

Influencer

Chapter 7

"Confidence," I said softly, "is power."

Julie sat before me, eyes closed and shoulders slumped. Her breathing was slow and calm, her body relaxed. Wearing a pink tank top that made her huge tits look fantastic, a black bra visible underneath. She was a wonderful sight, to say the least.

"It is a trait that leads to success. People who are confident are much more likely to be hired, to be promoted, to make it as online stars. Confidence is the key to success. And, even taking work-related stuff out of the equation, confidence is still a great trait to possess all-round."

Step one, reinforce Julie's desire to be it.

"Through hypnosis, I can help you become more confident. Just as I've been helping you with so many other things, I can assist you in this. I can make you more confident."

Step two, let her know I can fulfil her desire.

"All you need to do is listen," I told her, eyes flicking over her body. "I am your father. I love you more than anything else in the world. As long as you trust me, as long as you do what I say and as long as you let me, I can help you in countless ways. Some things I say or do might seem strange to you, but that's only because of your lack of confidence. Your anxiety. All I want is to help you succeed in life. I am the *only* one who can help you succeed."

Step three, reinforce Julie's belief in me. Make myself invaluable in her eyes. As long as she felt like she needed me, that she would fail without me, I'd have her wrapped around my little finger.

"Confidence is the key to success," I continued. "It is a trait that will help you achieve all your dreams. If you were more confident, you'd already be a star. With my help, you'd already be internet famous. But you're not. And that's okay. Because I'm going to help you."

Time to step things up a notch. After her meeting with Audrey, after the vlog she'd made about it, Julie was ready.

"You find it hard to be confident, Julie. The fear and anxiety you feel, the nervousness and uncertainty and dread. All these things prevent you from coming out of your shell. They hold you back. You see other people, other women, who are confident and envy them – thinking they have something you don't. But that's not true. They feel the same things you do, Julie. They have the same doubts, the same insecurities. They have the same anxieties and fears as you."

Make it so that Julie believed her problems could be solved. If other women got past their roadblocks, then she could too.

"I'm going to teach you how to get rid of all those negative thoughts and feelings, all these things holding you back."

If I was a good father, I'd spew something about how everyone feels afraid and uncertain. That the only way to conquer it was accept it and fight through it, say something like 'you can't be brave if you're not afraid'. If I was a good father, I'd build my daughter up so that she could battle through her issues herself and come out the other end stronger for of it.

But I was not a good father. Not even close to it.

"All those feelings come from other people. You worry how they'll think. Your friends, your followers, even random people you will never meet. You base your self-worth on how the rest of the world sees you. And, no matter how well you do in life, there will always be at least one person who'll find flaws in you. As long as you care what all those people think, you're doomed to always have those negative thoughts."

Present a problem.

"What if, instead of caring about what all those nameless and faceless people think about you, you only cared about one single person's thoughts? No more insecurities, no more doubts or uncertainties, no more nervousness or fears. Rather than feeling like you're being judged by the entire world, you'd only have this one person to please."

Give a solution.

"Being confident is easy," I told my daughter, "when you don't care about what other people think. If you only have one person whose opinion matters, one person you trust and want to make happy, finding success in the world becomes a *much* easier endeavour."

If I could convince Julie to value my opinions and thoughts so highly that none others mattered, convince her to base her entire sense of self-worth on my words, she'd be as good as mine. Manipulating and controlling a person in that situation? It'd be like taking candy from a baby.

"You want me to..." Julie blushed, unable to finish her sentence from the embarrassment shining red on her face.

"I think it'll help," I shrugged. "You don't have to, of course. And, if it'd make you more comfortable, I won't watch the video. But I really do think it'll help you."

My daughter's face was tomato red. She looked at me with wide eyes, lips pursed. In the same clothes as when I'd hypnotised her earlier in the day; pink tank top and long skirt. Her auburn hair tied back in a ponytail.

"It's like Exposure Therapy," I said, making sure that my face was calm and relaxed. Didn't want Julie to think I was a pervert, after all. "Facing your fears directly in order to prove to your subconscious that there's nothing to be afraid of. You mentioned in one of your vlogs recently that your breast size makes you uncomfortable. What better way to overcome that discomfort than to face it directly and conquer it?"

Julie didn't say anything – couldn't say anything. She just sat there on the opposite side of the dinner table, blushing profusely while she poked at the food in front of her with her fork.

