

Influencer

Chapter 17

Waking up next to a beautiful girl was a wonderful thing.

The moment my senses came to me, I was aware of her there. Her weight on the mattress, the warmth of her body under the blanket with me. I felt her hair against my skin, caught the flowery scent that followed her wherever she went. Though our bodies weren't touching, and though I hadn't even opened my eyes yet, I knew she was there. My Julie. In bed with me.

My lips curled into a lazy smile.

In that moment, there was no other place in the world I'd rather have been than laying in bed next to her.

My eyes opened to the mute, pre-dawn light. My bedroom was lit in hues of grey and blue; neither totally dark nor brightly illuminated. The world around me was silent, calm, unmoving. The only sound I could hear was the soft, steady breathing of the beauty in front of me.

She had her back to me as she slept; the thin, white blanket hung loose on her body. I could see the curvaceous flow of her figure under the blanket – lean legs, wide hips and round ass, slender waist, arms and shoulders and massive breasts. An hourglass unlike any other.

I was a lucky man.

To have a girl as amazingly sexy as Julie sharing my bed, dedicated to taking care of my cock? I was-

No.

This wasn't *luck*. The girl landing on my doorstep, handed to me on a silver platter. *That* had been luck. Everything else? Claiming her and conquering her and *taking* her. That hadn't be a result of luck. It'd been *will*. My will imposed upon her. My mind dominating hers.

It wasn't *luck* that'd put this slut in my bed, it was *me*.

With the will to make it happen, the drive to do what needed to be done, there was no woman in the world that couldn't be claimed.

In an odd, silly way, I almost wished I had more than the one daughter. The challenge of manipulating Julie had been fun, and the rewards of my victory spoke for themselves. It was almost a shame that I didn't have more forbidden pussies to plunder.

Slowly, not wanting to wake her right away, I pulled down the blanket Julie and I shared.

I watched with a smile on my face as her shoulders appeared from underneath it. The white gave way, slid down her body slowly, revealing more and more of my daughter's perfection as it went. The bulge of her breasts, the curve of her back, her deliciously round bottom. Down and down it went until only Julie's knees were covered.

Save for hunching up a little, curling into a slightly tighter ball, my daughter gave no reaction to being exposed.

Still asleep. Good.

I snaked my hand towards my daughter's body, careful not to rouse her. My fingers hovered above her skin, barely touching her. And, slowly, I moved them.

I started at her shoulder, trailed my fingertips gently down her arm. She didn't react. Her breathing remained slow and calm, her mind utterly unaware. And so I continued, lifting my fingers from her wrist and placing them lightly on her hip instead.

As my fingers moved along Julie's waist, flowed down between her legs, a clammy heat began to fill the room.

Julie shifted, her chest rising and falling a little heavier. Not quite awake yet, but not as asleep as she'd been a minute ago. As gently and lightly as it was possible for me to

be, I moved my fingers over my daughter's bald crotch. My fingertips glided down, slid along her smooth skin.

Her thighs were pressed together, blocking access to the girl's cunt. But there was enough of her exposed for me to tease and caress.

Before long, my daughter was panting.

I wasn't sure if she was awake or not now. Her muscles had tensed somewhat, her skin prickled. Her breathing had sped up.

Awake or not, she was ready.

I planted my hand on her thigh, firmly now. I gripped her, lifted her leg and moved closer behind her.

Her breath caught as my cock poked between her thighs, its head and shaft rubbing that most intimate of places. A gasp escaped her lips, her body shuddered.

She kept her eyes shut, though. Refused to move.

I released her thigh, placed my hand on her waist and began thrusting my hips.

My cock rubbed her cunt, her juices quickly lubricating me as I fucked her thighs. All pretence of Julie sleeping evaporated soon enough. She moaned softly, squeezed her thighs together for me. Her eyes were still shut, body still unmoving for the most part. But there was no denying it. She was wide awake now.

My hand gripped her waist as I reached my full length and girth. The tightness of the girl's thighs was one thing, wonderful to be sure. But there was a far grander prize I wanted.

I leaned forward, kissed her shoulder.

Then, as Julie's eyes flicked open and she looked over her shoulder at me with those beautiful irises of her, I pushed myself up in bed. I dragged her waist and hips up with me – pushing her onto hands and knees and quickly positioned myself behind her.

In moments, I had my well-lubricated cock pressed to my daughter's opening. Her ass up in the air, her face planted in her pillow.

Nothing needed to be said. No words needed exchanging.

I was ready. And, judging by the fact that my daughter was leaking, I figured it was a safe bet that she was ready too. She certainly didn't do anything to try and stop me.

I thrust forward, groaned as Julie's impossible tightness engulfed me.

Face down, hands gripping her pillow in clenched fists, Julie let out a muffled gasp. Her body tensed as I kept pushing forward, splitting her open, burying my cock's full length into her hungry, tight hole.

