**A Change of Image**by Fictitious Slave

The young woman sat opposite me. She was nineteen, beautiful, and had the world at her feet, or so she thought. In actual fact she was on the verge of being cast aside. The point I had to get across was that the screaming fans she'd previously entertained were moving on. Her five minutes of fame were over. She had to reinvent herself or retire.

"The show was good!" She beamed at me "I really felt it..." It was a shame really; she really was a pretty little thing, all blue eyes and blonde hair. Not for the first time I thought about what her tightly stretched tank top contained.

"The concert very nearly lost money," I informed her, "and next week's is still half empty! The studio is seriously considering pulling the plug on your album."

"But it's all recorded!" She was looking worried.

"Yep, but not promoted. There's a very real chance they could cancel it and save themselves the risk and embarrassment of a failure."

She thought for a minute "What can we do?" This was, in one sentence, why I liked Clara. She was young and a little naive but she was practical. Instead of blaming me for her ageing fan base she wanted my help to solve the problem.

I had a plan, but I didn't think she'd go for it. "We need to change your target audience," I replied. "We need to move past the cute young pop star and move towards the sexy singer. We need big brothers searching for sexy photos of you and dads who want to take their girls to your concerts."

She raised her eyebrows at me. "And how do we do that?"

"Well, the traditional way is to discreetly leak a sex tape." I was testing the waters. "Combined with some rebranding. It often boosts things short term."

Her face gave away no hint of what she was thinking. "You don't sound like you think that's a good idea."

I shook my head "It only works for a few months to be honest, it gives a hell of a boost though!"

"Come on!" she cried. "You're holding out on me, what is it that you think I won't want to do? I can at least hear it!"

"Okay," I relented. "I want to change you from the high school girl who made it big into a grown up beauty. I want to get you into their sexual fantasies."

"How?"

Well at least she didn't object to a different image.

"Personally I think the market is saturated with pretty girls in Lycra and cat suits. Did you know that almost 90% of men have BDSM fantasies? Personally I'd put out a few scraps of information so they believe that you do too. That the sexy woman they see on the telly is interested in the same things they are - the things they keep private and secret. To have that affinity with a star..., they'll love you for it. Even better, they'll Google you for it and that will help your rankings, adverts... Everything!"

Clara thought for a moment. "What's BDSM?" she asked finally. Wow, this girl truly was sheltered.

"It's Fifty Shades of Grey stuff," I explained. "Ropes, spanking, handcuffs... That sort of thing."

Another pause.

"And how would we make people think this?" She asked cautiously. Was she actually considering my plan?

"I'd do three things initially." I'd already given this a great deal of thought. "First I'd get a couple of fanfic stories written. Nothing formal but we'd submit them to a few websites. Second, you've been invited to appear in a local campaign to get women to speak out against domestic violence. It's a brilliant cause and we'd have a lot of sway over the photographs. I'd get one of our PR guys to make sure there's at least a few photos of you wearing a gag."

I paused, gauging her reaction.

"I'd also make a couple of bookings for you at one of the top bondage websites."

Her eyes opened wide.

"Obviously we wouldn't release anything," I clarified. "We'd get all the staff to sign watertight NDAs and we'd make sure we held all the footage. But the merest hint that you'd been there would cause a stir... You would obviously deny it but rumours would leak out. Then the searching would begin."

"We wouldn't actually do a shoot, would we?" she asked nervously.

"Actually I suggest you do it. It would provide us with loads of grainy material we could manipulate so it looked like it had been filmed secretly. And it would give you an awareness of the rumour we're aiming for. Plus these guys are the best. They regularly do shoots with glamour models who have no experience in this sort of thing. You'd probably really enjoy yourself."

For the first time Clara looked nervous. I was reminded that for all her fortune and fame she was only a pretty young nineteen year old. But I wanted this to happen, mostly for her but also because the merest idea of her in tight bondage made me rock hard.

"And you think this would help change my fan base?"

"Men and teenagers will be queuing up to see you!" I assured her.

She took a deep breath. "Then I'll do it!"

A week later we were sitting in the spacious meet and greet room of the website I'd selected. The owners had jumped at the chance to work with Clara. Even if the video was never published, the rumours would increase their subscriptions exponentially! There was also the money I'd listed as "Publicity Shoot" on the accounts.

Seated beside me, the young singer looked nervous as she shuffled in her chair. I'd seen some furtive photographers on my way in. Combining this video with the photo shoot we'd done with the gag earlier in the week, the first rumours would be hitting the web before we left the studio. People would search for Clara and turn up the stories I'd submitted to a few websites. Once people made the connection, they'd never see her has the innocent high school singer again!

