

Influencer

Chapter 20

It was in the early hours of the morning that the call came. I'd been in bed, sleeping – my arms wrapped around my daughter's body and my cock squeezed between her thighs. My first thought was that it was an alarm clock; but it was too early for that. Too early by far.

I groaned myself awake, Julie shifting besides me.

Who in their right mind called *this* early? Texts and messaging existed for a reason, and that reason was to prevent bullshit like this!

I grabbed my phone off the night-stand, was too bleary-eyed to read the caller's name, fought off the temptation to reject the call. Holding the phone to my ear, I answered, waited for the clown on the other end to speak.

"Good," a woman's voice said, sounding as annoyed as I felt. "You're awake. What time is it over there anyway?"

It took me a moment to place the voice. To realise who'd called me.

"No, never-mind," Julie's mother continued before I could speak. "It doesn't matter. I'm just calling to let you know that Jerry and I will be home soon. Our vacation ends next week."

Too tired. I was too tired to really register what the bitch was saying. But I knew it was big. Important.

"Laura," I managed to groan out, "what-"

"That's all," Julie's mother said, ignoring me completely. "Just wanted to let you know. I'll text you later with the time and date we'll come by to get Julie. See you soon."

"Wait, I-"

The call ended.

I remained frozen in place for a few seconds, mouth hanging open. Then, slowly, I pulled the phone away from my ear, set it back down on the night-stand. My thoughts felt slow, sluggish. Still half-asleep.

Julie's mother was coming home? She wanted to take Julie back?

It... made sense.

She and her husband – Jerry – had been gone so long, I'd completely forgotten about them. They'd been on a stupidly long holiday this entire time, off touring the world or something. Of course they'd come back eventually – their funds couldn't last forever, after all. But...

But what?

It was what it was.

Finally, my thoughts were picking up pace. The dullness of sleep fading away.

Laura's holiday was over. She was coming back. And she was planning on taking Julie back with her. Three simple facts for me to roll around in my head, to mull over.

It made sense, in a way, for Laura to want Julie back.

As far as the girl's mother was concerned, I had no interest in being a father. She probably thought I saw Julie as nothing but a burden. And, had my daughter not turned in to such a hottie, she'd have certainly been correct in that assumption.

But Julie *was* a hottie.

More than that, she was *my* hottie.

No way was I going to be handing her back to her mother next week. Not with all the work I'd done to make the girl perfect. Not a chance in hell.

Julie pressed her tits together, sandwiched my cock between them.

A wide smile spread her lips and she rode my dick with her chest, wanking me off with her boobs. Her eyes were locked with mine, filled with warmth and love and an overwhelming desire to please.

I pointed the camera at her, hit record.

"Hey guys," Julie breathed, smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "Me and Daddy were bored, so I figured I'd make a nice video for you all to watch. Hope you like it!"

The softness of her breasts around my cock, lubricated by the girl's saliva, was unreal. Like my cock was pressed between two warm, wet marshmallows. I shut my eyes, enjoyed the sensation. Basked in it.

"Not gonna lie," Julie said to the camera, voice sultry, "it feels kinda strange. Titty-fucking, I mean. It's like..."

She struggled for a moment, searching for the right words.

"It's like being a maid."

I opened my eyes, gave Julie a raised eyebrow.

Like being a maid, huh?

"I mean," Julie blushed, arms wrapped around her chest as she slowly lifted and lowered her upper body. "Like, *service*. When I suck cock, it feels good. Like, it's naughty and dirty and kinky. And when I'm being fucked, it *obviously* feels amazing. But there's no real, sexy sensations when I'm giving a titty-fuck."

She looked down at the cock-head squeezed between her melons, bit her lip. Pink spread through her cheeks.

"It's a *little* kinky, I guess," Julie went on. "But, like, that's not why I do it. I'm not giving Daddy a titty-fuck because I enjoy it, I'm giving it because *he* wants it. And I want to make *him* happy. I want to *service* him, like a maid."

