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Star

By

Hope Red

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Check out my website for information on my other books, free adult picture galleries, links to my social media and Patreon page - where you can get exclusive stories, vouchers and updates - and loads more.

As with all of my stories this one has graphic depictions of lesbian sex with an emphasis on anal and control/bdsm between mature and younger female adult protagonists.

This story however contains a scene with men having sex with Star, the main character (albeit hidden inside costumes – you’ll understand when you get there). I am just giving a heads up for any purists of lesbian erotica out there. It works with the context of the story and highlights the things that Sandi makes Star do in her ‘normal’ life/career. It’s chapter 5 just so you know.

Star's life had never really been her own. Even her name had been a marketing gimmick to encourage producers, judges and directors to choose her.

Growing up, she'd been entered in every beauty pageant and dance competition on the west coast to the point where fake smiles would make her face ache as she held a fixed brace-faced grin for the men and women that decided her fate.

She was a brand, a commodity, and her 'manager', she certainly couldn't be called anything else, had squeezed every dollar she could out of her until they finally hit the big time and she landed a couple of Saturday morning shows on TV.

Sandi's drinking and drug addictions took off alongside Star's career but after a couple of seasons and a promising future had started to blossom, it was all cut short when Star was caught on camera giving Sandi's dealer, a known criminal, his weekly payment blowjob in the VIP suite of a glitzy nightclub.

After the video was released online, Star's career as a wholesome daytime actress completely dried up but Sandi was quick to push her little money-spinner in a new direction, one that would keep her in the lifestyle she was accustomed to even if it meant that she had to take on a more hands-on role and actually get down and dirty to exploit the twenty two year old for all her body was worth.

Sandi was an expert makeup artist. She'd been doing Star's face for as long as she could remember and Star felt a faint pang of sadness at how accurately the silver mascara and lip-gloss matched her most famous on-screen persona, Starlight.

The spandex costume chaffed. It was too small now and rode up her butt as she sat there, pouting her lips as Sandi put the finishing touches on.

Even her blonde hair was braided back in the style of the crime fighting superhero, giving little room for excuse for anyone that wanted to accuse her of copyright infringement.

She'd only ever called her Sandi. She didn't know why. Maybe it was the way their relationship had always worked or some new age drug-induced bullshit. Whatever the reason it certainly made it easier for them to do what they did together.

Sandi's thigh brushed against her leg as she hovered around her, tidying up her hair. She could feel the warmth from it through her white glittery tights. The bite of her duckbill lips signalled that she was horny, especially when wearing the black spandex body suit that the villain of the show, Countess Dreadful, used to wear, her hair up in the two iconic long cones and the deep thick makeup that matched the character's.

Sandi was always horny. One of her many addictions was sex and, when she wasn't knocked out by drink or drugs, the brunette was usually ready for what she saw as just another hit.

To the selfish woman, Star was just an extension of her own body. It was masturbation not sex, regardless of how depraved and rough things sometimes got. As she had told Star many times, they weren't 'lezzies' as she called it, they were just enjoying a bit of fun together when there wasn't a cock to hand.

Star could never have guessed that years of ‘fun’ with Sandi would allow her to earn almost as much money as she’d once made as an actress.

Sandi leaned in and placed a finger under Star’s chin, turning her face left and right on it as she checked the makeup. Star was so pretty but she thought of her more like a painting or sculpture, taking credit as the artist that had created and shaped the person she was today, right down to her cute face and sparkly blue eyes.

“You’re ready. Let’s go to the studio.”

Sandi’s face was empty of emotion, like a ghost that would come to life when in front of the cameras.

“Okay”, was all Star said, her own bow-shaped lips moving in her trademark exaggerated way that had earned her a fan base much older than the show’s target market.

They walked through the utility room to the door of the converted garage. Sandi flicked the light switches and stepped inside, not bothering to look behind her as she powered up the cameras dotted all around the soundproofed room.

“Get on your knees. I’ll put the shackles on when I’ve turned on the equipment.”

“Alright”, Star said, stepping over to the gym mat in the centre of the room to sit on the back of her superhero style red knee boots.

She always felt a pang of guilt around now at doing what she was about to do as a loved TV character but they had to eat, or in Sandi’s case feed.

‘Countess Dreadful’ walked over in her stilettos and crouched down to Star’s right, picking up the chain and metal manacle from the small wooden post.

“Arm”, she said shortly as she waited for Star to place her wrist inside the realistic prop, then clamped it shut and bolted it around the girl’s slim wrist.

The shackles were realistic looking but they were more make-believe than any real attempt to restrain her. She knew what real bondage was and this wasn’t it, this was little more than role-play for the cameras. Still, she wouldn’t have been able to escape Countess Dreadful’s evil clutches now if she’d wanted to and that made her acting all the more convincing.

Surrounded by cameras all strategically placed, the backdrop pulled into place around her, Star was given the signal by Sandi.

“Action”, she hissed, moving away to press the master switch to all the recording equipment.

She dialled up Starlight’s theme music then faded it out as she spoke into a microphone off camera.

“Starlight’s valiant fight against evil has taken a turn for the worse, folks. When penetrating deep into Countess Dreadful’s hidden cave, our heroine was overpowered by the villain’s horrible henchmen and taken to the Hall of Hell to await her fate. See how she struggles to free herself from her bonds? Those chains are made of the Ore of Andromeda which as you know saps her strength and makes her too weak to resist anything the Countess may have in store for her.”

Sandi wasn’t without her own acting skills and the voice was deep and booming, like the one that narrated the real program.

Star gritted her teeth as she growled and tugged on the chains. Her back arched forward and her thighs parted as she knelt on her booted feet.

“Aaarggh. You’ll pay for your crimes, Dreadful! You wait till I get outa these chains. The Super Hero Team will save me.”

She thrashed the chains and made a show of straining as Sandi nodded off-camera as the number of online viewers started shooting up on the computer screen next to the equipment controls.

“Show yourself, Dreadful. Show yourself and free me at once”, Star growled heroically.

Sandi stepped into camera view, slowly stalking around the back of Star and crouching down.

The trademark evil laugh sounded real and indulgently long as Sandi stared through theatrically long lashes at Star's face.

“You'll never escape my clutches, Starlight. I have you exactly where I want you and I am going to enjoy every moment of this.”

Now Sandi's voice was witch-like, a good impression of the voice that the actress who played the real Countess Dreadful used.

Sandi pressed her face against the side of Star's, her nose pushing into the girl's cheek as she breathed and laughed again, her hands moving over the stretched shoulders and down under the iconic leotard to grope and squeeze her small, pert breasts.

Star's lips parted and her eyes closed.

“No, stop. What are you doing?” It was acting for the most part. She was used to this, accepted it and saw this public show of their bizarre relationship as a necessary evil to pay the rent. Star stuck to the script and played her role but deep down felt a twinge that this was her own reality considering how easily Sandi channelled the evil character.

“So my henchmen. What do you think I should do to Starlight now that I finally have her completely at my mercy?” Sandi said to the front camera, watching the screen next to it as suggestions were typed around the world and sent in coloured fonts for Sandi to read out.

Star was used to an audience. She'd been on camera, stage or dance floor all her life but this was different. The things that blinked up on the screen made her stomach turn. Several voyeuristic viewers in places around the globe suggested things so depraved or cruel she had to look away but after a while a consensus seemed to form. The words kept scrolling up the screen.

Fuck her.

Fuck her.

Fuck her!

“My henchmen want me to fuck you Starlight, but we both know your flesh is impervious to all Earthly things. So how am I going to penetrate your nasty little space pussy?”

Sandi stroked the side of Star's head then stretched her tongue out to brush the tip along the girl's jaw. She was enjoying this. She always did when they did this kind of thing, savouring the flood of emotions she could feel coming from Star.

“You can't. I'm impenetrable”, Star responded defiantly. Yes, she thought. Nailed it in one. She'd always struggled with that word and often swore out loud as she had to do take after take for one of Starlight's main catchphrases.

“Oh, I think there is one thing that can penetrate you”, Sandi said in the witch voice as she stepped off-camera to a large prop box.

She clicked back onto the mat in her heels and held out a metallic silver coloured silicone dildo attached to a set of black vinyl straps.

“This dildo was forged in the mountains of Kadara in the Andromeda Galaxy and was designed to make the girls of your race submit to the Queen of their planet. Now it is in my hands, Starlight and do you know what I’m going to do with it?”

“You’re going to fuck me with it, Countess”, Star said sullenly, dropping her head in dramatic hopelessness.

Sandi cackled loudly.

“Yes, I’m going to fuck you with it in your frigid little superhero pussy and there’s nothing you can do in your weakened state to stop me.”

She cackled again.

“In fact every thrust from this dildo will make you weaker still. Slowly depleting you of your powers until they’re gone forever.”

“How could you? You’re pure evil, Countess”, Star acted, tugging on the chains.

“And you’re about to become my sex slave, Starlight. What do you say to that?”

“Never! I would never give myself to a devilish psychopath like you.”

“Oh, I was hoping you’d say that, Starlight. I’m not asking you to give yourself to me. I’m taking you and it would be so much more fun if it was against your will.”

Sandi laughed as she tightened the strap buckles around her thighs then stepped in, batting the shaft against Star’s cheeks and lips, humiliating her captive for the viewers and showing Star the eight inches of silicone that would soon be sliding inside her body.

“Beg me, Starlight. Beg Countess Dreadful not to fuck the superpowers out of your pretty little body.”

“.... I beg. Please Countess. Don’t fuck me. Have mercy.” Star acted, channelling her humiliation into sullen self-pity.

“Hahahahaha”, Sandi laughed, tilting her head back then crouched down in front of Star.

She knew Star's body better than her own and years of dance and gymnastics meant that the girl could easily manage to have her legs pushed up to her sides and her feet hooked up behind her armpits.

"But I begged you, Countess. Please, my powers are who I am. I'm nothing without them", Star said, playing the distressed damsel perfectly.

"I just wanted to hear Starlight crying in defeat. And you will be something without them. You'll be my dirty little sex slave."

Sandi breathed heavily as she stroked a hand down to Star's spandex clad crotch, the girl now balancing on her lower back and her butt stretched and up towards the front camera.

Sandi shifted a few inches to the right for the camera angle as she unbuttoned the crotch of the Starlight costume; a modification that she'd had made to give her easy access to Star's holes.

The spandex twanged back, the costume still tightly stretched around Star's slim waist and chest as she gasped then breathed heavily through parted lips for the camera.

Sandi dug a nail into the white tights and tugged on the material until it tore. Slowly, showing her acting skills at savouring the moment, Sandi licked her darkly painted lips and cackled as she let the rip open up thread by thread, revealing the soft, pink pussy lips that hid beneath it.

A finger slid along the inside of Star's labia, up to her flat pelvis with the star-shaped pubes that Sandi had shaved and dyed blonde.

"You're a slut, Starlight, and so very wet. A countess might think you like being her captive, all chained up and ready to be violated."

Sandi brought the fingers up to Star's silver lips and brushed them over the already shiny gloss, adding to the wet look with Star's own juices.

"Still, I could show you a little mercy Starlight and make your tight pussy a little wetter. Besides, I've always wondered what a superhero tastes like down there."

Star pulled on her chains and shook her head as Sandi pushed her butt out to the camera and lowered her head down to Star's pussy lips, tilting sideways with the professionalism of a porn star and giving the cameras a view to enjoy.

She lapped her tongue out snakishly and slid the tip up and down Star's slit. This wasn't the usual way she might have devoured the girl's pussy but it was more for show than to feed her own lust.

"Mmm, it tastes as sickly sweet as the goody two-shoes bitch it belongs to", Sandi sneered then spat a couple of times onto Star's pussy lips, smearing it into the slit with easy familiarity.

Star moaned as her pussy was rubbed, her face flushing, something she could do on command.

“Now, I will take what I’ve been wanting all these years, Starlight”, Sandi said, mounting her pelvis over Star’s crotch and rubbed the dildo up and down the front of the girl’s slit.

The camera above them was the best shot of the shaft as it was slid inside Star’s pussy and her head tilted back to gasp wide-mouthed as Countess Dreadful penetrated Starlight with the dildo of Kadara.

Star settled into the next twenty minutes of rough, aggressive thrusts, insults and the occasional mouthful of spit. She looked dully up to the camera above her head wondering who might be on the other side of the screen all over the world, paying to watch a washed-up teen idol getting pounded by her equally infamous manager.

Maybe they wanted to see the taboo of Star and Sandi having sex or maybe they would be sat there struggling not to cum too soon as their geeky wet dream of Starlight getting fucked by Countess Dreadful was performed live on their devices and screens.

Whichever it was, or both, it kept them from losing their big house and kept Sandi in enough booze and drugs to keep her hands off of Star’s body long enough for the occasional rest for an hour or two.

She snapped back into the room as Sandi placed her hands around her neck and grasped tightly.

“Fucking... bitch... You’re mine... uuh... Starlight... your pussy belongs to me... Countess... Uuhh... fucking Dreadful.” Each pause was a slapping thrust against her crotch as the dildo pounded into her the full eight inches.

She could feel the hole loosening and becoming wet and slippery as the shaft opened her up and speared inside her slim body.

“Uuh... I give in... I give in... I’m yours... please... I’m too weak”, Starlight croaked on script.

Countess Dreadful’s cackles went on for several minutes, like a nightmarish dream of her former career as Sandi thrust and pounded into her, making her eyes roll up into her head and her moans genuine as her mouth opened into a wide circle.

Her pussy slurped and squelched as Sandi snarled melodramatically and pressed her nose against Star’s face. The role of evil villain came a little too easily to the woman, her blue eyes narrowed to show cruel intent. Star could see little difference between acting and reality in Sandi’s expression as the deep, heavy thrusts kept on coming from the woman’s hips.

Starlight had only just given in whereas Star had long known that she belonged to Sandi. Her body had long been there for the woman to do with as she pleased and being a sex addict that usually meant several times a day.

Already that morning Sandi had pushed her hand down the back of Star’s shorts and fingered her while getting her to suck on the woman’s nipples which were hurriedly squeezed out of her top and shoved one by one into the girl’s face. It

was pretty normal for Sandi to cum two or three times a day and she was a squirter, pushing out spurts of watery juices when she orgasmed. Star would usually end the day with it somewhere on or in her body.

Sandi bit Star's lip and tugged on it, laughing as she spoke.

"You like that don't you, Starlight? I always knew you were a little lezzie slut", Sandi snarled.

"I admit it, Countess... Uuh... I like it. I'm your little lezzie slut", Star moaned back as the script demanded.

"Every thrust saps your powers from you but its not enough. I need to put the dildo in a place where it will drain every last drop of power from you."

"You mean... you mean you're going to fuck me in my... my ass?"

"I'm going to fuck you deep in your superhero-ass", Sandi snarled, emphasising each word, her lips a fraction of an inch in front of Star's.

Star groaned and rolled her eyes up. She was becoming good at pornstar expressions as she acted arousal at the witch-voiced sentence.

It wasn't completely acting. Star actually preferred it in her asshole to her pussy.

It was taboo, hotter and felt tighter, more indulgent and dirtier. Star was very much not a sex addict like Sandi so, as she had to do it so often, it took more to get her fired up. Anal tended to get her there and Sandi knew it. It helped that the woman seemed to take great pleasure in pushing fingers, dildos or her tongue up the butt that was named 'rear of the year' twice.

Star's ass was her moneymaker as much as her mouth, and most of her fans would admit to fantasies involving her famous bubblebutt, as images of it clad in one tight costume or another was bandied over social media with disgusting or lewd comments attached to them.

Sandi hammed up the witch laughter as she peeled Star's legs back from her acrobatic pose and slurped the silver silicone out of the girl's pussy.

"Up on your knees, Starlight. I, the Countess, will now fuck you in your tight do-gooder asshole and make you completely mine."

Star gasped open-mouthed as she got up on her knees and pushed her butt out, arching her back in the right way to let Sandi push the shaft up her anus.

"Mmm, such a round, pretty little butt", Sandi sneered as she groped and stroked Star's cheeks apart, slowly ripping and tearing the tights until they fell shredded around the girl's parted thighs.

Sandi pulled tightly and opened up Star's crack to reveal her pinhole anus. Once a mystery to millions around the world, now anyone with a credit card number could ogle and leer at her flawless little orifice and enjoy what Sandi often ended up doing to it.

“You superheroes are so uptight. Here, let me loosen you up with a finger before I push pure Andromeda Ore deep... deep up your insides and into your bowels.”

Sandi wasn't usually so considerate. This was to build anticipation for her audience and she made a show of sucking on her index finger as she let the dildo rub up against Star's crack.

“You're weak now. My finger is going to go up inside your nasty little asshole, Starlight, and there's nothing you can do about it. Hahahahaha.”

Star was meant to just breathe open mouthed and look sullen, broken and hopeless. She tugged on the chains for extra effect as she frowned and pouted, feeling Sandi's false-nailed finger push past her sphincter and slide into her anus, a feeling so familiar that she could focus on acting and let the digit slip up to the knuckle as Sandi purred and laughed, biting and sucking on Star's earlobe.

“You're nothing special, Starlight. A superhero is just a costumed slut waiting to get what she deserves from her nemesis. And you, a straight-laced, uptight little do-gooder bitch deserve to have your frigid, repressed butt reamed out until it gapes for me.”

The finger slid in and out, Sandi moving her body back so that the cameras above and behind them could catch a shot of the opened-up hole before she slowly slipped it out and held it up to the girl's nose.

“This is what losing to me smells like. Good, isn't it?”

Star made a show of squirming and frowning as the finger was pressed against her nostrils. Sandi kept up the cackling as she grasped the dildo and brushed the rounded tip hard over the girl's asshole.

Her finger moved back to her own face as she smiled at the camera and snorted it.

“Mmm, the smell of victory. I bet it tastes as sweet as it smells”, Sandi crowed before placing it in her mouth and sucking on it tightly, purring and chuckling in her throat.

Star lunged forward and groaned, her mouth opening into a contorted circle as the dildo was pushed inside her. It was mostly an act. Starlight was an anal virgin. She was each and every time she was fucked in her ass by Countess Dreadful for the cameras. Star on the other hand, wasn't. She had to channel that first time when Sandi first took her and remember the shock as sensations and emotions flooded her body and mind.

“Hahahaha, it's inside your asshole, Starlight, sapping your strength and making you my sex slave. It's your destiny... uuh... don't fight it.”

Sandi's hips thrust sharply into Star's butt as she gripped her hands around the girl's waist. She always seemed to relish being rough when she took Star's asshole, as though she was trying to sate a perverse jealousy but Star was so used to it now that she just took it, even learning to enjoy the vicious thrusts and have them replace love with lust in her heart.

“How does it feel to lose, Starlight? Can you feel the Kadaran dildo sliding into your stinky little rectum? Soon you’ll be as weak as a little kitten and helpless to stop me from fucking you... again... and again... every day... for the rest of your worthless life... but don’t worry... with all the torture I have planned for you... it won’t be that long.”

Star felt the dildo spear up her rectum, spreading out the walls of the tunnel as it bored into her ass. The words echoed in her head. Yes, they were lines but it was Sandi’s script and it all felt closer to reality than Star was willing to contemplate, trying to focus on the pleasing filling sensations as her anus stretched and slid around the smooth shaft.

“I... I feel it...Uuuh... Please, Countess... Have mercy on my virgin asshole... Aaah.”

“Mercy?” Sandi snarled.

One hand slid up and grasped the back of Star’s neck while the other tugged on her braided hair, pulling her head back.

“Mercy? I was never shown mercy by you and those do-gooder friends of yours. You’ll see no mercy from me, Starlight. Hahahaha.”

Star could hear the squelches of the dildo as it was slid back and forth in her anus, the rhythmic slaps of pelvis on ass cheeks making clapping noises as she groaned and panted for the cameras.

Her eyes rolled down to glance at the message screen but she instantly regretted it, reading the cruel things typed into devices by sick and twisted individuals around the world. Not everyone was a fan. Some people had an illogical hatred of her. The sort that would criticise and troll her with a total disregard for the effort and things she had to do to perform for them, the sort that revelled in seeing her in pain and torment.

She shut her eyes, the fonts and exclamations still in her head as Sandi pushed her tongue into her ear, cackling loudly as she probed the tip in deep.

Her ass was being fucked by the one person in the world that was meant to have her best interest in mind while sick bitches and bastards around the world masturbated to her theatrical misery.

She really was just an object and a character to all of them, Star the fuckable actress not Star the girl that had been driven through a bizarre life as Sandi pushed her into the limelight and moulded her career without ever really being asked if it was what she wanted.

For a moment the mask that was Starlight fell and Star's face blanked as her thoughts of why complete strangers would wish the things they did on her... as if her life wasn't fucked up enough already.

She barely noticed Sandi speed up, thrusting hard and fast into her rectum, her cue to throw out a dramatic orgasm.

"Now, bitch", Sandi hissed in her ear.

Star lifted her head back and panted loudly, her eyes rolling up as she groaned out deep, long noises from her chest. She'd practised enough with men through the years to be able to push out a convincing yet fake orgasm.

“You see, Starlight. Your body is mine. I can make it feel things... do things that you never imagined possible.”

