

Influencer - Step-Dad's Delight

Chapter 4

"Everything?" Julie smiled behind the white veil. "Well, it looks like you've got enough money for that."

A shoebox filled with cash. The kind of money that'd put a girl like Julie straight through college and then some. The kind of money that I was going to have a *very* hard time explaining the disappearance of when the girl's mother – my wife – eventually learned it was missing from our shared bank account.

"So..." My step-daughter's smile widened "What do you want to *start* with?"

I gulped, stared at her. My mind, so full of thoughts and fantasies not ten minutes ago, was empty. Overwhelmed by the sheer wonder and amazement that this was *actually* happening. Julie. My step-daughter. The beautiful, busty camgirl I'd fallen head over heels for during my honeymoon vacation with her mother. She was *here*.

Clad in her mother's wedding dress. Smiling sweetly. Cleavage fully exposed, chest compressed by the too-small corset of the dress. Offering herself to me in exchange for cash.

A whore with the face of an angel and the body of a succubus.

"Just stand there for a bit," I said. "I wanna get a good look at you. Pose for me."

She nodded her head, began striking different poses. One moment she had a hand on her hip, chest pushed out as she shook a finger at me, the next she was leaning forward with her hands pressing her tits together. She turned around, gave me a nice view of her firm ass and toned legs – hiking up the dress skirt and flashing the slutty thong she had on underneath.

The wedding dress had been expensive one. Laura, Julie's mother, had wanted our wedding to be 'special'. Had been all too happy blowing my savings on a ludicrous venue and food and service. Only the biggest diamond for her ring, and only the finest materials and most fashionable style for her dress.

Back then, it'd annoyed me. Now, I was happy for every dime I'd spent on that wedding dress.

White silk and lace, with floral patterns embroidered along the skirt. It was tight around Julie's torso – hugging her slender frame and squeezing her humungous tits. But, past the waist, it flowed out. Sleek and lean and beautiful. A sleeveless dress, though Julie was wearing delicate, lace gloves – clear white like the dress itself. On her head, resting on flowing auburn hair, was the bridal veil. Thin and faintly transparent – though not enough that I could make out her beautiful hazel eyes.

My cock strained against my pyjama pants as I watched her. She didn't pause, didn't mention the big tent between my legs.

"Okay," I grunted, "that's enough."

Julie stopped mid-pose; straightened herself up and smiled.

"I think," I said, reaching down and rubbing my cock over my pyjama pants, "I'd like a blowjob next."

Julie shook her head, let out a little giggle.

"A blowjob?" She asked in a soft, sweet voice. "You haven't tipped me for the poses yet."

Her voice – that giggle – was impossible to resist.

I climbed onto the bed, plucked a single green bill out of the shoebox next to Laura's head. The woman was still in a deep, unmoving sleep. Dead to the world, looking serene and relaxed.

My imagination warped her features, painted a shocked and horrified expression on her face. Outraged at what Julie and me were about to do. A part of me, the part that was happy to ignore reality and consequences, almost wished Laura was awake to witness it.

I crawled to the foot of the bed, swung my feet off the edge and sat there – holding out the cash for Julie to take.

She stepped forward, plucked it from my fingers, pushed it between her breasts where it stood out – half consumed by the girl's mountainous cleavage.

"A blowjob," she said, gracefully lowering herself to her knees, "will cost a lot more."

"I know," I said, heart thumping.

She smiled up at me, placed gentle hands on my waist. Slowly, leisurely, she began lowering my pyjama pants. I had to lift myself off the bed's edge so she could pull them down past my ass. As she lowered the trousers, my protruding cock strained against the waistband, tilting down with it as it went lower. When the strain got too much, the trouser waistband lowered too far, my hard-on sprang free – bounced out right in front of Julie's veiled face.

"Oh my," Julie purred. "Someone's eager."

"Like what you see?"

She glanced up at me, smiled wide. "I do."

"Better than your father's?"

It only made sense. The man who joined Julie in so many of her streams. He never showed his face, but it was clearly an older guy – not as young as Julie, probably closer to my age. And with how frequently she streamed, how often the man showed up in them, they must live together. Which could only mean Julie's lover was her father – the man me and Laura had left her with all those months ago.

Julie's smile didn't waver.

"My biggest fan?" She asked, tilting her head to one side. "Do you really want to hear me say it?"

Yes.

I nodded my head, stared down at the cash poking out between her tits.

"I'll tip you more," I promised.

She let out another giggle. Soft and musical and bright.

"Okay," Julie said. "Deal."

She reached forward, the lace of her fingerless gloves brushing my naked thigh. Her fingertips touched my cock, gentle and loving.

"You really do have a nice cock," she whispered, breath tickling the sensitive skin of the head. "It's nice and big. But not *too* big. That's something most guys don't realise. If a dick is too long, too wide, it can hurt. You end up having to be careful, go slow, just so you don't end up in pain. *This* kind of cock, big but not too big, is my favourite."

As she leaned forward, her veil touched my shaft – slid along it as Julie pointed my cock at her face.

She kissed it. A tiny, intimate peck.

"Your cock," she said, breath catching in her throat, "is perfect."

Then her lips opened wide, spread around the head fully.

"Like this?" Julie asked, planting a hand either side of her mother's head. On hands and knees, lips inches away from Laura's sleeping face. "Or should I be a little lower?"

"That's..." I let out a breath, shook my head. A grin was plastered on my face. Disbelieving and happy in equal measures. "That's great. Stay exactly like that."

