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Shelia's Show Three - Acquiring Nicholas

On the night that Shelia decided it was time to add someone permanently to the bondage show, she found herself scanning the dance floor for someone with presence and charisma. It only was a matter of minutes before she saw him - the blonde boy - and made her way toward him.

"I'd like to talk to you," Shelia said into his ear, moving with him a little bit as he didn't stop dancing to listen, but did lean over toward her.

He turned to her ear and responded, "After this song."

Shelia gave him a nod and walked away, making her way toward an empty table off the dance floor. While she waited, she watched him finish the song, totally oblivious to everything around him. So much into the music, so full of passion. It made her miss the days when she would dance much in the same way. In fact, he was just the type of guy she would have been all over.

When the song ended he paused, running both hands up through his longish blonde hair. Now full of sweat, it slicked back nicely. He moved toward her through the crowd, turning sideways to maneuver between people with understated grace.

He moved his hips when he walked - almost sauntered, and she realized he had an aura about him which was just what she wanted. A presence. Intense eyes, she could see them tracking her down as he made his way toward her.

Maybe a little too much on the thin side, she observed as he drew closer, to be shown off on stage under her whip. But the rest might just make up for it.

He walked over to where she was sitting and she motioned for him to sit down. Even as he sat, slowly, he seemed to be distracted by the dance floor, the music. Impatient, restless.

"My name is Shelia," she said as she leaned over the table toward him.

Sitting back, half looking around then at her, he nodded, "Yes, I know. You do the show here on Tuesday nights. I like it."

"So you've seen it?" she asked, smiling.

"No," he smiled back. "But it clears the floor and makes it easier to dance."

She chuckled and shook her head. "Thanks. I think. What's your name?"

"Nicholas."

"Nicholas...look," she slid her chair over closer to him. "I don't want to waste any time, I'll get right to the point. I'd be interested in having you in my show."

Nicholas looked up and behind him as the song changed. He didn't speak for a second, then turned back to her, scratching his head. "Uhm...You mean right now? I sorta --" he turned back toward the dance floor.

"No, I mean as part of the show. A regular."

"You mean for money?" he turned, confused.

"No...not for money. You'd get into the club for free, though. Any night of the week. Free drinks, whatever. That kind of thing."

Nicholas was still looking off to the side, maybe thinking, maybe ignoring her. She had no idea.

"Do you have any experience with bondage or S&M?" she asked him.

He turned to her, laughed a little. "Yeah, I do. I'm fine with that. Look, why don't we talk when this set is over, when they start playing the techno crap?"

"Around 1," she nodded, "After my show."

"Yeah," he stood up, nodding as he moved. "I'll meet you over by the bar and we can talk. Right now I really want to dance."

And he was gone.

After her show, Shelia was exhausted. And Nicholas appeared exhausted as well, his hair now a matted mess and traces of eyeliner smudged on his cheeks. He was sitting at the table drinking bottled water when she approached.

She leaned over and suggested they meet in the back, in her dressing room, where they could talk without screaming. He nodded and followed her.

A few onlookers observed as they went by, and Shelia could read what they were thinking. Wondering if this was her boyfriend, or some victim that she was picking to take home. Fantasies taking over, imaginations running wild.

Little did they know, she was just trying to offer him a job.

It was only slightly less distracting in her dressing room because of the door slamming, Megan's awful singing in the

back, the jingling and clanging of chains and metal as toys were put away and locked up in the night trunk. The door would fly open and music would fill the room, then it would slam.

Finally Shelia sighed and apologized. "It gets a little hectic in here around this time."

"No problem, " he said, glancing around from his chair. Under the lights she observed that he wasn't **quite** as striking, but he still had a lot of charisma. In fact, she found him quite arousing, in a strange way, perhaps much of it having to do with the way he practically ignored her previously, while remaining polite.

"Anyway, we're looking for a regular in the show, I need a guy to do an intro with, to sort of give the crowd an idea of the interaction. Otherwise, often times when I pick volunteers from the audience, there's a lack of chemistry, things don't flow right at first, and it takes awhile to get on track."

Nicholas nodded, half looking at Chrissy as she strode by in garters, bra and high heels, screaming, "Megan, where the hell is my razor!?"

"I noticed you because you have a good stage presence. You can dance, which means you can work well with the music I'd assume. I know you haven't seen what I do, but I try to let the music play a part of it. Other bondage shows are so ...dry. And boring. And one-sided. One person beating another, and the sub -- the submissive that is -- just stands there."

Nicholas was looking at Shelia as she talked, but his expression didn't give any clues as to what he was thinking.

"You said you've had some experience with bondage or S&M?" Shelia asked.

