

Mother Knows Best Rebirth - Chapter 3

By **MagnusMagneto**

((Special Thanks to Ritualist. The original concept of Mother Knows Best came from him!))

(Recap:

Tara is a 35 year old single mother of 17 year old **Cory** are spending the summer at a vacation home belonging to Tara's brother. For the first few weeks, Cory plays the latest video games in his room nonstop while Tara mostly lounges around watching shallow television. Eventually, Tara decides that she wants to spend her time away from work improving herself. She tries to get Cory to join in, but he reneges her, going so far as to make some fairly insulting statements. Frustrated, Tara challenges her son to a have a physical contest after a set period of time for training - the winner of which would become the undisputed leader of the household for the summer. During this time, Tara pushed her body as far as she could, and experienced results bordering on supernatural.

During their contest, Tara completely dominated Cory in every category. Despite their former agreement, Cory still remained disobedient, prompting Tara to come up with creative ways to discipline him. Instead of resorting to anything physical, she simply used the threat of ramping up her self improvement even further to frighten him.

Also of note during Chapter 2, Tara's brother, Terry, contacted her, saying that he wanted to drop by with his family to visit in a few weeks. This has prompted Tara to push herself even further to show Terry just how much she's improved!)

1.) Shortly after the end of Chapter 2

Cory looked down at the book in his lap. "Massaging for Dummies". Was his mother really serious? He'd seen the thick, powerful ridges of muscles that populated her wide back. He'd seen the mind boggling amount of weight it could lift. How was he supposed to massage that? The instructions simultaneously seemed simple and complex. Simply making circular motions with his palms seemed easy enough, but then there was page after page of various techniques and tips. With an aggravated sigh, he tossed the book aside and stared at the ceiling. How did this even happen? How did his mother become so strong? It wasn't like she simply got in good shape for a woman her age... this was something entirely different. She had become the largest and strongest woman he ever met. Only on television and the internet had he ever witnessed a female more physically imposing than Tara.

"Alright Cory, are you ready?" Tara's voice boomed from across the household. Cory sat still for a moment, unsure of precisely how to approach this. "Don't pretend you can't hear me Cory! I know better than that!"

With a sigh, Cory got up and began trudging towards the bedroom Tara was occupying. She was freshly showered, laying on her front in the bed with a bedsheet covering her lower half.

"Do I really have to do this?" Cory whined.

"You don't HAVE to do anything, but if you want to be a man of your word after losing the

competition you instigated, then yes.”

“Whatever.” Cory meandered over towards the triangular, powerful exposed mound of flesh that he would have to work on.

“Before you start, I need you to slather on some of the moisturizer on the nightstand to my right.”

Cory turned his attention to the nightstand and picked up the bottle of moisturizer. He could tell from the packaging alone that it was a specialty high-end brand. The container promised to provide skin the full spectrum of vitamins, minerals and other nutrients it needed to remain soft, healthy and glowing. “Do you really care about this? I mean, you’re jacked as hell and all.”

“What are you insinuating?” Still on her front, Tara turned her head to Cory - he could see a familiar fire returning to her eyes.

“Just.. You know. You’re ridiculously muscular, why bother with the moisturizer and stuff?”

“Cory, just because I’m bringing my body to its physical potential doesn’t mean I’m forsaking femininity. In fact, in many ways I’m more feminine than ever.”

“Riiight.” Cory smeared a sizable portion of moisturizer on his hand, sighed once again, and started spreading it onto his mother’s back. As his touch met her powerful muscles, it became apparent just how hard they were. He dreaded the actual massage session, as he was unsure precisely how he would properly knead flesh that firm.

“Throw some more on.” Tara ordered.

Cory rolled his eyes and complied. It took a while, but he eventually moisturized the entirety of the expansive muscle group.

“Mmm... you probably don’t believe me, but I can feel the nutrients from that pampering my skin.” Tara chuckled.

Cory shuddered. That statement was eerily reminiscent of Tara mentioning that she could feel the protein shakes fueling her immense muscles. He wondered if she was exaggerating, or if she really could sense such a thing. He couldn’t put it outside the realm of possibility considering Tara’s absurd transformation this past few weeks.

“Alright, time to show me what you learned from the book.”

Cory gulped before getting to it. He figured he may as well get it over with as quickly as possible. While he tried to imitate the techniques used in the book, Cory’s motions were ragged and somewhat all over the place. He also wasn’t putting much effort into the task. Tara could sense this, and decided to mess with him. She tensed her back, causing the powerful bunches of muscle to grow even harder. Cory jammed his fingers into the flesh, barely able to dent it at all. He let out an exasperated sigh. “Cut it out!”

“Cut what out?” Tara giggled. “This?” She put even more effort into tightening her back, which in turn made it even more impenetrable to Cory’s touch. After messing with him for a few more moments, she finally relaxed and let him finish.

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The next ten minutes or so while Cory finished his task felt excruciatingly long. Eventually however, Tara finally signaled that he had done enough. "I hope you study up some more, maybe watch a few tutorials. I expect you to do a better job next time."

Wordlessly, Cory turned and began to leave. It had been an extremely long day, and he was eager to relax for a bit before going to sleep.

"One more thing." Tara added before he could slip away. "There's a guide on taking care of nails, and another guide on preparing and applying facial masks. I expect you to have learned at least their basic contents before tomorrow night."

Cory let out a sigh before leaving, quickly making his way to his room.

He hoped more than anything else that he would awaken the next day to find that this had all been a bizarre dream. He wanted to find his mother small, weak and complacent, and his game console plugged in his room. He wanted to be the more physically imposing person in his small family. He didn't want to worry about learning how to care for or pamper anyone else, or to bother cooking food.

2.) The next morning

Cory woke up at around 9 AM. This was a good deal earlier than the norm for him the past two months, but yesterday had exhausted him so much that he fell asleep much earlier than usual. After getting to his feet, he instinctively moved over towards the television in his room before being reminded that his game console was no longer there. He sighed, realizing that he'd have to leave the room in order to start playing.

