

Influencer

Chapter 6

The human mind is weak. A flimsy, fragile thing.

We like to think otherwise. Like to pretend that our ability to think in clear sentences makes us special; our skills at problem solving, our self-aware consciousness, our deeper reasoning capabilities. We look at animals, see dumb beasts that are in no way our intellectual equals. And so we pretend that we're 'something else'. We're not *animals*, we're *human*.

But humans *are* animals.

And, for all our marvellous brains are capable of, they are still the brains of dumb, stupid beasts. Ruled by momentary desires and baser instincts.

Eat, sleep, fuck.

My daughter was eighteen. A woman.

As innocent and cute and adorable and shy as she might be, she was also a young woman – filled with all the hormones and juices that make life so interesting at that age. For all her blushing when applying condoms to cucumbers, she *was* still a young woman with those lovely, sexual desires and drives.

Did she ever masturbate?

Had she ever sucked on a boyfriend's cock?

I couldn't help but wonder.

Just how experienced *was* my daughter?

Her shy facade implied that she had very little experience when it came to sex, if any at all. But you never knew. Perhaps one night she'd gotten so drunk that she couldn't remember anything afterwards, had sucked off and fucked every guy she'd encountered.

Not that I cared, of course.

She could have fucked every single guy in high-school, teachers included, and I wouldn't have batted an eyelash. For all I cared, she could've been having a secret affair with her step-daddy before being dumped off on my doorstep – that'd certainly explain the rift between her and her mother.

When a girl was as attractive as Julie, only a fool worries about her past experiences. As long as my daughter's cunt wasn't diseased, I didn't care who or what she'd had inside her before.

Chances were, though, that her awkward, shy exterior was true.

Given what I knew about her, what I'd asked her during our hypnotic sessions, how she behaved and acted, I was fairly confident that Julie was still a virgin.

And I did enjoy fucking a good virgin girl.

Soon enough, I'd find out for sure if that's what Julie was. When I rammed my cock into her for the first time, when I fucked my sexy daughter and had her ride me like a cowgirl, I'd discover just how experienced she was in the bedroom.

"What do you think about feminism and women's rights?" I asked my daughter with a smile.

She looked up at me, fork half-way raised between the lasagna in front of her and her open mouth.

"As an idea for a vlog," I clarified. "It's an interesting topic, especially given the new direction you've taken the videos in recently. Reproductive health and women's issues and such."

Julie blushed, nodded her head slowly.

"I guess," she said, lifting her fork to her mouth. "I don't really know much about feminism, though."

An interesting thing I'd discovered about Julie – she never spoke when she had

food in her mouth. If I asked her a question while she was eating, she'd quickly gulp down whatever was in her mouth before answering. Would she, I wondered, take on the same muteness when there was a dick in her mouth instead?

It'd be an interesting experience learning the answer to *that* question.

"No worries there," I said, shovelling some food into my mouth as I spoke. "I can educate you on the basics, and the vloggers you've started following recently probably have some feminism-type videos up on their channels you can watch. It's an interesting topic, really."

Julie chewed on her food, attention focus on me.

"As far as I can tell," I continued, my words – for the most part – rehearsed and practised. "There are three mindsets when it comes to feminism and women's rights and all that. The first being traditionalists; those who don't really see a problem with the way things are now, and don't believe there's a need for feminism at all. They're the ones who're absolutely fine with being stay-at-home mothers and have no interest in chasing their own careers."

The women who knew their place. The kitchen during the day and the bedroom at night. Enjoyable and reliable, but lacking fire and excitement.

"Then you have the bat-shit crazies," I went on, keeping an eye on Julie as I spoke. "You know the ones I'm talking about. The women who think penises are evil and that all men are dogs. They'll look down their noses at men for being men, and judge women who they see as not being feminist enough – housewives and such, women without professional careers."

I'd fucked a few of the feminist crazies in my time. Lots of fire and passion – hatred makes for one hell of an aphrodisiac – but also lots of work and effort for a cunt that'll only last a few fucks. Fun and thrilling, but too bothersome to maintain long-term.

