



## Stories

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### Shelia's Show Five: Nicholas in Latex

Shelia definitely was not into the idea of promoting her S&M act outside of the club, but her contract required that she do at least one local radio interview a year, and this was it.

Fortunately it was on so late at night they didn't have to worry about being too out of line with the topic and where it led, and Shelia was happy to have the other members of her show with her there to answer questions as well.

Shelia was flanked by her two female assistants, her slavegirl Megan on her left side with Chrissie on the right. Next to Megan, on the end, Nicholas sat and remained mostly quiet.

The interviewer was predictably clueless and overly excited. "So Shelia, or is that Mistress Shelia?"

"Just call me Shelia."

"Is this all an act for you, or are you into whips and chains at home too?"

Shelia leaned forward to the microphone and responded patiently but obviously a bit irritated, "All of us practice S&M in our outside relationships, and did before starting the show. The show at the club is just an extension of who we are."

"So you beat men at home, too?" the interviewer asked.

"Megan is my primary lover. I am not currently seeing a man."

"Oh, I see. So you're bi, too?"

"That's what they call it." Shelia answered.

"What about you, Chrissie?" the interview asked.

Chrissie's head popped up from behind a magazine, barely paying attention, "I am just recently out of a longterm relationship. I'm a switch."

"Switch, meaning you take turns being in control, right?" the interviewer asked.

Megan rolled her eyes at Shelia and sighed. Shelia responded by rubbing her back and just nodded encouragingly, looking at the clock.

"What about you, Nick, are you involved as well?" the interviewer continued, half-paying attention, half digging for the next cart to plug into the radio console.

Nicholas didn't answer right away, apparently distracted as well. "Yeah, I'm involved with someone right now. We've been together about three months."

"And I suppose you practice S&M with her as well? As the dom or the sub?"

"Derek and I switch," Nicholas said flatly.

"Oh. I see." the interviewer cleared his throat. Apparently Nicholas' sexuality had thrown him off.

Shelia couldn't help but snicker. When the interviewer went to commercial she said off the air, "Looks like you had no problem having two bi-sexual and one gay woman in front of you, but the fact that Nicholas is gay really got to you, didn't it?"

"I've seen it all, sweetheart," the man responded sarcastically. Somewhat rudely. So much so that Chrissie peered up from behind her magazine slowly, first at the man, then at Shelia, then back at the man, shaking her head a little.

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The interview seemed to decline after the next commercial break, after Shelia apparently annoyed the interviewer by pointing out his own uneasiness.

"But what you do on stage, it's all an act anyway, " he challenged. "I mean there is no real danger. The subs want to submit, the pain isn't really \*that\* painful --"

Chrissie interrupted without hesitation, "Apparently you've never been caned"

The interviewer laughed out loud. "Right. But really. The people even know it when they watch. It's like a predictable play almost. Everyone knows the ending."

Shelia just stared at the man. She saw Nicholas through the corner of her eye watching her and watching the man. She felt Megan's hand on her thigh under the console, rubbing her reassuringly.

And she felt her own blood boiling.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Those fuckers," Shelia said in the car as Nicholas drove them back to the club, "are so clueless, it makes me sick."

"Don't worry about it Shelia. Forget it. Let's just get our stuff and go home, I'm tired," Chrissie said, leaning against the window.

Shelia turned to her, "It just bothers me how ignorant these people are, and how they make assumptions about everything we do."

There was a brief silence.

Megan put her head on Shelia's shoulder, closing her eyes. "She's right, let's not even waste time talking about it."

Still, it rested heavily on Shelia's mind the rest of the night.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was almost a week later that the group sat in the dressing room at their monthly brainstorming meeting before the stage show.

"How about a total transgender mindfuck," Chrissie suggested, eating popcorn while sitting on the floor, indian style. "We can take some guy up there and turn him into a woman, then whore him out to the whole club."

Shelia was pacing, thinking, occasionally jotting things down.

"I like the pony idea," Megan said, leaning back in Nicholas' lap as he rubbed her shoulders, sitting on the floor with his back to the wall.