The 17 year old gathered himself, got dressed and walked out. Within a matter of moments, he was greeted by the sight of Tara performing yoga in the living room. A tightly fitting workout top and shorts barely covered her powerful body which was being held in the air by her hands alone. Tara's tremendous triceps stuck out from the pressure of supporting her over 180 pound frame. Slowly, with controlled motion, she moved her trunk-like legs, causing her rigid abdominal muscles to ripple in response.

Cory shuddered from the sight. Not only was his mother unfathomably muscular, but she had supreme control over her body. Without even seeing him enter her vision, Tara could sense that Cory was there. "Hey Cory, check this out!" she exclaimed.

The teenager turned his attention to his mother, who began pushing the entirety of her weight with just the strength of her arms. She even slowly kicked her legs during what were essentially hand-stand push ups, working even an even greater percentage of her body in the process. After a fair number of repetitions, Tara vaulted herself onto her feet and stood to her full height. A familiar chill ran down Cory's spine as Tara approached him. He was only a mere few inches taller than her, and her body was undeniably wider, denser and full of far more energy than his own.

"Morning Cory." She greeted with a warm smile. "Want to join me on my morning run?"

Cory shook his head. "Say, uh, what's for breakfast?"

A quizzical look met Tara's face. Had Cory somehow blacked out the events of the previous day? "Well I already had a large meal that I prepared for myself. I'm expecting to have another one after I return from my run. I suppose when you prepare it, you can make something for yourself as well."

"What."

"Did I stutter? Anyways. There's a list I left next to the cookbook specifying how much food I need. If you go over that amount, it's fine, just don't go under. Got it?"

Cory blinked a couple of times. "Alright..."

"I should be back within an hour, so make sure you're done by then. I recommend you start now to allow yourself enough time."

And with that Tara took off.

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Tara didn't bother wearing the oxygen training mask today because she was going down the trail that was marked as dangerous. She had been down this trail a few times, but it still managed to provide a challenge. It was full of incredibly uneven terrain, and due to the extremely low traffic it received, was marred with logs, rocks and other debris that was never cleared. As a result, Tara often had to switch up her movements as she leapt over the myriad of obstacles and constantly shifting elevation. Her exposed, bulging calves were constantly on point from the exertion, and her thick, corded hamstrings rippled as they propelled each stride.

One of the invisible benefits of Tara's transformation over the summer was that of her sharpening senses and quickening reaction times. The vast majority of runners on this path would have needed to take things considerably more slowly than Tara in order to properly avoid all of the obstacles. Tara's powerful mind and speedy reflexes however were capable of instantly discerning every last hiccup in the trail well ahead of time. In the back of her mind, she also had essentially memorized the entire route, making her task surprisingly simple.

About forty percent through the trail, Tara came across a large tree with a thick, low hanging branch. On a whim, she crouched down and jumped up, her powerful quadriceps propelling her into the air before she grabbed onto the wooden limb. After discerning that the branch was solid enough to hold her considerable weight, Tara began performing pull ups. Despite the considerable weight being lifted, her strong back managed to perform pull up after pull up. After a dozen perfectly formed repetitions, Tara let go with her left hand and continued the exercise with only her right. This motion caught Tara off-guard with how difficult it was, but she still managed to perform a great number of repetitions. She eventually shifted to her left hand, making sure she trained both sides equally.

The remainder of Tara's morning run went mostly without incident.

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Just as Tara said, she returned home a little under an hour after she set out. To her delight, she could smell the food that she had instructed Cory to cook while she was away. As she

came close to the food itself, her delight turned into frustration. The kitchen was left in utter disarray - Cory had completely neglected to clean a single pot, pan or utensil used in preparation of the meal. That wasn't the real problem for Tara however, after all, she hadn't explicitly told Cory to clean. Tara's real issue is she could tell from a quick glance that Cory had only cooked roughly 60 percent of the food for her that she requested.

"Cory! Come up here!" she bellowed.

Cory was in the basement, playing on his game console connected to the home's theater system. Tara didn't need her slightly enhanced senses to hear the loud rumbling of simulated gunfire coming from beneath her. With a sigh of frustration, Tara sat down and consumed the prepared food. Due to her ravenous appetite and desire to tend deal with Cory, she finished quite quickly.

"CORY!" she screamed, so loudly in fact that the floor shook slightly.

Cory trembled slightly from the roar of his name. He had heard his mother the first time she called him, and he definitely heard her the second. He decided that he'd try to play it off as ignorance. Moments later, he heard slow, deliberate stomping as Tara's powerful feet began making their way towards him. A short while later, Tara had finally emerged.

"Cory! Are you serious?" she yelled again.

Cory turned his attention to her. Tara was already quite intimidating to begin with, but now she was thoroughly pumped up from her morning run and calisthenics - plus she was quite angry, turning her into a terrifying sight to behold. Cory returned his attention to shooting virtual soldiers with a virtual weapon. "What's up?" he half-heartedly responded.

"You have a task to finish." Tara explained.

"What are you talking about? I cooked your stupid chicken. I didn't even burn it."

Tara sighed. "Yes, that's true. You cooked it well enough... but you cooked far less than the amount I specified."

"Whatever. I cooked you more than enough to feed a grown man."

"That's not the point. I have very specific dietary needs and I gave you-" Tara stopped herself. She realized that her son was barely paying any attention at all to her. She strode towards the center of the basement theater and stopped directly in front of him.

Cory tried to crane his neck around to see past Tara's fleshy, muscular mass of a body, but the amazon stepped forward to further take up his field of vision. Exasperated, Cory powered off the console with his controller and tossed it aside. "Happy?"

"Thank you, but not quite." Tara started again. "Cory, do you understand why I'm upset?"

"Because I'm not acting like a perfect slave?"

