

## Influencer - Step-Dad's Delight

### Chapter 2

Every inch of my body was tense.

This was it! Finally, after all the waiting and dreaming, after all the streams I'd watched in secret, it was finally happening! Julie!

I waited for my step-daughter to emerge from her father's house, counted the seconds.

Last night's stream had been something else.

I felt like a kid again. I wanted to bounce up and down in the driver's seat, clap my hands, laugh with joy! But I held myself back.

It wouldn't do for the girl's mother – my wife – to realise how eager I was to see her daughter.

So I acted bored and annoyed. Tapped the steering wheel impatiently.

"Some time today would be nice," I muttered, checking my watch.

It felt like a lifetime since I'd pulled over, since Laura had called to let her ex know we were waiting outside. Surely that was my imagination, right? I was so excited to see my step-daughter again that time felt like it was moving at a snail's pace.

"What's taking her so long?"

Even as I spoke the words, the house's front door opened.

My eyes were glued to Julie as she stepped out into sunlight. A beauty unlike any other. A girl so pretty, so sexy, that she'd haunted every thought I'd had ever since the first video I'd found of her online.

Long auburn hair flowed in the gentle breeze, strands flying in her pretty face. Her full lips curved into a wide, happy smile. Her hazel eyes shone with joy and happiness.

Gone was the shy, awkward girl we'd dumped here all those months ago. *That* Julie was no-where to be seen.

This new Julie was wearing a pink tank-top that hugged her chest deliciously. A knee-length white skirt fluttered as she closed the house's front door, began walking to my car. And, with every step she took, it became more and more apparent that my step-daughter, my beautiful Julie, was not wearing a bra.

Watching those massive melons jiggle as she walked – hips swaying – towards me was almost too much to bare.

It took all my energy and restraint to not climb out of the car, toss her on its hood, bend her over, and fuck the ever-loving shit out of her. That thought - of pounding Julie there and then – was like a drug. Intoxicating. I almost groaned aloud as my cock strained against my boxers and jeans.

"About time," Laura muttered when Julie opened a back-seat door and slipped inside the car. "Do you have any idea how long we've been sitting here waiting?"

In the rear-view, I saw Julie's face shift.

It was a subtle thing. So quick I wasn't even sure it'd actually happened. Her happy, care-free expression twisting into surprise and annoyance, then right back to the happy smile.

"Sorry Mom," Julie hummed, reaching for her seatbelt.

Laura huffed, said something. But her words didn't reach me.

There's something wonderful that can happen. Something known the world over as the 'seatbelt effect'. When a strap or belt or something similar crosses a large-chested woman; the strap slides between the woman's huge jugs, gives them a special, magnificent kind of definition. It has to be seen to be appreciated. And on Julie? That appreciation went off the charts. The seatbelt hugged her chest, squeezed in between her gargantuan globes, revealed just how perky and heavy and wonderful those tits truly were.

For a few seconds, I could do nothing else. Just stare. My brain shut off, all

thoughts coming to an abrupt end.

Holy shit. Her tits were *amazing*.

After a moment or two had passed, I heard voices. Two women speaking to each other. Julie and Laura. The mother whining and bitching and the daughter brushing off those complaints with half-hearted apologies and indifference.

I blinked, forced my brain to restart.

"Okay," I said, eyes forward. "Everyone strapped in? Good."

As Laura huffed, finally stopped bitching, I pulled out, began the drive home – my eyes only *occasionally* flicking to the rear-view mirror and Julie's massive rack.

For once, my wife's total lack of interest in me and Julie and family shit worked in my favour. Within an hour of arriving home, she decided to go out and meet up with some friends – spend the day with them 'catching up'.

Which meant I was home alone with Julie.

Three days is all I'd get.

Or, more accurately, two and a half days. Which also included the drive to and from her father's place.

If I wanted to make the most of that time, I couldn't beat around the bush and act coy. We were both adults, me and Julie. And she was a camwhore for Christ's sake. If I could be blunt about sex and my interest with anyone, it was her.

I ambushed her as she was grabbing a snack from the kitchen.

Followed her inside, shut the door behind me, leaned against the door frame. My eyes roamed Julie's figure, mind stripping away the skimpy clothes and replacing them with the nudity I'd seen so many times now.

"Julie," I said, drawing the girl's attention.

"Yeah?" Julie replied, eyebrow raised.

"I..." How should I say it? What would be the best way to approach this situation? I had no idea. So I decided to just come out and say it. Be direct. "I know about your streams."

Julie's eyes widened, a faint pink creeping into her cheeks.

"Oh," was all she said.

"I've been watching them," I continued, face growing hot. "And the videos and pictures. I'm a subscriber... I guess you could say I'm one of your 'fans'."

Julie's eyes brightened. Her pretty lips curved into a happy smile.

"You're my fan?" She asked, stepping closer towards me, grinning wide.

"I... I am, yes," I answered, heart racing. My eyes flicked down to her chest, her valley of cleavage.

"Yay!" Julie clapped her hands, hopped on the spot. "I've never met a fan before!"

