

Mother Knows Best Rebirth – Chapter 2
by MagnusMagneto

The story thus far:

Tara, a single mother, and her nearly-adult son Cory decided to spend the summer at a lavish mountainside home owned by Tara's wealthy brother. While Cory wanted nothing more than to spend his days playing games in his room, Tara wanted to try to improve their quality of life. One fateful day, Tara encouraged her son to join her on a run, but Cory belittled his mother's idea. Tara teased that given enough time she would become fitter than him, which led to the creation of a contest. After a few weeks of preparation, Tara and Cory would compete in running, weight lifting, and arm wrestling.

While Cory continued to slack off, Tara trained every moment she could. Her body responded at an unnatural rate, and with some help from supplements, her progress increased even further. Unbeknownst to Tara, her body was gradually transforming the very way it consumed and utilized nutrients.

1) One week after the end of Chapter 1.
The day of the contest.

Cory woke up at 11 AM. He groggily glanced over at a calendar hanging on his wall, and noticed that today was the day. After today he would be in charge of the household. "The man of the house." In Tara's words. Cory wasn't entirely sure what he'd do with that kind of power – probably just order his mother to cook and serve him elaborate meals of his choosing. To his surprise, Tara didn't bother trying to wake him up early for the competition. He presumed that she must be biding her time for fear of what was to come.

At a leisurely pace, Cory strode into the bathroom connected to his bedroom, stripped, and turned on the shower. On a whim, he decided to check himself out in the mirror. As he examined his body, he noticed that his muscles naturally popped out far less than they had a mere two months ago. His formerly hard, firm stomach now had a layer of unimposing fluff on it. He flexed his arms, and they didn't jut out quite as much as they used to. "Whatever," he muttered before stepping into the now-warm shower.

As he washed himself down, Cory examined his legs. They had also lost a fair deal of size and definition. He recalled a little over a week ago how he caught a glimpse of his mother's legs, and how powerful they looked. A pit formed in his stomach as he wondered if her legs were stronger than his now. Sure, hers definitely looked bigger, but he did still have 'man power' on his side. Regardless, even if her lower half looked like that, Cory was sure he had her beat in the upper body department. Women just couldn't build muscle up there, he assured himself.

After showering and getting dressed, Cory made his way into the living room. His mother was nowhere to be found, and he prepared himself an easy breakfast of sugary cereal with cold milk. Cory believed this to be a fairly healthy choice, but he failed to realize just how little nutrition it offered for the caloric content.

Eventually, Cory heard a sound coming towards him. His mother had emerged from what he presumed was an office in the house. Embarrassingly, Cory hadn't even explored the entirety of the home, so he had no idea what all of the rooms even were. Tara was wearing an incredibly baggy windbreaker and loose sweatpants, completely concealing her form. Cory could tell that she was bigger, but he wasn't entirely sure of the extent. He held back a snicker, as the outfit

frankly made her look fat.

"Well Cory, since you're actually out here, I take you remember what today is?" Tara asked as she approached.

"Yeah. We doing this thing or not?" he quickly shot back.

Tara smirked and nodded. She had to conceal her excitement. "Yeah. What's first, running?"

"Sure, whatever." Cory said before getting off his seat and moving towards the door.

Tara followed and the two of them left the expansive house. Cory wasn't entirely positive, but he could have sworn that his mother was somewhat taller. He shook the feeling off – that would be impossible. 'She must be wearing lifts in her shoes or something' he reasoned to himself.

"Well Cory, you probably don't know this, but there are 4 trails to choose from – ranging from beginner to dangerous. I think we should stick with the beginner trail, but it's up to you." Tara explained. She was eerily calm.

"Beginner?" Cory snickered. "Frig that." A cheesy saying, but despite his overall arrogant demeanor, Cory still had the sense to not swear around his mother. "Let's just do death trail."

"I really don't know if that's a good idea..."

"Alright fine, the expert trail. Can you handle that?"

Tara decided to put on a bit of an act for fun. "I dunno Cory... that looks really tough. For me at least."

"Seriously? I know you've been running these boring old trails all summer."

"Alright, fine. Expert it is, I just hope we don't get hurt."

"Right."

1.5)

Mother and son took a starting position at the mouth of the trail. Cory crouched down to the ground, imitating a professor runner. He failed to properly replicate the stance, which led to him appearing rather ridiculous. Tara stifled a snicker, and the two of them mutually counted down from the count of three.

After the countdown, Cory burst forward, running as fast as he possibly could. The teen reasoned that since Tara had been training for so long, she likely had greater endurance than he did – but if he simply sprinted as quickly as possible, it wouldn't matter.

Tara simply stood still. She knew the ins and outs of the trail to an exhaustive degree. She knew exactly how long and treacherous it was, how quickly she could conquer it, and a solid estimation of Cory's capabilities. A couple minutes passed, and she decided to start.

Meanwhile, Cory was still sprinting as hard as he could. His entire body was pounding, and he felt like his legs were going to explode from the motion. 'How long is this stupid trail!' he thought to himself. He was surprised at the sheer incline of the path, and the ruggedness of the ground. More than anything, he was growing genuinely concerned he would trip over a rock or something.

"Can't be that much further!" he yelled out to psyche himself up. At least his mother was nowhere in sight. As long as he could maintain this pace, there was no way he could possibly lose.

A few minutes passed, and Cory heard something coming from behind him. He suspected it was his mother, but was afraid to turn his head around. His speed had decreased since starting the trail, as his body simply couldn't maintain the stress he was placing on it. As he continued slowing down, he eventually reached a jog. What Cory didn't know was that even this rate of movement was a near miracle considering how out of shape he was for the task at hand.

Eventually, Tara pulled up beside him. She matched his pace perfectly. While Cory was panting heavily, nearly heaving from the exercise, Tara appeared to be barely challenged at all. "Hey Cory, how's it hangin'?" Tara asked with a grin.

Exasperated, Cory mustered up enough energy to let out a groan. "This path's almost finished right?"

Tara laughed heartily. "Seeya at the finish line." she said before picking up her pace, leaving Cory behind.

After a mere minute, Tara was already out of Cory's sight. "Alright C-man, she'll tire out soon." he said to himself while continuing to push.

