

Influencer - Step-Dad's Delight

Back when I was a young buck, when me and my friends were officially done with school, we went on a trip. Me and my three best buddies, hiking through Europe without a care in the world. Seducing Euro-babes in every town we visited, counting our conquests one after the other. Town to town, city to city, country to country. A gap year spent getting laid, having fun, living life.

It was marvellous.

The kind of holiday I'd been looking back on fondly ever since. No one takes it up the ass better than a French chick and none like it rougher than a German. Scandinavians? They suck the best. And Italians? Well, they win the 'best food' award, at least.

After that gap year ended, and me and my friends went our separate ways, life slowed down to a crawl. Office jobs and casual flings and eventually marriage and mortgages and taxes and all that dreary, dull shit.

No kids, thankfully. Save for my wife's daughter, there were no brats in my household. I had *no* interest in creating that kind of life-long headache for myself.

Life just... happened.

Dull days turned into boring months into bland years.

Time just flowed on by.

I might as well have been dead, for all the fun I was having.

Always looking back on that gap year, wanting nothing more than to go back in time and relive it – make it never ending.

That's where the idea came from. A half-year holiday with my wife, travelling across the world. A sex-filled, exciting holiday for the two of us. All paid for and taken care of. Her daughter didn't want to go to college, so all the cash I'd been forced to save in her 'college fund' was free game.

Another once-in-a-lifetime adventure. Only this time, with my wife instead of my buddies.

We'd dump the daughter off at her father's place and not look back.

Just me and Laura. Fucking like rabbits as we toured the world.

That was how it *should* have been.

I was almost regretful as Julie climbed out of my car, made her way into the gated community. The girl had changed drastically over the last few months. A late growth-spurt had given her watermelon tits, which on her skinny frame were a sight to behold.

Prettier than her mother. More innocent. Softer.

Laura caught me staring at her daughter's backside, didn't say anything. She glared at her daughter, didn't so much as wave goodbye or look in the rear-view mirror as I drove away.

Odd that, isn't it? The way a woman's brain works.

She wasn't upset at me for lusting after her sexy daughter. No, she was upset at *Julie* for my attraction. As if the daughter were intentionally trying to steal me away from her. In Laura's eyes, I imagined, all guys are weak-willed creatures that were unable to restrain themselves. It wasn't *my* fault that I wanted to fuck Julie's brains out, it was *Julie's* fault for tempting me.

Without a word, I drove us to the airport.

A few hours waiting, a few more sitting on uncomfortable plane seats, another two or three after landing before we arrived at our hotel – the very same one me and my friends had first stayed at all those years ago.

And, despite both of us being tired and worn out and jetlagged, we fucked. Spent a good hour or two humping each other.

Not the most intense sex ever. But it was a good start all the same.

Over the next few weeks, we were fucking constantly. Every free moment, her panties were on the floor and my cock found its way inside her. Fucking in public bathrooms? Check. Blowie under the table at a restaurant? Check. Fingering during the taxi ride back to the hotel? Check.

We were having so much sex – the loud, sweaty, *good* kind of sex – that we got more than a few complaints from the hotels we stayed at those first two months. Hell, if we *didn't* get a complaint from the hotel or one of its guests, we'd consider it a failure on our part.

But all good things must come to an end.

After the two-month mark, the sex began to slow down.

Instead of multiple times a day, it became once a day. Then three times a week. Once a week. Then nothing at all.

The sex evaporated. And with it, the fun.

We went to fewer and fewer tourist hotspots, saw less and less of the cities we visited. More and more, we ended up staying in the hotel rooms, watching television and movies. And, by the fourth month, I was as bored of Laura as I had been before we'd gone on this stupid trip.

"Hey babe," I said, walking over to where she lay in bed, eyes on a television screen. "It's been a while since we, you know..."

Five months in at this point. One month left before our holiday came to an end. Might as well *try* to make the most of that time before reality came crashing back down on us.

"It's late," Laura said, not even bothering to look at me. "I'm too tired tonight. Maybe tomorrow."

My shoulders slumped.

Great.

"What about a quick handy, or-"

"No, Jerry," Laura grumbled. "Not tonight."

My wife was beautiful. A bombshell MILF. The kind of woman most guys could only *dream* of being with. But, for all her sexiness and attractiveness, she lacked that one vital trait that made for a perfect woman.

She had no desire or drive at all to make her man happy.

I sighed, grabbed my laptop off the bed's side-table and made my way to the hotel suite's bathroom.

Looked like it'd be another night of jacking it to porn.

Yay.

Laura, of course, said nothing. Didn't make a single comment about me heading to the bathroom with my laptop. She *knew* what I was about to do, she *had* to know. She just didn't care. In her mind, I bet, me jacking off to porn was better than her jacking me off herself – less work for her.

