

Mother for Daughter

By Jasgirl

(Tags: Asian, weight gain, Mother/Daughter incest, Futa, big breasts, cam show, glasses)

My name is Mei, and I've been having trouble talking to my daughter. A year ago after Juli's father demanded a divorce we packed up our lives and moved across country. I found a new, better job as an IT consultant and Juli seemed happy to be about to start her senior year at a new school. At least at first. But I could tell something was wrong, and within months Juli was no longer talking to me at all! I complained to my older sister who had two teenage daughters of her own and she assured me that it was just a rebellious phase that all girls go through, I'm not so sure. For the first few months I thought it was related to the divorce. Juli's father had barely been around the last few years and had never wanted much to do with her anyway. That was one of the reasons we had grown so close. Juli would always tell anyone who asked that I was her best friend, and we did almost everything together. I had really thought this new start in a new city would make us even closer, especially since my little girl was turning 18 and becoming a woman. But I couldn't have been more wrong!

Juli's birthday was just a few days before the start of the school year, and she surprised me with two announcements. I had planned a whole day for us; first the spa, then shopping, then her favorite dinner at home. I know usually a girl her age would prefer to spend her birthday with her friends (even my girl, who loved spending all her time with me), but as far as I could tell Juli hadn't met anyone at all yet. In fact, she had barely left our apartment since we had moved in months before. I had forced myself not to worry. My little girl would make plenty of friends once she started at her new school. She was smart and friendly after all, and very pretty. She had long black hair, dark eyes and a beautiful smile, and a toned figure from a year on her previous school's track team. I'd like to say that she took after me, but really I saw so much of her Latino father in her. Especially her height. At 18 my daughter was two inches taller than I am! She had been so popular at her old school and I had been sure she was eager to start her senior year at her new one, which is why her first announcement came as such a shock. Juli woke up early on her birthday and marched out from her bedroom to take her morning shower. But instead of joining me for breakfast after she simply announced that she wouldn't be attending high school anymore and would be getting her GED instead! My girl stood in front of me in the kitchen, wrapped in only a towel and dripping wet onto the tile floor, and told me that she had decided that high school as a waste of time and that she had already made arrangements to take the GED test at the end of the term, and would be taking an online study course in the meantime. I was floored, even more so when she made her second announcement, that she would be spending her birthday in her room and didn't want to be disturbed. Our plans were cancelled. I sat stunned at the kitchen table in my bathrobe as my daughter disappeared into her bedroom, the lock clicking as the door shut behind her. You might be surprised that I'd let my daughter talk to me like that. My sister certainly was when I told her the story later that day! But you have to understand that when it became clear that Juli's father didn't have any real interest in her I decided that I would commit myself to loving my daughter enough to make up for her

father's lack of interest. I also didn't want my daughter to grow up in the same kind of strict Chinese home that I had. Not that my parents weren't wonderful, but I wanted my little girl to be happier than I was. I'm sure you can understand? Since she was a little girl I had never said no to Juli, at least without explaining why. I also did my best to teach her to be kind, polite and understanding. My sister had often criticized me for being too soft and warned me that I would end up raising a spoiled brat, but Juli responded to my positive reinforcements with love and attention, and for years I was convinced I had

made the right choice. But now I wonder if I may have gone too far? With the divorce and the cross country move I tried my best to be sensitive to my daughter's moods. Really, I was starting to fear that as she was growing up I was beginning to lose the little girl who had once called me her best friend. I even had the irrational fear that she might demand to go live with her father! I tried to talk to her after her birthday and her announcement that she was quitting school, but Juli wasn't interested in discussing the subject. She rolled her eyes when I brought it up and said that she was old enough to make her own choices. I didn't push. Maybe I'm really just a weak parent as my sister says, but I decided to trust my daughter and give her the space she clearly wanted. A week later I gave in when she requested a pricy computer that she had found on Amazon.com. It was far more expensive than my own computer, and I'm an IT consultant! But Juli said that she needed it for study and some of the college classes she was planning on taking once she received her GED, so I gave her my credit card to make the purchase. She never gave it back, and over the next few weeks I discovered she had made several other purchases. I didn't mind, since my job paid well and I was glad that she was expressing an interest in... anything. In the weeks since her birthday Juli had withdrawn into her room and had barely left at all except for her daily visit to the gym in the basement of our building and quick trips to the kitchen for food. We no longer ate dinner together after I came home from work, and sometimes I wouldn't see her for days at a time. I decided not to press, to let my daughter go through her phase, but after three months I couldn't stand it any more. I knocked on her door, and then knocked again until she finally answered. Juli only opened the door about 6 inches, enough to make it clear that she didn't want me to intrude. She looked down at me as I stood there. "What do you want, Mom?

She was dressed in a cropped long sleeve black t-shirt, her flat belly exposed in the gap between the shirts high hem and her black panties. A pair I had bought her for her birthday. I was happy to see she liked them. She wore knee high white socks, and I could see that her daily workouts were having an effect on her legs. I had been skipping my own workouts due to my job and was suddenly envious of my daughter's firm body. She adjusted her glasses as she looked down at me and I could tell she was eager to shut the door.

"I made dinner. It's your favorite. Won't you join me?"

She rolled her eyes and said that she might have some later, then shut the door. I heard the lock click. It was obvious that she didn't want me there.

After that night I started working longer hours, and often didn't make it home till well after 8pm. Of course Juli was still up, but with a locked door between us I rarely saw her. I was afraid that

she might leave me entirely if I pressed the issue, so instead I stayed away and left her to herself. Her GED certificate arrived in the mail before the end of the year. I didn't open it, but the envelope was clearly labeled and I could tell what it was. The contents of the other packages she received were less obvious. Most of them were from Amazon, and when I picked up the boxes they felt like books or sometimes computer hardware. Some of the packages weren't from Amazon at all, and when I checked my credit card statements I found charges to a medical supplier. I was afraid to press too much, but when I asked Juli about it on one of the rare times I saw her she told me it was reference material for a pre-med class she was auditing online. That night I bragged to my sister that my daughter was taking pre-med classes at just 18 years old. I didn't mention that this was the longest conversation Juli and I had in months.

By the time Spring came around it had been nearly 7 months since Juli's birthday, and we had both cloistered ourselves in our own ways. Juli's bedroom had become her sanctuary. Our apartment was

large, and both bedrooms had their own bathroom, a large walk in closet and a balcony. Juli had ordered some furniture after the new year, including a new larger bed, a small couch and a new desk, and helping the movers was the first time I had set foot in my daughter's room in nearly a year. I was surprised by how much it had changed. The Taylor Swift posters, track trophies and family photos were gone, leaving only blank pink walls. A huge computer workstation dominated one corner of the room, complete with 3 separate monitors and a half dozen cameras. A small mini fridge sat next to it, humming along as the movers unpacked their boxes. The room itself was immaculate, with everything neatly in place (except for the bed which had been turned up on end against the wall, waiting for the movers). Since my daughter was downstairs in the building's gym I took the opportunity to snoop around, wide eyed at all the changes that had taken place in just 7 months. My daughter had never worn much makeup (although I had tried to teach her), but now her bathroom counter looked like a department store makeup counter! A separate rack was full of expensive cleansers and other hygiene products. Juli's walk in closet was packed full of clothes that I had never seen. My daughter rarely wore anything but her bathrobe outside her room (and her gym clothes on her daily trip to the gym), and I guessed she mostly just wore her underwear and t-shirts in her room. But her closet was nearly overflowing with clothes I had never seen her wear. Low cut tops and short shorts. High heels and knee high leather boots. Mini skirts and print tights. I glanced at what looked like VERY skimpy lingerie poking out of a drawer deeper in her closet, but I had already invaded into my daughter's privacy enough for one day, and I knew she could be back any moment. Before I left the room I noticed one final detail that set my heart racing, a large rubber dildo sitting on her bedside table, the suction cup base firmly attached to the smooth wood surface. The toy was pink rubber and nearly 10 inches long and had clearly been recently used. It was still glossy and visibly wet. I tried not to blush as I quickly slipped out of my daughter's bedroom and waited for the movers to finish and leave. If they noticed the sex toy they didn't say anything at all as they left.

