'tis the season

by accidental_optimism

Summary

Nina gets Matthias under the mistletoe at a Christmas party; Matthias storms off, highly offended. Luckily some thoughtful soul has hung mistletoe all over the house.

Based on a prompt on fanficy-prompts on Tumblr.

Notes

who's trash? i'm trash

had to write nina/matthias fanfiction to make myself feel better (plus there is nOT ENOUGH)

hmu with any feedback my frens and hope you enjoy!

our landlord really went all out with the mistletoe, huh?

Matthias leans against the wall in a corner of the apartment, watching the others laugh and talk. The Christmas party has been going for a while now, everyone's a couple of drinks in and the atmosphere is relaxed and warm.
Jesper is sprawled across the sofa with his head in Wylan's lap; even Kaz is smiling, sitting on the armrest of Inej's chair, as close as he can get without actually touching her. As Matthias watches, Inej - back for the holidays from her humanitarian work overseas - slips her hand into Kaz's, and their fingers knit together. Other friends and Dregs members are scattered through the apartment, playing games, elbowing each other, catching up.

Matthias isn't really sure how he fits into these festivities - Christmas isn't celebrated by the Fjerdans - but he's happy to be here anyway, in this room full of warmth and cheer.

"Having fun?" asks a husky voice beside him. Startled, he spins around and finds himself a hair's-breadth away from Nina. In a skimpy red dress that coats rather than conceals her curves. His mouth goes dry. He nods, hoping she doesn't notice him swallow.

No such luck. There's an evil glint in her magnificent green eyes that wasn't there before; she knows exactly what she's doing to him. Before he can move away she grabs his hand and backs towards the doorway behind her, pulling him with her.

"What are you--" he tries to ask as she stops abruptly in the doorway, but then he has to concentrate on not walking full into her...chest.

Her eyes narrow like she's a wolf eyeing up a particularly tasty-looking rabbit. He gulps. Following the line of the finger she is now pointing at the ceiling, he looks up-- And there it is, that unassuming bunch of leaves with such wicked significance this time of year. He pushes away violently. "No!" Nina's beautiful lips are curving into a sensual smile and he really does want to--

"No!" he growls again. "I'm not-- In public, Nina!" He spins away, to find half the room grinning at him. Jesper is wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. Kaz, who is now actually leaning a bit against Inej's shoulder, smirks at him.

Muttering a curse under his breath Matthias strides across the room and out into the hallway.

Once he's through the door the anger goes out of him. He walks aimlessly for a bit through the apartment - it belongs to Jesper and Wylan and it's honestly huge - until he finally comes to a stop beside what looks like a broom closet. Sighing, he leans against the wall and stares down at his feet. Why does Nina have to be so...Nina? Fjerdan girls never--

"It sounds a lot to me like Fjerdan girls never do anything."

Matthias realises two things simultaneously. One, that he has been thinking aloud. Two, that Nina is leaning against the opposite wall, arms folded. How does so much woman manage to move around so stealthily? There must be some kind of witchcraft going on here.

She unfolds her arms. Matthias keeps his eyes from jumping to her scandalous cleavage by sheer willpower. He isn't sure, but he thinks sweat might be beading on his forehead from the effort. Or maybe it's her hungry-wolf expression.

She pushes off the wall and prowls towards him. He can't go backwards any further, so he slides sideways, away from her. His dignity is in shreds by this point anyway, he supposes. He bumps against a doorframe, and is spinning to escape through it like the rabbit he is when she grabs his hand again. "Come on, Helvar," she says softly, but he can't miss the predatory note in her voice. "Uphold the local traditions."

He freezes. Looks up.

Mistletoe.
When he lowers his gaze, oh-so-slowly, she is smirking at him again. So he does the only thing he knows for sure will wipe that smile off her face. Surging forward, he pushes her back by her shoulders until she thuds into the wall. Then he leans in - her eyes are wide but he can see no fear in them, only surprise - and presses his lips to hers.

Her lips are even softer than they look and she tastes like brandy and her body is pressed beneath his own and her hands are in his hair-- But then he realises through the haze that he doesn't actually know where to go from here; in Fjerda, courtship is slow and sweet and proper and so he's never kissed a girl before now - a Fjerdan girl wouldn't allow it, especially not like this.

But Nina is not a Fjerdan girl. She's experienced - he gets a little jealous wondering just how experienced - and once she's recovered from the shock he's elicited she takes over, nipping his bottom lip, teasing his mouth open so her tongue can sweep inside. He moans and presses her harder into the wall.

Oh, Djel.

After an age of heart-stopping bliss, he remembers that he needs to breathe. He pulls back, gasping for air. It gives him a warm, satisfied feeling to see she's panting too, her pupils dilated and cheeks flushed. His voice is a little shaky when he catches his breath enough to speak. "M-maybe...Fjerdan girls are a... a little boring."

She grins weakly. "What have I been saying all along?"

It is a very long time before they speak again. And when they finally turn to head back to the lounge and the party, Matthias finds that there is mistletoe over every doorway they pass through on the way.

Of course, he has to honour the local traditions.

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