

Mother Knows Best Rebirth Chapter 9  
By MagnusMagneto  
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Special thanks to Ritualist and Detritus

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[Notes: Kiko is a hormonal young woman with a lot on her mind, but she is 18 years of age - legal adult.]

[Small sexual content warning.]

1.) Earlier that day - during Chapter 8

At 4:45 AM, Kiko awoke. She glanced down at her nude body - despite the low light in the room, she could still make out its details. Her abs seemed to jut out a bit more; her pecs were a bit larger and further striated; and even while laying down, her quadriceps bulged out a bit more than she last recalled. Kiko brought her arm in front of her face and flexed it, the proportionately large ball of muscle rippling to life. *Good, gained more size. And definition. Progressing just as fast as I thought I would if I actually tried.* She thought to herself.

A mere few days ago the sight of larger muscles would have bothered Kiko profusely, but now she had a new goal, a net outlook on life; and truthfully, it came a lot more naturally to her than her prior one.

Eager to continue progressing, Kiko started the morning with a rigorous abdominal exercise in her bed: leg raises, reverse crunches, flutter kicks, and scissors - all performed with perfect technique and optimal mind-muscle connection. She even slid out of bed and quickly entered an advance plank position. "Too easy..." she murmured with disappointment as her planking time surpassed what 90% of men could hope to accomplish.

Kiko performed more bodyweight exercises, did some advanced (basic for her) martial arts Katas, and took a soapy shower.

Despite her misgivings about Cory's change of heart, and her frustration stemming from Tara's superiority, Kiko had to admit that she felt like she was on top of the world. Her body was flooded with endorphins - far more than usual - biologically reinforcing her decision to start seriously providing her muscles with the stimulation and nutrition they craved. As her

fingers ran across the soaked limbs, there was no doubt in her mind: she had grown overnight - especially in this pumped state.

Kiko smirked as she considered what Cory's reaction would be. She imagined the silly dweeb making some dumb comment about how, 'Oh my God, did you get bigger overnight?'

After showering, she dried off, and still nude, she examined herself in the mirror. Kiko noticed that her brows were a bit bushier than she would have liked. She had never really paid much attention to them before, but now that she saw it, she couldn't help but be bothered by them.

"Maybe I should..."

A few moments later..

*What the hell am I doing?* Kiko thought to herself as another hair was painfully removed. *Whatever, may as well finish the job.* She reasoned as she continued shaping her brows, powerful muscles in her forearms flickering in response.

After a short while, she finished and observed her handiwork. "Kind of sucked, but I gotta admit they look better." She murmured to herself.

Kiko then began to scrutinize more of her body. She noticed a scant amount of stubble at the locations her bodily hair grew. *Ugh! What if someone notices this!?* She thought to herself as she grabbed the appropriate supplies and prepared to shave. As she lathered the skin, Kiko considered how in the past she likely would have waited another day, possibly a couple more if she could get away with wearing covering clothing. Didn't matter, she was already in the process and might as well finish.

Clearing her underarms was particularly tricky, due to the pocket of power created by her bulging lats and pecs. Despite this, Kiko persisted. She next turned her attention to her legs; in truth, nobody would have noticed anything from a distance, but she was on a mission. Once again, the powerful ridges of muscle on her limbs made reaching every inch of surface area an intricate ordeal. Through sheer focus and dedication, Kiko persevered.

Kiko rubbed her smooth legs a few times, "They feel good... but what if..." she picked up a bottle of expensive moisturizer that was regularly stocked in the guest-bathroom. She squirted some into her palms and began to rub it on her legs. As she absentmindedly applied the lotion, Kiko's mind drifted, and she thought about what a pain this was to do. *Wouldn't mind letting that dweeb take care of this.* She thought, snickering at the concept of Cory awkwardly trying to lather it into her skin without coming off as too creepy or something.

Kiko felt her skin practically drink the moisturizer in, instantly becoming noticeably softer and a bit shinier in the process. It had done this every time she bothered to do so in the past few years; though she could have sworn that at a younger age this wasn't the case. Despite her confusion, Kiko didn't care to dwell on the mechanisms of skin moisturizer. Instead she was searching for her next beautification target.

"What about these nails? I mean, already did all that other crap..." Kiko murmured to herself, staring at them.

Kiko decided to paint them, and fortunately the guest-bathroom also had a moderate

selection of nail polish to use. She settled on black, and as she painted her nails, she felt a tinge of embarrassment that they were fairly jagged. She thought about Estella and Tara, with their perfectly shaped nails - long, strong, and lustrous. *I'll show them. Somehow...* Kiko thought to herself. After painting her fingernails, she decided to do the same with her toenails for consistency's sake.

Finally, Kiko glanced over at the makeup kit in the bathroom's drawers. *Can't even remember the last time I tried that crap...* She thought to herself, picking up a container of mascara. *Well, maybe if I just use a tiny bit I'd look better?* She reasoned before applying some. Her application wasn't exactly perfect, but it was good enough. She also experimented with some foundation and light lipstick.

At last Kiko felt content with her grooming efforts for the day. She slipped on a revealing training outfit, nodding with minor satisfaction at how it had become more snug. Then her mind wandered to something that surprised her: would Cory like the way it looked on her? Would he appreciate how her pert breasts were elevated slightly higher by her expanded pecs? Would he try to sneak peaks at her rear which now consumed more of her athletic shorts?

*Why do I even care about that!?* Kiko thought, shaking her head and lightly slapping herself. It was strange: she really didn't find herself particularly attracted to Cory himself, but was becoming increasingly attracted to the idea of him liking her. This made Kiko feel slightly guilty, but as long as she didn't do anything terrible to him, everything would be okay, right?

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Kiko wondered where her mother and Tara were. The house was conspicuously quiet. She could have sworn that she heard them in the living room earlier - did they go out for a run together? She hadn't heard the door opening; but while her senses were sharp—possibly even superhuman--they weren't as good as UltraMan's. Kiko decided it didn't matter either way, and proceeded to the basement. She pressed against the home gym's door, only to find it completely stuck. "Da fuck..." she muttered, pressing even harder, going so far as to even slam against it.

