

Influencer

Chapter 3

Doing 'research' during work hours was probably a bad idea. I had a job that needed doing, and instead of doing it I was staring at big tits in slutty tops. A pleasant way to spend the day, for sure. But it wasn't without purpose. I was gathering data; finding material to use against Julie.

Hypnosis had been successful in so much that it worked. I hadn't attempted to reprogram my daughter's mind at all during that first session, nor any of the handful of times that'd followed it. I wanted to get Julie into a routine, have her submit herself to hypnosis without ever questioning it. Every morning after breakfast – early enough that the effects of hypnosis would effect her most of the day, but not so early that her mind would still slow and sluggish from sleep.

It'd been almost a week since the first session.

And now, finally, it was time to notch things up a level.

Julie trusted me, fully believed that I was trying to help her succeed with her foolish dream. Truly, it was amazing how easily trust and loyalty could be bought with simple gifts. Her new computer, the camera and recording equipment, the software. A small price to pay to earn my daughter's gratitude and adoration.

All I needed to do was keep her faith in me strong, fuel that thankfulness and trick her into trusting me more and more.

The more a person trusted you, the easier it was to manipulate them.

What I was attempting with Julie was unlike anything I'd ever done before. A long-term, slow and methodical process. Usually when I hypnotised a woman, it was a one-night thing. A trick to nudge at their their willingness to fuck, tip the scales in my favour. Either that, or I'd use it as a tool to make sex more interesting and intense. But I'd *never* done anything so long-term or all-encompassing before.

In order for me to fuck Julie, make her my sexy little plaything, I'd need to change fundamental parts of her personality. Alter her nature, the core of who she was.

Such a thing couldn't be done over night.

It couldn't be done in a single session. Or even a dozen.

What I was planning would take weeks, maybe even months. It'd require focus and precision and flawless execution on my part.

It'd be a challenge.

Which made the conquest all that more interesting. My daughter, my 'baby girl'. So innocent and naive and foolish, a tasty treat well worth my time and effort. Warping this girl, this too-trusting, mammoth-breasted beauty, was going to be fun. Imagining what the end result would be...

Well, lets just say my future was looking very interesting indeed.

But, for these first few weeks, I had to be cautious. Careful.

My daughter could not be allowed to suspect what I was really up to. No matter what. Being too blatant with hypnotic suggestion would cause her mind and her subconscious to reject me. Being too sexual off the bat would destroy the girl's trust in me. These first weeks would be the most challenging of all. They were the ones in which I'd have to nudge Julie's mind so gently that she'd never be able to notice my intrusions, while - at the same time - making significant changes to how the girl acted and behaved.

Challenging. But well within my capabilities.

I did, after all, have a plan.

I handed my daughter a list of names, each with several video titles attached to them. She looked up at me with wide eyes, pretty face lit only by the glow of the computer monitor in front of her.

"Research," I told her with a fatherly smile. "Some of those names are probably familiar to you. Others, maybe not so much. They're all successful vloggers around your age. Watch the videos I've labelled and take notes – everything from lighting to camera positioning to the usage of certain colours and aesthetics. If you want to succeed, you've got to be willing to learn from those who have come before you. These girls have all found success in what they do; learn as much as you possibly can from them."

Julie looked down at the list, eyes scanning over the names and video titles with determination. While not overly confident and utterly lacking in talent, Julie certainly had *drive*. A trait I'd be putting to good use in the months to come.

"Are you done editing today's video?" I asked, turning my attention to the computer screen. Video-editing software was running, displaying a frozen-frame image of my lovely daughter.

It was a nice image, if not spectacular. Probably the frame she'd use as a thumbnail. In it, she was smiling at the camera – her face taking up much of the screen. She was wearing a green turtle-neck sweater, hiding any skin beneath her chin. Some faint make-up to bring out her naturally beautiful features. Decent lighting in the video, too. A fast learner, it seemed. A shame that the turtle-neck and the camera angle hid Julie's most valuable assets from view.

Julie nodded her head, not looking up from the list I'd handed her.

"Just about," she said softly. "Five minutes. Ten at most."

"I'll go get started on supper, then." My eyes flicked from the turtle-neck on the screen to the exact same one Julie was currently wearing. *That* would have to go. "Drop the finished video in the folder I told you about and I'll watch it over before bed."

Julie nodded her head, finally tearing her eyes away from the list of names. She smiled at me. "Thanks Dad."

"No problem," I grinned right back. "Dining room, ten minutes. Would you like me to brew up some hot chocolate for you while I'm making food?"

I barely paid attention to the video as I watched it. Lounging in bed with a laptop, all I could think of was how pretty my daughter truly was. Beautiful hazel eyes that somehow shone with eagerness while also being filled with nervous awkwardness. Full lips that curled into pretty smiles, and which would look absolutely stunning wrapped around my cock. Flawless skin with the faintest blush.

Truly, Julie was a prize. One in a million.

