



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 Show Four: Sweet Revenge

Nicholas ended up being quite a part of Shelia's live bondage show in a matter of a few nights with the set. Megan, Shelia's bi-sexual slave and lover, was still somewhat jealous and protective on and off stage, while Chrissy, the leather-clad bitch, found him to be a bit of a pest.

And Shelia adored him. Even though he was gay, and had no interest in women, Shelia still found herself soaked wet after every set with him. He'd struggle deliberately, gazing right into her eyes, and it was as if the audience was gone. Pacing like a hungry animal, whip handle precariously between her own legs, watching.

This chemistry packed the house every week. Walk-ups from the crowd were almost unmanageable, and shows needed to be more staged. Gone were the days of random forced feminization of a hopeless man in front of his girlfriend, gone were the days of flogging a total stranger while his co-workers cheered him on.

Instead, the lights were kept dim, the props were more complicated. Even though there was very little rehearsal, every one had cues and times to be on stage, and every one had at least an idea of what their role would be. Crowd participation was, for the most part, planned ahead of time.

And this little schedule worked well for Shelia, the latex-clad dominatrix star of the show. It worked well for her because it was something she could control. Control like she controlled Megan, and even her uppity sidekick Chrissy.

But Nicholas was another story.

It was the ponyboy night. The stage was a bit messy, thrashed from the activity. Shelia had drawn a man up on stage and transformed him into a ponyboy-slave, slowly and deliberately. Walking in her thigh high boots, the pair that rode nearly up to her crotch, while Megan followed, leashed behind her, in a cowgirl outfit complete with spurs.

Chrissy was the stable handler, whip at her side, in denims and leather boots. She promptly, and happily, swatted the man's ass when he didn't comply, holding him in position while Shelia saddled him. The horsebit went in with ease, and soon he was on all fours ready to be ridden.

Not without a horsetail, of course, and Shelia proudly displayed, much to his dismay, an assplug complete with long black strands. He shook his head. The crowd betrayed him.

Megan was already trying to mount him, the anxious little girl that she was, her dark bobbed hair bouncing out from under her cowboy hat.

Nicholas typically did not join the set until the second half, and most nights he would be off in the club somewhere dancing, socializing with friends. He never waited in the dressing room like Megan or Chrissy for his cue, merely showed up when it was his turn and offered himself for abuse.

This night Shelia saw him, on the opposite side of the huge establishment. He was on the stage across the place, dancing, and all that surrounded them was the huge dance floor. Most of the people dancing, of course, were oblivious to the crowd that had gathered around Shelia's stage to watch the harnessing and creation of a ponyboy.

Shelia was oblivious to the muffled cries as Megan's spurs dug into the man's tender undersides. Chrissy stepped over and held him by the bit, calling him a good pony, ordering him to hold still for some sugar cubes.

Still holding the plug in her hand, Shelia was transfixed by his presence across the club. He might have been watching, but probably not. He was dancing, doing his own thing, quite enjoying himself.

"Miss Shelia," Megan called out.

She turned, blinking. The crowd came back into focus in the foreground. The ponyboy was gazing up at her, sweat building at his forehead, crouched down on hands and knees with Megan atop him.

"Put the tail on him!" Megan smiled, digging the spurs into him once more to hold him still. Chrissy had him by the bridle and was holding his face to her crotch as a distraction, mocking him and grinding into his nose.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, Shelia walked purposefully around behind him, held him by the hips, blocked the view of the audience and pulled down his pants.

He struggled.

Unable to resist, she found herself again glancing up toward the stage for Nicholas, but he was gone. Chrissy was at her side, helping her lock the belt into the place. Because anal penetration was not allowed on stage in public, the horsetail was a rig that looked believable. And the way the ponyboy flailed, you would think he was really being fucked with it.

The crowd didn't even know the difference

The intermission was short. Just long enough to clean up the trough area where the ponyboy had been forced to gobble up oats while Megan sat atop it, legs open, squirming while her Mistress taunted her with the end of her whip. Chrissy stood in position behind the victim, giving his ass a slap when he

slowed down.

The show ended with the offer to give rides to any of the ladies in the audience, and after crawling around back and forth for a bit, the ponyboy was allowed to leave.

As typical with intermissions, Shelia only had time to step into her dressing room and change quickly. Every time the door opened and someone entered, she could hear the roaring from the crowd. They wanted more.

She was pulling up thigh high stockings next to Megan who was re-applying mascara. The door swung open and again she expected to see Nicholas, but it wasn't him.

"Where's the brat," Chrissy asked aloud as she walked across the room, fastening a latex bra tight in front. Wearing only the bra and a pair of skin tight latex shorts and short stillettos, she looked amazing.

"Late again," Megan answered.

"I saw him out there earlier," Shelia replied, fastening her stockings. "He'll be here."

The door swung open again.

They all three looked up. The club owner peered inside. "You're on again, let's go."

Megan looked at Chrissy, then at Shelia. Fuming, Shelia grabbed her short crop on the way out the door, muttering.

The microphone stand was up and ready for her. Megan followed her out and Chrissy moved to side stage to start looking for a volunteer should Nicholas not show up.