I hunched forward over Julie. One hand on her hip, the other planting itself on her shoulder – holding her torso and head down as I slowly began pounding her.

The bed shook. A rhythmic *thump, thump, thump* matched the sounds of skin slapping skin, the muffled moans and grunts.

Julie's body jerked with each thrust, ass jiggling from the impact of my body against hers. Each muffled gasp into her pillow, every moan and groan and sigh of pleasure, urged me on.

Waking up in the morning had never been so enjoyable.

Julie slumped on the bed afterwards, spent.

Her limbs were sprawled out as she lay there face-down, panting into a saliva-drenched pillow. A layer of sweat coated her body, with several streaks of white running up her back all the way to her shoulders.

Smiling, I wrapped my hands around her waist, lifted her ass up and gave her drenched cunt a kiss.

Julie moaned, though her body was too limp to do much else.

I kissed her again; this time longer and lingering. My lips teasing and tasting her wet mound.

The thought of filling Julie with my tongue, licking her insides and pleasuring her with my mouth, entered my mind. Having the girl squirming, panting and moaning and begging for more. Why end the fun after I came, when I could torture Julie with pleasure for as long as I liked? I could drive her crazy with my mouth, my tongue, my fingers. Push her to the edge, only to slow down before she reached her climax. Toy with her until I was hard once again.

A tempting thought. And one I'd have loved to make true.

But not today.

I pulled away from my daughter's cunt with one last kiss, let go of her waist and watched with amusement as it dropped down on the bed lifelessly.

"Come on, princess," I said, patting her ass and watching as the full flesh rippled. "You've got a long day ahead of you. Best get started with it."

It was a bizarre feeling, being home alone. I'd grown so used to Julie being nearby at all times that not having her here felt downright uncomfortable. It was like walking into a room and noticing the television was missing; I had this constant feeling of something being absent.

A full hour passed between watching her walk out the front door and receiving the first text message.

The shopping trip was going well, the message said. She and Audrey had found lots of clothes to try on.

Nothing else. That was the full message.

A few minutes later came another. This one with an image attached to it. A selfie of the two girls standing next to each other, winking and posing for the camera. This time, the text had come from Audrey's phone number.

I stared at my phone's screen for a long moment, trying to work out the pornstar's game.

That she wanted to appear on Julie's stream, perform some lesbian acts with my daughter for thousands to see, was understandable. A tad unusual under normal circumstances, sure. But, after everything I'd done to warp woman's mind in the past, her odd sexual deviancy was to be expected.

But a shopping trip?

That, I had not been expecting.

What was Audrey up to? What was her plan? Did she even have one?

After spending so much time warping my daughter's mind and shaping her into the ideal woman, I couldn't help but suspect that Audrey would want to do the same. Turn Julie into some lesbian doll for her to play with.

It was a silly fear to have, I knew. I doubted Audrey even knew how to induce a hypnotic state, let alone what to do once one was achieved. But, all the same, that blossom of paranoia drove my thoughts. I'd spent months carefully manipulating Julie; the last thing I wanted or needed was an unknown variable tampering with my well-laid plans.

My thoughts were cut-off when my phone started ringing.

Again, it was Audrey's number.

I answered, opened my mouth to ask her what she wanted. But a voice on the other end of the call stopped me, left my lips hanging open soundlessly.

"I don't know..." Julie's voice said, sounding distant.

"What's the problem?" Audrey's voice replied, also sounding far away. Her mouth, it was safe to say, was not anywhere near her phone.

What was this? Why had she called me?

"I don't know," Julie said. "It feels kinda dirty..."

"Dirty?" Audrey laughed. "You're a camslut who fucked her father in front of hundreds of people, and you think taking one naughty picture is 'dirty'?"

"It's not the same," Julie muttered defensively. "That was for work. It's my job. This is-

"Trust me," Audrey told my daughter. "He'll love it. Think of it as practice for your fans, if that helps."

"Practice?" Julie's voice asked, barely audible.

"Yes!" Audrey said. "It's practice. Now come on, we can't stay in here all day."

What followed after that was a lot of muffled movement, the occasional comment from Audrey; telling Julie where to stand and to hold something in a certain way, what facial expression to make. It was impossible to tell what was going on exactly.

Had Audrey called me by accident? No, I didn't think so.

This was planned.

After a minute of waiting, my mind trying to conjure up images of what was happening, I got a string of texts from my daughter's phone. All images. In order to view them, I had to put the phone-call on hold, was unable to continue listening in on the two of them.

I opened the pictures, my eyes widening at what I saw.

Julie and Audrey were in a changing room. On the screen, in a cow-print bikini, with a cow-horn headband atop her head and a little bell around her neck, was Julie. She was blushing brightly, eyes on the camera which, of course, Audrey must be holding.

