

## hand puppet

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## hand puppet

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### Summary

*"I bet you could fit another in," La'an said into Una's sweaty skin, drunk on endorphins.*

*"La'an," Una said, "you may have missed it, but I'm out of fingers."*

*"You've got one left," La'an said.*

*"A thumb isn't a finger," Una said, and she gave La'an her sunniest smile.*

*"You're being pedantic," La'an said.*

*"You're being awfully argumentative for someone in your current position."*

### Notes

Kinktober day 17, fisting!

Una's mouth had tasted like strawberries when La'an kissed her. There had been a little bit of the sticky juice on her chin, and La'an had lapped at it, the sweetness of the juice a sharp contrast to the soft under-taste of salt that clung to Una's skin.

Her mouth didn't taste like strawberries anymore. It didn't really taste like anything anymore, except maybe the inside of La'an's own mouth. They were at that point that came with intimacy where it was difficult to differentiate what came from what body - Una's saliva drying on La'an's shoulders, La'an's sweat slippery across Una's belly. Bare skin against bare skin, hair tickling sensitive spots that brought on wave after wave of goose pimples.

La'an was straddling Una's lap, and she was riding Una's finger, Una's thumb passing over her clit in little circles. La'an's arousal was mingling with Una's sweat and her own, slicking up both of their thighs. She kept alternating between kissing Una's swollen lips and pressing her forehead against Una's and just breathing it all in.

"Another," La'an said, and her voice was loud in her ears. She was faintly embarrassed by how... blatant she was being, but Una was grinning, her lips curving against La'an's cheek.

"Not even a please?" Una's voice was teasing. She probed at the very edge of La'an's cunt with another fingertip, and the finger still inside of La'an was curling. Her knuckles were pointy and dug in - enough to make La'an circle her hips and make embarrassing noises, her sweaty hair sticking to her face.

"Please!" The words were wrenched out of her, and Una's grin was somewhere between arousing and infuriating.

"Please what?" The second finger just barely pushing in, and her thumb left La'an's clit.

"Chief," La'an ground out, "I feel like you're being obnoxious on purpose."

"D'you want me to stop?" Una asked, her voice entirely too *reasonable*. "I'm sure I could find something else for us to do. You said you were

willing to finally watch, *Pirates of -*"

"Please give me another finger," La'an burst out, before Una could go on a roll. "Inside of me. Please fuck me." She groaned, and then she gasped as Una's other finger slipped inside of her.

"Since you asked so nicely," Una said sweetly, and La'an clenched around the fingers, bouncing in Una's lap.

Una pressed her face into La'an's throat, and her mouth was hot and slick, her teeth pinching gently at the tendon. She threw her head back, and her own hair was ticklish along her lower back, her nipples rubbing against Una's chest. The slippery slide of it was sending more tingles down La'an's back, and it was all centering at her cunt.

"Another, please," La'an moaned, and she was *drunk* on the sensation. "Another finger inside, please Una, I want..." La'an gave a long, low moan as another finger was added. Three fingers inside of her, and she was rocking on Una's hand like she was on the deck of an old Earth sailing ship. Her cunt clenched, relaxed, clenched harder when Una's fingers tangled in the hair close to her scalp and pulled her head back.

La'an had to clutch at Una's shoulders to keep from falling over, and her eyes fluttered shut, her mouth wide open as she panted. Her toes curled against Una's sides, and "*another!*" slipped out of her mouth before she even knew what was happening. The duvet was sticking to her sweaty thighs, and her arousal was dripping down Una's hand, across the backs of Una's fingers, over Una's wrist.

Una's chuckle was rough, and it vibrated across La'an's skin. She didn't even ask La'an for say 'please' this time, just pushed it all the way inside with the other three. She was full, full enough that it was almost painful, and that gave it that little bit of *bite* that made it that much... more.

"Una," La'an whimpered, and she'd be embarrassed by the noises coming out of her, but it was all happening at a distance. She could taste Una's skin, and that was because her teeth were in Una's shoulder, hair against her nose.

When had that happened?

Una's finger was circling over La'an's clit in rapid little circles, the fingers inside slowly curling and straightening. She was right up against La'an's g-spot, and La'an's eyes were going to roll back in her head. She sucked on the skin in her mouth, and Una moaned, said something that La'an couldn't process because her heart was pounding too loudly in her ears. The deep, hot pressure that had been building inside of her snapped like a pencil, and the pleasure raced around her skin, firing off her nerves and leaving her knees weak.

