

Mother Knows Best Rebirth – Part 1
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1)

Early May

Tara banged on her son's door. "Cory, you've been in that room since we got here!"

A masculine groan came from within the room. "Buzz off!" the clattering of a OneStation controller and the sound of fake gunfire came from within the room. The 17 year old was playing Call of Battlefield 9 – the latest 'military first person shooter' that was taking the nation by storm.

The 35 year old woman let out a sigh and shook her head before walking back to the living room. She and her son, Cory, had arrived at her wealthy brother's summer home a couple days ago. Having lived in a large city most of her adult life, the single mother rarely had the opportunity to enjoy nature. Her brother – Terry, had offered for the two to use his summer home numerous years in a row, but Tara adamantly refused to accept handouts from him. This year however, having been especially stressed out due to the rising cost of living, she decided to relent.

"Well, I'm sure he'll get sick of those games in a few days." she said to herself. "He's probably just burnt out from his junior year of high school and needs some time to recharge. Besides, who am I to criticize him, I spent all of yesterday watching WebFlix, which I could just do at home."

Tara stepped into the master bedroom, which was on the other side of the large home. Closing the double-doors behind her, she stripped down and observed her naked form in the room's full length mirror. Her 5'6" frame was relatively thin, and still had feminine curves, but lacked muscle tone. Ever since she had her son at the tender age of 18, Tara was forced to work multiple jobs just to pay the bills. While she could have taken the time to better herself, it was a constant struggle to work up enough energy to do so.

Her highly feminine face, while beginning to show hints of age, was quite beautiful. Her looks were strongly accentuated by her azure eyes and striking features. Staring at her midsection, Tara noticed that a deposit of fat had begun to form. She grimaced as she poked it, causing the flesh to ripple in response. "Don't know how I never noticed that before." she said softly before moving her eyes down to her thighs and shaking them. Her proportionately large legs were surprisingly solid, but still had a slight layer of flab that jiggled with the motion. She turned around and peered over her shoulder to look at her backside. Her round bottom and shapely calves were quite flattering for someone her age, but could still use some visible work.

Turning around again, Tara flexed her arms in a classic double-bicep pose. There wasn't much of a rise, and to the woman's horror, there were the very early beginnings of 'bingo wings' setting in. She let out a disgruntled sigh. "At least these things preserved themselves pretty well." she said cupping her round C-cup breasts. Even those however still sagged just a smidgen more than Tara would have liked.

"Alright, enough of the pity party. Time to do something about this." Tara said before opening her still unpacked suitcase. After throwing on some undergarments, she grabbed a pair of tight sweatpants and a sleeveless belly-shirt she used to do pilates in a few years ago. The brunette turned and noticed her reflection in the mirror – in particular the small pouch of fat around her exposed midsection. "Right. I'll wear this one later." she said before taking it off and throwing on a classic white tank-top.

Satisfied with the outfit, Tara threw on a pair of sneakers. Before heading outside, she stopped by Cory's door again. "Going to go for a run, or maybe a hike, dunno yet. Wanna come? It's really nice outside there!"

"Are you kidding me? I told you I'm busy mom!" Cory's voice snarled back.

The words stung Tara slightly, but she quickly gathered herself. "Alright, well have fun." she yelled before departing.

As Tara walked outside, she breathed deeply, taking in the crisp air. The house was situated on a mountain, granting a great deal seclusion. Tara wasn't sure if it was a placebo effect, but she was convinced that the mountain air was even more refreshing than from sea level. She pulled her shoulder-length hair into a pony tail as she walked towards the start of a series of trails her brother told her about.

Before long, she came across a quartet of signs pointing towards separate trails. "Beginner, intermediate, advanced, and dangerous." she said to herself, noting a skull and crossbones next to the final choice. "Well, I'm not exactly fat, so intermediate should be fine." she decided before going down that path.

After crossing the threshold of the trail's start, Tara kicked up her speed to a light jog. It quickly dawned on her that she hadn't engaged in physical activity like this in well over a year. The path was also far more inclined and ragged than she anticipated, making the activity even more difficult. After a few minutes, Tara realized that she was already out of breath. She slowed her pace to a brisk walk and continued onward.

The path was quite beautiful, and the tall trees dotted along it provided just enough shade to keep her cool from the beating sun. Still, the lovely view didn't help the difficulty of the activity. Tara persevered, pushing herself to keep going "the fact that this is kicking my ass is a GOOD thing" she told herself.

Another dozen minutes passed, and Tara found her legs beginning to burn significantly. She caught glimpse of a sign indicating she was merely 25% of the way to the end of the trail – and that the trail didn't loop back round! She quickly deduced she was only really an eighth of the way back home. Frustrated, she let out a disgruntled sigh and turned around. It took the woman another 30 agonizing minutes to return to the home.

She opened the door, utterly exhausted, and dragged herself back to the master bedroom. "That's it." she said to herself. "I've got three months in this house, and I'm going to get fit. No. Not just fit... I'm going to get into the best shape of my life!" Tara realized she was drenched in sweat, and rinsed herself off with a quick shower.

After freshening up a bit, Tara made herself a nice meal. The house's refrigerator was fully stocked before she arrived there, and was packed with high end meats, produce and other ingredients. Deciding it'd be a light, healthy option with some protein, Tara whipped herself up a grilled chicken salad. After preparing the meal, she decided she should see if Cory was up for having dinner together.

As Tara moved closer to her son's bedroom door, she could hear the familiar sounds of simulated gunfire and furious button mashing. She gave the door a light rap. "Honey, want to come out for dinner?"

"Do I HAVE to?" he yelled impudently.

Tara sighed. "You don't HAVE to, but it would be nice."

"We never eat dinner together at home, so why do we have to bother with it here?"

"Alright. Want me to just leave a meal out here for you?"

"Yeah."

Tara sighed again, shaking her head as she usually did and returned to the kitchen. She gobbled down her salad, noting how the expensive ingredients her brother bought beforehand really did taste better than the bottom-rung brands she typically used. After finishing her own meal, Tara prepared another salad for Cory and left it by his doorstep.

'Well, Cory may waste his summer, but not me' Tara thought to herself, mulling over what to do next. She then recalled that her brother mentioned the basement was converted into an extremely well furnished rec-room. There was also the spacious pool in the home's back yard as well.

After thinking the decision over for a few moments, Tara settled on checking out the basement. Embarrassingly, her choice was largely dictated by the fact that she only brought two-piece bathing suits, and didn't want to risk the possibility of anyone seeing her slightly pudgy belly. Tara opened the door to the basement and made her way down. The room was pitch black, and after flipping on the lights, she was blown away by what was hidden in the darkness.

To call the basement a mere rec room would be deceitful. It featured everything someone could dream of – two pool tables, a stocked bar, a home theater, pinball and arcade machines, sofas, air hockey, and even a fully automated single-lane bowling alley!

Scanning the area, Tara noticed there were some closed doors as well. She moved over to one and opened it – revealing an immensely supplied gym. As she crossed the threshold, she noted how there were enough weights and machines of every variety to challenge any muscle group someone desired. There was also a large section of the ground covered in foam mats – likely for yoga and other floor exercises. On the side of the room sat a small bar with a blender on it and various drinks behind it.

An interesting machine in a corner of the room caught her eye. As she approached it, it appeared to be a body scanner of some kind. It looked like a bleeding tech device, possibly something that her brother's company had invented. She moved over to the device's side, and eyed a slick touch screen interface. After tapping the power button on, the machine sprung to life and a flurry of options appeared on the screen.

Tara read a few of the options and quickly deduced it was a device that scans and analyzes human bodies. She tapped the screen a few times, prompting the machine to start its basic check-up routine. The screen displayed some instructions, commanding her to stand within the scanner's range and to hold her arms up. Tara followed the directions, and within a few moments the machine emitted a green light that traced her form. A confirmation noise piped up and Tara returned to the screen to read its output.

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5' 5.75"

Weight: 139 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: 31%

No immediate warning signs. Please run blood and marrow tests for full results.

Tara nodded her head. She was surprised that her weight had increased that much since a mere two years ago she was 127. Still, this was as good a place as any to start her fitness journey.

She considered the other tests the machine offered, but figured to save those for another day.

With that out of the way, Tara decided it was time to push her body a bit further. She eyed the various machines and free weights, but decided she would avoid them for now – her body tended to bulk up fairly easily, and she just wanted a hot, toned, “milfy” look. She noted a television set by the mats on the floor and walked over towards it. There was a DVD+Blu Ray player attached to it and a collection of fitness related discs. One in particular caught her eye – the RipMasterXtreme. It featured a muscular man and woman on its cover with their arms crossed – the muscles in their forearms bulging from the motion.

Tara booted up the disc and found the menu had various workouts for different activity levels. Feeling somewhat humiliated by her inability to even come close to finishing the intermediate trail earlier that day, she decided to start off on the beginner level. The video started up with the same people from the cover going over some basic moves. Tara followed along with the video as best as she could, but even the starter motions challenged her quite a bit. The video dug into its main course, using all of the moves to create a full routine.

Due to the past few years' inactivity coupled with the exercise she already got earlier, Tara found the beginner's routine to be incredibly challenging. Part of her wanted to quit halfway through, but she decided to push through the pain, only getting by on sheer willpower alone. After 25 minutes that felt like an eternity, she had finished the routine. Feeling completely drained, she turned the television off and sauntered over towards the juice bar on the side of the gym.

