

Mother Knows Best Rebirth Chapter 6
By MagnusMagneto (<http://www.magnusmagneto.com>)
Special thanks to Ritualist and Detritus
Version 1.0
Approximately ~9600 words

((If you are reading this, then it probably means you've supported me on Patreon or a site like GumRoad! If that's the case, then thank you very much! It's only thanks to your generosity that I'm able to spend so much time working on stories like this.

If you are reading this and you haven't supported me, well, I hope that you enjoy the story regardless. If you like what you see, then please strongly consider dropping by my Patreon: <http://www.patreon.com/magnusmagneto>))

(As with all of my series, I'll include a recap here. Don't be intimidated by the length of the series – with some simple reading comprehension, this preview, and maybe glancing at the past previews, anyone can easily jump right in! =))

The Story so Far:

Tara, aged 35, and her son Cory, aged 17, were spending the summer at an unoccupied vacation home owned by Terry, Tara's brother. Cory initially stayed inside his room all day, only playing video games. Upset with the direction of things, and with her life in general, Tara decided to use the time away from home to get into shape. She quickly found that her body reacted splendidly to any amount of training. Inspired, she tried to encourage Cory to join her in getting fit.

Cory refused, and went so far as to insult his mother and challenge her to a physical competition after five weeks. The idea being, that even if Tara had five weeks to train, she still wouldn't be stronger, faster, or fitter than Cory.

Five weeks came, and Tara pushed herself to the limit. She ended up growing far faster than she imagined, gaining dozens of pounds of muscle, and even inches of height. When the competition came, she effortlessly dominated, and quickly began changing her son's life for the better.

After some initial rough patches, Cory began to take his mother's lessons to heart, and their relationship grew stronger than ever. During all of this, Tara continued to gain muscle, strength, intelligence, skills and even height at a supernatural rate.

Two months into their vacation together, Terry and his family came to visit. This included: Terry's model-like wife, Estella; his eldest son, the plump Barry; his adopted daughter, the 18 year old Kiko; and his youngest son, the 10 year old Harry.

Tara, who was now standing over 6 feet tall at nearly 400 pounds of pure muscle, thoroughly frightened her brother with her presence alone. The rest of the family reacted in different ways, with Estella and Harry thoroughly enjoying her muscles; Barry strongly disapproving; and Kiko outwardly displaying mostly apathy.

In the previous chapter, it was revealed that Estella had developed a rather toned and

impressive body, while Kiko had gained quite a bit of muscle mass herself. Kiko in particular had trained with various martial arts masters, quickly gaining everything there was to learn from them with unprecedented speed. The young woman lamented her muscular form, feeling that it was unfeminine, and cursing the fact that her body seemed to constantly gain muscle.)

1.) A few hours after the prior chapter, late at night.

Terry was clearly somewhat inebriated. Tara could sense, through his size, number of drinks, patterns of speech, and scent of his breath precisely how drunk he was; he was fairly trashed.

"So what's th' deal sis? Really?" Terry asked, highball in hand.

"What do you mean brother dear?" Tara replied. She was relieved that everyone else was asleep, or at least in their rooms, as Tara didn't quite want them to deal with a drunken Terry.

"This. All of this." He said, firmly poking her thick abs for emphasis. "Why're you buildin' yourself up like this?"

"Why not? Weren't you the one encouraging me to with those supplements?"

Terry laughed. He laughed stupidly for a good twenty seconds. Eventually he settled down and responded, "Of course, I wanted ta see what'd happen, but... THIS? You aint even human anymore Tara. Yer some kinda freak!"

If Tara had not mastered her own temperament from dealing with Cory's insolence, she may have grown extremely irate at her brother's arguably abusive statements. Instead, she decided to play along a bit, "Sure brother. Let's face the facts, I'm a super human now."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. Enjoy it while ya can."

Tara cocked an eyebrow, "What's that supposed to mean?"

A smug grin met Terry's face, "I've been in genetics for a long time Tara. You ain't the first 'super human' type that I've seen. I'll just say that it usually don't always work well in the end for yer kind."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Nah. I may be a bit mad, but yer still my sister. I won't do ya no harm. Still, now that I see what you've become, I may stop always using tha kiddie gloves when dealing with you, if ya know what I mean."

"I'm not sure that I do Terry." Tara was genuine. Despite her growing genius, she was somewhat unsure of precisely what her brother meant; she had numerous theories, but it was hard to be sure.

"By th' way, what's all this with Cory cookin'?"

"What do you mean? Was there a problem with the food? I thought it was pretty good."

"Oh, I ain't worried about th' quality of th' cookin'." Terry started, his tone rising as his face grew a darker shade of red, "I'm worried about th' fact that yer son is doin' women's work."

"Women's work? Really Terry?"

"Yes, REALLY, Tara."

"Cooking is not a gender specific task Terry. In fact, as I'm sure you're well aware, many of the greatest chefs in the world are men."

"Oh I know damn well that th' best chefs in the world are men. Th' best everything in th' world are men! Don't matter though. Men shouldn't be degraded to such banal tasks like cookin'."

Tara could feel her blood boiling. In the past she would have simply subverted the conversation in some way, attempted to change the topic. Now however, she had come too far, and improved herself too much to put up with such statements. While she loved and respected her brother, especially since he was in many ways directly for her transformation, Tara couldn't idly stand by.

"So tell me Terry. If cooking is such a banal task, then why would you delegate it as something only women should do?"

"You know damn well what I'm going to say. Don't make me waste our time."

Tara let out a sigh. "Look, brother, I get that this is your house, but Cory is my son. If he wants to cook, then he can cook. It's a skill he wants to improve at, and preparing food for everyone here will only help him become better at it."

Terry shook his head slightly. "Whatever sis. You want to ruin Cory, then go right ahead. Don't say I didn' warn ya."

"Alright, well I think I've had enough of this exchange. Try to not be too hung over tomorrow."

And with that, Tara left the room.

