

Rising Star Falling

Screams and cheers. Thousands of voices crying out all at once, a cacophony that reverberated right down to Komari's bones. She stood there, arms outstretched as if to embrace the crowd of countless faces. Sweat dripping down her face, voice raw from singing, arms and legs tired from the hours-long performance.

Panting. Breathless. Her last word - the last line of the last song - echoing over the deafening crowd. Chest rising and falling heavily, knees weak, insides glowing with energy and joy.

She could have lived in that moment forever.

But the concert had to come to an end.

Komari waved to the audience, spoke her rehearsed outro into her microphone. Her own amplified voice sounded from speakers throughout the concert ground.

The cheers didn't stop. Not when the stage went dark, not when Komari walked off. Even as she disappeared into the hallways behind the stage, was led away by her handlers, she could hear her fans calling her name, feel their collective voices shaking the walls around her.

When she reached her changing room, was alone at last, she let out a satisfied sigh - collapsed onto a small chair.

It wasn't the end of the night, not by a long shot. But, for a few minutes at least, she could relax.

She sprawled herself out as best she could on the small chair, shut her eyes tight, played the concert over in her head. The songs she sung, the adoring screams, the electrical energy in the air. The euphoria of thousands calling her name.

When her eyes opened, she saw the concert poster.

Something between an advertisement and decoration.

Most of the poster was taken up by Komari herself, clad in the same colourful dress she was wearing right then. Pink and white, skirt short and top tight. Revealing, but modest enough that there'd be few complaints about the lewdness. Her hair was done up in the same ribbon twintails, with the same pink lips and eyeshadow.

The only thing that was different between the poster image and Komari as she was, was the lack of a bra.

For months now, she'd been performing bra-less.

Her face flushed, the memory of that crowd - thousands and thousands of people - watching her. Her songs came with dance routines, lots of jumping around. She didn't have the biggest bust around, barely managing to fill out a B-cup. But, even so, people *must* have noticed. *Must* have seen her nipples poking out under her dress.

Tingles blossomed inside her. Electricity flowing to familiar places.

She shook her head, tried to push the sudden arousal away.

Now was *not* the time.

Still... Maybe a *little* touching would be fine.

She should have a few minutes still. A few minutes...

Again, she shook her head. More forcefully this time.

No! She couldn't. Not here.

Begrudgingly, she pushed herself up off her chair, walked over to the room's vanity table, sat herself down.

Before concerts began, it was a professional stylist's job to do her hair and make-up. She's sit here for an hour or two while someone else dolled her up. Now, though, that stylist was gone. Komari had to reapply make-up herself, wash her own face and clear away the drying sweat.

Just as she was finishing up, her room's door slammed open.

Komari jumped, blushed.

"Ready?" Her manager grunted, disappointment clear on his face. "Come on, they're waiting."

Komari raised a hand to her chest, tried to still her suddenly racing heart. Her entire body had tensed.

It's okay, she told herself. It's just Mr Sato.

Still, it took her an embarrassingly long time to calm herself. Why was she such a scaredy cat? It wasn't like he'd barged in on her changing this time.

Mr Sato led her into a small, cramped room full of people.

There were sofas against three walls, a small table in the middle. On either side of the door, there was a large man wearing a suit and sunglasses. Not exactly 'bodyguards' for Komari, but more like 'event security'. If anyone in the room got too 'handsy' with her, they'd step in.

Sat on the sofas were over a dozen people. Girls and guys, most near enough to Komari's twenty-two, a few slightly older.

All of them were wearing Ko Komari merch.

What followed took an hour long. Handshaking, hugging, signing merch, listening to her fans talk and croon about how much they loved her. Lots of laughing and semi-forced smiles.

This was the part of fame that Komari found most awkward. The meets and greets.

These people? They treated her like an idol. Something scarily close to a god. She loved the adoration, was amazed that so many people looked up to her, listened to her music. It was amazing! And she appreciated every single one of them. But... Some could be a little *too* enthusiastic.

More than one of the guys in the room, Komari noticed, were now the proud owners of a Ko Komari body pillow.

Flattering. But also just a little bit weird for her to see.

People really fell asleep hugging pillows of her?

Still, she smiled and earnestly thanked them for being her fans. Who was she to judge? She was happy to have fans at all.

Eventually, Mr Sato reappeared, led the cluster of Komari's fans out of the room. The two large men followed after, leaving Komari standing there alone. Waiting.

This was usually the point where Mr Sato or one of her handlers led her away, to a waiting car so she could go home. Or, if there were any VIPs, she'd be led to them instead. Being left alone like this... It'd never happened before. All Komari could think to do was stand there, wait.

Minutes ticked by. Sounds in the concert halls began to quiet, one by one. The sounds of footsteps and activity slowly vanished.

And still no-one came for her.

And still she stood there silently, awkwardly.

Until, eventually, a pair of footsteps outside the room perked her up. Heavy footsteps, walking right to the room's door.

They stopped outside in. The door's handle turned.

Komari braced herself, back straight.

The door opened, revealing a face she'd never seen before.

An older man who looked to be in his fifties or so, wearing workman overalls, face sweaty and greying hair greasy.

His eyes widened at the sight of her.