"The pony idea has potential," Shelia nodded, "But I would want a cart, and a stable, and we get into all sorts of prop issues,"

Chrissie started digging around in her purse for something. "We can get Eternal Treasures to donate the stuff Shelia. They'll give us anything."

"Yeah, I know. More ideas, come on. What about something more intense? I want something dark. Everything we have been doing this last month is so light."

"I like the idea of taking two or three volunteers and making them do things they never thought they would -- it has a lot of potential for the unknown," Chrissie suggested.

"Too many unknown factors," Shelia shook her head. "What about you Nicholas? You've been pretty quiet."

"I'm just listening. You guys are the brains, I just offer up my body."

"Like we \*don't\*?" Chrissie spun around, half laughing.

"Ok how about a big pie fight," Nicholas suggested, "Or jello wrestling. I don't know, something messy."

The women all groaned.

Shelia pointed her pen at Nicholas, "Whipped cream in hair is not sexy."

He shrugged. "I tried."

Shelia sat down and sighed, putting down the pad of paper and resting her face in her hands. "You know, I just think we are getting too jaded. It's like what that guy said, everything we is starting to look staged. Back in the old days, when it

was just Megan and I, when we brought someone up for a public flogging, the whole place was silent. Scared. No one knew how far it would go. It was fucking intense."

No one spoke.

Shelia sat back up. "I want to re-capture that. I want to do something dangerous. I want to re-capture what S&M is all about. The line. I want to walk the line again."

Nicholas was staring off silently, Megan had a big-eyed look on her face, watching her Mistress and knowing her wheels were turning.

Shelia's eyes moved to Chrissie. "Something roleplayed but also with an element of danger, mindfuck, and edgeplay."

Chrissie looked deadpan. "Ok. Let's do a transgender operation LIVE on stage."

"I'm being serious!" Shelia laughed, standing again to start pacing. She thought for a moment. "A mock interrogation followed by an execution. A really sexy, really raunchy interrogation to get them gripped, then a terrifying edgeplay mindfuck."

"OOh, I like that" Chrissie nodded, sitting up straight. "We could do a hanging."

"Bruce wouldn't like that," Megan said of the club manager. "Too much liability."

"We could have disclaimers all over the place," Shelia paced, her eyes now much more alive. "I don't know about a hanging, but definitely something along those lines. Something with electricity or breath control. Something totally haunting, cruel."

A silence fell over the room as everyone let the idea sink in. Nicholas was staring off at the wall when he realized everyone was looking at him.

"What?" he asked.

Shelia smiled.

"Who me? Why me?"

Megan turned around and shook his shoulders, "Because you're the \*BOY\*!"

"Wait a second, I can't do that. I'd be fucking insane. How come whenever you guys come up with something totally painful or dangerous, I have to be the sub?!"

Chrissie turned and raised an eyebrow. "Ever had your labia pierced in front of four hundred people?"

"That's different!"

Shelia waved her hand to quiet Chrissie who was looking for something to throw at Nicholas. "Look, Nicky, just think about

it ok? We'd take precautions. I know, though, it would be totally hot. Just think about it."

Nicholas shook his head. "Derek would never go for it. He thinks you push me too far already."

"Your boyfriend is way too protective," Shelia shook her head.

Nicholas stood up, easing Megan out of his lap.  
"Nevertheless, he is my significant other, and any life threatening beatings deserve his input."

After he left, Chrissie looked at Shelia, "He'll never go for it."

Shelia bit her lip and thought for a moment, then turned to Megan at the same time Chrissie did.

Megan eeped, covering her face with her hands, squealing, "not mE!"

\*\*\*\*\*

That night, the stage show was unusually energetic. There was nothing scripted but a caning for Megan -- the rest was a combination of audience participation and impromptu beatings.

At one point Nicholas was chased around the entire stage area until Shelia and Chrissie trapped him in the back, only to bring him out in handcuffs and throw him to the floor on his knees to the roar of the crowd.

"Anyone want to FUCK this boy!?" Shelia asked the crowd.

"Not unless you put a WIG ON HIM!" someone screamed back.

