

## **Mother Knows Best Rebirth - Chapter 4**

By **MagnusMagneto**

Special thanks to Ritualist and Detritus2613

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### **(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 lounges around watching shallow television programs. 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 offers, going so far as to insult and humiliate his mother. 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. During this time, Tara also found out that her brother, **Terry**, will be visiting with his family in a few weeks. Driven by a combination of the desire to 'discipline' Cory and show off to her brother, Tara pushes herself even further to become the best possible version of herself.

As of the end of Chapter 3, Tara's hands-off 'discipline' has finally begun to work. Cory has started performing his tasks without need for reminder, and has even begun to show glimmers of respect for his mother. Despite this, there is still work to be done. With one week remaining until Terry visits, Tara is determined to prove to her brother that women are not the inferior sex.)

### **1.) The morning after Chapter 3 - 12 Days Until Terry's Visit**

As the sun's rays hit Cory's face, his body naturally woke up. There was no alarm forcing him to rise, nor was his mother's powerful voice coercing him to. He felt rejuvenated and... good. The teenager hated to admit it, but regulating his sleep cycle, eating better food, and

moving his body while performing various household chores was improving his quality of life.

Cory shuffled into the bathroom where he took the time to wash his face and brush his teeth. He wasn't entirely sure why he bothered with this. In truth, unbeknown to Cory, this drive stemmed from his constantly self-improving mother slowly rubbing off on him. Seeing the results of Tara's positive lifestyle had subconsciously inspired him to begin taking small steps of his own on that same path.

After freshening up, Cory made his way into the living room. He quickly noticed that Tara had made a number of changes to the space. Primarily she brought up a number of exercise implements: yoga mats, pull up bars, a small assortment of free weights, body weights some other assorted equipment.

Cory's attention was next drawn to something he was not expecting to see: his mother performing a hand-stand in the middle of the living room floor. "Uhh.. Mom, what're you doing?" Cory asked, clearly bewildered at the sight in front of him.

His confusion was justified. Tara was frozen in place. A pair of hefty looking ankle weights adorned her feet. Further inspection would reveal that they were 40 pounds each. Tara was held perfectly still by the strength of her brawny arms alone. The 35 year old woman was adorned in her now typical workout wear: a sports bra and outrageously skimpy athletic shorts.

"Just hanging out." Tara explained. With slow controlled motions she moved her legs forward and backward, causing her midsection to bulge out forward from the effort. "Come here." Tara ordered. Despite being upside down, her voice was still loud and commanding, effortlessly filling up the space of the large room.

Cory slowly made his way towards the feminine pillar of muscle. As he approached he began to take in the full extent of his mother's muscularity. Her legs were a pair of trunk-like slabs of power, fully detailed with thick pulsing ridges of definition. There was a wide separation between her tear-drop quadriceps and the rest of the leg. Cory turned his gaze downward and was greeted by the sight of Tara's wide upper body effortlessly supporting her. His mother's face had turned slightly red from blood rushing to her brain.

"Push me." Tara said.

"Mom.. What?"

"Do it. Give me a shove. Knock me over!" Tara challenged.

Cory hesitated for a moment but decided that if it's what she wanted there was no harm in obliging. He gave a half-hearted push. To his surprise, his mother hadn't budged whatsoever.

"Come on Cory, give me a real shove!" Tara yelled out.

Cory gathered himself before pushing against his mother with greater force than his prior attempt. It felt like smashing against a rock covered with velvet skin. Tara budged slightly, but she remained firm.

"Can't knock your old mom over?" She asked with a laugh.

Cory scowled before readying himself and slamming in to Tara's upside down body. It actually hurt his shoulder a bit to smash into the densely packed brawn. Tara wavered slightly, but still refused to fall down. Frustrated, Cory let out a growl before grabbing onto his mother's torso and pushing with all of his might. The teen was amazed by how ridiculously hard and dense the muscles comprising Tara's midsection were. Tara began to lose ground and had to focus, willing her arms to remain supplanted. Despite her efforts, Cory eventually won out and Tara tumbled backward onto her hands before standing at her full height - eye level with her son.

Looking at his mother in the eye while they were both barefoot was a sensation that Cory still hadn't acclimated to. Then again, his mother possessing more than 50 pounds of muscle over him was also something he hadn't grown accustomed to. "I'd consider that cheating, but I guess you still got me regardless." Tara said with a wink. "Alright, well it's time for my second weight lifting session of the morning. How about you cook us up a really big breakfast that we can enjoy together?"

"Uh.. Alright." Cory nodded. He shuffled towards the kitchen while his mother headed for the basement.

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Half an hour later, Tara and Cory were eating an assortment of eggs, bacon and other breakfast foods. Cory couldn't help but occasionally stare for brief periods of time as Tara shoveled mouthful after mouthful of calorie dense food into her mouth. She ate as if it were her duty; as if neglecting to eat every last morsel in a timely manner would be some kind of crime. He watched as Tara's thick limbs bunched up each time she brought another mouthful to her lips. Cory wasn't positive, but she looked even larger than even a mere half hour ago.

"So..." Cory started. "Uhh... just how strong are you now?"

"Well I finally cleared 500 pounds on my bench press." Tara stated casually before taking a long gulp out of a glass of milk mixed with the protein powder she had synthesized the evening prior.

Cory was so surprised by the news that the food in his mouth got caught in his throat until he swallowed some water. "Are you kidding me?"

Tara smirked. "Do you think I'd lie about that? To be honest, after this shake I'll probably be able to go heavier." She took another long sip for emphasis.

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence. After they finished, Tara made a proposition: "Would you like to join me on my morning run?"

Cory pondered the offer for a moment. It was strange, he actually kind of wanted to go. Seeing his mother transform her body like this was slowly nagging away at him to improve himself. "I think I would just slow you down to be honest." He admitted.

"Truthfully, if we were going entirely for speed, then yeah, you would slow me down. That said, I have enough equipment to challenge me a good deal, and can utilize some techniques that focus on working my body instead of just moving quickly." Tara explained.

Cory moved his head to and fro as he continued to consider the possibility of going for a run with his mother.

Sensing his indecisiveness, Tara added further reassurance "Come on, I promise you won't be holding me back, and I'll try to not make you look too wimpy." She grinned with a playful wink.

"Alright." Cory conceded.

It was settled.

1.5)

The summer sun was fairly oppressive for Cory as he hadn't been outside much the past few months. The teen also wasn't quite prepared for the sight of his mother in her "running equipment". She had a pair of ridiculously heavy looking ankle and wrist weights, a sizable backpack strapped to her upper half, and the oxygen training mask he recalled seeing a long time ago. They ran on the beginner trail as Cory had very few remaining delusions of self-pride after the events of the past few weeks. Tara made strange movements similar to running in place, bringing her knees up extremely high. This allowed them to keep pace together while accommodating Cory's relatively slow speed.

They eventually reached the end of the trail, signifying the half-way mark of the run. It was a nice little spot with a scenic overlook and some large trees. Cory came to an abrupt halt, heavily panting. He was surprised how difficult this 'beginner' trail was. Tara also came to a stop. Despite wearing a mask restricting her oxygen significantly, while wearing 25 pound wrist weights and 40 pound ankle weights, Tara was barely even phased from the effort. She took her mask off and tossed it aside before retrieving a water bottle from her backpack and handing it to Cory.

Silently he reached over and grabbed it. "Thanks." He muttered, still breathing heavily.

The teen drank deeply from the bottle, relishing in the sensation of the cool liquid splashing on his tongue. While Cory rested, Tara tossed her backpack aside and grabbed onto a large tree branch nearby. With her body weights still attached, the muscular woman proceeded to perform windshield wiper style pull ups, allowing her to utilize a full range of motion moving from left to right in between repetitions. She also included various leg raises to target her core further. Cory watched in awe as he watched his mother crank out repetition after repetition. She was like a machine, perfectly executing the difficult exercise with little to no imperfections.

