



## Stories

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## Shelia's Show Two: The Bachelor Party

Shelia rarely went out into the club before her set, but she was restless that night and just felt like walking around. She wasn't in her bitch garb but still held a commanding presence, and heads turned in the bar area as she strode by.

People were recognizing her.

Still, she maintained a sort of "Back off" attitude, adopted after many months of being followed around after her sets by men asking for the honour of licking her boots. This annoyed her more than anything, and for one entire month she came and went by the club back doors just to avoid it.

Finally, she got over it, and just dealt them with a wave of the hand to go away. The ones that were polite, though, she did enjoy speaking too, and on more than one occasion brought one home on a hungry night. After a particularly intense scene on stage, she couldn't resist...

On this night she was sitting at the bar smiling at the bartender, a friend, who gave her a half grin and yelled over the music, "What'll it be, Mistress-Ma'am?" The title was sarcastic, of course, but she beamed.

"Nothing for me, slaveboy. I go on stage in an hour, you know how that is."

He nodded and slid an ashtray to her then went to attend to people crowding on the other side.

Crowded, she pondered, as she looked for a cigarette in her small black case, and it's only 10.

"Excuse me?" he said. A man beside her, shy. She turned and looked at him, trying to place him.

He could tell she had no idea who he was. "I saw your show last week.." he said bashfully, head slightly lowered. "The one with the rubber fetish torture scene, I think you called it."

"Yes," Shelia smiled, eyeing the man carefully. "I enjoyed that one." He was not terribly unattractive, but obviously very insecure. When she didn't talk, he just stood there. She let him suffer in his silence, staring him down with interest.

And so the flirtation began, and her instincts kicked in. Damn, she was thinking, I must be hungrier than I thought. Her mind wandered to the set they would be performing that night and how much she was looking forward to it. She longed to slide into her skintight latex skirt and bra, select a whip from the rack and make her entrance.

The man edged a little closer to her to better hear her, or so that he wouldn't have to raise his voice to be heard. Just to torment him, she moved her knee against his crotch.

He turned bright red. Even in non fetish garb, Shelia was stunning. Her long blonde hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail, her make-up from the day was still only slightly faded. Bright red lipstick accented her lips, and her nails were perfectly manicured.

He was trying to keep his head slightly lowered and started blushing again, probably realizing he was staring right into her cleavage.

Shelia pushed her knee into his crotch more as she turned to say something to the bartender, enough to make him gasp slightly in pain.

"Excuse me,". The voice was stern, this time a woman's.

Shelia turned to see a leather-clad woman next to the man, who looked terribly uncomfortable. The woman, on the other hand, looked furious and melodramatic. Shelia just stared and waited for her to say something.

The woman put her hand on his shoulder with authority. "THIS is my property." she huffed.

Shelia tried to hold back a smirk. She started to notice the badly matched fetish outfit, the makeup that was a little too tacky.

"Just how long have you been a MISTRESS anyway?" the woman hissed as she shoved her slave to the side. He looked miserable, like he wanted to die.

Shelia took a long drag on her cigarette, thinking, staring at the woman. "I'm not quite sure. I started somewhere around the age of 8."

Obviously even more annoyed, the woman leaned in closer. "Then you should know better than to fuck with someone else's PROPERTY!"

Shelia sighed and looked away, stood from the barstool, and started to mash out her cigarette. Through the corner of her eye she saw the man looking at her, helplessly, pleadingly. Apologetically.

"And you," Shelia turned to the woman and moved sideways to make her exit. "Should put a collar on him."

With that, Shelia made her way out of the bar area, not listening to what was being muttered at her from the offended patron. As she passed by a group of men, someone was shouting from a table "Mistress Shelia! Mistress Shelia!" but she ignored it.

The slam of her dressing room door knocked pictures off of the wall in her manager's office.

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Megan was sitting on the floor of Shelia's dressing room, painting her toenails and listening to a portable radio. Of course, the music could barely be heard over the thumping from the club music being blasted in the next room.

When Shelia tossed her cigarette case on the table of her vanity Megan looked up, waited a second, then said, "What's the matter?"

Shelia sighed, shook her head, then turned, slightly more controlled. "Wouldn't you think a self proclaimed submissive -- an OWNED submissive for that matter, would WEAR a collar to a club like this?"

Megan looked up at Shelia as she screwed the lid back onto the nail polish, carefully maneuvering to keep her heels planted into the ground and her toes up, waving her hand on them. "Sometimes I don't wear mine when I go out into the club after our set."

"Yeah, but it's common knowledge that you're mine," Shelia sighed, looked at the mirror, hand under her chin.