Chrissie immediately located the heckler and took the microphone, "You like to see little boys dressed up like little girls?"

The crowd cheered and the man shook his fist in the air in approval.

"Then come on up, little boy!"

The crowd again went wild, but this time the man tried to hide. Needless to say, he was found.

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Once the heckler was brought up on stage, Megan led Nicholas offstage by a finger through the ring on his collar. Offstage, both watched what was going on while Megan shuffled through her keyring for the key to the cuffs.

Shelia had the man on his knees, licking her boots, and the crowd was loving it.

"She's really amazing, isn't she." Nicholas said softly, as if just to himself.

"Yes, she is." Megan agreed, locating the keys and leaning

down to his wrists.

Shelia had her boot now in the small of the man's back while Chrissie wheeled over the large vanity covered with make up, wigs, and lingerie that the man would be forced into in front of the crowd.

Nicholas absentmindedly raised his free wrists up and started rubbing them once the cuffs were off. Without looking away from the stage, he said "Do you think she'd ever go too far. Get too carried away?"

"I trust Shelia," Megan said softly, "With my life."

Nicholas looked at her, at her cute angelic face, at the way the brown bob made her look like she was just a schoolgirl. He touched her chin, smiling. "I know you do. She's lucky to have you."

"I'm the lucky one," Megan said, leaning against him.

For the next half hour they just stood there and watched as Shelia transformed the heckler one piece of clothing at a time, until he was left standing there in panties, garters, and bra, his huge erection peeking out of the top of the panties. Next she made him sit in the chair to put the wig on him, and by the end of the set she had him prancing around the stage shaking his ass to the audience.

Nicholas watched her smiling, her eyes lit up, reflecting the stage lighting. He could see the perspiration, and he could tell how hot she was from the scene. He sighed, shook his head, and walked away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Much to the dismay of Nicholas' boyfriend, Derek, he agreed to the edgeplay scene. And what made him finally succumb was Megan, ironically, after a long, semi-drunken talk at the club one night.

He found her charming and innocent, and she was the only one that was able to really communicate the importance of the new addition to the show, "To give it life again," as she put it. And how Shelia was to be trusted, without question, regardless.

"If you've lived this long," he teased, lifting his beer. "Then what do I have to worry about, right?"

\*\*\*\*

"Ow -- ow -- ow-- FUCK!"

Nicholas had his eyes shut tight, body wrenched against the bonds, sweat in his face, breath coming in a desperate gasp.

The alligator clamps were digging into the flesh of his nipples relentlessly, aggravated by the addition of weights, and straps pinching the most delicate of his flesh.

Shelia had her brows down in frustration, not aware of the

people walking back and forth behind her hurriedly, the sound of saws, of hammering, as a new set was built.

"My boy," She said, shaking her head and slowly removing the first clamp from his left nipple. "You'll never be able to take the clamps."

Nicholas howled in pain, howled above the sawing and above the music Chrissie had blaring.

Megan looked over as she carried paint by, first at Nicolas, then at Shelia. She considered stopping, but kept going.

His breath came from between clenched teeth, his head was down resting on his shoulder, his eyes barely on her. "It's too fucking much. I've..I've told you. I can take anything but that."

Shelia was looking into his eyes, rubbing the flesh around his chest softly to restore circulation. And for a moment they didn't say anything to each other, and he looked at her with the most delicate expression.

She found herself thinking, again, this is adoration, this is love, this is lust. The boy can't be gay.

Nicholas almost had a smile at the corner of his mouth, a weak but forced one, when his eyes were diverted beyond Shelia, widening, becoming alert, alive. "Hey!" he said.

Shelia looked over her shoulder to see Derek coming across the stage toward them, stepping over a toolbox. He had a bag over his shoulder and was in torn jeans and a black t-shirt, husky in build.

Shelia turned around and back to Nicholas, who was wiggling his fingers what he could as his wrists were strapped down against the wooden frame, above his head.

"Hey, Nick. You ok?" he asked, looking at the sweat, at the redness around his chest, at the one clamp still hanging painfully from his right nipple. Derek looked at Shelia, then at Nicholas.