Walking up to the juice bar's counter, she noticed a binder sitting next to the blender. Tara opened it up, revealing the contents to be a series of recipes for various shakes. She thumbed through it before finding one that promised to provide a blend of energizing nutrients to help build muscle and lose fat. She followed the directions to a T, and after a few moments finished the shake before gulping it down ravenously.

Exhausted, Tara made her way to the master bedroom's bathroom, which had a full indoor spa with jacuzzi. She brought the water to a hot temperature before grabbing a remote for the nearby television. Lazily, Tara flicked the television on, turned on her favorite show on WebFlix and relaxed for the rest of the night before getting a plenty of rest.

2)

The Next Day

As Tara woke up, she found that her body was incredibly sore. Almost every muscle on her frame felt like it had been taxed farther than it should have been. “Dammit... I might have to take today off of my new fitness routine.” she muttered as she limped into the master bathroom. After brushing her teeth, she opened up the medicine cabinet, curious to see what kind of things her brother kept stocked – he was the owner of a massive pharmaceutical-medical company, so she figured he'd only have the best stuff.

There were a wide assortment of pills and supplements. Unsure of what to take, she grabbed a bottle of multi-vitamins and quickly swallowed one. As Tara put the bottle back, another caught her gaze - “Muscle Soreness Swift Recovery” she picked it up and examined the label. It had the large T-corp symbol, which indicated it was definitely manufactured by her brother's company. The bottle claimed to help eliminate muscle soreness from exercise almost immediately, allowing people to continue pushing their bodies without risk.

The claim seemed a bit too good to be true, but if Terry kept the bottle in his own home, then perhaps it did work to some extent. She swallowed a couple of pills as instructed and put the bottle back. After some more basic hygiene, Tara realized that she was incredibly hungry. After

leaving her room, she made her way over to Cory's and stopped outside of his door. She could hear the same controller clattering and gunfire that had been going on the past couple days now.

"Still too busy?" she asked loud enough for him to hear.

"Yeah."

"Well, let me know if you get hungry I guess."

Tara sighed again and made her way to the kitchen where she prepared herself a big breakfast. As she scarfed the meal down, she wondered where her appetite came from and worried slightly that she might be overeating. By the time she finished her meal, the muscle-soreness pills had kicked in, and to her delight had all but eliminated the pesky DOMs that were making movement painful.

Excited to get back on track with her fitness, Tara quickly changed into an outfit similar to that of the day prior's and headed out. After reaching the crossroad of signs, she decided to swallow her pride and follow the beginner's course. Immediately she could tell there was a significant difference in difficulty, and the flat, open road made for a relatively easy jogging experience. Tara kept a steady pace, and while she did eventually run into the same burning in her legs from yesterday, the pain was far more manageable thanks to the course's relatively ease. It took her close to an hour, but the 35 year old finished the track in its entirety, and found herself back at the summer home with a nice buzz of endorphins.

"I can't believe I waited this long to take care of myself like this." Tara said before opening the door to the home and walking in. Despite being somewhat exhausted from the jog, she felt strangely refreshed.

Tara decided to check in on her son before preparing herself a nice big lunch. As she approached his room she heard the same noises as the past few days! "Cory! It's been like three days now!"

A loud sigh came from within the room. "Hold on bros, gimme a minute." After another moment, the door opened and Cory emerged. He stood a fair deal taller than his mother, and had a solid build. His short brown hair was ragged and disheveled, and his grey eyes were somewhat bleary from the near-constant gaming of the past couple days.

"Cory! Are you getting enough sleep!? Who are you talking to in there!" Tara was visibly concerned at her son's habits.

"Come on mom, you know that I play with my boys on OneStation chat. They can probably still hear you so keep it down!"

Tara rolled her eyes. "I'm worried Cory, I know it's your summer break and all, but I don't want you to injure yourself."

Cory scrunched his mouth to the side. "Really mom? I made honor roll and everything. Can't you just let a man relax?"

Tara rolled her eyes once more. This was something he had started as soon as he turned 17 – insisting on being referred to as a 'man'. "Alright... Just promise me that you're not going to fully squander our time here, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. It's not like there's a rush, we've got until the end of friggan August in this stupid house anyways."

Tara was tempted to go off on her son for insulting the house, but managed to refrain. She remembered what it was like to be young, and reasoned he probably missed his friends. "Alright Cory. I'll take your word on it."

Before Tara could turn away, Cory interjected. "Oh, can you leave food at the door again? Preferably something... uh, tasty."

Tara physically bit her tongue. Instead of starting a fight, she simply walked away in silence. Ever since Cory became physically larger than her, it had become increasingly difficult to set him on the right path. There were only so many effective punishments at her disposal for someone who was virtually an adult.

After reaching the kitchen, she prepared herself another large salad – this time adding even more grilled chicken to quell her surprisingly large appetite. She whipped up a quick batch of macaroni and cheese for her son. She didn't care for the nutrition content of the meal, but he was more than welcome to make his own food, and she knew he wouldn't complain about it. Leaving the bowl by his door, Tara decided to head back into the basement for another workout.

She quickly booted up the DVD and started the beginner program again. It was just as difficult as before, but she powered through it, forcing herself to complete the motions. After bringing herself to her physical limit, Tara trudged over to the juice bar and prepared herself a generous helping of the same shake she had yesterday.

Satisfied with her exercise for the day, Tara let herself soak in master bathroom's jacuzzi once more and relaxed with another episode of her favorite show. About halfway through the program, something struck Tara. She was suddenly... restless. She couldn't concentrate on the show, and instead wondered if she really had done everything she could today to improve herself. Sure, Tara was too physically spent to workout anymore, but there was this nagging feeling that there was something more productive to be done with her time.

Unable to get herself to focus on the show again, Tara quickly finished washing and dried herself off. She slipped on some comfortable clothing and trudged into the living room. "You know, I haven't even explored the entirety of this house yet. I bet Terry has a pretty kick-ass office here." She opened up a few rooms, most of which were guest bedrooms, until she stumbled upon the main office. It was adorned with numerous bookshelves fully stocked with all manner of texts. There was even a desk with a three monitor setup, and a large reclining chair – presumably free reading or a guest to sit in.

"I use the computer enough at home" Tara said to herself, dismissing the presumably high-end machine and gazing over the books. She noted a bookshelf full entirely of college textbooks. After a few moments passed, she dug out a book on nutrition, and began studying it.

The woman never imagined she would spend her free time studying something, but she viewed it as exercising and strengthening her mind. Hours passed before she realized how hungry and tired she had become. After eating another large meal and leaving something by Cory's door, she stumbled into bed and slept deeply.

2.5)

The next couple of days continued in the same manner. Tara would rise a mere few hours after the sun did, took some medication for her soreness and would exercise. She soon found the exercises growing easier. On the third day, she started incorporating beginner yoga into her workout regimen, and on the fourth day, she went so far as to complete another half-session of

the beginner RipMasterXtreme program in the evening. By the sixth day, she was up to two runs on the beginner trail, and two full sessions of the exercise program spaced out between morning and evening.

Tara also continued training her mind, and had studied a great deal on nutrition. She started researching which nutrients she needed for her goals. This entailed cooking meals with a higher concentration of protein, and taking daily supplements of various amino acids and specific minerals in addition to the daily multi-vitamin she was taking.

Studying the nutrition book alone was somewhat boring for Tara, so she began incorporating some other subjects that interested her. The first she added was basic psychology, and she rounded it off with history.

Despite her concerns, Tara hadn't gotten around to confronting Cory on his habits just yet. She kept hoping he would simply grow tired of playing the same game over and over on his own accord.

3.)

One Week After Chapter 1

As the first rays of light shone on Tara's face a little after 5 AM, she woke from her slumber. The combination of exercise, healthy eating and strategic implementation of amino acids had granted Tara extremely restful nights of sleep. She woke up feeling more energized than she ever had in her entire life – even as a teenager she hadn't felt this alive. The 35 year old didn't feel sore anymore, and was glad that she wouldn't have to rely on painkillers to get through her workouts today.

She stripped naked and examined herself in the mirror. In a mere week of her new lifestyle, Tara could visibly see changes in herself. The small pouch of fat that had begun to collect at her midsection was shrinking, and all around she looked tighter, with the beginning hints of muscles peaking here and there. Her collarbone poked out further, and there was a small amount of muscle definition in her upper arms. Even her breasts seemed to have reverted their sagging a bit.

That was, until her gaze met her bottom half. “Holy shit...” she uttered as she observed her legs. Her lower body had improved significantly. “I'm getting jacked down here!” she squealed, tensing her thighs and causing her quadriceps to pop out – there was even a solid separation between the slab of muscle. She turned around and looked over her shoulder – small heart shaped calves jut out effortlessly, and a pair of defined hamstrings began to make themselves apparent. Then there was her butt – which had transformed as well. It was rounder, tighter, larger and perked up on its own accord. With a giggle, Tara bounced each cheek individually, reveling in how easily it reacted on command.

“And to think I caught Cory's friends staring at the old me...” She said with another giggle, imagining how awkward it would be for her son to have his friends practically drooling over her now.

After taking her daily supplements and freshening up, Tara glanced at her clothing. She held up a very small pair of athletic booty shorts that she hadn't dare wear in years. With a confident smirk, she put them on and continued marveling at her legs in the mirror. She couldn't imagine covering those things up again. After a bit of self-indulgence, she looked over at the sleeveless belly-shirt she tried on day one. “Not quite yet.” she said before grabbing another tank-top and

tossing it on.

