Assisted Procrastination

by nihilBliss

Summary

Your name is Tyzias Entykk. It’s been a long night, and it’s not over yet. You’ve just finished another lecture, and it’s time to go back to Stelsa's hive and study, maybe get her to help you figure out this fiscal law stuff. But she has something else in mind.

Tooth-rotting fluff with a canon WLW pairing.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Your name is Tyzias Entykk. It’s been a long night, and it’s not over yet. You’ve just gotten out of a lecture on perhaps your least favorite aspect of Alternian law: legsicasheration law. It’s important, sure, but next to basically any other area of law, money puts you to sleep just as well as sopor. While Stelsa jokes that you only got into a quadrant with her so you didn’t have to figure out how to do your taxes, you can’t pretend her help isn’t a weight off your shoulders. It’s not like you’ll forget what happened to Nufren when they had a mistake on their taxes.

You shudder at the thought as you walk into Stelsa’s building. You don’t always study at her place, but when it’s her area of expertise you’re struggling with, well, a little manipulation works better than trying to get on her calendar. If she found out this was deliberate, she’d be a little annoyed, but she’s cute when you push her buttons a little, so long as it’s only once in a while.
You scan your fob on Stelsa’s apartment door.

“Hey, babe,” you say, half-yawning. There’s no response. That’s odd; Stelsa’s usually all over you the moment you walk in the door. “Stelsa, you in the bathroom?”

But the bathroom’s dark. Maybe she’s running late? You walk over to her desk to check her third-line-of-redundancy schedule. Flicking it on, you stare at the lock screen, trying to remember her password.

“Oh ZiZi,” you hear from across the little room, Stelsa’s voice ever so slightly flirty. You scan the room.

Now you’re a little embarrassed. She’s standing by her recuperacoon, arms crossed but smiling, with one brow cocked upward. She’s also completely naked. Your cheeks tint, and you smile.

“Hey, Stels,” you say, setting your mug and bag down and stepping towards her. You slide your arm around the small of her back. “Don’t you usually put pailing time on your calendar?”

She blushes, a little bashful as ever when that subject comes up.

“You know I would never leave something as important with making time to enjoy that part of our matespritship to chance,” she says. “We’ve been together long enough you know how I am with those sorts of things, especially when it’s spending time with you.”

She gives you a kiss and throws her arms around you.

“Uh, I hope I didn’t forget something,” you say. She’s pretty forgiving, given the amount of law you’re cramming into your think pan. Still, you do try, especially with matesprit stuff. But she shakes her head.

“I had a client cancel on a meeting tonight, and I was thinking about how busy you’ve been with this legiscasheration class, so I kept the rest of the night blocked out,” she says. “And I wasn’t thinking about pailing so much as just, well, when’s the last time we just climbed in the recuperacoon together and cuddled?”

You laugh a little, wrapping your other arm around her. It’s not what you expected, but it’s so her. She thrives on the little things, like combing your hair or eating dinner together. Frankly, it’s one of your favorite things about her. You trace a sideways eight with the tip of your finger, right between her shoulder blades.

“I really should study,” you say. Truth and responsibility hurt, but they’re what you have. Stelsa frowns.

“ZiZi,” she says, trailing off. “You take so little time for yourself. I worry!”

“C’mon, Stels, we talked about this,” you say.

“I know, you have to do what you have to do,” she says. “Believe me, I understand busy schedules and jumping back and forth between a seemingly impossible number of obligations to try and get ahead in a competitive field.”

You nod. There’s a reason her schedule is the way it is.

“And I don’t want to change you or anything intrusive and disrespectful like that,” she continues, “but you’re sleeping even less than usual, and I can’t help but notice how much more sluggish you
are. I love that I don’t have to act like I’m your lusus and worry about everything you do, but I notice when you’re stressed, ZiZi.”

You can’t help but smile and lean into the hug, forehead to forehead with your matesprit.

“What did I do to deserve you?” you ask.

“I ask myself that question all the time too, ZiZi,” she answers. “You’re so wonderful.”

Alright, conversation’s done. Back to the blushing and the flushing and the teal cheeks and the gentle kissing. You like that better anyway. She helps you out of your clothes and smiles at your nakedness. She always makes you feel like a work of art when she doesn’t have to acknowledge that you voluntarily wear socks with sandals.

She takes your hand and guides you over to her recuperacoon, deep and luxurious with a wide, oblong mouth, plenty of room for two. She slips beneath the surface and rests against one end, then guides you in. You rest in her lap and lean back, turning your head to kiss her cheek. You love the way her face makes that little squinty smile when you’re skin to skin. She sets your glasses aside and starts rubbing her fingers against your scalp.

“Mmmm,” you say, and you sink deeper into the sopor. Its narcotic effects hit you hard in your exhausted state, and you feel yourself fading. You weave your fingers with Stelsa’s free hand, which you kiss. She then plants a kiss on your head as she too grows slack.

One final thought crosses your mind before you fall into sleep, safe and warm in your matesprit’s soft embrace.

“I can study later.”

End Notes

Symmetrical with my sadstuck WLW fic, You're Gonna Carry That Weight.

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