

Influencer

Chapter 1

I am not a good father.

Never claimed to be, never tried to be.

Me and the girl's mother weren't exactly married when I knocked her up. Fuck, we barely knew each other – she was just some random chick with a nice rack and a pretty face, and not enough common sense to force me to wear a rubber. She got pregnant and, unfortunately for me, I was her 'first and only'. The child was mine, couldn't be anyone elses. And the DNA tests I had done agreed.

At the ripe old age of twenty-four, I became a father.

And, if I'm honest, nothing in my life really changed all that much. I had no interest in playing 'house', and no desire to put my career on hold for the sake of some lay that'd gotten out of hand. Rather than participate in the newborn baby girl's life, I simply decided to send the brat's mother a fraction of my income every month instead.

For the first few years of Julie's life, I never so much as entered the same room as her. Truth be told, I lived on the other side of the country entirely. And that was a-okay with me.

Then the girl's mother started whining and complaining.

Something about how the child wanted to know her real father, about how I had a responsibility, so on and so forth. And, before I knew it, I was being strong-armed into actually looking after the damned brat. One month every year, she'd live with me instead of her mother.

It was either that, or the brat's mother would take me to court and demand a much larger chunk of my monthly income from me.

That I wasn't exactly being 'generous' when it came to giving child support was not a secret. If the brat's mother took me to court, I'd lose untold thousands in income.

What other choice did I have but to accept?

So, every year, I was forced to house and feed and entertain my daughter. One month during summer. Every single year.

It was a pain, to be sure. But at least Julie was quiet. A shy, socially awkward girl who kept mostly to herself. She didn't ask for much. And, whenever she did want something, it was usually an item I could buy and give her to keep her out of the way – books or toys or what-have-you.

The last of her annual visits was when Julie was seventeen. A short, scrawny pencil of a girl. Even more quiet and reclusive than she'd been the previous years. She had spent almost the entire month locked away in the room I'd set aside for her, eyes glued to the screen of a laptop that I'd bought for her.

This year when she stayed with me, she'd be eighteen. A woman in the eyes of the law.

If I wanted to, I supposed, I could simply stop paying child support altogether – refuse to allow the girl to visit and stay with me. I could, if I so desired, cut my child out of my life forever. But I didn't. Not yet, at least.

In a way, I'd grown used to Julie's visits. They broke up the monotonous pattern of my daily life just enough, while not upsetting too much about how I lived. It was like a yearly wake-up call; a chance to reevaluate how I did things, make improvements to my home and my life.

Still, when the girl's mother called me out of the blue, told me her plans and what she expected me to do, the temptation to cut her and the brat out of my life flared brightly.

"And you can't take her with you?" I asked, feeling a throbbing ache in my brow. "If money is the issue-"

The voice on the other end of the line snorted.

"Money is *not* the issue," Julie's mother said. "The *issue* is that me and Jerry want to go on this trip together. Alone. Just the two of us."

Jerry was the bitch's husband, Julie's father-in-law.

"Then reschedule. Julie's eighteen now, won't she be going off to live in college dorms or something soon? Surely, your holiday can wait until then."

"Julie doesn't want to go to college. And it's too late to reschedule. Either you take Julie in, or she spends the next six months on the streets."

She meant that to be some kind of threat, an appeal to my 'fatherly instincts'. If I didn't step up now, my poor, darling daughter would be rendered homeless. Like it was somehow *my* fault her cunt mother had decided to sell everything and book a six month, round-the-world adventure holiday with her husband.

I was almost tempted to call her out on it. Refuse to house Julie for even the regular one month, let alone the six her mother was demanding.

"I have work," I said into the phone. "I don't have time to babysit."

"She's eighteen. You don't need to *babysit* her. Jerry and I leave on our trip in two weeks. We'll bring Julie by next Friday, say two o'clock. If you have any problems, you know my number. But just a warning; some of the places me and Jerry are going won't have great mobile reception."

And, unbelievably, the cunt actually hung up on me.

I sat there doing nothing but staring at the wall and thinking about my options for a long while. I was at work, in my private little office.

Six months of having to care for Julie...

I shook my head, pushed down my annoyance.

If the girl got in my way too much, was too much of a bother to look after, I could simply rent a room for her at a hotel for the six-month period. She could do her own thing, I'd do my thing – no need for us to interact at all.

I'd spent the last eighteen years avoiding being a father to the girl wherever possible, no point changing that now.

The home I lived in was a part of a gated, guarded community. The only way in or out was through the main gate, where a professional security officer had a complete list of everyone allowed inside. If someone wasn't on the list – a guest or what-have-you – then the security officer would call whoever that someone was visiting on a dedicated line, ask if they should be allowed in or not.

That's how I knew when she arrived.