Then she felt something - a vague vibration. She held her ear against the wall, and immediately understood - there were people inside, and the walls were covered with those noise-cancelers that Estella always used to "entertain" certain business contacts. Kiko let out a loud sigh and trudged back upstairs.

She walked over to Cory's door, and felt... hopeful? that he was awake this early. After lingering outside for a few moments, she deduced that he was still asleep. A smile formed on her face as she considered bursting in and waking up, but she remembered that his dorky body probably needed more time to recover from their workout yesterday.

Feeling slightly defeated, and not wanting another confrontation with Tara, Kiko skulked back to her room and meditated.

## 2.) Later

Kiko heard Estella and Tara scurry into the master bedroom. She released her intense mental focus and sauntered out. A brief stop at Cory's doorstep revealed that he was still

asleep. She considered just going down to the gym by herself, but for some reason she really wanted Cory to join her. Plus, he could whip up a meal as well. Kiko knocked on his bedroom's door. No response. She knocked harder, forgot her own strength, and caused the entire frame to shake in the process.

"Jus' a minute." Cory's groggy voice came from the other side.

Kiko heard him scramble a bit before his voice said: "What's going on? What's up?"

"It's me. Kiko." She replied.

"Kiko? Okay, um..."

Kiko continued, "It's already 5:30 AM! Come on sleepy head, let's get the day started!"

"Oh... alright... I'll be out in a bit." Cory was already awake, so there was little point in fighting it now.

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Kiko anxiously waited in the living room, performing various types of push ups in the meantime. Her chest and triceps slowly pumped up to larger and larger states as blood rushed to them. Between her grooming, light makeup, and pumpedness, Kiko aimed to give Cory quite a shock.

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At last Cory came out, finding Kiko performing press-holds, the weight of her entire body elevated by her proportionately brawny arms.

"Good morning." He greeted, dressed in a t-shirt and long shorts. "Did you eat yet?"

"No." Kiko replied.

"Alright. Any requests?"

"Lots of protein."

Cory nodded and got to work.

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Cory prepared a small feast. While he didn't need to eat that much, he was unsure about the depths of Kiko's appetite. And if there were any leftovers, Tara and Estella would surely devour them at some point. "Food's ready!" Cory announced.

Kiko stopped performing squats and came over. Small beads of sweat had begun to form on her body, causing her sleek muscles to shine. Cory tried not to stare, but found himself still eying over her taut limbs; he had to admit that with each passing day, he was attracted to them even more.

After sitting down and briefly thanking him, Kiko started to dig in. Cory joined her, and noted how much faster she ate than he did. Knowing that his food was directly fueling her

body, helping her grow even more, brought Cory a swell of pride.

"Notice anything about me?" Kiko asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Like my appearance. Is there anything different?"

"Hmm..." Cory thought about the question for a few moments. "Well, your muscles are pumped up."

Kiko nodded. "You like that?"

"You look good, of course." Cory affirmed.

Kiko squinted her eyes a bit, "Anything else?"

"Umm..." Cory was at a loss. He considered trying to figure something out to appease her, but decided to tell the truth: "Not that I can tell."

Kiko let out a loud groan. Cory didn't even notice her beautification efforts! With a huff, she began digging into the meal.

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The rest of the meal passed awkwardly. Cory's attempts to stir up conversation were mostly shot down by Kiko. What he didn't know was that she was being intentionally moody. *He must not actually care about me if he didn't notice these nails! Or even the mascara!?* She thought to herself, shoving another forkful of fried eggs into her mouth.

Cory had thoughts of his own: *What's going on? Why is she suddenly so... difficult? Woke me up just to snub me? Or maybe she just wanted me to cook her breakfast. I mean, seriously, she's like 18? And she can't make eggs for herself? Surely she could have just eaten some protein bars or something...*

At last they finished.

Cory tried once again to initiate conversation: "Wow, you ate three times as much as I did!"

Kiko's eyes widened and the look she gave him made him legitimately afraid.

"I meant that as a good thing..." he quickly added. "Like, you know... since you're trying to gain muscle, you're able to eat a lot. And since you eat a lot more than me, it should be that much easier for you to build muscle..."

"Right." Kiko finally spoke again. "Well. Thanks. For cooking that is."

"Sure, no problem."

"I'll put the dishes away." She offered, picking the plates up and bringing them over to the sink.

"Oh, thanks!" Cory added as she rinsed them and placed them into the dishwasher. It then

occurred to Cory that ever since he started cooking for his mother, she hadn't done that once. As much as he came to respect Tara, he couldn't help but feel a little miffed by that.

*Well, at least she isn't that mad at me, or whatever, since she's at least helping out like this.* Cory decided.

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Kiko considered snubbing him and working out alone, but her underlying desire for him to join her overruled her momentary pettiness. In fact, what Kiko really wanted to do was tease Cory a bit. Without saying a word, she lifted his t-shirt, revealing a small protrusion erupting from his otherwise flat belly. She looked down at her own abs, which had a small growth of its own, but was comparatively smaller than Cory's.

"Looks like I ate three times as much as you, AND my abs are still flatter." She said with a smirk.

Cory was flabbergasted by the statement but found it oddly... arousing.

Kiko sensed this, and tickled his belly slightly. "It's 'kay though. Still cute."

*Cute? That was the first compliment she's paid me. I think.* Cory thought to himself, blushing slightly.

"But me..." Kiko formed a fist and slammed her bulging upper-abs, "I'm beast-mode." She declared with a slightly smug look.

"No denying that." Cory affirmed.

"Wanna help me get even beastlier?" Kiko asked.

"Huh?"

"Work out, dummy. As in, want to go lift weights with me?" She sighed.

"I dunno if I should, I tend to get cramped if I work out after eating a lot."

Kiko shrugged. "Then guide me. And watch. You want to look at my muscles as they dance around and pump up even more, right?"

Cory cleared his throat, "I suppose I can spot you, sure."

"Good. Let's do it."

3.)

Kiko and Cory entered the gym, finding it in complete disarray from Tara and Estella's workout (see Chapter 8). They both let out groans of agony.