Derek, it was no secret, was not happy with the idea of Nicholas participating in any kind of S&M act on a weekly basis, and had been encouraging him to quit.

Shelia started putting her toys into the box at his feet, letting them drop loudly. First the weights, then the duct tape, then the shackles and locks.

Derek leaned over to Nicholas, reaching up to find the buckle to the shackles that held him in place.

"Wait!" Shelia hissed, standing and putting her arm up between them. "Please, Derek. Don't."

Derek looked at her, serious. "Look, Shelia, no offense, but we gotta get outta here, we're late." He reached up for the alligator clamp that was still fastened tightly to Nicholas' nipple and the boy tensed, arched his back, shut his eyes and

drew in a quick breath.

Shelia pushed his hand out of the way. "Derek, back OFF! You yank this thing off him the wrong way and he'll be sore for a week!"

Biting his lip, eyes still closed, Nicholas nodded enthusiastically. "It's ok man. Just let her do it."

Derek sighed, shook his head, and muttered, "What the fuck ever," turning and walking away.

Shelia waited until Nicholas opened his eyes and looked at her. "We weren't done yet, you know,"

Nicholas nodded, "Yeah I know, but we have tickets to a hockey game. I gotta go, I told you. Get me down,"

Shelia massaged the area around his nipple a little, nodding. "Can you come by tomorrow afternoon? We'll have the set done."

"Sure. Just take it off. I gotta go." Nicholas nodded, watching for a second then turning his head, shutting his eyes tight.

This time, when Shelia removed the clamp, he kept his lips tightly sealed and held in the urge to scream.

\*\*\*\*

Hans was the name of the man with the big rubber suit.

Nicholas said nothing during the orientation on the newly built set, the orientation where Hans showed Shelia everything about the rubber suit, from the D-rings conveniently located down the arms and legs to the insertable cock and ball restrictor to the various gags and blindfolds that would fit right into the hood of it.

Megan was taking notes. Chrissie chewed gum and peered through the paperwork. She hissed under her breath, once, "nasty!" but Nicholas caught her smiling at him. She winked and nudged him, almost encouragingly.

Hans came to his real pride and joy, though, the last box of accessories. He lifted out a handful of tubes and pumps, all of such freshly made latex that the powder still needed to be wiped off.

Shelia looked at Nicholas as Hans put the rubber contraption into her hands, saying, "As you asked for, Madame, this will ensure your captive cannot breathe at all, until you allow it."

Megan raised her hand, instinctively, as if in a classroom.

Shelia turned to her, "What is it, Megan?" she asked, looking at the tubes, turning them over and over, trying to figure out which was which.

"Mr. Hans, what is the safety release on it?"

Hans didn't say anything for a bit, but when he did, it was an



excited, animated long rant in a thick German accent.

When Megan just looked at him blankly, he said more clearly, "Madame is the safety release."

Nicholas looked up from the diagrams on the table and at the two of them. "No safety?"

At the same time Shelia started to answer softly, Hans waved his arms around and said excitedly, "You trust your Mistress! You are a strong boy."

Nicholas laughed and pointed to himself, standing, "Ok wait a second. Strong boy, nothing. We're talking about my life here." He pointed to the suit. "There's nothing in there, no valve I can reach, just in case?"

Hans seemed strangely offended. Muttering something in German to Shelia, he tossed the remaining tubes in her hands and walked off.

"What's with that guy!?" Nicholas scoffed.

"He's a little passionate about his work, to say the least," Chrissie said.

Nicholas picked up the tubes and started looking at them. "This is fucked. You didn't say anything about not having a safety, Shelia. You know how things get on stage. One second you get distracted, next thing you know, I'm unconscious."

Shelia looked at Megan, then at Chrissie. "Let's not get overly excited Nicky. We haven't even tried it. Let's see what it's like, and if you still feel uncomfortable --"

Nicholas interrupted loudly, waving his hand at her, "I'm not --"

"IF you are not comfortable, after that, Nicky, I will have Hans build in a safety for you. I'm just asking you to at least give it a try."

