**Red Lipstick Paradise**

by[HeyAll](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=992050&page=submissions)©

*Image is everything.*
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It was a roller coaster ride. By her teen years, Tiffany had been featured on several singing shows for her voice and wholesome appeal. When she was 19, she got her first record deal. Things only got brighter from there.

Tiffany became America's good girl. Perfect in every way. Attractive, smart, talented, and she can even be funny too.

But when she reached her late 20's, her popularity had begun to fade. New pop stars were abundant. Younger girls, prettier, and worse-- they were cooler.

It wasn't that Tiffany had become any less talented, or less charming. That couldn't be further from the truth. The market gets what it wants. Sex sells. And Tiffany's wholesome appeal just got boring for much of her fanbase.

She had a plan though. Not to diminish her wholesome appeal or betray her values. Not to strip off her clothes and dance obscenely. Nor was it to sing about sex and random hook-ups.

She intended to show that good girls weren't out of the running just yet.

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In a private downtown studio, Tiffany played the last set of tracks for her new album, *Paradise*, to the head of the record label.

"I like it," Richard said confidently after the final song ended. "It's a little different than your last stuff. But it's still *you.* It has all your trademarks."

Tiffany nodded, unsurprised. "Thank you. It turned out well."

"It did. It could also use a little more polish and another round of sound mixing. Overall, it's good stuff. There's a lot we can do with this, marketing-wise."

"That's the plan," she agreed. "I'm hoping to mature my image without being overly sexy. Something edgy, without being classless."

"We have to be careful with that."

"Why?"

"The female pop scene is over-saturated right now," Richard explained. "If you go halfway in this direction, you'll be drowned by sex symbols and all the new talent that's out there."

"I don't want to compromise on the direction of my career."

He gave a slow nod. "I respect that. Like I said, it could be a tough road. Your new music is good. But there's plenty of similar music that's laced with sex appeal. Your music is basically sex without any sex."

"It's called normal music," she quipped.

"Fair enough. Any ideas on a lead single?"

"A few," she replied. "I'll have to discuss it with my management."

"Go with *Masquerade.* That'll be your lead. The music video could feature a number of tantalizing costumes and designs. It'll have a modern, hip vibe to it without compromising your wholesome image. Sassy without the trash."

There was pure confidence exuded from Richard's voice. This was a man who knew what he was talking about. The idea clicked something in Tiffany's brain and she gave him an approving look.

"You're the best," she smiled.

Richard remained in business mode. "I know. Your re-invention idea is good. The new music is solid. Your image needs to be managed very carefully though. We'll have to spend a few bucks on the music video so it'll get people talking. I want it to be a massive hit on youtube."

"The last director I worked with should be up for this."

"We'll need more than a good director," he said, thinking out loud. "This is about costumes, costumes, and costumes. I want something with flash and style. Something that'll get substantial views."

"Anyone in mind?"

Richard thought long and hard. "There was a woman who used to work for me. Talented. Really talented at this sort of thing. I may not have spoken to her in a few years, but I'm sure she'll do me this favor."

"Any personal animosity there?" Tiffany inquired.

"None. She just got sick of the music industry and left. When it comes to the actual work, she's Wonder Woman."

Tiffany liked the sound of that. "If she's good enough for you, she's good enough for me. Give her a call. Let's make a great video."

"Another thing," he said, almost as a word of caution.

"Yes?"

"If she agrees to do this, I have to say, her methods can be a little unconventional."

Tiffany brushed it off. "I've dealt with some of the most abrasive, demanding people that you can ever imagine. It doesn't scare me. I'm a hard worker. You know that."

"She's not abrasive. She's not demanding either. This woman is a complete sweetheart."

"Then what's the issue? Is she the artsy type?"

"In a way, yes," Richard replied. "Do you have an open mind?"

"Of course."

"Then there shouldn't be any problems. I'll make the call and try to get a hold of her."

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In many ways, Tiffany was a classic exhibitionist. She craved attention and the feeling of being adored. If she wasn't the center of attention, something didn't feel right. It had to be *her.*

Dancing and singing on stage gave her a powerful, titillating thrill. The kind of feeling that couldn't be replicated with any drug or serum. It was this desire, along with her talent and work ethic, that drove her to stardom.

Her biggest sexual fantasy was *real* exhibitionism. Allowing people to see the real her, exposed, underneath the clothes and covers. Of course, she'd never allow that to happen. Her 'good girl' image was more important to her than some cheap moment of gratification.

But even good girls are allowed to have naughty fantasies, right?

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It was nearly two weeks until the meeting was finalized. Now, she was going to meet MJ, the woman she had heard so much about.

The meeting took place at a small dance studio used for rehearsals. It was going to be empty except for them. That was MJ's idea.

Tiffany showed up to the dance studio wearing casual leggings, a loose top, and a scarf for style. MJ was waiting there, and Tiffany had to do a double take. This person was totally different than what she had expected. Tiffany expected another record label personnel. A bureaucrat of sorts. Hard nosed and strict.