Cory was upset that things were so messy - that he'd almost certainly have to clean them up at some point.

Kiko on the other hand was distraught by the sheer amount of weight that was left on each barbell. She walked over to the bench press and performed some mental math. "Nine... HUNDRED pounds?" she whined. "There's no way this was actually used for benching, is there?" She wondered out loud, slipping onto the bench underneath the weight. Kiko placed her hands on the bar, gripping it as if she were going to lift it. On a lark, she pushed with all of her might, the taut muscles in her chest bulging in the process. Her effort was entirely unrewarded; the bar refused to move whatsoever. She imagined what it would be like to have enough strength to lift it: a shudder ran down her spine; Kiko was already lethal enough to be classified as a deadly weapon - but with power like that she'd be neigh unstoppable.

"God dammit!" Kiko shouted. "This has to be a prank!"

"Eh... You've seen my mother's chest Kiko. Really wouldn't doubt it if those pecs can move 900 pounds." Cory said.

Kiko leapt off of the bench and stamped her foot on the ground, causing a loud thud.

"Oh man..." Cory was looking at the body-scanner and its latest readings. "Umm... Yeah, she definitely did lift that." He said.

"What are you on about?" Kiko walked over and looked at the numbers on the screen.

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

She didn't even bother glancing at the specifics for Tara's measurements. "How is this even possible!?" Kiko exclaimed. "How can Tara be this... this everything!?"

Without another word, Kiko walked over to the dumbbell rack, picked up a pair of 40s and started straight curling them, her thick arms selling up considerably.

Cory chuckled. "I warned you to not worry about it. What if I take a spin in the machine and let it record my stats too, would that make you feel better?"

Kiko remained silent, letting out soft grunts with each repetition, intently staring at her reflection in the mirror, visualizing her arms with even more muscle and power. She was going to catch up to Tara. Somehow. And she wouldn't even feel bad about it if she did! Tara was practically taunting her at dinner last night! Tara wanted her to grow... for some reason. And Kiko was going to oblige her aunt.

Despite Kiko's lack of response, Cory had the machine scan his body anyways. It read:

-Basic Check Up Results-  
Height: 5'11.5"  
Weight: 178 lbs  
Bodyfat Percent: 18%

He then ran the advanced diagnostics to get a full reading on his measurements, which had been modified due to his gender.

Biceps: 15 inches  
Calves: 14 inches  
Quads: 24 inches  
Chest: 36 inches  
Waist: 31 inches

"Now come over and laugh at how much smaller I am than my mother!" Cory offered with a good-natured grin.

"Yeah, I can see it." Kiko replied, still curling the weight.

"You can? What does it say?" Cory challenged, skeptical of the claim. "You're all the way over there."

"And? I can see it."

"No way."

"Says you have 18 percent body fat, 31-inch waist, etcetera." Kiko slammed the weights down and deeply panted during her resting period.

"Well maybe you should come over and get scanned too. Compare your numbers to mine." Cory offered.

"Fine. One minute." Kiko grabbed the dumbbells again and diligently lifted them. Even when clearly enraged she employed mechanical precision with her motions.

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A few minutes later, the machine revealed Kiko's measurements.

-Basic Check Up Results-

Height: 5'6.5"

Weight: 179 lbs

Bodyfat Percent: 11%

Biceps: 16 inches  
Calves: 18 inches  
Quads: 27 inches  
Bust: 39 inches  
Waist: 28 inches

"Daaaamn Kiko, you've got me smoked already!" Cory cheered cheesily.

"No kidding dude. I only did the scan to humor you." She replied curtly. "Now are you going to stop fulfilling your measurements fetish and gawk at my muscles or not?"

Cory shrugged and made his way over to Kiko. She proceeded to her third set of bicep curls with the dumbbells.

"Ah... normally you should start with the larger lifts, I think." Cory said, "Apparently it's best to work the compound groups of muscles, then hone in on the smaller ones after.."



Kiko merely grunted as she lifted the weight once more, her bicep swelling once more. On her comparatively short frame, the 16-inch gun looked massive, and her olive skin accentuated its definition.

Back to awkward silence. Cory felt a little anxious - Kiko was still acting strange, and there were all these protein bar wrappers all over the floor.. No doubt Tara and possibly Estella ate those. But why did they just leave them lying around?

Cory turned his attention back to Kiko, who was perspiring slightly. "Oh hey, your finger nails are black." he finally observed.

Kiko's ears perked up. In truth, she was elated, but she still wanted to play it cool, "Took you long enough to notice."

"Are... you mad at me for not seeing them at breakfast?" Cory asked, suppressing a laugh.

Kiko remained silent.

After finishing the set, she slammed the dumbbells down on the rack.

"Thanks for putting them away. The weights that is." Cory said, painfully aware of the scattered weight plates and 100+ pound dumbbells all over the room.

"Do they look good?" Kiko asked as she walked over to the dead lift station.

"Do what look good?" Cory asked, following her.

"Frig's sake! How much weight does Tara have on this thing!?" Kiko cried out loud.

"A lot." Cory said, unclasping and removing a weight plate, struggling to move it. "Also do what look good!?"

"My nails." Kiko replied, removing a weight plate from the opposite side with significantly more ease than Cory.

"Oh. Yeah!" Cory replied.

"How can I make them look better?" Kiko asked, already removing a second weight plate as Cory still worked on his first.

"Ummm... I dunno."

"Bullcrap. There must be something I can do to make them better."

"Let them grow out a bit I guess?" Cory offered.

Kiko didn't respond, but she took the advice to heart.

4.)

At last they got the barbell down to the weight level that Kiko used last time: 360 pounds

total.

"Stand behind me." Kiko said as she approached the bar, preparing to dead lift it.

"Alright..." Cory complied.

"Feel my hamstrings while I do this."

"You sure?" he replied.

"You want to, don't you?"

Cory answered by bending down and placing hands on her thighs, automatically giving them a squeeze; the skin was incredibly smooth, yet the muscle was hard - harder than his. Though, as much as Cory hated to admit it, Kiko wasn't at his mother's level in terms of skin quality or muscle density.