Nicholas shook his head, looked at Megan, then grabbed the rubber suit and walked off stage.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Chrissie didn't look up from what she was reading. Finally she said, "It's not like he can't change in front of us."

Despite the tense look on her face, Shelia snickered a bit as she plopped down into the chair at the makeshift table.

Megan turned to her. After a brief silence, she said softly, "I agree with Nicky. You need a safety."

Shelia said nothing. Her mind was somewhere else entirely.

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"It's hot," Nicholas complained.

"You're definitely looking hot," Chrissie said, a known latex

fetishist. She watched Shelia and Megan tighten the straps all over the suit that covered him from the neck down to the ankles in black skintight rubber.

Shelia was crouched down, fiddling with the D-rings, whispering to Megan. She finally said out loud to Nicholas, "You thought much about the music for this set, Nicholas? I want you to pick it."

Nicholas stood, holding his arms up out of the way, staring at Chrissie. He was already sweating. Eyes fixed, almost gazing, he said "Welcome to the Pleasuredome by Frankie Goes to Hollywood,"

Shelia was standing again, right in front of him now. But he didn't look. "OOh, very hot, I like that."

Nicholas didn't move his eyes to her, but was aware of the device she held in her hand that was waiting to go into his mouth. "Followed by 'I feel Love', Donna Summer."

Chrissie was staring at him, up and down, smiling in approval. "I'm sure your raver dance friends will love it, Nick. You really do look hot."

He shut his eyes before opening his mouth, and calmed himself to the soft voices of Shelia and Megan whispering instructions to each other.

\*\*\*\*\*

At first, Nicholas was extremely reluctant to agree to anything. He found the suit to be incredibly uncomfortable, and the breath control hood made it even worse. He gagged on the tubing that was forced into his mouth, the sweat made his eyes sting even when they were shut. It was suffocating and claustrophobic.

After he gave the list of complaints to the three staring women, sitting with a leg up, a towel around his neck and his hear still soaked with sweat, he was met with silence.

And they were all looking at him with the same blank look. Even Chrissie, who was rarely at a loss for words.

Finally she was the one to speak. "Nicky, I'm not lying when I tell you that it was equally as frightening to watch."

Megan nodded enthusiastically. Shelia -- well, Shelia was in another world entirely. Aroused, heart pounding, lost, still fixated on the moment that his little latex gloved hands turned to two desperate fists and he could only muster a breathless whimper to show her he needed to stop.

"Everyone would feel it," Megan said.

"Then maybe you should take volunteers for it," Nicholas said, drying his hair with the towel.

It was only after an hour of talking, of being told how hot he was, of being assured that every precaution would be taken, that Nicholas somehow found himself agreeing.

And it was only an hour later that he was already starting to wonder why.

\*\*\*\*\*

In bed that night, Shelia was restless and could not sleep at all. Megan sensed it, curled up next to her, occasionally looking up at her in the darkness as she was pressed against her side.

The room was silent except for the clicking of the clock on the bedside table.

Megan hesitated at first, then lifted her chin again and looked at her Mistress in the semi-darkness. "You can't sleep."

Shelia shook her head.

"I can feel your heart beating." Megan said, placing her ear on Shelia's chest. She was longing for affection. Any affection. It had been a long time, she knew, since Shelia had done much with her.

Kinky, or not. Not even slow lovemaking. It had been three weeks since Shelia had ordered her to service her. It had been five since she'd dominated Megan in private.

But Megan kept quiet. Not wanting to seem pushy. Not wanting to appear as though she was topping from the bottom, or being demanding.

But it ached terribly, and she was torn up inside with desire to be owned that way again, to see the look in Shelia's eyes.

That same look she had seen so many times as Shelia watched Nicholas on stage, as she had tore into him. With much the same passion she had one day dominated Megan with.

But Megan dared not say anything. She just looked at Shelia in the semi-darkness. At her lips. At the tension in her brow.

"Are you thinking about the show?"

