

Influencer

Chapter 14

For the first hour of the livestream, things were no different than they usually were. As money came in, Julie's clothes began to disappear; first the schoolgirl tie, then the blouse, then her transparent bra. Occasionally, she'd hint that today's stream would be 'special' and 'once in a lifetime'.

I sat back, watched with interest.

In the few short weeks since she'd begun whoring herself out on camera, my daughter had amassed quite a following. Countless men, even some women, had signed up to follow Julie. Every stream, she had fans throwing money at her in the form of prioritised messages. She'd gone from being a newbie that no-one knew or cared about, to becoming a huge earner on the streaming website.

Given how attractive Julie was, I shouldn't have been surprised by her explosive growth in followers. Yet, seeing how high the viewer-count reached, I couldn't help but be impressed by her success.

Soon, before this stream ended, I'd discover what my daughter's snatch felt like; how tight her virgin hole was.

And all those followers would get to see their favourite, innocent beauty getting the shit fucked out of her. Cherry popped and pussy claimed, all in front of thousands of people.

I had no doubt in my mind that at least a few of the viewers were recording the stream. Over the last weeks, I'd done several searches of Julie's streamer name and had found more than a few videos snatched from her streams and uploaded on other porn sites. Tomorrow, I knew, I'd be able to find reuploaded videos of my daughter's deflowering all over the internet.

"Okay, okay," Julie laughed, chest rising and falling, bare tits bouncing beautifully. "Fine! I guess I'll tell you what I have planned for today, since you all seem so eager to know..."

She'd been teasing them about it and dropping hints for the last hour. Of course they'd want to know why Julie was making such a fuss about. No-doubt, they could all see the girl's excitement clear on her face, the wide smiles and blushing cheeks and general bounciness.

"My Daddy is here," Julie told her audience with a grin. "And we're gonna have sex!"

I kept my eyes on my laptop screen, watched as the stream's chat erupted with activity. Names I recognised as regulars on Julie's streams, and many names I didn't. A flood of messages, a barrage of questions that were impossible to read or keep track of.

"Yes," Julie said, voice filled with joy, "I'm still a virgin. But not for long! Here, I'll set a donation target on the stream and, when we meet that, me and Daddy will get down and dirty for you."

As Julie leaned forward in bed, began typing on her wireless keyboard, I couldn't help but appreciate her beauty.

Once, she'd been a scrawny twig that I wouldn't have looked twice at.

Now, she was perfection personified. An angel in human form; a face that could steal hearts with its smile, a body that would haunt men's dreams with its flawless figure.

Long auburn hair done up in schoolgirl pigtails. Hazel irises that seemed all too innocent and pure for the body they were a part of. Smooth, pale skin. Lean, toned muscle. Glossy, full lips curved in a white-toothed smile. Stunningly beautiful, truly. And with a bust like hers...

Two watermelon-sized breasts, round and bouncy and delicious.

Each of them had visible blue veins, the only colour on her otherwise pale skin. Her nipples were pale and hard, areola wide and inviting. The kind of nipples that made your

mouth salivate, made you instinctively wanted to wrap your lips around and taste.

She hunched forward on her bed, tapping on her keyboard, naked tits hanging. All she had on was her schoolgirl skirt, the g-string underneath it, and some knee-length, white socks.

Truly, a breathtaking sight to behold.

"There we go!" Julie grinned, pushed her keyboard away. On the stream, a little notification popped up letting everyone know how many more prioritised messages and donations would be required to unlock Julie's 'cherry-popping party'. "That should-"

The bedroom erupted with noise. A cacophony of bell-chimes so loud and constant that they drowned out all other sound.

"Oh wow," Julie breathed as the prioritised messages and donations poured in. "That's..."

Her smile faltered, replaced with sheer wonder.

In the corner of her eye, I saw a little teardrop form.

"Holy shit..." Julie said, shaky smile returning to her face as a tear trailed its way down her cheek. "Wow... I..."

She grinned widely. A joyous, infectious smile; wider and happier than any I'd ever seen on Julie's face before. She watched the messages flash by, listened to the raging cacophony of bell-chimes. All for her.

