

Influencer

Chapter 4

Julie had a face and body that were made to be displayed and shown off. If she'd been born a generation earlier, the girl probably would've dreamed of the big screen – wanting to be a movie star and famous celebrity. Back then, the internet had been a fledgling thing at best, and there had certainly been no online stars or 'influencers'. If she'd been born into the same generation as me, she'd have gone far indeed.

Not as a movie star. Beautiful as the girl was, her sexy body would've been a disadvantage for her in *that* particular industry. Just as models and the like were expected to be skinny and stick-like, potential movie stars with overly sexual figures were shunned in favour of more moderate and 'family friendly' forms.

Back in the day, Julie wouldn't have made it as a movie star – not without sucking producer and director dick beyond imagining. No, she'd have made it big in another, similar industry.

Porn. Prostitution with an audience.

That's where girls like Julie had ended up back in the day, the ones who'd failed in their dreams of being movie stars and had been forced to become porn stars instead. It was no coincidence that cities famous for their movie production were also the home of large-scale porn manufacturing.

If she'd been born back in my day, and she'd had the balls to do it, Julie would've run off the moment she turned eighteen – gone to chase her dream. And two or so years later, her face and body would've lined the 'adult' sections of so many stores.

But, in this magical new world of the internet, my daughter had avoided that path altogether.

When it came to online fame, there were no middle-men to take advantage of young, naïve, idealistic girls like Julie. No casting directors to turn her away from her dream, handing her little business cards offering 'modelling' jobs. With the internet, boys and girls could find fame and fortune for themselves, not needing to rely on sleazy men and their 'favours for favours' arrangements.

In that, Julie was lucky.

Or, at least, she had been. Right up until she'd rang my doorbell, stood there in my doorway looking like sex on legs and waiting for me to see her and invite her inside.

It was at that precise moment, when the door had opened and I'd witnessed for the first time just how good-looking and fuckable my daughter had become, that Julie's luck had run out. Dried up and vanished without a trace.

Back in my day, Julie would've ended up as a pornstar.

Unluckily for her, some careers transcended technological leaps.

I stared at my computer screen, scrolling through thumbnails of girls in varying states of nudity. Clicking on any one of those images would've taken me to a livestream of that very girl. A page where I could watch them as they performed for money, whored themselves out to the anonymous masses.

From what I'd seen, it was a very lucrative career indeed.

Some of these girls, it seemed, could make more over the course of a few hours than ordinary people working minimum-wage jobs made in an entire month.

I didn't bother clicking on many links, didn't watch more than a few minutes of each livestream at a time. I wasn't exactly here to enjoy myself – I'd personally never found much appeal in watching women get themselves off. Instead of getting comfortable and 'enjoying the shows', I gazed at my screen thoughtfully.

How could I take the Julie I had now, shy and awkward and dreaming big, silly dreams, and turn her into *this*?

A camwhore.

That was, in a way, my end goal.

Not my *true* end goal. That, of course, was turning Julie into my plaything – my living fleshlight. My personal fuckdoll.

But turning her into a camwhore was *how* I'd convince her mind to accept me as a lover, then as an owner and master. Make it so that all she cared about was her online 'fame', then hypnotise her into believing that she needed to have sex during livestreams to please her 'followers' and gain new ones – all the while removing her concerns and compunctions with incest.

I had something of a map planned out already. A rough plan on how I'd conquer Julie's mind, then her body.

There was just one gap that needed bridging.

Nothing my daughter did in her practice vlogs was in any way sexual. Save for the way she was dressing now, which she saw as 'warm' and not 'sexy', there wasn't a single thing about her videos that implied sex or kinkiness or anything of the sort. They, and she as a person, were too innocent.

How was I supposed to take a girl whose personality and behaviour were so innocent and pure, and turn her into the sex-crazed whore I'd envisioned? How could I sexualise Julie's content, and her as a person, without her realising it?

"How's it going, honey?" I asked with a smile, stepping into my daughter's bedroom. "Good day so far?"

She turned her head away from the computer screen, smiled the sweetest, happiest smile I'd ever seen her make, and nodded her head slowly. There were slight bags under her eyes, and a distinct lack of make-up, but – other than those two minor flaws – Julie looked as stunning and radiant as always.

"Very good," she said, voice simultaneously happy and exhausted. "I watched some tutorials and I think I can do transitions a lot better now. I still need to work on timing and smoothing out jump-cuts, but it looks much better than it used to!"

"I'm glad to hear it," I told her, walked over to the computer I'd bought for her and glanced at the screen. The video editing software was running. "You're learning quickly."

Julie nodded her head. Her smile faltered for a moment, a flash of hesitation crossing her features.

"Dad?" She said, looking up at me with cute puppy-dog eyes. "When can I start uploading videos again? I've been doing what you told me to and learning how to-"

"Not yet, honey. Soon, I promise."

Her face dropped.