I listened as the director informed her about their various policies and what to expect. They discussed safe words and make up. I had to admit this director was a very charismatic man.

"OK, Mac." said Clara. "I'm happy with what you've said, but what exactly are you going to do to me?"

The muscular rigger smiled. "We'll do three scenes. Each will take about an hour. At the end of each scene we'll take a break, have a chat, talk about what you like, what you didn't, and so on. I want to make sure you're happy before we move on."

Seeing she wanted more he continued. "We'll take you into the studio in a few minutes. We'll tie you up. I'll play a little. Maybe give you a quick spank. Then we'll get the toys out and we make you cum!" He grinned. "Have you got a vibrator at home?"

She nodded shyly.

He passed her a large plastic one. "Not like this I bet!"

Cautiously she turned the device on. The powerful vibrations made her jump. She quickly turned the buzzing monster off.

"That's the low setting!" He winked.

"I'll give you a few minutes to get undressed. Put on one of the gowns behind the door. We'll see you in the studio!" He smiled, shook her hand, and headed for the door. Wordlessly I followed him out.

The wait in the studio was excruciating. In a few minutes I was going to see one of the most popular young singers on the planet - naked! Not only that but she'd be tied up, spanked, and made to cum right before my eyes.

Seconds seemed to last minutes... then hours...

The room itself was very nondescript. A slightly forgiving rubber matting covered the floor. The walls were wood paneling. All sorts of anchor points and hooks dangled from the high ceiling. Aside from the rigger and me, there was a female photographer with short blonde hair, a boom operator, and two cameramen holding big video cameras on their shoulders. All were wearing black.

A sound from the door announced Clara's presence. She was wearing a thick brown dressing gown and padded across the floor on bare feet. Her expression was one of barely contained terror.

Our rigger stepped towards her, his face trustworthy and smiling. "Shall I take that?" he asked.

Clara nodded dumbly as he slipped the thick material off her shoulders.

"Thanks Mac," she whispered.

My heart stopped in my chest. Clara's body was all I hoped it would be. Her long tanned legs led up to the most perfect ass you could wish for. Her chest was round and full. Even without the push up bra she normally sported, her breasts shone with health - her dark pink nipples were perfectly proportioned. Her stomach was flat and toned, the result of countless hours of dance training. A faint whisper of pubic hair invited your eyes downwards to her pussy.

Mac was very professional. He'd no doubt tied up countless beautiful women before but surely never a multi-millionaire teenage pop princess! Taking her by her shoulders, the tall man led the blonde to the centre of the set. Instantly the cameras sprang into life.

Taking a length of hemp rope in his hands, he approached the young girl. She smiled nervously as he crouched in front of her. Firmly he placed her hands by her sides before proceeding to loop the rope around the top of her thigh and her wrist.

Kneeling, with his nose inches from her teenage pussy, he cinched the rope. Her hand was now trapped at her waist. Pulling another rope from his back pocket, Mac bound her other hand. Within moments the pop star was tied before us. It was only at this point that the young girl realised just how helpless she was. With two lengths of rope he'd trapped her completely.

When the rigger moved behind the young girl, the photographer sprang into position. As he massaged her chest, the camera captured the moment her nerves were replaced by excitement. I could tell she was enjoying the sensation in spite of herself. Masterfully he kneaded her breasts before mercilessly pinching her nipples. The blonde cried out in surprise. Smiling wickedly, the Dom pulled on her sensitive areolas forcing the star to her tip toes. Wordlessly he released her and switched his attentions to her clit.

If Clara was surprised by his progression to her pussy, she didn't show it. Her head rocked back and her mouth let out a gentle moan as he stroked the tender flesh between her legs.

SMACK!

The sudden sound brought her back.

SMACK!

She gasped as his palm struck her ass for the second time. Firmly he pulled her bound nubile body toward him, his hands working her breasts. He nodded to the woman photographer and, after passing the camera to one of the videographers, she picked up a vibrator and approached the pop star.

Clara's legs bucked as the device touched her pussy. She moaned as Mac caught her. The rigger continued to massage her chest while the young photographer slipped a finger inside her. Clara spread her legs slightly to allow better access before falling into the older man's arms.

The superstar trembled as the orgasm took her. The mane of gold hair fell forward as she looked down at the woman between her legs. Her eyes met mine for an instant but she was too far gone to care. Mac twisted hard on her nipples, once more dragging her upwards as the climax continued to claim her.