Star moaned as she made her entire torso shudder. It felt good as the dildo juddered about inside her asshole but the noises and movements were mostly for the camera.

Like a good actress, she brought it to a crescendo then acted as if spent and flooded with hormones, her head drooping drunkenly, eyes closed and her arms made to look floppy.

“As I said. Weak as a kitten.”

Sandi took her time sliding the dildo out of her asshole. She was careful to keep Star's sweat and smell on it to sell for some ridiculous price over the Internet later on, showing it to the camera as she stood up and walked around in front of the shackled, kneeling girl.

She unbuckled the harness around her thighs and waist then carefully placed the strapon on a metal tray on the control table.

“You need to prove to me that you will be a loyal little sex slave, my kitten. I’ve been waiting to have these famed lips of yours pleasure me for such a long time”, Sandi purred as she stroked Star’s mouth with a finger.

Every horny fan wanted Starlight’s lips around their cock or their holes. In some ways that made Sandi the luckiest woman in the world, having constant access to that soft, pouting bow that so many fantasized about although she never let on or showed it if she did feel lucky.

“Worship your new mistress, kitten”, Sandi crowed as she peeled the skin-tight leggings down to her thighs with ease, revealing her curvy large butt, her own body as much a public spectacle as Star’s.

“I obey, Mistress”, Star said, with feeling, watching as Sandi bent at the knees and lowered her ass towards her face.

Sandi hissed through her teeth as she peeled her large cheeks out wide, giving Star a smell of her arousal and sweat.

Star ‘worshipped’ at this altar as much as she had hot meals and the scent of Sandi’s crack was as familiar as her own sweat. Still, she made a show of looking hesitant and reluctant, slowly opening her mouth and bringing it closer to Sandi’s pussy lips before pointing her tongue out and touching the slippery wetness between them.

Sandi reached around behind her, cackling as she pressed Star’s face into her wet pussy. Star plunged her tongue in then kissed the lips, her nose pushed up into Sandi’s puckered rim.

“Starlight is going to eat my pussy until I squirt into her pretty little mouth. Haahahahaha!”

Sandi swirled her hips. Star held her face firmly between the woman’s cheeks, slurping and licking the juices and sweat off of the slit between them, her arms tensing and hands clawing in her shackles in a show of struggling reluctance.

Her butt was still exposed and bared, her back arching out behind her for the rear cameras to enjoy a clickable view of her fucked holes that viewers could and did zoom in on in full HD.

Star breathed in the familiar scents, her nostrils smeared and pressed into Sandi’s anus, as she made little muffled slurps and clicks deep in the cushiony cheeks.

Sandi gave her usual overdone performance for the camera, snarling and groaning as she pushed Star’s head into her crack from behind then started to slide up and down on the girl’s face so that lips, nose and even chin was given a taste of both her holes.

The movement became stronger and harder. Star felt her nose squish and her lips dragged along as her makeup was rubbed off and her skin flushed as it was pressed against. She could feel the first tremors as Sandi cackled. It didn’t take much for Sandi to cum, the dirtiness of the scene and fucking Star’s ass would have driven her arousal on, and when she did cum it had a camera of its own all ready on the left side of them both.

Star opened her mouth into a circle as Sandi released her from the heady, slippery crack and squatted and a couple of inches away from her target. Her own hand was a blur over her clit as she snarled and spasmed.

“Fuck... That’s it Starlight.... Uuuuh... drink your Countess’s cum... Uuuh!”

Spurts of it gushed into her mouth, splashing and spilling. A watery milky white liquid that Star was used to drinking down every day. It spurted in several blasts as usual, the camera catching Star’s pretty lips gaping and taking the juices into her mouth, her throat gulping as she swallowed it down without a second thought.

Sandi shuddered as the last squirt blasted onto Star’s face then she turned and looked dreamily at the bound superhero on the floor. Her chin dripped and her face was wet but the rest had been swallowed down and Star was ready to say her lines again like the professional. Actress, whore or pornstar she often got confused what type of professional she was. She guessed all three right now.

“There Starlight. You’ve tasted your new mistress’s pleasure in having you as my sex slave. What do you think? Will you enjoy drinking my juices down every single day for the rest of your pathetic life?”

Star did so why shouldn’t Starlight.

“Yes, Mistress”, Star said sullenly, her lips pouting.

“Good. Now I am off to make plans to destroy the rest of the Super Hero Team. I will leave you in the capable hands of my henchmen. I hear they each want to give you a taste of how you hurt them over the years. I am sure they’ll have fun.”

Star dropped her head in resignation as “The countess” stepped off-camera and the lights were lowered and the cameras turned off.

Sandi thought to light a cigarette and prop on the edge of the table before she heard Star cough, possibly from the smoke, and it reminded her to take the manacles off.

“Oh yeah”, she mumbled through her cigarette-gripped lips as she released Star from her bondage.

It had been a long day. Preparation alone for the Starlight scene had taken an hour. She'd spent the evening signing half naked photos of herself for fans to buy on Sandi's website before time for bed.

Teeth brushed and skin moisturised, she slipped on her sleep wear - a tiny cotton thong and a small cropped top with characters from one of Star's most well-known daytime role as a teen sleuth in a part-puppet world – Maddie Faddison. Sandi had found it amusing when she'd bought it for her and made her try it on for the first time, now it was just one of the skimpy items she wore to bed.

She stepped bare footed back into the bedroom and towards the bed she shared with the drunken lump that laid the other side, her eye mask covering her eyes and her nightie already pulled up around her waist as she slid her fingers over herself.

She mumbled her usual mangle of slurred demands as soon as Star got up on the bed then tugged the girl by her hair until her head was firmly clamped between her thighs.

Star got to work licking and tonguing Sandi's pussy, tasting that the woman hadn't taken a shower since the Starlight scene earlier that day. Her ears and face were squeezed tightly between clammy legs and her mouth firmly pressed into puffy and aroused, wet pussy lips.

“Come ‘ere... let me smell you”, Sandi drawled almost incoherently as she shifted Star's body up and over her chest in a sixty nine position that allowed her

to continue sucking and slurping away while Sandi smelled her.

The woman immediately pushed her face into Star's crack, sniffing and snorting as she tugged the thong to one side and exposed the girl's flawless, smooth holes.

"Uuuh", she grunted as she breathed in. Star knew the scent of her own holes got Sandi off, a taboo indulgence that reminded her who was busily pleasuring her, not that Star really benefitted in return but then that's not what this was about. This was all about Sandi's needs as usual.

When sniffing Star's clean ass didn't give her what she wanted, a roughly thrust digit or two would give Sandi dug-in fingers to press up to her nostrils to snort and inhale against, her senses heightened as she lay there blinded from Star's pretty butt with her eye mask. Wearing it as Star brought the woman to her inevitable squirting orgasm made it even more starkly apparent how selfish and needy Sandi really was, consuming everything and everyone around her as she dramatically pushed her own ultra high maintenance onto Star.

The fingers pumped her asshole, the only pleasuring she would get that night, but it wouldn't last long enough to get her close to orgasm. A couple of minutes up her bum then straight onto the tip of Sandi's nose.

"Mmmm", she purred as she breathed in the sweet scent of her young bedmate.

On some occasions Star would have her pussy fingered as she lapped and pressed her tongue inside Sandi but tonight the brunette was focused on her ass.

“Oh you little fucking lezzie”, Sandi slurred, barely audible to the girl trapped between tensed thighs.

“You smell so fucking dirty”, she snarled as she snorted hard. The fingers slid down to her duckbill lips to rub the girl’s flavour on like lip balm.

“Nasty... dirty... lesbian... Uuuh... you want to eat my asshole out... you want to uuuh... show me you what a buttslut you are”, Sandi panted, her legs squeezed even tighter as she squirted onto the girl’s pretty face, covering her features in her juices as Sandi sniffed and snorted.

Star hadn’t heard her slurred comments, too pre-occupied and sealed in the wet and sweaty pits of Sandi’s crotch but then she didn’t have to when the squirting juices told her she could soon get some sleep.

“Uuhh”, the woman moaned, almost cracking Star like a nut as she clamped her legs together and shuddered, spurts of her squirting juices pushing out into Star’s mouth, making the girl wonder why she bothered cleaning her teeth. She pulled her head out and breathed in the air of the room, perfumed and fresher than where she’d just been.

Sandi, as usual, muttered something incoherent then turned on her side and fell into a deep drug addled sleep, leaving Star to sometimes sneak off for a second run in the bathroom. She didn’t bother tonight. She was too tired. Besides, it didn’t really matter if she did clean herself up. It didn’t put Sandi off. She twanged her thing back into her crack and closed her eyes, turning towards Sandi’s back and pulling the bed sheet up over her barely clad body. Flashes of what they had filmed that day flashed in front of her eyes but she put them out

her mind and imagined herself walking down the red carpet at some made-up award ceremony.

Star slurped the milk-laden spoon of cereal into her mouth as she stared at her phone. It was a welcome distraction from Sandi who was taking her breakfast in pill form followed by gulps of strong black coffee. Her silk nightie dangled off her shoulders by the slim stringy strap as she rubbed her forehead and made dramatic groans as she instinctively played out a scene designed to seek sympathy for her self-induced hangover.

“Oh what a night. I tossed and turned so much. And my head! It feels like it’s cracking apart. Be a dear and massage it for me.”

It wasn’t really a request as much as a needy demand. Star put down her spoon, letting it splash into the half-finished bowl as she lifted her thong-flossed butt off of the chair and paused the video she was watching. She felt like she was in a very one-sided marriage with Sandi most of the time but she was used to it. She was leaned on like a crutch and sold out like a cheap whore all for this black hole of a woman kept her in her unrelenting gravity, slowly consuming what independence and self-esteem she had left. Sometimes she felt like the brunette’s puppet or robot but she still had enough of herself left to make the odd snipe.

“I was there, remember? You woke me up twice to tell me you couldn’t sleep. Maybe you were feeling bad about something?”

Sandi didn’t get the hint or chose not to at least.

“What? No, it was just too much drink... or maybe I was just worrying about your popularity at the moment. Yes, that’s it. I was worried about you, Star.”

Star didn't rate that performance very highly, kind of daytime cheesy soap level of acting.

She stood behind Sandi and stroked her forehead in circles with her fingertips.

"Thank you. You're so thoughtful", she said overly-sweetly.

"I know. I am aren't I? Speaking of which... I've been thinking. You've been out of the media spotlight for a while now and there's a new art gallery opening in town today. Lot's of press will be there."

Star felt a shiver down her spine. Sandi's idea of getting Star into the 'spotlight' was to create another sordid and sleazy situation for the paparazzi to feed off and portray her as the good girl gone down and dirty to promote all the fuck flicks that kept the brunette able to buy the quality booze and expensive pills to get her through the day.

"... And what'll happen this time?" Star asked sullenly.

"Don't you worry your little head about that. You just leave that to your manager. You can trust me to look after you. Now... down a bit with those hands... my muscles ache from all the tossing about."

Star placed her hands on Sandi's shoulders and was about to stroke her fingers

over them but that obviously wasn't what the woman had meant.

"Down a bit more. My tits feel a little achy", Sandi said, helping Star under her silk nightwear by guiding her by her wrists.

"Mmm", Sandi moaned softly as she felt Star knead and stroked her shapely breasts while she thought about how she would get the biggest number of hits putting the young blonde in yet another demeaning situation, not that she ever saw it that way. It was just part of the business they were both in.

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It was called her 'oops dress' for a reason. The turquoise Lycra micro mini fit over her like a second skin. Nothing was left to the imagination once the straps were tugged over shoulders and the flimsy material rolled over her body down to the top of her thighs. But it wasn't entitled 'oops' because it showed her nipples and every curve and shape of her tight body. It had been given the name by Sandi because it had a nasty habit of riding up over her globe-like bum cheeks at any time to reveal the part of Star's body most searched for online after her name.

"Put these on", Sandi said with a curt smile, twirling a floss-like red micro string in her hand. It was basically just sown together wisps of shiny material with a little triangle barely enough to cover her slit.

Star looked across and her face soured as she patted out any folds in her dress in front of the mirror. Her ass would definitely be making an appearance for the public today and it would be so barely covered that her holes would be only just

hidden from the cameras and leering onlookers.

She stepped into the strands of underwear and tugged them up over her thighs, snapping the elasticated string around her hips and feeling the wire-thin material wedge and floss up inside her crack.

“Perfect. Now just one more addition and we’ll be all set.”

Sandi stepped off in her heels and purple crushed velvet mini dress as Star looked at herself in the mirror.

Her lips had been painted a similar red to the string between her cheeks, her sparkling blue eyes highlighted with the professional flare that Sandi had for makeup. With her hair styled into a French twist, her slim neck was exposed and able to show off the jewelled choker that Sandi loved seeing her wear.

Her eyebrows knotted as she wondered what addition she had meant, looking down at her legs and the strappy high heels that gave her a much-needed extra couple of inches in height.

Sandi returned with a box and quickly pulled out a sealed plastic wrapping and tore it open.

Star watched open-mouthed as the shaped lump of silicone thudded onto their bed.

“What the fuck is that?” she asked in a high-pitched gasp.

“That my dear is a bespoke one-of-a-kind handmade Ivy branded buttplug. It’s part of a new range. Made to measure.”

“And that thing is made to fit me? It’s as wide as my fist. I’ve never had anything that big up my ass before. It’ll never go in.”

“Ivy herself is paying us for a prime time sponsorship. It’ll fucking go in and you’ll wear it in you while we enjoy the exhibits at the gallery. Besides, I measured it against your fist’s circumference. It’s time you started to stretch that thing out a bit, viewers are starting to get bored with thin eight inch dildos you keep insisting on having shoved up you. Trust me, remember?”

Star didn’t know where to start. The thought of wearing that thing inside her in public was making her body tingle in a blend of excitement and fear. She looked down at the purple and white swirls of silicone. It looked like a giant candy shaped into a Spades symbol from the playing cards she’d seen at Sandi’s poker game parties.

“It won’t go in”, she said sullenly, hoping that would be argument enough for the woman that was asking Star to trust yet again only to be literally fucked by her.

“It will, silly. Just get up on the bed on all fours.”

The oops dress did its job all by itself and rode up to Star's hips, exposing her globes of flawless skin out behind her. The unprotecting lingerie was pulled aside easily onto her left cheek as Sandi stroked a finger over the girl's pinhole anus.

"We just need to loosen you up. You've got such a tight little hole. I guess that's because you're so highly strung. Not like me. My hole is relaxed and always ready for action."

Star knew that well. The hole that her tongue often plunged easily into was more experienced than most call girls and hookers and Sandi's usually intoxicated state only served to make it even more relaxed.

The finger pushed into her little ring-shaped sphincter and past her tight anus muscle.

"So fucking tight", Sandi hissed then tutted as if it was a bad thing. Star had up until that point been proud of her tight, flawless little tunnel but now her brow furrowed, a little unsure.

"Uuh", she gasped through her red lips as Sandi pushed a second finger in and pressed the two digits as deep as they would go.

"That's it. Relax", Sandi purred insincerely as she drooled and slurped her tongue over the surface of the large plug. If she was being honest, which she hardly ever was, the toy would have been a struggle for her to push up her own asshole and it wasn't as if she'd really had a choice in the size. This one was apparently the smallest size the sponsor was willing to make for her and she

wasn't about to piss off people paying her to get Star to 'wear' it. Anyway, Star was young and stretchy she assured herself as she pushed a third finger into her cute hole and enjoyed the little groan she made. She knew what her favourite part of Star was capable of, even if the girl didn't realise it herself.

Her fingers came out of the loosened anus and straight up to her nose. It was a habit she was barely conscious of anymore. That smell was as much a drug for her as any pills or powder. It made her feel so good every time she breathed it in. The combination of the heady, sweet aroma, combined with where it came from and who it belonged to always sent tingles of bliss and pleasure through her. Watching the source of her inhaling pleasure stretch around the fat turnip-sized butt plug was going to be even more delicious as she lined it up against the tiny entrance.

"It won't fit", Star said adamantly as she braced herself.

"I'll make it fit, my dear", Sandi said, her duckbill lips contorting as she pushed for the muscle to yield.

Star's mouth opened into a beautifully rimmed circle, her pink tongue and whitened teeth contrasting the rich red of her lips.

Sandi was turned on by the short little breaths. The girl looked so vulnerable and cute on her hands and knees on their mattress as she sniffed her one hand and tensed her muscles and pushed between those thick, round cheeks with the other.

Her saliva squelched against the rubbery rim, allowing the plug to push past the surrendering muscle and enter Star's anus.

Star croaked in a massive breath as Sandi laughed in the usual fake manner that she used to reassure and fool Star into yet another situation that only really benefitted one half of their partnership.

“There. See? You’re doing it”, she purred as Star’s chest heaved.

“It’s so big.... It’s so big...” the girl panted.

“It’ll be fine once it’s inside you. Now, hold on and relax. Here it comes”, Sandi said liltingly then watched the veins stand up on her forearm as she forced the plug inside the ill-fittingly tight tunnel that it was going to have as its new home for the next few hours.

“Uuuuggh!”

Star’s face contorted as she cried out, a tear running down from each eye as she dropped forward and croaked out a long groan on the bed.

“There. Now, get up. You’ll mess your makeup up. Look, you’ve already smeared your eyes. We’ll have to do them again. Come on.”

Star couldn’t catch her breath as she felt the strain of her asshole walls being pushed out into her insides. The ache was overwhelming at first and didn’t dull down much as she tried to get used to it.

It really did feel like there was a small fist inside her as she struggled to stand, feeling the base pressing on her cheeks and pushing them out as the string of her thong slipped back over it.

Sandi ignored her obvious discomfort as she wiped her eyes then grabbed the eyeliner and shadow from the dresser.

“Hold still. Stop breathing so heavily”, was all she said in an impatient snap, offering no empathy or kindness for what the girl was experiencing but then if Sandi had had a kind bone in her body she probably wouldn’t have been so keen to stuff the huge anal toy into the girl then parade her around to humiliate her for her own gain.

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“Stop looking like that”, Sandi said as she glanced across at Star in the back of the cab.

Star was frowning as if she was constipated and right now she felt like she was and a whole lot more. It felt as if her buttocks were about to give birth not that she knew what that was like but she still had to take little short breaths to stop the bursting, stretching aches from making her feel dizzy and faint.

“I can’t help it. It hurts so much”, she whispered, hardly able to talk.

“I don’t care. It’s important that you show your best face to the press. People want to see a happy, accessible Star not a stroppy little bitch. Smile.”

Star did her best to turn her mouth into a gritted, clenched smile as she shuffled on the seat, feeling the silicone adjust inside her tunnel as the large base parted her cheeks out.

The driver glanced up in his mirror and beamed.

“I can’t believe I have the actual Starlight in my car. This is such an honour. I’m a big fan. I’ve seen every episode.”

“Thank you”, Star croaked, flashing her forced smile.

“Would you say it for me?” he asked.

She knew exactly what he wanted.

“Sorry?” she asked as if unsure.

“You know... I’m impenetrable!” he bellowed in the same tone the character used.

“Oh yes. I’m impenetrable”, Star mumbled.

She really didn’t feel that impenetrable at that moment with a fist-sized object penetrating her asshole as she sat there.

“No... Like this.... I’m impenetrable!” he insisted enthusiastically with a big grin.

Sandi tapped her on her thigh.

She hated that catchphrase so much. She’d had to say it so many times.

“I’m impenetrable!” she sang out just as Starlight would have done, her voice only slightly breaking with the strain.

“That’s it. Yeah!” the driver said with a joy that contrasted Star’s discomfort starkly.

She looked out the window as they drew up to the gallery - so many cameras and phones. Everyone was a member of the press these days. It seemed like all you needed was a social media account and a phone and time to hunt down B-listers desperate enough to make a spectacle of themselves for a little publicity.

All publicity was good publicity, Sandi would say to her, but not like this she

thought to herself as she rolled her eyes and swallowed her self-esteem for the shameful things she was about to do.

The driver held the door for her after they'd pulled up on the pavement next to the entrance of the gallery. She knew her dress wouldn't hold up to the infamous seat-exiting that so many actresses had been caught out with by a well-timed shot but she didn't care. That's why she was here – to excite and titillate all the perverts that would end up signing up to her growing catalogue of sex videos.

The driver made a little confused noise as he noticed the patch on the leather seat then glanced at Star's crotch, catching a glimpse of what had caused it and gulped in shock only to be pushed aside by Sandi who slid past him.

“Thank you, driver”, she said dismissively as she took Star around the waist and ushered her over to the cameras.

The paparazzi were only vaguely interested in the ex-teen star with her shapely MILF manager as Sandi flirted and beamed for the cameras.

“Here she is, ladies and gentlemen, twice rear of the year... your shining Star!”

It was as desperate as it sounded but the way Sandi cupped and grabbed Star's bum like a piece of prize meat made for a good snap brought their interest exactly where she wanted it. Hopefully now they would all be intent on building a gallery of butt shots and add to the thousands of Star's already out there... and that wasn't even including all the 'private' photos Sandi took regularly.