Megan leaned over, blowing on her toes. Between blowing she said, "If he's talking to you that way," she blew, "What difference would a collar make. It means nothing if you don't respect it."

Shelia smiled slightly, watching Megan through the mirror. Megan, at 24, still looked like a little girl. Her hair was cut in a short, black bob, and in the right light she still had freckles. Sitting there in bra and panties, Megan was oblivious to the commotion around her as men started bringing in set equipment. It was such a regular occurrence, none of them really noticed any more.

"Where's Chrissy?" Shelia asked, determined to forget the flirtacious man at the bar and concentrate on her next victim.

"Fight with her boyfriend, she left late. But she said she will be here on time." Megan answered.

"When is she going to dump that prick," Shelia muttered as she started laying out her make-up.

Megan muttered something and put her cosmetics into a little black bag on the floor, then crawled awkwardly with feet up off the ground over to where Shelia was sitting, and gave her leg a squeeze.

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Chrissy made it just in time, and proceeded to change in the middle of the room while muttering, "fuck, fuck, fuck" over and over again. Shelia watched her, amused, and Megan popped her head back in to report the prediction.

"It looks like a bachelor party."

"Is the guy nervous yet?"

"Pissing in his pants" Megan nodded.

Chrissy was laying on the floor, ass in the air, tight tummy sucked in so she could zip up her latex shorts. "Speaking of pissing..." she gave Shelia a smile.

Shelia shook her head, "They almost threw us out last week for that. Sanitary hazards, my dear. He's probably a tightassed vanilla corporate joe."

Megan nodded, still lingering in the doorway as Chrissy rolled over and got up.

"And you know what we do to tight-asses..." Shelia smiled.

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The lighting was a little off that night, but it didn't matter. Fifteen minutes into the set, Shelia was on fire. Eyes blazing, she stared at her trussed up corporate boy as his group of peers cheered from a table in the back.

He looked mortified. Still in a suit and tie, Megan had spread his legs apart after tying him to the chair and locked a knee spreader to him. This made his erection in his pants obvious for all to see. And when they weren't looking, of course, Shelia would draw attention to it by giving it a poke with her riding crop.

Shelia walked with heavy strides to her open toy box, swaying her hips and moving her ass suggestively. Megan was kneeling patiently next to the victim in the chair, and Chrissy was standing at attention next to the rack.

She rarely used mircophones, but this time Shelia gestured the sound man for one and went on with her show, returning to the bound victim with a large fleshtoned dildo resting in her gloved hand. The crowd started to go crazy.

With some time to kill before her microphone arrived, she stood over the squirming man and opened her mouth, tongue peeking out, and slowly licked the head of the latex.

He squirmed and turned his head, looking each way for help. Meanwhile, the bulge in his pants betrayed him.

With a one hand gesture Shelia summoned Chrissy, who walked forward on 5 inch spiked pumps, her long sandy blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun, her make-up in sever evil-wench tone, as Shelia had called it.

Of course, Chrissy needed no orders. She knew what Shelia called her over for. She took position behind the chair and grabbed the man by the chin, other hand on his head, and forced him to face the Mistress.

Right then, the sound man arrived with the microphone, bending over and holding it out as far as he could without getting close, half looking like he was trying not to be

obtrusive, half looking like he was afraid to get too close to Shelia.

Turning to take it, Shelia smiled at the man and when he turned to scurry back off stage, she caught his ass with the crop and a solid 'THWACK' echoed on stage. The crowd roared - they loved this kind of thing, and Shelia smiled as the sound man rubbed his ass, disappearing off stage.

This only helped to mortify the bound bachelor even more, who was beginning to visibly sweat. A lot of it had to do with the bright lights, though, of which the women were very used to.

Shelia turned on the microphone and looked at the man whose head was being held in a vise like grip by Chrissy, who sported a very happy, sinister little smile as she watched his face closely for reaction. It was as if all three of them, even Megan who kneeled there looking up with more a gaze of curious concern, were oblivious to the hundreds of club goers that hung on their every move.

With the dildo in the other hand, Shelia asked into the microphone, "What is your name?"

He opened his mouth to speak when she held the microphone up but no words came out. From the bachelor table in the back she could hear them all shouting, "BOB!! BOBBY!! BOB MAN!! BOB!!"

"Bob," she said into the microphone, smiling. He tried to turn his head a little but Chrissy leaned into the grip even more, and he winced.

Shelia held the dildo to Bob's lips and he tried to get away, but she was only gently patting his closed mouth as if trying to get him to open up and speak.

"I understand you are getting married soon, Bob,"

The table in back started pounding and whistling and screaming.

