

Influencer Chapter 2

"First things first," I said, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. "Before we can start working on improving your content, you're going to have to remove all the stuff you've already uploaded and posted."

Julie's eyes widened. Her lips pursed, body stiffened.

Not a fan of my idea, then.

"Think of it like opening a new page," I continued before the girl had a chance to refuse me. "A new chapter of your life. By removing all the stuff you've already posted, you'll be giving yourself a new, fresh opportunity to find an audience for your videos."

How to approach this? What would be the best way to convince Julie into listening to me?

I barely knew her. She was my daughter - and I knew next to nothing about her. Really, there were only two facts about Julie that I truly did know; first that she wanted to be an online influencer, and second that she had a body and face made for fucking.

"And," I said, shaking my head slowly. "Unfortunately for your channel right now, you've been set up to fail."

That raised my daughter's eyebrows. Brought shock and confusion to an otherwise defensive expression.

"See, the sites you use - all the social media and content websites, really - have algorithms which dictate and decide what videos to promote and which ones to suppress. Like a big robo-brain that has a specific set of parameters it wants to fulfil. It has things it likes, say videos that are ten minutes long and are about toys or make-up or films. And it has things it doesn't like; videos that are too short or too long, or that are too darkly lit, or that are about topics that the algorithm doesn't want to promote."

That much, I was sure, was true. My daughter slowly nodded her head to indicate she understood.

"One of the parameters that the algorithms take into account is how successful other videos on your channel have been." That, I wasn't so sure about. It could be true, I supposed. But, equally, it could be completely false. Either way, the information would help me manipulate Julie into doing what I wanted. "If other videos you've made haven't gotten any views or likes or shares, the algorithm isn't going to promote any of your newer videos."

Julie deleting all her videos, shitty as they all were, wasn't essential. It'd be beneficial to my plans if she did, but it was hardly a deal-breaker.

Right now, at the early stages of the grand scheme I'd come up with, isolating Julie was key. Removing her from any friends and family that might catch on to what I was doing, having her rely solely on me and me alone for all her needs. The more I could take Julie away from everyone else in her life, the easier it'd be to manipulate and control her.

"Since you already have so many videos and posts and blogs and all that stuff," I went on, making sure to sound sad and sympathetic. "Anything you post or upload now is destined to fail. It's unfair and broken, but that's just how the system works. The only way you'll ever be able to grow going forward is if you remove all the content you already have up and start from scratch."

Julie's mother wouldn't be a problem, nor would her step-father. Both of those cunts had gone radio-silent for their grand holiday.

The *real* problem would be Julie's friends.

And, regrettably, I had no idea who Julie's friends were or how many she even had. The only way for me to reliably isolate Julie from those nameless, faceless friends of hers was to have Julie stop interacting with them altogether. And the best way to do *that* was to have my daughter remove her online presence in its entirety.

Julie looked down at her lap, didn't say anything.

Likely, she'd need some time to make her decision. She'd want to think her options over, decide if she was truly willing to destroy all the 'work' she'd done up 'til now.

She'd make the right choice, I knew. She'd delete her channel and profiles and all that crap. She had, after all, left herself no other choice. No college, no prospects. She'd poured all her hopes and prospects into internet stardom. There was no way she'd turn back now.

"I'm sorry," I said softly, faux sincerity and sympathy dripping from my tongue. "It's the only way."

Hypnosis. I learned it back when I was a much younger and dumber man. Late teens, early twenties. The party years. A trick that I could use to reduce the inhibitions of women, dull their restraint and amplify their desires? To a man like me, it'd seemed like the perfect skill to learn and master.

And, back then, it served me well. Both in seducing women who were out of my league, and in opening the minds of my sexual partners to new possibilities. The number of anal virginities I snatched from otherwise uptight and unadventurous women would boggle the mind. Making hotties do for me what they had thought they'd never be willing to do for anyone? Well, let's just say that kind of power is addictive.

I still pulled it out every now and then. Used to to bed random babes I encountered here and there. No-where near as much as I used to, but still enough that my technique was far from rusty.

Curiosity and pride, I found, were usually a woman's greatest weakness.

Tell them you know how to hypnotise someone, but that it only works on a weak or slow mind. Make them think they're too intelligent and strong-willed to be manipulated while teasing them into subjecting themselves to a hypnotic induction. So many women like to think they can't be tricked so easily, that hypnosis either doesn't work at all or else that has no effect on them specifically.

With hypnosis and a bit of charm, a man like myself *never* had trouble finding and fucking sexy-bitch pussy.

Though, I must admit, trying it on a close relative would be new. I'd never committed that particular taboo before. When fate sends a babe to your door, I suppose, a man is more than happy to set aside such trivial things as 'family'.

I could already feel it. Julie would be worth every moment of trouble it took to get between her legs.

All I had to do was find the perfect moment to bring the topic of hypnosis up. Coming up with arguments and reasons to convince Julie to submit herself to my will would be simple enough; it'd give her 'confidence', allow her to 'focus' and help her remain 'calm' and 'relaxed' while recording videos. The trick to convincing anyone of anything was to use the right key words, the right tone. And the right timing.

