

Workday mornings were always a stressful time for Andrea. Waking up much earlier than anyone else, dressing up in her tidiest business dress, spending several hours to ensure her makeup was perfect, and even making a quick breakfast for the rest of her family. Every single day was an unforgiving, anxiety inducing rush. And all of this was before Andrea had even taken a single sip of coffee!

Dashing back and forth along the kitchen of her hundred-thousand dollars home, Andrea shifted her attention from one task to another in order to get everything done as quickly as possible. While she sizzled some scrambled eggs on the stove, she also turned to the counter and prepared some to-go sandwiches in plastic bags. The coffee machine behind her bubbled loudly in the midst of it all, slowly producing the burst of energy Andrea desperately needed to survive. Thankfully, at this point Andrea had worked as a manager for Dalton's Inc. for so many years that she was pretty used to this daily routine. Through the intense amounts stress, the highly capable office woman was somewhat able to manage it all. Today she'd done well enough she even gained a couple of minutes to spare!

But if there was anything that threw her off her game, anything that could turn a perfect morning irritable and sour, it was most certainly the presence of her little shit of a brother Kurt. Sitting on the other side of the kitchen island, the disheveled Kurt chomped away at a simple bowl of sugary cereal with a lazy, dumbfounded expression. Whereas Andrea moved with the swiftness and agility of an athlete, Kurt's sluggish, tired motions made it look like he was barely alive. Whilst Andrea was completely on top of her surroundings, even at such an early time in the morning, Kurt's mind was in a place far, far away. Kurt couldn't even muster the slightest show of sympathy or care towards her sister, who looked like she could have used a helping hand or at least encouraging words. Instead, he merely sat motionless by the counter, watching Andrea's display with the same blank, unthinking eyes he'd used to watch television.

Despite being blood related, Andrea and Kurt could not be any more different if they tried. Andrea was a hardworking office lady, but Kurt was a lazy ass who could not hold down a job. Whereas Andrea always strived to be a proper, productive member of society, all Kurt cared about was masturbating and playing videogames. Even physically, the two were nothing alike. Andrea's body was tall and curvy, with thick hips to fill out a pencil skirt and two voluptuous breasts. She had silky, straight long hair of an almost auburn-brownish complexion, her face the perfect blend of strict, sharp features and a beautiful womanly expression. On the other hand, Kurt had messy dirty brown hair. His posture was terribly slouched, and he wore nothing but a stained white shirt and tracksuit pants. He was the picturesque definition of a lame loser.

Just seeing Kurt was enough to tarnish Andrea's morning. At least that's what Andrea wanted to believe, as she moved much clumsier than she usually did. The eggs on Andrea's pan started to burn slightly, causing her to sharply pull the pan off the stove. As she set them aside on the counter, she noticed the sandwiches she'd been preparing also looked sloppier, sauce and veggies slipping out of its insides. Though she wasn't exactly sure how, Andrea knew Kurt was responsible. Maybe it was the fact that Kurt had managed to invade the one part of the day Andrea didn't see him usually see him. Or maybe it was because seeing him caused her mind to become preoccupied with righteous indignation.

How Kurt even managed to be awake this early in it of itself was a mystery, considering he usually woke up at noon on a good day. In fact, he probably didn't sleep at all and just stayed up all night watching anime. His smell was also particularly atrocious. Andrea could tell from where she was standing, he

hadn't taken a shower in several days. While it might have seemed like she was being harsh on Kurt, the truth is that all of her anger was completely justified!

"Kurt!!" Andrea yelled out in frustration, dividing the burnt eggs into several plates. Immediately, each one of the egg portions crumbled apart, making them look just as unappetizing as they smelled. "How many times do I have to tell you not to leave your crusty cum sucks in the bathroom?!? It's disgusting!!!"

Kurt barely reacted to Andrea's scream, merely chomping away at his crunchy bowl of cereal. "I don't know what to tell you sis." The man shrugged. "Those aren't mine. I keep all of my cum socks in my ro--"

Andrea slammed her metal pan on the kitchen stove, letting the room echo with a metal clang. "Do you really expect me to believe that?!" She snapped angrily at Kurt. The coffee maker wheezed louder and louder in the background, as if contributing to her anger. "If they're not your cum socks, then who are they, huh? My husband's? Please!!!"

This was the sort of stuff Andrea hated about Kurt. No matter how many times she confronted him, he never took any responsibility for anything. Kurt was a creature of habit. He'd become so consumed by his vices, he'd never be able to own up to his problems and fix his life. Andrea knew it was a mistake to take Kurt into her home about a month ago. The man had been fired from his fourth job and evicted from his apartment for not paying rent. Her parents begged her to lend him a hand, just enough for him to get back on his feet. Yet here he was still, living a carefree life and doing as he pleased as if he owned the place.

It was so unfair! Andrea had worked so hard to buy this house, to find a good husband and become the mother of a wonderful child. But Kurt could just stumble into her life like this?! Perhaps the worst part of it all was how much the rest of her family seemed to like Kurt. Every time she'd lecture Kurt, his daughter and husband would ask her to go easy on him. Even though he was quite antisocial, they genuinely seemed to enjoy his company and empathize with him. A part of Andrea almost felt like he had this... Sort of corruptive quality to his personality...

Andrea shook her head, as if to shake away her negative thoughts. She had to settle herself down. Her morning was already getting pretty shaky, the last thing she wanted was for her to become even more irritated. All she had to do was stop worrying so much about Kurt. She was probably just being overly paranoid. Perhaps there was some merit to the accusations of jealousy... It did infuriate Andrea that someone like Kurt could be able to get so well with her daughter and husband. Though as much of an annoyance as he might have been, in the end Kurt was relatively harmless. Surely if she just ignored the problem and kept doing things the way she always had, everything would turn out well.

Taking a long, deep breath, Andrea picked up the coffee machine and started pouring herself a cup. The bubbling sound of the coffee slowly flowing into the glass already seemed to help ease her nerves a bit. Behind her, Andrea could hear the sound of steps slowly making their way down the stairs. It was a much welcome development. Andrea would give *anything* to spend some time with anyone other than Kurt. Turning back towards the noise, Andrea's face shifted into a gentle smile at the sight of her beautiful daughter, Kimberly, popping out of the corner.

"Good morning, Kimberly~" Andrea spoke in a warm, loving tone. While Andrea was an expert at spitting venom, especially when she felt it was warranted, she too experienced the tender love of motherhood. "How are you--"

But before Andrea could finish her sentence, her eyes shot wide open in shock. The woman's coffee mug slipped from her grasp and onto the counter. Thankfully it did not shatter, but its hot contents most definitely spilled all over.

Instead of wearing her usual modest school uniform, Kimberly was already dressed up in her soccer practice outfit. Kimberly's ass filled up the confines of her sports shorts, a thick butt just as impressive as her mother's. She wore a modified soccer shirt that had her belly button completely exposed, whilst her bust was more than apparent bulging from the top of her chest. However, perhaps the most astonishing detail of them all was the fact that Kimberly's fat nipples were poking right through her shirt, eagerly tenting forth with stiffness. It was plently obvious she was not wearing a bra.

The sheer amount of bewilderment Andrea experienced at this moment in time was so overwhelming, the woman had to force herself to breathe manually. Her mouth hung open with surprise, heart thumping from her chest lightly. Andrea stumbled against the counter. It just- The thing was- T-T-This didn't make any sense! Andrea had no idea why her daughter was wearing such a sexy- err- e-exposed uniform this early in the morning!