Grabbing the microphone with her gloved hand, Shelia squinted into the bright lights. "Anyone seen my little fucktoy?"

The crowd cheered and hands went up to volunteer. She squinted again, holding a hand up over her eyes. Across the club, on the dance stage again, she could see him. She could only see his outline but could tell by the way he was dancing that it was indeed Nicholas. He was dancing with a guy. Not outwardly, not blatantly, but she could tell nonetheless. It infuriated her.

Not so much from his irresponsibility, since he knew he was supposed to be there, but from sheer jealousy.

She grabbed the microphone off the stand and started to pace the floor, glaring down into the audience like a hungry beast. "That's ok," she announced. "I'm sure we will find someone else. And while my dear Megan goes to bring my toy box out, I challenge you all. Who's got the balls?"

And Megan was behind her once more, rolling out the huge toy chest, opening it so it glistened in the light. Out came the

leather hood, the tightest shackles, the ominous harness gag, the shiniest pair of nipple clamps.

And the men were still climbing over one another to get to the stage to volunteer.

Chrissy appeared behind Shelia and Shelia turned, covering the microphone and leaning down to listen.

"I've got three prospects," Chrissy told her.

"Find me a fucking heartthrob," Shelia hissed. "Someone you know I can rip apart and his cock will still be standing straight up."

The tone was obvious. Chrissy nodded and turned away.

Megan was walking past to get something and Shelia caught her by the collar and brought her to her knees. She lifted her head, big brown eyes, swallowing and giving her Mistress the "but what did I do wrong??" look.

"In the meantime we'll start with you," Shelia said to her little princess. The audience could hear that. "Get me the rubber whip," she ordered.

Megan lowered her eyes, her lips in a definite timid pout. She turned toward the open chest and found the item at once, turning back to her Mistress and holding it up with two hands, laying across her palms.

As Shelia took it from her and slid it through her open palm Megan looked up and said quietly, "Why do I have to pay when he does this to you?"

Shelia glared for a moment, started to prepare an answer, then shook her head and looked up toward the rack she was about to order Megan to move to.

And there was Chrissy, giving the selected victim a shove toward Shelia on the stage. He walked deliberately, peeling off his jacket and staring at her defiantly.

It was Nicholas.

Locking Nicholas to the rack was a strange and surreal moment. Shelia stood and just watched, and he kept his head turned toward her. Megan happily helped Chrissy with the locks and shackles because she was so pleased it wasn't going to be her.

Moving close to him, close enough that he could hear her, Shelia started to run the rubber whip, the most painful of all, teasingly down his bare side and around to the small of his back. Her glare was icy and intense.

Finally she said, "You're late."

Without the microphone on them, no one could hear. He chose his words for a moment, then said, "I met someone."

"So I saw." Shelia nodded. She turned the whip in her palm so the handle was facing out, and moved that carefully up his neck. He lifted his head but kept his eyes on her. The women were crouching down locking his ankles into place. "In case you forgot, you have a job here."

"I get *beat* here," he snapped. "And to be honest, I haven't been laid in three weeks. I like him, and it looked promising. Until Chrissy came up and started fondling my cock right in front of him."

Chrissy chuckled from below then reached up and gave his crotch a tight enough squeeze that he winced and got up onto his toes.

Shelia just nodded, then lifted the whip handle to his nose. "Don't you ever fucking be late on me again, Nicholas. Play with your little boyfriends after the set. Is that clear?"

He didn't answer, just glared at her. Chrissy stepped up behind him and pulled his hair back hard, yanking his head back and exposing his neck.

"Is that clear?" Shelia asked. This time, she put the microphone to his face.

He shut his eyes tight. And very clearly, very deliberately, and very sarcastically he replied "Yes, Mistress."

And when Shelia stepped down to take position behind the rack, Nicholas through his head back, shook the hair out of his eyes, clenched both fists and took a long, deep breath.

All of the fury, the anger, and the jealousy came out of her that night on stage. After a fifteen minute beating with the rubber flogger, with little build up, she brought him down off the rack and had Megan lock him into a tight leather body suit, hood that laced in the back, and the gag that he had admitted to her once before was the most uncomfortable thing he had ever worn.

From there she leashed him, locked a vice on the outside of the suit right at his balls, locked that to the floor. Megan pulled the leash tight and Chrissy put a boot to the back of the neck, sprawling him out across the floor like a chained animal.

He was completely encased in leather, even his hands. In the lights, Shelia knew the heat was probably unbearable. But he wasn't going anywhere. She had them lock him down in place, balls to the ground, and stay there while she brought a volunteer up on stage, then a second, and eventually had a simulated male-male fucking going on right before his eyes.

Of course Shelia could only see his eyes, and he looked at her. Betrayal.

The set went longer than planned. Finally over, Shelia was backstage first, Megan at her side whispering something to her but she wasn't really listening. The music was still pounding in her ears, and once again as she slid down her panties to change she crumbled them up into a tight, soaked ball.

The stage hands guided him into the room, still locked in leather, buckles hanging off of him. Shelia merely glanced up. They let go and he leaned into the wall, fumbling with his hands toward the back of his head to find the laces. The gag had already been removed, but he was still silent.

