

Mother Knows Best Rebirth - Chapter 8

Draft 1

By MagnusMagneto

Special thanks to Ritualist

Approx 9,700 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>

You can also find tons of back content for sale on my Gumroad - which will directly support me as well: <https://gumroad.com/magnusmagneto23>))

[Warning: This story has explicit sexual content - reader discretion advised.]

1.) The Morning After Chapter 7

Tara lay naked on the master bedroom's ultra king size bed. It was scientifically calibrated to be the most comfortable possible mattress possible, implementing memory foam among other things. Tara hated to admit it, but she had grown fairly accustomed to its comfort, and dreaded the thought of returning to her former bed. Then again, she wasn't sure how it would be possible to, considering the extreme amount of growth she had undergone. *Hopefully I can find a way to scrounge together the money to buy something big enough for me, and nearly as nice as this.* She thought to herself.

It was a little after 4 AM, but Tara was already wide awake. Despite having only slept for a few hours, her body was fully rested - already stronger and better than the day prior. Estella lay atop of her, literally using Tara's outrageous lats as a pillow. Certainly not a position the larger woman envisioned Estella would take, but still cute nonetheless.

Tara's mind drifted to the thought of money. She had come this far, built a body this powerful, with a mind similarly strong to boot; though it was almost entirely on her brother's dime - Tara herself was still fairly broke. She knew that once this vacation came to its close, she'd need to find a way to earn a considerably larger income. At the very least, the cost of feeding, clothing, and further improving her body would drastically increase their budget. In the past she managed to consistently stretch \$150 - \$200 for a month's groceries between herself and Cory, but her new body consumed so many more calories that number would have to at least double, if not triple. On top of that, she had become accustomed to the healthiest ingredients and benefits from exotic foods; and whether he knew it or not, Cory had too. Tara was unsure how she could justify returning to non-organic and non-grass-fed meat for starters.

Tara next considered what returning to her old job would be like. That monotonous grind of low-wage retail work. She suppressed a belly-laugh at the thought of how her coworkers would stare at now, gawking at her amazonian form. Of course, doing her job would be even more of a cinch than ever, but it seemed — as much as she hated to admit it —

beneath her now. She possessed knowledge comparable to multiple bachelor's degrees at this point; before considering the powerful synergistic effects of combining these pools of knowledge, and the sheer speed with which she could think now.

And her body. Tara knew that whatever she did in the future, it should leverage her physique in some way. She was one of the strongest people alive - maybe already number 1. And if Estella's 'secret blend' of ingredients was as potent as it seemed, she still had a great deal of growth remaining. Just how far would she go? Was there a limit to her potential? Surely at some point there would be a drop off to the practicality of growing her physique. At some point she'd be unable to scratch her back, or have a full range of motion with her arms. Still, until that became a real consideration, Tara wanted to keep going.

Then there was the issue of her family - the issue of her brother. Tara wasn't entirely sure how she felt. There was a tinge of guilt as she thought to herself: *I've basically stolen Terry's summer house, and seduced his wife...* But at the same time, she felt pretty bad ass about it. Of course, the fact that Estella and Terry had allegedly been unfaithful to each other helped as well. But at the same time, her entire transformation was only really feasible thanks to her brother's generosity. It was a tricky subject. Terry had such a cruel streak, yet she was indebted to him in a lot of ways.

-

The amazon finally rose as delicately as possible, careful to try and not disturb the still-slumbering Estella. She quietly put some basic workout garments on to cover her privates, which stretched across her wide, rippling muscles. Next Tara tiptoed into the living room with as much grace as her behemoth body could muster. Had she walked with full force, the floor and possibly walls, would have shook from her might.

Once in the living room, she moved to the center, sat down, and propped her entire weight up with the might of just her arms. Her horseshoe shaped triceps rippled with life, and despite the multi-hundred pound load, her arms barely felt taxed at all.

In fact, this position was so comfortable for Tara that she entered deep trance of thought. Contrary to the typical goal of meditation, to empty one's mind, Tara intentionally thought long and hard on various topics that weighed on her soul. Chief among them was her son, Cory.

She knew that Cory was changing. Over the past month in particular, his personality had altered considerably, and even his body was beginning to slowly transform. Tara liked to believe that it was a positive change, one that would help him for the rest of his life. A change that she should have been guiding years ago, but hindsight was 20/20, and she had to what she could. But it had been a sudden, drastic evolution - for both of them. Tara worried that there might be long-term repercussions that she hadn't thought of.

And was it really the right choice to allow Estella and Kiko to stay, train, and live with them for the rest of the summer? Tara knew they were good people - well, Kiko definitely was. Jury was still out on Estella, but she seemed generally well-intentioned. But regardless of their moral character, Tara had now allowed two attractive women into the house, both of whom were going to become even more so over the next few weeks. Both of them technically unrelated to Cory by blood. She worried that he would become attached to them. Even without her advanced knowledge of psychology, she could have effortlessly deduced that Cory felt a strong attraction to both Estella and Kiko.

Truthfully, Cory had become attracted in a sense to Tara as well. She didn't hold this against him though. The woman she had become over the course of the summer was a far cry from what he grew up with. With her growing ability to read people based off of their body language and tone of voice, she knew that Cory still had a healthy mental block in place. Still, she worried that a fling with Kiko or even Estella was a real possibility.

Tara had to hope that Estella could employ better sense of judgment than to indulge her son's fantasies. She could also simply continue exerting her dominance over the blonde, making it clear that she was Tara's and Tara's alone. As for Kiko... Well, at the moment, Kiko didn't seem very attracted to Cory. Still, if they both remained under the same roof, there was a strong chance that Cory might inadvertently persuade her otherwise.

Tara's mind considered all of the possibilities regarding a Cory and Kiko relationship. Once placed on this path, her brain acted like a metaphorical Hydra, constantly sprouting new tentacles to search every crevice of the topic. Tara deeply enjoyed having these 'thought-trains' as she had come to mentally refer to them. She could physically feel her brain pulsate and pound, challenged by the deep and sustained exploration of a topic. It was difficult to truly measure, but she firmly believed that her mind grew more powerful from these sessions - as if her brain was a muscle that strengthened after heavy use.