Shelia half-nodded, then snapped out of it, forced, and turned to Megan, putting a hand lightly in her hair. She managed a crooked smile and stroked her hair slowly.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Megan asked her, softly. Afraid to use the "M" word, should it sound too pretentious.

"No..I'm fine."

"Is there anything I can..." Megan hesitated, afraid to sound too pushy by offering anything. She shut her eyes and cursed herself, frustrated that she was walking on eggshells just by having a conversation, because everything was laced, she could tell, with her own selfish desires.

She wanted to get up, to sit up in bed, to cry, and point at herself, and beg pleading, "Shelia, I need you. I need you to

own me. I need you to USE me. I need to you do things to me that hurt me, and do them so that I can curl next to you and feel you content again. I want to help you. I want you to help me."

But instead, Megan remained silent.

"I'll be fine. Let's get some sleep. I just need sleep."

And Megan felt Shelia roll over a little, taking her hand with her, the last and remaining contact between them. Megan felt like crying.

It burned.

She shut her eyes, and forced herself to sleep. To try to sleep.

And somehow, she knew, exactly what Shelia was thinking about as she tried to settle to sleep. And it killed her inside.

But her love was greater than that.

\*

In between restless stages of slumber, Shelia's thoughts drifted in and out of her own passions, her own self doubt, her own fear of what would eventually happen in the show.

Of Nicholas. Of the way Derek kissed him on the dance floor when neither of them knew she was watching.

Nicholas. The way he danced sometimes, for hours, under bright lights, his hair all wet with sweat. Sometimes in a headband that made his blonde bangs stick up in the air. A t-shirt, white, stuck to his chest. Thin. Pronounced hips. Barely an ass, ahh, she noticed, but an ass nonetheless.

He was gay. She knew she would never have him. She cursed herself over this obsession. Of all the men in the world, why waste time on him, she wondered.

Especially when, she reminded herself, her primary interest was in women, and she had the woman she wanted.

But all lust in her for women - for Megan - had strangely been curved since meeting Nicholas.

Shelia wondered if it would be best to let him go. From the show. From her clutches. From anywhere that he'd cause her such distraction.

She longed for the times that Megan would crawl beside her, her thin, sleek body close to her heel, her flesh - the way the light made it sparkle when she was damp after a beating.

The way her tongue moved like no other. Megan was trained. Complete. Her lover, and her soul mate.

Yet, somehow, everything was still. Unmoving. Strangely unfamiliar, and undesirable.

Shelia did not sleep at all.

\*

Megan decided, that morning, that she could not take it much longer. Not that she was being abused - but, ironically, that she was not being abused.

No attention was worse than any negative attention, she realized.

No attention meant she was not needed.

No attention meant she could not improve, because she was not asked to.

No attention met everything was "fine", as Shelia would smile, and tell her. But it wasn't fine.

Megan could barely swallow it down anymore. And when she saw the way Shelia's face lit up when she saw Nicholas, it made her throat fall into her stomach, and her body break out in cold chills.

She had to leave the room. And Shelia did not notice.

\*

The evening of the new performance came quickly, and their dress rehearsal was cut short because the DJ was not ready with the mixes for the night, and the lighting was not working.

Chrissie suggested postponing it until the following week, but Shelia would not have it. Totally wrapped up in preparations, she was in another world. "Nicholas, I want you to wear the black jeans and white t-shirt, with that belt that kind of hangs loose. You know the one I'm talking about?"

Nicholas didn't look at her as he was painting part of the set with quick-dry paint. "Yeah, I think so."

"And wear your hair slicked back. I sort of like that James Dean look you've been pushing."

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, and it wasn't sincere, nor sarcastic. It just was.

Shelia turned to Megan, who was re-organizing the shackles in the large toy chest, trying to match them up. "Megan, wear your black latex mini. Ok?"

Megan looked up, and smiled, smiled with everything she had - even her eyes. "Yes, Mistress," she said, but before the words even got out, Shelia had turned her attention back to Nicholas, and was talking to him in a hushed tone.

\*

Her voice low, to not bring Chrissie or Megan into it, Shelia said to Nicholas, "Is Derek going to be around during the show?"