What Cory didn't know was that in actuality he was less than halfway to the end – not counting the return trip, which meant he was really less than a quarter finished. The young man's energy reserves began bottoming out, and he had to take a break. He sat down on a nearby rock and continued panting. "Christ, I didn't think I was THIS out of shape." he said out loud with a sigh.

Cory continued resting, unsure of what he would do. He had accepted that he likely wouldn't be winning the race, and that he needed to fully focus on dominating the next two events. Then again, considering the thick legs he saw on display clearly weren't solely for show, there was a chance he wouldn't be able to beat her at any lower body lifts. Still, if he beat her at upper body, as he should, and won the arm-wrestle, it wouldn't be difficult to declare the contest a tie.

At that moment, Cory decided he would let his mother get worn out on this trail. If he was well rested, it would be a lot easier for him to win the other events. He kicked back and relaxed, taking out his phone to play a game in order to pass the time. A few minutes passed, and Cory suddenly received a photo message. It was a selfie of his mother at the end of the trail labeled 'proof'. Cory rolled his eyes and returned to his game.

Another ten minutes or so passed, and Cory noticed his mother returning. She still seemed barely winded at all from the trek. As Tara breezed by, she quickly barked "May as well give up so we can get to the next event!"

Cory got up and leisurely began walking back to the house. It took him nearly 20 minutes, but he managed to return, although he still quite worn out from the journey. Tara was waiting by the door, her hands on her hips. "Really Cory?" she asked. Even Tara was surprised at this somewhat lazy and cowardly show from her son.

"You got me." Cory admitted. "Alright, what's next?"

"Your choice." Tara offered.

"Let's lift some weights then." Cory figured that after she taxed her upper body, Tara would be even easier for him to defeat in arm-wrestling. "Though, uh, I don't know what we're going to

lift." Cory admitted.

"Really? Follow me." Tara commanded.

2)

As Cory followed his mother inside, he really couldn't shake the feeling that she really had grown taller over the past month and a half. He was still higher than her, but he didn't seem to quite tower over his mother like he used to. She also definitely seemed a lot... wider, though he chalked that up to her silly baggy windbreaker.

Tara lead Cory down to the basement, where she showed him the home-gym. "You've... never even been in the basement, have you?" she asked.

Cory shook his head.

Tara couldn't believe it. She now knew more than ever that completely dominating this contest was absolutely necessary for the well-being of her son. Cory needed to start implementing healthy life changes, and unfortunately, he would only respond to seeing someone else's results firsthand.

"Alright Cory. What lift do you want to do first?"

Cory thought it over for a moment. He figured that if his mother was going to win the lower body portion, he may as well get that out of the way first. "Squats?"

"Sounds fine with me."

"How about you start off then?" Cory suggested.

"Well, since I actually ran the entirety of the trail while you covered less than a quarter total... I think you should let your old, tired mother rest a few more moments."

Cory rolled his eyes. "Whatever." he said before moving over to the squat rack. He loaded on 260 pounds with the bar included, a little less than he used to lift in high school. He got under the weight, stood up and found that it was a good deal heavier than he imagined, especially after sprinting earlier. Still, he managed to complete a two reps before putting the weight back down.

"Wow hun, that's a lot of weight!" Tara said in an intentionally mocking tone.

Cory rolled his eyes once more. "Yeah, sure. How much can you do?"

"That's a good question." Tara said before slipping underneath the weight Cory left on the rack. She stood up and effortlessly began cranking out repetitions with better form than her son utilized. "Jeeze Cory, I could have swore you made these look hard!" she said after passing the 10 mark.

Cory was bewildered by how easy his mother made the motion seem. "Alright, alright. I get the point." he said after Tara passed 20.

Satisfied, Tara reracked the weight. "Would you like to try with a higher weight? Maybe I won't be able to handle it."

Cory shook his head. "You obviously can beat me in squats. It's whatever. Let's get to a real

exercise.”

Tara smirked. “Like what?”

Cory thought the decision over. He needed something he could utterly dominate Tara in to really break her spirit. He thought back to his days in the weight room, thinking of the lift that the girls in his high school had the most difficulty with. It came to him quickly – the bench press. Even girls who had stronger legs than him, and comparable backs, could never seem to get their bench up.

“Let's bench.” Cory said before moving over towards the appropriate equipment.

“Care to start us off again? Your old mother is still tired.” Tara joked.

“Sure, whatever.” Cory quipped. He thought back to his days at high school. He actually got up to 200 pounds for repetitions with a lot of consistent work. While he might be weaker now, all he needed to do was one measly rep, so he may as well go all out. He proceeded to slap on an entirety of 220 pounds including the weight of the bar.

The young man proceeded to side under the bar. Tara walked over to spot him. “I don't need your help!” Cory barked defiantly.

“You really should let me spot you...” Tara said. She felt a genuine twinge of worry for her son's well being.

“Flock off!” Cory quipped, another vulgarity substitute he used around his mother. Fueled by his desire to show off, he quickly grabbed onto the bar and brought it up. The weight was far heavier than he imagined, and his arms began to visibly shake as he brought the bar down to his chest. Cory tried with everything he had to lift the bar up but he just couldn't.

“Cory? Are you alright?” Tara asked, her voice sincere.

“I'M FINE!” Cory screamed as he tried to push the bar up. His arms continued to quake, and he simply couldn't make the weight move.

“Cory, this is dangerous!”

“Shut up!” he yelled back.

A few seconds passed, and eventually Cory gave out, and the bar fell down on his chest.

“Jesus Christ Cory!” Tara yelled out before reaching down, grabbing the bar and deftly bringing it up to the rack.

Cory's eyes grew wide at the ease Tara displayed lifting the bar up. Still, that was a different motion than a bench press, so he still had a chance.

“If I can bench this weight, will you concede the weight lifting contest before you hurt yourself again?” Tara offered.

“Sure, whatever.” Cory muttered before sliding off of the bench.

Tara quickly got onto it before gripping the bar, lifting it up, and effortlessly cranking out repetition after repetition.

"Holy shit." Cory uttered. He didn't even bother censoring himself. "How strong are you?" he asked, bewildered at the sight of his mother easily doing what he couldn't.

Tara reracked the weights before sitting up. With the slight pump from working her muscles, it was becoming apparent that the oversized windbreaker Tara was wearing actually only barely covered her form. "I think we still have an arm-wrestling match. Maybe you'll find out then."

