

Influencer

Chapter 19

Audrey on her back, ass raised. Julie on hands and knees, bouncing back and forth. Both their mouths were open, their moans reverberating around the bedroom. Two double-ended dildos shared between them, four holes filled with fake cock. And, distantly, the constant ringing of bell-chimes.

Julie's tits bounced beneath her as she fucked herself silly, Audrey's wobbling with every motion.

It was a wonderful sight.

"Fuck," Julie gasped, pulling herself forward before slamming her body backwards again. "Ohh, *fuck*. Yes!"

"Faster," Audrey purred. "Give your audience-" she gasped. "Give them a show!"

My eyes were locked on my daughter, her magnificent body.

Double-penetrated, bouncing back and forth, riding the dildos with total abandon. Her hair fell down over her face, slid down her back and clung to her sweaty skin. Her rock-hard nipples dripped sweat onto the drenched mattress beneath her. The wet slapping sound of skin on skin with each thrust, every motion. Julie's round ass smacking against Audrey's thighs.

"Fuck me," my daughter groaned. "Watch me!"

She was in full control. Audrey was laying there, taking the dildos deep every time Julie bounced back against her. Save for grabbing my daughter's ass, giving it the occasional spank, the pornstar was just along for the ride. It was Julie who set the pace, her who – despite being on hands and knees – had all the power in this set-up.

And she held nothing back.

She fucked herself on those two dildos, fucked Audrey with them, like a woman possessed.

The livestream had a great angle on the action, both women just about managing to fit in the frame. A horizontal view of the two; Julie's tits against the mattress, Audrey's knees in the air. With every motion, the stream's viewers could see the dildos disappear inside the women. With every thrust, they could see the ripple along my daughter's flesh.

"Tell your chat how it feels," Audrey said with a smile, eyes flicking over to me. "Tell them how much you like taking it in both holes at once."

Julie gasped, shuddered.

She slowed down her movements, tilted her head to look at the camera. With a dazed smile and lusty eyes, she spoke.

"It's *amazing*," Julie told her fans. "Makes me wish- *ah!*"

I kept my eyes on Julie as she trembled.

"It makes me wish," Julie repeated softly, her eyes moving to me, flicking to the bulge between my legs, "that my daddy had two cocks instead of one."

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"I want," Julie moaned, picking up her pace again. "More."

"More what?" Audrey asked, pinching my daughter's ass.

"More cock!" Julie told her stream. "I want more cock!"

"Then maybe," Audrey breathed, a twinkle in her eye, "we should arrange a fan meet-up. All the cock you'll ever need in one place, where you can make every last one of them happy..."

Julie's eyes widened as the thought struck her.

I could see the cogs turning. A single instant of realisation followed by images and fantasies and desires.

She wanted to make her fans happy.

She'd do *anything* to make them happy.

All of them, in one place, their cocks out. Ready to be *pleased*.

Julie's body sped up, her moans and gasps becoming more frantic and unrestrained. More animal. She didn't utter another word. She didn't need to. Anyone watching could see how much the thought aroused her; all her fans in one place.

And, as Julie fucked herself on the two double-ended dildos, her cries of pleasure filling the house, I found myself looking at Audrey.

Her eyes were on me, her lips parted in moans of her own.

Was this it? Her game? Her goal?

Did she want Julie to participate in some ludicrous orgy with dozens – if not *hundreds* – of her fans? To be gang-banged for hours on end by her adoring audience?

Why?

What could Audrey possibly have to gain from that?

As Julie reached her climax – body shuddering and shaking, mouth open in a scream of pure pleasure – my eyes remained on the pornstar, and hers remained on me.

Audrey lowered the camera before climbing back on the bed, straddling Julie's head.

My daughter, dazed and shaken and exhausted after her body-shattering orgasm, could do nothing but oblige her pornstar friend. She licked the cunt that'd been pushed into her face, kissing and teasing it with lethargic, drained slowness.