After a dizzying number of pull ups, Tara finally dropped to her feet. She retrieved a metallic water bottle from her backpack that was full of the milk and synthesized protein. As she drank from it, she could immediately feel her body growing stronger from its nourishment in response to the torture she had recently put it through. The sensation was immensely pleasurable, and Tara had to stop her mind from drifting off to fantasies of becoming even more powerful. Tara would have shared the shake with Cory to help him recover faster, but she was unsure if he would like the taste, and more importantly - if his body could handle the unique blend she had concocted. At any rate, the last thing she wanted to do was potentially make Cory ill halfway through a run that had clearly taken a toll on him. She was very well aware of how exhausted Cory was, and they still had to make the return trip.

"Don't misinterpret this suggestion, but if you took your shirt off you'd probably feel a lot better. The sun's pretty harsh today. Plus, it's nice to soak in some vitamin D." Tara stretched her arms upward, causing the thick sinews of muscle coating her lats and underarms to ripple. "Just don't get sun burnt."

Cory shuffled around a bit, nervously glancing around before finally conceding and taking his oversized t-shirt off. He had to admit that he felt an instant relief from a gentle breeze of cool air brushing against his skin. It was still hot outside, but an improvement nonetheless.

While Cory found some relief from the sun's oppression, he was now faced with another dilemma: an inevitable comparison with his mother.

Despite standing the same height, the difference in Cory and Tara's bodies was staggering. With his shirt off, for the first time he was faced with a direct comparison of his torso with his mother's. Cory's midsection was fairly flat and possessed a sequence of lightly toned abs, slightly less impressive than those he bore at the beginning of the summer. Tara's on the other hand was a dominating, powerful washboard of strength.

Cory couldn't help but stare at how intricately detailed Tara's obliques, serratus and Adonis belt were in comparison to his fairly formless torso.

"You okay Cory?" Tara asked.

Cory shook himself back to reality. "Yeah."

"You seem kind of... dazed about something."

Cory blinked a couple of times. "It's uh..." he blushed a bit. "Well, don't take it the wrong way, it's just, your abs."

"What's so surprising? They've been fully visible for a while now." Tara said, referring to her abs.

"Yes but..." Cory looked down at his own exposed upper body and back to his mother's. Even his chest, bearing a pair of toned and moderately sized pecs looked weak compared to Tara's. The older woman's chest had wider, thicker slabs of muscle than his, with a deeper separation in the middle, and a series of detailed ridges indicating their superior development. Of course, Tara also possessed a pair of sizable breasts, but Cory wasn't particularly concerned with such things since this was his mother.

"Cory..." Tara started, a hint of concern entering her voice. "You shouldn't try to compare yourself to me or to anyone else. You should just try to be the best version of yourself."

Cory dwelled on his mother's advice for a few moments before responding. "I guess you're right."

Tara could tell that there was still something bothering her son. "So, anything else?"

"Well... I don't want you to get weirded out, but could you like... flex them? Your abs?"

"Oh?" Tara cocked an eyebrow. "You WANT me to pump them up?"

Cory shrugged. "Yeah."

Tara smirked. She stretched her torso upward before internally clenching her abdominals while externally crunching downward, causing an explosion cobblestoned muscles to burst forward. She repeated this process a few times, forcing the muscles to grow slightly more engorged than their prior form. After five repetitions they reached their most pumped state. Cory continued to stare at the process.

"Do you want to touch them?" Tara offered.

Cory gulped before reaching over and placing his hand on top one of the individual bricks of muscle. He ran his fingers in between each ridge, finding himself blown away at just how deep they were. After lingering for a moment he retracted his hand. On a whim, he positioned himself closer to his mother's side and crunched down his own midsection for a comparison. There was no competition at all: Tara looked like a statue of a goddess next to a mere human teenager. What really blew Cory away was how the separate muscles on Tara's abdomen jutted outward so much further than his, and how many more visible ridges she had. On top of this, the sides of her torso concaved further in than his, as she still possessed a slightly slimmer waist, despite holding far more muscle.

"Can you, uh, flex you arms?" Cory asked.

Tara cocked an eyebrow before raising her arms, causing her lats to flare out again and performing a classic double-bicep pose. She pumped the cantaloupe sized arms multiple times, causing them to rise slightly higher with each repetition before finally reaching their full height. Cory proceeded to imitate the pose by flexing his own arms. Again, the difference was night and day. While Cory held some decent muscle tone, he looked emaciated next to the kingdom of power that was his mother. Tara's biceps were larger, fuller, more sharply defined, far more highly peaked, and even possessed longer 'bellies' than Cory's. Running across Tara's mighty arms were a select few visible, intimidating, veins of deep blue color that fed her muscles with the necessities they needed to function and grow. Cory on the other hand possessed no such muscularity.

"And, uh, the triceps?" Cory asked.

This time mother and son flexed in unison. Cory produced a moderately sized masculine bump; while Tara created a huge, throbbing horseshoe of vigor. A myriad of intricate striations adorned the broad U of Tara's tricep, indicating the low body fat she possessed and supreme muscle maturity of her limb. Cory's bump, meanwhile, was mostly smooth, lacking the shape and detail of his mother's. Worse yet, moment by moment, Tara's muscle seemed to grow further engorged, expanding as it revealed in the pressure applied to it and the scenario at hand. At the same time, Cory's corresponding tricep was starting to shake and quiver, looking weaker and less impressive in direct correlation to his mother's. On a metaphysical level, power was flowing to and from Tara in all directions. In this corner of the world, in this moment, she was supremely dominant.

"I... I think the muscle parts of your arms are like more than double the size of mine." Cory murmured in a near-trance before finally untensing his body and taking a step away from his mother.

His blush deepened. Tara worried that perhaps she had grown too alluring. Cory's behavior was highly uncharacteristic. "You aren't uh... well, you know? Like... enjoying this or

something, right?" she asked with a concerned tone.

Cory immediately shook his head. "What? No!" He yelled out. "I'd never want to date a chick that's all buff and shit!" he was extremely animated and gesticulated wildly. "Uh, no offense." He quickly added.

"Really?" Tara asked. "If there was a girl your age with a body like this you'd turn her down?"

Cory's face flushed red. "I... I don't know! You're my mom! I'm not going to think about stuff like that! Come on!"

Tara laughed a little. "Alright, calm down. So what's this about? Getting me to flex and stuff?"

Cory shrugged. "I dunno. It's just kind of cool I guess. After getting past being scared shitless that my mom's muscles are like twice as big as mine that is. I've never really seen muscles like that before. Not in real life anyway."

"And stronger per inch than yours." Tara playfully added with a wink.

"Yeah, whatever. It's just..." Cory struggled for a bit to find the words. "Well, not to be mean, but I never really had a strong parent, you know? Like a physically strong one."

"Oh." That's when it hit Tara. For all the knowledge she had acquired the past few weeks, despite the hours spent pouring over books of psychology, she hadn't even considered this. Cory never had a father in his life. Or more precisely, a strong, dominant individual in both body and mind. Tara had always been a relatively weak pushover both physically and mentally. Her powerful mind surged as she considered the implications Cory's intentional comparison with her had. She quickly posited that he was, on a subconscious level, employing a primal test to see if Tara deserved to be the alpha of their small tribe. She further theorized that he likely was unsure of why he felt compelled to do such a thing, especially since it was so unfavorable on his end, but deep down he wanted to make sure that she truly was the powerful parental leader he had desired all of his life. Tara knew that she could use this position to many different ends. She decided that she would take up the helm and become as strong a parent as possible for her son. After all, it was the least she could do now that he was already almost an adult.

"Well, you do now." Tara responded with a smile, referring to Cory's prior question.

"I hope that didn't, uh, come off the wrong way. I'm not trying to say you're a man or anything."

Tara laughed warmly. "Nah, I get it. Plus I know very well that I'm a woman through and through, even if I can bench press 500 pounds." She winked. "Well, now that I'm physically qualified in your book to be a father figure in addition to my motherly duties, we should make up for lost time, eh?"

