Series: Chenzel smut one-shots
by kchenoweths

Summary

Just what it says on the tin :)
In Traffic

Chapter Summary

Kristin thinks of a way to settle Idina's road rage

Chapter Notes

i found a bunch of smut prompts i wanted to write, so i thought i'd make them into a little series! these will probably be short and sweet, but i have plenty of ideas i'm excited to write as part of this series so stay tuned, and follow me on twitter @kristinsidina :-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Idina tapped her fingernails impatiently on the steering wheel. Traffic was one of her biggest pet peeves, and Kristin knew this better than anyone.

"Settle down, Dina", Kristin sighed and put a comforting hand on her thigh.

"Don't", Idina shook her head and pushed Kristin's hand off her before gripping the steering wheel.

"Oh, come on..." Kristin slipped her hand back onto Idina's leg. Idina glanced at it then looked back onto the road, her jaw tightening.

Slowly, Kristin began rubbing her thumb on Idina's leg through her jeans. When Idina didn't complain again, she allowed her hand to slip further up. She glanced up at her face, hoping to see some form of acknowledgement, but Idina continued to stare out at the traffic and act like nothing was happening.

Kristin's hand inched to the waistband of Idina's jeans, before she slipped her fingers underneath.

"Kristin, I'm concentrating on the road", Idina told her firmly.

"Uh huh?" Kristin smiled. She felt the lace front of Idina's panties with her fingertips and took great pleasure in hearing her breath hitch.

"Kristin!" Idina repeated, but they both knew she didn't mean the complaint in the slightest. She sunk back in her seat and stared out at the traffic built up ahead of her, but her mind was elsewhere. It wasn't long before Kristin had two long fingers rubbing at her clit, and Idina became all too aware of the cars standing either side of their own. Someone's gonna see, she thought to herself, but she couldn't bring herself to voice her concerns in the moment.

Traffic began moving slowly, and Kristin whispered "you gotta move, baby", but her fingers didn't stop. Idina pressed on the gas cautiously just as Kristin's fingers slipped inside of her.

All she wanted was to close her eyes, lean her head back and beg for more, but she had to keep her eyes on the road.
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Kristin catches Idina

Chapter Summary

"She caught me in the shower once" - Idina Menzel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kristin could never stay away from sweet treats on a two show day, especially between shows. She didn't have long to grab lunch, so she usually relied on whatever candy she had in her dressing room fridge, but today she found herself with nothing.

Idina always has food, she thought to herself, before setting off to invite herself to lunch with her fellow leading lady.

As Kristin approached Idina's dressing room door, she could swear she heard a noise. It sounded sort of like... no, that's ridiculous. Idina wouldn't, not here. Not at work, she reasoned with herself before knocking.

When no one answered, she rolled her eyes and let herself in. She frowned at first to see that Idina wasn't in her normal spot lounging on the sofa, then she heard the shower running. Kristin was about to call Idina's name, just as the noise happened again. She was right in the first place, it was unmistakably a moan.

Kristin blushed and considered leaving and pretending like she never heard her, but there was a part of her that didn't want to leave. She felt guilty, like an intruder. But... Idina left the door unlocked? It was almost as if she wanted to be caught.

"You should keep the noise down", Kristin tugged the shower curtain back suddenly. Just as she suspected, she found Idina under the hot water, one hand between her own legs and the other cupping her breast. She yelled in shock and turned away, embarrassed, but it was apparent to Kristin that moments ago, Idina was completely gone.

"Get out! What the fuck are you doing in my dressing room?!!" Idina tried to tug the shower curtain back to cover herself again, but Kristin just laughed.

"You oughta keep the noise down if you're gonna fuck yourself at work! You're lucky it was me who happened to be passing by, sugar. I could hear you moaning from down the corridor."

"You're exaggerating."

"Hardly."

A beat.

"Anyway... don't let me ruin your fun", Kristin added.

Idina turned her head slowly to look at Kristin. A few moments passed while they stared at each other, then the blonde began to undress herself.
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Phone Sex

Chapter Summary

Idina's missing Kristin... but she can't let Taye know that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I'm kinda tired, I think I'm gonna head to bed now. You finish the movie", Idina told Taye. He just nodded and kissed her cheek, his eyes still fixed on the screen, so she slipped off to their room.

Idina wasn't tired at all, Idina missed Kristin. She missed the way Kristin always smelled sweet, how her touch was so gentle, the way she tasted and how she always moaned and whimpered so softly for her... to name a few things. Their affair had started a few weeks ago on the opening night of their show, and though she was possibly the tiniest person she'd ever met, Idina had a feeling there was so much more to uncover with her new lover.

She laid down in bed and reached for her mobile in her pocket. Fiddling with it in her hands, Idina wondered if Kristin would be mad at her for calling late, then realised she wanted to hear her voice so badly that she didn't care.

