

Influencer

Chapter 12

Julie's eyes flicked to me, cheeks pink.

It was far sooner than I'd expected. While I'd been laying the foundations for a long time, encouraging my daughter's mind to want nothing more than to please her 'fans', I hadn't given her any specific programming when it came to masturbating on camera.

I nodded my head to her.

Julie smiled, turned her gaze back to the camera.

"No-one has ever watched me touch myself before," she told her audience. "This'll be the first time."

She'd been the one to suggest it.

It'd been her who'd mentioned how horny she was, that she wanted to touch herself. Not me, not some comment in her livestream's chat. It was all Julie.

Making her viewers happy brought Julie pleasure.

That pleasure inspired her to make them even happier.

It was a circle, and each revolution nudged Julie into deeper forms of depravity. From talking and flirting on camera, to exposing herself, to fingering and playing with her body. After that, who could say what Julie would want to do – how far she'd be willing to go – to please her viewers.

"Okay," Julie said, leaning back on her bed, her legs spreading open. She was still wearing a pair of cute, frilly panties; the *only* thing she was wearing. "Well, to start off with, I usually do this..."

Slender fingers moved over her hourglass figure, trailing up her sides and around her breasts. Her eyes shut, a light sigh escaping her lips. Her entire body seemed to relax a little, slump in place.

"I like to..."

The fingertips of both hands trailed down her cleavage, circled the underside of her breasts and back up, slid slowly closer to her nipples.

"...Start off..."

Fingers pressed into soft tits, drawing little shapes in the pale flesh; inching ever closer to Julie's nipples. Her breathing shallow, voice softer and sweeter than it'd been moments before.

"...By doing this."

Gently, slowly, Julie groped herself – fingers sinking into her massive tits. The palms of each hand squeezed to her areola, softly rubbing the hard, little nubs of her nipples. Julie let out a soft, happy sigh. Her body shuddered slightly, a cute smile forming on her lips.

"Playing with my boobs," my daughter said, eyes flicking open and locking onto her webcam. "And my nipples. It feels so *lovely*. Tingly."

She kneaded her breasts sensually, staring into her webcam with an adorable smile on her face. Her eyes were hot, slowly filling with lust and arousal.

"They weren't always this big," Julie told her audience of hundreds. "My boobs. I used to be flat as a board, actually."

Her hands stopped kneading and groping, began rubbing her breasts slowly instead; massaging them as she spoke to the camera.

"I was really self-conscious about it. And, when I looked up online how to make them bigger, one of the sites I saw said to rub and massage them to 'stimulate growth'. So I tried it, and..."

Thumbs pressed into nipples, twisting and squeezing them. Julie let out a soft, breathy moan.

"That," she smiled at the camera, "was the first time I played with myself. My first

ever orgasm. From that day on, I was *hooked*."

With her legs spread as wide as they were, it was easy for me – and anyone else watching the stream – to see the growing damp spot on Julie's panties. Her wetness soaking into the cloth. A little stain that showed just how ready Julie was.

"Whenever I masturbate," she said. "I always start by playing with my boobs. Probably why they ended up getting so big."

She pulled her hands away from her tits, winked at the camera.

"I'm ready to go," Julie said, hands reaching down towards her soiled panties. "How about all of you guys?"

A chorus of bell-chimes sounded, a flood of prioritised messages, a wave of money thrown at my daughter to encourage her onwards. And Julie – my ignorant, beautiful, perfect Julie – just smiled happily, glad for the attention.

She thought she was an influencer. She thought this was her dream.

In reality, Julie was nothing more than a virtual prostitute. An exhibitionist whore. A sexy piece of meat, existing for no other purpose than to fuel and feed the desires of the hundreds of men watching her.

I couldn't help but grin at my handiwork. My masterpiece.

"Okay," Julie said, inhaling a deep breath. "Let's do this."

Her right hand slid under her panties.

Julie gasped, head tilting backward, back curving.

She moaned. A sweet, high-pitched, adorable sound.