"I know," I smiled. "It's a little unorthodox. But, if you're going to be an influencer, it's something you've got to overcome sooner or later. When you start posting videos publicly again, people *will* comment on your body. And if you don't deal with the issues you have with your bust size before then, those comments will cause you a lot of stress and anxiety. As I said, it's up to you. If it's not something you're ready for, I understand. There's no rush. And, if you'd rather I not watch it, then that's completely fine too. I just think it'll help, is all. All I want is what's best for you, Princess."

"Still..." Julie said, voice impossibly soft. "A video with me topless? That's..."

"Unusual," I nodded my head. "I know. Just... think on it, okay? There really is no rush."

The rest of our meal passed in silence, me enjoying the fine cooking and my daughter poking at her food without appetite – beautiful irises filled with unreadable thoughts.

It was only as I was rising from the dinner table, empty plate in hand, that Julie spoke again.

"Do you... Do you really think it'll help?" She asked earnestly.

I paused, considered how best to answer.

"Yes," I said. "I really do."

Locking eyes with my daughter, wearing a mask of faux kindness, I spoke in the kind of tone one would expect from a caring, loving father-figure. A well-meaning, compassionate person who wanted nothing more than to help.

"One video won't change how you feel and won't get rid of your anxieties. It's not going to be some miracle cure that fixes everything. But it *will* be a solid first step. A step in

the right direction.”

Julie nodded her head, stared down at the plate of mostly uneaten food in front of her. Her face, as expected, was filled with uncertainty and conflict at the decision she'd have to make.

I'd find out what she chose soon enough.

If she went with the right option, I'd get a video of her without a shirt or top on. If she chose the wrong one, I'd simply have to nudge at her mind a little more – make sure she picked the right one next time.

“Don't worry,” I told my daughter with a smile. “You'll get there eventually. I promise.”

I sat in bed the next day, late in the evening. A laptop in front of me and a single folder open. Waiting.

Usually by now, Julie would've added her daily vlog to the same-named folder on her computer and I'd be able to access and watch it on mine. For whatever reason, she was late on the upload today.

My heart thumped in my chest at the possibilities.

To be this late, this slow on the upload, meant that either today's vlog was a particularly long one, or that she was feeling too nervous to post it. Or she was having technical difficulties of some kind. I had my fingers crossed for the 'nervous' option.

Had she done it? Recorded a video topless?

I felt giddy with excitement, staring at the folder and counting the minutes by. Fingers crossed, hoping.

If she *had* recorded the video topless, it didn't matter all that much if she posted it in our shared folder or not. I had the passwords to her computer – the computer I'd bought her. It'd be simple enough for me to sign into it, find the raw, unedited files without Julie ever knowing.

Just as long as she'd recorded the footage, I'd be able to find and watch it. And, if she'd recorded herself shirtless...

A new video file popped up in the folder.

Quicker than I'd ever opened one of Julie's vlogs before, I clicked on the new video and let it play.

A blushing face greeted me. A shy beauty with long, auburn hair flowing down her shoulders in winding rivers. Hazel eyes shone at the camera, pretty eyes filled to the brim with innocence and embarrassment. Full, red lips curved in a forced smile.

All the skin above her neck was pink and red – flushed with her awkward, uncomfortable embarrassment. But, all beneath her neckline was pale white. Smooth and unblemished skin, bare and beautiful and alluring.

She was wearing a bra.

Not the full nudity I'd been hoping for, but still far more skin than I'd been expecting. A blue bra, pretty in a plain kind of way. No shirt, no top. Just a bra. And *lots* of cleavage.

Julie's tits were huge. Seeming even bigger bare than they were when covered in cloth. Two huge, round melons that strained the straps of Julie's bra and threatened to spill of of the tight confines of the bra's cups. Two mountains of flesh, begging to be groped and squeeze and slapped and fucked. Mouth-watering in their flawless, full curvaceousness. Her skin was so pale, so lacking in sunlight and tan, that I could see blue veins visible under her porcelain-white skin.

My cock hardened in response to the image I saw, growing stiffer and more uncomfortable still when the picture in front of me moved.

“H- Hi,” the video image of Julie said. “And, uh, welcome back to my channel. I- ah...”

The girl radiated pure awkwardness.

She didn't move around as much as in her usual videos, no wild gesticulations. No

over-the-top motions. She seemed far too self-conscious for that. But, try as she might to not draw attention to the massive tits on her chest, my eyes were transfixed.

They rose and fell as she breathed, swayed heavily at even the slightest movements Julie made.

Truly, those knockers were beyond amazing.

Without a doubt, the best breasts I'd ever seen – and that was without me even witnessing them fully.

If only she hadn't been wearing that bra...

No matter. *That* was something I could remedy easily enough. Just a bit more mental nudging, a bit more time, and I'd have Julie exposing herself on camera fully.

