

## Influencer - Step-Dad's Delight

### Chapter 3

Beeping. The loud, sharp screeching of an alarm clock.

I groaned, felt the bed shift beside me. Before I was even able to sit up, my wife's angry muttering filled my ears.

Too tired to make out what she was saying past the colourful cussing, I forced myself up and out of bed. For a few moments, I stumbled around in the dark – hand flailing around as it searched for my phone. When I found it, I shut the alarm off.

Ignoring Laura's complaints, I stalked out of the master bedroom.

A smile split my lips as soon as I shut the bedroom door behind me. A blossom of excitement and eagerness – the kind I hadn't felt in decades. It was the carefree, bubbly excitement of a kid waking up on Christmas morning. The eager giddiness of a guy who was about to touch boobs for the first time. I had to stop myself from laughing out loud, jumping for joy.

I went to the bathroom, took a quick shower.

And, when I was done scrubbing myself dry with a towel, I snatched up the tracksuit and sweatbands I'd left in the bathroom last night and put them on.

I glanced at myself in the misted, bathroom mirror.

"You got this," I told my grinning reflection. "You got this."

Downstairs, in the house's entryway, an angel stood waiting for me. A beauty unlike any other, with the body of a goddess and the face of a princess. She was beautiful, pretty, cute. Both sexy and innocent-looking, somehow slutty and pure at the same time.

Julie stood with her back to a wall, auburn hair tied behind her back. Wearing a black tracksuit with a white, v-neck t-shirt on underneath. A valley of cleavage visible between thinly-clad, mountainous breasts. Slender and tight and fit, yet still somehow still rocking watermelon-sized tits and a firm, round ass.

Laura's daughter – once a twig of a girl with no sex appeal at all – had somehow become the hottest woman I'd ever seen.

When she looked at me, fluttered long eyelashes and smiled a sweet, suggestive smile, I all but melted.

"Hey step-daddy," Julie cooed. "Ready for our run?"

As far as my wife was aware, I'd been going on these morning runs for a long time now. Ever since our long honeymoon adventure. Back then, I'd been using 'morning runs' as an excuse for getting up early to watch Julie's livestreams. I hadn't *actually* been out on runs.

I panted heavily, body drenched in sweat, lungs screaming and burning, legs threatening to give out at any time.

A few feet in front of me, Julie was jogging effortlessly.

Where I felt like I was on the verge of death - dropping like a sack of bricks from a heart attack or something - my step-daughter looked like she was taking a casual stroll, not even breaking a sweat at her minimal exertion.

On the bright side, I had an amazing view.

Julie's ass bounced with every step she took, drawing my eyes like magnets. I'd have probably collapsed ten minutes ago, if I hadn't had those buns motivating me to keep going.

I had no idea how long we'd been running when Julie finally slowed to a stop.

Clutching my chest, I hunched over - gasped for air, choked on it, coughed and retched. My legs wobbled, the floor feeling like jelly under me. I struggled to stay standing.

"You good?" A soft, amused voice asked from behind me.

"Yeah," I gasped. "I'm... Fine..."

Julie giggled, the sound musical and beautiful.

It took me a few minutes, but I managed to pull myself upright. Breathing heavily, but not actually struggling for air anymore. Straightening my back, I glanced around.

We were in park just a few blocks from home.

The place was empty, of course. Most of the world wouldn't be waking for another hour or two. The world was still dark, only the barest hints of the incoming morning light in the deep navy-blue sky.

"Take as long as you need," Julie said. "It's not good to push yourself too hard."

I looked at her, ready to feign confidence, froze.

She was stretching her arms behind her back, chest protruding forward. A few loose strands of hair had fallen over her face, her full lips moist and glossy in the faint light.

"You know," I managed to choke out, throat suddenly feeling tight. "We should take a break here. Maybe try a different kind of workout..."

She smiled, shook her head. "Let me guess," Julie said. "This 'different' workout involves me taking my clothes off."

"Not just you," I winked.

Julie put her hands on her hips, struck a suggestive pose.

"Step-daddy," she purred. "You know I can't do that."

"What? Why not?"

"Because," Julie said, biting her lip. "You haven't tipped me. You know the rules, tips for strips..."

I blinked at her.

She wanted me to *pay* her?

"But..." I grunted. "Last time..."

"Last time was your free trail. If you want anything else, you've gotta tip for it. Just like all my fans."

I walked out of the bank with a racing heart. Coat pockets filled with cash to the point that they visibly bulged. Enough money that Laura was bound to question it when she got the bank statements at the end of the month.

And enough money that I'd be able to do anything I wanted with Julie.

I had ideas. So many ideas. Too many to choose from, really.

Heart and mind racing, I walked along the street. The car was parked outside a pharmacy, one that Laura had wanted to visit for some reason. When she'd gone inside, I'd rushed out of the car and practically sprinted to the bank. Which, as it turned out, had been a waste of effort.

The plan had been to withdraw money out the bank and be back in the car before Laura left the pharmacy. She'd never have known I'd left the vehicle.

Unfortunately, pulling thousands of dollars out of a bank without prior warning had flagged an error in the system. I'd had to go through a long, time-consuming song and dance - proving that I was me, that there was no fraud or scam or anything going on. When Laura had called me - demanding to know where I was after she'd gotten her prescription - I'd had to tell her the truth. I couldn't lie, not with the suspicious bank teller listening in.

Thankfully, I'd been vague enough on the phone that Laura didn't know how *much* money I'd been withdrawing. Hopefully she wouldn't notice the bulging pockets.

