

Influencer

Chapter 8

"All creators have two separate persona," I said. "Their normal personality; the one they live with day-to-day, what you might call a 'private persona'. And their creative persona; the identity they fall into when creating content, their 'professional persona'."

My daughter's chest rose slowly, her breathing calm and relaxed. Her face was a serene mask; beautiful and emotionless.

"Some influencers put a lot of work into separating their two persona, while others don't. But what they all have in common is that they do indeed have these two personalities. Their real face, and the mask they wear over it when making content."

I watched Julie, stared at her relaxed face.

"You have two persona too, Julie."

No reaction.

"There's the every-day you, the shy and self-conscious Julie who wants to be confident and successful. And then there's the Julie in the vlogs, the already-confident young woman who's ready to take the world by storm. You, Julie, already have two persona. A real face and a mask. And that's good! It's not only normal when it comes to creating content, it's *desirable*. In fact, you might even want to take it a step further."

Such a beautiful girl. So pretty, so beautiful. In my whole life, I'd never stuck with any one pussy for too long. With how many babes there were out in the world, why settle for just one? But, looking at Julie, I couldn't help but believe I'd found it. The holy grail. The one beauty that couldn't be matched. A woman worth making mine permanently.

"In every-day life, I am your loving father. I'm the man who looks after you, feeds you, cares for you, does all he can to help you. You see me this way regardless of which persona you're wearing, be it private or professional. A loving father who wants you to be happy, yes?"

"Yes," Julie echoed softly.

"What if we changed that?" I asked. "What if, for the sake of helping you succeed and prosper, we made it so that your two different persona saw and treated me differently?"

Julie's lips twitched, eyebrows narrowed. Not a fan of that idea, then. Interesting.

"It's completely normal," I continued softly. "When a husband and wife start a business together, they have to start treating each other differently depending on if they're working or at home. If parents employ their children, they have to switch between a parental mindset and an employer's mindset depending on the situation. It's completely natural for family members to change how they view each other when it comes to work – especially if they work together."

I kept watching, searching for any hint of rebellion in my daughter's otherwise blank expression.

"I am your father, yes. But I am also something like a business partner to you, an investor and a consultant, a manager. I'm the quality-assurance guy, the tech guy, I am your mentor. All this is true, yes?"

"Yes," the hypnotised Julie mumbled.

"I am your father when it comes to your private life, but I am also a significant portion of your professional life. And so it makes sense that you'd see me and treat me slightly differently depending on what we're doing – be it family and home stuff, or professional and work-related things."

Julie didn't say anything, but her face did relax a little more. That was enough for me.

"When we're not doing anything related to vlogging or recording or streaming, I am your loving *father*. But, when we are doing those things – influencer things – I'm your

partner. And, in order to be a good partner, in order to help you find success, you're going to have to start making a clear distinction between those two things."

These were the seeds that would one day sprout into sexy-time fun. Eventually, when Julie's pretty lips were wrapped around my cock and her pussy was mine to claim, it'd be this very notion that allowed and enabled it.

"Sometimes, when we discuss work-related stuff, the fact that you see me as your father gets in the way. When it's an embarrassing topic for you, for example. So, rather than see and think of me as your father in those moments, I want you to remind yourself that we are *partners* instead. Business partners. Work colleagues. Put the fact that we're family in the back of your mind, so that we can focus on the task at hand. If you want to succeed at being an influencer, this is something you'll *have* to do."

I smiled to myself as the two of them chatted; Julie jotting down things in her notepad while asking Audrey a myriad of questions.

Knowing my daughter as well as I did, I could already predict the title of the video she'd make after this encounter. Something like '*Meeting A Pornstar – Interviewing Lulu Lee*' sounded about right. Julie, excited and eager at the opportunity I'd given her, was absorbing as much information as she could while Lulu Lee shared details on the inner-workings of the adult entertainment industry.

While Julie jotted down notes, Audrey's eyes flicked over to me. Curiosity and amusement filled her irises, a faint smile tugging at her full lips.

She said nothing to me, however. And I said nothing to her.

Audrey knew what I wanted from her. When the time came, and Julie got around to asking the question I wanted, Audrey would give her the answer I'd prepared. It was fascinating to watch, really. The two of them conversing, both of them using the scripts I'd given them. The questions Julie asked, the answers Audrey gave. All of it had been pre-planned.

"Do you ever regret it?" Julie asked, glancing up from her notepad to look at her interviewee. "Getting into porn. Are there ever times when you wish you could rewind the clock and stop yourself from doing it?"