Holding back the urge to laugh, I paused the recording – held up a hand to stop Julie. She froze, eyes widening. Her grip in her tits went slack, and so too did the soft pressure surrounding my cock.

"Like a maid?" I asked with a smirk.

Julie's face went beet red. She didn't speak.

"Your maid costume," I said, eyeing the girl. "Up in the livestream room, in the closet. Go get the tiara from it. Might as well ham up the 'maid' aspect a little, for your fans."

Julie nodded her head, pulled away from me. My cock bounced out from between her tits. She rose, quickly walked off to go get the maid tiara, butt and breasts jiggling as she went.

I shut my eyes again, leaned back on my sofa seat, waited.

Julie didn't know her mother would be back next week. I hadn't told her yet. How would she react when I did?

Would she want to live with her mother again?

Was she happier here, with me?

I'd have to hypnotise her when we were done recording this video, prepare her mind and help guide her towards making the *right* decision.

When I heard her footsteps approaching, I opened my eyes.

Skipping towards me, naked save for a black and white tiara atop her head. Beautiful in a way that most girl could only ever dream of being. Sexy in a way that turned heads and fuelled fantasies. And she was all mine.

"Is this better, Daddy?" She asked, a playful smile on her lips.

"It's great, princess," I grinned. "Come on, lets continue where we left off."

It didn't take long before Julie was on her knees again, fucking my cock with her massive jugs as she spoke to the camera.

"I like being a maid," she said, eyes bright. "I like helping people, making them happy. I think I'd make a good maid. What do you guys think? Would you like me to be your personal maid?"

She giggled, tilted her head down and kissed the tip of my cock, massaging her tits as she bounced them on my dick. Pink flushed through her cheeks; not embarrassment or

shyness, but arousal. She bit her lip, looked down at the cockhead poking out between her cleavage.

"I like making men happy," she cooed. "It makes me happy when you cum for me."

Her eyes drifted up, met mine.

"It want it," she said, gazing deep into my eyes. "I want your cum."

Something about that sweet face asking for it, the softness of her voice as she did, pushed me over the edge. My babygirl wanted something; what kind of father would I be if I didn't give it to her?

I groaned as the climax hit me.

Ropes of white shot out of my cock, long strands of cum spouting into the air and onto my daughter's pretty face.

She gasped, opened her mouth wide.

Some of it landed on her tongue, more of it on her cheeks and nose and chin and neck. Most of it, though, dropped down like a sticky rain – painted the girl's tits and cleavage white.

I shuddered as burst after burst of cum exploded from me. Julie trembled, moaned.

She licked her lips, tasted the cum there.

"Yummy," she breathed.

Every muscle in my body seemed to relax. I slumped on my seat, watched with mild amusement as my cock shrank out of view – disappeared between Julie's breasts.

And, as I watched, Julie raised her tits – eyes on the pool of cum cradled between them. She tilted her head down, extended her tongue, began licking that little puddle of white. A hungry, wanton slut. Just the kind I loved to see.

"Imagine," she purred as she cleaned her tits with her tongue, "how much cum there'd be if all of you came on me at once."

I rolled my eyes.

With how many fans Julie had, she wouldn't so much be drinking their cum if they all ejaculated on her - she'd be drowning in it. But, knowing Julie, she'd be a-okay with that, just as long as her precious fans were happy.

She truly was my greatest creation.

"Your mother's holiday ends next week," I said, watching my daughter's face closely. "She's going to be coming home, and she'll expect you to join her. To return to living with her."

No reaction, save for slightly narrowed eyebrows.

Her subconscious mind accepting and processing the information.

"She'll want you to move back in with her," I told Julie. "Which means you'll no longer be able to live with me."

That much was true.

"If you don't live with me, you won't be able to continue being a successful streamer."

Not true in the slightest. But the key word in that sentence was 'successful'. That was the part that mattered. Julie wasn't stupid; she'd know that she could stream anywhere, from any house – be it mine or her mother's. What was important was how 'successful' she could be *while* streaming.