"What do you mean?" Cory responded.

"Maybe, we should start doing some manly things." She giggled in a particularly high pitch - perhaps to remind Cory that this was still the same woman he knew for the entirety of his life.

"Like what?"

"You wanna punch them?" Tara asked.

"What?" Cory didn't follow along.

"My abs. Go on. Give them a hit. Like a punching bag. Like that time you punched them after our competition." She formed a fist and clanged it against her midsection, causing an earthy, hollow sound to ring out. "Just don't hurt your hands again, okay?" she added kindly.

Cory hesitated for a moment before collecting himself and taking up his mother's offer. He began punching as hard as he could without hurting his knuckles. The blows glanced off of Tara's indomitable midsection as if they were nothing. Cory let out all of his frustrations as he continued unleashing strike after strike, each attack causing a fleshy thudding sound.

"Keep going." Tara encouraged. "Let it all out. You can't hurt me. I'm your shield now."

The words worked and Cory vented further. Her statement didn't demean or belittle Cory; instead, it emboldened him. While Cory's mind was muddled with years of preconceived notions; in that moment he truly respected his mother and viewed her as a bulwark of stability in his life. For that brief period of time he actually wanted Tara to become even stronger. He wanted her to become the most powerful person alive because she was his mother and he loved her.

Unfortunately, that moment of clarity eventually came to pass. Cory's arms tired and he felt thoroughly relieved of his burdens for the time being.

"Alright. Thanks." He said, panting a bit before grabbing the water bottle and taking a swig from it.

"Ready to start heading back?" Tara asked, equipping her backpack and readying her oxygen training mask.

"Yeah." Cory nodded.

"By the way, I'm going to have another weight lifting session once we get back. Want to join? I can teach you how to actually train." Tara winked.

"Another session!? Didn't you already have two? I don't think it's even noon yet!"

The older woman smirked. "Well someone's gotta stay strong enough to be your punching bag. So whaddya say?"

"I'll... I'll consider it."

And with that mother and son headed home.

## **2.) Later that day**

While Cory had lifted weights before in high school, his form was extremely unwieldy, and to an extent, dangerous. He initially showed some resistance to Tara's attempts to correct his

mistakes, but eventually conceded after a few gentle reminders of his mother's progress. This brought another revelation to Cory: completing the exercises with proper form was hard. In order to accommodate the increased difficulty, Cory found that he had to lower the weight of almost every single lift he performed. This, coupled with the minor atrophy he experienced from his inactivity during the summer, had brought Cory's ego down yet another peg. On the other hand, Cory gained even further respect for his mother, as he recognized that she not only wielded immensely heavy weights, but employed perfect form with them as well. Eventually however, Cory was brought through a full-body workout. At the end of it he felt confident that the instruction was just as good, if not better, than any personal trainer, regardless of gender, could offer him.

Another thing that caught Cory's attention was the sight of his mother bench pressing 520 pounds. "I thought you could only do 500?" he asked, awestruck as Tara's magnificent pecs pushed more than a quarter of a ton.

After finishing her set, she sat up, sweat coating her thick chest. "That was this morning, yeah." She said with a grin.

Cory gulped. "So you got stronger over the course of... today?"

Tara nodded. "I'll let you in on a little secret if you'd like." She said, leading him over to the gym's juice bar. Tara picked up the canister of the synthesized protein powder she created. "This stuff." She simply said, scooping a generous amount into her next beverage.

"What about it? Isn't that just protein powder? You've been chugging that stuff down nonstop, but your recent growth is something else entirely..."

Tara shook her head. "I actually made this myself. Last night I isolated precisely what builds muscle in the store-brand stuff and concentrated it significantly." After preparing her drink she took a large gulp and let refreshed gasp.

Cory's eyes were drawn to his mother's pecs which were pulsating. In real time they were hardening and growing slightly as they adapted themselves to the stress Tara had just put on them. Tara continued to drink deeply, chugging the entirety of the glass. After finishing it, she rested for a moment as her pecs continued to evolve. Eventually she made her way back over to the bench press where she increased its weight to 540 pounds. She slipped under and began pushing the weight. "See..." she grunted in between reps. "Instant..." another grunt. "Progress!"

Cory stood, flabbergasted. Eventually his mother finished her set and got up, making her way over to the juice bar again.

"Couldn't you just... keep working out and drinking those forever? Wouldn't you be able to lift like everything in this room in a day?" Cory stammered.

Tara shrugged her brawny shoulders. "I'm pretty positive that there are diminishing returns over the course of the day. At least that's my current hypothesis on how whatever it is I have works."

"What do you mean, 'whatever you have'?" Cory responded.

"Well, come on Cory, it's pretty obvious that I'm not exactly normal." Tara laughed. "I think that for some reason or another my body is fully utilizing all of the nutrition I offer it."

Cory tilted his head to the side. "What? Doesn't everyone's body do that?"

"Well, no, not really." Tara started. "There's a wide variety of factors. For starters, each food and each specific nutrient has differing absorption rates. That is to say, what percentage of the nutrient provided by the food you take in for use. This can be anywhere from as efficient as 90% of the nutrients being taken in by your body, or as inefficient as 10%. Additionally, everyone's body has specific limits of what nutrients it'll use. The excess will usually go to waste, or worse yet, cause you to become ill."

"But you do use all of your nutrients?"

"Not ALL of them, but I think it's fairly clear that I'm using far more than most people." She finished creating her next shake and promptly chugged it down. Both Cory and Tara waited in anticipation, but were respectively relieved and disappointed to find that Tara's pecs only hardened slightly. "It does seem that I can't invoke immediate muscle growth in rapid succession." She hypothesized.

"So, uh, since when are you like, so well versed in biology stuff?" Cory asked.

"Oh, I read a textbook a couple weeks ago. Interesting stuff." Tara explained.

A chill ran down Cory's spine. His mother really was getting smarter in addition to far stronger. He began to wonder if he'd ever be able to hope to defeat her at Road Warrior ever again. He decided to try to change the subject: "So, uh, do you think I should drink a protein shake now?"

Tara nodded. "It's important that you refuel your body so it can grow stronger."

Cory made his way over to the juice bar and started preparing a shake.

Tara could tell what he was thinking. "You can use the synthesized protein if you'd like, but do keep in mind that it's experimental. I don't know what kind of effect it'll have on someone else - though I'd predict it should be safe."

Cory added the seemingly magic powder to his shake without hesitation. He eagerly gulped it down, forcing himself to finish it as quickly as possible, as if it were some kind of scarce resource that would disappear in a moment's notice. *Alright, at last! Time to grow!* He thought to himself as the concoction entered his system. A few moments passed, yet Cory did not feel his body strengthening. Quite the contrary - his eyes grew wide and he felt as if he needed to expunge what he had consumed, immediately. Cory excused himself and dashed off for the bathroom where he did exactly that.

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Fifteen minutes later, Cory had finally removed the majority of the shake from his system.

"Are you okay?" Tara asked, clearly worried.

Cory uneasily nodded his head. "I think I'll be fine. That shake though..."

"Oh Cory!" Tara cried out before wrapping her tremendous arms around her son. "I should've studied it more thoroughly first before letting you try it." A single tear fell from

her eye and her entire body quivered.

This scene was perplexing for Cory as he had come to view his mother as an unstoppable muscle machine; yet here she was crying because she inadvertently made her ill. "It's... it's okay mom." He replied before bringing his arms up and wrapping them against Tara's body. Cory was astounded by how warm, soft, and hard Tara was all at once.

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Later that evening

The rest of the day went on without much incident. Tara continued pushing herself both mentally and physically. Cory mostly relaxed, as Tara had eased up on Cory's daily tasks to both reward him for exercising with her, and to try to make up for the synthesized protein incident. While training, Tara continued pondering what had just happened earlier. Why couldn't Cory consume the specialized protein? She began to consider the various interactions of the different ingredients of her concoctions. She mentally mapped them to her son's body. Eventually she dug out an assortment of advanced biotech research journals and studied them deeply for anything related to what had happened.

