

Mother Knows Best Rebirth Chapter 7 Preview
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[This chapter focuses on developing the characters, but still has some spicy femmuscle and growth action - also sets up even more growth in the next chapter!]

[Story contains some girl on girl action! Adults only!]

The Story So Far:

Tara was a 35 year old single mother, run ragged from the daily grind of providing for herself and her 17 year old son, Cory. As a gift, Tara's wealthy brother, Terry, offered to allow them to stay at his uninhabited vacation home, tucked away in a scenic mountain overlook. To Cory's dismay, Tara accepted.

Instead of exploring the beautiful scenery and using the lavish amenities of the mansion, Cory holed himself away in his room, playing console video games until the small hours of the night. Resolving to use her time more constructively, Tara started going for runs and exercising her out-of-shape body. To her surprise, and delight, fat began to melt away from her frame, and firm muscles started to sprout up.

In particular, Tara's legs transformed from waifish, 'skinny-fat' stems into hard, firm, powerful pillars. Emboldened by her success, and concerned about her son, Tara begged Cory to join her in getting fit. Cory refused her offers, and went out of his way to insult her.

Hurt and insulted by her son's words, Tara warned him that if he continued to maintain his sedentary lifestyle while she kept improving her fitness, it would be a matter of time until she was stronger than him. Cory rebuked this, claiming that even if she trained rigorously for five weeks while he did absolutely nothing, he would still be physically superior to her. This was quickly amended into a formal contest consisting of three physical competitions, the overall winner of which would be allowed to set all of the rules in the house.

This seemingly innocuous contest would alter the course of Tara and Cory's lives forever. Tara poured herself into her training, spending every waking moment she could torturing her body. While her prior results were impressive, what was to follow was beyond what should have been possible. Tara's body packed on pound after pound of muscle; and her strength and endurance similarly increased tremendously.

During this five week period, Tara became one of the fittest and strongest women alive. On top of this, perhaps even more miraculously, Tara started to grow taller as well. Meanwhile, due to his sedentary lifestyle, Cory actually atrophied somewhat. As a result, Tara won the contest in a landslide victory that shook Cory to his core.

Not content with simply besting her son in a series of physical contests, Tara began enforcing reasonable discipline guidelines. In turn, Cory's lifestyle was forced to change for the better, and he learned a variety of life skills.

Tara continued to improve her body, and also began training her mind. To her delight, her capacity to learn was on par with her ability to build muscle. As a result, Tara's intellect quickly skyrocketed to near genius levels as she absorbed every bit of information she came

into contact with. Tara even managed to create supplements that would better interact with her unique biochemistry, further increasing her ability to improve. During all of this, Tara's body continued to gain height, and before long, she looked Cory in the eyes days before outgrowing him.

While initially hesitant, Cory slowly came around to appreciating and respecting his mother. Chapter 4 culminated with a pair of robbers breaking into the mansion, and Tara fending them off; Cory even more grateful for his mother's progress. From that point onward, Cory began focusing on improving himself, and aiding his mother in her own efforts. By the end of Chapter 4, Tara was nearing 400 pounds of pure muscle, and stood well over six feet in height.

Towards the end of June, Tara's brother and his family visited. The full ensemble included Terry's wife: Estella – a super model standing over six feet in height; their adopted daughter of Korean descent, 18 year old Kiko, with a surprisingly muscular body that kept gaining strength (much to her dismay); their biological son, Barry, a chubby teen who takes after his father's worldview; and Harry, an innocent 10 year old who loves Tara's strength and wishes that his mother and adopted sister would also train themselves.

The visit featured a great deal of discussion and controversy around Tara's drastic transformation. Terry, while initially supporting Tara's decision, was taken aback by the sheer extent of his sister's improvement; and found himself increasingly uncomfortable with how superior she was at all things. Even more disconcerting for Terry was his wife's reaction to Tara: the supermodel seemed to be entirely enamored with the hulking amazon.

The family had some fun at the pool, and Tara indulged young Harry's wishes to see just how strong she was by engaging the entire family—minus Cory—in a tug of war competition. Even the combined might of her extended family failed to topple Tara over; in fact, she gained even more strength during the contest.

Chapter six focused on the remnants of the family's visit. Kiko, who had been ashamed of her body's natural inclination to improve itself, found herself drawing inspiration from Tara. Estella grew more enamored with Tara, and initiated a romance with her, justifying it by explaining that she and Terry had been unfaithful to one another for years. The supermodel also vowed to build up her own body as well, during a confession where she teased Cory to no end.

During this chapter, Tara squared off with her brother in a game of Go. The first round of which she lost, but her mind grew even more powerful from exposure to the game and Terry's strategies. Tara went on to take the second round by a thin margin, and the third by a wide one. Devastated that he had been eclipsed physically and mentally by his sister, Terry took Barry and Harry, leaving in a huff. Kiko and Estella stayed behind, both resolving to train under Tara and develop their bodies.

1.) The evening of Chapter 7

Cory looked at the date on his phone: June 28th. It had been a roller coaster of a summer vacation. It was difficult to fathom just how much had changed in a mere two months, and even more insane to realize that there were another two to go. Technically, Summer had only started a week ago. That meant he and Tara had been in this house for roughly 60 days. In 60 days his mother somehow managed to transform herself from a waifish, 'skinny-fat', 5'4" 35 year old into a towering, hyper-muscular, ultra-strong, amazon who

stood at six and a half feet of height. It was a feat that should have been all but impossible.

Not only had Tara transformed physically, but she was smart now. That isn't to say she was unintelligent before, but now she was like a genius. Cory could sense that at almost every moment he was around her, Tara was learning from him in some small way. It seemed inevitable that every experience, every moment, every challenge, every tiny thing would serve to make Tara even greater. He wondered to what end this could possibly reach. How amazing could Tara become? He knew that there was no specific endgoal, that his mother would push herself as far as she could possibly go, just for the sole sake of pushing herself; but what would this accumulation of power lead to?

