



Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

The Sheila's Show Archives:

[Sheila's Show](#)
[Bachelor Party](#)
[Acquiring Nicholas](#)
[Revenge](#)
[Nicholas in Latex](#)
[Coming Together](#)

More Archives:

[Forced Femme](#)
[Strap-On & Anal](#)
[Humiliation & Groups](#)
[Chastity](#)
[Cuckold](#)
[Pussy Worship](#)
[Feet](#)
[Seduction & Lust](#)
[Sheila's Show](#)
[Romance](#)
[BDSM](#)
[Illustrated Stories](#)
[Unfinished Stories](#)
[Behind Closed Doors](#)
[Space Age Love Song](#)
[The Corporate Slut](#)

Shelia's Story - Part Six: Coming Together

At the hospital, Derek was the only one allowed to stay with Nicholas. Shelia kept busy by making a tremendous amount of phone calls - to her manager, her lawyer and her doctor.

Megan and Chrissy remained silent and solemn in the waiting room, and soon it became apparent that waiting all night was not going to be of any use.

"We should leave," Chrissy said to Shelia when she finally returned from the payphone. "Derek is here with him. The doctor already said he'll be fine. We won't even be able to see him, anyway."

Shelia would not look at either of them. "You're right. Why don't you drop Megan off our place and go home. I'll stay. I want to talk to Derek when he comes out."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Chrissy warned. Megan remained completely silent and detached.

Shelia didn't respond. Instead, she turned and walked to the other part of the waiting room. Not one to argue, or stew, Chrissy turned to Megan and said, "Let's get out of here."

In the car, Chrissy broke the silence with a statement that startled Megan.

"You know, it's obvious that Shelia hasn't been paying any attention to you. And I've always thought you guys had a fucked up relationship to start with. But I have to tell you, Megan, you aren't making things any better by walking around pouting all the time, acting like the poor neglected submissive."

Megan turned to her, not able to reply, and was too angry and offended to even get emotional over it.

"You try to cover it all up by being cheerful half the time, and the rest of the time you follow her around like a hopefully puppy. She wouldn't say it to your face, but it's the main reason she probably hasn't been in the mood to play."

"She isn't in the mood because she is wasting all of her energy on Nicholas," Megan refuted.

Chrissy turned to her. "Well I guess that isn't going to be a problem anymore, is it?"

"I didn't want this to happen," Megan said defensively.

"Neither did I. I'm just saying that even if it did have to do with Nicholas, Shelia won't be seeing him any more, and you need to get out of this funk and start acting like the woman that she is driven to dominate, not a clingy girlfriend."

"Do you know how long it's been since we had sex?" Megan cut in, more upset, more emotional.

"Do you know how long it's been since you put on a little latex skirt and ended up getting her to fuck you backstage between sets because of the way you looked at her?"

That silenced Megan. She turned and looked outside the car window as Chrissy turned the corner, approaching the loft she shared with Shelia.

**

Derek's first words to Shelia were relentlessly bitter.

"You shouldn't even be here," he said, pushing past her in the waiting room and heading to the coffee machine.

"I want to see him," she said, following behind him.

He shook his head as he dropped quarters loudly into the machine. "Nick doesn't want to see you. We already discussed it. He wants you to leave him alone right now. He has a lot to deal with."

"I don't believe you," Shelia shook her head. But he pushed past her and made his way back down the hospital corridor.

"Just go home," he snapped again before disappearing around a corner.

**

Shelia never did get a chance to see Nicholas before he was released the next day. Derek swept him away between visiting hours, and by the time Shelia arrived he had already checked out.

Her calls to both Derek's and Nicholas' apartments were not answered. In the days that followed, her attempts remain consistent without being too pushy, but still met with failure.

The marquee at the club stated Shelia's Show was "Postponed Indefinitely." For income, Shelia went back to professional domination. Chrissy started pursuing freelance photography again, and Megan took a data entry job in the city to keep her days busy.

Not a day went by that Shelia didn't think about Nicholas, and what his current state of mind must be. She anguished that she was not allowed to speak to him to help him deal with whatever psychological issues he was dealing with, knowing Derek had no way of dealing with that kind of thing.

Megan, meanwhile, buried herself in work and other projects, providing Shelia with much needed space. It wasn't until one night, about two weeks later, that she finally noticed Shelia really staring at her.

It was the night she wore a new black nightgown, slightly see-through. She was curled up on the couch reading a magazine when Shelia said, "Come over here and sit with me, Megan."

When Megan arrived at her side, she smiled affectionately and put a hand in her hair. "Maybe you should kneel."