That night I went digging through the still unpacked boxes in my room for my own toy. My 5 inch vibrator was no giant rubber monster, but it had always been enough to satisfy me and I

was excited to see that the batteries still worked. I usually masturbated nearly every evening, but since the move I had been too lazy to find my toy and really too exhausted from work and frustrated with Juli to do much more than rub my clit as I drifted off to sleep. I hadn't had actual sex since long before the divorce, and hadn't really even considered dating anyone since we had moved. Not that there wasn't interest! At 35 I think I'm still very attractive. I'm not as tall as my teen daughter and since I haven't been working out I've lost some of the firmness of my figure, but I'm still in great shape, look fantastic in heels and I know my breasts (a large C-cup. Big for an Asian woman) look great in the low cut blouses and dresses I wear to work. I always choose my work wardrobe to show off my assets, and I've found that most employers are happy to pay to have a good IT consultant on retainer who also happens to be a pretty and busty Asian woman. In fact, my breasts were one of the features I wish I had passed down to Juli. She was still young, but it was looking like my daughter would take after the women on my ex-husband's side of the family. Tall with long, strong legs, but small breasts. Of course, my mother and sister were also flat as a board. Juli and I had started sharing outfits when she was just 13, and I could tell she had wondered when she was going to grow big breasts just like her mother. I wondered if she still felt that way.

I realized I was thinking about my daughter as I pressed the buzzing tip of my vibrator against my clit. I shook my head and banished the thoughts from my mind, instead focusing on the mental image of a young delivery man I sometimes saw at work, but a few moments later I had drifted back Juli. I imagined what she would look like wearing the outfits I saw in her closet. Those short skirts showing off her long, toned legs. What would she look like in those ridiculous 5 inch heels? In the tops that were barely more than a bra? In that rose colored lingerie, the thong separating her smooth ass cheeks? Before I knew it I had my vibrator buried inside me, working it in and out as I imagined my daughter straddling that huge

dildo, slowly sinking down on it as it split her pussy open and pushed inside her. I could see her trembling, biting her plump lower lip as she lowered herself onto that rubber monster until all 10 inches were buried deep inside her. In my mind she began slowly rocking back and forth on the fake cock, arching her back as she moved her hips faster and faster, shuddering and moaning until she finally came. Realized I had cum too, gasping as I frantically worked my vibrator in and out of my sopping wet cunt. I lay in bed for several minutes, staring at the ceiling as I slowly calmed down, realizing that I had just orgasmed to a fantasy about my own teenage daughter. And I loved it so much!

The next day I came home from work at lunch to change clothes. I had spilled coffee all over my blouse and the stains were too obvious to ignore. Juli's workout shoes were gone from the rack by the front door, so I guessed she was downstairs at the gym. I admired her commitment to staying fit, and decided that it was time I started exercising again myself. Just as I was trying to decide if I'd have time to visit the gym that evening there was a buzz from the intercom by the door. The doorman letting me know that I had to sign for a package. I had to get back to work anyway, so I told him I was on my way down and quickly changed my top.

When I reached the lobby I was surprised to see that the Fedex delivery woman waiting for me

was carrying a sealed cooler, the small kind that's used to transport organs (in movies at least). I had to sign three different forms and let her scan my ID before I could take custody of the cooler, and it had to come with me to work since I had no time to take the elevator back upstairs. It stayed in the small staff refrigerator for the rest of the day, while down the hall in my office I wondered what it could possibly be.

I checked my bank statement for clues and saw that not only had Juli charged the shipping fee to my card (almost \$300 for refrigerated overnight delivery) but there was a charge for over five thousand dollars from a company called Sparklet Biotech. I was too shocked to be angry about the money. Juli had been using my card regularly for months and I had given up on keeping track of her charges, especially since I could afford them. But this was the first time she had spent so much on a single purchase, and I had no idea what it was. I thought about opening the cooler and seeing for myself, but Juli would be able to tell the seal had been broken, and the last thing I wanted to do was alienate my daughter even more. My sister would have called me a weak mother but I was desperate to win Juli back.

Instead I decided to do some research. Ignoring the urgent afternoon work I was supposed to be doing I instead spent hours on Google, trying to figure out what a biotech company was and what they could be sending my daughter. By the time I looked up the office was dark and the last of my co-workers had gone home for the day. I hadn't learned much, but as far as I could tell the company was involved in medical research, custom gene manipulation and alternative foods.

I didn't really understand what any of that meant (except in vague science fiction terms), but I did discover that Sparklet provided medical samples to universities and researchers on request. I remembered that Juli had said she was taking pre-med classes. Could this somehow be related? I tried to wrap my head around it all on the drive home, but I still couldn't imagine what could possibly be in the cooler that was sitting next to me on the passenger seat. What kind of medical samples could my daughter possibly want?

Juli was in her room as usual when I came home. I knocked on her door to tell her that she had a package, but the only response was "just leave outside my door." I was amazed. The girl had spent over \$5000 on her mystery cooler, but didn't even care enough to come out of her room to get it. For the first time in over a year I actually raised my voice at my daughter. "I'm not here just to make everything easy for you Juli! I'll leave your package in the fridge. If you want whatever you paid fifty three hundred dollars of MY money for you'll have to leave your room!" I crammed the small cooler into the refrigerator and then grabbed my workout bag from where it had sat nearly unused since we had moved in. I decided I needed to work out some frustration in the gym.

An hour at the gym left me surprisingly sweaty and winded but was totally worth it. I had forgotten how much I relied on exercise both to even my temper and feel better about myself. The combination of the rush of endorphins and seeing that I still looked very hot in my tight yoga pants and sports bra was enough to put me in the best mood I had been in months! Exercise had always made me a little horny. It was one of the reasons I had enjoyed going to

the gym every day back before we had moved. I was a little disappointed that I had the gym to myself, with no one to watch as I worked out (and no one to show off my tight outfit for)!

I let my mind wander as I worked the stairmaster, and soon I was fantasizing about Juli again. I had been trying not to think about her in a... in a sexual way... since the other night, but knowing that she came down to this very same gym at least once a day and honed her tight teenage body on these machines was getting me very excited. As I flexed my legs and pumped up and down on the machine I imagined cracking my daughter's door open one night and watching as she lay back in bed and spread her legs to tease her cute young pussy with that enormous dildo that I had seen on her nightstand. I imagined pushing my way in and climbing onto the bed on top of her... kissing her as I took the sex toy from her hand and my fingers took it's place...

I switched machines, moving to the upright exercise bike. The hard seat pressed against my crotch in a way that felt VERY good. As I peddled I realized that my fantasy didn't seem right. I just wasn't assertive. I loved sex but I had never been aggressive. Despite loving to show off my body I had always been... submissive. I wondered if that was what had changed between Juli and I. Over the last several months she had suddenly shown that she no longer needed or wanted me. But I still craved her attention. I still wanted to be a part of her life, even though our dynamic had shifted. Not only was she physically taller than me, her new attitude had placed her in a position of dominance. I was desperate to please my daughter in any way I could think of! My fantasy shifted. It was now Juli pushing open my door as I lay on my bed, naked with my fingers between my thighs. She climbs on top of me, her mouth finding my mouth, her fingers finding my clit...

I'm distracted from my incestuous fantasy by the click of the gym door opening and a trio of middle aged dads from upstairs coming in to use the weights. I scurry past them, too embarrassed by my fantasy to stick around. I give them a smile and can feel them watching my ass as I leave. Hopefully they don't notice how wet I am!

I could smell cooking as I got off the elevator and walked down the hall, but I was surprised to find it was coming from our apartment. Tandoori chicken is my favorite and I recognized the scent as soon as I opened our door. Juli was standing in our kitchen spooning two servings onto plates alongside a salad and bread. This must have been the first time I had seen her out of her room in weeks, and she hadn't cooked dinner in almost a year. For a moment I was sure she must be having someone over, even though that had never happened as far as I knew. But she smiled at me as she set the plates down on our small table. "You're here just in time, Mom. Hurry up and take a shower. I'll wait. But don't take too long, okay? The chicken is better hot!"

I was stunned, and could only nod slowly before slipping away to the bathroom. I peeled off my workout clothes (my panties were absolutely soaked) and quickly showered, resisting the urge to sink my finger between my legs. I was already turned on from my work out, but coming home to find my daughter out of her room, making dinner... She was dressed in what I guess was her normal stay at home outfit these days, her black panties, knee high white socks and a tiny, midriff exposing top. She had an apron on obscuring her front, but her high cut panties showed

off her strong legs and round, full butt cheeks. I could tell that squats were part of her exercise routine! I had only caught a glimpse as I rushed into the bathroom, but it was enough to get me going again! I shook my head as I showered, trying to drive the images of my daughter's sexy body from my mind. Juli was in a good mood. I had no idea why, but I didn't want to waste this chance to reconnect with her. Being part of my daughter's life was the most important thing in the world to me, and I wasn't going to let my newly discovered incest fantasy ruin it!