He nodded, looking around a little, running a hand through his hair. "Yeah, I just got out of a relationship that had a some of that in it. I thought it was interesting, but not something I would do all the time. I was cool with it, though."

"Much pain?"

"Not really. Bondage mostly, a little pain..candle wax or whatever. Do you like -- seriously beat people or something?"

Shelia laughed as Megan shouted from behind a stall door, "YES!!"

"No, it actually looks and sounds more painful than it is. I have a technique like that so I can give a volunteer from the audience a good flogging that looks real but is really no more than a solid massage. There are ways of getting around it. What's important, though, is your reaction."

Nicholas nodded.

As she watched him, and explained more, Shelia realized he was a bit older than she had thought, and nothing she said

really shocked him. She gave him some examples of shows she had done, and started going into the areas of roleplaying and more bizarre stage acts.

She noticed, even in conversation, that he moved slowly and gracefully, and seemed to have complete control of his body. Very easy to watch, very good looking in an alternative sort of way. Great cat eyes, very soft lips.

"I'm really into melodrama and hyping up really weird, intense scenes," she leaned over and watched his expression. "Sometimes some dabbling in taboo subjects - ageplay, forced feminization."

His expression changed for the first time to a sort of uneasiness, confusion.

She put a hand on his knee. "Don't worry, we wouldn't have to do all those things if you were uneasy about them. Mostly, to be honest, I'm looking for a guy to warm up the crowd. Bondage, roleplaying, flogging, paddles. Uhm...how do you feel about guy-guy stuff?"

This was the question she knew would either make or break the offer, so she listened carefully for his answer.

Nicholas looked at her for a second, expressionless. Finally he answered, quite simply, "I'm gay."

"Oh," Shelia chuckled. Megan's head popped up from behind a dresser and she looked over at Shelia incredulously.

"Then, I guess I should be asking how you feel about guy-girl stuff," she corrected.

Nicholas laughed. "A little is ok."

"I think you might be perfect for this job," she smiled. "If I can keep from falling for you."

He laughed.

"How about meeting me next week before the club opens, come by here and we'll go through a fake set to test the chemistry?" Shelia asked.

"That sounds fine," he nodded.

And when he left, Megan came out from behind the dresser where she was putting things away, hands on her hips. "Very cute," she said as she slid into Shelia's lap.

Shelia nodded, staring toward the wall. "And very gay."

"You deserve a little suffering now and then, too." Megan smiled, teasing. "Besides, I think that'd add some great chemistry. You know you can never have him. There'd be a constant struggle to break him. Very hot."

Shelia nodded. Megan didn't usually offer much business advice, but when she did, she was almost always right on target.

Nicholas arrived just a few minutes late, and after knocking firmly on Shelia's dressing room door was allowed inside. She was still in street clothes, as was Chrissy, and Megan had not arrived yet.

He was already dressed for the club, in dance clothes, heavy combat boots and tight-fitting shirt with black shorts. His hair was slicked back, fresh from the shower, and he looked a lot more awake than she'd remembered him.

"Hey," he said by way of greeting, standing in the door way and watching her grab some things. A small bag, a portable cd player, some papers.

"Hello," She said, looking all around. "Chrissy can you come with us?" she called out, her hands full of things, juggling them to balance. Nicholas reached over and said something softly, taking a few items from her arms.

"Sure," she said with little emotion from across the room, going through her duffle bag.

"Bring the box," Shelia said over her shoulder, taking Nicholas by the arm and guiding him out the door and into the hall. "We can use the stage," she said. "No one's even here to set up yet."

It was strange and much more awkward than Shelia had anticipated. She hadn't remembered Chrissy's initiation to be this awkward, and Megan had come to be in the show simply because she was her girlfriend.

But with Nicholas, she couldn't quite get herself together. She was clumsy and awkward, and more than once stopped to curse herself and shake her head.

Chrissy watched, sitting on a trunk and staying quiet.

Finally, Shelia sighed and dropped the set of shackles she was trying to maneuver onto the kneeling Nicholas, who watched her curiously. She walked over to the portable cd player and fumbled with it a little, putting on some music. "I swear," she said as she walked over toward him. "It must be the lack of an audience or I simply am too distracted by you."

"It's the street clothes," Chrissy offered as an explanation. "It fucks with your headspace."

Shelia shook her head, staring at the boy in front of her. "No, that's not it." She paused, running her hands through his hair, both at the same time. "Chrissy, bring over the blindfold, collar and leash. And get my medium weight flogger from the cabinet."

Wordlessly Chrissy obeyed, getting up and opening the trunk.

Meanwhile, Shelia moved her hands down his face and

worked her fingers toward his mouth, prying it open a little. He obliged, letting it drop open, eyes on hers. He was very attentive, watched her carefully always. Much like when he danced, she noticed he was not distracted by people walking around off the stage, or the dropping and clanging of heavy equipment as the lighting crew started to arrive with their stuff.

