

# Writer's Block, Part 2

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Ursula is still frustrated with her writer's block, but some of her frustrations have been reduced.

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Her headache was so much worse during the meeting and she was incredibly grumpy. Being on the edge of a wonderful climax and then getting interrupted was torturous and her body was taking it out on her. Although she followed the rules about brainstorming and didn't challenge people's ideas, in a word they all sucked. It seemed like everyone was feeling the pressure and they weren't up to the challenge. It took all of her control to not tell everybody their ideas were stupid and they were no help at all. She knew it was mostly caused by her overwhelming need to finish what she'd started earlier in her office, but even in her haze of lust, she knew that most of the ideas were stupid. She could feel how wet her panties were and she wondered if any of the men in the conference room were zeroed in on her need. Even if they were, there wasn't a single one of them that she'd allow near her.

Right then the CFO walked by the conference room and their eyes met. They hadn't had many dealings together except the time he absolutely ripped her for going way over budget on a certain advertising campaign. He'd been so blunt and adept with refuting every one of her lame excuses for why she'd gone over budget that she'd been extremely turned on. Her mind went blank and she thought about leaving the conference room and pulling him into the ladies room. In her heightened state of arousal, it wouldn't take much. She imagined him hiking up her dress and then hoisting her up onto the vanity. He was the perfect height to slide in his cock and slam her tight pussy until they were both a hot, sweaty, and satisfied mess. She finally shook her head to clear her thoughts and she noticed he had stopped and was staring at her as if he could read her mind. He finally smiled in a sexy sort of way and she smiled back and he turned and walked off. That just made her even hungrier for release. The meeting finally wrapped up and they agreed to meet again in three days and she hoped she would have a clear head and an epiphany before then.

When she got back to her office, her sexual and work related frustration were all she could think about. She knew she had to deal with the one she could, so she locked her and then moved to her desk and checked her ipad. The writer had sent her about ten emails as he wrote her story before seeing her email that she had to leave. As she read them, her arousal took over and her hands quickly went to work. Her hands moved with urgency; pulling on nipples instead of caressing them. With the mild pain came great relief and by the time, she had two fingers drilling deep inside her, his beautiful writing of her demanding boss pushing her down on the tile floor of the executive washroom had her sobbing for her release. As the heel of her hand rubbed against her clit with firm strokes as her fingers searched in vain for her g-spot that was just out of reach, she came with such intensity that she was left trembling for five minutes. Her headache was suddenly gone and as her breathing finally returned to normal, she typed him an email saying that she was only half done his emails and his beautiful writing had done the trick. He replied a few moments later and said he was happy to help, but he thought he could do more.

She asked how and he said give me your work address. She wasn't sure why, but she did so. She asked why and he responded that the unknown can be a powerful aphrodisiac and she would know in the next three days. She wasn't sure how it could be better than what she had just experienced, but she typed back and said she was game, but it had to be in two days as her big deadline was in three days and she needed her head clear by then. He emailed back a few minutes later and said that she'd have to follow his instructions to the letter, but he could take care of her needs in two days if that's what she needed. His tone seemed a lot different and it was both intriguing and a little unsettling. She packed up her laptop and ipad and headed home. Once home, she soaked in a nice hot bubble bath. Her playful side came out and she grabbed her niece's tub toys that she'd left there the last time she had slept over and played with the dolls like she was a little girl. She felt incredibly relaxed and an idea popped into her head. It was the best one she'd had in a while and she quickly grabbed her ipad and carefully typed a few notes in so that she'd remember

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the idea. Once done, she couldn't help but look at the rest of the emails from the writer and before she gotten to the last one, she'd nearly dropped the ipad several times in the tub so she finally put it back on the vanity so she could focus on her need. To her amazement, he had described her masturbating in a tub and it seemed like a fantastic idea so she closed her eyes and saw his words.

She wished she had a man to straddle and slowly ride in her oversized tub. There was something so sexy about the water sloshing around them as she rode his cock. She closed her eyes and imagined it. The man had a wonderfully hairy chest and she couldn't help but pull it gently as she rode him slowly; savoring every inch of him as she moved up and down his cock. His hands moved knowingly over her breasts. Cupping them, kneading them, tracing the small bumps in her areoles, but avoiding her nipples. It was tantalizing and had her yearning for more. She knew he wanted her to beg for it, but she was content with his cock for now. As she rode up it, she placed her hands on the side of the tub and rocked on the very tip of his cock. Her nerve endings were on fire as she'd take an inch in and then pull out and try and rub her clit against his cock. He sensed what she wanted so he took one hand and held his cock in place, so the next time she did it she was able to match her clit to his cock head and she gasped from the resulting sensations. Her breathing was coming in ragged gasps now and she slid down his cock halfway and then back up. Her clit was waiting for the next touch and as soon as she rubbed herself against his crown, his hand on her breast finally twirled her nipple between his thumb and finger.

She groaned, "Oh yes" as this time she slammed down fully on his cock. She took a deep breath as she felt his pubic hair tickling her pussy lips and then she rode back up his shaft. She knew this next time she would cum and that realization was calming. At the tip of his cock, she mated her clit with his crown again and this time he lightly pinched each nipple in turn. When he leaned in and started sucking one nipple while palming the other one, it pushed her over the top. He was guiding his cock now and moving it in a tight circular pattern and was perfectly playing her clit's favorite tune as his tongue and mouth were a symphony of pleasure on her nipples. Her hips went wild humping her clit against the silky crown of his cock and it was as close to heaven as she could get. She arched her back as she impaled herself fully down on his cock as her waves of pleasure finally crested. She was barely able to breath but she felt him nudging her to turn so she was facing away from him. She knew that he wanted to watch and play with her ass as he got his turn and so she gladly did so. This position was one of her favorites (she had many) as she was in control and she could imagine she was riding pretty much anybody.

This time she alternated imagining herself with the CEO and CFO and what she imagined was clearly outside the rules in the company handbook. She felt him releasing some of the water from the tub and couldn't understand why, but then he was pushing her so her hips were right at the water level and then he began thrusting into her. With their coupling taking place right at the water level, instead of sloshing waves rolling around their bodies, it was wilder. Water was flying everywhere and the resulting waves kept crashing against her clit. It was almost surreal what she felt and the water seemed to be joining in to increase her pleasure. She felt his thumb running slowly up and down the crack of her ass and she leaned farther forward in the tub in an open invitation. She was gripping his lower legs as she held her hips at the right level and she was amazed at how hot she already was. He slowly circled her anus and her arousal took on a new level of lustiness. She rarely let anyone touch her in this way and so when she did, it always carried a certain naughtiness to it and it always resulted in knee shaking orgasms.

This time was no different and as her mind flashed to her bent over the conference room table. The CEO was pounding her pussy from behind while she was eagerly sucking the CFO's cock. It was all too much and as she felt his explosion deep within her pussy, she came as well. She fell back in the tub, but of course, she wasn't resting against his hairy back, it was the porcelain of the tub and tears rolled down her face as she realized the fantastic wave of pleasure was caused by her own hands and the wild story that she had relived in her head. They weren't tears of sorrow, but of happiness. Happiness at how beautiful it was when a body and mind worked in concert to fulfill one's most basic needs. She giggled as she picked up

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the bath time Barbies one more time and played for a few more minutes before getting out. After toweling off, she fell into bed and slept like a log for the rest of the night.

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