

Influencer

Chapter 16

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

"Yes," my daughter answered softly.

"Your fans have put you where you are today, made you a successful influencer. You owe them everything. You *want* to thank them, to please them, don't you Julie?"

"Yes," the girl repeated.

We were in the master bedroom. Julie laying back in bed, her eyes closed and her body limp. Me sitting up next to her, staring down at her naked perfection.

Such a wonderful, beautiful daughter.

"But," I said, watching the girl's face, "you can't please *everyone*. Different people like different things. Some will like watching you deep-throat a cock, others won't. Some will want to see you being treated like a slut, others will not. Everyone has different tastes; and - sometimes - one person's tastes can conflict with another's. Try as you might, you'll never be able to please all of your followers, no matter what you do."

Negative comments were rare, but not unheard of. A small minority of Julie's fans hadn't taken well to her being fucked on camera. In their eyes, no-doubt, she was some kind of untouched princess that should've remained 'pure'.

Of Julie's ever-growing fan-base, there were certainly a handful of malcontents. Overly critical morons and wannabe charmers.

"If you try to please everyone, you'll end up pleasing no-one. If you go out of your way to make every single one of your followers happy, all you'll do is alienate the rest."

I thought back to some of the comments Julie had gotten, a few of the more 'interesting' private messages.

"Some guys are into doing weird stuff with pee and poo, for example. If you try to make them happy – doing nasty stuff on camera for them – it'll push away everyone else who *isn't* interested in that kind of stuff."

Julie had seen those messages.

She insisted on reading every single private message she got from her fans, tried replying to as many as she could manage. All the guys who wanted Julie to do this or that, all the boys who thought they had a chance at seducing her through text, all the men who sent unsolicited dick-pics. She cared so much about doing her job well that she read them all herself. So she knew *exactly* what I was talking about.

"Trying to please everyone will never work," I told my hypnotised daughter. "But, if you put all your effort into pleasing just one single person, you'll be successful."

Julie's eyebrows narrowed slightly. A subtly, tiny gesture.

"Think about it," I said in a soft, soothing voice. "Pleasing everyone is impossible. But, if you put all your effort into making a single person happy, it'll please everyone else who also happens to have that person's kinks."

A stretch. But not one so large that Julie's dulled mind would reject the faulty logic of it.

"By choosing one person to devote yourself to," I continued, "you'll be putting yourself in a much better situation. You won't have to worry about making everyone happy. You won't need to push yourself into doing things you might not like. You'll just have this one, clear goal. One unchanging target to focus all your actions around."

It wouldn't take after just once trance. I'd have to repeat and nudge and reinforce this idea in my daughter's mind for a while before it stuck. But it'd be worth the wait and then some.

"The best way to succeed and grow as an influencer is to have a clear goal. For you, Julie, that means finding one person to attach yourself to. One person, and one person alone, to dedicate yourself to pleasing. And, of all the people in the world, who

better for you to choose than one of your own fans?"

I smiled at her serene, oblivious face.

"But not just any fan. You, Julie, should focus all your efforts into satisfying your *biggest* fan."

"So I was talking to my friend the other day," Julie smiled into her camera. "And I asked her if she wanted to join in on one of these streams sometime."

She was wearing a simple outfit today. No fancy costume, no naughty theme. Just a plain yellow sundress and white cardigan. Underneath, I knew, she had on lacy white undies. No bra, though. That much was obvious from the nipples poking out underneath the sundress. A simple, pretty look.

Instead of her usual ponytail, Julie had styled her hair into neat double Dutch braids. Her lips shone glossy pink in the light of her professional-grade filming lamps.

"Yeah," Julie said, reading through the stream's priority messages. "The pornstar. I don't know if I should say her name or not..."

Audrey. Lulu Lee. My ex and Julie's 'friend', apparently.

"Yes! I was thinking about doing some girl-on-girl stuff. I've never done anything like that before, and who better to try it out with than a professional? What do you guys think? Is that something you'd like to see?"

As always, messages in the stream's chat flowed by too fast to read. Only the prioritised messages, which by design were anchored to the chat-box for a couple of seconds, could be read. And there were enough of *those* that reading them all would've been impossible.

Still, from what I saw, the majority of Julie's audience were down to watch her have some fun-time with another girl. One in particular, however, had no interest at all in watching 'dyke shit'. I noted the message, jotted it down.

Some more ammunition for tricking Julie into accepting my 'satisfy only your biggest fan' line of thinking.

"Oh no," Julie said with a smile, cheeks pink. "I'm not gonna be able to read all those messages! I'm sorry, it's just too much. Thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

The more money a follower attached to a priority message, the higher priority it was given and the longer it stayed on the screen. What better way for Julie to find her 'biggest fan' than to figure out which of them was giving her stream the largest priority messages?

"I don't know," she said, answering another of her stream's questions. "Maybe this weekend? I'll have to ask my friend. Whenever she has a gap in her schedule."

Audrey and Julie together would be interesting to watch. Two hotties; one pure and innocent, the other a sexual fiend. One loving and kind, the other a would-be manipulator. Both were attractive, though Julie was easily the more beautiful of the two.

