

Influencer Obsession

It all started with porn.

Home alone, with the wife and kids out for the day, I'd decided to treat myself. Rather than using my laptop's small screen to jerk off, I hooked it up to the living room television instead. A massive, sixty-inch TV with all the bells and whistles no-one ever used; 4k and special colour correction and all the brand-named 'features' that all meant the same thing.

Crisp, clear, high-quality video.

All I had to do was find something *good* to put on.

Something *special*.

I typed in all my favourite search terms, got to browsing webcam videos of teens with huge tits going at it solo – who wanted to listen to some other guy grunting and groaning when beating meat?

It took only a few minutes of searching the porn site to stumble across *her*.

A video of the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

This stunning girl with big, innocent eyes. A lovely, genuine smile. A pair of natural tits so massive that they strained the casual clothes the girl was wearing to the breaking point.

The moment I saw her, I fell in love.

I felt like I knew exactly the type of girl she was, just by witnessing her smile, her pretty face.

Images flashed through my mind. Images of her volunteering to help people, care for the sick and elderly. Scenes of her being kind and caring to strangers. I could imagine that smile comforting me, the sweet sound of her voice soothing my worries and troubles away. I could picture her in thick sweaters and modest tops, attending church and being the perfect 'good girl' that everyone loved and admired.

And I saw the naughtiness hidden just behind her shy smile.

I watched the whole video from start to finish. All ninety minutes of it. And, when it was over, I felt my heart sink.

Me? I wasn't the type of guy to watch whole videos. I was here to jerk off, relax, enjoy some big-titty bitches having fun. Whenever I came across a long video, you best bet I skipped right through that shit to the good parts.

But not with this girl.

As soon as the video was finished, I scrolled the page. Searching for information on the angel in the video.

Nothing.

No links to whatever site she streamed on. No comments with her name. Not a single damned thing in the video's description.

I did the only thing I could and cleaned up the mess.

A minute later, cum wiped away and the after-orgasm buzz still strong, I bookmarked the porn video and closed everything up. Made sure everything was normal and uninteresting for when my family arrived home.

I encountered the girl's videos a few more times over the next months. Different clips of her; some no more than a minute or two long, others well past the two-hour mark. Most of them involved her having fun with a dildo, one of them included another man – who the girl called 'daddy'.

Suffice to say, *that* one became a favourite for me to come back to.

For as much as I didn't like dudes in my porn, this girl was worth the sacrifice. Her orgasmic moans, her pleading for her 'daddy' to fuck her harder. How could I say no to

that?

In those videos, I also heard her name for the first time.

Julie.

It wasn't enough information to find her; I still had no idea which website she even streamed herself on. But to be able to put a name to that angelic face was nice.

Julie. My pretty muse.

Julie. My secret crush.

Anytime I was alone, I searched for her. Browsed page after page of porn results. Scrolled video after video.

As tempted as I was, I didn't post screenshots or videos of her on any forums. While doing that – asking if anyone knew who she was – might help me find my angel, it would also be an admission to myself that she wasn't *just* mine.

I didn't want anyone else looking at her.

I wanted Julie all to myself.

What man wouldn't?

When I was at work, I daydreamed about the beauty that'd captured my heart. At home, I imagined what it'd be like to be married to her instead. Imagined what it'd be like to have her call *me* 'daddy'. In bed, my wife snoring next to me, I closed my eyes and built stories around Julie.

An innocent, kind girl forced into cam-work by some uncaring boyfriend. Someone for me to save her from. Or maybe it was financial troubles that got her into camming. Financial troubles that I could help with; be her heroic saviour.

I wasn't *obsessed*. These were just fantasies. Daydreams.

But still... To find Julie. To introduce myself to her, get to know her, have her fall in love with me...

It was a dream I was unable to set aside.

And then, one day, I found her.

In the comments of a reposted Julie video, some random guy had dropped Julie's streaming name.

Three seconds was all it took for me to search the name and find Julie's page. Full of all her past broadcasts and private photos and videos, each one with a little fee attached. There was even a schedule – her next stream slotted for that very night!

Leaving my sleeping wife in bed, I crept out of our bedroom with my laptop. I didn't need to go far – just to one of the house's two bathrooms. Away from my wife and the possibility of her waking up. Somewhere private.

As the rest of the house slept, I put in some earphones and created an account on the streaming site. Then, feeling like a kid at Christmas, I waited for my angel to go live.

Minutes ticked by slowly, my heart thundering in my chest.

