

Must Have Been the Mistletoe by Xanthe



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*On Christmas Eve our wish came true
That I would fall in love with you
It only took one kiss to know
It must have been the mistletoe!*

Gibbs strode into the elevator, with Tony hot on his heels. Gibbs slammed his hand on the button to take them down to Abby's lab. It was Christmas Eve, and the sooner they wrapped up this case, the sooner they could all go home and start celebrating their respective Christmases.

The door shut behind them, the elevator lurched into life – and, too late! – Gibbs looked up and saw it. A large sprig of mistletoe was hanging down innocently from the elevator ceiling, designed to catch anyone who stepped unwittingly inside. No prizes for guessing who had put it there. It had Abby's fingerprints all over it, figuratively if not literally – although if he dusted it for her actual prints he was pretty damn sure he'd find them. Tony hadn't seen it yet, and Gibbs was hoping it'd stay that way. It was only a short journey down to Abby's lab...

At that moment the elevator lurched to a sudden halt, throwing them both forwards, and they were plunged into darkness.

“Uh...it’s done that a few times lately,” Tony told him, pushing himself upright again. “Some kind of fault. Apparently someone keeps throwing the emergency switch, which is really supposed to only be used, you know, in an actual emergency, and it’s created a...”

Gibbs turned to glare at him.

“Usually only lasts for a couple of minutes before it starts working again all by itself,” Tony muttered feebly. His gaze travelled upwards...and then he saw it too. Gibbs noticed his agent’s cheeks turn a shade of red to rival Rudolph’s nose. “So...” Tony said, in a strangled tone. “Why was one of Santa’s little helpers depressed?”

“What?” Gibbs barked incredulously.

“Uh...Christmas joke...thought it might take our minds off the sheer hell of spending the next few minutes standing under that sprig of mistletoe that Abby no doubt stuck up there. So...why was one of Santa’s little helpers depressed?”

Gibbs glared at him for a moment, but he had to concede Tony DID have a point.

“I don’t know,” he growled at last. “Why *was* one of Santa’s little helpers depressed?”

“He had low elf-esteem.” Tony grinned. Gibbs stared at him. “Low elf-esteem. Get it?” Tony looked faintly desperate.

“Oh I get it,” Gibbs grunted. “Just didn’t think it was funny.”

“Hey – at least I’m *trying* here!” Tony protested. “What do you call someone who is scared of Santa Claus?”

Gibbs raised an eyebrow.

“Claustrophobic!” Tony said triumphantly.

“Give me strength,” Gibbs muttered under his breath.

“What do you get if you cross Santa with a flying saucer?” Tony continued, seemingly undaunted.

“I don’t know, but I’ve got a bad feeling you’re gonna tell me.”

“A UF ho ho ho!”

Gibbs slammed his hand onto the emergency switch in a frantic attempt to get the elevator working again. Above them, the sprig of mistletoe just hung there, ominously, taunting them with their current predicament.

“You don’t like that one?” Tony’s eyes darted up to the mistletoe and back to Gibbs, looking

increasingly panic-stricken. “How about this one? What’s red and white and falls down the chimney?”

Gibbs had a sudden flashback to the power outage the previous year that had resulted in Ziva and McGee being stranded in the elevator together for nine hours. He felt himself coming out in a cold sweat. Dear God no...

“Santa Klutz!” Tony pronounced. “Da-da! Good one – yes? No? Damn it, you’re hard to please, Boss. Okay, how about this one: what does Santa have for bre...”

Gibbs was only human – there was only so much he could take. He had to make it stop somehow. So he did the only sensible thing he could in the circumstances: he grabbed hold of the lapels of Tony’s suit jacket, pulled his agent towards him, and planted a big kiss on Tony’s lips. Tony hung there for a moment, his body frozen in shock. His lips were warm and soft beneath Gibbs’s mouth, and Gibbs felt a spark of electricity flash from Tony’s lips all the way down into his own heart, taking his breath away.

He released Tony in stunned surprise. Tony was standing there, gaping at him, looking just as stunned. They stared at each other for a long moment. Then Tony stepped forward, grabbed his shirt, pulled him back, and kissed him again.

That electric surge zapped through his body again the minute Tony’s lips touched his, making every nerve ending in his body zing with pleasure. Gibbs wrapped an arm around Tony’s body, furred his fingers in Tony’s thick, soft hair, and returned the kiss hungrily. Both of Tony’s hands came to rest on Gibbs’s ass, cupping his buttocks greedily, pulling him in as close as was humanly possible.

At that moment, the elevator light came back on and it lurched into motion again. They released each other in shocked silence. Gibbs turned back to stand looking at the floor numbers above the elevator door as if nothing had happened. Tony joined him, adjusting his tie as he gazed fixedly at the little red numbers as they counted their way down towards Abby’s lab.

The elevator reached its destination and the door opened. Gibbs cleared his throat.

“So...uh...eight P.M., my place?” he growled, still staring straight ahead.

“Definitely,” Tony replied firmly.

Gibbs got out of the elevator. “Oh – and Tony?”

“Yes, Boss?” Tony followed on behind him.

Gibbs glanced over his shoulder. “Bring mistletoe,” he ordered. “Lots of it.”

The End

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