Star wanted to shout 'I'm up here' but she knew she really wasn't. Sandi had manufactured and steered her later career to make her an object of butt lust, as if the woman didn't trust Star's own talent and ability as a genuine actress.

She felt a pang from the plug as Sandi squeezed a butt cheek and yet she tried her best to smile and pose for the flashes of light and clicks of phones.

They headed up the steps into the open doorway and inside, stepping over shiny polished flooring in their high heels.

There were several dignitaries and local VIPs mingling and talking away as trays of filled flutes and canapés were offered around by staff wearing red waistcoats. It all looked very civilized and prestigious and the artwork surrounding them looked impressive and eye-catching at every turn. The pair of them were like two hookers that had wandered off the street in comparison to the party of individuals gathered inside, at least that's how Star felt as Sandi hissed in her ear to push her butt out even further as she walked.

The press inside were all invited guests and had badges hanging off of lanyards. They were the ones trusted enough to be around the politicians and business people that were closed off from the rest of the public behind a red cordon at the back of the hall. They were not going to be easily distracted by a tabloid spectacle but Sandi knew how to turn just about anyone's head.

There was a small plaque under a sculpture of a statue of a naked man made out of some odd blend of materials. It looked pretty unspectacular but Star knew the reason Sandi had pointed to it and told her to have a closer look.

The dress rode up over the curve of her butt where it met her thighs almost immediately and was then on a journey that there was no going back from as it slid up the curves of Star's bum up and over until it had found the girl's lower back.

Sandi drew attention with a loud comment.

“Oh my, Star. Would you look at that floppy felt cock? Who's want that up their butt?”

The ‘butt’ point was to add a little flavour to the view she had orchestrated and a couple of women in the VIP section gasped after they had heard the loud stage voice and turned. A man nearly spilt his glass of champagne and another looked as if he was about to say something.

Star turned and gave her best ‘oops’ look, putting her hand over her open mouth and curling her lips. She's done it so often she could do it without thinking.

“Oh gosh. I'm so sorry, folks. I guess my dress is a little too small for me nowadays. I hope I didn't distract you too much with my little pop out?”

She felt a bead of sweat run down the side of her face but it wasn't out of any unwanted attention. The butt plug was making her tunnel throb and ache every time she did anything.

One reporter, Izzy Wang, as famous as Star in her own right and for far more

dignified reasons, was hooked. She usually reported on art and film and to say that she considered Star to be a part of that topic was a stretch but she did know of the actress in a very personal way. Everyone had thought she was headed for the big screen before that scandalous video in the nightclub then the girl had turned into some kind of sleazy media whore with no future in any reputable production.

Izzy had felt sorry for Star when that had happened. She'd been a big fan at one point and had even had a poster of her as Maddie Faddison from in her room growing up. Now here she was showing everyone her famous ass for a little publicity. It was almost embarrassing to watch but then Izzy caught a glance of the base of the plug and she was hooked. She may have to sell it anonymously but she felt that tingle of excitement when a story was brewing, as if she had picked up the scent of something she wanted to see more of, at least that's what she told herself as she held her camera up and took a row of continuous shots of the pretty girl from her bedroom wall.

"Come now, Star. What have I told you about that dress? So sorry everyone!" Sandi said theatrically as she helped drag it down over the round globes as they clumped away in their heels, deeper into the gallery.

Izzy glanced at the boring dignitaries, then the two candy-wrapped clickbait made their way off down a corridor. It didn't take much for her to climb over the barrier rope and click off in her trouser suit and sensible heels over the shiny floor.

Sandi had a sixth sense for attention and she knew she had peeled one reporter away from staring at fat cats scoffing from trays as she pressed her palm into Star's lower back and whispered into her ear.

“I want you to reach up and kiss that sculpture on the lips and part your thighs so that little dress of yours does what it’s supposed to.”

She pointed up at a white stone angel figure with a peaceful look on its pretty face. It was almost a head above Star on its little plinth and she would have to stretch hard to find its lips on hers.

She turned to look at the slowly moving patrons and visitors mingling and moving around her as she thought of how it would look.

“Do it! It’ll be a big hit on social media!” Sandi hissed through clenched teeth.

“Fine”, Star grumbled as she instinctively pulled her dress hem down then wondered why she’d bothered.

She reached up and held the stone head in her hands, using it to raise her heels off the ground and onto the toecaps of her shoes. She leaned in and turned her head. Apart from a coming of age drama and, of course, Sandi, this was the third pair of female lips that Star had kissed and they felt almost as dead and cold as the other two. She made a good show, turning her mouth and smearing her lips over the chiselled heart shape that took her kiss.

She parted her thighs as she’d been told to and let her bubblebutt have the kind of freedom that her bare legs were enjoying, letting them spring as she bounced little hops to keep herself stretched up enough.

Izzy gasped as she saw it again. Definitely a butt plug and by the size of the base a huge one, she decided. She couldn't take her eyes off it as she took a continuous stream of shots, maybe twenty on a single press, not wanting to miss any detail. She found herself getting excited about looking through them later on her laptop. Star was known for her cute butt but this was the first time Izzy had seen it in its full glory and she found herself spellbound by how hot it looked and was all of a sudden the star struck girl that would stare up at that poster imagining hanging and making out with Maddie Faddison.

Some gasps around the room meant that it was time to move on again and the same little play was performed as Star apologised and then Sandi berated her.

"I'm sorry. She looked so cute just standing there. I just had to show her how much I appreciated her", she said, dimpling her cheeks and clasping her own hands as she swayed and smiled naughtily.

Other phones made their way out and one gallery guide had to ask people to put them away as it was against gallery policy for those without a pass. Still, Sandi's work was almost done, just one more climactic oops in public.

Star had been taught how to fall after a stint on a soap opera as a girlfriend of one of the regular characters that had got slapped by his mother in one scene. She had learned to half-fall and spring around cat-like onto her palms before her knees hit the ground. The problem was the only way she knew how to fall was on a slap prompt and Sandi knew that well but was terrible at stunts so it was always a real stinger across the girl's face.

"I want you to do a Chrissie Beth fall", Sandi said, her mouth pressed against Star's ear.

“Whu? Here?” Star grunted, looking around.

“Yeah, then arch your back and give that reporter behind us the money shot.”

Star wasn’t looking forward to this but Sandi didn’t give her much time to dwell on it as she whacked her flat palm across the girl’s face.

The “Uuh!” was genuine as Star spun and fell onto all-fours, arching her back like a cat as she felt the material slip up for a third time over to her lower back. From this angle her cheeks parted as her glutes spread out and her crack, covered by the slip of material and the large silicone base hid her most intimate holes.

She could hear the clicking whirs of a digital camera behind her, pausing long enough to give the lens a frozen in time view of her humiliating flaunting of her moneymaker-butt.

Sandi grabbed her unceremoniously around her upper thigh and under her arm the other side as she dragged her up then got on her knees behind her, making a show of having her face really close to Star’s butt as she peeled the material back down.

“You really are a little slut, Star”, she said, tutting as she stroked her hand familiarly up the girl’s frame then grabbed her by the hand.

“We need to get that thing out of you. Come with me”, Sandi said dramatically and loudly, then stomped off with Star in tow towards the toilet sign.

Izzy followed, keeping a good few paces behind them.

She waited an agonising minute as she mentally pictured the pair going in, finding a cubicle, closing the door and then getting down to the business of removing the plug. She scolded herself for being so excited. She was a respected journalist. The face of art for one of the biggest publications in the world and here she was getting that tingle down her spine at a dirty piece of paparazzi sleaze, too filthy for even the tabloid press. She had no idea how she would sell the shots and the news but she didn’t care. She felt a droplet of sweat run down her back as the adrenaline of the hunt rushed through her.

She stepped inside the terracotta-marble tiled toilet as quietly as she could.

Not that she’d needed to, the noise coming from inside the only closed cubicle sounded like there was a serious struggle going on.

The sides of the cubicle rattled and Star was huffing and groaning as Sandi swore and growled instructions to the girl.

“Get up on the lid... Not like that, on your back.... Fuck, you never take directions do you?... Now, grab the cistern with your arms.”

Izzy looked around. There was no one else in the room and it didn’t look as if it

was going to get busy anytime soon. She glanced at an open cubicle, remembering the games she used to play when she stood on the toilet seats and tried to look over into the next cubicle at school. She was taller now so reaching over to look wouldn't be a problem but she'd have to be really quiet to not alert Sandi or Star.

She crept into the cubicle on the right of the one that sounded as if two wild animals were in it and bolted the door behind her. Her heels wouldn't work on the shiny seat so she slipped them off and climbed up onto it bare foot, steadying herself with one hand on the adjoining cubicle wall as she readied her camera up with her other hand.

You can do this, Izzy, she told herself then took a couple of deep silent breaths, then felt a pang of nerves as Star huffed out loud, heavy pants groaning as if in labour.

"Uuuh, I can't do it", the girl moaned.

"Don't be silly. It went in didn't it? Just relax while I tug on the base."

Izzy had to time it carefully. The shutter would click as the photos were taken and she didn't want to give herself away.

She raised her arm and held the lens over the side, taking a few blind shots as Star made a loud groan.

She pulled the camera back over the side and turned it around, setting it to play back the images on the screen.

She nearly fell off the toilet, her hand against the wall slipped, squeaking as she palmed the plastic divide until she was able to freeze and hold her breath. She took another look at the screen in absolute silence, mouthing the word 'fuck' at the shock of the image staring back at her.

Star was up on the closed seat on her shoulders, her head pressed up onto the cistern as she wrapped her arms around it, her round butt spread out and facing up to the ceiling as her bent legs dangled at each side, her bare feet pressing against the back of the cubicle.

The flexibility alone made Izzy breathless as she felt her heart racing at seeing 'Maddie Faddison's' fanny. What made it even more incredible was the frozen expression on Sandi's face as she was tugging the base of the plug out of Star's asshole. She was enjoying herself. The evidence was clear.

"That's it. It's sliding out. A little more.... Relax", Sandi said, shaking Izzy back into action. She had to get a shot of the plug coming out and just had to know how big it actually was.

She climbed up onto the edge of the divide and held the camera over but it wasn't enough, she needed to see with own eyes. Carefully, she held her head just over the side and looked down, her camera propped over the edge and ready to snap some juicy shots.

Luckily Star was so contorted and bent round that she couldn't really see up

clearly, not that her eyes were open anyway as the sensation of having a fist-sized plug stretching out her sphincter as it was pulled out of her clenching anus.

She made a pitiful whimpering cry as it finally slurped free of her small body, her asshole rasping uncontrollably as the mass of silicone was uncorked from the tunnel.

It was fucking huge. Izzy clicked the button on her camera. She couldn't take her eyes off the gape it had left behind. It was a perfect circle, dark and inviting inside, with no perceptible puckering or sticking out as one might have expected after that kind of traumatic experience. It was mesmerizingly beautiful and, it appeared, Sandi thought so too.

Izzy's gaze was broken as she saw the grinning brunette take the plug and hold it to her nose then lick the length of it as if it were a lollypop. Her heart pumped in her chest as she forgot that she was trying to stay hidden and leaned over a full head, on her tiptoes behind her on the toilet seat.

The woman purred as she tasted the surface of the plug, her tongue snaking along it before her attention turned to the black hole pointing up at her, pulling her in with its beauty.

"Such a dirty little slut", Sandi chuckled as she placed the plug carefully on the back of the cistern then leaned in to smell the wide circle as if revelling in the girl's situation that she'd manufactured.

Her laughter continued as she circled the dark hole with her tongue.

Star moaned but it wasn't a noise of surprise or of thanks for the tongue-soothing, the noise was sexual and sounded as if she was used to this kind of treatment. Then the tongue plunged deep into dark tunnel as Sandi's sultry duckbill lips opened out to cover the gape and kiss it deeply.

In a flash, Sandi's blue eyes moved upwards like a hawk spotting its prey, her mouth wet with drool as she curled her open lips into devilish smile.

Izzy squealed. She lost her footing on the toilet seat and tumbled backwards, keeping her precious and expensive camera up in her hands as she thudded her trouser-clad bum onto the hard seat below, her legs flailing out and knocking the sides of the cubicle loudly as she fell.

"It sounds like we have someone trying to get an exclusive", Sandi drawled, unlocking the cubicle and stepping around to the door of the one Izzy was in.

"I know you're in there. Come out and maybe I won't call the gallery security", she said confidently.

"I'm only doing my job. I'm a reporter... Izzy Wang."

"I think this is a breach of privacy though Miss Wang. I didn't ask you to take photos of Star in a toilet now did I?"

Izzy hesitated before responding. She was trapped in a toilet and had just broken the code of journalistic conduct by taking pictures in this off-limits area. She'd be struck off at best and at worst would face the full force of the law. She berated herself for being such an idiot. Why the hell had she gone in there? It wasn't journalistic instinct that was for sure.

"No... you didn't", she mumbled from inside the locked cubicle.

"I think you are going to do exactly what I say now aren't you, Miss Wang."

"Yes", she said, reluctantly pulling the latch.

"Good. Now, get out of there."

Izzy slipped her shoes back on and then stepped out onto the tiles.

Sandi smiled. She had her right where she wanted her. She had walked so beautifully into her trap that Sandi just had to know why as she circled the young woman, looking her up and down.

"What was it about Star that made you follow in here, Miss Wang? Isn't a slutty actress like her below your usual standards of reporting?"

Star heard that from the toilet as she sat upright on her butt on the toilet. She

wasn't wrong, Star was made to be a slut but it still hurt a little to hear she was below the reporter's standards.

"I... don't know. I saw her and then..."

"Mmm, you're one of those lezzies aren't you?" Sandi said, almost touching Izzy as she circled closer.

"No... I mean... Well... I don't know..."

Sandi was the biggest 'lezzie' in the room but she never admitted it. She'd had more women let alone the fact that Star was in all respects, but actual respect, her lover and yet she never considered herself to be 'muff diver' as she called them. Maybe she wasn't, maybe she was just a pansexual sex addict and whoever was nearest at the time got fucked. In this moment that was Izzy Wang.

Sandi could read people pretty well. That was one of her skills as a manager, enabling her to manipulate and negotiate to her advantage but it didn't only work for acting contracts.

"Tell me who was it? Starlight? Angelica Blue?... No, wait... Maddie Faddison!"

Her mouth was only a couple of inches from Izzy's face and the young reporter could smell the heady sweetness on her breath.

“That’s it. I bet you had a poster of her in those tight little shorts. Did you get yourself off looking at it?”

Izzy opened her mouth to speak but she didn’t need to, her look said it all. Sandi took advantage of the parted mouth to kiss the pretty catlike curls of her lips wetly, slipping her tongue between the gap to swirl it over Izzy’s.

Izzy gasped but didn’t move back. She felt a hand rub down the front of her trousers as the other groped and squeezed her cotton-clad ass cheek.

She knew she was in this woman’s web in so many ways. Caught out professionally, morally and now sexually, realising herself that she was seriously aroused as the damp patch in her knickers pressed onto her rubbed trousers.

She met the kiss and mirrored it. What else could she do? She was a slave to this woman right now and to her own lust and desire as she tried to taste Maddie Faddison’s ass out of her mouth.

Out of nowhere that thought hit home and she groaned into Sandi’s mouth, feeling the fingers rubbing over her slit send a bolt of pleasure up her body to her head.

Sandi laughed again, as devilishly as she had when she had been enjoying Star’s gaped hole.

“Let’s introduce you to Star, shall we?” She asked rhetorically as she smooched

her lips against Izzy.

“Uh huh”, was all Izzy could say before being led into the cubicle that the pair had chosen as their own.

Star was sat on the toilet, her blue eyes sparkled just like the poster but her bow-like mouth wasn't beaming a frozen wide smile and she wasn't wearing the shorts, in fact she wasn't wearing anything on her lower half, her dress tugged up around her midriff.

“I think we have a fan here, Star. She'd like to meet you properly”, Sandi purred hypnotically as she made Izzy get on her knees in front of the girl sat on the seat and took the camera off from around her neck, to hold in her own hand.

Izzy looked up behind her, confused.

“Why don't we get a few shots of you two together... a fan with the star of Maddie Faddison?”

Izzy turned to look at Star. The smile was dulled because this wasn't the girl on the poster. Izzy herself was now more a star than her in many ways but there was something about all this that told her that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity to just let go and make her past self very happy.

“Why don't you give her a big kiss?” Sandi said to Star. It was an instruction and not a suggestion.

Star's brow furrowed. This would be her fourth pair of female lips she thought as things got a bit more blurred in her head. Izzy was pretty. Dark almond-shaped eyes and a heart-shaped porcelain skinned face all framed under black long hair styled back behind her ears.

She leaned in. Izzy closed her eyes and opened her lips. Star kissed her softly at first. Tasting her soft lips, feeling the silkiness as they brushed against each other before taking the plunge and pushing her tongue into her mouth.

I'm kissing Faddie! was all Izzy could think, unable to really show her skills off as her heart raced.

She was oblivious to the clicks of her own camera behind her as Sandi recorded this moment just as she had with the two women before falling. She pictured the image again that she's seen on the screen and a wave of tingles ran up her spine from her crotch. It was almost as if Sandi had sensed them as she stroked over Izzy's back, making her shiver.

"You want to taste Maddie's booty, don't you? You'd love to sink your face into that perky tush she's known for". It was only a whisper but it made her groan into Star's mouth. Her eyes closed. It was as if the manager knew her subconscious thoughts.

Sandi signalled to Star and the girl turned on the seat of the toilet to place her shins on the lid and sit on her heels, holding the cistern with her hands. She looked over her shoulder at Izzy. She was cute and that expression of star struck wonder as those almond eyes stared widely at her still-gaping anus gave her that ego hit that so many in her profession were addicted to... and just being adored

for a moment instead of mauled and used made a welcome change.

Izzy couldn't believe this was really happening. She was living a fantasy she'd put aside and left on her bed under the poster. Now it was happening it felt surreal.

Her head rushed with thoughts then her rational mind kicked in finally, seemingly too late. She'd be struck off if Sandi complained about the privacy invasion but this... with pictures of it as evidence... would destroy her and the person she'd been pretending to be, let alone be her coming out before she was ready.

She turned to Sandi who had a cruel smirk on her face as she took another photo.

"You're mine right now. Do it and I'll let you have your camera back", was all the brunette said as she stroked the camera in her hand.

Izzy turned to Star's pushed out cheeks. It wasn't a punishment, if anything it was a dream come true but she hesitated, as much out of the fact that she was being blackmailed as she was nervous and shaking at the thought of this girl once being her biggest crush.

Sandi one-handed snapped a couple of shots as she combed her fingers into Izzy's glossy black hair and pushed her head into Star's crack.

Star sighed and licked her lips as she looked over her shoulder, her flexibility

allowing her to see the cute face press in between her round butt globes. She felt her tongue lap her hole and she gasped. For some reason it tingled and tickled far more than when Sandi did it. Maybe her puckerless rim was just more sensitive and sore after the cruel stretching from the plug but it made her squirm with pleasure as the lips and tongue pressed softly and wetly against her hole.

Sandi was never one to miss out on the action and, after too long with only Star for her sexual amusement, she was too turned on by Izzy on all fours and arched out back not to undo the reporter's fly and push a hand down the back of her trousers.

"Mmm, naughty girl. Wearing a little thong. You uptight journalists are all the same, prim and proper on the outside and kinky sluts underneath."

Izzy felt the woman's fingertips slide down in her crack, pressing under the fabric of her lacy thong until it found her holes. She could feel how slippery she was as Sandi rubbed it back up and over her anus, coating her perineum in her wet arousal.

The fingers rubbed and swirled her pussy lips as Sandi laughed then the fingers were pulled out and sucked on as she purred at the taste. Izzy groaned into the soft skin surrounding Star's reamed-out anus and rolled her eyes up. This was too good to be true. She inhaled the sweetness of her once-idol as she took a deep breath and steadied herself to dive her tongue back in and taste the delicious asshole that was better than she could have ever imagined, which she had.

It all started to make sense why she had followed Star and her manager. She was mesmerised by the opportunity she knew she had if she could just get close enough to them and now, here she was, lapping her tongue inside the hottest ass

she'd ever known.

Star was now groaning at almost every breath, the fingers of her right hand in her mouth as she closed her eyes and just enjoyed the best fan worshipping she'd had in a long time... and the first ever from a girl.

Sandi banged the walls of the cubicle as she shifted around in the tight space so that she could put her face where she wanted it.

Izzy's trousers were slid down her thighs as the brunette tugged and pulled the lacy thong in her hands, teasing herself as much as Izzy as she placed her nose and mouth over the warmth between the reporter's butt cheeks.

"Take the plug and suck it", Sandi instructed Star before whipping Izzy's butt flossing panties down and tasted her first girl that wasn't Star in days.

Star wasn't that keen to taste herself off of the plug again but she knew better than to argue with Sandi. She grasped the base and took it from where it was resting on the top of the cistern and obediently opened her lips around it, slurping it like a dripping ice cream, too big to push into her mouth without hurting her lips. Not that that had stopped Sandi shoving it in the other end without any sympathy or mercy whatsoever.