"When are you getting married, Bob?" she asked, letting the dildo down for a little so he could open his eyes and speak.

When the microphone was to his mouth, he said shakily, "Sat....Saturday."

There was a silence from him, and a strange silence from the crowd, almost. Shelia looked at Chrissy. Chrissy did the "oooh" look and started shaking her head.

Megan tightened her lips into a pout and shook her head a little too.

The crowd started to get louder, they were going "oooh" too, as if someone had said the wrong thing in a crowded, rowdy classroom.

Shelia turned away, she walked. She paced the floor. Her angry pace. The regulars in the club knew it. They started

cheering, and chanting, and hollering. Finally Shelia screamed, without the microphone,

"SATURDAY WHAT!?!?!"

And in unison, the crowd, or a very large boisterous section of the crowd, chanted, "SATURDAY, MISTRESS!"

And it was as if the other half of the crowd got the inside joke, cheered, and would be clued-in next week, when they undoubtedly showed up to see what the three dommes would do next.

Then suddenly, when the murmur settled down to see what would be happening next, just when the room almost fell to a silence except for the pounding music in the background, a drunken scream came from the bachelor's table in the back.

"SHOW US YOUR TITS!"

And then there was silence.

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Certainly this had not been the first time. In fact, the first time someone yelled something obnoxious, Shelia had the bouncers throw him out and left it at that. The next time it happened, it was a little different. A straight looking business man in the front row had been watching her give a flogging to a female volunteer when he muttered, "You call this domination?" For him, she brought him forward with a crooked finger and began a scene that went down in history at the club, known as the "This is what happens to hecklers." scene.

Now her approach was a little different. Shelia looked at Chrissy, then at Megan, and pointed toward the back. "Get him," she said. And even though it wasn't on mic, the crowd read her lips and started to cheer. It was like a rowdy football game.

Megan got up off her knees and Chrissy let go of Bob's head. Bob looked at Shelia desperately, struggling a little with the ropes as she made her way back to him.

"He's just drunk," Bob hissed to her, loud enough so only she could hear. He looked desperate and scared. "He doesn't know what he is doing, don't ruin his life for this! He will hate himself in the morning..."

Shelia moved a finger down his cheek, to his lips. A quiet little moment between them, as it was. "Don't worry, Robert," she said. "We have a policy against laying a hand on someone who's been drinking. I'll just teach him a little lesson."

"But--"

Shelia put a finger to his lips as Chrissy and Megan arrived up the stairs, one holding each of the arms of a half stumbling, obviously oblivious wisecracker. And the audience was on their feet, cheering.

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The heckler was all smiles, half clapping for himself and waving to his friends from stage. Shelia saw the bouncers, seven of them, start assembling around, watching carefully. Concerned. She nodded at them to hold them back, and gave a signal to her two girls. The signal was simply one finger pointing to the ground at her feet, facing the audience.

Chrissy and Megan pushed the drunk forward, and he went to his knees quite easily with their support. He had a typical annoyed-but-I'll-go-along-with-it smirk, nodding toward his friends who were standing on chairs in the back screaming things at him.

Bob sat, bound and helpless, watching.

Once on his knees, Shelia made her way toward him, hands on hips, staring down. She could see him eyeing her, looking at her body, his eyes moving up her legs and chest. Yes, he was in awe.

She lifted the mic to her lips, "So you want to see my tits?"

The crowd cheered.

He nodded and slurred, "Fuck yeah!"

Shelia nodded to Megan and Megan read her mind, going to the toy chest for something. Meanwhile the heckler nodded excitedly.

The ironic thing was that nudity, for Shelia, was not a big deal at all. In fact, just the week before she had done half her set topless because it matched the surreal amazon-like feel they were creating. Other times she would remove her bra or vest to tease and taunt her victims. It was neither a regular thing nor taboo, but these boys obviously had never been there before.

Megan returned and handed Shelia a velvet blindfold, then returned to her kneeling position next to the bound Bob.

Chrissy, the stronger and more athletic of the slavegirls, stood behind the kneeling drunk as Shelia forced the blindfold over his eyes. The crowd caught on and started cheering, and Chrissy held him by the shoulders as Shelia said into the microphone, "Now EVERYONE can see them," and unsnapped her latex bra.

The crowd level peaked, the floor started to rumble. The drunk man muttered, "Fuck!" in disappointment, but no one heard.

And Shelia proudly bared her breasts to all, except for him.

Her eyes fell on Bob's and he was just staring at her. And she knew what he was thinking. He was thinking 'my god, what have I gotten myself into.'

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Soon Shelia's bra was back on, and the dejected heckler was deposited by several bouncers back to his table and ordered, along with his friends, to keep it down for the rest of the show.

