

Influencer

Chapter 11

She held it there for a long moment; slender arms pressing the cups tightly to her chest while the bra's straps hung loose. A single layer of cloth separating me from the goodies I longed to see.

Julie was red-faced with embarrassment.

"It's okay," I told her with a smile. "Take your time if you need to. This is all to help you become a successful influencer."

She couldn't look me in the eyes, refused to meet my gaze.

Her mind, no-doubt, was conflicted. Working through the contradictions and hypnotic programming. Was it wrong to show her own father her bare breasts? But I wasn't just her father, I was her manager too, right? Didn't that change things? And if she couldn't show her body to me, how was she ever supposed to go nude for hundreds – or even thousands – of strangers? But why did it feel so strange? Could she *really* go through with it?

Julie was ready. I knew she was.

After today, after the first stream's success, there was no doubt left in my mind. This was Julie's destiny.

Success, the sensation of achieving something huge, was a powerful thing. Addictive, even. It was the feeling that athletes and business leaders hungered for; to be victorious. To make one's dream come true. To live the fantasy they've longed after for so long. It was like a drug.

And today, Julie had gotten her first hit.

She was, in her own mind, an influencer.

And one thing that all influencers had to do, the one thing that bound them across platforms and content-types and audience sizes, was one simple fact: In order to remain an influencer, they needed to stay relevant.

Now that she'd gotten her first taste of internet 'fame' and 'influence', now that she'd taken the first step into her new life and felt that victorious flare, there was no way Julie was going to back down. No way she'd give it up.

Slowly, her arms moved.

The pressure holding her bra cups to her breasts lessened, the cloth prying away from her skin and drooping – tugged down by gravity.

Straps slid down her arms, bra cups dropped down onto Julie's lap.

And, just like that, she was topless before me.

For a few seconds longer, she held her arms over her breasts – holding on to whatever little modesty she had left. But my will was absolute, and my manipulations over Julie's mind were strong. Red-faced, blushing profusely, Julie moved her arms to her sides – revealing, at last, her naked torso.

Two huge breasts stared back at me as I looked at my daughter's bare chest. Wide, puffy areola that blended in with the pale-as-snow skin of Julie's chest. Nipples that, as I watched, stiffened in the cool air. Faint blue veins were visible under Julie's skin, barely-visible.

Barely a hint of sag, despite the size of her breasts. Round and full as they were, they were surprisingly perky.

My hand twitched with a sudden urge – wanting nothing more in that moment than to reach out and grope those melons. I held back the instinct, fought down my hunger to taste Julie's body. And, with great difficulty and regret, I pulled my eyes away from her wonderful tits and stared at her face instead.

"It'd be best," I said, "if you stay like that from now on whenever you're home. You know, get used to being exposed and such. To make it easier for you when you're

streaming.”

Julie nodded her head, blushing brighter than ever.

The motion caused her tits to sway ever so slightly.

“You did well today,” I told her. “I’m proud of you.”

At that, her eyes snapped to me and, through her embarrassment, she managed a little smile.

“Thank you,” Julie whispered.

“You’ve got a long way to go,” I continued, fighting the urge to turn my gaze back to my daughter’s perfect tits. “And a lot of work still ahead of you. But, for tonight, I think it’d be okay to let loose and relax a little. In fact, I think we should celebrate! Your first stream. Well done!”

Julie fell asleep with her head on my shoulder, her tits pressed against my arm. Totally naked, save for a cute pair of girly panties.

We were on a sofa, watching movies. On my lap sat a box of microwave popcorn, snacks for the celebratory night in.

She’d spent a good hour sitting as far away on the sofa from me as she possibly could, her nipples hard and goose-pimples visible on her bare skin. After that first hour though, the girl had begun relaxing a little – perhaps forgetting that she was almost completely naked in front of me – and had, at my urging, gotten a little closer. If Julie had noticed that I’d turned the house’s thermostat down, she hadn’t mentioned it.

By the time she’d fallen asleep, my daughter was practically cuddling me – seeming oblivious to the fact that panties were all the clothing she had on. Her shyness and embarrassment faded and Julie managed to relax and enjoy the movies and popcorn as if it were a regular night in.

Carefully, as to not wake her, I turned to look at Julie once she started snoring softly. I didn’t want to risk rousing her but, after forcing myself to not ogle her all evening, my resolve was at its end. This close to her, her body pressed against me like it was, I was powerless to stop myself any longer.

A single stray piece of popcorn rested on Julie’s chest, held in place between her cleavage.

Her chest rose and fell slowly, face serene and beautiful.

An angel, truly. The most beautiful creature I’d ever laid my eyes on, with a body that matched her flawless face.

I knew I shouldn’t risk it, that I’d have it - and so much more - when my conditioning of Julie was complete. But I couldn’t help myself, my fingers had a mind of their own. Guided on invisible strings, my hand reached out, fingertips brushing over one of my daughter’s smooth, soft breasts.

She didn’t react.

So I moved my fingers more.