At least this pretty reporter was soothing it now. It felt so good, she could almost ignore how humiliating and weird it was to be doing all this in a toilet cubicle.

Sandi slurped and ate noisily at both of Izzy's holes. The camera had been placed on the floor so that Sandi could rub herself furiously, making a noise almost as sloppy as her mouth.

The thought of Star getting her ass eaten out by the young reporter along with all the other dirty things happening were feeding the woman's insatiable lust for depravity. She had finally gotten Star exactly how she wanted her, completely broken in and ready to take on anything she threw at her and she was going to throw a lot at the girl. She chuckled to herself deviously as she tongued the reporter's soft and pliant rim then realised it might have sounded insulting so covered herself by lifting off the warm butt cheeks and purring out a, "So delicious."

But Izzy was too busy burying her face in Star's wet holes and rubbing the taste of them over her lips and skin as she pushed her tongue in with a zeal and hunger she hadn't known she had herself.

Sandi was a little disappointed at being ignored but she amused herself by rubbing her fingers up and down Izzy's slit and crack as she watched the pretty brunette's head bob and gyrate between Star's round cheeks and decided to comment on the slurps and moans.

"Mmm. Yeah, lick her sweet little holes. Swirl your tongue around her anus. Star likes that. She's such a dirty little slut with that big butt plug up there. She was just begging for some attention... and then your pretty ass showed up. Mmm, you're so wet. My fingers could just slip in to both your ready, hot holes... just like this."

Star wished Sandi would shut up. Hearing her voice was putting her off getting to a climax as Izzy softly yet passionately worshipped her holes. It was nothing

like when Sandi shoved her tongue up her or sucked at her like a leech.

She felt the reporter groan into her as Sandi pushed a finger up both her holes then frigged them in and out energetically in stark contrast to the slower-paced ass eating the other end.

Making Izzy cum was the aim, just as it was with gangsters, criminals, directors and the rest. This was business mixed with pleasure and having a hold over an influential reporter like Izzy would go a long way to putting her prize asset in the limelight.

She saw dollar signs as she rubbed herself and made her other arm blur as her muscles tensed and stiffened, her fingers plunging in and out of the sweet, youthful holes that had lubricated themselves almost too well.

Her shock and awe approach to sex usually worked and Izzy soon started honking and groaning in Star's butt, puffing out hot breaths as she struggled to continue licking while the fingers slammed into her.

Star knew the only orgasm that would happen between her cheeks would be the one coming out of this stranger's mouth. She stopped licking the plug – Sandi wasn't looking anyway. She was too busy trying to bring herself to one of her many daily climaxes in time with Izzy.

Izzy moaned out loudly, her arched back twitching as Sandi frigged on. The scent of aroused holes filled the small cubicle and the sloppy noises echoed around the whole toilet. Just as Star was starting to feel her shins hurt for being stuck on the toilet seat, Izzy groaned out a blast of noise that sounded like a wail

of pain as she climaxed, her face pressing hard into Star's crack and taking her a little by surprise. Izzy gasped and snorted, her nose and lips sucking in the flavours and smells of Star's body as if the young reporter was trying to imprint them in her head. Izzy's hands came up and grasped Star's hips to push the holes even harder onto her face and Star could feel the twitches and movements become violent and sharp as the aftershocks crashed through Izzy's body.

For a second she was very aware where they were again, the noise of Izzy's climax was only partly muffled by her own butt and people outside the toilet would have heard the wails. She hoped that the worry of being sucked into or tarnished by the depravity was enough to keep the guests in the gallery away from the door.

As for Star, she was the most tarnished girl in the world that she knew and she was about to have it proved yet again.

Sandi slid up the cubicle wall, her chest heaving and her thighs parted, her dress pulled up and over her waist as she grabbed Star's hair with the hand that she had been rubbing herself with and tugged her unceremoniously off of the toilet and down onto the hard floor.

It was a tight squeeze in the cubicle and Izzy gasped and had to squirm out of the way to kneel, her trousers still around her thighs, as Star was dragged hurriedly into position.

Star knew the imminent look of being about to explode as Sandi pulled the girl's hair so that her mouth was locked widely in place around the woman's aroused and puffy slit.

Sandi rubbed the fingers that had been inside Izzy over her own nose and lips then sucked on them hungrily as she groaned louder and louder.

“Oh fuck... Oh fuck... I’m cumming! Aaaaaah!”

The jet of squirted juices stung the back of Star’s mouth as it hit it and having taken it what felt like a thousand times before Star knew to gulp and swallow quickly so as not to spill or choke on it. Izzy was knelt just behind her, looking up at Sandi as she sucked the juices of Izzy’s holes off her fingers and groaned, shuddering as she unloaded into Star’s mouth. Her eyes dropped to the sweet lips wrapped around the woman’s pussy, the same ones from the poster and her own mouth turned into a wide gape as she marvelled at how expertly Maddie Faddison drank down the woman’s squirting orgasm juices.

Her hand slipped down between her thighs and she felt the post-orgasm wet slipperiness of her pussy lips as she slid her fingertips along in between them. She felt an urge to kiss Star’s neck... and she did... why not she thought, she didn’t feel she needed to be nervous or hesitate after what she had just done to her idol. Star’s skin was sweet and salty at the same time, delicious she thought, and she could feel the vibrations of the squirts as she pressed her lips over and around Star’s jaw.

Sandi made sure she emptied every drop into the mouth pressed against her. Another woman might have felt a twinge of guilt at making Star drink so much of the milky juices as she made her do every day but not her, besides she’d read somewhere that it was good for the complexion so she was really doing Star a favour and giving her some goodness, like vitamins. Star got a lot of ‘vitamins’. No wonder she had such soft, glowing skin.

“Uuh... you see. You’re part of this now. You’ll get to play with Star again

sometime soon if you do what I want. Are we clear? Do we have a deal?”

Izzy paused her kissed to look up at Sandi’s eyes.

“We have a deal”, she said, smiling.

Sandi’s tight grip over Star’s hair relaxed and she was allowed to release her clamped mouth from the woman’s post-orgasm-scented pussy.

Izzy was oblivious to the fact that Star wasn’t as into all this as her manager was as she kissed the edge of the bow-shaped lips she’d dreamed of for years.

“Good. Now, lets seal the deal. Star, grab your plug and get your new friend here to help you make it nice and wet again... then she can put it back inside you where it belongs.”

Star gave Sandi a withering look as she reached across and took the fist-sized plug. She would have argued that it didn’t belong squeezed up her tight asshole or any orifice for that matter but they couldn’t just carry it out of the toilet in their hands and right now she kind of felt she needed... no - deserved, its massive shape make her tunnel ache and stretch out.

Sandi walked back into the converted garage. When the brunette woman wasn't swaying around in some kinky lingerie or costume, she was naked – a sight that Star was used to seeing. Her shapely curves bounced and wobbled as her long legs stomped purposefully back to the girl knelt on the gym mat in her flimsy little silk gown.

She'd done a good job on the makeup she noted as she looked down at Star's face but then she did have a pretty canvas to start with. She never tired of painting up her little doll, especially the eyes where she felt she could portray the emotions she lacked herself in those sparkling blue gems.

Star looked up. Sandi often mistook sullenness for boredom.

"Fine. I've found it. Get it in you and follow the lines on the screen."

She held out the monstrosity she was gripping by its suction base.

"Oh my God. That's the toy I'm advertising?"

"Yes. What's wrong with it?" Sandi asked, looking down at the irregular ribs and bumps along its rust coloured surface.

“It’s massive... and so long. When you said it was a dildo I thought it would be like the ones you use on me.”

“Oh come on. Stop being so fucking boring. It’s not that big really”, she looked at it again and realised that she wasn’t convincing herself let alone Star, “well you’ll get used to it after a moment. Use the lube. We’re being paid to advertise this particular toy and we’ll be able to run the advert between cam shows.”

“Is it really meant to go up my asshole?” Star asked, she was still sore from the huge plug she’d had in her yesterday and it hadn’t been any better the second time when Sandi had encouraged Izzy to shove it back on in.

“Is it really meant to go up in my asshole?” Sandi mimicked, badly and in a much whinier voice than Star’s, “Of course it’s meant to go up your ass. It’s an anal toy, stupid, and you’re known for your round butt. Just take the robe off and get ready.”

She untied the belt and let the light material slide off her naked body then tossed it out of camera shot and readjusted the heart-shaped cushions that Sandi had placed around her like a nest on the mat.

She looked moodily up at Sandi for a lingering moment then down at her hand that she had just filled with a squirt of clear gel from a bottle labelled ‘Quality Anal Lube’.

She moved her cupped hand around behind her and parted her thighs, raising them up by her toes as they sat on her heels so that she could push her ass out and naturally open her cheeks out and relax her anus.

The lube was cold and gloopy as she coated the surface around her sphincter with it and she shivered slightly but, as she started to feed it into her hole with her fingers. It felt good and soothing as the smooth walls of the entrance clenched and suckled on her digits.

Her newly glossed fuchsia-coloured lips parted as she pushed two fingers in deeper, feeling her tunnel open out to her rectum. It felt hot and soft as she fingered the walls of it and coated it in a layer of the lube to help the monster dildo ride up it in only a moment. She wished she could just finger herself. It was enough for her to have a couple of digits up her preferred hole and given a few more minutes sliding up and down along her gripping anus, she knew she could bring herself to a climax.

“Are you quite ready?” Sandi asked impatiently, “I haven’t got all day. I’m turning the cameras on.”

Sandi switched the cameras on as Star took her fingers out. A smear of lube on her thighs wasn’t the best look for the cameras so she rubbed them on a nearby heart cushion.

“Action”, Sandi snapped as she stepped out of view of the cameras.

Star looked down at the dildo then up at the prompt screen.

“When I want to relax and give myself a real treat, I get out my Analyser 3000 and ride it until I see stars.”

The pun was really obvious but she kept the fake smile on her face like the professional she was and followed the prompt to ‘stroke the shaft of the toy suggestively’.

The next prompt was ‘insert toy up asshole then look over shoulder and say lines’.

She smiled and turned her butt towards the front camera, gripping the spear-like tip of the oddly-shaped silicone in her fingers as she tried to maintain an air of a teleshopping host showing how an item works on a shopping channel. She parted her knees and sat back onto the Analyser 3000, positioning the tip over her puckerless hole as she smiled dumbly at the camera over her shoulder. It felt long-winded and awkward so she added an extra “I can’t wait”, to break the silence as she’d been trained to do.

But the awkwardness continued as she tried to push the tip into her anus. Her tight muscle just wouldn’t yield to another over-sized toy and she started to make little grunts as she shoved hard against the rust-coloured mushroom-like tip.

“Cut!” Sandi bellowed then stomped up to Star.

“What’s wrong with you? Get it up there and say the fucking lines!”

“It’s too big. I can’t get the tip of it inside me. Isn’t there a smaller toy I could advertise?”

“No. They want you to endorse this one. It’s going to have a picture of you on the box. For fucks sake, come here. Pull each side of your asshole with your fingers.”

Sandi crouched down and positioned the evil-looking tip against Star’s rim. She pushed and groaned herself but all she managed to do was press into the muscle a little more.

“When I was your age I was taking two cocks up my ass at the same time at parties but then I wasn’t as uptight as you are and I was probably on something or drunk at the time. Hey, you want some vodka and coke?”

“No”, Star said emphatically, knowing well her manager wasn’t talking about the mixer.

“Well, then we need more lube. Sit up.”

Sandi’s duckbill lips curled around the tip expertly. She slurped and gurgled it around in her mouth then pushed it to the back of her throat and coughed up drool and saliva so that it dripped down along its surface. A web of her spit clung to her lips as she smiled and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Sit back on it”, she croaked as she watched wide-eyed as Star lowered her perky butt cheeks back onto the tip and split them wide apart.

Sandi gripped the mass of silicone with both hands and speared it upwards as Star pushed down on it.

The tight sphincter finally surrendered with a noise that sounded like a zip crackling open and it swallowed the bulbous head of the dildo, rolling tightly around the circumference until it found the first rib.

“Uuuh”, Star groaned, screwing her eyes tightly shut and raising her head up. Her hands clawed out at the air as she coped with the anal violation then adjusted to make sure it didn’t squeeze back out.

“And... action”, Sandi said running back behind the cameras.

Star groaned as she rolled her tight anus over the surface of the silicone, down past the first rib and the strange bumps as if she was riding one of Sandi’s dildos. Except this was nothing like the cock-shapes that her manager used. This one felt as if every bump and curve was designed to stimulate and rub over her sensitive tunnel walls and send the strangest combination of breath-stealing aches and tingles throughout her body. She couldn’t concentrate on anything to begin with apart from her own asshole and the toy, let alone a bunch of lines and a fake smile, so she just rode and flicked her tied blonde ponytail back over her shoulders and breathed heavily through her open mouth.

To the camera it looked like she was having a good time but she was more overwhelmed than aroused, her body unable to get used to the painful stretch of her insides as the sensitive walls tingled and sent shivers of pleasure up her spine to her head.

Eventually she turned over her shoulder and made herself beam a white-teethed smile.

“Mmm, it feels so good inside my butt.... It fits like a glove... Do you want to play with yourself like a star? Then get the Analyser 3000 and make your Maddie fanny tingle today.”

“Cut. Now push it right on inside you. We need to get some shots of you bouncing its full length inside you and moaning out an orgasm.”

“What?” Star said, freezing with just the tip in her.

“I know. You can fake the orgasm, but it has to go completely in you when you moan. That’s what they want.”

“Have you seen how long it is?” Star asked incredulous that ‘that’s what they want’ was enough of a reason for Sandi to have Star’s belly poked from the inside.

“Seriously. You can’t take that thing inside you? Look, get off it. I’ll show you how it’s done.”

Sandi walked her naked body over to the nest of cushions and pushed Star off of the dildo.

“Useless. I have to show you how to do everything”, the woman muttered half to herself as she spat on the rust silicone then her palm and squatted over it.

Her hand reached around and sloppily rubbed her spit into her crack before she let her full butt manoeuvre down and onto the end.

Her face became expressionless as she held her breath and sank down. It wasn't until her asshole had swallowed up every last rib and bump that she let out a satisfied sigh and smiled smugly, her blue eyes looking intense as she set them on Star.

“You see? It's easy. Control your body and make it take it. Uuh... this is a good toy. It feels great.”

Sandi bounced up and down its full length, fucking it into her bowels at an aggressive and vigorous speed. She was as much trying to prove a point as she was enjoying having something this deep inside her, sending stabbing sensations up her insides. The thought of how Star would feel with her smaller frame taking this huge toy inside her made her bite her lip as she stared at her and moaned.

Moans became groans as she slammed up and down hard and fast, making the entire toy disappear then reappear like a blur as her butt cheeks slapped rhythmically onto the mat.

Her legs were wide apart and her hand squelched over her wet pussy rapidly as she fucked herself mercilessly in the ass, so deep she could feel it pang on every plunge of her butt.

Her other arm squeezed across her chest, cupping her breasts together as she panted louder and louder, all the time her gaze set on Star.

“This is how a real woman takes it in the ass... uuh... it feels so fucking good... uuh... It’s so deep... Oooh.... Yessss... Ahhh.”

Sandi brought herself to orgasm. Star knew well the wet, sloppy noise of the brunette cumming on her own fingers as she sat fully down on the Analyser 3000 and continued to rub herself, lengthening the climax as she let out held-breath grunts of pleasure.

She closed her eyes then sighed as she eventually stopped and lifted up off of the dildo as if nothing out of the ordinary had just happened.

Star was impressed at how easily she’d just ridden the huge toy as if it was just an average-sized cock and she gazed down at it as the woman turned to her and took her by the arm.

“We also have to get a shot of you licking the dildo post-orgasm but as we haven’t got there yet, lets do the easy part and get that covered. I’ll edit it in the right place later.”

Sandi was already making Star lean in close enough to reach the dildo with her tongue before the girl even considered that this was less about getting the ‘easy part’ out of the way and more about Sandi getting off on her tonguing a thing that had just been deep up her rectum.

It smelled sickly sweet and heady as she got close and Sandi's grin was wide and wicked as she pressed Star's head lower so that her lips touched the tip.

"Go on. You've got to do it anyway. You may as well do it now."

She'd hadn't licked anything that had been so deep up Sandi's ass since the woman's run of production team cock struck the jackpot a couple of times. It had scarred her having to slurp the asshole-flavoured shafts of rigging crew workers, especially when she was one of the leads and her manager was draped over a storage box, gaping her drooling anus out while panting and encouraging the guy to empty his load into her mouth.

It didn't help that Sandi came down to eye level and licked her lips.

"Come on. You've tasted me off of lots of dicks before. Just imagine we're teaming up on it like we used to."

They were so far apart in their thinking and yet Sandi always pulled Star in her perverted direction.

She placed her right hand around the shaft and gripped it. It still felt warm from being inside Sandi. She stopped thinking and kissed her lips over the tip.

"That's it. Now lick it", Sandi said, getting up and adjusting the front camera so

that it got a close-up view of Star's face and the dildo.

Star flicked her tongue over the tip then circled it around the groove of the head. She could taste how enthusiastic Sandi's self-impaling thrusts had been as she looked up at the camera and tried to look like she was having a great time.

"Yeah, now suck it like it's a cock", Sandi said, getting back on her knees next to Star.

Star glanced to her as the woman's hand tugged and groped her ass cheeks apart with one hand.

"No, you focus on the toy. I'm going to warm you up so it'll go inside you. Just imagine you're a lucky girl getting it both ends at once. It'll help loosen you up better."

Being spit roast wasn't Star's idea of loosening up and it never had been. She breathed out heavily as Sandi slid her index finger up her asshole then disguised it as a sigh for the camera.

She angled her bow-like lips so that they were highlighted and accentuated and looked up out of half closed eyelids as she slid her mouth down over the first inches of the silicone monster.

Star knew how to play to the camera and had had enough experiences like this one that she could act the slutty blowjob girl almost without thinking.

She did jerk a little when the third finger squeezed inside her asshole behind her and Sandi twisted the bunch around left and right as if they were a lemon squeezer and her anus was the lemon.

“Take it deeper. Look like you’re enjoying the taste of me – I mean yourself – off of it.”

The instructions were excited and enthusiastic as the brunette squeezed a forth finger in and shovelled them back and forth like a spear up the girl’s tunnel.

Star used the overwhelming feeling to groan and roll her eyes up into her head, making it look as if the taste of her – Sandi in reality – was so delicious on this odd shaped toy that she was riding a wave of endorphins.

She slurped messily on the shaft as she gulped it to the back of her throat. It would help to make it as wet as possible for what was to come and, despite the fact that it in itself was a struggle to take, the brunette woman’s spear-shaped hand ramming in and out of her anus was going to help too.

She gagged and choked on the rust silicone as she drooled out a mess of bubbly saliva onto its surface, trying to push the shaft right down her neck. Sandi had taught her that that was sexy and hot.

Sandi decided she’d got enough of Star sucking the dildo. She swirled her fingertips hard over the outside of the blonde’s anus, pressing the sphincter in so it relaxed as she wiped the remaining lube and sweat that she’d gotten on her

fingers from inside the hole around it.

She smiled excitedly as she got up and sniffed her speared fingers, walking over to the front camera and moving it back to a view of the scene.

“Right. Now get that dildo on up there and lets get this done. I need a drink.”

You always ‘need’ a drink, Star thought but didn’t say anything. Instead, she turned her back and butt to the camera and lined the tip of the dildo up against her now slightly gaping anus.

She grunted and curved her back so that her spine stuck out and her knees and thighs jerked until she felt her tunnel was in line with the silicone’s angle on the mat. It wasn’t a sexy pose but in a way it was hot for Sandi to watch the girl trying so hard to insert a massive toy up her rectum. She sniffed and rubbed herself, grinning devilishly as Star clenched her butt cheeks, straining as she tried hard to squeeze the toy up inside her tight asshole.

Sheer effort finally worked and the shaft started to sink inside, slowly at first then sliding on up as if carried by the momentum and force of Star’s body on top of it.

The girl let out a lengthy breath that sounded like a hairdryer then relaxed her muscles and arched her back more attractively for the camera.

It was in.

She wanted to laugh just for having been able to do it. Her body twitched and convulsed as spikes of pleasure shot through her like lightning.

It hurt and yet it was a good pain. Achy and delicious, overwhelming but satisfying and the little stabs that travelled up her bowels made her feel more aroused than she had in a long time.

She realised the reasons she preferred anal were probably more complex and psychological than she'd thought, and sliding up and down on something that was stretching her tight tunnel out to its limits was making her realise that there was a sprinkle of masochism about feeling her pretty, flawless anus get pulled wide around the bumps and grooves of this monstrous toy.

She bounced up and down, feeling it rearrange her rectum walls and fill her deeper than anything ever had. She gasped as she thought that only moments ago this had been up Sandi's full butt, thrust and speared violently into the brunette's bowels, now her own round ass was taking a part of that inside her along with the spit and sweat.

Her hands moved around awkwardly and at one point she instinctively held them behind her back, crossed at the wrist as if she was tied up. With this thing reaming and impaling her petite frame she really wanted to be bound and restrained so that the achy good hurt could be even more exciting and make those butterflies she loved so much in her belly.