Her fans, showing their support.

It was all my daughter had ever wanted.

Followers, people that enjoyed her content. To be an influencer that people listened to, wanted to see more of.

Within a matter of minutes, the goal Julie had set was reached and surpassed. And still the money came flowing in, messages and bell-chimes unending. Perhaps the idiots saw Julie's happy tears and wanted to make her even happier, or perhaps they hadn't realised the goal had been reached yet, or perhaps they all just happened to have money to burn.

Each donation, every prioritised message, was a tiny source of happiness for Julie. I'd programmed her that way; to crave the approval of her fans, to want to do anything to please them. And here they were, showing their approval and pleasure in the form of monetary gifts. Overwhelming her with joy and fulfilment.

"Thank you," Julie beamed through her happy tears. "Thank you so much! Thank you all!" She tried to wipe her tears away with the back of her hand, laughing and smiling in pure, innocent delight. "I don't know what to say! Thank you!"

It took several minutes for the stream chat to calm down again, for the bell-chimes to slow and fade.

Julie took a moment to wipe her face, make herself presentable to her audience. She smiled her thanks at them, told them she'd go back and read out the names of everyone who'd donated and thank them all personally. And, taking a deep breath, unable to wipe the smile from her face, she finally turned to look at me.

"Well," she giggled. "You all hit the goal, and then some. So I suppose it's time I did my part. Daddy, do you wanna come over here with me? I think it's about time you made your lil' girl into a woman, don't you?"

I laid back on Julie's bed, robe tied around my waist, mask on my face. In full view of the camera and all the countless men watching.

"Everybody," Julie said, voice bubbly, "say hello to my Daddy!"

A few bell-chimes followed my daughter's words.

From my position on the bed, I could see the monitor Julie used to keep track of her livestream's chat. On one side of the screen, messages flowed. On the other, a view of what the camera saw; me on my back with my half-naked daughter sitting next to me.

"Before we get to the main event, I think we should start off with something simple. Do you all remember that time you gave me advice on my blowjob technique? Well, I think it's time we put that to the test!"

Delicate fingers found themselves on my robe's belt. Slowly, gently, Julie untied it. When she opened the robe, saw my boxers and the large tent in them, my daughter gasped.

"Wow," came the girl's soft voice.

She hooked her fingers under the waistband of my boxers and, as I felt the soft warmth of her skin against mine, my cock twitched. Slowly, as if she were afraid of hurting me, Julie lowered my boxers; let my cock spring free, hard and huge.

I'd never been much into exhibitionism. Having sluts show themselves off in public? Sure. But being exposed myself? It'd never been a kink of mine. Still, in that moment, having countless men seeing my cock and the amazingly beautiful babe who was about to deflower herself with it, I found myself smirking.

Julie leaned over, whispered in my ear.

"You should have warned me, Dad," she said, breath warm on my neck. "I don't know if I'll be able to fit it..."

She shook her head, sat up straight and turned to the camera.

"What do you guys think?" She said, voice carrying her smile. "My Daddy has a real nice dick, doesn't he?"

When she touched it, wrapped her slender fingers around its base, I shuddered.

Slowly, gently, she moved her hand up and down.

"I mean..." Julie breathed, eyes locked onto the meat in her hand. "Just look at it..."

What would a filthy, nasty slut do in this situation?

I could practically see the question in Julie's eyes, feel her coming up with an answer. If she wanted to live her dream, she had to act like the woman she believed her fans wanted her to be.

"Time to put all that practice to the test," Julie said softly.

Her grip on my cock tightened, her hand pointing it directly upwards. Julie inhaled a deep breath, remained motionless for a second or two, then she leaned down; mouth open wide.

First, only her warm breath tickled the head.

Then came her warm, wet lips.

She struggled for a moment, adjusted herself on the bed. Her lips took a moment to accommodate to my girth. But, finally, she pushed her head down forcibly, impaled her mouth on my cock; several inches in one go.

Julie choked, the sound distorted around the object in her mouth.

