Summary

Did they really need five boxes of red lights? Six different rolls of wrapping paper? Why were there fifteen stockings when the team only had six people? When did an inflatable reindeer end up in there?

In other words, Skye's Very First Christmas was also the team's first Christmas together, and she wouldn't have had it any other way.

Notes

When in doubt, use song lyrics as titles!

Originally, this was supposed to be a five hundred word drabble about something else /entirely/. I have no idea how this resulted.

Takes place before the Hydra reveal.

See the end of the work for more notes

Skye was never one to get into the holiday spirit.

Sure, the nuns at St. Agnes celebrated, but their kind of Christmas involved organizing a play of the nativity scene, where the youngest kid laid in a cradle for an hour and pretended to cry at the appropriate times.
Skye, fortunately, was always the tree in the background.

Christmas carols were hymns, not fun songs about Rudolph or Frosty, not Mariah Carey belting her heart out for her lover. There weren’t lights illuminating the evenings, no giant trees to decorate, no stockings that caught on fire, no ornaments to “accidentally” break.

There were no presents.

And Skye never got lucky with her foster families, either. Of course fate would have it that she would always be back at St. Agnes by the time December rolled around. And the one time she was actually out of that place during the wintry season, of course it was a family that didn’t have an ounce of holiday passion.

Leaving St. Anges didn’t change anything, either, because:

- Skye was broke like, ninety-nine percent of the time.
- Money always went to food.
- She had no friends to give gifts to. Or receive from.
- She once tried to steal a Christmas tree because why not, but didn’t plan what to do with it afterward. After spending a week with the tree tied on top of the van and the damn leaves getting all over her windshield, she left it on the porch of a family whose kid asked for one and his mom only gave him a we will, one day kind of smile.

And Miles didn’t celebrate Christmas because he was a firm believer that “Christmas only fueled capitalism by preying on unknowing consumers under the guise of selfless gift–giving.”

Suffice to say, Skye never got into Christmas.

So it was weird when she got into SHIELD, because all of a sudden she had these people she could call “friends”. “Family”, even. Really weird.

Skye had people she could rely on, people who depended on her, people who cared about her. Really, really weird.

And she had Jemma Simmons, who spent nights in her arms—

(“You’re little spoon because you’re tinier.”
“I’m four centimeters shorter, Skye. Hardly a difference.”
“It makes all the difference.”)

—who spent mornings holding her—

(“I don’t know why I always end up being the little spoon. What do you do while we sleep, Jem?”
“I’m telling you, Skye, you are the one who clings onto me—very much like an infant koala holding onto its mother, might I add— as soon as you fall asleep.”
“I call lies and slander!”
“Mm, you’re wrong, darling.”)

—who had Very Strong Feelings for, and who actually returned said feelings. Really, really, really weird.

And it only got weirder when the holiday season approached and Skye realized that this year, things would be different.

Skye’s first official Christmas was also the team’s first Christmas together. In late November, they
landed to refuel the Bus and restock supplies. Coulson stayed in his office to update the higher-ups on the team’s latest activity, May was doing whatever Mays do, and Ward went grocery shopping.

That left Skye with Fitzsimmons, which she normally wouldn’t have minded at all, but for some reason that day they were buzzing with excitement and very intent on going to a discount store.

She had nothing better to do, so she trailed behind them as they toddled into Target with wide smiles and bright eyes. By the time she walked through the doors, they were already walk-jogging with a shopping cart toward the giant inflatable snowman.

And then she watched as they filled the cart with boxes of Christmas lights. Lots and lots of boxes.

She picked up a mistletoe and played with it while Fitzsimmons did their thing, and then Jemma was very excitedly pointing at a family of deer made of lights (“Oooh, Fitz, they even rotate their heads!”) and Fitz was actually trying to haul the box off the shelf and dangerously balance it on the cart—

—which, hold on, how was it overflowing with Christmas stuff already? Did they really need five boxes of red lights? Six different rolls of wrapping paper? Why were there fifteen stockings when the team only had six people? When did an inflatable reindeer end up in there?