Bringing the topic up out of the blue wouldn't work. It'd be too obvious. I needed to set it up, create a situation in which the natural flow of conversation led to the topic of hypnosis.

And, perhaps more importantly, I needed to convince Julie to *trust* me first.

"I think it would be best if you didn't upload anything or interact online for a while," I told Julie.

We were sat in my spacious living room, watching some shitty romantic comedy Julie had put on. Since I lived alone, I only had the one sofa for us to sit on, me on one side while Julie curled up on the other – resting her head on the armrest.

"Why?" She asked, voice strained and raw.

She'd been crying. Her eyes were bloodshot, sockets red and puffy. The light layer

of make-up Julie wore was marred from rubbing her eyes, with visible tear-trails running down her cheeks. Thankfully, she'd kept her sobbing to the privacy her bedroom.

Her online content was gone. Videos, blogs, the works. Even her social media accounts – at my recommendation – had been permanently closed.

Julie was devastated, though frankly I thought her reaction was too much. Wasn't like any of her videos has actually been *good*. No, they'd all been trash – not worthy of the tears my daughter had spilled upon their loss.

"If we're going to make you an influencer, a real online star, then we've got to be smart about how we do it." I told her, again playing the role of a caring father - a loving guide who only wanted what was best for her. "We'll still make videos and write blogs and posts and all that. But instead of posting them, we'll be doing it for practice only."

My daughter turned her head to look at me. Through the bloodshot eyes and messy make-up, I saw hope in her hazel irises.

"Practice?" She said, the word coming out so soft I could barely hear it.

I nodded my head, smiled. "You know how all the big creators and influencers have bright, well-edited videos? All in HD and such? That's the level of quality you need to have in your videos if you want to make it as an influencer yourself."

Julie turned her gaze down, stared at the sofa.

"Until now, you've been recording on your phone, right?"

She nodded her head slowly, not looking up.

"Understandable," I said, a thought coming to me. If Julie were a whore offering sex, how much cash would I be willing to pay to fuck her? "You don't have a proper camera, or a powerful enough computer to edit videos cleanly. Plus, there's the cost of the actual software you'd need. And more still on sound recording equipment and props and graphics."

It gave that a moment to sink in. Let the fool girl fully realise how silly her dream was. How could she ever hope to get big without massive investments of time and money?

"I'll pay for all of that," I smiled. "Don't worry."

Julie's head snapped up at my words, eyes going wide and mouth dropping open. I saw disbelief in her eyes, doubt and hope waging a war behind beautiful irises.

Camera and sound recording equipment, a dedicated video-editing computer, software, all the other shit Julie would need. That'd cost what, two grand? Maybe a bit more?

I'd never hired a whore before – I'd never needed to - but I imagined the high-class ones would charge around that much a night. And, given I'd be using Julie for far longer than just the one day, two grand felt like an adequate investment to gain the girl's adoration and gratitude.

"We can go out tomorrow," I told her. "Shop for everything you'll need to make professional-tier videos. And, from there, it'll just be a matter of learning and practising and getting better until you're ready to start posing videos again."

Tears formed at the corners of Julie's eyes. A trembling smile twisted her full, cock-sucker lips.

"You-" She said, voice cracking. "Dad, you don't have to-"

"Nonsense," I grinned, waving my hand dismissively. "One day, when you're big and famous, you can pay me back. Until then, I'll help you every step of the way. Together, we'll make your dream come true. I promise."

Some people cry gracefully; a single, beautiful tear trailing down their face as they weep majestically. Other people ugly cry; sobbing uncontrollably, faces contorted, snot dripping from their nose as they wailed.

Julie was not a graceful crier.

She hugged me tightly, sobbed into my chest – soaking my shirt with tears and snot and wet make-up. Through her sobbing, she uttered muffled thanks and laughed happily

and mentioned how 'great' and 'amazing' I was. I rolled my eyes, wrapped my arms around her as was expected of me.

And, when the girl was done ruining my shirt and pulled away to rub her tears away, I smiled at her.

"We should make a list," I told her, "of everything we need to improve on. From recording quality to editing style to your mannerisms and speech in the videos. Then, one by one, we'll work on those things until you're ready to make it!"

Julie pursed her lips, eyes running up and down the written list.

There were a lot of things on it, a lot of areas where my daughter needed to 'improve'. But, despite the monumental task ahead of her, she stared at the list with determination. I sat besides her, tapped the notepad with my finger.

"Most of the stuff here is easy enough to fix," I told her. "I can buy equipment and software, and practice will help you get better in time. That's all fine."

This was it. Time to pull strings and bend truths.

"But," I continued slowly, "some of these things will be a lot more difficult to sort out. Confidence, speech and vocalisation, mentality and stress-prevention. That last one is perhaps the most important. So many influencers and content creators overwhelm themselves and become too stressed to function properly. We need to come up with solutions to these problems right away, ideally before you start making videos again."