"Finally, you have the middle-ground. Feminists who want women to have a *choice* in what they do. Who want women to feel empowered without having to push down men or other women in the process. They're the ones who are fine with a woman being housewives or professionals, just as long as that woman is living her best life."

Julie tilted her head to one side, thoughtful.

"So," she spoke softly, "that means I'm in the middle-ground?"

I smiled.

"Perhaps," I told her. "There's an easy way to find out. I'll ask you a question, and give you three answers to choose from. Whichever one you pick will show where you fit on the feminism scale."

Julie pursed her lips, set down her fork.

"Okay..."

"A woman named Jane just turned eighteen. She's low on cash and needs some money. Rather than work a regular job she knows won't pay well, she decides to take herself down a far more unusual career path. Jane decides to become a pornstar."

Julie's eyebrows rose. She didn't interrupt, just listened intently.

"The question; is it bad that Jane wants to do porn?"

I gave Julie a moment to think about the question, come up with her own answer.

"The traditionalist would say yes, because porn is not the type of thing a woman should ever want to do. They'd talk about how pornstars are degenerates and how anyone who wants to be one is disturbed and disgusting.

"The bat-shit crazy would also say yes, because porn dehumanises women for the pleasure of men. That it uses women and takes away their freedom all for the sake of satisfying men and the patriarchy and what-have-you.

"But, where the other two would look down on a porn actress, the middle-ground would say there's nothing wrong with doing porn – as long as you're safe and happy and comfortable with it. They'd say it's not their place to judge other women, and that they

should all stick together and support each other.”

I gazed at Julie over the dining table.

“Which one,” I asked her, “do you agree with the most?”

“There are lots of different categories and ideologies around feminism and female-empowerment,” my daughter said, eyes staring up at me from my laptop screen. “Far too many for me to go over in one video. So, for the sake of brevity, I’m going to split the many major mindsets of feminism into three primary categories: non-feminist, feminist, and extreme-feminist.”

I didn’t need to listen any further than that. With a smirk, I turned the volume of my daughter’s sweet voice down to silence and simply watched the image in front of me.

Huge melon tits hidden snugly behind a white, v-neck t-shirt. Judging from the faint outline, the hint of colour, she was wearing a plain green bra – the kind designed for support and comfort over being nice to look at. A shame, that. At some point, I’d have to ‘encourage’ Julie to replace her bland underwear with sexier, more appealing lingerie.

She was smiling beautifully, hands moving about in wide gesticulations – causing her chest to jiggle and bounce and move around my screen.

It was wonderful to watch. Tame, in comparison to what I had planned, but nice all the same.

Julie was, it turned out, a ‘middle-ground feminist’. Not that such a thing *really* existed, at least that I was aware of. I’d simply wanted to know her views on women in porn – if she would be judgemental of the idea or more open-minded. And, fortunately for me, she was in the latter’s camp.

If a girl wanted to do porn, Julie didn’t see it as her place to judge. When nudged a little further, asked if she’d be friends with a pornstar, she’s said yes.

And it was a small step from acceptance to active engagement.

Especially with the help of hypnosis.

It shouldn’t be too difficult to turn Julie’s compassionate heart against her. Make it so that her acceptance and openness to women in porn became something more potent, like seeing porn as ‘empowering’ for women. Have her want to participate in that ‘empowerment’ herself.

With the magic of the modern world, any girl with a camera could cross the line into becoming a pornstar any time they wished.

And Julie’s cameras, I’d made sure, were top-quality.

Her ‘dream’ was to be a vlogger, an influencer. It was, when all was said and done, a shallow dream. Just like kids wanting to be famous athletes or movie stars or musicians, it wasn’t the job itself they wanted – it was the fame and fortunes that came along with it. Julie didn’t want to be an ‘influencer’ because she so loved the idea of editing videos into the night and maintaining a social media presence at all times, she just wanted easy money and fame.