If there was a true limit to Tara's burgeoning intellect, it came in the form of creativity. Once started on a topic, she could reach myriad unique conclusions pertaining to the base concept, but it was difficult for her to form entirely new ideas. This frustrated her slightly, but also provided a sort of comfort - there was something, some small tiny thing, that Tara wasn't evolving towards utterly dominating.

Tara shifted the entirety of her weight to a single arm. The added effort caused her circulation to increase slightly, which in turn helped her thought process even further.

During her deep analysis of Cory and Kiko's potential relationships—each with varying degrees of severity, ranging from becoming enemies to becoming married—she came to the conclusion that the overwhelming majority had a positive effect for both of the teens' lives. Based off of their current personalities and recent events, she suspected they would form an alliance similar to her own with Estella. The most likely outcome she predicted was Cory further developing his empathy and desire to help people, while Kiko came to grow into herself, and accept help and warmth from others more readily.

Despite her positive outlook, Tara still knew there were potential dangers - especially considering their age. As such, she would have to slightly nudge things in the right direction, shifting the course towards one positive for both of them. And the stronger Tara became, the more confident, more intelligent, more passively dominant, the easier it would be to cause this shift.

2.)

Estella woke at around 4:30 AM, much earlier than her usual rising time. She looked over at the area of the bed that Tara had formerly occupied, and already felt a longing for her amazonian lover. To merely be around Tara, to feel the immense heat radiating from her body, to know that her unfathomable strength was so close by... Estella cherished these things, despite having only become close with Tara not very long ago.

She looked down at her own naked body, as flawless and lithe as ever. Perhaps even

slightly more defined from the past few days' activities. The mere thought of her muscles growing to the size of Tara's, or dare she think it - even larger and more powerful - drove Estella wild. With her new lover currently absent, she would have to resort to another session of self-love.

-

Twenty minutes later

-

Tara's self-reflection session was interrupted by the approaching presence of Estella. With her eyes still closed, and her body continuously held by the might of a single arm, Tara greeted the blonde:

"Did I wake you?"

"Oh, am I interrupting?"

Both women spoke at the same time.

"No"

"Nah."

They replied in unison, giggling a bit at the sheer coincidence.

Tara's voice was just loud enough to be clearly heard by Estella, without risk of waking up the slumbering teens. Same with Estella's.

"Well, actually, I guess you did wake me up." Estella admitted.

"And technically you are interrupting me." Tara added. "It's fine though, I think I've gotten what I needed out of this session. You probably do need more rest though, especially after last night..."

"Ehh, don't worry about it. I took some T-Corp sleep enhancers last night anyways." Estella replied.

"Sleep enhancers?"

"Yeah. They're what they sound like. They make you sleep more deeply."

"Why have I never heard of these before? This sounds like a product that would be wildly successful."

"It will be. After we work out enough kinks to get past the clinical trial phase."

"Similar to those soreness pills I tried when I first started working out?"

"Yes, exactly! Actually, I kind of want to give you some. See if they have any effect. You already seem to have super efficient sleep cycles though, so I have no clue if it would matter. Still probably worth a shot though!" Estella giggled.

The thought of another potential avenue of improvement for Tara was enticing to both

ladies.

Her eyes still closed, Tara responded, "I must say I'm surprised and impressed by the breadth of inventions you have that can all improve me; and how eager you are to help me with them."

Estella started moving towards Tara, "Well, you know me, always eager to test the limits of humanity!"

"That sounds more like my brother.."

"I get the impression you never really got to know me." Estella replied.

As Estella drew nearer to Tara's godlike form, she already felt the pangs of arousal building within her. Even in this relatively rested state, Tara's body radiated power and beauty. She was, in many ways, the peak of human achievement, all of which was acquired through unending dedication, willpower, and hard work. Yet this was acquired in such a short time frame, and Estella knew there was so much more progress to be made.

"You're becoming aroused." Tara stated calmly, her eyes still closed.

"Yes. Lucky guess, or..?"

"Your... aura, for lack of a better term. You're warming up considerably, radiating more body heat. Your breathing and voice patterns are a bit faster than usual. I'd wager money that your heart rate has increased, maybe some minor perspiration."

"You're just too good big T! You caught me." Estella giggled.

"Big T? Please don't call me that." Tara replied with a tone both serious and playful.

"Oh? Why not?"

"I can't help but imagine you calling my brother that at some point."

Both girls broke out into soft laughter.

Estella continued striding towards Tara. "Seriously though, was that stuff all guess-work, or did you really? You know... sense an 'aura'?"

"I should really come up with a better term than aura. Too many fantasy works have tainted the word. But yeah, I've been getting really deep into this meditation stuff. Becoming really in tune with my body, and as a result focusing on sensing others. I've definitely acquired enhanced senses, which help along the way. But yeah, when I'm focused and close my eyes, I can sense people around me as forms of energy for lack of a better term. I know this all sounds wild, but there are apparently monks who can do way crazier things – presuming the stories are real."

The blonde took another step closer, "Oh Tara, at this point I wouldn't doubt anything you claim."

At last, Tara opened her eyes. While Estella was nowhere near as impressive as she was, the amazon had to admit that her new playmate had a rocking body. Estella was wearing

little more than outrageously skimpy workout clothing, even contour of her lithe form on full display.

Tara stood up, taking her full height, standing nearly a head taller than Estella.

"I think you grew." Estella said, looking up into Tara's face.

"I've grown practically every day since I got here." Tara replied.

"I mean, taller. I think you're a bit taller." Estella clarified.

Tara looked down and focused a bit, cross-referencing her perspective with how things felt a day ago. "You're right. About an inch or so."

Estella reached up, wrapping her arms behind Tara's neck, and gently pulled the larger woman down. They locked lips, and allowed their tongues to explore one another's soft, sensual mouths. After a few moments, they broke it off. "I guess it really is true. You don't use any makeup at all anymore." Estella noted, peering deeply into Tara's face.