Chrissy just glanced at him and went back to packing her clothes into her overnight bag, while Megan got up and went over to help him out of the suit.

Shelia pulled on another pair of panties and grabbed a skirt to put on, then started to brush out her long hair.

It was impossible not to look. As much as she knew it would be the end of her, she looked, glancing into the mirror. Megan was folding up the leather suit and he stood, running both hands through his hair. Water, sweat, dripped into his eyes. He was in black pants and a white t-shirt. Some one had handed him bottled water and he was drinking it, but he wouldn't look at her. Then Megan was behind him, checking the condition of his back. Something about iodine and being right back. Then his eyes fell on hers and she looked away.

"Nice show," he called to her. His voice was dripping with anger.

Chrissy said her goodbyes, and as usual, was gone in a flash. Megan muttered about going to the manager's office for first aid and was gone. And they were alone.

The idea - the vague and inappropriate desire - came over Shelia when she was looking at him in the mirror and remembering what he had said to her on stage. Remembering what she felt when she saw him with the boy on the dance stage.

She realized, as she went into her drawer quietly for a few things, that she had waited much too long for this. Much too long indeed, and that her real desires for him shouldn't be so hidden and stifled. And jealousy should be expressed as just that.

"It's hard for me to see you with a guy like that," she said finally, setting something on the table next to her makeup. "You know how attracted I am to you."

He walked over to her, his hair finally slicked back and in place. His cheeks were still flushed. She could smell him behind her, the scent of sweat and cologne and leather. It was intoxicating.

She turned around and he was right up against her. Staring at her. Staring down toward her. His mouth close to her skin. Eyes piercing. His hands were on her arms, holding her tightly. Almost as if it was a storybook romance and what was coming next was a deep, all encompassing kiss. But she knew that wouldn't happen with Nicholas.

Shelia stood firm and stared right back at him, waiting for his comment, for whatever it was he was making such a big intro for. All she knew was that he smelled so good, and the sweat looked amazing in his hair. And she wanted him.

When no big revelations came from him she wiggled out of his hold and held him instead, giving him a shove up against the full length glass mirror. He smirked at her and smiled. A cocky smile. "You hate me, Shelia. Just admit it."

"I don't hate you," she said, pressing her body up against his. She could feel the bulge in his pants. Strange, arousal. She pressed harder. "I hate that I can't have you."

"You need to accept it," he said.

Shelia moved her hand up his leg and felt his pants, then started carressing. She felt him harden even more under his pants. She smiled proudly. He chuckled and shook his head at her.

Taking him by the arms, Shelia turned him around and pushed him back up against the mirror. This time his hands came up and he supported himself by the palms, forehead to the glass, head slightly down. She could see his breath on the glass. Both of her hands made way to his crotch. He was breathing hard.

"You do need to be fucked, Nicky," she hissed.

And he moaned.

It was a blur. It happened ruthlessly, painfully. Between the overturned furniture, the broken lamp, the noises he made, you would almost think it was an attack. But he could have stopped her.

Shelia fucked him. She fucked him hard, up against the wall, up against the mirror, and finally over her vanity table. It started with her unzipping his pants and sliding her hand down between his legs, easing down his trousers and eventually working her hand around to his ass.

When he started to protest and try to slip away she pushed him harder against the mirror, hand gripped in his hair, other hand reaching for the lubricant on her dresser. He did remain, silent, pinned up against the mirror when he could surely see her behind him, stepping into the harness that would suspend an 8-inch latex dildo. He knew what it was for. He almost pretended not to see, but she knew he did.

And he did try to get away when he felt it at his ass, and she

did hold him in place with a knee to his balls and her hand behind his head, holding him against the mirror. Her fingers sloppily, furiously rubbed the lubricant between his cheeks, two fingers entering him without warning, making him yelp, nails digging into the glass.

Standing in heels now, she entered him from behind while holding his face against the mirror, fucking him ruthlessly, watching the way his breath stained the reflection with helpless gasps. Fingers outspread, holding into the wall for balance, occasionally reaching behind but being tossed aside.

She penetrated him completely, fucked him standing up, and whispered into his ear that she could give him anything, and more, that any guy could.

Nicholas came. He came all over the glass from the combination of her yanking his cock and fucking his ass, and she promptly pushed him down on his knees and made him lick it, slowly, tongue against the mirror. He licked his own cum off the glass while she finished him off up the ass, rubbing herself with the other hand, on the edge herself.

And she came, while watching his delicate tongue flick at the reflection on the glass, her hands moving down the welts on his back. She came loudly, deliriously, just as Megan entered the room with a bowl of water and some gauze for his back.

Megan dropped the bowl. It wasn't the act itself that startled her, for she had been on the receiving end of it many times. It was that it was Nicholas, who was gay, and her Mistress, who ten minutes earlier had not even been speaking to each other.

Shelia stepped out of the harness at once and lowered her skirt. Nicholas retracted, curled up into a ball on the floor, head down, shaking, covering his face with his hand.

"Megan," Shelia called, but it was too late. She was already gone.

(c) Copyright 1996. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com