Her hands settled on her thighs as she used her arms to help her butt and legs bounce her up and down along two thirds of the length.

It rippled and clicked in her anus as she moved, the sound of her fucking herself the only noise in the room as Sandi watched on from behind the camera.

She looked over her shoulder and smiled. She was genuinely pleased with herself at being able to find a comfortable rhythm to take this thick mass inside her. She curled her lips into a circle and let out breathy moans of pleasure as she made her eyes sparkle and look glassy and seductive.

Sandi was enjoying the show but it wasn't enough. She could see too much of the dildo wasn't getting bounced into that pert, round moneymaker.

"Sit completely on it. It needs to fit fully in you", she hissed as she zoomed in a bit more on the dildo.

Star held her breath as she rode the dildo as she had a few more times. She wasn't sure she could do it. It was already the full length of her asshole and the next bump down felt huge and then there was a giant bulging rib to go before she could press her springy cheeks onto the mat.

She gulped and screwed her eyes closed. Building up momentum, she started to fuck herself just as Sandi had, fast and aggressively as if she was trying to punish herself. But instead of feeling worse, it actually got easier, her tunnel reacted by relaxing and getting wetter and she was soon sloppily thrusting and groaning out like a squeaky toy getting squeezed.

She reached down in front and rubbed her fingers up her slit until she found her

clit, then circled it as she slammed down past the bump and the rib and felt the rough rubber of the mat on her bum.

“Uuuuh”, she groaned as if she had just been skewered but the tone showed just how much the scales had tipped into pleasure and she stayed there for longer than she had planned, rubbing herself and throwing her head back with her mouth in a wide circle. Her eyes stayed shut as she just let the feelings take her body over completely.

It was amazing. It was as if she had become her asshole. Her whole body tingled and panged with a blend of sheer bliss and achy satisfaction. Her pussy reacted with a spurt of slippery juices that just made it even more electrifying as her clit lit up with sparkles of pleasure.

She actually growled as she bounced almost the full long length then right back down, her butt slapping harder than before on the mat.

Sandi was open mouthed herself as she stared wide-eyed at the blonde starlet. She wasn't sure whether it was years of wearing the girl's defences down, all the sexy things she'd let Star experience or if it was something she'd overlooked but she realised then that the pretty blonde with the round butt could be a complete anal freak with the right manipulation. She parted her pussy lips with two fingers and rubbed a third up and down over her clit as a reward for her creation or her discovery, she wasn't sure which it was, maybe it was both but she praised herself knowing that without her Star wouldn't be the girl she was today and that girl was turning out to be the buttslut she'd dreamed she would be.

The thought of the things they could try and the money they'd make spurred her on towards her third climax of the day so far but it was nothing compared to the build up of the tight, bouncing body skewering itself on the Analyser 3000 and

panting out hot breathy groans.

Sandi found herself gasping as she watched the pretty girl twitch and convulse as her gasps and groans turned into wails.

Her asshole felt like it was melting and sending waves of hot ecstasy to every part of her body. She'd never felt anything this intense. Her eyes opened wide but all she saw were white stars. Her hearing dulled despite her unreserved loud wails filling the studio. She was exhausted and yet she was pummelling herself faster and harder on every slam from her butt. Then it crashed through her body like an eruption, making her body stiffen and her head flood with what felt like heaven.

She just let the feelings wash over her. She hadn't realised she was fully pressed onto the dildo or that Sandi had managed to squirt out another orgasm behind her. Her body shuddered with aftershocks and it felt like an age before the pleasure turned back to discomfort and she slowly and carefully inched off the thick toy, more aware of the sloppy rasps as she lifted herself up on her knees then sideways until it plopped loudly out. She ignored her own noises as she fell onto the cushions and just lay there.

It was safe to say that although she didn't approve of being the face of an anal toy as ugly as the Analyser 3000 she fully endorsed it and, after lying there a little longer, she reached out and took it from the floor, kissing its length and laughing to herself as if she was as drunk as Sandi at bedtime.

Sandi looked wryly down at Star as she wiped herself with the girl's robe then threw it back down on the floor.

“Maybe I should leave you two alone. I think that’ll do. I can get the rest done in editing. I need a drink. Clean up here and when you’re done get a shower... wait, actually no... don’t shower. I think we’ll leave the scent of guilty pleasure on you a bit longer. It’ll make for a nice dessert after dinner tonight.”

Sandi turned and left Star on the nest of cushions trying to steady her breath. She set aside the Analyser as she came down from her high and once again saw it as the lewd monstrosity it was.

She looked up at the naked woman that had made her do this to herself and sighed as she lay there, spent, used and complicit in her own debasement, her emotions heavy and on the surface and all the brunette could think to do was to go and get her next buzz as she swirled that big full butt behind her that Star spent so much of her life servicing for no love in return.

“They don’t fit me anymore, Sandi”, Star moaned as she tugged on the black stretchy material.

“Don’t be silly. You haven’t grown. You’re not any fatter. Of course they’ll fit. Maybe the material just needs stretching out a bit. It’s been in the wardrobe a while.”

Star pulled the gripping hems of the shorts and stretched them inch-by-inch up over her thighs. She didn’t remember them being this tight when she’d worn them as part of her costume and despite what Sandi said she had changed and become curvier that she had when she was Maddie Faddison.

She finally twanged the elastic waistband around her hips then turned and looked in the mirror. It was definitely not the same or she wouldn’t have been allowed on daytime television. Every inch of her round cheeks bulged in the material and her crack was as clear as if the shorts were a second skin. Somehow they now showed the bottom curve of her butt where it met her thighs like a pair of slutty booty shorts. The stripy tank top didn’t help either. It cupped her breasts impossibly tightly and her exposed belly and lower back looked sexual and adult as if she was wearing a kinky fancy dress version and not the originals.

“How did we even get back onto the set again? I thought they’d mothballed it and locked it all up.”

“They did but I got in touch with a couple of the guys in the crew and they said they could get us in today as everyone would be off site at the new premier of

the new Super Hero Team Movie.

“What?” Star sounded like an arrow had just hit her in the chest. “Who’s playing Starlight?” she croaked.

“Some new starlet, Avi something or other. Anyway, who cares? It means we get to film a very special scene of Maddie Faddison for the fans. They’ll go wild. We’ll be an internet sensation after this.”

Star cared, almost as much as she cared about Sandi being intent on turning everything that she had achieved into something dirty and lewd.

“You want to fuck me on the orphanage set with this costume on”, Star said flatly, frowning as she looked over at Sandi.

“Oh no, my dear”, Sandi stepped up and placed her hands on Star’s shoulders, then pressed her face at the side of the girl’s as she looked at their reflection.

“I’m not going to act out this scene with you. It’s going to be a far more convincing cast.”

Star was uncomfortable and it wasn’t just the tight costume biting into her skin.

“How did you convince the crew hands to let you in to film?”

“Let’s just say I had to give them a role of a lifetime in return... but it’ll all be good. Trust me. This is going to sell better than the original did.”

Star looked into the cold blue eyes in the mirror, lined with makeup to disguise the haggard lines that a night of drinking had left, and saw them change as they stared back at her but, as the hands slipped down her shoulders and groped at her tightly-clad ass, she saw only lust and dollar signs in them.

She felt Sandi’s eyes bore into her making her have to say something if only to break the silence.

“I trust you, Sandi”, she lied. She was rewarded with a swift grab of her wrist and a tug in the direction of the set.

“Good. Come on. I’ve arranged a little cast reunion I think you’re going to enjoy.”

Star had a feeling she wouldn’t be enjoying it as much as Sandi would but, as she turned past a backstage panel and into the airy fake outdoor scene, she smiled as she set her blue eyes on a very familiar character.

Bessie was the matron of the orphanage that Maddie Faddison and others lived at. The set was of the front porch outside the main doors and was where a lot of the dialogue and meaningful bonding moments took place. Of course it was the actress who played her, a woman with a rotund figure and rosy red cheeks that smiled with her eyes and was cast perfectly for the role of the kind and sweet

parental figure for the character of Maddie. She had on the very same white pinafore and cute flowery dress that the character had worn so often and it still fit around her broad waist and ample bosom. Even her hair was up in the same Bessie bun that was her trademark look, just as Maddie's were her shorts and stripy top.

Star instinctively hugged and kissed her on each cheek as she had done hundreds of times when she met a fellow actor again and beamed as she smelled the familiar scent of the woman's deodorant on the dress that had been hung up on a costume hanger for years.

"Lillian", Sandi drawled in her sleazy manager tone, "So good of you to make it."

"I wouldn't miss this opportunity for the world, Sandi", Lillian replied.

There was something about the woman's voice that made Star release her hug and feel a little exposed in her tight costume. She looked into the woman's once happy eyes and saw only deadness staring back at her.

She took a step back as she remembered reading about how Lillian Evans had fallen on hard times after they ended the show. She'd been typecast from the start and hadn't been able to find a job in a similar show after becoming such a recognisable character. She'd ended up in rehab after separating with her partner Tara after they'd joined a cult that ended up being some kind of weird sex thing where most of the women ended up going to jail.

She took another step back just to be sure.

That's when Milo and Pierre walked across the set and put their fluffy arms around her waist each side for a hug. The pair were Maddie's steadfast friends and got into all her investigating adventures with her. They were basically men in terrycloth costumes that looked like generic daytime puppet characters. They saw through the centres of the cartoony eyes of the big round headpieces. Star had known Shaun who played the red skinned Milo and Marco who had played the blue Pierre pretty well but, being the big star, she hadn't hung out with them much off set. She didn't remember them both being this tall or slim.

"Aw, this is nice. The main cast all back on the very spot where it all ended. Quite the reunion and to make it even more eventful I have a rewrite of the final scene where Maddie says goodbye and leaves to go to university."

Star looked across at Sandi. She had a feeling she knew exactly where this was going not that she should have guessed any different given the fact that her manager was trying to turn her into a pornstar at every given opportunity. She felt a chill down her spine as Milo and Pierre rubbed their towel like hands over her lower back.

"So this scene is going to be amazing. Star, you've done D.P. a couple of times before so this should be fine. Lillian, I know you're looking forward to this. You're okay with Star eating your holes out, right? She's not a lezzie like you but trust me when I say she knows her way around a woman's holes."

"Okay with it? I've been rubbing myself raw thinking about it", Lillian said as she chuckled just like Bessie.

"... And you two Milo and whatshisname... you two just do what we agreed to

and this should be a one shoot job”, Sandi said flicking her fingers in the direction of the two man-puppets.

Star had been proud to be Maddie Faddison but right now, on the dusty old set, with Sandi fake smiling and moving behind a camera to check the angles, she felt those memories and feelings were about to be forever altered and perverted. Sandi was like a fucking virus infecting every part of her life and now this?

She felt the fluffy hands grope down to her butt and there were nervous chuckles as two possibly complete strangers squeezed the cheeks of one of the most famous asses on the planet like she was some kind of doll version of Maddie Faddison, there for their fantasies come true.

It seemed Lillian had her own fantasies too as she stepped her large body back into touching distance.

“Now we all know why we are here, why don’t we try that hug again... Maddie”, she hissed in a blend of lust and contempt.

She loomed in and enveloped Star with her arms, smothering her with her huge breasts as she leaned down and slurped her lips over Star’s.

Star kissed back, not knowing what else she could do but her brow furrowed as she tried to figure out whether the woman was trying to hurt her or seduce her. Did she blame Star, or rather Maddie and the show, for her not being able to continue her career?

Her thoughts were broken by more creepy chuckles and her butt cheeks were pulled lewdly apart by two fluffy hands.

All of a sudden the set started to feel very crowded.

“So Maddie did you think you were going to take that tight round butt of yours off to university without thanking me properly for all the care and attention I gave you?”

“Thank you, Bessie... for everything”, Star said in her perkier Maddie voice.

“Oh I think you can do better than that. Those sweet lips of yours can show me how grateful you are, Maddie my dear. Get on your knees.”

The last sentence was hissed in a way that the sugary sweet Bessie would never have used.

A heavy hand pressed on her shoulder and was assisted by two fluffy hands on her hips.

Star got to her knees in front of Lillian and watched resignedly as the flowery dress was lifted over the woman's hips.

Of course she's not wearing underwear, Star thought as the untidy mound was

pushed up to her face.

“Lick Bessie’s pussy, Maddie. Pay me back for years of looking out for you and teaching you how to be a well-mannered young woman. Wrap those sexy lips around my wet lips and tongue-fuck me.”

Star knew the camera was recording just from the loud, stiff way Lillian spoke.

She also knew what she was expected to do.

She placed her hands on each of the woman’s thighs and thought about the countless times she’d eaten Sandi out.

Lillian’s pussy felt different on her mouth, more puffy and the lips were bigger – like giant clam shells and the taste reminded her of her favourite sea dish but it wasn’t something she had ever wanted to associate with Matron Bessie.

“Ooh, that’s it, Maddie. Get your tongue in deep and lick my slippery goodness.”

Lillian stroked Star’s head as she had many times in character in the past, but never with Star slurping away between her legs.

“Mmm, I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time, Maddie.”

Lillian's pussy was wetter and juicier than Star had expected as she slid her tongue up inside the length of the woman's slit and sucked her mouth as wide as she could over her flavour-rich labia.

"Uuh... Uuh... Maddie... You're so naughty... Keep this up and I might have to punish you", Bessie growled as she grasped Star's hair in both hands tightly.

Out of the corner of her eyes she could see something that broke the magic that she felt about the show as Milo and Pierre stroked quickly growing cocks through the secret fly holes in the costumes with their fluffy hands.

Maddie Faddison, in her tiny shorts and stripy crop top, on her knees with her mouth deep-kissing Bessie's pussy while Milo and Pierre wanked off either side of her. It must have been quite a sight for the camera.

Star took a deep breath. For Maddie this was a scandal that would taint the character's image forever, for the actress it was just another day of work as a masturbation object.

She reached out and gripped a stiffening shaft in each hand, rubbing up and down over the lengths of the shafts expertly. As deep as she was, she managed to stretch her tongue out a little more as she lapped and slurped at the beloved character's aroused slit.

She knew how to handle cock and it wasn't long before Milo and Pierre were as stiff as rods, their pink tips throbbing over veiny shafts as Bessie made Maddie

eat her out.

Lillian read from the old teleprompter that Sandi had flicked on behind the camera.

“That’s it Maddie. Show the boys how much you’re going to miss them when you go away. All those scrapes and hijinks you three went through together... must have made you real close. Look how happy they are to get this chance to say goodbye. Why don’t you give them each a big kiss?”

Star decided that pausing to think would be a mistake so she slurped her wet mouth off of Lillian’s pussy and straight around Milo’s cock. She stroked it as she sucked on it like she’d done it countless times before, which she had – only never with the actor that played Milo or a costume-clad puppet thing for that matter.

She gave Pierre the pleasure of her other hand as she quickly but softly rubbed his cock as she pushed Milo’s against the inside of her cheek and licked it inside her mouth.

Bessie rubbed herself as she watched Maddie slurp her lips down over Milo then faced the other side and gave Pierre’s the same treatment.

“I always knew you were a slut, Maddie. Look at you, you greedy bitch. You want both their nasty cocks inside you, don’t you? Well in that case, make them nice and wet so they can shove them right up your tight little butt.”

“I will, Bessie. You can be sure of that”, Star said, gulping down her spit and winked. It was the phrase Maddie said almost every episode to Bessie when the matron warned or guided her in one of her adventures. In a weird way that was happening right then but she couldn’t say it with the same spunky gusto that Maddie usually did with a dick in her mouth and another getting palmed and stroked in her hand.

“Before those nasty man-sticks make your pretty ass all dirty, I’d like to finally taste what you got in those little shorts. Get up.”

Maddie always did exactly what Bessie told her to do and got to her feet, still stroking the two fleshy penises looking out of place sticking out of the terrycloth costumes.

“Turn around”, the large woman drooled as she spoke.

Star tried not to think about how many people around the world would want to be in Lillian’s place right then. It wasn’t as appealing as it sounded to know that millions lusted after her ass and wanted to do dirty, depraved things with it.

Lillian huffed as she got to her knees and stared at the round cheeks, mesmerised as she kneaded and mauled them in the tight little shorts.

She savoured the moment as she pressed her face into the material-stretched crack and snorted in deeply.

“Uuh, Maddie Faddison. I always knew your ass would smell as sweet as it looks.”

Star was a well-trained slut thanks to Sandi and she knew not to leave Milo and Pierre out of the action so her hands still worked at smearing her own saliva over their stiff shafts. The ass worship didn't put her off too much, in fact Lillian just felt like Sandi on a usual pre-sleep fuck.

The shorts were tugged and stretched down until her butt cheeks burst out of the material and made a springy bounce that made Lillian chuckle lustily.

“You've teased us for too long with this hot little ass of yours. Now, its time for you to let the people closest to you have a taste of it.”

Star could feel the excitement in the woman as she pressed her face into her butt and kissed her big lips in her crack. There was a satisfied sigh and hot breath blasted against her anus as Lillian found the pinhole-like entrance and snaked the tip of her tongue over it.

It was Star's turn to sigh. Her eyes rolled as she felt the wet, thick tongue swirl around the sensitive skin surrounding her sphincter and she felt a tingle of anticipation for what was to come.

Lillian's hands gripped her ass and bounced and jiggled her cheeks. She issued an order to Milo and Pierre then sunk her tongue into the centre and pushed.

“Play with Maddie’s titties, boys.”

Milo and Pierre pushed a fluffy hand each up under her tight top and squeezed her breasts hard. It felt completely bizarre having the characters’ hands pressing into her soft flesh not that bizarre was anything particularly out of the ordinary in Star’s life.

Lillian drooled as she boomed her voice, the vibrations sending a wave of pleasure up Star’s tunnel.

“Ooh, Maddie Faddison’s asshole taste’s so sweet. Must be all the honey pie I make for her, huh?”

A couple of loud slaps to her butt cheeks made her realise what she was meant to say.

“I love your honey pie”, Star drawled another Maddie catchphrase then winced as fluffy fingers pinched her nipples and twisted them round.

Star croaked out a breath as Lillian sunk her tongue deep into her anus. She glanced sideways at Sandi behind the camera and saw her devilish grin as she watched the foreplay unfold.

Lillian spat into her then shovelled it in with her tongue and then sucked it back out, drinking her flavour up into her mouth. The whole thing sent tingles right through Star’s crotch and allowed her to ignore the rough tit groping from the

overgrown puppets that she was still tossing off with her wrists.

Milo had to pull away from her hand twice to avoid cumming, the whole scene obviously too exciting for whoever it was inside the costume but Pierre's throbbing shaft seemed to be waiting for something a little more intimate.

Lillian laughed in her butt sending another wave of vibrations up her spit-filled asshole as she grasped Star's butt and squeezed triumphantly.

Star had never been oblivious of all the men that lusted over her over the years but she had obviously overlooked about half of the people around her by not realising that women could want her. Of course that had changed recently with the reporter and now this and she found herself liking it more than she'd thought she would, especially considering what she did with Sandi.

Bessie and Maddie's relationship had been pure and filled with love, nothing like Star's relationship with her manager, which made what the actress behind her was doing saddening and yet it was turning her on as much as she knew it would the thousands that would watch it.

"Uuh... That's so good. I could eat your honey pie up all day long, Maddie. But its time we opened up those holes for the boys. Get the fuck down on your knees."

Star obeyed almost instantly, thankful that the hands lost their grip on her breasts as she lowered herself, using the two dicks as handles as she went.

But Lillian had other plans for her as she grabbed Star's blonde hair and pressed her forwards.

"On all fours... like the little bitch you are Maddie."

With the shorts still around her thighs, she pressed her ass out behind her and put her hands down flat in front of her on the porch set.

The hand holding her hair kept a tight grip as Lillian pushed her thick thumb up Star's saliva-lubed anus and two fingers into her wet pussy.

"I can't believe how tight you are for a slut. The boys are in for a real treat", Lillian purred as she pumped her hand between Star's cheeks.

"Uuuh... Thank you, Bessie", Star said in Maddie's twang, trying to play her part in this debauchery.

"Shut the whore up, boys. Shove those man-sticks in her gloryhole."

Pierre didn't need telling twice. Star got his bell-shaped end knocking onto her tonsils within seconds, her throat gagging and spurting bubbly spit onto the shaft as it skull fucked her face, the two blue cloth hands gripping the sides of her face like a clamp.

Milo wasn't about to be left out and, while he waited his turn, he pressed his tip against the side of Star's jaw and tugged away at his cock as if queuing.

Lillian was enjoying plunging her digits in deep into the soft tunnels and made sure that Star got a full fingerblasting as she squeezed a third finger into the girl's pussy then thrust them in so fast that she growled at her own effort.

With her mouth full, Star could only snort heavy breaths from her nose, her chest heaving as she made a high-pitched squeal and inched her butt away from the aggressive pummelling.

That only made Lillian chuckle as she gripped Star's hair so hard she winced at the pain. Pierre wasn't helping, being so greedy, and Milo had taken to bumping cocks along side the blue character's thrusting shaft in the hope of getting more than the tip past Star's stretched lips.

