Words of Lust

by OnlyTheInevitable

Summary

Their attraction to each other is something that can't be ignored. A compilation of Mulder and Scully's desires through one-word prompts. MSR.
Author’s Note: Welcome, welcome! You may have been directed here after reading my compilation “Words of Love,” a series of romantic one shots using words going from A-Z. Well this is the exact same thing, but smutty version. It will be a series of twenty six oneshots, all based on one word prompts. It’s rated M to be safe, but not every chapter will have an actual sex scene, they’ll all vary in level, but I promise they’ll be lust riddled. Anyway, hope you enjoy!

Arousal: (noun) to be stimulated with sexual desire.

Throughout the years, over the span of hundreds of cases, Mulder had shared countless adjoining rooms with Scully. Since they usually kept the door open, they saw sides of each other that they didn’t share with anyone else. He had seen Scully in every color facemask available, they would have conversations while he was clipping his toenails, they’ve had to apply aloe to each others’ sunburns, so many intimacies shared between partners.

Even when they said their goodbyes at night, finally closing the adjoining door, he let himself fall asleep by listening to the sounds of Scully on the other side of the thin motel wall. Ninety-five percent of the time, it was the same routine every night. He would hear her sock-clad feet padding against the carpet after closing the door, followed by the sound of the keyboard against her fingertips as she finished her case report, then she either showered, or went straight to bed. Scully was a heavy sleeper, he knew that from all the times she had fallen asleep on him, so when he heard the lamp click off, he knew she would toss and turn for a few minutes before succumbing to sleep.

However, the other five percent of the time was a completely different case.

The first time, he had no idea. He was laying in bed as usual, when he heard the lamp click off. Instead of tossing and turning though, he heard rustling, as if she was trying to burrow into the bed. After a few moments he heard small gasps, they were quick, so he wasn’t even sure he had heard right. Before he had a chance to listen furthur, he got a phone call from the Sheriff letting him know another body was found and that he and Scully needed to report back. Mulder was only half paying to the conversation, mostly trying to focus on determining if he was hearing whimpers.

When he rolled out of bed, the noises became quieter, as if she was alerted by hearing him through the wall. He walked a few feet to the door and knocked loudly. There was a moment of silence before Scully’s strangled voice called out, “Give me a second.” Her voice sounds higher than normal.

Mulder stood at the door, picking at his fingernails as he heard Scully get off the bed, followed by some undetermined rustling. Finally, after turning on the lamp, she opened the door. He was immediately concerned. Scully’s cheeks were rosy and flushed, and it looked like she had some light sweat smattering her forehead. He also noticed she was reluctant to make eye contact with him and was breathing funny. He placed a finger under her chin so he could get a better look at her face. “Scully, are you feeling okay, you look flushed.”

“I’m fine, what do you need?” She kept flitting her gaze from him to the floor, but she had kept contact long enough for him to see that her eyes were dilated and glazed over.

“Do you feel warm? Do you have a fever?” He moved one hand to cup her jaw while he placed the other across her forehead. She felt warmer than normal, but she had seemed fine all day.
“Mulder, I said I’m fine. I’m a doctor, I would know if something was wrong. Now why did you knock?” She gripped his wrist with her right hand, and he was immediately drawn to the heat that emanated from her index and middle finger. Looking down, he noticed those two fingers were flushed pink compared to the others. When he looked up, he noticed in the reflection of the mirror behind her, that he could see the tag of her pyjamas sticking out. She had put on her shorts inside out. The realization hit him like a truck; Scully was just masturbating.

He wanted to punch himself for not realizing it sooner. It all made sense. The noises, the flushed cheeks, the sweating and panting. She wasn’t sick, she was aroused. She was preoccupied when he knocked, and so, in her daze, she put her shorts on inside out. She was breathtakingly beautiful this way.

Not wanting to embarrass her, but knowing his blush, and something else, were growing, he released her and took a step back. “I got a call from the Sheriff, they found another body and they want us at the crime scene.”

He wanted to laugh when Scully practically whined, “Right now?” Scully is standing in front of me pouting because she didn’t get to cum. He felt like he was in a fantasy.

“Sorry, Scully. Coffee’s on me though,” he offered hoping to brighten her mood. “We should be back before you know it.” She gave a slight nod before closing the door so she could get changed.

He let out a long sigh before standing up straight. He didn’t need to check, he knew he was hard. Dana Scully was just finger-fucking herself with only a wall separating us. He felt his cock twitch at the thought and he realized he was in the same boat as her now. What he wanted more than anything in the world was to shove his hand down his pants and lose himself to the fantasies of what she had just been doing. Instead, he splashed cold water on his face and got dressed. Meeting a normal-looking Scully a few minutes later.

That may have been the first time, but it definitely wasn’t the last. Over time, he became fluent in Scully’s arousal. On nights where he heard the rustling of the sheets and the sharp breaths, he would rake his hand down his body, slipping underneath the elastic waistband of his pyjamas, and firmly take hold of his erection. He would stroke himself in time with her pants, closing his eyes and pretending he was the cause, picturing her writhing underneath him. It was a perverse dance that absolutely thrilled him.

He slowly started to recognize when she got turned on in their daily life too. It’s not like he had been oblivious to the female libido; he just hadn’t considered it in regards to Scully. If he had a dollar for everytime he had to hide a boner or will himself not to get hard throughout the day, Mulder would be a rich man. He couldn’t help it when he was constantly in such a close proximity to a beautiful woman he absolutely adored. He just didn’t imagine she had to do the same.

They were on a case that required them both to squeeze into a small closet to look at some inscriptions. Scully went in first and Mulder followed, holding a flashlight in his hand. He hadn’t been giving it much thought at the time, but looking back, he was invading her personal space. His front was almost flush against her back and he was leaning over to point to the marks on the wall, his breath fluttering the hair by her ear.

He had been asking her questions when, out of nowhere, she asked, “Mulder, is that a new cologne?” He was taken aback at the breathy question, and shined the light so he could get a better look at her face. He wanted to grin when he noticed the same features on her face as that night all those years ago. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were heavy-lidded and dilated.
“Yes, your mom bought it for me for Christmas,” he answered, and on a suicidal impulse, he played naive to her condition and leaned into her, pressing his hardening bulge into the cushion of her ass. He felt her involuntarily jerk back into him as she sharply inhaled between gritted teeth.

Before he could celebrate, one of the crime scene technicians asked them a question, making them jump away from each other like a bunch of horny teenagers caught making out.

That night, he made the connection that she pleasured herself on nights that corresponded with excess flirting between the two of them. He continued to test this theory by getting closer during the days and sending more flirtatious comments than normal, always applauding himself when he heard her release that same night.

There were a few nights that he pretended to leave something in her room, or pretended that he got an update on the case, just so he could see a glimpse of Scully in the throws of passion. He had never been bolder beyond that, until tonight.

He grabbed himself in anticipation when he heard the first whimper, already rock hard from thinking about it. For about five minutes he played with himself from root to tip as he heard her try to muffle her sounds by crying out into a pillow. It wasn’t effective.

He was playing with the precum leaking out of his head when he heard it. “M-mulder, ah!” He almost came on the spot. He sat up in bed and strained to hear it again. He had always fantasized that he was the cause of her nightly excavations, but he thought that’s all it was: a fantasy. Actually hearing that breathless, pitched voice crying out his name was painfully erotic.

He felt his heart hammering in his chest. He felt emboldened with the newfound knowledge that Scully was definitely getting herself off to the thought of him. He got out of bed and walked to the door, giving himself a pep talk as he raised his fist to the door three separate times. This was more than just lust and he knew they both felt the same way, this was something he had always dreamed about and the tangibility of it scared him. After a moment, he finally knocked and he heard the same scrambling as all those times before.

“Mulder, What’s wrong?” If he wasn’t so aware of the cause, he would have laughed at the way her hair was sticking out in different directions.

Swallowing down any lingering anxiety, he tried to play cool. “I wanted to ask you the same thing, Scully. I could have sworn I just heard you call out my name.” He had lowered his voice in an attempt to sound suave, a move he hadn’t made in years, and he hoped it was coming across okay. With the way she was shifting, he wanted to say it was.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she was trying to use her no-nonsense voice, but the way her voice was quivering made this fail.

He leaned down a little bit so she was forced to look at him, “Oh really? Because I think you do.” She met his gaze and he saw his playful intentions mirrored back at him. “Want to share with the class?” She was prodding him back and they both knew it.

Taking the biggest risk of his life, he leaned in closer so that his mouth was grazing her ear and crooned, “I think you were touching yourself while thinking about me.”

His hands immediately shot to the door frame to ground himself when, unexpectedly, he felt her dainty hand fully grasp his length. Her cheek pressed into his own as she smiled, crooning back, “You mean like you touch yourself when you listen to me?” Her fingers were working magic
through his pants as they danced up and down his shaft, causing a throaty moan to escape his lips. She sensually laughed at this and hummed, ‘I think we both know how thin these walls are.’

Removing his hands from the doorframe, he grabbed her biceps and pulled her flush to him, pressing his lips against hers in a fevered kiss. His heart leapt when he felt her return the kiss with equal vigor, removing her hands from his hard on and lacing them behind his neck, her velvety tongue felt like silk against his own. He removed his grasp from her arms and started exploring her body. From the dip of her waist to the heft of her breasts to the swell of her ass, the body he had spent years fantasizing about was finally under his hands. He only stopped his ministrations when Scully ground her pelvis into his with a desperate fervor. The overwhelming pleasure took his breath away and his jaw went slack, breaking the kiss.

He was glad that when his brain stopped functioning, Scully picked up the slack. Her lips moved from his mouth to his jaw to his neck, gently sucking while running her tongue along his skin. He was drunk off the sensations and she took advantage of his slack stance by dragging him by the shirt and pushing him onto the bed.

She placed one knee on either side of his hips and settled down on top of him. Grinning down at his awestruck expression, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and whipped it off with graceful agility. Seeing her exposed breasts provoked him back into action and he leaned up to take a pert nipple into his mouth. His rocking into an upward position caused their pelvis’ to grind against each other with tantalizing friction and Scully threw her head back with a sinful moan.

As he ran his tongue back and forth against her nipple, his other hand was giving ample attention to her other breast, switching back and forth. After a few minutes, Scully was whimpering and rocking back and forth. After a few minutes, Scully was whimpering and rocking back and forth against his bulge.

He released her nipple with an audible ‘pop’, and grinned up at her slack-jawed expression. She smiled back at his, but quickly moved to remove his shirt. They had to separate for a moment so they could take off their pants before she rolled back on top of him. He looked up at her in complete devotion and awe. Grabbing her hips, he asked, ‘Are you sure about this?’

She reached down in between them, grabbing his throbbing cock and rubbing it along her opening, coating it with her arousal. ‘I’ve been sure about this for years,’ she smirked, easing down on his length.

It took every fiber of his being not to buck into her tight heat. With every inch he got deeper into her, he was overwhelmed with the sensation of her gripping onto him. He was focused on her face as she sank down and was captivated by the look of pure pleasure dancing across her features. When she had taken him in fully, she wiggled against him, getting used to the feeling while also grinding her clit against his public bone. ‘I’m the luckiest man in the world.’

As she heard his thoughts, she smiled down at him and placed another kiss to his lips as she started riding him. She was talented beyond his wildest fantasies. She broke off the kiss and he saw an erotic string of saliva break onto her chin. She sat up straighter, which allowed him to go impossibly deeper, and she rested her palms on his torso, so she had leverage to rock her body up and down his length. He thrust in tandem with her as he watched her brow furrow in pleasure and her breasts bounce on her chest.

He noticed she was closer than he had anticipated when she started whimpering and grinding even harder onto his public bone. Understanding her movements, he licked the pad of his thumb and brought it to the apex of her legs, circling the digit around her swollen clit. His ministrations caused her to cry out and grip painfully onto his middle.
With the way she was rotating her hips into his hand and the desperation in her thrusts, he knew she was close. He was a man on a mission now, and he wanted more than anything to see the look on her face when he made her cum. “Scully, open your eyes for me. I want to watch you when you cum.” With heavy lids, she opened her eyes and looked at him in pure animalistic lust, it was the most sensual thing he had ever seen. “Fuck, you’re so beautiful.”

Within a few seconds, she went almost rigid on top of him, violently thrusting against him with an unrelenting vigor. “Ah-Mulder, oh my god,” she cried out as her body convulsed. Hearing her call out his name like that almost sent him over the edge, but he was determined to make this as good for her as possible, so he used every ounce of restraint he had left to prevent himself from letting go. He watched her with pure rapture, as her eyes nearly rolled into the back of her head, and her wetness was contracting around him. He kept circling her clit and thrusting into her to prolong her orgasm. She grabbed his wrist to signify she was overly sensitized and he returned his hands to her hips as she let out a satisfied laugh with a goofy smile.

She lethargically leaned down and pressed kisses along his jaw and nibbled his ear, he continued thrusting as she breathed into his ear, “Your turn.” She started riding him with no abandon and he joined her, now having permission to let go. She was perched on top of him with a seductive smile as he bucked into her. He only lasted a few moments before he found release, burying himself inside of her and grinding in ecstasy while calling out her name like a hymn.

When he was finished, she rolled off of him and laid down right next to him, nuzzling against his spent frame. His normal eloquence and wit was lost, the only thing he could manage to say was, “wow.”

“Wow’s right,” she chuckled back. He glanced down at her and his heart was warmed to see she was resting peacefully against his chest. She looked like an angel.

Her words from earlier rang in his ears and he recognized them with new meaning, “Wait, so you knew I could hear you through the walls?” He didn’t think the smile on his face would ever fade.

He felt her grin against him and she mumbled sleepily, “Not at first, but the one time I heard you panting and the sound of the bed rocking ever so slightly and I figured it out. Then when it only happened every time I was, I really figured it out.

She didn’t have to say it, it was implicit. She called out his name knowing he would hear it. She wanted this just as much as he did. He looked down at her and kissed her once again before falling asleep.

They never closed the adjoining door again.

Hope you liked it! Please leave a review and let me know how you felt or if there’s anything in particular you want to see in the future. Also, I have other X-Files stories on my profile, feel free to check them out! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
You know what they say about catholic girls, Mulder gets a demonstration.

Author’s Note: Wow! The feedback for this story has been great. Thank you all so much! Okay, side note, I swear to god Mulder made a joke about catholic girls in the show but I couldn’t find it for the life of me.

Burning: (adjective) intense; passionate; caused by or as if by fire or heat.

“You know what they say about catholic girls. That much time on your knees, you’re bound to know a few things.”

Scully heard that for the first time when Melissa was a teenager, talking to a neighbor boy down the street. Scully was still in middle school, and still insanely naive, she thought they were talking about bible study. She remembered seeing Melissa take the boy into her room, coming out only a few minutes later, the boy looking beyond impressed and Melissa wiping an arrogant smile off her mouth. Scully thought she showed him a prayer. Well, Jesus’ name did leave his mouth a few time.

She heard it again a few years later after she went down on her first boyfriend in his bedroom. “Gotta love catholic girls.” The meaning was still a little muddy to her. She didn’t know what oral sex had to do with catholicism, but frankly she didn’t care. She just loved seeing the way men groaned with the slightest flick of her tongue; a little suction here, a little stroke there, and they became putty in your hands. And your mouth.

From an adult’s perspective, she got it. Years of telling horny adolescents to stay away from all sexual desire will, of course, make them curious. Curiosity leads to exploration and exploration leads to expertise. Dana Katherine Scully was always devoted to her studies after all, and over time she knew how to make a man beg and moan with just her mouth. She got almost just as much pleasure out of it as they did.

She had honestly forgotten all of this. Not how much she loved giving head, that was a feature of all of her late night fantasies, almost always exclusively featuring her partner. She had forgotten the connotations between being a catholic girl and being good at oral sex until Mulder teased her.

“Mulder, I may not be the most devout catholic, but I still try to go to Church. I’ve just fallen into the catholic stereotype of only going for Easter and Christmas mass, barring the occasional wedding or funeral.” She doesn’t even remember how the subject was brought up, all she remembers were the words that he tried to hide under his breath with a smirk.

“I hope that’s not the only catholic stereotype you’re privy to.”

She felt his words jolt to her core like a shot of adrenaline, specifically his word choice of ‘hope’. Looking up, she saw he was focusing on his work, assuming that she was going to let his flirtations slide like she always did. Have you ever had your special talent dangled in front of you and all you wanted to do was prove yourself? She hadn't until this very moment.
They were working on their case reports in her motel room, Mulder was sitting at the head of the bed while she was sitting cross legged at the end. The AC in his room and went out, and she wasn’t going to make him sit in the stifling heat. However, it was still her room, so she felt bolder than normal. In the most innocent voice she could muster, she asked, “What stereotype are you alluding to?”

He looked up at her in complete shock, and she batted her lashes for emphasis. It was hard to tell with the shitty lighting, but she could have sworn he was blushing, unused to her responding to his innuendos. He stumbled for words a second before obviously pulling something out of his ass, “Uh-uh-Well, I’ve always heard catholic girls are extremely devoted.”

