

Influencer

Chapter 9

Her lips moved slowly down the toy, mouth taking in more and more of that purple dildo. Her eyes bulged as the toy's head brushed the back of her throat. A cough, a splutter and gag. Cheeks bright pink, pretty eyes bulging wide.

I could only imagine what her tongue was doing to the toy. Wrapping around it, massaging it, teasing and toying with it as she sucked.

Truthfully, I knew, my daughter wasn't very good.

It was obvious from how stiff she was that she was no cock-sucking expert. Her jaw was locked when it should've been slack, her posture was uncertain where it should have been eager. In my heart, I knew that Julie's tongue was doing nothing at all to the toy. But still, it couldn't hurt to imagine it as I whacked one out.

My daughter. How far she'd come.

How far I'd brought her with hypnosis.

Steadily, day by day, her mind was becoming mine. Her thoughts and ideas and dreams all shifting to match my vision for her.

And, once her mind was mine completely, her body would follow.

Her lips flowed up and down the purple dildo, fighting to get more and more of it into her mouth with each movement. She squeezed her eyes shut tight, began bobbing her head with more speed and vigour. At the corners of her mouth, I saw tiny rivers of saliva began to leak out.

Before long, the video's audio was filled with nothing but muffled chokes and soft gagging.

Hair fell down over Julie's face, giving her a wild – almost feral – look as she got into a fast, hungry rhythm. Still more than a little clumsy and awkward, but the intensity and eagerness more than made up for my daughter's lack of experience.

As her head bounced up and down on the toy, her colossal tits swayed and jumped. Held back by only a bra – and one that looked much too small for the goodies they contained – those beautiful melons were given almost free-reign to jiggle and dance. One of the bra's straps, I noticed, was slowly sliding down her shoulder.

Bounce, sway, bounce. Gag, choke, cough.

I was in heaven.

Not usually the kind of guy who liked watching – I'm much more of a participator than a viewer – yet, when confronted with this image of my daughter, I couldn't help but enjoy the sight.

The only way this particular 'vlog' could've been any better was if that dildo was gone, instead replaced with my actual, real cock.

Now *that* would have been something wonderful.

Soon.

Julie's face pulled away from the big dildo, saliva coating her lips and chin. She took a few moments to catch her breath, breathing heavily and blushing brightly, then looked directly at the camera.

"And *that*," Julie panted, "is how to perform fellatio on your partner."

"Making videos like you do," I said softly, "vlogs and the like, is going out of fashion. People have very short attention spans, you see. Asking them to watch ten-minute videos every day, when there are so many alternatives, is unreasonable."

Julie shifted a little, a small frown appearing on her brow.

"There are so many other forms of entertainment online these days. From short – less than a minute long – comedy clips, to places where people you follow can post their thoughts and opinions without needing to make a video, to livestreams that last much

longer than ten-minute videos and which allow creators to interact with their audiences directly.”

Even just a few years back, livestreaming wasn't a big thing. Internet speeds hadn't allowed it to be a viable form of entertainment for the masses. Now, though...

“If you want a quick laugh, you can find comedy clips online easily. If you want to see cute animals, a single internet search will take you to more videos and pictures than you'll ever be able to count. If you have a favourite creator, and want to know their thoughts on certain topics, you can go through their social media profiles and find it – or even ask them directly yourself. In many ways, videos and vlogs are a thing of the past. A dying trend.”

I kept my eyes on Julie, watching as the barest hints of emotion rippled across her face. Not enough for me to tell one-hundred percent what her reaction to my words was, but enough for me to guess.

Upset. Unhappy. Disbelieving.

Her dream, her entire life's goal, was to become a big vlogger. Rich, famous, influential. None of which would be possible if people weren't watching her videos.

Julie's dream was to be an influencer.

But dreams, especially those of naive, silly girls, could change.

“Video-making is an industry that's slowly shrinking. Dying.”

Present a problem.

“But...” I said with a smile.

Offer a solution.

“...Livestreaming isn't.”

I'd planted the seeds. I'd let them fester and grow inside Julie's mind. Everything with Audrey, all the little hints and nudges along the way, all the poking and prodding at Julie's subconscious. And now, finally, it was time to begin reaping the harvest.

“If anything,” I continued, “livestreaming as an industry is only *growing*. It's like traditional television, where there are countless channels and always something to watch. Only instead of television shows, it's streamers. *Influencers*. If someone wants to make it big online these days, livestreaming is the way to go.”

I smiled at Julie. My too-beautiful daughter. My too-trusting, too-sexy, soon-to-be pet.

“You *do* want to make it big online, don't you Julie? You *do* want to become an influencer, *right?*”

It took a few days. Every morning, the same trance with the same message. Killing Julie's desire to be a vlogger, giving her a new path to follow instead. Within a week, though, it happened.

We were sitting at the dining table, eating my special-recipe pasta. Or, to put it more accurately, *I* was eating the delicious pasta while Julie poked and prodded at hers with her fork.

