Mistletoe Kiss

by MajorSam

Summary

Agent Christopher gets bolder and bolder every year... they never know where the Mistletoe will strike next.

Notes

Some lovely Christmas Smut for you! Takes place a few years down the line, but before the stuff we saw in the finale, in 2023.

Thanks go to my new muse/beta/brain twin, the lovely and brilliant PeachCheetah.

Happy Holidays to you all!

See the end of the work for more notes.

The guests were finally gone, the dishes finally cleared, the twins finally asleep.

Lucy was exhausted, and yet full of energy, high on the success of the third annual Logan Family Christmas get together. She was also, perhaps, a little tipsy. She stumbled as she and Wyatt crossed the threshold into their bedroom, lips plastered to each other and hands roaming. He laughed at her, holding her steady as always as they teetered towards their bed. He grabbed at her ass, squeezing it hard before hoisting her up. She giggled as she tumbled back onto the bed. She scooted back, arms reaching out for him and –

"Ow, shit!" she yelped, contorting over onto her side.
"Lucy!?" Wyatt rushed forward as she twisted an arm behind her back to grab at something on the bed. They were both amazed as she revealed a large, somewhat spikey, piece of mistletoe. As one, their gazes rose to the ceiling and sure enough, a piece of tape was dangling from one end, right above their bed.

"She strikes again," Wyatt intoned dramatically.

Lucy burst into laughter as she dropped the offending item onto her bedside table. "I can't believe it. Denise gets bolder and bolder every year."

"Well, Rufus and Jiya are dragging their heels. I think she thinks we're the better chance for more grandkids."

"Oh god," Lucy shook her head. "Two hellions aren't enough? Yeah, no."

"Agreed!"

"Not that I mind the practicing for it," she smirked.

"We are very good at practicing."

"Practice makes perfect, after all. Now hurry up and take that tape down, I don't want it falling on my face while you're fucking me."

His eyes went dark at her phrasing, always loving when she was vulgar, and jumped up on the bed to comply. "Yes ma'am!"

As he reached up to grab at the tape the bottom hem of his shirt rode up and exposed the lowest level of his abs.

Fuck her husband was hot…

Lucy bit her lip as inspiration suddenly struck her. Wyatt quickly sat down on the bed and stuck the tape to his bedside table to deal with later, eagerly turning to gather her in his arms and kiss her. She let him, giving back with gusto and quickly divesting him of his shirt. Wyatt began to attend to her as well. Moments later, Wyatt was naked and reaching for Lucy's underwear, a festive strip of red with little white snowflakes, the last barrier between them.

"No," Lucy denied him.

"But…"

Her lips quirked up and her eyes narrowed in promise. He gulped. "Okaaay…" he nodded slowly.

She stood up off the bed, grabbing his hips and coaxing him forward to sit on the edge. She then swiftly bounced over to his bedside table, Wyatt admiring the view as she did so. She peeled the piece of tape off the surface, then moved around the bed to grab the mistletoe off hers. Finally, she moved back to Wyatt and placed her wrists on his knees, hands full. She slowly knelt before him, her knees on the carpeted floor, face mere inches from the junction of his naked thighs. His hands gripped the edge of the bed, his breathing looked up at him, holding his eyes while she taped the ornament right onto the abs she'd been admiring.

When she spoke, her voice was low, dangerous, just how he liked it.

"I want to kiss my husband under the mistletoe."
"Oh god…" he whispered, heaving in a shuddering breath.

She smirked up at him, maintaining eye contact as she leaned forward and put her lips to his straining erection. It jerked at her touch and he grunted. Her smirk deepened as she took him in hand, holding him steady as she kissed him again, open mouthed and wet, her tongue peeking out to meet his head.

"Fuck!"

"Mmm," she agreed, opening wider and flicking her tongue across him a few times.

He was always such a gentleman, making sure her needs were met first, and often multiple times. He always assured her he didn't need her to do this for him, but damn did she love doing it. Teasing him, playing with him, driving him absolutely wild. It thrilled her to no end that she had the power to reduce this strong, confident man into a writhing, cursing mess.

She squeezed him with her hand, finally looking away as she lowered her head to lick at the drop of pre-come already seeping from him. She hummed, like he was delicious, and he groaned. She licked him again, from base to tip, slow and wet. She repeated the move all around him, till he was shiny with her, then gently pursed her lips and blew at him. His whole body jerked, wracked with shivers as he swore again, a hand coming up to scrub at his face. She grinned, rising up and finally taking him into her mouth, all the way. She relished in it, in him, rock hard and so big it almost hurt, sometimes, in the most perfect, sinful of ways. Yet his skin was so soft, velvet, just right for rubbing her tongue against, which she did right then. He moaned, and she glanced up at him. His head was thrown back, eyes closed, face screwed up like he was in pain. His hands clutched desperately at the duvet, not providing him any useful balance. His abs, clenched and straining, were all that was keeping his torso upright.

She grinned around him for a moment, proud of her work, before she closed her eyes and sucked on him.

Hard.