This was adorable. Now she understood why he teased her so much, seeing him get all flustered was like a drug. He had made a freudian slip though, they had been just talking about catholics, the fact he specified catholic girls just emphasized where his train of thought had been. Still playing innocent, she scooted a little closer, putting her in the middle of the bed, and asked, “Why just catholic girls?”

Mulder let out a breath and ran his hand over his face; it took a lot of willpower not to laugh at his distress. He looked at her for a moment to see if she was teasing him, but he underestimated her acting skills. “Um, I’m not sure, just something I’ve always heard-” His voice faded off because he was distracted by her fingers, which were lightly grazing his thighs through his jeans, tracing little circles.

“I guess I do fit that one, I have always been extremely devoted to you,” she sighed, trying to hide her growing satisfaction. He was no longer able to keep his attention on his work, instead his gaze flitted from her face to her hand. What he was still oblivious of was the fact his paperwork had shifted slightly on his lap, the evidence her plan was working tenting up against his jeans. “Do you know any other stereotypes?” she asked, leaning a little closer into his personal space, her hand itching a little bit higher on his thigh.

His voice came out strangled and pitched and it made her impossibly wetter, “I-I can’t remember.”

She had seen the way he looked at her. They had said ‘I love you’ more ways than thought possible. She had no hesitancies about making this next move, the burning desire between her legs wouldn’t let her go back now. “Oh, really? There’s one I know to be true from experience.” Losing the look of innocence she was just putting on, she advanced on him like a predator, putting her mouth right against his ear before seductively whispering, “Catholic girls are great at giving head.” As she said this, she moved her hand the final few inches up and fully cupped his, now rock hard, erection through his pants.

His moan reverberated in the room and he bucked involuntarily into her hand. She chuckled against his ear, but her laughter was cut off by his mouth pressing fervently onto hers. His arms wrapped around her middle and pulled her so they were chest to chest, making her inadvertently straddle his lap, pressing their throbbing centers together.

She had fantasized about this for years, in her fantasies she had never considered how strong he was. She knew he wasn’t weak, but she was sitting on pure muscle right now, and she was being moved around in his lap as if she was weightless. The sounds he was making were that of a man in euphoria. Their tongues were on a desperate exploration of each other’s mouths, only breaking apart so they could breathe.

He was panting and staring at her in complete awe, like she was the only person in the world. She smiled down at him from her perch before purring, “Can I show you?” rolling her hips against him for emphasis.
He couldn’t even speak, he just nodded enthusiastically as she moved her hands to his belt, undoing it with fluid dexterity letting the zipper slide down next. She hooked two fingers under the elastic of his underwear and the waistband of his jeans before looking up at him, “Lift up.” He had been staring at her in complete awe and did as she asked without a moment's hesitation. She eased the garments down his strong hips and couldn’t keep the smile off her face as Mulder’s cock bobbed free, standing straight in the air.

She had caught enough glimpses over the years to know how well endowed Mulder was. From medical emergencies to getting a glimpse of him trying to hide a spontaneous boner, she knew it was long, thick, and beautiful. However, seeing it fully erect, leaking, and throbbing for her attention was whole other experience.

She met his eyes and saw his ever-present insecurity peaking through. Scully quickly rocked forward on her knees so she could press her lips to his in a sweet kiss. She whispered, “Mulder, you’re beautiful,” before sitting back down on her calves so she could get back to her main goal. The smile on Mulder’s face told her that her compliment had done something for him.

She felt the familiar tingle in her abdomen as she finally grasped his shaft, causing him to grip the bed sheets at his side. She tentatively played with stroking him from base to tip, swirling her thumb around his head before dragging the precum down his length. His mouth was open in pure ecstasy and she wished she could have seen the expression on his face as she took him unexpectedly into her mouth.

“Oh fuck, Scully,” he whined as he writhed below her on the sheets. She chuckled lightly, sending vibrations throughout his shaft. She was a little rusty, but she was positive that she’d be able to take his full length. She bobbed her head up and down, lubricating him with her saliva, while she worked on taking him further and further, she used one hand to grip the remaining inches and the other hand to fondle his testicles.

After a couple minutes, Mulder’s moans had turned into nearly constant pants, and she could tell he was trying his hardest not to grab her head or buck into her mouth. *Good boy.*

She was dancing between flexing her tongue along his cock and gently nibbling the grooves of his head, that usually made him cry her name. She wanted to surprise him and she was sure she was ready, so she placed a sweet kiss to his tip before taking him entirely into her mouth, until her lips were against his base. He gasped and moaned, “Scully, oh my god.” He was biting his fist now in an attempt to keep his resolve, and she was doing no better. While sucking him off, she had moved so that one of his strong thighs was in between her own, and she had been grinding against him relentlessly to alleviate the pressure in her throbbing clit.

She moved her head, letting the tip of his dick rub against the back of her throat before she pulled up, looking at his pleasure-riddled expression. “Mulder,” she called to get his attention. When he looked at her she purred, “You don’t have to hold back. I want you to cum in my mouth.” He groaned and let his head fall back against the pillow as she returned to her task.

She knew he was starting to lose control when he started to lightly thrust into her mouth, confident now that she could handle his entirety. After only a few more moments he cried through gritted teeth, “Scully, I’m gonna-” He was spurtng down her throat before he could finish his sentence, instead, crying out variations of her name and the lords. She continued to suck until he was done and then licked him clean.

When she was done, she sat back up and was immediately met with a fevered kiss. Scully couldn’t remember how it happened, but she ended up on her back with Mulder leaning over her. “Scully, you’re amazing.”
She blushed at his compliment and averted her gaze. He nuzzled her face back to him and placed another soul sucking kiss on her mouth. “Little known fact, the Jewish community is all about reciprocity.”

Her clit was burning with need and was pulsating at his words. “Is that so?” she whispered breathlessly.

“Well, this jew is,” he smiled smugly before demonstrating his own talent.

*And boy was he talented.*

**Hope you enjoyed! Have a lovely rest of your day/night! It wouldn’t be the end of a chapter if I didn’t have a shameless request for reviews, lol. -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)**
A harmless game leads to a little something more on a stakeout.

Author's Note: Hello everyone! I just wanna put it out there that I promise the next update will be on Words of Love, I promise I haven’t forgotten. I just had so many ideas for this one stored up, I’m excited to get it up and running. Also, thank you to all the people who let me know that the catholic joke was from “Signs and Wonders”, that had truly been bothering me, lol. Anyway, hope you enjoy!

Curiosity: (noun) a strong desire to learn or know something.

Stakeouts were one of the most mind-numbing assignments an agent could be forced to do. Having to do a stakeout because A.D. Kersh was pissed off was a thousand times worse. Just because he forgot to submit a case report or two, he and Scully had been assigned to sit in an abandoned apartment and report back if anything ‘spooky’ happened. The prick was rubbing it in their faces that the X-Files were closed. They didn’t even know what they were supposed to be listening out for, it just felt like Kersh had an ‘out of sight, out of mind’ policy regarding them. Well, regarding him, Scully just had to to face the punishments out of solidarity.

As much as he felt bad that she had to suffer with him, he was grateful she was here. For the first few hours, they did nothing except work on the case reports he should have turned in, along with other miscellaneous housekeeping tasks. Now they were all caught up, and he was bored out of his mind. Scully had brought along a book of crossword puzzles that she had been diligently working on, but he hadn’t thought to think that far ahead so he was just twiddling his thumbs.

They were sitting at the small dining room table, the only piece of furniture in this one bedroom apartment, she was on one side while he was on the other. Having nothing to do, he decided to observe her. She is more relaxed now than he had seen her in a long time. Having desks in the communal bullpen area robbed him of seeing her let down her defenses like she would in their shared basement office. Now, in the seclusion of this run-down apartment, she had kicked off her shoes and was sitting cross legged on her chair, her elbows resting lightly on the table. While she was trying to come up with an answer to whatever she was working on, she drew the back of the pen into her mouth and was gently rubbing it across her full bottom lip, every now and then, her tongue would dart out to play with the tip, her teeth sometimes biting down ever so gently. He felt himself hardening at the imagery and shifted his gaze as well as his position in the seat. Getting a hard right now would just lead to embarrassment.

“Are you getting antsy too?” Her voice startled him, and he looked up to see her eyes plastered on his squirming frame. Fuck, had she seen him ogling her?

“Uh-what? Yeah, yeah, just a little stiff from boredom.” Not a lie.

“Want to do something?” She asked. At the suggestive quirk of his eyebrow she added, “Shut up, Mulder. I mean want to play a game or something?”
“I left my playing cards in my other jacket. Do you have anything up your sleeves?” He teased, earning a hearty eye roll.

“We could play some sort of verbal game. Like the alphabet categories game, or something else if you have any suggestions?” She closed her puzzle book, a subtle sign she knew he’d do anything she asked of him.

He pondered a moment, thinking about verbal games he had played over the years. There was would you rather, ehh; Do one, marry one, kill one, he didn’t know if he wanted to hear her answers; truth or dare, no way in hell she’d agree; and then he remembered a game an old high school girlfriend and him had played. She called it Twenty Questions, but really all it consisted of was asking random questions back and forth to get to know the other person. Though, it always seemed to progress to juicy, dirty questions. He had to admit, when it came to Scully’s sex life and preferences, he was beyond curious. The innocent nature of the game would be a great guise into getting to know more about the sides of her he never got to see. Even if it didn’t get naughty, he still would like to hear more about her. He always did.

He posed the concept of Twenty Questions to her and he was afraid for a moment that she wouldn’t play along, “Mulder, I think we already know more about each other than any partners at the Bureau.” While he reveled in her admittance of that, he had his heart set on this. His heart was already pounding in nervous anticipation at the prospect of being able to ask her inappropriate questions. If it escalated the way he wanted.

“Oh come on, Scully. Are you telling me there’s nothing that you’ve been curious about, regarding me, over the years?”

He watched her contemplate his words before letting out a sigh of relief when she smiled and replied, “I’m game, but you go first.”

In all reality, he hadn’t expected her to agree so readily. He sat back and tried to mull over something PG that he was curious about. “Hmm, what shampoo and conditioner do you use?”

A gentle laugh escaped her mouth at his question. “Really Mulder? Of all the questions in the world, you’re asking about about my hair care?”

He wasn’t going to tell her he wanted to know because he was in love with the smell after she took showers, or the smell that lingered in his car if she had been in it for long enough. He used to think it was perfume until he kissed the crown of her head once and got a rush of the scent.

He just nodded slyly and she answered, “I use Herbal Essences. Specifically the orange colored bottle that smells like citrus. What made you hate bugs so much?”

He was surprised she still remembered that after all this time, but this question was an easy one. “One time, when I was probably around fourteen I carved a really cool Star Trek jack o’lantern, and one day I came home from school and a swarm of ants were devouring it because it was rotting.”

“So you banned all insects for life because some ants ruined your pumpkin?” She was clearly trying to hide her amusement, but doing so poorly.

“No, I banned them because it really grossed me out. I had never been fond in the first place, and that just solidified it.” She nodded in appreciation as he brainstormed his next question. “Does Bill still hate me?”

Without missing a beat, “Oh, definitely.” They both laughed a little before she continued, “I think
hate is a strong word, he’s wary of you. He’s just always been overly protective of me, and he hasn’t quite realized I can think independently for myself and make my own decisions. In his mind, he thinks I’m just the damsel in distress to your knight in shining armour.” She rolled her eyes at her own words.

They went back and forth for about an hour, answering random odds and ends questions they had always wondered about. After much mulling, he decided to test the waters. “Do you really not realize that Skinner has a thing for you?”

He worried he had touched on something he shouldn’t have when her face turned a deep shade of pink. “He does not, Mulder!”

“He does so. He would let you get away with anything you wanted. Do you see the way his gaze lingers on you? It’s the same with half of the men we work with.”

“I highly doubt that, and he’s our boss,” she paused a moment, looking a little embarrassed before taking her turn. “There are rumors that you’ve slept with a few of the secretaries. I never believed them, but since we’re being candid; is it just a rumor?”

“What, what?” He honestly didn’t even know if he could name a secretary other than Skinner’s.

“You seriously haven’t heard?” He shook his head. “Many of the secretaries have alluded to you being great in bed. It’s a certified rumor on the upper floors.”

He laughed at the ridiculousness of it all. “No-no. Scully, I promise those rumors aren’t true.” He instantly realised the implications of his words and fumbled to correct himself, “I mean-the rumors about me and the secretaries aren’t true. I’m friendly with them, but that’s truly the extent of it. In terms of the other part of the rumor-I mean, I wouldn’t know.” Her eyebrows shot up and he realized he was digging himself into a hole, “I’m not saying I’m a virgin, it’s been a while, but I meant I can’t judge how I am in bed since I haven’t been with myself. I haven’t had any complaints though. Come on Scully, put me out of my misery.” She was full fledged laughing at his stumbling now and the blush had transferred from her face to his own. He was smiling at her laugh, one so unabashed was extremely rare, but he hoped he hadn’t embarrassed himself too bad.

She wiped some tears that had gathered in her eyes from laughter, “I forgot how amusing it is to see you struggle for coherence. Your turn.”

He was glad to see he was amusing her, and equally glad that they were starting to broach into new territory. “Can you tell me an embarrassing story to even out my suffering.”

She bit her lip and nodded. They sat there in silence for a moment as she tried to find something suitable or maybe she never embarrassed herself. “Okay, this is really bad and embarrassing and inappropriate. Do you promise not to make fun of me?” She was already turning red and he had solidified it that he wanted to hear this story more than anything in the world.

“I was a little late getting braces, so I had them in my beginning years of high school. Well, one time I went down on a boy and, I didn’t notice it at the time, but I got a ton of his pubic hairs stuck in the braces.” She was holding her hands to her face, as if she could keep the embarrassment from oozing out of her.

Mulder knew his face was in pure shock and amusement. He loved this. First, that his innocent little Scully was giving boys blowjobs in high school, and second that was hilariously misfortunate. “How did you find out?”
We kissed after he was done and he got some of his pubes in his mouth. He thought it was absolutely disgusting,” she laughed at the memory.

“Now that’s just ungrateful.” He couldn’t imagine any man be so unappreciative as to complain after getting a blowjob from a woman like Scully.

“Yeah, I didn’t keep him around much longer after that.” He was glad to see she didn’t regret telling him. Realizing it was her turn, she asked “Tell me about your first time-when you lost your virginity.”

Ding, Ding, Ding, we’re getting somewhere. Mulder was thrilled that Scully was the first one to ask a truly dirty question. Though he wished his answer was a little more impressive. “There was this girl in my math class my senior year of high school. We were both eighteen, and I had somehow tricked her into thinking my perpetual nerdiness was charming.” Scully was grinning, and he was glad to see she actually looked really interested. “One day she said she needed a ride home, so I did that cheesy old thing where she stands on the back of my bike as I try to act like I’m not dying while pedaling uphill.”

“You rode your bike to school as a senior in high school?” She asked, chewing gently on her bottom lip.

“I didn’t get these buns of steel from nowhere, Scully. Anyway, when I went to drop her off, she invited me inside. I truly had no idea what was coming. She took me to her room and started kissing me. One thing led to another and we ended up having sex on her ABBA comforter. I tried to make it good for her, but I had no idea what I was doing down there at the time.” He ran a hand over the back of his neck, sheepish at the memory.

“Please don’t tell me she was playing ABBA as background noise,” Scully chortled.

“Laugh it away, I, Fox Mulder, lost my virginity to Dancing Queen. Though in my defense, that song is a classic.” He wasn’t sure if she even heard the last part over her own laughter. He reveled in the amiability in the atmosphere. Once they died down a bit, he swallowed his nerves and took his turn. “What about you? What’s your virginity story?”

She immediately ran a hand through her hair, “Oh god. Okay, so there was a boy named Jason who lived on my street. We always flirted through the years, he was three years older than me and a total punk. One day, when I was fifteen, he alluded to the fact he wanted to have sex with me. I got a little nervous, so I, in my weak attempt at seduction, told him he had to wait until that night, saying I would come over later.” Mulder was honestly surprised Scully had experimented with sex so young. He would have never guessed that from his reserved, no-nonsense partner. He loved it.

“So I ran to the library and got all the sexual education and human anatomy textbooks I could find.” Okay, that sounds about right. “I learned everything I could, so when night came, I went to his house and climbed through his window. Honestly, it all went pretty good, except for one thing. I learned that ‘dirty talk’ was hot, so I tried it, but I had learned so much terminology from those books earlier, that instead of ‘cock’ or ‘balls’, I said ‘phallus’ and ‘testes’.”

Mulder was laughing, but when the word cock came out of her mouth, he felt his own stirring to action. “Okay, I correct myself. I think I did a good job. He didn’t even offer to go down on me. I wasn’t very wet, so it wasn’t all that pleasurable. It was a good launching pad though.”

“He didn’t even offer?” He let out a breath as she shook her head, “What an idiot. Who would give up an opportunity like that?”
She grinned at his words and took a moment before speaking up, “Are there any rules to the game?” Her voice shook a little and he was immediately curious where she was going to go with this.

“Nope, no rules. It’s all fair game,” he reassured.

She was picking at her nails, something she only did when she was really nervous and he swore he could hear her heartbeat from across the table. “Okay, well. I want you to know that you don’t have to answer this if you don’t want to.” She looked at him for validation, when he gestured for her to go on, in the shyest voice he could ever remember hearing from her, she asked, “Have-Have you ever thought about...us? Like, sexually?”