The end of June marked the approximate halfway mark of Cory's summer vacation. That meant, barring some kind of huge crisis, he would be spending two more months at the vacation house. This also meant, by association, that Tara would have two more months here, totally disconnected from society to continue improving herself. Common sense would dictate that Tara's progress should slow down; that the second half of the summer would yield less fruit to Tara's efforts than the first - but Cory knew that his mother's transformation defied all common sense.

When Cory thought about his mother, all he could envision was a godlike being. It difficult to not attribute even more greatness to her. For instance, if he thought about how his mother would solve a difficult task, his mind would sometimes imagine her with superpowers: flying around, throwing lightning out of her hands, bullets bouncing off of her body. When Cory thought about superheroes in the comics he'd read as a kid, and the movies he watched, it was difficult to not start thinking about his mother. He envisioned her sitting across from popular hero UltraGuy, the two of them with their hands locked, engaged in an armwrestling match, a familiar smirk on his mother's face while she slowly pushed his arm down, demonstrating her physical superiority. To Cory, his mother had become a living flesh and blood deity who was larger than life itself.

Of course, Cory knew that despite seeming superhuman, Tara wasn't destined for powers quite like those. Ultimately, his mother was still a real life person who followed the laws of physics. She was capable of growing at a rate far greater than what should be possible for a human, but Cory had read stories of how blue whales could gain 30 pounds of mass in a single day. That wasn't to liken his mother to a whale, but to rationalize that with the right genetic mutations, and enough nutrition, Tara's ascent was something that seemed plausible.

While Cory didn't really understand it at the time, his daydreams involving his mother actually represented his changing attitude towards her. A mere 60 days ago, prolonged thought about Tara would have been coupled with dark whispers of how weak and ineffective she was. In truth, Cory subconsciously resented Tara for this; he wanted a father figure, and expected Tara to fulfill both parental roles. Instead, he outgrew her fairly soon after reaching puberty, and Tara was so worn down from trying to pay the bills that she lacked the energy he sought.

Not anymore however. Tara was the most virile being Cory had ever witnessed. She now possessed a seemingly endless supply of stamina, and Cory knew fully well that anything capable of challenging her would ultimately make her stronger. On top of this, Tara had gained profoundly deep wisdom. No matter what the situation was, during the past month, Tara always had an expert solution to it; even reining him in with firm, but fair hands-off discipline.

Despite the drastic transformation she had undergone, underneath the tremendous amount of muscle, and towering intellect, Tara was still the same core person - just with a much clearer perspective, and the energy to turn her desires into reality.

And now there were two more girls added into the mix: Estella and Kiko. Both were extremely attractive to Cory for different reasons. Estella was the towering supermodel goddess that virtually any man interested in women would move heaven and earth to impress. Kiko... was fairly difficult personality-wise, but had a strong, rippling body that Cory knew was packed full of strength and energy. Not too long ago, Cory wouldn't have found Kiko's body particularly attractive, but Tara's transformation had changed his perspective. He no longer yearned for a docile, weak woman to serve his wishes; instead he wanted a strong, energetic being that pursued her own self-improvement and happiness.

While there were still two months to go, Cory knew that returning to high school was an inevitability. He would be a senior, and by then he'd be eighteen years old. In fact, his birthday was only a few weeks away. Could he really just return to being a typical high school student? It was funny, on a list of life-changing events, Cory never imagined that "Tara getting ridiculously jacked" would be one of them; yet here he was, his worldview entirely changed by such an otherwise mundane event.

Regardless of the thoughts flurrying in his head, Cory still needed to rest. He knew that sleep would become even more important as the addition of two new girls, both of which were going to push themselves, would mean he needed every ounce of energy possible.

2.) The following morning.

Tara's body awakened at 4 AM sharp, her massive form fully refreshed despite only gathering a few hours of sleep. Her enormous nude body took up most of the bed, despite it being a King size; she would have to consult Estella about a possible upgrade. It bemused Tara that a mere two months ago the huge bed was daunting, too big even; but her weight had tripled since then - all of it muscle and bone.

She glanced down and took quick inventory of her body "I grew a bit, but not as much as I should have. I'll have to take my training more seriously again now that the family isn't visiting." She muttered to herself.

Tara looked at the empty bed, and considered the concept of changing that; of finding someone to spend her nights with. There were a few candidates, such as the delivery guy - he was cute, submissive, would clearly worship Tara and do what she wanted - that would be fun; but another option crossed her mind: Estella.

Tara got dressed, wearing nothing more than an athletic thong, sports bra, and tight running shorts. The garments barely covered her body at all. She took note that she would likely need to go clothes shopping soon. Problem was, in order to fit her body, the items would likely need to be custom made for her unusual form; or she would need to learn tailoring herself. "Now THAT could be an interesting skill to pick up." She thought to herself, wondering if too much of her round, rock-hard buttocks were spilling out from the shorts. "It'll have to do."

The amazon knew that everyone else was still asleep, and took advantage of the empty house. She made her way to the kitchen, where she consumed half a loaf of multi-grain bread—covered in grass-fed butter—a half-dozen eggs, and two heaping protein shakes enriched with her own special powder. Tara would advise her son away from eating a

significant amount of bread, but her absurd body required the fuel.

Tara next made her way down to the home gym, where she initiated her first weight lifting session of the day. Just as she anticipated, she was able to reach new personal bests on every single lift, either pushing a heavier amount of weight, or performing an extra couple of repetitions compared to last time. As Tara lifted, she felt an animalistic spirit taking over. She desired more and more strength; strength for strength's sake really. Tara wanted to become so powerful that her mere presence could dominate any room she walked into.

Thoughts of becoming greater fueled Tara, allowing her to push past whatever pain she felt. She trusted her body, knowing full well that any abuse she hurled at it would only serve to make her even better.

After completing her first workout of the day, Tara rinsed herself off in the shower. Her body had evolved to the point where it produced less foul odors than most, so she was able to finish washing in a matter of minutes. Next she got dressed again, wearing an outfit just as revealing, and went to the house's main study. There, she grabbed a work of literature, *Peace and War*, in this case, and continued reading it. Her powerful mind allowed her to go through three pages each minute, while still taking the time to sub vocalize and absorb the nuances of the prose, which would be lost on speed-readers.

