

Influencer

Chapter 5

I watched my screen intently, a wide grin on my face.

Today, Julie had decided to do her hair up in pigtails. Her image on my laptop screen was seated, smiling sweetly as she talked enthusiastically about health and self-care. Her arms moved in wide gestures, her body bounced as she spoke.

The best way to maintain a viewer's attention, I'd led her to believe, was to be energetic – full of life. And, true enough, my attention was focused solely on my daughter. Specifically, my eyes were drawn to her chest and those marvellous, jiggling tits trapped in a tight tank top.

If not for Julie's bra, those melons would've been bouncing around wildly – just like she was.

At some point, I'd have to convince her mind to stop wearing those things. Bras and undies. Coming up with a logical reason, one Julie wouldn't overthink, might be an issue. But it should be do-able. Maybe I'd have her start believing that wearing a bra damaged her breasts in some way, made them sag or something. I'd have to give it some thought later.

For now, though, I enjoyed the show.

Jiggling tits, a beautiful girl with too-innocent eyes and youthful vigour and excitement. Stunningly pretty, with a body that begged to be fucked and used. If I'd have known *this* was what my once-scrawny daughter was going to turn in to, I'd have paid far more attention to the girl those few times she'd visited me before.

Every bit of information I knew regarding Julie made my task that much easier. That she was kind and caring meant I could manipulate her by making her think she was helping others. Her being innocent and utterly non-sexual made it so that I could introduce her to sexual concepts slowly and methodically, shape how she saw the act and how she felt about it.

And that video she'd shared with me a week ago now – her sappy, bland 'thank you' vlog. *That* had held more than a few juicy titbits of information for me to digest.

The girl on my screen smiled widely, waved her hand and gave her usual, rehearsed goodbye – asking her non-existent followers to leave 'likes' and 'comments' and to 'subscribe'.

Then, a moment later, the video ended.

I scrolled backwards in the video's timeline, found a still-frame that showed off my daughter's bust quite well, and stared at the image. My mind hummed with quiet thoughts, tiny considerations.

Julie had taken to being a 'health' vlogger quickly.

And, now that she was used to talking about health-related concerns, it was time to step it up a notch.

Sexual health. Sex positivity.

One step closer to having her on her hands and knees before me.

"For the remainder of this trance," I said softly, eyes locked on to my daughter's pretty face. "I want you to think of me as a stranger. Someone that you don't know, and have no attachments to. Think of me as a follower of yours, instead of your father. Can you do that for me, Julie?"

Slowly, lethargically, the girl nodded her head.

"Yes," she answered in a soft, emotionally-dead whisper.

"When the trance ends, I'll be me again. But, for the remainder of the trance, I am a stranger. A follower. Someone who watches all your videos. Someone that you want to please and impress. Someone that you want to *help*."

Compassion was a weakness. Easily exploited, while serving no beneficial role to the one feeling it.

"You do want to help your followers, don't you?"

"Yes," Julie breathed softly.

"And, for the rest of this trance, that's what I am. Not your father. Not your family. But a follower. Someone that you want to help. Yes?"

"Yes," Julie repeated again.

Now for the tricky part.

"Imagine I am your age. Eighteen and just out of school, ready to begin experiencing life. Only, while I know all about Maths and English and Science, there are many things I don't know about. Things that, for whatever reason, were never properly taught to me in school. Things about myself, my body. How to take care of myself and my needs as a young adult."

No hint of Julie rejecting badly to what I was saying yet. Her face remained serene and blank, listening and taking in what I was saying but not reacting in the slightest to it.

"I was never taught in school how to keep myself healthy. What to eat and why, or how to look after myself. I wasn't taught about things like... contraception."

At that, I'd been expecting some resistance. Some kind of a reaction. Finally, I was bringing up the topic of sex. With how quiet and shy and awkward as Julie naturally was, I'd expected *some* kind of a reaction. But there was none. She simply sat there listening, face devoid of emotion.

Perhaps my little trick of making her think of me as someone unrelated to her was working. Talking to her father about sex? That could be awkward and uncomfortable in a dozen different ways. But talking to someone her own age, who followed her and who she wanted to help? That was a different story.

"At school," I said softly, thankful for the education system's failures regarding sex ed, "they teach us not to have sex at all. That sex outside of marriage is bad. They never really taught us how to do it safely, or what to expect, or anything at all."

I didn't know anything about what Julie had learned at school regarding sex, but I imagined it wasn't a lot.

"There's a big gap in my knowledge about a very important topic. And, as your follower, and with you being an influencer, you want to help me, don't you, Julie?"

Again, my daughter nodded her head slowly.

"After all," I continued with a smirk. "What's the point of having a platform – of being an influencer – if you're not going to use it?"

My daughter came to me blushing brightly, unable to look me in the eye as she spoke.

"Dad?" She said, voice adorably soft and sweet. "Can I... Can you buy something for me?"

I raised my eyebrow at her, curiosity sparking inside me.