Everything above Audrey's chest was out of the camera's frame. Another side-view of Julie, this time of her on her back.

"Come here *Daddy*," Audrey said, voice seasoned with sultry arousal. "Come give your babygirl the fucking she wants so badly."

I glanced from Audrey to Julie to the camera she'd just lowered.

My face wouldn't be in frame if I climbed onto the bed, got between Julie's legs. There was no risk there.

My eyes snapped to Audrey, to the smile on her lips.

I set my laptop aside, stood up and lowered my trousers.

"You want Daddy to fuck you, don't you Julie?" Audrey said, wiggling her hips.

"Mm'hm," Julie mumbled into the pornstar's pussy.

"You want Daddy's big dick inside you?"

"Mmm..." Julie moaned softly.

"You heard the girl, Daddy. Come give babygirl her first ever threesome. I know her fans would love to watch *that*."

"Please," Julie gasped, pulling her mouth away from Audrey's cunt long enough to utter a few words. "Please, Daddy. Do it."

Before she could say anything more, Audrey's cunt was on her mouth again – demanding the girl's full attention.

I walked forward, climbed onto the bed and into the camera shot. My head was out of frame, but the rest of me was there – my cock hard and ready as I positioned myself between Julie's open legs.

"Well, Daddy?" Audrey smiled at me. "What're you waiting for? Stick it in her and show the fans how Julie likes to be fucked."

I saw it then, in her eyes. The wildness. The animal.

There was no grand plan, was there? No great scheme or trap that Audrey had set up. Everything she'd done; contacting Julie, befriending her, taking her out today, planning this stream. All of it had been for one simple, obvious reason that I'd somehow overlooked.

Years ago, I'd turned Audrey into a wanton slut. A cock-loving whore. A woman who thrived on sex, was driven by it.

All this bitch wanted was to *play*. To have fun.

The naughtier, the better. Just as I'd shaped her to be so long ago. Kinky sex is fun sex. The kinkier, the better.

And what was kinkier than being involved in a live-broadcast threesome with a man and his legitimate daughter?

"Whore," I said, a smile pulling at my lips.

Audrey grinned at me.

"Not the only one," she whispered, glancing down at Julie. "You are what you eat."

I took hold of my daughter's hips, watched her tongue disappear inside my ex's cunt as I guided my cock to her opening.

"Fuck her," Audrey purred.

Like I needed someone to tell me *that*.

Her breathing was soft, shallow. Gentle.

Curled up in a ball of fluids – hers and Audrey's and mine – with a smile on her lips.

Truly, my Julie was one of a kind.

Exhausted as she was, she'd passed out the moment the stream ended. Sleeping blissfully after who-knows how many orgasms.

"She's very pretty," Audrey said, sitting next to her. "Her mother must be quite the looker too. I don't suppose–"

"Not a chance in hell," I chuckled. "The woman's an uptight cunt. I doubt she puts out for her husband. No way she'll ever be down for playing with Julie. Hell, from what I've heard, I think she might even hate her."

"Shame," Audrey sighed, shaking her head. "I don't suppose you could open her mother up to the possibility?"

"Unlikely," I smiled.

Audrey's wet fingers glided over the sleeping girl's skin, drawing glossy lines as they went.

Once I was done with my little projects, my 'girls', I discarded them and never looked back. There were half a dozen women out there like Audrey. Girls I'd met and wooed and used hypnosis to *change*. And of all of them, the only one I'd spoken to after tossing them out was Audrey. And *that* had only been because Audrey's career choice had lined up so well with what I'd wanted to do with Julie.

It was odd, talking to her like this.

Odd, but nice.

"Will you be joining Julie again in future?" I asked, eyes on the woman who'd once been such an innocent girl. "For her streams."

"Maybe," Audrey grinned. "If she'll have me."

Her fingertips found themselves on Julie's soft breast.