"You still have a lot left to learn," I told her, trying my best to sound wise and caring. "And, when you start uploading again, you'll be too busy to focus on improving yourself and your content. I know it's hard for you right now, but it'll work out in the end. You'll see. So, for now, keep on practising and learning and try to enjoy the fact that you don't have to please anyone."

She nodded her head, though her face remained downcast.

Julie was a girl who wore her heart on her sleeve. She did nothing to hide her emotions, didn't feign happiness when she was sad, never attempted to fake emotions for her own gain. In that, she was the polar opposite of me.

"Come on," I smiled at her, patting her shoulder gently. "Put some shoes on and meet me downstairs in ten minutes. We're going for a walk."

Julie blinked up at me in surprise.

"A walk?" She repeated, sounding less than eager. "I can't, I've got to finish-"

"Editing today's video can wait," I told her. "We're going for a walk and that's not up for debate. As much progress as you're making, it's not good for you to be trapped in your

room all day. If you want to make it as an influencer, you'll have to learn to balance your work time with self-care time. Otherwise you'll burn yourself out. Ten minutes."

I turned, didn't give Julie a chance to argue or complain.

It'd be good to start training her subconscious that my way was the only way. That when I told Julie to do something, I expected her to do it without question.

A few minutes later, I was holding my house's front door open as Julie stepped out into the evening air. Cool and relaxing, with a pinkish orange sky above. Along the horizon, the sun was beginning to set.

Julie followed alongside me as I walked down the street of the gated community.

"Very few people ever manage to reach a point in their life where their work-life and home-life are in a perfect, healthy balance." I didn't look at Julie as I spoke. "For a majority of people, their job isn't a source of joy or happiness or anything like that. It's a means to and end, the chore they do to keep a roof over their head and food on their table."

My daughter was cute in her innocence and naivety. People like her, I'd found, were also usually kinder and more compassionate than most. It wasn't an absolute, more like an assumption. But I considered it a safe assumption to make.

"Others, workaholics, have so much of a drive to succeed in their careers that they neglect their personal lives. It's a rare thing to find anyone who has a truly healthy balance between work and home, where they're able to enjoy their job and yet are also able to live a happy life outside of it."

I didn't know Julie. Not as much as a father should. And not as much as I needed to if I was going to continue manipulating and controlling her. A few weeks ago, I'd been more than happy with the distance and lack of familiarity. How things change when a beautiful girl comes knocking on your door.

"Influencers work hard. They have to, in order to stay relevant. And most, at first, enjoy the job. They love making videos, they enjoy that exhausted feeling you get after a long day of hard work. The same feeling you had earlier, I'm willing to bet. Tired and worn out, yet happy and excited after having done your job and done it well. It's a good feeling to have. But it won't last forever."

I could feel her looking at me, and knew I'd hit the nail on the head. The lack of make-up, the tired eyes, the easy smiles. It all added up.

"At first, you might be able to manage it. But, over time, a heavy workload will drain you completely. And then it'll start to overwhelm you. In order to prevent that, you need a proper, healthy balance. So, starting tomorrow, we're going to make a work-schedule for you."

Finally, I turned my gaze to my daughter.

"As much progress as you're making, and as much as you're learning, working on those videos all day isn't good for you. Your mind or your body. You need to get out of the house more, get fresh air, maybe find a hobby for yourself. Something to occupy your time other than vlogging."

Slowly, Julie nodded her head. She pursed her lips together.

Julie was beautiful. Stunningly so. She was, in an almost literal sense, a diamond in the rough. A flawless, precious gem that, with a few improvements, could be transformed into something truly special.

But, if she stayed locked in her room all day, stuck behind a computer desk, her potential would fade in no time. Not enough exercise would destroy the figure nature and good genetics had blessed her with. Her back would hunch from sitting down all day, her skin would blotch and wrinkle from the lack of natural sunlight, her body would grow plump and unappealing.

I could not allow that to happen to my prize.

A rough diamond needed trimming and care and work in order to bring out its

perfection and its true value. And Julie was no different.

I'd start off with leisurely walks around the neighbourhood. Enough exercise to stave off the negative traits of hours spend behind a desk. Then, as my control over her grew and my ability to influence her increased, I'd have her start working out properly – have her maintain and refine that already sexy body of hers.

"I just want what's best for you, Julie," I told her softly.

Julie stared up at me, into my eyes. Her lips curled into a grateful, loving smile.

"I know, Dad," she said. And then, quieter; "Thank you."

"We've been discussing your health recently," I said, voice soft and soothing. "Your mental and physical well-being. Both of which are equally important, yes?"

"Yes," Julie mumbled, voice devoid of emotion.

"So many people overlook their health. Especially influencers and content creators. They overwork themselves, push themselves too hard. That's not healthy, is it?"

"No," my daughter answered in the same passionless tone.

"One day, you'll have lots of followers. Countless strangers who'll watch your videos and care about what you say. Some of them will probably have unhealthy balances in their life, won't they?"

"Yes," Julie replied.

"You don't want that. You don't want those countless people who'll follow you one day to be unhealthy and to live unhealthy lives, do you?"

"No."