Tara prepared herself another large breakfast and after eating it quickly started heading out for her morning jog. She didn't bother leaving anything by Cory's door, since she was positive he was still fast asleep. Tara approached the trail crossroads again, mulling her options over. The beginner track was starting to become, well, quite easy. She recalled the nightmare of her first attempt at the intermediate trail. "Screw it. These legs are totally different than the ones I had last week." she said before psyching herself up and heading down the path that had vanquished her before.

As she started down the intermediate trail, Tara noticed how much easier it seemed and felt a surge of confidence well from within. Her now-powerful legs propelled her at a faster rate than she could muster a week ago, and she wasn't growing tired. After a few minutes, she passed the marker that she had to quit at last time and felt her confidence growing even higher. She kept going, invigorated by her small victory. Before long, Tara had reached the halfway point of the trail – which was essentially the quarter mark since the trail didn't loop around. The familiar burning sensation began to return in her bottom half, but the woman refused to give in.

Tara kept going, and started imagining the burning sensation as simply stimulus for her legs to become even stronger. This connection became clearer as Tara had experienced a taste of what her work could bring her, and she wanted more. She kept moving, and eventually reached the end of the trail – which was a dead end. Taking a moment to rest, she started doing some of the yoga poses she had been practicing. Even those had become easier than when she started them, giving Tara even more confidence.

After catching her breath, she started the trek home. It was a somewhat painful journey, but she knew it would be more than worth it in the long run. She started using some mind tricks to take her thoughts off of the burning sensation and focused on her end goals. Then she started to wonder, what were her goals anyway? Sure, she was fitter than she had ever been in a mere week, but what did she actually want to accomplish? How strong did she want to get? If her legs looked this hot with more muscle on them, maybe her upper body would look better as well... What exactly did she want to study, and why?

The answer to her question continued to elude her, and thanks to the distraction Tara arrived home before she knew it. As Tara stood outside of the house, she felt an overwhelming mixture of emotion. While it was a relatively minor accomplishment in the grand scene of things, Tara couldn't believe how a mere week had changed her life already. She looked down at her legs, which were now fully pumped up from the effort and were practically bulging with powerful, feminine muscle. "If this is what I can become in a week... I can't wait to see me by the end of summer!"

Surging with self confidence, Tara burst through the front door and marched straight to Cory's door. Today was the day she would put her foot down! As Tara neared the room, she could hear the same sounds that were emanating from it all week. Loudly, and with purpose, Tara banged on the door. "Cory! It's time we had a chat." she said sternly.

"Are you fucking kidding me" Cory uttered. The teen likely thought Tara couldn't hear him, but she did. He tossed his headset and controller aside before opening up the door. "What?!"

At that moment, Tara was reminded that her son stood a little over half a foot taller than her, and had been weight training at during gym class for the past couple of semesters. While he hadn't taken the activity very seriously, his youth granted him some respectable gains from the efforts. Still, Tara knew she had to do something or else Cory could hurt himself from his binging.

She put her hands on her hips and gathered her courage. "It's time to turn the games off and

experience this house your uncle so graciously let us use."

Cory sneered. "Why?"

Tara blinked. "Because I said to!"

"So?"

"And I'm your mother!" she reasoned.

"Who cares? What're you going to do, spank me?" he laughed haughtily. "Gonna drag me outside and force me to walk on some dumb nature trail?"

"No... Ugh. Cory! Come on dear, can't you see the benefits of experiencing life? I mean check out my legs!" it was a somewhat weird thing to bring up, but Tara flexed her quadriceps, causing the muscles to jut out.

Cory scrunched his face to the side. "I've already got muscles." he said before rolling the sleeve up on his t-shirt and flexing his arm. A decently sized bicep popped up.

Tara tried to think of an angle to get him to see things differently. "Aren't you afraid your old mom is going to get buffer than you? I mean check out my progress from one week!"

The teen shrugged. "So what, you got some newbie gains in your legs. I saw girls at my high school get that after a few sessions of squatting. Not like you're ever going to get actual muscles" Cory reached over and squeezed his mother's arm – it easily melded to his touch. Tara was audibly hurt from the motion. "Sorry, just proving a point." he said before letting go.

"Oh yeah!?" Tara was outraged. "Who's to say I won't start bodybuilding this summer!?"

Cory let out a snicker-sigh. "I've seen tons of girls try to get buff. Takes them months to pack on any upper body at all, and even then it slows down and they can't even catch up to me, let alone someone actually jacked. And these are fit girls in their prime, not, well, you know... Older."

Tara couldn't believe the words she was hearing. How could he be so callous. "Well if you sit around all summer like this you're going to get fat!"

Cory shook his head. "Even if I did gain a couple pounds, I can just lose it real quick once school starts. Face it mom, guys will always be the stronger, better gender."

"BETTER!?" Tara felt like she was going to see red.

"Yeah, I mean, we're undoubtedly stronger and I'd argue smarter too. I mean, I'm less than half your age and I'm already stronger AND smarter than you."

Tara was now actually seeing red. "I bet that by the end of the summer I'll make you look like a weak slob!" she couldn't believe she would actually say something like that to her son, but this was ridiculous.

Cory started laughing again. "Tell you what. You can train for... what, six weeks? And I'll continue sitting here playing games, and even after that I'll still be stronger than you."

Tara swallowed. This was her chance. "Fine! How about we have a race after six weeks?"

Cory shrugged. "I don't care about being fast."

"Alright... then how about a best two out of three. Physical activities. Winner takes all. You can even choose the other two activities. Physical ones, so no video games."

Cory snickered. "So... how about weight-lifting and arm-wrestling?" He knew there was no way he could lose those two.

Tara mulled over for a minute. "Alright. We'll do that."

"Wait... what's the point of this anyways?"

"We'll have a wager. If... If you win, then I won't talk to you again unless you want me to. Hell, you can call yourself the 'man' of the household and do whatever you want this summer."

"Sweet. And if you win?"

"If I win..." Tara started, wondering how to word it. "Then you'll have to do whatever I say for the remainder of the summer, until school starts again."

"And how would you possibly enforce that?" Cory asked with a smug expression on his face.

"Well, in that case, I'd be stronger than you, right? Shouldn't be too hard to coerce you since that's all you seem to care about."

Cory raised an eyebrow before laughing. "Alright, that's a good point. Fine. Let's do it. In six weeks from today we'll race, arm-wrestle and weight-lift. I won't even bother training at all."

"And if I win you'll admit that men are NOT superior to women!"

"Sure whatever. Do we have a deal?"

Tara reached her hand out. "Deal."

Cory shook it, feeling utter disbelief that his mother was so desperate to make a fool of herself. "Deal. Say can you make me some more macaroni and cheese?"

She rolled her eyes. "Sure." she said before sternly walking off.

Tara had found the answer to her question. She had a goal.

4)

Still in tizzy, Tara marched into the kitchen. She made herself another salad, this time increasing the portion of grilled chicken dramatically, and whipped up another bowl of mac n' cheese for her son. After putting the food by Cory's doorstep, she returned to her meal and angrily devoured it. She started thinking about what she'd need to do in order to accomplish her new goal: becoming stronger than her son. Without context, it may have sounded like a petty aspiration, but Tara needed to prove to Cory that women were just as capable as men.

But how would she do it? She knew that there was an objective difference between men and women. Sexual dimorphism was a very real thing. In a mere six weeks could she actually become stronger than a healthy 17 year old male who weight trained for nearly a year? She stabbed a large piece of chicken, imagining its lean protein content directly feeding her muscles.

It didn't matter what was supposedly possible. She HAD to become stronger. She felt guilty for how Cory had turned out. Sure, he had good grades and was athletic enough, but it was her own fault that he was so disrespectful towards an entire gender.

Before long, Tara had finished the large salad. Her legs were still hurt by the punishment they had endured earlier in the day, but she couldn't let that interfere with her goal. She trudged down to the basement and stomped into the basement's gym. There was a tablet computer on the juice bar. She picked it up, flicked it on and looked up a workout routine for building strength. The guides all recommended focusing on different body part groups on each day of the week to allow for recovery. Tara decided that she didn't have time for that, and if she got sore she'd simply use the recovery pills in the medicine cabinet.

Without hesitation, Tara quickly started the pantheon of lifts. She focused on lifting as heavy as she could with a low number of repetitions per set. Her upper body was disappointingly weak, finding that even curling 15 pound dumbbells was a difficult prospect. Tara's lower body on the other hand was surprisingly strong, capable of squatting more than her own body weight from the get-go.

Determined to get as much done as possible, Tara even added a wide variety of specialized isolation movements to ensure that she strengthened every muscle she possibly could. It took her over two hours, but she finally managed to bring every single muscle to near-failure. Like a wounded animal, she dragged herself over to the juice bar and prepared another shake. This time she added an extra scoop of protein powder. While the shake didn't taste quite as good, Tara cared far more about the beverage's potential to build muscle than anything else.

Tara washed up – this time opting for a quick shower instead of a luxurious bath. After rinsing herself clean, she opened the fridge, grabbed a jar of peanut butter, some celery sticks, and headed into the office. While the celery didn't offer much, she wanted a vessel to put the protein rich peanut butter onto.