Nicholas kept his eyes on what he was painting. Long, deep strokes. "He's going to be offstage. He wants to be close by. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No, I just don't want him getting in the way. We're going to have a lot of activity back there. Some media are coming, and a medical team -"

Nicholas turned and looked at her, about to protest.

"It's a precaution, we don't have a choice. Bruce insisted. It makes the club look better to the press."

"Jesus Christ." Nicholas sighed. "I'm fucking insane for doing this."

\*

As Nicholas stood up on stage during the start of the scene, he wondered, again, just how crazy he was. Like many scenes, it started out so quickly that it was a blur, and suddenly he found himself being trussed up to the steel frame, for all to see.

And he was lost in it all. The latex suit was terribly hot, and the stage lights compounded it. More than he could have imagined. The music was a pleasant distraction, but it was hard to ignore the overwhelming, all-over discomfort he felt being in that suit.

Trying to distract himself as Chrissie fumbled with a few of the shackles, as one song blurred into the next, he found himself looking at Megan.

She was kneeling there, on the floor, below his feet as the rack had him up off the ground a bit. And she had her head up, staring at him, and the reflection of the glitter under her eyes, in the light, made them look like little silver tears.

He lost himself in the little silver tears. And could barely feel the sweat, now pouring, as it drenched his skin.

\*

It was one of the rare moments for Shelia when the music seemed to own her, and her set. She wanted, so bad, for it all to be right. She forced the passion inside of her, grasping at straws from the outside world.

Ignoring that nagging feeling inside of her. Distracting thoughts as she watched them put Nicholas in position.

Megan. No, not Megan. Megan is fine.

The heat. The lights are wrong.

It's hot.

He must be hotter.

Aching. Aching in my cunt.

Fingers wrapped around latex cock. His eyes.

Shelia felt sweat building in her palms, under the gloves. She'd chosen quite a hot outfit as well - a latex catsuit with 5 inch pumps. She was wearing black gloves with it. Her hair was pulled back into an extreme ponytail to keep it out of her face.

Heavy makeup. Her body was slender in the catsuit, the stage lights, bouncing off the latex, made her look almost like a plastic doll.

And she stood there, with one heel up on a pedestal, watching them lock her Nicholas into the rack. He was in the rubber suit now, and Chrissie was preparing the helmet for his final goodbye.

Goodbye to the audience. Goodbye to air.

Megan. On her knees. Watching him.

Shelia slowly took out a cigarette.

His eyes moved to her, for the first time. He was blinking sweat from his eyelashes. His slicked-back James Dean hair had turned to a wet mess on top of his head.

She moved to him, finally. And as she walked across the stage to him, she could feel eyes on her - the eyes of the audience, unmistakable quiet this night, nothing more than low murmurs barely audible over the loud music.

And as she glanced over her shoulders one last time at them, the entire span of the club, she saw mostly still bodies. Even the raver boys, across on the opposite stage, were leaning against the poles instead of dancing. Watching.

It all came down to this.

\*

The way it unfolded was not entirely choreographed. Indeed, the timing was a bit structured, as to when the final strap would put Nicholas in place, and when Chrissie would apply the helmet, and when Shelia would see to it that he was not able to breathe any more.

And it was not timed to a clock, but timed to a song, the song Nicholas had chosen.

Other than that, the actual movements that led up to his fate were not planned out. The way Shelia walked up to him. The way she moved up the stairs next to the rack and poised herself next to him, while he would not look at her or acknowledge that she was even there.

The way she took a long, careful drag on her cigarette while looking at him, then lifted her hand to place it to his lips. And he took it, as if it had all been planned, closing his eyes, inhaling, before she removed it and carelessly flicked it between two fingers and let it disappear off the stage.

His eyes still closed, exhaling, Chrissie took her cue only from the music, standing on her side of the platform to fasten the helmet onto him.

And it stuck at first. It stuck, because he was sweating more than before. And the latex was a bear to work with. But, ever the performer, Chrissie remained cool, wiggled it into place, and lost no time.