Okay. This was getting out of control.

“Jemma, Fitz, I’m totally loving the Christmas spirit and all, but—do we really need so much stuff?”

And maybe she shouldn’t have asked because now Jemma was staring at her like she was an alien and Fitz looked downright offended.

“Of course we do—“

“—oh, darling, don’t worry—“

“—this is just the tip of the iceberg—“

“—I intend on using the lights for very important experiments—“

“—Simmons, we need to get a tree before they sell out—“

“—experiments that definitely require Rudolph and his unnaturally-colored nose in inflatable form—“

“—and those science-themed ornaments, too! Do you think they’ll have a robots edition this year?—“

And this was where Skye realized she was going to have a real Christmas that year. Christmas for the first time ever. Christmas with people she loved and who loved her back. Christmas that most likely involved presents. Presents she could buy because she had money.

Fitzsimmons were now passionately discussing Christmas with each other, and while Skye would have loved to stay and listen to her girlfriend hypothesize how a snowman could come alive, she had some very important shopping to do.

So, she kissed Jemma on the cheek, patted Fitz’s shoulder, and ambled to the toys aisle after dropping the mistletoe into the cart.

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An hour later, after a phone call to her girlfriend making sure the Christmas nerds weren’t still in Target, Skye walked onto the Bus with several bags in each hand. Months ago she would have been wheezing, arms aching by the time she reached the top of the ramp—but then again, months ago she wasn’t doing like, five hundred daily push-ups with May at six a.m.

She smiled at the group as she made way to her room. Jemma was already stringing lights along the lab walls, Fitz was cutting the box of deer lights open at one of the tables, and Ward had a constipated look on his face as he was asking the duo where on the Bus they were going to put four deer.

And the inflatable Rudolph.

Along with the inflatable Frosty.

God damn it, Fitzsimmons.

- Jemma’s neck was so soft.

And her body was so warm underneath Skye’s.

And her moans were so satisfying to hear.

It was late Christmas Eve, and the two of them were on the sofa. The rest of the team already retired to their respective bunks, which meant Skye and Jemma were alone on the sofa.

Which obviously meant precious time dedicated to making out.

And Skye was really, really enjoying it. Jemma’s sweater was off (hastily thrown onto the floor) with her shirt completely unbuttoned, letting Skye suck on her collarbone; her hand palmed Jemma’s breast, which kept making Jemma whimper and god Skye could feel herself getting wet. She was slowly grinding into her girlfriend (her girlfriend!) when Jemma’s phone went off. Said girlfriend immediately sat up with a yelp, accidentally knocking her head into Skye’s chin, which made Skye ungracefully flail off the sofa and land on her face with a painful-sounding thud.

She leaned on her elbow and glared as Jemma frantically muted her phone. After Jemma placed the phone back onto the table, Skye hauled herself up, only to flop back on top of Jemma with another ungraceful “oof.” Mood effectively ruined, Skye closed her eyes and hummed as Jemma ran a hand through her hair, a warm hand soothing over her back and lips peppering kisses on her face (a lot of them on her chin, Skye noticed).

“Sorry for the interruption, darling. That was my phone alarm,” Jemma whispered. Skye pressed her face closer into Jemma’s neck.

“What for the interruption, darling? That was my phone alarm,” Jemma whispered. Skye pressed her face closer into Jemma’s neck.

“An alarm for what?”

She kissed behind Jemma’s ear.

“For Christmas.”

Lips pressed onto her forehead. Skye lifted her head up, staring at Jemma with an eyebrow raised.

“You set an alarm for midnight?”

“I—I did, yes. For a reason!”
Skye continued looking at Jemma, who was now avoiding all eye contact with her. Was staring at a
darn lit-up deer more appealing than a half-dressed girlfriend? If her eyebrow could be any higher,
she was sure it would.