I didn't say anything, just watched the girl out of the corner of my eye. Waiting.

“I didn't record a video today,” Julie finally said, voice impossibly quiet. She stared at the food in front of her, didn't look up at me. “I... I couldn't.”

I set my fork down, turned my gaze to Julie.

No anger in my eyes, no judgement. Only kind, fatherly love.

“I just...” She shook her head, eyes downcast. “It's not for me. I tried. I really, *really* tried. But it's just not actually going to go anywhere. Not really.”

I forced down the urge to smile.

“No-one really makes videos any more. And the ones that do don't put out as much content as they used to. Vlogging, making videos, is a graveyard. I should have started sooner. But,” she shook her head sadly, “it's too late now. Making videos isn't going to get

me anywhere.”

Sympathy. That's what I needed in this situation – to seem and appear sympathetic. I morphed my face, wore the mask of sympathy like a master.

“I'm sorry, princess,” I said, voice laced with the convincing fake-emotion. “I know how much it meant to you...”

“I-” Julie began. She pursed her lips, took a moment to muster up some courage and confidence before she spoke again. “I'm not giving up. I'm still going to be an influencer. No matter what. It's my dream and I'm *not* going to give up on it. Which is why...”

Her eyes met mine. Pink spread across her cheeks as she quickly glanced away.

“I think... I want to become a streamer.”

I raised an eyebrow at her.

“Alright,” I said, calm and loving. “That seems reasonable enough. What kind of livestreaming do you want to do? I know video game livestreams are big, but you've never mentioned anything about playing games before. And there's IRL streamers, but that doesn't strike me as something you'd-”

“Adult,” Julie said, face bright red now. She didn't look up at me. *Couldn't* look up at me. “I... I want to become a camgirl.”

Victory.

Julie's words hung in the air, everything else was silent.

“Okay,” I said after a brief pause. When Julie looked up at me, I gave her my best fatherly smile. “I'll support you, Julie. No matter what, I'm here for you. Always.”

It was far from a done-deal just yet. Before she actually started streaming, Julie wanted to do her own research. And, when she did start camming, I knew it'd take a few sessions before the girl was comfortable enough to start exposing herself to her faceless fans.

But it was a step forward. A huge one. One might even call it a giant leap.

Julie wanted to become an 'adult entertainer'. A camslut. She'd bought into all the shit I'd shovelled her way. Her weak, gullible mind had caved under the pressure of hypnosis, the continuous manipulations.

Soon, I'd get to see my daughter in all her naked glory.

Along with countless other guys.

More than that, though, I'd eventually become an active participant in Julie's 'shows'. From what I'd seen, a camslut's audience always craved to see real action – to see their crush, the babe they'd watched for however long, finally getting fucked like a piece of meat. Julie's 'fans' would want to see that just as much as I wanted to *do* it.

And, if I knew anything about my daughter, anything at all, it was that she lived to make her followers happy.

After Julie's announcement, she stopped recording videos entirely. She spent the next few days exploring the cam sites that I – as her manager – had given her. She called and messaged Audrey, who in turn told Julie everything I wanted my daughter to hear. Days went by without any videos of Julie; no more bra-clad bouncing or fellatio demonstrations, no rambling about inane topics or sharing pointless opinions.

One night, I found myself staring at an empty folder – waiting for a file to appear that I knew never would. Disappointing, to say the least.

Finally, though, Julie made her important decision.

Which website she'd perform on.

A decision heavily influenced by yours truly, it goes without saying. It was, in my eyes, the best possible place for Julie to start her online career. A large camsite used by countless women, young and old alike. Everything from soft-core teasing to hardcore BDSM. No special gimmicks, no theme for the camgirls to follow; just a massive free-for-all of women vying for the attention of the site's male audience.

The large number of camwhores on the site meant that a newcomer was unlikely to get much attention right away, but that only served to aid me in my plan. Too many 'fans' right off the bat might overwhelm Julie. Too few, though, would be humbling – would give my daughter the drive she needed to overcome her shyness and dedicate herself to succeeding.

As soon as Julie picked that site, I set into motion. Began signing up an account for her. A surprisingly easy endeavour, creating a camwhore account. All it needed was a stable internet connection, some ID to prove Julie was of legal age, and a camera.

And, once that was set up, it was just a matter of sitting Julie down in front of the camera and going live.

"How're you feeling?" I asked, adjusting the camera for the best possible angle – raised up so that it peered down at Julie, with a nice view of the girl's cleavage.

"I'm... okay," Julie answered, not exactly sounding confident. "Nervous."

I nodded my head, gave her an encouraging smile.

"It'll be fine," I told her. "I promise."

She was sat cross-legged on her bed, wearing ordinary jeans and a pink v-neck jumper. The type of clothes a girl would wear out and about and no-one would take notice of. Under that jumper, I knew, Julie was wearing a t-shirt. And, under that, a bra.