Yes, I'd very much like to see that. Especially knowing what Audrey's plans were – the little scheme she'd told me all about.

"I can't say!" Julie grinned. "But, if you're big into porn and that stuff, you'll probably know her name already. Or, at least, her stage name."

As Julie chatted with her audience, I copied down as many prioritised messages as I could. Specifically, I recorded messages that contradicted each other. All the differing opinions.

Reading them later, Julie would see and know that she couldn't possibly please everyone. And, when she inevitably began wondering which of her fans she should listen to, which ones she should go along with, my daughter would 'magically' find herself deciding to focus all her effort into attempting to please only her one biggest fan – whoever that might be.

I spent a good half-hour making records of ideas and comments from Julie's chat

before the girl finally took off her cardigan.

From that moment on, I forgot all about the stream's chat and what all those guys were saying. I had eyes only for my beautiful Julie.

She giggled softly, playing with the shoulder-straps of her yellow sundress; pulling them aside and down her shoulders, then back up again. Her huge tits bulged out under the cloth, massive melons contained within loose, thin cloth.

"You guys really like my boobs, huh?" Julie smiled, her fingertips gliding down the sundress straps, hovering over her massive tits. "I never used to like them. They were always these big, annoying fat-sacks attached to my chest. Do you have any idea how awkward it is to run or jump about with these things?"

She cupped her breasts, squeezed them and lifted them, let them drop and jiggle.

"And don't get me started with the back aches. Imagine having this big weight on your chest, always trying to drag you down so that you're slouching forward. Having to keep your back straight at all times, constantly having to maintain a good, ladylike posture."

She leaned back in bed, legs crossed beneath her, and stretched out her arms. A slight, soft moan escaped her lips.

"I used to be so self-conscious about being busty," she confessed to her chat, sitting up straight again. "But now, I'm thankful for them. I don't mind the stares any more. The attention. Actually, I kind of *enjoy* it now..."

With a wink to the camera, Julie slipped her hands under the fabric of her sundress, squeezed her breasts directly. She shut her eyes, let out an erotic sigh.

When she opened them again, locked eyes with the camera and all her waiting, enraptured fans, she bit her lower lip.

"Do you boys wanna see my titties?"

The stream's chat flooded with the obvious answer to that question. I didn't even bother looking for voices of dissent. My eyes didn't move from my daughter's wonderful body.

"Show me how much you wanna see them," Julie breathed, pinching her nipples under the sundress. "Tell me what you wanna see."

Bell-chimes echoed inside Julie's former bedroom. Fans throwing money at her, letting her know *just* how much they wanted to see her wonderful, amazing breasts. I couldn't blame them. If I didn't see my daughter naked every single day anyway, I'd have probably been willing to hand over a few pennies for the privilege of seeing her bare chest again.

Giggling, her cheeks pink and her lips curved into a naughty smile, Julie pulled her hands out from under her sundress, raised them to the shoulder-straps and tugged them aside.

"Oh God!" Julie gasped, eyes rolling in their sockets. "Oh *fuck* yes!"

She slammed herself down, impaled herself on the dildo I'd bought her so long ago. A big, thick toy that resembled my own cock in shape and size.

"I love it," Julie cooed, chest rising and falling rapidly. "I really do!"

Raising herself back up, dropping herself down again, bouncing on the toy with slow, strong movements. Her body glistened with sweat, tiny beads of it sprinkling off her as she rode her toy. Her tits bounced and swayed and danced for the camera, nipples hard and inviting.

"It's so big," my daughter gasped. "It's- Ah!"

She hunched forward, micro-orgasms racking her body. Her tits trembled along with the rest of her as she panted heavily.

"If," Julie breathed softly, dazed eyes falling on the camera, "I'd know sex felt *this* good, I'd have started doing it years ago."

I smirked at that, leaned back in my chair, my hand resting on the bulge in my pants.

"God knows I had had more than a few opportunities."

A girl as beautiful as Julie, with a body of sculpted perfection? Of course she'd had opportunities to get laid in the past. Hell, every time she walked out the door and encountered a male, she had an opportunity to get laid. Not many a guy would have the resolve to turn a girl like Julie down when it came to sex.

"Guys at school," Julie smiled at the camera, answering a priority message. "Teachers. A doctor. My step-dad. Too many to count. Guys who've propositioned-"

She gasped, wiggled her hips and enjoyed the feel of the toy buried inside her. Slowly, she lifted herself up and off the dildo, raised the juice-coated fake cock to her lips.

"I missed out on so much fun," Julie said, kissing the tip of her toy, licking it up and down. "So much catching up to do."

Her step-father had propositioned her for sex, huh? Not all that surprising, really. But it did explain why Julie's mother had dumped the girl off with me – all but abandoned her while she went off on holiday with her husband.

Jealousy was an ugly thing.

I grinned at Julie as she began sucking her dildo clean.

Learning more about all the guys who'd wanted to fuck her, all the men she'd turned down, would be fun. An interesting way to spend an evening and, perhaps, a few new ideas for when it came to Julie role-playing on stream.