I quickly dried off, wrapped my hair in a towel and slipped on my bathrobe. The food smelled even better as I stepped into the kitchen. Juli was pouring me a glass of wine, which I eagerly accepted. "What's the occasion, honey? Do you have good news?" I was sure there must be some reason for her impromptu celebration, but my teen daughter just shook her head. "No reason. I was just in the mood to cook. I saw a recipe online that looked good yesterday and I remembered how you would always order Tandoori Chicken when we used to go to the Indian restaurant back home. I had the grocery store deliver the ingredients this afternoon."

I just smiled and nodded, not wanting to probe. Not wanting to risk upsetting her and having her retreat back into her room. Instead I tasted a forkful of chicken. It was hot and savory, spiced just right. There was a strange aftertaste that I wasn't used to and couldn't identify, but I didn't want to complain. Juli asked about my day and before I knew it we had fallen into the steady rhythm of one of our old conversations. Except that she wouldn't say anything about herself at all, deflecting the conversation back to me over and over. I didn't resist, and let her know about some small problems at work, a new outfit I had ordered and a show I was watching on Netflix that I thought she might like. I also didn't resist a second helping of chicken, which Juli piled onto my plate, and another glass of wine. I noticed that she hadn't touched the chicken herself, but decided not to ask. Instead I mentioned that I had decided to start working out again. It was time to get my old figure back! Her response surprised me.

"Uhhhgh, Mom! No. The last thing you need is to work out more. You look fine as you are. If anything you could stand to put on a little weight!"

I was absolutely confused. Juli was an avid exerciser, her firm body crafted through a daily routine of jogging, squats and who knew what else. I was the one who had installed that love of exercise in her and taught her the benefits of taking care of and honing her body.

"Well, I feel like I've let myself get a little out of shape..."

Juli leaned forward, taking a serious tone.

"Don't be stupid, Mom. You're really good looking for your age, but no one likes women who work out all the time anymore. Softer figures are what's in now."

I wanted to point out that SHE worked out all the time, but my daughter wouldn't allow me to interrupt.

"People want to see tits and ass, Mom! Thick is what's in. You're too old for exercise anyway. Sweating at the gym won't do you any good. Why don't you try putting on some weight and

seeing how you look.”

I was too stunned to say anything. Juli had never talked like this before and I didn’t know what to think. Before I could respond she turned and headed toward her room.

“You can clean up since I made dinner, okay Mom? And there’s enough left over for your lunch tomorrow. I don’t want to see any leftovers!”

She disappeared down the hall and I heard her door shut and lock with a click. I sat at the table for several long minutes trying to process what had just happened before finally finishing off my wine and the last of the chicken. It looked like Juli was wrong. There wouldn’t be any left for lunch tomorrow after all.

There was no sign of Juli the next morning, and I spent the day trying to imagine what her bizarre dinner table rant had been really about. I had to admit that hearing my daughter talk about my body so forcefully had fueled my incestuous fantasies even more, and I spent a quiet half hour sitting at my desk with my fingers down the front of my panties imagining Juli chastising me for being too skinny and demanding that I let myself gain some weight.

Maybe that was why I was so hungry all day long. Usually I have a light breakfast and coffee, and enjoy a salad or half sandwich with my co-workers for lunch. Today I woke up starving and drove through the McDonalds for breakfast. That hadn’t been enough to really satisfy me, and I’d had a pineapple mango smoothie, a donut from the break room, two more cups of coffee, an energy drink from the vending machine in the lobby someone’s leftover chinese food from the office’s shared refrigerator by the time lunch rolled around and the entire office went down to the greek restaurant the next block over. I wasn’t even aware of how much I had been snacking until after I had placed my order. I decided that my first day

of exercise must have left me protein deficient, but I should probably save my lunch for dinner later. Of course, all of my self discipline went out the door when the Gyro platter I ordered arrived. My co-workers oohed and awed as the cute waitress sat the platter of steaming lamb, pita bread and cucumber sauce in front of me. My mouth was watering and I just couldn’t help myself.

I left work early, absolutely stuffed and craving a nap. I hadn’t overeaten like that in years, and it had left me feeling very full but satisfied. When I opened the door to our apartment I was met with the savory smells of Italian cooking. I discovered a covered plate in the oven with a heaping serving of fettuccine alfredo, shrimp mixed in with the creamy noodles. A handwritten note from Juli was sitting next to the counter next to a loaf of french bread and a small container of garlic butter. “Mom, I’ll be out tonight. Don’t wait up. I made dinner. Hope you enjoy it. My feelings will be hurt if you don’t eat it all.”

I don’t know what surprised me more, that my daughter had made dinner twice in a row or that she had “gone out”. As far as I knew she hadn’t left the building for months. I knocked on her door just to make sure she was gone, and checked the bathroom for good measure, but there was no sign of her. I could only guess where Juli might have gone. On a date? Out with a friend?

I knew I would just worry if I kept thinking about it, so I distracted myself by turning on the tv to a trashy reality show and settling on the couch with the big plate of pasta Juli had left out for me. I wasn't actually hungry at all after my enormous lunch and it was way too early for dinner, but Juli's bizarre behavior had me stressed and the creamy pasta smelled amazing. Before I knew it I had cleaned the plate and eaten half a loaf of garlic bread. I let out a groan as I rubbed my visibly bloated belly and watched a pair of Kardashians argue on screen. I felt like a greedy pig and wondered if I should finish off the rest of the loaf before it turned too crunchy. I decided yes, and slathered greasy garlic butter on the last three thick slices of french bread, munching on them slowly as I rubbed my distended belly and flipped through channels looking for something to watch.

It was dark when I woke up, the TV had turned itself off while I slept. I sat up with a groan and brushed the crumbs off my breasts and lap. The digital clock in the kitchen said it was after 9pm, but there was no sign of Juli. Was she really planning on staying out late? Well, 9pm was hardly late, but being out at all was so unlike my daughter I couldn't help but worry. I knocked on her door again, just to make sure she hadn't slipped in while I slept. No sound. I gently pushed the door open, just to make sure. Juli's room was dark, and for a moment I thought she might be quietly sleeping, but when I flipped on the lights I saw her bed was empty. The room looked a bit different than it had earlier this week, the new bed and sofa taking up much of the room. I couldn't resist snooping. The bed was covered in clothes, none of which I had ever seen Juli wear. One super short skirt caught my eye, and I picked it up for a closer look. There's no way it could have covered my daughter's butt. I stretched out its elastic waistband and turned toward the full length mirror, holding the tiny skirt in front of me. It was black with gold trim and matched my blouse, but if I had been wearing it my thighs and butt cheeks would have been on full display. I wondered what my daughter HAD chosen to wear as I continued to snoop.

I opened the mini refrigerator by her desk, expecting to find bottled water or snacks. The door's built in can holders were filled with energy drinks, but the rest of the refrigerator was packed with small bottles. There were two kinds, one larger than the other and both with medical labels and containing a milky liquid. One was the kind of bottle that you needed a syringe to draw the liquid from, and sure enough there was a large package of sterile syringes on the refrigerator's second shelf. The label was a confusing mess of information, but the instructions were clear "administer above base of cock twice per day." Who's

crotch was Juli injecting drugs into? Or had she at all? The package of syringes hadn't been opened, and the small trash can next to the computer desk only contained the other kind of bottle. That one's instructions were simply "mix with meals." I sat down on the chair, staring at the drug packed fridge and wondering what my daughter was up to. These were obviously the contents of the mystery cooler, but what were they? I desperately wanted to believe that the smart girl I had raised would never do anything dangerous or illegal, but I couldn't even imagine what was going on.

Three separate computer screens flickering on caught my attention. I had nudged the mouse with my elbow, and now Juli's computer was coming to life. The first screen simply showed her desktop, the background a photo of our old backyard. There was some kind of video editing

program open on the second screen. I realized that there was a small webcam directly over each screen, and another higher up on the wall looking down on the chair where I was seated. Why did she have so many cameras? I put the question aside for the moment as the third screen caught my attention. An open folder filled the screen, with dozens of subfolders, each labeled with a woman's name. Xena Hills. Tina Black. Sabrina Fullsome. Dede Anderson. Porn names. I clicked on the first folder and found thumbnails of images and videos of a very busty and somewhat chubby dark haired woman. I clicked back to look at the next folder. An Asian woman with large, fake looking breasts. The next folder was another Asian woman, this one extremely fat. I clicked folder after folder. My daughter definitely had a type. Dark haired women, always with large breasts, almost always curvy and often chubby or outright fat. I clicked on one video and spent several minutes watching a Japanese woman with fake breasts nearly the size of her own head deep throat a two foot long double ended dildo. The pink rubber cock disappeared down her throat with alarming ease. I used to have one of the same kind myself but I had never even tried to swallow it. I wondered what it would feel like. The woman seemed to have no gag reflex! She pulled the toy from her mouth, inch after inch of rubber dick slipping from her well trained throat until the end finally escaped her lips and flopped against her inflated breasts, a wet trail of throat slime dripping down her chin. She was talking to the camera now and I turned on the volume to hear what she was saying. "...when you make me fuck my throat for you. God, you make me feel like such a slut, Juli!" This must have been a private video chat. I scrolled back through the folders. How many women had Juli been chatting with? I had gone through a porn phase myself a few years ago, but it had been nothing like this! Had she been shut in her room masturbating for months? I shuddered at the thought of having to confront my daughter about her porn addiction. Hopefully it wouldn't come to that. I couldn't imagine anything destroying what was left of our relationship faster than that! I closed the folder, immediately revealing the internet browser open behind it. Juli was logged into a cam site. My first thought was that this was where she was getting so many of her videos, but I quickly realized that the page I was looking at wasn't a member's page. It was a performer's page. All of the sudden the webcams made sense. Juli had a camshow!