Shelia was feeling a pleasant high from the scene, warmed up - as she put it - and ready to have at her bachelor boy.

She began by torturing Bob with the dildo - as she called it - first by making him watch her order Megan to go down on it as she held it between her open legs. Megan crawled over, put her hands behind her back, and deep throat it, coating it with saliva. Using lips and tongue to the fullest, Megan carressed and seduced the latex, until Shelia lifted the microphone and said simply, "Paying close attention there, Bob?"

And half the crowd screamed, "Yes, Mistress!"

Shelia pulled the dildo away from Megan and walked over to Bob, now totally oblivious to the crowd around her. Chrissy held his head up for her and started tightening her grip in his hair.

"Open your mouth," Shelia ordered, this time not into the mic. She straddled his leg, lowered herself onto him a little, and rubbed her heat into his trousers.

His lips started to part, eyes wide with fear and desire.

The dildo drew closer to his lips and Shelia watched hungrily. One word escaped her lips, "Megan!"

And Megan got up, went over behind Shelia, and started to move her hands down her Mistress's body. Caressing, holding, cupping, squeezing. Lingered them around her inner thighs, where Shelia liked it best, while Bob started to finally succumb, lips opening.

When it slid into his mouth, it slid in with relative ease, and she bent over the chair, her hair falling down into his face. Cheeks flushed, she hissed, "you're a natural," as Megan's hands moved down to her ass, bent over.

Bob couldn't see any of this, of course, but Megan was holding Shelia by the hips and moving her tongue up the shiny latex at the crack of her ass. Up and down slowly, pushing into the thin layer of film that separated her from her Mistress's body.

The dildo was in all the way, and his eyes were on her, transfixed. Her breath came in hot, hungry pants. "You know where I really want to stick this dildo, bob..."

He moaned.

Chrissy chuckled, still holding his head.

Bob was in a trance of sorts, so much so that he didn't notice that Chrissy had let go and disappeared from behind him. He didn't notice the crowd's cheering increase in tempo, warning him that something sinister was about to happen.



He was just watching Shelia as she leaned over him, moving her hips slowly, Megan perched behind her servicing her over her tight fitting latex skirt. Occasionally he would get a glimpse of one of Megan's hands disappearing under Shelia's skirt.

Chrissy returned, hiding something behind her back. Shelia eased out of the way just in time, giving Chrissy a perfect angle.

A flash went off on stage as Chrissy took a polaroid of Bob sitting there, dildo deep in his mouth, tied helplessly to the chair. The crowd cheered and clapped, some even boo'd.

Shelia smiled and stepped over, taking the polaroid out of the camera as it appeared, Bob looking at her desperately. She looked at the photo and nodded, then handed it to Megan.

Of course, even as he was being untied and let go because his torture was over, he was terrified that the photo would be used against him. He was begging and pleading with Shelia for an answer when they escorted him off stage.

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After the set, Shelia sat in a corner booth with Megan next to her. They were looking at a magazine Megan had brought in.

People knew to stay away, for some reason, and the two enjoyed a glass of wine with little attention other than some stares from around the bar.

Until the bachelor arrived, peering over nervously. "Excuse me?"

Both Shelia and Megan looked up. Shelia smiled.

"I know this seems strange but.." he hesitated, lingering outside the booth, hands in his pockets.

Shelia and Megan were silent, waiting for him to finish.

"Uhm..that picture....?"

Megan snickered and looked down at the magazine.

"It's on the wall in our dressing room. We have a gallery set up there," Shelia told him, sitting back slowly and stretching.

He blushed, stumbled on his words again. "I...I really need to get that picture."

Right then Chrissy showed up, changed into jeans and a half shirt, a duffle bag over her shoulder. "I'm outta here," she said to Shelia and Megan, then turned to Bob and said "hey."

Terribly uncomfortable in the presence of all three of his former tormenters, he just nodded at her politely.

"See you later, Chrissy," Shelia smiled.

"Oh!" Chrissy turned before exiting, looking again at Bob. "I

forgot to give you this."

She handed him a white greeting-card sized note, folded in half. The card had a nice white gloss and said "Memories...", a little like the cards given away at portrait studios.

Bob took it, opened it, and closed it immediately, blushing.

"Oh my god," he said under his breath.

Chrissy waved to the two women as she turned to leave, and Shelia sipped her wine, staring at Bob.

"Sure you don't want to bring that to your wedding?" she grinned.

"No..No..I...I gotta go..." he waved, nervous, and bumped into someone as he made his exit.

Shelia put her hand on Megan's knee lightly, they both looked down at the magazine, and by the next time they even looked up the place was empty.

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