Instead, there stood MJ texting on her phone. What a natural beauty too. Long, dark red hair. Fair skin. Red lipstick. A sleek body. A dancer's body. And heels which left her toes exposed. There would certainly be no dancing today; not in those heels, at least.

This exotic redhead woman must have been in her mid 30's, Tiffany estimated.

They made eye contact with each other and MJ put her phone away. It was nothing but smiles at that point as they greeted each other warmly. Small talk was made and a few normal pleasantries were exchanged.

"What does MJ stand for, anyway?" Tiffany later asked.

"Look at my hair and take a guess."

Tiffany drew a blank. "I have absolutely no clue, sorry."

"MaryJane. As in Spider-Man's girlfriend."

"Ah, I used to be addicted to that cartoon when I was young."

MJ smiled, "Same here. Other kids used to accuse me of dying my hair so fiery red because of my first name, so I shortened my name to MJ so people would stop making Spider-Man references. Plus, it's more unique."

"It's a super cute name."

There was a short moment of awkward silence between them, and it must have been a few seconds where they just smiled at each other.

"I heard a few snippets of your music," MJ said. "Well done. Brilliant work by the producers and yourself. I'm sure *Paradise* is going to be an amazing hit."

Tiffany felt pride over this. "Thanks so much. I work really hard to create quality music."

"Good, because we're going to work really hard this week on your new image, and your upcoming video."

"What exactly did you used to do for Richard?" the pop singer asked politely. "I never got a straight answer about that."

"I did a little of this. A little of that. I started as an intern for the label right after college. From there I had various jobs, ranging from dance choreography, design, imaging, and things like that."

"A talented renaissance woman. I like that."

MJ winked. "Art is art. I do my best."

"My philosophy exactly. We're going to get along just fine."

"I know. I've been following your career these past few years and I feel that we have a similar style. I think you're going to be pleased with some of the ideas I've conjuring up for you."

"I look forward to it," Tiffany beamed, then using her hands to gesture to MJ's stellar appearance. "You certainly look knowledgeable about style. Are you still in the entertainment industry?"

"*High Heels, Red Lipstick.*"

"Pardon?"

"That's the business I work for now," MJ explained. "Part of my new job is looking and feeling amazing. Then extending that same feeling to other women, so they can be at their very best."

"Oh, I've never heard of it. What industry is that for?"

"For all industries. A few weeks ago, I worked with a renowned painter, helping her find inspiration. Before that, I worked with a female CEO. She was stressed for various reasons, and I helped relieve her, giving her a clear mind to focus properly."

Tiffany nodded. "Interesting. And how did you do that?"

"Our company has special techniques for each situation. And I can assure you, each situation calls for different solutions."

There was a playful innuendo in MJ's voice, accompanied with a sparkle in her eyes and a pursing of her lips. It was something which made Tiffany believe the innuendo was sexual, which it most likely was.

"I'm sure it'll be a fun process," Tiffany said with a slight tenseness, as her good girl image had felt challenged in some way.

"Let's go have lunch and get to know each other a little more. That'll help me get a better feel for your personality."

The cafe they chose was small, refined and private. Not at all the type of place you'd expect to go when discussing business. They ordered light entrees and coffee. There, they clicked and really got to know each other on a more personal level. Picking each other's brains and learning each other's thoughts. The tension in the atmosphere seemed to grow with every passing moment.

Ideas began flowing, and they ordered more coffee to keep their minds stimulated. The *Masquerade* choreography was beginning to emerge, the next idea being more amazing than the last. It was supposed to be for business, but like all personal relationships, things just happen and a closeness emerged.

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It was all the information MJ had needed. Her mind began racing, planning a solid game plan to revamp TIffany's waning career.

MJ's life wasn't all work though. She spent time with all her hipster, city friends. She also spent time with her conservative, elderly parents. It was all part of living a balanced life. A woman with an open mind.

It was that mindset and raw passion for life that allowed her to create. Once she'd found her stride, she burst with creative thoughts, turning her downtown studio laboratory into an art room. Blank canvases stood on racks. Sketch boards were sprawled across the floor. A variety of fabrics and materials were arranged on the couch.

It was all part of the creative process as she drew on the canvases, sketched designs on the boards, and used the fabrics to create prototypes outfits that were destined to catch the viewer's eye.

MJ was pleased with her work after a few days. It had been a while since she worked with anyone in the music industry, and she relished the opportunity. This was her passion. The fact that she really liked Tiffany's music and personality was a massive bonus.

MJ celebrated her small accomplishment by accepting an invitation from a friend to go out. They had a late night meal of Indian food and they caught up with each other's lives.

"Life is crazy," MJ opined, devouring another bite of naan and curry. "Last weekend sucked. Now, I couldn't be happier."

"Screw bad luck. And screw our diets, at least for tonight," her friend said, holding up a beverage.