**

Nicholas was having a dream.

They were on stage again, and Shelia had a number of contraptions, big contraptions, lined up and numbered. He was being led to the first one in shackles, and he was struggling violently.

"The last one is going to make you straight," she told him. "But not until I torture you for not wanting me now."

Shelia looked beautiful in a black latex catsuit, really tight pony tail and all-black strap-on harness that looked like it really was a part of her. Megan and Chrissy were not around, but Derek was watching from the front row of the unusually quiet audience.

Suddenly he found himself bent over a large, horse-like contraption, his wrists and ankles chained down. She was pulling down his trousers, saying something to him about what he really needed.

In that position, he was forced to face the entire audience, and worst of all, his boyfriend. He shut his eyes tight, and tried hard to put everything out of his head. He tried hard to prevent his cock from getting hard, but the moment the tip of her latex dick touched his ass, he was immediately erect.

Shelia wrapped a leather cord around his neck before she mounted him from behind, ordering him to keep his eyes open and his head up. Megan appeared in front of him, in a nurse's outfit, holding a silver bowl with a white cloth. She delicately touched the damp cloth to his face because the bright lights were making him sweat.

"Megan," he hissed to her as he felt the lubricant being applied to his ass. "Make her stop,"

Megan just stared at him, and she had tears in her eyes. But they weren't tears of sympathy, they were tears of envy.

The first thrust was deep, and painful. When he gasped in discomfort Shelia pulled back on the cord, breaking his moan half way and cutting off the ability to breathe.

The fucking she gave him was so intense, so powerful that it shook the entire frame of the horse, nearly unbolting it from

the floor.

The response of the audience was odd; they clapped, but did not cheer. They clapped, in approval and awe. Through tear filled eyes Nicholas saw Derek turn around and leave.

"Wait," he cried out, but when he tried to call out to him, Shelia again pulled back on the leather cord so he could not speak. From behind he heard her say, "No one fucks you like I do, Nicholas."

And she moved her hips, pulled his head back by the hair, ground her huge cock into his ass and moaned for him. She moaned, bent over his body, pressed her latex covered nipples into his bare back. He felt the heat between her legs, her sex mixing with his as she had unzipped the crotch of the catsuit.

When he came, it dripped down the sides of the horse. He came quietly, through clenched teeth, trying so hard to hold it back that he nearly passed out.

But Shelia saw the evidence and laughed, pulling out and walking around to the front of the horse.

He could smell it at once; the scent of wet female sex. He turned his face away. She was removing the strap-on, holding his face with the other hand.

"No," he protested, holding his breath and trying to turn his head away.

"You'll learn to like the taste," she said.

And then he couldn't breathe. And he was back in that suit again. His wrists and ankles hurt, his chest was tight, and he was dizzy. It smelled like wet sex. It felt like dirty, female sex. He choked on it. He choked, but he couldn't breathe. He was drowning in Shelia's sex.

She was cumming more than any other man had into his mouth, on his face. Filling his nose, his mouth. He gagged, and choked, but there was no air to breathe.

He woke up, gasping, screamed her name, and found Derek staring at him, startled, holding him by the shoulders.

And Nicholas found that the raging erection between his legs was undeniable. Catching his breath, he stared at Derek. "Fuck me," he said, before Derek could even ask him what the dream was about.

"What --"

"Just fuck me, Derek," he interrupted, running both hands through his hair, damp with sweat. He sniffed, his nose running slightly. The room was hot, the sheets were slightly wet. "I don't want to think about anything. I just want to be fucked."

When he felt Derek's hand, strong and large, under his hips, he shut his eyes and tried to forget about that dream.

**

For the first time in over a year, Megan was wearing her training collar.

This was a special collar that Shelia brought out only during times when she intended to re-train Megan over a period of several days or a week. The collar would not be removed at all during that time period unless Shelia removed it - usually for only for bathing.

In the collar and nothing else, Megan was kneeling in front of Shelia with her head down slightly. Shelia wore nothing but a short black silk robe and had several implements spread out across a black velvet cloth on the floor.

In her head, Megan was already in different place. She knew she was going to be used in painful and sexual ways for the better of the evening, and it both terrified and aroused her.

Her eyes were closed when Shelia took her possessively by a handful of hair, pulling her head back hard and kissing her hard on the neck. Megan felt teeth against her flesh, threateningly tight. Without warning, she felt fingers against her pussy.

Megan was already wet enough to be penetrated with ease, but she still gasped in shock when Shelia slid something inside of her.

