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Thursday, April 13, 2006

Stamina

Today, for the first time in some months, I went for a run. With my hectic schedule preventing me from being able to train until now, it was with some relief that I finally got my trainers back on and headed out in the sunshine to my local park this afternoon. I really looked forward to feeling the air on my skin, my heart beating fast and my body becoming drenched in sweat.

Forty minutes later and all I had managed to run was four miles. Ten measly minutes a mile. That's crap. Especially so because the last time I went for a run, sixty minutes was the norm; doing eight miles was no problem.

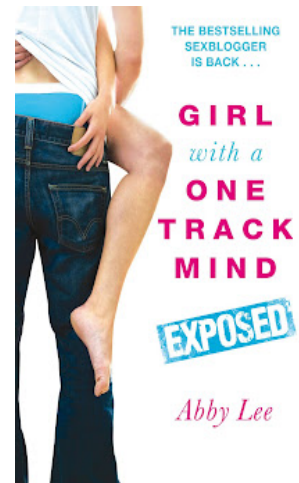
So I was rather disappointed to discover that my stamina has, as they say, gone to shit. This is bad for two reasons:

1. I am going to have to struggle to get back to a good level of fitness again
2. If I get the opportunity to have a rampant shag, I might not be able to keep up with the guy


Obviously I am more worried about the latter.

The thing is, my stamina usually exceeds most men I meet. When sex is on the cards, I'm quite happy to fuck. And then fuck some more. And then fondle. And then fuck some more. Add in some more fondling and a bit more fucking and then multiply that by five and extend it over the course of a few hours and that is my level of sexual energy. Let's just say I like to fuck. A lot.

And generally, given that I know



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climaxes, than tell them that actually, I am still throbbing between my legs and are they up for fucking me for a fifth time?

So it's not that often that I get so shagged beyond all recognition that all I want to do is drop off to sleep after climaxing. But it is possible - even for a girl like me: I had a fling with a marathon runner for a while - damn that boy had stamina. Stamina like you wouldn't believe. One night - eight orgasms in - I actually had to beg him to stop.

With his cock sticking out like a fucking flagpole, I told him that I couldn't physically fuck anymore. My body was ruined: I couldn't move. I was well and truly *fucked*. I needed rest. And do you know what this sadistic bastard did? Stuck his tongue between my legs, ate me out until I was on the brink of another orgasm and then fucked me hard until I had had two more, saying 'now I have fucked you good and proper'. Bastard.

But it just goes to show that there is a correlation between fitness, stamina and endurance in training, and the ability to last all night whilst shagging. I'm not saying that being able to run 26 miles will ensure your cock stays hard when you want it to - but surely it must help.

So with the pathetic exhaustion from today's run showing me my how crap my stamina currently is, I am left worrying how I will manage if I happen to meet another bloke who can go all night. Right now, not very well, I imagine: I'd probably collapse after just one good hard shag.

But given my normally ravenous bedroom appetite, perhaps that's not such a bad thing.



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