"You knew that already."

"Yeah. Just... weird to really accept, you know?"

In turn, Tara looked into Estella's face, "I see that you used a bit of foundation yourself."

The blonde turned a shade pink. "Yeah. Us mere mortals still have to use primal implements to look good you know!" she teased with a giggle. "Hey, you ready to eat breakfast and work out?"

Tara shrugged, "That was my plan anyways!"

3.) A few minutes later, at the kitchen table.

"Eat, eat, eat!" Estella chanted with childlike glee as she shoveled another spoonful of peanut butter into the amazon's mouth.

Tara swallowed it down before finally responding, "Estella, why? What is this all about?"

"Just trust me, ya big lug!" the smaller girl giggled before feeding her goddess even more.

Tara quickly chewed and swallowed again, "Hey! Really! I think I know better than anyone how much food I need!"

"Oh, just play along with me today, okay?" Estella chirped before bringing yet another chunk of nutrition to Tara's mouth.

"Seriously! What's gotten into you!?" Tara could have forcefully declined the food, but part of her wanted to humor Estella, so she consumed yet another calorie-dense burst.

"Look, just follow for now. If it wasn't worth it, then don't eat this much at lunch or tomorrow. I'm running a bit of an experiment to be honest with you." Estella explained before placing a piece of chicken breast on Tara's plate.

Tara sighed. This was so sudden and strange, but she was curious. She didn't quite like the concept of being an 'experiment', it ran contrary to her desire to be dominant, but she had a feeling that this would ultimately be for her benefit. She picked the meat up, brought it to her lips, and bit into it.

-

The feeding frenzy continued until Tara was completely stuffed full. Ever since the initial steps of her transformation, Tara had never felt so close to bursting. In truth, she didn't like the sensation, and she hoped that whatever was supposed to come would truly be worth it.

"Well, you ready to work out?" Estella asked with a giggle.

"Yeah, sure I guess."

"Oh, I need to grab a couple of things. I'll meet you down there alright?" Estella said, heading to the room she unpacked her belongings in before Tara could reply.

-

Ten minutes later, in the mansion's gym

-

Estella appeared in the room with a large gym bag by the side. Still recovering from engorging herself with food, Tara suggested that she would direct Estella through a workout.

"Awww, I wanted to see you get all buffed up! Even more that is. Well, I guess I should be getting more buff myself. After all, I don't want you to outgrow me too much..." She brought a hand on top of Tara's crotch, feeling the outline of the genitalia that the skin-tight exercise bottom barely covered.

Tara reached down and grabbed hold of her lover's hand, "Estella, we can't get too close. Or, to be more specific, we can't be too noisy. Just a matter of time until the kids hear us." She explained.

"Oh, that I won't be a problem at all. It's simple. I've got these." Estella walked over to a bag she had brought down with her, opened it, and pulled out two small disk-like devices.

"And those are?" Tara inquired.

Estella ignored the larger woman, walked over to the gym's doorway, placed a disk onto the door, and pressed a button - causing the device to click into place. Another button press caused the machine to radiate a quiet hum. "These are sound blockers." The blonde replied as she placed and activated the second disk to the side of the door.

"Well, go on. Elaborate." Tara prompted.

"Sure." Estella opened her bag again, retrieving another duo of disks. "These aren't on the market yet. Though there are already quite a few products like them out there." She moved over to another wall of the gym and activated another noise-blocker. "Basically, as I'm sure you're aware, all sound is essentially vibrations. To boil it down to the simplest terms, these disks intercept and nullify the vibrations as they try to pass through the walls."

"Sounds... too good to be true."

"I mean, considering all the other crazy inventions you've experienced first hand... I'm not kidding when I say that there are other products like this out on the market. Ours is a bit better of course, so this time around we're caught up in some patent-trolling red-tape; competition doesn't want it out of course." Estella moved over to Tara, "Give me a boost? Need to get this one on the ceiling." She asked, holding the last disk up.

Wordlessly, Tara reached down, wrapped her hands around Estella's tiny waist, and effortlessly hoisted her into the air, as if the full-bodied 6'+ tall model weighed nothing at all. Estella let out a cheerful squeal as she soared into the air, and proceeded to install the noise-cancellation disk onto the ceiling before Tara let her back down.

"Jeeze Tara, I'm STILL not over how friggan' strong you are!" Estella exclaimed, reaching over and squeezing Tara's indomitable bicep.

Tara grinned.

The blonde continued, "And we're going to make you SO much stronger!"

"How much stronger?" Tara finally spoke.

"How much do you think?"

"Hard to really fathom it. If I'm not the strongest person alive, I will be in a short amount of time. Maybe twice as strong as I am now?"

"That's it?" Estella replied, somewhat shocked, "I thought for sure someone with your drive and imagination would have much bigger ideas than that!"

"I... suppose I do. But, really, just how powerful could I become?"

"This is uncharted territory, baby! So let's do everything we can to see how far you can go!"

"Well first let's give you a good workout." Tara said warmly.

"Don't you want to test out the noise blockers?" Estella said.

"Well, alright."

Estella retrieved her cell-phone. "Here's how it'll work. I'll stand outside the door and start recording with an app. You use those big, sexy lungs of yours to scream and shout. I'll then come back in and replay the message to you."

Tara shrugged, there were some holes in the plan, ways for Estella to cheat if wanted, but she would go along with it for now. "Alright."

Estella made her way outside of the gym and shut the door. Unsure of what else to do, Tara drew a deep breath, and shouted without reserve. She hoped that the devices worked, because there was a strong chance she would awaken Cory and Kiko if they were still asleep. The sheer output of Tara's voice caused the area around her to tremble slightly.

A few seconds later, Tara stopped, and a few moments after that, Estella returned with a

grin. "Hope you yelled!" she said before strolling over and pressing play on the phone's recorder app - to Tara's surprise, there was absolute silence, until Estella's recorded voice said, "I'm just saying something to prove that I actually used the app right now."