Tara recoiled, visibly hurt from the statement. "Cory! Having you take care of a few household chores while we're staying at this summer home is a far cry from something abhorrent like slavery. You trivialize a very real issue that has destroyed countless lives by comparing it to cooking your mother a meal while you spend your summer in a friggan'

mansion!”

“Well...” Cory’s mind raced for a retort. “What about massaging you?”

Tara rolled her eyes. “Cory, do I need to remind you that we had a bet? You went out of your way to make me feel weak and useless because of my gender, and all I ask in response after proving you wrong is to live up to your end of the bargain. One fifteen minute massage every now and then isn’t going to kill anyone.”

“But...”

Tara continued. “At no point have you been physically harmed. You’re given ample food, shelter, and a high end home theater. There’s a beautiful expanse of land for you to explore outside, a pool, a decked out gym, a library, and I’m sure there’s more cool rooms that even I haven’t discovered! I’m sorry that you can’t hang out with your friends, but nobody is stopping you from inviting them here. Besides, forgive me if I’m jumping to conclusions, but the past few summers you rarely saw anyone anyways.”

Cory brought his fingers to his temple and massaged them. “Alright. Mom. You’re right. I’m not being abused or whatever. I’ll go make the god damn, I mean gosh dang food!”

A knowing smirk came to Tara’s mouth. “Good. I’m going to go do another weight training session. As a result, I’d like you to just cook the full portion of what I requested earlier. Also, clean up the mess when you’re done.”

Frustrated, Cory got up and walked off, shaking his head and muttering to himself.

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After their minor confrontation, Tara was delighted to find that Cory had successfully completed the tasks assigned for him that day - which admittedly, weren’t many.

3.) The Following Day - 9 AM

Tara had already finished her first weight training session of the day. She was even stronger than the day prior, and her large muscles pumped themselves up to new heights from the effort.

The vacation home was running low on supplies. Tara hadn’t made any trips into town during her lengthy training session, and only a solitary delivery trip brought anything to the house a couple of weeks ago. They needed more food, and Tara wanted more fitting clothing for her ever growing frame. Tara also was beginning to deplete the myriad of supplements, amino acids and beauty products that were slowly enhancing her day by day.

Tara tried to slip on one of the higher class outfits she purchased on her last expedition, but found that there was no real way to feasibly make them fit. She decided that she would simply wear one of skimpy workout outfits that had become some of the only garments that could still cover her privates. To her delight, Tara did manage to fit into her high heels. She loved the slight boost to her confidence and physiological dominance that being a bit taller granted.

With each step of her heels a mighty clicking noise rang throughout the house as Tara’s nearly 190 pound frame of pure muscle pressed them down. Her prodigious form was

entirely on display as only the utmost essentials were covered, and the outline of those were still quite visible due to the stretched nature of the fabric. Every muscle in Tara's frame was brimming with life. Her arms, if measured, would have easily eclipsed the 18 inch mark, and every other muscle on her body was proportionately impressive. There were no 'weak' or 'lacking' areas in Tara's physique, and yet she still felt an insatiable desire to push herself even further.

Despite her fairly casual attire, Tara still dolled herself up considerably. She had taken extra care to masterfully apply her makeup (though she seemed to need less of it than before) and adorned herself with fashionable accessories. The massive woman even smelled heavenly as a combination consisting of a tiny smattering of high-end perfume and her natural pheromones (which had also seemed to have been changing over the past month) granted an remarkably pleasant aura.

From the living room Tara could tell that Cory was asleep. Her razor sharp senses could easily discern that he was too silent and too still to be awake. She raised her voice without explicitly yelling - a technique she was naturally coming to master with time. "Cory!" her simultaneously feminine and powerful vocals rang out. She was stern, but pleasant and inviting in tone.

As the sound of Tara's call had instantly awoken Cory far faster than any alarm clock could. He scrambled to his feet and rubbed his eyes before stumbling out. "Yeah?" he called out before being completely shocked to wakefulness by the visage of the muscular woman in front of him.

Tara strode towards him, her hips swaying naturally. Had Cory not been her flesh and blood, he likely would have been entranced by the sight. Cory's stomach churned. She was wearing those stupid heels again. When she wore those they were the same height, something that Cory despised immensely. And what on earth was she wearing? It may have well have been a bikini. Those stupid muscles of hers looked just as imposing as yesterday, if not even more so. Had she worked out this morning?

"Morning Cory." Tara said again with a smile. "I know it's a bit difficult to adjust to a new circadian rhythm so quickly, but in the next few days you're going to need to set your alarm clock for 9 AM, got it?"

"Circadian what?"

"Oh, sorry. I recently finished an introductory biology book last week. It's technically undergrad level, but they teach that kind of stuff in high schools a lot. Um, I guess I just meant your natural internal alarm clock." She explained.

"Oh. Ok. So, uh, do you have like, some kind of plan I have to follow today or what?"

"Well, I'm about to go into town to get some shopping done. We're overdue for more supplies. Want to join me?"

Cory thought about being around his musclebound mother in public. Being so thin and frail in comparison. What would people think? Would they snicker and secretly pass judgment? Or worse yet, audibly berate him for being such a wimp? What if Tara heard them doing that and reacted? She could probably kill a man with her bear hands. His teenage mind jumped to the image of his mother crushing a skull between her palms like in one of the schlocky horror movies he'd seen. He shuddered again.

"No thanks."

"You sure? There's a cute girl at the spa you could meet! Though she may be a little too old for you I guess."

Cory shook his head. "Nah, I'm good."

Tara scrunched her lips. "Well, alright. Want me to bring you anything back? It's on uncle Terry, so now's the time to make a request!"

"A car?" he asked with a sheepish grin.

Tara squinted her eyes, "You'll have to ask him for that in person when he visits in a few weeks."

"Wait, Uncle Terry is coming to visit?"

Tara nodded. "He's bringing his family along too. You know what that means?"