With a growl, a hand flew from the bed to her hair, tangling in the thick, messy locks. She sucked him again in reply, letting him know it was okay. He tugged, her next suck faltering as hot heat shot down to her core. Her next suck was even harder, dragging her mouth up his length until she popped off the end. She wasted no time latching onto him again, relaxing her jaw and throat to take him even further. His nails raked at her scalp as he held her, and she scraped her teeth across him in response. That got her a whole string of curses. Drawing in a full breath she took him in again, as deep as she could, his head nudging against the back of her throat. She swallowed, taking him that much further. His legs shook around her and he jerked hard on her hair, wrenching her off of him.

He tried to stand her up, pull her onto the bed, but she wouldn't have any of it.

"No," she shook her head sternly. "You."

His eyes were wild as he looked at her, panting. "Really?"

She didn't say anymore, just claimed him with her mouth again, speeding up. She worked him hard, higher and higher until his every breath was laced with a sound of pleasure. She brought him almost to the edge, teetering on the precipice… but didn't let him tip over. She suddenly pulled away and sat back on her heels, watching his chest heaving with exertion. After a few seconds his eyes cracked open and he groaned, realizing what she was doing. She didn't do it often, but when she did, the payoff was always worth it. She let him calm down, his breathing just starting to slow before she attacked him again. She brought him back to the edge in no time but once again abandoned him at
the cusp. He was practically whimpering, out of his mind and goddamn it was sexy. She toyed with him until Wyatt couldn't stand it any longer. He couldn't think, could barely breath, body burning, every muscle strained and locked. He opened his eyes wide and looked down.

Lucy was staring up at him through her dark lashes, huge brown eyes almost black with desire and fuck, that was it. His other hand flew to her head as well and his whole body seized. She kept looking at him, gazes locked as he burst into her mouth. The corners of her eyes crinkled in concentration as she held onto him, swallowing, taking everything he had to give her and milking him for more. When he was finally spent, his hands dropped from her head as he collapsed back onto the bed, limp.

She continued to mouth at him for a while, licking him clean before laying soft, soothing kisses across his skin. When she was finally satisfied, she climbed up onto the bed beside him, curling into him like a cat and stroking a hand down his chest, plucking at the mistletoe. She let him have a few minutes to catch his breath, more than happy to just lay with him and feel his heart pounding under her hand. She loved when he couldn't talk after, so overwhelmed with the pleasure she had caused. When he finally shifted underneath her, she knew he would soon speak.

"Fuck, Lucy," he said, voice hoarse. "Oh my god…"

She giggled, planting a kiss to his chest. "Good?"

"One of the best. Maybe the best? I don't know. I can't think. Holy shit, I mean…"

"Well it is the season of giving," she continued to giggle, silly with pride and love.

"And boy did you just give…" his arm moved so he could put a hand around her waist, stroking the soft curve.

She pulled the mistletoe off him, throwing it and the tape over her shoulder before leaning over to press herself against him. He grinned up at her, eyes hazy with afterglow, his long bangs flopping down over his forehead.

"Hey there."

"Hey," she smiled back.

"I ever tell you how beautiful you are?"

"Once or twice."

"Well make it thrice. Cause you are."

"You're not so bad yourself."

She pecked at his lips. The hand not on her waist rose and wrapped around the back of her neck, holding her in place so he could kiss her properly. He kept kissing her until she was shifting over him and making little noises. Without warning, he suddenly flipped them. She let out a whoop, half surprise, half laughter, like she always did when he pulled that stunt. He grinned widely as he slid down her body, pulling her to sit at the edge of the bed, just like he had. He fell to his knees on the floor.

"My turn!" he smirked.

She couldn't help but laugh as he settled himself into position.
"What's so funny?"

"Just thinking of Denise."

"At a time like this?"

"Bet she didn't expect this to happen when she planted that mistletoe."

"Nope. No grandkids out of tonight."

"I think she'd be okay with that though. In the end, she just wants us to be happy, right?"

"And are you?" his eyes were suddenly bright, bluer than ever.

"Yeah," she nodded softly. "More than I've ever been."

He nodded back, swallowing hard. "Me too."

She cupped his face in her hands and pitched forward to kiss him. "I love you," she murmured against his lips.

"I love you too," he replied.

He then proceeded to show her just how much he did.

The next morning, Wyatt was startled awake by a shrill shriek followed by a dull thud. Adrenaline flooded his system as he bolted upright in bed, instantly awake.

"Lucy!" he called.

The tousled head of his wife suddenly popped up from beside the bed. Her hand flew up into view, holding the piece of mistletoe.

"Damn thing was on the floor!" she exclaimed. "I got up to go to the bathroom and stepped on it."

"And fell down?"

"And fell down," she sighed.

Caring, doting husband that he was, he did what he always did when his wife's clumsiness caused accidents. He laughed at her, then gathered her up in his arms and kissed her until the pain went away.

The End

End Notes

So how do YOU think our dear Lyatt spend the holidays? What family traditions do they create? How do they get frisky? ;) Let me know your thoughts!

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