Then she was left there, trembling, teeth chattering, as Shelia got up and left the room, returning with her hands full of leather shackles.

It was apparent to Megan, at that point, that she was about to be restrained in a very sexual, very vulnerable position. And then she would be used.

**

Sex with Derek had always been fulfilling to some degree. At least as fulfilling as Nicholas had found sex with any man.

He had known for many years that he was sexually submissive. Unfortunately, most men regarded him as somewhat fragile, and even the most intense sexual encounters were laced with overbearing concern for his safety and mental state.

Derek was not unlike these other men.

This time, though, Nicholas knew what he needed. It had been weeks before any kind of domination made its way into his life. He was needing more than sex, he was needing to be fucked. To be used sexually, and to feel that he was an object for the pleasure of someone else, and nothing more.

Nicholas cowered in the bed sheets, sprawled on his stomach, clutching his fists into the soft material. He inched away, out of Derek's grasp, but Derek pulled him back by the hips and held him steady. This only served to arouse him more.

Derek was much larger and stronger than Nicholas, but he rarely used this to overpower him.

Clutching at the headboard of the bed, Nicholas panted, hiding his face in a pillow. He felt Derek behind him getting into position. He heard his breathing, deep and rapid. He felt the warm, stiff cock of his lover pressing against his ass.

With his eyes shut tight, images flashing through his mind, Nicholas gritted his teeth.

"I want you to tie me down," he hissed, immediately worried that he said it, worried what Derek must think.

"You want me to what?" Derek asked. He had heard, but was asking for clarification. He was shocked.

Nicholas took a breath, bit his lip, then repeated the request. Then, he felt Derek climb off the bed and heard him leave the room momentarily.

**

That night, like many in their relationship, was unfulfilling for Nicholas and awkward for Derek.

The bonds were ineffective, and the harsh tone Derek tried to take was forced and unrealistic to Nicholas.

As he was fucked, penetrated, spread open wide, he shut his eyes and tried to imagine another place.

He swallowed hard, dug his fists into the sheets, the bonds already unraveling from minimal struggle.

And all he could think about was Shelia.

When he came that night, finally, it was when he imagined the way she had fucked him with a strap-on, using him as if that dick was her own. It was powerful and terrifying, and he'd cum from her penetration alone.

With Derek, while the fucking left his dick hard and wet, he needed to be sucked off to be finished. And laying in bed, his hands clasped behind his head, staring at the ceiling, he felt not the least bit submissive, or fulfilled.

He felt the capable, warm lips of his boyfriend around his hard dick, but he felt nothing in the way of pleasure.

He came, eyes closed, and covered his face with the pillow.

Falling asleep in his lover's arms, Nicholas felt empty. Once again, he could not sleep.

*

It was about a month later.

Shelia had ceased trying to contact Nicholas weeks before, and the show had finally been resumed.

This time, it was much more low key. They resumed the show but Shelia was much less dramatic in her performances.

Shelia's relationship with Megan was on the mend; they made love frequently and spontaneously, backstage and at their apartment. Megan's cheeks were flushed again with the brightness of her rediscovered passion, and Shelia was energized and evil.

It was almost as if Shelia had completely gotten over Nicholas - that gay boy that she longed to own completely so many times, always just enough out of reach to be a challenge.

Until the night she saw him, in the shadows, much like the first time she had ever seen him. It was after she had finished her domination set, a night of dog training and medical probes on stage.

She saw him dancing on the stage with the other raver boys, his hair longer now and more disheveled.

And she could not help but approach the stage, slowly, as if in a dream. Every step seeing him more clearly. Her heart pounded in her chest.

She knew she could have any man in that club. Especially after her forced cocksucking scene on stage. Every man in the place had been mesmerized watching the goddess shove the length of her 8inch latex cock into her "volunteer" that night, who was held in place by her assistants. She could have any man indeed.

But she only wanted one. And she wanted him more than she ever had.

**

He did not see her for a long time. The song was "Smack my bitch up" by Prodigy, and he had crouched down to take a sip from a beer bottle when she arrived at the foot of the stage.

"Hello," she said, even though her words could not be heard above the music.

He looked at her and gestured an invitation to join him on stage and dance. She shook her head.

He nodded, and very much in the Nicholas-way, he continued to dance, until the song was over.

Shelia slid into a table by the stage and just watched, thinking, pondering. Thinking about why on earth would he come back to that place after what had happened, after all those weeks.

Nicholas danced, oblivious, but it seemed like he danced just for her. And he looked at her deliberately, teasingly, practically doing a lapdance with his eyes.

