

# Writer's Block

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*(U is for Ursula) Ursula's husband helps her concentrate*

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Ursula slammed her fist against the table in frustration. She tore the piece of paper she had been working on out of her notebook and noisily formed it into an origami boulder and tossed it on top of the pile overflowing her office waste basket. Her husband Walter picked his head up from his book and quietly sighed. She was taking an adult creative writing course at the local community college and was stuck, at the moment, trying to write a short story assignment. She was always so unpleasant when something frustrated her. He tried to not take it personally, but he could not help empathically feeling some of her pain. He put his book down and stood up and walked over to her and asked, "What's wrong, Darling?" "I can't do this. I have no good ideas." "Oh, I have too much faith in you to believe that." "It's true! Everything I come up with is crap, or it's been done to death already! I can't do this! This whole course is just a waste of time!" He closed his eyes and tried to be calm. He could fix this. "No it's not. Look at the great things your instructor had to say about your last assignment. Remember how proud you were?" "That was different. He gave us topics for that one. But I can't do it!" "Darling, I know you better than that. I know you can do it." "Shut up, Walt! You're not helping!" Walt grabbed her arm and picked her up out of her chair, "Hey now. There's no call for that, Ursula. I'm trying to be encouraging. If you're going to be like that, you're going to wind up with a sore bottom, little girl!" She bit her bottom lip and looked at the floor. She knew she was being bitchy, and that he didn't deserve to be the target of her mood. "I'm sorry. I'm just overwhelmed. I can't not turn in anything, and I can't come up with anything, and..." He wrapped her up in his arms and held her tight. "Shh. It's ok. You just need to calm down and regain your focus." She pulled away and said, "But I can't!" "Yes, you can. You just need my help." He sat down in her chair. "Come over here. Take down your pants." She froze and a pit opened up in her stomach. She knew that this meant he was going to spank her. He had always had an interest in spanking, and together they had discovered that for her it was a particularly effective stress reliever. She blushed and slowly moved her hands to her waist and unbuckled her belt and unsnapped her pants. Before she could lower her pants, he stopped her. "Wait. Before you drop your pants, take that belt out and give it to me." He held his hand out in front of him. She couldn't move for a second. Finally, she gulped and her hands, almost of their own

accord, slowly pulled the belt out of her pants. She handed Walt the belt and then peeled her jeans over her curvy hips and pushed them down to her knees. Walt draped the belt over his arm and reached out with both hands to the waistband of her panties and tugged them down to her knees, exposing her adorable pink pussy with its neatly trimmed thatch of brown hair that ended just above the notch. Ursula closed her eyes and her face turned 3 shades of red. Walt started rolling her belt up starting from the buckle end. He stopped when he had just a bit more than a foot of the belt still exposed. He held his make-shift strap in his right hand and said, "Now, over my lap, Ursula." She took a step to his right side and reached over and put her hands on his left thigh, lowering herself down on top of him. She felt him lay her belt on her ass and clenched her ass cheeks in response. "You know this will make you feel better, don't you, Darling?" Her eyes began to get misty in anticipation. She answered quietly, "Yes." "Are you ready?" She closed her eyes and a single tear fell to the floor. "Yes." The belt left her ass and a moment later exploded across the bottom of her ass-cheeks just above where they met her thighs. Her head shot up and every single muscle in her body seemingly tensed up as one. She cried out in a combination of surprise and pain. Before she could finish, the belt landed again, slightly higher up, but overlapping the first stripe. Again, she cried out. The third stroke landed slightly higher still, and Ursula began to cry continuously. As Walt kept raining down strokes with her belt she felt all of her emotions combining with all of her thoughts and devolving into a single, primordial outpouring. As she became spent, she relaxed across Walt's lap. She no longer reacted to each stroke as she had at the start, but simply cried. Walt stopped spanking her and put down her belt beside the chair. While she lay across his lap, he took his right hand and rubbed her angry red bottom. After allowing her to calm down for a moment, he helped her back to her feet, and then carefully pulled her panties back up, being careful not to drag the waistband across her angry ass cheeks. He helped her pull her pants up, but allowed her to pull them carefully over her hips and button them. He then stood up and wrapped her back up in his arms. As she put her head on his shoulder, she cried anew, but with more gentle sobs. He picked her chin up and kissed her tenderly. Her glistening eyes looked into his, lovingly. "Thank you," she said. "Of course, Darling." He released her and walked over to the couch and picked up the softest throw-pillow and brought it back and put it on the seat of her chair. She smiled and sat down gingerly. She turned back towards the desk and he took a couple of paces back. She sniffled and just looked at the desk for a moment. Then she reached down to the trash can and pulled out one of the crumpled sheets and opened it. She read what she had written before. It wasn't really so horrible, was it? She picked up her pencil and started writing on the blank sheet in front of her. Walt smiled and turned to walk to the kitchen. She always appreciated a nice mug of tea while she worked.