For the longest second, Julie froze in place. Her mouth an open o-shape, her eyes wide, her body tense. She shuddered, moan cut off. And, ever so slowly, her hand began to move – the bulge in her panties shifting as her fingers moved up and down her wet cunt.

"Oh wow," Julie breathed, voice dreamy. "This feels... *different*."

She bit her lip, eyes flicking to her monitor – to the flood of messages, the mass of people watching her. She moaned again, face flushing hot. Her body trembled, shook.

"I can't..." She gasped, shutting her eyes tight. "This is... It's so *good*. It's never felt like *this* before. Holy-"

Her eyes shot open, entire body convulsing.

She let out a loud, erotic cry of pleasure.

"Oh my god," Julie gasped. "Why does it feel so-"

Her eyes flicked to me.

Julie blushed brightly, turned her head to look away.

The fingers rubbing her cunt sped up.

I watched in mute wonder as Julie writhed in place, shut her eyes and lost herself in the moment – touching and rubbing her tight pussy with abandon. Her tits quivered and shook with her body's movement, nipples rock-hard. She moaned freely, gasped and grunted and sighed.

Her stream's chat exploded with sound, bell-chimes sounding every second – all but drowned out by the sound of Julie's pleasure.

"I..." Julie panted, hips gyrating and thrusting against her own hand. "I can't... Hold... *AH!*"

Her crotch shot forward, back arching.

Julie screamed, hand freezing in her panties as she climaxed.

She held that pose for a few seconds, unmoving save for the slight swaying of her hips and the tiny little twitching shudders throughout her body. Finally, she collapsed. Sprawled out on the bed, chest rising and falling rapidly, eyes unfocused, hand still locked under her panties. She was panting softly, skin flushed.

When she moved again, sat up in her bed, Julie's eyes drifted to her camera.

"I think..." she said, huge tits swaying, "that's enough for today."

She didn't move to end the stream right away, simply sat there breathing softly. The

sounds of prioritised messages slowed down, but every few seconds there was a new one all the same. Just as Julie was rousing herself into motion, moving to end her stream, one of the prioritised messages caught her eye.

"Lick me fingers?" She said, blinking at her monitor. "You mean the fingers that I just-"

She looked down, saw that she still had her hand in her panties. Saw that, unthinkingly, she'd started rubbing herself again. She blushed, snatched her hand away from her crotch.

"They're dirty," Julie said, glancing at her camera. "I should probably- Oh. Right. That's the point, duh. You want me to lick them *because* they're dirty."

She shook her head, tried to snap herself out of her daze.

"I mean," she said, staring at her glossy fingers. "What's the harm, right? It's just cum..."

Again, her eyes flicked to me. She blushed, turned her attention back to her stream's chat.

"Fine," she told her audience with a small smile. "Okay. I'll do it."

"I'm sorry!"

I raised an eye at my almost-naked daughter.

"What for?"

"I..." Julie blushed brightly. "You had to see all of that. I'm sorry! I had to do it for my followers!"

Interesting. Was Julie truly apologising because she'd masturbated in front of me? The very idea of such a possibility made me want to laugh out loud. *Her* apologising to *me*? After everything *I'd* done to get her where she was now?

"It's okay," I smiled at her. "This is your job now. I understand. I'm glad you're enjoying it."

"I am," Julie whispered, cheeks pink. "I really am."

We were still in her bedroom, the stream having just ended. She was on her bed, panties soaked-through. Her hair was a little dishevelled, and there was a little lady-cum left over at the corner of her mouth. But Julie was smiling all the same.

"Is that how you always masturbate?"

"Not in front of an audience," Julie shrugged. "But yeah. For the most part. Most of the time, I lay on my side while I do it. But I don't think that would've looked good on camera."

I tilted my head, looked into her eyes.

"Do you not use toys, then?"

Julie shook her head.

"Huh," I said, hiding a smirk. "That's something we'll have to work on soon, then. Your followers are bound to want to see you using a dildo or vibrator eventually."

"I..." Slowly, Julie nodded. "I'll try..."

An idea came to me. A fun little trick I could play on Julie's mind, something to help shape her into the perfect fuck-toy.