"I think she's ready, boys. Shall we get Maddie's goodbye party properly started?"

Milo and Pierre nodded rigorously in their big headpieces.

"Then it's a good thing that our sweet Maddie is a flexible little acrobat. Pierre, sit your ass down on that step there."

The slim man in the blue costume draped himself down on the steps, sitting on the one that Lillian had pointed to. It was obvious to Star now that she and Sandi

had planned all this but it didn't matter, all of Star's depraved scenes were all originated from Sandi's perverted head in one way or another.

"Now Maddie, sit on Pierre's dick and push it up that sweet honey pie ass you're known for."

Star tugged the shorts off her completely then turned over the blue character, squatting as she held herself steady with one hand and directed the cock with her other. She felt it slide in, easily at first and then far more tightly, as she slowly sat herself down onto Pierre.

Her mouth opened into a wide circle as she felt the first real cock in months to enter her rectum and stretch her asshole walls out.

"Maddie likes it up her ass I see. If only we'd known that sooner, huh Milo?" Lillian said in character.

Milo obviously wasn't a great actor as all he did was turn his head to face the big woman then gaze back at Star through his eye holes.

"You want some of that, don't you Milo? Well, why don't you push that dirty dick of yours into her wet, juicy pussy?"

Milo didn't need telling twice as he bounded his red-suited body over and pressed down on top of Star, angling his tip so that it rubbed up the girl's labia as if seeking out her vagina.

When he found it, the resulting plunge took Star's breath away. Filled in both holes, her eyes rolled up into her head and she let out a resonating moan.

"That's it, boys. But we aren't done yet. Make room for Bessie. Honey pie fresh from the oven", she drawled her phrase as she ushered Pierre's head to one side then pulled Star back so that her back arched and she was draped over the top step with her head and neck.

Lillian wasn't interested in the action behind her much. She didn't care for cock or the gender that wielded them so she faced away then knelt over the girl's face.

"Grab her wrists and hold her tight, Pierre. I like my women restrained when they make me cum... You want some honey pie, Maddie? Tell me you want to eat it all up."

"Uuuh... Matron Bessie... I wanna eat all the honey pie you can give me... yum... uuuh... yum", Star said in Maddie's voice.

Lillian sat her large ass down over Star's face. The girl got an immediate smell of Bessie's asshole and sweat as the woman adjusted so that Star's bow-shaped lips were securely trapped around her pink puckered rim.

Milo was clearly not good at sex as he jabbed awkwardly in and out of her. Combined with Pierre's veiny shaft spearing deep up her rectum, every thrust winded her and made her make a noise like a squeaky toy, muffled by Lillian's large bum pressing down around her face.

Fun had definitely had the scales tipped back to being overwhelmed and she felt as if she was drowning while being harpooned, hardly able to catch a breath as her mouth was pressed into Lillian's anus and her nose covered in slippery juices as it furrowed between puffy pussy lips.

Thankfully Lillian rose up but it was only for a moment to instruct Star.

“Push your tongue up in my pie and dig for that honey, Maddie.”

“Uuuh... Yes, Bessie. Your bees make the best H-gnn”

Lillian didn't even wait for the phrase to be completed before she sat back down on Star's face.

The girl pushed out her tongue wetly and probed and swirled the puckered rim.

If she could have thought straight for a second she would have liked to have compared the taste with the one she was given every day but Milo and Pierre were now fucking her at full throttle and she could feel her lungs honking as her chest was jolted and shook.

She pushed her tongue inside as she groaned at all the things happening to her body at once. She could hardly think enough to move it about and had to rely on Lillian to fuck it up and down as she swirled and rubbed herself over Star's face.

It wasn't long before she felt that familiar blast of cum as Milo spurted his load inside her pussy, shaking and groaning as he came only to wither away just as quickly and pull out of her. With him out of the way, Pierre could push Star's hips up and down with his hands, ignoring Lillian's instruction as he started to moan and breathe heavily. She felt the shaft slide inside her as his balls slapped against her butt and then things felt slippery and sloppier as he roared out then contorted and twisted his body, as he was deep inside her. She could feel the spurt in her rectum as he too filled her with cum, only he didn't pull out straight away and continued to moan and pump while he was still stiff enough to fill her tunnel.

Star was able to switch a little of her focus back to her mouth and she gave Lillian the kind of effort she gave Sandi at night, slurping and burrowing her tongue deep as she kissed and smeared her lips against the woman's rim.

Within a couple of minutes Pierre was softening inside her but he still kept himself in her anus and seemed to be savouring the writhing movements as Star moved her head and neck under Lillian.

The large woman started to groan and rub her clit as she smeared her butt back and forth over Star's face, pressing her sweaty crack over the girl's pretty features as she twitched and spasmed a climax.

"UUuhh... Fuck yeah... That's it... Uuuh Yesssss."

Milo and Pierre had filled Maddie's pussy and asshole with their cum, Bessie had orgasmed on Maddie's face and only Maddie herself hadn't experienced a climax herself.

Lillian shifted back so that she could see Star's eyes between her parted legs, the girl's lips once again on the front of her pussy surrounding her clit.

"Now, we all know how Maddie's chore is to clean up and you've got three things to clean up one last time before you leave. You're going to lick my pussy until I feel fresh as a daisy, then you're going to suck all the dirtiness off of Milo and Pierre until their dicks shine. Is that clear, young lady?"

Star nodded as best she could under the large woman.

"Uh huh."

"Good and you're going to tell us how much you love us and thank us while you do it."

She could feel some of the cum dribble out of her ass as she spoke and it tickled her, making her voice stutter.

"Thank you Bessie for everything. I love you so much. I'm going to lick you fresh as a daisy", Star drawled as she felt cloth hands start to maul her breasts and crotch again as the two men found their second wind.

She was pretty sure she knew what cleaning would entail. She had to make all three of them cum again in her mouth while she was groped and probed by them

all, her almost naked body starting to feel the edges of each of the steps beneath her pressing into her spine and thighs.

She hadn't expected to orgasm herself. Her recent roles usually involved her faking it anyway but these three hadn't even given her the opportunity for a performance but then if Sandi didn't direct it then it wasn't needed. Star was just the actress and if finishing off the scene with her insides full of cum would be enough for the audience then who was she to argue.

“Is your throat still sore?” Sandi asked as she sat down beside Star at the table. The girl was sipping a honey and lemon, the irony not lost on her, as she stared down sleepily in front of her.

It was more an accusation than a caring enquiry.

“Pierre really thrust his cock hard down my throat that second time. Who the fuck were they anyway, him and Milo?”

“I thought you knew. They were the set hands that got us in. That was my price for being allowed to film with you and Lillian. I’d say it was a bargain.”

“I think they did pretty well out of it too... and its not as if it cost you anything at all. It wasn’t your body getting pounded.”

“Exactly a win all round”, Sandi said cheerfully then tossed a pack of pills across the table.

“Here take this. We can’t have you pregnant when we’re just starting to do well.... Saying that there is a market for that type of stuff albeit a bit niche... anyway speaking of starting to do well, I might have gotten us a whale of a job.”

Star stared down at the pills. She'd felt the sloppy feeling in her ass more than she had in her pussy as she showered and took extra time to wash out her three well-used holes. She'd felt so dirty as Sandi had led her away from the set.

The three characters had their way with Maddie then left her manager to scoop her shorts up, tug them back on her and make her sit on a stool while Sandi paid Lillian and collected the camera gear.

She snapped out of her morose thoughts and looked up.

“What job? We’ve just shot the Maddie scene. Don’t you need to edit it?”

“That can wait”, Sandi said, putting a hand around Star’s wrist. “This kind of money only comes around once or twice in a blue moon. We can’t pass it up.”

“You mean I can’t pass it up”, Star said sullenly.

“How do you think we pay for this roof over our heads and food and clothes?”

And drugs and alcohol, sex toys and costumes to dress me up in for your own perverted amusement, Star thought but didn’t say. Sandi’s eyes were intense and adamant.

“A rich business woman is paying a lot of money to have you visit her party and

be the main attraction. I don't really know the details but whatever it is, you've probably done it already. She got in touch after seeing some of our more recent work. Apparently you're the hot topic of conversation in high society at the moment."

High society to Sandi just meant that they were wealthy.

"She'll be sending a dress for you around later today with one of her staff. I don't know about you but I'm really excited to be going to a proper party again and who knows if we play our cards right and mingle with the right people we could land a movie deal out of this!"

Sandi was clearly excited, so much so that she hadn't even thought to push Star down between her legs for what she liked to call the girl's 'breakfast dessert'.

Instead she gave Star an unexpected peck on the cheek and then swaggered her butt off in the direction of their room.

"I need to find something stunning to wear. I do hope I have enough time before this evening", she called back sounding flustered but happy.

Star looked down at her cereal then took another spoonful. Maybe it was exciting, she thought as she sipped the milk and crunchy little rings into her mouth. Maybe this was her chance to get back into her career as a proper actress and she could put all this sordid shit she did for money and clicks behind her. Lots of actors have made sex tapes and gone off the rails and managed to make a come back, maybe tonight would be her chance.

Hope had been the biggest thing that had gotten her through all the things she'd done. Hope that she would come out the other side of this dark tunnel in her life and be the darling of the screen again.

*

Sandi had been in the bedroom for hours, only coming out to walk around in whatever skimpy outfit she'd assembled to see how it looked and felt in the many mirrors around the house. It must have been her fifth tour when the doorbell rang.

Sandi opened it and stared at the girl dressed in a white shirt and tie, momentarily too preoccupied with her own dilemma to have remembered the dress the woman was having dropped off.

"The attire for this evening's event", the girl said emotionlessly, pointing down to a suitcase on the doorstep.

"Er, Thank you", Sandi said leaning down to take the handle.

"The cash is in the front compartment along with your costume", the girl said then turned and headed back to the large black car in the drive.

"The chauffeur will pick you up at nine. Be ready. You start work at ten."

Sandi looked confused as she lifted the heavy case into the house.

“My costume? And what does she mean by work?”

She clopped back to lounge where Star was lying on the sofa watching TV.

“The things we’re meant to wear have arrived. We had better try them on and get ready. A car is coming to pick us up in a couple of hours.”

“But I thought you were wearing that?” Star questioned, her eyebrows knotting.

“Apparently not. Anyway, just give me ten minutes to... er... have a look in the case then come down to our room.”

*

Sandi adjusted the last garter straps on Star’s thighs then stood the girl in front of the full-length mirror to check that every part of the costume was in place.

Star gazed at herself, mesmerised by the amount of black lines of faux leather that stretched and clung to her body, parcelling her up like a tied up joint of beef. The straps did nothing to cover her intimate parts, only accentuating her crotch,

butt and perky breasts as they circled and embraced them tightly in their grip.

She'd never worn anything quite like this and the neck strap chaffed and made her cough as she looked at how x-rated she looked with her dark red lips and blue eye shadow making her look more mature and seductive than she had felt in a long while.

Sandi had pulled her blonde hair back into a tight bun and it made her face look more angular and even more heart shaped as it tugged her skin.

She had to admit to herself that her reflection was seriously hot but walking into a crowd of well-to-do socialites and mingling with them dressed like this was making her shudder just to think about it.

“Are you sure this is what we’re meant to wear?” she asked. She knew it was a stupid question and the look Sandi gave her confirmed it.

“Of course it is. Did you think you wouldn’t have to work a bit for the amount you’re being paid to appear?”

Sandi sounded confident but she had her own concerns as she stepped over and fetched the ridiculously high-heeled stiletto ankle strap shoes that Star was meant to wear to finish her look. Her own costume squeaked as she walked in the thigh high stretchy faux-leather stocking boots. The two-piece matching top and booty shorts chaffed and bunched up her butt cheeks as she crouched down to place the shoes on Star with the fingerless arm gloves creaking as she buckled the ankle straps.

Her own collar felt almost as tight as Star's even though it had the look of a choker rather than a slave restraint. She hadn't anticipated that she herself would be in the limelight along with Star. It wasn't what she was expecting but then for the amount of cash she had stashed away in the safe, she was willing to play along with anything the client wanted.

She put her own brown hair up in a half-up half-down look that swept back from her brow but framed her like a fan behind. It went well with her dark eyeliner and pink blush and made her look powerful and sexy.

"The car will be here soon. Come on. Get your raincoat and cover up. That way we can make a big reveal as we walk through the entrance into the party."

Star adjusted the strap under her breasts as she turned and tried to walk on the highest heels she'd ever worn in her life.

She laughed incredulously as she put one leg out in front of the other, realising just how much she needed to push her butt out just to balance on the ridiculous things.

Sandi, who was usually oblivious to Star's plight and discomfort, put her hand around the girl's arm and steadied her as she staggered towards the coat hangers in the hallway.

"Mmm, I wish we had a bit more time before the party. That bum of yours is looking even more juicy than usual right now. I could just eat it out right here but

I guess I'll have to wait until we get home", Sandi purred into Star's ear.

It was too much to think that Sandi could keep her hands off of her for this long and care enough to help her along in her heels as the woman's other hand slid a finger smoothly down along between Star's pushed-out butt cheeks.

The laugh as always was lusty and done to make Star feel complicit in the woman's own dirty thoughts, as if Star could think of anything else right then than other than putting one foot in front of the other.

The car that arrived to take them rolled around the drive and the driver stopped and opened the door to the shiny black saloon that the businesswoman had sent.

Star and Sandi staggered across to it in their whore heels and carefully climbed inside.

The journey was filled with Sandi reminding Star how to smile and feeding her quips and lines she could use if asked about one thing or another. Star nodded in a daze as the straps made her very aware of her own body parts as they squeezed and pinched at her all over.

She almost missed the reason why Sandi called out to the driver as they turned past the large entrance of the mansion they had just arrived at and continued around the side of the large building.

"You've gone too far, driver. We've missed the doors. You'll have to reverse

back.”

“The entertainment are using the staff entrance”, the driver called back without so much as glancing in the mirror.

“Staff entrance”, Sandi huffed, her feathers looking ruffled by the assumption she was staff - the fact that she was a manager and not the talent herself was totally lost on her.

Star focused on the word entertainment and felt a shiver down her strapped spine. Maybe she wasn’t the guest of honour as Sandi had made out.

The car ground to a halt and the door was opened by the driver.

“Through that entrance and left. Ask for Gwen. She’s in charge of the entertainment.”

That word again made Star look at the driver to see if there was a clue as to what she meant but her brown eyes stared past the two of them then closed the door and got in the driver seat to move the car on from where they had stopped.

Star and Sandi staggered their way over the gravel to an open door then turned into a corridor on their left.

A curly haired redhead with a suit and an earpiece glanced at them and then down at a clipboard she was holding.

“Star and Sandi. Room 2. There’s a sign on the door. I’ll be down in a few minutes.”

Sandi opened her mouth to speak but Gwen had already moved on to a girl that Star recognised as a porn actress.

“You’re on the main plinth in ten minutes, Constance. You’ll need to get up there now and have the restraints put on you”, Gwen said hurriedly to the girl then stomped off down the corridor and went into one of the rooms with a number on it.

“I guess we aren’t the only entertainment”, Star said, raising her eyebrows as they walked their way down to Room 2.

As soon as they got inside, Sandi burst out like a volcano.

“Entertainment? Don’t they know who we are? And how dare they not even put us on the main plinth... whatever that is!”

She knocked over some of the water bottles on the coffee table in what looked like an office that had been converted into a dressing room of sorts. Star noted that Sandi wasn’t angry enough to knock the bottle of Vodka and little box of something left out for them.

Star surprised herself that she was the one trying to calm and convince, especially when she had to remind Sandi that this was a paid appearance.

“Ah, yes... well. We’ll do what we are asked and then we’ll see... but really? That slut in the corridor gets centre stage? She looks like a pornstar.”

“She is a pornstar... and a really good one at that. She has a huge following online.”

Sandi looked at her, distracted from her own ego for a second to look curiously at Star.

“What? I’m basically a pornstar too. I look at the best ones to try to improve my technique. It’s not what you think. I’m not like you.”

“Right now I think we are very much like each other. I’m getting the feeling you aren’t the only one of us that’s going to be ‘entertaining’.”

Just then Gwen burst through the door without waiting to knock.

“Right. I have you two in the cage first. I want you to make out but try not to go too far. We want to tease and build arousal slowly. Besides, you’ll be in there for an hour.”

“Make out with each other you mean?” Sandi asked.

“There won’t be anyone else in there with you both. It’s too tight a fit. Oh and expect the guests to get handsy. You are there to be groped if they want to, clear?”

“Not really. I had believed we were going to be one of the guests tonight.”

Gwen laughed then stopped when she saw Sandi’s face.

“Oh, you’re not kidding. Oh no, that was never Ms Applemore’s intention. You are there to titillate and arouse her guests so that this ends up being the best fetish party orgy of the year.”

Sandi and Star watched Gwen’s finger point and wave from one of them to the other as they looked at each other.

“Fine, whatever... but surely we deserve to be on the main stage and be the centrepiece to the party.”

“Ms Applemore has a wide selection of entertainers to suit all needs. It is true that Star is her personal favourite but you are going to be saved for something special later. You will spend one hour in the cage, one hour on the stage and then the rest of your time in a centrepiece that will be placed in the middle of the

main hall. You will get small breaks in between each one to use the toilets, clean up and get high. I will be back between each set to give you instructions and tell you what to do and use. Any questions? No – good you’re in the cage in ten minutes. Take the coats off before you leave here. Ms Applemore isn’t paying you to hide your bodies away. Vera will escort you down. Be ready for her.”

Sandi had met her match. She just stared at Gwen opened mouthed as the Miss Piggy-like character turned on her heels and was gone as quickly as she had burst in.

“Well, I guess that told us what we’re here for, didn’t it?”

Sandi sounded in control but Star could tell there was a hint of nerves in the brunette. She was an exhibitionist and a sex addict but she usually lived the first thing through Star and both things with less of a live audience, especially those that she worked with in the industry for many years.

It was almost as if she had captured herself in one of the many situational traps she liked to spring on Star.

It wasn’t lost on Star and she had to stifle a smile as she watched the woman’s blue eyes look wide then dart over to the bottle of vodka.

Sandi grabbed the bottle and poured herself a large glass then necked it down all in one go.

“We had better get these coats off. What was her name? Vera? Will be here in a moment.”

*

The party was even larger than Star had anticipated. There must have been a hundred guests at least. All of them were hidden behind full latex facemasks – the black shiny type that people wore in bondage - with openings for their mouths, nostrils and eyes and otherwise pretty much entirely covering their heads.

It made it really difficult to recognise a director or producer or an actor or singer in the masks. Their body shapes gave Star some clues, and the dresses or suits they wore and how they fit but she'd only have been guessing unless she heard them talk. They were all mingling, drinking and laughing as different performances went on around the hall. There were naked pole dancers, women and men with food draped over their bodies lying still as part of a buffet.

Then she caught a glimpse of the pornstar she'd seen in the corridor and was unable to drag her eyes away from what she saw.

She was restrained and naked as another female pornstar walked around her and pressed a control in her hand that was connected by wires to clips gripping the girl's skin and intimate parts all over.

She could only snort her response as the button was pressed, her mouth and nostrils pulled wide by a metal device attached to her head. Drool and snot dripped humiliatingly down to the floor as the girl twitched and spasmed. It was

mesmerising but obviously not enough to take the attention of most of the guests and Star was shocked to see that the ‘tormentor and victim’ were left relatively unwatched.

Star and Sandi however turned a lot of heads as they made their way over to a golden coloured round cage in the shape of a birdcage. Vera opened the door with a key and held her hand out. Star climbed inside followed by Sandi and immediately it became very intimate and full.

Vera turned the key.

“One hour! Have fun!” she called out then put the key down her bra front and disappeared back into the crowd.

Star turned slowly so that she was facing Sandi. The cage was so small that their bodies were already brushing over one another even before Star felt Sandi’s fingers stroke down the sides of her ribs and she brought her face down for a long, lingering kiss.

Star was by most definitions naked. The straps of the harness only decorated her and squeezed her, making her aware of all parts of her body including the bits not covered by the straps. Sandi’s hands slid over her and found her butt cheeks then groped them apart like a ripe peach as she pushed her tongue into the girl’s mouth.

Star’s anus flashed to those that looked, and considering how famous her ass was, a dozen heads turned immediately. She couldn’t see them behind her but she felt her face and chest flush red-hot as she sensed the attention and interest

on her as Sandi gripped and splayed her cheeks apart, always thinking of the show as she gave the guests a peek of Star's prized possession.

Her blue eyes darted as she melted into the bow-shaped lips with her own and kissed Star with the passion of a daytime soap scene as she did her usual deep stroke down along Star's crack, pressing a fingertip over both holes as she widened her locked lips even more, her tongue tickling the roof of Star's mouth.

Star awkwardly put her hands around Sandi's waist and rubbed the woman's lower back and hips as her breasts slid and pressed against the faux leather crisscrossing ties on the underside of Sandi's bra top.

She'd performed live before but never naked or in a sex show and she was very aware that most of these people were ones she'd been to parties and award ceremonies with and even worked with. It was like walking naked around her own neighbourhood or old school and it didn't matter how hot and tight your body was it was still enough to make anyone feel panic and dread.