Slowly she slouched, as her heart rate returned to normal.

The rigger released the ropes binding her hands. The young girl was still unsteady on her feet as she headed to her dressing room. Mac would give her a minute or two to come down from the high before continuing.

One scene down. Two to go! My cock throbbed in my trousers.

Mac and I knocked on the door and quietly entered the dressing room. Clara was sat on the comfy settee her face in her hands. She hadn't covered up. As I watched her sitting there naked and exposed, I realised that tears were running down her face.

Instantly Mac was by her side. Unphased by her nudity, he put his arm around the trembling girl.

"What's wrong?" He asked softly.

Clara didn't respond right away, instead she sniffed back her tears and looked at us. "Nothing, I'm just being silly," she muttered.

The rigger took her hand and looked her in her eyes. His people skills were flawless. "Tell me," he instructed. This wasn't a command from a dominant, but it was no less flexible.

"It's just that I had a look at your website last night," she admitted. "I thought it was pretty obscene. I kind of came to the decision that people who liked that kind of stuff must be pretty fucked up." Mac didn't say anything so she continued. "But that was... Amazing! So what does that make me?"

Mac's mouth opened wide in a big grin. "It makes you just as kinky as the rest of us!" he grinned. He wrapped his arms around her in another bear hug. The tiny nude figure looked so small next to him. "You had the same preconceptions so many people who've never experimented had. So what if you enjoyed it? There's nothing wrong with being turned on! In fact I wouldn't be very good at my job if you weren't!"

Clara wiped her eyes and grinned. She felt foolish.

"Come on," he comforted her. "Wipe your eyes. Answer me one question, do you want to do a second scene?"

The young pop star nodded nervously, a smile creeping over her face.

"I won't go as easy on you this time!" he warned, his grey eyes twinkling.

"Bring it!" She winked.

It didn't take long for the makeup artist to correct the damage to Clara's smudged eyeliner. Soon she was back on the set slipping the dressing gown over her slim shoulders once again.

For the second time that day I was entranced by the beauty of the teenage pop idol. The studio lights shone on her curves - their glow highlighting her figure for the camera which snapped away beside me.

"So are we going for something a bit more ambitious?" grinned Mac. Clara didn't reply, but smiled at him. Her nerves had subsided. She looked genuinely excited at what was to come.

Placing Clara's arms by her side, once again her dominant wrapped long lengths of rope around her torso under her chest. He wasn't subtle and took delight in manhandling each breast, lifting them out of the way and wrapping the rope tidily underneath. He then proceeded to tie another loop above her breasts, before cinching the slack under her arms and securing the harness with a yoke of hemp on the back of her neck.

Taking her hands, he bound the young girl's delicate wrists together and secured them to the harness. To complete the effect, Mac took a final length of rope, cinched it above and below her chest, and proceeded to wrap each breast with its own coil. I'd seen the technique many times online but never in person - and certainly not on someone as pretty or famous as Clara. The scene left my cock straining against my underwear.

"How does that feel?" asked Mac.

Clara nodded with a smile on her face, but she didn't say anything. She struggled against the rope for a moment to test her range of motion. She had none. Mac had done his job well. The pop star was well and truly trapped.

"Sit on the floor for me," he instructed. With a little difficulty the young blonde lowered herself to the ground. Mac quickly pulled her legs in front of her and crossed her ankles.

Another length of hemp rope appeared in his hands. Crouching in front of his prisoner, the Dom tied her crossed ankles together.

Placing his hand on the back of the young singer's neck, he guided her head down. I knew Clara was in great shape from endless dance routines and personal trainer sessions, but I was impressed when her forehead practically scraped the matting on the floor. Taking a moment to make sure her blonde hair didn't get caught, the rigger looped the rope from her ankles over the back of her neck and back again. With a few more motions the star's head was held in place.

Clara struggled against the ropes which held her.

"Comfortable?" teased Mac.

"Not really!" came Clara's reply, muffled by the hair which fell over her face.

"Hmmm..." said the Dom, toying with her. With a swift movement he rocked the young girl onto her back.

In a single movement he'd transformed the position from restrictive but closed, to shockingly exposing. The superstar's pussy was suddenly on display for the world to see. Her athletic legs were crossed over her chest, while a pair of startled bright blue eyes peeked out over her feet.

Mac slipped a long index finger inside her pussy.

"How about now?" he asked.

Clara could only groan in response.