That first picture was interesting; it showed my daughter's magnificent figure, but hid away her nipples and cunt. All in all, fairly tame compared to what I saw on a daily basis.

In the next picture, there was a carton of milk hovering above Julie's head.

And, in the third, the carton was tilted forward – a stream of white falling down onto my daughter's chest.

There were nine pictures in total.

By the last one, Julie's bikini top had disappeared, been tossed aside. Her hand held up one milk-coated breast, tongue out, lapping up the white. Her eyes were on the camera, wide and innocent and shy. A droplet of milk hung from her nipple, begging to be tasted.

I couldn't stare at the pictures for long. Not with the call still on hold.

I switched back to the phone-call, was greeted by the muffled, distant voice of Audrey.

"-Just say we spilled it... Not like they'll-"

Something shifting against the phone's microphone cut off whatever Audrey said next.

"Admit it," the woman's voice said, sounding suddenly loud. "You enjoyed it."

"Nu-uh," Julie's voice replied. "It was cold and-"

"Liar," Audrey giggled. "Here, put this on. Lets go pay for all this shit and get out of here, before someone finds your milk puddle."

"Wait," Julie said, sounding concerned. "What about-"

"No time," Audrey replied quickly, voice gleeful. "Hurry up, before someone notices."

"But-"

"Quickly!"

There was another shift, something moving against the phone and drowning out what the girls were saying. Then the call ended.

I sat there in silence, staring at my phone.

There was something very disconcerting about not being present, not having control in a given situation. Whatever was happening with Julie and Audrey, I had no say in it. No power. No ability to act. I was simply along for the ride, my ability to even be aware of events reliant solely on Audrey's whim.

I didn't like it, not one bit.

The next text I got was from the pornstar. A simple question.

"You know the top Julie had on earlier?"

I did. I remembered my daughter's outfit vividly. She'd been wearing skinny jeans and a grey, thigh-length blouse. A cute pink bra underneath with matching panties. She'd looked stunning, as always. A wide smile on her face as she skipped out to greet Audrey.

Replying to Audrey's text with a single word – "yes" - I set my phone down, waited.

Less than a minute later, I got a response.

"It's all she's wearing now."

The text was followed by a picture, taken in a clothing store. Julie stood in front of a cash register, her back to the camera. Her legs were bare, jeans no-where to be seen. The top reached down far enough to hide the girl's butt and crotch, but beyond that was naked leg.

"On our way back soon," Audrey texted me. "Going to grab a bite to eat first."

After that, my phone remained silent.

No new texts or calls. No messages, no pictures. Just silence.

I flicked through the photos of Julie, her in the cow costume, her covered in milk, her wearing her grey blouse with her legs bare. Did she have anything on underneath that? Underwear? Where were her panties and bra?

I shook my head, stood up and began pacing.

My eyes flicked to the clock constantly, watching as the hands barely seemed to move.

Minutes passed. Five. Ten. Twenty.

I distracted myself, began planning streams and hypnosis sessions and seduction ideas. I filled my head with every thought I possibly could to keep myself from thinking about how long it was taking Julie and Audrey to eat some damned lunch and drive home.

After an half an hour passed, I went out into the garden – got to work with the lawnmower. And, when there wasn't a single blade of grass left uncut, I headed back indoors and took a shower.

I stepped out of the shower, checked the time.

Two hours since Audrey's last text, and still no sign of the girls.

I began writing a message, demanding to know where they were, stopped myself from sending it.

No. I wouldn't give Audrey the satisfaction.

I deleted the message. Waited.

And, finally, another half-hour later, the front door of the house opened and the sound of the two women laughing together filled my home.

When I went down to greet them, Julie blushed brightly.

"Welcome back," I said, forcing a smile. "Have a good time?"

My daughter nodded her head quickly, refused to look me in the eye. Her jeans, I noted, were no-where to be seen.

"So," I said, trying to sound as casual as I could, "what'd you two get up to?"

Julie glanced at Audrey, face bright red now. The pornstar simply laughed. "Can't say," she said with a wink. "Girl time is secret. No boys allowed."

"Is that so?" I smiled, eyes narrowing at Audrey.

The woman shrugged.

"It's getting late," she said. "If we're gonna do this livestream, we should probably get on with it soon."

At that, Julie's head shot up. She nodded eagerly.

As always when it came to Julie's stream, she was a hundred percent ready to go at a moment's notice. And tonight's stream was one she'd been hyping to her fans and hinting at for a while now.

Her first girl-on-girl experience.

And with a known pornstar, no less.

"Alright," I said, eyes never leaving Audrey's face. "Lead the way."

After tonight, she and I would be even. No favours owed.

Whatever she and Julie had gotten up to today, I'd find out soon enough. Tomorrow morning, when I put my daughter in her daily trance, I'd learn everything. Until then, it could wait.

Right now, it was time to put on a show.