2.) The Next Morning

Kiko awoke at the crack of dawn, like she always did. It seemed like it was impossible for her body to sleep in. This didn't really bother Kiko, though it did further remove her from her peers who were always complaining that they could never get all the rest they required. Kiko never really understood this, for as long as she could remember, she was always full of energy, always ready to go; even if her quiet, outward apathy spoke otherwise.

The young woman dropped onto her feet from the bed, and trudged over to the bathroom. She had slept nude like she normally did. As her eyes met the reflection of the bathroom's full-length mirror, Kiko shuddered. There was no denying it, it had happened again: her muscles looked slightly bigger.

Truthfully, most would scratch their head at why Kiko was ashamed of her body. She was strong, supple, and powerful, with next to zero body-fat aside from her pert breasts. Kiko had the kind of body that most women spent hours each week training and dieting to try and maintain. She could have entered a fitness competition and wiped the floor with her weight and age class; yet, unlike most extremely fit girls, Kiko constantly hid her form underneath baggy clothing.

Kiko sheepishly flexed her right bicep, the naturally tanned flesh jumped to life, and a formidable muscle erupted on demand. She squinted her eyes to better scrutinize the muscle. "Yup... it's bigger.." she pumped it a few times, causing it to bulge out slightly further, "And badder." Kiko sighed, referring to the myriad details of definition, split peaks, and choice veins constantly feeding nutrition to the limb.

She retreated into the room, rummaged through her travel-bag, and retrieved a measuring tape. Carefully, Kiko brought the tape around her arm, flexed, and measured the result: "Fuck. It's over fourteen now." She sighed even more loudly before tossing the tape across the room and collapsing onto her bed.

Kiko had been meticulously sedentary the entire summer. Things seemed to be going well, she had only gained a couple of pounds of muscle at most over the course of the past two months. This one tiny spurt of activity however had put a kink in everything. Kiko cursed herself for being careless.

After grumbling for a few minutes, Kiko finally got off of the bed. Upon doing so, her midsection flexed, and she noticed that her bottom two abdominals were fully visible in the process. Kiko glanced down, carefully tensing them, and let out a sigh of aggravation at the discovery that she now had a legitimate six-pack whenever she flexed.

Kiko proceeded to put on her clothing for the day: bra, panties, sweat pants, a t-shirt, and a sweat-shirt. She shuffled out into the living room, where she found Tara holding a highly advanced yoga pose in seemingly deep meditation.

To behold Tara in the morning light was awe-inspiring. She was simultaneously brimming with untold power and deep serenity. Tara's breathes were deep and deliberate, absorbing the very life-force and invisible chi of the air around her; Kiko could recognize her meditation techniques from her time training under various martial arts masters. Truth was, Kiko could theoretically meditate just as deeply, she simply never saw the point in doing so.

Kiko stared at Tara's heaving pecs, along with the natural ebb and flow of her traps and shoulders. She began to wonder how Tara became this powerful. The smaller girl had always feared building muscle, as she viewed as masculine and ugly, but here, witnessing Tara with more muscle than she thought was possible for a female, she felt anything but disgust. Wonder, awe, respect, admiration, and perhaps a deep subconscious lust: these were the things that Kiko truly felt. Of course, as a fairly angst-ridden teenager, she would never truly admit it.

"Morning Kiko." Tara greeted without opening her eyes at all.

"Good morning Aunt Tara. How did you know that it was me? I didn't see you open your eyes." Kiko replied.

Tara shook her head. "There was no need to open my eyes. I could tell from the sound of

your footsteps. Don't take this the wrong way, but you have nice, strong legs that give you a distinctive and powerful sound of your own."

Kiko blushed; Tara sensed even that. The young woman responded, "Dumb things keep growing. I think they got bigger since yesterday."

Her eyes still shut, Tara cocked a brow, "You may be right. Your steps are slightly louder. What would have caused a growth spurt like that?"

Kiko shrugged; once again, Tara sensed it. "It seems that any amount of activity makes me get stronger. Yesterday... I had a tiny wrestling match with Cory, swam a bit, and played tug of war. Definitely enough to make these goddamn muscles grow."

This statement intrigued Tara. She had undergone supernatural growth of her own, but it was only thanks to extreme effort and ample nutrition. Tara theorized that she had some kind of genetic mutation, and wondered if perhaps Kiko did too.

"Your muscles grow with that little stimulation?" Tara inquired.

Kiko sighed once more, "Yup. It's pretty obnoxious. Even if I don't do anything they seem to get bigger. Like all summer, I just sat around in my room, and I still packed on some pounds – muscle pounds."

Tara couldn't help but find the similarities and differences between Cory and Kiko to be amusing.

"You know Kiko, to the vast majority of people that would be considered a huge blessing. Some individuals go to dangerous lengths to improve themselves, resorting to drugs that can shorten their lifespans."

"Did you..."

"No." Tara's voice was simultaneously firm and warm.

"Right, sorry. It's just..."

"It's cool. I get it. I'll be honest with you Kiko, I don't fully understand my own transformation. That said, I know from my own experience that what you have is truly a gift."

"Uhh. Right."

"What are you so afraid of anyway?" Truthfully, Tara already knew the answer – she just wanted to see what Kiko would say.

Kiko sighed yet again. "It's... kind of embarrassing..."

"Let me guess. You're afraid that guys won't like your muscles?"

Another sigh. "Yes. How did you know?"

Tara laughed, finally opening up her eyes. "I was your age once. Wanna know the truth? After I started working out, I got more admirers than ever."

"I guess I can see that..."

"Well, your mother is pretty ripped, isn't she?" Tara offered, still maintaining the difficult position with no apparent expenditure of effort. "She's pretty hot, right?"

"She isn't my mother." Kiko curtly replied.

"Kiko." Tara started, "If she raised you, she's your mother. Sorry if you don't want to hear it, but that's the truth."

Kiko sighed once more, "Whatever. Anyways, yeah, I guess she's pretty hot."

"Right, and she's clearly fairly ripped. So what're you scared of?"

Kiko shrugged, "I dunno, I mean, sure, she's toned... but she's not like... buff. You know?"

Tara nodded before shifting to another difficult position, "Sure. Well, how about me then?"