"I'll toast to that."

They made a toast with their mango yogurt drinks and then gulped it all down. A perfect way to spend the night.

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MJ didn't bother to tidy up her studio apartment. Not even when a famous pop star was about to visit her place. After all, she was an artist. Artists are allowed to be messy, right?

She didn't put a lot of effort into her appearance either, since after all, this was her living space. She remained barefoot and kept her face makeup-free. No red lipstick today, but that's fine, a girl can't be expected to look glamorous all the time.

As usual, Tiffany showed up fashionably late to the apartment, dressed in casual clothes and big sunglasses to hide from the paparazzi. The pop singer profusely apologized for the tardiness, then turned her attention towards the sassy apartment.

"I'm so jealous," Tiffany expressed, pulling the sunglasses off and removing her shoes to enter. "This place is awesome."

MJ arched an eyebrow. "You think this is awesome? Let me show you the living room."

They went over to the living room where all the concepts and designs were spread around. It was like a mini art gallery. Costume designs, models of masquerade masks, and potential fabric colors were all on display.

MJ briefly explained each concept in a way that anyone could understand. Not only did she have a gift for art, but she also had a gift for speaking. Each idea was carefully conveyed and thoughtfully shown.

"There you have it," MJ said, like it was a slam dunk. "My concepts for *Paradise,* and the layout for the music video, *Masquerade.*"

Tiffany looked in awe at the pictures, layouts, and presentation. It was like she hadn't been expecting anything remotely close to this.

"I'm blown away."

MJ gave a knowing smile. "Wonderful."

"Seriously, wow! This is exactly what I wanted. It's hip, stylish, and cool. Most importantly, it's not raunchy in any way. It's totally tasteful and classy. I love it! I really love what you've done."

"Thank you," MJ replied. "My style has always been to accentuate the female form, which is the most beautiful thing on the planet."

"Can we still retain your services for the future?" Tiffany inquired. "I want you on set for the music video and promotional shoots."

"I wish I could, but I'm booked after this. I have a few clients, some are from other cities."

"We'll pay you more," Tiffany asserted. "A lot more. You can always reschedule your other appointments."

MJ gave an amused look. "Have you not learned anything about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"It means, the money is nice, but not my sole motivation. I left the music industry for a reason. It's filled with shallow people. I find my current work to be far more fulfilling."

Tiffany fought her disappointment. "I'll have to commend you for that."

"Don't get me wrong, I had a blast making these for you. But my time is better suited in the real world, instead of a music video set."

Tiffany wanted to say, *'Fuck the real world. I'll pay you triple what they're offering,'*but resisted the urge.

"We have a few more days together, right?" Tiffany asked.

"Correct."

"Then I intend to take full advantage of that. I want to pick your brain even further. You'll be paid extra, I promise."

MJ smiled, "Like I said, money isn't my sole motivator, but it's nice of you. And yes, I'd love to continue lending my services to you."

"How about right now?"

"I'm already helping you now," MJ pointed out. "The designs are yours."

"I don't mean your artwork. Teach me your tricks. Show me all your techniques."

A sly expression grew on MJ's face. "Be careful what you wish for."

"And why is that?"

"Remember, I work for *Red Lipstick* now, and we have an array of techniques for situations like these."

Tiffany's eyes grew hungry. "Show me. I'm curious."

Their eyes locked, with sexual tension pulsing between them with a playful teasing edge.

"My techniques are based on experience and years of training. It's not for everyone, but my methods are tried, tested, and true."

Tiffany pursed her lips. "I'm a durable girl."

"You've been warned," MJ winked. "Let's get started. You want to grab people's attention while remaining classy about it? In my humble opinion, you'll need the confidence of a goddess. Do you catch my drift?"

Tiffany nodded. "Absolutely."

"No offense, but I can tell you haven't had a strong orgasm in a while," MJ casually stated. "And you don't masturbate nearly enough."

Tiffany blushed. "What can I say? I'm busy."

"That's no excuse. All humans are sexual beings. And what's a greater form of confidence than being completely secure in your own skin?"

Tiffany crinkled her nose. "What are you suggesting?"

"It's unorthodox, if you're seeking the *Red Lipstick* route. Here, take my hand. Let me show you something."

Eager to dive right into this little game, the pop singer held MJ's hand and was led over to the balcony, where they enjoyed the open air, cool breeze, and a gorgeous view of the downtown area.

"The world is filled with people too afraid of chasing dreams," MJ reflected. "There's nothing wrong with that. Life can be scary, and it's perfectly okay to seek normalcy and certainty. Not you though. You like challenges."

Tiffany agreed, "I've always been a risk taker."

"Then tell me your most taboo sexual fantasy."

The question had caught Tiffany completely off-guard. A seemingly innocent conversation had taken a strange turn.

"Seriously?"

"Yes," MJ said with a soft sternness. "And don't bullshit me either. I want the good stuff."