What was this about?

"That depends," I smiled. "What is it you want me to get?"

"I... Uh..." She turned her gaze down, stared at the floor as her face turned tomato red. "I don't want- I mean, I do want them. But not for me! It's for the channel. For a video!"

Curious. I kept silent, waited for Julie to speak again.

She shifted nervously, inhaled a deep breath.

"Condoms," she forced herself to say the word.

She looked up from the floor, her gaze finally meeting mine. Red-faced embarrassment, awkward discomfort, but also determination and drive. A hint of confidence and certainty.

"I- I want to make a video about safe sex. And I need condoms to demonstrate..." She blushed, shut her mouth and returned her gaze to the floor.

"I see," I said, nodding my head. "And have you ever used a condom before?"

Slowly, Julie shook her head. Her face was brighter than I'd ever imagined possible.

"I've watched videos, though," she told me. "There are guides and instructional vlogs. They had condoms and a banana and..."

"Okay," I smiled. "I think I have some unused condoms in my room. I'll go get those for you and you can make your video. I don't think we have any bananas here, but there's a cucumber in the fridge. That'll do the job."

Supportive. I had to act like a supportive, unquestioning father. The more I aided Julie and encouraged her to trust me, the more open she'd be with me in future. Soon enough, with a little hypnotic encouragement, she wouldn't be embarrassed or shy at all when speaking to me about sexual topics.

And, eventually, we'd do far more than just *talking* about it.

The cucumber video was amusing to watch.

Seeing my daughter fumble with one of my condoms, not knowing which way to put it on at first, then awkwardly sliding it on to a cucumber while talking about the importance of 'safe sex'. It was, if nothing else, confirmation of Julie's lack of sexual experience.

Being on the 'larger' side myself, and knowing that mine was the first cock Julie would ever experience, made me almost pity the girl. It'd be like learning to run before she could walk – having to take me inside her without any prior experience with sex at all. Still, that'd make the event all the more fun and interesting for me. Taking my daughter's virginity, destroying her poor, tight cunt, and ruining her for all other men. All in one night.

I could hardly wait.

But waiting was exactly what I *had* to do. Julie was, right now, far off from the point where she'd accept me as a lover. Every day, I nudged her a little more in the right direction, but it'd be weeks still – maybe months - before I twisted her *that* far.

The wait, I was certain, would be worth it.

But that didn't mean I couldn't find *other* ways to entertain myself while I waited. Julie was too adorably pure for me to *not* have some fun with.

And so, after the cucumber video ended, I began shopping online. A little whim guiding me along as I filled a virtual shopping basket with goodies. And, with the wondrous efficiency of the modern world, I'd only have to wait overnight for my purchases to be delivered.

Most of them, I tucked away in my bedroom for a later date.

Julie wasn't ready for *those* just yet.

One, however, I covered in gift-wrapping paper and set aside. The next morning, I took it downstairs. A present for my daughter to open after I'd given her the daily dose of hypnosis.

I smiled at Julie as her eyes blinked open. The blank expression she'd worn a few seconds ago disappeared, replaced with tired yawning and soft smiles of her own. Waking from hypnosis, in many ways, was like waking from sleep. An awareness washing over the individual that they'd not had a moment before.

One benefit of waking up from hypnosis, though, was the happy relaxation. The contentedness. When a person woke from regular sleep, they could feel any number of things – annoyed at being woken up, panicked after having a nightmare, weary and confused. But, with hypnosis, the hypnotist could decide exactly how their subject should feel when the trance ended.

Happy contentedness, I'd found, was a good way of ending a trance.

Julie took a few moments to regain her senses, stretching her arms and yawning away the sleepy relaxation of the trance. She smiled up at me when she saw me standing over her, tired eyes filled with love and appreciation.

She thought I was *helping* her.

Really, what I was doing to her was on Julie herself. A girl like her, with those looks and that body, should know that guys like me don't 'help' them without having ulterior motives. That she trusted me because of something so silly and insubstantial as blood-ties was her own fault.

"Hey honey," I smiled down at her. "How do you feel?"

Always good to ask that after a trance. It was good manners, if nothing else. And it made it seem like I cared how she felt.

"I feel nice," Julie answered, relaxing into the sofa she was sitting on. "Thanks."

"I have something for you," I told the girl.

The wrapped gift was out of sight. A surprise. Without waiting to see how Julie reacted to my statement, I walked over to where the present was hidden, grabbed it up and placed it down on the sofa next to her.

The wrapping-covered box was about as big as my forearm. From wrist to elbow in length, and only a little bit thicker than my arm.

As my curious daughter tore away at the wrappings, discovered the box underneath and realised what it was, she blushed. Not as brightly as she had when asking me for condoms, but she turned bright red all the same. An adorable response, really.

An eight-inch dildo; life-like in shape and texture, bright purple and very girthy.

I'd wanted to make sure I got one around my own size.