"Hey", Kristin answered after one ring.

Idina smiled and whispered "hiya."

"What are you whisperin' for?! Are you being held hostage or something?"

"I may as well be... God, I just miss you! Taye's watching the movie but I said I was just going to bed."

"Mhm... the movie you cancelled our 'girls night' to watch?"

Idina rolled over in bed and whispered even quieter "you know I'd rather be with you! But... I can't have him suspecting"

"I know, I know! Don't worry, sweet pea, I'm fine on my own... all on my own."

"Give it a rest!"

There was a pause in the conversation, just as Kristin had an idea. She smirked to herself and brought a finger between her teeth, biting on it slightly as she mumbled "so... you're on your own?"

"Taye's in the living room but yeah... why?" Idina could tell Kristin was planning something. She could hear mischief in her voice even over the phone.

"Nothin!" Kristin's hand slipped between her own legs. "Just keeping myself occupied."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Idina was answered with a quiet sigh. She knew that sigh, the tiny noise Kristin always made
whenever she began feeling her up in some corner in the shadows backstage.

"Kristin..." she muttered warningly, but she didn't mean it. She didn't really want Kristin to stop whatever she was doing.

Kristin tugged her pyjama shorts off quickly and let her fingertip circle her clit, "what, baby? I just miss you, I miss your mouth especially", she was beginning to whine now.

Idina felt a bubble of warmth in her tummy at the tone of Kristin's voice that she knew oh so well. She shifted in bed and mumbled "well if you're playing, can I join in?"

In reply came a moan came from the other end of the line, but Idina's enjoyment was interrupted briefly by the bedroom door opening. She hid her phone under the covers and asked "what are you doing?"

"Just checking you're alright! I thought I heard something. If you can't sleep, just come watch the rest of this with me, baby, it's good."

"I'm fine" Idina said shortly, and she faintly heard Kristin beginning to moan louder from the mobile stuffed under the duvet. Taye just sighed and wished her goodnight again before heading off again.

Idina picked up the phone "Kristin! Taye could probably hear you, what the fuck are you doing right now?!"

"I... I have two fingers inside me, and I'm imagining it's you", she admitted without hesitation. Idina blushed, and Kristin gasped "you're so good, baby."

Idina had never heard Kristin let go like this. She was used to Kristin's quiet whimpers and whispered begging into her ear, not this exhibition of unashamed pleasure.

"Idina... baby, I want you", she continued. Kristin knew how wound up Idina would be getting, and she knew she'd have to hold back because of Taye. She knew exactly what she was doing, but she was enjoying it so much.

"Please, Kristin... can I touch myself with you?" Idina choked out.

Kristin made a pause, a second to enjoy Idina's slightly laboured breaths that she always did when she was turned on, before humming "I suppose, but don't let Taye hear you begging me to let you come."

Chapter End Notes

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Masturbation

Chapter Summary

Kristin is missing Idina while she's on tour.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kristin was tired of scrolling mindlessly through Twitter every night. Without Idina at home, she was finding entertaining herself more difficult than she had anticipated when her lover had left for tour. They called each other often, but it wasn't the same as always having each other right there as they were used to. She missed spooning with Idina at night, and grocery shopping together, and the way Idina would wake her up with a cup of tea at half eight on the dot every morning. Hell, she even missed Idina's terrible cooking.

But, possibly more than anything, she missed their sex. When they were together, nary a day passed without them jumping each other's bones at some point, but now Kristin was losing count of the days since the last time they did it. It was especially tough since she wasn't used to being deprived; Idina gave her everything she wanted whenever she wanted it, and it suited her nicely.

"i'm horny :-(", she texted Idina. Mostly as a joke, but partly in the hope that she might give her something.

"just go on pornhub, perv :P" Idina replied after a couple of minutes. Kristin rolled her eyes and put her phone down, frustrated. Ideas were forming, though. Not Pornhub (she didn't feel like watching strangers getting off with each other), she could think of something much more suited to her personal tastes. Climbing off the sofa for the first time in hours, Kristin headed to the DVD cabinet next to the TV, found Rent, and put it in the player. She jumped back on the sofa, and selected the scene she had in mind.

"You know what, Miss Ivy League?" the familiar voice sounded in her ears, and she smirked. Though they weren't even in shot yet, Kristin's mind went straight to the leather pants she knew Idina was wearing. Fuck, she remembered. When Idina came home from set one night and she'd managed to sneak off with them.

Her mind provided her with images of that night, of her sitting on Idina's thigh, naked and grinding up against the leather, Idina's hands on her waist, Idina's words encouraging her to go on. Kristin's hand reached absentmindedly into her pyjama bottoms and her fingers felt at her own wetness. She hadn't realised it was so bad.