Cory blinked a few times. "What? The contest is over, you win. I'm done with this." His facial expression was close to that of a pouting child's.

Tara cocked an eyebrow. "Is that so? Well, that means I'm the boss around here, right?"

Cory felt a pit form in his stomach. "I guess so..."

"A deal is a deal right?" Tara affirmed.

"Yeah."

"Then I order you to finish the contest you started!"

Cory sighed. "Alright, fine, whatever." He hoped that after she had her moment to gloat she'd get off his case and he could get back to working on his next gaming prestige.

"First let's have some refreshments." Tara said as she walked over to the juice bar in the home gym. She started preparing another high-quality protein shake. After a few moments, she finished. "Here, you should try this." she said handing it over to her son.

Cory held the glass in his hand and stared at it. He brought it up to his nose, gave it a whiff and scrunched his face. "Smells gross." he commented before daintily taking a small sip. "Blech! What the fuck is this anyways?"

Tara reached over and grabbed it. "First off, you won't be speaking like that anymore in my house."

Cory rolled his eyes.

"Secondly, it's full of fruits, vegetables, creatine, protein and a blend of other vitalizing nutrients to help strengthen and energize." she explained before proceeding to chug the entire thing in a few large gulps.

"Delicious." she noted with a satisfied 'ahh'. She moved over to the juice bar again and started preparing a second shake. "Need to make sure I'm properly fueled for the last portion of our little contest." she explained with a smirk.

Cory gulped.

"Now then, shall we go to somewhere more appropriate? We've got one final competition in this little contest of ours." Tara had the biggest grin on her face of the past few years.

2.5)

Cory followed his mother into the recreation area of the basement. She lead him over to a sturdy looking table and pulled up a pair of chairs facing opposite of each other. Mother and son sat across from one another and Tara placed her elbow on the table, presenting her hand.

"When are you going to take off that stupid windbreaker?" Cory asked.

Tara shrugged. "Changing the subject? What're you afraid of arm-wrestling a weak old woman like me?"

"You're not going to drop this are you?" Cory replied.

Tara grinned somewhat sheepishly. "I could have sworn you told me all about how women are destined to be weaker." she wiggled her fingers slightly to indicate her growing restlessness.

Cory let out a sigh before putting his arm down and reaching over. The two of them clasped hands. Tara made sure to exert as little pressure as possible – she wanted to really surprise her son. After a brief countdown, they started their duel. Cory pushed as hard as he could, but he was unable to make Tara's arm budge whatsoever. As Cory continued to push, he could feel his arm growing tired.

"Is that really all you've got?" Tara teased.

Somewhat insulted, Cory doubled his efforts, pushing with everything he had.

Tara let out a mock yawn to show her indifference. "Honey, you could push against the table with your other arm and it wouldn't make a difference."

Cory squinted his eyes for a moment before accepting the challenge. He got up, and supported his arm with the rest of his body. Just as Tara said, he was unable to move her whatsoever. Cory glanced over and noticed something shocking – Tara's windbreaker wasn't actually all that baggy. The outline of a huge, powerful bicep was pushing against the sleeve. His eyes grew wide as he stared directly at it. Curious, Tara looked where her son's eyes met, and quickly understood.

"Oooh. I guess the cat's out of the bag." she said with a grin.

"That can't be..."

"Say Cory, want to try to take me down with both arms?" Tara offered.

Mostly out of curiosity more than anything else, Cory accepted. He grabbed on with both hands and started pulling with the entirety of his body. At first, he actually managed to bring Tara's arm down a couple inches, but she quickly stabilized. Tara slowly began pushing back, but it was actually a far more difficult task than she imagined, and she could feel Cory beginning to recapture the ground he made.

A smile began to form at the corners of Cory's lips. While it was nowhere near the victory he initially desired, it would still be a small triumph regardless. Tara realized this, and she knew that in order to truly win Cory's utmost respect, she needed to win even this seemingly impossible challenge.

The 35 year old reached over with her free hand and grabbed the protein shake she made earlier. She brought it to her lips and started ravenously gulping it down. She could feel her body immediately utilizing the nutrients entering her system. Cory could feel a strange shaking sensation within his grip, and suddenly Tara began forcibly moving both of his hands back.

Around the starting position, both Tara and Cory heard a ripping noise. Tara's huge, throbbing bicep had torn right through the windbreaker! Cory let out a gasp at the sight of the power packed peak, complete with intimidating split in the center, stick out. Tara let out a laugh, and

with her ever-greater power proceeded to bring both of Cory's arms down to the table.

Tara stood up and flexed both of her arms, causing the left sleeve to tear open in a similar fashion to the right. "I'm getting stronger all the time!" she proudly proclaimed.

Feeling invigorated from both the victory and miniature growth spurt, Tara leaned down and performed a classic 'most muscular' pose, causing her thick, powerful pecs to push her sizable breasts upwards – causing the windbreaker to burst open in the front. Cory was bewildered at the veritable plate of muscular armor beneath the very breasts that nursed him to life as a baby. He felt no sexual attraction – it was his mother after all, but he still couldn't help but stare. How was any of this possible?

Feeding off of the ego boost, Tara turned around and spread her lats out as far as possible, causing the windbreaker to burst open there as well. Turning around once more, parts of Tara's thick powerful body were on display. She decided to put the windbreaker to rest, and effortlessly tore the remaining scraps off, leaving her body fully on display save for a remarkably short and snug tank-top.

Tara continued performing various poses, flexing numerous muscle groups. Cory continued to stare, taking the sight in. He had seen very few men this powerfully built in his life, and never imagined a woman could possess this much strength. While he had seen female bodybuilders in the past, Tara had a combination of feminine beauty, flawless skin, and 'natural energy' that they all lacked.

Tara's arms were downright monstrous, easily clocking in at 18 inches of circumference. There was a large, prominent separation between the top of the bicep and the bottom of the arm, and each muscle group possessed powerful striations of development. The amazon struck a sideways trice pose, forcing out a thick, knotted upside down U of muscle to come to life.

Somewhat high off of the victory and the attention she commanded, Tara moved closer to the still seated Cory before reaching down and presenting her flexed arm. "Wanna feel?" she offered.