Cory knew it meant a few things. It meant that he'd get a few lectures from Terry about the roles and responsibilities of men, and perhaps he'd be pulled aside in private and coached on how women can't help it that they're simply not as good at anything as their male counterparts. It meant that Terry's damn sexy trophy wife would be here - he hoped that she still looked as good as always. It meant that there'd be more awkward thoughts involving their adopted daughter. Cory hoped that she HADN'T looked as good as always, or worse yet, was treated well by puberty. It also meant that he'd have to deal with Terry's sons.

Then it struck him. It also meant he'd have to witness all of these character's reactions to his mother's transformation.

Cory shook his head. "No." He answered. A half-truth.

"It means I need to show Terry just how awesome I can become!" she declared before flexing both of her arms, causing a pair of muscular globes to rise on command. They rippled and peaked upward from the motion.

Cory gulped. "Aren't you already awesome enough? How big do you want to get?"

Tara shrugged, causing her bowling-ball shoulders and snaked traps to spring to life. "As big and strong as I possibly can."

"Isn't that... unhealthy?"

"You would think that, but every possible indicator points to my health increasing more and more alongside my muscles. If there was a negative side effect, I suppose I'd stop."

Cory let out a sigh. "Well, alright."

"Anyway, I gotta get to the store."

"Wait, you're going dressed like THAT?"

Tara grinned. "Why not? I think I've got the abs for it." She preempted before crunching her midsection down, causing a veritable explosion of power to burst forth. "Anyways." She continued. "Since you're staying home, your project for the day is to take care of the laundry. There's a laundry room in the basement, though I doubt you've ever laid eyes on it. I left some explicit step by step instructions of how to handle things."

Cory glared at his mother. Despite her overwhelming physical superiority, he still managed to maintain a level of sass. "Are you serious? Laundry? If you were down there with enough time to literally write out instructions, couldn't you have just done it?"

Tara glared back. The confidence and dominance she projected caused Cory to physically avert his gaze. "Cory. Do you really want me to do the math on how many loads of your laundry I've taken care of? Hell, I've never even taught you how to do it. I guess it's better now than never. By the way, Terry's machines are pretty powerful, so make sure you follow EVERY instruction carefully, got it?"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever."

With that, Tara took off.

3.5) Later that day, in town

Tara turned heads the last time she visited town. This time however, she was liable to cause neck strain. Everywhere she went, everyone around her ogled and whispered amongst themselves about the bodybuilder sized woman who was also quite beautiful.

She made a point to check in at all of the establishments she shopped at during her previous trip. The employees who were there last time could barely believe that she was the same woman. Tara reveled in their shocked expressions, and enjoyed playfully and subtly asserting her ever increasing dominance. Just like the last time this happened, the entire trip functioned to further boost her ego, fueling her desire to continue improving herself even more.

The shopping spree was fairly intensive. Food, clothes, vitamins, books, beauty supplies, shoes, anything Tara could think of within reason she picked up. She even dropped by the local video game store and picked up a couple of new games for Cory, and a controller made for fighting games styled after a classic arcade cabinet's button and joystick layout.

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At the town's spa, Tara was pleased to find that the same girl who tended to her last time was there.

"Is... is this some kind of prank?" the girl stuttered as she began working on Tara's nails.

"A prank?" Tara responded, bemused.

"I mean... your... your everything!"

"Oh?"

"Look at these muscles!"

"Want to feel?" Tara asked before flexing her prodigious biceps.

The younger and smaller girl began caressing them. She squeezed the muscles and found them neigh impenetrable to her grip.

The girl started again. "And your skin, it's so flawless and radiant! Why are you even bothering coming here?"

"Oh, you know... I love being pampered, and I love being admired."

If a lesser person had attempted to deliver such a line, it would have been seen as arrogant or condescending. Thanks to Tara's confidence and overwhelming sense of presence, it was simply good humored and natural.

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Tara had similar run ins with the other shopkeepers she had seen previously. The sports nutrition salesman took her playful threat of ripping his arms off a bit more seriously, and the foot ware salesman drooled even more noticeably over the goddess in his presence.

4.)

Eventually Tara returned home. She managed to bring all of the bags inside the house in a mere two trips, a rather impressive feat considering the sheer amount of purchases she made. As she entered her room, she noticed all of her clothing she asked Cory to wash was sitting fairly neatly in a laundry basket on the bed. While it wasn't folded, Tara's heart still swelled slightly from joy - Cory had finally done a basic task that she asked him to!

Tara rushed over to the garments and began examining them. A pit formed in her stomach. From a quick glance alone she could tell something was off. She reached in and grabbed a shirt, and immediately it became glaringly obvious that they had shrunk! Not just in comparison to her growing body, but in relation to how it was a mere few hours ago.

Frustrated, she rubbed her palms on her face for a few moments as she contemplated what to do. Tara settled on starting off kindly and figuring out precisely what went wrong. She grabbed a few of the long sleeves shirts and made her way towards the basement. As she expected, she heard the sound of artificial gunfire blaring once more.

The clicking of her heels gave away the fact she was coming. Despite this, Cory continued to focus on his gaming session. "Hey Cory. I'm back! You didn't even help your weak old mother unload the car." Tara teased.

Cory rolled his eyes. "Yeah. Right. What's up mom."

Tara sighed. He still was being difficult. Even after everything that had happened the past few days. "Well, tell me about how the washing went."

"What do you mean? I washed the clothes."

"Did you follow all of the instructions precisely?"

"Uhh, yeah, duh. Washing clothes is easy mom. Even a complete idiot can do it without a hitch."

Tara shook her head and sighed. "Then how do you explain this?" she dangled the shrunken shirts right in front of his face.

"HEY!" Cory yelled. "You just got me killed!"

"It's not like there's anything on the line in these games... I thought I read that the Call of Battlefield series doesn't even have a ranking system. Something about how the developers don't want to alienate players who aren't as good. Kind of a bunch of hogwash in my opinion."