My cock twitched at the thought of it.

"It felt uncomfortable and awkward recording yourself without a top on, didn't it Julie?"

"Yes," my daughter answered quietly.

"It's not something you've ever done before. It makes sense that you'd feel embarrassed. There's nothing wrong with that at all."

Julie gave no reply, simply sat there motionless with her eyes closed, chest rising and falling slowly.

"The more you do it – record yourself like that – the easier it'll be for you. Soon enough, you won't feel shy or embarrassed or awkward about it at all. It'll be a normal, usual thing. The real question isn't how comfortable you were about recording the video, but what you felt after you'd posted it for me to watch."

Wearing just a bra on camera could be rationalised away easily enough. It was, in many ways, no different than wearing a bikini top out in public. Revealing, sure, but not indecently so.

"You fought your fears. You managed to set your anxieties and issues aside long enough to make and upload that recording. That's gotta feel good, right? Even if the feeling of victory is hidden behind your embarrassment, it's still gotta be there. You should be proud of yourself, Julie. You did it! You took that difficult first step towards overcoming your problems. As shy as you might feel, you've *earned* the right to feel proud of yourself. You did so well, Julie. I'm proud of you, and you should be proud of you too!"

My daughter, it turned out, hadn't grown up with much positive reinforcement. Her mother, for whatever reason, hadn't exactly been very supportive and encouraging of Julie. I figured she must be starved of that kind of positive attention; and so all I needed to do was lay it on thick and make Julie feel all happy and gooey inside.

Make her feel proud and happy with herself for recording a video in just her bra and, soon enough, she'd actually *want* to record more videos topless herself.

"You should be proud of yourself," I told Julie again. "You conquered your fears. It's okay to feel shy and awkward and uncomfortable, that's normal. But don't let those things diminish your victory. You did something that was difficult for you, and rather than giving in to your fears and stopping yourself, you saw it through. You didn't let your fears and doubts control you. You did good, Julie. *I'm* proud of you."

The corners of Julie's lips twitched. The echo of a smile.

Even hypnotised, she felt satisfaction at being complimented.

I couldn't help myself from smirking in return. This girl, with her self-image issues and her lack of a loving parental figure and her silly dream of being an influencer – she was just too perfect not to use. Her mind too ripe not to be plucked.

Over the next two weeks, every single video Julie recorded had her shitless – only a bra to hide her melons away. The first few days, she'd been blushing and awkward – unable to form proper sentences half the time for all her stuttering and murmuring. But, through the power of persistent hypnotic programming, Julie soon grew accustomed to the near-nudity.

In the video she'd uploaded to our shared folder today, she'd been wearing a plain white bra – one that looked two sizes too small to contain her deliciously huge tits. And not once in the entire video did she blush or stammer. She waved her arms about in wide, enthusiastic gesticulations and motions – not noticing or caring that she was making her tits dance and wobble and bounce on screen for my viewing pleasure.

What she was talking about, I had no idea. As usual, I had the girl muted. But whatever it was, it must've been a thrilling topic to say the least.

As she was right now, a bra-clad babe with a heart of gold, I had no doubt in my mind that she'd be able to make it big as a vlogger – provided she didn't get banned from the usual video-hosting sites for her near-nudity. With her looks and that level of skin on display, it didn't much matter *what* she vlogged about. She had all the *assets* she'd need to make a name for herself and earn a rabid, dedicated following.

But being a vlogger would've been such a waste of Julie's potential.

Her dream was no-where near big enough. Her desire to be a vlogger was a misplaced, silly fantasy. She lacked the ambition and understanding of the world to truly realise where she belonged in it. Not a vlogger or some family-friendly influencer. Not some pretty girl whose opinions people actually cared about. No, being a vlogger might – for now – be Julie's dream, but it wasn't her destiny.

She was meant for bigger, grander things.

And it was about time I started convincing my daughter of that very important truth.

Time to kill the dumb, moronic dream she currently had – replace it with something far more fitting. Far more *profitable*.

Now that she trusted my opinions and ideas, now that she was beginning to crave my approval, now that her idea of morals and decency were slowly beginning to be stripped away, she was ready.

All I needed to do was find the right website.

So many places where sluts and whores could go to expose themselves online, show their bodies off to invisible masses for quick, easy money. So many websites that enabled camsluts to make a living. All with varying rules dictating what was and was not okay to show on camera.

I had, in my 'research', come across many different sites with many different themes and rules.

The question was, which one of them would provide the most buck for my bang? Where would I profit the most from pimping out my daughter to an online audience?

Smiling, I went in search of just the right website for Julie to make her debut.