

Spotlight 2: Pop Star

The door to the warehouse like studio slid open and a small group of marched in. Even if you had never seen one of Jen E's videos on MTV or her CD's in a store it was clear who was working for whom in this group although the hangers on only numbered four; the singer's career might be on an upward curve but she hadn't yet reached the point where her entourage constituted a small army. Of course like any other young and attractive singer cynics were apt to say her success had more to do with her increasingly scant outfits and raunchy videos. Jennifer was certainly aware that her looks had helped her land a recording contract, being leggy and blonde with a full on hourglass figure and a vixenish face with big brown eyes got her attention. The sexism of the record execs was grating but if staring at her tits got them to listen to her music it was a trade off she could live with.

This latest promo video had pushed her tolerance to the limit however. The seriously unimaginative theme was supposed to be 'Heaven and Hell'. The heaven half of the shoot several days before had confirmed her worst fears since it involved her wearing a seriously inadequate white bikini and a heavy pair of wings that shed feathers while a bunch of dancers in equally clumsy wings tried not bump into one another. The director promised that once they added the CGI it would be mind blowing but Jennifer had serious doubts.

The director was well aware of the disappointment level and bounced over to the entourage with an air of desperate enthusiasm, "Hey Jen, you look great kid. Hope your psyched up for this because I know your going to love what we've got for you today."

Since the director was 26 and Jennifer was 19 the 'kid' didn't do anything to improve her mood so her answer was cool, "Yeah well there better not be any more feathers."

The director gave her broad grin, "Absolutely not, just wait till you see."

What Jennifer saw was far from inspiring, a large rock in a corner of the stage with red silk draped behind it, "We'll add a whole bunch of effects over the neutral background, I figured red was more atmospheric that the usual green." The director explained.

Jennifer gave him a sour look, "This is supposed to blow me away?"

The director shook his head, "Nah, they are."

The singer turned to follow the director's gesture, and had to suppress a very undignified shriek. There were five figures; four were identically made up, red skin with scaly patterns along the shoulders and down the upper arms. The torso's suggested the group spent a lot of time pumping iron and the legs below the loincloth they wore ended in horse like hooves, Jen winced, wearing heels was tough but those things must be murder. The fifth character was even more impressive and had to be a basketball player from his height. He had the same skin effect but his head had long curling rams horns and yellow slitted eyes where the others had dark empty looking sockets. He also had a long spiked tail that swayed behind him.

The director looked very pleased with himself as he took in Jennifer's awestruck expression, "I know you hated the angels so I went all out with these guys. Now you go do your costume and make up while I run these guys through the script." Jennifer nodded, unable to think of a good response she did as she was told without arguing, another clear sign of how stunned she was.

The costume they had selected for this shoot wasn't exactly elaborate; long red leather boots and a red leather teddy with an open front partly pulled together by straps and buckles spaced down it. The effect was to push her boobs together and make them look even bigger than they actually were. She gazed at herself in the mirror, her reflection looked wanton and wild, *if this doesn't get me a number one nothing will*. She slid a band fitted with two red glittery horns into her hair and steeled herself, *sell a million records first, then I can set my own terms for the next album*.

Outside the costume got a lot of quite open ogling from the crew, though they all knew better than to pass any comments, not unless they wanted be blacklisted from every shot the record company ran, and it was a *big* company. Jennifer took the attention in her stride and made her way over to the director and the dancers. They also gave her looks that dispelled the myth that male dancers were all gay. Jennifer found that harder to ignore,

whoever had done that make up deserved an award because there was something genuinely eerie about them.

Jennifer put that aside and adopted her best professional manner as they ran through the dance moves, which consisted mostly of having her being thrown around between the dancers and cavorting on the rock. It didn't take long for her to get it down and soon the director retreated to the crew and started the music playback. There were several takes while Jennifer built up her trust with the dancers; learning to relax and let them control the moves. The climax of the routine had Jennifer facing the tall horned dancer; hands on his shoulders, looking backwards and too the right while gyrating her butt to the rhythm of the music. As the last bars sounded the script called for the dancer to spin her round and pull her against him with his arms wrapped covetously around her waist. Jennifer had gotten so used to it on the previous runs that it was only as the last note faded that Jennifer realized that this time those big hands with their long sharp looking nails were cupped round her barely concealed breasts instead.