Gently, I trailed a slow circle around Julie’s nipple, mouth watering at the idea of tasting it. I pressed the palm of my hand under one breast, slowly began lifting it – fingertips sinking into the soft flesh.

The piece of popcorn resting between Julie’s breast shifted, began rolling down her cleavage.

Julie stirred, her eyebrows twitching.

I snatched the popcorn off her chest before she could wake up fully, held it in the palm of my hand as Julie’s eyes flickered open.

“Hey sleepy head,” I smiled at her, swiping the single chunk of popcorn into my mouth. “You missed the end of the movie.”

Julie shut her eyes tightly, murmured something inaudible into my shoulder.

“Time for bed, I think,” I said, drinking in the sight of her while I could. “We’ve got a

long day ahead of us tomorrow and it won't do for you to stream with bags under your eyes. Come on, off to bed with you."

Julie let out groan that was more of a squeak than anything else. But, as I forced myself up off the sofa, so did she.

"Set your alarm nice and early," I told her. "I have a feeling tomorrow's confidence-building hypnosis session is gonna be a long one."

"Being nude is natural," I told Julie. "Wearing clothes is unnatural. Animals don't wear clothes. People aren't born wearing clothes. Most older, tribal societies are fine with nudity being shown publicly."

While not totally okay with it just yet, Julie was *mostly* comfortable with me seeing her body. I didn't really *need* to convince her mind any more than I already had. But even so, if I could make her a little more happy with the present situation, it'd be worth the extra effort.

Besides, with what I had planned for this trance, reinforcing her willingness to be nude would be a good warm-up.

"Clothes exist for two reasons. To keep us warm, and to act as a social statement. Clothes are all about either functionality or style, and have nothing to do with morality or ethics or anything like that. Makes sense, yes?"

"Yes," Julie mumbled.

"So, logically, it doesn't make sense that not wearing clothes would feel 'wrong'. Since it's not 'right' or 'wrong' to wear clothes, there's no reason to feel either of those things when you don't. Clothes are, at the end of the day, an option. A choice. Not an absolute."

On its own, what I was saying wouldn't do much to sway Julie's subconscious opinions. Logical reasoning only went so far. But, paired with everything else I'd done to make the girl okay with exposing herself, it'd be 'one more reason' not to care about who saw her in the nude. Another in a long list of reasons she'd use on herself to justify her actions, and to stop caring about 'if's and 'why's.

"Wearing clothes outdoors, of course, is mandatory. But here? In the privacy of your own home? Well, it really doesn't make much sense to wear clothes here. If it's cold, you can turn up the thermostat. So you don't need clothes to stay warm. And you certainly don't need them to make social statements or anything like that when it's just the two of us around. It really doesn't make sense to wear clothes at home."

I watched Julie's face closely, as I always did during trances.

No hint of emotion, no resistance or rejection.

Her face was calm, relaxed. She could have been sleeping.

But she wasn't.

Not the part of her that mattered, anyway.

I inhaled a deep breath, gathered my thoughts. Warm-up was over. I could've continued on with the nudity thing for a while more, kept on drilling it into Julie's head until she actually began to hate wearing clothes and was thankful to strip down naked whenever the opportunity presented itself. I could have. But, right now, I had bigger and better seeds to plant.

"Julie," I said. "You are a webcam model. An influencer."

If she hadn't been so deep in her trance, she'd have probably smiled at that. As it was, she had no reaction to my words at all.

"You're not a big influencer right now," I went on. "You're new to it, and your follower count isn't as huge as it could be. You have some fans, but not enough. You still need to grow your audience."

All true. Julie, I had no doubt, probably told herself the very same things. That she needed to grow. Needed to stay relevant. That, if she wanted to make it, she'd have to try

hard and go the extra mile.

"You want to grow, don't you Julie?"

"Yes," she answered in an emotionless voice.

"You want to make it big, to be a real star, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You'll do whatever it takes to achieve your dream?"

A slight pause this time.

"Yes," Julie answered.

"I'm going to help you," I told her. "I'm going to do everything in my power to help you succeed. No matter what it takes, we'll make sure you get there. That you become a famous influencer. All you need to do is listen to what I say and you'll make it. After all, haven't I been right about everything so far?"

"Yes."

"There are lots of hurdles you'll have to overcome if you want to be a real influencer. Things that, for whatever reason, other girls are unable to overcome. You have to be willing to do what they can't. Do you have that kind of drive, Julie? Do you truly have it in you to succeed no matter the cost?"

"Yes," Julie answered, the word passionless and hollow.

"Good," I smiled. "Very good."

In a few hours, she'd be live on camera again. Streaming to a horde of faceless guys. It'd be a good test for her. If I could, I wanted to get Julie masturbating for her audience today. A big step up from the banana blowjob.