"Is this really part of the process?"

There was a look of subtle surprise on Tiffany's face, which was met with a look of confidence by MJ. The pop singer definitely wasn't ready for anything like this, but seemed up for the task.

"You asked for this method," MJ said, almost as a taunt. "If you'd like, we can go back inside to study the sketches again."

That wasn't an option. Not for a strong-willed woman like Tiffany who was looking to push herself for the sake of a successful career.

Tiffany took a deep breath, then dove into her explanation. "My most taboo sexual fantasy would have to be exhibitionism. Not just flashing here or there. I mean, *real*exhibitionism."

"Then why don't you join your fellow pop divas and get naked for magazine covers?" MJ asked tauntingly.

"Because I'm far too modest with showing skin. Plus, I have strong family values. This is just a fantasy from my sexual side."

MJ nodded attentively. "What do you wish could happen in your fantasy?"

There was a long pause. Tiffany looked outward to the view of the city and collected her thoughts for the answer.

"If I'm honest here, I really get-off on the idea of being naked on a stage. Sometimes, I'll fantasize that I'm a stripper or something. I'll wear a pink wig so no one will notice me. Then I'll get up there, dance to club music, do the pole thing. Then, piece by piece, my clothes start coming off. Before I know it, I'm naked, for only that audience to see."

MJ gave an inquisitive look. "There's got to be more. What else are you hiding from me?"

"Ever watch that movie *Birdman*?"

"Sure."

"I sometimes fantasize that I'm part of a stage play. The role requires sex in front of the audience. Me being the method actress that I am, I actually do it underneath the covers. Then the covers get pulled, and there I am, naked, having sex for the audience to see. I briefly cover my breasts, but then I don't. I'm enjoying myself getting fucked or whatever, while the classy audience just watches, and sometimes applauds."

"Sounds salacious," MJ noted.

"It is. I like the idea of my naked body being admired and lusted after."

"You have a beautiful body."

Tiffany lightly blushed. "Thanks."

"Tell me, in your exhibitionist fantasies, can you ever see the audience?"

"Sure, mostly just random faces I conjure up."

"Are they men or women?"

Tiffany pursed her lips briefly. "Depends. Usually mixed."

"Have you ever been with a woman?"

Tiffany squinted her eyes. "I'll tell you, but on one condition."

"A trade sounds fun."

"You've said that you have special techniques you use, to help clients, what are they? Don't shortchange me either. I was honest with you. Now I expect honesty in return."

MJ looked the pop star straight in the eyes. "It all depends. Whatever the situation calls for. Sometimes I'll use my mind. The power of my words. Subtle ways of instilling confidence. Other times, I'll have to take drastic measures, like using my hands, breasts, vagina, or tongue. Whatever works, right?"

It was the confirmation Tiffany had been looking for. She had picked up the hints that MJ was a not-so-subtle lesbian. Now it was a fact. A fact which kind of excited and intrigued Tiffany to some degree.

"I've never been with a woman," Tiffany admitted in response.

"But it's a fantasy, I'm assuming."

"Yes."

"I figured as much. You certainly have the vibes of a young woman curious about exploration."

"What's not to like?" Tiffany shrugged. "Women have beautiful bodies."

"And soft touches, the right caresses, and we're amazing at eating pussy too."

Tiffany's body tensed. "So I've heard."

"Well, I'm very pleased to say that the current phase of our journey is complete."

"What are the other phases?"

MJ explained, "The first phase was knowing your mind from the initial meeting. The second phase was creating the artwork for your music video. The third phase was knowing your sexual side."

"And the final phase?" Tiffany asked, eyebrow rose, almost afraid of hearing the answer.

"The final phase is unlocking your confidence so you can finally be comfortable in your skin. It all sounds strange now, but wait until I'm done with you. The music world will be pleasantly surprised by your transformation. All while maintaining your wholesome self."

Tiffany was ready to toss herself into this redhead's arms.

"I'd like to see what ideas you have for that," the pop singer said, throwing caution to the wind.

"That will happen in a few days. I've formulated the game plan while you were telling me your secrets. I'll need time to set things up. It will also be the foundation for your *Masquerade* music video too."

"Honestly, I can't wait," Tiffany replied.

"Neither can I."

The little mischievous twinkle in MJ's eyes, along with her brazen words, were enough to make Tiffany's pussy twitch with sexual anticipation.

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When the plan was formed, Tiffany left the apartment with a sense of excitement. This was unlike any meeting she had ever attended, and MJ was certainly no ordinary industry employee! The methods were unorthodox with a serving of emotional depth to it.

There was a sense of mystery too. Unlike Tiffany's normal routine with vocal coaches, dance instructors, or record executives, she had literally had no idea what MJ had planned. She liked that, though.

What fun they were going to have.

Tiffany had always kept her desires to herself, usually in the privacy of her bedroom, or bathtub, and she'd masturbate. No vibrator or sex toy necessary. Her two fingers were highly skilled with years of valuable experience. She knew exactly what she liked and where her g-spot was. And goodness did she know what fantasies hit the spot.