"A prop," I grinned. "For your videos. I figure having something like this will make your demonstrations a lot more realistic and helpful for your followers."

"Uhh..." Julie's blushing was one of the most adorable sights I'd ever seen. Her awkwardness and shyness and embarrassment all rolled up into one beautiful expression. "Th- thank you, Dad."

"If you need anything else for your videos," I told my blushing daughter, "just let me know."

The more familiar Julie became with sex and sexual topics, the easier it'd be to bend her mind in the direction I wanted. If she was ever going to become a camwhore, she'd first need to become well-acquainted with her feminine, erotic side.

The 'prop' I'd given her today was one step. The sex-positivity videos and vloggers I showed her were another. Each day, with every hypnosis session we shared, I desensitized my daughter to sex a little more. Made her feel that much more comfortable with the topic.

She wasn't quite at the stage where she'd be able to have candid discussions about sex and kinks with me yet. But time would remedy that.

I could see it all in my mind's eye. The path I'd take Julie down.

First, she'd use the dildo as a prop in her 'educational' videos. Show her imaginary audience how to put a condom on it, much as she'd done with the cucumber. After that, I'd trick her subconscious into making another educational video, using the dildo as a prop again. I'd have her watch sex-positivity videos where other girls and women would encourage free-thinking, sexually open attitudes – while secretly nudging at her mind myself.

Eventually, I'd get my daughter to the point where she was demonstrating 'proper' blowjob techniques in a video.

And, once that line was crossed – once Julie was at the stage where she was willing and eager to show herself being overtly sexual on camera – it'd be a breeze to tweak her dreams and goals a little. After all, was there really that much of a difference between being a famous vlogger and being a well-known camwhore?

And, unlike with her current 'practice' vlogs, I'd make sure my daughter's debut as camwhore had a *real* audience.

She wanted internet stardom? No problem. With a face and body like hers, and with me to guide her actions and decisions, finding a vast, profitable audience for my beautiful daughter wouldn't be difficult at all.

"Dad?" Julie panted beside me.

"Yes?" I answered, keeping my eyes on the path ahead of us.

A nice, country-side jogging route. It was late enough and this path was far enough away from civilisation that we were pretty much the only ones around. Just me and Julie, going for a wonderful evening run together.

In her eyes, no doubt, this was a 'bonding' experience. For me, it was all about shaping my daughter's naturally amazing body into something *truly* special. Firm and strong in all the right places, soft and perky and mouth-watering everywhere else. As it was, my daughter was already a babe, the kind most men could only ever dream about. One in a million. But, with the right guidance, I was certain I could transform her into something even *more*.

"What happened between you and Mom?" Julie asked between breaths. "Why did you break up and move so far away?"

The question surprised me. I'd been expecting her to ask about her fake channel or her videos or something along those lines. I turned to look at Julie, was momentarily stunned by the sight before me.

White and pink. I'd figured those colours would look good on Julie when I'd bought her a tracksuit. And look good they did. The tight fabric clung to her skin, showing off the girl's jaw-dropping curves to anyone who might happen by. Two wonderful, amazing tits – barely contained in the tracksuit top. And an ass that I could've watched bouncing for days.

She was visibly sweating from the jog, wet patches under her arms down to her hips, a big patch right down her back and another on her chest. She's undone the zipper of her tracksuit top a little, enough to reveal the tight sports bra underneath, and the very wet skin of her chest.

"I-" My mind worked slowly as I tore my eyes away from that too-perfect body. "I didn't move away. Your mother did."

I tried to think back, tried to remember why we'd ended up on opposite sides of the country. But all my mind could come up with was an image of two huge, bouncing tits in a pink and white tracksuit top.

"She didn't want me in your life," I lied. It'd definitely been me who hadn't wanted a snotty, annoying brat around. "I don't know why. I tried a lot to see you when you were younger, but your mother always got in the way. I didn't have the money to take her to court, so I had to settle with you only visiting once a year."

Lies were trouble. Get caught out on one lie, and the damaged trust would lead to other lies being uncovered. More lies revealed meant less trust, less trust would make my job as a hypnotist significantly more difficult.

Still, I'd gotten the impression that Julie wasn't very fond of her mother. If I could use whatever rift there was in that relationship to drive my daughter closer to me...

"I don't know what she's told you about me, or what happened back then. But your mother... She's..."

Which angle did I want to approach this from?

Information. When in doubt, collect information. If Julie was asking about me, about the past, there must be a reason. Did she feel betrayed by her mother abandoning her with me? Curious about why I was never there for her before? Was she regretting the fact that we'd never 'bonded' as father and daughter until just recently?

"Julie?" I said, mind finally beginning to catch up with me. "What's happened between you and your mother? The way she dropped you off at my place..."

The flash of emotion in Julie's eyes told me much, but also specified nothing.

Pain and hurt. A hardness I'd not seen in her irises before.

She didn't speak. Didn't answer my question. Just kept her eyes forward as we jogged along the country-side paths.

How curious indeed.