"You know, those noise things would have been awfully useful last night." Tara stated somewhat blankly.

"True that. Well, it was kind of fun trying to be stealthy. Tonight we'll use them and really let loose!"

Lewd thoughts crept into Tara's mind as she imagined the possibilities of not needing to worry about noise. She took a step towards Estella, closed the distance, reached down, and slid her hand underneath the shorter girl's workout shorts. Estella let out a soft moan, but found herself actually stopping Tara. "Ah... Now I'm the one realizing something - there's no lock on the door, and I know Cory has been working out with you. Kiko also seems interested in pushing herself as well."

Tara considered this for a moment and quickly came to a solution, "I've got that one under control." She said before walking over to a rack of weighted metal plates, and grabbing hold of four 100-pound disks, two for each hand. With only a small amount of visible effort, Tara carried the plates—400 pounds of resistance in total—to the gym's door and stacked them up. "There, I don't think anyone will be getting in, and I'm sure the kids will take a hint." She said, dusting her hands off.

4.)

"Well, with all of that settled, how about we finally start this workout?" Tara said, closing the distance once more.

"Ah, yeah." Estella said, gazing upon Tara's form, finding herself lost in the spectacle of Tara's body. Before they could actually get started however, the blonde found herself sidetracked again. The sheer width of Tara's lat spread made Estella's knees involuntarily quake. Tara's upper body possessed easily more than double the thickness of Estella's own, possibly even triple. Despite having explored nearly every crevice of Tara's physique with both her fingers and tongue the night prior, Estella was still awestruck; the novelty of Tara's muscles hadn't come close to wearing off yet.

Estella glanced down at Tara's bare, rippling midsection. This too was thicker than Estella's own, but with good reason: the core was packed to its brim with bulging muscles that had formed something of an armor-like plating with myriad ridges, jutting obliques, and the deepest Adonis Belt that Estella had ever bare witness to.

With slightly trembling fingers, Estella reached up and grabbed onto one of the eight primary 'pacs' of muscle, and lovingly squeezed it - finding that she could start to lose her fingers within the valley of power surrounding them. Each individual abdominal was comparable to a baseball in size, yet possessed a hardness that seemed firmer than steel. With Estella's grip still in place, Tara decided to have some fun: she crunched her abdomen downward, forcing the muscle to close in on itself - capturing Estella's fingers in place. After watching Estella's hands squirm around a bit, Tara untensed.

Estella couldn't control herself; she knelt down a bit and began licking the thick, deep line in the center of Tara's midsection. Estella brought her hands onto Tara's gym shorts, tempting to pull them down...

"Let's work out first." Tara said with a chuckle.

Both girls understood that a game of cat and mouse was in play, and each delay lending itself to further build up their anticipation.

"Right. Right." Estella said, collecting herself. "Actually, I have yet another delay... I would really like to gather your current stats on the scanner machine. You know, the one you used during your ascension and sent the information from to my husband?"

Tara shrugged, "During my initial growth I used the machine much more regularly. I guess I should be more curious about the way my body is changing. Alright, let's go for it."

The girls moved over to the machine and started up its basic process. A few minutes later, it had finished scanning Tara, and gave its initial readout:

-Basic Check Up Results-
Height: 6'6.7"
Weight: 401 lbs
Bodyfat Percent: ERROR

"Huh. I wonder how much weight that ridiculous breakfast you made me eat added to this." Tara said with a laugh.

"Practically nothing." Estella replied.

"Hmm?"

"If the machine is working correctly that is. The weight on there is supposed to be irrelevant to clothing and abnormal amounts of water or food in one's system. It's a scanner, remember?"

"Huh. Neat." Tara replied, trying to think about exactly what that meant and all of its implications.

Estella spoke up again, "Can we puh-lease do the full test?" she asked, flashing a classic 'puppy-eyes' expression.

"Well, alright. I guess I should be more involved with fully understanding my body anyways." Tara agreed.

Estella stroked a few more keys, and the machine initiated the next phase of its operation. Just like the last time this happened, the process was slightly invasive, drawing blood among other things. A few minutes passed and it finished, and new numbers appeared on the screen.

"Obviously we're going to have to wait a bit longer to get all the details on your blood and stuff, but here's some more fun stuff."

Biceps: 29 inches
Calves: 27 inches
Quads: 36 inches
Bust: 51 inches

Waist: 35 inches
Hips: 52 inches

"Ah-mazing." Estella said, continuing to pour over the numbers. "I guess we already knew this stuff, but it's just so fun to see as hard data!"

"Huh, I thought I had thirty inch arms by now." Tara said, somewhat bemused.

"All in good time dear." Estella added with a giggle.

Seeing the numbers was still surreal for Tara. To think that in the past few months alone, her weight had increased nearly threefold, and grown over a foot taller. Even more mind blowing to realize that now she had almost zero unneeded bodyfat, and her form as a whole was leagues more efficient than ever before. In fact, over the past few days alone she had gained 18 pounds of muscle and 2 inches of height - as she last measured at 6'4" and 383 pounds before Terry's visit. Such a growth spurt was ridiculous even for her.

"Seems my waist is thickening." Tara noted with a hint of sadness in her voice.

"Makes sense though. You're getting so big and so tall... plus your abs are growing as well. At some point you need more room, you know?" Estella replied. "And your ratio is still insane..."

"Yeah, I know. Funny to think that it's still a tiny bit more trim than the average man's, despite me being so much taller and more muscular overall."

And hey, look at this, each of your quads is a bit wider than your waist!"

Tara glanced down and tensed one of the muscles in question, a staggering web of muscular striations danced to life in response. "I have to admit that is pretty cool. I guess we'll just have to make these quads even bigger!"