It didn't help when Sandi took her mouth off hers. The warmth and soft wetness gone made her feel even more exposed as duckbill lips kissed along her jaw and neck, leaving her eyes to dart around the room. Masked people laughing and talking, some turning to stare back, others watching the pornstar as a cat-o-nine-tails whip was flogged over her prostrated and clamped body. Some guests were commenting with their hands on their chins as if critiquing the girl's acting ability to express pain and anguish in her face.

A hand brushed Sandi's aside, snapping Star's attention back to her own body like an elastic rope. Fingers even softer than Sandi's stroked along her crack and circled her puckerless anus then moved off for a moment.

Sandi watched as a girl around Star's age by the look of her skin, held a finger up for a middle-aged man to sniff then shook as if laughing as he said something into her ear.

It annoyed Sandi that she couldn't hear what was being said and that she didn't have complete control of the situation but she swallowed it down and moved her hand around to Star's front, her other hand taking Star's hand from around her waist by the wrist and pushing it between her own legs.

It was the man's turn next to grope Star's cheeks apart with two hands as the masked girl moved in as if smelling a rose that had been held out for her.

Sandi hadn't anticipated the hands that started to squeeze and knead her large butt cheeks but there was no reason why she shouldn't have attracted attention to her feminine, shapely and toned body.

The girl of the couple behind Star was enjoying turning the man on as she held Star by her hips and pulled her onto a cage bar so that her butt cheeks squeezed either side of the gold metal and flossed the cold bar onto her anus and crack.

Sandi's groper slid his or her hands – she couldn't tell – under her stretchy booty shorts and parted her full cheeks lewdly wide.

She had to release her lips from Star's leg to pant out a breath.

“Uuh”, she groaned as she opened her mouth into a circle. She was starting to enjoy herself and the compliment of lusting after her butt sent a wave of pleasure through her head.

Star couldn't tell if it was the same girl that had just mauled her or another one but a model-like figure in a skimpy cream dress had moved close to the side of the cage and called up to her.

“Hey Star. Fancy seeing you here. It's been a while. You look like you're having a good time”, the girl said loudly over the party.

“Hey. Yeah. Long time. Are you having fun?” she drawled out automatically, having only a few guesses who was under the mask.

“I am now”, the reply was called out as her hand groped up Star's thigh then brought her latex-covered face in to lick her tongue out over the skin she'd just touched.

Star gulped down her shock as the girl circled her tongue around then moved back with a big grin on her face, licking her lips.

“Thank you”, Star said awkwardly. Another set of hands from someone groped her butt as if trying to burst a balloon, making her wince.

The girl laughed and put her head forward into the bars.

“To think I looked up to you once. Look at you now”, she said as she stroked her own saliva with the side of her finger, her green eyes watching the wet skin for a moment with interest before turning and leaving the cage.

The words stung as new hands rubbed over her skin and she desperately wanted to hide in that moment, putting her hand on the side of Sandi’s face and guiding the woman’s lips so that she could plunge back into the wet warmth, shallow and empty as it was it was still more welcome than what surrounded her outside the cage.

Hands mauled then left her body, more adventurous guests kissed or licked her skin through the bars of the cage as Sandi and her dreamily and slowly kissed and rubbed each other. Near the end of the hour, not that either of them could really tell how long they had left, Sandi turned Star around in the cage and pressed herself against the girl’s back, groping Star’s breasts and pinching her nipples as she nuzzled against her neck and kissed it.

She’d never felt as comforted by Sandi as she did then. For a flash she saw how they could be seen as lovers, enjoying the warmth and feel of one another as the noise and presence of the crowd around them blurred into the background. She could have almost have believed it was Sandi and her against the world and that she would actually prefer to be back home in bed with the duckbill-lipped curvy brunette than here. That was until the self-indulgent words were growled into her ear, breaking the romantic spell that she had almost cast on herself.

“I want to eat your sweaty fucking ass.”

Sandi had said it to turn herself and Star on. It never really worked on the blonde

girl and she felt very alone as Sandi left her and worked her way with her tongue down her spine, licking up her salty sweet sweat as she slid in the tight space to squat with her knees poking out of the bars either side.

Lust. That was all Star really knew. Lust for her from fans. Lust for her ass. Lust from these masked people. Sandi's insatiable lust for sex and money. She felt alone as the familiar tongue tip flicked up and down her crack and she instinctively held her hands up under her chin, cupping her breasts and covering her nipples as the woman she called her manager ate her ass out as if they were alone. Almost every masked face turned to watch them, the other shows forgotten as hands touched themselves or the person next to them while they watched the taboo act that defined Star's life the most.

The shivers up her spine were colder than the usual tingles she enjoyed from anilingus and it made her shudder and clench her teeth as her eyes darted from one staring masked face to another.

She would never be an actress again. She would never be taken seriously by any of these people. Her and Sandi would forever be the objects of perverted curiosity and lust-filled desire that they had become years ago. She would always be defined by her ass and her relationship with Sandi and maybe that had always been her destiny. She closed her eyes and gripped a bar either side of the cage. If this is who I am then fuck it, I'll give them a performance that will have them masturbating for years.

She parted her lips and pouted as she moaned loudly, tensing her arms as she bent her knees and slightly rocked onto Sandi's face.

"Oh Fuck... Oh yeah, that's it Sandi. Eat my asshole out like you always do. Uuh... stuff my Maddie fanny with your tongue. Kiss my butt with your sexy

lips... Oh Yeah, wow that's so fucking good... It's making me so hot."

She tossed her head from side to side as she moaned for dramatic effect at how aroused she was acting that she was. Even Sandi was taken aback as Star started to gasp and moan as if getting closer and closer to what would be a powerful climax. People had started to rub themselves faster as Star tilted her head back and extended her neck, allowing the groaning noises to flow out of her from deep in her lungs.

She was getting into it so much she was starting to believe it herself as Vera clanked the cage door open and squeezed her arm.

"Back to the dressing room area now. That's enough in the cage. Thank you. Quick as possible."

Star was still breathing heavily as she was half-pulled out the cage, her ass almost squelching as it was peeled off of Sandi's face, leaving the brunette woman a little confused as she staggered up back to her feet.

"Follow me. Follow me", Vera said quickly, waving them behind her with her hand.

The crowd was still mesmerised as the two uncaged bodies walked past them and several took another chance to grope and squeeze Star's butt as she passed by them and made her way back to the dressing room, giving a fake and uncomfortable smile each time she had to pull her ass free of a clamped hand.

*

Sandi turned and placed a hand on each shoulder.

“That was good... why can’t you be more like that when we’re at home. Was it the crowd?”

“No. Fuck no. Um... who knows, maybe I will from now”, Star said, wondering why she was using a seductive tone with Sandi.

“I pulled you five minutes early. Whatever you two were feeling it was a bit too hot, too soon. If guests start leaving early because they’ve already cum in their panties then we don’t have much of a party and Ms Applemore will literally fuck Gwen’s ass who will equally literally and metaphorically fuck mine. You have fifteen minutes to get ready for the next piece. I’d recommend taking whatever dulls you for this one”, Vera said, her eyes looking to Star.

“Can we help it if we are too hot for your party?” Sandi boasted as she stroked Star’s face.

“I don’t drink or do drugs”, Star said, glancing over at the table.

“Well, maybe this would be a good time to start. The host wants all sadomasochism performances to be as real as possible. Constance Payne is having her back and ass daubed with antiseptic as we speak and she’s an S&M pro. It is going to hurt. But then, I’m sure you two get up to some pretty kinky

stuff when you're alone. Maybe you're into darker stuff than you let on."

"Not if it leaves a mark on Star. Her body is our biggest asset!"

Star turned to look at Sandi a little put out but realised she was probably right.

"For what you are both being paid I would think you could take a month off for Star to heal up. That is unless you would like to return the cash."

Star watched Sandi's eyes become shifty and uncomfortable. 'Both being paid' was a stretch and Star hadn't and probably wouldn't see any of the cash.

"No. No. That's fine. Just tell me what I have to do", Sandi said, pouring herself a drink and one for Star.

She emptied the little box onto the table and brushed the contents along into lines then took a straw from a glass.

"You too. Copy me", Sandi said to Star. It wasn't really a request as much as an order.

Star sat her open butt down on the leather sofa next to Sandi and copied her then coughed and held her nose as she felt her sinuses burn. She washed it down with the glass of vodka not realising how strong the alcohol was as she burned and

fanned her watering eyes.

“Oh fuck”, she blubbered as her face went pink.

“Oh fuck indeed”, Sandi said, wiping her nose and getting up.

“Right. Show me what I’ll be doing to this hot little piece of ass”, she drawled as she steadied herself and walked off out of the room with Vera, leaving Star staring at the spinning wall in front of her.

She didn’t realise how long it had been. It could have been moments or an age, time seemed to not work properly any more when Vera returned and took Star by her hand.

She smiled and got up, not even thinking about where she was going, just enjoying the dull feeling and the warmth of the hands on her skin as she staggered along behind her.

There was a curtain in front of the staged area and the metal frame that the pornstar, Constance, had been clamped into. She could still see the mess and wetness on the floor and on the leather bench that the previous occupier that had been strapped onto it had left.

“Get on. I’ll close the cuffs and the neck brace then tie the straps around your thighs”, Vera said with barely disguised excitement.

Star mounted the bench and put her wrists up in the two metal manacle cuffs and rested her neck in an open clamp, still smiling but unsure why.

Sandi was behind her and if Star had the focus to read the woman's body language she would have realised how twitchy and nervous she was.

"Right. All in. Now your ankles. Bring your knees around either side. Here, like this", Vera said, moving Star's legs into place so that her legs were bent and her butt pushed out behind her.

She felt a lot less aware of how exposed she was, even more so with her butt naturally parting as her thighs were strapped either side of the bench.

Vera picked up the head device that Constance had worn off of the floor. It looked as if it had been thrown down and there was a dribble of drool running off it.

Without hesitating, Vera put it over Star's head like a muzzle. Immediately she squealed as two prongs pulled her nostrils up and back and a set of four metal hooks made her mouth open and her lips roll around them.

She'd never had anything like this on her face before but the vodka and coke soon made her feel as if it didn't really matter, that it was somehow normal that she was now uncontrollably drooling humiliatingly out of her stretched features.

Vera stepped backwards and instructed Sandi as she left the stage.

“Remember what I said. Go easy on her and the host will not be happy with your performance.”

The curtain opened and Star was back in the hall again with the guests in their masks. Her point of view, both on the bondage frame and up on the stage was different from the cage and in her current state of intoxication she found it fascinating. Her blue eyes widened as she thought she saw herself in the cage with Sandi but, after really focusing and concentrating, she realised that she wasn't having some weird out of body experience and that it was two other women.

She felt Sandi brush past her and place something on the skin of her thighs. It hurt like a bee sting then dulled quickly. A similar sensation was felt on her hips and then her nipples and finally each side of her pussy lips. It hurt more there and the pain seemed to burn and intensify as the crocodile clips dug into her with their teeth.

Sandi and her had never done anything that focused on pain. She'd been roughed up and it hurt sometimes when Sandi used a dildo too enthusiastically and the recent anus stretching had been really uncomfortable. She'd even been tied up and slapped about a bit and spanked as Starlight for the cameras but this was something new and strange to both of them.

Sandi hesitated before flipping the switch.

Star growled out as jolts of live current seared through her body like lightning,

tightening her muscles so hard they hurt and making her as feel as if she was having a fit.

Her mouth oozed foamy drool onto the floor as her eyes watered and bulged. She had never felt anything like it in her life. It was as if her whole body was one tensed ball of buzzing pain.

The growling continued even when Sandi switched the current off. The overwhelming feeling and the shock of how intense it had been needed more protest and release from her lungs.

The guests were amused and the noise of her animal-like response had left the hall a lot quieter than it had been. Her moans and whimpers as she sniffed and snorted and tried to catch her breath echoed around them and even the caged girls and naked buffet bodies turned to look at her.

A lucid moment made Star think about how Sandi had gotten her wish. They were the centre of attention now and the majority of the room was looking in their direction but it hadn't been how either of them had imagined... or wanted.

The whip thrashed down over her back. The harness straps did little to protect her skin and she sucked in a great breath of air as the pain seared through her like a burn.

Her eyes rolled up into her head as she tried to cope with the sensation as stuttering gasps and a humiliating snort of mucus sprayed from her stretched nostrils.

Her fingers stretched out from where her hands were clamped as if trying to reach some invisible object that would save her from this feeling.

The second lashing made her eyes quickly roll back and bulge as she blinked out tears to run down the sides of her face.

The guests became even more interested at each display of pain. One of their own, a girl they'd seen on screen and in the media, in a state like this was fascinating. It could have been any one of the other actors or artists in the room but it wasn't because Star had been the one to be smeared with sex scandals and fall on hard times, not them. Star had been the one that had been ogled and lusted after by millions and because Star had Sandi as her manager.

The third thrash struck her butt cheeks hard and made her yelp out loudly. With her mouth opened so lewdly wide it came out like a howl, a long note that accompanied the look of pain and the dripping liquids from her face.

Every so often Star felt she'd reached a new low but she realised that tonight made all the previous embarrassing and uncomfortable acts of depravity pale in comparison.

Sandi whipped between her parted cheeks and she felt the stinging throb as her slit and anus pulsed with pain. That time she closed her eyes, blocking the outside world out for a moment as she felt the sickening wave push up to her belly.

The electricity was turned on again and her body jolted suddenly as if turned to stone as her muscles all tensed and jerked at once. Her broken whimper echoed around the room, only serving to make the hands of the guests move over one another and themselves as they got off on her anguish.

It highlighted what a selfish, backstabbing and cruel industry it really was that she had grown up in. These people were enjoying her suffering.

Sandi switched the device off and whipped over her butt with three quick, hard thrashes. It was difficult to distinguish the stinging feeling of individual blows as they seemed to build and level up from the last one until Star let out a bellow of breath that almost rattled the windows the other side of the hall.

Her head was clamped but she still managed to crane and twist her neck, the tendons standing up on them as her face turned red or pale depending on where she was on the incoming pain.

It was already the performance of a lifetime. Never had she shown such raw emotion to an audience as she had then and the masked men and women seemed spellbound.

Drool, tears, snot and even sweat dripped from a face that contorted, screwed up and sometimes opened out in shock as more lashes rained down over her body.

Sandi was almost a bystander in Star's torment. The instructions she'd been given were precise and demanding enough that it wasn't her own doing that made her arm thrash an overarm blow so hard it made her shoulder ache or find the most sensitive spot between the girl's legs to strike the leather tails onto as

aggressively as possible.

Sandi would never want to have those red welts and lines or see Star's body turn pink and tense and jerk so violently as she sent volts of current through it. Star was her most prized possession, she always had been, and now more than ever her body was what fed them... and gave Sandi the pleasure she felt every day as she enjoyed it for herself – even just looking at it made her feel good. It felt wrong to do this to her.

She thought of the stack of cash she had locked away in her safe. Star's body would be fine in a few weeks. The girl was young and fit and maybe it was time they took a break from making their videos. It would build anticipation for when they started again. Star could make some kind of change and become more sophisticated with a new hairstyle maybe or possibly do some of this stuff... the guests seemed to love it. She turned the dial on the control box and Star jerked and jolted. It wasn't her thing but watching the young tight body tormented and overwhelmed she could see why almost all eyes were on it.

As Star groaned and writhed about on the bench, Sandi looked up at the timer Vera had left for her and took her prompt to take the strapon harness from of the rail behind her.

She stepped up beside the girl's head and shivered as she saw the puddle down in front of her and the webs of saliva and mucus hanging from the completely sullied face. She blinked away her shock and strapped on the dildo.

The guests laughed and made noises of approval as they saw how thick and long it was. Sandi felt thankful that Star had managed to get the Analyser 3000 up herself yesterday or if not there would have been no way that this monstrosity would have fit inside her.

She slapped the huge head against the side of the girl's messy face. Star looked almost oblivious to it as her eyes rolled and blinked tears out of the way. Sandi hadn't realised she possessed the ability to feel empathy for another person but in that moment she felt a twinge of pity for Star. Seeing her so overwhelmed and such a complete mess made her feel sorry that they were only two thirds of the way through the night's performance and she had no idea what was to come.

She walked back behind the bench and grabbed the squeezezy bottle of lube.

She emptied most of the bottle over the huge shaft then rubbed it and smoothed it out along the veiny surface of the silicone.

Star was going to take the biggest dildo she'd ever had inside her, right there in front of a hundred pairs of eyes, familiar and strange, and Sandi was going to be the one fucking her yet again.

She'd been told not to make it sexual. Sandi hadn't understood at first but she'd been told that the thrusts and movements had to be cruel and slow, it was meant to be an over dramatization of how their relationship really was. That had stung a bit when she'd heard it. It was as if Vera was insinuating that Sandi was somehow fucking Star's life up, as if she was slowly boring away at her and reaming her ass out and that what she did with Star was somehow cruel and unnatural.

She lined the bulbous tip over Star's anus and pressed. The stuff in the dressing room had helped to relax Star's muscles enough to make the head of the dildo plop into the sphincter, like a finger bursting through rubber, but it was soon felt the other end as Star hissed a long breath and tensed her whole spine.

Sandi looked down at the lines on the girl's back, the harness she was wearing was as depraved and slutty as anything she'd ever worn, and the thick, lubed shaft started to squeeze into a hole that it shouldn't be able to fit into.

She'd never felt guilty about this before but right then she fought a battle in her head as she thought about how different Star's life might have been without her in it. But there was a reason why she had manipulated and used Star the way she had and that reason was herself. Star would have been some washed-up has been actor waiting tables if she hadn't prepared her to be a sex icon and so what if she got to enjoy this pretty body for herself? Who else had more right to it than her? Star's body started to look too hot to deny herself it, all bound and marked, as she growled and put the silly caring thoughts out of her head.

She pushed forwards.

Star let out a blast that sounded as if the dildo had squeezed every last ounce out of air out her lungs all at once. Sandi didn't have to go easy and check that Star was ok – not in this situation – she just pressed on and watched as it magically disappeared into a gap that looks far smaller than the circumference of the thick rubber.

Star was silent the other side. No breaths and no movement until, after it was all the way inside her, she let out a breathy wail and heaved her chest back and forth five or six times in a shuddering full body stutter that moved her shoulders in a violent fit.

Sandi couldn't tell whether it was pleasure or pain as Star sucked in a loud groaning breath then snorted it out almost immediately again but she decided

that it didn't matter and she set about the slow clockwork thrusts that she'd been told to perform.

She moved her hips back an entire foot and then slowly fed the slippery black cock dildo back into the asshole of the girl she managed. As Star's primal groan croaked out of her exposed throat, the word 'parasite' came to mind as she thought about what she was doing just as she always did, bloodsucking the girl for everything she needed to sustain and satisfy her. After tonight was over she decided she would definitely give Star a break from making sex videos for a couple of weeks... maybe they could even go on a nice holiday together. There was a plaintive moan as she sped up at the last second to jab the head of the dildo into the girl's bowels. It wasn't her doing it, she'd been told to be cruel she told herself. She turned the dial near her and watched Star's body light up again.

She was thankful she didn't have to see the contorted face as Star croaked and spasmed. She could feel the girl's asshole clamp and clench around the dildo, the force of the muscles pulling and tugging the silicone attached to her.

She could see a long line of drool tumble from the gaped-out bow-shaped lips and she had to close her eyes for a moment before sliding the thick, long shaft slowly out of the girl's clenching tunnel as she wailed and gurgled like an inhuman creature in front of her.

In reality Star's reaction made her the most human person in the room as the monster behind her switched the current off and the pack of wolves below the stage drooled and grinned behind masks that hid their pleasure at seeing the pretty girl getting wrecked by the last woman that should be doing what she was doing to her.

Sandi felt on show, making her grip Star's hips and fake smile like a wolf

herself, baring its teeth as she sawed the thick shaft slowly in and out of Star's stretched sphincter.

Star blinked through tears, thankful that the audience of guests were a blur. Her body had surrendered to what was happening to it but that didn't make it any less overwhelming. Getting a dildo as thick and long as the one that Sandi was thrusting up her asshole would have been enough to try to cope with but her burning, stinging skin and the fiery bite of the clips on the skin of her most sensitive parts added to her ordeal but even they were almost forgotten when the dial was turned and the lightning bolt-feeling tore through her.

She could feel her tunnel getting rearranged into something far wider than it should have been as Sandi fucked her. She almost didn't feel the woman's hands gripping her hips as there was so much else going on but she was aware of who it was that was making those sharp jabs into her belly every time the dildo was slid cruelly slowly up inside her bowels.

Her anus hurt and ached from having clenched so tightly around the silicone that she'd imagined her asshole biting through it at one point. It had been the single most intense feeling in her life and her eyes had whited out and her senses momentarily lost as her whole being focused on the pain in her ass.

Sandi mercilessly thrust at the end of each achingly slow penetration, stabbing the dildo into her belly and making her honk out a breathless groan. She closed her eyes tightly and clenched her teeth every time as the pangs rippled up her stomach making her feel momentarily queasy.