"What about you?"

"Oh, you know. What do you think about my appearance? Good? Bad? Sexy? Gross? You can be honest. I may be immensely strong, but I don't bite." Tara giggled.

"You..." Kiko took a breath, "You're pretty smoking hot. Yeah. Kind of surprising honestly. You're bigger than those roid girls, but like... still really... sexy."

Tara couldn't help but laugh a bit – it was fun to indulge every now and then, "That's because I didn't take roids silly. If you worked out with me, you wouldn't either. Instead, you'd be brimming with self-confidence. You should want to develop and foster your gift. Reach your full potential. I'll help if you'd like, I'm pretty good at this stuff." Tara smiled warmly.

Kiko absentmindedly rubbed her right arm with her left one. "I'll... I'll think about it." She conceded before leaving the room.

Tara smirked, satisfied; she knew that Kiko would come around soon enough.

3.) Meanwhile...

Estella, wearing little more than an extremely tight, short-sleeved t-shirt, and panties, made her way into the kitchen. Cory was already cooking breakfast. The supermodel sauntered over, and without warning, wrapped her arms around Cory from behind.

"Morning favorite nephew!" she cheerfully exclaimed, giving Cory a loving squeeze.

Cory's face turned beet-red. The combination of Estella's incredible scent; her perfectly toned flesh pressing against him; her warmth; and, of course, her breasts, was fairly overwhelming.

"Haha, you've grown a bit since we last met, but I'm still taller than you by a couple of inches!" Estella teased.

"It seems like I'm probably going to be this height, unless I have one of those rare adult growth spurts. Basing off of my mother, well, before all this, and what I've heard about my dad, I think I'm five foot eleven for life." Cory replied. He wasn't really upset about it all things considered. "Wait a minute, I thought you were only six feet tall?"

"Shhh... that's my secret. My real height's a mystery. It's a bit above six though! Don't want the men in my life to get too insecure, ya know?" Estella giggled.

Cory could feel her entire body shaking slightly whenever she did that. "Y-yeah..."

She got up on her tip toes, her calves jutting out, and playfully placed her chin on top of Cory's head. "Wouldn't that be fun though? An adult growth spurt like you were talking about? I'd loooove to gain some more inches!"

"Yeah, I guess. I mean, I'm already technically a little above average for a guy, so it's no biggie."

"I was talking about for ME silly!" Estella squealed, "You're fine as you are."

"But... you were just talking about how you keep your true height a secret? Why would you want to be taller?"

"Oh HUSH you!" Estella laughed, "You don't really understand women, huh? Anyways, wouldn't it be super-hot if my legs were even loooonger?" Suddenly her breath lowered, "Did you know, that according to most of the statistics I've seen, I'm already in the top one percent of height for a female? Wouldn't it be sooo cool if your auntie was in an even higher bracket?"

Cory quivered a bit, Estella had been hugging him the entire time, and it was frankly a bit overwhelming.

"Y-yeah." He said, tactically escaping from her embrace. Cory then moved over to the food he was preparing, which had finished, and offered to fix Estella a plate, which she gladly accepted.

A moment later, she was seated and eating. "I have to say Cory, this breakfast is just deelightful!" Estella cheerfully exclaimed, joyously shoving a forkful of eggs into her mouth. The muscles in her arm, shoulder, and back all danced together to perform the action. They weren't as impressive as Tara's or even Kiko's, but Cory had to admit that Estella was in amazing shape.

"Th-thanks Aunt Estella." Cory couldn't help but act somewhat nervous around such a beautiful woman.

"Aww, come on Cory, you don't have to put a title like aunt in front of my name every time. Loosen up, just call me Estella, or even Stella. `Kay?"

"R-right, aunt, I mean, uh, Stella." Cory managed to get out.

Estella giggled. Truth was, she craved and loved attention, especially from men. Watching Cory sputter around and fawn over her was a fantastic way to start the day. Cory may have been her nephew, but he was practically an adult, and they shared no common blood.

"Boy, I have to say that you and your mother sure have transformed quite a bit since I last saw ya!" She said, continuing the conversation.

"Yeah. Well, I don't think I have really." Cory replied.

"Sure you have! You're becoming more and more of a man. A handsome one at that! There's something else different about you too. Your personality I guess. You're a lot nicer, happier, and a great cook! Once you get back at school, if the girls find out about that, you'll be beating them off with a stick!" She giggled again.

Cory blushed. He hadn't expected a compliment on his appearance from someone like her.

"Well, thanks. Anyways, yeah, mom sure has changed... a lot."

"How do you feel about it? Her transformation? You can be honest, I won't squeal!" She giggled again.

Cory shrugged, "At first I was against it quite a bit and hated it, but, I've come around. It's only right that I support her like she's supported me over the years. It'd be pretty selfish for me to not want her to achieve her full potential, even if that potential is somewhat terrifying to really think about." He laughed a bit.

"Awww, I'm so glad to hear you've adopted a positive mindset like that! If only I could get my boys to follow suit... Well, Harry's already got a good head on his shoulders, but the other two..." Estella sighed.

"Speaking of which, where are they?"

"The boys always sleep in. Thank goodness too. I wouldn't be able to do my morning routine and clear my mind if they were up and about. Harry, bless his little heart, just can't stop hanging off of me. Barry is always moaning about something, and Terry... Well, let's just say your uncle can be a bit difficult!" Estella characteristically giggled.

They continued to eat their breakfast, making little more than normal small-talk.

4.)

After finishing her breakfast, Estella made her way down to the house's basement gym while Cory cleaned up. She found Tara hard at work, pumping her outrageous muscles to new heights.

"Ooooooh, looks like I found you hard at work in the iron temple!" Estella greeted with a giggle.

Tara finished her current exercise, uttering feminine grunts with each repetition. After completing the set she replied, "Yeah. What's up Estella?"

Estella took a few delicate strides towards Tara before answering: "Oh, nothing much. Thought I'd pop in and say hi while we had a chance to be together one on one."