She looked up through her lashes for his reaction and it was painfully coy. Almost a second after the question left her mouth he responded, “Absolutely.”

She looked back down, but her hair couldn’t hide the beaming smile that spread across her face. “Really?” He could hear the happiness in her voice and he was thrilled with how this had progressed.

“Oh, Scully. Every single day of my life since I’ve met you.” He prayed his honesty wouldn’t come back to bite him, “What about you? Do you think about us together?”

She took even less time than he had, “I mean, of course. All the time” She let out a nervous chuckle, flitting her gaze back to him. If he hadn’t been hard before, he definitely was now. Scully had fantasized about him, Scully had thought about his cock inside her, Scully said she thought about it all the time. He felt a little lightheaded and he presumed it was from all the blood rushing to his throbbing erection.

“How?” He was too busy trying not to pass out to connect the dots to her question.

“How what?”

“How do you think about us. I mean-what do you think about?” Her shy gaze had turned coquettish as if his answer had instilled a newfound confidence in her.

He shifted a little in his seat, desperate for some friction and grateful that the table was hiding him. “I’m not even going to lie. I have probably thought of you in every position, on every surface of this earth.” She was trying to hide her smile behind her palm and it was incredibly endearing. “The one I probably use the most would be, you coming into my motel room at night and slipping into my bed. I ask you what’s wrong, and you say ‘nothing.’ Then you kiss me and seduce me, the rest always varies depending on my mood.”

He feared he had imagined it, but then he saw it again. Scully was trying to discreetly squirm in her seat, looking just as flushed as he felt. He was dying to know her answer, “What about you? What do you think about?”

She tried to clear her throat, but it didn’t hide the throaty quality that had taken over. “Too many ways to keep track of.” Fuck. “The one I use most would be the one where we’re in our office in the basement. I’m putting something away when you come up behind me, kissing my neck, grabbing my waist, and I can feel your erection pressing into my back.”

He had shifted one hand under the table and was gripping his cock, palming it ever so slightly. Her eyes fluttered down and returned to his face with pride before continuing, “You spin me around and pin me against the wall, ravishing me.” He saw her own hand move lower than normal and shifting a little funny. Holy fuck. He must’ve accidentally mumbled that aloud because she let out a breathy
laugh. “Eventually, you clear off your desk in a hurry and fuck me senseless on it. Like you said, the rest varies depending on my mood.”

In all of the years he sat in that damn office, fantasizing about her writhing beneath him, panting his name on that desk, never in his wildest dreams did he imagine she was doing the same thing. He couldn’t believe this was happening. He especially couldn’t believe the fact they were practically dry humping themselves in front of each other. “What a coincidence, that’s one of my favorites too.”

Mulder felt his heart stop at the simple, but loaded words that left her swollen lips like a throaty moan. “Will you demonstrate for me how your version goes?”

He stood up and made his way to the other side of the table, until he was standing right next to her. From her position in the chair, his head was about at his waist and her eyes were glued onto the tent in his pants. When he saw her tongue dart out to lick her lips, he almost lost it.

Placing one hand on the table, he leaned over and ran one hand through her hair, resting it on the side of her head. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” The words were so breathy and low, it was like a piece of her soul had slipped out. Her eyes were filled to the brim with wanton desire.

That was all the answer he needed, he moved his hand to the back of her head and crushed his lips onto hers. They felt soft and engorged from how much she had been biting them out of nerves. Her tongue immediately sought entrance into his mouth, and he granted her access within a second.

When they had to break the kiss, he scooped her from out of the chair and placed her on the table, nestling himself between her legs. The table was at the perfect height to where their pelvises could grind against each other. As soon as he did, the both moaned simultaneously. Mulder moved to start taking off her shirt, enjoying revealing new flesh one button at a time. When he got halfway through, she grabbed his hand, and grabbed his jaw to make him look at her. “Mulder, as much as I love going slow, we have plenty of time for that later. I want you so bad,” she squeezed her legs, which she had wrapped around him, for emphasis. “Please don’t make me wait.” He could have cum from her words alone. Later. They would be having sex again later.

He nodded with a goofy, aroused grin and practically ripped her shirt off, tearing his over his head right after. They both quickly took a moment to take off the rest of their clothes and when they were naked, after giving an appreciative groan at the sight of her beautiful exposure, Mulder got on his knees.

“Mulder, where are you going?” She whined.

“Sorry, Scully. This is a big component of the fantasy.”

“What is—oh fuck, Mulder!” She practically collapsed onto the table as he stroked his tongue over her clit. She spread her legs wider for him and he smiled against her opening. He didn’t think there could ever be anything more erotic than the sound of her screaming his name.

She was so wet, impossibly wet, and he knew she was already close. He placed a kiss to her clit, before putting his tongue back to work, going in between circular motions and rubbing it back and forth vigorously, changing it based on what made her scream loudest. “Mulder, please don’t stop, oh my god, oh my god.” She was practically bucking into his face now, so he placed one hand on her abdomen to keep her in place, while the other coated itself in her juices.

He placed two fingers inside of them and curled them gently until he found her g-spot. It took a few
seconds, but he knew when he found it based on her reaction. “Please, please, like that, fuck-Mulder.” His dick was now almost painful, desperate for attention. He knew she was close though, and in a matter of seconds, he proved himself right. She deeply inhaled before crying out his name, spasming around his fingers.

When her convulsions subsided, he moved back up off his knees and saw Scully like a rag doll with a sated smile on her face. He leaned over her and kissed her deeply, getting even more turned on by her fiercely sucking her own juices out of his mouth and smiling against him.

When they broke apart, he rested his forehead against her own, in a shaky whisper riddled with pleasure, she purred, “I need you inside me.”

Not needing to be told twice, he stood up and lined his tip up with her opening. He wanted to see him enter her for the first time, but he wanted to see her face more. When he was coated in her juices, sure he could plunge in, he rested his hands on either side of her head, looking down at her.

He eased in inch by inch, letting her get accustomed to his length and girth. She was tight like a vice around him and he was almost overwhelmed with pleasure. From the way her eyes practically rolled to the back of her head, so was she. When he was buried to the hilt, he waited for her to give the go ahead to start thrusting.

He set a steady pace, and after a few minutes she started mewling again, signifying she was close. He put his thumb to her lips and she sucked on it, sinfully looking at him through hooded eyes, before letting it go, a string of saliva trailing between her mouth and the digit until it broke onto her chin. He brought the wet thumb down to her clit and started rubbing the engorged nub relentlessly. Within a few seconds, her back arched up off the table and he could feel her grip tighten against his pounding dick.

After she was done, he knew he wasn’t going to last long. He gripped her waist and started thrusting unabatedly. He could see the shock waves of his thrusts reverberating on her skin erotically. She pushed herself up so that she was leaning a bit off the table, wrapping her arms around his neck, and wrapping her legs around his middle, allowing him to go impossibly deeper.

She sucked on his neck before groaning in his ear, “I want you to cum for me, Mulder.” Her words sent him over the edge, and almost immediately he was releasing inside her, crying out her name.

He set her back steadily on the table, and eased out of her. Panting for breath as he placed a loving kiss to her forehead. “My turn, why did we wait so long to do this?”

She laughed breathlessly, “Because we’re idiots. However, there are a lot more fantasies I think we’ll need to cover.”

“We most certainly do.”

Wow, this was the longest chapter of any of my stories yet. Holy shit, lol. Hope you like it. Happy belated Valentine’s Day! Let me know how you felt and if there’s anything you wanna see in the future! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Desire

Chapter Summary

Scully and Mulder get caught in a tight place.

Author’s Note: Hope all is well! I’ve done a story similar in concept to this one (it’s on my page), but it had a different focus and it wasn’t smutty. I hope you enjoy!

Desire: (noun) a strong feeling of wanting to have something or wishing for something to happen.

According to Mulder, they had been chasing a paranormal entity into an abandoned house. In actuality, they had been chasing a coked-out drug dealer who led them astray. As soon as she and Mulder had taken one step into the building, they were greeted with a gun in their face.

“The fuck you guys want?” the man shouted.

Mulder had already gotten his gun out during the chase, but she hadn’t. So while Mulder has his gun trained on the suspect, the suspect had his own pistol trained on her. She raised her hands up in submission, but it did nothing to ease the tension in the room. “FBI, Agents Mulder and Scully. We’re here regarding the death of Emma Vanover. Do you happen to know anything about that?” Mulder asked in a cool tone.

“Never heard of her. Now get that gun outta my face or I’ll fucking blow her head off,” he spat, thrusting the gun in Scully’s direction. To the untrained eye, Mulder was being calm and professional. From Scully’s perspective, he was absolutely terrified. He took one glance at her before lowering his weapon to the floor.

“Kick it over.” Without any resistance, Mulder did what was asked of him and the man grabbed it from off of the ground, stuffing it into his pants. “What about lil red? Does she have a weapon on her?” Being referred to as if she can’t answer for herself. How refreshing.

“My gun is holstered at my waist.” Her voice remained even and reverberated in the room.

“Take it off her and slide it over.” He apparently wasn’t interested in interactions with her, because he instructed Mulder to do this. Mulder walked over with an intensity in his stare. He gently pulled back her jacket, unholstered her weapon, and slid it to the antsy man. Mulder remained by Scully’s side in solidarity, it was a small gesture, but an immense comfort to her.

They stood there unmoving as the man looked around the room frantically. He locked eyes on something in the corner before motioning to them. “Go through that door.”

They walked in tandem to the aforementioned door. Mulder opened it and immediately turned around. “It’s a closet.”

She felt the cold barrel of the gun press to the back of her head while the man aggressively responded, “I know that. Get in.” Mulder took two steps in and was already at the back of the closet, he turned around at the same time Scully felt a hand in the middle of her back shove her violently forewords, sending her tumbling into the closet and into Mulder’s outstretched arms.
She righted herself, but it was too late. The door had been shut. They stood like that, both of them gripping each other’s forearms, for a few moments, intently listening to the sounds outside the door.

They heard a scraping noise, but they didn’t realize until it thudded against the door what it was. The man barricaded them in the closet with furniture. They remained still, the only sounds were that of their own heavy breathing sounding deafening in the silence. After a heated phone call, they heard the sounds of him leaving, locking the door, and a car going away.

She let out a breath she didn’t know she had been holding, and Mulder did the same. “Fuck.”

She pulled out her cellphone and saw she had one bar, and luckily it was enough to place a phone call to the police department they had been working with on this case. During the phone call, in an attempt to get better signals, she shifted around a little and stood on her top toes at times while Mulder watched.

“What did they say?” He asked when she put her phone away.

“Well, they aren’t positive of our exact location, but it sounded like they had an idea of where we may be,” she sighed.

Now that they were out of danger, and help was on the way, she realized the position they were truly in at the moment. There was relatively no space in the closet. If they put their backs flushed against either side, they would still be pretty much flush against one another. She pivoted around in her spot and she heard, what sounded like, Mulder sighing. He must be stressed. She jiggled the handle but it wouldn’t turn. She tried to thrust against it to see if there was any give, but to no avail.

After doing that twice, Mulder’s hand clamped down around her shoulder, leaned down, and in an exasperated voice told her, “I don’t think that’s going to be working.”

She shifted to pivot around again when she felt something hard in Mulder’s pocket rub against her hip. “Why didn’t you use your backup gun?”

“What?” He asked, brow furrowed.

“If you had your backup on you, how come you didn’t bring it out when you had the chance?”

“I didn’t bring my backup?” He answered, voice still laced with confusion.

“Yeah you did, Mulder. I can feel it- oh.” To help him understand, she reached down to grab his weapon. Only to realize that what she had thought was Mulder’s weapon was actually his very hard erection. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

She was a doctor, she understood the biology of it, being in such an enclosed space with the added element of friction could easily cause arousal in a healthy male. She was just taken aback at how hard he was. It felt like they had only been in there for a few minutes, but he felt like a rock. Was he this affected because of her?

Through gritted teeth he almost painfully told her, “Scully-that’s not my weapon.”

She hadn’t even realized she was still holding it until his voice broke her trance. She immediately released her grasp like she was struck by lightning, but there was nowhere to give him space, so she could still feel it lightly pressing against her hip bone and abdomen. She felt him try to lean his hips away from her, but it was a fruitless effort.

“I-I’m so sorry, Mulder. I didn’t mean to-” she started, completely embarrassed by the fact she just
unabashedly groped him.

“N-no, Scully, I’m sorry. It’s just. You’re so close to me right now, a-and you were moving around so much. I’m so sorry if I’m making you uncomfortable,” based on his babbling and blushing, he was clearly worried that she was offended by his reaction to her proximity. In all honesty, it thrilled her. He could have blamed it solely on biology, solely on friction, but his explanation was solely about the fact he was close to her.

“Mulder,” she prodded gently to get his attention. “You’re fine. I promise you’re not offending me. I’m flattered, if anything.” He looked relieved by her admission, but their predicament was still present. “Is there anything I could make it less awkward for you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Would it be better for you if I turned around?” She blushed immediately when she saw his eyebrow cock up suggestively.

“I never thought I’d hear that come from your mouth,” he teased.

She rolled her eyes before continuing, “I was merely suggesting that maybe the proximity wouldn’t affect you as much if we weren’t front-to-front,” she laughed as she turned around.

Looking back, that was not her most well thought out plan. As soon as she started turning around, she knew she was just causing more friction against his straining hard on, and this was confirmed by his sharp intake of breath.

She stood facing the door and realized that all she had accomplished was inadvertently wedging his erection into the flesh of her ass. “Okay-not my smartest plan. I admit that.” They both started laughing, but after a moment the shaking from laughing must have been a little too much because his chuckles were cut off by a soft groan and he grabbed her hips with a force he usually never used with her.

It was such a turn on.

Figuring it would only be fair, there’s not way he could judge her when he was doing the same thing himself, she lifted her arms to the sides of the doorframe and gently backed up against him slightly, her back arching downwards.

“Oh fuck, Scully” He moaned softly, and she felt him buck against her inadvertently. She honestly could have sworn she could hear their heartbeats in sync pounding in the room.

Keeping her arms slightly elevated, she turned around so she could look at him, giving her arms a new home around his neck.

He was drunk with lust and it was evident in the way his eyes were raking over her face with unbridled desire. She met his gaze with an equal intensity and lightly pressed the mound of her crotch onto his.

That was all the sign he needed.

His mouth descended and captivated her own in a fervent kiss. One benefit of the close quarters was that when he lifted her up, it was beyond easy for him to pin her to the wall with his body, creating a sinful friction against their arousals. They kept kissing for she doesn’t even know how long, but she was the first to break it. She had more territory she wanted to explore. She moved her mouth down to his neck and started nipping and sucking intermittently, earning a mixture of pants and moans from
her overstimulated partner.

He started pressing her even harder into the wall and began grinding into her heat, making her stop her own ministrations so she could groan, “Oh, fuck. Mulder.”

He chuckled lightly before freezing at the sound of movement on the other side of the door. He quickly set her down and moved so he was in front of her. Their hearts were pounding, for a multitude of reasons.

When the door opened, they were temporarily blinded while their eyes adjusted to the much brighter room. When they did, they were relieved to see it was A.D. Skinner with a few other officers behind him.

“It’s them!” He called over his shoulder and the other agents dispersed presumably to inform the other search teams.

“Thank you for finding us sir,” she called out from behind Mulder. For a moment, the relief of being found had made her forget exactly what it was they had just been caught doing, from the way Skinner was eyeing the two of them, there was no time to cover it up, literally.

He looked like he was conflicted between being amused and frustrated. He spoke in a commanding voice that, when overheard by the rest would sound thoughtful and considerate, but to them held an entire different meaning, “I think it would be in both of your best interest if you calmed down a little bit after all you’ve been through.” He turned around and went to talk with the rest of the squad.

She raised up on her tiptoes so that she could whisper in Mulder’s ear, patting him on the back as she did so, “Don’t be sad, Mulder. I see plenty of tight places in your future”

Let me know if you like it! Thank you for your time!! -Nicole (Tumblr:gaycrouton)
Chapter Summary

Mulder calls Scully because he just wanted to hear her voice, but he ends up getting more than he could have ever hoped for.

Author’s Notes: Hello! I’m very excited about writing this one, though I’m sure this is a topic that has been done time and time again. Anyhow, thank you for all who left feedback and whatnot, I appreciate you so much!

Erotic: (adjective) relating to or tending to arouse sexual desire or excitement.

This was unprecedented. Scully never flirted back. Ever. Their banter had always played out like a predestined chess match. Certain moves were made that would result in the expected outcomes. He flirted, he teased, he faux seduced, and she rolled her eyes, sighed in amusement, or blushed.

She had never played the game before.

Mulder hadn’t really had a purpose for calling her, fifty percent of the time he never did, he would just make something up while listening to the line connect. Tonight, he just wanted to hear her voice. What could he say? He hated weekends nowadays for the sole purpose he had to deal with two full days without Scully. That’s why he frequently ‘stumbled across something and he wanted her opinion’ or ‘just wanted to bounce some ideas off of her.’