With Clara lying on her bound arms there was very little she could do to prevent Mac's attack.

Mac had every advantage and exploited each one to the full. With one finger inside gently caressing her g-spot, and the powerful vibrator firmly on her clit, he drove the young pop star irresistibly towards orgasm.

Clara's mouth opened wide as she felt the climax approaching. Abruptly Mac withdrew his hand and moved the vibrator off her clit. The singer's face fell in frustration.

With no sympathy for the panting girl, Mac pulled a ball gag from a pocket. For a moment I wondered just how much stuff he had crammed in there, but he interrupted my thoughts.

"I saw the pictures of you gagged," he said. "You seemed to like it! This one is bigger!"

Without another word, the Dom pushed the large rubber ball into the singer's mouth. Quickly he buckled the strap behind her head. Sure enough the large pink gag was forcing the poor girl's mouth open wider than anyone had ever seen it in concert. With his submissive silenced, Mac returned to his work.

With the gag in her mouth Clara could only groan as Mac's fingers continued to massage her insides. I watched the drool begin to escape as he positioned the vibrator perfectly. I watched the climax build once again in the young girl before it was cruelly denied a second time.

A sound escaped from the gag. It was heavily distorted but unmistakably rude. Mac's hand made contact with the singer's face.

"Don't swear at me!"

The slap surprised her, but her attention was drawn away the moment his tongue made contact with her pussy.

With no escape possible Clara could only moan through her gag as the inevitable orgasm crashed over her. Her muscles tensed and her legs stained against their bonds as the girl's second climax of the day took hold. With no way to evade the unrelenting attack on her pussy, the star could only gasp for air around the edges of her gag as Mac dragged the sensations on and on and on...

Finally the young celebrity was brought down from her high. The rigger slowly released her from the tight bondage. For several minutes the blonde could do nothing but lie on the floor and breath heavily.

I didn't intrude on the discussions in the dressing room this time - I had my own needs to attend to. The scene I had just witnessed had left me so hard I thought I was about to burst. Discreetly I took to one of the bathrooms and wanked myself to an orgasm of my own.

Clara and Mac were already back in the room when I returned. The lady doing makeup had once again performed miracles and had transformed the singer's hair from "just fucked" to "pop princess". I really should look into hiring her.

The rigger had already begun his work and Clara's wrists were tied firmly behind her back. I watched as Mac fed the length of rope under her arm and across her neck to finish some very stringent elbow bondage.

Next came her breasts. Obviously the feedback she'd given while I'd been off wanking had been positive because Mac was taking no prisoners. I watched as he tightly bound the singer's perky tits with rope, causing them to swell and darken slightly in colour.

Once her upper body was completely immobilised in rope, a large wooden box was slid across the floor. Black leather covered the top to prevent unfortunate splinters. I watched as Clara was guided into position. As she lay down on the box, I could only watch in awe as her perfect breasts, bound tightly with rope, pressed against the black leather.

The rigger quickly went to work. He tied the girl's ankles to her thighs and each knee to the corresponding corner of the box. Once done, the singer was trapped face down with her legs open.

While I absorbed the complexity of the tie, the cameraman and photographer circled around the bound superstar and documented her body in intimate detail.

Once again the photographer handed her camera to her colleague, in its place she picked up a large stick with a dildo and vibrator mounted firmly on the end. Approaching from behind the imprisoned girl, she stayed out of sight and waited for Mac's signal.

The rigger took his time and approached the blonde who lay on her front before him. Her bound breasts stood out magnificently as she was forced to rest her weight on them. Slowly he crouched so the pair were eye to eye.

"You said you wanted to play more?" he asked. The young girl nodded slightly, not breaking eye contact.

"Here's a game for you," continued Mac. "I reckon a singer like you must have some serious skills. A talented tongue. Able to hold your breath for a while. So I'm going to test you. If you do well, Lizzie will reward you. If I'm not impressed, she'll use her cane! Understand?"

The girl nodded again.

Mac unzipped his fly and unfastened his trousers. A moment later the helpless singer was presented with his cock, hard and expectant.

Clara stretched for the organ which hung an inch from her face. A moment later it was in her mouth. The cameras recorded the image with the due care of professionals.

Mac glanced at his assistant and shook his head. A moment later the crack of a cane across the singer's backside made her yelp.

"Come on! You can do better than that!" he challenged the bound girl. Clara renewed her efforts with vigour. Her mouth moved quickly over the older man's dick, but he remained unimpressed. She gagged for air as the cock withdrew. Another swing of the cane left a mark next to it's predecessor.