“And the reason is...?”

“Oh,” Jemma glanced at Skye’s face, then went back to staring at the damn reindeer. Skye could feel
Jemma’s cheeks warming up. “I wanted to start Christmas with you. With just the two of us. Um, I
have a present. For you, I mean. That I want you to open without the rest of the team to see.”

And now Skye was blushing, sitting up on Jemma’s lap as she rested her hands on Jemma’s
stomach. This was unexpected.

“That’s... cool,” nice, Skye. Really reassuring, you dumbass, “I mean, do you want to open yours,
too? I was planning on giving it to you after the party, when we were alone, but right now totally
works for me. Right now is great, actually. We could do it. Right now. Yeah.”

Hoooooly shit, self. You’re supposed to be the suave one in this relationship.

Jemma was looking at her (and trying hard not to stare at Skye’s tummy, which was very soft and
tempting to kiss) with that smile, the one where she beamed at Skye as if the freaking sun shined out
of Skye’s ass, the one that just overwhelmed Skye with so much god damn love.

Skye licked her lips.

And then she found herself unceremoniously dumped on the ground again because Jemma had
zoomed off the sofa—

(“Oh, I’m so sorry, darling, are you all right?!”

“Don’t worry about me, just a bruised head to match my bruised chin.“

“Let me go get ice—“

“Nah, babe, it’s cool—“

“—well, yes, ice is cool. A more appropriate word is ‘cold’, but—“

“Jemma. Just kiss me and go get your present.”

“...Oh! Yes!”)

—disappeared to her room, and was kissing Skye on the couch a minute later. Which, again, was
really nice, and Skye was getting a bit ahead of herself with the hickeys on Jemma’s chest, but
Jemma was hers, so who could blame her?

She was in the process of taking Jemma’s bra off, but then her girlfriend pushed her away with a firm
“Skye, Christmas.”

Ugh. Screw Christmas.

Except not really, because even though Jemma was now dressed and was buttoning up Skye’s shirt,
she had the most beautiful I’m-kind-of-really-nervous-but-trying-not-to-show-it smile, and god damn
it Skye was falling in love all over again.

Once they were appropriately clothed, it was Skye’s turn to retrieve Jemma’s present from her room.
During her walk back to the lounge it hit her that holy shit she was going to gift her Very First Christmas present. And holy shit the recipient of her Very First Christmas present was Jemma Simmons, the first person she was ever in love with.

And her palms were actually getting sweaty as she held the rectangular box.

Tonight was a night of firsts.

Skye flopped back onto the sofa and a long kiss later, she and Jemma nervously opened their presents.

Considering their differences (early bird, tea connoisseur Jemma and night owl, never-tea-but-sometimes-coffee-and-always-soda Skye), it was amusing how they unwrapped gifts the same way. Jemma knitted her brows and very slowly ripped tape off, keeping an eye on the paper, and Skye made sure there were absolutely no creases where Jemma wrote “to Skye—Merry Christmas”.

Skye slipped off the wrapping paper first (still in perfect condition) and was pleasantly surprised to see a phone case. It wasn’t just any phone case, either. It was wooden. Super classy. Hell yeah. She turned to Jemma with a smile, but that disappeared as soon as she saw Jemma’s expression.

Her girlfriend had stopped opening her present in favor of gauging Skye’s reaction, but she was worrying her bottom lip between her teeth while her hands clenched her sweater. Skye immediately leaned into Jemma, one hand resting over Jemma’s and the other soothing Jemma’s hair at her neck.

“Jem, what’s wrong? Are you okay?”

“Do you like it?”

Jemma was looking at her like Coulson told her she wouldn’t be able to dissect a body for the next year. Shit.