And then she kept going, forcing more and more of my length into her mouth and throat. Inch by agonising inch. Her eyes were wide open, watering from the effort. Her jaw was locked wide open, lips tight around the shaft. Her entire body shook and convulsed, her gag reflex kicking in. And still she kept pushing onwards.

For her fans.

The sensation of her mouth wrapped around my cock was out of this world. I'd been blown before, sure. Even had talented cocksuckers like Audrey demonstrate their considerable skills on my member. Yet, somehow, Julie kicked all of those other women out the park. Julie, who'd never sucked a cock before in her life, whose lips could barely open wide enough to accommodate my girth and whose throat was so unused to cock that she was practically suffocating herself on my cock-head.

With every shaky tremble, every convulsion from her gag-reflex, Julie's face vibrated on my cock. From all sides, I could feel the almost painful tightness of her lips, the tight compression of her throat.

Part of me wanted to grab hold of my daughter's head, start fucking her pretty face.

But I held back.

When Julie could take no more of my cock into her mouth, she pulled back; dragged herself up and off my cock. Spluttering and coughing, saliva trailing down her chin, eyes wide and wet, gasping for air in a way I hadn't seen her do since we'd first started running together. She turned to her camera, choked out a cough, forced a smile.

"Didn't-" She gasped. "Get it. All. This time."

She turned her head, glanced back at my cock.

"But," she managed, "Not bad. For my. First try."

And, without another word, she leaned down once more. Began forcing my cock into her small mouth again, determined to squeeze more of it down her throat this time.

Julie, I was happy to see, was not a quitter.

"Not missionary," Julie said, wiping the saliva off her face with her soaked g-string. "I doubt you'll get a good view of the action if Daddy's on top. Doggy-style, maybe?"

The stream's chat filled with differing opinions.

Some wanted to see Julie getting fucked from behind, wanted a full view of her face and hanging tits as she experienced cock for the first time. Others wanted to see her on top, have a nice view of her whole body. A rare few actually thought missionary position would be best, with me holding the camera above her as I pounded my daughter.

"I dunno. Since it's my first time, I think it'd be best if y'all can see Daddy's cock going into me. I mean, it's something that can only happen once, right? Don't you all want a nice view of me losing my virginity?"

Julie pursed her lips thoughtfully, tilted her head to one side.

I remained laying in place, cock hard and ready and lubricated with my daughter's saliva. No condom; that wouldn't be 'visually pleasing' to Julie's audience.

"Alright," my daughter smiled. "I've decided!"

Just as she was moving to straddle me, I grasped hold of Julie's hand, pulled her towards me – causing her to yelp in surprise - and whispered in her ear quiet enough that only she'd be able to hear my words.

"You should play up the daddy-daughter stuff more," I told her. "More than just calling me 'Daddy'. Make it more *real* for them. They'll love it."

Julie froze, slowly nodded her head.

Anything to please her fans.

"I can't believe I'm about to do this," Julie said loudly, sitting up. "Giving my first time to my father. Guess that makes me a whole new level of Daddy's Girl, huh?"

She planted her knees on either side of my waist, body to the camera and back to be. Reverse cowgirl.

"Does sucking and fucking my Daddy make me a good girl, or a naughty one?" Julie asked her stream. "What do you guys think?"

Before the stream's chat could catch up and answer Julie's question, I answered it for them. My hand swatted out, gave Julie's round ass a heavy slap. She squealed in surprised, gasped in pain. She turned, looked over her shoulder at me with wide, shocked eyes.

I winked at her.

And, when she saw that wink, she understood.

"Naughty," she breathed, turning back to the camera. "I'm a *naughty* girl who needs to be punished by my Daddy."

Julie's fingers wrapped around my hard cock as she lifted herself up, positioned herself over it. Even with the inch or two of space between the tip of my cock and her wet pussy, I could feel the heat radiating down there. Trails of lady-juice ran down the insides of Julie's legs. Warmth and the desire.

"I guess," Julie panted, "of all the men in the world, who better to make me a woman

than my own Daddy?"

Bell-chimes and ringing.

Soft, high-pitched breathing.

Delicate fingers holding my cock in place.

Julie lowered herself down.

When my cock-head came into contact with her pussy, Julie trembled, let out a soft, girlish moan.