Before I could take a closer look I heard the sound of keys turning in the apartment's front door. I quickly rushed out of the room, clicking off the lights and closing the door behind me. I stepped into the kitchen to see Juli hanging a wet coat and umbrella on the rack by the front door. It had been raining. She was dressed in a dark sweater, grey tights and a short skirt. Not nearly as short as the scandalous one in her room, but still barely reaching her mid thigh. She looked up and smiled.

"Oh, hi Mom. How was work? Did you see I left dinner for you?"

I nodded. "It was great, hon. I probably ate more than I should have though. But there's still some left if you haven't eaten yet."

I tried not to look guilty as Juli brushed past me toward the refrigerator. "Great, I'm starved!" She pulled out a tupperware container full of pasta and dished a generous serving onto a plate, much more than I'd ever seen her eat before. While the creamy noodles warmed in the microwave she also dished a small serving of cottage cheese into a bowl.

“Mom, do you want anything to drink with your fettuccine?”

I looked at my daughter, confused as she pushed the heaping plate of noodles across the kitchen island to me.

“Honey, I already ate, I’m full. Really.”

Juli’s good mood vanished in an instant and an annoyed look clouded her pretty face.

“Mom! I worked really hard to make dinner for you! Like, I made sure to make something i knew you’d like. The least you could do is actually eat it!”

I wasn’t sure what to say. I had already eaten a plate full of pasta that would have been enough to feed a hungry couple, and this second helping was at least as large. Did Juli not realize how much food she was feeding me? Did she not realize that these portions were way too large? I decided not to put up a fuss and meekly lifted my fork, taking a mouthful of rich, creamy noodles and shrimp. It was delicious, and even though I was still stuffed and my belly felt bloated from a full day of overeating I found myself eagerly swallowing forkful after forkful as Juli watched. As I ate she talked about recipes she had found online and planned to try. I nodded as I ate, the pieces slowly fitting together in my mind. My daughter had a type. Dark haired women, often Asian. Busty women. Chubby or fat women. I realized another thing, all of the women I’d seen in my daughter’s porn folder were older. Not old, but older than Juli. In their late 20’s to mid 30’s. I fit that type, I realized. I fit that type almost exactly. Dark hair, large breasts. Except I wasn’t chubby at all, and I certainly wasn’t fat. Despite slacking off from my regular exercise routine for months I hadn’t really gained any weight, just lost a bit of definition.

I swallowed another mouthful of pasta as Juli watched. She had stopped talking now and was just staring intensely as I ate. This was the second calorie rich meal she had prepared for me in two days. The first time she had cooked at all in nearly a year. Was my daughter trying to get me to gain weight? I thought about her strange rant the night before, and her insistence just now that I have a second helping even though I had told her I was full. Did Juli want me to get fat? I tried not to blush at the thought, instead focusing on my plate. I really was too full and eating was becoming painful, but I didn’t know what else to do. Instead I forced myself to swallow fork full after fork full of creamy pasta until my plate was finally empty.

I felt like I was about to explode, and let out a low groan as I leaned against the counter. My stomach was visibly distended. Juli stepped around the counter and took my plate. “See Mom, I knew you had room.” She slipped her hand around me, patting my bloated belly and leaning close so that she could whisper in my ear. “From now on you’ll eat everything I make for you, okay? You wouldn’t want my delicious meals to go to waste?” She stepped away and deposited my plate into the sink, then disappeared into her bedroom. I heard the lock click behind her.

I retreated to my bedroom as well, trying to process what had just happened. My daughter had a type, a porn folder full of women who looked, at least superficially, like me. And she liked chubby women. Fat women. Women with very large breasts. And she was trying to make me gain weight. I was sure of it. She was intent on feeding me until and had made it clear that she

didn't want me to exercise. The whole encounter had left me confused and aroused, and had almost made me forget what I had discovered in my daughter's room.

I sat down at my desk next to my bed and opened my laptop. It only took me a few minutes to join the cam site and find Juli's profile. She used the name JuliSin, which I thought was disappointingly uncreative. Juli wasn't online at the moment, but she had several photos and videos posted. I looked through the photos first as I gently rubbed my uncomfortably swollen belly, trying to relieve the pressure. The small gallery was mostly selfies, Juli posing in front of her bathroom mirror in sexy outfits, showing off her toned, shapely body. She wore her hair long instead of in the ponytail that I was used to seeing. The last two photos were different. Juli was sitting in her chair in front of her computer, naked with her legs spread. In the first photo she was rubbing her pretty little pussy while sucking on a thick rubber dildo. The image was rawly erotic, and my fingers quickly drifted from my stuffed stomach down into my panties, where my pussy was already wet. In the second photo Juli was staring intently into the camera as she pushed that thick dildo inside herself. My daughter looked so sexy, so nasty... I couldn't help myself. I quickly stripped off my clothes, my ample breasts falling free from my bra as I tossed it aside. I found my own vibrator in the drawer next to my bed and quickly repositioned myself in front of my computer.

I was just about to click on one of the sample videos when the "live" icon appeared on the screen, followed a moment later by an image of Juli sitting at her computer. She was streaming right this moment, just on the other side of the wall! Juli had taken off her sweater and skirt and was wearing just a black bra and panties. She smiled into the camera.

"Hi everyone! I'm in a sexy mood tonight! I hope you are too!"

She giggled and slipped off her bra, cupping her small breasts and squeezing them together, then letting them jiggle as she wiggled her shoulders back and forth. Her breasts were much smaller than mine, but beautiful and shapely. I noticed that other users were joining the stream. The chat window quickly filled with their messages, but Juli ignored them. Instead she stood and turned away from the camera, bending over and slowly sliding her panties over her shaley hips and down her legs. Her squat shaped ass and wet pussy were on display for the camera, and she was very wet. My daughter was very, very wet. I

shuddered as I watched, pushing my vibrator into my own sopping wet cunt and wondering if I had done that to my daughter. Had forcing me to overeat turned her on so much? She turned back to the camera.

"Remember, if you like what you see make sure to hit the tip button!"

I noticed the number at the top of the screen near her name slowly growing. \$20. \$22. \$30. Juli did something with her keyboard and the view abruptly changed, the camera now looking down on her bed. I realized she must have installed a camera above it on the ceiling. A moment later Juli crawled onto the bed, a bottle of lube in one hand and her enormous rubber dildo in the other. It was the one I had seen before on her nightstand, pink, 10 inches long and as thick as my wrist. I watched as she coated it with lube, then positioned herself over it on her hands and

knees. I couldn't take my eyes off my daughter as she guided the tip of the gigantic rubber cock into her wet pussy. She sank down on it with practiced ease, inch after inch of sex toy stretching her glistening cunt wide until the entire thing had disappeared inside her.

I was panting now, rubbing my clit with one hand as I worked my much smaller vibrator deep into my own wet cunt with the other. I couldn't believe my daughter was so sexy. I couldn't believe that she was masturbating in front of strangers for money. I couldn't believe how hot it made me! I had never been so turned on in my life! Juli was fucking herself now, forcing that enormous rubber dick in and out of her stretched cunt faster and faster. I realized I could hear her now on the other side of the wall, hear her groans and grunts and the squeal of the mattress. I could even hear the wet, sucking sound of her juicy cunt sliding up and down that mammoth rubber dick. I suddenly realized that the loud music I had been hearing for months must have been masking Juli's sexual activities.

Juli didn't last long. She was obviously turned on, and came to a shuddering orgasm after only a few minutes. I was gasping now, my entire body trembling as I began to cum as well, eyes locked on my daughters sexy, sweat covered form as my fingers frantically worked my clit.

