

## The Holiest of Hands

*To love a woman of God is to come second best to the one and only man in her life, every single time. This proves difficult for most relationships not centered around a mutual adoration for the man up above, but even more tricky for those who arrive at the conclusion that men are superfluous to their overall satisfaction. Enter: the gays.*

“Forgive me Father for I have sinned.”

“Chester, what the *fuck* are you doing?”

“Stop it, forgive me Father for I have sinned. I have taken this woman and defiled her raw, silken body—”

“EW, Chester I swear to god if you don’t shut up I’m going to scream. This happens all the time, relax.”

Chester McClaren was convinced she had fisted her girlfriend too fast and too furious and now her hand was stuck. Inside. Her girlfriend’s vagina.

“Laila I’m literally never going to forgive myself for this. This is, without a doubt, the worst-case scenario.”

“It’s not.”

“It is! My hand! Is stuck!”

Laila rolled her eyes and awkwardly shifted her body a bit to the right of the bed. There was a pillow below her ass and as a result, was making it difficult to make eye contact with Chester.

“Shut up Chester and listen to me. I’m going to wiggle a little bit closer to the bedside table and then we’re both going to roll at the same time. Once we roll, I’ll grab the second lube bottle and we’ll just pour as much as we need so you can get your hand out.”

“How does this even happen? How does it get stuck? I didn’t think it was possible babe” Chester whined.

Laila frowned. She wondered if her girlfriend was always this stupid or just during mild-to-medium level crises.

“Well, you’re right, it’s not stuck necessarily, it just hurts now. And every time you try and pull it out it hurts more. Something must have happened, I don’t know, I don’t know nearly enough about the human body to explain this right now.”

“How can we be this gay and not know these things?”

“Because we’re 20 and we watch too much porn and no one includes ‘fisting 101’ during their sex talks no matter how progressive a school district it is.”

Laila could see the joke register in Chester’s mind and then see her smile form in slow motion. She loved seeing it all unfold in front of her, the slowing down of the blonde’s brain and the gentleness that replaced it.

“Ok let’s wiggle baby.”

Laila nodded, “on three, ok, one, two, three, wiggle—AHH ouch, slowly Ches, slowly, move with me, on my count.”

“Sorry, sorry yes.”

The two girls slowly inched to the right again, Laila repeatedly counting to three and then the two of them wiggling a little more every time until her body was close enough for her to just

reach the drawer and fish for the second bottle of lube they had purchased just for this special event.

As Laila handed the bottle to Chester, Chester attempted to move as little as possible so Laila would not feel any movement within her. Then the two adjusted as Chester drenched lube all over her arm and the gap between Laila's open legs. Chester kissed the inside of both of Laila's legs and began to slowly work her hand out of the other girl's tan body, ever so slowly while her other hand gently rubbed Laila's clit to try and distract from the discomfort. Neither realized until Chester's hand was almost out that they had both begun breathing in sync, a sound and movement to focus their nervous thoughts onto while the physical process dragged on.

"How's it looking?" Laila grunted out.

"Really good baby, almost there. Should be any second now, and then you'll be—"

"SHTOOOP"

"Oh GOD!"

"Jesus Christ almighty!"

Chester's hand popped right out of Laila's body and swung back from all the pressure and force that had built up. The two girls looked right at each other and paused. Then a deep, loud laugh erupted from Laila and Chester joined in too.

"I cannot believe that actually happened to me," Laila choked out.

"Babe, I am *never* doing that again. Ever. Clearly God doesn't want it and I'm not doing it." Chester said laughing and grimacing at the same time.

Laila snorted again but then looked inquisitively at Chester. She sat up so the two girls were facing each other and her legs were in Chester's lap.

"You know, sometimes I can't tell if you mean it when you say that."

Chester looked back at her, the laughter fading from her face. “What do you mean?”