In office, Tara grabbed a book specifically on exercise nutrition. Her knowledge acquired from the general nutrition book helped her understand the rather complex notations the more specialized tome utilized. After scouring the book's pages for a few hours, Tara deduced that she would eat a huge surplus of calories, paying no heed to whether she built up fat or not. Worst came to worst, she would simply cut the excess weight off. Even if this plan made her somehow lose the race, she realized that the key to winning the contest would be to dominate the strength-based portions.

Physically and mentally exhausted, Tara made herself another large meal before heading to bed. She decided that Cory was more than old enough to feed himself. It wasn't like she was preventing him from leaving the room and grabbing something anyways.

5)

The following morning

Tara was more sore than she had ever been in her entire life. Every muscle in her frame felt like it had been to hell and back, and she wasn't sure if the relief pills would be enough to get through the day's workout.

At a snail's pace, she crawled out of bed and made her way to the medicine cabinet. The mere act of raising her arms to open the furniture was alarmingly painful. Twisting the cap off of the bottle was another challenge, but she persevered. After quickly swallowing a dose, she followed up with her new daily regimen of multivitamins and supplements. Instead of placing the pain relief pills back in the medicine cabinet, she opted to leave them by the bed's nightstand, so she

could easily reach them the next time she needed them.

As she slowly made her way into the kitchen, Tara saw a variety of junk food wrappers strewn across the counter-tops. "At least he didn't starve." she said to herself, deducing that Cory must have engorged on them the night prior. She felt a pang of guilt for her son eating this way, but told herself that this would help him in the long run. Plus – if he felt ill for eating poorly, hopefully he'd start to connect the dots and choose healthier options.

Tara prepared herself another large breakfast, this time completely skipping the salad and simply chowing down a massive portion of chicken breast. After finishing her meal up, the home phone began to ring. "Strange. Guess I'll tell them that Terry isn't here." she reasoned before moving over to the wireless receiver and picking it up.

"Hey sis, that you?" A masculine voice greeted her.

"Uhh, Terry?" Tara replied.

"Th' one and only!" he had a peculiar way of speaking – an accent that didn't quite fit a specific demographic. He obtained his lexicon from traveling the world at business meetings, trying to adjust his speech patterns to fit in everywhere at once.

"Umm... why didn't you just call my cell?"

Terry snickered. "Had ta make sure you actually went to th' summer house!"

Tara smiled and replied warmly. "Well, I guess that's a good point. Anyway, you were totally right. It's amazing here! I feel pretty silly for waiting so long."

"Glad ta hear that! What're you keepin' yourself up to? Watchin' WebFlix?"

Tara was taken aback by how eerily accurate his prediction was for the first few days of her time there. "Well... I WAS at first... But then I decided to start really taking advantage of my time here and bring my fitness to a new level."

"Ooh? Well I'm glad to hear that sis. I did always say you had a lotta potential... for a girl."

The disclaimer at the end of his sentence stung, but Tara knew she needed to stay in Terry's good graces. Before she could respond, Terry continued. "What kind of fitness are ya doin'? Just some runnin' and avoiding getting too bulky?"

"That... Well at first, yes. Then something happened and I decided it was time to see how strong I can get."

"Oooh..." he cooed again, clearly intrigued. "You know, I told you to do this a loong time ago."

"Yeah. I know."

"I mean, I know that I personally can't really get much size, but we've got different genetic lots in life. So, what was the catalyst for the transformation? Gettin' the start of some bingo wings, or maybe Cory finally decided he's the man around there?"

Tara blinked a few times. "Terry... are you, spying on me?"

Terry laughed heartily. "Come on honey, you know I'm too busy for that. I've been able to read people and predict what's ta come my whole life. That's how I got to where I am."

Tara scrunched her face. "Well, you're right. I started off wanting to just, you know, get kind of 'milfy'" she giggled a bit at the slang term. "So I started jogging and doing the RipMasterXtreme program. Then after a week I saw some good results in my legs and thought maybe my upper body could use that too."

"And the bit about Cory?"

Tara sighed. "Yeah. He won't get out of his room. Been playing, that game, hell if I can remember what it is."

"Call of Battlefield 9?"

"Yeah, sure, that one. Anyway, I tried to taunt him a bit, get his blood stirring – told him I'd be better than him by the end of the summer. He started laughing in my face, telling me that'd be impossible. We agreed that in six weeks we'd have a series of contests, running, weight-lifting and arm-wrestling."

Terry laughed again. "Lemme guess – you're sure you've got the running contest locked up, but yer scramblin' ta win the other two?"

"... Yeah." Tara admitted. She hated how sharp her brother's analytical ability was. It felt like he was always one step ahead of her, even if he had mostly good intentions.

"Look sis. I'm gonna to tell it to you straight. You're probably boned. Well, not like that, fuck, I didn't... You know what I mean! Anyway. I really don't know if you can get bigger than him in six weeks... But this is a good opportunity ta try out some stuff I've been whippin' up."

Tara raised an eyebrow. "Like... steroids?"

Terry snorted. "No! Jesus Tara. I mean like stuff that'll help yer trainin'. Didja get your nose into the soreness recover pills yet?"

"Yeah." Tara admitted.

"And did they work wonders?"

"Yeah."

"Well, more stuff like that. Though this ain't FDA approved so you can't be tellin' anyone about it."

Tara was slightly unnerved. "So... like what?"

"I've got two main ones that could use some good field testin' like this. Especially on a woman. Th' first is a pill that'll let you work out more often each day. I won't get into the nitty gritty, but it messes with the lactic acid buildup your muscles get from workin' out. It tricks yer body into lettin' you tear your muscles up more for greater recovery. Thing is, you NEED to make sure you get enough nutrition otherwise shit could get bad."

"Right." Tara had read about the basics of that stuff the exercise nutrition book. It checked out, and could be a potent tool. "And the other?"

"Well, as you may know if you've been following my work, Terry Corp proudly has a very, very effective appetite suppression pill. There's all kindsa dosages to help anyone control their diet real easy like. Of course that ain't gonna help here. Instead you can try out my appetite

enhancer pill. It'll help yer body consume and process even more food."

Tara recalled how engorged she felt the evening prior. "So that'll ensure I can get the nutrition I need for the first pill?"

"For th' extra workouts that the first pill allows – yeah. Lemme make something very clear though, this stuff will NOT make bring you past your natural limit. It'll just help you get there a bit faster."

"I have to say Terry... I'm quite surprised you're so eager to do all of this. I mean, usually you view this kind of thing as the 'old boy's club' "

Terry let out a sigh. "You never seem to quite get it. I've got NO problem with a woman tryin' to reach her natural potential. What I'm against is deluding lil' girls into thinkin' that sexual dimorphism doesn't exist."

"And that women aren't as smart either. Right?"

Terry sighed again. "Look Tara. I've run countless tests on this shit and I really don' want to get into it again."

"Tests that are biased towards men."

"Les just drop this, ok?"

"Alright, good call." Tara agreed.

"Anyway, I'm gonna have a care package sent to you. Should get there tomorrow – rush delivery an' all that. It'll have the pills I talked about, some high end protein powder, an' some other goodies."

Tara was somewhat shocked. "Th...thanks Terry. Seriously." Tears began to well up in her eyes.

"Ah, don' menshun it. Oh – one thing though. I need you to do me a solid."

"What's that?"

"There's a machine in the gym that you've no doubt seen – it scans bodies and provides full check ups. There will be an override code in the goodie pack for the machine to send data to my personal computer. I need the data from it to gauge the effectiveness of the pills."

"So I'm just a human guinea pig?"

Terry sighed.

Before he could continue, Tara interjected. "Sorry, that's selfish of me. I'll help your test, as long as you promise the pills are safe."

"Of course they are Tar. Just make sure you eat enough if you do multiple workouts, ok?"

"Got it."

The two idly chit-chatted for a few more minutes before bidding farewell and hanging up.

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Tara was less sore from the pills she took earlier, but still felt quite a bit of pain using her body. Unwilling to give in, she went back into the bedroom and swallowed another dose. She decided to forego a morning run that day and immediately went to the gym in the basement. Within the few minutes of reaching the room, the effects of the second dose of soreness relievers kicked in. Feeling energized once more, Tara eagerly repeated the same routine she had finished the day before.

After pushing her body to its limit once again, Tara decided to spend the rest of the day researching nutrition and human bodies with a sprinkling of psychology. She hoped that Terry's package would arrive the next day, and that it would work as he claimed it would.

6)

The next morning.

Before the sun could awaken Tara from her slumber, a loud doorbell did exactly that. Tara stumbled out of bed, throwing on a windbreaker to clothe her upper body, and let a mere pair of skimpy panties cover her bottom-side. She was sore once again, so she swallowed a quick dose of the sore-relief pills quickly taking off for the door, opening it without delay.

Tara was greeted by a relatively short young man, roughly her own height, with a package. She found that his eyes were staring down toward the ground. The brunette glanced down and realized that he must have been ogling her naked legs. Examining them herself, she couldn't exactly blame the poor guy. In fact – it was somewhat enrapturing to have someone feeding her this attention.

"Like what you see?" She asked playfully before pumping her feet up, causing her calves to flare out from behind her shins, and a striation to grow more apparent on her quads. 'Neat, those got even more ripped' she thought to herself watching the muscles dance.

The young man caught himself, shaking free of his bewildered stare "Oh god ma'am! I am so, so sorry! I didn't mean-"

Tara interrupted him with a loud giggle. "It's alright." she turned around and intentionally bent over with a yoga pose she practiced before making the cheeks of her round butt jump. "I don't mind the attention." she explained before standing back up and facing him.