It was a few moments before I could concentrate on the screen again. Juli lay on her back, staring up at the camera. She looked beautiful, sweat glistening on her dark skin, breasts heaving as she took deep breaths. I watched as she licked her own pussy juices from her fingers, then smiled up at the camera.

"That was for you, Mom."

I spent the next several days avoiding my daughter. I woke up hours before work and quietly showered and slipped out of the house before Juli woke up. I found reasons to stay late at work. My daughter knew I had watched her cam show. Did she know how much it turned me on? Did she know how hard I came? I was afraid to see her.

Of course, I couldn't hide from Juli forever. Over the last year she had mostly confined herself to her bedroom and I had barely seen her at all. I knew why now, she had made a name for herself as a popular

camgirl. But ever since last week after she dedicated her on-camera masturbation session with an enormous pink dildo to me Juli had decided to come out of her room and back into the apartment we shared. Her door was always open now, at least a crack, and I could always hear the soft click of her keyboard or the sounds of games. She also stopped playing loud music when she masturbated or did her camshows, so even when I wasn't watching I was very, very aware of my daughter's squeals and groans and the wet, sucking sound of thick, rubber sex toys in her tight, wet hot pussy.

And to be honest, I was always watching her camshows. Locked in my room, afraid to face my daughter, I'd watch as she fucked herself on foot long molded plastic cocks, her beautiful toned body covered in sweat as she chewed her plump lower lip and moaned for the camera. I

couldn't help myself. I was so turned on by my daughter that I came every time. And she knew it. Every stream ended with a sexy wink and her hand pressed against the wall that separated our rooms. "That was for you, Mom."

I couldn't avoid her every day. No matter how late I would stay out she would be waiting for me when I got home, sitting at the kitchen counter dressed in just her panties, a cropped t-shirt and socks. She cooked enormous meals every day now, and even when she wasn't waiting for me they were. Stuffed chicken breast, breaded pork chops and scalloped potatoes, baked ziti. So much creamy pasta. So many deep fried vegetables. So much meat! I knew she was trying to fatten me up. Trying to get me to gain weight. It was working. I couldn't resist her. I was too embarrassed to look her in the eye, and she was so insistent. She'd sit at the kitchen counter as I ate and ate, making small talk and telling me about her day. Never her pornographic activities, but games she played or articles she read or what she was watching on Netflix. I would finish my plate only for her to spoon another enormous helping of pasta or another thick slice of meatloaf onto it. I couldn't argue. I would struggle to eat and eat until there was nothing left, then stagger to bed with a painfully distended belly. A few minutes later her camshow would begin, and I'd watch on my laptop as my daughter would suck on a thick dildo or fuck herself senseless and finger myself to orgasm with one hand as I rubbed my swollen belly with the other.

This went on for weeks. Each morning I would flee my apartment, terrified of running into my daughter. Terrified of what would happen if she walked into the bathroom while I was taking a shower or pushed open my door while I was getting dressed. Could I control myself? Could I say no if she pushed me down on the bed? I didn't think I could. On the way to work I would convince myself that I had to confront Juli, that I had to put an end to this somehow. But I would lose my resolve as the day went on and by the time it was time to go home I would just be praying that she wasn't waiting for me with an overflowing bowl of pasta!

I was gaining weight too. Not just from Juli's fattening meals. I was eating more at work. I'd usually stop on the way to work for a coffee (with a pastry) and I'd often snack at my desk. I used to almost always work through lunch, but now I was joining my co-workers for long office lunches at the italian sandwich shop in the lobby or the greek deli just down the street. My appetite had become enormous! To avoid going home I'd sometimes stop at a bar or go to a movie, snacking the whole time.

I gained 5 pounds in the first week, and 6 in the second. My coworkers noticed of course, but didn't say anything. I could still tell by the amused looks when I took a second donut from the breakroom or ordered an extra sandwich to "take home for Juli." My clothes were getting tighter too, especially in my hips and

thighs. All of my slacks and skirts felt tight. By the end of the second week the weight was more noticeable. My breasts felt heavier and my bras were tighter, and my stomach had become visibly pudgy. Juli had started to sit next to me as I ate dinner instead of across the counter and she would rub my belly as I ate. It was humiliating... but it also felt good. Of course I didn't make her stop.

After a month my bras wouldn't fit at all, and my skirts were so tight that they seemed ready to burst at the seams. I was positive that Juli was putting the mystery drug I had found in her room into my meals. Was it some kind of weight gain formula? An appetite stimulant? I had no idea, but I imagined I could taste it in every bite I took of the meals she prepared for me. I had put on 22 pounds in just a few weeks and it showed. Even I didn't think I looked fat, but I was no longer slim and fit. I was on the verge of being chunky. I could tell Juli loved it, but I wanted control of my body back. I didn't hate the extra weight. I knew I still looked good, and I still felt good about my body. Honestly, I was enjoying having bigger breasts and a real booty. But knowing that Juli wanted me fat, that I was the object of her lust, and that she knew that I knew that she knew it was still freaking me out. Which didn't stop me from fingering myself like a horny teenage slut every time I thought about Juli's toned body or watched one of her cam shows.

After 6 weeks I decided to do what I should have been doing all along and headed to the gym after work. It was time to take back control of my life, and I could start with the kind of hard workout I used to do almost every day. My body would be back in shape in no time and I'd have the self confidence to confront Juli and return to some kind of normal mother/daughter relationship. I stripped down in the small locker room, thankful that I had the place to myself. Even though I still didn't think I was fat, I definitely didn't want anyone seeing my newly soft body! I could barely squeeze into my workout outfit. The spandex was so tight around my thighs and my hips, and strained against my fat packed butt and breasts. Looking in the mirror I realized for the time just how much weight I had gained. I was no longer the slim and fit slightly older Asian woman that the younger men at the office drooled over and whispered about. Which I had always enjoyed! Now soft fat bulged above the waist of my spandex shorts. My thighs were thicker. My stomach softer. My breasts so much larger. I turned to the side to get a better look and my eyes went wide when I realized just how big they were now. I looked like I had gained more than a cup size in the last month. My new booty was thick and fat and stretched my shorts so tight that I thought the seams might split. I stared at myself in the mirror and suddenly realized why Juli found me so attractive. Why she was working so hard to feed me and fatten me. I saw what she saw, a sexy MILF, growing thicker and fatter every day and in all the right places.

For just a moment I wondered what it would be like to fully give in. To let Juli feed me as much as she wanted. To just let my daughter take control of my life and fatten me up and... and let her touch me and... and... I shook my head, breaking out of my trance. I needed to lose this weight! I needed to get my life back together!

My resolve crumbled as soon as I stepped into the gym. Juli was there, perched on a stationary bike, her toned legs pumping up and down. I stared for a moment, unsure of what to do. Juli stared back. I felt trapped, cornered by my own daughter. I looked away, struggling not to blush, and walked over to the leg press. It wasn't my usual machine, but it was as far away from my daughter as I could get in the small gym. I adjusted the weights to 200 lbs and sat down in the seat, but before I could get started I felt Juli's hand on my shoulder.

"What are you doing, Mom? I thought I told you that I didn't want to see you working out?"

I didn't know what to say.

"Exercise is for young women, Mom. You're fine the way to you are." She looked down at my soft stomach, a small roll of flab overflowing from my spandex. "Actually, I think you're looking better every day."

Juli swung a leg over the bench and sat down on my lap, facing me. Her firm legs pressed against my thickened thighs, and my full, swollen breasts were nearly touching hers. We hadn't sat this close for years, even when she would rub my belly as I ate the fattening meals she prepared for me. Slowly she brought her hands to my stomach, placing them on either side of my small belly.

"Oh Mom, look at you. Look at how fat you've gotten. You've just let yourself go, haven't you?"

I blushed hard and looked away. "It-it's your fault..."

"My fault? I'm not the one who can't stop eating!" Her hands explored my belly, then ran down my widened hips to my full, thick thighs. "Such a fatty! Always eating anything put in front of you." She leaned forward and her fingers sank into my soft spandex covered ass cheeks.

:Exercise is a waste of time, Mom. You know you'll never lose this weight. I don't want you too, and neither do you." I tried to turn my head away, but she whispered in my ear. "Come back upstairs, Mom. I made something special for you that I know you'll love."

I was trembling. My daughter's mouth was so close, I wanted to lean forward to kiss her, to finally give in. I was too weak to resist. But before I could do anything at all the Gym door opened and a pair of old men in swim trunks shuffled in. They glanced at us as they walked past to the pool, but Juli ignored them. Instead my daughter took me by the hand and guided me toward the exit. "Time to go, Mom!" She didn't even give me a chance to change, and we rode the elevator back to our apartment in our workout clothes, my hand tightly in Juli's grip.