Eventually Tara reached the conclusion that only her body, or, more specifically, those who can utilize nutrients like she can, would be capable of safely ingesting the supplement she had created.

Ultimately, however, Tara grew frustrated as she was reaching the limit of knowledge the available materials could provide her. She decided that in order to understand whatever it was that allowed her to take in nutrition like she did, Tara would need Terry's help. He had resources related to the cutting edge of biotechnology. She spent the rest of the evening planning how she'd approach this when her brother came in a week and a half's time.

### **3.) The Next Day - 11 days until Terry's visit**

As Tara awoke, she felt amazing. Despite only having slept for a few hours, her body was fully rejuvenated, and better than ever before. Tara stood in front of the mirror as she performed a morning stretch, watching with eager eyes as the myriad sinews rippled to and fro on her frame. She indulged in a couple of flexes, observing the massive slabs of muscle rise on command. Yesterday she could lift close to the raw female bench press world record, and today she was confident she could surpass it. If she continued on this trajectory, she'd be able to beat the equipped world record without using any said equipment.

Tara felt unstoppable, and rightfully so. After getting dressed she completed a full body workout, reaching all-new personal records before preparing a massive meal for herself, coupled with ample protein shakes with her synthesized blend.

Eventually noontime started to creep closer and there wasn't a single sign of Cory. Concerned, Tara knocked on his door, only to be greeted by a loud moaning noise beckoning her in. The teenager explained that he was extremely sore all over from the past day's events, and still felt fairly ill due to the food poisoning he experienced. With some gentle coaxing, Tara got him out of bed and this time prepared for him a large, healthy breakfast. She also provided some of the soreness relief pills that Tara relied on during the beginning

stages of her journey; before her body had integrated their properties and automatically prevented soreness.

Unfortunately for Cory, the pills didn't offer the same level of relief that allowed Tara to push past her pain a month earlier. Despite this, he still found enough relief to go about his various daily activities.

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The day was another with little event. Cory mostly did household chores while playing some video games, his entire body continuing to ache throughout the evening. Tara continued to push herself, and by the evening's end, was quite convinced that her 570 pound bench press set a new world record for an unequipped woman. This encouraged the 35 year old even further. In the span of a mere few months she had become, most likely, the strongest and fittest woman alive. She wanted to keep going and take the title of most powerful human alive, regardless of gender.

After enjoying the extreme success of her synthesized protein, Tara felt compelled to further explore creating nutritional supplements for herself. One of her worries was that as her body reached new heights, it would become increasingly difficult to properly feed herself enough food. A theory that had begun brewing in her mind was the creation of a kind of nutrient dense super-food. Unfortunately, despite Terry's elaborate setup, she lacked the tools to potentially make such a thing. For the time being, she'd have to stick with consuming extreme amounts of calories and her synthesized protein.

The other major thing Tara wondered about was enhancing her mind further. There was no doubt in her mind that she possessed Terry's strength multiple times over, but she feared that he may still have her beat mentally. Despite the significant strides Tara had made the past few weeks in accumulating new knowledge, Terry was a genius.

Ever since she started supplying her body with an abundance of the nutrients and amino acids commonly associated with brain health, there was no denying that she was becoming smarter - especially in tandem with studying. If she could isolate specifically what was triggering this mental growth, then she should be able to synthesize a powder similar to the protein.

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It was a long process, longer than that of the protein powder. Despite the fact that Tara had more experience (and was slightly more intelligent) than during her prior excursion, understanding what specifically made her brain more powerful was a difficult task. Eventually, however, Tara was confident she isolated the relevant parts and found a way to energetically improve them. With one of the machines, she encapsulated the powder into convenient to swallow pill form. While Tara would have gladly shared the pills with her loved ones, she had a feeling that their reaction would be similar to Cory with the synthesized protein - or worse considering these effected things mentally.

Tara stared at the newly synthesized pills with wonder. If this really worked in tandem with her perceived mutation, it would begin empowering her mind considerably after just the first dose. Theoretically it should improve learning malleability, further speed up ability to recall facts, and even stimulate the aspects of the brain that direct creativity. With consistent use coupled with studying and thought exercises, there was no telling just how intelligent Tara could become.

With a deep breath she mentally readied herself before taking a full dose, bringing them to her mouth, and swallowing.

### **3.5) The Next Day - 10 days until Terry's visit.**

Tara felt extremely energized. It was difficult for her to gauge, but she was fairly certain that the 'brain pills' as she had come to mentally refer to them, were working. Everything seemed even clearer, and she could've sworn that she was thinking more quickly, analyzing various trains of thought with blazing speed.

With this greater clarity, everything else came to Tara even more easily. During her morning workout sessions her mind pondered various dilemmas and predicaments. She reflected on the things she read, and by merely thinking about them was able to extrapolate greater insights.

Cory was still feeling sore from the workout two days ago, but he was able to perform his chores. Tara's appetite had ramped up even further as her body required a greater amount of fuel to continue growing at such a rapid pace.

The rest of the day went by without much incident.

### **4.) 9 days until Terry's visit.**

As Cory awoke, he felt better than he had in a long time. In fact, he hadn't felt so energetic and clear-minded since he was a kid. He stumbled out of bed, glad to find that his soreness had finally vanished. Next he freshened up before heading into the living room, where he was met with the sight of his mother performing the same hand-stand feat she pulled off a few days ago.

Tara's body was visibly larger than before, as every muscle on her frame had reached new heights. His mother possessed an even more serene appearance, as if the action was challenging her far less than the last time he saw her do it. She wore the same ankle weights, which were the heaviest ones she owned.

"Morning." Corry greeted.

"Hey Cory. Ready for a rematch?"

Cory felt a chill run down his spine. Despite the bonding they had done the past few days, he was still having trouble accepting his mother growing greater at such a rapid pace. While he had come to respect his mother on a primal level, he still felt a fair deal of jealousy in regards to her power and seemingly limitless potential.

"You really want me to push you over again?" He hoped that if he framed the question like that she would give up in advance.

Cory was wrong. Tara let out a laugh before responding: "Well, I would like you to try. We'll see if you can succeed."

The teenager sighed before making his way over to his mother. "Alright, here we go." He declared before giving his mother a hard shove. He was, unsurprisingly, met with a fleshy wall of resistance that refused to budge. He tried again, slamming a bit harder.

"May as well just skip to the part where you give in and push." Tara taunted.

Cory growled a bit before resorting to just that. He grabbed onto her staggeringly large legs and began pushing. To his horror, unlike last time, Tara didn't budge whatsoever. He kept pushing, desperately trying to overcome the obstacle placed in front of him. Despite his best efforts, it was pointless; Tara simply wouldn't budge. Cory let out a small roar of frustration before taking a few paces back and launching himself into a full run, hoping the extra momentum would help his cause. Instead of knocking his mother over, Cory was simply met with a brick wall covered in soft skin.

"Alright, I give up!" he yelled out, rubbing his arm.

Satisfied, Tara deftly transitioned onto her feet with surprising grace for a person with her size. "Super mom just keeps getting more super!" She proudly declared before flexing both of her biceps in unison.

Cory's jaw nearly dropped. "They're... they're even bigger than they were a few days ago..." he murmured as he continued to stare.

Tara un-flexed and re-flexed her arms a few more times, reveling in the sensation of her huge arms rippling each time. She could feel a sense of primal dominance growing from the display, as if she were projecting her resolve just by merely displaying her physical prowess. This led Tara to consider that the nearly superhuman body she developed was, in a sense, a manifestation of her will brought to flesh. She could sense the changes occurring in Cory -she was well aware of how he had started taking his chores seriously; how he was becoming more energetic and healthier; how he was improving at cooking, and various other skills; how her actions were having a directly positive effect on her son. She wanted more: more power, more influence to help those she loved, more willpower brought to the physical realm.

