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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

Shelia was a bondage artist and a sadist.

Specifically, she performed an act at a club once a week, where she would bind and dominate both men and women in front of a large group of horny, rowdy and often drunk on-lookers. It was a shitty job, but it paid well.

And the biggest irony of it all was that Shelia loved the act itself. Surely the club manager thought she was just a good actress and a bit of a slut, but the reason her act went over well was because she loved, more than anything, to make a man scream for her, to make him helpless, to humiliate him, and to tease his bulging cock right through his pants.

Jaded. Maybe.

Shelia sat in her dressing room lacing up her boots. The walls were pounding with the bass of some industrial/techno dance song. She stood and adjusted her skirt a little. Skin-tight latex, short, her g-string showed even if she bent over a little. Her full breasts were laced up into a tight corset, black and shiny. Elbow high gloves went on last. Her long blonde hair was pulled up into a tight pony tail to keep it out of her face.

And like many nights before, by the time she checked her make up one last time, her cunt was aching. Like an animal, she was hungry for the fear. The crowd's reaction. Some poor hopeless fuck, usually a timid first-timer who'd been watching her for weeks and finally got the courage to volunteer for her act.

And would she ever fuck him over. Boot licking, ass in his face, bent over and egging on the crowd to mock him and cheer as he pushed his nose in farther, and farther.

Shelia pushed the limits of decency, and pushed the limits of civility. And they always came back for more. Never showing her actual cunt, never stripping her men nude, she always managed to still come off as the most nasty, erotic and evil bitch.

Often after her set a man would come up to her while she sat at the bar re-applying lipstick, dropping to his knees and putting his lips to her boots. And she'd laugh at him and tell him to get lost.

No, that wasn't her thing. What she wanted was the strong, silent types that were sitting in the corner watching, sipping a beer. She'd catch their stare sometimes, while sitting on a half naked man riding horseback around the stage area, hitting his ass with a riding crop. She'd catch his gaze and

they'd stare at each other. He looked unafraid, undaunted. She looked cruel, sadistic.

And she'd order her horseyboy to neigh and hold position while she lifted a large red plug for his ass, horsehairs hanging down in a nice long braid. Staring at her challenger in the crowd. Too much cheering. Too much neighing. Bright lights obscuring her view.

Her scantily clad female slave assistants would stand carefully in front of her to obstruct any views of nudity, as the crowd boo'd, and she'd lean over to insert the plug. Neighing turning to wailing, the special trousers would be pulled up, and she'd give the horseyboy a slap on the ass cheek in reassurance. "You volunteered for this, little slutman."

And he'd be buying her drinks after the set while she re-applied lipstick and peered around the bar, looking for the one that she'd seen before.

Shelia stood in front of the full length mirror and checked her outfit. Not an ounce of fat on her body, her waist was trim and her breasts were large. She could have any man she wanted - she reckoned - and especially any of those that volunteered for her act. In fact, for the last six months the waiting list was full before she even started preparing for her set.

Some men would arrive at the club just to sign their name on the list and hope to be picked.

And it never failed to arouse her. Those last ten minutes before she went on stage, she had no idea what was waiting for her. Her two female assistants always prepared the selected victim for the show, depending on the scenario he signed up for, and Shelia would not even know until she walked out on stage to the cheer of the crowd.

This time, the crowd was unusually loud. Louder than ever before. Shelia breathed deep. Something was going on out there. Something different was about to happen. It must be the adult baby set, or the forced fem set. The crowd must be reacting to her two beautiful assistants putting the dress and wig on a conservatively dressed business executive.

The floors seemed to shake.

"Shelia, you're on," the manager hissed through the door. Swirling dry ice entered her dressing room. The lights were already blinding. She got up and grabbed her riding crop, rested it on her shoulder, and moved her hips quite deliberately as she stepped out onto the stage.

Even above the blaring music, Shelia could feel the thump-thump-thump of her boots on the marble floor as she walked out onto the stage. She squinted; the lights were blinding. So much noise, screaming. Masculine howling. Hungry animals wanting a show. Music - intense - pounding.

Her two assistants kneeled, heads bowed, at attention. Their job done. Shelia took a walk around the stage to preview the crowd of hungry onlookers, showing them her outfit, her ass. Her set was a combination of a female stripper -- with all the moves and eroticism - and that of a highly skilled dominatrix. Evil and calculating.