My daughter, as much as it was possible for a beauty like her to, looked like an ordinary, regular girl.

"What if something goes wrong?" She asked, eyes wide.

"Then I'll take care of it," I told her. "You're not doing this alone, Julie. I'm here. Everything will be alright. All you have to do is follow the script, smile, and be yourself. Let me worry about everything else."

Julie nodded her head, blushing profusely.

I was seated on a chair behind the camera, laptop resting atop my lap. Just out of the camera's frame, Julie's computer monitor displayed the site she was about to start streaming on – one half of the screen filled with an empty chat area while the other showed everything that the camera could see. My laptop shared the exact same image as was present on the monitor.

Any time I wished, I could type out a message and it'd appear on Julie's screen for her to read. A way for me to communicate with her without actually speaking. Anyone watching the stream would have no reason to believe Julie wasn't alone in her room.

I took a moment to gaze at my daughter.

It was undeniable. Julie was the prettiest thing I'd ever laid my eyes on. Angelic in her beauty, adorable in her innocence. Hazel eyes shone brightly, reflecting the professional-grade lighting I'd set up using what used to be her video-recording equipment. Auburn hair flowed down her shoulders in neat weaves, freshly cut and styled for this exact moment – Julie's debut. Her body, even with the multiple layers of clothing, was unreal in its curvy, slender, perfect proportions. A top-heavy hourglass.

A girl like her? She was *made* to be seen.

With a body like that, a face as pretty as hers, it'd be a crime *not* to show it off for all the world to see and savour.

"Just let me know when you're ready," I told Julie.

She nodded her head, though didn't give me the go-ahead.

And so I waited.

Already, I'd spent weeks and months slowly tugging the girl to where she was now. Pokes and prods and nudges, an invisible hand guiding her down the path she should always have been on. So many nights spent plotting, eyes on recordings of her pretty face and sexy body. So many hours spent with her hypnotised, listening to my every word and trusting that I wanted what was best for her. Every single day, a trance. Every night, one

step closer.

All of it, leading Julie to this moment.

If all I had to do now was wait a few minutes more while Julie mustered up the courage she needed, that was fine by me.

I was, after all, a very patient man.

And patient men, men with the unwavering drive to succeed, men unwilling to back down because of weaknesses like 'ethics' and 'morality', *always* get what they want in the end.

Julie closed her eyes, sucked in a deep breath and held it.

When she let it out, her eyes shot open.

She nodded her head to me firmly.

"Go," she said.

Seconds ticked by painfully slow. Five. Ten. Fifteen. Twenty.

I stared at the laptop screen, heart pounding in my chest. Across the room, Julie shifted on the bed – eyes on her monitor.

Twenty-five. Thirty. Thirty-five.

My mind raced, thoughts rushing by in a flood.

It was a big site, with a lot of streamers. Julie was new, had only been live for forty seconds now. We just had to be patient and-

The viewer-count changed from zero to one.

Then from one to seven.

To twelve.

To sixteen.

And, just like that, Julie had an audience.

The chat-box remained empty for a long moment. Only full members of the website, men with verified accounts, could type in the chat – and most of the viewers didn't seem to fit into that category. But, as the viewer-count reached past the twenty mark, the first line in the chat appeared – Julie's very first interaction with one of her viewers.

BrosephDude69: holy fuck your hott.

Julie's eyes widened as she read the message, cheeks flushing a shy, cute pink. She smiled at the camera.

"Uh," she said, voice adorably soft and awkward, "thank you Broseph Dude."

Another two messages appeared in the chat. One from Mr Dude, another from someone else going under the name "sugardaddy54m". The message from Broseph asked if Julie was new to the site, as he'd never seen her before and would've definitely remembered her if he had. The other one asked how big her tits were, and if they were 'real'.

Before Julie had a chance to read either of those messages, however, I typed one of my own – for Julie's eyes only.

Introduce yourself.

Her eyes flicked to me when she read it. She gave a tiny, imperceptible nod of her head. Then she turned to the camera and smiled.

"Hi!" Julie said happily, face flushed. A bubbly, cute girl with the body of a goddess and the face of an angel. "I'm Julie. Though you probably already know that, huh? It's the name on my stream thingy and..."

Her eyes flicked to her monitor again, widened in surprise when she saw her viewer-count had pushed past the hundred mark.

"Oh my god," she gasped. "There are so many of you!"

The chat had filled with messages now. A good half-dozen different guys at least, all wanting my daughter to pay attention to them. Soon enough, I was certain, some of them would start throwing money at Julie in the form of priority messages.

"It keeps going up!" Julie breathed, mouth open and eyes wide. "Hi everyone! I'm Julie. Welcome to my very first stream ever!"

I watched as the viewer-count kept rising, as more and more messages flowed down the chat window. And, when the sound of a bell echoed through Julie's bedroom – the tell-tale sign that someone had paid for a priority message, or else had just thrown money at Julie in general – it became official.

My daughter was now a camwhore.