Juli's surprise was waiting for me in the kitchen, and I saw it as soon as we stepped into the apartment. The cake was two layers and covered in a decadent amount of fudge. It was exactly the same cake that our friends on the other side of the country had gotten us for our going away party before we moved, except instead of "Miss you, Love you" the writing on this cake said "Sooooooo fat!" I looked at my daughter with wide eyes, afraid of what was about to happen.

"Juli, you can't be serious!" The cake had fed an entire party and there had been enough left over that we had taken two thick slices with us in a cooler to celebrate once we moved into our new home. "I can't. Juli, I can't eat that. Not by myself." I tried to be firm. "Juli, this has to stop".

"No Mom. We're just getting started!"

Juli led me to the table and forced me to sit. I heard a strange sound and suddenly there was something on my wrist. Juli pulled my other arm back behind the chair and there was another click. Handcuffs. My daughter had handcuffed me to the chair! A wave of anger coursed through me, but it was drowned out by arousal. She was going to force me to eat that entire cake. I was

handcuffed and helpless and she was going to force me to eat. I could feel myself getting wet between my legs, and for a moment I even tried to ignore it. But Juli pulled a chair over and sat right next to me, one hand on my thickened thigh and the other scooping up a thick slice of fudge covered cake.

"You've put on so much weight, Mom. You've turned into a real chubby Mommy!" She giggled in a way that made me tremble. Her eyes were wide with arousal as she brought the cake to my mouth. "But I want you bigger. So much bigger. You're going to eat and eat and eat and after tonight things are never going to be the same!"

Juli all but forced the cake into my mouth. It was gooey and rich, and I did my best to eat it as fast as I could.

"How is it, Mom? Is it good? Do you love it? I hope you do, that's only the first piece!" I did love it. I couldn't help myself. Just like everything else Juli had prepared over the last few weeks it was rich and delicious. But it was more than the taste. Knowing that my daughter wanted me to eat, was forcing me to eat, was so raw and erotic that I just couldn't resist. I blushed as I swallowed the last bit of the first piece, then licked the frosting from my lips.

"It-it was good. I-I want another piece, Juli. Feed me more. P-please."

Juli's expression changed from arousal to open, unmistakable lust. She quickly scooped up another slice of cake and brought it to my mouth, slowly forcing it between my lips. I chewed as fast as I could, but Juli was relentless. Just as I was about to shake my head in protest I felt her fingers slide between my thick thighs. I was wet down there already, but the moment Juli started rubbing my pussy through my spandex shorts my entire body trembled violently. I would have gasped except my mouth was packed with chocolate and fudge. I looked at her with wide eyes and knew that we had truly and finally crossed a line.

"That's it Mom. Eat. Eat it all. It feels good, doesn't it. I can make you feel so good. Just eat for me. Eat like a fat little slut!"

I couldn't help it. I had been totally dominated by my daughter. I gave in and started eating as fast as I could, enthusiastically swallowing mouthfuls of rich, thick cake while I squirmed against my daughter's fingers buried between my fattening thighs. It was so decadent. So perverted. So hot. I couldn't help

myself. By the third piece of cake I was already cumming hard, shuddering as Juli fed me. By the 6th piece she had worked her hands down the front of my shorts and panties and was deep inside me. It was amazing and I never wanted it to stop.

"You're doing so good. You're going to be such a perfect fat little slut. But we're barely halfway done, Mom. You can't stop now!" I tried to catch my breath as I looked up at the cake sitting in front of me. It really was halfway gone. I was panting and covered in sweat, and didn't think I could eat another bite. But Juli insisted. Her nimble fingers pushed up inside me as she fed me another slice, and she rubbed my hugely distended belly as I swallowed it nearly whole.

“See? See? You still have plenty of room! You’re going to be soooo sexy! I’ve always wanted this. To see you so fat and full!” She reached up and squeezed one of my full breasts with one hand. “You’ve always had such big tits Mom, but you’re going to be huge! I made sure. So busty and so fat and sexy!”

I swallowed again and shuddered as I felt another orgasm building. My daughter’s fingers were relentless, and her hand on my breasts sent a shiver through my body. She raised another piece of cake to my mouth, but paused before forcing me to eat it. Instead she leaned forward and pressed her lips against mine. At first I thought she was licking the frosting from my mouth. It wasn’t until I felt her tongue that I realized she was kissing me. It was so wrong, but felt so right. My daughter, my beautiful, smart Juli, kissing me. I kissed her back, and for several long moments the whole world was just our lips pressed together, the ache of my stuffed belly and my daughter’s fingers deep inside my pussy.

Juli fed me the rest of the cake slowly, forcing piece after piece into my mouth, despite my groans of protests, and fingering me until I came each time I resisted too much. When it was finally over she unlocked the handcuffs and helped me to bed. I was sure she’d join me. I wanted her to join me. But she turned off the lights and disappeared into her bedroom. I heard the click of her lock and knew that we were done for the night. I drifted off to sleep rubbing my hugely distended belly.

There was no sign of Juli the next morning. The table was still a mess, and cake crumbs and fudge were smeared everywhere. I cleaned up before my morning shower and dressed hoping I’d see my daughter before I left for work. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen next, but I knew we could never go back after last night. But Juli’s door remained locked.

I spent the day at work distracted. All I could think about was Juli and what had happened between us the night before, and whether I wanted it to happen again. I kept checking her cam channel to see if she was on, but there was no sign of her. Lunch came and went and I was too distracted to even enjoy the extra large order of General Tso’s Chicken and potstickers that I had ordered, or notice the comments about my weight from my coworkers. Last night’s cake binge had left my stomach noticeably swollen, and not even my blazer could hide it.

After lunch I saw a text from Juli. She said she was feeling sick and wanted me to pick up some supplies from the store. Bottled water, Aspirin and Chicken Soup. I left work early and stopped at the store on the

way. The apartment was dark when I arrived home, but I could hear Juli gently snoring in her room. She was covered in blankets that had been half kicked off. I sat down on the bed next to her without waking her and felt her head. She was feverish and sweating. I went to get a cold wet washcloth from her bathroom, but noticed that the door to her mini fridge was open. I looked closer and saw that the small trashcan next to the fridge was filled with tiny bottles, the ones that she had mysteriously ordered weeks ago. Most of them were the small bottles with the label “mix with meals”. I was sure that they were an appetite enhancer or weight gain stimulant and that Juli had been adding them to my meals for weeks. I looked down at my

rounder belly, still tightly packed with cake, and found it hard to be too mad at the girl.

There was a second type of bottle that read "administer above base of cock twice per day." There were just two of these in the trash, although I found 6 more in the small fridge. For the second time I wondered who Juli was using these drugs on. I couldn't imagine they were for me, and now that I knew that I was the target of my daughter's perverted fantasies it was hard to imagine she was also seeing a guy. I put my questions aside for the moment. I could ask Juli about her mysterious drug purchases when she was feeling better.

But she didn't feel better the next day, and by the third day I was seriously worried about my daughter. She slept constantly and her fever rarely broke. When she was awake and coherent she insisted that she was fine and pushed me out of her room.

I spent the rest of the week worried, apprehensive and horny. I was terrified that Juli might have made herself sick with some kind of strange drug, and nervous about what would happen between us when she finally felt better. I couldn't stop thinking about her. About how she had cuffed and force fed me, about how wet and eager her mouth had been. About how she had made me cum over and over.

I tried to distract myself with work, but I couldn't get much done that week. I spent most of my time snacking. At home I watched Juli's old cam videos in my room. I had gotten out of the habit of cooking for myself and it just seemed like a hassle, so each night I ordered take out. I always got more than enough just in case Juli felt well enough to eat. Of course she never did. She never even left her room.

It was late on Friday night, a full week later, when I got a message from Juli. It wasn't directed at me, but I knew I was meant to see it. She had posted it directly to her webcam page, and the notification system forwarded the message right to my phone. I was already in bed and half asleep, but I read it immediately.

"Finally feeling better! I'll be back online tomorrow with a big surprise. But first, some Mommy time!"

I stared at my phone, unsure what to do. On the other side of the wall I could hear Juli moving, turning on the shower. I lay still in the dark and listened to my daughter shower. I imagined hot water washing her fever sweat away and coursing over her fit, beautiful body. I imagined her drying off with one of our soft towels, then slipping on the black panties that had become her daily outfit. I imagined her combing her hair, then adjusting her cute glasses in the mirror. I was so lost in imagining my daughter that I almost

didn't hear the click of her lock and her door open. I sat up in bed, naked, and stared at my own door, waiting. There wasn't a knock. Instead Juli just opened the door and stepped inside.