Julie frowned at the paper in front of her, stared at the words like they were her mortal enemies.

She'd cleaned up after her sob-fest. Washed her face and changed out of her clothes, put on a cute fox onesie instead. The fluffy cloth hung tight to her body – she'd outgrown it, yet still wore the thing out of habit. Her chest was packed tightly into the onesie, the shape of her breasts defined in cloth. She wasn't wearing a bra, that much was obvious. Likely, she was totally naked under that onesie. One zipper-pull away from total exposure.

"I guess I could *try* to be more confident," Julie spoke softly, thoughtfully. "And if I'm feeling too stressed then I can always take a break..."

Take a break? I almost laughed there and then at my daughter's naivety. As if she could just 'take a break' from work, just like that. No consequences at all.

No. If she ever somehow made it as a professional vlogger or internet star, she'd have even less options to take breaks than she would if she worked a regular, ordinary job. The demand to put out an endless stream of content was excessive online, algorithms favouring those creators who posted regularly and non-stop. Taking a break in an online environment? It was almost a death-sentence.

"When I was your age," I said, rubbing my chin in what I hoped appeared as thoughtful expression. "Me and a friend of mine had a trick that we used to do. A way of reliably getting into the right mind-set before classes and exams, and a way to make sure we were never too stressed or worn out from studying."

Julie glanced over at me, curious.

Now that she wasn't ugly-crying, make-up and tears no longer marring her face, my daughter looked more than just pretty. Bright irises. Smooth, pale skin. Pink lips. Her eyes were still a little blood-shot, and still there was a little redness around her eyes. But, for the most part, Julie looked every bit a beautiful, alluring babe.

She was what every porn caster and director in the world hoped to find. An innocent-looking, pretty girl with a natural body made for fucking and abusing.

"It's a little unorthodox, I'll admit," I continued. "But it worked well enough for us. And it'll probably work for you, too."

Cast the hook, let the bait attract the prey, then reel it in.

"Yes?" Julie urged, giving me her full attention now.

"What-" I paused, feigned awkward hesitation. "What do you know about hypnosis?"

When performing an induction, it was important to keep the voice calm and clear. The subject – in this case my daughter – must never be allowed to challenge the trance. Loud noises, jarring movement, anything unexpected at all, and she'd snap right out of it - and I'd have to start the process over from the beginning.

"That's it," I said, keeping my tone soft and kind. "You're doing well, honey. Just listen to my voice and my voice only."

Encouragement helped, especially the first few times a person experienced hypnosis. Their minds, unaccustomed to the growing sensation of oblivion, were uncertain and questioning. Letting them know they were doing it right, that it was working, helped put their mind at ease – allowing for an easier induction.

"Nothing else matters. Nothing at all."

The trick was to stop them from thinking. Make their minds slowly shut off. Unwittingly, they'd give the reins over and submit themselves completely.

"I'm going to count down from ten to one," I told my daughter. Her mind wasn't quite there yet. Not fully in the trance. She needed one last mental tug to push her over the edge. "With every number I speak, you'll feel yourself sinking deeper and deeper. And, on the number one, I'm going to snap my fingers and you'll fall into a deep hypnotic trance."

Everyone 'knew' what hypnosis was. They'd seen it in films, on TV, in books. Consciously, they knew what was expected of them. And their subconscious acted accordingly.

"Ten," I said softly. "You feel light, like you're floating on nothing."

Julie's mind knew how it was supposed to act.

"Nine," I continued after a short, calm pause. "All your thoughts are drifting away, forgotten."

She 'knew' what hypnosis was.

"Eight. Sinking deeper into nothingness."

But she didn't *know* what it truly was.

"Seven. Deeper and deeper."

She only *believed* she knew.

"Six. Almost like falling asleep. So relaxing. So easy."

Likely, she thought a hypnotised person couldn't be made to do anything they didn't want to. That was a common misconception, I'd found.

"Five. Letting go, drifting away peacefully."

Most thought that hypnosis couldn't be used to change a person, that it was just a cheap parlour trick.

"Four. Just me and you. Nothing else matters. Nothing else exists."

How wrong they were.

"Three. Just us."

Hypnosis wasn't just powerful. It *was* power.

"Two. Deeper and deeper, letting it all go."

It was *my* power.

"And *one*."

I snapped my fingers, the sound sharp and clear.

A breath escaped my daughter's lips. She slumped in the chair I'd told her to sit on. Body limp, eyes closed. Her breathing was slow, relaxed. To an outsider looking in, it'd seem like Julie was sleeping soundly.

This was the moment of truth.

"Julie," I spoke clearly, confidently. "Can you hear me?"

Her lips moved slowly, lethargic.

"Yes," my daughter mumbled in reply – voice devoid of emotion.

I grinned down at her.

Induction successful.

I allowed myself a few moments to bask in the small but meaningful victory. That Julie was susceptible to hypnosis, and trusted me enough to allow it, meant everything I wanted was now possible. Bedding her had gone from being an 'if' to a 'when'.

Now then, I mused, grin still plastered to my face. Time to begin.