"That's the spirit! Well, I should have myself scanned too. For both a comparison between us, and so I can see what results I get under your tutelage." Estella pressed a few buttons and entered the machine's scanning range. A few minutes later, it returned:

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 6'2.5"
Weight: 163 lbs
Bodyfat Percent: 15

"Seems about right." Estella said before prompting the machine to run the rest of its tests on her. The initial results revealed:

Biceps: 13 inches
Calves: 14 inches
Quads: 21 inches
Bust: 38 inches
Waist: 25 inches
Hips: 37 inches

"Unf... looking at these numbers is starting to kinda really turn me on..." Estella murmured before turning her attention back to Tara.

"That in love with yourself?" Tara teased.

"No. I keep thinking about them in comparison to yours. I've been with some very big, very strong, and very impressive men... But you... You're in a league of your own. I mean... come over here so I can show you what I'm talking about."

Tara walked over.

"Alright," Estella started again, "I want you to lift your leg up, and bring your calf next to my thigh."

Tara complied, her graceful and limber movements were surreal when paired with her enormous legs. Immediately, Tara understood the point. Estella explained regardless, "Just look at that! Your calf alone has a bigger circumference than my entire thigh!" she reached over and squeezed the huge ham-like block of muscle, "And way harder! I wouldn't be surprised if your calf has more effective muscle than my whole quad!"

"In fact..." Tara started, bringing her leg up higher, up to Estella's toned torso, "Like the reading says, my calf is thicker than your entire waist." She giggled.

Estella bit her bottom lip, "We need to shift focus to finally getting that workout underway before I jump your bones to the best of my ability!"

5.) Biceps

A few minutes later...

At last the girls' workout was underway. Still feeling slightly stuffed from the massive breakfast she ate, Tara opted to coach Estella through a workout while her stomach continued to settle.

Estella was quite competent at the lifts, demonstrating that she either had prior knowledge or was a swift learner - possibly a combination of both. The lithe muscles of her long limbs filled out slightly as they became pumped up from the activity, offering a hint of what Estella could look like with more training. Her biceps swelled slightly passed the size of lemons; the ridges of her abs deepened and widened; and a tear-drop outline on her quadriceps bulged forward.

Tara found herself growing more attracted to Estella's form the further pumped up it became. While she still wanted to remain larger and stronger for various reasons, Tara began envisioning Estella with huge muscles as well, and grew increasingly aroused as a result. Likewise, the release of endorphins and Tara's presence made Estella fairly horny, but both girls managed to stay on task.

Eventually Estella finished up the last exercise of Tara's proposed gauntlets: squats. With a total of 250 pounds on her back, Estella crouched down with perfect form, letting out a high-pitched feminine grunt at the lowest point of the motion. Her form gleamed with perspiration and her natural musk of spent vitality filled the air. Estella was a world-class supermodel, but when she worked out, she became far more attractive in Tara's opinion.

"Not bad. Not bad at all." Tara said with a warm smile as the blonde finished her last repetition.

"Thanks. Now it's your turn to pump up that big sexy bod of yours!" Estella announced.

Tara nodded, "Right. Wanna see something cool?"

"Of course I do!" Estella cheerfully replied.

Tara moved over to the squat rack, grabbed onto the combined 250 pounds, and hoisted it up with the power of her arms alone. With the weight in hand, she began performing bicep curls with perfect form. Her biceps swelled to life, finally given some semblance of a challenge.

"Oh come on, we both know that isn't much for you. You lifted two hundred pounds with each arm to block off the door!" Estella quipped.

Tara smirked, "Fair enough." She placed the weight back on the squat rack. "How about you add two fifty pound plates onto this?"

Estella's eyes lit up, "Oooh, now THAT sounds like fun!"

The blonde moved over to the disks and grabbed a single fifty pound plate. Unlike Tara, who was capable of holding two with each hand, Estella had to use both of her arms to carry it over. After strapping on the first, she repeated the process with a second on the other side of the barbell.

With an additional 100 pounds on the bar, bringing the total up to 350, Tara grabbed hold of the weight and lifted it off with a small grunt. Her arms swelled up further than before; the thick blue veins adorning her arms engorged themselves to new heights, allowing for greater blood flow and nutrition to find its way to her muscles; even Tara's triceps and deltoids rippled further, awakening from their slumbering rested state.

Despite curling weight nearly as great as her own, Tara was still only moderately challenged by the exercise. "In fact..." Tara started in between grunts of effort indicating each repetition, "Lifting this is getting kind of..." Another grunt, "Easier..." Another repetition, "Muscles adjusting, getting used to the weight..."

Estella walked over and wrapped both hands lovingly around Tara's right bicep. It was even harder than what she was used to feeling from Tara, and significantly warmer too. "Feels like a little power-packed engine!" she explained. "Though... if it's getting easier, maybe you should amp things up even further?"

"This is my old max... shouldn't be this trivial."

"Surely someone as brilliant as you remembers instant growth you had yesterday..."

"True." Tara let out another grunt as she hoisted the weight up once again.

"So based off of this, what's the absolute maximum you could add onto this bicep curl?" Estella asked.

"Playing it safe... 25. Really pushing myself, probably 50." Tara explained, lifting the weight again.

"I see. I'll be right back then." Estella sauntered over to the weight plates and grabbed another fifty. With a good deal of effort, she brought it back over.

"Err, I need the weight to be symmetrical..." Tara said as Estella seemed to ignore her, placing the large plate onto the left side of the barbell.

"It will be." Estella replied with a giggle as she grabbed another 50 pound plate and brought it over, slapping it onto the right side.

"This..."

"You can do it." Estella said calmly. "I'll help you."

Tara shrugged. Worst case scenario was that she finally had a muscle tear and was out of commission for a few days; something she certainly didn't desire, but it would be interesting to finally determine her limits. "Alright, here we go." The amazon gripped her hands on the barbell, which now had a total of 450 pounds loaded onto it.

She pulled with immense effort, the symphony of bulging muscles and thick veins of Tara's upper body filling to an even greater size. She let out a loud grunt, pulling with every last ounce of strength she had. Tara let out a shout of effort and perspiration poured outward, coating her body with a veneer of spent vitality, her muscles glistening in the light as a result. Adrenaline began to course through Tara's form, and she became curious to see what would happen if she truly went all-out. She continued pulling, forcing her body against its will, demanding her arms continue their seemingly impossible task.