Tara started reading at 4:36 AM, and would do so for precisely 30 minutes, after which she would move to the living room and perform her morning meditation.

2.25)

Kiko rose as the sun did, 5:02 AM sharp, just as she had every morning for the past few years. She was completely refreshed, totally rested from the previous night's sleep. Before rising, she glanced down at her nude form, which had slept on top of the covers. Without moving at all, she could tell that further improvement had been made since yesterday.

Finally deciding to allow her body to grow, the night prior, Kiko performed a circuit of calisthenics and martial arts training before going to bed. After leaping out of bed and onto her feet, she looked down and noticed that the small amount of exercise, combined with yesterday's activities, had been effective: all of her muscles seemed ever so slightly larger. She punched the air a few times, and actually enjoyed the power and crispness of her own blows; a soft whizzing noise rang out from the air pushed by each strike.

The young woman dropped to the ground and started performing push ups. As with last night, they were too easy; perhaps even easier than before. She placed one hand behind her back, and proceeded with single-hand repetitions. Her pectorals, back, triceps, and even abdominals rippled to life from the movement. She easily finished twenty repetitions before trading hands for another set.

Kiko knew that mere bodyweight exercises wouldn't be enough to invoke the progress she now desired. Still, it felt good to get the blood pumping through her body, and to perform exercises that only a fraction of the population could hope to execute.

She splashed water on her face and hopped into the shower. During her washing session, Kiko thoroughly examined her body, taking note of which muscles were firmer, which stuck out more, and which had grown larger. Such an analysis would be difficult for most people to properly and objectively employ, but Kiko's mind was able to perfectly recall the state she

was in yesterday. This wasn't to say that Kiko was necessarily a genius or particularly intelligent, but her mind-body connection was far beyond most people's comprehension.

After washing, Kiko looked up and noticed that the shower was built in such a way that it could support pull-ups. Kiko leapt up, grabbed onto the railing and pulled herself up. It felt good—really good—to feel the blood rushing to her biceps. She glanced over and noticed her veins jutting out from the exercise. Not too long ago this would have repulsed her, but now she was intrigued by the sight.

Kiko performed 20 pull ups without much difficulty before gracefully falling to the ground and leaving the bathroom attached to her guest room. After towel drying herself off, she looked at her clothing options, gulped, and grabbed only a tank-top and extremely form fitting short-shorts. It was time to finally embrace her body, not hide it. If she was going to gain enough power to surpass or even challenge Tara, then she needed to love herself.

She glanced at the thin fabric of the tank-top laid next to her muscular shoulder. For a brief moment, she envisioned what her body would look like with enough training. She saw thick, cannonball deltoids, bulging arms, and huge jutting forearms. She shivered as the long entrenched shame of looking 'manly' clashed with a newly-forged desire to ascend.

After collecting herself, Kiko headed out to the living room.

2.5)

Similar to the morning before, Kiko found Tara meditating in the living room. She was suspended in the air, holding her entire monolithic form with only one hand touching the ground. Despite the impressive physical feat, Tara seemed as peaceful as the day prior. In fact, Kiko theorized that Tara was even more tranquil thanks to the meditation techniques she had copied from the younger woman.

"Morning Kiko!" Tara cheerfully greeted, maintaining the position.

"Hey Aunt Tara."

"You can just call me Tara if you'd prefer."

"Where did you get that idea? That'd I'd prefer to just call you Tara?"

"The inflection of your voice when you said 'aunt'." Tara smirked, her eyes still closed.

Kiko let out a sigh, "Guess there's no way to hide anything from you, huh?"

Tara shrugged, still maintaining the position, "I don't aim to enforce the role of 'Big Bro' from that dystopian novel *1985*, but I do strive to develop as powerful and thorough a mind as possible, even if that ends up making some people uncomfortable."

Kiko felt a chill run down her spine; did Tara actually know that she was uncomfortable? It seemed that way.

Finally, Tara opened her eyes and stopped holding the position; her massive body gracefully transitioned to standing on her feet. "Say, I know you were really big into martial arts. Want to do some sparring? We won't actually hit each other of course. Well, you can hit

me if you want," Tara chuckled, "But I'll be extra careful not to physically land any blows on you, I promise."

Kiko raised a brow, "You sure you want to do that?"

"Yeah, I think it would be fun." Tara smiled warmly.

"Okay..."

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The women each assumed a fighting stance, and stared each other down for a while. Tara was the first to fire off a blow, intentionally lobbing one that she knew Kiko could easily avoid. She did this in order to make Kiko feel more confident and comfortable with the exchange. It worked. Kiko returned fire with a blisteringly fast punch. Tara barely blocked it, and tried to sweep Kiko. Kiko leapt slightly, avoiding the blow. Tara had anticipated this would happen. Kiko proceeded to fire off a kick while she was still in mid-air. Tara also anticipated this, and easily grabbed onto the foot.

With Kiko's left foot firmly in her grip, Tara proceeded to lift Kiko upside down, holding her by the foot. Kiko tried to break free by kicking with her free leg, but Tara easily intercepted the right foot as well.

Tara giggled as she held the dangling Kiko upside down.

"HEY!" Kiko yelled out.

"What? I didn't cheat, did I?"

"I didn't realize we could use wrestling moves!"

"This is a wrestling move? Never saw this one before." Tara chuckled.

Kiko let out a disgruntled sigh. "Alright, fine. You win this round. Just let me down."

"You sure?"

"Yeah. Drop me. Seriously."

Tara nodded and let go of her adopted niece. Kiko deftly landed on her hands, with gymnastic grace and back flipped onto her feet, and a moment later resumed a fighting stance.

"Best two out of three." Kiko declared.

Tara shrugged, "We can go as long as you want dear."

This time it was Kiko who attacked first. She launched a devastating flurry of kicks that was taught to her as 'the hurricane' by one of the martial artists commissioned to train her. Tara barely managed to avoid the blunt of the attacks by block half while moving away from Kiko. Kiko continued the pressure, using another technique, a barrage of punches called 'the tornado', which managed to land a few hits on Tara - which were ultimately ineffective due to the older woman's far superior mass.