"How did you..." Cory started. "Whatever." He mumbled before powering the system off. "Ok mom. What's the deal with the shirts?"

"Can't you tell? They're tiny! You've ruined them! Follow me."

With an exasperated sigh, Cory got up and followed his hulking mother. He really hated that she was still wearing those stupid height-enhancing heels. Tara made her way to the cutting edge washing machine and tapped a few buttons on the interface. What Cory didn't realize was the machine had a full history log of every cycle it ran and the settings it was run at. This was not only occasionally convenient for domestic use, but also helped arbitrate warranty disputes.

"Just what I thought. You used the same settings for my clothes that you used for your own." Tara explained.

"So what? Who cares? Do your own laundry."

Tara took a few deep breaths, causing her thick, powerful chest to heave. "Cory." She started, simultaneously calm and stern in her demeanor. "Do you understand why I'm upset?"

"Because I made a beginner's mistake and ruined some clothes you've outgrown with your ridiculously giant muscles?"

"No. I don't care if you made an honest mistake. Same goes for all of the other mistakes you made. What I care about is your attitude and reasoning behind them." Tara explained. "What I care about was how callous you were, and even in the face of overwhelming evidence, you continue to try to shift the blame away." She let out a deep sigh, and a look similar to sadness crept onto her face. "I hate to say this, but, when you act this way I feel like I've made some kind of fundamental mistake raising you."

The words cut deep for Cory. Mother and son lingered for an awkward moment of silence.

"How about you just give me a stupid punishment, my next task and we call it a night?"

Tara contemplated his offer. "Alright." She said, straightening herself up. "I think I've got something good in mind. Follow me." She ordered, leading Cory out of the laundry room and towards the basement gym.

As they made their way to the new location, Cory had a bad feeling that this was going to

result in his mother gaining even MORE muscle. A small wave of anxiety crept up as it became increasingly obvious that this was going to be the case.

Finally, they arrived at the home gym. "Check this out." Tara said with a smirk before starting to put one of the long-sleeved shirts on her oversized form. Between her growth and the garment's shrinking, it took a great deal of effort to fit the shirt on whatsoever. Eventually she managed, and it served better as a thin outline of Tara's physique rather than a protective covering.

Cory's stomach churned. He had a few theories of where this was headed.

"Go whip me up two protein shakes while I get started." Tara ordered. "Make them right." She added.

Cory trudged over to the juice bar while Tara made her way over to the weights. The muscular woman started adding plate after plate to the bench press. Cory averted his gaze away, unwilling to witness just how much his mother could lift. However much it was, he was sure it would be far more than he could dream of pushing.

While Cory focused on preparing the shake, the clash of weights rang throughout the room in tandem with Tara's surprisingly feminine grunts. The sound was nearly deafening as it completely dominated all of Cory's auditory senses. With each repetition, he shuddered slightly. The combination of being faced with his mother's might and the concept that at this moment she was growing even more powerful was a lot for the teenager to bear.

Clang after clang of the weights rang out. After what felt like forever to Cory, they finally ceased. "Alright Cory, shake me!" Tara cried out.

Right on cue, the blender had finished its task. His stomach churning faster, Cory poured the very beverages that would further fuel his mother's dominance. As he brought the shake over, it was unavoidable - he ended up seeing the gargantuan amount of weight piled onto the bench press. He was too lightheaded to do the math, but had he bothered, he would have noted there was 400 pounds piled on top of a 40 pound bar.

"My legs are stronger proportionately than my chest." Tara mused, noticing Cory eye examine the weights.

Tara was sitting upright. Her upper body strained against the restrictive fabric even moreso than before. In particular, her meaty pecs had been pumped up from the exercise. Upon closer examination Cory noticed small tears in the fabric forming around the edges of her bust.

Wordlessly, he simply extended his hand, giving the first shake to his mother. Tara grabbed it and greedily began sucking its contents down - within a matter of moments the glass was drained. She reached over, collected the second shake and quickly finished it as well. As she expected, Tara could feel energy welling within her as her body immediately began to put the protein shake to work. "Here it comes..." Tara preempted with a sly smile before the very fabric around her prodigious pecs began to rip! With a mere flex, Tara brought the rest of the fabric covering her chest to tatters, leaving only her sports bra!

Cory's eyes grew wide. He was having difficulty formulating a thought let alone a verbal response.

"Go make two more shakes. I've got more work to do." Tara glanced down at her arms which were still covered by stubborn remains of her shirt.

"T... two more?" Cory stuttered.

Tara smiled mischievously. "Maybe you should start following my instructions from now on?"

Cory sighed pathetically. There was nothing he could do. Even if he refused to make the shakes, Tara would simply make them herself. He dragged his feet over to the juice bar while Tara made her way over to the free weights and examined the dumbbells. Cory made the shakes as quickly as possible, eager to get out of this stupid gym. He was sure to follow the directions to a T, not wanting to invoke any possibility of his mother upping her intake even further.

To his surprise, Tara hadn't begun her next exercise just yet. "Come on Cory, I've got a fun idea!"

Cory's knees buckled slightly. He had a feeling that his mother's concept of fun was far removed from his own. He drew closer with the two shakes in hand. As he approached, Tara moved over to the dumbbells and grabbed a pair of 100 pounders. Cory's eyes grew wide. Those were extremely heavy for a man who trained for years, let alone a 35 year old woman who worked out for less than two months!

As Tara hoisted the dumbbells up, a series of micro-tears ripped through the fabric covering her upper body joints. Despite this, the ragged fabric remained. Tara proceeded to sit down on a nearby bench. "Come over here and feed me the first shake while I lift these." She explained with a grin.

Cory began to feel queasy. Not only did he have to witness his mother becoming stronger, but he had to directly feed her the nutrients she needed while she was exercising!

Tara could sense his hesitation. "If you don't give me those two shakes, I'll drink them myself and perform an entire extra workout in addition to my other ones!"

