothie. Stacy needed to seize the opportunity. But between the weight of her chest and the sugary after-taste of the supplement, only one topic really came to mind.

"I was just thinking that bra looked kinda tight." Stacy said.

Her daughter winced at the reminder.

"Yeah..." Amelia trailed off. "I got my friends to give me some tips on picking one out. But I don't think I did it right."

Amelia cupped her chest in her hands. Stacy could swear she was blushing. The poor girl.

"If you want I could take you to the place I shop. They're like professionals." Stacy began cautiously.

"Not Victoria's Secret again," Amelia groaned.

"Not them. That coupon expired anyway." She added in a quiet voice.

Amelia's green eyes flitted up, to meet her mother's. It wasn't her daughter's usual disgust, but it wasn't excitement either.

After what felt like an eternity, Amelia answered.

"Sure," she shrugged. "Nothing better to do."

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"30 DD." The woman said. It took a moment for Amelia to really soak it in.

"You sure?" She asked, looking over her shoulder. But the woman was already spooling up her tape measure.

"Yep." The shopkeeper said. "Whoever measured you last time was way off."

"Yeah." Amelia said quietly.

She turned back to her reflection. Just a month ago she was flat. Now she had boobs. Ones big enough to hang off her chest in thick teardrops, rolling off the sides of her narrow rib cage. Nipples the size of pencil erasers on pale, mostly invisible areolas.

"You can put your shirt back on dear." The shopkeeper said.

"Right, sorry." Amelia regained focus.

"No worries dear." The shopkeeper said with a polite smile.

Despite approaching grapefruits in size her new boobs sat high on her chest. If it wasn't for her perky new nipples Amelia would have wondered if she needed a bra at all.

"How's it going?" Stacy asked, the door starting to open.

"Mom!" Amelia shouted. She barely had time to pull her sweater over her chest.

"Sorry, sorry." Stacy said, the door closing again.

Stacy left the fitting room, face flushed.

"Well?" Stacy asked again.

"You'll want to throw away that old bra." The shopkeeper said. Amelia watched in horror as she handed it to her mother.

"Looks like you had to cut it off her!" Stacy said, holding it up to the light to examine. Amelia could hear the store's entrance opening

"Just toss it." Amelia hissed through her teeth, eyes darting around for witnesses. The two women ignored her, continuing to examine Amelia's underwear.

"She certainly takes after you." The shopkeeper said with a laugh.

"Oh my god." Amelia groaned. She slunk towards a nearby clothes rack, trying to make herself as small as possible.

Stacy and the shopkeep soon disappeared, leaving Amelia to shop in private. The store was converted from an old house that the city's shopping district had expanded into. It had a dollhouse charm that Amelia admired and she was impressed by the selection. She was drawn to a couple of lacy black bras, both of which seemed to emphasize her newfound cleavage. Halfway through trying on the second there was a knock at Amelia's dressing room.

"In here," she said.

"Amy?" A familiar voice asked.

"Penelope?" Amelia asked.

"Oh my gosh!" Penelope cheered. Amelia could hear her jumping on the other side of the door.

Penelope was previously the biggest girl in their chess club. She was teased by the other girls for being 'the pretty one', a joke that upset both Penelope and Amelia for different reasons.

Amelia wasn't sure where the ranking lay after her growth spurt, but she wasn't let go of any advantages. She pulled her sweater over the still tagged bra and stepped out.

Amelia's face fell.

Any confidence she had gained melted away. Penelope was wearing a top that didn't look designed to be so low cut. Her seemingly head-sized chest practically oozed out her neckline as she literally jumped for joy.

"I'm so happy to see you here." Penelope said. She paused to hug Amelia. At six feet tall Amelia was about a head taller than the bushy-haired brunette. Yet she still felt Penelope's melons fighting for space.

"You look so good." Penelope said, pulling herself away.

"Thanks, you do too." Amelia said. Unlike Dana, Penelope seemed genuinely happy for her, so she tried her best to return the smile.

"You here for more bras?" Amelia awkwardly asked.

"Yeah." Penelope's smile faded. "Been growing again. Probably didn't see because I've been wearing those big coats all winter but I can't hide it anymore."

Penelope uncomfortably pulled on her shirt as she talked, trying to pull the skin tight garment over her hourglass waist. All she succeeded in doing was cause her shirt to groan ominously.

"But I'm glad you're finally here." Penelope said, her cheer returning. "I know Dana's been mean to you about all this."

"I mean they're just jokes." Amelia said. She looked up to see her mom approaching.

"Penny!" Stacy called from across the store.

Penelope turned to give an energetic wave.

"Hi Ms. Stacy!" She greeted,

"You shopping too?" Stacy asked. Amelia noticed several pairs of enormous bras in her mother's arms.

"Yeah. How about you?" Penelope asked.

"Yep. Needed to get resized." Stacy said with a grin. Amelia felt her stomach turn. "You found yours Stacy?"

"Uh, yeah." She said.

"Then take it off so we can check out."

Amelia looked down at herself and blushed.

"Right. Forgot I was wearing it."

"It was nice seeing you!" Penelope said.

"Yeah, see you Tuesday." Amelia said.

She disappeared into the changing room once more.

Amelia felt bad. She was mad at Penelope for upstaging her again. Guilty, since Penny clearly wasn't happy about growing either. Mad at herself for being selfish. And she felt sad that

after waiting years to finally bloom she was once again overshadowed by both Penny and her mom.

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Stacy noticed her daughter staring at her friend's breasts. She was cold the whole way home and disappeared into her room for the rest of the weekend. Stacy kicked herself for not waiting to buy her bras some other time. It was bad enough to be upstaged by her classmates, let alone by her own mother.

Stacy had bought a couple month's supply of the supplement. Something to give her daughter a little push. Having messed with the dose they were already almost out. But something the shopkeep said stuck in her mind.

"She takes after you."

Stacy knew she was huge. She had been a big, busty, blonde for most of her life. If Amelia was gonna grow on her own she would have by now. But no one else knew that.

So Stacy ordered a couple more cases of the supplement. In her research she stumbled upon a site called Reddit, with some boards dedicated to gifted girls like herself. The one that interested her was a kind of support group for women trying to find ways to get bigger. It seems this supplement had been a godsend for them. Dozens of posts talking about nutrition and optimal dosages. Dozens of enormous after pictures proved to Stacy that Amelia could keep growing.

It also gave her plenty of ideas for how to up her daughter's dosage. Because the supplement was sweet many people suggested slipping it into baked goods. So Amelia was greeted with a tray of cookies when she returned from school that monday. Ironically Stacy had stopped baking because they always seemed to find their way onto her chest. Now she was baking cookies that were guaranteed to end up there. If Stacy couldn't avoid drinking the supplement in their morning smoothies she could at least make sure her daughter grew faster than she did.