Kiko refused to relent, and executed 'the lightning': a delayed roundhouse kick intentionally designed to come out after the opponent expects it. It worked, and she landed a powerful blow squarely on Tara's face.

"O shit, sorry!" Kiko yelled out, watching as Tara actually staggered back from the attack.

"Wow. That was a good one! Well, I guess you win round 2. Ready for the last round?"

Kiko nodded.

They assumed their fighting stances. As with the first round, Tara was the first to act, "Let's see... so that first move was like this..." Tara said before proceeding to perform 'the hurricane', except she employed so much force, so much power, and such speed that a sound similar to wind filled the room. Kiko barely managed to avoid the blows.

"And this one..." Tara announced before going into 'The Tornado', Kiko similarly barely dodging the blows.

Tara remained silent, but what Kiko hadn't expected was the larger woman had linked 'The Tornado' into 'The Lightning'; Tara's huge, meaty calf lay directly next to Kiko's face; Tara had perfectly stopped her own kick so that her incredibly soft skin barely touched Kiko's cheek.

"I think I got you that time!" Tara giggled.

Kiko's eyes were wide, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead. She understood what happened: with each new move Kiko employed, Tara instantly learned it. The longer this little sparring match went on, the deadlier Tara became. Fortunately, the match had come to a conclusion.

Sensing that Kiko wasn't going to speak, Tara went ahead, "Cool moves Kiko! Hope I never have to use them on someone, but, they're in my noggin if I need to." She smiled warmly.

"Christ almighty... I just turned you into the deadliest living weapon on Earth, didn't I?" Kiko asked, panting.

Tara smirked. "Maybe." She absentmindedly flexed an arm, 26 inches of pure muscle rising in response. "It would appear that all of those master martial artists imparted their collective knowledge into you, who in turn channeled it into me."

"How did you know about-"

"My hearing is quite good." Tara replied, referring to when Kiko had described the phenomenon of her initial growth to Cory.

Kiko remained silent.

"So, what are you going to do about it?" Tara asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you just going to let me remain unchallenged at the top?" She continued, pressing

Kiko. An onlooker might mistake Tara's actions for bullying, but her true motivation was to push Kiko into achieving greatness for herself.

"I... guess?" The teen replied.

Tara shook her head, "I don't think so. I think we're about to start seeing some truly great things from you." She explained, gently patting Kiko on the shoulder.

"Right... we'll see..." Kiko retreated to her room, and Tara returned to the study where she'd read non-fiction for 30 minutes.

3.)

Cory woke up at 6:17 AM. He felt proud that he had been rising so early without an alarm clock for the past week or so. After getting up, he shuffled to the bathroom where he examined himself in the mirror - wearing only boxers. He had lost a fair deal of fat on his form, and was looking fairly toned. It felt good to know that his exercising and dieting had been paying off - slowly but surely. He was fairly certain that by the time school rolled around again he would have a nice six-pack, defined pecs, and toned arms; which would surely be a hit with the ladies.

He undressed and showered, idly thinking about what the day may have in store for him. With three girls in the house, all of them trying to grow, he would need to start preparing a lot more food - approximately 50% more than the current rate (he estimated that Tara would still consume far more than the others). His mind wandered to his mother, and he wondered what amazing progressions she would make today; he pondered how much closer to the superheroes he compared her with she'd become; and best of all - he wondered what he should do to help, while also developing himself. In Cory's mind, it was just a matter of time until Tara could lift her car overhead single-handed with no effort, and he wanted to help her reach that point; after all, she was easily the person he trusted most in the world with that kind of strength.

Next Cory's mind drifted to Kiko and Estella. He imagined Kiko's powerful body pumping up and growing to the next level, and he envisioned what Estella would look like with significant muscles in general. As a hot-blooded 17 year old male, his manhood twinged as he amused these thoughts. He felt shame for this, but took solace in the fact that he wasn't truly related to either. As long as he didn't act, or do anything creepy in regards to his thoughts, surely there would be no problem for having them.

After washing, Cory got dressed in a t-shirt and shorts, and made his way to the kitchen where he'd prepare breakfast for himself. While it was usually his duty to prepare most of his mother's meals, he knew that she had been feeding herself in the morning, likely due to the fact that she woke before him.

Cory would then proceed to do some basic household chores for the next hour, preferring to get them out of the way earlier in the day. Today in particular he would wash, dry, and fold laundry - most of which was his mother's due to the volume of outfits she went through each day.

3.5)

Estella was awoken by her alarm set for 7 AM. She let out a loud yawn, removed her sleep-

mask, and stretched her long, luscious limbs. She could have gone with an hour or two more rest, but was still eager to start the day. The supermodel looked over her naked body, thinking about how much power it yielded her over 99% of men. She then considered what it would be like to have strong, bulging muscles, while also maintaining that sex appeal: the ability to lift up and cradle a man who was already enamored with her. The mere thought alone made her loins ache slightly, causing Estella to retrieve a top-of-the-line toy from her belongings (she had been relying on them increasingly over the past few years) and relieve herself. During her session of self-love, Estella continued to think about the same fantasy she had earlier, along with Tara, and Tara becoming even greater. She even had a few thoughts of Kiko turning into a true powerhouse, but was quick to force herself to return focus to Tara.

Still nude, Estella performed various stretches in the comfort of her private room. After loosening up, she did her own calisthenics circuit. She started with push ups, stopping at 20 full repetitions, "Oh right, I'm trying to become jacked now!" she reminded herself out loud with a giggle before continuing to perform repetitions all the way up to 62, which forced her to stop.

Next Estella started to perform various pilates moves - she started off by getting into an advanced plank position, holding it steady multiple minutes. She went through other plank positions before finishing off her morning ab workout with a series of reverse stomach crunches and leg-raises. Estella giggled as she traced her fingers along the pumped up lines of definition running along her torso, "Can't wait to turn these bad-boys into full blown abs!" she exclaimed to herself.

Estella proceeded to perform multiple sets of 100 bodyweight squats and squat-lunges. Confident that she warmed her body up for the day's activities, she took a shower, in which she graciously lathered her body with the best soaps and scrubs that money could buy.