"You have a decent number of followers now," I said, pointing to my laptop. "Quite a few, actually."

Julie beamed.

"So," I continued, plan forming in my head as I spoke, "I think it's about time we discussed follower perks."

Julie said nothing, just sat there in her soiled panties, tits on full display, and listened to what I had to say. I was, after all, her 'manager'. When it came to her work, her job, I wasn't just Julie's parent, I was her business partner.

"People who follow you will be alerted whenever you start streaming, that's a given."

But, since they're giving money, they'll be expecting more than just reminders and notifications. You, Julie, are going to have to create special 'rewards' for them. Videos and photo sets and things like that. Things to keep them interested in you."

Julie nodded her head, listening intently.

"Think of it as a way of *thanking* them for their support."

Julie's eyes widened. She leaned forward a little, just a bit more interested in what I was saying than she'd been a moment before.

"I have an idea on how you can start," I told the girl who was all too eager to please her followers. "It's quite simple really. You send a message out to all your followers and ask them if there's anything they'd like to hear you say out loud on camera for them. Then you do it. Record yourself saying whatever they want you to with, say, a limit of twelve words. Topless, of course. And you'll have to act the part, make sure you put effort into the clips. What do you think?"

"I think," Julie said with a grin, "that's a wonderful idea."

Silly girl had no idea what she was in for.

"I'm a stupid, dumb slut," Julie said, holding her phone up and grinning at its camera. "Fuck me hard. Please make me scream."

She winked, stopped the recording, then turned to look at me.

"Not sultry enough," I told her. "If someone wants you to say something slutty, you've got to sound like a slut when you say it. Again, but this time don't grin like that. Try a pouty-face and make it sound naughtier."

Julie nodded her head, did as I told her.

"I'm a stupid, dumb slut," she repeated; this time pouting, her voice lower and deeper and more tantalising. "Fuck me *hard*. Please, make me scream."

"Better. Again, this time act more childish. Bubbly and excited and energetic. Pretend it's Christmas-time and you're asking Santa for something you really, really want."

Julie hefted her phone's camera, smiled sweetly.

"I'm a stupid, dumb slut," she said in a high-pitched voice, jumping on the spot – her tits bouncing along with her. "Fuck me hard! *Please* make me scream!"

She ended the recording, looked over to me for my approval.

"That one will do," I said. "Next line."

Julie raised her phone, smiled into the camera.

"Hello! My name is Julie and I'm your personal fleshlight!"

Once we got a decent recording for that one, it was on to the next, and the next, and the one after that. Dozens of little, personal messages to Julie's 'fans'.

"I love BigDaddy55's massive dick! I want it inside me!"

"Spunk all over my huge tits, paint me white with your cum."

"I'm the sexiest camslut around! Come watch me fuck myself silly!"

"Fill me up with your baby-batter. Knock this fucking whore up!"

"I'm not a woman. I'm a walking, talking sex-doll!"

On and on it went. Line after line, all spoken and recorded by Julie for her adoring followers.

"Your fans sent you a lot of things for you to say, didn't they?"

"Yes," Julie breathed, voice hollow.

"And you said them all, didn't you?"

"Yes," Julie repeated.

I eyed her up and down, taking a moment to appreciate her naked form. As perfect as any could ever hope to be.

Slender and fit where those things mattered, full and round in the bust and butt. Delicious nipples on full display, naked pussy glistening in the morning light. A face so

beautiful that I doubted I'd ever meet a girl more pretty than Julie in my lifetime. Truly, a prize worth every ounce of effort I'd put in to claim her.

"You want your fans to like you, don't you Julie?"

"Yes."

"You want them to keep following you, to enjoy you?"

"Yes."

"You want them to adore you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's good, Julie," I told her hypnotised mind. "It's good that you want to satisfy your fans. That's what it means to be an influencer. If you want to keep growing, to make it big, you have to put what your followers want first. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Julie answered numbly.

"If you want to keep your followers, and if you want to gain more, you have to be the person they expect you to be, yes?"

"Yes."