Cory came within proximity of his mother and brought the first shake up to her mouth. Gently, he began to pour it while Tara eagerly started gulping it down. She began performing shoulder presses with the massive dumbbells, and with each repetition Cory could see and hear more of the fabric tearing away from her round, bulbous deltoids. A few moments later, Tara had finished the first shake. Her shoulders had expanded slightly, and with a final tensing of her upper body, the remainder of the fabric flew off, revealing the powerful mounds of flesh beneath.

Without saying a word, Tara motioned for the other shake with her chin. Cory didn't even bother resisting and began pouring it into her mouth. Tara started performing bicep curls. She didn't even have to finish the protein before her powerful arms burst through the final remainders of the shirt's sleeves, leaving the garment completely and totally destroyed.

Cory was rendered awestruck. He was aware of just how powerful his mother had become, but seeing this visual representation of her growth had brought things to a new level.

"So, are you going to finally pay attention and follow directions?" Tara asked with a knowing smirk.

"Y.. Yeah." Cory nodded.

"Good. Now go make another meal for us while I finish the rest of my workout. Make sure you make for me the full portion I specified last time. Clean up when you're done, and then you can do whatever you'd like within reasonable bounds for the rest of the day."

Without another word, Cory skited off to do just that.

5.) Later that day.

Tara had to admit that Cory had been exceptionally well behaved for the rest of the day. She even began to feel some minor pangs of guilt that perhaps she spooked him too hard with her shirt ripping workout session. Then again, her own son shouldn't be upset that she was improving herself. Tara reasoned that Cory should've been supportive of his mother's transformation from the start, and if anything, should be pushing her to go as far as possible. Regardless, things were the way they were, so she'd have to make the best of it.

After finishing an intense study session, Tara noticed that there were no gunshots coming from the basement. As Tara made her way down there, she noticed that Cory was in one of the home offices clattering away on a keyboard. On a whim, she grabbed the fighting game arcade-stick controller she purchased and headed to the home theater. Once there, she plugged in the controller, turned on Cory's OneStation and began playing the latest Road Warrior game.

Tara went into the training mode of the game, selected her favorite character - the self proclaimed strongest woman, Li Chun, and began messing around with the controls. Her sharp mind quickly formed the muscle memory establishing what each button did in relation to her fighting avatar. After reestablishing the basics, she started experimenting with various combinations of moves. Tara's mind began deciphering what could chain into what, paying careful attention to the length of each animation in relation to the other animations. What Tara didn't know was this information was readily available online for high-level players, yet her powerful brain was 'solving' the game on its own accord.

While creating combos with Li Chun's moves wasn't a traditionally scholarly pursuit in itself, it did stimulate a new section of Tara's mind that had been untouched by her hours of pouring over tomes of knowledge. In particular, snap judgments, overall reaction speed, creative and strategic thinking were being put to the test. Tara's almost academic manner of dissecting the game helped in this as well.

On a whim, Tara set the character to perform its moves automatically before getting up and physically imitating them. She got a thrill out of copying the nearly superhuman motions of the virtual fighter. While Tara couldn't perform the attack completely accurately, she came eerily close.

Meanwhile, Cory heard the growing clatter of Tara's arcade stick and his musclebound mother performing various martial arts moves. Curious, he made his way down to the basement and was thoroughly surprised to see his mother kicking the air with alarming power, speed, height and range of motion. "Uh, mom?" he interrupted.

Tara halted her movement and spun around. She looked somewhat embarrassed. "Oh, hey

Cory. Just uh, hanging out.”

Cory started moving towards the couch. “What’s this? Miss muscles who thinks everyone should constantly be self improving is playing a video game?”

“Hey mister! I’m currently learning extremely practical martial arts moves!” Tara wondered if Cory would detect the sarcasm in her statement or if it would be lost on him. “Besides, I told you last time that Road Warrior is fun. I respect it, kind of like chess in some ways.”

Cory took a seat. “Well, I guess it IS pretty cool since you’ll never beat me in it.”

Tara glanced at him, perplexed. “Really Cory? After everything that’s happened you’re going to make that statement.”

“I’ve beaten kids with those stupid arcade sticks before. Trust me mom, this is one area you don’t want to have a contest with me in.”

“Want to bet on it?”

Cory cocked an eyebrow. “What do you propose?”

“I dunno Cory. I don’t want to force you into anything you’ll regret.”

Cory thought it over. There was no way he could lose this. Whatever he stipulated would come true if she held her end of the bargain. “Alright. If I win, then you have to stop working out. No more weight lifting. At least not while I live with you.”

Tara was hurt by the words, but instead of chastising or guilt tripping him decided that her efforts would be better spent making him regret it altogether. “How about we go double or nothing? If you win, then, I’ll stop working out. But... if I win... I’ll double my protein and food intake.”

“Alright. Let’s do it.” Cory sat grabbed a controller and brought the game back to the main menu so they could enter versus mode. “Best three out of five?”

Tara decided that the longer the match lasted and the more rounds they played, the more time she’d have to pick apart Cory’s patterns and tactics. “How about five of nine?”

“Four of seven.”

“Alright.”

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For the first match, Cory played like a madman. His character specialized in rush-downs, and he did just that. He figured that if he overwhelmed his mother then she wouldn’t be able to mount a defense and figure out a way to beat him. For the most part, he was correct. Tara struggled to block his moves, and found herself caught in frequent small combos. She was surprised to find just how unimpressive Cory’s attack chains and links were - if he had performed the full length of each combo he started, he would’ve won much more decisively.

Despite losing the first round, Tara was entirely unphased. What Cory didn’t know was his

mother was eagerly taking in everything she saw on the screen. Her mind was racing as it began cataloging every movement and attack Cory made. She not only analyzed precisely what his attacks were, and their capabilities, but she also paid attention to the general patterns that Cory was making as a player.