After a few moments of intense focus, Tara let out another shout, and the barbell actually lifted an inch off of its holding rack. Tara could physically feel the muscle fibers in her arms tearing apart, shredding themselves in the process; she instinctual knew that any other person would have severely damaged themselves by this point.

Estella knew that Tara couldn't actually accomplish the feat... not currently at least. Tara was able to keep the barbell off the rack by an inch, but maintaining this much distance alone was entirely taxing. Estella retrieved a bottle from her bag and brought it up to Tara's lips. "I think you know what comes next." The blonde said with a wink.

Wordlessly, Tara agreed, and began to drink down the contents as Estella slowly poured them into her mouth. A few moments later, it started to happen again. The sensation was incredible. Just like when she performed pull-ups at the cliff side with Estella on her back, Tara could feel her strength increasing in real time. A sound similar to cloth fibers ripping filled the air, and right before Estella's very eyes, Tara's thick, bulging biceps seemed to become even larger!

Tara's energy and available strength continued to surge, and her biceps also kept slowly growing. With renewed power, Tara managed to bring the barbell up another inch. Another grunt, another small growth spurt, and the bar rose yet another inch. Then another... And another... Finally with one last yell and an added inch to the circumference of her arms, Tara hoisted the entirety of the weight upward, bringing it to her chest; her arms reached their new maximum size, both equally terrifying and arousing for Estella to witness firsthand.

Having grown into her new strength, Tara managed to bring the re-purposed squat-bar back down, then lifted it once more, a concoction of muscle tendons in her arms twitching in response.

"Tara... you're curling 450 pounds with just the power of your biceps alone!" Estella squealed, gripping one of the amazon's arms with both of her fingers, squeezing it with all of her might to fully experience Tara's might firsthand.

"Tell me something..." Tara grunted as she finished another repetition, "I don't know!" she yelled with a strange combination of a grunt and a laugh, hoisting the weight once more before finally feeling the limits of her abilities and placing it back down on the rack with a satisfying crash.

Estella let go and gave Tara some room. The amazon spread her arms backward and slowly lifted them, tensing them in the most deliberate double-bicep pose possible. A tapestry of muscle fibers painted across her massive wingspan exploded to life, each individual crevice brimming with power. Even the myriad striations present in her pecs, traps, delts, and underarms seemed larger than ever, engorged with blood from Tara's efforts.

At last the biceps rose, their circumference so great that they began to rival that of a human head. The separation between the top of Tara's bicep and tricep was deep enough that a fully grown man could place his hand inside and grab onto only half of her magnificent arm. At the top of the bicep's head was a peak: tall, full, and proud; and ornamenting this peak a split developed enough that one might mistake Tara for having two separate biceps.

Technically there were men with arms as large as Tara's, but none held her level of conditioning, muscular power, and aesthetic appeal.

Both women wondered if Tara's arms had finally eclipsed the 30 inch mark, but neither felt like audibly mentioning it. Estella was too awestruck to say much of anything, and Tara didn't want to come off as too self-absorbed.

Regardless, Estella found herself growing weak in the presence of the muscular goddess. Tara's mere presence exuded supreme power; a kind of authority that only grew ever stronger and more dominant in the face of challenge.

6.) Squats

"Estella. Seriously, what's going on? We both know I can waste a few evenings reverse engineering the chemicals and myself to figure out what this is all about. Or you can just tell me now." Tara said, gazing down with self-indulgent satisfaction at her newly acquired gains.

"Mmm... You getting your science on IS pretty hot, but I think your time would be better directed elsewhere... So, alright. It's super simple, silly: the chemicals are forcing your body to utilize all available nutrients to match whatever stimulation it's met with."

"That's what everyone's body does. Mine does it at a pretty fast rate too." Tara replied.

"Yeah, but this speeds it up even more! Real time growth!"

Tara quickly connected the dots. "So you were trying to get me to eat so much at breakfast so I'd have an abundance of extra fuel for the growth trigger?"

"Yup!"

"How did you know this would work on me?" Tara inquired, raising a brow.

"Because... science! Duh!"

Tara knew there was something deeper that Estella wasn't letting on. "Was it my data? From that machine over there?" She pointed to the bleeding-tech device that she had used to track her progress over the summer. "A couple of times I sent a full suite of information to Terry."

"Maybe... Let's leave some things a mystery for now. It's funner that way, you know?"

Tara considered pushing the point. Letting Estella dictate this would undermine Tara's general theme of dominance; but Estella did technically own the mansion, and thus far her experiment seemed to only yield greatly positive results...

"Well, alright. Anyways, let's move on to squats. Should build up the foundation a bit, my arms are kind of... proportionately large now." Tara said with a smirk before tensing them again. "Plus, I should use the squat rack for its intended purpose." She chuckled before walking over to the weighted plates and grabbing another two pairs of 100s, similar to what she used to barricade the door. As Tara lifted the weights, she couldn't help but note, "Wow, these are lighter already!"

Estella bit her lower lip.

Tara walked back over to the squat rack and rearranged the weight plates to properly accommodate the additional 400 pounds. She then walked over, got underneath the bar, stood up so it sat on her wide, bulging shoulders, and proceeded to squat downward.

The sight was boggling to Estella - even with a combined weight of 850 pounds on her back, Tara seemed to be squatting the weight with little difficulty. Her titanic quads bulged out a bit further from the beginnings of a pump, but it was evident from both their size and Tara's light breathing that much more weight was required.

"Guess I shouldn't be surprised, considering I just two-hand curled nearly half this much." Tara explained with a grin before re racking the weight. She strutted back over to the plates, grabbed two 100's, going so far as to hold them outward with her arms spread—her shoulders and traps bulging in the process—to emphasize how light they were to her.