And what easier way was there to gain both than to do porn?

For a girl as beautiful as Julie, with a body like she had, the sky was the limit.

“Where are we going?” Julie asked, eyes on the road ahead.

“To see an old friend of mine,” I said, thoughts churning while I drove. “A woman named Audrey.”

In the corner of my eye, I saw Julie’s face light up. A wide smile appearing on her lips as she turned to look at me. It was like someone had switched on a light-bulb; my daughter bubbled over with energy and excitement out of no-where.

“Who’s Audrey?” Julie asked. I could hear the grin in her voice.

“Just a friend,” I said.

“Uh-huh,” my daughter replied. I knew from her tone what she was thinking.

Was her father about to introduce her to his girlfriend?

No. No, I was not.

I didn't have a girlfriend. Too much hassle, those things. Much better to have a few fuck-buddies here and there than to have an actual 'significant other'. More sex and fun for a far lesser time commitment.

"Where are we meeting her?" My daughter asked excitedly. "Is it somewhere nice? A restaurant?"

She was like an over-energised puppy all of a sudden, practically bouncing in her seat next to me.

Was my love-life *really* that interesting to her? Or had she simply spent so much time locked away at home that the mere idea of her meeting another human being was too much excitement for Julie to contain?

"You'll see," I said, thoughts focused elsewhere.

Audrey would be an interesting gamble.

I'd not seen or spoken to that particular former project of mine in years. Not since I'd gotten bored with her and 'convinced' her to leave me and go out into the world in search of her calling. It'd been an interesting goodbye; her apologising to me and telling me that she'd 'always' love me, but that she needed to 'find herself'.

The best way to break things off with someone, I'd found, was to make them think it was their idea.

"Oooh, so secretive," Julie teased.

I rolled my eyes, kept driving.

We arrived at the cafe soon enough, a cosy little place that leaned heavily on a 'classic' aesthetic. Wooden chairs and walls, ornate trimmings – a far cry from the modern sleekness of other nearby beverage establishments. Cosy and quaint.

I led Julie inside, spotted Audrey sipping coffee at one of the cafe's tables, began walking over to her.

She looked good, all things considered. Her natural good looks had been what'd drawn me to Audrey originally; high cheek bones and full, bow-shaped lips, a small, cute nose and wide, round eyes. Her body, though hidden under a baggy hoodie, was one of cartoonish proportions. Huge, fake tits and a slender waist, finished off with a surgically enhanced bubble-butt.

As Julie and I approached, Audrey glanced up from her coffee and flashed us a beautiful, flawless smile.

"Ah!" She said, eyes flicking from my face to Julie's and back again. "You're here! I was wondering when you'd show up."

"Long time no see, Audrey," I smiled. "Have a seat, Julie. I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine."

'Old friend' might not have been the most accurate descriptor for Audrey. The woman was only a few years older than Julie, and I'd hardly consider a fleshlight I'd taken advantage of for a few months a 'friend'. More like, she was someone I'd once known and fucked and hypnotised, and then set aside when I'd gotten bored of her.

"Nice to meet you," Julie said, sitting at Audrey's small table.

"Likewise," Audrey smirked. I couldn't help but notice how the woman's eyes flicked over my daughter's body appreciatively. "You must be Julie. Your father used to talk about you all the time when we were a thing. I'm happy to finally meet you."

Liar. In the few months I'd 'dated' Audrey, I hadn't so much as *thought* about Julie – much less *spoken* about her.

Julie blushed, grinned.

"Audrey," I said, cleared my throat, "this is my daughter, Julie. And Julie, this is my ex, Audrey – also know as Lulu Lee."

Curiosity flashed in Julie's irises.

"Lulu Lee," Audrey said, leaning forward over the table, speaking in a hushed tone, "is my 'professional' name."

I smirked, backed away from the two of them.

