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by [lovesrogue36](#)

Summary

Duke and Nathan go a long way towards getting Audrey in the Christmas spirit, despite her misgivings about the season.

Notes

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It's been a no good, very bad day. It's *cold*, even for Maine, so cold Audrey's fingers are stiff inside two layers of gloves, and she doesn't even care that she looks like an elf with a fuzzy beanie pulled down over her ears. She slipped in the snow coming out of the station and she's fairly certain there's still slush trapped in the top of her right boot, but she can't quite reach it while she's driving, not without skidding off the road.

To make matters worse, it's *Sunday*. Her *day off*. The boys are probably still home in bed. Probably not *asleep*, but probably still in *bed*. Audrey groans, breathing on her hands one at a time as she drives back to the harbor from the station. Just some paperwork, Dwight had said. I know it's your day off but it would be a huge help, he said. Audrey sneers in her head. She could have said no, but she felt guilty about leaving it all to him after the Thanksgiving Trouble fiasco. So she dragged herself out from between Duke and Nathan at seven o'clock in the morning on a Sunday, piled on as many layers as possible and trudged out into the snow to help Dwight.

A goodwill decision she's sorely regretting now, three and a half hours, a broken thermostat and several cups of coffee sludge later, knowing she could have been home having lazy morning sex and eating cinnamon rolls (the breakfast food compromise between waffles and pancakes, apparently.)

Audrey pulls into the harbor parking lot and flips her hood up over the striped hat, tugging her coat tighter around herself for the short, slippery trek to the *Rouge*. A handful of locals wave to her from their boats and she makes a half-hearted attempt to wave back without unstuffing her hands from under her arms. Really, she's never been more grateful to see the *Rouge* in her entire life as she trips up onto the deck and skids over to the door.

She has one clumsily gloved hand on the door handle when she hears it: the familiar sound of masculine laughter and sloppy kissing. Audrey grins to herself, turning the handle as quietly as she can and slipping inside. Her cheeks sting at the sudden rush of warm air, Duke's space heater puffing away in the corner, and she wiggles her fingers experimentally.

But most of her attention is taken up by the absolute tornado that has apparently swept through the boat in her brief absence, leaving piles of Christmas decorations in its wake.

Duke and Nathan freeze at her stealthy entrance, popcorn strings draped over Nathan's shoulder as he stabs kernels onto a needle and a tangle of Christmas lights abandoned on the counter as Duke nibbles on his neck.

"Wha-"

Their scraggly tree is crammed up on the table and she wonders where they're going to eat for the next three weeks. It has a strand of lights wrapped around it but they're half-burnt out and it looks like they mostly got distracted by eating every second piece of popcorn and making out, so.

"Audrey! Ah-we thought, erm-"

Duke rolls his eyes, swatting at Nathan's shoulder with the back of his hand. "Not the weirdest thing she's ever caught us doing."

Audrey strips her coat, scarf and gloves off, dumping them in a pile before bending down to tug her wet boots off. "The tree just wasn't enough, huh? You guys know I don't *like Christmas*."

"It's just not natural. It's not human. Who doesn't like *Christmas*?" Nathan grumbles, not for the first time.

"We've been over this, children. This year is about new traditions. We wanted to have the place all decorated before you got home but we, uh, got kinda distracted." Duke slings an arm around her waist even as she's tugging two layers of sweaters off over her head. His eyes dart to the bedroom, grin flickering across his lips, and Audrey reaches for him, fingers curling in his shirt.

"I was down at the station, freezing my ass off, and you two were here playing North Pole and screwing like reindeer. I see how it is." Her face still feels cold and stiff so she presses up onto her toes to kiss him, letting him warm up her frozen lips with his tongue.

When they finally pull apart, Nathan's watching them, a tentative smile on his face. He'd never admit it aloud but he likes to watch, likes to see them wrapped up in each other. Luckily for him, Duke and Audrey are well aware of his preferences. Wrapping her arms around Duke, Audrey rests her head on his chest, her fingertips playing along the bare skin exposed between his pants and shirt. She watches Nathan's eyes follow the movement, an innocent barely-there touch, but enough to spark his boundless imagination.

Just as Nathan looks ready to pounce on the two of them, Duke's huge hands tightening on her shoulders like he's restraining himself too, she gives an overly-dramatic sigh. "*Well*. Christmas traditions it is, I guess. What are we making here, some kind of kindergarten decoupage disaster?"

Nathan manages to look as incensed as he does turned on, waving the popcorn chain at her. "Does this look like decoupage to you?" he huffs, shaking his head. Before he can launch into a craft store spiel about needle sizes and scrapbook paper, Duke cuts him off with a raised hand.

"Don't get him started. He's... *crafting*. I was trying to put lights on the tree but all the strings were tangled up from last year and then we kind of only knotted them even worse," he grins, waggling his eyebrows at Audrey. Nathan blushes so hard, the tips of his ears turn red, drawing a giggle from her.