"That was impressive," Una said, and her voice *was* tinged with admiration. "Good?" Her free hand was stroking down La'an's back, and there were goose pimples trailing after; like the wake of a boat.

"I bet you could fit another in," La'an said into Una's sweaty skin, drunk on endorphins. She could smell Una's pheromones, her own - there was even the musky scent of her own cunt off on the edges of her senses.

"La'an," Una said, and her thumb tapped against La'an's clit. "You may have missed it, but I'm out of fingers." Another roll of her fingers, and La'an cried out.

"You've got one left," La'an said.

"A thumb isn't a finger," Una said, and she gave La'an her sunniest smile.

"You're being pedantic," La'an said.

"You're being awfully argumentative for someone in your current position," Una countered, and then she was slowly withdrawing her fingers. Her damp, wrinkled fingers were warm against La'an's bare hip - warm from being *inside* of La'an.

Oh *fuck*.

Una dipped La'an back, and then she was *looming*, crouched between La'an's thighs. "If you *really* want this..." The tips of her fingers pressing against La'an's cunt again, and La'an's thighs were forced open wider, slippery with sweat and come.

"I wouldn't ask if I didn't want it," La'an grumbled, and she caught Una's amused expression.

The feeling of Una's fingers penetrating her was... different this time. Maybe some of it was because she'd already come and was still twitching with the after shocks, but it was something else as well. It was a bigger stretch, and she couldn't see what it was that Una was doing with her fingers, exactly.

And then there was more pressure, and it was like she was watching from a distance. Una's hand between her thighs, Una's hair hanging down to frame both of their faces. There was more pressure - the first set of knuckles, the bulge of the thumb. It was intense enough to punch the air out of La'an's chest, as her cunt fluttered around the fingers. Another ripple of her fingers, and La'an made a broken noise.

"You're so warm and wet around me," Una said, and more of her hand was inside - all the way to the second knuckle.

*This is what being a hand puppet feels like*, La'an thought, but that was okay, because the feelings were so concentrated she couldn't notice anything but the bony solidarity of Una's hand. She was holding on to Una's shoulders, her fingers digging in - was she going to leave a bruise?

"I'm almost up to my wrist," Una said, her voice low. "You're all around me."

"I didn't realize..." La'an started to say, and then she was hit with another aftershock. "I didn't notice how... big your hands are." She gave a rough chuckle, and Una gasped.

"When you laugh," she told La'an, her voice low, "you squeeze me tighter."

There was a barely perceptible shift in Una's shoulder, and then the whole of her hand was inside of La'an.

Just. An entire hand. In her.

La'an clenched around her, and she was trembling. When she forced her eyes open, and she met Una's. There were little lines around Una's eyes, and they became deeper as she smiled.

"You're about to come," she told La'an.

"I feel like..." La'an said, trailed off. She was staying stock still, just *feeling*. "I feel like if be able to tell... first." Did that make sense?

Not particularly, no, but it didn't have to.

"You're starting to flutter," Una said, and she wriggled her fingers gently. It set off a cavalcade effect, and La'an was holding on to her own self control by the skin of her teeth. "Your heart is beating all around me, and you're so wet it's dripping down my arm."

"Chief," La'an whimpered, "*Una*."

The orgasm clenched Una's hand - *a fist in a fist*, she thought and it was taking effort not to laugh. Not to cry. The overwhelming swell of it left her wordless, her knees weak and wobbly, her chest heaving. The heat was washing under her skin, more intense than the last one, and she was left completely wrung out, panting raggedly.

"So " La'an said when she got her breath back, "what I'm taking away from all this is that if I want *mind blowing* sex, I just need to be pedantic." She couldn't keep from whimpering as Una's fist was carefully removed - the emptiness inside was disconcerting, after the delightful stretch.

An annoyed snicker from Una, but she was kissing La'an again, her tongue slipping into La'an's mouth just as easily as her fist had fit inside La'an's cunt. "I guess I'll just have to find you a new incentive," she said when they broke their kiss, and La'an shivered and pulled her that much closer.

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