Unsure of what to do, Cory accepted. He reached up and squeezed her arm. It was even harder than he expected, yet covered with skin that was far softer and smoother than his own – or any woman's he felt for that matter. Cory began digging his fingers into the flesh on a whim, and found it was completely and utterly unyielding – completely opposite of the biceps Tara possessed when they first arrived at the house.

Tara moved back and placed her hands behind her head. Her shoulders were beyond capped – they were similar to small cannonballs on the top of her arms. Her traps bunched up, and her neck, while still feminine in design, was visibly formidable. She possessed an unmistakable v-taper with proportions that should belong to an action figure or comic book superhero, not a 35 year old single mother. Tara crunched her abs down, causing an explosion of bumps and ridges to expand outward. "Come over here." she calmly ordered.

Cory got out of his seat and walked over. He was still a fair bit taller than her, which made Tara's far greater developed muscles appear even larger in comparison.

"Punch my abs." Tara commanded.

"What?"

"You heard me. Do it."

"Mom, I don't know..."

"I'm the boss, right? Just punch 'em."

"Alright..." Cory balled his fingers into a fist, brought his arm back and propelled it directly into Tara's midsection.

"OUCH!"

It was Cory who yelled out in pain.

"Sorry dear." Tara said before reaching up and grabbing onto Cory's hand. She blew on it, as if that would do something to help. "I really didn't think..."

Cory retracted his fist. "It's whatever. Jesus Christ, how did you get so friggan strong!?"

"Oh, you know, just lifted weights a few times a week and ate my three square a day." Tara lied with a grin on her face.

"No, seriously."

Tara shrugged. "I mean, it's a bit more involved than that, but for the most part, yeah. Anyway, it's time for us to start discussing your new duties and chores around the house."

Cory raised an eyebrow. "What?"

Tara placed her arms on her hips akimbo. "You heard me. I'm the boss around here now, right?"

"Uhhh..."

Tara flexed her right arm and pumped it a few times. "Right?" she emphasized.

Cory gulped nervously.

3)

"What do you mean I have to learn how to cook!?" Cory yelled out exasperated.

Tara and Cory were standing in the house's lavish kitchen. She had a beginner's cookbook laid out on the table. "Oh come on, do you even know how many meals I've cooked for you?"

"Uhhh... a few hundred?" he guessed.

"Really? A few HUNDRED? Try THOUSANDS mister."

"No way!"

Tara let out a sigh of exasperation. "You're 17. Let's say I've cooked, on average, one meal a day for you. Hell, let's be conservative since there were some days I had to work an extra half shift just to pay the rent and say I cooked .5 meals a day."

"Point five?"

"It's just for the sake of easy math. Anyways. You're 17. 17 times 365 days, I know you're a bit older, just making this simple, divided by 2 is..." Tara thought for a few seconds. "Three thousand

one hundred and two... point 5."

Cory blinked a few times. He whipped out his phone and did the math. His mother was correct. "How the fu-" he cut himself off.

"It's important to remain strong in body AND mind." Tara said with a smirk. "Anyway, that's a conservative estimate. I don't think it'll kill you to make me a couple meals a day for the rest of the summer. Plus, you should really learn how to cook for when you live on your own, and if you ever do meet a nice girl, she'll appreciate it."

Cory let out yet another sigh.

"I'm going to go work out. I expect the meal I have specific here cooked by the time I'm done. It's just eggs, so it really shouldn't take you very long." Tara explained.

"You're going to go work out? You already worked out a lot today!"

Tara laughed. "Believe me honey, you have NO idea how often I challenge my body."

"Alright, well, whatever. Wait. This is... a dozen eggs. Are you sure about this?"

"Don't forget to melt the cheese one. But yes, a girl's gotta eat to grow!"

"Oookay."

Satisfied, Tara left Cory to his new task, and made her way down to the basement for real full body workout.

-

15 minutes later

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Cory stared at the large plate. All of the eggs he made were burnt to a crisp. At least he managed to get the cheese on them, but even that seemed significantly burnt. "Oh well." he said to himself. He figured he should just deliver the food to Tara now so that he could hopefully go do something he actually cared about.

As Cory approached the home gym, he could hear an insanely loud clanging coming from within. He wondered how he hadn't heard the noise before. Shrugging the thought off, he approached the open doorway. Cory passed through, and caught sight of his mother bench pressing. His jaw almost dropped as he saw plate after plate stacked onto the bar, and his immensely muscular mother successfully completing repetitions with it.

Tara let out a loud, intimidating grunt as she finished the last motion and racked the weight. She sat up and noticed Cory. "Oh, hi Cory. I didn't think you'd deliver them, but thanks."

Cory gulped as he approached. Tara's entire upper body was positively swelling from her workout. "Are you uh, doing upper body today?" he asked.

Tara let out a snicker. "Well, I'm about done with upper body, yeah, but I've still got lower to do." she explained. "Hey! These eggs are completely burnt!" she quipped as she grabbed the plate and fork.

"Sorry." Truthfully, Cory wasn't sure how genuine his apology was.

"It's alright Cory. Just do better next time, alright?"

Cory let out a sigh. "Alrigh-" before he could finish, he noticed his mother veritably scarfing down the eggs, despite being terribly burnt.

Tara quickly devoured the huge portion of food. "Whew. Now I'm thirsty. How about you whip me up one of those protein shakes I had earlier."

"ANOTHER protein shake? You've had like two already!"

Tara snickered once more. "Trust me, I've had more than two today."

Cory let out another sigh as he made his way to the juice bar. The instructional book was already opened to the page with the protein shake recipe. As he started making the drink, he noticed his mother was performing a set of bicep curls. He nearly dropped the ingredients in his hand as he saw the huge dumbbells Tara was moving with ease. They appeared to be 70 pounds each in weight! No wonder she was able to dominate him in arm wrestling by such a wide margin.

After finishing the bicep curls, Tara made her way over to the squat rack. Cory nervously eyed his mother adding plate after plate of weight. His head nearly spun as he saw the final total – it was almost three times what he could lift.

"Come on Cory, I'm getting thirsty!" Tara yelled out.

Bumbling somewhat, Cory came over with the shake in hand. Tara was already under the squat rack and began her first repetition with the massive weight. Cory stood there idly, waiting for her to finish.

"No, serious, bring it here." Tara ordered.

"What?"

Tara jutted her chin up. "Shake me!" she ordered opening her mouth.