These pseudo-philosophical musings had to wait however as Tara still had to address Cory's last statement. "Why is this still a surprise to you? You literally watched my pecs grow stronger after a single workout. Hell, not too long ago you fed me a protein shake that caused my shirt sleeves to rip wide open from the pressure of my burgeoning biceps."

"Yeah but..." Cory shuffled around before letting out a deep sigh. "It's just.. I dunno. Why is it still happening? You just keep getting better and better. It seems to be happening at a faster pace too."

This time it was Tara who sighed. "Really Cory? After all that bonding? I thought you were finally getting over that and coming to accept that me improving doesn't diminish you in any way. What happened to wanting me to flex so you could compare yourself next to me?"

"I dunno..." Cory replied half-heartedly. "It's just hard to get used to I guess."

Tara nodded. "Fair enough. Finally feeling up to working out with your old mom again? Not that I want to hold you back or anything..." she winked.

"Actually I am feeling a lot better. Are you sure you want me to tag along again?"

Tara smiled warmly. "You never need to ask that question Cory. I always prefer having you join me."

It was settled, after breakfast Cory joined his mother for another run and weight lifting session.

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They ran on the beginner trail again, and to Cory's delight, he found that he had a slightly easier time of it. Still, he lagged behind his mother slightly, despite the fact that she had handicapped herself by an extreme amount. She even went so far as to carry a pair of 80 pound dumbbells in her hands, curling them with each step. (She had explained to Cory beforehand to never repeat this as it was hazardous for the tendons in "non-super mom" wrists).

This time around Cory had started the trek shirtless, and wore an appropriate pair of male running shorts as well. This time around, Cory insisted on carrying the water bottle backpack, in some kind of misguided effort of chivalry. To his surprise, the journey was actually quite enjoyable. The constant stream of cool air hitting his exposed torso offset the unpleasantly of the heat. Plus, once they arrived at the half-way mark, he'd have a nice refreshing drink. Tara prepared him a protein shake without her specially synthesized powder, and he found himself looking forward to it.

There was one thing about the run that bothered Cory however: because he was lagging behind his mother slightly, and because he foolishly opted to carry the backpack, he was stuck watching her thick, powerful back bulging the entire way. While every muscle on Tara's body was impressive, her back in particular was titanic. It had a wide, cartoonish V in shape, with the upper half filled out thanks to her huge slabs of power for lats. A myriad of valleys and ridges within Tara's back created a muscular landscape not unlike a work of art. More than the physical appearance of her back was the symbolic value. Cory knew deep down that Tara sculpted that back to better carry the burdens of those she loved. He still had difficulty understanding this at a conscious level, and not all of Tara's actions made this obvious, but some part of contained appreciation.

Had Cory not been Tara's blood related son, he would have likely paid attention to her lower half. Tara's buttocks in particular had retained the familiar round shape that so many millions of men worldwide were attracted to. Better yet, they were exaggerated in proportion compared to that of a bodybuilder of the comparable size. Her child-baring hips swayed to and fro, and would've made an effective siren's call for any other lover of the female body.

Eventually they made their way to the half-way mark again. Tara tossed the 80 pound dumbbells aside and retrieved the backpack from Cory to distribute some beverages before indulging in some bodyweight exercises. On a whim, Cory moved over to one of the discarded 80 pound dumbbells and tried to pick it up. It took both of his arms to even budge the thing at all, and even then he had difficulty keeping it midair. He suddenly felt a slight amount of terror at the concept that his mother could effortlessly hold two of these, swinging them around, while running nonetheless.

"Don't pull your back out on those." Tara yelled out.

Defeated, Cory put the weight down and took another swig out of his drink. He watched his mother's powerful body move itself, performing pull up variations and different types of leg raises as if they were nothing. Cory wondered if he could possibly move himself like that. He figured it couldn't have been that hard, especially since his mother had a much more muscular frame than him - nearly 100 pounds to be precise, although Cory wasn't aware it was that large of a difference.

Eventually Tara finished her exercise, beads of sweat adorning her staggering muscles. Cory saw this as an opportunity to follow up with his own bodyweight exercises - after all, they helped his mother, so they likely should help him as well. He walked over to the tree branch and casually leapt up, grabbing onto it. First he found that it was fairly difficult to maintain his grip on the limb. After that, he slowly pulled himself up. It was an immensely difficult feat for the teen. *Am I really this out of shape?* He thought to himself after finishing a single pull up. He then tried to emulate the leg raise motions he saw his mother perform. These too were quite difficult, and he could feel his torso visibly shaking due to the stress he put upon it. While he was unable to replicate Tara's movements, he did get a little bit of ab work in. He performed another pull up, just barely. He then tried to follow it up with another leg raise motion, but couldn't complete that. Feeling defeated, he fell down to the ground and dusted his hands off.

Cory was shocked. How did his mother, a person with so much mass on their body, perform so many pull ups and leg raises so easily?

"Tougher than it looks, huh?" Tara offered with a warm smile.

"Yeah..." Cory admitted. "Damn. You're really strong, huh?"

Tara shrugged. "I try my best."

"You know..." Cory started. "There was another muscle we didn't compare."

Tara cocked an eyebrow.

Cory continued. "Our legs."

"You sure you want to?"

Cory gave a look of uncertainty, but eventually nodded. Tara was surprised that he was interested in such a comparison, but then remembered that her son was probably still trying to subconsciously confirm that she was the unstoppable alpha leader that she posited herself as.

"Well, alright." Tara said before walking over to her son. "The first thing to note is that there are two large muscles that are commonly referred to on the leg. The first that we can look at right now is the calf." She stood up on her tip toes, causing a pair of thick, throbbing heart shaped muscles to rise up. They bulged out considerably and looked almost as if someone had stuffed a large hunk of metal underneath a woman's skin.

Cory gulped before moving closer and repeating the motion, standing on his tip toes to reveal his calves, which were exposed thanks to his shorts. A small, but hard, piece of muscle hardened. Similar to the upper body comparisons last time they ran together, Tara completely dwarfed Cory. Worse yet, since then Tara had made more progress than he did. Cory's muscle was simply weak and lifeless compared to the potent harbinger of vitality that

composed of Tara's lower leg.

In more an effort to sate Cory's primal need to ensure that she was as strong a leader of possible, and less so than to showboat, Tara pumped her calves a few times, causing them to grow even larger. A single blue vein that snaked its way across the slab rose to greater prominence. Cory imitated this, and found that his muscles did not become any larger whatsoever. He tried and tried to no avail. Meanwhile, Tara pumped hers up further, reaching even greater visible mass. The difference in their muscles was now staggering. Cory could barely believe that any woman, no less his mother, could ever wield calves that dominant in appearance.

"And since you asked." Tara said before returning to flat feet. "The other primary muscle people refer to on the leg would be the quadricep." Due to her extremely short attire, Tara simply had to stick her leg forward and tense it to showcase this muscle. It was an inhumanly large chunk of meat with an extremely inviting quality due to Tara's soft, flawless skin. "That would be this bad boy right here." She explained before slapping her quadricep, causing it to ripple slightly, a motion that emphasized just how huge it was.

Cory pulled up the top of one of his short sleeves and stuck out his own corresponding quad. As to be expected, while he was fitter than the average 17 year old, he just looked anemic in relation to his mother. Taking into account only the chunk of muscle separated from the bone, Tara easily possessed more than double what he did. Worse yet, he knew damn well that his mother's muscles were far stronger per pound than his.

"Oh, I suppose for the sake of completeness I should point out the hamstrings." Tara turned herself slightly before stretching her leg upward directly into the air. She brought the limb as high as the thick slabs of muscle adorning it physically allowed her to. "These things right here." She explained, running a free hand over the tight, corded hamstrings. "Well, they're really tendons, but a lot of bodybuilders put in tremendous effort to make sure these are nice and visible."

Cory tried to bring his own leg up, but found he was simply far too inflexible to do such a thing. He resorted to turning around while lifting up his short sleeve again, and to no surprise, found that his hamstrings were barely visible in comparison to his mother's dominant cords of power.