As far as Andrea remembered, Kimberly *hated* her soccer uniform. She'd always mentioned they were overly sexualized, much more focused on fanservice than utility. The only time Kimberly ever wore them was during soccer practice because of the team's rules. Andrea specifically recalled Kimberly vehemently refusing to wear the uniform on the way to practice. Rather, the girl preferred to use the changing rooms in the morning, even if it took more time and effort. And yet... Today not only was she wearing a *skimpier* version of her usual uniform, but she also wasn't even wearing a bra!

Being a responsible and proper mother, it would only make sense for Andrea to be worried at such a change in behavior. However, in truth all of this 'concern' was nothing but misdirection. An excuse that Andrea's mind created in order to ignore the discomforting feeling that had risen within Andrea. Pure, unadulterated, perverse lust. Andrea couldn't help but bite her lip as her eyes traveled up and down the length of her Kimberly's figure. The woman's breath became faster, a slight heat spreading throughout her whole form. Andrea was totally checking her daughter out. The image of her own child was turning her on.

Handling such an unprecedented wave of powerful desires was not something easy for Andrea. She tried to divert her attention elsewhere, not focus on her daughter's physical attributes. But it was impossible. As soon as Andrea's eyes caught a glimpse of Kimberly's nipples through the cloth, her pussy started to tremble with lust. The subtle bounce of Kimberly's fat tits with every one of her steps was nothing short of immaculate. And it straight up looked like her ass was going to tear through her shorts sent shivers down Andrea's spine. Andrea's legs began to rub together of their own volition. Kimberly sure had bloomed into a beautiful woman like her mother. It almost made Andrea want to j-jack-

It was only once Andrea felt the lukewarm coffee she'd spilt start to seep into her skirt that the woman was forcefully broken from her spell of lust. Like an embarrassed teenage boy, Andrea turned away from her daughter and towards the counter, her face flushed bright red. The woman pulled some paper towels and began to wipe the counter as fast as possible. She focused every ounce of her attention in cleaning up the spilt coffee, hoping to overwrite the strange flurry of perverse thoughts that had come over her. Surely, this was nothing to worry about. She was just feeling stressed from work and Kurt, nothing more nothing less...

While Andrea's hands swished around the counter with abject desperation, the cool and relaxed Kimberly began to approach her mother. Kimberly's smug smile widened as she looked down at Andrea's fat ass, wobbling left and right with every motion. It almost looked like Kimberly was savoring every inch of her mother's own butt, body quivering slightly the closer she got...

"Mornin' Kurt." Kimberly waved nonchalantly as she passed by her uncle.

"Sup Kurt." Kurt responded with just as much enthusiasm, scooping another spoonful of cereal to slowly munch.

Once Kimberly was standing behind her mother however, her demeanor seemed to change slightly. Pushing her crotch against Andrea's ass, Kimberly's arms stretched forward and wrapped Andrea in a tight, loving embrace from behind. Kimberly pushed every single part of her body against Andrea, as if she was trying to merge with her mother. Kimberly's face sunk into Andrea's hair, her arms tightly pulling onto Andrea's midsection and refusing to let go. It was the type of tight, one-sided hug one could not easily escape from.

"And good morning to you, my favorite, beautiful and super sexy sis~" Kimberly groaned blissfully, body quivering as she felt the delicious warmth of her mother's body heat.

"O-Oh!!" Andrea jolted in place, caught completely off guard by her daughter's assault.

With Andrea trapped in such a vulnerable position, Kimberly wasted no time in groping and exploiting every part of her mother's body she could get her grubby little fingers on. She started by raising her right hand towards her mother's cleavage, a pair of fat tits that were just busting out of her white work shirt. Kimberly's hand squeezed onto her mother's large breasts eagerly, letting their jiggling mass embroil her fingers hole. Every time Kimberly tightened her grasp, Andrea's breasts would wobble madly, fully of succulent spring that was too enticing to resist.

In the meantime, Kimberly's left hand slowly slipped down towards her mother's fat ass. Her needy fingers violently pushed into the soft mass of Andrea's cheeks, tightening her grip to the point where it felt like she was going to pull a chunk out. The girl also made sure to travel further south, rubbing against Andrea's thighs to enjoy just how full and juicy her mother's legs felt. The tight pencil skirt left nothing to the imagination, even through the cloth Kimberly was able to absorb every detail of her mother's plump, rounded curves. To say that Kimberly's hug was inappropriate would be an understatement. Kimberly was basically sexually assaulting her mom.

And yet, for some unexplainable reason, Andrea didn't seem much too bothered with it. In fact, she was starting to enjoy it just as much as Kimberly herself. Andrea's body grew alight with pleasure as Andrea touched all of her most intimate bits. Her nipples grew erect to Kimberly's fingers, ass pushing back and eagerly grinding against her daughter's crotch. The mere thought that there was another girl so close to her made Andrea's body tremble with desire. Especially since it was such a beautiful and spry young girl like Kimberly. Andrea felt like she was starting to forget herself. For a few seconds, she didn't see Kimberly as her daughter. She saw a smoking woman that was hot as fuck. And god, Andrea *loved* hot women.

As Andrea's panties became flooded with arousal, the uncomfortable feeling of lust and dampness seemed to slightly wake Andrea up from her little spell of dissociation. Instantly, she could tell something

was wrong with this situation. It was incredibly inappropriate for Kimberly to be holding Andrea like this. The direct demonstration of perversion and lust between family members like this was nothing short of immoral. Still, Andrea felt no panic or alarm. It was almost as if... She understood Kimberly. She too was incredibly aroused. Andrea knew plenty well how uncontrollably horny she was around women. In way, Andrea felt like she could empathize with Kimberly's feelings, thus being unable to get really angry at her. Rather than trying to stop Kimberly in her usual strict, no nonsense manner, Andrea seemed to take a much more relaxed approach.

"Ahh~ Ngghh~ H-Hey Kimberly...~?" Andrea gasped aloud, fighting to do what her brain told her was right, even if her body was submerged in pleasure. "Y-You're being real handsy today, a-a-aren't you dear?"

"Hehe, it's cus- SNIIIIIIIIII~" Kimberly took a deep whiff of her mother's hair, inhaling every particle of her scent into her nostrils. Her entire body trembled with ecstasy in response. "I I-love you so much~"

As if to accentuate her statement, Kimberly's groping only grew more passionate and intense. The girl was so brazen, she adamantly shoved her hand directly into Andrea's cleavage. Kimberly cooed and groaned as she felt the warmth of her mother's flesh directly pulsating into her hands. The tits were so soft and malleable, Kimberly couldn't help but play with them to her hearts content. Kimberly's fingers rolled around the beauty mark on her mother's right breast, tickling it tenderly as if it was an erogenous zone. Her fingers even slipped between her mother's bra, eager to pinch and rub her mother's thick nipples.

But the most shameless deed of all was when Kimberly's hand dipped in between her mother's legs, heading directly to her mother's excited pussy. The feeling of dampness on Kimberly's fingers when she pressed them against Andrea's crotch was akin to an invitation. Andrea was so unabashedly horny, she'd soaked through her panties and into her skirt! Thanks to the slickness of Andrea's clothes, Kimberly did not struggle much pulling the skirt up and sliding her mother's ruined panties aside, giving her free access to Andrea's quivering cunt. The simple act of pressing her digits onto Andrea's hot pussy was more than enough to cause Kimberly's own cunt to shudder in orgasm. Andrea's divine flower was like a gift from heaven. Its warmth was succinct and subtle, its juices a perfect mixture of sticky and slick. It was everything Kimberly could have dreamed of.

