

Influencer

Chapter 13

Julie skipped down the aisle excitedly, eyes darting left and right. Costumes all around, from slutty schoolgirl getups to maid outfits to bunny-girl corsets and headbands. There were super hero costumes, naughty Santa sets, clothes from television shows and films I'd never seen before. So many costumes that I felt just the barest hints of doubt blossoming inside my chest.

I'd given my daughter free reign to buy as many costumes as she wanted; what if she ended up buying too many?

I could afford it, sure. But it'd put one hell of a dent in my bank account all the same. These costumes, professionally made as they were, were *not* cheap.

The drive here had been a long one. This particularly niche store was several cities over from where Julie and I lived. But, from the excitement in my daughter's eyes, I knew I'd made the right choice. Sure, I could've had her order cheap costumes online or taken her to some second-rate costume shop. But why settle for a lesser option?

"Look at this!" Julie called over her shoulder, her eyes on a rack of animal-themed costumes. "I bet the guys'll love it!"

'The guys'. Julie's followers. Her 'fans'.

They'd love her wearing a kitten costume, of that I had no doubt. Put Julie in front of a camera wearing anything at all and guys would swarm from all around just to get a look at her. They'd love her dressed up as a cat, complete with cat-paw mittens. But, I was certain, they'd love her even more when the costume came off.

That was why we were here.

Julie never started her livestreams naked. Before each stream began, I had the girl put on at least two layers of clothes – overwear and underwear. And, over the course of the next few hours, that clothing would slowly disappear. The more money her fans threw at Julie, the faster her clothes would come undone.

These costumes would add a little extra spice to that setup.

"If you like it," I smiled at her – ever the supporting father. "Go ahead and grab it. Remember what I said?"

"Anything I want," Julie grinned happily.

She snatched one of the packaged costumes off a shelf, held it snugly in her arms as she skipped further down the aisle.

Before long, her arms were completely filled.

Costumes. Face-paint. Wigs. Accessories. You name it.

She was carrying so many things, the girl was actually struggling to hold it all at once. Several times, I had to pick up items that'd fallen out from Julie's pile.

When it finally came time to pull out my credit card and pay for all of Julie's crap, I shrugged off my daughter's sudden realisation and concern at just how many things she'd collected up. Paying in full, a gentle smile on my lips, I helped Julie carry the bags out to my car.

She didn't notice that I'd added a very specific outfit to her fledgeling collection myself.

Another item on my master plan marked off.

"It's beautiful today," Julie smiled, leaning back in her chair and basking in the sunlight; chest protruding beautifully in an athletic t-shirt.

I nodded my head, eyes on my daughter's wonderful tits. "Beautiful indeed."

We'd stopped by at a cafe on the way home. A nice little place with outdoor tables and chairs. On a day as warm and sunny as this, it would've been criminal to head home without coming here for some chilled drinks first.

Julie's eyes were closed, back arched. Her face pointed skywards, towards the sun. Oblivious to the men passing by, all staring at her flawless body.

Or, perhaps not oblivious. Maybe she was so used to having countless men gazing at her naked body now that she didn't care at all if random strangers took a moment or two to appreciate her figure in public. Either way, it was a wonderful sight to behold.

When she'd first arrived on my doorstep months ago, Julie had already been an amazing sight. Irresistible.

But now, after all the nightly runs, after my carefully controlled diet for her, after all those hypnotic sessions giving her confidence and freedom from insecurity, Julie was something else entirely. An unparalleled beauty with a body and figure of pure perfection.

Toned abs and a slender waist, strong thighs and a firm ass with lusciously wide hips. My only fear with having Julie work out was the possibility it'd reduce the size of her breasts but, thankfully, those melons were just as huge as they'd been when I opened my door to her all those months ago.

In all my life, I'd never seen any other woman even compare to the beauty before me now.

And soon – so very soon that I could taste it – she'd finally be mine.

"I think..." Julie said, opening her eyes. She turned her gaze to me, smiled. "I think I'd like to do an outdoor livestream sometime. Maybe get some sunbathing done while I work. I bet the guys would love to see me getting all oiled up with sunscreen."

"I'm sure they would."

"Swimsuits," Julie sighed after a moment of silent pondering. "I need swimsuits. Bikinis and one-pieces. Posing in them will make for some great follower rewards, right?"

Typical woman. Always looking for the next opportunity to spend my hard-earned money on clothes. Though, to be fair to Julie, she wasn't wrong. She *would* look great in sexy swimwear.

"If that's what you want to do, princess, I'll support you."

Julie leaned back in her seat again, thoughtful and silent.

I sipped some ice tea, eyed my daughter's barely-touched strawberry milkshake.

"Painting," Julie said after a minute or two had passed. "I saw a girl on a livestream painting last night. She was naked, and got a lot of paint on her body. Then she took the paintbrush and-"

"You watch other girls' streams?"

Julie nodded her head swiftly. "For research. But anyway, I think I should try that sometime. Painting live for the guys. I don't know if they'll like it, but it's worth a shot. And who knows, I might pick up a new skill along the way!"