His curiosity finally sated, Cory stood up to his full height, Tara did the same. "So, anymore questions?" she asked with a warm smile.

Cory shook his head. That was when he made another revelation. "You... you're taller than me..." he murmured. She now stood a little higher than him, roughly an inch. He hadn't noticed because Tara always looked a bit taller due to her now naturally imposing stature. In such close proximity however it was much easier to discern.

"Oh, yeah, you finally noticed huh?" Tara laughed a little. "I guess everything has come full circle." She winked.

Cory let out another aggravated sigh. "I guess so." He conceded, kicking the ground a bit.

"Cheer up Cory." Tara started. "I promise I won't blow you off to play video games for the entire summer during one of our last years together before you go off to college. I also won't go on a wild tangent about how you can never hope to become as strong as me."

It stung Cory to hear what happened paraphrased like that. Tara then realized she had likely gone too far. "Sorry." She added.

"It's cool. It's not like you're wrong or anything. That is kind of what happened." He admitted. "I'm sorry too."

They lingered for a moment before Cory finally spoke up again: "Alright, this is getting kind of weird, so let's just head home, ok?"

Tara agreed and they did just that.

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Later that evening Cory joined Tara for another weight lifting session. He found that he could actually perform each of the exercises he struggled with for a couple added repetitions. Despite this, he did feel slightly inadequate next to his mother's progress: She was now up to 610 pounds on the bench press. Her squat and dead lift had both also reached the 1000 pound mark. What Cory didn't know was after taking into account that she used no equipment like weight lifting belts or bench shirts, Tara was arguably the strongest person alive; and if she wasn't yet, it was just a matter of time until she was.

## **5.) 8 days until Terry's Visit**

The day was another fairly typical one. Cory was too sore to workout, and Tara reached a new series of personal bests. This included her appetite. In foodstuff alone, she was eating more than three times what Cory did, despite him being a teenage boy with a matching metabolism. This difference was even greater than Cory knew since the protein shakes Tara religiously consumed were also extremely dense in caloric value.

At one point however, something unusual did occur - right after lunch time.

"Mom, can I ask you kind of a weird question?" Cory asked.

"Well, you know I'm not going to say no."

Cory rolled his eyes.

Tara added: "But yes, go ahead Cory."

"Okay." The teen started. "I was just wondering, why do you bother wearing makeup? Like, it's just you and me here for the most part. Plus you're always working out and taking showers and stuff. Doesn't take a ton of time, constantly redoing it?"

Tara tilted her head sideways for a moment. "Er.. Cory, I haven't put on makeup for a while now."

Cory squinted his eyes, scrutinizing the statement his mother had just made. "Well yeah, when we first got here you only put it on when you'd go into town and stuff... but it's pretty obvious that you've been going hard on it for the past week or so."

Tara let out a soft laugh. "No, really, I haven't bothered. Are you trying to subtly tell me that I need to put some on or something?"

Looking even more skeptical, without asking for permission, Cory brought a hand to his mother's face and rubbed his fingers into her left cheek. He even dug a little with his nails to try to scrape off any foundation. To his surprise, all he was met with was some of the softest skin he could ever imagine. Embarrassed, he quickly withdrew his hand. "What the..." he muttered.

Tara was now fairly confused and led Cory towards a mirror nearby. She examined herself and slowly began to understand what Cory was on about: she possessed the face of a young model in her prime who had been made up by a high-end professional. This kind of thing is something that one wouldn't think to be a sudden revelation, but Tara's beautification had been a slow, gradual process. While she did spend time moisturizing herself and wore a few facial masks, she had been primarily focused on building up her immense body. Now however, she was faced with critically examining herself.

"I... well. Wow." Tara didn't want to succumb to petty narcissism, but to deny her beauty would be an egregious oversight.

Both mother and son were unsure of what else to say. Tara had a theory, though it was somewhat unbelievable: she posited that her skin, like her muscles, was soaking up and utilizing all available nutrients. Additionally, she thought that similar to how her body integrated the soreness-relief pills, her face was integrating the various creams, moisturizers and masks she put on it.

### **5.5) 7 days until Terry's Visit**

With Terry's visit creeping ever closer, Tara found that the household needed some supplies. There were also a few items that she wanted to purchase in preparation as well. At the same time, Tara also didn't want to spend half of a day going in to town as she would likely forsake one or two workout periods that would inevitably empower her body even further. She settled on employing the same delivery service she used earlier before her contest with Cory. The order was immense, and would take the remainder of the day for the service to procure the items, meaning they wouldn't arrive until tomorrow. Tara secretly hoped that the same delivery man as last time, the 22 year old who flattered her during the initial stages of her transformation, would be the one arriving.

The rest of the day went by without much note. Tara was now undeniably taller than Cory, and her mental progress was humming along faster than ever thanks to her self-made 'brain pills'.

### **6.) 6 days until Terry's Visit**

The delivery that Tara put in finally arrived. As she opened the door, she found that her secret wish from when she placed the order had been met: it was the same delivery guy. He had prepared himself to see Tara again, but what he wasn't ready for was the sheer transformation she had undergone. Sure - Tara had grown a lot between the first and second times he had seen her, but this was something else entirely. The woman who emerged from the doorway was a musclebound goddess.

Tara was wearing very little, as was customary after her transformation. Every fiber on her hyper-developed frame was visibly rippling from no effort on Tara's part. She was fast moving in on the 300 pound mark, and none of it aside from her ample breasts was squandered on fat. The mere sight of Tara caused the delivery man's knees to shake and his heart to flutter. He had never witnessed such a combination of power and femininity, all coupled with supreme natural dominance.

"M-m-miss T-t-tara?" he just barely managed to mutter at an audible pitch.

"Hey 22." Tara said with as sultry and breathy a voice she could muster. The nickname was a reference to his age, a detail that was revealed to Tara during their first encounter.

The young man looked as if he were going to pass out from Tara's presence alone.

"Oh come on now." She added. "No need to be scared of me."

Despite her reassurance, he still quivered. It was true that he did fear the immense power Tara wielded with her body alone, but he was more so paralyzed with arousal than anything else. The delivery man didn't even know he liked muscular women, but after laying eyes on Tara, he instantly knew that did.

Tara decided to indulge herself a little more while breaking the ice. She took a stride closer to the man, grabbed onto his shirt collar; and with one arm curled his entire body up to her mouth before planting a large kiss on lips. He returned the kiss. Tara held him in place and their mouths explored one another. Meanwhile, he brought his hands up to Tara's arms and felt them, digging his fingers into the velvet covered steel that was her arms. In turn, Tara tensed her arms, which brought an even higher level of sensation to the man's experience. He was thoroughly overwhelmed by the Tara's soft lips, velvet skin, delicious tongue, and the seemingly limitless amount of power she held in her body. On the contrary, Tara reveled in her supreme dominance over an attractive young man - even if he was on the smaller and meeker side.

Eventually the onslaught of pleasure proved too much for the delivery man to handle. He fully ejaculated in his pants, moaning blissfully in the process. Tara easily picked up on this and dropped him with a chuckle. "What a shame, now you'll have to wait until next time to have more fun." She teased with a wink.

The man was deeply embarrassed by what had just happened. "Oh my god ma'am. Please don't, like, tell my boss about this or anything."

"Really? A woman like me grabs you, has some fun with you, and that's what you're worried about?" Tara replied, shaking her head as she laughed a bit more heartily.

"That's right, you have a delivery!" he yelled out.

"Yes. It was a lot of stuff. I imagine you're fairly worn out from doing all of the shopping and loading it into your truck, huh?"

The man shrugged. "Well, maybe a little."

"Don't worry about it. You just clean yourself up and I'll bring everything in." Tara said.

The delivery man knew that he wasn't supposed to let customers do things like that, but he saw little point in arguing with the amazon. He imagined that once someone like her had their mind set, it was likely best to just do what they said.