"Who do you want to please, Julie?"

"My biggest fan," my daughter answered softly.

"Who do you want to make happy above all else?"

"My biggest fan."

"Who are you going to dedicate yourself to?"

"My biggest fan."

Julie's mind, after months of constant hypnotic manipulations, was as malleable as soft clay. All I needed to do was shape the thoughts I wanted her to have in her head, and she'd adopt them as her own. Everything about her, her dreams and her desires and even her personality itself, was mine to alter as I saw fit.

There was nothing I couldn't make her believe at this point.

"And who is your biggest fan?"

"I..." Julie paused, eyebrows narrowing as her brain searched for an answer. "I don't know."

"Very good, Julie. You're doing great."

She knew all of her regulars by their usernames, knew which ones were generous with their money. She probably had a short list in her head of all her favourite fans. But which of them, I knew she must be thinking, was her *biggest* fan? Which one would she put above all others? Which one should she focus all her efforts into pleasing?

"Your biggest fan would have to be someone who's been there for every stream, yes?"

"Yes," Julie murmured.

"They'd have to have sacrificed a lot of money to help you succeed, more than anyone else, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," Julie answered.

Even now, I knew, her mind was hunting for the answer. Which of her many followers was it? Which was the lucky man who'd all but own Julie when she found out who it was?

"They'd have to be someone who supports you. Helps you. The kind of fan that'd do everything in their power to help you grow."

More criteria for Julie to narrow her list down. Did they send her a lot of prioritised messages? No? Then they were disqualified. Were they there for every stream? If not, they couldn't *possibly* be her biggest fan. Did they go out of their way to help her succeed? Did they make sacrifices for Julie's benefit?

"They'd also have to own all of your private videos, have a collection of every photo you've ever taken in your career as a streamer. Your biggest fan would have *all* of the content you've put out there, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," Julie answered, eyebrows narrowed.

Another qualifier, and one she couldn't check on. Even if she narrowed her list of fans down to one individual, she'd have no way of knowing if they possessed every single picture and video she'd taken. She'd have no means of telling if they'd stored all those naughty, slutty moments of hers. How would she ever be able to verify that?

"You *have* to find your biggest fan," I told my daughter. "Until you do, you'll be streaming blind. You won't know what to do or who to please. Until you have your biggest fan to guide you, tell you what to do, there's no way you'll be able truly succeed."

A silly idea. Frankly, at this point, Julie could've done whatever she wanted on stream and found success. Her fan-base was huge, her more dedicated fans were more than happy to spend their hard-earned cash on her. All she needed to do in order to be a successful streamer was continue doing what she already was. Nothing more.

But where was the fun in that?

"You okay, princess?" I asked, climbing into bed.

Julie nodded her head, staring at the laptop screen in front of her. A list of usernames – the regulars in her streams. Next to each name was either a tick or a cross. Most had crosses.

"What're you up to?" I said, sitting up next to her, my arm around her waist. "Those are your followers, aren't they?"

"Mm'hm," Julie murmured. She shrugged, then sighed. "How can you find out if people keep copies of pictures and videos you send them?"

I raised an eyebrow at her, feigned confusion. "You can't. I mean, you could try asking them if you want. But there's no way of knowing for sure."

Again, Julie sighed. I could feel her frustration, her annoyance.

Finding her 'biggest fan' was a much more difficult task than she could ever have anticipated, especially with all the criteria I'd given her mind to work with.

As things stood, she'd *never* find her 'biggest fan'. Not like this.

"What's the matter, honey?" I asked, holding her close to me. "Anything I can help with?"

Slowly, Julie shook her head, shut her laptop. "Not unless you're a secret psychic or a super hacker who can tell what files people do and don't have on their computers. I'm trying to figure out which of them is my biggest fan, but I don't..."

She shrugged again, set her laptop down on the bedside table and cuddled into me.

"I *have* to find out who it is," she whispered to herself. "I just *have* to."

"Well," I said with a shrug. "I'm not psychic, and I'm certainly no master hacker."

"That's a shame," Julie sighed, a tiny smile returning to her lips.

"It is indeed," I grinned. "But, while I can't read minds or hack computers, I *can* tell you who your biggest fan is, if you wanna know so badly."

Julie perked up instantly, turned to look me in the eye.

"Isn't it obvious?" I smiled. "Your biggest fan, princess, is me."

A moment of shock as, for the first time, she considered me as an option for her 'biggest fan' list. In the back of her mind, the cogs spun slowly. Was I there for every stream? Yes. Had I sacrificed money for Julie's success? Definitely. Did I support her and help her grow? More than anyone else in the world. Did I have every photo and video

she'd ever recorded as a streamer saved and stored on my computer? Yes, I did.

Every box ticked. Every criteria met.

Julie smiled, eyes watering in gratitude and happiness.

And, in that moment, she became mine completely. Any idea I had, any perverse or depraved desire I might come up with for her, my daughter would make a reality. No matter what.

Before long, Julie wouldn't care in the slightest about her streams. Wouldn't dream of being an 'influencer' any more.

Her only goal in life would be to please me.