"If you can prevent that, if you can help your followers lead happier and healthier lives, you'll do so, right?"

"Yes," Julie breathed.

"In a way, it's your job as an influencer to influence people. It's in the name, after all. And, as a good person, you'll want to have a positive influence on their lives. Encouraging them to live healthier and happier lives would be the right thing to do, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"And, before you can encourage them to live healthier and happier lives, you'll first have to educate them on what exactly that means. Just like I taught you about the worries of burning yourself out and the benefits of getting a little bit of exercise now and then, if you want to help your future followers to live healthy and happy lives you'll have to educate them on how to do just that. Makes sense, right?"

"Yes," Julie answered – though this time there was a slight twitching at the corners of her closed eyes. A warning sign that I was making her think too much during the trance.

"So, if you want to help your followers, first you have to educate them on how to live healthy lives. Yes?"

"Yes," Julie answered dutifully.

Good. For now, that'd do.

I'd found the answer to my problem. The issue of Julie's mind being too innocent, too pure. I'd worked out how to transition her into thinking about and exploring sexual ideas without her ever being aware of the change in her personality.

The answer was actually very simple.

Sex-positivity vloggers.

Men and women who spent their days educating people about sex and health and the like – not in any overtly kinky or sexualised way, but as factual and informative voices. A movement that sought to normalise sex and discussions about it.

First, I'd direct Julie's 'content' in the direction of healthy living and have her vlog about what her non-existent followers could do to improve their lives. Then, gradually, I'd nudge her towards making sex-positivity videos – give her links to other content creators that discussed the topic, silently encourage her to dig deeper into it.

Before long, I was sure, I'd have Julie vlogging about safe-sex and creating 'educational' videos about various sexual kinks and how they were 'okay' and 'normal' to have.

How hard could it be to then take that a step further and have her *demonstrate* some of the topics she vlogged about?

Slowly, without Julie ever being aware I was doing it, I'd fill her mind with non-stop thoughts about sex and erotic curiosities. I'd trick her into convincing herself that there was nothing at all wrong with a woman wanting to be a camwhore. And then I'd open her mind to the possibility of becoming one herself.

All while playing the part of a loving, supportive father.

I opened the shared folder, clicked on the new video Julie had added to it, leaned back in bed to watch.

An image of my daughter appeared on screen. Her auburn hair was tied back in a ponytail and her make-up was faint and barely noticeable. Rather than wearing the revealing tank-tops or v-neck shirts or low-cut blouses she'd gone out and bought for herself with my money, the image of Julie was wearing a tight sweater – one that hugged her curves deliciously, yet revealed no cleavage.

Her hazel eyes stared intently into the camera.

For a long few moments, she said nothing. Seconds ticked by, Julie pursing her lips, opening them to speak before shutting them again wordlessly. Then, slowly, she inhaled a deep breath, closed her eyes, and began to speak.

"Thank you," the recording of my daughter said. "For everything you've done for me, Dad. For everything that you're doing..."

The image of Julie shifted uncomfortably, eyes downcast.

"Mom never... She was never supportive. She never tried to help me, not ever. Since she met Jerry and they got married..."

I could see her eyes begin to water, rolled my eyes.

What was this, exactly? Some kind of special 'thank you' message she'd recorded and set to play before today's actual vlog? A little speech professing her gratitude?

That was not what I'd been expecting when I climbed into bed with my laptop tonight.

Where were the scantily clad tits? Those magnificent, round watermelons?

Those where what I wanted to see. Not whatever *this* was.

"All my life," Julie was saying, voice cracking as tears formed in her eyes, "no-one's ever believed in me. Not Mom, not my teachers. Even my friends told me I should quit vlogging and go to college instead. None of them understand me. Not really. They never *tried* to..."

I skipped forward in the video, hoping to find where the *actual* one started. And, to my utter disgust, I found nothing. There wasn't another video.

This wasn't some pre-vlog thank you message.

This *was* the video.

The whole thing. All ten minutes of it. It was all just my daughter crying, alternating between thanking me for being so 'nice' and 'kind' to her and complaining about how no-one else 'believed' in her. No cut to her wearing something nicer, talking about the random bullshit she always did. No nice shot of her delicious cleavage. Nothing. Just ugly sobbing.

I skipped to the end of the video, smothering my disappointment and annoyance.

"-And yeah," the recording of Julie said. She forced herself to smile, and in her eyes I saw genuine, pure gratitude and affection. "Thank you, Dad. Thank you so much. One day, I'll make it up to you. I promise."

I sighed, set my laptop aside.

No-doubt, I'd have to watch the entire video at some point. Maybe facing away from

the screen as I did, so I wouldn't have to look at my pretty daughter's face contorted in such an unpleasant manner. There may be useful information hidden away in those ten minutes. Information I could use.

For now, though, I sat there, basking in my disappointed annoyance.

Yes. Julie would make it up to me. She'd pay me back for all the gifts, all the money I'd spent, all the time I'd dedicated to this little project. When the time came, she'd pay it all back in full – and then some.

I'd make sure of that.