I'd been looking forward to this all day.

No. I'd been looking forward to this for *months*. Ever since I'd first laid eyes on Julie.

The temptation to go buy access to her past videos and streams was almost overwhelming. Watching them while I waited for her to go live? It would've been amazing. But the fear of missing even a single *second* of her live was enough to stop me. Keep me sitting there on the toilet, refreshing the webpage over and over again.

Agonising seconds ticked by.

I felt like I was losing my mind. Going insane from the waiting. I was so *close*. So, so, so *close* to seeing her live.

And then it happened.

The 'Live' notification popped up. The feed from a high-quality webcam appeared. And there she sat, smiling through the screen at me.

Julie.

For the next four hours, I did nothing but watch. Watch and jerk it and watch some more.

I didn't comment in Julie's stream chat, like the legion of losers vying for her attention. Nor did I throw any money at her; part of me wanted to, if only to encourage her to get naughtier quicker. I simply sat there and watched and fell even more in love with the insanely beautiful girl.

Watching the stream – it wasn't like the videos.

Whatever scumbags had reposted clips of Julie had left out much of the streams, cutting straight to the naughty stuff. They left out all the talking and chatting, Julie telling the stream about her day and thoughts and *everything*. She giggled at dumb jokes, rolled her eyes at others, told stories of her life that were *normal*. Not exaggerated sex stories. Not fake, forced laughter. Not casual indifference.

I could've sat there watching her, listening to her, for days. I *would* have, if not for the stream coming to an end.

My heart broke as the red 'Live' indicator went dark, as the stream feed went black.

Outside, the sun was beginning to rise. The black of night shifting to a deep, looming violet. And all I could do was sit there and stare at the screen, grief and anguish consuming me until I couldn't take it anymore.

I set down my laptop, left the bathroom, went in search of my phone and wallet.

As soon as I got back, I bought everything Julie had to sell.

Every past stream. Every photo gallery and naughty video.

There were dozens of the latter and hundreds of the former, and each individual one worth up to twenty bucks.

And I bought them *all*.

Like a man possessed.

I put on Julie's first ever stream, watched with a glee and excitement that kept a grin glued to my face the whole time.

When my family began to wake, I made up an excuse about not feeling well. The same excuse I used when calling in sick to work. And, as soon as my wife and kids were gone, I left the bathroom and took my laptop to bed. Not to sleep, but to watch more of Julie.

Later that evening, after the kids were back from school and the wife was done with work, I was no longer able to watch the videos – not without the risk of being bothered or caught. So I decided to sleep, knowing I'd spend tomorrow doing exactly the same thing I had today.

But, before knocking out, I sent Julie a private message through the streaming website – another tiny fee to pay for the privilege. Asked her about other things I might be able to buy from her, telling her I loved her content, letting her know I was her biggest fan. A thousand different emotions rushed through me as I hit 'send'. None so much as giddiness.

I was almost too excited at the prospect of a reply to sleep. But sleep I did. And, when I woke up, I had my reply.

"So," Julie said, looking me up and down. "You're my biggest fan, are you?"

I gulped, nodded my head, quickly took a step back.

She smiled, cheeks rosy, and entered the motel room.

It felt like a dream. A fantasy. Too wonderful to possibly be real. And yet... Here she was. In the flesh.

Months of messaging her, showering her with gifts and tips and compliments, spending a good chunk of my savings. And here she was. Worth every penny and more.

Julie.

Wearing a t-shirt that looked much too tight for her considerable bust, shorts that

ended just low enough to hide her milky thighs from sight. A backpack slung over one shoulder. Her hair up in a lazy ponytail.

She was *stunning*. Beautiful beyond reason.

As she wandered around the motel room, humming a little tune, my eyes followed her. Absorbing the breath-taking sight of her.

She looked even better in person than she did online.

Until that moment, I wouldn't have believed it possible.

"I'm, uh..." I blushed, tumbled over my words. "I..."

"You're my biggest fan," Julie whispered. She shuddered, bit her lip, turned to face me directly. "Aren't you?"

"I... Yes! I am!"

I'd learned plenty about Julie over the last few months. Everything from her favourite foods to the movie stars she had crushes on growing up. But, from all the interactions I'd had with her – in her stream and in private messages – the one thing I knew most of all was *that*.

Julie *loved* the idea of having a 'biggest fan'.

Why? I had no idea.

But having a hundred guys in stream all claiming the title for themselves *a/ways* got the girl going.