There was something strange about Estella's vocal inflection and body language. Tara

considered it for a few moments, and eventually concluded that... Estella was going to initiate flirtation with her? Intrigued, and somewhat unsure of her own analysis, Tara decided to probe the other woman and see where things went.

"You say that, but are you sure you didn't want to get a better look?" Tara teased, wiping down the bench she had just used.

"Ooo, whatever are you talking about Tara? A better look at what exactly?" Estella drew closer.

"Maybe... these?" Tara performed a double bicep flex, her unfathomable muscles rising to life. They were huge, ripped, striated, and perfectly proportioned. There were few human beings on the planet with larger arms than Tara, but none of them were as well-conditioned.

Estella reached over and grabbed onto Tara's right bicep, squeezing and kneading it futilely, her long slender fingers contrasting with the tremendous ball of power. "Mmm... maybe." There was a palpably growing sexual tension coming from Estella. Tara had never really humored the idea of acting physically with a woman like her. The truth was, in the past, Tara was bitter and envious of Estella, always jealous of her height and natural beauty. Today however, it was Estella who was looking up to her, and Tara's mind began to amuse entirely new fantasies.

The blonde supermodel went so far as to draw in close and kiss Tara's luscious limb. "You're such a sexy stud! Hotter than any guy I've met, and trust me babe, I've met the hottest guys in the world." Estella complimented, giggling again.

Nearly any man (and many women) in the world would have effectively melted at this point, but Tara wouldn't fall for Estella's wile.

"Trust me Estella, I know better than anyone else what a blend of beauty and power I represent." Tara generally tried to be humble, but in this situation she knew that it was most advantageous to be boastful.

"Mmm... of course you do..." Estella brought her hands down to Tara's thick, pulsing abs, rubbing furiously against them. "Plus, you're clearly extremely knowledgeable about the female body in more ways than one..."

"Oh yeah? In what kind of ways are you thinking of?" Tara asked, playing dumb.

Estella decided it was time to reverse things a bit on her end, to keep Tara somewhat on her toes, "Well, I'm sure you'd be a hell of a personal trainer. I wouldn't mind ditching the 'toned' look and following you down the path to, what is it the boys say, 'the road to gains', or something like that?" she laughed.

"You sure about that? The only training I know how to do is the path to pure muscle power." Tara internally winced a bit, that last part was somewhat awkward. Despite all of her acquired knowledge about dealing with people, she still hadn't had that much practice – especially not in a somewhat sexually charged situation like this.

Fortunately, Estella loved cheesiness, and played along, "Ooo babe, you know I LOVE power. Why do you think I married Terry? I have a real good eye for knowing who's going places. That said... I think it's high time I took some of that into my own hands. Built up my own dynasty, and I think that starts with beefing up my bod, you know?"

"What about Terry? He'll surely hate that."

"Fuck Terry." Estella let out a sigh of aggravation.

"You sure you want to do that?" Tara giggled.

Estella rolled her eyes, "You know what I mean Tara. I'm sure anyone with half a brain can figure out that our marriage is pretty much just for show at this point. Can't rock the boat too much with all of the kids still in school."

"And so much money at stake. It'd be quite messy considering your collective net worth. I can only imagine the court-case if you two ever did split up."

Estella cleared her throat, "I... Yes. That is also true."

Before their conversation (and potential flirtation) could go any further, Cory suddenly came into the room. Tara sensed this, and was able to immediately halt and redirect the flow of conversation. "Hey Cory, here for your workout of the day?" Tara asked warmly.

"Yeah, I am. H-heh Aunt Estella..." The young man was clearly taken off-guard by the presence of the supermodel.

Tara decided to preempt the usual bumbling introduction by getting to the point: "Your aunt is going to be joining us in the gym. She claims she wants to build big muscles like me. We'll see if she has the discipline and drive to stay on that course though."

Estella giggled, "What do you think Cory? Would nice big biceps, thick quads, and bulging abs suit me?"

Cory stared, somewhat dumbfounded.

Estella continued, "Well?"

"Oh, sorry." Cory shook himself to. "Yeah, I mean, I'm sure you'd look great with big muscles." He admitted.

"Alright then, let's pump some iron! Tara, will you show me the ropes?"

Tara shrugged, "I don't think I really have a choice either way, now do I?" she laughed warmly.

5.) Later that evening

There was no denying that Tara had surpassed Terry physically in virtually every way, yet she felt that she needed to test her growing intellect against her brother. For all of her life, Terry had been the smart one, while she was merely average; arguably below average. Tara always got middling grades, while Terry excelled. Tara, to put it bluntly, had a child at a very young age, while Terry waited until he had some money. Today however, Tara knew things were different. Her mind thought so much faster than it ever had in the past, and

she was capable of reading situations, and analyzing thoughts on a level far greater than ever before. In fact, each and every day Tara felt as if she was becoming slightly more powerful in the cerebral department.

The problem was, Tara was unsure how she could actually have a competition with Terry in this manner. Proving physical superiority was easy, there were myriad competitions that accomplished that, but intellect was intangible. Tara dug through the basement closet's belongings, going through a wide assortment of board games. They were primarily simple titles that primarily relied on luck to determine the winner, but Tara eventually came across the classic game of strategy: chess.

Tara took the game and set it up on a living room table. It had been years, possibly over a decade, since she had last played, but she still remembered the rules. Tara had to admit that she felt somewhat worried that she didn't know any strategies, but figured that if she could defeat Terry in this game without knowing much about it, then it would prove just how far ahead her mind had become.

Terry eventually came across Tara setting up the game, and let out a chortle.

Tara turned and faced him, "Care for a match brother? I have to admit that I haven't played in a very long time, but it would be an interesting battle of wits."

"Battle o' wits?" Terry snickered, "Not at all. Chess is a game a' memorization; that's why computers are so good attit."

"Oh... well, alright. Do you have any other suggestions for another way for us to compete mentally?"

Terry smirked, "There's only one real game fer that. Th' classic game of Go." He explained.

Tara scratched her head, "I've heard of that one, but honestly never played it."

"Of course ya haven't, Go requires brains to play. Real brains."