“Of course I like it, Jemma, I love it—“

“Because, Skye, you- you deserve the world, and I wish I could give that to you, but that isn’t exactly something I can purchase, so really, I wasn’t sure what to get you because this is your first Christmas, and I wanted it to be beyond perfect—“

“—Jem, breathe—

“—but I noticed your cellphone doesn’t have a case! Which is odd, because you do everything on it, so I figured a practical present would work, too. But this is a sentimental practical present, because the case is made out of cherry wood, which according to my research, symbolizes love and affection, and I had ‘I love you’ engraved on the back in binary code, because computers. I mean, because binary code is a language based in computer programming, which is what you do.”

Skye had no idea what to say, except “Jemma, you talk so much.”

And then she kissed Jemma before another panicky monologue happened.

She originally meant it to be a short kiss, one to calm Jemma down, but then her hand slipped up Jemma’s shirt and someone (Jemma? Skye? who knew, who cared) moaned, and then a lot of tongue happened.

It wasn’t Skye’s fault, of course. There was no way anyone should have expected her to restrain herself, not when her girlfriend was declaring love for her in binary code.
Jemma was thoroughly reassured that she couldn’t have given Skye a better present.

Skye’s first Christmas was going perfectly. Sure, it had only been an hour, but in that hour she received the best gift in the world and gave the love of her life two orgasms. There was no way she was going to let anything ruin this.

Except, at one-fifteen a.m., Jemma resumed opening her gift.

Maybe insecurity was going to ruin this. Skye’s sweaty palms came back.

…and then all her doubts went out the window when she glanced at Jemma, who was smiling that smile after she finished unwrapping.

“Skye... it’s beautiful.”

Now Skye had butterflies in her stomach. Damn it, Jemma.

“I wasn’t... I wasn’t really sure what to get you, being a first time Christmas shopper and all. I actually wanted oxytocin at first because that’s that one that’s associated with love, right? But then I saw the necklace for it, and I was like ‘nevermind’ so I had to get the next best thing, which was—”

She took a breath.

She was supposed to be smooth, not rambling at ninety miles an hour. Rambling was Jemma’s thing. Cute rambling was Jemma’s thing.

Seriously though, shopping for Jemma was hardest because nothing at any store was deemed good enough for her girlfriend, and Skye was panicking all the way up until she came across the perfect gift online.

It was a nerdy kind of necklace, one she would be able to proudly put on Jemma’s neck on Christmas morning. The band was thin and simple, but Skye hoped the piece itself was going to make Jemma swoon, because it was a model of—

“Serotonin,” Jemma whispered, still smiling at the necklace.

“Y-yeah, because serotonin is the chemical linked to happiness, and I thought it fit because you... because you make me happy,” oh my god Skye stop talking, “like, really happy. The happiest. And I like to think I make you happy, too.”

Jemma looked away from the necklace and redirected her smile at Skye, eyes alight with fondness and love. She leaned closer, pressing her lips against Skye’s.

Badum, badum, badumbadumbadumbadum—

Yeah.

Definitely the happiest.

“You do, so much. Help me put it on, please,” Jemma mumbled into Skye after a second kiss on her cheek.

A quiet moment later, and there it was—happiness resting on Jemma’s chest, right under her collarbones, and god damn it every time Skye thought she couldn’t possibly fall more in love with
Jemma Simmons, she was proven wrong by her heart beating right out of her chest and the way her cheeks hurt because she couldn’t stop smiling, and god fucking damn it.

Jemma Simmons needed to stop being the best part of Skye’s life.

Except Skye didn’t want that, and a long time ago this would have terrified the shit out of her (which it did) but that was then and this was now.

This was Jemma was looking at Skye like she had all the answers to the universe.

This was Jemma was softly smiling at Skye like she had a place in the world, and that place was on a plane thirty-five thousand feet in the air, sitting right next to Jemma on a sofa with a family of reindeer made out of Christmas lights standing around them.