It was her closely guarded secret which only two people know about now; herself and MJ.

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The proverbial 'phase four' of the plan was set to begin as Tiffany showed up to the auditorium. She was dressed in leggings and a loose top, with a sports bra underneath, and a gym bag strapped across her shoulder in case she got sweaty. Everything was per the instructions she had received. Security had let her inside through the back entrance, where she was greeted by her beautiful instructor.

MJ looked ready for work; her red hair tied in a ponytail, red lipstick which contrasted her fair skin, tight clothes, and heels on her feet.

They greeted each other warmly, knowing they were in for a big day of rehearsals (whatever that may be, Tiffany wondered) and went to the empty changing room. All the lights were on, which illuminated the space full of mirrors, lockers, makeup, and all sorts of clothes hanging on racks.

"I have something for you to wear," MJ said. "It's just a prototype. The real thing is still being made. Everything you'll see today are just prototypes."

"That sounds good. I'd love to give it a try."

MJ gave a sneaky look. "Don't be so happy yet. Remember, this is only for private."

While the pop singer stood there, MJ reached for an outfit which hung on the rack. It was a thin, sleek dress, which was entirely open on the bosom area. MJ held it up with a mischievous smile on her face.

"You're kidding," Tiffany said.

"I need to push your confidence to the extreme. This is how we'll do it."

Tiffany pursed her lips. "Fine, okay. Just for you."

"And the backup dancers waiting on the auditorium stage; five lovely ladies."

The singer jokingly feigned regret. "What have I gotten myself into?"

"A whole new world," MJ answered. "You'll need to trust me. A big part of my job is keeping secrets. And the five dancers I've bought are women that I trust to the fullest. Do you believe me?"

Tiffany had zero doubts about MJ's sincerity. Whatever MJ said was the truth. Also, if Tiffany was honest with herself, this did sound like it would interesting, and insanely hot too. Her eyes were locked on the skimpy dress and she could feel her heartbeat rising.

"Of course I believe you," Tiffany finally said.

"Good, because I'm running this ship with military precision. The dancers will form their position on stage in approximately 10 minutes. Which means, you'll have to strip now."

"In front of you?" Tiffany asked with an eyebrow raised.

"I'll be seeing your tits anyway. So will the dancers. This is all part of your training. The results will be spectacular. The *new* you."

Tiffany loved the sound of that, especially after her last album slumped in sales and her tours were no longer selling the way they used to. She needed a change. She needed to reinvent her image somehow, and this could be the key.

She put her things down and got undressed. After having done countless dance rehearsals and costume changes for concerts, stripping down in the locker room was nothing. She was used to getting naked around other women whom she was close with.

Only this time, there was one other woman in the room. And that woman was staring at her with an intensity.

"You're making me uncomfortable, the way you're just standing there staring at me," Tiffany said, removing her clothes.

"That's the idea. Get used to it."

Tiffany bared her perky little tits while MJ just stared at the undressing. Next came the bottom, while MJ continued looking on.

"*Everything,*" MJ ordered.

Tiffany refused to complain as she stripped all her clothes, including her shoes and socks, standing barefoot in the locker room, completely naked. She stood upright with her back straight, to prove to MJ that she already had the confidence for this, with her perky tits pointed forward, with her nipples hardened from the exposure, and her waxed vaginal area on proud display.

MJ nearly licked her own lips. "You are a gorgeous one. But I'm sure you already knew that. Let me put this dress on you."

The dress was slipped on Tiffany's body, then they looked in the mirror together. The dress tightly hugged the pop star's nude figure, but kept those perky tits and hard nipples out.

"Pucker your lips," MJ said. "I'm going to add the final touch."

When Tiffany puckered her lips, MJ applied a layer of that trademark bold red lipstick. When it was added, the pop star noted how different she looked with her new appearance. She was like a nude model. God, if anyone else saw this right now...

"It's time," MJ said. "Take my hand. I'll lead you to the stage and we'll begin the final phase of the process."

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It was all like a dream. MJ often had vivid dreams. Often times, the product of her artwork, designs, or creativity came from her dreams. From this, she had unshakable belief in her thought process. That was the ultimate key to her success.

MJ also had a knack for human sexuality. She always understood women. She understood thought process and the bounds of human sexuality. Her intuition never failed her.

She hadn't always been a sex goddess though. That came later in life, when she was a young intern for the record label. What began as a professional relationship between MJ and a much older dance choreographer quickly blossomed into something else. Particularly since there was a strong chemistry there.

That was also MJ's first real experience with another woman, and it was quite an education. This older woman knew all the pleasure spots of a woman's body. This older woman moved with grace and could dance like the wind. They'd often spend late nights in her apartment, with the choreographer doing ballet routines naked, all for MJ's personal entertainment and arousal.