The moment Andrea felt her daughter's overly inquisitive caresses, her body stiffened in response. At this point, her rational mind was pushing the emergency button. The little voice at the back of her head told her that it was time to put a stop to this, no matter what. But even now, that feeling of panic refused to take Andrea. Her body was completely enamored with her daughter's passionate affection. The sensation of Kimberly's nipples pushing against her back was incredible. She felt herself quivering the more those girlish hands traveled up and down her whole body. In complete opposition to her conscious self, another part of her being continued to crave for more.

Deep within Andrea, an internal fight between what she should do and how she should feel raged on. On the one hand was her usual, stand-up morality. The strength and determination that had gotten her here cried for her to fight back, to use her hardworking attitude to put her foot down. But on the other hand... There was this creeping sense of apathy and debauchery rising within her. A desire to leave things as they were, to not worry and just enjoy the pleasures of life. For a moment, it seemed like the apathy had

gained an upper hand. But her other self felt like this was a battle it could not lose. If Andrea were to give in now... There would be no going back.

In a completely abrupt, fight or flight response from the depths of Andrea's psyche, Andrea elbowed her daughter's stomach as hard as she could possibly manage. This seemed to be enough to force Kimberly to let go, as her arms released her mother and she stumbled backwards. Andrea's mind was met with relief, all of those powerful desires seizing before they reached their apex. But this relief was quickly supplanted by worry. She'd just hit her beautiful daughter! Even if it was a dire situation, what kind of mother would do that?!?

Almost instantly, Andrea turned around to face her daughter. Her heart thumped with worry, hoping that Kimberly was okay. As she gazed at Kimberly however, all of that worry turned into dread. Kimberly herself seemed to be fine, but that wasn't really the problem. What bothered Andrea was just how unaffected her daughter appeared from the whole ordeal. Even as she clutched her side with pain, Andrea's smile was completely smug and perverted. There wasn't a feeling of regret, or this sensation that she'd been betrayed. Rather, it felt like Kimberly *knew* what she'd done was wrong, and she was *proud* of it. She was basking in the pain, wearing it like a badge of honor for the sin she'd committed. Though she didn't say anything, Andrea could see the words 'Worth it' displayed all over her face.

Kimberly's blatant disregard for her mother's feelings only became more exacerbated when she lifted the hand she'd used to finger her own mother towards her face and began to lick it nastily. Eyes still locked into her mother's gaze, Kimberly greedily snorted and slurped the vaginal juices off her fingers like she was some sort of animal. There was no shame in her demeanor, no doubts in her behavior. It was that only a rotten person could commit.

Mind whirring with confusion and astonishment, Andrea stumbled back against the kitchen counter. She blinked a couple of times, as if to clear her vision. When all of a sudden, it looked like Kurt was standing exactly where Kimberly had been. He had the literal same expression as Kimberly, his posture and unabashed perversion unchanged. It almost seemed like the two were one and the same. Around her, the area had also changed. Instead of her expensive house, Andrea found herself in a hallway of her childhood home. Andrea wondered how on Earth she'd found herself here. But then she remembered.

Like primal magma rising from the core of the planet, a memory surged into Andrea's mind. It was a core memory, locked away in the depths of her psyche so that it could never affect her again. But now it had popped free from its restraints, ready to fill her head with forbidden knowledge. Andrea could recall the event vividly. She was just walking to her room, minding her own business, when Kurt lunged himself towards her hoping to get 'a little brotherly love'. The way he'd wrapped around her, pushing and tugging at her most intimate places... It was exactly what Kimberly had just done.

Andrea blinked a couple of times again, and her childhood home was gone. In the same place Kurt stood was Kimberly, just as she had been before. But this time, Andrea felt like she didn't recognize her. Was this really the kind-hearted, energetic girl that she'd raised? The selfless lady that would put others above herself, and never even try to hurt a fly? Somehow, it felt like she was an entirely different person.

Noticing Andrea's distress, Kimberly slowly walked up towards her mother. The perverted smile softened into a gentler, and tender one. Her posture also shifted a bit, changing from a relaxed slouch to a straighter, more energetic stance.

“I’m suuuuper sorry sis! You know how excited I get in the morning!” Kimberly spoke in an earnest voice. Somehow, the perverted undertones were gone, replaced by Kimberly’s usual upbeat nature. “Do you think we could have a make-up kiss~?”

A sigh of relief escaped Andrea’s lips. What was she thinking? Of course this was her daughter! That beautiful, long flowing hair. Her caring and earnest attitude. They were all the signs of that wonderful girl Andrea raised and loved. The strange flashback, that momentary instance of inappropriateness, neither of them really meant anything. After spending so many years together with Kimberly, she knew exactly who her daughter truly was. Andrea didn’t even try to justify what had just happened. No matter what, deep inside she was sure she’d always have the daughter she loved.

“Of course darling~” Andrea responded tenderly, presenting her cheek so her daughter could give it a little peck.

Only for Kimberly to forcefully grab Andrea’s face and push their lips together in an utterly degenerate display. Once again, shock forced Andrea’s eyes wide open, like an unsuspecting forest critter caught in a hunter’s trap. Her head desperately pulled away from Kimberly, but it was too late. Fingers firmly gripped around Andrea’s facial features, Kimberly let every one of her inhibitions overflow onto her own mother’s mouth. Kimberly’s tongue plunged into the depths of Andrea’s mouth, eagerly rubbing her mother’s tongue and the inside of her cheeks as if she was trying to scrape the clean. Her lips too eagerly suckled onto her mother’s, dancing and rubbing together in an act of complete depravity.

While completely stunned at first, the more Kimberly continued to sloppily kiss her, the more involved Andrea herself became. The incredible flavor of a young woman’s saliva seeped into her mouth, accompanied by the intoxicating scent of her breath which permeated directly inside Andrea. It dulled her mind, eroding away at that little moral part at the back of her mind until poor Andrea had no hopes of fighting back. Before Andrea knew it, she was eagerly reciprocating Kimberly’s kiss. Her own tongue started to push into her daughter’s mouth, lips deliriously rubbing against Kimberly’s young, soft lips. All of the bright red lipstick she’d spent so much time preparing started to smear all over her daughter’s face, leaving several stains of red. Andrea had become so involved, Kimberly no longer even needed to hold her mother’s face in place!

Taking advantage of this new freedom, Kimberly was more than happy to further abuse her mother’s body. The girl’s left hand shot towards her mother’s ass, groping it tightly until it spilled between each of her fingers. Andrea’s butt was so fat and juicy, Kimberly could never get enough of it. At the same time, Kimberly’s right hand wrapped around her mother’s waist, pulling the two as close together as their fat tits would allow. Kimberly gasped and moaned like a wolf in heat into her mother’s mouth as the two rubbed crotches together. She could literally feel her mother’s pussy quivering and oozing against her own. The expression of pure unadulterated bliss on the girl’s face was unmatched, absorbing every second of the experience as if it was with the person she loved the most in the world.

Andrea herself was enjoying the exchange just as much. The duo’s breasts squished together marvelously, wobbly mass squeezing around each other with incredible pressure. Even the most miniscule of movements caused their tits to bounce around each other, from their sloppy kisses to even their mere breaths. Every now and again, their erect nipples would collide and rub tightly, a delirious explosion of pleasure that sent shivers down Andrea’s spine whenever it occurred. Slowly, Andrea’s eyelids drooped down until they had the same mindless expression as Kurt’s. Whatever rational

thinking or moral feeling which had stopped her embrace before was now completely neutralized, replaced with one single thing. Pure lust

In a fully unprecedented move, Andrea started to go on the offensive. Her kisses became more dominant, her own hands wrapping around her daughter. It felt as if something had clicked inside of her brain, an unknown mechanism slowly moving her in an uncharted direction. Little by little, Andrea started to think of Kimberly less and less like a daughter. Instead, she only focused on Kimberly's fat tits and supple ass. The incredible girl smell she emitted, and the erotic body that was too hot to resist. Any sense of restraint or morality was thrown out the window, in favor of Andrea's overwhelming desire. At this point, Andrea cared about nothing other than satisfying her greedy lust!!!

