

# Writer's Block, Part 6

By : zebo85

Will Ursula finally find out who her mystery man is?

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/zebo85](http://booksie.com/zebo85)

Copyright © zebo85, 2015

**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Writer's Block, Part 6

Ursula woke the next morning to the sound of the cell phone ringing. She knew from the tone that it was the cell phone sent to her by the writer. She thought of all the wonderfully wicked things that she'd been doing at his command and how her compliance had resulted in numerous mind splitting orgasms.

She answered it and his voice was thick with lust already. "Hi sexy, better get moving; take that dildo into the shower and send some pictures of you; all nice and wet and enjoying yourself."

She did as she was told and even before she was pushing the dildo ever higher into her pussy, she was orgasming. She clicked several pictures and hit send. As her body continued to shake from the pleasure still rolling through every inch of her body, she let the water roll over her as she mentally tried to ready herself for her big day. She finally finished up showering and felt ready to go.

By the time she looked at the phone again, he had sent one simple text, "You are sensational!"

She smiled and ripped open the package he'd sent the previous day. She wasn't surprised to see a glorious set of lingerie. There was a garter belt, teddie and half slip; all in the same emerald green. The stockings were nude and the sheerest and softest she had ever touched. Just dressing was distracting as hell, but she knew she couldn't be late for the last meeting before the big presentation with the prospective client. By the time she stepped into the skirt and blouse, she was breathless with arousal and wondering how she was going to focus today. On the drive in, she wondered how the Voice, her nickname for her mystery caller, had obtained video of her masturbating in her office, but she pushed the thought deep into the recesses of her mind as she had to focus on the big presentation.

Before she was even in her office, Pete, the CEO, and Tony, the CFO, cornered her and were quizzing her on whether the team was going to be ready. She assured them with all the confidence she could muster that they were going to win this project, but she was very aware of Pete's eyes looking at her. She'd dressed in her most conservative, but stylish skirt and blouse and she was hoping he was okay with how she looked.

As he looked into her eyes, Pete said, "Nice choice in color with the blouse; green's the color of money, you know."

Tony laughed and winked and Ursula glanced down to check the button on her blouse as his eyes seemed to be saying that he approved of her green lingerie as well. After getting into her office and setting down her briefcase, she realized that the half slip was showing through the slit in the side of her skirt. She looked up and verified that the door was shut and undid the skirt so she could pull it up and out of the way. She fixed the half slip so the slit it in was on the proper side and she was about to pull her skirt back into place when there was a quick knock and Tony entered.

He quickly said, "Oh shit; sorry, but I was going to tell you that your slip was showing, but I didn't want to say it in front of Pete. Looks like you already figured that out"

He may have said sorry, but his eyes were devouring her and she felt her own attraction to him spike. She tried to laugh it off as she quickly pulled the skirt back down and he waved and left. The lust in his eyes haunted her until she was ready and rushing off to the scheduled run through of the presentation. It went great and the final production work looked incredible and she had a rush of adrenaline like she always did. She thanked the team for their outstanding efforts and then informed them all about the bonus that would be shared with everyone if the team was successful. There was even more energy in the team after that bit of

## Writer's Block, Part 6

news and she was starting to feel some of the confidence that she had faked when talking to Pete.

She went back to her office to have a few minutes of quiet before the prospective client showed up and that's when the cell phone rang. She thought about it ignoring it, but she couldn't.

In a timid voice she answered it and the Voice said, "Don't worry, I won't make you cum before your big presentation, but I'll call you later to help you relieve the stress of the day."

She quietly said thank you and was breathing hard as she hung up the phone. She quickly gathered her thoughts and focused; pushing her rising arousal aside for the moment. As her heels clicked on the tile floor, she knew it was going to be quite a day and a lot was riding on her shoulders. Pete gave his normal energetic and smooth introduction and then he turned it over to Ursula. From the minute she started speaking, everything came together. She had never felt more poised and more on her "game" and she could feel the enthusiasm of the client growing with each passing moment. By the time she finished she felt like she'd nailed it.

She saw both Pete and Tony smiling and nodding their heads when the lights came on and then the questions started. The client asked a lot of questions and the tone seemed to grow a little more negative with each passing question. The general theme seemed to indicate that they were concerned that the commercial was too edgy. When they asked Ursula to see her other ideas, the whole room seemed to suck in their breath at the same time wondering what she was going to say.

She looked calmly at the prospect's management team and confidently said, "This is the best idea and we are confident that your target audience will love it. We won't be showing any other ideas. This is the one you want."

The CEO of the prospect appraised her silently for what seemed like an eternity and simply asked why.

This very direct question hadn't been covered in their earlier meeting, but after taking a deep breath, she laid out a very comprehensive answer. Not only did the prospect look impressed by her answer, but everyone from her team did as well.