Mac pulled away.

"Stop it," he commanded. "You're embarrassing yourself!" The star's face fell. Clearly she had hoped for a better response. Mac was used to fucking professionals and he wasn't going to accept a poor job.

"First, make a fist around your thumb with your left hand. That'll suppress your gag reflex. Now, I want long, deep and rhythmic movements. Take my whole dick in your mouth, balls deep."

Following her new instructions, the blonde went to work. I saw her grasping her left thumb and watched in surprise as she easily slipped the full length of Mac's cock into her mouth. I like that expression, "balls deep". The phrase certainly applied here. I watched as the dick emerged to a few licks of her tongue before promptly being swallowed again, so deep that his pubic hair tickled her nose and threatened to make her sneeze.

With a satisfied grunt the rigger nodded to the assistant with the dildo. A moment later Clara gasped as the long plastic dick slipped inside her. A buzz told me the vibrator was firmly in place on her clit.

"Very good!" encouraged Mac. "With a few more lessons I could turn you into the best cocksucker in the city!" The pop star didn't reply - her mouth was too full of his manhood.

"You're a quick learner," he said. The frequency of the vibrator between the girl's legs increased. "If you cum before me, there will be some serious consequences!" The assistant swished the cane through the air to emphasise the point. My eyes were drawn to the two red lines already decorating the singer's round ass.

Knowing she would be pushed to compete with the mechanical device between her legs, Clara redoubled her efforts. Within a few moments the pair were gasping with appreciation.

Clara was struggling. "I'm going to cum!" she cried, her voice muffled by the dick between her lips.

"Don't you fucking dare!" he warned.

Clara's eyes narrowed in concentration as she focused on holding off the orgasm which threatened to wash over her. Focusing instead on the cock of her dominant, she worked frantically, drawing him deep into her mouth faster and faster.

With a gutteral sound Mac withdrew and grabbed his dick with one hand. Furiously he provided the final few strokes necessary and released his lead at the bound young singer. With a practiced skill the cum hit the girl square in the face, the white fluid running from her forehead, eyes and cheeks down to her mouth and chin.

"Please can I cum?" begged the pop star. Mac didn't reply. Instead he guided his cock once again info the girl's mouth and allowed her to clean him off. Once he was satisfied he nodded his consent.

The climax hit the young girl like a tidal wave - she cried out as the sensations gripped her. The assistant, unrelenting in her duties, rubbed the girl's clit with her hand until she was well and truly spent. Only after the cameras had finished recording one of the most famous faces in the music industry reduced to a quivering mess, did Mac begin to untie the star.

As the ropes were removed, Clara remained prostrate on the box, shivering as her muscles were released from their bondage. It was only when someone passed her a damp towel that the girl remember the dried cum which still covered her face. Slowly she wiped the smudged makeup and flaking semen away. Cautiously she slipped on the robe and quietly retreated to the privacy of the dressing room.

I sat at home the following evening. The computer screen glowed a warm light as I flicked through the photos. I smiled at the image on the screen. It was my favorite beyond a doubt. The photo has been taken in the final scene. It showed Clara's face, neck and just a hint of her bound breasts. Her eyes were wide as she strained against the ropes. Her lips were parted as she experienced her orgasm. Mac's white cum dripped down her face.

I turned the screen off when I heard the knock at the door. I let Clara in and she sat on the sofa opposite me.

"It's good news!" I grinned. "The number of searches for your name has gone through the roof! Sales have already spiked and we've sold more tickets in the last day than the previous week.

The young girl smiled "I guess it was a success then!" I couldn't keep the image of her bound naked form out of my head.

"Interesting day?"

"You can say that again." She blushed. "I enjoyed it a lot more than I thought I would, but my ass doesn't half sting!" The vision of her backside with two stripes from the cane flashed in front of my eyes.

"The pictures are great," I commented. "I've not watched the video yet but..."

"That was supposed to stay encrypted!" she shrieked, the colour drained from her cheeks.

"Yeah, but then I got thinking..." I turned the monitor back on to reveal her cum-coated face.

"I'm sure I could drum up a lot more publicity by selling these photos to a newspaper."

Realisation flashed over the singer's face. Anger changed to fear, then to defeat.

"What do you want me to do?" she finally asked.

I smiled. "Well you can start by showing me where that ass of yours hurts." I grinned as her face fell. "Then you can show me some of those blowjob skills Mac taught you."

The End