"Watch out for my head." Kiko cautioned before leaning down, grabbing onto the bar and with an explosive movement lifting it up; Cory felt the muscles in her hamstrings heat up and tighten even more, which caused involuntary arousal on his behalf.

He noticed that she didn't grunt at all upon lifting it. Kiko held the weight as she brought it back down, and she lifted it once again.

"Are you... stronger than you were yesterday?" Cory asked.

"Obviously. Kind of a stupid question, isn't it?"

"I mean, most people don't really gain strength overnight like that."

"Your mother does." Kiko retorted.

"Well, as your, uh, personal trainer I guess, if you're trying to build muscle and strength, we should probably increase the weight." Cory explained.

Kiko lifted it once again, only letting out a minor (and in Cory's opinion, cute) grunt. With a sigh she dropped it - the weights clattered loudly. "Fine. Grab a ten with me?" she asked.

The teens worked in unison to add a 10-pound plate to each side - bringing the total weight up to 380.

"Go on and grab that muscle again." Kiko said.

Cory complied.

She hoisted the weight into the air with a loud grunt. Kiko had a naturally low-pitched voice for a girl, yet whenever she exerted herself, the resulting noise was extremely feminine - even more so than Estella's grunts. Cory wondered if her speaking voice sounded lower due to the way she talked slowly, or if it was intentional to sound tougher - or perhaps she simply had unusually high-pitched grunts.

Kiko performed another repetition. "How is it?" She asked after letting the weights crash again.

"How's what?"

Another rep, another grunt, another crash. "The muscle." Kiko replied, panting slightly.

"Umm... good?"

Kiko performed a fourth repetition. "Describe it. In comparison to earlier."

Cory squeezed, finding the limb to be entirely impenetrable. "It's harder. Warmer too." He explained.

"More beast. Good." Kiko did a fifth rep before finally sitting down to rest for a minute. "Need to put up at least 400 tomorrow." She said, staring intently at the weight.

"Kiko, really, your progress is already insane. I don't think it's reasonable to expect to gain 20 pounds on your dead lift every day..."

"I'm not normal Cory." Kiko merely replied before getting up and doing another set of dead lifts.

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After her second set, Kiko said: "Gaining muscle. Learning martial arts. All this physical stuff. This is the only thing I'm good at. I suck at school. Suck at relationships and friendships. Suck at everything else. But this shizz... I'm good at this. And I've held myself back for too long. Gotta make up for lost time."

"Kiko you're only 18..."

"And I've already wasted my life!" She griped before throwing herself into her third set of 380 pound dead lifts.

Cory considered explaining to her how ridiculous that statement was, but decided to remain quiet for the time being. Kiko had already opened up more than he expected her to.

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Kiko sat beneath a total of 180 pounds on the bench press - 10 pounds more than the day prior.

"Ugh! I hate how weak my chest is!" Kiko griped in between repetitions, the underlying muscles in her chest puffing out in response.

"Stronger than mine... Yesterday we were equal. Ish."

"I already told you Cory, I'm a beast." Kiko performed another rep. "I'm supposed to have super strong pecs."

"And I'm not?" He struggled to understand Kiko's dichotomy of 'beastliness'.

"Nah." She dismissed, pushing the weight back into the air.

Cory contemplated what she had said, still trying to understand what it meant. He was technically spotting Kiko, but wasn't really paying attention - not that she needed his help in any way really. After a few more repetitions, he spoke up again: "So... what am I supposed to have then?" he asked.

"Better abs. Tighter buns. Maybe a little more tone on your arms." Kiko replied, thrusting the weight into the air again.

Cory blushed slightly. The response befuddled him. He quickly realized that was actually how he used to feel about girls: that he liked them to have toned torsos, squat booties, and slightly toned arms. Was Kiko intentionally trying to role-reverse him? Was this an elaborate payback for the past? Or did she actually feel this way, and never had the opportunity to express it before?

"Oh. No offense intended." Kiko added, realizing how course her statement may have come across as. "Just keep doing what you're doing. You'll make it."

"Thanks, I think?"

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As Kiko loaded the barbell onto her shoulders for squats, she considered telling him to grab onto her glutes, but decided that was a bit too forward - especially at this stage. Why did she want him to feel her muscles anyways? Shaking the thoughts aside, she focused on lifting the weight - which was 20 pounds heavier than she managed yesterday.

After a few squats, she said: "Just to clarify, you genuinely like making me stronger?"

Cory was taken aback by the question, "Sure, yeah."

"Or do you just like watching my muscles get bigger, hmmm?"

"Uhh..."

"It's fine. Keep liking that. Gives you motivation to help me."

"Right."

In between sets, as she rested, Kiko asked: "Say, Cory, how strong do you want me to become anyways?"

"I can't say I have anything like that in mind Kiko. I just want you to reach your full potential, if that's what you'd like to do at least." He explained.

"But how much potential do you think I have?" She implored.

"I really have no clue. Seems like a lot since you're growing so quickly. I can't really pretend to understand this stuff after seeing what happened with my mother."

"What if I have more potential than Tara? Would you still help me?" She was carefully observing his reaction.

"Of course."

"And how would you feel about that Cory? If I were stronger than your mother?"

In truth, Cory wasn't sure, and he simply shrugged.

5.) Twenty Minutes Later

The rest of the exercises went by with little incident.

"That was a pretty tough workout. Could really use some nutrition. Like a shake or something." Kiko said, toweling herself down. She had perspired greatly, and her powerful body glistened under the home gym's lights.

"I'll get you one." Cory offered, scanning the room.

Cory saw some canisters sticking out of the pink duffel bag in the center of the room. He walked over, picked one up, opened it, and examined its contents: appeared to be a protein shake. He took a sniff, and it smelled fine. Maybe he could just give this to her? He didn't want the shake to go bad, and if Kiko wasn't supposed to drink it, then maybe Estella or Tara shouldn't have left it in the middle of the floor! It was settled, he'd just give Kiko this for now.

"Here, try this out." He said, handing the container to Kiko. "It came from that bag over there."

"Must be Estella's. Means it's the good stuff." Kiko opened it and started chugging.