Next she dried herself off, and used a special high-end hair dryer that would help prevent any frizzing or split-ends. She got dressed, choosing fairly skimpy workout attire. Satisfied with her morning ritual, and eager to see what the day ahead held in store for her, she went out to the living room at approximately 7:32 AM.

3.75)

Tara had heard the movement of the house's pipes when Estella took her shower, and had accordingly predicted when she would emerge into the living room. She awaited Estella, and cheerfully greeted her, asking if she was ready to start training.

Estella's eyes lit up and she indicated that she was more than ready to do so. Tara prepared Estella a healthy breakfast, primarily focusing on lean sources of protein and animal fats. They agreed to go on a morning run together, and Tara suited up with the oxygen-training mask and bodyweights to help challenge her further.

4.)

Tara was surprised at just how fit Estella was, she was able to keep pace, even on the advanced hiking path. The supermodel was wearing very little: a tight sports bra, booty running shorts, and a small backpack. Her lithe, toned form was on full display, and the effort from running combined with the sun's rays made her muscular definition glisten.

Tara couldn't help but sneak peaks, imagining what Estella would look like with more mass. Considering her long limbs and surprisingly mesomorphic tendencies, Tara estimated that she would have the natural propensity to gain a good amount of mass. The thought of a buffed up Estella was increasingly arousing to Tara.

While she had never considered herself a lesbian by any means, Tara was becoming quite interested in the prospect of Estella as a partner. It was true that they had rocky interactions in the past, but Tara knew deep down that most of that was caused by her own insecurity and jealousy. Now that the tables had turned, Estella was incredibly supportive, motivating, and even begged Tara to improve herself further.

With her training techniques, proper nutrition, and some help with various T-Corp pharmaceuticals (and whatever else Tara could potentially invent), Tara was positive that Estella would become a force to be reckoned with in her own right. There was little doubt that she could bring Estella to a level of muscular development beyond that of most men. With enough medical breakthroughs, she could possibly give Estella a body that would make Mr. Olympia blush with envy. The thought of Estella looking like that was deeply enticing; provided that all of the affection the supermodel was displaying wasn't some kind of strange trap, Tara trembled a bit at the possibilities of what level of lovemaking two super-muscular female bodies could accomplish.

Eventually the duo came to an open clearing on the trail and decided to take a break. Neither of the girls were actually exhausted, but rather, mutually wished to engage in private discussion. Tara took her oxygen restriction mask off, along with the weighted vest, wrist weights, and ankle weights.

Like Estella's form, Tara's body was similarly glistening thanks to the exercise and sun's rays. Estella couldn't help but bite her lower lip as she continued looking Tara up and down, admiring the thick, chiseled chunks of powerfully sculpted muscle. Tara's body thrived from adversity, growing ever greater by anything that would dare challenge it; and Tara constantly sought challenge out. There seemed to be no challenge that Tara could not overcome, and if one was ever encountered, she would surely grow even stronger from it.

After resting for a few moments, Estella moved in close to the hulking amazon. Wordlessly, she placed her hands on Tara's abs, squeezing them. The larger woman didn't seem to mind, in fact, she enjoyed the attention. "I like being out here alone with you." Estella murmured, continuing to liberally grope Tara's powerful form.

"Is that so? Any reason in particular?" Tara replied, still smirking.

"Yes." Estella started before getting onto her tip-toes and planting a kiss on Tara's lips, slipping in a small amount of tongue in the process.

Tara blushed slightly. Even with all of her intellect she hadn't seen that coming. She considered holding back, but all of her previous thoughts, combined with Estella's act caused her to push caution to the wayside. Tara bent down slightly, bringing her hand around the back of Estella's head, and locked lips with the blonde. Estella took the opportunity to grab hold of Tara's enormous biceps, squeezing them futilely. Tara reached down with one hand and liberally squeezed Estella's round behind, which caused the blonde to gasp with pleasure.

Their session continued for a short while until Estella suddenly cut it loose - "Hey... can I

have a hands-on demonstration with those big, sexy muscles of yours?" she asked with a puppy-eye stare.

Tara shrugged, "I don't see why not." She scanned the area for something to use as a demonstration. Her attention was caught by an overhanging cliff face that spilled over enough to be gripped, and had adequate sturdiness to support Tara's hefty weight. She quickly determined that it would be usable as a surface for pull ups.

The amazon nodded her head in the geometric structure's direction, "Over there."

The duo moved close towards it. "What do you have in mind?" Estella asked.

Tara crouched down, "Get on my back." She ordered.

Estella shrugged, "If you say so!" before climbing on board; Tara's broad back was so sturdy that Estella felt extremely safe riding on top of it.

Tara then leapt up and grabbed onto the ledge before proceeding to pull herself up with Estella still on her back.

"Ooooooh!" Estella cheerfully squealed.

Even with Estella clinging to her back, Tara was able to perform flawless repetition after repetition. The muscles in her back rippled and danced with extrinsic and intrinsic power as they worked to accommodate the amazon's tremendous feat.

"This is amazing Tara!" Estella cooed, continuing to vigorously grope the superhuman back muscles in front of her.

Tara let out a laugh, "Have to admit, you make a pretty good weight" She completed another repetition, grunting with effort. After a couple dozen repetitions, Tara began to feel fatigue - pulling both her own large weight combined with Estella's was a difficult task.

Estella could sense the larger woman was growing tired. "I've got an idea to perk you up..." She shifted a bit, reached into her backpack and retrieved a bottle. "Here we go... drink up babe!" she squealed before bringing the container to Tara's lips, tilting it to pour down her throat. Tara drank, and found the substance to taste good. It reminded her of a protein shake with her specially made protein, yet, there were other flavors as well. Within moments, Tara began to feel better - energized even. This seemed impossible to occur so quickly, but Tara knew that everything regarding her defied basic medicine, and perhaps even physics itself.

Estella spoke again, "Tara, I wanna feel your muscles grow right now! I want to see you get bigger while I'm on you! Grow for me!"

"I already told you. No." Tara replied.

"But..."

"I won't grow for YOU. I only grow for..." Suddenly Tara's back began to quake as it entered the final stages of synthesizing the large dose of nutrients Estella had injected, "MYSELF!" Right on cue, all of the muscles in Tara's wide back quaked, trembled, and proceeded to grow! She became wider, harder, and even more defined - all at once.