"Your own daughter..." Audrey continued. "I suppose I can't blame you. I mean, just look at her."

I did, eyes roaming the sleeping girl's body.

"How do you do it?" The pornstar asked. "I know it's hypnosis, but *how*? There's got to be more to it than the nonsense in magic tricks and stage shows. How did you convince your virgin daughter to become a camwhore? How did you trick her into spreading her legs for you?"

"It's getting late," I said, climbing off the bed. "Shouldn't you be heading home soon?"

Audrey rolled her eyes, leaned down and kissed my sleeping daughter's lips. As she climbed off the bed, she flashed me a smile.

"She's a good girl," Audrey told me as I led her through the house. "A little too eager to make her fans happy, but I assume that's your doing."

"Perhaps," I shrugged.

"When you get bored of her," the woman said, "let me know. I'd like to buy her from you."

I paused mid-step, turned to look at her.

"You want to *buy* my daughter?"

"Sure," Audrey shrugged. "Why not?"

"I think *she* might have some complaints about being bought and sold like that."

"I doubt that," Audrey smiled. "Not with you pulling the strings and toying with her brain. You could make her want to be a slave. That's gotta be easier than convincing her that there's nothing wrong with fucking her own father."

That was... fair. And true.

I'd never made a girl want to be a literal slave before, but I was certain I *could* do it, if I wanted to.

I continued walking, heard Audrey's footsteps behind me.

When we reached the house's front door, I opened it for her, stepped aside and let her pass.

"Think about it," Audrey said as she walked out into the night. "I'll pay whatever price."

Selling Julie?

The thought had never crossed my mind before.

Sure, I was more than happy to whore her out to an online audience, use her looks and charm to rake in a pile of cash while taking the opportunity to explore and ravish her body myself. That was fine. But straight up slavery?

When I got bored of her.

Would I ever grow bored of Julie, though? A girl like that came around once in a lifetime. I could spend the rest of my life searching and never find a girl like her again. Certainly not one who'd been so fun and challenging to conquer.

My own daughter...

No, I didn't mind the concept of her being a slave. A woman who existed for the sole purpose of following her owner's command. But why would I want someone else to be her owner when I could take that title for myself?

Julie. My beautiful, brilliant daughter.

A girl who wanted nothing more in life than to make others happy, to share her joy with the world.

A girl who wanted to please and satisfy her fans, was driven to absolute extremes to grow and maintain her following.

If she met a fan of hers in real life, would she want to fuck them? To make them happy offline as well as online? Would she have sex with a total stranger if he called himself her fan?

None of my hypnotic programming had involved making her monogamous. Until the lesbian stream, I hadn't seen the need.

But then she'd fantasised about a fan meet-up. An orgy. Being fucked from all sides by countless men, satisfying them all with her body. A thought planted in her head by a woman who was so obsessed with sex that she'd become a pornstar to sate her constant need for cock.

Would Julie fuck a fan if she got the chance?

Yes. Yes, she would.

If she was willing to have sex with her own father in order to make her fans happy, she'd definitely be willing to fuck a random stranger too.

Julie, Julie, Julie.

What to do with her, I wondered.

Give her a slave's mentality? Sell her? Have her be mine forever? Share her body with her fans? Make her loyal to me and me alone? Encourage her fantasies? Discourage them?

I had a plan already. One I was slowly putting into motion.

Remove her desire to please her fans by replacing that desire with one of please me and me alone – her 'biggest' fan.

Should I continue that? Abandon it?

So many decisions to make. So many choices.

When all was said and done, what sort of creature did I want my beautiful daughter to be?

“Audrey gave me an idea,” Julie panted, chest bouncing with every step. “For the stream. It's a good one.”

“Uh-huh,” I grunted, struggling to keep up with my daughter.

She glanced over her shoulder at me, smiled and slowed down.

“What's her idea?” I asked, cheeks turning pink.

