

Influencer

Chapter 10

The viewer count seemed to fluctuate a lot. New guys appearing to check out this new, attractive camslut while others left – no doubt in search of a stream that was a little more 'revealing' than Julie's currently was.

She sat there, on her bed, talking to the camera with a wide grin on her face. All the attention and praise she'd ever wanted being fed to her by a sea of horny men.

In her own mind, she was living her influencer dream.

"No," she smiled, "I don't have a boyfriend."

A pause as she waited on BrosephDude69 to reply.

"Not really," she said with a blush. "I'm not *that* special. Just not interested in dating right now, I guess."

I sat back, watched.

As the clock ticked by, Julie grew more and more comfortable in front of her decent-sized audience. Her shyness steadily ebbed and a soft confidence grew in to replace it. She talked to those premium members of the site, answered their questions as best she could while basking in the complements and comments.

There were, of course, plenty of unsubtle men. Those who, rather than complement Julie's looks in a charming way, were far more objectifying with their praise.

No way those tits are real.

I love brain-dead sluts.

This bitch needs to strip already, fuck.

How much would it cost to buy you for a night, babe?

I shook my head at so many witless, uncharismatic comments. So many guys that didn't know how to make a girl feel special.

Whenever Julie saw one of the less-savoury comments or questions, her eyes widened and her cheeks flushed. Yet, all the same, she did her best to answer – always with a smile on her face.

"Yes, they're real. I don't know why anyone would ever want to actually get breast enhancement surgery, if I'm honest. More than a few times, I've thought about getting mine *reduced*." She said with a shrug.

"Brain-dead sluts? You should probably find a different stream to watch then, 'cause there are none of those here!" She smirked, winked at the camera.

"The only thing I *need* to do right now is pee. But, if you ask nicely, I might be convinced to take my top off."

"Not for sale," she grinned.

Every now and then, her eyes would flick to me – seeking approval, wanting to know if she was doing well. And, every time, I'd give her a tiny nod.

Watching her, I felt an odd, unfamiliar warmth in my chest. A glowing pride at seeing my project blossoming.

I'd never had pride in any of my projects or lays before. With them, it'd always been a means to an end – a way of getting my dick wet with beautiful, obedient, horny women. But here, watching as Julie chatted to a host of random, perverted strangers, I felt a strange satisfaction. A joy at seeing how far the girl had come. From the scrawny twig I'd had no interest in, to the busty beauty who was too shy and awkward to ever make it big, to the webcam model she was now.

Her journey was far from over. Until I had that sexy, perfect body sleeping in my bed, until Julie's only dream and want in life was to sexually satisfy me as much as she possibly could, I'd keep nudging her towards that very end.

But, as I watched her, I couldn't help but appreciate my handiwork.

"My favourite position?" Julie said, tilting her head. "I don't know. Missionary seems

too vanilla, though I guess it'd be the most intimate. I've heard doggy-style feels the best, so probably that I guess. I'll let you know when I find out!"

The next question the stream's chat asked was inevitable.

"Yes," Julie answered with a smile. "I'm a virgin."

And, just like that, a fire was lit in the chatroom. A flood of comments and questions, too much to keep up with. I saw disbelief, accusations, wonder and awe, I saw men who hadn't been all that interested before now commenting with vigour, saw one guy say that Julie was too 'sexy' to be a virgin.

And, as they all typed, so too did I.

"Tell you what," Julie said, quickly reading over the message I'd sent her and instantly enacting it. "If you all help me get big on this site, that's how I'll reward you! You can watch live as I... as I have sex for the very first time..."

Julie blinked at her screen, not quite believing what she'd just read – what she'd just spoken aloud.

Her eyes flicked to me.

I smiled at her, mouthed two words.

'Trust me.'

She gave a tiny nod. She did trust me. In her mind, I'd never do anything to harm or hurt her. I'd only ever help and support her in her dreams. I wanted what was best for her, and so *this* must be what was best for Julie.

"That's right," Julie said, turning back to the camera and smiling beautifully. "We'll make it some kind of special goal! When I reach the target, I'll lose my virginity live on camera for all of you to watch and see. Deal?"

"It's up to you guys," Julie said with a grin. "Either I take my top off, or I suck off this banana! Which do you want?"

She hefted the fruit, waved it at the camera. The motion made her chest wobble, drawing all eyes to Julie's swaying melons. If that was intentional on my daughter's part or not, I didn't know. But the effect was immediate.

A flurry of differing opinions. Half wanting a better view of my daughter's tits, half wanting to see the virgin deep-throat a banana. Both sides commenting so enthusiastically in chat that it was impossible to tell which side had the majority.

Julie hefted the banana, grinned at the camera with flushed cheeks.

She was excited.

More than that, she was aroused.

The subtle smiles, the warmth in her eyes, the way she squeezed her thighs tightly together, the way she gazed at her stream's chat. I had no doubt in my mind that under her jeans and panties, my daughter was dripping wet.

A product of hypnosis.