The delivery man simply stared, slack-jawed.

"Unless you don't like the performance..."

"No! Not that at all! I just..."

"How old are you anyways?" Tara couldn't believe how easily she wrapped this guy around her finger.

"22."

"Well, you're quite handsome mister 22." she said with a smirk. "But I think you've got a package for me, and some other deliveries to attend to, right?"

The man snapped free of his trance entirely. "Yes!" he said presenting the package. "You need to sign. There's a ton of insurance on this thing." he explained, handing her a clipboard.

Tara signed the paper and accepted the box. "Say, do you usually deliver stuff up here?"

He nodded. "Five days a week. I'm one of the few drivers capable of bringing the van up the mountain paths without any issue."

"Well 22, maybe I'll see you around soon, huh?"

"Y-yeah!" Just then, a device from within the delivery van began beeping. "Oh crap, I gotta get going miss. Have a great day!" and with that he turned around, ran back to his vehicle and drove off.

Tara smirked. "What a cutie." she mused to herself before heading inside. Her confidence was sky-high once again thanks to event.

She made her way back to the bedroom where she opened the box. Inside were the supplements Terry had been talking about, a note, and a credit card. The note explained in full detail the safe way to utilize the pills, and how to upload her biological information from the scanner to Terry's computer. It also explained that she was free to charge whatever she wanted on the card, as long as it wasn't an outrageous amount – like more than \$25,000. If she did need something that expensive though, she was more than free to contact him about it.

Tara picked up the card and scrunched her face. She disliked the idea of accepting any handouts from her brother. Still, she was going to help him test these pills, all without any government regulation. Plus, she needed to win this contest, and if Terry's money could help, then dammit, she'd just have to use it! Then again – there wasn't anything she could think of at the moment to buy, so instead she ran down to the gym with the instructions for the machine in hand.

Booting up the device, she input the commands, bringing her to a hidden menu. A metallic arm emerged from the middle of the device, and produced a long metallic needle. A series of instructions appeared for Tara to perform a blood test. She pricked herself with the needle and let the machine take what it needed. After a few moments, a long list of data appeared. "Looks like I'm pretty healthy." she noted. Next the machine wanted to perform a body-scan on her. She obliged, following the same directions she had the last time. After the machine scanned her, she took a look at the results:

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5' 5.9"

Weight: 139 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: 23%

The information was intriguing. She had definitely lost a good deal of bodyfat – and must have gained a fair deal of muscle since her weight remained the same. Her posture must have improved from all of the yoga too, as her height was now a smidgen higher as well. Satisfied with what she saw, Tara sent the data off to her brother.

With that out of the way, Tara quickly got to work on lifting weights. While she wasn't quite ready to graduate to heavier levels, the entire ordeal did seem a bit easier and more manageable. After finishing up her first workout, she blended up a concoction using the protein powder provided in the package in tandem with the usual recipe. It tasted even funkier than before, but Tara didn't care – all she wanted was for the drink to make her stronger.

After finishing up in the gym, Tara headed upstairs and prepared herself another protein packed meal. She noticed that she was forcing herself to finish the meal, and remembered the gift Terry

provided. Tara opened up both bottles – the muscle recovery supplement, and the appetite enchanter and took a dose of each. After about 15 minutes, she found her appetite returning – in full force! She not only finished her meal, but found herself craving even more sustenance.

Tara continued to feast for another dozen minutes or so. She glanced over at the clock and realized it was still relatively early in the morning. Feeling fully refreshed thanks to the supplements and food, she headed off for a run, tackling the intermediate course track once more. To her absolute delight, Tara found that the course had become more manageable than ever, and while her legs did still burn quite a bit when she finished, she didn't feel totally spent.

The rest of Tara's day was spent in a similar fashion. She managed to get in three full weight training sessions, and studied for the remainder of her time. While the woman didn't quite have an end-goal after these six weeks were up, she knew exactly what she had in mind for the near future.

7)

Three days later.

Tara rolled out of bed in tandem with the sun's rise. Her natural clock had become finely tuned, causing her to fall sleep and awaken at the same times each day – 10:30PM and 5:15AM sharp. She notice that she hadn't even bothered using caffeine to stay awake, nor any relaxants to fall asleep at night. It was a small, but somewhat relieving improvement, not having to rely on those things anymore. Having completed three full body weight training sessions, and two runs on the intermediate trail outside the day prior, her body was quite sore. She reached over and grabbed the bottle of pills, downing double-dose right off the bat. The woman allowed herself to relax in the bed for another 15 minutes, and could feel the effects of the pills working their magic on her over time.

After her soreness vanished, she got up and examined herself in the mirror – every single part of her body showed some sign of improvement. "Daaamn." she said, noting how a small indentation between her shoulder cap and upper arm had appeared – even while she was fully relaxed. Tara flexed her arms, and her eyes grew wide as two small bumps of muscle rose up on command.

Amped up from her progress, she quickly downed her supplements for the day, ate a large breakfast and got to work with daily exercises. Tara started off with some morning yoga, finding that the beginner moves were finally feeling like beginner. She was surprised by how much her flexibility had improved. Next she went for a jog down the intermediate trail – but this time decided to kick it up a notch and full on run down the trail. The increased speed made the task more difficult, but provided the satisfying burn in her legs that had been absent the day prior on her jog.

Finishing the run up, Tara took the supplements and began to feast. She followed it up with more weight training, taking delight in the fact that she could now up the amount she lifted. Fifteen pound dumbbells turned into twenties, and her bench press was finally reaching the triple digit range.

This was a process that Tara repeated throughout the day. Thanks to the supplements and the large supply of food at the home, she could afford to continuously pump her body up and feed it. After reaching a breaking point, she would take breaks to continue her studies.

During one of her study sessions, Tara came across some interesting psychology. She read about theories regarding 'alpha' and 'beta' status, and the relation of these things in regard to gender.

The text continued on, comparing and contrasting human social status to those of various animal groups. While the book didn't specifically mention so – there was a feeling she just couldn't shake: maybe she needed to evaluate this in regards to how Cory was raised.

The woman took a long, hard look at herself and the decisions she made as Cory grew up. While she worked her tail off to provide for the two of them, she also let Cory essentially walk all over her. With no father figure to provide a moral compass, it was no wonder that he had so little regard for her. Of course – she did concede that the man who was his birth father would likely have caused more harm than good to the boy's development.

It felt like a strange and uncomfortable train of thought, but Tara started internalizing a belief that she needed to become a true 'alpha'. Not in the sense of dating techniques, or anything like that – but alpha like the leader of animal tribes. She would forge herself into an immense strong and intelligent being who lead by her actions, not her words. As Tara trained and studied, everything fed itself into this train of thought, and before long she had another goal – a goal that went beyond simply beating Cory in a childish contest. She was going to become a true alpha human – and by that regard, the best role model she could be for her son.

8)

A few days later. 4.5 weeks until the contest.

Tara came up from the basement after her morning weight training session. Between completely 'beasting' the intermediate track and getting her bench press to a nice 100 pounds flat, she was feeling downright invincible. The house was starting to run bare on food, and some of the bottles of amino acids in the medicine cabinet were approaching their end. She didn't want to spend her day doing such, but it was finally time for her to take a trip to the nearby town and resupply.

After rinsing herself off in the shower, she took another gander at her naked form. To her delight, the pouch of fat by her midsection had all but disappeared! There was even a slight outline of abdominal muscles poking out – though nothing that could be classified as a pack. Thrilled, after throwing on some undergarments, Tara triumphantly put on the sleeveless belly shirt she had been eyeballing since she arrived. It was a red garment, and to her surprise, was far tighter around back than it was when she tried it on nearly three weeks ago.

With some fidgeting, Tara managed to get the shirt on in a reasonable manner. As Tara admired herself in the clothing, she bit her lip, unable to believe that it was her in the mirror's reflection. Her bare shoulders were now significantly rounded, and a noticeable bump on her arms was visible even relaxed. While her midsection lacked the rock-hard abs she craved, there was still close to no fat at all present.

Feeling especially risque, Tara opted to change her underwear for a lacy red thong. Her large, round, rock hard rump practically swallowed the garment – an effect that the woman loved. She settled on a cute denim mini-skirt that showed off the lion's share of her powerful legs. After determining her outfit, Tara grabbed a pair of high-heels. She imagined how downright ridiculous her lower half would look with the elevation – but to her utter shock, her feet were... too large for the shoes..!

"What the fff-..." she muttered, finding she was completely unable to squirm her feet into the pumps. Her sneakers fit, so what gave? Curious, she held up her trusty pair of running sneakers and noticed something – they were visible stretched out. "Weird." she concluded before grabbing a pair of flip flops and barely getting her feet into them.

Finally ready, she grabbed her purse, and the card Terry gave her and headed off to the town.

While her destination was only 20 miles away, the long, winding road there forced her to drive slowly, and the trek took a little over 40 minutes.

To Tara's surprise, despite being a low-population town, there were a lot of upscale stores and restaurants. She figured that a lot of wealthy seasonal residents like her brother must have been the lifeblood of these businesses. Her first objective was to get some high heels that fit! After stopping outside of a shoe store, she looked down at her bare toes and realized that they were actually fairly ragged and unkempt. "I've been so busy preparing for the contest I've forgotten to groom them! Ugh. Well today's my me day, so I may as well indulge." she decided that before getting a pair of shoes, she'd take a trip to the local spa.