The officer called up, let me know a young woman named Julie was outside the gate asking to be let in. He mentioned how the girl had been dropped off in a car, and that the car had driven away immediately.

I wouldn't be able to confront Julie's mother today, then. And, knowing the bitch, she'd be ignoring any and all calls or messages from me for the next six months.

For a moment, as I held my home phone to my ear, I was tempted to deny my daughter entry. All I'd have to do was say 'no'. And, just like that, Julie would no longer be my problem. She was eighteen, after all. An adult. I couldn't be held responsible, legally speaking, for anything that might happen to her.

"Let her in," I said instead.

A minute later, my doorbell rang.

I hid the annoyance from my expression as I went to answer the door, knowing exactly who'd be waiting on the other side of it. Six months, starting today. Just great.

Forcing a smile on my face, I opened the door.

And felt my eyes bulge in shock.

The smile remained in place, though it probably twitched a little at my reaction upon

seeing Julie. She didn't notice though. Her eyes were on the floor. She didn't see the shock in my eyes, or the un-fatherly way I looked her up and down.

Somehow, in the last year, my daughter had become a babe.

The girl standing in front of me wasn't the scrawny, flat-chested twig I'd housed last year. Her hair was the same, sure. Auburn and long. And her irises were the same shades of hazel as they'd been back then too. But the girl herself had changed completely. She was prettier than last year by leagues and miles. Her baby-fat cheeks had vanished to reveal high cheekbones and angular, beautifully sharp features.

My eyes were drawn like magnets to Julie's chest, to the two huge globes there. Big, round tits. Each one easily the size of her own head. Barely contained within a stretched and strained wool jumper. They were impossibly massive. Bigger even than her already naturally blessed mother's.

When in the world had Julie grown *those*?

My hand moved by itself, guided by invisible forces towards my daughter's bust. It was only with immeasurable willpower that I managed to stop myself grabbing a handful of tit right there and then. Instead of groping my daughter, I somehow was able to divert my hand to Julie's shoulder instead.

"H- hey," I smiled at my daughter, forcing myself to look at her face instead of her chest. "Come on in, Julie. I was just about to start cooking dinner. You must be hungry, right?"

I let my daughter into my home, allowed her to lead the way – if for no other reason than to stare at her ridiculously bouncy ass as she walked ahead of me. She knew the layout of the house well enough after last year's month-long stay, didn't need me to show her around again.

Suddenly, I was more than happy to open my doors to Julie, more than willing to let this hottie live with me for the next few months.

"You mother tells me you don't want to go to college," I said, glancing up from my food – a spicy curry whose sauce I'd been trying to perfect for the better part of a month now – and looking across the table at Julie. "Do you mind if I ask why?"

Julie's eyes flicked to me. She lowered her curry-laden spoon back to the plate. A resigned look crossed her pretty features, as if she'd been expecting this conversation.

"College," she said softly, eyes on the table in front of her, "is expensive."

I raised an eyebrow at that.

Surely, with all the money I'd sent her cunt of a mother over the years, affording college wouldn't be too difficult.

"If money is the issue," I began, "I'd be more than happy to pay-"

"No!" Julie said quickly, a little louder than she'd probably wanted. When she spoke again, it was much more quiet and reserved. "No, thank you. It's not just the cost..."

I remained silent, allowed the girl to form thoughts into words at her own pace.

"The job I want," she spoke slowly, a faint pink creeping into her cheeks, "it doesn't require a college degree. It doesn't require any qualifications at all. Going to college to study would just be a waste of time when I could be-"

She stopped herself, glanced up at me and blushed brighter before looking away again.

From the sound of it, she wanted to be a pornstar or something. A prostitute; or perhaps the more elegant and respected counterpart, an 'escort'. Which, if that were the case, my daughter certainly knew where her strengths were. With face as pretty as hers, a body as sexy as that, she'd never be hurting for clientele or 'job opportunities'. But, somehow, I doubted whoring herself like that was what my daughter had in mind.

"Go on," I urged.

"I want..." Julie blushed brighter – the pink complexion doing wonders at conveying

her cuteness. "I want to be a vlogger."

I nodded my head, gave myself a moment to think.

Yes, yes that made sense. Vlogging. Video-blogging. Sitting in front of a camera, sharing your thoughts and ideas, uploading it online for the invisible masses to watch. Yes, I could see *exactly* why my daughter had gotten *that* idea in her head.

Back when I was a kid, I wanted to be a sports star. Then, when I realised the amount of effort it'd require to become rich and powerful off athletic excellence, I decided becoming a movie star was a much more worthwhile dream to have. In those days, those were the default aspirations for most kids. Musician or movie star or world-famous athlete. To be a celebrity, rich and famous without any real physical labour to earn it. Fun, easy jobs that paid extremely well for the effort put into them.