Before anyone could react the director jumped to his feet, "Ok, cut! Let's call that lunch!" The crew didn't need to be told twice and disappeared at high speed.

As Jennifer marched back to the dressing room the director fell in beside her, "Look I know your probably pissed but it looks incredible and if you really hate it we can use another take, just think it over and we'll talk after lunch," he slipped away before she could tell him what to do with his take.

In the dressing room she left her minder watching the door, dismissed the make up artist and sent her PA off to fetch lunch. She sat there brooding for a few minutes and finally began to cool. She began to wonder if the dancer really had been copping a feel; just as likely the director had given the guy instruction while she was changing to have a little 'accident' on the set. With her anger dwindling Jennifer realized she actually was hungry, and her assistant hadn't reappeared with the food. She stuck her head out the door and found her bodyguard was also AWOL. It occurred to her that they might have slipped off together and with her annoyance rising Jennifer walked back into the studio to find her soon to be ex employees.

The camera crew and the director were still out as Jennifer reached the filming area; the only people in sight were the demon dancers standing around the rock on the set, *right, can't exactly drop into McDonalds looking like that*, "Hey guys is there anyone else around?" They didn't seem to hear her, not surprising with all that junk on their heads. She walked up to them and was about to repeat her question when two of the smaller quartet grabbed her arms, "What the fuck are you doing?" she demanded angrily.

There was no immediate answer and the pair were as muscular as they looked; she couldn't budge their grasp. The remaining pair moved in and with astonishing speed the four buckles that held the front of Jennifer's outfit together came undone. In another seamless move Jennifer found her feet lifted off the floor and the leather outfit peeled off her sweat sheened body. It slid to the floor and Jennifer found herself spun round and laid on top of the rock, which now pressed against her in a way that told her it was far more solid than the plaster and polystyrene she had taken it for.

With her arms pinned Jennifer lashed out with her legs but the pair that had undone her teddy easily grasped her thrashing legs. They unzipped the boots before pulling them off and tossing them aside. In under thirty seconds Jennifer found herself stark naked and exposed to her attackers. The one holding her right arm now pulled it out above her head and along the surface of the stone. Jennifer turned to look at it and saw it reach out into thin air with its free hand. She blinked as she saw something appear in its grasp, *oh god they must have put something in my water*, she told herself, *it can't be real*.

The object was a metal hoop with a long spike sticking out from the bottom of it. The hoop was quickly slipped over Jennifer's wrist before the demon dancer squeezed on it, somehow making it shrink tight against her skin. With her hand unable to wriggle out of the cuff the dancer pressed the point of the spike into the surface of the rock; it slipped in like a hot knife through butter but when her arm was released and Jennifer tried to pull it out the spike held as if it were welded into the rock.

Jennifer's remaining limbs received the same treatment from the other three dancers but instead of pulling her legs straight out they were spread so far apart she was practically split in two. Any thought that this was a joke, or some perverse effort to spice up the video had long since been banished; she was going to be raped and if any of the crew showed up it would be to take a turn, not effect a rescue. Jennifer tried to ready herself for the worst; only to find out she had fallen far short in her conception of 'worst' could possibly be.

The 'dancer' on her right opened its mouth and an incredibly long and broad tongue slurped across her breast, leaving a coating of oily slime behind. This was the cue for the other three to join in and soon tongues were licking her all over. As her skin was coated with glistening slime Jennifer felt her grip on reality slipping away. She had clung to the belief that her attackers were simply men but those inhuman tongues and the way her skin tingled as the slime soaked into it robbed her of that, these things were *exactly* what they seemed to be, she was in the hands of genuine hell born demons. A story a batty old aunt had told Jennifer while trying to teach her how sex was evil. *When a woman lies with a demon, she becomes one, a Succubus, a wicked thing that used its sexuality to corrupt men and steal their souls.* As her arousal increased Jen couldn't help thinking about how good she would be at it, she could reach out to men without even going near them.