It was during those few months that MJ received an education better than anything she could have gotten in college.

"It all starts here," the choreographer said, putting her hand over her naked breast where her heart was. "In the world of art, feelings are everything. What you like, what you don't like. You have to know yourself. With a physical performance, I like focusing on here."

The choreographer touched her own vagina, symbolizing her female sexuality. MJ watched, mesmerized.

"Teach me everything," MJ had said.

The choreographer arched an eyebrow. "You can be my successor. But you have to do something first."

"Anything."

"Kiss me. Down here."

Both women smiled to each other, as MJ had gotten down on her knees and seductively crawled to her new teacher.

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Now, as the pop star Tiffany stood on the stage facing the empty auditorium, she felt a different type of exhilaration, one she had never felt before. Her tits were bared, nipples rock hard.

There were five backup dancers behind her. All in different prototype costumes. All fully dressed. All wearing differently designed masquerade masks. This would be the basis for the upcoming music video and image reboot (minus the nudity, of course).

"Imagine the crowd," MJ said, casually walking around the stage on bare feet. "They're seeing you like this. Tits so bare and proud. How does that make you feel?"

"Exposed. Like I've never been so vulnerable in my life."

Tiffany kept her eyes locked to the rows of empty seats, imagining there was a crowd there, watching her like this. So very exposed. The thought made her pink nipples even harder, if that was even possible.

"This is the kind of confidence you need," MJ said, standing directly behind the pop singer now, whispering in her ear. "If you can be unfazed by this, it shows true confidence."

Tiffany whispered in a breath, "Does it?"

"Oh yes. Sexual confidence oozes through a person, and that's what I've been taught. If a person exudes that sort of confidence, people will naturally be drawn to that. What's greater than sexual power?"

"Nothing," Tiffany gulped.

"That's right. And the best part is, you can have that sort of power with your clothes on, maintaining your wholesome image. But first, you'll need to be trained. We need to condition your confidence levels. Are you okay with that?"

"Yes..."

While still standing behind the pop star, MJ reached forward with both hands and cupped each of the bare tits, feeling its stiffness from arousal, along with those very hard pink nipples. MJ tweaked each of the nipples with her fingers by pinching them, softly at first, then harder, until Tiffany made soft grunting sounds.

The hands continued probing, pinching, and rubbing along the breasts, creating a palpable feeling of arousal and desire.

"Your heart is racing. Why?" MJ asked.

"This is dangerous for me."

"Because this could ruin you if the public saw this."

"Yes, it could," Tiffany acknowledged. "I'm not supposed to be...like this...with my breasts out. It's not something I'd ever do."

"It's time to conquer your fears, Tiffany. Embrace your feelings. No one will ever know about this. I promise."

A simple slip of both shoulder straps was all it took for MJ to remove the dress, leaving Tiffany standing there naked on stage in all her glory. The pop singer's heart continued to pound as she stood stoically in front of the empty auditorium. Her skin felt the warmth of the bright lights, and the coolness of air flowing across every inch of her.

"Imagine the auditorium filled with people," MJ said, her lips pressed to the pop star's ear from the side. "A packed house. An audience paying top dollar to come see you naked. To admire your beauty. Do you like that?"

Tiffany imagined a sophisticated crowd, all sitting in their seats to admire her nakedness. The thought made her pussy twitch.

"It's my favorite fantasy," Tiffany breathed. "Yes, I like the thought of that."

"How much do you like it?"

Tiffany grabbed one of MJ's wrists and brought it down to her cunt. Two of MJ's fingers slipped inside the hole and felt the biological reaction the pop star had.

"Oh my goodness," MJ gasped with exaggeration. "You're a leaky faucet."

MJ pushed her fingers deeper and caressed the pussy from the inside. With her other hand, she tweaked the pop star's hard nipple.

"That feels so good."

MJ kissed the singer's ear. "I have another trick up my sleeve. Get on your knees."

"What?" Tiffany managed to whisper.

"You heard me. Knees. You wanted the *Red Lipstick* plan to reinvigorate your image, this is how we'll do it."

MJ pulled her fingers away and was nice enough to spread the dress across the floor, so that Tiffany's knees wouldn't hurt when she knelt down. Then MJ snapped her fingers and signaled for one of the dancers to come over.

In a moment, as Tiffany was naked on her knees, she looked up to see a masked dancer in a sleek outfit. Tiffany had no clue who this woman was, except that this dancer had a flawless figure.

"Lift your dress," MJ said to the dancer.

The dancer complied, lifting the dress to reveal a shaved pussy, with a light brown labia protruding from between her legs.

"Get closer," MJ said again to the dancer. "Give her a taste."

Tiffany ached and her heart nearly stopped as the dancer approached her, still holding up the dress. The pussy was only an inch or two away from Tiffany's mouth, and she knew exactly what was expected of her.