This complete change in demeanor seemed to be just what Kimberly needed to push her over the edge, and the girl happily moaned out as her pussy exploded in orgasm. Eyes rolling to the back of her head, Kimberly's limbs trembled in place as she basked in the delirious sensation of her afterglow. Though her own body had grown too tired to continue, her mother's increased intensity more than made up for it. Kimberly's pussy trembled as she felt her mother's tongue push deeper and deeper into her mouth, her breath running on such short demand she felt like she was on the verge of passing out. Kimberly didn't seem to care her orgasm had been achieved by nefarious means, she loved it all the same.

Once the sweet sensation of lust eased and her body became temporarily satisfied, Kimberly began to pull herself away from her mother. She cared little whether or not her mother wished to continue, or even if she had reached her own orgasm. Now that Kimberly's needs had been met, there was no need for her to put any more work. With a final, firm push, Kimberly finally managed to pull the strength to separate herself from the ravenous Andrea, allowing the duo to breathe once more.

"Haahhh~ Haaaah~ Haaaaahhhh~" Kimberly gasped breathlessly, her hand still wrapped around Andrea's waist. She gazed up her mother with complete adoration, though it was clear that it was sexual in nature, and not familial. "Whooo, thanks for that babe~ I really needed that~"

Andrea merely stared at her daughter, her eyebrows furrowed in a mixture of disappointment and anger. 'We were getting to the good part!' Was her initial thought. 'Why the fuck did this slut stop?!?'

It was only once she took a couple of seconds to calm down and let her lust ease off, that she realized the full breadth of her situation. Kimberly's face was painted with an expression of pure ecstasy, her tongue lolling out of her mouth like an overheated dog. A thick line of saliva still connected the duo's mouths, clear evidence of the perversion they had just indulged in. She was just sloppily making out with her daughter. And the worst part is that she *really* enjoyed it.

Desperately pushing herself away from her daughter, Andrea clumsily stumbled back towards the kitchen counter. She almost spilled the pot of coffee she'd already wasted as her tits landed firmly on the granite surface. Her limbs felt weak, body off balance. Somehow, it felt like she'd been snapped out of a dream. Or nightmare. All of those thoughts she'd experienced just a few second, all of those feelings and desires, they were just as real as any others Andrea had felt before. But for some reason, they didn't feel like they were hers. It was almost as if there was some foreign influence putting them there, filling her mind with corruptive junk that was making her act this way.

In a desperate attempt not to think about what just happened, Andrea pulled an avocado out of the fruit basket and started to cut it up. It was better if she just made breakfast. Stop thinking about these weird

things. Don't dwell on those strange feelings. Kimberly didn't know what the source was, nor the solution. She couldn't tell the difference between a real problem and her imagination. What she *could* do was continue her daily routine as usual. Make breakfast, drink coffee, go to work. Yeah, if she just thought about work- Yes work! A passionate employee like her could occupy her mind with work related matters.

Andrea thought about what she was going to do when she got to the office today. There was that account that she needed to manage. Move numbers around and uhh... What did she need to do again...? Andrea was sure she knew how to do all of this. She'd gone to college for 6 years! She had a degree with honors in accounting! However, when she thought about her college days, for some reason the only thing she remembered was masturbating and smoking weed. Which was weird, because she'd never smoked weed before...

"By the way, what's for breakfast?" Having recovered from her orgasm, Kimberly slowly waddled out of the kitchen and towards the living room.

"Huh... O-Oh!" Andrea jolted upwards in shock, straightening herself out. The totally normal question seemed to have snapped Andrea out of that weird mental fog a bit better. "W-We're having eggs and avocado on toast. I also packed you some fresh tuna sandwiches."

"Aw man, more healthy shit, huh." Kimberly huffed with a tone of annoyance, before slumping onto the couch with her feet on the cushions. She pulled out her phone, stretching herself to each end of the couch in a very disheveled position. "Well, I don't really care as long as I don't have to do anything."

Once more, that estranged discomforting feeling filled Andrea. It was quite odd to hear such selfish sentiments coming from her own daughter. Kimberly was usually the one to offer to help with the morning cooking. She was the type of girl who loved assisting her friends in any way just to see them smile, a responsible and kind young lady. Yet on this morning, she seemed more than content to lay on the couch, gawking at her phone after having manhandled her mother so much. Here was even more evidence that something was not quite right with Kimberly.

But Andrea didn't give it any mind. She willingly ignored it, hoping it had no real meaning or would just disappear. At this point, Andrea didn't even care about thinking up some kind of explanation or excuse. Her morning had been such a whirlwind so far, the only thing she wanted was to get it over with. The woman started to peel the avocado and distribute it to each plate. Make breakfast, have coffee and go to work. That's all she had to worry about, that was her only concern.

Unfortunately, it was hard for Andrea to totally remove that passionate make out session from her mind so easily. Even now, the tingling feeling of her daughter's mouth lingered in Andrea's lips. If she stopped too long and thought about it, her pussy would once more start to tremble with need. What hurt the most is just how much she'd truly enjoyed it. Taking advantage of her daughter like that, treating her like a tool for her own desires. Andrea dwelled on how terribly she'd managed it all. If Kimberly hadn't pulled away then... Andrea wasn't sure if she would have stopped things. How far the two would have gone, Andrea had no idea. She didn't even want to think about it. Although a part of her... A part of her still wished they hadn't stopped...

"Agggghhh~ Unnfff~ Hyaahhh~"

All of a sudden, the sound of women gasping and screaming started to blare out through the entire house. They were not screams of agony however, they were the screams of unashamed, overwhelming bliss one could only find in hardcore pornography. Andrea tightened her grip around the knife, anger supplementing all of the worry that had been building up for so long. Here she was trying to get through her morning, trying to mentally work through what just happened, and maybe find a way to improve things. Only for someone to start playing porn and finish disrupting an already disastrous morning!!! It was as if they were making fun of her, shaming at one of her lowest and most confused points in time.

Of course, without even looking, Andrea instantly knew who the miscreant responsible for such a thing. There was only one person so degenerate and shitty that could play porn loudly in the middle room while there were other people around.

“KURT!!!!” Andrea yelled at the top of her lungs, anger flowing freely through her vein.

Turning around like a hawk focusing on its prey, Andrea prepared to give her little brother the verbal beatdown of his life. But when she looked at Kurt, the woman soon noticed he was just sitting on the kitchen isle same as before, peacefully eating his breakfast. Kurt just kept chomping away without a care, reacting neither to the porn nor to Andrea’s accusation. He had no phones or devices nearby, was looking towards no screens. After a thorough investigation, it was plently apparent he hadn’t been the source of the porn moans.

Rather, the noise came from further along in the living room. A cold creeping sensation of dread attached itself to the back of Andrea’s neck. Within her head, a singular thought formed, though it was too terrible for her to even consider. Placing the knife on the counter, Andrea slowly began walking towards the living room. Her steps were short and slow, almost as if she didn’t want to get to the living room, like she didn’t want to find out the truth. Andrea even started to make all sorts of wild, implausible scenarios that might serve as logical explanations, anything to hope the answer was not as obvious as it seemed. As Andrea came to stand behind Kimberly however, there was no way to deny the truth any longer. Every one of those perverted noises were coming directly from her daughter’s phone.