I was beside the two, propped up on one hand. In my other hand, I held my phone. Camera pointed at the women.

"Private videos," Julie said. "More than that, *personalised* videos with you directing me. That's not gonna be cheap."

"Still got a box full of cash," I told her. "Ready?"

"Uh-huh."

"Hitting record in three... Two... One..."

The moment I pressed the big, red record button, Julie set into motion. Leaning down, kissing her mother's cheek.

"I hope you're not upset, Mommy," she whispered into her sleeping mother's ear. "Your husband is going to be spending the night with me. I sucked his cock a few minutes ago. His cum tasted yucky, but I swallowed it all anyway. Are you proud of me?"

Julie turned her head, looked into the camera.

"He's recording this right now. Told me he wants me to be *dirty* and to talk all about how I'm going to let him fuck me. And I am. Right here, like this. Doggy-style with you beneath me. I wonder what *that'll* feel like."

She pursed her lips, turned back to look at her mother.

"First Daddy, now my step-dad. Looks like all the men who used to want you are lusting over me now. Maybe I should get in touch with your other exes, see if they want a turn fucking me too."

My cock twitched. Began hardening again.

It'd only been, what, ten minutes since I'd shot my load down Julie's throat? Maybe even *less* than that. And I was already getting hard again.

I reached down, began rubbing it – helping it along.

The sooner I was hard again, the sooner I'd be slamming my cock into my too-beautiful, too-sexy step-daughter.

"Wanna know a secret, Mommy?" Julie cooed.

Then she leaned down, whispered something in her mother's ear so quietly that I couldn't make it out. When she raised her head again, Julie was grinning from ear to ear, cheeks flushed and lips moist. Hungry to be fucked in a way that her mother had never been.

"Looks like you're ready to go," Julie giggled, eyes staring at the rod between my legs. "Well? What're you waiting for?"

Julie wiggling her ass was all the invitation I needed.

I tossed my phone aside without a second thought, got behind Julie in seconds.

Hiking up the wedding dress skirt, I stopped for a moment to appreciate just how firm and fit Julie's ass was. A year ago, she'd been a stick. Lacking any and all curves.

"Like what you see?" Julie giggled, wiggling her butt again.

"I do," I breathed.

I didn't bother trying to remove her white thong. It was so thin and tiny that I could just push it aside and forget about it. Then it was just a matter of lining myself up with Julie's dripping cunt.

"Your husband is going to fuck me now," Julie told her mother as I pressed my cockhead to her hole.

She let out a high-pitched gasp as penetrated her, spreading her open around the tip of my cock. Her pussy squeezed down on me immediately, impossibly tight. I pushed forward, watched as more and more of my cock disappeared inside her.

"Aahh!" Julie moaned. "Yes!"

The last inch of my cock squeezed inside her. I hunched forward, let out a gasp of my own.

Fuck, she was *tight*.

It felt like my cock was being crushed from all sides. So much pressure and heat I could've blown my load right there and then. Probably would have, if I hadn't already ejaculated once. I steeled myself, gripped onto the girl's waist, pulled back.

Her body resisted, cunt trying to grip onto me – pull me back in.

"Mmmm..." Julie moaned happily.

I slammed forward.

She gasped, moaned loudly.

Thrusting. Slow to begin with, getting used to her body. Then faster, working up to

the cunt-destroying pounding my sweet step-daughter deserved. In minutes, the bed was shaking and rattling, thumping against the wall. Julie's screams of pleasure filled the air. The sound of skin slapping wet skin.

Julie's massive tits bounced free of the dress, swung wildly beneath her. Whenever she jerked forward, her tits slapped her mother's face.

I had to look away from the sight, had to pretend it wasn't happening. Otherwise, I'd have busted inside Julie far too soon.

When she went home to her father, it'd be with wobbling legs and fantasies of me. I'd give her the kind of fucking that she'd be touching herself thinking about for the rest of her life – or I'd damned well die trying.

I noticed her arms wobbling a few moments before they gave out. Julie's upper body collapsed atop her mother, her ass still high in the air – held up by my grip and cock.

"It's good," the girl panted to her mother. "Fuck, it's good!"

"Tell her how much you love it," I ordered.

"I love it so much!" Julie moaned loudly. "It feels so good, Mommy. I wish you could see! Wake up, look at how good your hubby is screwing me."

I was getting close. Too close.

"How much," I groaned between thrusts. "To cum inside?"

"A lot," Julie moaned, tightening around me.

"How," I grunted. "Much?"

"I'm not..." Julie tried to say, breath ragged. "Not on the..."

I couldn't hold it any longer. Not with an ass like that bouncing on my dick. I slammed her backwards onto me, thrust hard into her, blasted her deepest parts with my load. Burst after burst, each one draining my energy away – filling me with warmth and tingles and satisfaction.

When I was done, I slumped back – almost fell right off the bed.

Without my hands to hold her up, my cock no longer inside her, Julie dropped down fully onto her mother. Her arms wrapped around the older woman's head. It might've been a touching sight, if not for the cum that started dribbling out from between Julie's legs.

"I'm not," Julie panted eventually, "on the pill."

"No birth control?" I asked, eyes wide.

"Left it all at Daddy's place," Julie said with a shake of her head. "I wasn't expecting... *this*."

"So..." I gulped. "The whole cumming inside you thing... That's gonna cost me extra, right?"

Julie left out a cute giggle, smiled at me.

"Yep," she said with a nod of her head, a little wink.