

Influencer Christmas Livestream

I was up first. Not too surprising, what with how late Julie had stayed up last night. A Christmas Eve livestream for the ages. Baking cookies for 'Santa', losing clothing as the money came rolling in, decorating the Christmas tree and getting 'tangled' in the fairy lights, telling Christmas stories in her soft, seductive voice.

I'd thrown in the towel long before the livestream ended. Had gone to bed as Julie played with herself in front of a fake, crackling fire.

Likely, my beautiful daughter wouldn't be up 'til well past noon.

So I sat myself down in the living room, turned on the TV, sipped from my steaming mug of coffee, and waited.

Today's livestream... It'd be something.

Julie had been looking forward to it the entire month. Even more than Christmas presents and festivities, she'd been excited about today's livestream. For the last week, it'd been all the silly girl had talked about.

I shook my head, smiled.

Perhaps I'd drilled wanting to be a 'streamer' too hard into her mind. These days, it was the singular thing her life revolved around. Going live, entertaining her fans, growing her viewership, coming up with new ways to impress and wow them. It was so much a part of who she was, there'd be nothing left if I pulled the plug – forbade her from livestreaming again.

Not that I was complaining. It was good income.

By the time I heard movement upstairs, it was early afternoon. I turned down the TV, waited patiently.

A few minutes passed.

And, finally, the star emerged.

Wearing a loose robe, auburn hair a sexy mess, shadows under her eyes. A beauty that belonged on movie posters, not porn sites, with her sharp, perfect features. Her hourglass figure.

She smiled at me as she entered the room.

"Hey," Julie said, stifling a yawn. "Been up long?"

"A few minutes," I lied.

My darling daughter still believed I watched every stream all the way through. A misconception I was happy to perpetuate. I was, after all, her 'biggest fan'. And what kind of a fan would I be if I missed parts of – or whole – streams?

"Come," I told her, patting my lap. "Sit. Rest up before your stream later. I got you some nice presents..."

Paid for with money she'd earned.

"I got you something too," Julie beamed.

It was a nice watch. Fancy. And expensive.

I wasn't much of a 'watch' guy, so I didn't recognise the brand. But it was a decent enough gift.

Nothing compared to the present I'd be unwrapping later.

I sat behind the camera as the stream started, a laptop open beside me with the livestream's chat open on it. Just like when Julie had first started doing this, I was there watching over everything. A front-row seat to the action.

"Hi everyone!" Julie said to the camera, waving and grinning. "Merry Christmas!"

The wonders a shower and some makeup could do for a woman.

Gone was the sleepy, tired girl this morning. Now Julie shone with a controlled radiance. So breathtakingly beautiful that even I – having lived with her for so long, slept

with her countless times – couldn't help but stare. Get lost in that confident beauty.

Clad in a Slutty Santa dress that was snug on her amazing body; bright red with white fluff and a black belt. High-heeled black boots. A cute Santa hat. And, what drew my gaze more than anything else, a red ribbon around her throat tied into a classic gift bow – as if she were offering herself up as a present to anyone watching.

Compared to what she was making me wear, Julie's costume was out of this world.

"I know a lot of you are going to be busy today..." That was an understatement. How many married men were among Julie's viewers? How many families would be wondering what was so important on *father's* phone that he was so distracted? I could only guess. "And I know I'm gonna be busy enough today too! So, I figured, why not get right into the action?"

She looked past the camera lens at me, waved me forward.

"It's been a while since you've all seen me really getting *fucked*, hasn't it? Well... Consider this my present to you!"

I rose from my seat, a little surprised and plenty intrigued.

"This," Julie gestured at me as I stepped into the camera's view, "some of you will remember, is my Daddy. And, to thank him for all his hard work and help, I'm gonna fuck his brains out!"

Promises, promises.

I glanced at the camera, gave it a non-committal wave. My face, as it always was, was hidden. This time by a big, fake, bushy beard. As white as snow and as uncomfortable and itchy as a face full of rough straw. Atop my head, a Santa hat. Below my neck, a matching costume.