I suppressed a sigh.

One downside to filling my daughter's brain with an obsession about pleasing her fans and wanting to make it big as an 'influencer' was that she never stopped talking about it. Her every waking thought was consumed with ideas on how to make her followers happy, how to please them.

Good for my plans; no so great when it came to conversing with the girl. Having to listen to her constantly throwing out ideas and thoughts about her camwhore career was one of those things that I'd enjoyed the first dozen times or so, but which now was beginning to annoy me.

"That's a wonderful idea, babygirl," I said, forcing a smile. "Maybe you should talk to your *fans* about it, get their input?"

Julie beamed at me.

"I will!"

"That settles it!" Julie grinned, eyes on the camera. "I'll get some painting supplies this weekend and you all can help me make a masterpiece!"

Wearing nothing but a black, lace thong and matching bra, sitting on her bed with her hair tied back. The sound of bell chimes filled the room, messages on my screen flashing by in a flood.

"I've never really been good at art," Julie confessed to her fans. "But I'm sure I'll get the hang of it! How hard can it be?"

I checked the clock.

Over an hour into the stream, and Julie still had some clothes on.

A relatively slow day, despite the current activity in the livestream chat. Usually she'd have been naked by now, readying herself for sexual fun stuff; rubbing herself or sucking off a toy or playing with her body in some way.

Julie didn't seem to notice. She was all smiles and joy, as always.

"I don't know," Julie said, reading her livestream's chat. "I kinda wanna do it soon. On camera definitely, I know you guys don't want to miss out."

Whatever question she'd just answered, I couldn't see.

When her eyes flicked momentarily to me, however, I made an educated guess.

It was one of those questions that got asked every livestream, sometimes multiples times a stream. When would Julie have sex for the first time? Would she do it during a livestream? Who would it be with?

"Yeah," Julie said, eyes on her camera. "I kinda know who I want it to be with, but I'm not sure if he'll be down. Might have to convince him to help me out."

Now wouldn't that be novel? *Her* trying to convince *me* that we should have sex.

"He's... Uhh..." Again, Julie's eyes flicked to me. She blushed brightly, quickly turned her attention back to the camera and her audience. "He's my daddy."

Bell chimes rang out as more and more guys asked the same handful of question.

Did Julie have a secret sugar-daddy? Was it someone from the livestream? Did she mean her step-dad or something? An older boyfriend who liked being called 'daddy'? She couldn't actually mean her *real* father, could she?

Wisely, Julie only answered those questions with a wink.

"My daddy," she said, cheeks pink, smiling beautifully, "is just that. My daddy. Maybe, if he agrees," her eyes flicked over to me for an instant, "you'll get to see him for yourselves soon. *If* he agrees."

More questions and comments flooded in after that, a barrage of prioritised messages.

Julie, being the consummate professional she was, simply smiled; distracted her audience from their curiosity the best way she knew how. She reached behind her back, unhooked her lace bra and let it fall to the bed beneath her.

"What do your fans want you to be?" I asked clearly.

"A filthy, cock-hungry slut," Julie answered in a numb whisper.

"You want to make your fans happy, don't you?"

"Yes," came Julie's hollow reply.

"In order to make them happy, to *keep* them happy, you have to become the kind of woman they want you to be, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"You *want* to become the type of woman they want you to be, don't you Julie?"

"Yes," she repeated softly.

"What do your fans want you to be?"

"A filthy, cock-hungry slut."

"What do *you* want to be?"

"A filthy, cock-hungry slut."

Perfect.

Just a few more little nudges, a tiny bit more encouragement, and she'd be ready. I

could feel it in my gut. By the end of the week, I'd be balls-deep inside my daughter's pussy.

"You want to become a filthy, cock-hungry slut?"

"Yes," she answered obediently.

"Say it."

"I want to be a filthy, cock-hungry slut," my daughter stated plainly.

"Filthy, cock-hungry sluts do a lot of things ordinary women wouldn't. They go on camera naked and show themselves off to the whole world, they play with themselves for anyone and everyone to see. Most of all, they *enjoy* doing it. You *enjoy* being a camwhore, don't you Julie?"

"Yes."

"But some camwhores are more successful than others. Only the biggest, filthiest sluts truly make it big. The ones who will do anything at all. You want to make it big, don't you?"

"Yes," Julie breathed.

"Then answer me this – don't think about it, don't try to search for an answer, just let your mind throw out the answer for you; Julie, of all the things you've seen and read, of all the filthy, cock-hungry sluts you've leaned about over the last few weeks, which of them was the biggest, *filthiest* slut of them all?"

Julie's lips parted, the answer coming to her mind automatically.

"The girl who had sex with her father."

"She sounds like an extremely filthy, cock-hungry slut," I said with a smile. "Doesn't she?"

"Yes," Julie answered.

"You want to be a filthy, cock-hungry slut, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You want to stay relevant, to keep all your followers, yes?"

"Yes."

"You want to show them how much of a filthy, cock-hungry slut you are, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And the best way to do that is to copy what other filthy, cock-hungry sluts have done, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"The bigger and filthier, the better, yes?"