It felt like only yesterday when I was the one who had to slow down for her. Since when was I the unfit one?

“A marriage,” Julie grinned, falling in step beside me.

I glanced at her.

“A fake marriage on stream?” I asked. It was an okay idea, I supposed. An interesting roleplay. “That could work. I-”

“No,” Julie laughed. “A real marriage. A proper ceremony and everything. Audrey said she'd officiate.”

“You want to actually marry me? On stream?”

I had no interest getting married. Not to anyone, even Julie. Not that any marriage ceremony Audrey performed would be legitimate. It'd still be fake. But still...

“No, silly,” Julie laughed. “I'm not gonna marry *you*, dad. I was thinking I'd marry the stream.”

I grunted, eyes narrowing.

What a dumb idea Audrey had put in my daughter's head. Marrying her stream? An unofficial, official wedding? It was ludicrous and silly. Totally ridiculous.

“It'd be like a polygamous marriage,” Julie went on, as if that were a real thing. “Only instead of a man having two or more wives, I'll be a wife with thousands of husbands!”

“Julie, I-”

“Think about it,” she said with a grin. “What better way to make sure they're always there, that they stay fans, than by making them family? It'll be like a perk of becoming my follower. They get to be my husband and I'll be their wife.”

“I don't think that's how marriage works, princess.”

“Why not?” Julie said. “People get married online all the time.”

After this run, I was gonna have a word with Audrey about the ideas she was putting in Julie's head. Marrying her fans? What nonsense was *that*? How was my daughter even able to talk about such a thing with a straight face?

“Let's stop here,” I said, glancing around as I slowed to a halt.

One of the downsides of living in a suburban, gated community was the lack of dark alleys to hide in. No hidden spots where you could get nasty without the risk of being spotted.

I took my daughter's hand, led her towards a house that seemed empty enough – no cars in the driveway, no lights on, no activity in the windows. I walked down the side of the building, came to a stop between a high fence and the house's stone wall. Shadowed and out of the way enough that no-one should spot us.

“Get on your knees,” I told my beautiful daughter. “Suck my cock and listen.”

Julie nodded her head quickly, moved to comply without hesitation. I was, in her mind, still her manager. Her guide and instructor. My words were important, listening to

them would lead her to success.

"Your fans don't want to marry you, Julie," I said as my cock disappeared inside her warm mouth. "They don't want to be your husbands. They want to *fuck* you. They want to watch you *being* fucked. They want to see you with a cock in your mouth, ass, or pussy. Doesn't matter whose cock. Doesn't matter why. All that matters is that you're taking it like a slut and loving every second of it."

Julie looked up at me with wide eyes, mouth sliding down my cock's length with practised ease.

"Wives," I told her, "are respectable. They are, at least in theory, meant to be loyal and loving women. The men who watch your streams aren't interested in that. They want to see a loose girl getting plowed. A filthy little whore who'll do anything to get off. They don't want a wife, they want a slut. *That's* what will make them happy."

Slowly, Julie nodded her head. The sound of her slurping on my cock echoed down the side of the house, out onto the street.

"The only time a slut gets married," I continued, "is for the thrill of cheating on their husband. The only thing a slut wants from a wedding is the best man's cock."

I grabbed a fistful of Julie's hair, used it to drag her face off my cock.

"Are you what your fans want, Julie? Are you a slut?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"What are you, Julie?"

"A slut," she said, hungry eyes locked on to my cock. "I'm a slut."

"Do you want to get married to your fans?"

She shook her head quickly.

"Good. What *do* you want to do?"

"I..." Julie glanced up at me, smiled beautifully. It was the kind of smile, I imagined, most fathers wanted to see from their daughters. Filled with love and admiration and gratitude. "I want to fuck them. All of them."

Not the response I'd been hoping for, but it'd have to do.

"Suck," I commanded her. "Make me cum as fast as you can."

Julie nodded her head, smiled brightly up at me, opened her mouth.