Julie looked up at me as I came to stand beside her.

"Don't worry about donos or anything today!" Julie told the camera. "This is my treat. A thank you for all the support you guys have!"

She cut off as I gripped her shoulders.

Her head turned. Big, round eyes looking questioningly up at me. Adorable hazel eyes that no man could resist.

I pushed down, put weight on her shoulders.

She got the hint, fell to her knees.

"I think I know what Daddy wants first," Julie giggled, eyes flicking to the camera and the monitor set up beside it. Making sure everything looked good in-frame.

I moved my hands from her shoulders, slid my thumbs into her mouth – one at each corner – and pried her jaw open. Held her face in place with a firm grip. I didn't even need to command the slut to pull my cock out. Her hands were already tearing my pants down.

I'd trained her well.

Black, high-heeled boots rose into the air. Legs straight and smooth, one over each of my shoulders. Jerking, along with the rest of her body, with each thrust.

Her moans filled the room, the sound joined by a steady *thump thump* as the bed's frame rocked into the wall.

"Daddy," Julie purred, digging red fingernails into my back. "Fuck me Daddy."

"Slut," I growled down at her.

In that moment, she looked the part more so than ever before. With drool all over her cheeks from the face-fucking I'd given her, her fat tits pouring out of a dress too skimpy to be worn anywhere but the bedroom. Legs in the air, ass slapping against me as she met every thrust with a gyration of her own.

And her eyes... Those pretty, hazel eyes...

"Yes!" Julie moaned, head tilting back, spine arching. "Please, Daddy!"

"No," I grunted. "Not yet."

She let out a little whine, didn't complain.

Sweat beaded her brow, trickled off her cheeks and chin and down into the valley between her massive tits.

"I need it," the little whore pleaded, "I... I need to..."

"Not until I say so!"

She bit her lip, shut her eyes tight, resisted the urge.

Her moans grew more desperate, her whole body trembling with the effort of holding back her orgasm. She writhed beneath me, thrust herself at my cock and gripped hold of my body. Black heels scratched my back. And still I kept fucking her. Slamming my cock into her, over and over. Revelling in the effect it had on my beautiful daughter.

"Daddy," Julie gasped. "*Please!*"

"Please what?"

"Please can I cum?!"

I didn't answer right away. Gave the slut a few more seconds of wonderful agony before my own urge flared beyond the point of resistance.

"Yes!" I grunted as my first shot poured inside her. "Cum!"

Her tight cunt clenched around me, squeezed my cock as I came in short bursts. Out bodies in perfect sync; mine pumping her full as hers milked my cock for all it was worth.

When I collapsed atop her, I made sure my mouth landed on a hard nipple.

She'd left cookies out for Santa, but no milk.

Next year, I'd make sure to remedy that.

But, for now, I was content in nibbling and suckling a nipple that refused to reward me for my efforts.

Julie panted beneath me. Spent.

Too tired to even end her stream.

In the end, the Christmas Stream turned out to be quite lucrative for Julie – and for me in turn. Apparently, the viewers had enjoyed the 'authenticity' of the show.

I took that to mean they liked watching a stunning woman like Julie being fucked senseless.

Either way, it was a roaring success.

Julie, being the consummate streamer she was, spent the rest of Christmas Day in private chats with her biggest donators. Flirting with them, giving them plenty of reason to keep catapulting their cash in her direction.

What the actual conversations consisted of, I didn't know. Nor did I particularly care.

Julie was mine, after all.

Mine alone.

Let her favourite fans fantasise. I was the only man who had – or would – ever enjoy the real thing.

When she finally came to bed, Julie was exhausted.

As she always was, after humouring all those deluded fans.

Smiling, after a good day's work.

Before drifting off to sleep, she mentioned something about a New Year's stream. I wasn't paying attention.

My mind was elsewhere.

On other women.

With how successful Julie's career was turning out to be, it only made sense to expand things. Recruit more beauties to the streaming world. Build a small empire for myself. And a nice little harem.

Now wouldn't *that* be wonderful?