Tara added the extra 200 pounds, bringing the total to 1050 pounds. She then slipped underneath the bar and brought it onto her back. With literally over 1000 pounds on her broad shoulders, Tara's lats flared out even further, making her silhouette more impressive and dominating. With slow, steady motions, Tara squatted down, letting out a deliberate, but not desperate, grunt upon her descent. Her trunk-like legs swelled further, the criss-crossing cuts of muscle on the top of her thighs creating a deep, angular shape.

While Tara was visibly taxed, and the current level of weight provided ample resistance for a good workout, both women could tell that she was ready for more - especially if Estella's special blend was involved.

"I've got an idea to add some weight in a fun way..." Estella started coyly.

"Oh yeah?"

"Give me a boost." Estella said, closing the distance between them, "Up onto your back."

Tara smirked. She immediately understood what Estella was hinting at and agreed by grabbing Estella by the waist and effortlessly hoisting her onto the prodigious barbell. Sitting atop the metal bar was a little uncomfortable, but Estella managed to steady herself. Estella was lithe and fairly ripped, but her tall frame still added over 160 pounds of weight, bringing the total to over 1200 pounds.

"Ready?" Tara asked.

"Ready!" Estella cheerfully replied.

Tara racked the weight onto her back, finding this initial step to be supremely difficult. Once situated, she slowly began to squat down, letting out a loud grunt of effort. Estella could immediately feel Tara needed a boost, and wasted no effort in providing it. She reached down with the bottle, bringing it to Tara's lips. No words were wasted - instead the amazon drank deeply, and focused with all of her might on not collapsing with so much weight on her shoulders.

A few moments later, Estella could feel the foundation beneath her—Tara's wide, powerful frame—trembling from the effort of squatting the combination of her weight atop the barbell. Tara's grunts were louder and more deliberate than any other thus far, as such Estella knew that her lover was struggling with the task. Estella was prepared for this; she took the bottle she had been carrying, and brought it down to Tara's lips, forcing a mouthful of its contents down Tara's awaiting throat.

Just like with the bicep curls, Tara could feel her strength increasing by the moment. The network of thick, powerful veins feeding nutrition into Tara's muscles was the first to grow; they widened, opening further, and fortified themselves, all in preparation of funneling even more power into Tara's muscles. Both girls heard the fibrous tearing-like sound again. Estella peaked down, and noticed that Tara's legs seemed to be even larger than before.

At last, Tara stood back up with the combined weight on her shoulder. Once again, power surged into Tara's form. Since her legs were the largest muscles in her body, the overall amount of strength gained was the largest burst yet. Tara couldn't help but moan in ecstasy, as the magnificent trunks widened and grew broader. It wasn't just Tara's quads that grew; her calves similarly expanded, as did her back itself.

"I... I think you're taller now Tara." Estella observed.

"I believe it." Tara replied with another grunt, gaining even more size and strength.

The tendons in her hamstrings were becoming so exaggerated that they looked and functioned like motor pistons. Strength continued to flow into Tara, and just like with the bicep curls, the task at hand quickly became manageable, and eventually somewhat easy. After a handful of repetitions, she reracked the weight, (after which Estella spryly jumped from the bar), and took inventory of her larger, stronger, and overall better body.

7.) Bench Press

Satisfied with the progress made to her foundation, Tara moved on over to the bench press

and packed 800 pounds onto the barbell - far more than she could bench a mere day earlier.

Estella approached Tara, who still sitting on the bench and prompted the amazon to flex. Tara obliged. Estella brought her mouth over to the bicep's peak. She placed her lips over it, planting a deliberate kiss. Still lingering, she let her tongue out, allowing it to explore the bicep's peak, teasing and tasting the rock hard muscle. She gave it another kiss, physically and emotionally loving the primal representation of Tara's power, paying it the respect she felt it deserved.

"Hand me the bottle of your special blend." Tara ordered in a husky voice.

A chill ran down Estella's spine from the command. Tara's voice was irresistible. While the blond had primarily been in control over the blend and Tara's activities today, she couldn't help but yield for the time being. She grabbed the bottle and handed it to the waiting amazon. Tara brought it to her lips and began to chug it. While Estella would have rationed out a small portion of the contents, Tara drank deeply, soaking up ever last ounce of the almost magical compound. After draining the bottle of its contents, Tara squeezed the container, her forearm bunching menacingly in the process, and a moment later the thin metal crumpled within her grip.

With that finished, Tara slid underneath the weight and started benching it. Having already consumed even more of Estella's blend, Tara was ready for the challenge ahead. Without hesitation, Tara got to work, pushing the massive weight up, steadying it in the air, and bringing it down to her chest.

Estella viewed this as the perfect opportunity to have more fun. She deftly lowered Tara's workout shorts, revealing her bare sex, and without warning, moved. Despite primarily bedding the opposite gender, it wasn't Estella's first time pleasuring another woman.

Tara's taste was exactly as Estella imagined it: simultaneously sweet and somehow dominating. Her other senses were similarly filled with Tara: touch was occupied with digging into Tara's calves with all of her might, knowing fully well that there was no way she could ever inflict any harm; sound was filled with Tara's grunts and growls; scent was enraptured with the overpowering musk of Tara's spent vitality and natural pheromones - which were potently pleasant for Estella; and sight went without explanation - Tara physically took up Estella's entire field of vision.

Even the heat exuding from Tara's form, emanating from her huge thighs, overpowering core, and of course - stimulated crotch, bombarded Estella's mind - a visceral reminder of the sheer amount of power contained within Tara's form.

Between the flood of endorphins from lifting hundreds of pounds with the might of her chest alone, the rush of energy from instantly acquired muscle, and Estella's efforts, Tara found herself in the midst of the most intense orgasm of her life. Having been straight her entire life, this normally would have caused some level of introspection for her, but Tara was too far awash in ecstasy to entertain such thoughts.

As she came, Tara felt even more energy flooding into her system, likely even further adrenal reserves making themselves available after the bliss of climax. "MORE!" Tara exclaimed, her usually commanding tone relenting slightly to the frenzy of pleasure. Estella presumed her lover demanded more attention, and readied herself for another course.

"More weight I mean." Tara added, "Then maybe more of the other stuff.."

