

Santa Baby by Shadowlady

Summary: Rogue gets a surprise visit for Christmas

Categories: [X1](#) **Characters:** None

Genres: Holiday

Tags: None

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Challenges:

Series: Christmas Wishes

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1. Chapter 1 by Shadowlady

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The soft thud of heavy footsteps along the corridor was nearly swallowed up by the thud of Rogue's heart. She'd seen how the other mansion residents had reacted at dinner when the Professor had asked her how she was doing, if she was ready for Christmas.

Most of them had laughed, a few had made a joke about it, and several of the team members had just stared when she said she wasn't that into Christmas. It had been nice to receive gifts the past few days but really she just wished it would be over.

After all, Rogue thought it was highly unlikely that she'd get to have Logan home for Christmas. She knew better than to wish for him to be wrapped up prettily and in her bed, Logan would never do that. Regardless of how many gifts he sent her, how much he cared Logan wasn't about to defile their relationship by having sex with her.

Frowning at the choice of words Rogue slipped into her room and walked over to plug in her Christmas tree. Stepping back she gave a crooked smile before glancing at the window. Seeing the flickering of the stars she moved to it and leaned against the window ledge, "Wish I may, wish I might, how I wish, my wish for tonight. Please God, please bring Logan home to me. I don't want anything else."

Blinking at the burning in her eyes she turned and stomped over to her bed before flopping down on it. A moment later she rose and stripped down to her bodysuit before crawling back into bed, no one would dare come into a room where she was next to naked.

Slipping silently down a darkened corridor the tall, scruffy looking intruder glared at door after door until he came to one that drew a slight smile from him. Reaching out he turned the knob, he'd merely peek in make sure she was okay before going to his room.

Like a shadow creeping across the floor he slid silently, gracefully into the bedroom and closed the door. Dark eyes scanned the room falling on the two trees in the corner, the tall spruce had been decorated and the maple tree was starting to smell much like one did in spring – the warmth and the water she'd obviously been giving it had started its slow defrost. She'd be lucky if the damn thing didn't start to leaf out before spring even thought of arriving.

A huge wall unit made of shelving lined the wall next to the trees and he moved stealthily over to it. A low masculine chuckle escaped him as he realized she'd put all the gifts he'd sent her on it. Each was spaced accordingly, given a place of dignity and honor.

"Kid you've got a weird way of putting your gifts away," he muttered carefully wondering idly if she'd figured out what the halo was made of. He doubted it; unless you knew what you were looking at it was unlikely anyone would be able to recognize it.

The soft snore from the bed and the rustle of silk on cotton had him glancing behind him and staring. Rogue had grown up if the curves were anything to go by, her pale flesh wrapped in dark silk.

Immediately Logan wondered how he'd manage to say thank you to the old woman who'd told him about the silk, and about her grand daughter who could manipulate it. Probably not, he thought as he moved closer to the bed and tucked Rogue in again, the sheets spilling from her body.

Leaning down he pressed a gentle kiss on her crown and rose to move back into the shadows. Sinking onto the nearest chair he promised himself he'd only watch her for a few minutes, make sure there were no nightmares then he'd go to his room.

Only a few minutes... he thought even as his body relaxed and exhaustion crept up on him, easing him into sleep carefully, softly until he was sleeping soundly in the chair, his long legs stretched out before him, and his chin resting on his chest.

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