I arrived at the pharmacy to find Laura standing beside my car, arms crossed and eyes narrowed in a blood-freezing glare.

"Where," she growled, "the hell have you been?"

"Bank. Needed some cash. Any trouble getting your medication?"

"The only *trouble* is the fact that I need it in the first place."

I raised an eyebrow at her.

What kind of medicine would my wife 'need' that I didn't know about? She didn't

have any medical conditions or illnesses that I was aware of.

My confusion only seemed to annoy Laura further.

"Sleeping pills," she muttered. "Strong ones. Because *someone* keeps waking me up in the early hours every morning. Do you have any idea what your mid-life-crisis obsession with fitness has done to my body clock?"

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Every time I'd woken her up, Laura had gone straight back to sleep. Her 'body clock' was totally fine.

She was being overdramatic. And I couldn't call her out on it. If I tried, she'd just get even *more* overdramatic.

"Right," I said instead. "Makes sense."

Her glare was lethal.

I ignored it, unlocked the car doors.

Sleeping pills. Potent ones at that. Interesting.

As I thought about it, an idea occurred to me. A silly thought that quickly morphed into a ludicrous fantasy which, during the short drive home, became a full-fledged plan.

I rang the alarm on full volume.

Nothing.

I pressed my phone to her ear, rang the alarm again.

Not even a hint of awareness.

She was out cold, didn't wake up even when I pinched her cheek and give her a hard poke.

"Amazing," I breathed.

The sleeping pills were certainly strong. Potent enough that I was confident my wife wouldn't be waking up any time soon. My plan... It could work.

I texted Julie, gave her the go-ahead.

Then I waited.

We'd discussed this beforehand, my step-daughter and I. I'd told her what I'd wanted, and she'd named a price. An exorbitant, extortionate price. But one I could afford with the cash from the bank.

Making her wear a 'special costume', having her do everything from stripping to blowjob to full-blown sex.

I trembled in anticipation.

Sitting there on the bed, next to my sleeping wife, wearing pyjamas and a wide grin.

Minutes ticked by.

The thing I'd given her to wear – it'd take a bit of time to put on. And doing her hair and make-up too. I knew it'd take more than a few minutes, yet still I couldn't keep myself from checking the time every few seconds.

"Your daughter," I said to my sleeping wife, "is perfect."

I turned, looked at her sleeping face. Beautiful, like her daughter's. There was definitely a familial resemblance. But, of the two women, it was obvious who was the more attractive. The more desirable.

"I'm gonna fuck her tonight," I told Laura. "Right here, on this bed, next to you. Fucking amazing, isn't it? You better not wake up, honey. You better not spoil this for me. Knowing you, you'd get all pissy and dramatic about it. It's not even like I'll be cheating – you'll be right here with us! It's just daddy-daughter bonding time, is all. It's important that I, as Julie's step-father, take an interest in her life like this."

I got up from the bed, resisted the urge to start pacing. Instead, I pulled a box out from under the bed. A shoebox I'd hidden there earlier.

It was heavy. Heavier than it looked.

I lifted it up, put it down on the bed next to my wife's head. And, just to be sure, I lifted the box's lid.

Inside, the showbox was filled to bursting with cash.

"Think of it as her allowance," I told my wife. "Got a lot to catch up on. Couple of bucks a week, every week for twenty-odd years? This is just me being a good step-father, is all."

I chuckled, took a moment to tuck Laura in – make sure she was nice and comfortable under the blankets.

"Plus, it's about time we spent some time together, all three of us. It wasn't fair of you, dumping your hott-ass daughter at her father's place while we went off on our long holiday. We should've taken her with us. Think of all the fun we could've had..."

I climbed back onto the bed, sat down. Waited.

The door creaked open.

My heart skipped a beat as my jaw dropped open. In an instant, my cock was rock-hard.

Julie entered the room on white heels, hands to her sides and face hidden behind a white veil. She tilted her head at me, walked up to the foot of the bed, gave a little curtsy.

The wedding dress fit her perfectly.

Elegant and beautiful, hugging her body like it'd been made for her. The only part that didn't have a perfect fit was the chest – Julie's massive tits being crushed in by the wedding dress bodice. On her head, she had a white veil and a glittering tiara. On her hands, there were lace gloves. And, if she'd put on everything I'd given her, underneath that dress were the naughtiest, hottest white lingerie she'd probably ever worn.

"Jesus," I breathed. "You look..."

I didn't finish the thought. *Couldn't* finish it. There were no words I could think of to describe how hott Julie was.

"Do I look better than when Mom wore it?" She asked.

"Yes," I said. "A million percent better."

Underneath the veil, I saw Julie's lips curve into a smile.

"Are you sure you want this?" She asked, voice soft. She slid her hands up her body as she spoke, ran them along her sides and over her chest. "There's no reset button, and you can't rewind it later. If we do this, there's no going back."

"I'm sure," I grunted. "I've never wanted anything more than this in my life."

Julie let out an unexpected, erotic gasp.

"Sounds like," she purred, voice laced with heat and lust, "you're a big fan of me."

"I am," I told her. "I'm your biggest fan."

She trembled, let out a breathy moan.

Then her head turned. I could only guess where she was looking – her mother, the box of cash, the bottle of lube I'd left on the nightstand next to the bed.

"Good," Julie breathed, turning her head and gaze back to me. "I'm glad. In that case, we should get started, shouldn't we? What would you like me to do for you, step-daddy?"

"Everything," I smiled.