I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came to me. My eyes flicked between Julie's face and her tits, unsure where to stay. The girl didn't seem to mind that I was ogling her cleavage, but then why would she?

"What did you think of the last stream?" Julie asked me, stepping so close that her chest was almost touching mine. "Was it good? I didn't want to overdo it but..."

"I was great," I gulped, throat tight. My hands trembled, moved on their own. "Made me want to fuck you all the more..."

Julie's eyes widened in surprise when my hands found themselves on her hips. She looked down at my arms, back up at my face. Her cheeks turned red, but her smile didn't waver.

"Does Mom know you watch my streams?" She asked, voice soft.

"No," I answered, pulling Julie closer to me. Her chest pressed against me.

"Naughty," my step-daughter purred. "But still... You are my *fan*. Do you want to take a selfie with me?"

"I want to do a lot more than that."

Julie giggled, placed her hands on mine and pulled them away, took a step back from me.

"Give me your phone," she told me, holding out her hand.

I didn't hesitate. My hand shot into my pants pocket, dragged out my phone in a heart-beat. I handed it to her without question.

"Pin number?" She asked.

I gave it to her.

She turned away from me, held the camera up, took a selfie of herself with me in the background.

"There," she smiled. "A nice selfie for my fan."

Fan. Even in her streams, Julie always seemed so obsessed with pleasing her fans. Making her fans happy...

"Since I'm such a big *fan*," I said, mouth dry, "how about a few more selfies? Because I'm your *fan*."

Julie froze in place, nodded her head with a blush.

"A few more selfies can't hurt," she said with a smile.

She stood closer to me for the second picture, winking at the camera and holding up a peace sign, her butt pressed to my crotch. For the next one, I was bold enough to ask her to pull her top down. And she did.

"Naughty step-daddy," Julie purred, grinding her ass against my hard cock. "Any more pictures you want me to take?"

"Y-yes," I groaned. "I want another photo. But..."

"Yes?" Julie smiled, pointing my phone's camera at her exposed chest.

"I want to be the one who takes it."

The curiosity in Julie's eyes, the warmth and naughtiness, was a sight I hoped I'd never forget. She handed me my phone wordlessly, waited for me to direct her.

"I think..." I gulped. "I think one where you're on your knees would be pretty cool..."

Julie slid onto her knees before me without hesitation.

A girl who liked following orders. Or, perhaps, she was so used to following orders that obeying me came naturally for her.

I snapped the picture.

"Now," I said, staring into those beautiful, wide eyes. "Take it out. My cock. I want a picture of you holding your *fan's* meat."

And, to my sheer delight, she did just that.

I snapped a few photos as she stroked my cock, eyes on the camera. And, in that situation, there was only one way things could go. I said the words, gave Julie the direction she needed.

"Suck it," I commanded her. "Give me head."

Julie smiled, nodded her head, leaned forward.

When her lips brushed the tip, my entire body shuddered. I'd have orgasmed right there and then, had I not been holding myself back. The gentle warmth, the soft kiss, it was an almost overwhelming sensation. And, when she kissed it again – lingering and loving this time – I had to tense myself, shut my eyes, to stop from exploding all over Julie's face.

Before long, her lips were sliding along my length – her throat clamping down on my head. Slurps and muffled moans filled the kitchen; Julie's hands between her own legs as she rode my cock with her face.

I groaned, placed one hand on Julie's head, the other on the wall behind me to steady myself.

"That's it," I gasped, "Right there."

Julie hummed something, the sound distorted by my cock. She sped up her pace,

started gagging as my cock brushed the back of her throat. Her tits swayed beneath her, her hands speeding up as her fingers vanished between her legs.

"On your face," I groaned, gripping the girl's hair. "I'm going to cum on your-"

A grunt escaped my lips.

I yanked on Julie's hair, pulled her head back. My cock popped out of her mouth just as the first wave of pleasure hit me. The first burst of white shooting out of my cock and into my step-daughter's eye socket.

She shut her eyes, mouth open wide to accept my seed.

Burst after burst, spurt after spurt. Every muscle in my body seemed to convulse as I came. Every inch of my body tensing, then relaxing all at once. Every shot of cum drained me, sapped me of my energy.

And, when I was done, I stumbled back against the door frame, body slumping as my knees trembled.

I looked down, saw the mess I'd made of Julie's face.

A smile spread my lips as I reached for my phone, snapped a few quick pictures.

One of her eyes was welded shut with cum, the other was open – staring at me intensely. Her mouth was still open, a puddle of white on her extended tongue. The corners of her mouth were curved up in a faint smile. Streaks of white coated her entire face, drops of it dribbling down her chin onto her massive tits. It was in her hair, on her neck and shoulders, her cheeks and brow. Everywhere.

"If I wasn't before," I breathed, a grin forming on my lips as I let out a deep, free laugh. "I definitely am now."

Julie raised an eyebrow at me.

I grinned at her, snapped one last picture, stood up straight.

"Your biggest fan," I chuckled.