I shut the bathroom door behind me, sat down on the toilet seat, opened up the laptop, put my earphones in, began searching.

Teens with big tits.

I am a simple man with simple tastes.

I scrolled through videos, dismissed all the 'professionally made' stuff. Amateur has always been more my thing; real girls doing real things – not the scripted, fake porn shit.

Page one had nothing interesting, and neither did page two. Page three had some interesting looking hotties, but I was sure I could find better. Four and five were duds, as was six.

I was just about to move on to the next page when something caught my eye.

A particularly long video – several hours long, in fact.

From the thumbnail, it was a girl with humongous tits being fucked on webcam. A great body, for sure. I couldn't see the girl's face in the thumbnail, nor that of her partner's, but curiosity won out and I clicked on the video.

"Hello guys!" A very familiar voice said. "I've got a surprise for you!"

Julie?!

There she was on my screen, clear as day. Laura's daughter. My step-daughter. Julie. Wearing a plaid skirt and a white blouse, knee-length socks and a tie. Her auburn hair was up in cute pigtails, a wide smile on her full lips.

"Today's stream is gonna be a good one! Just you wait!"

My brain shut off for a moment.

This couldn't be real. It wasn't possible. This girl couldn't be Julie; not my innocent, shy step-daughter. There was no way.

But, the longer I watched, the more certain I became.

When the fuck had Julie started doing *this*?

Not believing what I was seeing, I skipped forward in the video, blanched when the beauty invited an older-looking male into the camera's view. A man she called 'daddy', who was wearing a mask to hide his face.

'Daddy'?

Surely that couldn't be her father, right? No, just the idea of that was preposterous. A lover, then. An older gentleman who she called 'daddy'.

Did she have a kink for older men?

Did she have a thing for 'daddies'?

Did she think that way about *me*?

I tried thinking back as I watched the beautiful girl taking cock, looking back at all the moments me and Julie had spent together. She'd always been nice. Sweet. But I'd just assumed that was who she was. A nice, kind girl. But what if it wasn't? What if she'd been flirting with me that entire time? What if she'd *wanted* me?

My hand was on my rock-hard cock instantly, my mind replacing the man on the screen with an image of myself.

Julie's cries of 'daddy' as I fucked her...

I came faster than I'd ever done before.

And, breathless, heart racing, I scrolled down to the comments of the video. The title and description didn't say anything about where the video had come from. What site or name she used to stream. None of that.

Thankfully, one of the comments did.

A direct link to Julie's stream.

I followed it, found her stream was offline.

With the time differences, I'd have to be up in the early hours of the morning if I wanted to catch her live. But, judging from the things I saw and read, Julie streamed every day.

I gulped, quickly set an alarm on my phone, shut my laptop.

As it turns out, my wife was not keen on my alarm clock going off in the early hours of the morning every day. She didn't much care for my excuses of 'going for a jog' and 'getting an early start to the day'. But, despite her complaining and whining, I refused to remove the alarm.

I'd wake up, go 'take a shower' and, by the time I got out of the bathroom, Laura would be back asleep again.

Sometimes, I watched Julie's stream in another room – a bathroom or something. Sometimes, I'd lay in bed next to my beautiful wife as I watched her daughter deep-throating a cucumber or riding a dildo.

Turns out, my step-daughter was friends with a famous pornstar.

That stream had been one of my favourites.

Every stream, I'd send out prioritised messages, a thrill shooting through me every time Julie read out my username and thanked me for the message. I followed her, saved every video and picture I could find of her.

And, in the back of my mind, a fantasy formed.

A fantasy that slowly turned itself into a plan.

Julie loved fucking her 'daddy'. And she loved making her fans happy. How lucky for her, then, that I was *both* of those things.

I held off on private messaging her. I wanted to every day; send her a little message letting her know I'd found her – that her real step-daddy was interested. In some of my fantasies, that message led to an affair between me and her. In others, Julie rejected me only for me to blackmail her – she didn't want Mommy finding out about her job now, did she? But, every time the urge to message her flared, I pushed it down.

Just another two weeks before my and Laura's long holiday came to an end.

We'd go back home.

And I'd be able to confront Julie about her career choice directly. Let her know that she could have a *real* daddy if she wanted. And she did. I could *feel* it. She'd wanted me all along, I'd just never realised it before. I'd seen her shyness as innocence. But Julie was far from innocent. She was as slutty as sluts could be. That shyness? It'd been *infatuation*. She *wanted* me. And, finally, in two weeks time, that's exactly what she'd get.

Me.

Her step-daddy.

And, from everything I'd seen of her – and I'd seen a *lot* since finding her stream – Julie wanted nothing more in the world than to make her daddy happy. Unlike her mother, Julie seemed to *live* to please me.

Soon, so very soon I could almost taste it, she'd get the opportunity to do just that.