The audience, probably, saw nothing of it, as they were perhaps entranced by the back of Shelia as she bent over toward Nicholas. Her ass, in the latex catsuit, looked absolutely fine, her gloved hand moving down over it, toward her crotch. The faint line of the crotch zipper was visible.

The systematic locking of buckles. Nicholas was gone, then, lost behind pounds of sweat and latex, even eyes hidden in black shiny plastic-like rubber.

The buckles over his chest, the straps that held his body to the frame, strained with his last breaths. Breaths of preparation, or of heat, and exhaustion. Breaths of fear, or anticipation.

Shelia watched Nicholas. Intensely.

Megan, kneeling, watched Shelia watching Nicholas. Painfully.

The way his knee moved, under the straps that held his legs in place, signaled, to Megan more than anyone, the beginning of the end for him. The moment where control is gone, trust is the last thing he is hanging onto.

Megan watched, her stomach in knots, wondering, almost tearfully, how anyone could submit to that. To that heat. The sweat. The total discomfort of that suit, the inability to even breathe. In front of hundreds of people. The risk of death. The claustrophobia. Not even having his eyes to speak to his Mistress. No way to call for help. No safe word. No safe object. No safe sign. No way out. No hope.

She envied him. She wanted to be him.

She would trade places with him in an instant to have Shelia look at her the way she looked at him.

Between the awe of both of them, between the music, and the fog, and the lights, perhaps Chrissie was the only one paying attention to the time.

And realizing that the DJ had been playing a different version of the song. Their timing was off. And the difference between 30 seconds and 35, while seemingly not dramatic, meant everything.

And those five seconds did it.

\*

Chrissie was the first person to realize that Nicholas was gone.



Completely gone. Unresponsive. Not really there any more. And he had not even put up much of a fight before it happened - not that anyone could tell behind that much latex and a pair of bondage mittens.

From below, Megan was to be watching for signs of distress, but she was quite lost in her own reverie, and saw nothing in him but what she wanted to be.

And Shelia, lost in her own world of lust, saw nothing but the outline of his body, the way the latex curved over his crotch, the way his bound wrists, above his head, signaled almost a symbolic acceptance of defeat.

When Chrissie moved to release him, out of cue, both Megan and Shelia snapped out of their own world's to respond, and both, at once, were lost in an overwhelming sense of panic.

Then it all happened at once. The lights up, the sound of heavy boots on wooden stage as paramedics rushed the floor.

Paramedics who, while trying to do their job, had no idea how to get him out of that suit, but their large bodies and big hands were overbearing as Shelia and Chrissie tried to show them where, and how.

And Megan remained kneeling there, her hands over her mouth. Frozen.

\*

It was a disaster on stage, almost a mob scene, a blur for them all. But they all were basically pushed back, not even allowed to try to help. Shelia, speechless, stunned, tried to offer her help - her medical training - anything, but was virtually ignored, and could barely see him there.

On the floor, sprawled out. Latex, the fine latex, cut from his skin with medical shears because they didn't want to waste time with the buckles and zippers.

Peeled down to his waist. Like a wetsuit. Her eyes blurred as she watched. He looked like a rescued surfer, soaked from the ocean. Lips still wet. Hair pasted to his face.

She was totally helpless. And she did not like that feeling, nor was she used to it.

They were going to put him in an ambulance. They had finished with the CPR.

Shelia lunged forward, leaping to her feet from a crouching position, following them. "I need to go with you," she said.

A medic turned to her. "Are you his girlfriend?" he asked as they shuffled toward the back stage door.

"I'm - " she stopped. Derek was suddenly right there. He gave her a look, sort of a stare of disgust, and anger.

"I'm his boyfriend," Derek said. "And I'm going with him."

The paramedics did not even question it. They'd probably seen it all that night. They took Derek with them, into the ambulance where the unconscious Nicholas was placed.

Shelia stood there, frozen, watching at the doors slammed shut.

She felt a hand in hers, slowly. Turning, she saw Megan there, looking at her. Her eyes glassy.

"What have I done." Shelia said softly. Not really a question, just a helpless plea. "What have I done?"

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