I know I must have gasped, but I don't remember making any sound at all. Juli was naked, and in the dark room her tanned skin seemed even darker. She looked sexy and confident, and behind her glasses her eyes gleamed with an unmistakable look of lust. But it was what was

between her legs that shocked me so much.

Juli had a cock.

A very big cock.

It hung semi stiff from her crotch, twitching as she watched me. It was swollen and purple and I could see thick precum oozing from the tip. I looked up at her in absolute shock, then back at the monster between her legs, then up again. I didn't know what to say. I knew, somehow, it must be the drugs. The strange vials that read "inject above base of penis". The weird medical packages from Sparklet Biotech. Her pre-med classes. It didn't make sense, but I knew that it must be the answer.

"H-how..." It was all I could say. Juli moved toward me, her new cock bobbing with each step. It was the first penis I had seen in person in a long time, and I couldn't take my eyes off it. It was enormous and thick, and throbbed visibly as I watched. She stepped in front of me and it was just inches from my face, it's smell filling my knows and making me shudder. It was intoxicating.

I looked up and opened my mouth to speak, but Juli put her fingers on my lips.

"Uh uh, Mommy. No questions. Your little girl gave herself a nice big dick, and now she's going to use it on her sexy, chubby Mommy!"

Juli pushed me back onto the bed. She wasn't rough, but she was firm. I didn't resist. I couldn't resist. I was in shock, but I was also so turned on, and even though part of me was upset by what my daughter had done to her own body the rest of me was so eager to feel and taste and savor that huge new cock.

Juli climbed on top of me, settling on my swollen belly. The pressure was uncomfortable, but I didn't care, and Juli seemed to like it. "You really did grow quite a belly, didn't you? I can't believe how much we've both changed, Mom. I can't believe how sexy you are. And you're all mine! All mine. Say it, Mom. Say that you're all mine, and you want my dick. Say it! "

I did want it. I did want to be hers, and I did want her dick. I was ashamed and embarrassed, but my daughter was so sexy and her cock smelled so good I just couldn't help myself. The way she teased me and dominated me turned me on so much.

"I-I'm all yours, Juli. I want your... your dick."

"My big fat dick!"

"Your big fat dick." I was so wet now, so excited.

"Say that you want to be my fat slut and eat all of my cum. Say it!"

"I want... I'm your big f-fat slut and... and I want all of your cum."

"You want to eat it!" She was grinning now, and her cock was rock hard and pressed against my

breasts.

"I want to eat it. I want to... to eat all of your cum."

"God, Mom! You're such a pig! You'll eat anything!" She giggled and grabbed my breasts. I groaned as her fingers sunk into my soft tit meat. They had grown so much in the last few weeks and it felt so good to have them groped and squeezed. Juli slid forward on my stomach and pushed her cock between my breasts. Her hot precum smeared against my smooth skin as her dick slid into my cleavage. She began to thrust. My daughter was fucking my tits!

"Oh god, Mom! Your tits feel so good. They're so big! You always had big boobs, but now they're huge! I love your huge titties, Mom!"

I loved it too. Her hands and her cock felt amazing, and the thrill of having my own deviant daughter molesting me was making me so hot that I couldn't help slowly grinding my hips against the bed. I felt so depraved. Each thrust caused my big breasts to wobble and shake, and pushed the tip of Juli's dick closer to my lips. I opened my mouth and Juli eagerly pushed inside. My lips were stretched and my mouth was filled with cock meat, and all I could do was suck and savor the taste. Juli's dick was amazing!

She suddenly let go of my breasts and grabbed my wrists, pinning me to the bed as she began to thrust into my mouth. "Mom! Mom! Suck it. Suck my dick. God, you're such a slut. Such a fat slut! I can't believe how much you love my dick. How much you love sucking dick!"

Juli was fucking my face now, and drool and slobber ran down my chin as I struggled to breathe. I didn't care. I didn't want her to stop. I was so close to cumming with my daughter's dick in my mouth, I didn't even care about anything else.

I felt Juli shudder and heard her gasp, and her dick spasmed and a torrent of hot, thick cum filled my mouth. It was dense like porridge and I tried to swallow as much as I could, but it spilled from my mouth and over my chin onto my chest. She came again, this time my tits. And again between them. There was so much! The smell filled my head and the taste filled my mouth. I had never minded the taste of cum, but my daughter's was different. It was rich and thick and perfect, and I eagerly swallowed as much as I could and licked my lips to get more.

Juli gasped and panted on top of me, then leaned down to give me a wet, sloppy kiss. I kissed her back, savoring the taste of her cum and the softness of her lips. After a moment she pulled away and smiled as she adjusted her glasses. I looked down to see that she was still hard, and that her enormous dick was still drooling thick cum. She grinned at me and slapped one of my fat breasts, watching it wobble against her new cock.

"Oh Mom. Oh Mom, that was so good. I know you liked it too. And this is just the beginning. You belong to me now, and I can't wait to use every bit of your sexy fat body!"

It had been almost 6 months since Juli had made me her lover. Not lover, actually. Sex slave. I've become my daughters sex slave. In some ways my life is completely ruined. But in other

ways I've never been happier!

The week after my daughter barged into my room, exposed her new cock to me and made me hers were a blur of non stop sex and eating. I was already enraptured by my daughter's sexy body. I had been secretly (or not so secretly, actually) masturbating to her cam shows for weeks. When the chance finally came, when Juli was finally in front of me, unambiguously telling me that she wanted to fuck me, I didn't resist. I didn't even put up a token objection to entering into a depraved incestuous relationship with my teen daughter. Juli had already corrupted me.

We fucked for what felt like days. It was days! Juli was insatiable, her teen body had a never ending supply of stamina, and her new cock never seemed to run out of cum. She couldn't keep her hands off my fattened figure either. She would laugh with glee as she fucked me, slapping my ass and watching my fat cheeks jiggle. She would play with my swollen belly and love handles and fat breasts as we spooned and she slid her thick cock between my even thicker thighs. She loved to tell me just how fat I was as I sucked her cock.

"I made you this way, Mom! I made you fat, and you let me! I fed you and told you not to exercise and you just kept eating and getting plumper like a pig! You were just so eager to do anything I told you, weren't you? All because you were a pervert who couldn't resist her sexy, fit daughter! Such a pervert. Such a fat, sexy slut!

"The humiliation turned me on. EVERYTHING turned me on. My daughter's sexy body, my own fat body, the constant feeding and the videos she would make us watch as she stuffed my mouth... Juli had a truly filthy collection of porn that all centered around one theme: Fat and busty middle aged women being fucked hard. Her favorite thing to do when we weren't fucking was to feed me by hand while we watched video after video of overweight sluts being stuffed with thick cocks. Her absolute favorites were the ones where shemale actors or girls with strap-on dildos would rail their overweight partners while calling them "mother".

I ended up taking the entire week off from work, and by the time that week was over my relationship with my daughter had changed forever. We were no longer mother and child, although our incestuous relationship was an important part of Juli's fetish. She still called me "mom", "mother" and "mommy", but I had no motherly authority over my teen daughter. She was the one in charge now. Juli was the dominant one, and everything we did revolved around her desires. And I was happy to be dominated by my daughter. She was strong and forceful, and so, so sexy, and I couldn't resist doing anything she demanded. And Juli was VERY demanding.

The first thing we did after that first marathon night of fucking was establish my new routine. Or rather, Juli revealed what she already had planned for me. My daughter had already programmed a new schedule into my phone, complete with alarms that I didn't have the password to disable. For example, every evening at 6:30 pm this message would loudly play:

"Mommy, it's fuck o'clock! Time to take some thick daughter dick in your fat, swollen cunt!"

So if I didn't want everyone around me to hear my daughter's depraved alarms I was forced to keep to her schedule. Which was fine, since I was a slave to Juli's desires anyway and would do

anything she told me. I couldn't resist my sexy daughter and her thick, pulsing cock. I had become a willing addict, and I always wanted more.

My new schedule was packed. My day started at 6:30 am, when Juli woke me up by forcing her cock into my mouth and fucking my throat until she filled my belly with cum. I'd shower and dress while she visited our building's gym, then we'd meet in the kitchen for my first breakfast. I say "first" because Juli also had me pick up a second breakfast at McDonalds every day on the way to work. In total I ate seven meals every day, five that Juli prepared for me, my family sized McDonalds breakfast and whatever the most fattening and filling selection was wherever my co-workers decided we'd be going to lunch each day. Between my second breakfast and lunch was brunch, one of the two enormous meals that Juli packed in tupperware for me every day. The other was supper, which I ate just before leaving work.