"I have all your videos!" I said, chest flaring. "All the galleries. I've watched every single one of your streams! And all those gifts and things, too. All those other idiots are kidding themselves. *I'm* your biggest fan!"

"You are, are you?" Julie purred.

I nodded my head quickly.

She walked over to me, took my hand and gently guided me towards the motel bed.

The next thing I knew, I was on my back.

Julie crawled between my legs, started tugging down my trousers. That same sweet smile on her face.

I groaned as soon as my cock sprang into sight.

Rock hard and throbbing.

"I like your cock, daddy," Julie whispered.

Then she leaned forward, gave the head a tiny kiss.

It took all my willpower not to burst right there and then.

"I want it," Julie said softly, kissing it again. "I want to make it feel good. I want to make *you* feel good. My biggest fan... What should I do for you?"

Existing in the same room as me was already more than I'd ever allowed myself to hope for.

"Keep kissing it," I grunted. "Kiss my cock!"

Julie giggled, leaned closer.

Peck after little peck. On the head of my cock, down the shaft, on my balls. She kissed and kissed, a smile pulling at her pretty lips all the while. When she kissed back up my cock, reached the very tip, the kiss she gave it lingered. An audible smooch.

"When I was little," Julie hummed, leaning away again, "one of my friends said that, if you kiss a boy, it means they're your boyfriend. Does that mean your dick is my boyfriend now?"

I groaned, found myself unable to answer.

"I'll take that as a yes," Julie laughed, taking hold of my cock and pulling it closer to her lips. She whispered to it. "Hello, mister cock. I'm Julie, your new girlfriend."

And, once again, she kissed it.

A lingering, loving kiss.

A kiss that had her tongue teasing the small bit of space between her plump, wet lips.

My will finally broke.

I came, shooting ribbons of white up into the air.

Most of it landed on the top of Julie's head, in her auburn hair. Not that she tried to stop it. A wide grin split her lips and she tilted her head back, catching the last two strands across her face.

I collapsed back, panting heavily.

Julie giggled, kissed my cock again.

"Messy, messy boyfriend," she hummed, licked her lips. "Now don't go falling asleep on me mister. It's a boyfriend's job to make sure his girlfriend is happy. And you're going to make me really, really happy. Aren't you, mister cock?"

I collapsed atop her, spent.

Julie breathed into the pillow, sighed in contentment.

She wiggled her butt, my cock wiggling along inside her. A pleasant sensation, but one dwarfed by the sudden wave of exhaustion.

I reached under her, squeezed her huge tits.

"Mmm," Julie moaned through her smile. "That feels nice."

"You like having your boobs groped?" I asked.

"I like *you* liking them," Julie yawned, snuggling her pillow. "Play with them as much as you want. I'm a heavy sleeper..."

So I did.

Well after her breathing slowed to a shallow, peaceful rhythm. Well after I was certain she was lost to dream-land for the night. I gently kneaded her tits, ran my thumbs over her nipples, kissed her back and her shoulders.

Tonight was the only night I'd get to spend with Julie. No way was I going to let it go to waste.

Sure, there might be other nights in the future.

But *this* – right now – was my only guarantee.

It was only when sleep began pushing at my senses, steadily eroding my will to keep awake, that I gave in. Carried out my idiotic, silly plan.

I wasn't doing anything *nefarious*, I promised myself.

Just satisfying my curiosity, that was all. Nothing dark or demented. Nothing bad. Just answering some questions. Nothing more. I wouldn't take it any further than that...

I climbed out of bed slowly, carefully. Making sure that the motion didn't wake my sleeping goddess.

And, once I was safely off the mattress, and Julie was still obviously asleep, I crept slowly over to her backpack. Rummaged through it as best I could in the near-total darkness.

I couldn't see a damned thing. But I didn't need to.

So long as I could feel it, I could-

There.

I pulled Julie's purse out of the backpack, brought it close to the only real light source in the room; a ray of light from a streetlamp outside, slipping in through a crack in the curtains.

There, in that dim light, I opened Julie's purse.

Her driver's license was inside.

On it; her full name, her address, everything I'd need to find her again and more.

Not that I'd ever *use* the information...

No, I wasn't *obsessed*. I was just a fan. Her *biggest* fan.

But, if Julie wanted me to be more...

She *had* called me her boyfriend...

Quietly, I carried the purse back to Julie's backpack. Returned it where I'd found it,

climbed back into bed with her.
With my girlfriend.