Sometimes he had moments of panic. Worried she might be on a date. Worried about how much that would hurt him. Worried he was interrupting family time. Wishing she was spending time with him instead. However, she had never rejected a call, and she’d never gotten mad at him. She’d sometimes tease him for being needy, but he couldn’t blame her for calling a spade a spade.

“Hey Mulder. What’s up?” It was eight p.m. on a Saturday. He had only been away from her for twenty eight hours, yet he had been craving her like it had been years. He couldn’t help it; she was his drug and he was addicted. The sound of her voice sent a wave of gratitude through his body and he was euphoric. Can a voice be an aphrodisiac?

“Hey Scully. I was just curious how much blood someone could donate to a blood ritual at one time without dying? Also, how long would it take for them to be able to donate again?” He plopped down on his couch and reclined back, ready to listen to her get all Medical Doctor on him.

“It’s very hard for a human to survive after losing forty percent of their blood volume, so about four pints would be almost on the brink of death for most people. Of course body mass, height, weight, age, health, things like that have to be factored in. However, if someone was giving up that much blood for a sacrifice, there would almost certainly have to be someone else there and if that’s the case, it’s most likely whoever is getting the blood drained out of them is actually the one being sacrificed, whether they know it or not. Mulder, what brought this up?”

Always so willing to help him. He loved her for that. Amongst other things. “Oh, just thinking about it. Thank you for your help, Scully. Sorry to bother you on your time off.” He got his fix. She was always so through with her explanations.
“Never feel shy about calling me, Mulder. I really don’t mind. Do you have any other questions?”

“Actually yeah, now that you mention it. What are you wearing, Scully?” A teasing tone had taken over his voice and he was smiling into the receiver. He loved ending calls this way. She would try to hide her amusement, poorly, say “Goodnight Mulder,” and hang up on him.

“An old t-shirt, my underwear, and a pair of pyjama shorts,” she answered with an unreadable quality in her voice. He had honestly started to take the receiver away from his ear, ready to press end, when her words registered in his mind. *Holy Fuck, she actually answered.* He practically slammed the phone back to his ear.

This was uncharted territory. He had never been allowed to tread this far and he was at a bit of a loss where to go. This was tentative ground and he didn’t want to overstep. He decided to keep teasing and see if it was a one-time indulgence. “What, no bra?” He was pleased his nerves hadn’t affected his vocal quality.

“That comes off as soon as I get home.” His mouth hung open in shock. *She was going along with him.* Her poker face, or poker voice in all technicality, was impressive. He couldn’t tell if she was just being honest or teasing him. Nothing gave him any indication as to why tonight was different.

Before he had a second to formulate a response, her voice was coming through the phone again, giving the distorted feeling of her whispering in his ear. “What about you, Mulder? What are you wearing?” There it was. It was slight, but he could hear amusement soaking her words.

“I’m wearing my boxers and a tank top.” He would be as honest as she asked him to be if that would keep this going.

She made a small sound of appreciation before speaking up again, “What color are they? Your boxers.”

“Black. Grey trim.” He took a moment to gather his courage. She was being bold, so it was only fair he was too. “Can you describe your outfit in detail to me? I just want to make sure I’m picturing it right.”

The few seconds it took to hear her voice again were the longest seconds of his life. He just blatantly admitted he was picturing her right now, he was pushing the boundaries they pretended to have. The sound of her crooning her reply sent a wave of relief coursing through his body, immediately followed by a wave of something else. “Well, my shirt is a really old Pink Floyd tee that I got at a concert in my teens. It’s very tight, and the years have worn it out to the point of being basically see-through.” *Fuck.* “My shorts are a pair of loose running shorts. I use them as pyjamas because they are too short for me to wear in public without being indecent.” She was torturing him on purpose and they both knew it. Honestly, it didn’t matter what happened after this moment. Mulder was already confident this was the best night of his life.

“What about your underwear?” The jovial quality his voice had once held was slowly being replaced with arousal.

“I lied. I don’t wear underwear to bed.” Mulder found admittance painfully erotic. He flashed back to all the nights they had spent doing case reports in their pyjamas in each other’s motel rooms. She hadn’t been wearing underwear. He knew she hadn’t been wearing a bra, he was *definitely* aware of that. But this new information titillated him. It added a new layer of scandal to those seemingly innocent nights.

He had been creating a mental picture of the outfit she was describing and, somewhere through her
explanation, he had started palming his rock hard erection through his boxers. The sinfulness of touching himself while listening to Scully’s voice was better than any porn in the world.

“Where are you, Mulder?” He didn’t want to be making it up, but he was pretty sure there was a newfound breathiness to her voice.

“I’m in my apartment on my couch.”

“What are you doing?” He could hear the smile in her voice and he knew they were both damn well aware of what he was doing.

“I was reclined on the couch, but now I’ve moved so I’m laying down. I’m talking on the phone with Dana Scully and I’m just enjoying myself.” Not a lie.

He heard it. She couldn’t hide it well enough. A moan. It was soft, but it was unmistakable. He had imagined that sound thousands of times, but he had never done it justice. It was smooth as honey, and unabashedly her. He wanted to hear it again more than anything in the world. “What about you, Scully? What are you doing?”

“I’m in my bed. Talking on the phone with Fox Mulder and I, too, am just enjoying myself.” His boxers were getting damp from a combination of sweat and his arousal. First, she had practically purred his name. He had never been fond of his given name, but she could say it as any times as she wanted if it sounded like that. Second, words between them had always been a game they were both experts at. Just in the way she repeated his statement back to him, he knew everything he needed to know. Scully knew he was masturbating, and she was doing the same.

“It’s nice to hear you enjoying yourself Mulder. I feel like sometimes you ignore the small pleasures of life.”

“Oh, Scully. I promise you I enjoy myself very frequently. This actually is pretty standard, you’re usually always with me too, just tonight I didn’t have to close my eyes for that to happen.”

“Fuck.” Hearing Scully swear was always a treat, but hearing it in that low, throaty groan was a whole other experience. He couldn’t hold back anymore. Reaching into his boxers, he wrapped his hand around himself fully and freed his throbbing cock from its confines. It bobbed at attention as he started rubbing slow strokes up and down the shaft. Inadvertently, a deep moan released itself from his mouth.

“Mulder, I want you to describe what you’re doing. Please don’t spare any details,” her voice had a quiver of desperation to it.

“I had been kneading my erection through my boxers, but when I heard that sexy little groan come from you I couldn’t help myself. So now my dick is out of my boxers and I’m stroking myself from base to head. Slowly though, I’ve always been a firm believer in the rule ‘ladies first’.”

“Oh my god, Mulder.” The words sounded like a strangled grasp and he wished more than anything in the world he could see what she looked like right now. He was imagining her laying in bed, her dainty, dexterous hand moving expertly under her tiny running shorts. Her pale skin was probably painted with a beautiful flush and her hair was probably missed and wild from rolling against the sheets.

“That’s it Scully. Tell me what you’re doing, I want to know what’s causing those noises. I don’t think you have any idea how much the sound of your voice turns me on.”

There was a shy chuckle on the other end before it was taken over by a throaty, hitched voice, “I’m
in my bed, I’m pressing the phone to my ear with my shoulder so I can utilize both of my hands. My left one has been in my pants since you asked me what I was wearing. I’m so wet Mulder, all for you. I had secretly been hoping you’d call. I can’t even count how many times I’ve used our phone conversations to get myself off. Never on the phone before, but I keep the deep timbre of your voice fresh in my mind so I can play after the call is over.” Mulder groaned and involuntarily bucked into his hand, unbelievably turned on by the newfound knowledge that she was touching herself before he had been and that they both used these weekend calls as masturbation material. They were really two sides of the same coin.

“My left hand is dancing between playing with my clit and plunging into myself. I’m imagining its your cock buried inside of me, but my fingers can’t do the fantasy justice.” Mulder’s eyes almost rolled into the back of his head, and he had to release his hand so he didn’t cum on the spot from her words. “My right hand is playing with my nipples, going between both, giving equal attention. Everytime you groan like that my back practically arches off the bed. Fuck, Mulder, next time it better be you getting me off in person.” If Scully ever wanted to leave the FBI she could easily move careers into becoming a sex line operator, because *fuck*, this was the single hottest, most erotic moment of his entire life.

“I don’t think you’ll be met with any objections, Scully.” He could hear her whimpering and panting and he knew he wouldn’t be able to last much longer. “Scully, I want to hear you cum for me.”

“Keep talking, and I want to hear you too,” she prodded breathlessly.

“I want to be inside you so badly, Scully. You have no idea. I think about you constantly. Do you have any idea the effect you have on me? You can get me hard from just a glance.” He could hear her breathing becoming more erratic and he knew she was close, he wasn’t too far behind himself.

“Mulder, you’re so fucking sexy. Do you know how many times I’ve watched you play with sunflower seeds, wishing for you to use that tongue on me instead? God, I want to feel you pounding into me.”

He knew he was panting now and his cock was aching for release, “Scully, I’m going to use my tongue everywhere on your body. Fuck, I love you so much. I’ve never been as turned on in my life and it’s all because of you-” He stopped when he heard her orgasm start.

“*Mulder! Fuck-IloveyouIloveyouIloveyou, oh my god.*” She was screaming out his name and that was the last straw, he came in a hot spurt repeating the same sentiments back to her. He was worried he almost blacked out for a second from absolute ecstasy and pleasure. He could see stars.

They both stayed on the phone, recovering from the bliss. The only sounds for a moment were the sounds of their pants. She was the first to speak up, “Wow.” He knew she was smiling without even seeing her face.

“Wow indeed,” he replied with a goofy grin of his own.

“I meant everything I said.”

“Me too.”

“I’m glad.” This wasn’t how he imagined this would happen, but it was perfect.

“So when you inevitably reach for the phone tomorrow to make your weekly Sunday call. I think it would be best if you just came over instead,” the remnants of seduction still lingered in her voice.

He didn’t need to be told twice.
I liked that one a lot and I hope you did too! As you all know, I am a slut for feedback and am eternally grateful for it. If you haven’t checked them out already, I have the story *Word of Love* on my page, and even though it’s not smutty, I think you’ll like it! If you want more smut, I do have another story called *Forgotten Inhibition* on my page. Shameless plugs lol. Thank you! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Fantasy

Chapter Summary

Scully has a habit of fantasizing about Mulder

Author’s Notes: Hello! Happy “The X-Files are back on again” week! I hope you’re as excited as I am! Sorry for the delay, my phone was temporarily broken and I thought I had lost all my fanfic ideas, hence, I died. But alas, everything is fine and I am back! Enjoy!

Fantasy: (noun) the power or process of creating especially unrealistic or improbable mental images in response to psychological need.

To say she occasionally was distracted by Mulder would be an understatement. It would be more accurate to say she spent just as much time fantasizing about him as she did solving cases, whether it be in the comfort of her own home or right in front of him.

It’s not like she meant to. Just sometimes he would flirt a little too much, stand a little too close, smile a little too charmingly. Just because she was professional didn’t mean she was oblivious. In fact, quite the opposite. If Scully had a dollar for minute she spent staring at a casefile, pretending to be engrossed when she was really thinking about fucking Mulder, she would have enough money to pay for the batteries her vibrator was always draining.

Today was no exception. They had just returned from a meeting with Skinner. Everything had been going as usual until her heel slipped into the crevice between the elevator and the floor, sending her quickly tumbling forward. Mulder, with his usual reflexes, grabbed her and pulled her to her feet. However, in his haste, he accidentally grabbed her left breast and, instead of righting herself on her feet, she fell flush onto his hard body. His hands stayed a moment, making sure she was stable, before releasing her in embarrassment. With a shy chuckle he stated, “Sorry, Scully. I didn’t mean to cop a feel, I just wanted to help.”

A little too quickly, she replied, “N-no. You’re fine. Thank you.” She smoothed out her skirt before walking to their office and sitting at her desk. She spent the next thirty minutes replaying how his hands felt on her and imagining what they would feel like on the more aching part of her body.

In the middle of her trance, she must’ve stopped pretending to focus on the file in front of her, because she was pulled out by the sound of Mulder’s voice. “Scully? Earth to Scully?” She sat up straighter with a start and looked over at him, a knowing smirk topping off his look of amusement.

“Yes, Mulder? What do you need?” She asked, clearing her throat.

“I don’t know, you tell me. You’ve been staring at me for the past fifteen minutes.” The lilt in his voice was enough for her to know he had little doubts where her mind had been wandering. He did that on occasion; catch her in the middle of unpartnerly thoughts. He never really did anything more than tease her though.

She closed the file and made her way to the cabinet to put it away, ignoring the burning feeling his eyes were leaving on her body as she passed him. “Sorry, I was distracted.” The case file was for a crime involving spontaneous combustion. S, s, fuck where is s? She knew she was fumbling a little
because, she didn’t even have to look to know, he had swiveled his chair to watch her.

Running her fingers over the tabs, she heard him get up and felt him stand right behind her.
“Distracted by what, Scully?” he teased. *Asshole.*

She was trying to pretend to be focused, but failing miserably, the heat pooling between her legs growing more intense as he rested his arms on either side of the cabinets by her head, effectively cocooning her. “It was just a weird case, that’s all.” It sounded weak and she knew it.

She found the appropriate place and let the folder slip down, closing the drawer as he moved his body just a fraction closer to hers. She could feel his body heat against her back, along with something else. He moved his mouth close to the hollow of her neck and she felt herself inadvertently loll her head to the side to give him more access, earning a soft chuckle from Mulder. “Are you sure that’s why?”

She opened her mouth to respond, but her voice caught in her throat as he pressed a wet kiss to the crook of her exposed neck, then the side of her neck, before settling on nibbling her jawbone with expert precision. Releasing his mouth’s grip, he whispered into her ear, “I was under the impression you were thinking about this.”

With a surprising agility, he grabbed her by the shoulder and spun her around before pinning her against the cabinets with a searing kiss. Scully had been so aroused before that just the sensation of his lips on hers caused her to moan into his mouth and press herself against his body. His arms were still firmly caging her in, so he was using his mouth and a firm leg in between her own to keep her in place. Not that she was trying to get away.

Mulder’s tongue was silken against her own, he was exploring her mouth like it had always belonged to him and it melted her like putty. She was so distracted by the kiss that she hadn’t noticed he moved his hands down to her thighs until he was hoisted her up, wrapping her thighs around his hips as he now pinned her to the cabinets with his, equally excited, pelvis. The sensation of heat against heat caused him to break the kiss, inhaling deeply between clenched teeth, “*fuck.*”

She knew she would have bruises tomorrow, the handles of the cabinet were digging into the flesh of her back, but in this moment she honestly didn’t give a shit about anything that wasn’t Mulder.

“I was right wasn’t I?” He smiled, one hand remaining on her thigh, the other entangling in the hair on the side of her head, pressing his palm to her scalp.

In the haze of pleasure, she had no idea what he was talking about. “Huh?”

“This is what you want.” To add emphasis, he ground his erection into her center causing a gasp to slip out of her mouth.

She saw pure desire in his eyes, and she was sure it was reflected in her own. She nodded shyly and he leaned in to kiss her before cruelty stopping just a hair’s breadth away. “Say it,” the breath of his words created a sensual sensation against the wetness of their mixed saliva on her lips.

Her sense of resilience had been dampened by her arousal, so without a moment’s hesitation she purred onto his lips, “Yes. This is what I want.” As soon as the words left her mouth, his lips were invading her again. Her lips, her neck, anything skin he could see was marked by his mouth.

Unexpectedly, he lifted her up again so her weight was resting against his hips. He moved a little, released one of his arms and dramatically swept everything off his desk, instead adorning the surface with her body ceremoniously. For this whole process he hadn’t relented his exploration. When she
was firmly on the desk, he backed up and in a lust-riddled voice, croaked, “Don’t move.”

She did what she was told and watched as he quickly went to the door and locked it. She was filled with a rush of adrenaline at how bold they had just been. If anyone had barged in, not that anyone ever did, there would have been no explanation. The realization dawned on her in that moment; Mulder was about to fuck her in their office during the work day. It was an unbelievable turn on.

Mulder’s thoughts must have been similar because there was a cocky smirk gracing his lips, but it was overshadowed by the predatory gleam in his eyes. Scully hadn’t move a muscle since he left, and she was still sitting on the desk, legs bent over the sides, sitting up right, when he came over and stood between her legs.

He placed one hand on her knee, moving it upward so that he was bunching her skirt around her waist. The other hand came up and rested gently on the side of her face, watching with the extreme fascination that he wore so well when observing something he considered unbelievable. Like his painfully aroused partner waiting for him wanton on his desk.

The pad of his thumb drew slow circles on her cheek before moving down to her lips, playing with moving them and parting them. She decided to be a little bolder and darted her tongue out to lick the saltiness of his thumb before bringing it into her mouth, hollowing her cheeks from the suction, all while maintaining eye contact with him through her lashes.

“Holy shit, Scully.” He moaned, throwing his head back. She smiled and released his finger, placing a gentle kiss to the palm of his hand.

Mulder looked back at her with a sly smile on his face before kissing her again, this time moving his hands to shed her jacket off, followed by his own. “Lay down on your back,” he commanded. She didn’t need to be told twice and she was rewarded with him leaning over her, raising his hands to start unbuttoning her shirt with painstaking care. With every button undone, he would place a sloppy, wet kiss onto the newly exposed skin. Sometimes, he would return to his wet trail and blow air onto her, relishing in the goosebumps left in his wake.

