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[HOME](#) * [Online Training](#) * [CyberDungeon](#) * [Story Archive](#) * [For Women Only](#) * [Articles](#) * [Miss Blue](#)

Stories

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

[The Unfinished Stories Archives:](#)

[The Price of Fear](#) [The Third Room](#)

More Archives:

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

[The Price of Fear](#)

I met Nicholas Price a wet Thursday afternoon. We were sitting across from each other in a board room - he the new Executive Vice President of a large pharmaceutical company, me the Account Supervisor for their advertising agency.

I'm certain he didn't notice me among all the others - we were flanked by four people of his staff and three of mine - ironically, all men. Even as the only woman present I could tell he was all business.

When he handed me his business card and shook my hand he was brief and to the point. "I heard you guys don't suck," he said. "And that's important to me."

I saw him slide my business card into his wallet, and as he peeled it open a little I peered at the other cards already there. It didn't take much for me to notice the logo of our largest competitor.

"Been meeting a lot of people since coming on board?" I asked him as we both sat down.

He opened his notebook, not looking at me, and said, "I've met about three hundred people in the last two weeks. "

Our presentation was brief and to the point. I had my art director do most of it, showing the new VP our campaign for the upcoming quarter.

He seemed to look at them with interest, holding the storyboards between strong fingers, finally setting the last one down and taking off his glasses. I realized then that he was indeed an attractive man - probably in his mid-forties - and he was put in that position for a reason. He was aggressive, direct, and a fierce businessman to the core. He was brought in to clean out the company, cut excess, streamline processes and bury the competition.

I suppose the instinctual urges took over right about then, and I tried to get them out of my head, but I couldn't help but think what it would be like to have a man of that position - second to the CEO of a multi-billion dollar corporation - at my feet.

Begging.

Looking at him, at how he talked to his executive thugs, he appeared to be a man that would not beg for anything.

I wondered how long it would take to change that.

**

It isn't that often, these days, that I masturbate in the car.

The meeting had run long, and the last half of it I spent mostly gazing at this man, at how he let the tip of his glasses touch the corner of his mouth as he thought, how he absorbed every minute detail around him.

I got caught up in pondering my more complex bondage gear, the rack and the chair, the tiniest cage I had, the most notorious gag that would break even the strongest man. When he got up to make a point, and drew something on the whiteboard, I was fascinated at the outline of his shoulder blades and how they looked in his pressed silk shirt.

He was obviously in very good shape. Sleek, like a race horse almost. Maybe a swimmer, or a gymnast, in his college years.

Reflecting on all of this, as I drove, my portfolio in the passenger seat, I found myself rubbing my legs together anxiously. My stockings felt smooth against my thighs, and my skirt was working its way up my legs. Conveniently.

A half hour later, after a near car accident and a nice multiple that hit me right as my cell phone rang, I pulled into the parking lot of my office.

A bit out of breath, I picked up the phone to hear the voice of my assistant. "Angela," she said to me. "We have a crisis with the Pearson Project."

Another client entirely, an afternoon about to be shot, my mind switched gears so quickly that I nearly forgot about the warmth between my legs and this man called Nicholas Price.

**

I suppose it was about a week later when I was filing business cards that the idea hit me.

His card was there, between my fingers, and as I let my eyes breeze past his name and title I reflected on just how much power could be taken away from such a man. Nprice@bigfuckingcorporation.com. Well, that's

not the name of his company, but you get the drift.

I wondered how long it had been since he had been caught off guard, truly offguard. Made to feel helpless, under-equipped, not prepared.

I reflected on the way he corralled his sales force as if they were children, the way he talked about beating the competition with colorful analogies relating to pain, degradation and complete annihilation.

"No mercy," he had said to the entire group of us. And when he accented his rant with some colorful language - words I wasn't quite used to hearing in a boardroom -- he paused to nod in my direction with a softer, "My apologies."

Always the gentleman.

I logged off of my work email account and logged into my private internet account. This is the account where I find online slaves, correspond with potential victims, and surf the net for nasty pictures of men in humiliating bondage. If only they (anyone) knew.

Using my private email account - an account he most certainly had never seen before (MstyPain) - I decided to write Mr. Price a short little note. Just to see what he did. It had been several days since our meeting and he'd met dozens of women in the past few weeks, I was certain, so there was no worry that he'd know who I was.

Composing the letter, I'll admit, got me wet.

Dear Mr. Price. Or should I call you "Nicky."

You don't know me. Well, you do know me - you met me - but I am writing to you under an anonymous name. Does this have you curious?

