

Influencer

Chapter 15

Julie slept in the next morning, stayed in bed 'til past midday.

I spent the time going through comments and messages, Julie's fans displaying their appreciation and sharing their thoughts on her deflowering. Some were kind, others not so much. Some called her beautiful, others called her a worthless whore.

As predicted, videos of my daughter's first time had been uploaded to various porn sites. Some of them gave Julie's stream name, a way for random viewers to find and follow the girl in the video. Some did not; for those, I added her stream name in comments myself.

How many new followers would Julie gain from those uploaded videos?

My daughter, if not in the way she'd once hoped, would get what she wanted. A mass of dedicated followers, all eager for her next video or stream. An audience that'd throw money her way and shower her with praise and attention.

When she finally got her ass out of bed and came downstairs, I smiled at her; a fatherly, loving smile.

"Hey princess," I said, eyes drifting up and down her naked body. "Sleep well?"

Yawning, Julie nodded her head.

"How're you feeling?"

"Sore," Julie groaned, walking over to where I sat on the sofa and plopping down next to me. "Everything aches."

"Yeah," I laughed. "That'll happen."

My daughter gave me a pouty expression.

"Don't worry," I smiled at her. "The more often we fuck, the more your body will become accustomed to it. Give it a week or two, and sores and aches will be a thing of the past."

"Are..." Julie pursed her lips, tilted her head. "Are we going to do it every day?"

"Fuck on stream?" I shrugged. "No."

Now that we'd crossed the line, it was time to take things even further. Using her stream, her dream of being an influencer, I'd tricked my daughter's mind into spreading her legs for me. But, as things were now, she'd only ever want to have sex on camera – for her audience. It was the whole reason she'd wanted to have sex in the first place. To please *them*. If they weren't able to watch her getting pounded, why would she waste her time doing it?

"If you have sex on stream every day," I told Julie, "it'll get repetitive and stale. Boring. Your fans won't like that, even if you being fucked is what they think they want to see. They'll enjoy your sex streams much more if you do them irregularly, save them for special occasions."

Julie nodded her head eagerly, suddenly wide awake. Trust her to start paying one-hundred percent attention as soon as her 'fans' were mentioned.

"If you want to make your followers happy, and keep them interested in your streams, hold sex from them. Tease them with it, tell them you'll do it again when you reach certain goals. Things like follower counts and donation targets per stream. Let them know that they have the power to make it happen, they just have to help you grow and get bigger first."

The more money Julie made, the more I'd have to spend and save. As her 'manager', I had full access to all my daughter's income. And, with the tricks I'd pulled on her mind, Julie didn't care all that much about money at this point. Her income was second to her ability to please and satisfy her fans.

"So," I said simply, "no sex on stream. At least, not unless it's a special occasion or unless specific goals are reached. It's the only way you'll continue to grow as an

influencer.”

“In order to become good at something,” I said softly, “you have to practice at it. It takes a thousand hours doing something to become proficient at it, and ten thousand hours to become an expert. If you want to be good at something, you have to do it. A lot. Makes sense, yes?”

“Yes,” my daughter answered, voice hollow.

“Your fans and followers want to watch you being fucked. They want to see how skilled you are at handling cock. The better you are at it, the more they’ll enjoy watching you. Right?”

“Yes,” Julie repeated.

“You can’t have sex often on stream. Doing so would be repetitive and boring, and would make you lose followers. Yes?”

“Yes.”

“But, at the same time, your followers will enjoy the sex scenes you *do* perform if you’re skilled and good at it, won’t they?”

“Yes.”

“If you don’t have sex often on stream, but you still need to do it a lot in order to get better at it, the only logical conclusion is to have sex while you’re *not* on stream. To ‘practice’ having sex without your fans watching you. Correct?”

“Yes,” Julie answered without emotion.

“If you want to get better at sex, if you want to make your fans happy, you have to practice having sex in your free time. Correct?”

“Yes.”

It was an easy thought process to follow. I might not have even needed hypnosis to convince Julie of it. With how obedient and trusting my daughter had become, she’d likely have been all too willing to spread her legs for ‘sex practice sessions’. But, in the end, I decided it would be best if she believed such sessions were *her* idea.

Let her think she was the deviant, and that I was just a loving father who’d do anything to help his daughter succeed.

“Since you’ll only be having sex with one man on stream,” I continued, “the naughtiest man possible, your father, it makes sense that you’d only have *practice* sex with him too. That way, you can improve your sexual chemistry and impress your fans all the more...”

Fucking Julie in front of an audience of thousands was fun. I certainly had many plans on that front, many ideas on how to show off my exhibitionist, naive daughter to the world. But *only* having sex on her streams? That would be a pain. An annoyance. I wanted to be able to fuck my beautiful daughter any time I wanted.

Now, with this little bit of hypnotic programming, and with the reinforcement I’d give it every day for the next week, I’d be able to do just that.