As long as she tied the image of me in with her success as a camwhore, the threat of losing me would equate to losing her success; her fans. Something Julie would never allow.

"I've helped you get where you are today. I've guided you and shown you how to succeed. Without me, you'd still have no followers and no fame."

True. Very true, in fact.

I *had* led Julie to where she was today.

Even if it wasn't exactly where she'd imagined herself being all those months ago.

"Your mother was never interested in your career choice, she never tried to help you succeed."

More truth. Though I couldn't help but wonder how Laura would react to both her daughter's new job, and the sizeable income that came along with it. Eventually, I was certain, I'd find that out. The day Julie's mother inevitably learned what our daughter was doing, I imagined I'd be the first to hear about it.

"If you want to continue being successful, if you want to keep making your fans happy, it makes sense for you to stay with me. Doesn't it, Julie?"

It took the girl a few moments to reply, her hypnotised brain slow and sluggish as it was.

"Yes," my daughter answered simply.

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

"Yes," she answered instantly.

"If you want to make you fans happy, it'd be better for you to live with me than to live with your mother, yes?"

"Yes."

"Your mother would never understand, never support you. But me? I've done nothing but support you and your choices. If not for me, you wouldn't be where you are today."

"I can hand you over to her now, if you want," I said into my phone, leaning back on the sofa with a smile on my face. "She's a little preoccupied with something, but I'm sure she—"

"If she'd rather stay with you," Laura huffed. "Then she can. Julie's an adult. She can make her own decisions."

Some women were walking contradictions.

Julie's mother had just spent half a year on holiday after dumping her daughter on my doorstep without a care in the world. She hadn't called *once* in all that time to check up on Julie. Yet here she was, annoyed at Julie choosing me over her. Suddenly possessive of a girl she'd all but abandoned, annoyed at me because of who the girl had chosen.

"Well," I said, closing my eyes and enjoying the sensation. "That's sorted then. I'll let Julie—"

"Weekends," Laura said. "At least one weekend a month. Unlike you, I'd like to see my daughter more than once a year. She'll stay with me and Jerry on the first weekend of every month."

"She's not a child, Laura." I groaned. "Far from it. She's too old for that kind of arrangement. She's an adult and—"

"The first weekend of every month," Laura stated firmly. "Or I'll come over there and drag her home permanently. God knows she'd be better off with us than with a womanising, manslut of a father."

Womanising? Manslut? Rude.

"Fine," I said, patting Julie's head.

No need to push things. Knowing Laura, she'd probably forget all about this weekend visitation thing, just like she'd forgotten about Julie's very existence over the last few months. What mattered was that she'd accepted Julie would be living with me from now on. *That* was the important thing.

"First weekend is next week," Laura added.

Of course it was.

"Sure, sure," I sighed. "I'll let Julie know."

"See that you do."

I'd have said more then, but the bitch hung up on me.

Annoyed, I grabbed a fistful of Julie's hair, looked down at her face between my legs

– my cock in her mouth. I began thrusting against her lips, driving my cock into her throat.

"You'll be visiting your mother next weekend," I told her as she gagged and choked on cock. "Just for the weekend, then you'll be back here with me. Think of it as a well-earned break from streaming."

"Mm'hm," Julie managed to moan around my shaft.

"Until then," I told her, "I expect you to give it a hundred and ten percent. Let the fans know what they have to look forward to after you come back from your weekend break."

Julie nodded her head, chin brushing against my balls.

"And Julie?"

She looked up at me, wide eyes watering.

"You're doing great, princess."

"Audrey wants to know," Julie said, wiggling her hips, "if you're gonna sell me or not."

I looked up at her face, eyes dragged away from my cock pressing against her cunt.

"She told you about that?"

Julie grinned, nodded her head. "I thought she was joking. But then I got thinking..."