The second match started and Cory was startled to find that his mother blocked his avatar's advances flawlessly. At one point, he launched an attack with a long recovery animation, and after Tara blocked it, she unleashed a combo of her own. Cory was taken aback by the dexterity his mother displayed, and rushed back in. Tara caught him with a projectile attack before following it up with another combo. Cory managed to wrest control of the match by implementing a variety of throw attacks - something that Tara hadn't taken into account.

The third match started, and Tara's confidence was increasing. She was growing extremely familiar with the controls and could begin to predict what Cory was doing. Cory on the other hand simply wanted to close the match out as quickly as possible in an attempt to, in his own mind, set things right in their household. As Cory's character moved in to start a string of attacks, Tara caught him completely off guard with a parry, which opened his character up to an extremely lengthy combo. Cory recovered and there was some back and forth, until Tara built up enough super-meter, a resource in the game, to unleash a devastating special attack to close out the round.

A cold sweat fell down Cory's forehead. Was he really going to lose to his mother in Road Warrior!? The fourth round started, and Cory was completely caught off guard by his mother being the one on the offense this time. She quickly tore through his defense with a tricky alternation of low and high hitting attacks, which opened up him for another punishing set of combos. Cory managed to get a few hits in before she finished him off.

The next few rounds were completely disastrous for Cory. Tara had completely deciphered what he'd do next, and Cory lacked the awareness to change his tactics. Compounding this problem, Tara somehow had acquired better execution thanks to her superior reaction time and manual dexterity. As a result, Tara had begun to dominate him both tactically and technically within the game. The next few rounds ended as perfects for the older woman - meaning that her character didn't even take damage at all.

Cory stared at the screen as his mother landed the final blow in the last round she needed to win. Could this really be happening? Was his nightmare about to become even worse?

Tara simply smirked, supremely satisfied. "So Cory. Are you done making bets with your mother?"

Cory put his hands into his palms.

Tara gently patted his head, ruffling his hair a bit. "Time for your mom to go workout... and consume twice as many protein shakes as she would have!"

6.)

The following few days were interesting for both Tara and Cory. Tara found that she had to physically force herself to consume the sheer amount of nutrition that doubling up entailed. Cory on the other hand had become oddly complacent. He decided that there was no point in making quips, and so long as he completed the few tasks given to him daily without any

significant mishaps.

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After finally settling into the routine of forcing so many nutrients into her system, Tara's body began to adapt remarkably. Her strength began increasing at an even faster rate as her powerful muscles grew larger and even more efficient. Her energy levels skyrocketed, and her capacity for consuming and learning knowledge increased as well.

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Five days after beating Cory in Road Warrior, Tara used the body scanner to check her progress. She had just finished her first workout of the day and was eager to see some empirical numbers on her progress. As she gazed at the numbers a massive smile crept across her face.

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5' 11"

Weight: 225 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: ERROR

Over forty pounds of pure muscle and three inches of height since her last check in a week ago. Tara felt a strange narcissistic wave of arousal from seeing these numbers. She loved the way she felt, and she wanted more.

Of particular note was the error message where her body fat should have been listed. Booting up the main machines computer logs, she discovered that the error was caused by the machine being unsure of how to determine just what her body fat was. This made sense to Tara - as her breasts' fatty tissue had remained proportionately large as ever, if not larger, and there was a feminine layer of fluff covering her that made her body smooth to touch. Despite this, her body was visibly immensely ripped as possible.

Tara shrugged and dismissed the machine's confusion. In a strange twist of things, body fat percentage had no bearing as an indicator of her fitness it seemed.

The growing mother made her way upstairs where she was greeted by the sight of Cory preparing breakfast already. She smirked and felt a sense of pride that her son had taken it upon himself to do this. He even broke himself into the habit of readying twice the already large amount of food for his mother after she won their second bet.

As Tara drew clearer, that's when it hit him. They were the same height, and he didn't hear the clicking of her stupid heels. He looked down, and was terrified to find that she wasn't wearing foot ware at all! Tara came closer. "Hey Cory, how're you doing today?"

Cory stared in disbelief. His eyes twitched and his breathing increased to an extremely rapid pace. How could this be possible? How was his barefoot mother looking him in the eye? Worse still, the sheer difference in the size of their bodies. Tara made her averagely built son look puny in comparison. She outweighed him by more than fifty pounds, despite having a lower amount of visible fat.

In fact, due to Tara's superior posture and greater sense of presence, she appeared taller than him. This forced Cory to try to straighten himself up to gain every smidgen of visible height he could muster.

Tara could easily discern what Cory was troubled by. She flashed him a huge grin. "Looks like we're the same height now." She said with a wink.

Cory felt lightheaded.

A few moments passed. Tara let out a sigh. "Really Cory? When you outgrew me a few years ago I felt happy for you! My little guy had finally grown into a young man. Now when the tables turn, you're horrified?"

Cory was unsure of what to say. He continued to stare in disbelief.

Tara shook her head before taking a seat at the dining table before digging into her immensely large breakfast. Cory sat down near her and daintily picked at his own meal while glancing over at Tara swallowing mouthful after mouthful of high-quality food. He knew that every ounce was going to go right into her her growing muscles and growing stature. Hell, it was even going to further power her brain which was also growing in its own way. If anything, he should be thankful that Tara had been as humble as she had been up to this point. If he had been the one growing this much, he probably would have screamed from the mountain tops and rubbed it in everyone else's faces.

He began to wonder what the point of Tara vaguely limiting limiting herself to whatever they agreed upon was. One way or another, she was just going to keep growing. At this point, he just wanted her to stop progressing so he could get accustomed to her staying at one size - even if it was that of a ridiculously muscular bodybuilder.

"Mom." He started with a distinct calm to his voice.

"Yes Cory?" Tara managed to respond without her mouth being full.

"Mom..." Cory took a deep breath. "I think you should just fuck it. Just... go all out. Stop messing around with this punishment shit. Eat as much food and protein as you possibly can, reach your full size and reach your full size or whatever."