Tara scowled, "Right. Well, if you have it here, maybe you can teach me, and we can play?"

Terry shrugged, "Course I have a copy o' Go here. Dunno how yer gonna possibly compete with me though."

"I'll try to manage. Worst comes to worst, we'll just have to play again sometime in the future, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. It's yer funeral. I'll go get it."

-

Tara and Terry sat directly across from each other, the game of Go setup on the table in front of them. Even seated, Tara was far more physically imposing than he could ever hope to be. To the untrained eye, she appeared to be literally twice as wide as he was, all of which was pure lean mass on her frame, while Terry carried quite a bit of fat.

He had explained the rules to her, and her mind easily soaked the information in, forming potential strategies and analyzing the optimal way to win. After ensuring that she

understood the rules, the siblings began their mental duel.

Despite her best efforts, Terry was an extremely difficult opponent, and seemed to be one step ahead of Tara at all times. The neurons in Tara's mind fired more and more quickly by the moment as she continued to try learn and analyze the game. Unfortunately, she simply lacked the tremendous amount of experience that Terry possessed, and a short while later he had claimed victory.

"Not too terrible for a beginner." He admitted with a smug grin on his face.

Tara sighed, "I supposed this was to be expected. This IS a game I've never played before after all."

Terry wasn't too sure how he felt about that statement. "Well, most games of Go are supposed to be played best two outta three, so we can go again if you'd like."

Eager to continue the development of her mind in regards to processing this, Tara quickly agreed.

The board was reset, and they started another duel. This time Tara had a better understanding of the game, and was able to put forth a more grounded opening. Terry's moves also made more sense to her in context of what he was trying to accomplish. Tara felt her mind tingling as it partook in this deep analysis; what she suspected (and ended up being correct about) was her brain was physically changing as it adapted to become more adept at the critical thought involved in formulated Go strategies.

With every move Terry made, Tara's proficiency in Go increased by leaps and bounds. She was beginning to question his actions, wondering if they truly were the most optimal ones possible. Of course, they were still better than her own, but Tara was still learning, at an incredibly rapid pace.

Eventually Terry managed to close out the second game too, although it was much closer. Tara's head was still pounding as it worked to become even more powerful in anticipation of a third showdown. Unfortunately for her, Terry promptly packed the game up, and told her better luck next time.

Tara smirked, because she knew she wouldn't need luck.

6.) The Next Morning

Similar to the morning before, Kiko awoke before everyone other than Tara. She made her way to the living room, where she found her aunt performing the same advanced yoga positions and meditation techniques. On a lark, Kiko joined Tara, replicating the exact same motion. Tara had a hunch that Kiko was capable of these things, but it was still somewhat surprising to witness first-hand. After 20 minutes of subtly trying to one up one another with no avail, Tara finally broke the ice, "So... I've heard rumors that you're so good at martial arts that you're a registered lethal weapon."

Kiko shrugged, "I suppose so. I'm a little embarrassed about it though, aside from when I want to mess with boys."

"If you don't mind, I've been interested in testing my body against someone as well-trained as yourself."

"Err... what do you have in mind?"

Tara stood up completely straight, accentuating the sheer disparity in their heights. "Go ahead and hit me in the abs with the hardest punch you can." Tara offered, rubbing her thick, exposed abdomen.

"Aunt Tara... If I did that, it could..."

"Rupture my innards? Well, give me a 'light' hit, then let's determine if I can handle a real one."

"You sure?"

Tara nodded.

Kiko readied herself, then a moment later released a blow directly at Tara's abdomen. It glanced off without even the slightest trace of injury.

Tara laughed a bit, "See, told you to just go with the real punch. Now let's do it!" she crunched her midsection downward, causing a cascading explosion of abdominal muscle to assault Kiko's vision.

The young woman found herself somewhat intimidated by Tara's abs, but collected herself, and let fly with a master-level blow. As Kiko's perfectly thrown fist connected with the fleshy expanse of Tara's abs, a loud, dull thud filled the room. The strike would have been strong enough to injure most men, yet it landed entirely without effect; Tara was entirely unphased.

"Wanna try again?" Tara offered with a knowing smile.

Kiko gulped. She had always thought of herself as some kind of unstoppable martial arts freak. With a mere few weeks of training, she would always match her mentors, and often surpass them. While she somewhat loathed her seemingly unbeatable body for constantly growing muscles, Kiko was finally faced with an entirely indomitable opponent.

Still, she had to try and save face, "Well, I really don't want to hurt you, you know?"

Tara tilted her head to the side, the older woman decided she wanted to have some fun, "Can't say I do know what you mean Kiko. I honestly didn't feel a thing, and that seemed like a pretty good punch. I want to see what you can really do! If you hurt me, then no big deal. It could be some good training for me to get even stronger!" she explained with a wink.

Kiko mentally sighed and contemplated what she should do next. On one hand, she could theoretically just walk away and refuse to try to punch past Tara's wall of abs... on the other, that would make her look weak, and Kiko didn't want that either. She was also quite curious to see just how powerful Tara's midsection really was.

Ultimately curiosity won out. Kiko prepared another strike, this time utilizing an open palm aimed directly at an abdomen pressure point.

Once again a loud slapping noise rang out, and Tara remained steadfast; not even a red mark appeared on her skin from the impact.

"I almost felt that one." The older woman explained with a grin.

"Felt? You couldn't even feel it!?" Kiko's eyes grew wide.

Tara shrugged, "Of course I can feel it. I mean, if I gently brush against your arm, you'd feel that too. But yeah, it didn't hurt at all whatsoever if that's what you mean."

"But... but..."

"But that's enough force to make someone like Terry or even Estella curl over? Oh, I'm sure it is. I'm not saying you're weak. Not at all. Sorry if you got that impression." Tara continued with a satisfied smile.

Kiko remained silent.

Tara continued, "In fact, I'd say you're incredibly strong for your age. I really do hope you give your body the exercise it's craving so you can see just how powerful you can become."

"Right..."

"Say, want to show me another move? How about an advanced kick? You don't have to hit me, just do it into the air."