When he got to her waist, he yanked the shirttail out of her skirt and finished the last few buttons before grabbing her to him and pulling her shirt off completely. With the new leverage, she undid his buttons in the same way, except, when she untucked his shirt, she undid the last few buttons, but then stroked the flat of her tongue on the exposed to of his pelvic muscles. She felt him nearly grab her head in pleasure, but he stopped himself and instead entangled his hand in her hair.

She placed a few more gentle kisses on his stomach before he pulled back. With a seductive grin, he undid the zipper and the side of her skirt, and with surprising dexterity, he lifted her up and pulled her skirt and tights down with one, strong hand. She kicked off her shoes as he took them off completely, and she was left in just her matching bra and underwear on his desk. He ravished her body with his eyes and she felt herself get wetter when she saw him lick his lips. A lion watching a lamb. Before he started to devour her, he quickly disrobed down to his boxers; Mulder was nothing if not fair.

“It’s funny,” he started, his voice booming after the silence in the room. “All those times I’ve fantasized about this, who would have thought you were sitting two feet away thinking of the same thing.” He undid the clasp of her bra and watched with unbridled fascination as her aching breasts were revealed. He wasted no time and his mouth greedily descended on her pointed nipples, taking turns dancing in between the two. Mulder always had a talent for multitasking, and while his mouth was committed to her chest, he snaked one hand down her abdomen, under the elastic of her underwear, parting her curls to reach her clit.
As soon as his fingers circled the nub she cried out and bucked against his hand, “Fuck! Mulder!”

He was staring at her as if she was the most captivating thing in the world and let out a breathy chuckle at her reaction before pressing his lips to her own in a hasty kiss. “Shhh. You wouldn’t want anyone to ruin the fun. Especially not right now. Would you?”

She bit her lip and shook her head and he resumed his ministrations. One hand was now kneading her breasts while the other was hard at work, two fingers were pumping in and out of her heat, curved to stroke her g-spot, while the pad of his thumb circled her clit. He was memorizing every facial expression she made as he was playing her like an instrument, learning what ministrations created the best reactions. Within a few minutes of this, she knew she was close. Placing one hand shakily on his own, she pleaded, “Mulder, I want you inside me when I cum. I want it to be with you.”

She was met with no resistance as he removed his hands, and they both shed their underwear in record speed. She had always known Mulder was well endowed, but seeing him standing at attention, knowing it was all for her, was beyond erotic. With a roughness he normally never used with her, he grabbed her hips and slid her closer to him on the desk. He used one hand to grab his cock and tease her entrance, “Scully, you’re so wet,” he moaned, he knew it was for him.

After he was coated in her juices, he took the final plunge, joining them in the pleasures of the flesh. She moaned loudly before biting her lip to muffle the sound as he pounded into her. He felt incredible, he was stretching her and her vaginal walls clenched around him, adding to the sinful friction they both craved. He knew she was close, so he wasn’t worried about prolonging this, there was plenty of time later. He thrust into her with reckless abandon and her breasts bounced with the force of impact.

She felt her orgasm building, and in a desperate effort to get him impossibly deeper, she wrapped her legs around him and he appreciated it just as much as her. “Shit, Scully,” he grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her head, leaning into her with his fully weight. “Scully, you’re so beautiful. I want to see you cum for me.” His words were enough for her, and with a blinding light, she felt her orgasm shudder over her like a wave. Arching her back off the desk, she cried out his name as he released into her, crying out hers.

She thought her orgasm was so intense it left a ringing in her ears until she realized it was the phone next to her. With a sign of frustration, she rolled onto her side, trying to ignore the pleasure still coursing through her veins as she picked up the phone. “Scully.”

“Hey Scully, you mentioned you were having problems with your car, did you want a ride to work?” Mulder’s voice asked through the speaker.

Rolling onto her back, feeling the slightly damp sheets of her bed and stickiness between her thighs, she responded, “Yeah, thank you. See you in a bit.”

She set the phone down and wiped a hand across her face in frustration. Maybe one of these days it will be more than a fantasy, but for now, she’d always have him in her dreams.

Thanks for reading! I love you all! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Chapter Summary

A swim in the hotel pool gets a little heated.

Author’s Note: Hello! Thank you to everyone who has reached out to me on here or on Tumblr, I love being a part of the X-Phile community. I adore you all! Hope you enjoy!

Glorious: (adjective) having a striking beauty or splendor that evokes feelings of delighted admiration.

It wasn’t that Mulder had an affinity for shady, run-down motel rooms; they simply traveled so much that if he got a nice hotel every time, they would get even more complaints about their expense reports than they already do. He knew Scully understood this, but it didn’t make it any better for her.

Last case, her room ended up flooding because of bad pipes, and almost all of her stuff got soaked. He couldn’t help but feel partially to blame, so he decided to surprise her and get a nice hotel for this case. Okay, it was just a Holiday Inn, but a major step up from no-name motels.

He didn’t know if Scully’s confusion when he turned into the parking lot was funny or sad, “Mulder, I thought we were going to call it a night before traveling more. Why are we here?” she sighed, taking in the blinding green light of the sign.

“This is our hotel,” he stated proudly. He glanced at her and saw the infamous Scully eyebrow of disbelief cocked up at him. “I’m serious! I felt bad that the last place had less than ideal accommodations, so I wanted to give us a treat for once.”

This must have been enough to satisfy her because she graced him with a wide smile that was so endearing it was contagious. “I thought were in an oddly good mood tonight,” she mused.

“Well a good mood is always paired with good company,” he teased with a wink.

The transition into the hotel was simple, he had called in advance, there were no issues, and he and Scully practically ran into their adjoining rooms, immediately opening the door to talk to each other.

“Mulder, it’s so white and clean,” she called from her room. He was sitting on his bed, scanning the television channels, as he listened to her pad around and investigate her room. “I don’t see any shady stains on the bed or walls!” He couldn’t help but smile at her childlike enthusiasm for this simple pleasure.

She suddenly popped her head into the room, holding the hotel’s pamphlet. “They even have a pool. Is that why you told me to bring a swimsuit?”

He had seen the hotel had a pool and, he didn’t know if it would be something she’d like, but if there was an opportunity for him to see Scully in a bathing suit, he was sure as hell going to try. “Yeah, I remember you said the motel pools were ‘an infection waiting to happen’. I didn’t know if you held hotel pools in the same regard or not.”

She stared at him with a slightly shy expression before asking, “Did you bring your swimsuit?” He
nodded in response, eliciting a grin from her. “Well then what are we waiting for?” She closed the door for privacy and she immediately ran to his bag, rummaging through to find his swim trunks. Usually he wore speedos, they were just better for treading the water, but he wasn’t an idiot. He was about to be in front of a scantily clad Scully, the last thing he needed was attention drawn to his groin with nowhere to hide.

He had seen Scully in various states of undress over the years, he even saw her in her underwear on their first case together. Hell, in Antarctica he saw her completely naked, with the exception of the slime. For some reason, this was different. In those cases there was usually some extenuating circumstance, usually involving fear or imminent death which pushed his admiration of her physique to the back of his mind. Now it was wholeheartedly of her own volition, and for the sole purpose of hanging out with him, while he was equally disrobed.

He was in that state of nervous excitement that he felt anytime he got to do something ‘off the clock’ with Scully. He was grateful he got to spent so much time with her at work and on the road, but when he was alone at his apartment on the nights or the weekend, his mind always wandered back to ‘what is Scully doing right now?’. They hung out more frequently outside of work within the past year, and he only hoped that it was because she genuinely wanted to spend time with him, not just to indulge him.

He had just finished putting on his outer space trunks and his sandals on when he heard a knock at the door. “I’m decent,” he called out over his shoulders as he grabbed a towel from the bathroom. He heard the adjoining door open and the sound of shoes making their way across the room and he tried to keep himself from whirling around to see what she was wearing. “Did you already grab a towel?”

“Yep, I’m ready when you are,” she responded. He emerged from the bathroom and glanced over at her. The anticipation, for him, would apparently continue, because Scully was using her robe as a cover. She, however, was doing a full sweep of his body with her eyes, lingering on the muscles on his abdomen, chest, and biceps. From the hitch of her eyebrow and the not-so-subtle upward curve of her lip, she wasn’t expecting what she saw, but she was appreciative nonetheless. He was never overly self-conscious about his body, but he’d be lying if he said her non-verbal admiration wasn’t a total confidence boost.

“Ready,” he teased, knowing she had been a little distracted. Her eyes quickly darted up to meet his and, with a smile, she started towards the door. She was putting on an air that she hadn’t just leered at him, but the blush dusting her cheeks was evidence enough.

He walked behind her as they made their way down the hallway towards the pool, and the whole time he was just watching the way the silk of the robe moved against her skin. He didn’t think she was wearing a one piece, there were too many disruptions in the expanse of silk for that to be the case. He could see a string tied at the base of her neck peeking out, and by the bulge in the middle of her back and the sides of her hips, he assumed it was a string bikini. He prayed it was a string bikini.

Scully took a quick sweep of the pool area through the window before turning back to him with a smirk, “Looks like we have the pool all to ourselves.” Perfect.

They went in to the warmly lit area, the reflections of the waves reflecting on the wall like dancing cave art. Scully chose a chair in the corner and set her stuff down before moving her hands to the sash of her robe, undoing it for Mulder. She had finished her swim and for all she knew, Mulder might not be ready to see her, so she decided to take the matter into her own hands. Mulder didn’t believe in god, but he found himself thanking the man when Scully unveiled the fact
she had chosen to wear an extremely revealing string bikini. It was black with a floral pattern, the top was just two triangles covering her modest, but ample breasts, the two triangles were just connected by thin strings that went around her neck and her back. Her bottoms, however, were a bit more revealing, in the face he could see the sides of her ass. *God did she have a great ass.* The material, like the top, was just connected by strings tied at her hip bones. He knew Scully was strong, but now he could fully appreciate the curvatures of muscles beneath her porcelain skin. She looked like a statue of Athena in the flesh, she was glorious.

As if she could feel his eyes on her, she looked at him with a, slightly shy, but coquettish smirk. “I’m glad this is how it panned out. This is the only swimsuit I have and I didn’t want to wear it out in public.” But she was fine wearing it in front of him. As she said this she delicately tried to pull down the fabric on her ass, but to no avail, there was no way she was going to be fully covered.

“You look great. I think you should wear it out more often,” he joked.

Her eyes narrowed in amusement as she chuckled, “Oh yeah, I’m sure you do. I like your swim trunks, they really fit you.”

She cocked her head to the side a little bit, focusing her attention to his neck. He reached a hand up to see if he nicked himself shaving, but he felt nothing. “Do I have something on me?”

She took a few steps closer still scrutinizing the spot. He didn’t realize she was playing with him until it was too late. “Nope!” As she chirped that, she raised her hands, and with all her weight, pushed him in the chest, sending him reeling backwards. He saw the grin of triumph spread across her face, but it was a little too premature. As soon as he realized he was falling into the pool, he reached out and grabbed her wrist, yanking her down with him, making her squeal in shock and amusement. He felt her body fall into his at the same time his back broke the water.

He felt her arms and legs disentangle as she swam away from him, to the surface and he did the same, his head emerging out of the water immediately to be greeted with the melody of Scully’s laugh echoing in the room and he joined her in harmony.

After a moment, he noticed her hands were treading around her and her feet were moving rhythmically under the water, and the humor of the situation continued to grow. Trying to keep the laughter out of his voice, and failing miserably, he asked, “Scully, can you not reach the bottom of the pool?” His feet were currently planted on the bottom of the pool and his shoulders were out of the water.

Rolling her eyes in amusement, she quipped, “Sure I can.” She stopped her movements, allowing her to gracefully sink down so her feet hit the bottom of the pool, her head was fully craned back and only her face was out of the water. “See, I can touch,” she laughed, speaking a little louder than normal since her ears were submerged.

Taking advantage of being out of her eyeline, he stealthily waded closer to her, reached out his hands, and ran his fingers down the sides of her waist, tickling the smooth skin. She was shocked at his touch and jumped, a joyous yelp escaping from her mouth. “Mulder, that tickles!”

She started wading again and made attempts to splash water in his face, he easily grabbed one of her wrists while trying to clear the water out of his eyes. She took advantage of his temporary blindness and propelled herself, using his hold on her as leverage, and put her other hand on his shoulder, trying to push him under. They were both heartily laughing and the futility because, even though she was pressing down on him as hard as she could, he was standing firm as a rock.

Speaking of firm, while he didn’t want to stop the rare moment of unabashed fun they were having,
all he could focus on was Scully’s wet, gyrating body moving all over his own. Her hand was on his shoulder and her breasts were pressed firmly against his chest and shoulder, while at the same time, her flitting feet were moving against his upper thigh, tantalizingly close to his growing hard on.

In an attempt to keep her from finding out, he grabbed her by the middle and pressed her firmly against him so she couldn’t move. He then quickly took strides to go to the shallower end of the pool. She was giggling and trying to get out of his grasp, but she couldn’t get a good enough hold to escape. After a few moments, he reached down and scooped her up bridal style before heaving her into the water.

He watched in amusement as she swam back to the surface and wiped her eyes free of water, glaring at him with mirth. “That’s not fair.”

“Sorry shorty,” he chuckled.

Scully went to speak, but a gasp came out of her mouth instead. “Mulder, look!” He turned to look at what she was referring to and saw she was pointing to a small hot tub in the corner of the room.

He turned to her and raised an eyebrow as an offer and within seconds they were swimming out of the pool and walking to the hot tub. Mulder settled into the hot tub and watched as Scully made her way to the wall nearby. “Scully, what are you doing?” She turned to look at him and answered by flipping a switch, immediately activating all the jets around him.

As she made her way to the tub, he really took note how little space there was in the circular tub. He was sitting on a ledge and his knees were practically touching the other side but the jets were hiding that, so Scully leaned down into the pool and inadvertently straddled him. The shock of the skin to skin contact and the slickness of the surfaces made her inadvertently slip onto him. He immediately reached down and grabbed her hips to steady her and her hands grabbed his shoulders to do the same. Her wet chest was, yet again, in his face and he knew she had to feel his erection pressing into her thigh.

She looked at him with shy interest, “Sorry for falling on you,” she said almost breathlessly.

“I can guarantee you, without a shadow of a doubt, I don’t mind,” he implored with a smile. With how close they were, he could see a flush spread across her cheeks and her chest and he found it to be an incredible turn on. She hadn’t made an attempt to move, so he shifted his hands a little lower so that his hands were resting on the area of her hips where the little bows were tied. He tentatively played with the strings between his fingers, not in an attempt to undo them, but just enjoying the suggestive nature of the action. “You look incredible in this. Did I mention that?” he murmured, watching a shy smirk spread across her lips.

She shifted her hands so instead of resting on his shoulders, they were playing with where his hairline on the back of his neck. Scully was having a hard time meeting his gaze, but when she did, her eyes held a wanton promiscuity. “You did, but it’s always nice to hear.”

He lifted one hand from out of the water and caressed the side of her face, playing with the smooth skin of her cheek. “You are so beautiful.” There was an electricity in the air, it wasn’t uncomfortable, it wasn’t awkward, it was exhilarating. His eyes darted from her face down to her lips, but before he could make a move, she pressed her mouth to his in a searing kiss. His hand moved from her cheek to the back of her head, pressing firmly into the kiss.

In the heat of their dueling tongues, Scully shifted so that her center was pressed directly onto his erection, causing them both to moan into the other’s mouth. She wrapped her arms fully around his head and ground her hips sinfully into his own. There was something extremely exotic about being
encapsulated in the water, jets flowing everywhere around them, that heightened their arousal.

They pulled apart with a string of saliva connecting their lips in a perpetual kiss, and she quickly started sucking on the curve of his shoulder and neck. She had a skill with her tongue that he had never anticipated. He would have never imagined the suction to his neck would be so hot. He disentangled his hands from her hair and moved to grab handfuls of her ass, groping her and pressing her against him. He felt her moan vibrate against the sensitive skin of his neck.

He nudged her a little bit and she released her mouth’s grip. With the new exposure, he bent his head down and placed a kiss directly to her breast bone, the delicate skin of her breasts grazing his cheeks.

He had just grabbed the string tied around her neck when a sound jolted him out of his reverie, “The pool closed at midnight.”

They both practically leapt out of each other’s grasp, Scully’s hands making sure her swimsuit top was covering her, Mulder’s hands covering his crotch. They both stared at the poor teenage employee trying not to make eye contact with them. Scully was the first to speak up, “We’re so sorry, we’ll get out right now.”

The teen accepted her words and quickly turned to leave, not wanting to be in the awkwardness any longer. As soon as the door closed, they made eye contact and burst out into laughter. They got out and grabbed their stuff, but before they left the room, Scully turned to him and with a playful smile said, “Well, we have to take a shower to get the chlorine out of our hair. You’re more than welcome to join me, if you want.”

He didn’t need to be asked twice.