Tara opened the truck and quickly located the boxes containing her order. It was a huge collection of hefty looking boxes as she needed supplies not only for the coming days ahead, but enough to cover whatever Terry and his family consumed. She also ordered a multitude of clothes, supplements, and even a few more textbooks to further her learning. All in all, the haul likely totaled to a couple hundred pounds of items. A moment later, Tara had all of the boxes neatly balanced on top of themselves and proceeded to carry them all at once.

The delivery man watched breathlessly as Tara did this. He would have objected, but he was left too exhausted from the encounter earlier and knew there was no point. After bringing the entirety of the order inside, Tara came back out to say farewell.

"Well 22, it was fun." She said with a grin.

"Y-yeah." He responded, his face flush pink as he thought back on what had just occurred a few moments earlier.

"Hopefully next time I need something delivered you'll be the one to do it. Who knows, maybe you'll last longer and you'll get to see those lacy thongs you helped deliver." She teased with a wink.

Being a young man full of energy, the delivery boy found himself aroused again. Still, he had places he had to be. Tara admired his dedication to the job, even in the face of a living goddess, and they said their goodbyes before parting ways.

The rest of the evening was spent with Cory putting away the huge number of things Tara bought while she was busy building herself up even further.

## **7.) 5 days until Terry's visit**

Cory went running with his mother again. He found himself looking forward to the activity shortly after he woke up, eager to see if maybe he had become slightly more proficient at it. He was certain that his mother had improved even further, making leaps of progress he could never hope to attain; but he had begun to understand that didn't matter. Tara was on his side, through and through. In a sense, his mother becoming stronger made him stronger. Still, he did possess some lingering envy.

To change things up and challenge herself in a new way, Tara decided to run the beginner's trail backwards. It was a challenge as ridiculous as it sounded. Tara had run the trail enough times by now that her mind had come to memorize all of the quirks and changes. Her balance and perception had reached a point where even if she was met with uneven ground, she could adjust in time. For safety's sake, Tara had opted to forgo wearing the oxygen training mask, but she still carried a pair of dumbbells - this time graduating to a couple of 100s.

This had an unintended side effect in that Cory was now faced with his mother the entire way. Due to the way she brought her knees extremely high to increase the difficulty, her thick, pulsing abs were constantly bulging right in his view. "This is kind of cool, huh?" Tara

asked while looking Cory in the eye.

"Uh... yeah..." Cory responded, slightly winded from the activity.

Tara on the other hand looked as uninhibited as ever. "You're getting better at this." She observed.

"Really?" Cory asked.

Tara nodded. "I bet in a couple of weeks you'll start seeing some visible results."

"That'd be cool."

"Heck, I think that by the time you return to school for senior year, you'll be one of the buffest guys if you keep following the Super-Mom program!"

"I... I don't think that's such a great name for the program." Cory responded with a bit of a laugh. "Still, do you really think that I'd be in good shape by then?"

"I don't see why not. You're a healthy young man and my routine obviously works! Plus, that's still like all of July and August!"

That's when it struck Cory - they were only halfway through the summer. Two more months free of classes; Two more months to improve himself; Two more months of being in close proximity to his mother constantly improving at a rate he could only dream of. Cory began to wonder what would happen when the summer ended. Would his mother go back to working multiple part time jobs? How would other people react to his mother's body? If she was busy at work, would she be able to continue training so much? What if she got a really physical job, like at a construction site? The questions went on and on.

Cory's train of thought was interrupted by Tara speaking again: "You know Cory... if you had started working out with me at the beginning of the summer, you'd probably have an impressive six-pack by now to show off to that sexy aunt of yours."

"Mom!" Cory yelled out, clearly embarrassed.

Tara laughed. "Oh, come on. I'm not stupid. I know how you look at her, and I can't say I really blame you. I bet your cousin is a real knock-out by now too. The female one that is."

"MOM!"

Tara continued giggling. "What? It's not like either of them are related to you by blood. I'm not saying to hook up with them or anything..." What Tara was alluding to was the fact that Terry's daughter was adopted.

Cory's face was already flush from the run and grew even brighter due his mother's teasing. The rest of the run went on without much incident. Cory saw little point in stirring up any further muscle comparisons, especially since Tara had grown even larger than a mere few days ago. On the return trip he realized that he really was getting better at running in general.

That evening Cory joined his mother in the weight room again. He was able to increase some of his compound lifts, and had become more consistent in performing the isolated

ones. Once again he had to remind himself not to compare himself to his mother's progress. This was something that was easier said than done when Cory was faced with observing his mother hoist close to 700 pounds in the air through the power of her chest alone. The bar had begun to buckle and warp from the sheer amount of weight it was forced to hold.

Still, despite not being able to even hope of ever catching up to his mother, Cory had to admit that life was actually getting better. It's true that he would've preferred to be closer to his friends from school, but he was starting to come around to his new mother and her lifestyle of continuous self improvement.

### **8.) 4 Days until Terry's Visit**

The day went by without much note. Cory was sore once again, and Tara achieved even more personal bests. It was an amazing feeling, to wake up with over a dozen additional pounds of sheer muscle on her frame. In the evening however, something that both Tara and Cory would remember forever occurred:

Tara was in the basement, hard at working pushing her body to new heights of power. The past few days had been amazing for her as her muscles soaked in the synthesized protein mix, growing larger and harder with every session. Something interrupted what should've otherwise been another blissful session of self-improvement: a deafening crash of glass shattering coming from upstairs.

Tara immediately threw her weights aside, and shoved a handful of synthesized protein into her mouth in order to restore the fatigue induced by her workout. While it was probably just Cory accidentally breaking something, she still needed to be on her A-game: either to assist him, or possibly dish out a 'punishment'.

A few moments later, Tara's powerful body had emerged from the basement, where she was greeted by the sight of two men in large sweatshirts in the living room. Broken glass from the window they had destroyed to gain entry sat at their feet. One carried a metal baseball bat, and the other a crowbar. They stared at Tara with wide eyes. A massive muscle woman that made the biggest men they've ever seen in person look emasculated stood before them.

"Can I help you?" Tara asked, projecting her voice with as much underlying dominance as she could muster.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck." One of the robbers said.

"Just knock her out!" the second one yelled.

The first one gripped his metal bat and charged at Tara at full speed before swinging the bat directly at her side. The sports instrument slammed against Tara's right arm with a deafening thud. It left a red mark on her otherwise flawless skin, yet Tara seemed entirely unphased. She smirked wickedly at the reaction of sheer terror on her assailant's face. "That all you've got?" she asked.

Unsure of what else to do, the man brought the bat up again and slammed it again into Tara's thick midsection. Once again the blow glanced off leaving her unharmed beyond a

small mark that would clear up in an hour or two's time. He repeated this, futilely bashing his weapon against Tara's body to no avail. Frustrated, he brought the bat upward and aimed directly for the massive woman's face. Tara casually brought her arm up and blocked the blow, once again leaving her mostly unscathed.

Desperate, the man threw the bat aside before retrieving a butterfly knife from his pants pocket. He readied the weapon, but before he could properly launch an assault, Tara had swiftly moved in and grabbed his wrist; with one effortless motion she twisted and crushed the bones in his hand, causing him to drop the weapon. He cried out in agony, but adrenaline numbed his pain enough for him to scurry for the blade with his free hand. Calmly, Tara lifted her right foot and stomped down, intercepting the searching hand, instantly crushing it beneath her immense strength.

During this, Cory had stumbled out of his room. "What the fu-" he was cut short by the second robber screaming: "ALRIGHT MUSCLE BITCH, IF YOU MAKE ANOTHER MOVE AND THE KID GETS IT." The burglar declared, readying the crowbar in his hands with shaking hands.

Cory's teenage temper flared and he moved to attack the man threatening him. Despite his fervor, Cory was stopped short by the thug swiftly kicking him in the groin. "That's it kid." He spat, preparing the metal implement once more.