Awkwardly, Cory brought the shake up to his mother's mouth and started pouring it in.

"Faster." she commanded in between gulps.

Cory tilted the glass higher, and drained the contents down Tara's wanting throat. "Mmmm... that's the stuff." Tara said feeling her body begin to power up even further.

The burgeoning amazon finished a few more repetitions before a loud ripping sound rang out. The oversized sweatpants Tara wore to hide her huge legs were finally giving way to her massive legs. "Nice. Watch this." she said before racking the weights, bending down and tearing the cloth with her fingers.

Tara ripped her sweatpants clean off to reveal the largest pair of legs Cory had ever seen in person. The quadriceps on display were massive with thick chords of muscle wrapped around a huge central slab. There was a clear separation between the primary slab and the rest of the leg. Her hamstrings were immensely striated, and her calves were like bowling balls jutting out.

"It's not nice to stare honey." Tara teased.

Before Cory could retort, Tara started again. "Also, we need to discuss something very important."

Cory gulped.

"That shake you gave me, while pretty decent, only contained about half the protein and creatine that it should have had." she explained.

"What? How..."

Tara smirked. "Trust me, I know. Let me guess, you thought if you gave me less protein you could help slow down my growth."

Cory looked down in embarrassment. She was partially correct.

"For shame young man. Trying to sabotage your very mother's progress?" Tara scolded. "Hmmm... what would be an apt punishment for this..." she thought out loud.

"Punishment...?"

"Yes. It's apparent I've been far too lax with you the past few years. You need some good old fashioned discipline."

"You're not going to.. hit me or something?" Cory started.

Tara recoiled from the suggestion. "CORY! Have I ever raised my hand at you like that?"

Cory shook his head.

"Anyway." Tara started strolling towards the juice bar. She began mixing yet another protein shake. "Since you're so afraid of your mother reaching her potential, your punishment will be for me to power up even faster." she explained.

"What?"

After finishing the shake, Tara began wolfing it down. "Understand it?" she asked after finishing it. "Every time you disobey me, I'm going to drink an extra protein shake in addition to what I normally consume."

Cory stared, somewhat dumbfounded. "But... how would I know you won't simply just drink more and call it your regular number?"

This time it was Tara who rolled her eyes. "Really Cory?" she said, exasperated. "This REALLY concerns you that much? Anyway, you'll just have to believe me. Not like you can really do much about it anyway."

A familiar pit formed in Cory's stomach. His mother was right. There was practically nothing he could actually do about it.

3.5)

"Alright, well, are we like, done here today?" Cory asked, eager to get back to playing on his OneStation. This was possibly the longest he had gone without killing any virtual enemies since he arrived at the house.

"Done? Today?" Tara asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Like, can I go back to my room now?"

Tara was taken aback by the question and let out a gentle laugh. "Why? To go play more games online?"

Cory shrugged. "I mean, probably."

Tara shook her head in disbelief. "You watched your mother physically outstrip you in every way, and you STILL just want to play games all day?"

"Look mom, I'm kind of pooped alright? Did you forget the part where I ran like a madman and lifted weights?"

Tara did have to concede, Cory had a point. Still, she wasn't ready to let him off the hook just yet. "Well, that is true. Alright, I think you've earned a little game time for now. In a couple hours you better be ready for your next lesson."

"Yeah, sure whatever." Cory said dismissively before heading up to his room.

Tara decided this would be a good time to get her latest set of stats on her progress. She returned to the home gym and activated the body scanning machine. After a few moments, the device output its latest reading on Tara:

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 183 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: 13.5%

The results caused Tara to grin widely from ear to ear. In a mere week she gained 22 pounds of pure, lean muscle. Her ability to gain sheer strength was apparently going up with each week. She even managed to burn a smidgen of fat, if such a thing were even possible for her frame. Even her height was increasing at a faster rate.

Seeing these kinds of numbers made Tara slightly aroused with her own progress. She felt guilty over how narcissistic such a sentiment seemed, but it was difficult for anyone to deny the otherworldly of her transformation into a living goddess.

Just then, Tara's cell phone began to ring. It was her brother. She worried that he might confront her over the data she sent him last week. After a few minutes of typical formalities, Terry jumped right to the heart of the matter.

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"Tara, these numbers are... well, they just ain't right." his strange accent noted.

Tara cleared her throat. "What's wrong about them?"

"Either my machine is complete busted, or you're a medical miracle. First, lets address the obvious. Did you really gain that much mass in a week?"

"Err... what numbers do you have?"

"It says 'ere that you packed on 14 pounds of sheer muscle and grow half an inch. In just one measly week."

"As far as I can tell that is correct." Tara affirmed. She had focus her mind on not laughing at the fact that she had made an even more improbable amount of progress in the past seven days.

"Right. Well, that's not even the weirdest part." Terry started.

"Oh?" Tara had to admit that this was actually intriguing to her. She had some suspicions that things within her weren't typical, but it would be interesting to hear some hard facts.

"Fer starters... are you feeling well?"

"Never felt better."

"Right, well yer white blood cell count is dangerously high. By my predictions you should be seriously ill with somethin'." Terry explained.

"Oh, I assure you brother, I'm fit as a fiddle." Tara observed her form in the gym's mirror and absentmindedly flexed her tremendous bicep.

"Ok, well, going on. Yer bones and muscles are way denser than they should be. Yer metabolism is through the roof, and yer eating enough to feed multiple men... yet yer not gettin' fat."

"Wow, that all sounds awesome!" Tara cheerfully exclaimed.

"I mean, I guess in theory it is. Alright sis, level wit me here. Where do you stand now compared to a week ago?"

"I'm not so sure if I tell you..." Tara teased. Even though they were adults, Terry was still her sibling.

"Seriously Tara, this is no jokin' matter."

"Really Terry, there's no need to worry. I assure you that I'm in the best shape of my life, and getting better by the day." Tara knew exactly how to intone her voice to make her brother go nuts. It was a valuable skill she acquired while growing up with him.

"Tara. Don't fuck with me." Terry very deliberately and calmly said. His goofy accent suddenly vanished. This was how Tara knew he was extremely serious. "I know we've had some misgivings in the past, I know I can be a dickwad sometimes, but I think I've been more than fair to you lately. You're in my home, on my supplements, on my credit card. I'm fine with that, but I can't have you hurting yourself."