A little dance, a little show of her body, she hadn't even peered over to center stage to see what was waiting for her. Instead she took her time and teased the crowd, crouching down low, knees open wide, sliding the riding crop up her g-string panties.

A group of businessmen watched from a side table, sipping wine. A rowdy bunch of frat boys cheered her from stage-side. A few older men and their wives/girlfriends /Mistresses stood nearby.

Shelia was on fire. Hungry. Soaked. Craving the ultimate this night - and it was as if they crowd could sense it. Crop clenched tightly in her fist, she stood up straight and walked firmly across the floor toward center stage to see what her slavegirls had prepared for her. Probably an affluent executive stripped down to panties and bra, hanging by his wrists and waiting for a paddling. Or a saddled and bridled pony boy, waiting in his stall for a ride. Maybe two men tied up side by side, ready for the forced homosexual revue..Or even better, the shower-on-wheel set up with victim stripped to g-string, ready to be shaved with her big pink razor...

No.

In the fog of the dry ice she could barely see him. Up on the platform, the flogging platform. Legs spread apart, ankles in the locked bar. Wrists above his head, arms outstretched. Locked to hanging shackles, in position for a public whipping.

Bare back. Pants tight. His back to her, she could see his shoulder blades and the definition of his back. He was gripping the chains tightly with his hands. Beyond him, a group of college aged boys cheered and shook their fists at him.

A fraternity initiation. Shelia paused. Smiled. Hadn't had one of those in awhile.

First, Shelia teased. From behind the prisoner, she moved her body against him, the crop reached around his front and rubbed the crotch of his pants. The crowd cheered. The group of college boys began crawling all over each other to watch, whistle, and spill pitchers of beer.

The victim squirmed in her grip but Shelia held tighter, pressing her crotch against his ass and moving the crop up his chest, taking it into both hands and pinning it under his neck, the classic choke hold.

She was hungry for this one. Oh yes, definitely. His skin was

still smooth, he was even shaking a bit. She had not even seen his face -- just the back of his head. And he fumbled awkwardly in the chains, unable to get leverage with his feet. He twitched. Under the music, Shelia thought she picked up a moan from him. A scared moan.

Shelia turned toward her assistants. With a hand gesture to one, she commanded her toy box. To the other, she gestured for a gag. Both stood at once to obey, and the crowd sensed the show was about to begin.

For the first time, Shelia slid around her victim and faced him. His eyes were on his group of peers when she did it. Staring at them, lips slightly parted. Deer in headlights syndrome. Breath coming in shaking gasps. Knuckles white from holding the chains. Then his eyes fell to her. He let out his breath.

Obviously, he had never seen her before, and did not know she she was a latex clad beauty, and that she would be smiling at him with such sinister desire, the crop trailing delicately down between her parted legs as she surveyed her victim for the set.

Convenient, she thought, that his mouth was hanging open, because it allowed Megan to slide up right behind him without being noticed, slip the gag into his mouth before he could react.

But then he freaked. Flailing, chains rattling, bar between his leg coming up off the ground by a good two inches. The crowd went wild, and Shelia hissed at him, crop to his neck, "STILL!"

Shudders, choking, gasping, eyes shut tight. He collapsed weakly and let Megan lock the gag into place, its thick rubber mouth piece wedged firmly in place. Meanwhile, Chrissy was opening Shelia's toy box next to them, laying out the floggers and paddles with pure delicacy.

Shelia watched the victim's eyes fall to the toys being laid out. Such an honest look in his eyes - shutting them tight - total dread, fear, anxiety, and that pathetic attempt to cover it all up. Peer pressure. Knowing he was being watched.

Shelia called Megan toward her with her finger and then pulled her close. With a swift gesture, the crop cracked against the victim's crotch to jerk him to attention.

"Watch" was the one word Shelia mouthed to him, and he blinked, shook the hair out of his face, and just stared at her, holding tight on the chains again.

Shelia stood facing him with Megan in front of her, Megan's back to her chest. Shelia's hand trailed down over Megan's body, over the black lace teddy that barely covered her petite frame. Megan shut her eyes, full lips parted in arousal, legs opening instinctively. In went Shelia's gloved hand, rising up the slavegirl's thigh to her crotch, then holding there. Firm. Pressing.

The victim watched. Helpless. Every time he tried to look

away, Shelia would give him a swat with the crop in her other hand. His friends cheered.