I had already gained quite a bit of weight before the fateful week off from work when I became my daughter's sex slave, and everyone in the office had noticed how I had transformed from slim and sexy to full and curvy. When I returned to work 10 pounds heavier than before there was no way anyone in the office didn't notice my fat ass straining against my tight skirts, my round belly hanging over my waistbands and my swollen breasts nearly bursting from my blouses. I was officially chubby, although I liked to think of myself as "thick". But with Juli's new eating schedule it seemed to everyone in the office like I was eating non-stop all day long. Because I nearly was! I couldn't walk through the office without whispers and stares. It was humiliating, but also turned me on so much. Juli wanted me to be a fat slut, and now everyone could see how I was transforming, growing fatter every day. If only they knew I was doing it all for my sexy daughter!

The parts of my schedule that didn't revolve around food revolved around sex instead. My clothes came off the moment I arrived home at 6pm every day. Juli had a selection of specially ordered outfits that she liked me to wear around the house, each one showing off my fattened body. At 6:30pm exactly Juli would come out of her room and sit in the large leather armchair in our living room, and I would kneel in front of my daughter and worship her always hard cock, sucking and slurping like the eager whore I had become until she filled my mouth with hot, sticky cum. I always swallowed it all. I always wished there was more.

After my belly full of cum was dinner, the largest meal of my day. Juli seemed to enjoy preparing my meals. She had become quite a cook, and each of her dishes would have impressed a professional chef. She always made enough to feed a hungry couple, but never ate any of the supremely fattening cuisine herself. She preferred to feed me by hand, often with her free hand groping my swollen belly or down my panties fingering my always wet pussy.

After dinner was Juli's nightly cam show. Juli had always been popular online due to her fit, sexy body and beautiful Asian/Hispanic features, but her new cock had driven her to an unbelievable level of popularity. She did two shows a day, one where she masturbated for the camera and her evening show, which she called "Mother/Daughter Fuck Time!!!" I was the mother, of course, and my job was to pleasure my daughter on camera in front of the whole internet.

The first time Juli told me she wanted me to appear on camera I said no. I didn't yet understand that saying no to my daughter was no longer allowed. As punishment she kept her cock from me for 3 whole days! By the end of the third day I was so desperate for my daughter's cum that I would have agreed to anything. And in fact I did.

Each show starts with Juli showing off my body to her fans. Or should I say, our fans. My daughter displays me in front of the camera in one of her hand-picked sexy outfits, groping my breasts and jiggling my ass as she tells her viewers how fat she's made me. Before each show she weighs me and takes my measurements, and then shares those details with the horny men and women who love to watch us. Juli liked to brag about how big I've grown and how much bigger I'll get. She promised our viewers that my breasts would swell to enormous F-cup jugs, and after a few months when they did grow that large she promised I'd get even bigger!

After showing off my body, Juli leads me to the bed. The multiple cameras mounted all over the room watch as my daughter mounts me and fucks me in the pussy or ass. She takes her time and plays to her audience, changing our positions at request and making sure that everyone has a clear view of my fat ass and enormous breasts wobbling and shaking. Usually she ends the stream by filling my mouth with hot, gooey cum, but sometimes Juli comes on my back or swollen belly instead.

The first few times I joined Juli for her streams I wore a mask, but all of Juli's viewers wanted to see my face and know if my daughter was really fucking her own mother. I was mortified, but Juli said that if everyone got to see her face then they should get to see mine. And I couldn't say no to Juli. Weeks went by, and the effects of my change in diet on my figure became impossible for my employers to ignore. Part of my appeal as a hotshot freelancer had always been my subdued sexiness. My bosses could always call me in to a meeting and count on my confidence, expertise and low cut blouses to win over tough clients. Having a busty Asian MILF on the payroll who was also a qualified professional had paid off plenty of times, and I always felt like my position was very secure. But after weeks and weeks of Juli's diet my already voluptuous figure had graduated past thick to actually fat, and there was no longer any way to hide it. I knew that I was still pretty and fashionable, and that thousands of people online (and my own daughter) found me very, very sexy, but my employers had decided that they no longer needed

to pay me extra to work on site. They didn't say it, but I was no longer a sexy asset to the company. From now on I could work from home.

My feelings were very divided. On one hand, I felt like my professional career had suddenly come to an end. Yes, I could still work from home. But designers who worked outside the office lost a lot of their influence. I also knew I'd miss the daily routine and the friends I had made, even if they were increasingly whispering behind my back about my sharp weight gain.

On the other hand, I'd be able to spend more time with Juli. More time with her cock. More time swallowing her cum. I was a little afraid that without the daily escape of my professional life I'd slip entirely into the role of my daughter's fucktoy, but I also found that thought VERY exciting! It turned out I wouldn't be working from home either. Just days after leaving the office I received

a very curt email informing me that the firm would be terminating my contract. Improper conduct. There was a link to a video. Someone at the firm had recognized me screaming Juli's name as my daughter fucked me live on camera. My career was over.

Juli was indifferent to my sudden unemployment. "Whats the big deal, Mom?" She was in the kitchen, preparing a family sized serving of fried chicken for my lunch. "It's not like you even need that job. Your place is here at home on your knees." She slid a bag of chips across the counter to where I was sitting. I had been snacking all morning.

"Besides..." she said. "It's not like we need the money. We're making a fortune."

It was true. I had never really looked closely, but the money was pouring in from the streaming site. It was more than enough for us to live comfortably. Being amateur porn stars was actually lucrative.

Without a job to go to every day I did quickly slip completely into the role of my daughter's fuck toy. Juli took every opportunity to use my body any moment when she wasn't otherwise preoccupied. She would fuck me over the kitchen counter while I ate lunch and have me suck her dick for hours in the evening as she watched netflix and youtube videos. I would stroke her cock while she browsed the internet and did the mysterious and impenetrable work on her computer that was somehow essential to running her business. Every moment that I wasn't pleasuring my daughter she made sure I spent stuffing my face. I always had a bag of chips or cookies close at hand. One of Juli's favorite things was to watch me eat as she exercised. She'd dress me up in my too tight workout clothes and parade me down to the building's gym, where I'd sit and stuff my face while she worked up a sweat on the machines. It was humiliating and degrading and I loved every minute of it!

Since I was available during the day Juli decided to add a 3rd cam show to our daily schedule. This one was called "Mom is getting soooo fat!" and the premise was simple. The camera watched me as I sat on the bed or in front of the computer, completely naked. I'd start eating at the beginning of the two hour show, and wouldn't stop until the show was over. Juli would introduce me at the beginning of each show and tell our fans how much I weighed, then encourage them to order me meals from local restaurants. It took a few shows to get our fans to really start participating, but once they did a non-stop stream of deliveries started showing up every day between the hours of 3 and 5pm. Pizza and deli sandwiches. Chinese and Italian. Gyros and Tacos. Juli would alternate between reading me the comments of horny fans encouraging me to eat, answering the door to accept food deliveries and encouraging our fans to give us even more money. She typically spent the last half hour of the show between my legs, eating my always sopping wet cunt while I struggled to finish the literal buffet of delivery foods. It was the only time that Juli ever went down on me, and I absolutely loved it.

My weight skyrocketed, but so did our popularity. When fans asked Juli just how fat she planned to make her mother, she answered with a pre-made gif. It was a cartoon of a morbidly obese woman with giant tits, her belly swelling bigger and bigger and the word "Immobility" flashing above her. I was shocked, but also aroused. I was still a long way away from being that fat, but

the thought of being immobile for my daughter was sickeningly attractive. I asked her about it late that night and she nodded eagerly, clearly excited.

“You’re going to be so hot when you’re too fat to move, Mom!” She was stroking her cock, watching me eat a tray of lasagna. “ Think about it! Your tits and ass are so huge already, and they keep getting bigger! Imagine how huge they’ll be in another 200 pounds!” I had passed the 200 pound mark last month, and Juli was right. My breasts were enormous now.”

Besides, what do you need to be mobile for anyway? You’re just my fat slut. You’re only good for eating and fucking anyway. But don’t worry, I’ll still love you. And I’ll make sure you get plenty of my cum every day!” That night Juli fucked me harder than ever before, and I fantasized about being so fat that I was pinned down by my own massive breasts and could no longer stand.

Over the next few months we fell into an easy routine. Our schedule was rigid. I never left the apartment and the only people I communicated with besides my daughter were our horny fans. I felt very isolated, and I sometimes missed our old life, but only when Juli’s dick wasn’t inside me. When my daughter was fucking me, when I was kneeling in front of her and worshiping her cock, when she was feeding me or forcing me to perform on camera... any time Juli focused her full attention on me I totally forgot everything about my old life at all. I lived for pleasing my daughter. I lived to get fatter so she could fuck me harder and feed me more of her cum!