Estella let out a series of groans, all born from ecstasy. Her grip tightened, and she began clawing at Tara's back with her nails, which the larger woman tolerated for the time being. Tara had no doubt in her mind: her passenger had just literally orgasmed, hard.

Tara performed a few more repetitions, finding them to be surprisingly easy—too easy—and gracefully fell to the ground before gently placing Estella down.

"Damn Estella. I can understand being attracted to muscle, but this is really something else." Tara grinned, referring to Estella's little outburst of sexuality.

"I... You're smart. Really smart. I'm sure you understand what's going on here." Estella offered, brushing herself off.

Tara shrugged, "I have some theories."

"Well, let's hear them."

"Sure." Tara started, "You have a legitimate fetish. A really deeply rooted one. Occam's Razor would dictate that it's simply an intense attraction to muscle, but I believe it runs deeper than that. You have a lust for power. Being around power, witnessing the accumulation of more power - that sort of thing *really* gets you going."

Estella cleared her throat. "Yes."

"In fact, even my analysis of your mental state is having an effect on you. You love the idea that someone with my strength, my body, has a sharp mind as well."

Estella blinked a couple of times. Tara could infer she should keep going.

"Now, I'm extrapolating all of this from a rather small set of data," Tara continued, "but, I would wager that you were in fact deeply attracted to Terry while he was building his empire. You loved knowing that you were married to a man whose wealth and influence continued to rise day by day. However, something changed. Maybe he became content and his ambition waned. Maybe his pot belly grew to the point where even wealth couldn't offset the lack of physical attraction. Maybe the novelty wore off. Regardless, once your fetish was no longer satiated, you saw all of his flaws, and your marriage has, well, pretty much been 'in name only' ever since."

Estella took a moment to collect her thoughts. "Yes. That is quite an apt description."

In truth, Tara had missed a few important aspects - primarily that in addition to loving being around power, Estella actually desired power for herself as well; but her synopsis was still fully correct, and impressive nonetheless.

Tara glanced down at herself. "You know... I feel... good. REALLY good." She flexed her arms, feeling the power surging through them as they reached their full peak, "Might have gained half an inch on these..."

There was only one explanation: the drink that Estella gave her.

"Estella. What exactly did you just feed me back there?"

"A protein shake, duh!"

Tara narrowed her vision, "Estella. I've made and consumed far more protein shakes in the past two months than any human reasonably should. I know exactly what the individual ingredients taste like, even with special homebrewed powder, and your drink was distinctly different."

"Well, it was different, silly"!

"What exactly was in there." Tara placed her hands on her hips akimbo; a pose that was naturally intimidating due to Tara's ridiculous girth.

"Oh, you know. Just the best for you Tara! A special blend I whipped up last night, it's got: Lingstermium, Ritualistium, Detrium, plus the usual stuff in protein shakes."

"I've... never heard of those substances, any of them." Tara stated, "And I have knowledge that's at least on par with a Chemistry Bachelor's degree; and believe me, my power of recall is greater than most."

"Well duh you haven't heard of them, they were made by T-Corp and haven't been released to the public." Estella explained with a giggle.

Tara's eyes grew wide, "Estella... WHAT did you just put into my body? On second thought, those sound more like names with 'ium' added to the end, not actual chemicals!"

"Oh relax babe." Estella started, "The important thing is it worked."

Tara glanced daggers in her direction, "Estella. Keep talking."

"Ooooh, you're so sexy when you're mad! I can only envision what you'd be capable of doing with all that power! I can't wait until you have even more." Estella bit her bottom lip, "Okay, okay. T-Corp has been trying to unlock the next level of human performance for a while. We've actually succeeded a fair bit, like with those muscle-ache pill: they allow people to train far more often and for longer than they could without them.

Anyways" Estella continued, "We've had a bunch of experimental stuff. Stuff that, frankly, just doesn't work with regular people. It's just too strong - it always just harmed those who tried it in our private trials. You however.. Well you're different. You must have known with your own special protein blend that your body can handle and utilize much higher doses of nutrients. Welllllll, I pretty much just figured you could safely use this stuff too. And I was right!"

"I see." Tara would have to run her own analysis on the ingredients, but for the time being, it seemed that Estella had the best of intentions, and that no harm was done; on the contrary, Tara seemed even more powerful than ever.

"I brought a couple extra bottles of the stuff - if you push your body further, you can see for yourself how safe—and awesome—it is!"

Tara considered the option, but for the time being was too apprehensive of putting anything into her body that she hadn't researched. "Tell you what, after you let me run some tests on your 'Lingsterium' and the likes, I will come to a conclusion if I want to keep using it. So far all signs point to yes though." She winked.

Estella sighed. "Fiiiine. But you better promise that I get to see, and feel, your next big growth spurt, okay?"

Tara chuckled, "Alright, sounds like a deal. Anyways, would you prefer to keep running, or head back?"

"Ooooh, I dunno... I'm a bit tired now Tara... Think you could give little old me a ride home?" Estella giggled.

Tara knew that she was lying, Estella could easily run back, but decided to play along, "Well, I wouldn't want to leave you stranded out here." After suiting back up with her training equipment, Tara scooped Estella into her arms and carried her home.

5.) During the events of section 4

"Surprised to see you in weather appropriate clothing." Cory greeted Kiko in a somewhat joking manner.

Kiko was wearing a tank-top and gym shorts. Her dark body, rippling with young, feminine muscle was on full display. Large biceps bulged with no effort at all on her behalf, a thick line between her pecs could be seen in place of traditional cleavage, and her trunk-like legs practically swallowed the comparatively small bottom garment.

"Yeah, well... since I'm going to start embracing my body, no point in hiding it." Kiko explained.

"You seem kind of bummed out. More so than usual that is." Cory started, "Uhh, no offense." He added after noticing Kiko shoot a sour look his way.

Kiko sighed. What was the point in holding back? She may as well explain. "It's your mom."

Cory raised a brow. He had a few possible theories of where this could lead to, but wasn't positive.