The more she entertained her audience, the more *enjoyment* she'd experience while streaming.

An endless cycle, or so I hoped. Making her audience happy turned on Julie, which made her act hornier, which made her audience even happier and turned Julie on even more. She was a girl who, thanks to my gentle guidance, would love her work more than any person had a right to.

"Tick-tock," Julie grinned at the camera. "Ten seconds to decide. So far, the bananas have it!"

I counted down the seconds in my head, interested to see what'd happen.

For most of the stream – which had been going on for over two hours at this point – Julie had done little more than chat with her viewers. There'd been the occasional intentional jiggle or bounce, the odd cup and squeeze, but not much else. Now, for the first time, Julie was offering more.

How would the girl react when it came time to actually follow through?

Would the hypnotic suggestions hold? Would her mind reject her actions and snap her out of her programming?

Time to find out.

The ten-second countdown reached zero.

And, just as Julie was opening her mouth to speak, a bell chimed. Another in a long line of prioritised messages – one of Julie's fans throwing money at her to be heard and seen above the confusion that was her stream's chat.

I heard Julie's gasp moments before I saw the amount this particular fan had given for their priority message.

A lot.

Julie's mouth hung open as she read the simple, three-worded message.

"Why not both?"

The big spender's name was 'Avenrilta'. No profile picture, no info in their profile's bio. Just a week's worth of regular-job income piled into that single message.

"Why not both?" Julie repeated, staring dumbfounded at her screen.

She shook her head, smiling widely.

"You know what, Aven?" She said, reaching for her shirt. "You're right! Both it is."

Her tits bounced as they came free of the shirt. Two wonderful globes swaying inside a tight, pink bra.

Even I – who had recordings of that bra-clad chest, who'd seen this sight dozens of times already – found myself staring at Julie's rack with wide, awe-filled eyes.

Watching Julie taking off her top was like being a kid and unwrapping a Christmas present – wanting something with all your heart, and knowing there's just one layer between you and it. When the top was tossed aside, leaving only the bra-clad goodies, it was like receiving a gift I'd always wanted.

The chat, from what I saw out of the corner of my eyes, was losing its shit. Comments flooding the chat too fast to read.

Blushing, Julie picked up the banana from where she'd dropped it on her bed and, tantalisingly slowly, she began peeling it – chest rising and falling with her heavy breaths.

"I've never sucked a real guy off before," Julie confessed to her camera and the hundreds of people watching her. "I've practised on hairbrushes and stuff, but I don't know if I'm actually any good or not. So, uh, be sure and give me pointers and advice if you can."

My cock twitched, eyes on Julie's full, pretty lips.

She raised the banana, opened her mouth and closed her eyes.

It started with a kiss to the tip. A gentle peck, followed by another and another. The tip, then down the length, then back up again. Kiss after kiss after kiss, all soft and sweet. When her lips reached the tip again, she pointed the banana at her face, opened her mouth, moved her face towards it.

As it passed through her open lips, the banana didn't stop. An inch slid into her mouth, then another. More and more, not stopping. She managed to get just past the half-way point before her gag-reflex kicked in.

She choked around the fruit, gagged on it, kept going.

Then, to my surprise, Julie tilted her head backwards – face looking to the ceiling with the banana still in her mouth.

In all the recorded videos, she'd never done anything like this.

She held the pose for a moment, bra-clad tits on full display. Then, amazingly, she started to move again – just her hand this time.

Gripping the banana, head arched back and remaining completely still, Julie started to fuck her own mouth with the phallic fruit – raising and lowering it into her wide-open mouth with a speed and intensity I'd not been expecting.

Choked gags reverberated through Julie's bedroom, saliva running out the corners of her mouth in glistening streams. Her tits bounced each time the banana touched the back of Julie's throat – jerking in their bra, hard nipples visible under the pink fabric.

I stared at my daughter, that odd sensation of pride flaring again.

If the girl was *this* enthusiastic about making sure her audience enjoyed the show, I could only imagine how eager and committed she'd be to ensuring a lover's pleasure. What lengths would she go to, I wondered, to make sure I, her future lover, enjoyed every single moment I was with her – inside her?

The show, unfortunately, was cut short when the banana split in half inside Julie's mouth.

She choked, covered her mouth and haunched forward – half the banana lodged in her throat, the rest tossed aside.

She held her hand over her mouth, eyes wide and watery. Her body twitched, convulsed – like it was trying to throw up. But, somehow, Julie managed to hold the urge to vomit at bay. She stared at her camera with a look of wild desperation, tears trailing down her cheeks. And, to my delight, she *swallowed*. Gulped down an entire half-banana in one painful go.

Coughing, gasping for air, shuddering and shaking, Julie gazed right into the camera.

"I think," she managed to splutter out through her coughing fit. "That's enough for-" Cough. "For today. Be sure and come back tomorrow at the same time for more!"