Kiko shrugged before getting into a fighting stance and crisply cracking a powerful roundhouse well above her own head.

"Nice!" Tara cheered. "Let's see if I can do that..."

"Tara, wait! That's dangerous!"

Kiko was interrupted by Tara proceeding to replicate the move with ease, copying it down to the smallest motion. Her considerable bulk impeded the motion somewhat, but she struck the air with such power, crispness, and intensity that any target on the receiving end would likely be knocked out.

"That was... pretty good." Kiko admitted, surprised.

"Thanks!" Tara smiled warmly. "Got any other high-end martial arts techniques?"

Kiko nodded, and proceeded to unleash a kick that flew high into the air, straight over her head. "Careful with that one, it's pretty advanced."

"You mean like..." Tara proceeded to replicate the kick, although despite her immense musculature, she was able to actually kick proportionally even higher than Kiko due to her greater flexibility. "That?" she asked with a knowing grin.

Kiko's eyes widened, "Yeah... that."

Neither woman wanted to address the elephant in the room: that Tara had actually

performed the move more effectively than Kiko was capable of, despite it being the first time she ever tried it.

"So... what was that you said about yourself, that you're a lethal weapon? If you're a lethal weapon, then what am I?" Tara teased with a somewhat childish glee.

Kiko glared at Tara for a moment, but couldn't help but find herself smirking before taking off.

7.) A few hours later, in the basement gym.

Estella was working out with Tara once again. Tara had actually coached Estella to utilize perfect form, and the supermodel was capable of replicating the motions with surprising finesse. Despite putting in good work, Estella found herself constantly becoming distracted by Tara's supremely impressive body.

"Mmmm, I just looove feeling your big, strong, arms miss Tara!" Estella cooed, groping and squeezing the recently pumped limb. "You're just sooo full of power! And you keep getting stronger!" the supermodel squealed.

Tara felt that the the barrage of compliments were... genuinely flattering. Despite all of her acquired strength, knowledge, and confidence, Tara found herself blushing from Estella's gushing.

Estella continued to rub against the limb, kneading and caressing it. "Are you at your peak yet? You're already so far beyond what a regular human should be able to achieve..." she inquired.

Tara was surprised about Estella's awareness regarding peak human physical development. "Not sure. I don't feel like I've hit my limit, that's for sure." Tara explained with a grin.

Estella bit her lip, "Oh god, that's so hot..." she cooed.

"What is?" Tara had a good idea, but wanted to hear it for herself.

"That you have even more potential. Will you reach it for me Tara?" She pleaded.

"No." Tara bluntly responded.

Estella's eyes grew wide, "Wh-what?"

Tara chuckled, glad that the emotional ball was back under her control, "I'll achieve my full potential for MYSELF, but not for you." She winked.

"Mmmm... yeah, that's exactly what I wanted to hear!"

"Is it?"

Estella nodded, "Of course. It'd be pretty un-thrilling if you were just doing this to impress someone else."

"So... tell me," Tara started coyly, "Just what would you, in your fantasy, like to see me become?"

Estella gathered herself, and in one outrageously breathy utterance replied, "A goddess."

It was fairly masturbatory for Tara's ego, but she was enjoying herself, "Why stop there?"

Estella let out a small groan, "God that's so hot. Push yourself Tara, pump up those big muscles of yours even more!"

Tara grabbed onto a nearby barbell, loaded it with as much weight as it would hold, and began to pull it upward. Estella grabbed onto the limb, groaning in ecstasy as she went on about how hard and warm it was. The blond proceeded to physically kiss the arm, displaying her love in a literal sense. Tara continued to show off, and Estella maintained her near constant worship.

Caught up in the heat of the moment, Tara lifted Estella up, effortlessly picking up her tall frame; and for the first time in Tara's life, her lips locked with another woman's.

One might wonder if this guilt bothered Tara, or made her question her own moral compass. The truth was, it didn't. In actuality, what Estella had said before, that her marriage with Terry was essentially a sham, was correct. There was no love between Estella and her husband, only a union maintained for the convenience of not splitting their assets or placing any strain on their children. It was a known, but unspoken secret, that Terry had actually spent many a night with hired escorts; while Estella was not a stranger to spending nights with other models—of both genders—while away on assignment.

Tara's powerful ears heard Cory approaching, and she placed Estella down and quickly drew away, brushing herself off. Estella picked up on what was going on, and similarly followed suit.

Cory finally came in, "Hey ladies, is it okay if I join in for a workout too?"

Estella giggled, "Of course, silly! You can watch your mother and I get HUGE!"

8.) The Next Morning

As the sun made its initial ascent, Kiko was naturally awoken once again. As with yesterday, she was instantly full of energy, unable to feel the morning grogginess she used to as a young girl. She got out of bed and examined herself yet again, finding that, just like her prior self-inspection two days prior, she had grown even more.

With an exasperated sigh, she took out the measuring tape and checked her arms, "Fif... fifteen!?" she squealed before dropping the tape on the ground, falling to her bed, and placing her face in her hands. She felt like crying, her body just kept growing and there was seemingly nothing she could do about it.

After finally pulling herself together, washing, and getting dressed, Kiko made her way out to the living room. She felt a bit of déjà vu as she encountered Tara performing advanced yoga and meditation at the same time once more. She greeted her aunt. "You got bigger." Kiko observed bluntly.

"Is that so? In what way?" Tara asked. Truthfully, Tara was very well aware of her own growth, but she was interested in testing the young woman.

Kiko blinked a couple of times as she continued to observe Tara. A few moments later, she took some steps forward, closing the distance. "For starters..." Kiko brought her hands up to Tara's exposed washboard stomach, "You're taller. Somewhere between half an inch and an inch since yesterday; difficult to pinpoint beyond that margin. Additionally, your individual abs are slightly larger." Her slender fingers squeezed one of the bricks of feminine flesh, "Harder too, if such a thing were even possible." Kiko then brought her arms up along the sides of Tara's abdomen, "Your upper half is wider. Not just your lats, your front as well. I guess your entire skeletal system is growing along with your muscles, which makes sense considering your height growth."