Laila looked at her girlfriend, a girl she’d only known for a month and a half. She knew the label was fast, but they were women, and they were gay, and that’s what gay women did. And besides, she had never dated anyone in high school and by now she was a junior in college and sort of desperate to have the title. Plus, she liked Chester, with her freckles and short hair and blue eyes and serious nature. She wanted to be with a girl like Chester, who read the safety manuals for blow up pool toys and brought snacks on their hikes. She liked cheering not just the girl she was ‘seeing’, but her ‘girlfriend’ on the sidelines as her babe kicked rugby-ass. She wanted all of those big things. Things that were actually quite small, but felt so big when you never had them. When no one had ever wanted those things with her before. She wanted to be someone’s something and not just for a little bit, for a long time. She liked the security Chester brought her, and the knowledge that someone was always thinking about her. And she knew Chester was serious about her, because she was always serious and Laila loved her for that.

“Hello, Laila say what?” Chester asked again, shaking her head a bit and narrowing her eyes.

“What? Oh nothing. Shower time?” She smiled, leaned forward and placed her hands on Chester’s shoulders, rubbing up and down her arms soothingly.

“Honestly, I think I need to shower alone right now,” Chester swallowed, “I just need some alone time, that was pretty intense.”

Laila wavered only for a second. She was proud of herself for that. Then she wiped her disappointment away and said, “For sure for sure, get in there, I’ll go after you.”

Chester nodded and then seemed to dart out of bed and then the room. Laila couldn't help but wonder if this whole thing had been a mistake. Maybe fisting was just more of a two-month anniversary thing?

She sighed and shifted her body back under the covers. Lying down she started tracing her finger across the lines on Chester's bedsheets. Of course Chester would have black and white plaid sheets. It was the worst option in Laila's mind and the opposite of what she would have personally chosen. Irritation rose up in her chest and she looked around the room to see what else was wrong. Chester's jerseys and uniforms, all neatly folded in her closet, annoying. Chester's singular poster on her bare, white walls—a free University athletic center handout with the rugby players. It was tacky and Chester was in the damn thing! *Horrible* Laila decided, all of it, truly horrible. Why were they even together? What did they even have in common? Panic and fear began to take hold and the spaghetti soup of her mind froze instantly.

Laila jerked up, the fear turning into anger, and threw on a tshirt. Then she marched to the bathroom.

“Ches, we NEED to talk!” Laila yelled.

No response.

“Ugh, Ches! Chester! Chester Amanda McClaren we need to talk right now! I am very upset and this can't wait!”

“What? Babe I can hardly hear you just come on in.”

And she did. Laila swung the door open, and caught it right before it hit the wall (even in her most emotional state aware of Chester's sensitivities). She closed the door and took in the steamy, tiny bathroom, and the blue shower curtain that separated her and her woman in question.

“Chester—”

“Yes ma’am”

Laila rolled her eyes, and then ripped the curtain back.

“Jesus! Laila what are you doing? Stop it!”

The irony of Chester covering her body after the grueling intimacy of the recent events enraged Laila further.

“Chester you don’t even want to take a shower with me! You don’t care about me! You just want to fuck me and then hang out with all your rugby friends,” Laila wailed.

Some unknown feeling, more sensitive than anger was wrapping its hand around her heart and squeezing, hard. She could feel tears pooling in her eyes and balled her hands into fists to try and stop the sensation from overtaking.

“Laila, what are you talking about? Actually what are you talking about?” Chester asked.

Chester searched for some understanding in the face of a girl she had up until recently, literally couldn’t get away from.

“Why do you like me? Why do you want to be with me?”

Chester’s gaze softened. She held out a hand to Laila and Laila looked up confused.

“Come on in. The water’s nice and honestly a little too hot, just how you like it.”

Laila looked at the hand, then Chester’s face, then the hand again, and smiled just a little bit.

“Ok.”

And then she stepped into the shower, clothes and all and Chester closed the curtain.

“You know, sometimes I just like a little alone time and it doesn’t mean I don’t love you Laila.”

“Love?”

“Yeah, well you know, having your arm halfway up someone’s throat will make you question what’s really important in life,” she joked.

“Is that, could that be? A joke?” Laila giggled.

“Yes, sometimes I make those” Chester laughed.

And Laila felt the hand around her heart release, and only felt warmth. She kissed Chester, deeply and smiled. Then kissed her again for good measure.

“This is so crazy because I love *you*.”

“Yeah well I mean, I know that,” Chester shyly smiled, “you say it in your sleep like all the time.”

“Literally shut up,” Laila said, and the two finished their shower in silence.