"Hm..." Audrey hummed, took a moment to consider. When she smiled, the woman looked positively radiant. "No. No, I don't. I mean sure, there are bad days and nightmare shoots. But do I regret it as a whole? Not at all. Doing porn has given me an outlet for self-expression. A way of showing the world who am I, that I'm confident and independent and in control of my life. People might look down on me for it but, at the end of the day, being a pornstar has improved my life immensely. It's shown me opportunities I'd have never dreamed of before, and given me valuable life lessons I'd never want to forget."

While Julie jotted down Audrey's words, I examined my ex-plaything. A pornstar through and through. While she'd not done anything to change her face – it'd already been more than sexy enough before – the woman had certainly altered her body. Massive fake tits, round and gravity-defying. A huge, enhanced butt. Long gone was the petite girl I used to fuck.

Could I rely on her, or would she try to stab me in the back?

Though the latter was unlikely, it was still a possibility. It'd been a *very* long time since I'd last had Audrey under my controlling grip. Who knew how her mind worked these days.

Still, I had enough reason to believe Audrey would do the right thing here. As perverse and perverted as the woman was – in no small part thanks to me – I highly doubted she'd throw away the opportunity to aid in actual, real incest happening.

If I knew the woman in front of me – and I should, considering I *made* her – she'd actually want to *participate* in one of me and my daughter's 'encounters'. She'd help make it happen if only to savour the naughtiness of the taboo herself.

"Okay," Julie said, done writing down Audrey's answer and ready with another question. "Next is... Yes. Given your experience in the adult entertainment industry, what advice would you give to girls who are interested in having that kind of a career themselves?"

Finally. The question and – more importantly – the answer I'd been waiting for. My eyes locked onto Audrey's, searched for any hint of betrayal and finding none.

"That's an interesting one," Audrey smiled, leaned back in her chair. Her eyes flicked to me for a single heartbeat. "In all honesty, anyone who's looking to become an adult entertainer should look into streaming websites. Many aspects of the industry aren't as profitable as they used to be, what with how freely available porn is online. Right now, the girls making the most money and having the greatest impact are the ones on webcam sites."

Julie started jotting Audrey's answer down, eyes on the paper in front of her while her ears focused solely on the pornstar's words.

"Really, it's something I've been looking into for myself," Audrey continued. "With streaming on webcam, you can work your own hours and are under no obligation to do anything you don't want to. You have complete freedom, and have direct contact as an influencer with your followers and fans."

At the word 'influencer', Julie's head snapped up.

"In a way," Audrey said with a smile, "it's like what you're doing right now. Creating content online. Only instead of recording videos and editing them, you stream directly to your audience and get immediate feedback. It takes a bit more confidence than recording vlogs, sure. But the rewards..."

Audrey smiled, said nothing more on the matter.

Julie stared at her, pursed her lips. Thoughts flickered behind her beautiful hazel irises, her brain – for the first time ever – considering the possibility becoming a camwhore.

For now, her mind would reject the idea.

She was too shy, too self-conscious. And she had no reason to abandon her current dream of being a vlogger. Julie would consider the possibility, then dismiss it. But that was fine. Even if only for a moment, her mind would see becoming an 'adult webcam entertainer' as a viable option for herself. And that was all I needed.

After all, I could easily make that option more appealing for Julie, make her see the pros and forget about the cons.

As long as the option was there, I could convince my daughter's mind to select it. And now, thanks to Audrey's cooperation, becoming a camwhore would definitely be an option inside Julie's mind.

"I've noticed," I panted, "your content. It's been very adult-oriented lately."

My legs burned. The rest of me was warm, my lungs especially so. Sweat glued my tracksuit to my body, sticky and uncomfortable and smelly. One of the many downsides to these evening jogs. But, for all the woes this ritual exercise brought, it also gifted me some wonderfully delicious sights.

Julie jogged besides me, panting harder than I was, her own pink tracksuit clinging to her curves beautifully. Sweat poured down her pink face, dripped down onto wonderful, bouncing melons.

Watching her body during these runs was well worth the exertion. Well worth pushing myself hard – and forcing Julie to push herself along with me. Her figure, which had started out as an hourglass with a bit of softness in her belly and on her limbs, was now truly something special. Fit and strong, athletic. A perfect ten out of ten.

"Yeah," Julie panted, each word spoken as she exhaled a breath. "It's. Interesting."

"I agree," I smiled. "Sexuality and adult entertainment are very interesting topics."

Ones that're bound to get you a lot of views."

Julie kept her eyes forward, nodded her head.

My eyes drifted below her neckline.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

"I've been thinking about videos you could make," I told the girl, slowing down the pace a little. Running hard while growing stiff downstairs was generally not a fun experience. "Things that you could talk about."

"Oh?" Julie managed say between breaths.