The fifth and largest creature had stood aside from the proceedings until this point, content to let its minions prepare Jennifer. Now it knelt beside Jennifer's belly and drew a sharp nail along one of its own fingers. As a drop of blood formed it began to paint on Jennifer's belly.

Through the haze of stimulation Jennifer managed to focus on what the demon was drawing; a five pointed star, *a pentacle*, with a point aimed straight at her vagina. Jennifer wanted to call out, *oh my god stop it!* "Oh my..." Her voice choked on the third word, she found she could no longer even think, that word, but another wormed its way in and pressed to be called out. Jennifer bit her lip in a desperate bid to hold it back.

With the star finished the demon painted a cryptic symbol in the central pentagon. As it was completed the tingling in her skin turned into a fire of pleasure spreading out from her belly to her nipples and her clit sending her into an uncontrollable spasm and she couldn't help crying out, "Oh *Satan* yes!" The cry acted as a signal to the four smaller creatures, who withdrew their tongues and backed away from her. Jennifer writhed in her bonds and stared at the horned demon who now towered beside her; knowing what was coming next and desperate for it to begin, "Please lord Satan *pleassse!!!*" Jennifer was hopelessly lost to the pleasure now, the consequences of her actions banished from her mind.

Satan smiled at her, revealing rows of razor sharp teeth. He undid the loincloth to reveal a massive, almost horn like erection, the tip of it already wet with the first drops of the torrent of seed that would soon fill Jennifer. The sight of this monstrosity simply made Jennifer's writhing and pleading more desperate, more urgent. The devil wasn't inclined to make her wait any longer. The devil's long flexible tail slid between Jennifer and the rock, sinuously caressing her body as it coiled around her. With the girl firmly held he pulled her upwards and the spikes holding her ankles melted away leaving Jennifer dangling in the air, groaning and gasping. The devil lowered her to the ground and Jennifer sank to her knees before him. With the huge cock right in front of her Jennifer didn't need any prompting. It was too big to take in her mouth but her tongue eagerly licked along the shaft and head. The precum had a distinctly sulphurous taste but it was ambrosia to Jennifer right now. The attentions of her tender tongue and lips made the already huge member swell still further, which just encouraged Jennifer's kissing and stroking to become more frenzied.

The devil let her carry on for another couple of minutes before deciding it was time to complete Jennifer's conversion. Raising her up it crushed Jennifer's full breasts against his chest, bringing girl and devil face to face. He looked Jennifer in the eyes and seeing he had her utter submission he slid her downwards, eliciting more moans from Jennifer as her hard nipples were rubbed by the coarse skin of the beast's chest.

As she slipped downwards Jen felt the monster erection pressing against the wetness of her pussy but going no further. She looked up into the devil's face and understood, she

had to *give* herself. She looked down and wrapped her hand around the shaft, guiding the tip inside her. She looked up again, "Please Lucifer, I'm yours, *fill me!*"

The devil needed no further bidding; it rammed its member into her and Jennifer almost brought the roof down with her shriek of pleasure. The devil slammed in and out of her, almost pulling out of her with each stroking before driving his phallus back brutally. Jennifer cried, groaned and sobbed. She swore her love for Lucifer, begged for damnation so he could use her forever. Satan smiled, her cries giving him almost as much pleasure as her flesh. As the thrusts came faster and faster Jennifer wrapped her legs around the beast's waist, letting it in as deep as she humanly could. Even that wasn't enough for Satan, its hands cupped her ass and slammed her down hard. That set off Jennifer's building orgasm, which in turn brought a roar from the beast and sent jets of demonic seed spurting into her belly. Jennifer's body jerked with each spurt, even after she passed out her body still jerked to the rhythm of a seemingly endless flow of cum.

Jen E's latest video for her single '*Devil Inside*' provoked a storm of moral outrage. Despite the pixilation it was clear she was wearing nothing more than boots and devil horns; cavorting and gyrating in a shocking manner with a bunch of dancers in very realistic demon costumes. Naturally that just made the video all the more popular. Girls took to wearing devil horns, men and boys all over the country decided they would cheerfully sell their souls to score with her and a surprising number got to do just that.