Tara nearly choked on her food - even her growing intellect hadn't anticipated this from him. "Really?"

"Yeah. It's stupid that you have to resort to cutting down on your own improvement. If you want to turn into a giant meathead, then just do it."

Part of Tara wanted to chastise her son for swearing, and for indirectly calling her a 'meathead', but she was too overjoyed by this change of heart to bother. "Cory!" she exclaimed excitedly before lovingly wrapping her arms around him.

Cory hadn't been embraced like this by his mother since her latest transformation, and he wasn't quite prepared for the sensation. Tara's warmth was overwhelming, and even though she was in complete control of her strength, he knew that her grip was absolute. There was no way he could escape if she wanted to keep him there. In fact, the dark, teenage-male part of his mind quickly realized that she could have crushed his comparatively frail skeleton. Despite this, there was something else to the embrace. A certain level of... security. He knew that despite whatever he did, his mother never would use her overwhelming strength against him like that. In fact, if something were to happen to him in his presence, he knew better than anyone else that she could be the first one to defend him.

7.) Later that night

As much as Tara loved improving her body further and further, one mounting roadblock was giving her body the nutrition it needed to keep growing - especially at the extremely rapid pace Tara was pushing it. She could certainly just keep eating ungodly amounts of food and protein shakes, but eventually something would have to give. Either she'd have to prepare an immense number of meals ahead of time, or start eating lower quality calories that were easier to prepare, or something.

Tara had, in fact, finished studying a biochemistry book that touched upon the amount of needed calories for larger creatures. It soon struck her that her immense metabolism would soon surpass some of the most dedicated consumers in the animal kingdom. Eager to solve this issue herself without resorting to contacting her brother, Tara began poking around the vacation home in hopes of finding something to prod her creativity.

Eventually, she came across a locked door in the basement. She looked around for a key, but failed to find one. Part of Tara wanted to respect her brother's privacy, but on the other hand, he had given her free reign of the home and hadn't mentioned that she should stay away from anything. In fact, she had explicitly asked numerous times if there was anything she couldn't touch, and he had assured her to do whatever she wished.

With that in mind as justification, Tara grabbed onto the door knob, and with her strength alone, tore it straight off. From there, she could manipulate the exposed lock quite easily, allowing her to open the door. The room was dark, and after flicking a light-switch on, it became apparent just what it was - a fully functional miniature lab.

Tara was surprised at just how comprehensive and functional the lab at Terry's vacation home was. It was full of incredibly high end equipment that would have been both expensive and difficult for a regular person to get hold of. Of course, only a tiny fraction of people would ever require any of the devices or tools for any practical purpose. That's when Tara quickly decided on her first project: she would find out just how effective the extremely expensive Max Gainer Ultra++ really was.

She began by using a very high-tech device that could discern precisely what was inside of a given substance. Fortunately, the powdered form the protein took was exceptionally easy for the machine to read. Within a mere matter of minutes, it had finished its calculations. Tara examined the numbers, and her mind began quickly discerning precisely what they meant, matching them against her studies. In comparison to the theories she had about what the optimum way to deliver maximum muscle-building nutrients, they seemed extremely conservative.

Tara continued running the protein powder through more tests, and eventually reached the conclusion that there was a lot of room for maximizing the efficiency of the blend. This presented itself as particularly curious to Tara as there didn't seem to be any real reason for a company with a high end product like this to intentionally hamstring its effectiveness. She wondered if it was possible that the chemists behind the blend had made a mistake, or if she personally didn't understand something.

Curiosity guiding her, Tara continued to toil into the night. She utilized another high-end tool to specifically extract certain isolated ingredients of the protein blend. From there, she

used some of the pharmaceutical creation products Terry had on hand in tandem with the separated parts of the Max Gainer formula to synthesize an entirely new blend.

Tara ended up creating a few different iterations of her own formula. From the perspective of hard biochemical data, each version should have been more efficient at solely building muscles and strength than the last. At around 2:30 AM, she felt satisfied with her work. Eager to test it out, she went down to the basement for a weight lifting session.

Despite her eagerness to test the effects of her custom created protein powder as quickly as possible, the amazonian woman was sure to push herself as thoroughly as possible. She knew it was paramount to ensure that her muscles were properly torn asunder so they would be as receptive to the nutrients as possible.

The session was excruciating, as Tara intentionally lifted weights that were heavier than her previous personal best. She had to quite literally force herself through sheer willpower to finish each repetition. Any weaker-minded person would have simply failed or given up. This resulted Tara inflicted injuries on herself that would have quite possibly rendered a typical person incapable of performing any physical activity for weeks. In a worst case scenario, someone may have had their joints - in particular their wrists, crushed and left broken. Tara's fortified bones and other unique properties prevented these things from occurring.

After destroying her body, Tara couldn't even muster up the energy to create a protein shake for the synthesized powder. She simply dragged herself over to the container, scooped out a generous spoonful and shoved it into her mouth. Even the act of getting a glass of water would have been too cumbersome. She simply sat down and waited.

As with many of the other nutrients Tara put into her body one way or another, she could feel them entering her system. Within a matter of moments, she began to experience something of a rush of energy. She looked down at her prodigious biceps, and noticed them visibly shaking - right before her eyes, they expanded, adding a few millimeters of sheer power in their circumference. Tara turned her attention her legs, and noticed that they too were expanding slightly. Her powder was a success!

Within a matter of moments, Tara could feel the heavily damaged muscles in her body returning to form. Newfound energy welled within her, and as she stood up again she no longer felt pain from the torture she had put herself through. A few more moments passed, and Tara felt completely rejuvenated. Despite the overwhelming excitement Tara felt for her accomplishment, she realized that it was well past 3 AM and she needed to get some rest.

She still had over week to become as powerful and impressive as possible before her brother's arrival!

- To be continued in Chapter 4!