Soon her crop outlined the bulge in his pants for all to see, as if drawing attention to it like a pointer in a presentation. She poked, prodded, and circled the bulging area until he buried his head against his arm in dismay. But his friends just kept cheering him on.

Without warning, Shelia put a hand on Megan's head and pushed down. Down went the delicate, sweet little girl. She fell to her hands and knees at once, obediently, and a light tap to her ass with the crop prodded her at once to bury her head in the crotch of the victim.

And the crowd went insane.

Megan, the sweet little slavegirl, had her face in the crotch of the anonymous man on stage, chained up helplessly. That bulge was hidden by the sweet girl's face, and when Shelia gave her ass a tap with the crop, she eagerly started pressing closer, reaching up precariously with both hands to hold him by the hips. Pulling him closer, then moving him back and forth by the hips, mouth against his pants. She could have just as easily been sucking his cock. Shelia smiled, watched.

The crowd loved this. The victim had his head thrown back, trying to get away obviously, but with nowhere to go. A scantily clad girl on her knees simulating oral sex, pressing against him suggestively, a latex-clad dominatrix peering over to survey the whips being layed out by her other assistant.

Shelia looked at him. His eyes were closed. A very beautiful face. The dry ice swirled around him. The music was pounding, the crowd had settled to a low hushed murmur as Megan went to work on his crotch through his pants. Eyes opened briefly, his eyes on the ceiling, head moving slightly, swallowing, thinking, trying to ignore everything, gripping and re-gripping the chains that held his wrists over his head. Obvious discomfort with the gag.

Shelia lifted the crop and put it to his chin. His eyes moved to her. Eye contact, solid, for the first time.

His look was clear. Defiance. Humility and bravery. Sweat, but from the lights. Desperation, but controlled.

And she wanted to fuck him. Bad.

He took the beating. He took bravely, without humiliation. When offered the blindfold from Megan, he shook his head. Shelia used the leather flogger, the rubber whip, the horsehair. A paddle for his ass, a cane for the backs of his thighs.

The crowd climaxed with her. When it was almost too much for her to take, she could sense from the noise behind her

than the scene had peaked. And he was shaking, gripping the chains tightly, hair dripping in sweat. Megan was kneeling expectantly with the towel and glass of water. Chrissy had started to put the floggers back into the toy box.

The fraternity boys were unusually quiet, just watching, with an occasional cheer. And her victim was accepting the last blows strongly, with no attempts to wiggle out of her line of fire.

When she moved around to face him, his eyes were on her solemnly. Wet bangs in his face. The gag in place, locked tight. Shelia motioned for Megan to remove it, and the slavegirl stood and obeyed at once. The rubber was covered with deep teeth marks.

Megan let him down from the chains, and she and Chrissy supported him while he briefly regained feeling in his body. The crowd cheered. Shelia stood looking at him, holding the gag in her hand.

There was an unsaid sense of accomplishment in his gaze. This wasn't an act of self indulgence for him, it was a rite of passage.

Her heart was pounding.

He was escorted off stage by her slavegirls, ushered to his group of waiting friends who slapped his back instinctively then spat out apologies when he flinched in pain.

Shelia watched him disappear into the crowd with his friends.

She prepared for the next set quietly, not saying a word to Megan or Chrissy. The two slavegirls whispered to each other softly, but Shelia ignored them. Staring into the mirror, pausing between re-applying her make-up.

"Is he still out there." Shelia asked, to neither of them specifically.

"I saw him at the bar with his friends," Chrissy replied. "He'll be there when you finish set two."

Shelia nodded. They always were. In fact, they always were waiting for her off stage, offering to buy a drink as soon as she came down. They were wanting to talk about what they did, and how much she enjoyed it, and whether or not she wanted to go home and finish it off with them in private.

After the second set, after the medical nurse scene with Chrissy and Megan dressed up as slutty nurses, Shelia scanned the bar for him. For his friends.

There was no sign of any of them.

"They took off," her manager told her when she asked as casually as they could. "Off to another bar."

Shelia sipped her water and nodded. "Think they'll be back

next week?"

"No," he shook his head and walked away.

Shelia turned toward the stage where Megan was cueing her to return for set 3.

I didn't even get his name, she muttered to herself as she turned to head back to the stage.

"Excuse me, miss..." a voice came from behind.

Shelia turned.

The stranger handed her a folded napkin. "The guy from that first scene left this for you..."

Shelia took it, nodded at the man then opened it.

Seven digits.

She closed it, and smiled.

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