Pulling out of the shoe store's parking lot, she soon found a high-class looking spa. After parking, Tara got out and strode into the building. As she entered the room, the staff clearly ogled the fit limbs on display thanks to Tara's revealing attire. Tara ordered the most expensive and elaborate package they had, which was sure to pamper each and every part of her body.

The spa treatment went on for nearly two full hours. Numerous times throughout the service, attendants stopped to comment on various parts of Tara's body. One girl in particular was especially enraptured by the muscular woman.

"These calves are absolutely amazing!" She commented during the pedicure.

Tara smirked. "Are the quads not up to snuff?" she teased.

The girl glanced up to observe the muscles in question, and noticed she could accidentally see straight up Tara's mini-skirt. She blushed before looking back down. "Of course they are! And, uh, your ass is too."

Tara couldn't help but giggle.

As the attendant continued pedicuring Tara's feet, she couldn't help but ask something that was on her mind. "Hey, uh, how old are you?"

Tara blinked a couple times. "Isn't that kind of rude to ask someone?"

"Sorry..."

Before the girl could finish her apology Tara interjected. "I'm just messing with you. I'm 35."

"What!? Really?! Are you just kidding around even more!?" the girl stammered.

Tara started laughing more heartily before shaking her head. "Not at all. I even have a teenage son."

The attendant's eyes grew wide. "God. I just ask because you're a decade older than me, and you had a kid!? But your legs... hell, your entire body, puts mine to shame!"

The compliments were sending Tara's confidence sky high. She realized that she wielded a great deal of power over the girl at the moment. Following the train of thought she had been on for a few days now, she was the 'alpha' here: larger, stronger, and when she was finished with this spa - more sexually appealing.

"Don't sell yourself short." Tara offered. "I'm sure you could have a rockin' bod if you tried."

The girl was flushed with embarrassment. "I've tried working out before, but I just can't seem to

get results like that."

"Well, for what it's worth, I have no idea how to take care of my appearance like you do."

The girl sighed. "That stuff's simple. It just dresses up the core of a person's looks. What really matters is the foundation you build it upon."

"That's true. Tell you what, how about in... five weeks, you come visit me. I'll personally train you, and you can teach me some grooming tricks."

The girl's face lit up. "Really!? I mean, yeah, sounds cool." She had finished pedicuring Tara's feet. "So, uhm, ready for your full body massage?" she asked, blushing slightly.

"Sounds like you're just excited to get to feel these muscles." Tara joked.

The girl's blush deepened. "No comment." she added before leading Tara into the private massage room.

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After the treatment was finished, Tara looked even more stunning. Before leaving, she picked up a large swath of beauty products so she could try to maintain this image at home. As she walked out of the building and into her car, she could feel the eyes of every hot-blooded male, and most women, around her craning their necks to get a better view. She smirked, reveling in the attention before taking off and returning to the shoe store.

The shoe store was another upscale business, sporting a wide variety of expensive looking footwear. Before long, a somewhat elderly man approached Tara. "Oh, well hello there. Can I help you?"

Tara turned to the man and flashed a pearly white smile. "Yeah. I think I need my feet measured."

The man blinked a couple times before clearing his throat and leading her over to a bench. Tara sat down before confidently spreading her arms across the seat's back and kicked her flip-flops off non-nonchalantly. As the shoe salesman took her foot, he had to try his hardest to not comment on either the beautiful pedicure she had, nor the incredibly sculpted leg attached to it.

Almost hurriedly, he placed the foot on a nearby scale and took the measure. "Looks like you've got a size eight here." he explained.

"Size eight!?" Tara yelled out, hunching over.

"Err, yes. See?" he said, pointing to the measure. He was right. "Is this something surprising?"

"Yeah... I was wearing size sevens a few weeks ago." she said, shrugging her round shoulders.

"Now then, how about your bring me that pair of high heels over there, in my size of course. She said before lazily pointing towards a pair that looked particularly appealing.

The older fellow obliged, quickly grabbing the shoes and bringing them over. As he presented the box, Tara had a feeling she could make his day – or possibly even week. "Would you like the honors?" she asked before casually bringing her foot up into his field of vision.

The man's face reddened and he gulped. "If... if you insist." he said before tenderly taking her foot in his hand and slipping the shoe on. "It appears to be a good fit.. and goes very nicely with

this coloring on your nails.”

Tara smirked. “Go on and dress the other one.” she said, placing the other clean, delicate foot near him. Her behavior could have easily been construed as rude, but this guy was clearly 'getting off' to a degree on it. Like a thirsty traveler stumbling upon an oasis, he quickly grabbed the other foot and dressed it.

With both heels on, Tara stood up. They added over three inches of height to her frame, and she now stood slightly taller than him. “Mmm... I just love this new perspective for me.” she purred.

“It... it certainly does suit you.” the man admitted, clearly flustered by Tara's presence.

“Strange how a couple extra inches makes me feel so... hmm, what's the word I'm looking for?”

“P.. Powerful?” the man offered.

Tara smiled warmly and nodded. “Yeah. And to think that I've only just started my new workout routine a couple weeks ago.”

The man gulped. “What kind of workout routine?”

“Depends. What's your opinion on muscles on a lady like me?”

“On a lady like you... Well, if you don't mind me being so forward, I think it's kind of terrifying. In a good way.”

Tara laughed lightly. “Well, I'll be sure to come back and give you a nice scare in a few weeks. Now then, how about we get adorning these feet of mine?”

He gulped again. “Sounds good to me.”

The man was clearly possessed, finding the idea of serving someone like Tara to be incredibly pleasurable. Tara, of course, loved the attention, and how this fed into her 'alpha' thought process. She picked up two pairs of running shoes, more dressy high-heels, and another pair of flip-flops. She left the store in a pair of high-heels. The added height made her somewhat muscular frame even more imposing, and her legs looked downright deadly – her calves in particular were constantly jutting out, visibly displaying their power.

Satisfied with that, she took a trip to the clothing store and picked up a large assortment of outfits. Next on her list was the supermarket, where she filled two entire shopping carriages full of food. Tara went all out, grabbing a myriad of items. There was a ton of bodybuilding centric foods for herself, and junk food for Cory – although he was more than welcome to eat the healthier food if he wanted. While she felt somewhat guilty for letting him eat all of that crap, she knew that after she won the contest, things would change.

Finally, Tara stopped by the local vitamin shop. As she walked in, the shopkeeper, a muscular man around her age gave a distinct cat-call whistle. Tara wasn't sure whether to get mad or to feel flattered. She decided to settle on the latter before looking over the stock. Before she could linger for long, the man had already approached her.

“Why helloooooo there hot-stuff! How can I help you today?”

Tara rolled her eyes. “You don't need to play that kind of game with me, got it?”

The man was visibly taken aback by her delivery and sheer confidence. Seeing this reaction

further fueled the way Tara felt, giving her an even greater sense of power, even if this man was physically larger than she was.

"Sorry miss. It's just a rare treat that someone like you comes in." he explained while unashamedly looking her up and down.

Tara relented and smiled. "Well, I guess I can't blame you. Must get kind of boring in a vitamin shop anyways."

"Well we got more than just vitamins... but yeah. It does. So what brings you here anyway?"

"Believe it or not, I'm looking for the highest end muscle building stuff you've got here." While there were still some supplies left at the house, she was tearing through them at an alarming pace.

"Judging by your legs, I don't find that too surprising." the man said before leading her over to a display of protein powder jugs. "Here we have the MaxGainer series of products." There was a pyramid stacked up of different varieties of the brand. "This is pretty much the top of the line stuff in general. Of course, it does cost more..."

"Money isn't an issue." Tara added.

"Right, right. Well, for a lovely dame like yourself, I recommend this one." he said before picking up a pink canister of powder. It was labeled 'Max Gainer Femme' "It's specially formulated to help 'tone', ya know, avoid getting too bulky and all that."

Tara blinked a couple times. "People actually believe that crap?"

the man sighed. "Look, it's just got a lower concentration of stuff in it to help stop you from getting too jacked."

Tara raised an eyebrow. "My goal IS to get jacked though." She reached over and picked up the canister on the top of the container. It was labeled 'Max Gainer Ultra +++'. "I'm guessing this is the best one for getting huge?"

"Well, yeah. But I gotta warn you that it's not going to bring you past your limits."

There was that stupid disclaimer again. Her brother used it before, and now this guy was too. Tara eyed the back of the container. It sported a tacky warning label claiming that it would give natural gainers explosive results. She did some math and figured that a single container should last her for a couple weeks. Then again – if she were to increase the amount she consumed, that number would go down. "I'll take eight." she concluded before tossing the container over to him.

The man stumbled as he tried to catch the Ultra while holding onto the Femme. "Lady, I gotta warn you, this stuff is a couple hundred PER container."

Tara shrugged. "You pay for quality, right?"

"Yeah... but..." he sighed. "I'm gonna level with you miss. I'm not supposed to say this shit but... This is not going to help you in the way you're thinking it will. You're already pretty jacked for a chick, and you're probably near your plateau. This stuff will just be a ripoff for you."

Tara gave him a stern stare. "I didn't ask for your opinion on the matter. In fact, I bet that the next time you see me, I'll be huge enough to rip your arms off!"

"Whoa there miss. Sorry for getting you all worked up. Guess I'll just have to hold you to that."