I made a habit of only fucking beautiful women, and Julie's mother had been no exception. It made sense that my daughter would inherit some of her mother's looks. Yet, somehow, she'd managed to surpass that cunt by leagues and miles. My own genes, it seemed, were an impressive ingredient in creating sexy women.

Though, for how amazingly attractive the Julie on my screen was, I knew she could be so much more.

A turtle-neck? Really? Why on Earth would she wear *that* when her body and figure were so perfect? Why was she not flaunting her amazing tits at every opportunity? Wearing a turtle-neck was a disgrace, an insult to her natural sexiness. It was the equivalent of putting a mask over a pretty face; a cardinal, unforgivable sin. That turtle-neck, and all Julie's other modest clothings, had to go. The sooner, the better.

Thankfully, the seeds for *that* had already been planted.

Even now, in the room next to mine, Julie would be watching the videos and vloggers I'd recommended to her. The list I'd so painstakingly created.

Every person on the list was female. Girls around the same age as Julie. Each of them ranging from moderately to massively successful influencers, all making a living from posting videos online. And all of them, I'd made sure, were busty. Big-titted bitches that knew *exactly* how to use their bodies to get attention. Low-cut tops, high camera angles

that pointed down at them and their cleavage, plenty of skin on display at all times. A few of them were even 'active'. Energetic little sluts that liked to bounce around in their videos, give their audience a proper show.

It wasn't porn. Not even close. But it was the type of eye-candy that teenage boys and grown men alike flocked to.

Some of the girls talked about make-up and feminine shit, others chatted about movies or video games, some gave their input on news and current events, others still vlogged about whatever random bullshit popped into their head that day. What they spoke about didn't matter. All that mattered was the aesthetic they displayed.

If Julie wanted to succeed as an influencer, she knew, she'd have to emulate those who'd already found success.

All I had to do was guide her mind in the right direction, make sure she made the mental connections that I wanted her to. Not a difficult thing to do at all, when I had hypnosis to aid me.

"Did you watch the videos on the list I gave you?" I asked Julie, my attention focused solely on her serene face.

Slowly, lethargically, she nodded her head. "Yes," she breathed.

Here was the part where I'd have to be careful with what I said. The hypnotised mind couldn't work around complicated thoughts or ideas. If I asked 'what did you think?', coming up with an answer might stimulate Julie's brain too much – weakening or outright breaking the trance. I had to be a lot more specific than that, not ask broad, open questions.

"When you watched them," I began, keeping my voice even and clear, "did you notice how warm the videos were?"

Julie frowned slightly, slowly shook her head.

"No."

Probably because the videos I'd given her weren't especially bright or anything. They were normal videos, no more illuminated than the new videos Julie herself was creating. Still, I wanted that word to stick in Julie's mind. Warm.

"The most successful influencers all live in nice, hot places. Sunny places with lots of heat." Statements of fact that weren't actually true, but would still be absorbed by Julie's subconscious mind. "Think about the most successful vlogger or content creator you can. Remember videos and pictures of their home, the wonderful place they live. Hot and sunny, right?"

Julie's eyelids fluttered for a moment, her brain doing as I'd instructed it – quickly imagining the homes of her favourite creators, creating a mental list and checking tick-boxes.

"Yes," Julie breathed softly after a few seconds had passed.

Made sense. Most people, when insanely wealthy and globally famous, moved to tropical or exotic or famous cities. Warm places with lovely weather and lots of sunshine.

"When this trance ends, I want you to think about that," I told Julie. "Think about how successful vloggers and content creators come from warm climates and environments, places with bright sunlight and hot weather. I want you to consider why people from those places are so successful as influencers."

When the trance ends. Not during it. Trying to get Julie to think about so much while hypnotised would not go well.

"Summer is happy," I told my daughter. "Winter is quiet and sleepy. Humans associate climates and temperature with the four seasons, and associate seasons with different emotions. Everyone likes summer. Everyone enjoys the warmth and the sun and the sense of freedom. People enjoy summer."

True enough, that. What kind of ingrate didn't prefer summer over the other boring

seasons?

"And," I said with a smile. "People enjoy being *reminded* of summer. Reminded of warmth and joy and sunshine."

And there was the hook. The snare.

"When this trance ends, think about that. Think about how *warm* some videos and pictures are. Go back and watch those videos I gave you again. Look at the biggest influencers around, at how *warm* their pictures and videos are. People like being reminded of summer, of happiness and joy and warmth. Look at what other content creators do differently from you to *show* warmth in their videos."

I didn't want to say it outright. 'Look at their hot-weather clothes and copy them'. It would be too obvious, too blatant. My daughter's mind might pick up on it if I tried.

Hopefully, she took the hint. Hopefully, her subconscious and her thoughts led her in the right direction.

I kept on talking, soothing voice leading my daughter along – calming her worries and making her feel safe and at home. I repeated, reiterated. I guided Julie's mind along as only a master hypnotist could, nudging and massaging it to my own ends.

When the trance ended, she'd think about what I'd told her to.