There was some more quiet and then Tony surprisingly spoke up, "We obviously have a lot of trust in Ursula and her team and if she says this campaign will work, it will work. Heck, ask anyone here, I'm the most conservative guy in the company and this campaign really struck a nerve with me; a good nerve."

He paused for a moment and the prospect still seemed to be wavering. Tony asked the prospect for a minute and then leaned in and whispered in Pete's ear. At first Pete was shaking his head no, but then finally he smiled and nodded.

Pete then turned and looked at Ursula and then the rest of the team before looking at the prospect and saying, "In fact, we have so much faith in the concept that our team has come up with that we'll eat the production costs if you don't get the kind of response you were expecting."

The room was completely silent as they had just committed to paying for a multi-millionaire dollar commercial production; something they had never offered before.

Ursula's heart was pounding, but the prospect's CEO was smiling and stood and quickly shook Pete's hand as he said, "Your confidence in your team is admirable and your offer is something that I've never ever seen before. Let's work out the numbers, but we definitely want to work with you."

## Writer's Block, Part 6

The team erupted in applause and the prospect's CEO quickly came over and shook everyone's hand and then whispered in Ursula's ear, "I may have to hire you away from here if you are always this impressive."

Before she could even respond Pete and Tony were by her side and playfully telling him that he better not be trying to steal their best creative person. All the attention from these powerful men was causing Ursula's pussy to throb with reckless abandon. She was blushing and her team was congratulating her and all she could think about was undoing the snaps of her teddie and coaxing her clit to the climax she knew was gloriously close.

Somebody wheeled in a catered lunch along with champagne and they all quickly had a glass with many toasts by Pete. The mood was electric, but she couldn't focus; her need was growing with each passing second. She whispered to one of her team she needed a moment alone and quickly walked the short distance to her office. She picked up the cell phone from the desk where she'd left it and sent a quick text, "We won! Thanks for everything you did for me. I don't think I could have done this without all the stress reduction you provided. Já"

As she impatiently waited for a response, there was a knock on her door and Tony was suddenly in her office. He gave her a big bear hug and she wanted desperately to press herself against him and feel his manhood against her. Unfortunately, the cell phone rang and broke up the moment. Tony told her to go ahead and she turned away from him to answer it.

She quickly whispered, "I can't talk now."

His response was whispered and she could hear the lust in it, "You can't text me and then tell me you don't have time for me."

She was nearly in tears as she wanted to do whatever lust filled thing the Voice was going to command, but she couldn't with Tony there.

Her voice was shaking as she whispered, "I'm really sorry, I'm not alone."

"Get rid of whoever it is" the Voice commanded.

She turned and tried to smile at Tony and said, "I'm sorry I can't talk now, I've got our CFO in my office and I need to take care of something."

She noticed that Tony was on the phone and as she started to turn away from Tony again, the Voice said in a much louder voice, "You deserve it; fuck him."

She shivered at the thought and then it hit her. She turned back around and Tony was smiling the most seductive smile. She couldn't process what her brain was telling her; Tony was the Voice. She must be wrong, but she was almost certain that she heard the words fuck him through both the phone and in her office. As she struggled with her attempt to understand this, Tony turned and locked the office door.

Her heart was pounding in her chest and she truly felt faint.

Tony put his phone in his pocket and softly said, "Yes, it's me. Hike up your skirt and up against the wall; we don't have much time."

## Writer's Block, Part 6

Ursula was frozen in place, but not for long. Tony was next to her in a flash and firmly pushed her over against the wall as he undid her skirt and hiked it up above her waist. His hands were strong and warm and then pulled the slip out of the way and in a flash he opened the crotch of the teddy and two of his strong fingers were inside her. She groaned and fell against the wall as pleasure coursed through her body. His fingers knowingly pulled out of her pussy and teased her clit as she heard his pants falling to the floor.

She pushed her hips back in preparation and felt him crouch down, but nothing prepared her for his cock as it slammed deep into her pussy with one swift thrust. She felt like he'd lifted her off her feet and she tried to hold onto the wall as she felt like she was falling. Her orgasm started as soon as his cock slammed into her cervix. His thrusts were punishing and wonderful at the same time. Each thrust seemed more powerful and quicker than the last and after only a few glorious minutes of it, he pushed his lips to her ear, groaned and then came. The rush of his eruption along with his hand tenderly teasing her clit caused her to reach the pinnacle again and she melted her body back into his as she came again.

He thrust a few more times; long and slow thrusts to allow her pussy to completely milk out his seed and then he was stepping back and fixing his clothes. She nearly fell, but his strong arms cradled her and then fixed her clothes for her. As he snapped the crotch of the teddie closed, his fingers nearly made her cum again. He whispered that they would have time to talk later, but they needed to get back to the celebration. He kissed her ever so lightly on the lips and then he left first to avoid raising suspicion. Her mind was racing as she slowly walked back to the party.

## Writer's Block, Part 6

## Writer's Block, Part 6

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-26 21:12:57