The song began on the screen, and Kristin looked back up. She rolled her eyes, wishing the camera would pan out already so she could just see the fucking pants.

"I'm gonna have to fucking wash these before work tomorrow", she remembered Idina commenting after she came, and she couldn't help giggling. Her expression changed, however, when she noticed Maureen was now up on the table. Fuck, the pants, the heels... and God, Idina lifting her shirt up. Kristin sunk two fingers inside herself, thinking about her abs, about how toned Idina still was to this day. She spread her legs further to give herself better access and found herself moaning.
already. It had been so long and it felt so fucking good to be pleasured again.

She found a sweet spot with ease and began fucking herself quickly, then looked back at Idina on the screen. I have to get her to dress up again when she's home. Kristin was fucking herself in earnest, her fingers deep inside, her palm rubbing at her soaking clit. She couldn't help her moans and pants as she felt herself nearing the edge, her orgasm hurtling towards her-

The pool table.

"Oh, fuck", she gasped out loud, pushing another finger inside in desperation. She wished it was her Idina was crawling towards, hips swinging perfectly. She couldn't stop picturing it; Idina's unswayed confidence as she approached her, how their bodies would melt together when she got there. She imagined Idina pinning her down and mercilessly fingering her right there on that pool table, she wanted it so fucking badly.

Kristin's back arched, her golden skin glistening with a thin layer of sweat as she came with Idina's name on her lips (as always). It took her a few moments to compose herself enough to sit up, before she took her phone and sent Idina a photo of the DVD, and the caption "did the trick ;)".

Chapter End Notes

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"Baby.. slow down", Kristin choked out. They'd just gotten through her apartment door, but Idina had already pinned her against the wall, and was grinding up against her hard. Kristin found herself short of breath, but she couldn't help wrapping her legs around her lover automatically and moving her own hips to the rhythm Idina was making.

To her surprise, Idina actually stopped and lowered her to the ground again. "W-what? I didn't mean it!" Kristin complained, but Idina put a finger to her lips to silence her then sauntered off to the bedroom. Kristin frowned and looked around, unsure whether to follow her or not, but Idina soon returned. "What was all that about?" Kristin asked, but she was barely able to finish her question before Idina resumed their make out session.

Slowly, Idina began grinding up against Kristin again. The blonde moaned into her mouth, but she felt something pushing between her legs through Idina's skirt. "Wait, wait.." she mumbled against Idina's mouth, reluctant to break away. "What is that, what were you doing through there?"

"Glad you asked", Idina smirked. She tugged her own dress up to her hips, revealing the strap-on she'd put on when she disappeared. Kristin glanced down and whimpered when she saw it. They'd never used toys before, but the sight of Idina holding the silicone toy in her hand sent an ache to her core, and she suddenly had the urge to beg for it.

"Do you want it?" Idina teased, leaning in to kiss her neck softly as she brushed it against her inner thigh.

"Yeah... please, I really want it", Kristin tried to look down to watch, but Idina tilted her head back again to give herself better access to her neck. "Fuck, please!" She begged once more as Idina bit down and she felt the tip brush over her entrance through her panties.

Slowly, Idina reached under Kristin's skirt and tugged her panties down. Kristin kicked them aside and pleaded once more "please give me your cock, Idina... I want it inside me now." Idina finally obliged, and sunk the tip inside of Kristin. She moaned and tried to push her hips forward to get more, but Idina stayed in control. Her firm grip kept Kristin against the wall as she eased her whole length inside of her, and Kristin was grateful (she felt as though her legs might have given way by now if Idina wasn't keeping her upright).

Once she'd managed to fill her, Idina began slowly pumping in and out of Kristin, and resumed the rough kissing and sucking of her neck. Kristin gasped and clung onto Idina. Her long nails dug into Idina's shoulders, but she didn't seem to mind at all. Before long, Kristin was completely gone. All she could think about was Idina's thick cock inside of her, and how she seemed to hit the perfect spot effortlessly every single time she thrusted inside of her, and it was bliss.

"I'm close, baby", Kristin whimpered after a short while. She hooked one arm around Idina's shoulder, with her hand gripping onto her hair, before bringing the other between her own legs to touch her own clit. The sensations made her cry out, and Idina grunted "come."
Kristin's vision blurred as she rubbed her sensitive clit and thrust her hips against Idina's, and she finally tipped over the edge. Loud moans and panting filled the room, and neither of them stopped thrusting against each other until she was completely finished. Exhausted, Idina slowly withdrew the toy from inside Kristin and loosened her tight hold on her.

"I think I'm gonna need cleaning off", Idina commented. Still breathless, Kristin smirked and dropped to her knees.

End Notes

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i now also have a curiouscat where you can leave any anonymous requests!
https://curiouscat.me/kchenoweths

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