"Tell me you took pictures," she demands with a salacious smirk, snatching a tangled bundle of lights off the counter and plunking onto the couch beside Nathan.

"No pictures, but I'm sure we can give you a repeat performance." Duke leans on Nathan's shoulder, stroking his wrist with his free hand, like he's tracing where the cord had been. Audrey has to cross her legs at the sight, bite her lip, her fingers absentmindedly tugging on the tangled loops of Christmas lights.

Her voice is rougher, scratchier, when she speaks again, stretching the strand out as she goes. “Keep talking like that and we won’t get this place decorated until January,” she warns.

“Oh you wish. You just wait and see: there’s nothing quite like sex in front of the Christmas tree.” Nathan earns himself two disbelieving stares, but only shrugs, stabbing another kernel. “Hey, I like Christmas, all right?” Favorite time of year or no, he still doesn’t have the best fine motor control though and the needle slips, stabbing straight into his fingertip.

Duke heaves a long-suffering sigh, watching as he sucks his finger into his mouth but otherwise barely pauses in his *crafting*. “This is why you shouldn’t have pointy objects,” he grumbles, draping himself over a bar stool and plucking at a strand of lights.

“Oh leave him alone. There are too many other things we can scold him for to worry about crafting needles.” Audrey shrugs and pulls Nathan’s arm around her shoulders, his battered fingers immediately curling against her collarbone, stroking the delicate skin there almost obsessively. She tips her head back on his shoulder, eyes falling shut, a soft murmur of approval escaping her lips.

“Yeah, you’re both going to be real productive,” Duke grouses, stretching out a strand and standing to plug it in behind the tree.

“Christmas is not about being productive. It’s about enjoying the people you love.” Unbelievably, it’s not the sappiest thing he’s ever said but Duke and Audrey still giggle.

She elbows him lightly in the side, shaking her head. “Enjoying in what way? Because I could get behind Christmas if it’s about *enjoying* my guys.”

“Is everything about sex with you two?” Nathan demands, sounding exasperated, but they know better. There’s the slightest hint of a smirk on his lips and Audrey tugs the popcorn chain out of his hands, draping it over the back of the couch and running her fingers through his hair.

“You’re the one with the Christmas tree fetish,” Duke teases, draping his single strand around the tree.

Audrey arches an eyebrow at Nathan, raking her nails against his scalp so he shivers and his eyes drift shut for a moment. “What he said.”

He growls at her, deep and low, and wraps his arms around her waist, flinging her onto her back on the couch. “You people have no respect for the holiday spirit.” The potential effect of his indignant reproach is rather lost as the last few words are muffled between her breasts, a groan falling from his lips as soon as he makes contact with soft, bare skin.

She’d protest but it’s true enough and there’s really no reason to interrupt his ministrations, his tongue leaving a trail of gooseflesh in his wake. Audrey lets the almost-untangled strand of lights tumble out of her hand to the floor, moaning softly as he tugs her top up with one fumbling hand and strokes the underside of her breast with the other. When her eyes flicker open, she finds Duke watching them, one hand still raised to put lights on the tree, his stare dark and warm.

“Does your Christmas tree fetish still count if the tree isn’t decorated?” she gasps, half-teasing but sincerely hoping Nathan’s not going to stop anytime soon.

“Shit, it has lights on it, doesn’t it?” Duke counters, already stripping his shirt off over his head. He flips the overhead light off so the tree glows a little brighter, despite only bearing two strands of lights, and slides his hands up under Nathan’s shirt. The other man might not be able to feel it but he knows Duke is there, knows he’s touching him, and sometimes that’s enough.

Audrey shudders, letting Duke tug at Nathan’s hair, tilting his head back enough to kiss him. It’s one of her favorite images, really, her boys kissing, but it’s been a long day and she’s already agreed to decorate a Christmas tree: it’s time for a little attention her way. Reaching up to thread her fingers through Duke’s, she squeezes until he relents, releasing Nathan’s lips reluctantly. She surges up almost before Nathan can take a breath, sucking his bottom lip between hers and swiping her tongue in his mouth, suddenly eager and desperate.

Maybe Nathan’s right: maybe there is something to the Christmas tree theory.

Duke seizes her hand over Nathan’s shoulder, tugging her up from under him. She protests with a muffled groan, but manages not to break her kiss though Nathan has to twist around to follow her. Sweeping her into his arms, her small frame dwarfed next to him, Duke presses her back onto the arm of the couch and lifts the hem of her sweater up to her breasts until she’s forced to raise her arms. She pulls the sweater off rather gracelessly, flinging it somewhere by the tree, and immediately, they’re both touching her, tasting bare skin.

Audrey bites her lip over a moan, Nathan’s hands on her waist and Duke’s mouth on her collarbone. She hooks a leg around Duke’s knee even as Nathan’s busy trying and failing to unbutton her pants. Flinging a hand backwards blindly, she tips her head back against Nathan’s shoulder and fists his t-shirt, hitching it up on the side. He shivers every time her fingers brush his ribs, running his fingers through her hair with his free hand shoved in the waistband of her still mostly-buttoned pants.