Satisfied, Tara smirked. "Go get the other seven canisters and let me look at the rest of the supplements here in peace."

The man obeyed. Watching him do as she told was empowering. Tara turned her attention to the supplements and started grabbing multiple. She recalled what she had read in her nutrition textbook and started selecting products that had potential synergies. For example, there were amino acids that were said to stimulate mental activity when used in tandem. Others claimed to naturally release growth hormones. For almost every kind of physical improvement, there was allegedly some kind of supplement combination to help facilitate it.

She grabbed a two month's supply of each supplement and filled a shopping basket to its brim. Combined with the eight canisters of protein powder brought her total a little under \$2,000. As the man rang up the contents, he couldn't believe his eyes. "I'm pretty sure this is the biggest purchase I've ever seen here."

Tara smiled "The best investment you can make is in your health, right?" she flexed her arms, causing a pair of lemon sized arms to pop up on command.

"May I?" he asked, gesturing his hand towards the limb.

Tara nodded and the man gave her arm a solid squeeze. "Damn. I gotta admit this thing is friggan hard!" he squeezed it some more, awestruck in the quality of her musculature.

"Is that the only thing that's hard around here?" she asked with a snicker, noting how long he had lingered on the contact.

The man let go. "Well, I don't want to be inappropriate..."

"Don't worry. I like the attention, plus you're pretty well built. Still, in a couple months I'm coming back to rip your arms off." she laughed warmly.

He raised an eyebrow. "Like I said, I'll hold you to that. Promise you'll come back when that happens?"

"Sure thing." Tara said with a wink before leaving the store.

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It had been a long shopping trip, but when Tara got home, she still managed to get in another workout session and some studying.

9)

The next day

Cory heard his mother leave to go on her afternoon run. He couldn't believe how often she was leaving the house these days. The teen preferred emerging from his room when his mother wasn't around. Ever since they decided to have that contest, he didn't want to bother escalating tensions any further. While he cared about his mother, as he grew older it had become increasingly difficult to take her seriously – especially with the life choice she chosen.

The teen made his way into the kitchen. He had formed a habit of raiding it when Tara was gone.

He'd usually make something easy, like instant mac n' cheese, and grab an armful of already prepared junk food. Examining the pantries, he noticed that there was a huge amount of new stuff. "Guess mom went shopping yesterday," he said to himself, noting the recent additions.

He turned his nose up at all of the unprepared lean meats and fresh produce. Soon he spotted a stash of junk. "At least she was smart enough to get something worth eating," he mused before grabbing some 'E-Z Mac' and getting it ready for consumption. As he banged around the kitchen, he stumbled upon four containers of Max Gainer Ultra+++. Tara had kept four in the kitchen and four in the basement gym. "The fuck is this," he said picking the container up and reading it. He couldn't believe his eyes as he read the label.

"She's serious about this huh," he noted before putting the container back down. "Poor thing," he realized that it was going to be soul crushing for her when he was still stronger than her in a little over four weeks from now. Still – maybe this would be a good lesson for her. It was about damn time she recognized he was the man of the house and started living him go through life as he wanted to.

The instant mac and cheese finished in the microwave. "Oh well," he said before grabbing it and bringing it to his room. After the hot food was safe, he grabbed an armful of chips, soda, and other snacks before slamming the door shut and resuming grinding out the next level of prestige in Call of Battlefield 9.

9.5)

After her experience in the town, something clicked in Tara's mind. She already had become an 'alpha' woman to a great degree. The way everyone she encountered looked at her. The way she was able to steer the direction of ever conversation. The way people went out of their way to accommodate her on command – more so than a regular store employee would... She already had a great deal of power – primarily that of sex appeal.

It was slightly mind-blowing how quickly she had acquired this. A mere few weeks ago she was a somewhat flabby thirty something year old whose prime years had seemingly passed her. Now she was someone on top of the world. Still, Tara wasn't close to satisfied. Why stop here? Why stop ever? Sure, horny men and women would obey her, but what about everyone else on her level already? She wanted to be a leader for everyone. The rush of confidence was intoxicating, and the greater she became, the more confident she felt. Tara had begun a mental positive feedback loop, virtually willing herself to consume immense amounts of nutrients, and to constantly tax her muscles.

Tara also started improving herself in other ways. Using the beauty products she purchased at the spa with some guides from the internet, she started a twice-daily skin care routine. She also continued devouring textbooks, eventually finishing off everything there was in Terry's office on nutrition and kinesiology. She also continued making significant progress on psychology, and had even begun working on learning some basics of science and math.

10)

2.5 weeks later: Two weeks before the contest.

Tara leapt out of bed at 5:05 AM sharp, landing gracefully on her feet. The woman approached the full length mirror and examined herself once more. In the past week and a half, her body had transformed even further. Every muscle on her body was now prominently visible at all times. A sculpted six pack had now proudly stuck out from her midsection, and her arms had grown from housing small powerful bumps to commanding respectable biceps and triceps. Miraculously,

unlike most women with low bodyfat, Tara's breasts hadn't shrunk at all. In fact, they were more prominent than ever thanks to a powerful pair of developing pecs underneath them.

Playfully, the woman put her hands on her head and started flexing her pectorals, causing the breasts to dance in unison with them. As narcissistic as it may seem, Tara had to admit that her new body was almost arousing to look at. She leaned in and examined her face, which appeared even more youthful and vibrant than usual. The regimen of moisturizers and other products she had been applying daily must have been working – that and the amino acids that claimed to bolster skin health.

She made her way to the bathroom and gobbled down her daily dose of supplements. While it wasn't entirely obvious to Tara, her mind had been working more sharply over the past week. The synergies of the amino acids worked splendidly, and Tara could both think faster and recall memories more quickly. She also found it easier to concentrate on specific tasks. These traits worked in tandem with her studying, leading to more productive sessions that allowed her to absorb greater amounts of information. On the same note, she could utilize everything she learned more effectively as well.

After washing up Tara started to get dressed. She had begun wearing windbreakers and long-sleeved shirts whenever she wasn't alone in the basement or somewhere else she was positive Cory wouldn't see her. Tara didn't want him to see her now-muscular upper body until she triumphed over him during their contest.

As she passed the nightstand, Tara noticed the soreness relief pills on her dresser and let out a snicker – she hadn't needed them in well over a week now. It was a strange thing, almost every day that passed, Tara felt like the pills were becoming more effective. After a couple days, she didn't need double-doses, and a few days after that, a single dose relieved her soreness almost instantaneously. Before long, her body simply didn't get sore anymore, no matter what she did to it the day prior.

During breakfast, something caught Tara by surprise, a text from Terry. It simply asked her to send over another blood test to his personal computer. Tara shrugged and decided she'd do it before her first weight training session of the day – it was probably for the best to keep him appeased.

Ready to tackle the first weight training session of the day, Tara headed to the basement's gym. Once there, she activated the body-scanning machine and let it take a sample of blood from her. After a few moments, the analysis was complete. Tara glanced over and noticed an error message, asking her to perform a body-scan as well. She complied, and the machine booted up its scanning diagnostic, asking the woman to stand with her arms up in front of its sensors.

Tara did as the machine asked and it quickly read her stats. She moved back over to the screen and took a look at what it had to say:

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5' 6.5"

Weight: 147 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: 18%

Tara's eyes grew wide at what she saw. She had become... taller? Tara wondered if this was the effect of growth hormone being released, or if perhaps her posture had simply improved significantly enough to effect her height that much. She was also way leaner than before, and must have packed on even more muscle than she thought since her weight went up. Tara wondered how Terry would react to the data, but knew that it was in her best interest to send it anyway. She glanced over the vitals and noted a few interesting points – her blood pressure and

heart-rate were phenomenal, and there was an analysis error. Apparently her blood itself had properties that the device couldn't recognize, and would send a huge list of data for Terry to analyze about it.

It was peculiar, but Tara decided she wouldn't bother paying it any mind for now. She had to get to work on training herself! Without further delay, Tara started hitting the weights. The burgeoning woman had made phenomenal progress within the past week, increasing her lifts by a relatively huge amount. As she comfortably bench pressed 170 pounds, she felt a familiar surge of confidence well from within as she slapped on an extra 10 pounds. She was able to move the new weight within the range of repetitions optimal for building strength.

After finishing the set, Tara sat up and contemplated the insanity of the fact that she had increased her bench press by 80 pounds in a mere two weeks. In fact, Tara now belonged to the elite minority of women capable of benching more than their own body weight. Still – that wasn't enough. Tara wanted more, no – Tara needed more. She needed to bench more than Cory. She estimated his bench press must lay somewhere close to 200 pounds – although that could fluctuate give or take 50 depending on how seriously he took his weight training at school. Even after she surpassed that, why should she stop there? She wanted to become so much stronger than Cory that he never doubted the potential of her gender, or any human being for that matter, ever again.

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A couple hours later, Tara was outside in front of the cross roads of mountain tracks. She decided it was finally time to kick things up another notch and to try the hard path. While she was pretty confident that she would be able to conquer the track without too much trouble, she decided to err on the side of safety and brought an experimental 'secret weapon' with her.

In the pocket of her windbreaker was a small container full of the Max Gainer Ultra+++ protein powder and the contents of the lactic-acid reducing pills. She had used the knowledge she gained from the nutrition books to concoct a mixture that would theoretically allow her body to recover rapidly – even during the middle of exercise.