This was Jemma telling Skye *I love you, I love you so much* without actually saying it, and this—

This was Skye letting herself be loved because twenty-five years of searching, of disappointment, of insecurity were finally coming to an end, and it was all because of some goody-two shoes biochem nerd.

Skye wouldn’t have had it any other way.

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At three a.m., Jemma was happily snoring away in her arms after a few rounds of super-early-Christmas sex. Skye, sleepy and sated, prayed for three things:

1. There wouldn’t be any sudden missions on Christmas (December 25\(^{th}\), 2013, she clarified, because what if God is a sneaky genie).
2. There wouldn’t be any life-threatening 084s on Christmas (December 25\(^{th}\), 2013).
3. It would be the best Christmas (December 25\(^{th}\)! of 2013!) ever. Without any casualties of any kind.

On Christmas morning, Skye walked to the lounge with tense shoulders and sweaty palms, because this was her Very First Christmas, and she *really* hoped everything would go well.

It did.

Coulson played his collection of (real) Christmas music, Ward made cups of hot chocolate, May sat on the sofa as she ignored the papa deer right next to her, and Fitzsimmons passed Santa hats to everyone.

(May and Ward were adamant on not wearing them, but the latter eventually succumbed to the combined force of Jemma and Skye’s pouts, while Coulson had ordered May.)

Skye was in charge of taking photographs. Photos included:

- various shots at different angles of the lounge and all its colorful lights
- a group photo with the team in front of the Christmas tree
- a silly version of said group photo with everyone imitating Ward’s constipated face
- a picture of Coulson posing next to Lola (decorated with a wreath on the hood)
- many, many pictures Jemma’s face, Jemma’s butt, Jemma’s back, Jemma’s everything

At some point, Fitz started off-pitch singing along to Wham!’s “Last Christmas”, and Skye placed her camera on the table as she joined him. Two songs later, Coulson passionately sang Mariah Carey...
and Ward was forced (by Skye and Jemma, again) into singing “The Christmas Song”, but his rendition was less melodic and more talk-singing-mumbling if anything.

Skye had no clue how opening presents was normally supposed to go, but as far as she knew, it went perfectly.

Fitz was overjoyed with the Xbox One she convinced Coulson to buy and immediately scrambled to the television to set it up, with Ward sitting by with an eager glint in his eyes, a new pocket knife from May in his hands.

Coulson spent most of the time staring at his Captain America action figure with heart-eyes. (Skye let out a relieved sigh; maybe she wasn’t so bad at shopping for others.)

May quirked her lips as she read Jemma’s three-page-long letter of appreciation. Then she pokerfaced as she opened the accompanying small box. There were motorcycle keys inside. Everyone sat, wide-eyed and mouths gaping. Jemma beamed.

But then Jemma held a poster of the periodic table in her hands, and her bright smile turned into an unsure one. She confusedly said thank you to Ward, who nodded. Well then.

Skye was thinking that maybe, Europeans had a thing for engraved practical gifts, because Fitz gave her a portable phone battery charger (that he tinkered with and enhanced, of course) with “LUCY” etched onto it.

(“Like the Beatles song, hah! Get it, Skye? ‘Lucy in the Sky’? ‘In the Skye?’”

“...Fitz, I don’t think I want Lucy in me.”

“Huh? ...Oh! Oops.”)

Geez, was she so attached to her phone that her Christmas gifts were phone accessories?

Yes.

Yes, she was.

But they were perfect gifts, because she got them from people she loved who loved her back.

And this was a perfect Christmas, because she spent it with people who weren’t supposed to fit together, but they did, and somehow, “family” became the only word that could describe them.

And with Jemma plopping down next to her, holding the mistletoe Skye carelessly threw into that shopping cart a month ago, with Jemma cupping Skye’s face, kissing her with all the love she had?

This couldn’t be any more perfect.

End Notes

Jemma’s necklace: http://store.madewithmolecules.com/product/serotonin-necklace
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