Tara smirked, "Very good Kiko. I must admit I'm thoroughly impressed. How did you get such a good eye for noticing these things?"

Kiko shrugged, "At some point, towards the end of puberty, my body changed."

"Err... yeah. That's what puberty does."

Kiko rolled her eyes, "Duh. I mean something else. It's difficult to put into words, but I've become very... in tune with my body, and others too."

"You've also grown since yesterday." Tara stated blankly.

Kiko gulped, "How..."

"I can sense it too."

Kiko looked down at the ground.

"I have to say Kiko, I know the truth." Tara said.

The statement was just cryptic enough that Kiko wasn't sure what the amazon was referring to. "Uh... what truth?"

Tara smirked, "You're deeply bothered by this."

"I'm deeply bothered by a lot of things. You'll need to be more specific than that."

Tara giggled, "Fair point. I remember being your age as well, although I had a pregnancy by then."

Kiko winced; her problems suddenly seemed much less important in comparison.

Tara spared the girl and continued her original thought, "I know that you're upset that I'm so much stronger than you physically. Very upset."

Kiko's eyes narrowed, "Why... do you think that?"

"I know that, because I'd be the same way if I were you right now."

Kiko cleared her throat, "Really now?"

"Really." Tara affirmed, she could tell from Kiko's facial motions that she was right, "While you're reluctant to embrace your muscularity, you've more or less been the physical alpha for the past year or so. Everyone around you has been weaker and less physically adept. If anything happened, if the situation truly got 'real', you'd be able to easily handle yourself. That isn't to say you're necessarily afraid of me on a conscious level, but it does bug you deep down."

Kiko averted her gaze. "That's nonsense." She lied.

"Is it?"

Kiko remained silent.

Tara placed a hand on one of Kiko's well-shaped shoulder. "Kiko," she started, "What you're feeling is fine. It isn't wrong. Embrace it. Use it as a catalyst to grow. In fact, this is just me spitballing, but I wouldn't be surprised if that's why you gained as much muscle as you did overnight. Sure, you used your arms and legs a tiny bit with our little sparring session, but you certainly didn't push them enough to justify the amount of hypertrophy you've invoked. My theory, which is simply that, a theory, is that your body is forcing itself to grow so you can catch up to me. It doesn't want to be weaker than me, it wants to be the 'alpha' again."

"That's just a bunch of pseudo-science bullshit." Kiko murmured.

Tara released her grip, "Maybe. It's something worth considering though. I can tell you're conflicted about this. I know my brother very well, I've known him longer than you after all. I'm positive that he's shamed you quite a bit into feeling like you're a freak, since men are supposed to be the ones with muscle."

Kiko merely sighed.

For better or for worse, aunt and niece were interrupted by a combination of Estella and Cory entering the living room.

"Ready to PUMP SOME IRON!?" Estella squealed.

"I have to say I'm surprised that you're still so interested in continuing to train Estella." Tara replied with a smile.

"Of course! I'm gonna get RIPPED, and it's always fun to watch you in action!" The blond noticed that Kiko must have been talking one on one with Tara. She suspected that the older woman was trying to get Kiko to embrace her natural gifts. "So, whaddya say Kiko? Will you join us for training?" Estella asked with an enthusiastic grin.

Strangely enough, Estella's beckoning made Kiko more interested in accepting. For so long her body had been a source of inner conflict, but this endorsement to embrace her freakish strength, and to build upon it...

"Yeah, you should definitely come." Cory chimed in, "It'll be like a real gym in there, with all four of us pumping iron and whatnot." He offered with a warm smile similar to his mother's.

That too eased Kiko towards the idea.

Before she gave in, Kiko quickly remembered what might happen if she lifted weights. After all, she gained half an inch on her biceps from... punching Tara's abs a bit the day before. She didn't want to experiment any further, "Nah, I'm good. Thanks for offering." She said before scurrying away.

9.) Late Afternoon

The family stared at the Go board. There was no denying it, Tara had won.

Terry looked white as a sheet as he stared blankly at his own defeat. How was this possible? How was any of this possible!? It was crazy enough that his sister had transformed into a towering amazon wielding a superhuman physique, but now she had outsmarted him at one of his best games of strategy!? This must have been a fluke. Beginner's luck. She had no idea what she was really doing. Terry had to prove this. He cleared his throat, "I do reckon that inna game as strategic as Go, that it's customary to play a full set of best outta three."

Tara shrugged, "Sure. That makes sense. Are you positive you want to do that though, brother?" she winked.

"An' why would I not wanna do that?"

"Oh, I dunno Terry, maybe if I were to somehow beat you in that next game, it would be pretty undeniable that I've surpassed you in your favorite game. The one that you've always claimed, 'was what real thinkers play, because chess is too darn easy to memorize'."

"Of course, an' that's why it's important that we play out the full set."

"If you insist." Tara replied, still bemused as she reset the board.

-

As the battle raged on, Tara found her mind growing sharper still. She had already experienced this sensation during her earlier bout with Terry earlier, and it was just as pleasurable the second time around. As she glared at the board, Terry's moves seemed sloppier and more amateurish by the moment. Tara could physically feel her neurons speeding up, and new neural pathways forming and opening as her mind continued to grow more and more adept at dominating the game of Go.

"HA! Looks like Aunt Tara is even SMARTER than dad now too! Go auntie go! Keep getting smarter aunt Tara!" Harry cheered as he watched the match slip away from his father's fingers move by move.

"Is that so Harry? Why do you think that?" Tara asked, bemused.

"I just know it! You were already real smart when we first got here, but your brain got challenged, and now it's way stronger than ever before!" The young boy exclaimed.

Tara found herself chuckling at Harry's apparent sixth sense, but couldn't really dispute what he was saying; she was fairly certain he was correct after all.

A few minutes later, and Tara had bested Terry once again at Go, winning her the entire set.

Terry's face was beet red, and he looked more upset than Tara had ever seen him in the past ten years.

"Well. I know how unfortunate th' timing of this is, but I really do reckon that it's about time that we started headin' home folks." Terry announced.