Before long, Kiko had finished the entire canister. She wiped her mouth with her arm, and handed the empty container back to Cory.

"That was... Fast." Cory said, staring into the empty canister.

"Gotta get nutrition like a beast to become a beast." Kiko said, smacking her lips. "Hot damn. This really IS the good shit..." She jumped around in place a bit, shifting her arms a little, "I feel absolutely amped up!"

"Really?"

"Mmm... I feel like I could do another workout!"

"Normally it'd be recommended to rest instead, but considering everything that's been going on, I'll let you be the judge." Cory said.

Kiko nodded. "I understand. But trust me, I am friggan amped!"

With an uncharacteristic amount of exuberance, Kiko threw herself into performing dead lifts again. To both of their surprise, the weight was too light, and Kiko added another 20 pounds to it.

Cory stared with awe as Kiko powered through the workout. Were her muscles larger? At the very least, she was definitely pushing even more weight than before. Was this a reaction to the drink, or something else? And what was even in that canister anyways?

Tara did claim that Estella whipped something up that made her instantly grow...

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Kiko completed all of the compound lifts again, with higher weights than earlier, but was suddenly hit with by a wall of hunger. "Ho-shit Cory..." she grabbed her torso, buckling over slightly. "I don't know what the deal is, but I need food. Tons of it. Or just any kind of nutrition." She sat down.

Cory considered quickly whipping up a meal for her, but the situation seemed strangely urgent. He remembered all of the protein bar wrappers on the floor. Maybe he could... He looked into the pink duffel bag and found another box of bars. That would do.

"Here." He said kneeling down next to her and unwrapping a bar, handing it to her. Kiko quickly scarfed it down.

What the teens didn't know was that they were reenacting a scene carried out by Tara and Estella a mere hour prior.

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Twelve minutes later, Kiko had finished the entire box, and developed a significant 'food baby'. "Looks like I've finally got the flatter abs right now." Cory said with a grin.

"Mmm... Just wait Cory, I have a feeling I'm going to be even more beast than ever soon. But..." She let out a loud yawn, "For now... Really need to go take a nap." She got up and stumbled towards the gym's exit, "Sorry about the mess, just really gotta... go sleep."

Cory merely stared, slightly bewildered.

A few moments later, he was alone.

5.5)

With Kiko presumably asleep, and Tara out somewhere with Estella, Cory figured that it would be a good time to try and clean the gym.

"It's kind of dumb that I'm cleaning this stuff." Cory muttered to himself as he continued to tidy the assorted dumbbells, "I guess this is what my mom used to do for me with the entire house and whatnot... but still." He let out a sigh. "I'll do it this time, and hopefully they'll start pitching in soon" he reasoned.

He looked over at a massive pile of weight sitting near the door. What he didn't know was Tara had used it as a makeshift lock earlier that day. Either way, he knew that it was his mother's handiwork. As Cory imagined his mother moving the massive piece of metal, he felt... pride. And he also recognized that not too long ago he would have felt jealousy, and perhaps even contempt.

But while his parental figure gaining power was comforting, the thought of other women gaining that much strength was... arousing. He envisioned Kiko picking up weight, her tan body bulging in the process. Or even Estella, by some twist of fate, gaining a bunch of muscle... The thought of that amazonian blonde single-handedly lifting hundreds of pounds

drove Cory wild.

He drifted back to Kiko, that simultaneously fiery and sullen powerhouse. What if Kiko, with her paradoxical and sometimes unpredictable personality did end up ascending to his mother's level?

Tara having that much strength made Cory feel secure. Estella or Kiko gaining that much power... was equal parts arousing and terrifying; and simply pondering it for too long required Cory to attend his sexual urges which had been building for far too long.

Eager to go to his room while Kiko was asleep and the older women were out, Cory hastened his cleaning efforts. He wasn't physically strong enough to move some of the weights, but that would certainly be understandable. Before long, all that remained was Estella's duffel bag. Strangely enough, it held yet another box of protein bars, and a few more metal canisters.

What should he do with the bag? Whatever was in those canisters was what Kiko referred to as "the good shizz". And it did seem to help her instantly grow - in the same vein that Tara claimed to have yesterday. What if he just held onto these canisters for the time being? Would Estella find out and get mad? He could always just claim that he didn't realize it was private, or say he was going to return them to her. It was a gambit either way, but ultimately Estella did choose to leave this bag sitting in the gym. And after all, what would be the harm in hanging onto a few drinks and some protein bars?

Cory decided to keep the bag for the time being.

6.) A few hours later

Kiko had fallen asleep on her back. It was some of the most restful sleep she had ever undergone; the majority of it was spent in REM. After waking, she rubbed her eyes, looked down and let out a gasp. Directly in front of her were a pair of protruding pecs! Eyes wide, she tensed her chest, and the ensuing dance of her pert breasts confirmed the pecs were indeed hers. She reached up to feel them, but was immediately taken aback by the thickness of her forearms. With childlike glee, she sat up a bit and looked at her biceps - they looked absolutely huge!

She got back to her original plan, and placed her fingers on her chest. The rounded bulge was rock-hard, striated, and even had a few veins running along it. Kiko continued rubbing and caressing the muscles, and was nearly brought to tears of joy. Her chest had been so 'weak', and now it was much closer to what she wanted!

And better yet: Kiko felt so energetic, so strong, so... aroused. Her hormones were raging, and she found her fingers idly moving towards her moistening sex. A moment later she was pleasuring herself - something she generally refrained from in the past. Her mind was fixated on her own muscles, and the thought of gaining more. A somewhat narcissistic fantasy, but one that Kiko found utterly undeniable. Dreams of possessing enough strength to lift that 900-pound barbell with a single hand flashed through Kiko's mind; and that proved to be too much.

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After cleaning up, Kiko looked her body over. Everything had swelled up considerably since she fell asleep. Her biceps protruded even further, and on her comparatively short frame, looked absolutely massive now; upper half was broader, causing a wider divide between her breasts; abs physically jut out more - a quick cope revealed that a single 'pac' almost filled Kiko's entire grip; and her quads brushed against each other at all times - yet at their zenith a tiny 'thigh gap' was still clearly visible.