Fuck Julie whenever and wherever I wanted.

Julie smiled into the camera, cheeks pink and body clad in a black and white maid costume.

“It was...” She said, pausing to think. “Interesting.”

Predictably, within a few moments of beginning her stream, one of her more devoted fans had asked the question I knew would be coming. How had it felt losing her virginity?

“It wasn’t bad! I liked it. It just felt *different*. Like, I’ve touched myself before, obviously. I’ve had orgasms ‘n’ all that. But real sex? It was so much more... Intense, I guess?”

She was sitting with legs crossed, a cute little maid bonnet atop her head. A pretty

sight, made even cuter by her shy blush.

"It hurt at first," Julie told her audience. "Not like super painful, but like a sharp burning. Then, I kinda lost myself. I couldn't think about anything but the fact that I had a dick inside me. A *huge* dick. My *Daddy's* dick. It was really strange, like a part of me was confused and didn't know what was happening, and another part was super into it. Then I remembered about you guys! I remembered all of you were watching me, and it started to feel really, *really* good. Amazing, even."

As expected, the number of viewers was up. More were tuned in now than had been yesterday. Many, no doubt, hoping to see this beautiful girl getting fucked senseless again.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about it since. When I woke up today, I could *feel* it. An ache between my legs. And I couldn't help but remember Daddy's cock in me. Honestly, after yesterday, I actually feel kinda *empty* down there now."

Questions and messages flooded the stream chat too fast to read; men wondering if Julie would be having sex in this stream or not, mostly. Lots of comments about how sexy she looked, how slutty she was. The kind of things I'd trained Julie to love reading.

"Not today," Julie answered at last. "Daddy's not here. It's just me on my own. I hope that's okay!"

To my surprise, there was no sudden drop in viewers. A handful left, sure. But most stayed, continued watching the livestream. At the news of there being no planned sex, I'd expected there to be a significant drop in viewership. A happy surprise.

"Yes," Julie smiled into her camera. "I will be playing with myself. Hopefully, at least. It depends on if we reach today's goal or not. But I'd like to! I've been wanting to touch myself all day."

I sat back, relaxed, and watched as the stream unfolded.

"That's good, princess," I said, patting her head lovingly. "Just like that. Use your tongue a little more. And don't be afraid to mix it up."

Julie nodded her head, my cock in her mouth.

She swayed backwards and forwards slowly, sliding her lips up and down my shaft with dedicated intensity. Her tongue swirled around it, massaged the underside. Her hands held on to the base, kept it in place as she practised her blowjob technique.

All the while, I gave her fatherly encouragement.

"Slow at first," I told her. "Then faster. Make sure you take it all in, even if it's difficult. It's okay to choke and gag, guys like those sounds. That's it. Fill your throat with it. Take a deep breath and... Yes! That's good, baby. You're doing great."

Before long, the girl was corkscrewing her mouth up and down my length vigorously. Saliva pouring out the corners of her mouth as tear-trails marred her mascara, creating faded black lines down her cheeks. She was, of course, naked. Her flawless body covered in a sheen of sweat.

On the floor besides her, Julie's running clothes were heaped in a smelly pile. Discarded the moment we'd gotten home from our evening run.

"Is your jaw beginning to lock up again?" I asked when Julie began to slow down her efforts. "Does it hurt?"

My daughter looked up at me with wide, watery, loving eyes.

She nodded her head, my cock still spreading her lips wide.

"Keep going anyway," I told her. "Discomfort is good for you. It's like exercising. The sooner you get used to it, the sooner you'll begin to enjoy it. Just picture all those guys – your fans and followers – watching you. You don't want to let them down, do you?"

Julie blinked, her eyes narrowed in determination. She shook her head, returned her attention to my cock. And, within moments, she was stuffing as much of its length down her throat as she could managed, choking and suffocating on its girth but not giving

up.

"That's my girl," I groaned as Julie rode my cock with her face. "You're doing great, sweetie. I'm proud of you."

When it came time to cum, I made sure to do it on Julie's face and chest. Plastering her naked body with white. Shot after shot, all aimed at her adorable face with its closed eyes, her wonderful tits and their pale nipples.

"Don't move," I said when I was done, staring down at the beauty before me. "Might as well take a few pictures for your fans."

Julie like that idea.

She liked it so much, in fact, that after the first few snaps, she began posing for me. Holding up peace signs with her hands while sticking her tongue out, making a heart-shaped figure with her fingers while smiling beautifully – face and tits coated in cum. She even hefted her massive breasts up, began licking the cum off her body while I took picture after picture.

The last picture, though, was my favourite.

She scooped the cum off her face, held a big glob of it on her fingertips. At first, I thought she was going to lick it up, suck her fingers dry. Then, to my surprise, she lowered those fingers, spread her legs open, and slid her cum-covered fingers inside herself, eyes closed in a satisfied moan.