Surprise, followed by an expression that Komari couldn't quite put a name to. Something between delight and hunger.

Licking his lips, the man's eyes slid up and down her body.

"Uhh," Komari said, voice catching in her throat. "Hello?"

"You're her," the man breathed. "You're Ko Komari."

"Y-yes."

The smile that spilt the man's lips sent shivers down Komari's spine. The way he was gazing at her, like a delicious meal. She glanced behind him, searched for anyone else in the corridor.

"I'm sorry," Komari said in a shaky voice, "I have to go, nice meeting you."

She stepped forward, about to walk past the man and through the door. His hand came up, palm slamming against the doorframe - blocking her. Preventing her from leaving.

"My name is Hiro," the man said, creepy smile widening. "I'm your biggest fan."

Komari wiggled uncomfortably, eyes on the door in front of her. Just a few feet away, yet still impossibly far. Closed. It might as well have been the other side of the world, for all the good it did her.

Sitting on the sofa beside her, Hiro blathered about his obsession over her. How he had all her albums, all the singles, every piece of merch, ran a fan-site. Which would've all been fine, harmless, if not for the fact he had a hand on her knee the whole time.

"I really have to be going," Komari said weakly, glancing at the hand with its iron-grip on her knee. "My manager will be looking for me. He's the one who left me here, so..."

"I'll keep you company," Hiro smiled, hand sliding a little further up her leg. "Wanna know a secret?"

Komari gulped. "Uhh... Sure..."

"The whole reason I got this job," Hiro half-giggled. "Was so I'd have the chance to meet you. You're so pretty. People must tell you that all the time. Really, really pretty. I have a bunch of photos of you at home. Even some fake nude ones. But they're bad. They don't look right."

Komari nodded my head along, forced a smile.

Some fans were just more enthusiastic than others. No big deal. Hiro was just a big fan. That didn't mean he wanted to do anything untoward. He was just really happy meeting his idol.

No need to panic. He wasn't going to-

"Since you're here," Hiro smiled wide. "And no-one else is around, you should show me what you really look like naked. I bet it's so much better than all those fake pictures!"

Options fitted through Komari's head.

She could run - make a break for the door, try to get away from him. Or she could try to convince him to let her go, that she had somewhere to be or that someone would come for her. Or she could play along...

An odd tingling followed the thought. A fluttering sensation in her chest.

She *could* go along. Pretend. Play along. At least until an opportunity presented itself for her to escape.

So what if her fan saw her naked?

She danced around on stage without a bra on all the time.

"I..." Komari breathed. "I suppose..."

The hand pulled away from her leg. Hiro sitting back, getting himself comfortable for a private show.

Cautiously, Komari climbed off the sofa.

The urge to run was strong.

If she could get the door open, sprit through it, before Hiro got up, she'd be able to run for safety. If she didn't get lost in the maze of corridors, that was.

Ignoring the heat slowly building inside her, the shameful excitement, Komari climbed onto the room's small table.

Not knowing what else to do, she started singing.

Her hit single, the song that'd blasted her into the limelight. Made her a rising star.
As she sang, her body began to move.

She'd danced along to this song so many times, the movements were automatic.
She didn't even need to think about it.

She lost herself in the song, the moment.

And, slowly, she reached for her dress skirt.

Her dance changed, deviated from the usual pattern. It took on a more seductive sway, movements more exaggerated and naughtier. It came naturally. Instinctively.

She gripped the hem of the skirt, lifted it a little before letting it drop again.

Her hands moved up the sides of her body as she swayed her hips, eyes closed.
Then they slid behind her back, to the little zipper hidden there. She didn't pause, didn't think. Komari gripped the zipper, began tugging it down.

In moments, the dress was falling away from her body.

"Holy shit," she heard Hiro say. "No bra?"

Komari blushed, continued dancing.

Soon, however, the song came to an end.

She stopped, opened her eyes, looked at the man.

"Amazing," he said, spreading his legs wide, crotch bulging out.

As he began rubbing it, a not-unpleasant tingle shot up Komari's spine. Anticipation prickled her skin.

She could run. Get away. Now was the perfect chance.

But... Why take the risk?

Komari stood transfixed, watching as undid his overalls and pulled out his dick. As he rubbed it, staring right at her.

The only way she was *really* going to get out of this situation, the only way she could be sure he wouldn't chase her down, was if he was left utterly and completely satisfied.

Komari's mouth watered as she hopped down from the table.

"Here," she found herself saying, sinking to her knees before the man. "Let me help you with that."

"Where have you been?" Mr Sato demanded. "You were meant to be here an hour ago!"

Komari blushed, looked around the room.

Some sort of meeting, with a desk and business-y looking people. There were papers on the desk, and an annoyed man sitting behind it.

As Mr Sato grumbled at her, then turned to talk to the people in suits, Komari shuffled on the spot.

No doubt, she'd had some contract to sign or something.

"Sorry," she whispered, though no-one was listening. "I was just meeting a fan."

True enough, before she left that room, she'd signed three different contracts. And, though she didn't exactly know what she was agreeing to, she did it with a smile all the same. She trusted Mr Sato, after all.

As far as managers went, he was the best.

He said so himself.