"Most streamers - most female influencers - don't make it big. They have the chance, but they never utilise it. So many of them are held back by lines they refuse to cross. Things that they're unwilling to do. Some girls will refuse to get naked on camera, others will never touch themselves or act sexual, some are okay with showing themselves topless but are unable to show their lower regions on camera, others still will spread their legs and masturbate with toys but will downright refuse to ever have sex on camera. These lines they draw for themselves, these actions they're unwilling to take, prevent them from growing. They cripple themselves by being unwilling to do what's necessary for them to succeed."

Also true. There were indeed women out there who were willing to expose themselves online, yet were unwilling to take it a step further.

"There will be things that you don't want to do," I told Julie. "Things you're uncertain about, that make you uncomfortable to even think about. But, if you want to succeed, if you want to be an influencer, you'll *have* to do them. That's just the way the world works. Your fans will expect you to do things, will *pay* you to do things. And, if you don't, you'll lose those fans."

For Julie, not having her 'fans' and 'followers' would be a terrifying prospect. As tied up in her dream of being an influencer as she was, losing 'followers' would - thanks in no small part to me - be Julie's equivalent of a living nightmare.

"You either have what it takes to succeed, or you don't. And I think you have it, Julie. I think you have it in you to succeed and become a world-famous influencer."

Again, playing the role of the 'supporting father'.

"Do you have what it takes, Julie?"

"Yes," Julie said.

"You'll do whatever it takes, no matter what?"

"Yes," Julie repeated.

"Say it."

"I'll do whatever it takes," Julie said. "No matter what."

"Girl on girl?" Julie read. She leaned back, bra-clad chest protruding outwards. "I don't

know. I've never tried anything like that before. But I do have a friend who might be interested. She's an actual pornstar. Maybe one day I'll invite her onto the stream for you guys."

I raised an eyebrow at Julie, though she was too busy reading her stream's chat to see it.

Julie and Audrey? I'd certainly thought about it before. And I had no doubt in my mind it'd be an interesting experience to watch the two of them going at it. But still, for Julie to offer such a thing without my encouragement? How very interesting.

"Can't say," Julie continued with a smile. "Wouldn't be fair if I dropped her name without asking her first."

My eyes flicked to my laptop screen, glanced over all the messages asking about Julie's 'pornstar friend'. Who she was, how Julie knew her, if Julie would ever do proper porn herself, did she ever watch her friend's pornos. I returned my attention to Julie, sat back and enjoyed the show.

"She's a family friend. Used to date my dad."

For a moment, I was tempted to whip out my phone and message Audrey, give her a link to Julie's stream. But I held off.

"I've met her a few times," Julie told her audience. "And we message each other a lot. She's actually the one who told me I should start streaming. Pretty sure she's watching right now, actually."

What?

I blinked at Julie, mind slow to react to what she'd just confessed.

Audrey and Julie were in contact with each other? Why was I only finding out about this now? And she knew about Julie's streams, was *watching* them? That was news to me. Unexpected and potentially problematic.

Did Audrey know I was the architect for all this? That I was in the room with Julie when she streamed? Did she know about my plans to bed my daughter?

Would she even care if she did know?

My thoughts were interrupted by a bell-chime. A prioritised message from the same big-spender as yesterday.

"Do you really wanna see my boobs that much?" Julie grinned. "They're just big sacks of fat. I don't get what the big deal is..."

She placed her hands over her bra cups, playfully squeezed them for the camera.

"I *guess* I could show you," she said, eyeing the camera with only a faint blush. "*If* you show me just how badly you all want to see them."

She released her breasts, let them bounce out of her grip.

As a flood of bell-chimes rang out, Julie shook her torso left and right, her tits swaying heavily in their tight confines. The more sounds her chat made, the more money Julie earned, the more drastic her movements got. By the time she was satisfied with the amount of prioritised messages she'd gotten, Julie was practically bouncing up and down in excitement – tits jumping so much they almost slipped out of her bra by themselves.

"Fine, fine," Julie giggled, reaching around her back. "I guess you've earned it. Here you go."

As the bra fell away and my daughter's wonderful rack bounced free, I couldn't help but stare – my gaze drawn to those huge, jiggling tits like moths to a flame. Hard nipples, though not from the cold this time – Julie's bedroom was plenty warm right now.

"Two massive fun-bags for your viewing pleasure," Julie winked at the camera. "But, if you want to see something *really* fun, I may or may not be 'in the mood', if you know what I mean."

She bit her lip, hands trailing down the sides of her body.

"Kinda wanna touch myself," she told the camera. "But I'm not sure if I should. I've never done it in front of anyone else before. What do you guys think? Should I touch

myself, or save it for after the stream?”

As one might've expected, the stream's chat flooded with yet more prioritised messages.

Every bell-chime seemed to make Julie's smile glow that much brighter. Every message demanding more, begging for Julie to touch herself. She basked in it, in the ocean of her fans, in their desire to watch her. She grinned, happier than I'd ever seen her before.

“Well,” Julie finally said, her chat's messages shooting by too fast to read, her bedroom filled with the unending sounds of bell-chimes. “If you insist, I *suppose* I could show you guys how I like to masturbate...”