When she opened her eyes again, they were filled with a lusty confidence that, if I'd not just climaxed moments ago, would've hardened my cock in a heartbeat.

As she left to go shower, I got to work sending those pictures out to Julie's followers.

"Julie," I said, tapping on the girl's bedroom door. "May I come in?"

I didn't wait for her reply. It was my home, after all. I could go where I damned well pleased. I grabbed the door handle, turned it, and stepped inside.

Julie was sitting at her desk, video-editing software running on her computer. Editing a recorded livestream, from the looks of it. Likely, I guessed, she was transforming the raw streams into a shorter, more action-packed video. A treat for her fans, perhaps.

"Daddy?" Julie yawned as I entered.

"Save your work and shut down," I said in a firm tone. "There's something I want to talk to you about, princess."

Obviously confused, Julie did as I commanded.

"Is everything okay?" My daughter asked once her computer screen went dark. "Did something-"

"Everything is fine. I just wanted to talk to you about your sleeping arrangements, honey. I'm worried about you spending so much time trapped in this one room. You sleep here, you work here, you spend your free time here. You must be in here, what, twenty hours a day?"

Slowly, Julie nodded her head.

"It's not good for the brain to spend so much time in one place. And it's especially not healthy to sleep in the exact same room that you work in. Doing that is *bound* to make you go a little stir-crazy sooner or later."

My darling daughter. I'd crafted her into something special indeed. Beautiful, sexy, obedient, loving, trusting. If I were a younger, more foolish man, I'd have called her perfect wife material.

"I think," I said, eyes locked onto hers, voice earnest. "It would be best for your sake if you slept in my room from now on. This here can be your work room, and my room will become *our* bedroom. A clear, healthy divide between work-life and home-life."

"Uh," Julie blinked. "If you think it'll help..."

"Excellent," I grinned at her. "Well then, you go ahead and get comfortable in my –"

our – bed, and I'll be right with you.”

“Dad?” Julie's soft voice spoke into the darkness “That kinda hurts.”

I squeezed her tit harder, enjoying the warmth of her bare back against my chest. “You'll get used to it. Just think of it as practice for your streams. Your fans will want to see you groping yourself roughly, so getting used to it now will help later.”

I could feel her urge to complain, sense her desire to speak up and ask me to stop grabbing her breast so hard. But she didn't. Her desire to do well at her new job far outweighed the momentary discomfort she felt. She could endure it, and she knew it. So that's exactly what she did.

Closing my eyes, enjoying the sensation of my rock-hard cock sandwiched between my daughter's thighs, I allowed myself to relax. To enjoy my victory.

After all these months, all the effort I'd put in, Julie was mine.

There was still some work that needed to be done, more hypnosis and guidance to come. But, at last, I'd crossed the boundaries that'd once seemed so impossible to pass. I'd overcome the challenge of seducing my own daughter. I'd done it! Julie was *mine*.

If I wanted to, I could've pushed myself up off the mattress, grabbed hold of Julie and shoved her onto her hands and knees – fucked her there and then. Even if she tried to stop me at first, even if she complained or resisted, all I'd need to was remind her of her dreams of being an influencer and tell her that this would help her achieve those dreams.

At this point, I could do just about anything to Julie, and she'd be a willing participant.

If I wanted to take her anal cherry? Well, her fans were *sure* to love watching her getting fucked anally. She'd be a *bad* influencer and streamer to *not* allow herself to be fucked in the ass.

If I wanted to fuck her outdoors? Her fans would *love* a change in scenery, would love to see another *naughty* side of her.

If I wanted to tie her up and try out some bondage stuff, or else have her hump balloons or pillows or vegetables, I need only use the excuse that some of her fans were in to those kinks - and that, by recording herself doing them, she'd earn life-long followers. Any kink imaginable, I could have my daughter fulfil in front of a massive audience.

In all honesty, I was pretty sure I'd be able to convince Julie to let me knock her up if I wanted to. I didn't want to – why the fuck would I want a screaming baby around? But, if I *did* want it, I was certain my daughter would go along with my demands, provided I give her some reason as to why it'd make her followers happy.

My daughter was, quite literally, in the palm of my hand.

To prove that point to myself, I gave her tit another firm squeeze.

Eyes shut, I imagined everything I could possibly do with this new, amazing toy of mine. All the little thoughts and ideas I'd had ever since seeing her on my doorstep all those months ago. A whole, unending slew of situations to put her in.

My thoughts, unfortunately, were interrupted by my phone vibrating.

I debated ignoring it, leaving whoever had sent me the late-night message hanging. But, in the end, I decided to check it. Worst case scenario, I could always go back to fondling my dear daughter again once I'd read the message.

I sat up, grabbed my phone off the night-stand, checked my inbox.

And there it was.

A text from Audrey. A proposition that I couldn't refuse.