“Kimberly Lawson!!!” Andrea screamed in abject indignation. “Are you seriously watching porn in the middle of our living room?!?!?”

“Oh whoops, did I forget to turn on my air pods?” Kimberly turned towards her mother with a slight smirk, as if unperturbed she was being reprimanded. “Sorry, I’m just watching some lesbian stuff to see if I can get a fap before soccer practice. Otherwise the changing rooms get real stuffy.”

Andrea was just stunned. Literally speechless. She didn’t even know how to begin to process the array of information presented to her. First her daughter had groped her, then she’d forcefully kissed her, and now she was watching porn in the middle of the living room as if it was the most normal thing to do. She didn’t seem to care that both her mother and uncle were present. It didn’t look like she was ashamed over being caught and called out. Hell, she hadn’t even stopped playing the video! As Andrea stood before her, Kimberly’s eyes continued to gaze upon her screen with interest while the loud voices of pleased women bellowed from the speakers.

A part of Andrea knew she had to keep reprimanding her daughter, get her to understand what she was doing was wrong and stop it. But she just couldn’t bring herself to do it. Andrea just felt so exhausted and defeated at this point. How much effort had she spent to get through the morning? How much

stress had she endured? And it had all gotten her nowhere, as Kimberly's behavior continued to be completely unacceptable. It honestly didn't even feel like she was her daughter anymore. Any sort of motherly action she could have taken felt completely wasted. So why should Andrea try anymore? Why should she care? It was so much easier to not care honestly. To be lazy. To enjoy life as it was, instead of working hard. Almost like...

"Woah, is that Cecilia West?" Having heard the word porn, the previously uninterested Kurt had quickly made his way towards the couch. Kurt stood beside Andrea, peering eagerly at Kimberly's phone. His eyes lit up as he recognized one of the women on screen.

"Hell yeah dude!" Kimberly responded enthusiastically, her eyes shimmered with as much joy as Kurt's as she started to talk about porn. "I love her cus her ass is so fat. There's not a lot of MILFs that do lesbian stuff, so she really hits the spot!"

Gazing towards the screen herself, Andrea began to observe the actress these two were so interested in. Cecilia was dressed in a porn parody version of an office lady outfit. She pushed her bust against the face of her partner, smothering them in a very motherly manner. The woman was quite tall and imposing, her long flowing auburn hair that reached her butt. Her face was beautifully mature, bearing a combination of sharp dominance and but also tender love. With tits large enough to make even Andrea jealous, and quite the fat butt to boot, Andrea could see why the two were so attracted to her. In fact, it was also making Andrea quite aroused too.

However, the more Andrea watched the video, the more familiar this woman became. She almost seemed to resemble... Andrea herself! Though Cecilia's bust was much bigger, the two's proportions were quite similar. She even had the same beauty mark on her breast! Seeing as they played a similar role, with a similar physique and mood... It almost felt like the duo were attracted to Cecilia *because* of her similarities to Andrea. A fact that caused Andrea's own pussy to quiver gently.

"Man, I know exactly what you mean." Kurt nodded sagely. "My favorite part about her long, silky smooth brunette hair. She really kills the serious but hot face you know. Like she could crush you."

"By the way, you know who I discovered recently?" Kurt spoke up with interest. "Kurt Gonzalez. She's new to the space, mostly does amateur stuff. But damn she has such a thick Latina booty."

"Duuuuude! I know Kurt Gonzalez!" Kimberly almost jumped from her seat. "She's a girl in my class! She's subscribed to a lot of OnlyFans, so she started doing porn on the side. I agree, it's really busting shit."

Seeing Kimberly and Kurt interact in such a casual and free way was a very strange experience for Andrea. Never in her entire life did Andrea expect Kurt to be so effortlessly sociable. Not to mention how they were talking about perverted, crude shit out in the open without any sort of shame! Honestly, it didn't even feel like the two were nephew and uncle. Their tones were much too honest and open. There was no sort of seniority or higher respect in any of their interactions. In a strange way, they both felt more like brothers than anything else.

And somehow, Andrea 'got it'. For some unexplainable reason, she understood all of the weird lingo they were prating on about. The very themes of the conversation were something she could grasp with somewhat ease, as its contents aroused Andrea too. Even though the subject matter was perverted and

debauched, a part of Andrea wanted to join in on the conversation and include additions of her own. There was something strangely enticing about that almost brotherly relationship these two shared...

“So, what other stuff have you been fapping to?” Kimberly asked her uncle, a completely serious and unabashed question. “I need to add some new shit to my spank bank.”

“Hmmm... Depends on what you’re in the mood for.” Kurt responded with a thoughtful expression. “There’s a lot of shit I can recommend, but you gotta be in the headspace for em.”

“You got any hardcore shit?” Kimberly’s pussy shuddered as she inquired. “I feel like I’ve been doing vanilla for too long. I wanna go for something real nasty.”

“Oh yeah dude, totally.” Kurt nodded excitedly. “I can send a bondage series I’ve been getting into. Oh, there’s also these sissy hypno videos that go kinda hard.”

“Honestly, if you want some hardcore shit, I’d recommend some hentai.” Out of nowhere, Andrea spoke up in the same monotone voice that was usual to Kurt. There was no sort of prompting or warning, the thought just came out of her head and through her mouth of its own volition. “I follow this one guy that does a lot of fucked up tentacle shit, it’s really good.”

“Ayooo, that sounds sick.” Kimberly answered with excitement, feeling her heart thumping at the thought of getting some new porn to watch. “Yeah, go ahead and send me that shit dude.”

Neither Kurt nor Kimberly seemed to react in any big way to Andrea’s statement. There was no sentiment of surprise or shock. They just fully accepted her contribution with the same normality as if they had shared it with each other. Andrea herself had no idea why she’d even said such a thing in the first place. Had she watched any hentai? She was sure she hadn’t, but for some reason she could remember the hentai she mentioned in perfect detail. Should she send some perverted porn to her daughter? Probably not, but she’d already promised so she was most likely gonna do it anyways.

“Oh man!” Sitting up straight from the couch, Kimberly’s eyes glimmered with joy as the video she watched started to reach its climax. “This is my favorite part!”

Pulling her panties aside, Kimberly switched to holding the phone with one hand while she started to viciously finger herself with the other. Her breath became erratic, heart thumping through her chest. In this sort of situation, Andrea wouldn’t have wasted any time in yelling at her daughter to stop. However, her mind was currently drifting off in an entirely different direction. As soon as Andrea’s eyes laid upon her daughter’s bare pussy, every inch of her body seized up with excitement. Her own pussy started to quake with desire, lust coursing through her body. Sure, the video and conversation were already making Andrea a bit horny but... The sight of her daughter’s glistening womanhood was more than enough to fully rev Andrea’s engine.

As Kimberly spread her legs wide open, her fingers began to plunge into the depths of her hungry pussy like a savage animal. Kimberly’s middle and index finger stuck all the way inside of her cunt, easily pressing past her labia to caress her soft, sensitive insides. The girl rubbed her twitching clit with each motion, a vicious lightning fast technique which was meant to squeeze every last scrap of pleasure from her feminine organ. Kimberly’s juices soon began to overflow onto the couch, seeping into the fine cloth and ruining with her scent. Her eager cunt would even squirt in excitement every couple of seconds, blasting forth more and more of her juices in order to fully express her arousal.