Kiko continued, "I mean. She's fine. Great. Awesome. TOO great. Too fucking awesome!" her face grew a shade red.

"Kiko..."

She interrupted him, "We sparred this morning. I used some moves... moves that apparently require perfect conditioning and years of practice to properly execute. Well, I performed them ONCE against her, and she managed to replicate them; with even more power and precision than me!"

Cory suppressed a snicker, "I guess you know how your mentors felt."

Kiko crossed her arms, her meaty forearms bunching up, "Hmmm..."

Cory elaborated, "You did say that you learned everything they had to teach you at an astonishing rate, right? I'd imagine they spent their entire lives learning that stuff, and you downloaded it in a fraction of that much time. Looks like Tara did that to you too."

Kiko sighed. "Yeah, sure, I guess that's right."

A moment of awkward silence passed.

"Hey, uh... do you know how to, like, lift weights?" Kiko asked, clearly embarrassed to raise the question.

"What do you mean? Doesn't everyone know how to pick things up and put them back down?" Cory responded.

"Well, duh, but what I mean is proper form and all that. Like how to do a dead lift correctly, that sort of thing."

"Oh, yeah. Tara taught me not so long ago. I've gotten pretty decent at that stuff." Cory explained, fairly proud of himself and glad that he started joining his mother in the weight room.

"Ok. Well, I'm sure you know where I'm going with this. Think you can teach me?"

Cory nodded and grinned, "Of course, I'd love to."

"Surprised that you seem so enthusiastic..."

"Don't you remember what I promised Harry?" Cory asked.

Kiko shot him a confused expression, "Errr..."

"It was just last night."

"Uhh..."

Well, at least Kiko isn't a super-genius too like my mother. Cory thought to himself, "I promised I would help make you and our moms stronger."

"Oh, right. You meant that?"

"Of course." Cory smiled warmly. "Want to go work out right now? It'd be a good time since our mothers are out doing lord knows what."

Kiko smiled sheepishly, "Alright."

6.) A few minutes later - in the home gym

Kiko was a fast learner - even faster than Cory was when Tara showed him the ropes. She possessed an strong innate sense of her own physicality, which allowed her to easily grasp which parts of her body were being utilized in each lift, which in turn meant she could adjust her movements to ensure she was optimally activating those muscles.

In a twist that didn't really surprise Cory much at all, Kiko was stronger than him in almost every lift they had gone over thus far. Wanting to replicate his mother's expert advice, Cory started off with the large compound lifts: the dead lift and squat, both of which Kiko out lifted him by a fair margin. On the bench press they were capable of putting up an equal amount of weight, and Cory was reminded that for various biological reasons, women have notably weaker chests than men.

Watching Kiko's body in action was surprisingly hypnotic for Cory. He never anticipated how differently she would act compared to Tara. While his mother was like a wild beast, pushing herself to her limit, Kiko was mathematical in her efforts. In Cory's opinion, Tara seemed like she was fighting against the basic human nature to remain fairly sedentary, that she was enacting supreme discipline and willpower to force her body to be challenged and grow. Kiko on the other hand acted as if she were born to lift weights, that she was finally relenting to her base nature, and her efforts to prevent growth were unnatural.

Kiko's physical size, standing at a slightly above average 5'6", was also in stark contrast to Tara. There was something more girlish and feminine to Kiko's expressions, as opposed to Tara's dominant, 'alpha' characteristics. Kiko was more intense as well, which Cory didn't think was possible. This intensity was quiet and more reserved however, focused inward. Despite standing a nearly a full head taller than Kiko, Cory's upper half was only roughly as wide as hers - in fact, she appeared to be broader after becoming pumped up from the exercises.

They moved on to overhead shoulder dumbbell presses. To better illustrate proper form for the exercises, Cory brought his hands onto her arms to guide them. As his fingers touched her skin, he was shocked at just how soft it was. Tara's had become like velvet from her transformation, but Kiko's was softer yet.

"Please don't touch." The young woman snapped.

"Right, sorry, not trying to - just need to show you the right motion."

Kiko sighed, he knew he was telling the truth. In actuality, she didn't really care or not if she touched her arms like that - she just wanted to get Cory to trip up; his 'nice guy' act had gone on long enough. Maybe she could catch him if she tried a different angle... "Well, I guess you can touch, but are you sure you want to grab onto gross, bulging muscles?"

"Uhh... What? I thought we already went over this?" Cory was confused.

Kiko remained silent, trying to consider a new approach. She was determined to catch Cory in the act - still convinced that Cory was pulling an elaborate ruse on her.

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Twenty minutes passed, and Kiko went through a series of other exercises. Cory was mindful to not place hands on her too often, but got the feeling that Kiko actually wanted him to, she just refused to admit it out loud. Eventually, he decided to spur some conversation and pay her a compliment.

"Damn Kiko, you get really... pumped!" Cory exclaimed, unable to avert his gaze from the young woman's muscles.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, you know, when you exercise your muscles, they get temporarily bigger. Your pump is better than mine. See?" Cory flexed his arm, "Mine got a little pumped up, but yours grew more proportionately. I guess the difference between our bodies is even bigger than it was a couple hours ago."

Kiko was staring in disbelief - not at Cory's body, that was quite believable, but at him for the words he was saying. "You make that sound like it's a compliment or something."

"Of course it is. I don't want to creep or anything, but you look great."

Kiko continued staring, trying to gauge what Cory's game was.

"Don't you think muscles on chicks are ugly?"

"I already told you before at the pool - I don't. I think a fit body is a good look for either gender. The fitter the better." Cory explained. "I don't really know how many times I have to say this until you believe me."

"You aren't bothered that I can lift more than you?" Kiko asked, scrutinizing his reaction.

Cory smirked and shook his head. "Not at all. I'm surprised you've transformed so much in the past few years, but I wouldn't say I'm bothered. I'm excited to see how strong you can become, even if it's not in my genetic destiny to also hit that level."

Kiko's eyes narrowed, "Alright Cory, that's enough. What's the deal? Why are you so..." She paused for a moment to consider her next word, "Chill? With me being strong that is? Chill about my muscles. Chill about everything!?"