I hope you liked it! I’m sorry if it’s not the best. I’m not the most accurate judge right now because I’m drunk, lol. Have a great weekend! -Nicole (tumblr: gaycrouton)
Chapter Summary

"If you really need a stress reliever, let me be your vice instead."

Author’s Note: Hello everyone! I hope life is treating you well. I should really be writing my midterms, but instead I’m writing smut, lol. I wanted to try writing them with a different than usual dynamic, it has a bit more of a dominant Mulder, so I hope you enjoy.

Horny: (adjective; slang) sexually aroused; provoking or intended to provoke sexual arousal; sexually eager or lustful.

She was ashamed of it, but Scully was a stress smoker. It was very, very, very rare that she would succumb to the temptation, the last time she did it was on the Detective White case a year or two ago. Ironically, she was stressed out about a similar issue to then. The memory of today’s events causing her to place the cigarette back to her lips and take a long drag. *Mulder was such a fucking flirt and he didn’t even seem to notice or care.*

Granted, she added to the situation. Their irritation with each other was like a dog chasing its own tail; Mulder hits on a woman in front of her, she gets hurt, she lashes out when she’s hurt, she won’t tell Mulder why, Mulder thinks she doesn’t trust him, Mulder seeks out someone who will talk to him without biting his head off, that someone usually tends to be the woman he initially flirted with, rinse and repeat.

Mulder always is kind to women, it’s one of his best traits, but what could she say? She’s a modern day women with plenty of insecurities, and she’d seen the women of Mulder’s past. Long legged, brunette, busty. They were all a far cry from her. She was short, had bright red hair, her breasts pretty much grew once during puberty and then stopped, and she always was turning down his ideas. Whenever they got to a case, like this one in particular, where they are met with a cute, young, beautiful woman who just seems to think the world of every word that comes out of Mulder’s mouth, she gets jealous. She knew she was being ridiculous. He didn’t treat the woman any differently than any other woman they came into contact with, but her insecurities got the best of her and she snapped at him all day.

She wasn’t the only one to blame though. He was plenty rude back to her throughout the day. Of course, he was probably doing it as a defense mechanism like she was. She knew Mulder thought highly of her opinion of him, and getting mad at him for, seemingly, no reason probably really hurt his feelings. However, no matter how petty she had been, there was absolutely no excuse for him to pull rank on her, especially when he knew that was a touchy spot for her. They prided themselves on being equal, a team, reiterating his seniority made her feel like that was something he always thought about. Their last conversation earlier tonight rang heavy in her ears.

“*Why are we even here? To look for a few missing cows or so you can leer at young, pretty police officers?*” She almost regretted being so blunt when she saw the look of hurt flit across his face before quickly being replaced with indignation.

“*We’re here because I’m the senior officer and I chose this case, and as the junior agent you do as I*
“Looks like we both overestimated each other.” She didn’t even look to see his reaction before storming into her room and slamming the door.

She let out a long puff of smoke remorsefully. Slamming doors? What was she twelve again? Shorty after their fight, she heard Mulder slam his door shut and take off in their rental car. Yet again, abandoning her. Not having anything to do, she went to the vending machine and saw, next to it, they had one of those old fashioned cigarette machines that you usually only saw at bars. Without a fleeting thought, she got a pack of green Morley's and went to sit on the cheap patio furniture outside of her room.

She was on her second cigarette now, and feeling more shame than anger at this point. Just because she had a childish crush on Mulder didn’t mean she should force him to live by her expectations of him. He was a grown man, and he didn’t treat her any different than the other women. She needed to get over herself and move on and let him live his life. She came to the decision that she would apologize to him when he came back. However, she hadn’t seen him arrive a moment earlier, too lost in contemplation, and as soon as she announced himself, her tranquil state vanished.

She felt him before she heard his voice. She had been sitting cross legged in a patio chair in a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, one hand resting on her knee while the other was poised to her lips, taking in a long drag. Out of nowhere, Mulder’s hand forcefully ripped the cigarette out of her hand and waved it in her face, “What the fuck, Scully? I thought you were smarter than this.”

Instantaneously, all her fury came back in full force. He was currently bent at the waist so that his face, expectantly waiting for an answer, was right in front of her own. She knew it was rude, but in the moment she just wanted him out of her personal space. She opened her lips, as if to answer, looking him dead in the eye, before pressing her mouth into a little ‘o’ and blowing the last stream of smoke right onto his lips. He coughed a little bit, wafting the smoke away as she stood up to get more leverage. “What do you care?” After the question left her lips, she turned and opened the door to her room, not expecting to get a reply. As she turned to close the door, Mulder’s hand slammed onto the other side, keeping it open and allowing his body to slide inside before shutting it himself.

“What do I care? You’re my partner, Scully, whether you like it or not. You just had a cancer scare, and yet, here you are smoking. What, brain not good enough? Wanna try lungs this time? You’re a doctor Scully.” She was glaring at him openly and he knew he was treading on thin ice.

“I know that, Mulder. I also know occasionally smoking one or two cigarettes to alleviate stress won’t give me lung cancer. You’re not a doctor, so don’t go around giving half-assed diagnoses,” she spat back at him. The tension in the room was practically crackling from the charge.

“Do you care to share what exactly has you so stressed out, Scully? You’ve been in a piss poor mood all day, but have refused to explain why. I can’t read your mind.”

“You haven’t been listening to me all day! I tell you my opinions, but since they don’t align with yours, you instead turn to the biggest pair of tits staring at you with the widest eyes and seek validation there instead.”

He was silent for a few moments, his eyes flitting across her face as if he was reading a new book, before taking a few steps closer to her. Advancing with an amused, predatory gleam in his eye.
“Scully, are you jealous?”

She felt her face flame up in embarrassment and she jutted her chin out in an attempt to seem unfazed. “In your dreams, Mulder,” she spat, her voice shaking a little bit at his ever nearing proximity.

He was about a foot away from her when he stopped, lowering his voice, though she couldn’t tell if it was intentional or not, “Most definitely.” His casual admittance made her heart skip a little, but she would be damned to let him know that. “But that doesn’t answer my question.”

“There’s nothing for me to be jealous of. She fits your type, it’s perfectly natural you’d pay attention to her.” That sounded weak and she knew it. She felt like an animal being backed into a trap.

His eyebrow quirked up in curiosity and, even though his feet were firmly planted, she still felt like he was continuing to get closer. “My type? Scully, please enlighten me. I didn’t know I had a type.”

Keeping her voice even, not letting her nerves betray her, she stated, “Brunette, tall, busty. Usually they seem to be smart, but love to inflate your ego. So to answer your question once more, no I’m not jealous. I’m not even your type, it would be ridiculous for me to get jealous.” She thought she was being convincing, but the gleam still hadn’t left Mulder’s eye.

He chuckled lightly, muttering “I can’t believe you have no idea,” before taking another step towards her, she instinctively took a step backwards and felt the back of her knees ram against the edge of the bed, sending her toppling down on the mattress so she was on her ass, looking up at him. She could feel her heart practically hammering in her chest in hopeful anticipation of what his next move was. He leaned down so he had a hand resting on either side of the bed next to her thighs, and he moved his mouth so it was right next to her ear.

She felt his soft breath move the hair near her ear as he built up the courage to say his next words. “Do you really think I don’t want you?” He nipped at the delicate skin of her earlobe and she inhaled a quick, shaky breath, earning a chuckle from Mulder that tickled the sensitive flesh of her neck. “I couldn’t look at someone else even if I wanted to, all I ever see is you.” He placed a few kisses down her neck from under her ear to where her should began. He stopped his ministrations, much to her distress, and pulled back so they were face to face again. “I want you to tell me why you were smoking.”

The voice that came out of her mouth sounded foreign to her, a desperate want tinging the words in a way that only her bedroom walls had heard before, “I-I told you. I was stressed. I smoke when I’m really stressed. It’s very rare.” She could barely focus on the words she was saying as Mulder was slowly, tantalizingly, nudging her legs apart with his knees, making it so that he was poised between her spread thighs.

“Be honest, why were you stressed?” He asked, acting like this was a situation they found themselves in all the time. Her eyes darted up to his and as she opened her mouth to speak he cut her off with another, “Be. Honest.”

“I was jealous about the way you were paying attention to that officer,” she whispered, her arousal taking the sting away from her pride.

His hands slowly crawled their way up the bed, inadvertently lowering her body down on the bed since she was caged underneath him, he stopped when her back was flush against the mattress. He moved one hand to move a tendril of hair away from her face, letting his knuckles linger against the soft skin of her face. “Scully, I don’t know what you thought I was thinking of back there, but all I could focus on all day was how hot you looked in your short little skirt.” To emphasize his point, his
other hand slowly made its way up her thigh, trailing against the smooth expanse before reaching the hem of her shorts. He slipped his hand underneath the edge, but instead of going up higher, like she desperately wanted him to, he let his hand linger there on her upper thigh, tracing small circles into the uncharted territory.

“You only wear that skirt when we’re going to be alone on a case for a long period of time. Too short for the office, but not for me.” He leaned down a bit more so she was forced to look at him, “Yeah, I noticed. You have no idea what it does to me.”

She was still spread eagle at the edge of the bed, Mulder’s body in between her thighs as his eyes raked over her body like an unexplored canvas. His eyes lingered an extra few moments on her chest, as if in disbelief that she wasn’t wearing a bra in front of him. Her nipples tightened under his gaze, peaking the fabric which made Mulder involuntarily lick his lips. She was so wet. But all she could do was stare up at him and wait for what he was going to say, or hopefully do, next. “I just want you to know, you will never have anything to be jealous of. Also, if you really need a stress reliever, let me be your vice instead.” To emphasize his point, he closed the distance between them and ground his erection into her eager arousal, causing her to arch her back into him and cry out.

“Do you feel how hard I am?” It took her a moment to realize he was actually asking her, she looked up and nodded, trying, and failing, to resist grinding against him. He smiled at her sexual anguish. “It’s all for you, it’s always for you.” Then, in a move of pure torment, he leaned away, taking away the sweet friction with him and she almost cried at the loss. Standing up, smile still on his face, he stated, “All I need is to hear you say this is what you want.”

She nodded vigorously and he asked her, “Use your words.”

“Mulder, I want you so bad, please,” she was genuinely begging right now, but she was too aroused to care. Her words made a coy smile break out on Mulder’s face and he resumed his position in between her legs. He leaned down over her once more, using one hand to cup her face while the other played with the hem of her shirt. He leaned down to kiss her, but when his lips ghosted against hers, instead, he whispered in a taunt, “Please what?”

She had no idea Mulder was such a fucking sexual sadist, but she needed him and was done playing around. She used one hand to grab the back of his neck and used the other to grab his rock hard erection. “I want you to fuck me right now,” she practically growled before crashing her lips into his. He practically melted into her touch, his mouth eagerly opening to mash with her tongue as his hips helplessly bucked into her grip.

She couldn’t have predicted it, but she was glad to see their talent as partners continued into this dynamic as well. They didn’t even need to communicate as they danced on the bed. They broke off the kiss at the same time, their lungs crying for oxygen, and immediately, Scully raised her arms so Mulder could yank off her shirt, immediately grabbing and fondling the newly exposed flesh. Somehow, he had rolled onto the bed and pulled her with him so she was straddling his lap, his erection almost painful against the flesh of her ass.

She moved to undo the buttons of his shirt, and while doing so, sinfully rocked her hips against him, causing him to grab her hips with unadulterated force, grinding her against him manually on top of her own ministrations. His mouth was practically agape with pure ecstasy as she finally rid him of his shirt. As soon as he was free, he pushed her down so she was on her back and he was taking off her short, grinning at her lack of underwear, before removing his own pants, with her help.

When he was free, she kneeled in between his legs, naked as the day she was born, and grabbed his rigid cock. She reached between her legs and scooped some of her own lubrication before spreading in up and down his length, wetting him from base to tip. “Fuck, Scully, that was the hottest thing I’ve
ever seen,” he panted. She sent him a coy smirk before flipping her hair to one side and leaning down so she could take him in her mouth. Before her lips even touched him, he placed his hands on her shoulders, lightly pushing her back. “Scully, I would come in an instant if you did that. I want to be inside you.”

She wasn’t about to argue with that. “Sit with your back against the headboard,” she commanded, switching their roles from earlier. He did as she asked and she swung her legs so his knees were on either side of his hips and she was perched on top of him. She cupped her fingers under her chin and let some saliva drop down, then moving her fingers to add some extra lubrication to Mulder’s throbbing head. Mulder moaned at the sight and squeezed the flesh of her ass where his hands were resting.

She placed her hands on the headboard for leverage, kissed him on the lips once more, and then slowly lowered herself onto his length. He was desperately gripping her hips to keep himself from bucking into her, letting her have time to adjust to his invading girth and length. She spent a few seconds resting on him after making her way all the down until they were pubic bone on pubic bone. Then, without giving him any warning, she started riding him like it was the last thing she’d ever do. Keeping a sweaty grip on the headboard, she bounced up and down on his length, undulating her hips, and grinding into his pubic bone. He was keeping pace with her as he thrust up and it was creating a sinful friction. Their moans were pretty much constant and melding together to become one.

Mulder, being the ever generous man he is, licked the pad of his thumb before resting his hand on her moving hips, circling her clit with his thumb. She had never felt such unabashed pleasure before and she knew she was close. “Please, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop.” The words tumbled out of her mouth almost like a religious chant and Mulder was more than willing to oblige.

“I want you to cum on me, Scully. I want you to look at me when you cum,” he commanded in a groan. She didn’t know if it was the ministrations, his words, or a combination of full stimulation overload, but the world ceased to exist around her. The only points of focus were her, Mulder, and the best orgasm of her whole damn life. She froze instantly on top of him and screamed his name on top of him. Her body was literally trembling with convulsions and it only made Mulder buck into her faster and harder, all inhibitions long forgotten in the haze of pleasure.

She was just coming down when he moaned out her name, violently grinding his pubic bone into hers, causing an unexpected second orgasm to rush through her veins. They looked into each other’s eyes as they both came. In this moment, she didn’t know where her body ended and Mulder’s began. His pleasure was hers and hers was his. It was pure bliss.

They collapsed onto the bed, her body resting spent on top of his, and they tried to catch their breath. The pleasure had knocked them both out, but not enough for them to overlook the new development in their relationship. He looked towards his chest and her peaceful face and wiped her sweaty hair from her face, placing a kiss to the top of her head.

She looked at him with a sated, sleepy smile, and teased, “Yeah—that’s a lot better than smoking.”

Please, please let me know how you felt! I really enjoyed writing this dynamic and I hope it wasn’t too OOC. I love you guys and you keep me going! Hope you have a wonderful rest of your day/night! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Author’s Note: Sorry for the delay! Midterms murdered me, but I’m back on spring break! Side note, episode nine was great, but it made me hate whispering. I was going to do Intimate for I, but I did that in Words of Love, and I had this idea and really wanted to write it. Also, this chapter is a little ridiculous, but hang with me. Hope you like it!

Impish: (adjective) inclined to do slightly naughty things for fun; mischievous.

Mulder knew he must have just heard wrong. All his life, nothing has ever gone his way, never in his wildest fantasies would something like this actually happen. He blinked a few times and tried to clean out his ears, trying to bring himself back to the reality he had apparently fallen out of. He was relieved when Scully leaned over and asked for clarification so he could hear what Skinner had truly said.

“Sir, I’m sorry, I must have misheard you. What did you say?” Scully’s voice was laced with trepidation.

Skinner ran his hand over his face with an exasperated sigh, looking more uncomfortable than Mulder had ever remembered seeing him. “You know I would never ask this from you unless it was serious. All the victims from this bar have been petite women in their thirties with red hair. You’re our best chance at catching him and I’m more than aware you can take care of yourself, and with the added benefit of Mulder’s constant need to insure your protection, nothing will happen. Aside from catching this guy.”

“I don’t have an issue with being used as bait. What type of bar did you say it was?” Skinner was visibly blushing now, this was a day of firsts.

“Um, imagine a strip club mixed with Hooters,” Skinner practically mumbled under his breath. Okay, so he hadn’t misheard. Scully was literally going to be dressed in practically nothing and his assignment was just to watch her.

“I am not stripping,” she stated sternly.

“No, no, we would never ask you to. You’ll just be… scantily clad. You won’t be revealing more than you would in a swimsuit,” Skinner insisted. It was like watching a man try to tame a dragon with a stick.

“I wear a one piece,” she deadpanned.

Skinner sighed for what felt like the hundredth time since they entered the office. He leaned up in his seat and looked at them with pleading eyes, “Listen. I understand this is uncomfortable and less than ideal, but you both have had experience dealing with VCU before and you’re the only person we have that fits the perps’ taste in women. All you’ll have to do is serve drinks, no lap dances or anything like that. Mulder will be the only one in the facility, to ease any embarrassment. Everyone
else will be stationed around the perimeter to catch this guy as soon as he tries anything. He usually lured the women out with kind words, before their murder there was never any form of assault. We just need you to lure him out of the cracks, have him invite you to go outside, and then we’ll apprehend him.”

Under normal circumstances, Mulder would absolutely reject this. He hated when Scully was used as bait, especially when she was put in a vulnerable situation, but as far as dangerous situations went, this was a relatively tame assignment. Not to mention, he would get to see Scully in lingerie.