"What, afraid of your liability? Or are you really just afraid of your little sister becoming truly powerful?"

"Gat dammit Tara!" He couldn't maintain his collected tone. "Can you just take this serious for a minute? I've got enough insurance to cover anythin', and at the end of the day yer my friggan sister. I wouldnt've sent you the extra supplements if I didn' wanna see you succeed. Just tell me what the latest is."

"183 pounds, 5 foot 8." Tara calmly said.

Tara could hear Terry move the phone away from his mouth. A muffled "Holy shit!" could be heard. After a moment, he brought the phone back to his head. "Alright, look. I can't tell you to stop obviously, but I need you to understan' that anythin' that you do from here on out is your choice. Don' blame me if you get a stroke or somethin'."

"Of course." Tara affirmed.

Terry let out a sigh. "Alright. Anyway, I know yer gonna think this is related, but, trust me, it ain't really. Th' wife 'n kids have been buggin' me to drop by an' visit. I'm thinkin' we'll stop by in two or three weeks. That sound good?"

Tara thought about it for a moment. It would be pretty fun to lawd her newfound power over Terry, and to actually show off for others. "Sounds good Terry. It's been a very long time since we last met anyways. Too long."

"Yeah, fer sure. Anyway, please don' do anythin stupid. And don' turn into one of those roided freaks on TV."

"Terry, I think you understand better than anyone else that there's no steroids in my system..."

The siblings chit chatted for a few more minutes before bidding farewell to one another.

4)

Tara showered and changed her clothing. She put on a sleeveless halter top that was a bit too small, and some athletic shorts. While it contrasted with the outfit, she also decided to start wearing the high heels she purchased a couple weeks ago. The added height further boosted her already sky-high confidence.

After getting dressed, Tara proceeded to spend the next two hours studying. Her knowledge of psychology and medicine was nearing the limits of what she could learn from textbooks. She decided it was time to branch off into something new. Tara opened up a random book on philosophy and began reading it.

After expanding her worldview a bit, the 35 year old started feeling the pangs of hunger again. She figured this would be a good opportunity for Cory to start learning a new meal. Tara made her way towards Cory's room. As she walked down the hall, her powerful legs caused the heels of her footwear to click loudly in synch with her footsteps. Approaching the door, Tara could hear the familiar clattering of a controller and artificial gunshots.

"Cory dear, it's time for you to make another meal."

"What? Already!?" Cory yelled out with a disgruntled sigh. "Let me finish this round!"

"Hmm. Alright, fair enough." Tara agreed. Tara knew from osmosis that a round of Call of Battlefield 9 lasted approximately 15 minutes. She decided to give Cory some leeway and wait 20 before confronting him again.

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20 minutes later

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Tara was growing quite irate. She had been more than fair with her son. With blistering speed, she returned to his door. "CORY! NOW!" she yelled. Her voice was incredibly rich and oozed dominance, sending a chill down Cory's spine.

"The round still isn't finished!" he yelled.

Tara had enough. She grabbed the door knob and found that it was locked. "Open up, now!"

"After this round!" Cory bellowed.

Tara was about to see red. She gripped the doorknob as tightly as possible, and with one powerful motion yanked it right off! That alone wasn't enough to fully unlock the door, so she formed a fist before striking the hole where the handle used to be. The sheer force of her blow caused the lock to break and the door to swing wide open.

Cory looked up, absolutely petrified at the site of the mountain of muscle standing there. Tara's revealing clothing displayed her immense, statuesque form, and her high heels ended up increasing the intimidation factor. With a few deliberate strides, Tara made her way into the room and quickly examined the screen.

"You liar! It says right there that you're only 3 minutes into this round!"

"I.. I.. But..." Cory was a blubbering mess.

"That's it. You're done here." Tara said before strolling right up to the console.

Cory leapt from his seat, and in a desperate attempt to stop his mother grabbed onto one of her arms. He was, unsurprisingly, completely unable to budge the monstrous woman. Tara grabbed onto the OneStation and with one hand yanked it, entirely disconnecting it from the wall. She was careful not to break it – it was an extremely overpriced piece of hardware for its specs as she recently learned from one the tech books she read.

"MOM!" Cory screamed, his face red. He had been reduced to the state of a toddler throwing a tantrum.

"For Christ's sake Cory, you're nearly an adult. Pull yourself together." Tara barked. "You're toy's fine. Unfortunately for you, I'm going to have to be a little more hands on with how your playtime on it is distributed."

Cory let out a defeated sigh of exasperation. What could he do anyways? His mother was so much more physically powerful than he was that trying to hurt her or forcibly take the machine back was pointless.

"In fact, let's start establishing where you'll be playing this thing from now on." Tara said before grabbing onto the television set with her other hand and effortlessly lifting it into the air. "Grab the cables, if you care about this thing." she commanded.

As Tara gave her orders, she was able to look Cory directly in the eye thanks to the combination of her growth spurts and the added height the heels provided. Cory felt another shiver run down his spine as it dawned on him that this was a perspective he'd have to get used to – seeing his mother eye to eye.

Quickly, Cory scrambled and obeyed, carefully unplugging the wires as if they were a precious resource. After Cory gathered the cables, Tara began exiting the room. "Let's go." she ordered.

Cory followed, and Tara lead him down to the basement, where she placed the system down in the middle of the home theater. "You can thank me later." she said, jutting her head towards the elaborate setup.

"Why do we need the television down here?" Cory asked.

Tara shrugged her broad shoulders. "I just don't want it in your room anymore." she said. "Use the fancy setup here, or your TV, I don't really care. Point is you will be playing games down here from now on. You also won't be using it after 10 PM, unless I make an exception."

Cory face was completely blank. How could this be happening? How did he go from comfortably gaming nearly every hour of the day, long into the night to... this? A curfew? How would he explain this to his clanmates. 'Oh shit' he thought. His clanmates. They probably heard the majority of the kerfuffle upstairs earlier. Cory could feel the future embarrassment setting in now.

"Now then." Tara started again. "You've had some gaming time today. Now you need to work on more chores. You'll groan now, but everything you do this summer will help develop important skills you will utilize in the future. Like I said earlier, it's time to make me another meal. You can feed yourself at the same time if you want."

"Mom, you just ate like... 2 friggan hours ago. And that was like... literally a dozen eggs! And tons of protein shakes!"