A nervous feeling grew deep inside the pit of Tiffany's stomach. Nevertheless, she bent forward and gave the pussy a soft kiss. It was the kind of kiss you'd give to a friend or family member. A friendly kind of kiss. Then she gave another kiss. This time, it was the kind of kiss you'd give a lover. Then Tiffany licked the pussy like you'd do with an ice cream cone, going up and down to make sure nothing was missed.

"Keep licking," MJ said to the pop star. "Lick, suck, kiss, tongue. Do whatever your heart commands."

For her first time, Tiffany wasn't bad at this. In fact, she enjoyed it far more than she expected she would. It was fairly simple. All she had to do was whatever MJ told her to do: lick, suck, kiss, and use her tongue. What she really enjoyed about eating the dancer's pussy was the texture of it. How soft it was. That soft skin and labia.

And then there was the taste. When Tiffany put her tongue inside the hole, she found the taste to be pleasant. She enjoyed it. Sure, she had tasted herself before, but to actually taste another woman's vagina was a thrill. She closed her eyes and continued pressing her mouth against the mysterious woman's pussy, orally serving it to the best of her ability. Her mind was focused on just that, and she didn't want any distractions, until MJ spoke.

"Open your eyes," MJ said to the pop singer. "Look up at the dancer while you eat her. Remember, you're on stage. Imagine this auditorium filled with people, watching you as you orally pleasure this woman."

Tiffany looked up, straight into the eyes of this mysterious masked backup dancer. This time, a fire burned inside Tiffany. She was even more eager to please. The exhibitionist side of her raged as her mind was brought back into the fantasy. Physically, she savored the taste of her first pussy eating experience, which was also a major fantasy as well.

"Move your mouth lower," MJ said. "I have a treat for you."

When Tiffany lowered her mouth on the pussy, MJ reached over to finger the dancer's clitoris, rubbing it in a fast circular motion. This made the dancer squirm with pleasure, making audible moans for the first time.

"Drink," MJ said to the obedient pop star. "I chose this dancer for a reason. She tastes as sweet as nectar. I hope you're thirsty."

As the dancer was being rubbed and eaten, her body tensed and her breathing went off the charts. The lower half of the dancer's body gave an involuntary thrust and fluids gushed from the pussy.

"Don't miss a drop," MJ said, almost as a warning, but in an ever-so-polite way.

Fluids gushed and dripped from the dancer's cunt, and Tiffany drank the orgasm that was produced. She gulped everything down. Savoring the taste and swallowing it. She did her best to get it all, but that was impossible. By the end of it, her chin was a mess, and so was her naked body along with the dress on the floor. Her heart pounded with exhilaration over what she had just done, and the taste of the feminine nectar still lingering in her mouth.

When the dancer's orgasm ended, MJ snapped her finger and the backup dancer stepped back without saying a word, lowering her dress in the process.

The other dancers came and lifted naked Tiffany to her feet, all in perfect formation. Tiffany stood with the masked dancers positioned around the sides of her. She tried her hardest to be brave about her vulnerable situation. The last thing Tiffany wanted was to show fear or shame for being the only woman naked, with fluids running down her chin and breasts after eating pussy.

"It appears you've enjoyed that," MJ said, admiring the nude pop star's body, and pinching her left nipple in the process.

Tiffany nodded. "This is the most surreal thing I've ever experienced."

As their eyes were locked, MJ ran her fingers across Tiffany's breasts and caressed both nipples.

"You're close to being reborn. Be brave. Be confident in your skin. Be the goddess you were meant to be."

A hard look was exchanged between them and MJ leaned in to kiss the pop star on the chin, then licked it, tasting the orgasmic fluids. Her lips moved upwards until they kissed fully, sharing a moment of deep intimacy on stage. Their lips pressed tight and their tongues came out. MJ wrapped her fingers around the pop singer's hair and they embraced even tighter.

The kiss ended when MJ pulled away, leaving Tiffany wanting so much more.

"Keep imagining that there's a crowd here," MJ said, her hands rubbing the singer's shoulders. "If you have the confidence to stand here, bold and proud, while I service you, then you have the ultimate confidence. Period. Don't flinch or try to hide yourself."

After a playful wink, MJ got down on her knees, leaving naked Tiffany facing the empty auditorium, then performed the oral service.

Unlike the pop star, MJ was a real professional at eating pussy. If cunt eating were a martial art, she'd be a black belt. If it were a sport, she'd be racking up all the trophies. She had the skill down to an art. MJ's secret was to use the right combination of her lips, tongue, and suction. She knew which spots to pay special attention to, and which technique to use at any given moment. Most of all, she liked sucking with all the power her mouth could muster.

"You'll be the death of me," Tiffany groaned, rubbing her fingers through MJ's fiery red hair.

MJ briefly moved her mouth away and looked up. "The finale of your training hasn't started yet. *Now* it will."

There was a deviant, almost evil, look in MJ's eyes as she snapped her fingers, before returning to eat Tiffany's pussy.

