Wake Up Call

by greekowl87

Summary

Just a little fluff between the cancer arc. From the txf-prompt-box prompt of someone falling asleep during an important meeting and extra points with how does the sleeping person is waken up? and told from a 1st person POV.

Honestly, this is very un-Scully-like and very unprofessional but I was never one to judge for professionalism. She honestly is what made me and our division reputable. But here she is, sleeping. Well, Scully is more of dozing really. I know her ‘faking sleep’ and ‘actually asleep’ breathing pattern. I have a whole catalog of Scully-isms that I am still adding to. But she is dozing.

I glance at the director giving the briefing. We had been drafted into a larger task force on some random criminal or another. I honestly don’t care. It bored me. I would rather be back in the basement. I think she would too but I’m too chicken shit to ask her. Shit. Never mind that thought. I am too afraid to ask her a lot of questions.

Scully has her face hidden in her hands quite cleverly. If you were stressed with yourself, you bury your face in your hands like a shade, covering your face, your arms supporting your embarrassment. It looks like you are studying or thinking too hard for your own good but no one can really see your eye closed. But she is sleeping. Clever scientist.

Damnit. The director is looking right at us. What do you do, Mulder?

I’ve heard the watercooler talk. Everyone is convinced I am sleeping with her. I wish. I can’t remember when I fell in love with her, but I fell in love hard. The once and only time in my life. But I know she would never have me.
I bent close, like I whispering something to her. My hand had a mind of its own as it gently massaged her knee cap and up her thigh over the tight skirt. (Fuck me). She responded instantly, jumping leaning towards me as if we were talking to each other either the entire time.

“‘M ‘wake,” she slurred. She nuzzled her faced against my suit jacket, trying to dispel any evidence of her nap. She had to know. “What did I miss?”

“Nothing,” I said. “Just try to stay awake, hm?”


My heart dropped as she reminded me of the cancer. I took her hand unconsciously and squeezed it under the table, out of the sight of the rest of the task force. “Sorry,” I managed, squeezing her hand.

“You’re fine,” she whispered, taking useless notes. She squeezed my hand in return. “Thanks, Mulder.”

I felt guilty and scribbled on my notepad. ‘Drive you home? Dinner? Pampering?’ I turned to her nonchalantly, trying to watch everyone else. She was writing something and pushed the pad of paper towards me. ‘Yes x 3. Thank you.’ She left a little heart next to the thank you and I smiled, never letting go of her hand under the table.

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