Scully looked pensive for a moment before reluctantly nodding, “Okay.”

They were debriefed on the situation, given images of the man to study, and were dismissed with little more than an hour and a half to prepare. Before they got out the door, Skinner called out to them, “Agent Scully. Here’s the boroughs card. I don’t know if you already own anything to wear for this assignment, but it would be inappropriate to ask you to. Use that to but something new. You can keep it after, or destroy it, do whatever you want.” Skinner couldn’t even look at Scully as she took the card. He had always had an almost paternal mentorship with him and Scully and he could tell whole this was beyond uncomfortable for him.

When they got out of his office and into the hallway, finally alone, they let out a breath they both had been holding for the whole meeting. Mulder chuckled shyly and turned to get a better look at her. He was surprised to she looked more anxious than pissed. “Hey, are you sure you’re okay with this?” He asked, putting a hand on the small of her back as a gesture of comfort.

She looked up at him with a gentle grin, “Yeah, I’m just—” she faded off a little and averted her gaze, “-embarrassed,” she added, shrugging her shoulders.

“Hey,” he prodded, making her look at him, “You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You’re saving lives.” His words seemed to make her happy, based on the smile gracing her lips, but the light blush told him her embarrassment wouldn’t be shaken so easily.

They didn’t have much time, being the bar was a ways away, and they agreed to stick together and just be as efficient as possible. The first errand was getting Scully an outfit. He was just going to stop by Target, but she coyly told him that if she had to do this she was at least getting a good piece of lingerie out of it. Because he needed to know this outfit was going to be worn after tonight. He felt his pants tighten at the thought for what he figured to be the first time in what would be a very long and hard night. Literally.

They ended up stopping at the mall and going into Victoria Secret. She insisted she’d only be in there for ten minutes tops, and that he should just stick nearby so they could leave afterwards. He had to say, he’d definitely given this store more than a passing glance on the rare occasions he was in the mall, but he’d never been inside. It was so… pink. Only three steps in, they were greeted by an extremely eccentric woman. “Welcome! You’re our first couple in a while. Looking something for a special night?” she asked with a wink, painting both agent’s faces red.

“Wha-,” Scully started, but ended up getting distracted by the woman wrapping the tape around her chest. Mulder knew he probably should have looked away, but he was mesmerized by whatever unknown ritual was taking place before him. Also, in complete honesty, seeing Scully in another
woman’s embrace, her hands playing with Scully’s chest, was a fantasy of his manifesting in front of him.

“34B. Perfect! Now, what type of lingerie do you want?” The woman proclaimed. 34B, good to know.

“Um, I don’t want any indecent exposure,” Scully murmured. Her eyes kept flitting to Mulder and he decided to walk around and give her time to herself. He didn’t really know where to go in the store, he felt awkward being a lone man amongst women and their intimates, so he just kind of walked the parameter of the store. He had no idea all the different varieties of women’s underwear that were available. I wonder what Scully wears. It was like a test of endurance for him. Every time he saw a piece of lingerie, he had to force himself not to imagine what Scully would look like in it. It was a test he failed miserably at.

As he was walking around, he was distracted by a beautiful piece on display. It was a pure white one piece. The bra part looked opaque and strapless, but the bodice was see thru lace, with elegant floral embellishments. He walked around and saw the back was plunging, one thin strap of lace across the middle of the back was the only thing that seemed to keep the outfit on the mannequin. Scully would look absolutely angelic in it, and he knew this little outfit was going to be the centerpiece of many late night fantasies.

He almost jumped when he felt a finger tap on his shoulder, he turned around and saw Scully standing behind him holding a green silky thing. “I have to go try something on, then I’ll be ready,” she informed him. He nodded, trying to act casual, but he saw her look around him at the lingerie and then cock her eyebrow playfully at him. He rubbed a hand along the back of his neck in embarrassment and he continued pacing the store.

He settled on somewhere safe, the perfume section, and remained there until she walked up to him with a small bag in her hand. Now it was his turn to raise an eyebrow at her. “That’s an awfully small bag, Scully,” he teased suggestively.

“This is just my own bra and underwear,” she answered raising the bag. “I decided to keep the outfit on so I wouldn’t have to change at a seedy bar.” His eyes inadvertently scanned up and down her body, desperately trying to see how that silky green ensemble was hugging her under her clothes. She cleared her throat and he was met with an amused gaze, apparently he wasn’t discreet enough. “Let’s go before we’re late.”

Almost as soon as they got to the bar, they were separated and given explicit instructions. Scully left with another woman who worked at the bar, the only one who knew the FBI was staking them out, presumably so Scully could get a run down of how the place worked, as he was given instructions on how to interact with the perp. His name was Joe, he’d likely do anything to get close to Scully, and, the thing Mulder was most adamantly told by Skinner, he not allowed to heroically stop any flirting. He just had to sit back, make sure no one hurt Scully, inform them of the subjects location, and follow him and Scully when they left.

Before he knew it, it was time to go. He walked into the bar and was immediately greeted by an enthusiastic, black-lingerie clad hostess with a southern drawl, “Welcome to The Hoe Down, table fer one?” The Hoe Down? Oh my god, what an unfortunate name. Yeah, just one, thank you.

He followed her to a booth in the corner as he took in his surroundings. The walls were adorned with lassos, horns, saddles, there was even a mechanical bull, all the items were very raunchy hidden in the guise of southern decor. “Your server will be with ya in just a minute.”

He used this time to quickly survey the area. It was dimly lit with plenty of action going on. Some
areas had pole dancing, others had lap dances, other tables had men like him just sitting down and eating, one of those men being Joe. Mulder pretended to itch his face while pressing a button on his communication line, whispering, “Joe is in a corner booth eating, he’s currently watching a couple ride a mechanical bull together. That is not a euphemism.”

“Well howdy there partner, what can I do fer ya tonight?” He pulled his gaze around when he heard his Scully’s horrible attempt at a southern drawl. The teasing words he was preparing immediately died in his throat when he saw her.

_Holy fucking shit._

There was no green silk in sight. She was standing in front of him wearing the white lace ensemble she saw him ogling at the store. It looks beautiful on her, her skin looked like porcelain against the fabric and his eyes were immediately drawn to her perky chest, sitting snugly in the confines of the bra cups. His eyes raked down her body and was enamoured to see the outfit fit her better than he could have ever imagined. _Fuck._ She had also added a white garterbelt to the ensemble, complete with white thigh-high stockings and matching fuck-me pumps. He presumed she must have borrowed the shoes since he hadn’t seen her purchase any. He felt like the luckiest man alive.

He was pulled out of his admiration by the melodic sound of her laughter. “I-um. You look fantastic.” He didn’t know what to say, so he settled with honesty.

She smiled self-consciously and played with the corner of the bar. “Thank you.” As she was looked away, he took the moment to admire her makeup and hair, the latter was pulled back so it was half in a ponytail, half framing her face, accentuating her bangs. “Did ya get a chance to look at the menu?” she asked, slipping back into the fake southern drawl.

“What’s your favorite thing?” he teased.

She smirked at him and hummed in contemplation, leaning forward on the table so she could look at the menu, but it felt like she was just teasing him with the new vantage point she was giving him of her cleavage. “I think ya can never go wrong with a good burger,” she answered.

“Okay, I’ll take a burger, well done, and a sweet tea,” he responded.

Scully leaned back and took the menu, “Sure thing, sweetie.”

As she turned to leave, he called out, “Hey, what’s your name, by the way?”

She turned to look at him over her shoulder, and with a shiteating grin said, “Oh, I go by Foxy.”

There was a devilish gleam in her eye as she looked at him before walking away. He felt his heart hammer in his chest. The outfit, the name, she was playing him, and he was putty in her hands. He watched her walk away, captivated by the way her hips were swaying sinfully back and forth. _Did she always walk like that?_  

The outfit was attractive on the mannequin, but he hadn’t realized just how much of her would be exposed. Practically her whole back was bare, minus that thin line of lace keeping the bodice on her and the underwear part of it, which showed off a generous amount of her ass. From the way she checked back over her shoulder with a final wink before disappearing out of sight, she knew he’d appreciate the show. He had no idea Scully was so impish when she felt empowered. He’d need to keep that in mind. He loved this, they hadn’t said a single thing to each other to indicate this was anything more than an average stakeout, but they could both feel they were taking advantage of this opportunity to indulge themselves.
Realizing he still had a job to do, he glanced over at Joe the perp and saw he wasn’t the only one enjoying Scully’s new outfit. The next half hour was tame. Scully had about four tables she had to bounce between; his, Joe’s, and two other awestruck patrons. She spent the most time at his table.

On about the third round of getting his water filled, he asked her how she was feeling. “I’m good. The guy isn’t aggressive, just appreciative and very complimentary, just like another one of the guests,” she teased with a smirk.

He was about to respond something cheeky, but when he looked up at her, she looked like she had a literal halo of light around her form. He assumed his crush on her was just delusionally manifesting itself, but then she turned around with a hand to shield her eyes and he saw there was a spotlight on them.

Before he had a chance to ask, an announcer’s twangy voice rang through the speakers, “Hellooo Hoe Down customers. We would like to extend our warmest welcome to our newest waitress Miss Foxy!” There was an uproarious applause accompanied by wolf whistles as Scully looked around shyly. She turned to him and stuck out her tongue when she saw him joining in on the applause shrugging his shoulders in jovial self defense.

The intercom interrupted the applause, “In usual Hoe Down tradition, all new waitresses have to ride the bull!” At that, an additional spotlight was added to the mechanical bull in the middle of the bar. Her face was turned away from him, but he knew she’d be the pinnacle of shock, hell so was he. Never in his life did he think he’d see Scully ride a mechanical bull in lingerie, yet here he sat about to witness exactly that. He truly wished there was a way he could speak up and defend her from this, but there was no way to do that without blowing cover.

“It’s not just her, Foxy gets to choose one lucky man to come up and ride with her. If they break the record, Foxy gets all the tips for tonight and the gentleman gets his meal paid for! So, who is it gonna be Foxy?” All eyes turned to her and he saw her body tense. First, she didn’t want to do this and second, she sure as hell didn’t want one of these men touching her. This whole thing made him beyond uncomfortable, the thought of these seedy guys laying a finger on her scantily clad body made his stomach turn. Then she coyly turned to him, and without even looking at him, grabbed his hand and dragged him to the bull.

Oh. Holy fucking shit.

In his panic he didn’t even realize he was a contender. Now it was his turn to panic. He’d seen those couples riding earlier. There was so much touching, bumping, and gyrating. They all might as well have been fucking. This was going to be torture and beyond embarrassing. He already was a little stiff from seeing just her outfit, this was too much. When they got up there, a nearly naked woman was standing with a microphone. “What’s your name fella?”

He leaned down and muttered, “Moby,” trying to stifle a laugh when Scully immediately sniggered “dick.”

Then they both stopped when they saw the woman pull out a cin and flip it into the air, when it came back down, she flipped it onto the back of her hand and declared, “Heads!”

Scully was the first to ask for clarification, “Um, what does that mean?”

Apparently tails meant back to front, and head meant face to face. Fuck. Apparently the time to beat was a minute and six seconds, but Mulder had never ridden a bull so he had no idea if that’d be difficult or not. However, he had been aroused by Scully’s proximity before and he knew that sure as hell took less than a minute.
Mulder was told to get on first and he just swung a long leg up and over and jumped on with ease. Scully on the other hand was significantly shorter, so she and to step back a little bit, run and practically hurdle herself on. When her leg caught the top, he placed a hand on her thigh to steady her and help her up. She ended up straddling the bull so they were knee to knee, but that only lasted a second. “No, no, no, Foxy! You guys are too close to the edges, it’s best when your thighs are locked on top of his.”

*Jesus Christ. This was it. He was going to die tonight.*

“Thank you!” He could practically hear the malice hidden under her fake gratitude. She scooted closer to him, leaned back, and lifted up her legs, beckoning him to slip his thighs under hers. “Come ‘ere,” she cooed, ignoring the cheers she received from her lifted and spread legs.

He scooted forward and tried his hardest to ignore the newly exposed creamy white expanse of Scully’s inner thighs, and her most hidden part covered by only a thin garment. In all honesty, he never expected to be this close to a spread eagle Scully, beckoning him to get closer to her.

He slid his thighs under hers and tried to ignore the sensations he felt as she scooted just a bit closer, resting her thighs on his and wrapping her legs around him and interlocking them against the small of his back. Her hands were gripping the saddle under her shoulders so she was in a reclined position, but he didn’t know where to put his. She looked him dead in the eye, and in the sweetest voice possible said, “It’s alright, you can touch me.”

He settled on gripping her hips and he sweetly replied, “Thanks, but no matter what, please don’t hold anything you feel on this ride against me.” He wasn’t going to get through this without a hard on and figured he may as well address it now and alleviate embarrassment later.

She laughed at that, “*Well*, feel free to hold anything you feel against me.” He felt his face blush at her explicit innuendo before hearing the count down and the bull starting to move.

At first, it was just a bunch of turning with some slight rocking. There was still some space between their crotches, the major thing he was focused on at the moment was the way Scully’s chest was bouncing from the force. The white cups of the strapless bodice were trying their hardest to keep her ample chest at bay, but it was near explicit. With every toss and turn of the bull, his grip on her hips tightened, trying to keep her safe.

After a few gyrations, she noticed her chest was a few bounces away from being indecent, so she attempted to switch positions, grasping at his shoulders. Instead, the momentum from the movement sent her flying into his chest. Now she was sitting right on top of his crotch with her front pressed flush onto his own. She decided to stick with it, being it would keep her modesty in tact, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

He quickly flashbacked to Skinner’s words about not having to give a lap dance and he almost wanted to see his face if he knew what they were currently doing. He was honestly surprised this was even possibly allowed in public. This was beyond erotic. The harder the bull moved, the more their pubic bones ground into each other. He could tell if Scully was grinding into him harder on purpose, or if it was an attempt to shift her weight for balance. All he knew was that he was going to fully enjoy this moment, because it was going to be masturbation fuel for the rest of his life. He was positive, twenty years from now, he was going to be laying on his couch, cock in hand, thinking about how her lingerie clad center felt rubbing along his rock hard erection.

He didn’t know how long they had been on this machine thus far, but he definitely felt they had kicked it up to the next level. All the sudden the bull shifted haphazardly forward, throwing Scully on her back as he gripped the saddle underneath him to keep them on. They were now in a faux
missionary position and the bull was practically forcing him to thrust his tented pants into her spread center.

It was quiet under the roar of the crowd, but he heard it. A cross between a whimper and a moan escaped from Scully’s slack mouth and he felt her legs grip tighten around his hips in an attempt to keep him pressed to her. He presumed she was just enjoying making him squirm, he had no idea she was getting something out of this too.

A harsh flip backwards set them in a reversed position, with Mulder on his back and Scully sitting on top of him, gripping the underside of the saddle. He looked down and he got an eyeful of her cleavage pressed against his chest and her grinning, flushed face. She leaned closer to his neck and he could feel her erratic breath against his skin before she said in his ear, “I’m getting too close, let’s fall off.”

He didn’t fully know what she meant by too close, but he nodded and felt her let go. It sent them tumbling to the plush mat, and he made sure he cushioned her fall. He could see she was laughing, but he couldn’t hear it over the cheers. A booming voice said “New record! Two minutes and twelve seconds!” In that moment he felt a little ridiculous that they hadn’t conceded earlier, since Scully wasn’t going to get any money, and he wasn’t even actually paying for his food in the first place, but he wouldn’t trade that experience for the world.

They stood up and were met with pats on the back of congratulations. Mulder was hunched over awkwardly the whole time and quickly made his way back to the safety of his booth where he could let his erection become a little less painful. He watched as Scully blushed and took the praises in stride. After a few moments she was able to escape, but was intercepted by Joe at the bar. Mulder watched as he whispered into his ear and signaled she’d be right back. She walked to the back room, presumably to get her stuff, and as she passed his booth she said, “Tell them we’re coming out.” Mulder nodded and pressed his mic to speak, informing the people outside of the plan. Scully emerged wearing a coat that covered her risque outfit, holding the bag of her own clothes in her other hand.

He discreetly got up and followed them out. As soon as he opened the door he saw the police cars apprehending the man as Scully stood off to the side, completely unbothered. He walked up to her and placed his hand on the small of her back, jumping a little at the still fresh sensations, and asked, “Everything go okay?”

She tilted her face up, but didn’t quite meet his gaze, “Yeah, they got him practically one foot out the door.” He nodded and she quickly added, “Skinner said we didn’t have to hang around after this part, so wanna leave?”

“Yeah, let’s blow this place.” They walked to his car and left without a word. They got maybe fifteen minutes into their drive when Scully spoke up, “Hey, can you pull over onto that gravel road, and go a bit further down it.”

He shot her a look, but didn’t ask. She had been silent for the ride and he was worried that she was embarrassed by what happened back there. Even though it wasn’t their fault, a proverbial line had definitely been crossed tonight. They teased and they were close, but he had no idea how uncomfortable this might have made her. He pulled maybe twenty feet into the gravel road, the trees blocking them from the highway and he stopped the car. He turned and saw she was taking off her seatbelt and he was sure she was about to get out of the car and throw up out of guilt. “Scully, I’m really sorry if I made you uncomfortable back there, I was out of line.”