I have this little problem, and you seem to be good at solving problems. The problem is that I can't seem to get you out of my mind after I met you recently. And my thoughts, I must warn you, well, they aren't very ladylike.

They have to do with having my way with you. Don't get me wrong, this isn't just a typical saucy lust letter (do you get those a lot, Mr. Price?) from a fan of yours who wants a quick fuck in a quiet motel room.

No, my flavor is a little different. And I hope that doesn't scare you. Not much scares you anymore, does it?

What I would do to you would have you helpless for me. Having to surrender all control (you need that now and then, trust me, to keep you balanced). You will want nothing more than to please me - to see me wet, to make me cum. Hmm, you have no idea how wet I am just writing this, thinking of how you would look on

your knees for me.

Have you ever had to kneel for a woman? Have you ever really meant it?

Looking forward to your clever response,

A.

**

I sent the email and my palms were sweating. I wondered how often a man like Nicholas Price would check his email. I wondered if he would even respond to me. The rest of the day was a bit of a blur, and it was hard to concentrate on much of anything.

Then, at the end of the business day, I saw his name flashing on my incoming mail screen. To say that it had an effect on me is an extreme understatement. I was shaking and nervous when I pulled up his email, and his response was short and to the point.

Dear A:

Who are you?

Nicholas Price

**

Needless to say, his email response had a profound effect on me. Just a few words, but it communicated a sense of self confidence and unaffected presence. He didn't even comment on some of my more direct statements.

The next day I had a meeting at his offices. I did not respond to his email, instead, I put on my sharpest suit, my most sexy lingerie underneath. I wanted to feel powerful and ominous. I wore my 4 inch heels that were barely acceptable in a professional setting, and I pulled my long dark hair back into a clip so that it hung in sensual curls around my shoulders.

There is no doubt that I make men stop and stare. Four days a week at the gym for the last three years has done its job - I am built for seduction, to say the least, and even hidden under the most conservative suit I can watch men crumble just from my gaze.

And as we strode through his building, past his office (the door was closed as he was on the phone), I could not help but glance to his big window and see what he was doing. I wondered if the thoughts of the email had been haunting him, if he wondered why I had not yet replied.

I saw him pacing there, on the phone via a trendy headset, practicing a golfswing in the center of his office.

I overheard some of the conversation just as we passed, enough to hear the words, "Trust me on this, I will bury them, and I will bury you in the process."

Certainly, he was not submissive in the workplace.

And again I felt that wetness between my thighs, again I was tempted to masturbate during the drive back to my own office. Nicholas Price was not part of our meeting that day, but he was indeed on my mind.

And my next email to him was more direct.

Dear Mr. Price:

Recently we were together again. This time, I imagined you strapped down over a desk - much like the one in front of you right now. I imagined totally possessing you, making you feel helpless and terrified.

See, if you wanted to make me wet - to please me - I think you would be willing to endure it for me. And that is my goal. My goal is to make you submit to me, Nicholas. I will make that perfectly clear.

I am watching you. Much like you watch your most dangerous competitors, I am watching you like a predator watches her prey.

I imagine how sweet it will be when I see surrender in your eyes, see you desperate and squirming for me. When I hear your muffled pleas as I smother you with my sex, taking turns between your captive tongue and my own little nasty sex toys.

I am a very, very aggressive woman, Mr. Price. Much like you, I have made my name stand out in the industry. You and I are very alike.

But only one of us can be on top. And that will be me.

When I set my sights on something, I get it. And what I want right now, what I masturbate nightly to thinking of, is the idea of you on your knees in front of me, blindfolded, arms pulled tight behind your back, elbows locked together, chest pushed forward and vulnerable.

Too bad you can't taste me now. You'd like what was on your lips.

Are you ready for more, Mr. Price?

A.

**

I was disappointed when Nicholas appeared to ignore my email. But then - strangely - he replied about two days later.

Dear "A":

Sorry I didn't get back to you. Was out of town taking care of things. So tell me more about what plans you have for me.

Intrigued,

Nicholas

**

Well, that was enough to set me off. The fantasy mode went into overload, and about three times I start writing mini-novels to my new victim listing out the nastiest, most evil plans I had in store for him.

I wanted to write to him about fucking him in front of an all-female audience, about flogging him until he had tears in his crystal blue eyes. I wanted to write to him about fucking him on top of his desk with a gloved hand over his mouth (to keep him quiet) and the other gripped around his balls possessively, making him feel like a whore more than a man.

