

One touch and a taste

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One touch and a taste

by [khaleesian](#)

Summary

From the 2011 kink meme. The prompt was:

Gisele/Han. She likes to drive; he needs things to do with his mouth and hands....

Notes

Now with a podfic by the talented kalakirya! Please find it [here](#)! Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"You should take those shoes off" Han hoped he was still managing to sound cool and unaffected. The shadow down the long muscle in her calf was...doing things to him.

She tossed her hair and grinned at him. That husky voice also made his dick twitch. "You want me to stop?"

He looked around. They were approaching Trier, almost to the border with Luxembourg on a high silver bridge with two lanes and no shoulder. They had just roared by a BMW and the driver had taken it as a personal affront. He was a tiny fixture in the rearview.

"You'd be more comfortable." Han continued weakly. The spike of the heel was digging into the floorplate in a way that made his mouth dry.

She looked at him over her cheekbones. "You do it."

Han unbuckled his seatbelt and pushed his seat back to its max. He was going to need some room. He cautiously ran his hand down from her knee; it was delicious how smooth she was, with just a little softness spread over her hard, lean frame.

God, her shoes were complicated. There seemed to be three separate buckles. He did the left one first, stretching his arm all the way out. His cheek was pressed into the hard flex of her knee and...he took a deep breath. Her perfume was faint, he could also smell the faintest traces of gun oil mixed with the clean scent of her dress...he licked the soft curve under her knee.

She goosed the gas even harder and the Lexus whined in fury.

OK, left shoe off. His dick was staging a major rebellion. He couldn't straighten up now without her noticing. He gave up on the buckles of the right shoe and just ran a finger between the straps and her foot. Gently...it only took a split-second while she downshifted and he pulled it off cleanly.

He tilted his head up to look at the gauges. The tach rocketed to redline before she jammed the gear back. He could feel her leg turn to steel under his palm. The Lexus leaped forward and just like that, they were in Luxembourg and practically through it.

"You're amazing." He breathed into the soft rayon covering her thigh. She didn't even tilt her head to look down at him, but she took one hand off the wheel to stroke his hair for a second.

He trailed his hand up over her knee, slowly. She shifted a little giving him the bare inch he needed to press two lucky fingers in and down. She bit her lip and grinned at the horizon meanly. Hitching up against him jogged the accelerator even further.

They were going 140 miles an hour. Han muffled a moan in her taut thigh. She was wet and fever-hot and he knew he didn't have enough room or leverage to do what he most wanted. He took a taste of her off his fingers and his eyes squeezed shut involuntarily.

"Yeah." He said finally. "I think you should stop."

End Notes

Apparently I ship Gisele/Han liek whoa.

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