The Stockings Were Not the Only Things Hung by the Chimney with Care

by dandalfthedisco

Summary

Arthur’s hair is tousled and free of any obvious product – at least in the parts that are visible under the bright red Santa hat he’s wearing.

Notes

Happy holidays, lucifers-lawyer! I hope you enjoy your drabble – which, I admit, doesn’t have a ton to do with your "college" prompt, and ended up a lot crackier than originally intended. Whoops.

Corinne definitely deserves half of the credit for making this thing legible, level-upping my puns, and coming up with a title other than [insert appropriately Christmassy pun here].

It’s six o’clock on a Friday night, and Eames is standing in the kitchen, making himself a snack and considering having a good hard sulk.

He’s not actually upset about the fact that Arthur is the one doing the acting – specifically, pretending to be a quirky hipster college student – for the job, or that this façade involves him pretending to get drunk at a kegger in an effort to learn about the mark’s secret tattoos while Eames is stuck at home doing research, but it’s the principle of the thing. Normally Eames would
do this part of the job, for obvious reasons, but it has to happen topside and he’s on the wrong side of thirty these days (and looks it), while Arthur could pass for a twenty-year-old when he shaves and lets his hair curl naturally. Besides, Arthur is the mark’s type to a tee, from his dimples to his slender hips, so getting her to flash a bit of skin shouldn’t be too difficult.

(Not that Eames can fault the woman, considering that Arthur has all but classically conditioned Eames to drool every time he sees a brunet in a bespoke suit. But still. He could use a night out before the actual hell that is Christmas with his family begins, even if it’s a working party.)

He finishes stacking his sandwiches, and is walking toward the couch with a plate in his hand when Arthur emerges from their bedroom. He’s wearing skinny jeans, a flannel shirt in a genuinely lovely puce and grey pattern, and his favorite pair of thick-rimmed reading glasses. His hair is tousled and free of any obvious product – at least in the parts that are visible under the bright red Santa hat he’s wearing. The bobble has glitter on it and the red fabric is stained with God knows what; it’s cheap and tacky-looking and everything that’s wrong with modern Christmas, but it is – Arthur is –

Eames is staring. He knows he’s staring, and there is clearly something very wrong with him, because all he wants to do right now is strip Arthur of everything except the glasses and the hat. He wants Arthur to push him onto his knees and grab his hair and –

Oh, Christ, what’s wrong with him? He’s definitely going to hell. He’s going to hell even more than he was five minutes ago.

Arthur is fiddling with his shirt cuffs and hasn’t looked up yet. “Don’t you fucking start,” he grumbles, giving up on the cuffs and instead taking his glasses off and cleaning the lenses with the tail of his shirt. “I look ridiculous. Believe me, I know. I thought I would never have to do this college bullshit again, but no, I have to attend a fucking Christmas kegger with fucking mandatory holiday hats.” He speaks the words in the same tone he usually reserves for socks with sandals, but Eames is barely paying attention by this point. “I’m going to murder everyone after we get our pay.”

Eames coughs, his mouth suddenly bone dry. "No, you. Um..." He coughs again, mentally shakes himself, and tries to lubricate his voice with his standard level of sleazy innuendo. "No worries, sweetheart, you look ravishing as always. The hat is especially fetching."

Arthur finally looks up and furrows his brows. “Are you okay?” he asks, and Eames has to use every bit of his self-control not to let hysterical laughter bubble out of his throat.

“Peachy,” he replies. “Splendid. Radiant. Can’t wait to take a photo of you and send it to Ariadne and Yusuf.” After a second’s pause, he decides to go all-in on his bluff, and adds: “After, of course, making a copy for my own Christmas-themed wank stash. You know how faux velvet turns me on.”

But Eames had clearly somehow forgotten that they’ve been living together for over a year and sleeping together for thrice that long. Arthur knows him, better than any other living person, and that includes being able to tell when Eames is trying to look casually teasing instead of turned on out of his mind.

After a moment of silent staring, Arthur looks him up and down, his eyebrows rising, clearly trying not to laugh. Eames shuts his eyes and prepares to be mocked to shreds.

Instead, Arthur – sweet, darling, perfect Arthur – clears his voice, walks closer, and touches Eames’s hip. “Oh, yeah? Well, in that case, if you’re a very good boy, I’ll come down your chimney tonight.”
He winks at Eames – *actually winks* – and leaves. Eames sits down in a daze, but gets back up quickly and heads to the shower. After all, he wants to get his presents.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!