"It was more like three hours ago, and that was eggs with cheese. Besides, why are you questioning my eating habits? Are you calling me fat?" The rock hard muscles beneath Tara's belly button were already showing, but she lifted her shirt up several inches to reveal the entirety of her unreal eight-pack before flexing it for emphasis. "I could have sworn you hurt your hand on these babies."

"Alright, let's just get this over with."

Tara lead Cory to the kitchen and turned the cooking book to a simple chicken recipe. "This is real basic, just cook this full package of drumsticks for me. Leave the skin on, doesn't matter. While you're at it, you can cook more for yourself if you want. Also... try to actually put some effort into this and not turn it to a crisp, ok?"

"Yeah, sure whatever."

"I'll be in my office over there, bring it over when you're done. Also bring a nice, tall glass of milk to help your poor old mother prevent osteoporosis."

Tara's attempt at humor was lost on Cory.

4.5)

20 minutes later

As Tara poured over the textbook in front of her, she knew something was wrong. It didn't take nearly this long for chicken to cook. Still, she'd give her son the benefit of the doubt for now. Her sharp ears heard the footsteps of her son approaching. Tara truly wanted nothing more than her son to have succeeded, or at least put in some effort.

Cory approached with a plate in hand. It was covered with visibly charred Chicken. Most other people would have thrown it away, but with her appetite, Tara's palate could handle nearly anything. "Seriously Cory? What happened this time?" she asked, crossing her thick arms, causing the sinews of muscle in her forearms to bunch up.

Cory gulped. "I, uh, you know, uh you know me! Just goofed up!" he was visibly nervous, and Tara could easily discern from the tone of his voice that he was lying. Immediately, the musclebound woman deduced that Cory had either intentionally ruined the food, or was completely negligent.

While Tara could have simply stated that Cory was lying and administered whatever penalty she saw fit, she decided that having some semblance of proof would be more effective in the long-term. "Give me your phone." she ordered, holding her palm out.

"What?"

"You heard me." Tara made a concerted effort to project primal dominance through her tone.

It worked. Cory placed the expensive piece of technology in his mother's grasp. With surprising dexterity, Tara began flipping through the phone's menus.

"What... what're you doing?" Cory's voice was worried.

Tara remained silent, intentionally letting her son fester in the moment. After a few more taps of the screen, Tara brought up what she was looking for. "Here. You were playing Flippy Avian the ENTIRE time you were supposed to be cooking. And I know that game requires you to pay attention to it." she showed her son the screen with the stats. "In fact, let's find out precisely." she opened up the game itself, and quickly navigated to the stats of his previous runs. "Here." she said pointing specifically to the evidence. "You literally just stood there and played this game without even bothering to check in on the chicken."

"I... What the fuck." Cory stated blankly. "How did you know ANY of this stuff? You're supposed to be like, I dunno, dumb with technology like all mothers."

Tara was angry for a multitude of reasons. "First off. Being a mother does not prevent anybody from becoming strong or smart. Secondly, don't use vulgarity around your mother. Finally, that's your response? Really?"

"Alright Cory. I need to start making my intentions clear. Go get my milk while I eat this."

Cory was somewhat confused by what exactly his mother meant, but he decided to play along for now. He left the room to grab a glass of milk. A few minutes later, Cory returned with the milk, and was shocked to find that his mother had almost finished the entire plate of chicken. As Cory place the glass on the table in front of his mother, she finished the last scrap of flesh.

The teen turned away to leave before being interrupted by his mother. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Uhh... the basement I guess."

With Cory watching, Tara proceeded to chug the entire glass of milk in just a few gulps. "Not so fast." she said before putting the glass down. "Put these dishes in the dishwasher, THEN meet me in the basement."

Cory obeyed, and as he put the dishes away wondered just what exactly his mother had in plan.

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Tara was inside the home gym where she called Cory in.

"Yes?" he asked. Seeing his mother's massive frame next to the weights made him uneasy. He worried that she might do something irrational, like lift them and grow even more powerful!

"Since you clearly disobeyed me, in fact, went out of your way to spite me, it's time for a

punishment.” Tara started. “Your punishment for this offense will be for me to perform ANOTHER full body workout today, and I will drink an extra shake on top of it.”

“What.” Cory blankly responded.

“You’re free to do what you want, but when you hear me call you, you better come immediately.” she explained.

“Oookay.” Cory slinked away. His head was nearly spinning. What kind of bizarre game was his mother playing with him? He initially wanted to go back upstairs to his room, but then he remembered that his game console was downstairs now.

With a sigh, Cory hooked the OneStation to the basement’s home theater and turned it on. He could start hearing the clattering of heavy weights, and the feminine grunts of his mother. She had left the door wide open to ensure that Cory heard every moment of her pushing her body even further.

Instinctively, Cory wanted to instinctively resume playing the online shooter he was enjoying a short while ago, but he realized that his mother would likely interrupt him mid-game again. Plus, he didn’t want to face his friends who might have heard what happened earlier. Cory settled on a fighting game, since the rounds would be short.

As Cory played, he heard the continued clattering of Tara’s workout. He wondered if she would actually get stronger from this one session alone. It seemed like an outrageously impossible idea, and he wouldn’t have believed it, but he did witness something that looked like his mother growing instantaneously a few times today. Cory continued to dwell on the subject, which distracted him somewhat from enjoying the game.

About 20 agonizingly long minutes passed. Every moment of it, Cory wondered just how long his mother could go on for. She had already worked out a couple hours ago, had the competition with him, and there was a possibility she even worked out once more before that this morning. The same shiver that had run down his spine a few times today returned. Finally, he heard Tara’s voice bellow from the other room.

“Cory! Come over here and bring a couple of towels. You’ll find them in the bathroom nearby.”

Not wanting to anger his mother any further today, he quickly scrambled to his feet and complied. As he brought the towels into the home gym, he was caught by the vision of his mother’s muscle engorged form. The workout left her with a pump that pushed each and every crevice of power to a new level of size.

Cory approached, and felt a small sense of relief that she had taken off the high heels. He still had a few inches on her height wise. Tara reached out and grabbed one of the towels. “I was a little peeved, so I worked extra hard.” she explained. There was a sheen of sweat on her, causing her entire body to glisten slightly.

Tara started toweling herself off. “Get my backs and arms.” she ordered.