"Yes."

"What's the biggest, filthiest thing a cock-hungry slut has done that you know of?"

"Sex with her father."

"So, if you want to make it big, to show your followers that you're the biggest, filthiest slut around, you have to do that very same thing, don't you?"

A brief pause this time.

"Yes," Julie answered.

"If you want to make it big, if you want to keep all the followers you have and make new ones at the same time, what do you have to do, Julie?"

Another pause, this one longer.

But, finally, I got the answer I'd been waiting on for so long.

"Have sex with my father."

"Dad?" Julie said as soon as we got home, panting softly in her running outfit – jersey and track-pants.

"Yes?" I smiled, breathing a little heavier than Julie was – how things change.

"Can I talk to you? About job stuff?"

"Always, babygirl. Let's just," I exhaled, heart beating a rapid rhythm in my chest,

“sit down for a moment first.”

She nodded her head, glanced down at the floor.

This was it, I knew. The fateful moment.

Julie waited until we'd both stopped panting, had caught our breaths and taken a moment to relax. Then, as I was raising a glass of cool water to my lips, she spoke again.

“The guys,” she began – always referring to her fans and followers and ‘the guys’ for some reason. “They want to see me have sex on camera. They want to watch me lose my virginity. And I want to do it.”

“Are you sure, honey?” I said, playing the part of a caring, compassionate father. “That's a big step to take...”

“I know,” Julie nodded her head, eyes resolute. “And I'm sure.”

“In that case,” I sighed, “we'll need to find someone for you to... Well, you know. I could give Audrey a call, if you'd like. I'm sure she knows plenty of men who'd be happy to-”

“No,” Julie interrupted with a quick shake of her head. “I don't want it to be a stranger. It's my first time. It's meant to be with someone special...”

I said nothing, gave Julie a moment to form convincing arguments.

“It should be with someone I love,” Julie stated, staring deep into my eyes. “Someone who loves me. Who cares about me.”

“Yes...” I said, playing the part of ignorance. “Okay... So who do you have in mind, princess? An old friend from school, perhaps?”

“No, Dad,” Julie sighed. “I... It's...”

“Whoever it is,” I smiled. “I'll support you. Always.”

She was silent for a long moment, the conflict clear in her face. The line she needed to cross, her dreams colliding with reality. Her hypnotic programming warring with her conscience.

“Dad,” Julie said at last, her face hardening, eyes locking onto mine. “It's you.”

“Me?” I said, eyebrow raising in fake confusion. “What do you mean, princess? It's me what? I don't-”

“I want you to fuck me.”

The temptation to keep acting was there, I won't deny. The idea of continuing on with my feigned ignorance, playing with Julie until I had her practically begging me to deflower her. But, in that moment, I couldn't. I didn't have it in me to keep up the act.

“You want *me* to...”

“Fuck me,” Julie said, nodding her head softly as if she were asking me to help her with some normal, ordinary problem.

“Are you sure, honey? Absolutely, one-hundred percent certain about this?”

“Yes,” Julie answered firmly. “I've thought it over by myself, I've given the idea some time, I've even asked Audrey what she thinks of it. Yes, I'm sure Dad. I want to have sex with you on my livestream. I want you to fuck me.”

Not a hint of doubt. No glimmer of uncertainty.

She was ready. Finally, it was time.

“Well,” I smiled. “When you put it like that, how can I refuse? Like I've said a thousand times before, Julie. I'll support you all the way. No matter what.”

“Hello guys!” Julie said happily. “I've got a surprise for you!”

The stream had just started, with only a couple of people watching it. From experience, I knew that the viewer count would sky-rocket soon enough. Already, messages had been sent out to all Julie's followers, letting them know she was live.

For now, it was just Julie on screen. I sat out of frame in my usual spot, laptop at the ready.

Unlike every other stream so far, however, I was not wearing my usual clothes. No

jeans or shirt, no jacket or shoes. I was clad in less clothing than Julie herself was. She was wearing a schoolgirl outfit; plaid skirt and white blouse, bra and panties and knee-length socks and loose tie. Me? All I had on was a pair of boxers and a bathrobe. And a mask.

Julie might be happy with the world seeing her face like this, but I was not. A plain, white mask to cover my face, keep my identity a secret. I doubted Julie's fans would care all that much about not being able to see what her partner looked like.

"Today's stream is gonna be a good one!" Julie said, grinning at the camera as the viewer count began to explode. "Just you wait!"

It wasn't long before someone took the bait, asked Julie what she had planned.

My daughter just smiled, winked at the camera.

"It wouldn't be a surprise if it just told you now, would it?" She giggled. "But, since you wanna know so bad, I guess I can give you a hint."

Her eyes flicked to me, her smile widening.

"Let's just say it has to do with a particular type of fruit."

And, of course, when her fans asked what type of fruit Julie meant, she was all too happy to answer them.

"A cherry," she told them with a grin. "And that's all I'm gonna say! You'll just have to wait and see for yourself. Trust me, guys. You're not gonna wanna miss this one!"