Nowadays, it wasn't fame in the traditional sense that boys and girls aspired to. It was internet stardom.

My daughter wanted to become an internet celebrity. An 'influencer'.

"Is that so?" I asked, keeping the scepticism from my voice.

Even if I hadn't been the one to raise her, Julie still had my genes in her. Surely she couldn't be stupid enough to believe her dreams of internet fame were anything other than that – dreams.

Julie nodded her head quickly, saw my lack of mockery or dismissiveness and took it as a sign of encouragement.

"Yes," she said happily, brightly. She beamed at me. "I know it's not as easy as it sounds. I've already been vlogging for a few months now, and the only followers I've got so far are my friends still. But I read online that's normal. There's this snowball effect. Once my channel starts taking off, my viewers will begin to grow exponentially. And..."

I stopped listening.

The girl was beautiful, more than attractive enough to garner attention from a large male audience on her looks alone. That she'd been vlogging for 'months' and only had a handful of friends watching her videos? That told me all I needed to know. Her videos were dogshit. So bad that guys couldn't even be bothered to watch them with the sound turned off, enjoying the eye-candy by itself.

"Once we're done eating," I said, interrupting whatever benign nonsense my daughter was spewing. "I'd like you to show me some of your videos."

My daughter blinked at me, momentarily confused and surprised at my interruption. Then she smiled so brightly and happily that you'd think I'd handed her a great big stack of cash.

"Sure, Dad," she said with a grin. That word, 'Dad', felt wrong to my ears. It fit me about as well as that jumper fit my daughter's chest – which was to say, not at all.

I nodded my head, resumed eating – a large array of thoughts bounding around in my skull. Everything from Julie's career ambitions to her surprising growth-spurt.

The videos were worse than I'd been expecting. Much worse.

Badly lit, terrible camera framing, a total lack of editing. Those problems could be fixed rather easily – not that I particularly cared or wanted to become Julie's personal director.

It was the way she spoke in the vlogs that was the real problem, her posture and body language, the tone of her voice. All of it was *wrong*. Stuttering, nervously correcting herself now and then, random tangents and topics out of no-where. Most of the videos I watched seemed to have no direction at all. As if she'd just sat down with her phone or laptop and started recording randomly, saying whatever came to mind for the next ten or so minutes.

It was bad. Really bad.

And not easily fixed, either.

Again, I had no interest in fixing Julie's videos or making her a better, more successful vlogger. I couldn't have cared less if she sunk and failed and had to get a minimum wage job flipping burgers for the rest of her life. That was of no interest to me what-so-ever. I simply had a very analytical mind, was able to see the problems and figure out solutions for them without effort.

In order to fix her mannerisms and speech-related failings in those videos, Julie would likely need some form of counselling. A bit of guidance from someone used to addressing large audiences. More than anything, it seemed that Julie had a lack of confidence and charisma in her videos.

If I was inclined to help – which I was not – there were several methods I could use to-

An idea.

A dark, devious, titillating idea.

One of the methods potentially useful in building a person's confidence, boosting their charisma. It had other uses to. Far-reaching uses. The kind of uses that might make impossible things possible.

But could I really? To my own daughter?

Yes.

I didn't even need to think about it. I'd fuck Julie in a heartbeat, if I could. A body and face like that? There was no way I'd turn it down. And, with hypnosis – masked as a way to help her get over her shortcomings – I could open her mind up to that very possibility.

Offer to help her with her vlogging, convince her that my hypnotising her would be a great benefit. Use those hypnotic sessions to warp the girl's mind enough that she'd see nothing wrong with spreading her legs to me. It seemed so simple on paper, so easy. But could it *really* work?

Yes.

With the right sequence of events, the right logic and understanding applied, I *could* make it work.

Was it worth the risk?

I turned to look at my daughter. We were at the dining table, a laptop in front of me as Julie sat opposite. She smiled nervously at me, shifted in her seat slightly. She wanted approval, I could see it in her eyes. She wanted me to complement her on the video I'd just watched. She wanted validation.

My eyes flickered lower, took in the strained fabric of Julie's jumper. The wonderful, amazing tits she'd somehow developed in the last year.

Yes. Fucking this sexy piece of ass would definitely be worth a few risks.

"I like it," I said with a smile, watching as my daughter's expression lifted, glowing with pride at my words. "It's very clear that you put a lot of heart into it."

I am not a good father.

Good fathers don't lust after their daughters. Or, at least if they do, they don't make actual moves to follow and sate those lusts.

I am not a good father.

But I've known that for eighteen years. I've never claimed to be one. I'm *fine* with being a terrible father.

"But," I said, softly, kindly. Didn't want to hurt the girl's feelings right now. I needed her to confide in me, to trust me. I needed her to believe I wanted to help her. "There are one or two things I think I might be able to help you improve on..."