She lowered herself more.

With one hand, she pointed my dick to her hole. With her other, she spread open her lips; gave her audience a full view of the action as cock and cunt came together.

A tight, overwhelming pressure wrapped around my cock's tip. It clamped around my firmness, squeezed me with all its impossible strength.

Still, Julie continued to push herself lower.

My cock-head disappeared inside her, pressed against something. A resistance. A barrier inside Julie's cunt that sought to prevent any further violation. Her hymen? Did she still have it? I had no idea. And, a heartbeat later, it didn't much matter either way.

Julie dropped down hard, forced her entire body lower; sank herself fully on my cock in one go.

She let out a high-pitched, pained whimper.

I stared at Julie's hunched back, turned my gaze to the monitor and it's camera view.

Sure enough, my cock was gone – swallowed whole by Julie's hungry cunt. Her insides clamping down on its girth, trembling along its length.

Julie's eyes were shut, her face warped in an expression of equal parts pain and pleasure. Mouth open in a wide, silent 'O'. Chest rising and falling heavily. Motionless. Impaled on her father's cock, a virgin no longer.

When she finally opened her eyes, it was to look into the camera.

"Look," she said, a shaky smile on her lips, "I'm a woman now, guys."

She glanced over her shoulder, her eyes meeting mine.

"Daddy's woman."

And, with that, she began to lift herself up. Slowly. Pulling her body up half-way off my cock before steadily lowering herself back down.

Her entire body was shaking.

The room filled with her heavy pants and sighs and gasps, and the near-constant ringing of bell-chimes.

After a minute or two, she began increasing her pace. Bouncing up and down on my cock, the pain and discomfort in her moans vanishing completely. Her huge tits danced for the camera, her ass slapping my skin every time she slammed her body down onto me; filling herself fully with my meat.

"Thank you," Julie moaned, voice high and loud and erotic. "Thank you, Daddy! Thank you! Thank you!"

For my part, I simply lay there and enjoyed the amazing sensations of my daughter's insides. The unbelievable tightness, her cunt's wonderful heat. I slapped her ass, enjoyed the sight of it jiggling. I reached up, sank my hands into her marshmallow-soft tits. I held her in place as I thrust into her, fucked her deepest parts.

All to the sound of bell-chimes and soft, sweet moans.

"Daddy," Julie whimpered as she came.

"Watch me," she pleaded to her audience as she rode my dick.

"Fuck me!" She begged as she felt another orgasm building.

And, when it finally came time for me to cum, Julie's fingernails dug into my legs as she held herself upright. I slammed my cock into her, battered her insides, grunted as I pumped my beautiful daughter full of cum.

She collapsed forward, breathless. Her entire body soaked in sweat, exhausted from her efforts.

As the stream's chat flowed by, messages moving too fast to read, I couldn't help but smile at my victory. None of those watching could see the smirk behind my mask, but every single one of them must know Julie's 'Daddy' was a happy man indeed.

I looked down at my panting, dazed daughter.

As she was, Julie was in no position to end her stream.

So I did my job as her father, her manager, her *influencer*, and I leaned down, whispered into her ear.

She tried to move, slumped right back down onto the bed. I rolled my eyes, reached down, grabbed a fist-full of my daughter's hair and pulled her head up, pushed it in front of the camera.

"I think," Julie breathed, speaking the words I'd instructed her to say, "that's... enough for... today."

She let out a soft moan, eyes unfocussed, her lips curled into a tiny, satisfied smile.

"Come back tomorrow for..." Finally, she seemed to remember where she was, *who* she was. "For more fun stuff with Julie and Daddy... See you then..."

She slumped forwards, supporting her own body now, and turned off her stream.

Then, smiling, she flopped right back down onto her bed.

I rose to my feet, was about to leave Julie's bedroom. Paused.

Smiling, I walked over to where I'd placed my laptop and phone, picked up the latter and returned to Julie.

She didn't protest as I spread her legs wide open, began snapping pictures of her newly deflowered, cum-leaking pussy. A few little photos to commemorate the event.

And for Julie give to her 'fans' as a special follower reward.