Eager to test out her recent developments, Kiko walked over to the bathroom's standing shower frame, leapt up, and started doing pull ups. Pull ups had always been easy for Kiko, but now they were downright trivial. After 30 repetitions, she dared to place one hand behind her back and proceeded to pull with the other. It was far more challenging - especially since she had incurred some fatigue already, but Kiko still persevered, her immense bicep and back muscles pumping up even further in the process; more veins emerged from seemingly nowhere.

As Kiko finished her fifth slow, deliberate, controlled single-armed pull up, she couldn't help but mutter a small "hell yes... so friggan strong..." and her (healthy?) narcissism led her to reach over with her spare arm and feel the bicep being engaged. She dug her fingers into the warm ball of power, uttering a moan at how dense it was. This was her bicep; her power; her strength. And Kiko had every intention to develop it even further.

After 10 one-armed pull-ups, Kiko's muscles began to quake. She forced out a couple more ascents, loudly grunting in the process. Refusing to let go, she shifted hands mid-air, and proceeded to work out her left arm as well.

At last she released, and gracefully fell to the ground. She sauntered over to the mirror and performed a double-bicep flex, grinning madly at the sheer size of her arms. While she was still a long ways from Tara, today's rapid development made it seem possible to catch up.

Still in front of the mirror, Kiko began punching the air as swiftly as possible. Her strikes not only contained more power than ever before, but were faster too. Kiko's fists flew so quickly that to the untrained eye, they appeared as a mere blur. To Kiko's gaze however, they looked normal - though she could still sense their speed.

Selfishly, Kiko continued feeling the various limbs on her body, enthralled with how much they had all grown in a mere few hours. A thought crossed her mind: such wonderful muscles should be encased with only the best skin. She grabbed the moisturizer she used earlier and began lathering herself from head to toe with it. Reaching her back was somewhat difficult due to the bulges in her arms, but she managed to get most of it. The process used a good amount of lotion, but knowing her adopted mother's love of beauty products, Kiko had no worries about procuring more if needed. Just like earlier when she moisturized her legs, Kiko felt a strange sensation all over her body - as if her skin were physically sucking in and absorbing the substance in real-time.

Next she glanced down at her nails, and was delighted to find that they had actually grown a bit. This also meant that they weren't fully coated by the black nail polish. Somewhat agitated, Kiko applied a new layer of paint, finding the process to be easier than last time. She did the same with her toenails as well.

Satisfied with her latest grooming efforts, Kiko focused on tapping into her senses. They were already immense before, and seemed to have also improved. From the bathroom she could sense that nobody was in the house; or at least nobody was moving around in the house. She deduced that meant Cory was likely outside. Kiko walked up to a nearby



window, closed her eyes and placed her ear on it, focusing deeply on listening to the outside world. She heard a splashing from outside. Not loud enough to be Tara's, or even Estella's. Must be Cory's.

Kiko threw on a bathing suit, snickering at how tightly it clung to her body. *Gonna need new clothing soon.* She thought to herself. *Good.*

7.) A few minutes later: outside pool

Having taken Kiko's advice on 'better abs, tighter buns, and more tone in your arms', along with her prior comment that he clearly hadn't been using the pool, Cory was diligently swimming for today's exercise. He was surprised at how only a few structured laps caused his muscles to burn a bit. And this would definitely help build up his endurance more than weight training alone - something he would direly need more of to keep up with the girls.

Kiko exited the house - relieved to find that Tara and Estella were still nowhere to be found. She walked over to the edge of the pool, looming over it. She was brimming with energy, hungered for some casual displays of her new strength.

Cory finally noticed her and swam over and looked up at her. Kiko's silhouette appeared... larger? More commanding for sure.

"I have no idea what happened back there, but after that nap, I'm feeling *boss*." Kiko said, emphasizing the final word.

"I must admit you're looking more... boss." Cory replied, finding her slang awkward.

"Yeah?" Kiko brought her thick arms backward and slowly raised them, her wide lats peaked out from behind her chest, and she slowly tensed her arms, bringing nearly 18 inches of raw power up towards the sky.

"Holy shi-" Cory mouthed. Even without a uttering a sound, Kiko knew precisely what he meant to say, and smirked.

Cory had seen his mother grow over the course of a day, but now Kiko could too?

Kiko leapt into the air and landed in the water next to Cory, severely splashing him in the process. "Let's race." She challenged before slicing the water with her broad arms, her body torpedoing through the pool.

Cory tried to follow suit, but was already quite tired from his earlier swim. Kiko quickly lapped him, giggling a bit in the process. She lapped him yet again, her sleek body continuing to keep pace with its rapid motion through the water. A few moments later, and she lapped him once more. Cory found his stamina continuing to dwindle, and before long grabbed onto the side of the pool and stopped, simply watching with awe as Kiko tore through the water.

After a dozen laps, Kiko finally stopped. She moved up and treaded water next to him.

"You like it?" Cory asked.

"Like what?"

"The new me. Duh."

"You're the same you Kiko. Just a bit more muscular." Cory replied.

"Nah. I'm more beast now. Starting to really unlock my... true form." She smirked before performing a most-muscular pose, an explosion of muscular prowess followed suit; her pecs bulged out even further, appearing more ball-like and bulbous.

"Feel it." Kiko ordered. "The pec."

"Kiko..."

"It's just a muscle. You like touching it. You've taken care of me the past couple of days. You helped it grow. Now you get to feel it." She said, still holding the pose.

Cory reached up and touched the flesh in question, careful to not rub against her breast. His eyes widened - it was even harder than he imagined. Kiko's smirk deepened as she saw his reaction. "Push against it." She ordered.

He obliged, finding that no matter how hard he jammed his finger, it was impossible to dent the ball. Most perplexing of all to him was how Kiko's breasts had remained virtually unaffected by the growth of her chest muscles. A similar phenomenon occurred with Tara, but the difference between Kiko's pecs and her breasts was more pronounced.

Kiko reached up and grabbed onto Cory's chest with one hand, and one of her own pecs with the other. "Mine's harder. Bigger too." She said with a wink.