Her mouth is dry, lips chapped from panting heavily and cold weather, when she finally manages to gasp out, “As fun as all the necking is-”

“You were hoping for something a little more explicit?” Duke finishes, voice rumbling deep against the hollow of her throat.

“Explicit, yeah-”

“Explicit’s good,” Nathan agrees in a mumble, toying with the elastic of her panties.

Despite the agreed sentiment, it takes all three of them a few more moments of clinging and kissing and teasing to make any kind of a move. Finally, Duke pulls back just far enough to lose his pants, (Audrey appreciates for what feels like the four-thousandth time that he doesn’t wear anything underneath), and finishes unbuttoning her pants too. His hands are huge on her narrow hips as he turns her around to face Nathan, bending her forward over the couch arm.

“Hi,” she grins, placing her palms gently on his cheeks as she leans in to kiss him.

“Hi,” Nathan breathes just before her lips brush his. He always kisses Duke with his eyes open so he can see what he’s doing, but closes them with her, aided by the benefit of touch. Today though, his eyes are open and sparkling in the lights, so sincerely happy she nearly melts despite the cold.

Duke drags her panties down before his hands spread across the small of her back. Stepping out of them, she pitches forward into Nathan’s arms, sending him tumbling flat onto his back so they’re a tangle of arms and legs. Her favorite kind of tangle, really.

It takes some fumbling and squirming to get Nathan’s pants down around his knees but he’s hard and whining by the time she does. She’d tease him about the begging but she’s about ready to start begging Duke if he keeps dragging his cock against the curve of her ass, so she might not have room to talk. Licking her palm as slow as she can manage, Nathan’s eyes on her half-lidded, Audrey wraps her slick hand around his cock. She knows very well she could bring him off just with her hand wrapped around him, not even moving, but it’s more fun to make him squirm. Ducking her head, she parts her lips around his tip and earns herself a high-pitched groan.

Hooking a hand under her just where her thigh meets her hip, Duke slides between her legs, his fingertips just barely brushing her clit. Audrey wriggles back against him impatiently until he gives in, guiding his cock into her an inch or two. It’s shallow and messy and she has to inch her feet further apart, trying to concentrate on taking Nathan in her mouth but finding her focus splintered between them.

They find a rhythm after a few minutes of uncoordinated thrusting and gasping, a rhythm where Duke eases into Audrey and Audrey sucks hard on Nathan so her cheeks hollow and Nathan yanks on her hair and Duke’s free hand, shouting until he’s hoarse and all the neighbors can probably hear him. She draws back finally, feeling guilty because Nathan’s so obviously close but she just can’t take it, and rests her forehead on his hip. She’s panting and gasping, banging a fist on the back of the couch as Duke loses a bit of his control.

Audrey hopes they’re watching each other over her head, knows they probably are, and that’s the best part of all this, you know? Even when she’s on the edge and babbling about *please* and *all the Christmas trees you want* and *fucking Maine winters*, she knows they’re just as invested and infatuated with each other as they are with her. Maybe for some people that would bring out jealousy and ugliness but that’s exactly what she loves about this. It’s always the three of them, even if Nathan and Duke were screwing around with holiday bondage earlier and she’ll probably get drunk on eggnog later and have her way with one of them. It’s always the three of them.

Duke comes inside her, knuckles her clit hard and unforgiving, his hand trapped between her and the couch, until she comes too. Audrey whimpers as he draws back, curls up against Nathan’s side and strokes him gently until he joins them in a hazy, post-coital glow that has more to do with endorphins or whatever than it does with the Christmas lights. Least that’s what she tells herself. *Bah humbug and a merry threesome to you.*

She giggles against Nathan's chest; they know better than to question what's so funny. Audrey's sense of humor is usually only funny to Audrey, after all. Duke kicks the lights on the floor aside so he can sink down beside them. The couch is barely big enough for two but they manage, three hands clasped together on Nathan's chest.

It's not until Audrey stretches, yawning, that there's a loud, telling *crunch*.

Nathan freezes, eyes narrowing. "Was that my popcorn?"

She winces, meeting Duke's eyes over his head. "Possibly?" Reaching under her, she lifts the string with a whole row of kernels crushed.

"Goddammit, that took over an hour," Nathan grumbles, eyebrows knit together.

"The tree doesn't really need decorations, does it?" she tries, hopes. "It'll be a natural tree! Just the crisp scent of nature!"

Duke and Nathan are both staring at her, waiting for her to peter out and cave.

Audrey chucks the ruined garland off the couch with a sigh and slumps back onto her boys. "Yeah, yeah, the tree needs decorations. I'll make you another damn garland. But if we're playing Santa's elves, I need brandy, is that clear?"

"As a carol of the bells," Duke quips, chuckling when she rewards him with a punch in the arm.

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