Yet no matter how much of a mess she made, the only thing Andrea could think about as she saw her daughter furiously masturbating was how hot the whole scene looked. Andrea's mouth began to water at the sight of such a juicy, delectable young pussy. She'd always seen hot women masturbating in porn, but to have a real life girl fucking her shit up right in front of her was like a blessing! Andrea began to imagine how it would feel to taste such a delicate flower. She dreamed about pushing her face between Kimberly's legs and slobbering her tight cunt until there was nothing left. God, Andrea was so horny she wanted to jack off!

J-Jack off?!? Like a hammer smashing her directly in the face, the strange phrase brought Andrea back to reality. What the hell had she been thinking?! And why was it making her so aroused?!? Having overcome that momentary spell of madness, Andrea hoped all of her lust would instantly dissipate, and she could start thinking like a normal person. Unfortunately, even after gaining awareness, she was just as horny as before. Andrea's hands dug into the back of the couch, gripping it tightly enough her nails tore through some of the fabric. She was desperately trying to get herself to look away, to vanquish these immoral feelings and act like the proper mother she was supposed to be. But she couldn't!! Andrea was completely enamored by her daughter's pussy!!!

"Hngghh~" Kimberly gasped blissfully. Eyes slightly turning towards Kurt, she noticed her uncle wasn't masturbating to the hot porn before him. A fact that confused her mildly. "You not gonna masturbate Kurt?"

"Nah." Kurt waved her off nonchalantly, though the bulge in his pants made it clear he was most certainly aroused. "Big sis told me I couldn't masturbate in the living room."

"Huh... That's weird." Kimberly muttered in confusion, not taking a second to stop her fingers from pounding her sopping pussy over and over again. "I'm *hyahh*~ Masturbating in the living room and she hasn't said anything..."

"Yeah I don't know what to tell you man." Kurt merely shrugged. "I don't really care honestly."

Andrea didn't really pay attention to the duo's conversation. Instead, she concerned herself with a much more important moral dilemma, the fact that she was desperately hungry for her daughter's cunt. Legs clenched as tightly as she could manage, Andrea tried to suppress her desires as in any way possible. It was obviously a fruitless attempt, for her pussy continued to tremble with need as her crotch overflowed with arousal that dripped all the way down both of her legs. Any attempts at quelling or dismissing her lust were met with resounding failure. It was clear that the only way she would release herself from this course was with some intense pleasuring. Which only left one final question.

Was she going to violate her daughter or not.

At first glance, the answer might have seemed obvious. There was no way Andrea could pounce on her daughter and have her way with her! It was wrong! Immoral! Out of the question! But the more she thought about it, the more enticing it became. She'd given birth to such a beautiful body, which meant it was only fair she got to taste it personally. Kimberly had already gotten to try Andrea's pussy today, so why couldn't Andrea get her back?! The incredible musk of Kimberly's pussy began to reach Andrea's nose, along with the potent smell of her vaginal juices. The swirled around in Andrea's nose, completely warbling her mind.

With each passing second, Andrea felt like she was losing control of her faculties. The woman started to drool uncontrollably, getting spit all over her shirt. She hunched down towards Kimberly, nose desperately whiffing every last particle of her scent. Even her legs and arms seemed to shake uncontrollably, ready to snap at any second. It would have been soooooo easy to just jump on her right now and fuck her like the bitch in heat that she was! But she couldn't-! But she wanted to-! It was wrong-! But she was so horny-! Yes-! No-! Maybe-! Noooooooooo-!!!! God she wanted to masturbate so badly!!!!

"Want me to suck you off instead?" Kimberly asked nonchalantly, turning her head towards Kurt slightly. She did feel a little bit bad that he was the only one who didn't get release.

"Nah dude, you fucking moron." Kurt playfully shoved away Kimberly's shoulder. "That's gonna make her even angrier."

"Oh, heheh I guess you're right." Kimberly giggled like a bimbo, cunt swallowing up more of her fingers. "I don't think well when I'm jacking off~"

While Kimberly and Kurt chatted away, barely caring about anything else and enjoying the porn, Andrea was undergoing an entire existential crisis. A tepid silence ensued, only interrupted by the moans that came from Kimberly's phone.

"You wanna just ask her now~?" Kimberly suggested as a final option.

"Yeah, sure." Again, Kurt shrugged. It was pretty apparent that he really did not care either way.

"Hey sis, can Kurt masturbate with me~?" Kimberly asked her mother in a sweet tone. Well, as sweet as she could make with her pussy greedily squirting all over the floor.

As the pressure boiling within Andrea reached its boiling point, the woman could hold it in no longer. In a split second decision made with the help of her last shreds of morality, Andrea turned towards the closest bathroom and dashed away as fast as possible instead of jumping on top of her semi-nude daughter. Her feet carried her away at Mach speed, fueled with a sensation of lust she'd never experienced in her life. Kurt didn't even have time to see her running. One second she was standing with a pained expression, the next she was already flinging herself into the bathroom. With a final violent motion, Andrea slammed the door to the bathroom with so much force the entire house shook in its foundations. It was a very over the top way of indicating that she would need some privacy, and that she would not stand being bothered for a good amount of time.

The sound of Andrea's door slam slowly made its way through the rest of the house, echoing at a lower and lower frequency until a peaceful quiet had returned to the living room. Quiet which was interrupted by the delirious moans of horny women. Just as before, neither Andrea nor Kurt seemed concerned with Andrea's exaggerated reaction. The two were completely unfazed, merely turning their attention back to the porn Kimberly had been watching.

"Welp- I guess that's a no." Kimberly shrugged, before shooting Kurt a sly smile. "Hehe, loser~"

"Says the guy watching porn in the living room." Kurt quickly snapped back, his smile just as smug as Kimberly's.

Fully focusing her attention on her masturbation, Kimberly's hands strung her bean faster, hips eagerly crashing against her fingers. With a final push, the girl let out a blissful scream and her unsatiable pussy was finally given some respite. Kimberly collapsed onto the couch with a smile, letting her phone fall onto the floor without any care in the world. She took a set of long, deep breaths, more than content to relax and enjoy her orgasm. It was only in this mellow state of bliss that an interesting thought popped in her head.

"By the way, why did she keep calling me Kimberly?" Kurt Lawson, Andrea's daughter, asked the other Kurt.

Kurt merely shrugged behind him, not a single care in his expression. "I don't know. Maybe she just really likes that name. Must be important to her or something."

* * * * *

The way Andrea stumbled into the guest bathroom was like a tornado ravaging through an unsuspecting town. She tripped and tottered without any semblance of balance, ramming into anything that came across her path. Soaps and fancy washes clattered onto the floor as Andrea bumped into the sink. The woman's body accidentally slammed into a nearby wall, causing the painting that had been mounted there to become crooked and almost fall. It was readily apparent that the lust had taken quite a toll on Andrea's psyche. Her brain swirled with so many different, competing thoughts and desires, they made her mind a complete mush. Regardless, one thing remained crystal clear. She *needed* to masturbate.

As soon as Andrea's eyes locked onto the toilet, her body propelled itself forth with instinctive need. Using as much eroding coordination as she could muster, the woman made her way towards the throne that would finally release her from this curse. She sharply pulled the top upwards, before turning around and smashing her enormous butt upon its porcelain seat with a fat, wobbly pomf. The mere act of sitting on the toilet gave Andrea a little bit of respite. Her aching feet were so overcome by arousal, they could barely stand by this point. The real relief however, was only just to come.