On perfect cue, the backup dancers approached Tiffany from behind. Their hands caressing the pop singer's body, rubbing her arms, back, waist, and tits. Pleasure was all over. Not only was Tiffany's pussy being stimulated beyond belief by MJ's mouth, but the hands of the dancers were now caressing her body too. It was all too much, yet oh-so-very enjoyable.

She almost felt guilty for receiving so much stimulation, as if she were being selfish in some way. As if she were unworthy of it somehow. But then she relaxed and embraced it. Embraced the feeling of her cunt being eaten by a beautiful woman for the very first time. And she embraced the feeling of her nude body being caressed by these five strangers in masks.

Tiffany kept her eyes on the empty auditorium. She imagined it filled with people who were dressed nicely, paying top dollar to see this. It was a unique and exquisite thrill.

In that moment, the closely guarded secrets of the famous singer had been lived out and explored. Tiffany got to experience things she had always masturbated to. And she got to experience it in a way that was safe and done with expertise.

It wasn't long until she felt the overwhelming urge to cum. They say that most orgasms for women are mental. If that's the case, Tiffany had no problems there as her mind was stimulated to full effect. So was her body. She just let it all out, cumming inside MJ's mouth. Tiffany couldn't remember the last time she came so hard.

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The moments before taking stage were always nerve-racking. Especially when it was the beginning of a tour.

Luckily, Tiffany had moral support, in the form of MJ's bottom. It had been months since they had last seen each other. But now, in Tiffany's moment of need, MJ was sure to provide assistance.

In the private dressing room, Tiffany was on her knees, wearing a sleek, stylish outfit that was designed for the opening dance number. Her makeup was glamorous, as was her hair.

Most importantly, her face was buried in between MJ's ass cheeks, who was bent over the dresser, looking at herself in the mirror.

"You never cease to impress me," MJ said amusingly. "You sing like an angel. You eat like one too."

The ultimate compliment, and Tiffany wanted to laugh as she ate, her face still nestled between the butt cheeks. Tongue stroking up and down, much like a painter would. While she was doing it, she wondered how it all came to this. Was she a lesbian now? She didn't have a clue. Things like this can be confusing, but whatever the case, she certainly enjoyed having her tongue up MJ's tight little hole.

A sudden knock on the door interrupted Tiffany's erotic train of thought, along with her talented oral performance.

*"Tiff, we'll need you backstage in 15 minutes,"* an assistant called. *"The show is about to start."*

"In a moment!" Tiffany hollered, returning to eat again.

MJ purred at the oral feeling, along with the sexy thought that a famous pop star was eating her ass.

"Unfortunately, I can't keep you here forever," MJ said. "Go out there and be the goddess you were born to be."

Tiffany planted kisses on MJ's butt. "This gives me confidence."

"Hmmm...so the show starts in 15 minutes, eh?"

Tiffany gave more kisses. "Oh yes. Plenty of time for...anything else..."

What was supposed to be a backstage pep talk quickly evolved into a sixty-nine session on the floor. Their bodies pressed tightly together, feeling each other's hardened nipples against their skin as their clothes were being pulled. MJ was on top, eating Tiffany's pussy. Tiffany was on the bottom, eating MJ's pussy in return.

They licked and sucked each other in the most delicate of ways. Pleasuring each other using oral techniques which MJ had taught the pop star. Stimulating each other's g-spots with their fingers.

After a few more minutes of this, both women approached their respective climaxes and came to relieve the building pressure. Neither of them stopped until the other felt fantastic. Even then, they continued licking, kissing, and rubbing the outer parts of each other's pussies, simply for the extra satisfaction.

When they finally got back to their feet and faced the mirror, they both wanted to laugh at how disheveled they look. Especially Tiffany, who was set to take the stage with smeared lipstick and a tit popping out of her dress.

"Allow me," MJ offered.

MJ reached in her purse and pulled out her red lipstick. After removing the cap, she applied a coating on Tiffany's gorgeous lips, making her look even more amazing.

Then of course, there was still the issue of Tiffany's perky tit hanging out of the dress. Before putting it away, MJ used the tip of the lipstick to draw a heart shape design around the pink nipple. Then she tucked the breast away with the fabric of the costume dress.

"Think of your nipple onstage," MJ said seductively. "And the heart shape I put there. Let it be a symbol of your confidence."

Tiffany smiled, "I'd kiss you, but I don't want to smear my lipstick again."

"Poor girl. Allow me to give the final kisses."

MJ planted a few extra kisses on the pop star's neck, shoulder, chest, then briefly exposed the other nipple so she could quickly suck on it, before tucking it away.

When the 15 minutes was up, the assistant knocked on the door again. It was time. Tiffany prepared for a moment and made her way to the stage, in front of thousands of adoring fans. It was an interesting feeling to perform after such an orgasm. She also kept in mind the red lipstick heart-shape that was drawn on her left nipple, hidden underneath her outfit. But that was her secret...

The End