"Not just that, you'll have to be the person they *want* you to be. After all, if you're not, they'll eventually get bored and find someone else who's more to their liking."

Her eyebrows twitched. As always, not liking the idea of losing followers one bit.

"You don't want them to get bored and leave, do you?"

"No," Julie answered instantly.

"So," I smiled, "you'll have to be the person your followers want you to be, correct?"

"Yes."

"Your followers sent you a lot of things to say. Things about how much of a slut you are, how much you love cock, what you like to do. And a lot of those things aren't true, are they?"

"No," Julie said, mouth twitching.

"You're not a slut, you don't want to get knocked up, you're not a sex-doll, you don't want to do perverse and unusual things. I mean, you've never even had sex before. There's no way those things you recorded yourself saying could be true, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"But," I said, leaning forward. "Your fans *want* those things to be true. That's why they had you say them. They *want* you to be that person, don't they?"

"Yes," Julie answered.

"And, if you want to keep them as your followers, you have to become the person they want you to be. Yes?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to be the person your followers want you to be, yes?"

"Yes."

"Your followers want you to be a filthy, cock-hungry slut, yes?"

"Yes."

"So, by extension, you should want to become a filthy, cock-hungry slut too. In order to make sure you don't lose your followers. Right?"

"Yes."

"Julie," I spoke slowly, clearly. "This is where you decide. Are you dedicated enough to become what your followers want you to be? Do you have the drive to succeed and fulfil your dreams, or will you be a quitter instead? Do you have what it takes to become a true influencer?"

"Yes," Julie answered without hesitation..

"For the sake of your followers, are you willing to become a filthy, cock-hungry slut?"

A pause. My heart thudded in my ear. A single moment of deafening silence. Then, finally:

"Yes," Julie answered.

I let out a breath, grinned like a madman.

"For the sake of your followers, you're going to become a filthy, cock-hungry slut. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"You, Julie, are going to become a filthy, cock-hungry slut?"

"Yes."

"Say it," I commanded.

"I," my daughter said, voice empty of all emotion, "Julie, am going to become a filthy, cock-hungry slut."

"No matter what it takes?"

"Yes," Julie said.

"Hey there stranger," the woman's voice said. "It's been a little while. I was wondering if you were ever gonna call me back."

"I've been busy," I said softly.

"I'm aware," the woman chuckled.

My thoughts raced. Without the ability to see her face, all I had to go on was Audrey's voice. Damned phone-calls. In situations like this, I'd have much preferred meeting my 'ex' face to face. But things were moving fast now and timing was critical.

"So," Audrey said, "what can I do for you?"

"You've been in contact with Julie?" I asked.

"I have," the pornstar replied. "Your daughter and I talk quite a lot, as it happens. About a great many things."

She knew. I could tell from the tone of her voice, smug and teasing and amused. She knew *exactly* what I was doing with Julie. Which begged the question; what did Audrey intend to do with that information?

"I have a favour to ask," I sighed. "I need you to do something for me."

"And is this 'something' to help you *bond* with your camwhore daughter, or is it unrelated to your, ah, 'distinctly different' parenting choices?"

"It's to help with my and Julie's relationship, yes."

"And what do I get out of helping you deflower your beautiful daughter?"

"My gratitude," I said with a shrug.

The woman's voice laughed through my phone's speakers.

"Not what I was hoping for, but alright. What exactly is it you want me to do, then?"

"Nothing much," I told her. "I'll send you a news article. You share it with Julie and refer to the woman in the article as a 'filthy, cock-hungry slut' – using those exact words. That's it."

"Huh," Audrey said, voice sounding curious and confused. "Anything else?"

"No. That's all. Just make sure you use those specific words. Filthy, cock-hungry slut."

"What's the news article?" Audrey asked.

"Hold on," I told her, "I'll send it to you now."

My gaze flicked over to my open laptop, to the news article I'd spent a good half-hour looking for. It had to be perfect; the right tone and feel, not too condemning or self-righteous or serious.

A whimsical news article about a woman who'd been caught having sex with her father.

A filthy, cock-hungry slut indeed.