There was still something arousing about having her ass fucked and she could feel the bench beneath her getting wetter and wetter. That was until Sandi turned the dial again and made her sphincter grip and clench the silicone's surface so

hard again that it made her see stars in front of her and, for a moment, passed out, her chin lolling down in the neck restraint as her body spasmed as the current traced through it.

The hour had felt like a year and when Sandi finally reeled the giant dildo out of her rectum and slurped it out of her anus, Star had felt as if all she wanted to do was stay on the bench and breathe until the sensations went away. But, as the curtain rolled shut, Vera's small muscular frame walked up and started to release Star from the restraints as if time to recover was something that Star didn't have the luxury of.

She could only just feel her asshole gaped out behind her. It felt cool and soothing as the wet tunnel walls met the air that was able to move around in the cavernous round opening. The burning sensations of the whip welts and the residual stinging from the electric was still very much overpowering her and she could feel a cold sweat covering most of her skin, making it shiny and slippery to the touch.

Vera grasped her by her hand and acted as a sturdy foundation to help the girl up onto her wobbly legs. The clips on her thighs had made even her toes feel the stinging sensation of the current and it had made her feel numb up to her waist as she staggered in the heels, her hands firmly holding onto Vera for support.

She didn't even look at Sandi as she moved down the stage and along the corridor, her eyes were struggling to focus anyway and there were still tears and sweat getting in them as they travelled.

Sandi stared down at the shaft sticking out from the harness. Seeing Star's struggle and the size of the object she had violated the girl's asshole with didn't fill her with the perverted joy she usually felt when she did something dirty and

depraved with Star. She felt a little sick feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was an alien feeling for her but she recognised it as having gone too far – more out of fear that Star wouldn't be as compliant and complicit in the future with her. She berated herself for being so greedy but she knew deep down she would have done it even if it meant Star would hate her for a time – the money was just too good.

She poured herself another drink as soon as they got back into the dressing room. Star was draped over the sofa on her stomach due to her butt and back being so red and sore that it would have hurt to sit on them but Sandi avoided looking down and poured the glassful down her throat as she paced around.

“What is the next set going to be?” she asked shortly. She couldn't imagine Star could take much more tonight.

“Why don't you follow me, Sandi? You are going to need to get set up for this one beforehand. I'll explain on the way and remind you of what you agreed to as we go. Star can rest up here for a while longer and catch her breath. Gwen will be along to collect her when its time.”

The curly haired redhead had collected her from the dressing room. It was odd how she had held Star's hand as they walked down the corridor and even odder that the woman no longer had her earpiece or clipboard and was now in a long silk robe and not the suit that she'd been wearing earlier. But tonight had been such a trip for so many reasons that Star didn't dwell on it. She just let herself get led to another inevitable humiliating sex act, just another day's work with Sandi as my manager she thought then shrugged off having never known it any different.

That was until she stepped into the main party hall again.

That was very different.

Sandi was there but not quite how Star had guessed. She was lying on her back on a large trolley that had been set in the centre of the room. Her thighs and calves had been tied together each side so that she resembled a frog splayed out for all to see. Her wrists had been tied with the same rough hemp rope to her ankles so that her arms were stretched and tight down her sides. She was naked and her large breasts flattened by their own weight pointed to the ceiling with stiff, pink nipples. Her neck was strapped to the edge of the trolley by what looked like a very tightly buckled belt and her mouth was open wide with a metal O ring gag pushed inside it as wide as the one Star had had to endure.

Star had never seen Sandi like this. She'd never seen the brunette look vulnerable before, well apart from throwing up and staggering around most nights, and it was fascinating.

She was guided around Sandi so that she stood a couple of feet away from the woman's head. She could see from the darting blue and wide blue eyes that her manager hadn't expected to be the one trussed up like a turkey and that sent a little shiver of excitement down Star's spine.

Vera entered the room from another entrance holding up the hand of a woman that made Star's breath stop for a moment. Hair the colour of gold and rich brown eyes with a heart-shaped face and lips that looked like they had been drawn by an artist. She was tall, much taller than the diminutive Vera that walked with her by her side in a robe that looked very much like Gwen's.

The woman seemed to flow in a long ethereal dress that looked like some kind of delicate sea creature with wispy curls and ripples at its white, shimmering edges.

She was beautiful, Star thought as she watched her get close, then felt embarrassed when the brown eyes looked into her own and met her gaze.

"My guests, I hope you are enjoying tonight's party. I am happy that you could all make it, especially our guest of honour", she said, her eyes still on Star's.

"As you know I am a patron of the arts. I have supported your projects and careers for some years now but there was one among us that I couldn't help. She was stolen from us by the lust and stupidity of her manager. Her career was just reaching its height when she was pulled in a direction that embarrassed the whole industry and she deserved better... she deserves better and tonight I will show her that we, I, haven't forgotten her."

The guests clapped as they had a thousand times after a speech at an award ceremony.

“I give you the star of tonight’s performance!”

The guests cheered and whistled as they clapped, a noise Star had almost forgotten hearing as the woman stepped forwards and took Star’s hand raising it up into the air.

Star felt her aching lips crack open into an automatic smile as her eyes flickered over the latex masked crowd then back to the woman as she turned to her and placed her fingers through Star’s own.

“In case you haven’t worked it out, Star. I am Ms Applemore. I am a big fan. It’s an honour to meet you.”

She leaned in for an obligatory artist kiss each side but the way her lips lingered on Star’s cheeks and the woman’s free hand slid over her back made her feel a tingle in her belly.

“Now before the orgy begins, we have one more set for you to enjoy. You have seen the seduction and the destruction of Star at the hands of her manager Sandi. Now watch her redemption as she sees the woman that has controlled her life for what she really is.” Ms Applemore’s voice was loud and theatrical but she was really talking to Star as she half turned around the back of the girl and placed her hands on her shoulders.

“You deserve better, Star. You deserve to be worshipped as a goddess”, the woman’s perfect lips whispered into her ear then slipped away and down her back, making Star immediately miss having them so close to her but she soon realised that they were about to get as close as they possibly could as they gently tickled her butt cheeks with soft caresses.

She gasped as the woman’s face sunk into her crack. It was sweaty and wet from all she’d been through but that didn’t seem to matter, in fact Star felt the woman inhale before gently smearing her lips over her still-slightly-gaped anus. Ms Applemore’s tongue was gentle. It stroked and brushed instead of Sandi’s probing thrusts and smearing slurps. It felt beautiful, such an obscene way to describe something like that especially given her surroundings and her body’s own state of ruin, but it was. She moaned and her eyes rolled as her mouth curled upwards, feeling the lips and tongue like marshmallow cushions soothing and pleasuring.

Hands didn’t grasp her butt cheeks and splay them apart to tongue fuck as deep as possible. Instead, they gently caressed her up her lower back then stroked down her sides to her thighs as if they were touching something delicate and precious.

She felt her breath quicken and watched as Gwen took a vibrator wand from a rack near the trolley and knelt down in front of Star with it, pressing it out over her slit at the front and turning it on.

Star’s moans became louder. Her body started to shiver as she felt pure pleasure tingle through a body that was still exhausted from the last hour. It didn’t long for her. She could feel the woman’s lips kissing her anus like a gentle lover would kiss the lips of the person they adored, her tongue only there to soothe and enhance the pleasure that the sensitive rim felt and the waves of pleasure that pulsed endlessly up her from the front that soon had her singing out a climax and shuddering a release of bliss.

Gwen had to steady her as Star almost tumbled over, her legs weak already but the orgasm had just turned them to jelly. Ms Applemore laughed gently as she held Star from her thighs then sniffed and kissed her way out of the full cheeks her face was buried in.

She stood up and turned Star around, kissing her as gently as she had on her anus and Star found her eyes closing and her breath catching as she melted into the lips on hers.

Meanwhile, Vera strapped on the dildo that Sandi had fucked Star with and pulled the bound brunette's head back and upside down.

The small blonde let her robe fall to the ground, revealing the muscular body of a weightlifter as she fed the huge shaft inch by inch down Sandi's throat.

Her blue eyes bulged and became tear-filled but she did little more than stretch her fingers as she tried to cope with the thick head stretching her tightly bound neck from the inside.

To Star's disappointment the kissing stopped as Ms Applemore moved to one side and revealed what was happening on the trolley.

Star wasn't surprised to see that Sandi had already swallowed half the massive shaft and was still able to take more as it was fed deeper still.

Gwen joined the action the other side, her slim and pale body making the strapon harnessed to her look even more menacing and large as she lined up with Sandi's wet pussy and plunged the head inside.

Star felt fingertips stroke the side of her neck as she watched Sandi getting double-teamed from the woman's two employees, slowly building up momentum and thrusts like to clockwork toys being wound up.

The guests were clearly enjoying themselves and the build-up through the night meant that half the cocks, pussies and butts in the room were now out their dishevelled designer clothes and being fondled and caressed by themselves or those near them as they watched.

Ms Applemore laughed knowingly as she scanned the crowd then spoke into Star's ear, her voice vibrating down the girl's spine as she spoke.

"Let's get you out of those nasty, tight straps", she said, then gently set about removing the body harness as Star watched transfixed while Gwen and Vera thrust faster and faster into Sandi.

The first strap release felt so good. It was like she could breathe again as her chest was able to expand again properly and she looked down to see the lines left by the strap that felt as sore as anything else on her battered body.

Sandi started to make honking moans as the noise of the sloppy holes being pummelled started to echo around the hall.

Star sighed sexually. It definitely felt as good as sex as the woman's hands gently unbound her body until the last strap allowed the harness to be removed.

"Just a moment", Ms Applemore said, kissing her shoulder then stepped off to fetch a silk gown that she draped around Star's shoulders.

Star had never worn anything like it. It was as if two halves of a really expensive, designer robe had been cut in half and then bridged together with three strings connecting the two halves front and back along her torso. It fit perfectly, as if it had been made for her, and Star knew what that felt like having had costumes made for her characters over the years. Her butt crack and crotch were exposed in the open line that ran up along the middle of her body and from her belly to her chest, the centre portion of her skin was revealed and open.

Ms Applemore took a tub of something from where she had picked up the strange robe and dowsed two fingers in the contents.

"To soothe you while you enjoy the show, my darling", she whispered then slid the fingers down between Star's reddened cheeks, along the girl's anus and perineum then around her globe-like butt so gently that Star barely felt the digits but she did feel the cooling effect of whatever was in the tub.

"Look at her. She's an animal. Even now, humiliated and bound, she can't control her lust", Ms Applemore whispered then nodded to Gwen.

The redhead stabbed her large dildo into Sandi's squelching pussy in sharp, hard

thrusts and clamped her right hand onto the woman's crotch, using her thumb to rub and swirl over her clit while Vera made the brunette look like a sword swallower the other end.

Star knew the noises that came from Sandi's body well but they were muffled by thick silicone plugging her deep at both ends and when she started to reach orgasm, her body writhed and tensed in her restraints as if she had no control over it.

Gwen stood to one side. The dildo slurped out and dripped with webs of pussy juices but she kept her thumb on Sandi's clit as she watched watery squirts blast out and on to the floor where she had just stood. She almost looked as if she were milking Sandi as she rubbed until every last drop had spluttered out of the woman's groaning and shuddering body. A final familiar groan told Star that Sandi was done but she also knew from experience that there was an almost endless supply as soon as she got aroused again.

"This monster demanded endless things of Star to feed her addictions. Because she couldn't control her body or her mind, this girl became an object to be used to feed her sickness. To think that this woman made these sweet lips drink her cum every single day", Ms Applemore said, stroking Star's jaw.

"But no more. As a manager she works for the star. Sandi should be doing what Star tells her to. This beautiful girl that has had her career stolen from her should have always been the diva, demanding and making Sandi rush around after her... not the other way around. But that changes tonight. A manager should be the one on her hands and knees in bedrooms for her client, that should be using every part of her body and soul to get the role of a lifetime for her star... and if she doesn't then her client should be the one to fuck her hard until she does better."

Vera pulled out of Sandi's throat with a gurgle and padded her muscular body over to Star, taking the strapon harness off of herself as she got near.

It was the first time Star had ever worn one and it felt good as Vera buckled it around her crotch. It was heavier than she'd expected especially the weight of the thick lump of silicone dangling and bouncing erect in front of her. She felt powerful, as if she had a weapon protruding from her waist. She rubbed her hand over the length of its wet, saliva-covered surface. Her fingers couldn't close around it. It was so thick and Sandi had pushed it up her asshole until she'd felt it jab her belly. As a life-long performer, she could feel the mood of anger around her and it added to her own.

"Fuck this bitch in her dirty ass just as she violated your perfect hole tonight and every other time. Show her who the boss is", Ms Applemore said, leading Star along behind the trussed up brunette.

Star looked down at Sandi's parted crotch and ass. Her pussy was wet and puffy and her asshole seemed to taunt her with its pink puckered lines, looking unsullied or destroyed unlike the sore hole that Star felt between her own cheeks.

Sandi could take it. She remembered how easily she bounced on the Analyser 3000 and how much she'd enjoyed it. She'd most probably enjoy this, as unexpected as the perpetrator of the fucking was. Star realised it wasn't actual revenge. This was pantomime. It was symbolic and Ms Applemore, the guests and even she herself needed to see it happen.

She lined the massive head against Sandi's pucker, her hand only reaching half way along the long rubber cock as she levered its weight so that it touched its target.

She almost forgot her own pains and aches and it was exciting to be doing what Sandi had done to her so many times she'd lost count. She pushed in. She knew how it was best to go gentle at first and let the sphincter adjust after the initial burst through its ring-like muscle... but she didn't. She pushed on, fascinated by Sandi's sharp inhale of air and heaving of her chest. This was bigger and longer than the analyser and Sandi had no control over how fast and hard it would go inside her. She stared down at the usually empty blue eyes and saw a complex mix of emotions then her eyes flicked each side as she saw Ms Applemore's hands cup Sandi's head.

The golden-haired woman's head lowered down the opposite way to Sandi's and she whispered something to Sandi that made her jerk and pull at her ropes but Star couldn't hear what it was. She pushed on, partly out of a feeling that that was what Ms Applemore wanted her to do and partly out of curiosity and excitement to see how deep she could bury it inside Sandi's hungry hole.

It turned out the answer was all the way. She could see the woman's belly shifting and bulging as she pressed to the base of the harness onto hot, soft skin.

Ms Applemore looked up.

"Fuck her. Saw that dildo in and out of her filthy asshole just like she deserves."

Star struggled to pull back with her hips. The dildo was so big that Sandi's tunnel was pressed tightly around it, squeezing it and holding it. She wondered if this was how it felt for Sandi when she fucked her and she realised just how intentional every single thrust the woman had made up her own asshole had been. The tightness, the knowledge that it fit but only just and the effort that had

to be made to push it in and pull it out made fucking someone in the ass with this monster as psychological as it was physical.

Was she doing it because she'd had to or was there something about how it embodied a release of the tense taboo relationship she had with Sandi? Whatever it was, it felt good to fuck the hole she licked every night.

Her lips curled into a snarling smile and her thrusts got faster as Sandi's asshole gave in and take what was coming to it.

Ms Applemore's brown eyes watched Star intensely as she lifted Sandi's head, almost strangling her in the process on her neck restraint, so that she could be made to watch the girl the other end.

The thrusts became aggressive, more so than Star knew she had in her. Ms Applemore smiled her approval as the harness thumped and slapped against Sandi's thick butt. She whispered something to Sandi again then spoke louder as she lifted her head up.

"... but a bitch like you doesn't deserve to taste my ass. Vera will make you eat her sweaty hole."

Ms Applemore moved back as Vera turned and squatted her muscular glutes over Sandi's face, pulling her by hair from between her legs to make the woman's gaped mouth press over her light pink pucker and press her nose against the diminutive blonde's wet slit.

Vera matched Star's thrusts for aggression as she pulled and tugged Sandi's hair left and right, shouting at her to get her tongue out and then deep inside her anus.

Ms Applemore walked around to Star and kissed her earlobe.

"Fuck her like she fucked your career. Ream the bitch out and make her asshole loose. You could have been a superstar if it hadn't been for this woman's greed and selfishness. She wanted you for herself and to make you into a whore but she's the fucking whore. Everything she is she tried to make you into. Give her what she's been asking for. Take your revenge on her today and every day from now on."

Star was tired but an energy came from somewhere deep inside her and she let out a growl as she pounded her crotch against the woman's dripping pussy lips and watched the oversized fake cock impale her asshole like a spear.

"That's it. Tell her what she is. Tell her what you think of her."

"Fucking freak!" Star growled as she thrust in sharply.

"Fucking user!" She snarled then thought harder.

"Dirty pervert... filthy whore!"

“You ‘re nothing but a pathetic addict and a druggie... Uuhh... I deserved – I deserve better than you.”

She hadn’t noticed but she was now holding onto Sandi’s knees to make each thrust brutal as they rasped up the woman’s rectum with a noise like a zip opening.

“And you say you aren’t a ‘lezzie’ for what you did with me... Well I am one. I’m a lesbian and you’re not going to get me to suck or fuck cock anymore!”

The release of so many emotions made her groan as if the cock inside Sandi was real and sending a wave of bliss through her body as it rippled its way through the rearranged tunnel walls. Fucking Sandi was certainly real as was the feeling of telling her what she felt.

Sandi could barely hear through the strong glutes as she lapped and groaned up the sweaty tunnel. Sandi didn’t really know what she was herself. She’d had sex anyone and everyone for so long that she really didn’t see herself as one thing or another but there was something about Star that she knew wasn’t just because she was there and convenient.

The girl was her obsession as much as all the other sex put together, all the highs. To hear those words cut into her from her prized possession hurt but, like just about anything in her life, the hurt turned her on and made her groan in time to the violent thrusts up her bowels. Feeling what she did to Star, what she had just done to Star, turned back on her made her tingle with depraved arousal as she thought of the girl’s body and how it must still feel the ghost of the dildo inside her leaving her sweet ass gaped and loose.

The combination of tasting Vera, her soft slippery tunnel taking her tongue deep inside it, between strong, powerful little cheeks, and the exciting humiliation of being fucked in front of her industry peers made her completely lose it. She started to shudder as her eyes rolled up into her head.

Ms Applemore held Star's hips and pulled her back.

The dildo looked like it would never end as it slid out of Sandi's pounded asshole but when it did finally reach the bulbous head it flopped out sharply leaving behind a cavernous gape.

Sandi screamed into Vera's ass as her anus panged with the ache of losing its grip on the dildo. For a split second there was a revelation of what she had done to Star's body for so long. She could feel her gape wide open the other end of her and it made her think of how mercilessly she'd made Star stretch around plugs, dildos and cocks recently. She should have felt guilty as she experienced what she had made the girl go through but it only made her spasm and twitch as she did something she never did and thought about how Star must have felt.

Her juices squirted out like a geyser. Ms Applemore moved Star out of range as she spoke to Star through the guests. She clicked her finger for Vera to stop smothering Sandi's face.

"You see? This woman is a slave to her body and her lust. She's insatiable. This amazing girl has been subjected to her constant needs for too long. Now I will show her another way. I promised you all an orgy. All the entertainment are paid and ready to service you in any way you desire. You can also enjoy one another's company without the fear of acknowledging who you are... It would be a little awkward on set or stage tomorrow if you weren't hidden behind the masks. But I ask that you all fuck Sandi. Fingers, Cocks, dildos, I don't really

care, just keep her holes busy for the rest of the night so that Star and I can know that she is getting what she deserves while we take our leave and I tend to her body.”

The guests cheered and clapped as if Ms Applemore had just finished directing a play and was now taking her final bow. Star looked around and saw cocks out of trousers and dresses pulled up around waists. These people had been worked up all through the night and now they were ready to unleash their pent up energy.

She looked down at Sandi. Her face was flushed and shiny as she panted, her eyes squinting as her asshole winked the other end. She didn't look like the woman that Star should be listening to anymore. She turned to look into Ms Applemore's eyes. They were filled with something she'd never seen before and it made her feel as if she were glowing. She took the woman's soft hand as Gwen took the harness off her.

Ms Applemore led her out of the hall and up a set of wide, marble stairs. Their exit was amazing. She felt like a princess, or even better – an A-lister. Her whole body tingled with excitement as she hoped those set of lips next to her would continue where they left off. She left Sandi behind her to her fate and she felt a weight lift off of her as the woman who had literally smothered her with her large butt got what she had been asking for. She didn't even look over her shoulder as she stepped her bdsm-marked body up the steps, the robe giving Sandi a final look at her perfect butt as Vera craned the woman's head back by her hair and the guests closed in around her restrained body and gaping holes.

Star felt that Sandi's prediction had been right after all. This would be the comeback and the turning point in her life that they'd both been waiting for. It was a pity that Sandi wouldn't get to enjoy it with her. If there was one thing the woman who called herself her manager had taught her it was how to seize any opportunity and not to care and right now she couldn't care in the slightest about Sandi as Ms Applemore slid a hand gently down her back and led her to her

private suite.

Star had a feeling her career and that of her manager were about to take very different paths and that she was going to enjoy learning where Ms Applemore would lead them... but that was something to look forward to in the morning.

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