“What? Really?” Cory was unnerved by the request.

“For God’s sake Cory, do you know how many times I put sunscreen on your back? How many times I clothed and fed you as a kid?”

“Alright... fine.” Cory resigned with a sigh before bringing the towel to his mother’s wide back. It took him a surprising amount of time, but he managed to reach each and every crevice in the

thick valleys of muscle.

"Now hit up these babies." Tara said before flexing her arms.

Cory gulped and did just that. As he brought the towel over his mother's biceps, he could feel their immense density even through the cloth. Once again, he instinctively squeezed the limb, and was reminded of its unreal strength.

"Thanks hon. Now go whip up two shakes for your mother. There's an extra for all the stuff you did earlier."

Cory felt a tinge of shame. He had consciously gone out of his way to be difficult, that was true. As he prepared the shakes, he noticed his mother posing in front of the mirror. He tried to keep his mind off of the image and focused on the task at hand. This time he was sure to follow the instructions as closely as possible, and brought the shakes over.

Tara grinned widely as she took both of them. "You know Cory, you really should try one of these. You did exercise today, and the nutrition could do you a lot of good."

Cory thought about it. The shake smelled pretty bad, but Tara's results didn't lie. "Alright, guess I'll go make one for myself."

"Nah, just take this one." she said before handing it to him. "I think I've gotten more than enough protein anyways." she winked. "Say, what game were you playing?"

"Uh... Road Fighter." Cory answered.

"Oh, that old fighting game I played with you a few times as a kid?"

"Well this is a newer version, but yeah."

"Would you be up for playing a few rounds with your old lady of a mom?"

Cory stared for a few seconds as he processed the question. At that moment something struck him – his mother didn't really look the same as she used to. She distinctly looked... younger. He hadn't really noticed it since he had essentially hidden in his room all summer.

"Uh, sure, I mean you're not that old really." He answered somewhat awkwardly.

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Mother and son sat down on the couch of the home theater. As Tara sat down, her dense, muscular frame caused her to sink into the cushion significantly more than Cory did. "Wait, before we start, check this out." Tara said before proceeding to gulp down the entirety of her protein shake. "Feel my arm." she said tensing her huge limb and presenting it to Cory.

Cautiously, Cory reached over and grabbed onto the limb. He felt a strange shaking within his hands, and suddenly... he could feel it growing and hardening ever so slightly!

"N.. No way." Cory muttered.

"Yes way." Tara replied, satisfied.

"How. Seriously mom, how?"

"Gotta drink your protein shake young man!"

Cory steeled himself and brought the glass to his lips. The taste initially made him want to gag, but he kept chugging. He wanted the same power his mother had! By the end of the shake, the taste wasn't quite as bad as he initially thought.

"Alright!" he yelled out. "Check this out!" he said before flexing his own arm and presenting it to his mother.

Tara took a hold of it and squeezed lightly.

"Ouch!" Cory yelped.

Tara's eyes grew wide. "Sorry, I didn't know that would hurt you." she sincerely apologized.

"It's whatever. Now watch as I grow!" Cory thought for sure that if he believed it would happen that it would.

A few moments passed and nothing happened. Cory's comparatively wimpy arm remained exactly the same.

Tara tried to stifle a snicker, but she couldn't contain it. The muscular woman burst out in playful laughter. "Sorry Cory, you didn't actually think that would work, did you?"

Cory sighed. "Nah. So really, what's the deal?"

"Well.. it wasn't always like this. I started off making progress at around the same rate most people would I guess. Then things started changing. I kept making progress faster and faster. While most people kind of plateau and their progress slows down, mine kept ramping up. This past week things got really crazy. I noticed after every time I challenged my body and refueled it, I grew stronger almost immediately."

Cory gulped. "Just.. just how strong are you going to get?"

A smirk met Tara's face. "We'll just have to see, huh? But if you keep pulling nonsense like you did today, it'll happen even faster!"

"Oh... by the way mom, you literally broke the door."

Tara's face turned a shade red with embarrassment. "That's true, I did lose my temper. Well, we can take care of that later. You need to learn some hardware skills anyways. For now though, we've got some games to play!" she said before picking up the controller.

They chose their characters – Cory picked a large powerful man with a shaved head, and Tara settled on Li Chun, the 'world's strongest woman'.

As the game loaded, it showed the characters in a fighting stance. "Her legs are pretty big..." Tara noted, referring to her avatar. "But I'm pretty sure I've got her beat." she noted before extending her thick, trunk like legs and rotating her foot, causing the calf to bunch up.

"Uhm.. Yeah I guess you do." Cory admitted.

The match started, but Tara took a few moments to reacquaint herself with the controls. They were most the same as the version they used to play a long time ago, though some of the special moves were different. After some warmup, they started to really fight.

Cory was somewhat merciless, throwing a barrage of projectile attacks and following up with some fairly impressive combos whenever Tara closed the distance. He was frustrated with how things turned out today, and it felt good to beat his mother at something.

As they continued to play, Tara could feel a competitive spark budding within her. "You know Cory, this is actually a lot more involved than I remember." she admitted, after having her character knocked out once again.

"What do you mean?"

"Like the strategies and combos. I think I might have to learn how to actually play." she mentioned.

Cory gulped.

"It also might be fun to practice these moves in real life! Though, I guess the energy balls wouldn't really work out."

Cory was distracted by the thought of his mother training not just her body, but her gaming skills as well. While his mind wandered, Tara managed to get a few hits in. The older woman experimented a bit, and found that she instinctively started chaining a simple combo together.

"Damn mom, you sure you never played this?"

"Not since you were little." Tara said before parrying one of Cory's projectiles, dashing in and landing a simple combo during his vulnerability period.

Cory retaliated, and with an elaborate combo managed to close out the match.

"Fun." Tara said with a smirk. "We really ought to be using those big crazy arcade controllers though, don'tcha think? Anyways, I need to go finish my philosophy book. The theories in it are kind of simple, but they're fairly inspiring. I might make a practice of expanding upon them myself with a book of my own someday. You have fun for now. In a couple hours though, it'll be meal time again. And after that... well, I think it'll be time for you to learn how to give a massage." And with that, Tara got up and moved to the office upstairs.

Cory gulped loudly.

It was going to be a long summer for him.

- To be Continued!