Cory tilted his head a bit, "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Cory. Did you really forget? The last time we met, you laughed at me for being flat chested - among other things." Kiko was glaring daggers at him. "Now you're helping me build up my body, which is already stronger than yours. Why the 180?"

Embarrassment washed over Cory as he recollected the incident Kiko referred to. He was having difficulty believing that he had actually said that - it seemed so crass and even cruel with hindsight. "Kiko..."

She continued staring at him, discerning every minute movement his face gave.

"Look. I'm really sorry, ok? I was a different person back then. A lot has changed. My views have evolved." Cory explained.

"I dunno... I don't think people fundamentally change that much."

Cory decided that she had a point. Still, he was certainly different now. He let out a sigh. "Alright, I won't beat around the bush. It's my mom. What you don't know is her entire transformation has occurred in the past two months, not the past few years. I know, it's crazy, impossible even. Still, it's happened. Being around her has had a pretty big impact on me I guess. I didn't realize women could be so badass, and, well, I like it. I like the idea of a girl who takes care of herself and acts like a true equal."

"Am I sensing a bit of an Oedipus complex here?" Kiko inquired.

"No!" Cory quickly shot back, "Well, I don't think so. I'll admit that I think my mother looks good, really good. But no, I don't think about her that way."

"Not like how you think about my mother?"

Cory blushed, "Hey..."

"We already went over this. It's cool. She's literally a friggan super model, and you're not really related." Kiko replied. *I wonder if he feels that way about me. It would explain how he's been acting. Do I feel that way about Cory though? I guess I don't if I have to ask that question. Then again, he isn't bad looking, just... I dunno. Missing some kind of edge. Well, I won't hold it against him. Let's see where things go.* she thought to herself.

"Anyways, do you know what I'm saying?"

"Kind of. Anyways, let's get back to working out. I'm still not fully convinced about you, but we'll see." She affectionately patted him on the chest a couple of times before wiggling over to the next set of workout equipment. "Come teach me what to do."

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As Kiko continued to work, grunting, sweating, pushing herself as far as she could – Cory was reminded of his mother. That same drive, inner strength, and virility that Tara exhibited in her workouts was present in Kiko. As her muscles swelled up to new heights, Cory could envision the same process in them that Tara's underwent with each exercise. He could easily see that they were greedily relishing in being challenged, ready to use the resistance to catalyze further growth. This was something that didn't happen in his own body, nor in anyone else other than these two women - not to nearly the same extent at least.

"What are you staring at?" Kiko asked, breaking Cory's train of thought.

"Just thinking about some stuff, sorry."

Kiko shrugged. "Care to share what's on your mind?"

"You remind me of my mother I guess." Cory explained.

Kiko raised a brow, "What's that supposed to mean? Is it because we both have muscles?"

"Kind of, but not really. There's something inside of both of you. A drive – a hunger I guess. You want to get stronger, don't you?"

Kiko averted her gaze, "I mean, obviously, I am lifting weights. Are you stupid or something?"

Cory shook his head, "Beyond that. You probably take some kind of personal offense to my mother being stronger than you. You want to dethrone her. Not saying this is a bad thing, it's more of a self-improvement contest sort of thing."

"Uhhh... let's skip the Freudian bull crap, 'kay?" Truthfully, Kiko disliked how close Cory was to the truth.

"Sure, sure." Quickly thinking of a way to change the subject and segue to something more pleasant, "Say, how about I whip you up one of my mother's famous protein shakes, and maybe cook us some lunch? I'm not a master chef, but it'll hopefully be edible at least." He offered with a smile.

It was an offer Kiko couldn't refuse.

7.) A few minutes later

Cory had anticipated that when Tara and Estella returned, they would be in the mood to eat. He decided to cook a small feast that would not only feed the four of them, but provide some leftovers as well.

"Uh... Want me to help? I can like, peel carrots or whatever." Kiko offered.

"Thanks, but I got this. You do whatever you want." Cory replied.

"I see. Well, if you insist." Kiko moved towards the living room, found an open clearing, and began striking the air with various martial arts moves. She thought back to her spar with Tara, and grew slightly enraged at the thought of how effortlessly the older woman utterly outclassed her. Kiko quickly moved to the advanced techniques that she had accidentally 'taught' Tara. She was furious now, pouring herself into executing the moves faster and with more power than ever before.

Cory looked over, and felt like he was watching a blur. He could see the intensity she was projecting, and could tell it was caused by a damaged pride. It was fascinating watching her work, and Cory had to physically stop himself from staring.

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Fifteen minutes later, Tara and Estella had arrived back.

"Ooooh, what's cookin'? Smells good!" Estella squealed loudly.

"I knew we could count on Cory to prepare a great meal for us." Tara added warmly.

"Hey Estella, food is almost done, probably finished five minutes from now," Cory greeted, "Wow mom, I might be mistaken, but you look even bigger - like your upper body is wider!" Cory declared.

Tara grinned, "Glad you noticed! Your aunt here must know a thing or two about chemistry, because she's whipped up a little something that might help me get way bigger, way faster!"

"Going to get... way bigger?" Kiko interjected. Her stomach churned; Tara was already so much more powerful than her, and now that gap was going to widen further - at even greater rate!?

"It would seem so." Tara replied with a knowing smirk. "Though, I still have to do some

more research myself.”

Cory and Estella were unaware to the power dynamic occurring before their eyes. Tara was taunting Kiko, subconsciously telling her *'Remember how I crushed you this morning? Yeah I'm about to get even stronger. What're you going to do about it? Time to step it up and show me your potential.'* It worked.

An eerie silence filled the room as Kiko and Tara continued to stare at each other. A rivalry of sorts had been born. Tara would encourage Kiko to push herself, which in turn would provide even more adversity for Tara to thrive off of.

Soon enough the sound of a timer interrupted the stare down.

“Oh, food’s ready! Hope you girls are ready to eat!” Cory announced.

- To be continued!

(Just how strong will Kiko become? How will Estella’s mysterious chemicals aid Tara? What exactly is Estella hiding? How will the relationship between Cory and Kiko develop? And that of Tara and Estella? Some of these answers and more in the next installment of Mother Knows Best!)