"No," I said, reaching for Julie's hip. "I'm not going to sell you to Audrey. Or anyone else for that matter."

Julie's giggle was cut off when I pulled her down onto my cock. Her mouth opened in a loud, high-pitched moan.

"Boo," Julie breathed.

She raised herself up, sank back down – taking even more of my cock inside herself. She panted softly, planted her hands on my chest, lifted herself up again, lowered down even further.

"Do you want to be a slave like that?" I grunted as she rode me slowly. "Bought and sold. Like an object."

"I don't know," Julie smiled, moaned. "It sounds... kinky."

"If you want to be an object," I told her, thrusting upwards. "You can be my fleshlight."

Julie smiled, leaned down, kissed my neck and whispered into my ear.

"I already am."

She slammed her hips down, took the entire length of my cock. A loud, breathy moan escaped her lips.

Soon, the sound of skin slapping skin filled the room. A lusty heat that'd become so common in my home filled the air. The moans of a sexy, pretty girl. My muffled grunts as I wrapped my lips around a hard nipple.

"Daddy..." Julie gasped.

"Fuck me daddy..."

"Use you fleshlight..."

"Make me yours..."

I clutched onto Julie's body, pounded into her from below hard enough that she stopped talking, was only able to moan and cry and gasp. Her body writhed atop me, tits dangling and pressing to my chest. Her lips pressed to mine, our tongues dancing as my cock ravished her hole.

"Da-" Julie gasped, "-ddy."

"Cum for me, princess," I told her, "cum all over my cock."

Gasping, screaming out in pleasure, she did exactly that.

"Enjoy your weekend," I told my daughter as she hugged me.

"I'm gonna miss you," she whispered into my ear.

"It's only gonna be for three days," I laughed. "You'll be fine. Relax, sleep in, don't

worry about streams or evening runs or anything like that. Think of it as a holiday."

"I'm still gonna miss you," she pouted softly.

"Well..." I smiled, my bulge pressing against her as our lingering hug continued. "How about this? Every time you find yourself thinking about me, start planning how you're gonna thank me for being such a great Dad when you get back."

"Uh-huh," Julie giggled. "Sure thing, Daddy."

I gave her ass a little squeeze.

If not for her mother waiting in a car just outside the gated community I lived in, I'd have begun stripping Julie there and then. Have a nice quickie before her mother arrived. But, alas, her mother *had* arrived – was no doubt waiting impatiently for her daughter to emerge.

As I gripped Julie's ass, her hand found itself on my crotch.

"We could-"

"No time, princess," I grinned. "Your mother's waiting."

"I don't wanna go," Julie huffed.

"And I don't want you to go. But this way there'll be a lot less headaches for me to deal with. Your mother is-"

"A bitch?" Julie supplied.

"I was going to go with 'unreasonable', actually. But yes, she's that too."

"Do you think my fans will miss me?" Julie asked.

The question took me by surprise. It shouldn't have, not with how well I knew Julie and how her mind worked. But it did all the same. Of course Julie was worried what her fans would think.

"I'm sure they will," I said, finally taking a step away from my daughter. "Spend the weekend thinking up new ways to please and satisfy them, new costumes and video ideas and the like."

Julie nodded her head.

"Now go," I told her. "Your bitch mother has been waiting long enough."

Julie grinned, nodded her head again, turned and opened the house's front door. As she was stepping outside, closing the door behind herself, I found myself speaking again.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," I told my daughter.

She turned, looked at me, smiled. And then the door closed.

I stood there staring at it.

Three days without Julie. That'd be an interesting experience. What in the world was I going to do with my free time now?

A smile crept onto my lips.

Plan.

Save for that one weekend a month, Julie would be living with me permanently. My Julie living under my roof, sleeping in my bed. The fun I could have with her, on stream and off... Well, let's just say there was plenty for me to fantasise and think about. Lots of naughty ideas I could make a reality, with a little bit of planning.

My fun with Julie had only just begun.