

Writer's Block, Part 7

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Finding out the true identity of her mystery man doesn't end the drama at work; what is poor Ursula going to do now?

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As she walked around the party her mind was mostly numb and she couldn't help but smile. Her sore pussy was a constant reminder of how roughly she'd been taken by Tony and she repeatedly shivered as she thought of the ecstasy she'd felt. As the surprise of finding out he was the Voice started to wear off, she thought about how he'd invaded her privacy by putting a camera in her office. The more she considered it, the more she wondered how long it had been in there and whether she should feel violated.

She noticed him looking her direction and she gave him a distracted smile in return. Her thoughts were interrupted when Pete, the CEO, pulled her to the side and spent several minutes praising her for her efforts and the resulting success of winning the contract. As was her norm, she gave the credit to the team and Pete smiled broadly at what a great team player she was. He said he wanted to discuss first thing next week her new position and asked whether that would be okay with her. He sensed that she was distracted and he asked whether his awkward handling of her personal business a few days ago was a problem.

The reminder of the confrontation in Pete's office when he showed her the erotic emails she'd traded with the anonymous writer who just so happened to turn out to be Tony, the company's CFO. She blushed at the thought of him knowing she enjoyed erotica as well as his blunt offer of his cock if she needed one. Having just found out Tony was the man that had been pushing all her buttons and then having been gloriously fucked by him 30 minutes ago was very confusing and yet, thrilling. She managed to mumble that she was ready to put it behind them if he was.

He smiled and leaned in closer and whispered, "To tell you the truth I can't stop thinking about it. I read the emails again and it was pretty hot stuff and I couldn't help imagining you."

His voice trailed off, but the insinuation was obvious. This was textbook harassment, but she found it more than a little bit exciting that someone so powerful was imagining her masturbating as she read erotic emails.

She put her hand on his arm and playfully said, "Well, don't let your imagination get too out of control or you might be up all night thinking about it."

She'd emphasized the word up and from the look in his eyes he understood that she was flirtatiously saying that he would end up with a raging hard on all night as he thought about her. She started to walk away, but he pulled her back to him. She could have kept walking, but her body was responding to his powerful presence and she stepped closer to him.

He leaned in and let his hand ever so lightly graze her hip as he whispered in her ear, "You truly were magnificent today; the way you controlled that room today was breathtaking."

His hand had moved to her ass and he began lightly caressing it. Their backs were to the wall, so no one could see what his hand was doing and she paused for a moment to see if he'd be more aggressive, but he was obviously proceeding carefully as he stopped and pulled away. She was actually a bit disappointed as she was hoping that he would have tried to press his hand up against her pussy.

She finally leaned in and whispered, "You should see me one on one" and then she walked away.

She tried to ignore the rising arousal as she mentally tried to sort out the confusing day she'd had. A few minutes later, Pete was announcing that they had brought in some food and everyone should go to the next room and get something to eat. She was walking with a group of people and then she felt a strong hand grip

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her arm and guide her to a chair. It turned out to be Pete and she flushed as he pulled out her chair and helped her sit down next to him. As she was focused on what he was saying, she didn't realize Tony scooting into the seat on the other side of her. She suddenly felt a hand on her knee. And she whipped her head around to see who it was. When she saw it was him, she smiled and then reached out and squeezed his cock quickly before turning her attention back to Pete.

Pete was explaining the timetable they'd have to keep on this new project as he was pouring her a glass of wine. He winked at her and then she felt his hand on her other leg. She sat there stunned at the realization that the two most powerful men in the company had their hands on her legs and what was going to happen if they realized what the other was doing. She had an image flash into her head of her with both men and she barely stifled the gasp that the image evoked. She was on all fours while Pete was taking her from behind and she was eagerly sucking Tony's cock. Her body buzzed with arousal and she started to picture her riding Tony while Pete knelt down behind her!... She suddenly felt faint and her impulse was to leave as soon as possible.

She squeezed Tony's hand which had moved up to her mid-thigh as she leaned in and apologized to Pete that the last few days were suddenly hitting her and she really needed to go home and sleep. The disappointment was obvious, but he squeezed her knee and she quickly left before things got out of hand. On the drive home, she tried to figure out how she was going to handle this unexpected situation.

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