"OH NO YOU DON'T." Tara roared with bestial fury. She leapt across the room at inhuman speeds; the floor literally shook from the sheer pressure of her immense legs propelling her huge body. With a mere few strides, Tara had closed the gap. Terrified, the man took his crowbar brought it above his head, winding up for the attack he threatened. Fortunately, the would-be assailant lost his nerve and hesitated for a moment, during which Tara had fully closed the gap. Enraged, Tara's grabbed onto the man's neck with her left hand and hoisted him into the air as if he were a mere rag-doll, his legs kicking futilely into her indomitable body. Anger and adrenaline coursed through her veins, feeding her muscles with an all-time largest pump. Tara was like a wild animal untamed, every sinew of power on her frame engaged and ready to enact her wrath.

Cory looked over at his mother with a mixture of fear and admiration. While she had just saved him, Tara was downright terrifying. Her immense back was turned to him, while he wasn't sure if his eyes were playing tricks on him, Cory swore that her lats were visibly pulsating with ferocious rhythm. A crunching sound rang out as the man gasped for air; Tara was slowly crushing his neck. "Mom! Stop!" Cory yelled out. "Don't kill him!"

Suddenly something in Tara's mind clicked. What was she doing? Was she really going to kill another human being? She released her grasp, letting her prey fall to the ground. The man brought his hands to his chest and gasped for air.

"He'll live." Tara said coldly as she turned to the other trespasser, who was staring with wide eyes and shaking knees, his hands still mangled from.

"Please!" He stammered again. "Please don't kill us!" he was in hysterics. This wasn't how the plan was supposed to go. They were just going to break into some rich guy's abandoned house, steal some stuff, and leave. The only other times they were ever caught in the act, those families backed down at the sight of their crude weapons.

Tara gave the crowbar wielder a swift kick to the chest, sending him sprawling backward to ensure he'd remain incapacitated for the time being. She took two strides towards the

pleader before placing her hands on her hips, allowing the intensity of her powerful body to wordlessly project her dominance.

"Please! Just let us go!" he continued to beg.

Tara moved closer, and simply gazed down at him with unbridled fury in her eyes. "And why should I do that?"

"I... Oh god. Look, we'll never rob a house again! I promise!"

Tara bent down and grabbed onto the robber's shirt collar before hoisting him into the air single-handedly. "You're damn straight you won't. I'll have you know I'm very, VERY good with faces, and if I ever see your face involved with anything crime related ever again... Well..." She tossed the man down to the ground before grabbing his baseball bat. He braced himself for impact, but found that her intention wasn't to hit him; instead Tara grabbed onto each end of the cylindrical object and began to push against it; a moment later the steel began to warp and bend to her strength alone. The muscles in Tara's forearms and chest jut out even further, which combined with the feat being performed left a sight in the robber's head that would haunt him for the rest of his life.

Eventually Tara finished her task, fully bending the bat in half. She casually tossed it aside. "If I can do that with steel, imagine what I can do with bones." She added with a cruel smile. "Now get the fuck out of here before I change my mind." She turned to the other robber "And don't think I won't remember your face either."

The duo immediately began whimpering and scampering away, desperate to escape from the den of the monstrous woman. They tripped over themselves a couple of times, got some cuts on the glass of the window they broke, and eventually made it out. A moment later they were running away as quickly as their legs would take them.

With the intruders gone, Tara turned and faced her son. "Are you alright Cory?" she asked moving over to him.

Without uttering a single word Cory grabbed onto his mother with a hug that was more enthusiastic than any he had given in nearly a decade. He was instantly transported to the same frame of mind he possessed as a child - one where his mother was a super hero who would do anything she could for him. Tara felt some of the deepest joy she had in years and returned the embrace.

Eventually Cory spoke up: "Thanks mom."

Their embrace ended and they took a step back from one another. Cory noted that his mother had grown even taller since he last compared, but felt that commenting on such a thing would be inappropriate at the time.

"Cory, you never need to thank me for protecting you like that. I'm your mother." Tara explained.

No further words needed to be spoken that night.

**9.)** The following days:

The incident with the robbers fueled Tara's fire of progress even further. If she wasn't as strong as she was, there was no telling what those men would've done. One of them almost brought a crowbar her son's skull, and she'd never be able to forgive herself if that happened. It's true that she was strong enough to protect him, so strong that even with weapons the intruders couldn't harm her... but what if they had guns? It was an outlandish goal, but Tara wanted to become bulletproof. No, Tara convinced herself she *needed* to become bulletproof.

Pangs of guilt tore away at her as she considered the past 17 years of her life. While she was a far cry from a negligent mother, she had failed to truly do everything she could for Cory. She needed to do everything she could to make up for all of those lost years. She'd become indestructible - not to get back at Terry, but for her son.

Amped up even further, Tara pushed herself beyond her known limits. She'd let nothing get in her way of becoming entirely indestructible. She'd become so powerful that she'd protect everyone in her life just through existing. Nobody would want to dare impose on the family of someone as strong as she envisioned herself.

The events of the evening prior had lasting effects on Cory as well. He was almost entirely supportive of Tara's self improvement now. He also wanted to improve himself. It was embarrassing that the thug got a cheap shot on him, and he should've been able to protect himself without his superhuman mother intervening. Cory was aware that this was essentially a role reversal of their genders, but the past month had more than taught him to stop worrying about such things.

With her son's support, Tara managed to make progress faster than ever. While Cory himself didn't physically do anything to facilitate her growth, Tara's force of will increased by magnitudes. She was no longer training to prove Cory and Terry wrong - she was now training to protect and positively influence everyone around her. She herself had reforged her morals and ideals since arriving at the summer home; Tara was no longer content to make excuses for her shortcomings. She would improve herself to overcome any obstacle, and in doing so shape the world around her through her will alone.

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The next few days passed by like a blur. Tara and Cory had become something of a team. Cory was constantly preparing meals, having them ready like clockwork for his mother to devour after each weight lifting session. He motivated her in the weight room, egging her on to lift more and more. Tara would push herself so far that she physically could not move, requiring Cory to physically feed her shakes full of her synthesized protein.

Cory joined in the weight lifting whenever his body wasn't sore. While he was still envious of his mother's ability to never suffer from that ailment, and the speed at which she gained more and more muscle mass; Cory still took pride in his own accomplishments. He no longer saw the training as a competition with his mother, but instead as an opportunity for their small family to collectively improve.

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Finally the night before Terry's visit arrived. Cory was already asleep, tuckered out from a long day of cooking, encouraging Tara, and his own work outs. She finished what would likely be the last workout before Terry arrived, unless she was able to sneak one in the next

morning. After punishing her body as much as possible, she decided to make one final check-in with the body scanning machine. A few moments later it had completed its process.

Tara stared at the numbers on the readout. She couldn't help but smirk wildly at what she read:

-Basic Check Up Results-  
Height: 6'4"  
Weight: 383 lbs  
Bodyfat Percent: ERROR

The past 10 days had been a whirlwind of progress. Over 150 pounds of muscle packed onto her frame - which had also gained nearly a half foot of height. It was a growth spurt unlike anything in recorded history. Tara's body had become so immense that it was nearly incomprehensible. The fusion of beauty and muscle could simultaneously intimidate and seduce almost anyone on the planet, regardless of gender. She had found that the most difficult part of her life was living with so much available strength to her. It took a concerted effort to not shake the floors when she walked, and to not break various household items from regular use. Nothing could stop her, and she had only just begun her transformation.

Tara not only oozed strength, but she had become power incarnated into a human body.

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The following day Terry had finally arrived. Tara knew from the sound of his over sized vehicle alone; an RV with a loud, gurgling diesel engine. She ordered Cory to be the one who would enter the door while she made a few last minute preparations. The cry of the loud vehicle finally died down and a couple minutes later the doorbell rang. Cory answered it to find a fairly short, stout, bald man with an extremely confident look on his face. "Well how the hell are ya Cory!" he yelled out, slapping the teen on the back. Cory stifled a laugh as he knew fully well that Terry was in for the shock of his life.

To be continued!