Tara took off down the advanced trail at a fast jog. While she wanted to run, she was unfamiliar with the territory and didn't want to slip and fall off of a cliff or something. She noticed right away that this trail's terrain was sharply inclined and required a great more effort than even the intermediate track. She theorized that if she had attempted this track when she first started, that she wouldn't have gotten very far at all.

She powered through, and a familiar burning sensation returned to her legs. In her mind, this was her body receiving the stimulus it needed to become even more powerful. Through this constant self feedback loop, Tara had begun to associate the burning sensation of her muscles being taxed with pleasure. This wasn't to say that Tara wasn't a masochist – just that the specific burn for exercise had become thrilling.

The trail was ragged and twisted numerous times. After roughly 15 minutes she passed the quarter mark. She pushed forward, thinking only about the rewards her work would reap for her, instead of the challenge itself on hand. Eventually Tara approached the end of the trail – which meant she would have turn around and repeat the entire process again to get home. After reaching what was effectively the halfway point, she realized that even her extremely fit body was breathing heavily from the exercise.

At the 'half way' mark, she took a moment to catch her breath. "Let's see how this goes." she said before producing the container from her windbreaker and emptying its contents into her mouth. It tasted nasty, and she had to force herself to swallow it down, but the concept of what

the mixture could do for her provided more than enough motivation to complete the task.

At first, it seemed as if the mixture had done nothing. After catching her breath, she decided there was no time to waste and took off on her trek home. Within a few minutes of starting up again however, Tara could feel a strange sensation welling within her. It was like every muscle she had used that day was refreshing itself. The burning sensation in her legs remained, but it was more akin to the feeling she initially experienced when taxing her body, as opposed to the pain that extended use brought. She felt another burst of energy throughout her form, and was able to actually increase her pace, moving along the ragged path more quickly than she had on the way there.

Eventually, Tara reached her home again. Her lower half was completely beat, craving a break from the constant stream of activity. Tara had other plans however. She quickly marched into the kitchen and started preparing another dose of the combined supplements. Without hesitation she downed it and made her way to the basement's gym.

A few minutes later, she was surrounded by the weights of the gym. To her delight, the concoction had worked once more, and she felt ready to push herself to the limit again.

Tara grinned widely – her secret weapon had become a new mainstay in her self improvement plan.

10.5)

A few days later

Cory was awoken by the sound of a doorbell. He figured it was another delivery. Curious as to what his mother was having brought to the house, he opened the shades to the window of his house facing the front door and took a peak outside. He caught sight of the delivery man with a package – then he saw... a woman wearing a windbreaker with an enormous pair of exposed legs by the front door.

There was no mistaking it – that had to have been his mother. "No fuckin' way," he said to himself, observing the thick, tree-trunk like thighs and sculpted calves. Her legs were now on par with some of the fittest girls in his school – the girls who religiously squatted every other day, and thought that being told they could crush a watermelon with their legs was a compliment.

The teen continued watching the exchange, and rolled his eyes at how blatantly the relatively short man was interested in Tara. He rolled them again at how far Tara went out of her way to show off her body to him. At one point, she even let him touch her legs, practically thrusting one into his arms. He couldn't hear anything, but it looked like she was taunting the man to try to squeeze them. Try as the man may, he seemed to be completely unable to dent the muscular stems.

Before long, the delivery man had to depart and Tara started opening the packages on the spot. She pulled out some strange clothing – a large, bulky vest, and what looked like adjustable ankle and wrist weights. There was also some strange kind of mask. She put all of the items on before starting a jog.

Cory was unsure of what exactly he had just witnessed. Had his mother's legs really become that muscular? Was this some kind of trick? Well – he supposed it was possible. He had seen girls at his school with legs like that, and she was probably reaching the end of her newbie games. Besides, he had already accepted that he was likely going to lose the racing segment of the contest. It did worry him that she would likely be able to squat more than he could – but he would have to simply steer the weight-lifting section of the competition towards upper body lifts.

Still, there was something more baffling about the exchange. What the hell was that stuff she put on? He thought about it for a moment, and decided it had to have been some weighted clothing. Despite racking his brain, Cory still couldn't figure out what the mask was. Oh well, it didn't really matter anyway. The way the competition was setup, as long as his upper body was still stronger – which it had to be, him being a male and all, then there was no way he could fully lose. At absolute worst, they would have a tie of some sorts. Contented, Cory closed the blinds and got back to working on his next prestige.

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What Cory didn't know was the mask was one used for altitude training. The idea behind the device was that it would force the body to take in less oxygen, emulating that of the air in high altitude areas. Athletes who trained with the masks claimed that it helped strengthen their lungs, and increased their overall cardiovascular efficiency. Tara wasn't sure how accurate the claims were, but figured that since it wasn't on her dime, she may as well explore the potential for improving herself even further.

Tara had also been utilizing the mixture she had concocted. During her workouts, anytime she felt she had pushed her body to its limit, Tara would simply force herself to gulp down another serving of muscle building powder combined with Terry's lactic acid supplement. The first few days, the powder would take a few minutes before the full effect started kicking in, but curiously enough – Tara's body seemed to be using the powder more quickly after a dozen or so doses.

Another change Tara noticed was that she seemed to need Terry's appetite enhancer less and less frequently. She had gone from utilizing it numerous times a day, to only using it once a day if that. Somehow, appetite had become a non-factor for Tara, and her body seemed ready and willing to consume the nutrients she needed at any given time.

One final change baffled Tara more than the others. It was difficult to properly gauge, but her daily skin-care routine seemed to require less moisturizer and other products. In fact, she could notice a discernible change in her skin's quality on a near daily basis. She wasn't positive if this was something that was supposed to happen, but she hadn't read anywhere of this phenomenon occurring. Instead of questioning it too much, Tara decided to simply be grateful that yet another avenue for improvement had opened itself to her.

11)

One week before the contests

As Tara leapt out of bed and landed on her feet, there was an audible thud on the ground. "I'm going to have to stop doing that, or else Cory might catch on to something." she said with a snicker before moving over to the mirror for her morning self-ogling session.

Every muscle in her body was now significantly larger than a mere week ago. She had the appearance of a large physique model, but with softer, more feminine features. As she flexed her arms, she moaned slightly at the sight of the small softballs of power rising on command. Her abs were now thick and powerful, constantly protruding without any effort whatsoever. On a whim, she ran her fingers in between the ridges, marveling in the sheer separation between the slabs of muscle.

Tara had started dressing in long, loose sweatpants in addition to an oversized windbreaker in order to fully cover her muscular form. It wasn't a particularly flattering outfit, nor the most comfortable, but it did hide her insane progress in case Cory caught a peak of her. She wanted to give him the shock of his life during their contest.

On the nightstand, Tara's cellphone was blinking – indicating she had a notification. She turned the phone on and noticed a text from her brother. It was another request for more blood work and another body-scan. The woman had a feeling that she would eventually be confronted by Terry on her fairly insane transformation, but decided that it was best to just keep him placated and to worry about that later.

In the basement's gym, she booted up the machine and let it do its thing once again.

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5' 7"

Weight: 161 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: 15%

There was no denying it – Tara was gaining lean mass at an incredible rate, and was growing slightly taller to boot. Just like before, there was an identification error involving her blood, and she sent the data off to her brother.

"No time to dwell on that now." she decided before jumping straight into her workout. She loaded up the bench press with a staggering 240 pounds and squirmed underneath the bar. Without much fanfare, she hoisted the bar into the air and brought it down to her chest before repeating the motion. "Holy shit..." she said, noticing how light the bar felt in relation to even yesterday.

She sat up and slapped another 20 pounds onto the bar. The exercise was challenging, and conventional wisdom would have indicated she should have a spotter, but Tara threw caution to the wind. As she brought the bar down to her chest, she could feel the fibers in her chest tearing apart. The sensation was intoxicating, as Tara knew fully well that she would soon be providing her body with the nutrition it needed to rebuild those muscles with even more power behind them. After finishing four repetitions, she put the bar down and took a breather.

"I've increased my bench by 90 pounds in one week." she mentioned. Another thing she noticed was how quickly she had recalled that fact. She spent barely any time at all wondering how much she benched a week ago. "Brain's working faster too." she finally admitted. Her cognitive abilities had been improving for the past few weeks, but she never really pieced it together until then.

With a bench of 260, Tara knew there was no way in hell her son could top that. All of her other lifts with similarly impressive as well. Long gone were the days of struggling with 15 pound dumbbells for curls – Tara could now confidently move 50 pounds per arm, and felt like even that was overdue to be bumped up in difficulty.

Her legs, which were always her strong suit had become immensely strong. She could squat far beyond twice her own body weight, and they seemed to have an endless amount of stamina to them. On her runs, Tara had been upping the mass of the adjustable ankle weights on a nearly daily basis, and she found that her thick stems merely adapted to the new challenge within a day or two.

The 35 year old was ready for her son. There was no fathomable way he could defeat her in any of the three contests. Even still – she decided that there was no point in stopping quite yet. Tara wanted to put on a tremendous spectacle, and to truly shock Cory into respecting women.

"All this power, and I've still got an entire week to prepare." she said with a laugh. It was funny to her how all she really needed was 5 weeks instead of the full six. In fact, Tara wagered that even at four weeks she likely could have won the contest overall if Cory's body regressed at all over the summer.

Tara was ready. In one week she'd show her son just how strong a woman could be.

- To be continued..!