

# L is for Lethargy

By Gary Jordan

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She could hardly move. She didn't think she'd want to move much, not for a week at least. All her energy was gone, used up in the glorious night before, and early morning after. She wanted to move for him, from him - it couldn't be comfortable with her weight still pressing on his chest. She still couldn't will her arms to lift, her legs to shift. Those last orgasms, like rolling thunder, had drained what reserves of strength she ever had. All her efforts lifted her less than half an inch, before settling back, exhausted.

He felt her move, just barely up, then back down. The darling. Although there was nothing he could do to help her. He was acutely aware of her nipples, pressing against his ribs just south of his own. Her body, in intimate contact with his along it's length, was a warm embrace. A drip from her wet pussy onto his cock was a reminder that they **should** move.

His regular breathing lifted her as much as her own efforts had. Up, then down; up; down. Had he been on top, she would be suffocating. She really must give him more room to breathe. She concentrated on drawing her left hand from beyond his shoulder blade to anchor it next to his chest, to use as a lever to move.

He felt her hand, carressing his shoulder, her fingers weaving a trail of erotic fire along the muscles there. Was she trying to awaken lust, after so many feasts, so many repletions? His cock, lying limply at the portal of her sweet pussy, twitched gamely, once.

She felt a twitch below. Lacking the strength even to open her eyes, she managed to lift an eyebrow ever so slightly. Again? The poor, ambitious, loving fool. In her exhausted satiation, there would be nothing she could do to help. She needed to tell him so, but first must lick her dry lips to speak.

He felt her lips at the short hairs of his neck move, her tongue awakening those hairs to sensation. His cock twitched again in response, and began to stiffen.

She felt another twitch at the rim of her pussy, and a slight pressure from the cock-head nestled there. Oh, the dear, darling man! The words she was trying to form were forgotten, replaced by a low moan.

Her moan affected him at an instinctual level. He thought ruefully that even if some small amount of flesh were willing, the rest was too weak. That thought did not prevent his cock from growing a little more, nestling between the folds of her outer lips and pressing apart the inner.

Her heartbeat sped slightly at the welcome intrusion of his cock into her soaking wet pussy. All the dark hours behind had ensured that copious lubrication was there, his and hers. Her breathing sped ever so slightly as well.

Her warm breath on his neck acted even more as an aphrodisiac. His cock grew still more, rapidly approaching its maximum in her warmth. Its growth was aided by an increasing blood supply, courtesy of his accelerating heart.

Sprawled atop his body, impaled on the physical manifestation of his love, she could still summon no reserves to aid in their mutual enjoyment. All motion was provided by the rise and fall of their chests, lifting and dropping like bellows to fuel the flame. Her pussy gave an involuntary contraction, a normal response in an overworked muscle.

He felt the clench around his cock, a delicious sensation. With her encouragement, he sought within himself for any hidden energy. Instead, his calf spasmed, in dire need of electrolytes and phosphorous. It lifted his legs a fraction in response.

She felt the thrust at her core, her nub sensitized all out of proportion to the stimulation provided. He must be as tired as she - he had done more than his fair share of work in the hours since sunset. Where was he finding the energy? Her heart sped up still more. Her hand was finally in position and she pushed. Instead of rising up, she slid back a few millimeters on their sweaty torsos.

Oh God! Her nipples on his chest made him incredibly aware of his own arousal, her thrust, minimal though it was, heightened his cock's awareness as well. As best he could, he managed an answering push, a feeble attempt compared to any other recently, but an attempt with heart.

Oh God! The hairs on his chest teased her nipples to full height, awareness substituting for ardent friction. And somehow he managed to thrust into her, and again her mind and memory provided what friction could not, bringing her closer to completion. She tried to bring her right hand parallel to her left. She would need both if she were to rise.

He felt her other hand carressing his bicep, a slow tease of flesh. Instead of distracting him, it enervated him, and he managed another tiny push, before collapsing his hips from the effort.

To her, it was as though he had thrust from her portal to her cervix and back. She moaned in frustration that she had no strength to help.

Her passionate moan raised his arousal to its limits - where flesh rubbing flesh normally provided the rise to release, mind rubbing mind substituted. He groaned, as tortured muscles jerked one final time.

His groan was the final push, accompanied as it was by a thrust within. She came. By the standards of the night, it was no big thing - by the standards of the moment, it was a completion, a climax, a harbour reached, a haven found. She was happy.

His final jerk, and the accompanying spurt, were the tearing of the finish line tape of the marathon. No more remained. No more was needed.

"Love," she murmured at the edge of sleep.

"Love," he replied, and passed her into slumber.

## **The End**

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It needs to be said: Thank you Denny, curmudgeon and editor.

This was my entry in the Dulcinea Memorial Writing Festival. This entry exists because [Alexis \(Bronze Medalist\)](#), Denny (curmudgeon and editor) and Shon (Head Warlock Coven of Bliss) would not take "no" or "I'm too tired" for answers. With minds like those rubbing up against you, you never know up with what you'll come.

Thank you.

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