Her face was bright red. Tomato red. She wouldn't meet my eyes as I stared at her, was too embarrassed or ashamed to say anything. And so neither of us moved. Julie curled up into a ball on her bed, dried drool and tear-streaks marring her otherwise beautiful face.

Her first stream, it was safe to say, had been a success.

"You did well," I told her, eyes never leaving her body. She was still topless, only a bra to hide away her tits. "As far as debut performances go, that one is sure to be memorable."

Julie groaned, shut her eyes, blushed even brighter.

"Want me to get you a glass of water?" I asked. "You know, to help wash down the..."

Her head jerked side to side. A solid 'no'.

"That thing with the banana," I said, enjoying the sight of my daughter squirming at the word 'banana', "was wonderful. It could have gone a little better, but I doubt any of the guys who watched it will complain. The look on your face at the end..."

I'd have to rewatch that part later. Every livestream was recorded in full and saved to my and Julie's shared folder.

"All in all," I continued. "A very good stream. I bet you'll have lots of followers after that."

Julie tensed, eyes moving to look at me for the first time.

"Followers?" She breathed.

"Of course," I smiled at her. "Your first real, actual followers. Isn't that amazing? I can check the site right now if you want, see how many people have subscribed to your stream. They're the ones who'll get messages or emails whenever you go live. I'm betting you already have quite a few."

"I have... *followers*?"

"Yes," I said, clicking through the streaming website's pages until a list of all Julie's new subscribers appeared. "It looks like you have sixty-four. No, wait, sixty-five now."

When I turned my gaze away from the laptop screen, looked to Julie instead, I found her smiling. Grinning from ear to ear.

"I have followers!"

She let out a happy, girlish giggle. And, a second later, she was rolling around on her bed, laughing happily.

"I have followers!" Julie repeated, voice brimming with joy. "I did it! I have followers!"

"More than that," I smiled. "You have money."

She froze, rolling and giggling cut short. Slowly, her head swivelled to look at me, eyes wide with wonder.

"Money?"

"From the prioritised messages and general gifts. Not an insubstantial amount either, thanks to that last big prioritised message from whats-his-name. When you start getting into the hundreds and thousands of subscribers, we'll start making private photo and video packs that they can buy, earn a little more that way."

"Avenrilta," Julie stated.

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"The big prioritised message. His name is Avenrilta."

"Regardless," I said, trying not to roll my eyes, "you're making money now. And, in future, I'm sure you'll be making much more. Congratulations, princess. You've made it."

My daughter smiled. A bright, wonderful, loving smile.

I let her bask in the small victory a few moments longer. Yay for her, finally becoming an 'influencer' like she'd always dreamed of. A camslut, sure. A virtual, exhibitionist prostitute. But, in her mind, this was something to be proud of. And so I let her have that, if only for a minute or two.

"You've made it," I repeated, staring into my daughter's pretty eyes, "to the starting line."

Confusion crossed Julie's face. A sudden wave of uncertainty.

"Now that you're a camsl- a streamer, there are certain expectations that you'll have to live up to. Your followers and subscribers will expect you to do certain things on camera for them. And, if you don't do those things, eventually your followers and subscribers will get bored and disinterested, and they'll leave and search for someone else to follow instead."

Having 'followers' meant everything to Julie. If gaining them was her biggest dream, *loosing* them would probably be her greatest nightmare.

"You'll be expected to do things like..." Was now the time? Was it too early? "Take your clothes off – go completely nude on camera."

Julie's eyes widened, face paling in an instant. Slowly, she nodded her head. Not eager, but not backing away either.

"Which is why," I said, staring into those pretty hazel eyes, "I think it'd be best if we were to practice. Get you used to being naked in front of others before you expose yourself to an audience of hundreds all at once."

"Practice?" Julie asked, confused.

"It's easy, really. All you have to do is take your clothes off around the house. If you spend all your time here naked, in front of me, it won't feel like such a big deal when you have to strip for your followers."

Julie's eyes widened.

"But..." She murmured. "But you're my..."

Slowly, she began shaking her head. Her eyes shut, one of her hands raising to her brow. For a brief moment, it appeared like she had a headache or migraine. But, after a second or two had passed, her hand came away and her eyes opened again.

She nodded her head, determination in her eyes.

"Okay," Julie said. "Okay. I'll do it."

Anything to succeed. To make her dream into reality.

When it came to work – to streaming and making videos and being an 'influencer' – I wasn't just Julie's father. I was her manager. Her advisor. Her partner. And, if her job

involved her getting naked and toying with herself on a daily basis, it didn't make sense for her to feel uncomfortable doing that around her manager/advisor/partner.

"Excellent," I smiled. "That's my girl."

Julie's cheeks flushed.

"Since your next stream is tomorrow," I continued. "And your followers will be expecting to see a little more of you and your body then, I think it'd be best if we started your nudity practice as soon as possible. As in right now. What do you say, Julie? Are you ready to take the next big step towards becoming an influencer?"

My daughter nodded her head, took a deep breath.

And reached behind her back to unhook her bra.