She sipped her drink. She thought, to herself, but while looking right at him, "You're provoking me."

A dangerous game, she mused.

*

When the song was over he slid into the chair across from her at the small table. She leaned over to talk to him, but their conversation was awkward and forced, mostly because people kept coming over to say hello to Nicholas. He was apparently as popular as ever at the club.

"How's Derek?" Shelia asked. She figured it was a simple and direct enough question. She watched his eyes dance around, how he looked everywhere but at her.

"We broke up a couple weeks ago," he shrugged. "It just wasn't working out."

"I'm sorry to hear that," she said.

"Hey, it happens."

"Did you see the show?"

"No. I just got here about a half hour ago," Nicholas said.

The flirtation, the seduction, ended up being quick and surreal. Shelia nudged his feet under the table. He sat back, running both hands through his hair and breathing, finally giving her the eye contact she craved so much.

He bit his bottom lip.

They weren't saying anything.

Finally Shelia leaned over and said loudly, into his ear, above the music, "Looking at you right now I can't help but imagine what it would feel like to fuck you in the ass again, Nicki."

He sort of cringed, cowered, head down. He picked up his beer bottle and nursed it with his lips, looking off in the distance. She could feel the table moving a little; it was apparent he was doing that thing with his legs under the table - fidgeting.

"I'm sorry if that offends you," Shelia said. And she started sliding her chair out to go, frustrated and not wanting to even have to look at him any more because the burning between her legs was so intense.

Nicholas stood at the same time, grabbing her by the wrist before she could turn. "Wait," he said.

He pulled Shelia toward him, gripping her hard, like a man (she mused), and said into her ear, "I didn't say I didn't like it."

And he put her hand between his legs, brushing it against the hardness in his pants.

She looked at him. Shelia could not help thinking, at that moment, that he was sexually attracted to her.

In reality, though, as Nicholas gazed at her, his head tilted down just enough to let his hair fall in his face, the sexual attraction he felt was not to her, but to what she would do to him.

"Come with me," she said.

He tried to grab his beer bottle but she pulled him too fast, and he walked behind her, around the curtains off the stage, up the stairs, through a dark hallway until they were at her dressing room door.

*

Everyone had left, including Megan. Shelia had sent Megan home early that night, but she had not done so intending to run into Nicholas; she sent Megan home early because she wanted her to rest.

The dressing room was empty. Shelia immediately shut off the lights so the only illumination came through the high windows that caught some light from the dance floor above.

Taking him by the back of the neck, Shelia shoved Nicholas face-first into the wall. Not hard enough to hurt him, but hard enough to show what her mood was. "So you want to be fucked?"

She could see his hands. Two outspread palms, fingers digging into the walls, his head pressed purposely against the smooth surface. His lips were barely parted, his eyes were closed.

From behind she opened his legs with ease and reached up and under his crotch, massaging him possessively. He let out a sound that inspired her to put the other hand over his nose and mouth. He shook his head back and forth.

Moments later, after getting her fill of roughly massaging his crotch, she led him over to one of the bondage horse's that was sitting backstage because the padding needed to be replaced. She pushed him over it and began locking his wrists into the restraints.

Nicholas resisted, but only enough to make her work to get him locked down. He resisted by twisting his hands just out of reach, by brushing his lips against her ear and hair when she bent down, exhaling so that his hot breath teased her skin.

When she went around to spread his ankles apart, she found him standing with them together, wrapped around one another, locked that way. "You think you're being clever?" she asked, reaching behind her for a leather flogger.

He threw his head over his shoulder to see what she was talking about, then with a half gasp (he was already tired from struggling) he opened his legs wide for her, whispering, "Ok..ok..."

Dropping the whip, she crouched down to lock the dark leather straps around his leather boots.

She finished and went around to face him again, grabbing him by a fistful of hair and making him look up and watch her step into her leather strap on harness, her black latex cock bobbing before her.

"I'm going to scream," he said to her, matter-of-factly, but worded like a threat.

"As if anyone would hear you?" she laughed.

"I can scream pretty loudly,"

"Scream all you want, pretty boy. I've got another dick in my toybox that will shut you up nicely."

He bit his lip, lowered his eyes, then went back to surveying the restraints, picking at them with his fingertips.

Shelia moved behind him, walking slowly, observing him, admiring him. She actually took the time to sit down in her big leather chair, reclining back, legs open, and just watched him for a few minutes.