I wanted to write to him about turning him slowly into my slave from afar, making him dress for me, behave for me, and be at my beck and call. Vibrating pagers (and other things), email messages, phone calls in the middle of his most crucial meetings. Everything would be dropped for me, and he'd respond with his voice heavy, kneeling down (I would hear the chair creak as he pushed it back) and saying, "Use me."

But instead I wrote simply. Like him. Right to the point.

Dear Nicholas:

Next week you are speaking at the Annual Conference. A thousand people will be there watching you. I will be one of them. Dress in a dark gray suit, wear your glasses, and keep your hands behind your back, at all times, when not referring to a chart or making a gesture.

And as you do that, know that I will be watching. I will be in thigh high stockings and 5 inch heels. I will be dressed so scantily (under my suit, of course) that a man like you would melt for me. And know that when you have finished, if you do as told, I will be finding a quiet place - the ladies room - the parking garage, perhaps - to pleasure myself.

Yes, my sweet CEO-to-be, I will be masturbating in private, eyes closed, skirt hiked up around my hips. Two fingers - maybe three - exploring the wet sex that you made pulse and throb with desires. Licking my fingers clean and wishing it were you.

And then maybe - just maybe - I will deliver a special package to you to prove just how wet you made me. You do want to get a little present from me, don't you?

A.

**

His response, this time, came within an hour.

Dear A:

How can one refuse?

Done.

"See" you there.

Nicholas

**

The day of the conference was maddening for me because I nearly didn't make it thanks to another client crisis. I put some other staff members on crisis control and stumbled into the conference late, just in time to see the keynote speaker - our dashing Mr. Price - take the podium.

And sure enough, he was in gray, and looked amazing. He didn't appear nervous at all, which was a bit of a letdown.

I...on the other hand, was shaking. But I wasn't shaking with anything more than sheer lust and desire. I pondered getting a room in the hotel right there, then slipping him a note via messenger. Certainly he would be up for the challenge.

I always keep toys in my car trunk, so I'd be able to bind him, restrain him, and torture him. Nipple clamps (the poor man), devices to torture his manhood, and evil protrusions that would certainly lead him to exclaim, "You're going to stick that WHERE?"

Instead, I watched. I watched, glued to my seat (and soaking through my dress). He did keep his hands behind his back, but still, the way he moved his body - almost by the shoulders, completely - still had such

an aura of confidence. He appeared so unbeatable, so confident.

I saw his eyes scan the audience many times. He was looking up front for possible me's. Little did he know, I was safely tucked away toward the back, enjoying the view anyway.

He received a gracious ovation, nodding pleasantly to the crowd and waving with one hand, the other behind his back (which really set me off).

And I stumbled my way into the ladies room, half panting, and finished my own business.

It was crowded, and loud, and I had to bite my tongue to keep quiet anyway. One leg up on the toilet, the other planted to the floor, I rubbed my wet pussy to orgasm just by brushing the outside of my black silk panties. I kept my panties on, actually, to make sure they were good and soaked.

I pulled a plastic baggie from my briefcase and slipped out of them, still breathing hard, hair hanging in my face. I felt somewhat silly - probably part of the post-orgasm realism that hits - but still promptly sealed the bag and put it in the addressed envelope, marked "Personal and Confidential" with no return address.

The little note I had prepared said simply: "Great Speech -- A."

I dropped the package into a mailbox just outside the hotel lobby.

Then I heard his voice.

"Angela, -- hey -- wait up."

And I was shaking all over.

**

I must be better at keeping my composure than I thought. I put on a pleasant beam, shook his hand, and said, "Fantastic speech. Great job."

"I didn't know you were going to be here," he said, hands in his pockets. His eyes searched my face and somehow I felt relieved - it just seemed so instantly like he had no idea. Just by the way he looked at me.

"I came down to do some research on the competition, " I lied, "And caught your speech at the end."

"It was good, you think?" he asked, looking for reassurance.

"Yeah. I wrote it," I told him. Which was true, actually. We wrote all the speeches for the company, but I doubted that his marketing team gave him that much detail about it.

He chuckled. "Yeah, I know. Thanks. Fantastic. You having lunch, want to grab a bite? I wanted to talk to you about changing some of the layouts for the March campaign."

I could tell he was all business - he had that look in his eye. But I cringed, and shook my head, and told him I had another client meeting, but would make it down to his office the next day with my art director to hear his changes.

He shook my hand, his beeper went off, then that was it. After half-talking to me, half-reading the beeper face he was already making his way to a payphone, saying he would call me to set something up.