And when Chrissy arrived at her side and handed her the blindfold with a quiet, "Here you go, Mistress," everything seemed to fall into place.

Soon she was putting Nicholas through his paces, everything from a decent grade flogging to showing him just how he had to crawl to please her. He learned, with ease, how to move his shoulders with every slow move forward, and she taunted him with a finger, calling him closer then sliding away. He moved like an undaunted animal toward her, hair falling into his challenging eyes.

Chrissy was clapping and whistling, sitting on the trunk again, and Nicholas remained oblivious to her. When he arrived at Shelia's feet, she took him by the collar and yanked up hard so he kneeled upright.

Chin up, he stared at her, an intense look in his eyes, his hands behind his back at once, clasped together.

"I'm going to slap you," she said to him, one hand lightly on the left side of his face. "Are you ok with that?"

"Yes," he said, and before he could get the rest of the word out, her other hand struck his cheek hard. He didn't jump, or cry out, merely moved with her and took a breath.

She slapped him again, and this time he lowered himself to her feet afterward, wrapping his arms slowly around her legs and nuzzling his face around her ankles. She turned and smiled at Chrissy, nodding approvingly.

Chrissy nodded too. "He's good," She mouthed.

Shelia leaned down and attached the leash to Nicholas' collar, stepping away to lead him up toward the rack where had been once earlier. He saw it coming and backed away, but she pulled hard on the leash and commanded him to crawl.

So he crawled, slow and cat-like, and Chrissy walked up behind Shelia to join her on the other side of the rack.

It might have been the music, or just that she was warmed up, but when Shelia positioned him up with his back to the rack, even she could feel the electricity. Chrissy held him in place with a hand tightly under his neck, leading him to grab her wrist until Shelia pryed it off and pinned it to the rack above his head, smiling.

He writhed a bit in the bonds, but Chrissy held each of his limbs in place for Shelia as she strapped them down, kneeling

down eventually to lock his ankles far apart, in place, at the bottom of the rack.

Shelia went to the box, Chrissy walked up two steps next to the rack so she could hold his head still, pinning it back, one hand under his chin so he faced forward. Nicholas breathed hard, steady, fists clenched visibly, hips twisting under the strap that held his body in place.

Upon returning with two pairs of nipple clamps, Shelia ordered Chrissy to pull up his shirt. When Chrissy let go of his head he started to throw it from side to side, hissing inaudibly at them, his hair turning into a disheveled mess. He twisted his body when the first clamp went on, and Chrissy smiled at him approvingly as she stroked his hair back and said, "What a good little boy you are."

"Oh, he is," Shelia nodded.

He let out a long, pleading wail when the second clamp went on, silenced half way by Chrissy's hand. "No one will be able to hear you when the music is on."

He continued to writhe, and Shelia responded by slowly moving both hands down his body as he twisted it in the bonds. Down his hips, to his thighs, up between his legs, lingering at his crotch.

Her eyes moved up to his face, but his head was held back as Chrissy kept her hand over his mouth. His eyes were shut tight. His hair was showing the first traces of sweat.

And Shelia was soaking wet, aching. She wanted him.

She finally left Nicholas so that he could shower and get ready for the club, after having Chrissy take him down from the rack and holding him until he came out of the endorphin daze. He didn't say much, as predicted, and Shelia asked that he come talk to her after the shower to see if they wanted to go to the next step.

Once back in her dressing room, Shelia found Megan sitting on the couch and pulling on her stockings. Her hair was wet from the shower and her make-up was half on. "Hi Mistress."

Shelia didn't say anything, just walked over and collapsed onto the couch next to her slave.

Megan turned to her. "What's going on?" She asked, noticing the dazed look on her face.

"Don't say anything just yet," Shelia ordered, taking Megan by the shoulders and prodding her to the floor, where she kneeled at her feet. "I need you right now."

Megan nodded and looked at her Mistress with big eyes, waiting for whatever would come next. A little confused, but silent, watching as Shelia unsnapped and lowered her jeans.

"Chrissy!" Shelia called across the room. "Could you please

lock the door?"

Without responding, Chrissy moved from the other side of the room where she was putting makeup on in the mirror and went to the door. She locked it without even looking at the two women, then went back to finishing her make-up.

Shelia took Megan by the back of her head, opened her legs and slid down on the couch, shut her eyes, and waited for the first soft touch of her tongue.

Lost in the feelings, it didn't even occur to her, at first, that Megan would be curious as to the cause of her arousal, and possibly, eventually, come to regret this boy that she would have to compete with.

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