*

As she waited a short time before taking him, as she enjoyed the touch of her own body, Shelia marveled at the creature that was before her again. She wanted to freeze that moment in time, delay the moment, entranced at what she had there.

His body, in her eyes, was the perfect male form. He wasn't muscular by any means, but his legs were defined from dancing. His ass was inviting, his black mesh shirt now half untucked and hanging a little bit down around his waist.

Nicholas had the perfect definition in his back; thin enough that his shoulders were defined without being built, his collarbone standing out enough under his purposely half-torn shirt that she could barely resist coming over and locking her teeth over his flesh.

His hair was half slicked back with sweat, mostly in his face now because of his struggle. Every time he breathed she could see his back heave, and hear the wood of the horse creak. The music from outside had disappeared; it was not much easier to hear everything.

"Are you going to scream?" she asked, getting up and stopping at her toy box.

"Ahh.." he moaned, as if not hearing her, and she looked down to see his right wrist about half-way free, his hand curled up in a little ball, the straps digging painfully into his tender skin.

"It looks like I need to make this quick," she said to him, and when she walked past him in front he turned his head at once, mouth shut tight, apparently avoiding her dick should she choose to shove it into his mouth.

**

Nicholas held back a scream when she first entered him. He was never prepared for that first thrust, no matter how many times he'd been fucked that way. Be it flesh or latex, it always hurt, and he had to concentrate on relaxing, bite his lip to keep quiet, and eventually let it take over.

She fucked him so hard the entire horse rocked forward with each thrust, and when he came, he came with a wail that was probably heard throughout the entire venue.

He came not from the physical pain of her penetration or the way she dug her nails possessively into his hips, but from the total helplessness of his situation. He could not close his legs, could not shift to get into a more comfortable position, could not even push the hair out of his face. He was eating his own hair, drowning in sweat, his right wrist bleeding from the chaffing.

He was in a world of pain and humiliation, and he came knowing that and accepting it.

**

He felt her mouth on his when he was still recovering from the climax. Her lips were soft and warm, and her tongue probed his mouth with no hesitation. He moaned, eyes closed, breathing hard from his nose.

He felt hands in his hair, the foreign sensation of fingernails against his scalp. He could taste faint traces of lipstick.

Her breath was hot against his lips. "Kiss me, Nicholas." Her voice was soft and feminine, so unlike the harsh tones he was used to. Even with his eyes closed he visualized her there, her hair delicately hanging over her shoulders, her curvy body illuminated in the shadows.

Swallowing, he allowed his tongue to enter her mouth. He had not kissed a woman since high school. Certainly many times Shelia and Chrissy had shoved their tongues into his mouth on stage, but it was never really a kiss.

He put effort into it - not because he liked it, but he could tell she hungered for it. His eyes still closed, he heard the familiar gasps and moans from her, the ones that meant she was getting close to climax. He'd heard it many times before; quite often sitting backstage in the dressing room on the other side of a curtain, eating sunflower seeds and reading Details magazine, getting a glimpse of Shelia up on a dresser with her legs spread, Megan's little head hidden down low.

He'd wave sometimes, childlike and disinterested, when Shelia would demand eye contact with him, holding Megan's head with both her fists and guiding the thrusts, her stare imploring him to show some arousal. Or even curiosity.

He'd nod and look back to his magazine, turning behind him to find a cup to deposit the shells from the seeds.

*

The kiss was long, and deep. He was not used to the feel of a woman's mouth, although he eventually got used to it. Without the use of his hands he could not hold her face in his hands, although he pondered that at least with his eyes closed and not feeling her head he could still pretend she was a man.

But her lips were too soft, and her skin felt creamy.

He heard her cum, and in his head he sighed a sigh of relief, because his tongue was getting tired and his mouth was sore from being open too long, his neck starting to cramp from the awkward position.

In fact, when she let go of his face he just let his head fall forward, slumped, tired.

"Oh god," he heard her say. "I've never cum from a kiss before."

He wet his lips, turning to his shoulder to wipe his chin. There was a silence, and he could tell she wanted him to say something. His body tensed, he felt uncomfortable. He felt her hands in his hair, soft, reassuring. It made him more uncomfortable.

Her lips were at the back of his head. She was placing a soft, delicate kiss on his hair.

"I'm really uncomfortable," he said, tugging at the restraints. And as she unlocked the buckles, looking at him (even though he was looking at the floor), he wondered if he should have clarified that he meant her feminine affection was making him uncomfortable, not the restraints.

But he just let it go.

(c) Copyright 1998. All rights reserved.

© 2005 Akasha's Web All Rights Reserved.