Weak in the knees, so to speak, I made my way back to my car.

It was as the emails didn't exist.

**

Ironically, there was a note from him waiting when I got back to the office. I was unsure how he sent it so quickly, but that distraction quickly dissolved in my mind when I read his note.

Dear A:

I hope it worked for you. Awkward as hell.

Nicholas

**

Now, I have to admit, the fact that he volunteered that the situation was 'awkward' just sent me through the roof. The wetness in my panties dwarfed what had happened earlier at the conference, and every time I re-read the mail, I had an aching in my cunt.

Once again I found myself in the ladies room, this time pleasuring myself with my mini-vibrator and imagining what he would do if he were bound and gagged and shoved into my trunk. Kidnapped, without a moment's notice, dragged to my beach house and forced to spend the entire weekend naked, except for the chains.

I came to the thought of him licking water from the bottom of a bowl on his hands and knees.

**

The next day, I was in his office with my team to review our ad campaign again. The most ironic part of the

day was that the package arrived while we were in the meeting, and I saw his eyes follow it (in the hands of his secretary) to his in-box. She brought in the rest of his mail, opened and ready for him to read, and whispered something to him, pointing toward his inbox, and I heard the words "personal and confidential".

He waved her away and I was staring at him expectantly. He shook his head at me and said, "My apologies. Continue."

I had a hard time continuing, but my art director picked up for me. Instead I just smiled, looking at my notes.

When I got back to my office, I had an email from him.

Dear A:

Got your package. You are one wicked lady.

Nicholas.

**

Our emails, or I should say my emails, over the next few days grew in intensity. He would provoke me by sending one or two lines, not really submitting but demonstrating intrigue, then I would respond, often graphically, but telling him just what I think he deserved.

I remember the one I wrote that got his reply that said, "You got me breathing pretty hard there, A."

It went something like this:

Dear Nicholas,

Do you know what a man like you needs, Nicholas? You need to be shown your place. Every day you make decisions that affect the lives of thousands of people. You walk on people in business (you have said it many times - it is war, and you aren't about to be fucked).

You wield so much power that is just a natural step that you need to see the other side. Do you ever fantasize about a powerful woman - a woman equally as aggressive as you, equally as attractive - taking you down and making you totally helpless? Smiling all the while, straddling your frame, pinning you to the floor. Enjoying it so much, you can feel it, her wetness between her legs. Watching her lick her fingers, then shove them into your mouth and order you to suck.

The thought of you affected by me really drives me passionately, Nicholas. Because I admire all that power you have. I want to take that power from you, and I want to feel it. I am like a sensual vampire. A nasty,

erotic, evil vampiress. I dress sometimes in tight latex, showing off every curve of my body. I know how to make men melt.

Most men. You would be tough, I know. I would have to seduce you hard. Without a shred of mercy. But I could do it. I could make you beg me, on your hands and knees, to allow you some tiny bit of pleasure. I could use my body, my hands, my lips, to make you ache with desire that you cannot stand, to blur your senses, to make you whimper.

Have you whimpered before? Do you know how to make the sound that will push me over the edge? One muffled whimper, your face trapped between two strong thighs, tongue shredded from such abuse.

I want that keen, passionate drive of yours focussed on something besides business for a few hours. And that something is my pussy, my clit, and making me cum. I know you are an excellent lover; I can tell that just by watching the way you move. But can you be a good slave?

I think you still need to be broken. One day, you will be my slave.

A.

**

Then came the voice mails.

"If you beg," I told him in a short email about a month later. "I will whisper to you on your voice mail. But that begging has to be on my voice mail. I have a private personal voice mail box."

His response was typically understated and unaffected.

Dear Torturous A:

Won't begging via email work? Give a novice a break.

Nicholas

**

So, I allowed it. And he sent me an email which consisted of the word "please" cut and pasted about 450 times. It was a noble effort, so I left him a nasty little voice mail at about 1am on a Friday night, telling him in a hushed whisper where my hands were and where my mind was.

"I want to fuck you like a nasty little whore," I told him, "And I want to make you beg right into my pussy, squeezed so tight you can't breathe." And then I told him where my fingers were, and how far in my middle

finger was, and when I came, it was a little squeak of sorts because I didn't want to give my voice away.

I knew, at this point, that things were escalating quickly. And I knew that email and voice mail would not be enough - I wanted this man in the flesh.

I set out to either seduce or kidnap him - whichever would be easier - and I planned to do it quickly.

Then I went out and bought a very nasty outfit, and a whole new set of toys.

TO BE CONTINUED

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