Spreading her legs open, Andrea began desperately tugging down on her soaked panties. She didn't even seem to care as her legs stretched her tight pencil skirt to the point they tore at the sides, she needed to get herself off as thighs as possible. The mixture of dampness as well as the thickness of her hips made it so that Andrea struggled more than she would have liked to admit. The woman's butt wriggled left and right, her voice grunting and growling as her fingers dug into the strings of her undergarments. After what seemed like an eternity of struggling, Andrea was finally able to break her pussy free of its silky restraints. Though she didn't even wait for the panties to fall before her knees before she started assaulting her own cunt.

The very instant Andrea's fingers began to play with her pussy, every little bit of her suffering had been completely vindicated. Pleasure spread throughout her system, that glorious release that her body desperately craved for so long. Instead of being overwhelmed by this crushing pressure that made her feel like her mind was going to collapse, Andrea's eyes were opened to a brand-new world of freedom and ecstasy. Allowing this intoxicating feeling to envelop her whole, Andrea began wondering why she'd

resisted so hard in the first place. It was clear from even a cursory view that masturbation was a totally worthy experience.

Basked in this ethereal glow of desire, Andrea spread her legs out further as her back completely reclined onto the toilet tank. Her breathing shifted to the beat of her lust, allowing Andrea to erase all errant thoughts out of her mind and completely focus on her masturbation. With both hands firmly squeezing onto the plumpness of her pussy, Andrea began to violently finger her dripping cunt. Her right and left hand alternated in a rapid set of motions, the fingers of one hand pushing into her folds whenever the fingers of her other would pull out. Each time her fingers would penetrate and rub her innards with increased intensity, an ever rising sensation of need. It was pretty clear that Andrea wanted nothing more than to squeeze every last drop of arousal out of her damp slit.

In a way, Andrea's desperate pussy pleasuring was quite similar to her daughter's. The woman's hands moved with swiftness and disregard. As each finger delved into the depths of her pussy, it rubbed and stretched against her inner walls in a fully uncontrolled manner. Throughout the entire ordeal, Andrea displayed no amount of proper care or restraint. It was as if she was sacrificing everything in order to squeeze every last drop of pressure out of her body, a self-destructive, maddening rush fueled by reckless desire. But worst of all, with every passing second the intensity of her masturbation was growing stronger.

Biting into her lip with a depraved, almost insane expression, Andrea could feel her mind descending further and further as her entire body became enraptured in self-pleasuring. Not only were her hands making quick work of her pussy, but Andrea's hips had also started to greedily grind into her fingers. The rocking motions caused her fat tits to bounce up and down seductively, a sight Andrea very much appreciated as she lost herself in the vastness of her own cleavage. Having such a pair of fat, wobbly titties like hers was certainly a benefit in moments like these.

The only thing Andrea felt was missing at this moment was some good fapping material. Sure enough, her body was quite sexy in it of itself. If Andrea really wanted, she could probably stand in front of the mirror and start jacking off to her own reflection. But what Andrea really wanted was some good fucking porn. Nothing felt better when masturbating than observing the most fucked up shit the human psyche could come up with. Whether it was as simple as a woman moaning into a camera, or some kind of long-winded internet fanfiction, any sort of perverted extra material was sure to make every fap legendary.

In the absence of such content, Andrea's mind began to formulate porn of her own. Andrea pictured herself out in public, manhandling some sluts until they gave way to her charms. There was that one fantasy about molesting her sister that really got her going. And then there was Kimberly, her banging ass daughter. Andrea felt her pussy clamp with desire at the mere thought. Oh yeah, this one was super fucked up. Incest and age gap were always big bangers. Even though Andrea told herself she was a good, responsible mom, the truth was that she was desperately horny for her own daughter. Kimberly's fat tits made her wanna drool, that young bitchy attitude of hers was ripe for complete domination. God, what Andrea wouldn't do to stick her head between her daughter's legs and snort like a pig~

But just as soon as Andrea was reaching the apex of ecstasy, her hands stopped. She was still just as aroused as before, body quaking and begging her for release. Still, Andrea laid her hand steady. Even now, in the edge of madness, after having given up so much of her sanity and surrendered to the pleasure, it still felt wrong for Andrea to masturbate to her own daughter. Though it was most certainly

arousing, something in the depths of her mind prevented her from finding it acceptable. Kimberly was a person who meant a great deal in her heart, she wasn't about to throw that feeling away for a quick burst of pleasure.

Instead, there were much more appropriate things for Andrea to masturbate to! Like... Her gorgeous husband, Douglas! Perhaps Douglas wasn't the sexiest man Andrea knew, but being her husband, Andrea was sure it would arouse her far more than anything she could come up with. Fully focusing her mind on the idea, Andrea was able to perfectly visualize a scene with her husband. The man laid across a bed in the nude, his erect shaft exposed and waiting to take her. His chiseled chest glimmered in the flicker of the orange candlelight, a thick aroma of roses permeating the room. The scene was a perfect combination of romantic and sexy elements.

Aaaaannndd it did *absolutely nothing* for Andrea. The woman felt her pussy actively drying up almost as if to protest such a horrid desire. It was so strange, Andrea remembered these being the sorts of things that really turned her on. She loved whenever Douglas would gift her a rose or give her a kiss out of the blue. Merely snuggling together in a warm blanket used to be enough to get her going. But now, it all seemed so... Boring and drab. The weakest vanilla shit she could imagine. A part of Andrea almost felt actively revolted. How uninteresting and puritanical did someone have to be to genuinely get their rocks off to that sort of stuff?

Andrea huffed and puffed in frustration, her mounting lust having crashed against an unsurmountable mountain. Those attempts at thinking up her own porn had certainly deescalated some of her burning lust, but Andrea was still so horny she *needed* to masturbate before she could get up from the toilet. What the hell was she supposed to do? Regardless of how interesting the thought might have been, Andrea *REFUSED* to jack off to her daughter. She was better than that, a woman of high respect and esteem. Surely there had to be some sort of compromise she could make...

Looking around the room, Andrea searched for anything that could ease her predicament. Maybe Kurt had left a dirty magazine lying around, or maybe she still had her phone on her pocket for her to access Pornhub. As Andrea's eyes flickered through the floor of the room, she made a terrifying discovery. Lying idly underneath the corner's potted plant, was one of Kimberly's panties.

How Kimberly's panties had gotten in the guest bathroom on the first floor, Andrea had no idea. Kimberly had her own bathroom, and this bathroom didn't have a bath or a shower, so there was no real reason for them to be there. Nevertheless, there they were. A pair of lone, discarded pink panties. The panties were quite slender and silky, though they were crumpled up into a ball. Andrea could see a little they were still a little bit damp, meaning they had to be freshly worn. All of Kimberly's stench and pheromones had to be clinging to every scrap of those panties. Taking a single whiff would most likely be akin to tasting Kimberly's pussy itself.

Andrea took a loud gulp. No, no.... there was no way she could do that. An errant thought entered her mind, but she quickly discarded it. Kimberly didn't even want to give the thought form, much less entertain it. She knew right off the bat it was too depraved to give it a single second of thought. First of all, it was highly unhygienic to do that sort of thing with other people's fluid. O-Oh also, it was her daughter's, so that it in of itself was wrong. In no sort of universe, in no sort of situation, would Andrea be so desperate to... T-To s-sniff... Her daughter's panties. It was inconceivable! Andrea would have

preferred to be imprisoned, or killed, or to never masturbate again. Andrea wasn't going to do it. She wasn't going to-

SNIIIIFFFFFF~~~!!! SNIFFFFFFF~~~!!!! SNOORRTTHHTHTTT~~~~

Violently mashing her face into her daughter's crumpled up panties, Andrea made a degenerate sound that could only be describe as that of a hellish pig. While she held the damp piece of cloth to her face with one hand, the other hand viciously fingered her pussy like there was no tomorrow. In just a matter of seconds, the unyielding lust which seemed to have petered off for a moment was now blazing within Andrea at full force. It fueled her fingers as they desperately rubbed away at her pussy harder than ever before, filling every ounce of her body with unmitigated arousal that sent tingles throughout her spine. Not only was Andrea completely submersed in a world of arousal, it was also the most pleasure she'd ever felt in her life.