Cory realized that when Kiko first arrived a few days ago, his chest was probably still stronger than hers. Now there was no contest. Despite his earlier relief, his arousal had become painfully obvious as it throbbed in his swimming trunks. Even the refraction of the water couldn't mask it.

"Whaddya think? If I make these pecs bigger, will you react the same way, hmm? Or will you like them even more?" Kiko licked her lips slightly.

Only a couple of years ago Cory was insulting Kiko. Now she utterly dominated him both physically and sexually.

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The teens played around in the pool some more before Kiko grew bored, hoisting herself onto the ground above with a single arm. Cory started to lift himself up with both of his, only to find himself suddenly raised into the air by Kiko's brawny limbs. The ascent was unexpected and caused him to let out a gasp. Kiko easily thrust him high into the air above her head, then safely on his feet - despite their height difference.

"You wanna towel me down?" Kiko offered, water still dripping off of her.

"S-sure." Cory agreed, picking up a nearby towel and rubbing it against her broad back.

"Don't forget to explore every nook and cranny." Kiko said, raising her arms above her

head, and widening her stance.

As Cory brought the towel across one of her arms, he quickly realized that even with two hand spans he'd have no chance of encompassing one of her massive biceps. Cory was particularly timid around Kiko's bottom half - especially near her nether regions. Kiko suppressed laughter at this, finding the scene to be endearing. She liked the effortless power she wielded over him. She liked the way that he generally obeyed her, and she liked his apparent dedication to helping her improve further.

Cory reached Kiko's lower calves and said, "Oh hey, you painted your toenails black too!"

"Bout time you noticed." Kiko replied with a huff.

"Err... you were wearing shoes earlier..."

"Whatever."

"Right then." Cory finished with the task and stood up straight, looking down at the girl in front of him. "Umm... speaking of noticing things, are you..." he gulped. This had happened before with his mother, so as crazy as it seemed, he had no issue with asking, "Are you a little... taller?"

Kiko turned around and looked up, staring him in the eyes. "Holy shit." She said, as if she had just had an epiphany. "I was so caught up with my gains that I didn't even notice." A surge of confidence welled up within her. She felt downright feral. Kiko stood up on her tip-toes, bringing herself closer to Cory's face, "You like it? Me getting taller?"

He did. But why? Why would he like this of all things? "You seem to be happy about it..."

"Hell yeah I do." Kiko brought herself closer to Cory, pressing her breasts against his chest. "Look at how wide my upper body is compared to yours."

Cory looked down. "Y-yeah..."

"How much wider am I?" Kiko asked.

"Like... uh... I dunno, 30 percent wider?" Cory estimated.

"Mmm, close enough. And I'm still like... 4 inches shorter than you?" She asked.

"Seems about right..."

"So. If I do get taller, what if I keep the same proportions on my muscles?"

"Uhh..."

"Well, tell me." Kiko insisted.

"You'd be, uh. Really big."

"Really beast." Kiko corrected. "Now tell me the truth. Would it be super hot if I was your height, but my muscles were this proportionately big? Or even BIGGER? Hmmm?"

Cory fidgeted a bit. "Yes." He admitted.

"Good. I don't like liars." Kiko placed her left ear on his chest, "And your heart's going a mile a minute, so you can't fool me."

He laughed nervously a bit.

"Jesus Cory..." Kiko said poking his pecker a couple of times, "Go take care of this before you have a heart attack or something." She giggled wildly.

"Umm..."

"Just go dude. Don't sweat it."

"Alright..."

8.) Ten minutes later.

Cory heard a knock at his door. "You done yet?" Kiko asked.

In truth, Cory had finished with the assigned task in record time. "Uhh... yeah."

Kiko came in. Cory was playing video games. While he had cut back drastically from earlier in the summer, he still played when he found time to. In truth, by exercising moderation, he actually came to enjoy his time spent with games more.

Without saying a word, Kiko sat down on the floor a few feet away from him. She was dressed in an athletic outfit similar to the one she wore that morning; though it failed even more at covering her body after the recent growth spurt.

Kiko watched silently as Cory continued to play. He couldn't help but feel somewhat unnerved by her steady quiet, but didn't want to impose.

A few minutes later, Kiko started doing one-armed push ups. Cory tried his best to not glance at her or stare; but her soft, feminine grunts were becoming increasingly distracting.

After dozens of repetitions, Kiko stood up and performed single-legged pistol-squats. "Interesting. Your skill in the game went way down after I started pumping up." she stated, still squatting without losing any tempo.

"Wh... what are you talking about?" Cory asked, intentionally trying to not look over at her. He knew fully well what she was referring to.

"It actually dropped further after I started doing these squats." She added, "I guess you're more of a leg man than an arm guy?"

"Kiko..."

"Sup?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?" She replied, still going strong.

"Working out. In my room specifically? Isn't your room the same size?"

"Yeah. You want me to leave?"

"No... Just curious..."

"Okay then."

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Kiko continued exercising, going through her usual regiment. Though, at this point, she was unsure of how much benefit it offered. After finishing she sat back down, this time placing her legs on Cory's lap, which caused him to fidget even more. A few minutes of awkward silence passed, Cory desperately trying to play his game instead of focus on Kiko's games. Eventually Kiko broke it, "When you get a chance to pause, rub them please."

Cory immediately hit the 'start' button on his controller and put the device down. Kiko lifted one of her thick calves closer to him, prompting him to grab onto it.

"How's the skin?" She asked.

"Soft." He rubbed it a bit, "Really soft. Like silk or something..."

"Good." Kiko replied, thinking back to the moisturizer sessions. "I want you to memorize how soft they are today."

"What...?"

"Just do it please."

"Well, alright." Cory rubbed the skin a bit more seriously, trying to think of a strategy to memorizing its softness.

Kiko twirled her foot around, causing the limb in Cory's grasp to continuously tense and untense. The dance of muscle underneath her velvet skin drove Cory wild - even despite his recent activities.

"How are these?" Kiko asked, wiggling her toes a bit.

"How are what?"

"My feet, dummy."