She'd go back, watch videos, look for things that indicated warmth and summer. And, with any luck, she'd notice the clothes all those girls in all those videos had been wearing. V-neck t-shirts and blouses with buttons undone and tank-tops and tops with low necklines. Ordinary, decent clothes – some showing only a tiny speck of cleavage.

And, in her eagerness to succeed, Julie would copy them. All the while thinking it was her idea.

No more turtle-necks, no more jumpers or baggy tops.

It'd be a nice place to start.

When I got home from work later that day, Julie was waiting for me.

She came to me, dressed in another ugly turtle-neck, with nervous apprehension writ all over her features. Her expression, her posture. Without saying a word or making a sound, she screamed awkwardness and discomfort. In her eyes, though, I saw something more. Hope and doubt warring behind beautiful, hazel irises.

I knew what she'd ask before she opened her mouth. It was a talent I had – reading people. The simpler the mind, the easier they were to predict.

"Umm..." Julie blushed, couldn't quite meet my eyes as she mustered up the courage to ask her question. "Dad? Can you... Can I borrow some money please?"

I didn't answer.

Money was no problem. I knew roughly how much she'd want, and it was well within the 'unwitting prostitution budget' I'd set aside for Julie's conquest. I had no qualms with giving Julie all the money she need to buy herself a new wardrobe. But still, I waited, let my daughter worry and doubt.

"I'll pay it back!" She said quickly, eyes wide. A tiny hint of panic flashed in her irises. Fear that she'd crossed some invisible line. She didn't know me, was worried I'd be offended or annoyed at her request. "I promise. As soon as I start making money, I'll-"

"Sure," I smiled, cutting her off. "How much do you need?"

She blinked at me. Slowly, a smile began to curl her lips. Her eyes started to water a little in gratitude. When she gave me a number, I reached into a pocket and pulled out more than double what she was asking for – enough cash for her to buy a whole new wardrobe full of clothes.

"When you start making money," I told her before she could speak – argue that I was giving her too much, "you spend it however you want, Julie. I'm your father. It's my job to help you out as much as I possibly can, to give you the best possible chance to succeed in life."

Julie's face warped. Beauty scrunched and deformed into wretched ugliness as she began to bawl her eyes out. An ugly crier. Such a shame, that. Hopefully she wouldn't make hideous facial expressions like that when it finally came time for me to fuck her.

"Thank you," Julie sobbed, launching herself forward to hug me.

Great. Yet another shirt ruined with tears and snot.

"Nothing to thank me for," I told her, making sure to keep annoyance from entering my voice. "It's what I'm here for."

Julie was an odd child. Or well, not a child any more.

So easy to tears, so grateful for aid and support. My 'believing' in her seemed to new to the girl. Like she'd never experienced the kind of 'love' I was offering her before.

Had she and her mother not been close?

I'd always assumed daughters and their mothers had a special bond. Two vaginas living under the same roof, sharing a kind of gender-based camaraderie. Having never grown up with a father, I'd not experienced the supposed bond that existed between a father and son. Perhaps the whole concept was simply a myth.

Given some thought, it made sense that Julie and her mother wouldn't be close. How much must the mother resent her daughter's very existence? An unwanted pregnancy; dreams forever ruined, a lifetime altered. She'd been forced to look after, raise and feed and house some brat for almost two decades. Plenty of room there for deep-seated resentment. And, come to think of it, the cunt had certainly seemed eager to dump her daughter on me and run off with her husband.

If there really was a rift between mother and daughter, all the better for me. I could certainly use it in trances to drive Julie away from others and into my arms alone.

I set the thought aside, opened up my laptop.

My best ideas often came to me at night. But this night, I had other things to do than think silently to myself. Better things.

I opened the shared folder, saw the new file that'd been added just a few minutes ago. A video file.

The thumbnail alone was enough to make me smirk.

I clicked on it, began watching.

The camera angle was different from any video Julie had recorded before. Set much higher, pointed downwards at her face and chest. And boy, what a chest it was.

A tank top. Wonderfully tight on Julie's body – squeezing her colossal tits tightly together, presenting mouth-watering cleavage to the camera. My Julie had the kind of tits that made a man's cock twitch with arousal, the kind of cleavage that you just wanted to shove your face between and motorboat the shit out of. They were melons, magnificent orbs of pure, bouncy joy.

No more turtle-necks or unsexy jumpers. Those were 'winter' clothes. Cold and off-putting, or so my daughter now believed. If she wanted to grow, to make it, she'd have to make people feel warm and happy. She'd have to wear clothes that reminded people of summer.

From now on, every video she'd record would be 'warm'.

And, once she was comfortable with 'warm', I'd shift it up a gear and make the videos 'hot'.

How long would it take, I wondered, before Julie was showing herself fully nude in these videos? How long before I had her bouncing on my cock for a live audience of thousands? How long before Julie fulfilled her dream of becoming a world-famous internet star?

Not long.

With how much faith she was placing in me? With all my talent for hypnosis and her natural naivety and low intelligence?

Not long at all.