Estella brought her head upward, "More weight!?"

"You heard me."

The blonde got up and moved over to the weighted plates, "How much more?"

"Another hundred."

"You... sure?"

"Don't doubt me now Estella!"

Biting her lower lip from the concept of Tara already reaching new heights of strength, Estella brought over a 50 pound plate, attached it, then repeated the process.

With a total of 900 pounds on the barbell, Tara gripped it. Estella decided to mix things up and straddled Tara, then proceeded to lay out on top of her. The sheer difference in their widths became increasingly apparent. "I'll spot you this way. If things get out of control, I'll push up too. Though I'm sure you'll overcome the challenge."

"Alright." Tara agreed, gripping the larger weight, letting out a large grunt as she hoisted it up, and with a burst of effort brought it down to her chest - just shy of Estella's neck.

With Estella's life on the line, even more adrenaline coursed through Tara's system. This, mixed with the special blend, resulted in another instantaneous growth spurt: her pecs in particular simultaneously hardened and increased in sheer size, expanding upward and outward. Estella could physically feel Tara's chest beneath her head shifting; and a moment later, the entirety of Tara's upper body widen further.

This time, Tara didn't even need to particularly struggle with the weight. Her body adapted as quickly as possible, both for her own safety and Estella's. Tara's body exuded even more heat, metaphysically wrapping Estella in a blanket of comfort - a blanket becoming even more powerful and dominating by the moment.

After a handful of repetitions, Tara finished, re-racking the weight. Estella turned over and brought her face up to Tara's, and the couple engaged in a passionate prolonged kiss.

8.) Ten Minutes Later

"Let's see how much you grew from just that workout!" Estella squealed, heading over to the body scanning machine.

It seemed like a slightly anti-climatic way to spend the post-workout afterglow, but Tara was somewhat curious to see just how large the changes were. She walked over to the machine and allowed it to scan her. The initial results displayed:

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 6'7"

Weight: 411 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: ERROR

"Plus ten pounds of muscle and a tenth of an inch of height." Tara noted before initiating

the advanced scan. A few minutes later they were met with:

Biceps: 30.5 inches
Calves: 29.5 inches
Quads: 38.5 inches
Bust: 55 inches
Waist: 36 inches
Hips: 53 inches

"Looks like everything grew." Tara affirmed.

"Except for your waist!" Estella added.

Tara chuckled, "Yeah. Now the difference between that and my quad is even bigger."

Estella lovingly wrapped her arms around Tara, "You just keep getting sexier and sexier! I love it! Plus, when the machine finishes its full analysis we can go full science mode and analyze if my special shake made any changes to your blood and that stuff."

"Right." Tara agreed. Then it hit her. "Oh god..." she muttered, clutching her midsection.

"What's wrong?" Estella asked, genuinely worried.

"Feel..." Her stomach grumbled loudly, "Hungry. Really hungry." She let out a groan, "Like... I didn't know it was possible to be this hungry..."

Estella's eyes lit up, "Ah! Not that surprising, you did have multiple doses of my special blend. I suppose the massive breakfast wasn't enough to offset-"

Tara interrupted "Please, need to eat, desperately..." she keeled over slightly.

"Oh my. Right! I planned for this!" Estella opened her handbag once more and retrieved a box. Nutrition bars! Heavy duty ones." She quickly unpacked it and handed Tara a wrapped bar.

The amazon tore it open and tossed the wrapper aside with reckless abandon before greedily shoving it into her mouth, quickly chewing, and swallowing.

"Each bar has 480 calories." Estella said, instinctively handing another to Tara.

"Need you to unwrap as much as you can." Tara said as she tore open the bar in her hands, and shoving it into her mouth.

"Right!" Estella opened another, handing it to Tara right as she finished the second bar.

"Actually, hand me a wrapped one and the unwrapped one." Tara calmly ordered.

"Ookay..." Estella handed her an unwrapped, which Tara began to tear open while she was still chewing the last one.

Estella quickly caught onto what was Tara's plan was. Without uttering another word, the girls quickly implemented their new system. Tara would simultaneously eat an already wrapped bar while unwrapping another, meanwhile Estella would also work on unwrapping a

bar to hand off.

This process continued for bar after bar, minute after minute. Tara's appetite was insatiable, and neither girl had a spare moment to speak. A few minutes passed until the only possible conclusion presented itself: Tara had finished the entire box of bars.

The end result was an empty box of bars, wrappers strewn across the ground, and Tara sitting satisfied with a round rump of a 'food baby' emerging from her midsection.

"Aww, it's okay - you're still hot stuff even with a tiny belly." Estella said with a giggle, poking it a few times. "So weird... it's like, you've still got those insane abs, but the ball of food underneath."

"So weird seeing my stomach not completely flat." Tara chuckled, "Hard to believe that only a few months ago I was... small and flabby."

"You know... I bet that once your body is done digesting all of that food, your abs are going to be even bigger and harder as a result." Estella said.

Tara looked like she had been mostly restored to her full glory, yet something was still off. Before Estella could ask, Tara explained, "Now I'm... Sleepy. Really sleepy."

"Sleepy? Well that's unexpected. Still, despite my playing around this morning, you do ultimately know what's best for your body. Maybe a power-nap would be useful?"

Tara nodded. "My body's been pretty good at requiring little rest, but maybe such a massive, sudden growth spurt has placed a lot more stress on it."

"You up for having me keep you company while you snooze?"

Tara shrugged, "That's fine with me - though it could be kind of boring for you."

Estella ran a finger between the thick, rippling pecs in front of her, "There's never a dull moment when you're involved. Especially if..." she reached into her bag and retrieved three more of the noise-cancellation disks, "We have these!"

It was decided.

Tara moved the four hundred pound barricade she placed in front of the gym's door, noting with satisfaction as she lifted all four plates at once that her strength had definitely increased significantly since earlier that morning. Next she effortlessly scooped Estella into her arms and strutted out, carrying her bridal-style. Their destination: the master bedroom!

- To be continued!