My excuse was to get drinks for me and Julie, maybe something to eat. But really, I wanted to see how my daughter would react when she learned what Audrey did for a living. I wanted her to be isolated, without me there as a psychological safety net.

Would she be fine with it? Would she be disgusted or disconcerted? Would her curiosity lead her into asking questions, wanting to learn more?

Later, I'd encourage her to vlog about it. Share her thoughts and feelings in a video – which I would then watch and learn from, using the information to guide me in the future going forward. Ideally, Julie would be totally accepting of Audrey's career choice. But, if not, I'd simply have to 'convince' her mind to be more accepting.

I resisted the urge to look back at Julie and Audrey as I ordered drinks. I'd find out Julie's thoughts and feelings soon enough.

Meeting a real pornstar was *bound* to leave some kind of impression.

"Porn is an interesting topic, I think," Julie said, a contemplative look on her pretty face. "A lot of people look down at women in the porn industry, bashing those who participate in it and judging them for that choice."

I watched the screen intently, for once keeping the volume up.

"Is that really fair?" Julie asked the camera – her invisible, fictional audience. "Judging women for taking control of their sexuality?"

She paused, looked down at her lap.

"I used to get bullied a lot," Julie admitted softly. A random thing to bring up out of no-where, but I listened all the same. "At school. Other girls used to call me a whore, spread rumours about me being a slut. I've never even had a boyfriend, and they treated me like some kind of evil succubus."

Interesting. Her being bullied might go some way as to explaining why she didn't want to go to college. I noted it mentally.

"It wasn't my fault that they guys all stared at me. I wasn't *trying* to make them look, I didn't want them to. It's not my fault I have *these*."

She grabbed her tits, raised them up and dropped them.

"I never *asked* to look the way I do."

Her eyes turned upwards, back to the camera.

"I met a pornstar today," Julie said, taken a slow, deep breath. "A woman with two names. One she uses in day-to-day life, and the one she uses for her job. And you know what she told me? What this pornstar said to me? She said she likes her porn name *more* than her real one."

News to me, but it made sense. With a name like *Audrey*, I could hardly blame the slut for liking 'Lulu Lee' more.

"She was beautiful and confident and *nice*. Not jealous or catty or bitchy, not mean or cruel or judgemental. Just nice. Not afraid to show the world who she is in the slightest. She probably gets more stares and cat-calls from guys than I do, probably has more jealous cows shitting on her constantly. More guys treating her like a slab of meat. And yet, somehow, she's *still* happy. And *confident*."

Julie sighed, shook her head.

"I *wish* I had that kind of confidence."

At that, I smirked. Confidence I could gift easily.

"People like to look down at pornstars. Like to pretend that porn actresses are just 'whores' and 'sluts'. Well, I've been called both – and worse still. But that doesn't mean it's true. And fuck, even if it *is* true, who *cares*? At least women like Lulu Lee are *honest* with themselves, not afraid to put themselves out there. That kind of confidence? I'd *kill* for it. I

don't look down at pornstars, I never have. But after today, after meeting Lulu Lee, I've actually started *looking up* to them – and you should to!"

What followed was my daughter's attempt at a motivational speech of some kind. Something about how people should respect the choices of women who are brave enough to 'put themselves out there', and how courage comes from 'inside' and that people shouldn't let the opinions of others prevent them from blah, blah, blah.

I ignored the nonsense Julie was spewing in the video, went back and froze the screen on the part of the video where she grabbed her tits.

Staring at that nice sight, I contemplated what I'd learned – considered how best to move forward.

Julie didn't look down on pornstars, she 'looked up' to them.

Easy enough to turn that sentiment into something stronger, an idolisation of 'adult entertainers'.

She wanted confidence. Wished she had more.

A wish that'd be easy for me to grant.

I smiled to myself, eyes on my wonder daughter's tits. Turning my daughter into a camwhore might actually be easier than I'd expected. The incest thing might be an issue at some point, but I could cross that line when I came to it. Julie would be mine, of that I had no doubt.