Barry's ears perked up. "That sounds like a pretty swell idea dad." He added. "We've been here for a bit too long to be honest."

Terry's face lit up a bit and he moved over towards his eldest son. "Glad to hear it. Yer a smart boy Barry!"

"Well, I have a little announcement of my own!" Estella piped up. She gathered everyone's attention far more easily than she anticipated, "Ahem... I will be staying here with Tara and Cory."

"What?"

"Wha-"

"Why?"

Estella continued, "I think that what has occurred in this household over the past two months was a very good thing. Tara is realizing her potential, and even Cory seems to be much happier and kinder than he was in the past. I want to stay here and join them. It's high time that I also improved myself. Besides, I could use a little vacation. What do you think Tara, would you be okay with that?"

Tara chuckled lightly, "Of course it is Estella. I encourage anyone who wants to improve themselves to stay and do so."

Estella turned to Cory, "And what do you think mister, are you okay with it?"

Cory had to suppress an oncoming blush from the sheer thought of living under the same roof as Estella for the rest of the summer; worse yet, she'd apparently be improving her already incredible body in the process. "No objections from me." He added.

"Estella! This is absolutely ridiculous." Terry started, "We had our fun an' games here. It's time to go home, so git on yer way to the RV, and we'll forget you ever said this nonsense."

The supermodel crossed her arms, "No."

"Estella!" Terry shouted, "Don't play games with me!"

"I'm not playing games. I'm staying here with Tara. I don't really care what you do, and frankly, I don't know why you suddenly do either, considering what's been going on the past decade."

Terry sighed. "If you don't git on back to that RV right now I'll.... I'll.."

"You'll what?" Estella asked, cocking a brow, "Let's be honest dearie, the only person in this room you're physically stronger than is Harry, and he's just a 10 year old boy."

"Well I don't need to resort to force..." Terry started, but was quickly interjected by Estella.

"You have no way to stop me Terry."

"I own this house!" He spat out.

Estella giggled, "Nope. WE own this house. Just like everything you have, I own half of it. This is OUR house, that's OUR RV, the money in the bank is both of ours, and hell, in case you somehow forgot, legally, half the your company is mine too!"

Terry's face was beet red.

Estella was enjoying herself too much to relent, "That's right Terry. I have no issue with revealing your dirty little secret, that you are NOT the sole owner of T-Corp." She giggled, "Technically, I own it just as much as you do! So how about you STOP trying to control me before I make things even more uncomfortable for you? Hmm?"

Terry was nearly frothing at the mouth, he was visibly seeing red. "Frig it! Fine! Whatever! You wanna stay here and shack up with Tara and lez out and whatever else, then do it!"

At perhaps the worst possible moment to do so, Kiko decided to uncharacteristically speak up, "I also want to stay." She said with enough force that everyone heard her.

"WHAT? YER A LEZ TOO!?" Terry screamed.

Kiko scrunched her eyes and leaned her head back. "The frig? No. Not that. I just want to finally embrace myself. I'm tired of doing everything in my power to NOT improve, to NOT gain muscle, to NOT learn new martial arts moves. I want to see what I'm capable of. I want to be proud of my own strength, and to push myself further. This is the environment I'd be best suited to do that in. Besides, Estella—I mean mom—will be here anyways, so it won't be that weird."

"Fine! Whatever! You stay too! Anyone else!?"

Harry's face lit up, "Oooh, what about me!? I wanna watch Auntie Tara, mom, and Kiko all become SUPER!"

The room grew silent at hearing the young boy's request. Everyone had a different idea of how it should be handled. After a few moments of consideration, Estella, still riding high off of putting Terry in his place, spoke up: "Harry dear.. while we would love to have you here, it's probably for the best that you go home with your father."

Harry looked visibly upset, "But... why?"

Estella drew a blank. What was her reason? Well, she knew that: She knew for a fact that her relationship with Tara was about to pick up considerably. She knew that Tara, herself, and likely Kiko as well would all be constantly walking around in skimpy workout clothing, exercising as much as their bodies would allow them to. She knew that there was a good chance that herself and Tara would make... quite a lot of noise.

Of course, she didn't want to subject Kiko or Cory to those sounds, but it would be much easier to make sure they weren't around. A simple, 'Hey kids, can you do us a biiiig favor, and go into town to get this item?', or perhaps they would simply be too busy doing their own thing. With Harry however, as a 10 year old boy, he was simply too unpredictable. The last thing Estella wanted was for him to wander in when Tara and Estella were going at it.

Fortunately for Estella, Tara was on the same page. She knew that Cory and Kiko were essentially adults (Kiko technically already was one), but the house, with two more growing girls in it, wouldn't really be always appropriate for a young child. Tara finally spoke up: "Because Harry, we're going to all be training really, really hard. The house is going to become a dangerous place. Think about the cartoons and animes you've seen, you know how the heroes always have to train in harsh conditions to power up? That's what's going to happen here. Plus, you can think about what your mother and sister will look like in a few months!"

Harry pouted. He wasn't entirely convinced, but he knew there was little point in arguing if both Estella and Tara were against his staying, "Well, alright..." he conceded.

At last, Barry finally spoke up, "I doubt I need to say what my choice will be. This place is going to be an estrogen hellhole that gets worse by the day. I'm outta here. No clue how you're going to do it Cory." He explained, shaking his head.

"Barry!" Estella yelled.

Tara shook her head disapprovingly.

"I can fergive that infraction of foul language boy." Terry said, lightly slapping his son on the shoulder, "Let's git on outta here boys. We've got a long trip ahead of us."

Harry let out a groan of disapproval and bid his farewell, forcing all three of the girls to promise they'd become as strong as they could, and making Cory pledge to help them; a gesture that brought a laugh even to the typically sullen Kiko.

-

With the boys gone, the summer house was primed to turn into a factory of improvement for all of its denizens. What remained to be seen however was how the remainder of the summer would transform Tara, Cory, Estella, and even Kiko.

The story continues next time, on Mother Knows Best Rebirth Chapter 7!