She was reaching her limit for the run today. If I pushed her any harder, it'd be unhealthy. Still, the fact she was lasting this long already was a good sign. From being worn out in the first minute of two of running to now being able to keep up with me for over half an hour? Very good news indeed. Building up her endurance like this, giving her more energy, would only benefit me in the long-term. Eventually, I'd have it so that the girl could last all night long – not on her feet, but on her back. Or her hands and knees. Or up against a wall. Or on top of me. Or... Well, you get the idea.

When we came to a stop not too far from my home, Julie hunched over. She sucked air in big gulps, legs wobbling.

I reached into a pocket, pulled out a list of 'video ideas'.

Between gasping for air and fighting down the urge to vomit, it took Julie a full two minutes before she could stand straight enough to take the list from me.

As her eyes skimmed it, her eyebrows rose.

All of the 'topics', every last one of them, was sexual in nature. From video ideas where Julie would discuss her thoughts and experiences – or lack thereof – on it, to her kinks, to her 'demonstrating' safe sex practices, to an instructional video on how to give oneself a 'breast exam'. A list full of fun and interesting things for me to watch.

It was a two-pronged attack from me, honestly.

All those ideas would make for entertaining videos for me to watch, sure. But that was secondary to the list's main goal – which was to nudge Julie *away* from making videos and to slowly 'convince' her to start streaming instead.

Every line in the list I'd given her, every video idea, would take a full day's worth of work to complete. Hours and hours of recording and editing, every single day without fail. And, with the number of 'ideas' I'd written down for her, Julie was now looking at weeks and weeks of work in front of her.

It was phycological.

Creating videos day to day? That was easy. You just did today's work and worried about tomorrow another time. But being presented with weeks or even months worth of work to do? For a girl like Julie, who wanted to take the easy path in life so much that she'd made it her actual dream, it would be too much. An overwhelming workload that she couldn't possibly hope to overcome.

Present a problem. In this case, a huge inconvenience to Julie. A load of work that she was suddenly demotivated to do.

Then, offer a solution.

Like streaming.

No need to plan or edit videos, no need to worry about maintaining rigid schedules, no need to stress or agonise over her content at all. She could simply turn on her webcam any time she felt like it and start 'working' and earning money.

Simple as that.

That evening's video was particularly wonderful.

It started as they always did, with my daughter's rehearsed introduction – quick, little messages asking people who enjoyed the video to 'like' and 'subscribe' and 'share'. Apparently, she'd seen somewhere that it was better to put that stuff at the beginning of a

video rather than at the end. Slightly annoying, but easy enough to ignore after having heard the exact same words spoken dozens of times now.

I was lazily moving my mouse cursor to the video's volume slider – intent on silencing my busty daughter – when she pulled out an object I'd not seen in quite a while. A prop I'd bought for Julie weeks prior.

A big, purple dildo.

Eight inches long, girthy, and life-like in shape and texture.

A toy I'd bought for Julie for her 'condom application' videos.

My curiosity was officially piqued. Rather than muting my daughter, I turned the volume up – listened to what she said next with significant interest.

"Sex positivity," Julie said, blushing pink, "is all about communication and consent and understanding your partner. But, as we all know, having these kinds of talks with your partner – especially in newer relationships – can be an awkward and embarrassing experience."

I raised an eyebrow.

What did any of that have to do with why Julie was holding a dildo?

"The main issues with fostering healthy communica-"

I skipped forward in the video.

"-nd I think tha-"

Skip.

"-carrots. In order to defea-"

Skip.

Finally, I jumped far enough forward to find *exactly* what I'd been hoping to see.

I rewound back to the start of the act, stared at the paused screen with a wide smile on my face. My daughter – no shirt, only a tight-fitting bra on – leaning towards the dildo with her lips puckered and her eyes closed.

I pressed play.

Full lips pressed against the dildo's tip, gave it a soft and loving peck. Gentle and kind, just like Julie. Without waiting, she kissed it again, and again. Her face was bright red, no-doubt embarrassed in a way she'd never been before. And, due to the fact she was leaning forward to kiss the toy, her breasts hung down, tugged by gravity, displaying delicious amounts of cleavage.

Before long, the kisses turned into something more.

Julie's lips – with some difficulty – widened around the head of the toy, slid slowly down it. I could see the effort and strain of it in Julie's face, her struggle to widen her mouth and loosen her jaw enough to take in the big dildo.

Drool spilled out of the corners of her mouth, ran down the toy in tiny rivers.

My cock – almost identical to the toy in size – pushed against its tight confines at the sight.

When Julie gagged, coughed the toy out of her mouth and started gasping and wheezing, I could restrain myself no longer. Eyes moving between the toy and my daughter's saliva-coated lips, I reached down between my legs and grasped the hard rod I found there.

And, as Julie went for attempt number two of her 'fellatio demonstration', I played along with the image I saw on my screen.