"They're... feet." Cory replied, unsure of how to respond.

Kiko sighed, "What can I do to make them better?"

"I really have no idea Kiko. They seem good to me I guess. Not really a foot person."

She sighed again. How was she going to beat Tara if she couldn't make her feet better? A ridiculous thought, but one that currently plagued her. Kiko withdrew her legs from Cory's

lap and sat right up next to him. The difference in their physiques was especially pronounced.

Kiko lazily placed her head on Cory's shoulder. Cory considered being so bold as to wrap an arm around her, but ultimately held back. He continued playing games for the time being.

-

Eleven minutes later Kiko heard the front door to the house open, and two bodies enter: one quite heavy. She immediately knew that Tara and Estella had returned from wherever they went. Kiko dreaded a confrontation with Tara; the last thing she wanted to see was an even-larger Tara after her own transformation. She wanted to relish in her victory for the time being.

"Hey... let's go for a run." Kiko suggested.

"I think I'd just slow you down."

"It's cool. Just try your best and don't worry about me."

"I dunno... maybe I should check in with Tara and Estella? See if they need anything?"

That was precisely what Kiko didn't want, "Nah, let's just go! They're uh... already in the master bedroom again."

"Oh." Cory then shuddered a bit. Estella was a bombshell, and he did find his mother to be impressively built, but he didn't really want to imagine them going at it. "Well, alright." He said turning his game console off and getting ready.

9.)

Unsurprisingly, Cory was entirely incapable of keeping up. This would have been the case before, but the gap between them had widened considerably further since her latest power up. Just as she promised however, Kiko didn't goad him about it, and simply kept a pace that Cory could mostly follow.

He remained behind Kiko, transfixed as her round, globular glutes hypnotically bounced with each step; they had grown too large for her running shorts to properly contain - a quarter of her supple cheeks spilled out, driving Cory even more wild.

Cory also paid mind to her jutting hamstrings, bulging calves, and rippling back - all of which were on full display for him to purvey.

After a while, Cory was totally out of energy; he came to a standstill, panting. Instead of calling out and asking Kiko to hold up, he opted to simply let her go on without him. Despite this, Kiko came to an abrupt halt and came back to him.

Contrary to Cory, Kiko was undaunted by the run, and her breathing was barely elevated at all. Cory expected her to say something snarky or insulting, but she simply remained silent, watching him.

"Sorry." He offered, still catching his breath.

"Why?" Kiko replied.

"I'm holding you back."

Kiko shook her head, "Not true. I asked you to join me."

"Still..."

"If I wanted to go all out for running, I would just use the treadmill." She explained. "I wanted to go on a run with you."

"Oh." Cory felt a bit silly, and also better about causing them to stop.

"Your glutes burning yet?" She asked, closing the distance between them.

Cory nodded.

"Good." She gave his bottom a tight squeeze and giggled a bit, "Keep training with Kiko, and we'll shape these buns up in no time!"

"Hey..."

"You wanna feel my butt too?" Kiko giggled again, wiggling it in his direction.

Unsure of what else to do, Cory reached down and grabbed onto her right cheek - his eyes widening at how firm it was. Kiko tensed it, making the muscle even harder. "I don't think you can get buns this hard though." She added, giggling even more.

"Ah..."

"It's cool though. I don't think guys should have an ass like mine." She explained.

"Really? Why not? I thought girls liked guys to be super muscular."

Kiko shrugged, "Do I seem like a normal girl to you?"

Cory shook his head, "No, you're a, uh, beast." He said, suppressing a chuckle.

"Now you're getting it." Kiko nodded. "You rested up yet?"

"Kind of..."

"Then hit me." She challenged.

"Hit you?"

"Yeah." She loosened up and entered a basic fighting stance. "Try to."

"Kiko, we already know you can kick my ass in a fight."

"Well duh. I just wanna see if you can land a blow on me at all."

"I don't want to hurt you..."

Kiko laughed heartily, her thick eight-pack rippled brilliantly. "I'll take that risk. Just try to punch me Cory."

He sighed, but ultimately went along with it.

-

"You're not even trying." Kiko said, barely moving as she deftly dodged another blow.

"I am!" Cory cried out, trying to strike once more, missing as the girl moved her head a few inches.

It was utterly hopeless. Kiko could sense the exact moment Cory was about to make a movement, and react to it before he even knew the trajectory of his own blow. He was entirely untrained, and there were few people on the planet who could hope to catch Kiko in a context like this.

Cory upped his efforts, dancing around a bit. Kiko almost burst out laughing at how ridiculous his improvised fighting style was. He tried too hard however, and ended up losing his footing, tumbling on top of his target.

Kiko caught him and fell backwards. She landed flat on her back, still holding him. The impact would have injured most, but Kiko was entirely unharmed, save for a few small scrapes. Cory was entirely unharmed thanks to the powerful buffer beneath him.

The teens were face to face. Adrenaline was still coursing through Cory's body. They had gotten so close today - Kiko was literally demanding that he touch her pecs and glutes. On a lark, Cory moved in for a kiss.

Kiko turned her head away, then pushed Cory's entire body into the air with the might of her arms alone. She began to press him back down to her chest, then into the air once again - quite literally using Cory as a weight for bench pressing. At first Cory flailed his arms around, but he quickly realized it was in his best interest to remain still. Kiko kept using him as a makeshift weight, completing 12 steady repetitions before placing him onto his feet, and leaping onto her own.

Silently, she dusted herself off.

"S-sorry Kiko." Cory murmured. "I don't know what came over me."

"It's fine Cory." She replied.

"Are you sure?"

"You can touch my body. The muscle parts. But no kissing." Kiko said to him. *Yet.* She thought. "Got it?" she added.

"G-got it." Cory replied.

"Good."



"Sorry. Again." Cory mumbled.

"Oh stop that. Let's head home - I doubt you'd make it back if we run any further." She giggled.

"Alright, good plan."

"When we get back, I'll let you spot me again."

"Another workout?" Cory asked.

Kiko smirked, "We haven't even started Cory. I'm going to keep lifting until I'm stronger than Tara."

- To be continued!