Poor Andrea just couldn't help it! The incredibly succulent and delicious scents of her daughter's pussy were too strong for her to resist! Andrea's nose pushed against the soft fabric of the panties, her nostrils clogging up with cloth as she took the thickest, heaviest sniff of her life. Every singular breath that she took was filled to the brim with Kimberly's pure pussy essence. The scent of her daughter's feminine organ poured into her nose until it was forever implanted into her mind. It was such a youthful and spry aroma, nothing like Andrea's old motherly pussy. Its gentle but pungent fishy scent was like drugs that sent Andrea's nose into overdrive.

Andrea's mouth was quite happy to get its own taste too. Her lips wrapped around the panties' damp spot, allowing her tongue to extract every scrap of flavor from its cloth. The delicious flavors of her daughter's juices danced on Andrea's tongue like butterflies. It tasted so pungent, Andrea could tell her daughter hadn't taken a bath in days. But this increased flavor only made it an ever more enticing delicacy, like wine that had been perfectly fermented over a number of years. Andrea's tongue flickered up on down the length of the panties, her mouth twisting and slurping the undergarments further inside with a sense of hopeless starvation. Andrea's entire world revolved around her daughter's underwear at the moment.

This was perhaps the most fucked up and immoral act Andrea had performed in her mostly upstanding life. Her body was burning up over the incestuous connotations of her desires. The idea of violating her daughter's privacy by perturbing her belongings sent shivers down her spine. Such behaviors would have usually brought immense shame onto Andrea. They were the sort of degenerate actions someone like her brother would perform, to chase personal pleasure over doing what was correct and proper.

But honestly, Andrea didn't give a shit anymore! She was tired of fighting against her urges! She was no longer interested in ignoring all of the potential pleasure she could achieve! All of those moral stances she held before felt pretty fucking stupid and boring now. Andrea didn't wanna try and think about things, or work hard, or do whatever the fuck that annoying part of her brain was telling her. The only thing she cared about at this moment in town was jacking the fuck offfff!!!!

"AhhhH~~~ FUCK~" Andrea grunted into her daughter's panties, taking deep breaths to make sure she wouldn't asphyxiate from all the excitement. "Kimberly, your slutty pussy musk smells so amazing, I can't get enouggh~~~"

In fact, not only was Andrea actively ignoring the depravity of her actions, she was actively indulging in its debauchery. Andrea used the sinfulness of her incestuous thoughts to power her arousal. Her pussy quivered and squirted happily at the thought that she was such a terrible mother for abusing her daughter like this. The idea that she was intentionally going against one of society's sacred principles in order to get herself off caused her vagina to lovingly clamp around her fingers in lust. Andrea hungered for her own daughter's ass, and she was no longer ashamed of it.

"Kimberly~ Kimberly~ Kimberly~ Kimberly~" Andrea mindlessly chanted to herself as her masturbation grew to a fervent point. She imagined herself viciously assaulting her daughter's thick body, basking in the idea of corrupting her own kin. "Kimberly~ Kimberly~ Kimberly~ Kimberly~ Kimberlyyyyy~"~"

The exponential increase in pleasure that Andrea felt was the perfect indication that she'd made the correct choice. Everything felt so much better now that she was free from those silly restraints. It was as if she'd blossomed into an entirely new person, her mind enlightened to a brand new point of view. Though she knew factually that Kimberly was her daughter, as Andrea continued masturbating, the relationship itself became more hazy in her mind. That sacred divide between parent and child came down, in favor of something more casual and familiar. Andrea didn't feel bad about jacking off and lusting for Kimberly. She felt much more comfortable around Andrea, able to relax and chat about all sorts of stuff like porn and videogames. It was almost as if she was...

"CUMMINGGGG~!!!" Screaming at the top of her lungs, Andrea felt her brain emptying as her entire body was embroiled in powerful orgasm. "I'M CUMMING KIMBERLY~ T-THAT'S RIGHT, TAKE ALL OF YOUR MOMMY'S CUMMMMM~"~"

Hips flaring up to greedily grind against her fingers, Andrea's pussy started to blast thick squirts of ejaculate all over the floor. Despite being on the toilet, Andrea's orgasm was so potent, not a single drop fell into the bowl. As bliss spread throughout her entire system, every part of Andrea's body trembled with uncontrollable bliss. It almost looked like Andrea was having a seizure, her mind so overwhelmed with ecstasy it no longer held any say in which way her limbs moved. It would not be an exaggeration to say that this was the most powerful orgasm Andrea had experienced in her life. Not even her wedding night nor the night she became pregnant with her daughter could compare with the amount of joy she felt at this moment.

As the crescendo of pleasure reached its tip, Andrea collapsed onto the toilet. Extreme lust gave way to extreme exhaustion, all of the energy spent on reaching her climax coming back with just as much force. Both of Andrea's arms fell limply at her sides, though her hand refused to let go of her daughter's panties for a single second. Legs spread out and back arching against her seat rest, Andrea sat in what could only be described as a depraved manner. Any sense of decorum was non-existent, for the only thing Andrea cared for was enjoying her orgasm.

"Kimberly.... Kimberly.... Kimberly...." Andrea continued to whisper under her breath, her mind still struggling to come back to reality.

However, as Andrea repeated that name and her brain slowly pieced her mental faculties back together, a very important question appeared in her mind.

Who the hell was Kimberly?

Maybe some kind of porn actress she'd seen recently? The main character of one of her hentai games? Andrea literally couldn't remember. It didn't even make sense for her to be groaning that name over and over again, considering she'd just spent the past five minutes viciously masturbating to her daughter, the beautiful Kurt Lawson. If she had to be repeating anyone's name, it was most certainly hers.

A shiver of arousal ran down Andrea's spine as she thought about her sexy as fuck daughter, Kurt. She could feel her pussy start to quake with desire once again. But before things got too heated, Andrea shook herself straight. Andrea's morning was already shaping up to be quite tough. She'd already messed up breakfast, and now she'd fucked herself so hard she was gasping for some random woman's name. As much as she wanted to jack off to Kurt again, she had to get ready for work. The last thing she wanted was getting to work late.

Lifting herself up from the toilet, Andrea wobbled her still unsteady legs towards the bathroom mirror to clean herself up. The woman effortlessly fixed her frizzy hair, fixing up any runny make up and straightening her outfit. She also made sure to pocket Kurt's steamy panties. They would make for excellent fap material when she needed a break at work. Staring at her reflection in the mirror, Andrea shot herself a confident smile. She was happy with how sexy she looked today. Her breasts were especially marvelous. But... It felt as if there was something missing.

Reaching for one of her shirt pockets, the woman fished out an identity card. It was a regular looking keycard, the kind most employees used to access their offices. On the right side was a picture of her face, and in the name section it read-

Kurt Lawson

Kurt smiled as she read her ID card. She wrapped her badge holder around her neck, letting the ID card rest between her pillowy breasts. Mornings were definitely tough for Kurt, but she was more than happy she could get through them~