She turned to him with hooded eyes and spat, “Fuck the line,” and threw herself over the console and planted her mouth firmly onto his. That’s it. This is the best night of his life. His hands
immediately entangled themselves in her hair in an attempt to press her closer to him. Her mouth was hot and wet against his own and he opened to her without any resistance. He was so distracted by the kiss that he didn’t notice her hand snake in between his legs until she cupped him hard in her hand, making him groan into her mouth and his hips buck into her grasp. She grinned against him and in a throaty whisper commanded, “Get out of the car.” He didn’t need to be asked twice.

By the time he got out of the car, she had threw off her coat, revealing she was still wearing the white garment. Looking at him with desire, she jumped up on the top of the trunk and splayed herself wantonly on the surface, motioning for him to join her. He eagerly walked in between her spread legs and into her waiting embrace. They wrapped their arms around each other, but before they resumed kissing she confessed, “I thought I could wait until we got to one of our apartments, but I want you so bad. I almost came on you while riding the bull.” Her words that she was too close finally made sense now, and he felt his cock twitch at the thought. He brought Scully to the brink of orgasm in a public place.

As he marveled at her words, she began working on him. Her mouth was suckling the erogenous zone of his neck and her hands were working on undoing his belt. When his mind started working, he helped her, getting off his belt and shoving his jeans down. She was looking at him with a predatory gleam in her eye and it made him involuntarily grind into the side of her knee. “How does that come off?” He asked pointing to the one piece.

“That’ll take to long, I want you inside me now,” her words came out like a plea and she moved the scrap of fabric on her crotch to the side, exposing her pink, swollen, and dripping lips. He swore his eyes rolled to the back of his head at the sight, and thank god he averted his gaze or else he could have easily cum on the spot.

“Fuck, Scully you’re so wet,” he moaned as she grabbed his cock from his boxers, gasping at the sensations of her soft, small hand against his dick.

“Here, have some, you made it happen after all,” she smiled, rubbing his length up and down her opening, coating him with her juices. He was still reeling from her words when she sank down onto him, sheathing him in her tight heat.

His hands quickly shot up to grab her hips, a place that was quickly becoming their home, as he started thrusting into her. He didn’t know if this was Scully’s true nature or if the night was influencing her, but the sexual poweress she had in this moment was mind blowing. While locking eyes with him, she reached down and yanked the top of her outfit down, exposing her breasts. It was almost a mirror image of what he saw before, only now he could see her beautiful rose bud nipples, and instead of riding a mechanical bull, she was riding him.

After recovering from the visual stimulation, he leaned down and captured a nipple in his mouth, grinning when she cried out his name. They were still thrusting against each other when he felt her hand sneak in between them and he felt the back of her hand moving frantically against his pubic bone. It took him a moment to realize she was playing with herself and he immediately drew back to get a better look. Nothing made him appreciate his eidetic memory more than this moment. The sight of his cock burying into her and her breast bouncing up and down as her hand expertly fingered her clit was the best thing he had ever seen.

“Fuck, Scully, you’re so hot. This is all I thought about all night. You’re unbelievably sexy,” he groaned as he rotated his dick inside her, aiming for her g-spot. He didn’t know if it was the new sensation, his words, or a combination, but she froze as her back arched violently as she cried out his name. Her walls clamped down on him with impossible strength and, within a few more thrusts, he came with her.
They both came down from their highs, as they leaned their sweaty bodies against each other, trying desperately to catch their breath. He felt her place gentle kisses to his chest and neck when his phone rang. Slipping out of her so he could bend down, he pulled his phone out of his jean pocket and returned to embracing her sated body. When he saw it was Skinner, he coughed and tried to clear his throat of the intense sexual satisfaction and mind numbing pleasure he just partook in, “Mulder.”

“Agent Mulder, would you care to explain who Moby and Foxy are and what the hell they were doing riding a bull?”

Lol, sorry this one was so long. I recently saw a mechanical bull for the first time and was inspired. Random note, Annabeth Gish (Monica Reyes) is from Iowa and is coming back soon, and I tweeted photos of me in front of a sign with her name on it and she responded to me, lol. So if you wanna see photos of me being a nerd, go to Annabeth Gish’s twitter. Anyways, let me know if you enjoyed this weird ass chapter! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Join

Chapter Summary

Scully indulges herself while doing a favor for Mulder.

Author’s Note: Hey everyone! I am so sorry for how long it took me to update, I don’t expect to have a gap that long again. I was bust with spring break, and then I had five exams in a row. But I am back and ready to write some smut! Also, THAT FUCKING FINALE!! I don’t think anyone wants a paragraph long author’s notes of my opinions regarding it, but oh my god! Anyway, hope you enjoy!

Join: (verb) to participate with (someone) in some act or activity.

To be honest, she couldn’t remember a single name of any of these damn fish, yet here she was on her Saturday feeding them. It wasn’t so much she was irritated that Mulder asked her to do this favor, she was more than willing to help, but what irritated her was the fact he took off on a weekend vacation without telling her where he was going. She knew she shouldn’t be reacting this way. It wasn’t like he was abandoning her during a case, this was his free time and he should do with it as he pleased. She just didn’t understand why he couldn’t tell her.

With a resigned sigh, she closed the lid to the tank and put the fish flakes back on the shelf when a picture frame caught her eye. She had never really had a chance to look at Mulder’s home adornments, but she was still surprised this had slipped passed her. On a shelf higher than the fish food, was a simple picture frame with an old picture of them together placed gently inside. It took her a minute to recognize where it was from before remembering that god awful Christmas party they had to attend a few years ago. They looked so young and innocent.

They had been sitting at their table and eating when the event photographer took their picture. Mulder awkwardly put a hand on her shoulder as she leaned in closer to him. She remembered Mulder had whispered a joke about the photographer’s tie in her ear, so in the photo she was practically grimacing trying to hold back laughter and Mulder had the world’s cockiest grin plastered on his face. It had been their first time hanging out together, if you could call it that, and they had been so nervous around each other like awkward teenagers. The photo encapsulated that and it was beyond endearing, but she had no idea how he had gotten ahold of it.

She was curious if he had any other relics laying about. She never got an opportunity to freely look at his apartment, so she was going to just to a general sweep of the apartment, not to snoop, nothing invasive, just a brief walk around. She had been to Mulder’s apartments many times before, most of them were work-related, but on occasion they hung out and watched a movie. Nothing more, much to her frustration.

His apartment was nice, it was always homey to her. She didn’t know if this comfort was necessarily from the apartment itself, or being immersed in Mulder’s world. Either way, there were parts of the apartment she knew like the back of her hand; the baseball paraphernalia, the books on UFOs, the stack of movies, but there was one area she was beyond curious about. The bedroom, or, what should be a bedroom. From what she’s gleaned over the years, Mulder always slept on his couch. Did he not have a bed, or did he just not use it? She practically ran down the hallway in anticipatory
glee.

Oh. He definitely had a bed. She was standing in the entryway of his bedroom in unbridled shock. Mulder’s bed was huge and it had a fucking mirror attached on top of it. The rest of the room was practically bare, it was evident that he didn’t come in here that often, but why would he invest in that type of bed if he wasn’t going to put it to use? Her lower belly tingled at the thought of her writhing underneath him, watching him thrust into her in the reflection of the mirror. Or would he want to lay on his back and watch her bounce up and down on top of him?

She realized she was being intrusive and decided it was probably time to leave, trying to ignore the unpartnerly thoughts invading her mind. She walked back down the hallway and walked in front of the couch to grab her purse. As she turned to leave, she stepped on something and it send her tripping to the ground. She landed on all fours with a thud and immediately saw she had tripped on the television remote laying haphazardly on the ground. All thoughts of pain subsided as the apartment filled with the sounds of moaning and heavy breathing.

Her head shot up in confusion only to realize a porno flick was playing loudly on Mulder’s television set. She must’ve accidentally turned it on with her foot and Mulder must have just left this tape in. She quickly scrambled to grab the remote and turn it off, or at least turn down the deafening volume, but something about it caught her eye and distracted her.

It must’ve been early in the video, because no one was fucking yet. What caught her eye was the female of the film, she was petite, with medium length red hair, and wearing a pantsuit. Odd, for a video, but startlingly familiar. The man was tall, probably a foot taller than she was, he had dark brown hair, and he was wearing a suit. It was already difficult to claim coincidence, the only way she could dismiss it was due to the fact she knew he had hundreds of these tapes, she was sure they all weren’t so evocative of familiarity. Coincidence was shot to hell when the woman coyly muttered, “We can’t do this, we’re at work,” as she bent over the desk. This was the last tape he had been watching. He was jacking off to practical pornographic body doubles of them fucking. Holy shit.

She didn’t know what possessed her, but her bag slid off her shoulder down to the floor, and she sat down on the familiar leather couch. She just couldn’t pull herself away from this trance. She had had countless fantasies of scenarios just like the one playing itself out on the screen, though it was always her and Mulder, and seeing it in the flesh, so to speak, was beyond arousing.

The redhead was on her back and the man was slowly easing her out of her clothes, sinfully playing with each piece of new skin revealed. Everywhere the man’s lips touched that woman all the sudden burned Scully’s skin. She was unbelievably hot and she felt the familiar dull ache spreading between her thighs. She tried squirming a little in her seat to alleviate the sensation, but that, along with the actions on the video, made it almost unbearable. She reclined onto the worn leather and snuck a shy hand under the elastic band of her thin running tights and ran an expert finger along her opening. She was so wet.

She had never really seen the appeal of these videos before now. She wasn’t a prude, she had watched porn before, but it never had the effect on her that this did. Maybe because it was never so easy to pretend it was Mulder and her on the screen. She was full on touching herself now, trying to time her ministrations to that of the faux Mulder on the screen. The redhead was fully naked on the desk now and he was on his knees in front of her eating her out. From the moans, it was obvious he was skilled, just like she knew Mulder would be.

If she had a dollar for every lewd thought she had after seeing his pink tongue dart out to lick his lips or play with a sunflower seed, she would be a rich woman. Mulder was nothing if not dedicatedly through, and she had no doubts this quality would extend to the bedroom.
Whether his tongue slowly circled around her clit or vigorously rubbed back and forth, her middle finger would mimic the action. Her hips were near bucking off the couch after a few minutes. The smell of him on the couch was so strong, she felt like she was encompassed by him from just sitting there. Speaking of which, the fact that she knew damn well Mulder had jacked off on this sofa doing exactly what she was doing right now was extremely arousing. She couldn’t help but imaging him reclined on the leather, engorged cock in hand, imagining thrusting into her. Him watching the redhead on the screen, imagining it was her bent over their little desk in the Hoover building calling out his name. Did he masturbate fantasizing about them and then come into work thinking about his fantasies? She did.

She was so aroused she was being involuntarily verbal. A little extra pressure made her gasp air desperately into her lungs, a vivid imagination of Mulder doing these things would elicit a hearty moan, when she plunged a finger into her tight heat a shaky voice mewled, “M-mulder.”

A hearty moan replied, “Fuck, Scully.”

Her eyes snapped open and she was immediately met with a zombie-like Mulder. She must’ve not heard him come in from a combination of her distracted state and the volume of the television. His eyes were glued to her trembling form, even from here she could see his eyes were dilated and hooded with lust. His mouth was lightly hanging open, fist tightly clenched at his sides, and he was sporting the world’s most intense hard on.

Embarrassment immediately flooded her body and she immediately retracted her hand from her pants, taken aback at how flushed her fingers were and the way they were glistening with moisture. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry, Mulder. I—”

“Don’t be sorry,” he commanded. She had never heard his voice resonate so deep in his chest.

“I thought you wouldn’t be back until tomorrow?”

“I was visiting my mom, a day was all I could handle,” he said it almost as if he was on autopilot, his eyes were raking over her body, trying to commit everything to memory.

She didn’t make an attempt to move as she stared at him, “How long have you been standing there?”

“Long enough to see you were enjoying this tape for the same reasons I do,” he mused as he walked towards her.

She felt herself get wetter under his gaze, she moved to respond but he interrupted her, “You are enjoying yourself, aren’t you?” She didn’t trust her voice so she just nodded, shyly meeting his eyes.

He glanced to the screen and saw that the man was still eating out the porno-Scully, he motioned to the screen with a grin as he kneeled in front of her parted knees. “This is my favorite part. Can I show you?”

The intention in the air was clear and she decided there was no reason to play coy, she smirked and watched his eyes dance with interest as she slid her tights down off her legs, throwing off her sandals in the process. He was clearly pleasantly surprised at her lack of underwear and shot her an appreciative glance before placing strong hands on her inner thighs, spreading her wider. She could smell her arousal like a perfume in the air. “God Scully, you’re so beautiful,” he murmured.

Her hips practically bucked off the couch when he pressed a firm kiss to her swollen clit. She was so on edge, the sensations of him were almost too much to bear. She started to lightly grind herself into his face and she felt his smile grow against her crotch at her enthusiasm. Mulder was always one to please and immediately started going down on her.
Her fantasies, through complimentary to him, had underestimated his skills. He placed a hand on her lower abdomen to anchor her down to the couch as his tongue danced between lapping its flat surface against her versus the pointed tip pressing against her aching bud. She couldn’t take her eyes off of him. The arm that wasn’t on her stomach was wrapped around her lower back, pressing her closer to him. The sight of him practically making out with her groin was tantalizing, his strong jaw was in constant movement, and his nose was tickling her red, trimmed pubic hair. She loved seeing the top of his dark hair between her legs, but she loved when his gaze would flit to her own to watch her. She didn’t think it could possibly compare, she was sweaty and flushed in just a tank top, desperately gripping the couch next to her. He must have been gauging her reaction, because when she moaned at a specific motion, he would repeat it.

“Ah! Mulder, please don’t stop!” she cried out after a few specifically powerful tongue flicks. She didn’t feel him move his had, but she definitely felt two fingers slip inside her and curve to her g-spot. “Fuck! Mulder, oh my god!”

She was cumming harder than she ever had before. Her body was practically convulsing and she felt like her soul ascended from her body. She ran a hand though his hair and lightly clenched her fist, desperate for contact. He rode out the orgasm as much as he could until she had to pull away from being overly sensitized. She laid bonelessly against the couch as he placed soft kisses along her hip bones and stomach.

Her hand was still entangled in his hair when she finally recovered from the power of her orgasm. She used it to her advantage and pulled Mulder’s head back and placed a fervent kiss to his lips which he was more than eager to reciprocate. She could taste herself on his lips and it drove her wild. His hands moved desperately to her sides to pull her closer, which inadvertently pulled her down to the floor so she was straddling him. Her tongue invaded his mouth greedily when she felt his erection was harder than ever and pressing into her thigh. Moving her lips to suck on his neck, she ground into his arousal with her center. She felt the denim of his jeans getting damp from her arousal seeping into the fabric. She could tell he was trying to hold back, but her grinding caused his hands to grab her hips and press himself intensely against her. He sucked in a breath and cried out, “Fuck, Scully!”

She was still kissing his throat when he said this and she looked up at him through her lashes and teased, “I would love to.” That was all she had to say before they immediately disrobed until they were just wearing eager smiles. As he took a few steps towards the couch, an idea struck her. “Mulder, I saw your bed had a mirror over it. Have you christened it yet?” She asked coyly.

“Whatever it is, I like it,” she wrapped her legs around him, and with force she didn’t know she had, she switched positions with him, throwing him onto his back.

She looked down at him as she saw him take in the vision on the mirror, her lithe form posed on top of his own, “Me too,” he whispered in admiration. She reached down in between them until she was
able to firmly grasp his cock, causing him to arch his back off the bed towards her. She moaned in response as she moved his tip over her slick folds before easing herself down on him. It felt like every molecule of her body was stimulated. She ground clit into his pubic bone until she was ready to start thrusting her body against his, and he joined her with his own thrusts immediately.

He sat up in bed, still moving inside her, so he could take an aching nipple in his mouth. She hadn’t realized how neglected her breasts were until he dedicated his attention to them, the pleasure was almost too much to handle. After a minute or two they fell forward, so Mulder was on his back again and she used to press another loving kiss to his lips. Their bodies were now moving frantically against each other and it made it nearly impossible for their mouths to stay together.

She wanted to see their reflection in the mirror again, so trying to utilize as much flexibility as she has, she reclined backwards so her torso was thrown back and she could place her hands on the bed beside his calves. This position allowed for a great view on the mirror and she could see Mulder appreciated that as well.

It was almost a sensory overload and she didn’t know what she wanted to focus on. Mulder’s face was pure rapture, his abs were more prominent than normal from thrusting into her, her breasts were bouncing sinfully from the shockwaves, but the best part was watching his erection slide in and out of her. The visual, the sensation of his body against her own, the waves of the waterbed making them feel immersed in each other, plus the audible sounds of their constant moaning made her gut tighten. She looked down at him and panted, “Mulder, I’m close.”

While looking at her, he licked the pad of his thumb and brought it to the apex of her thighs, circling her clit. She gasped loudly at the feeling and his movements became more frantic.

It only took a few seconds before a second orgasm ripped through her body, she cried out his name as she rocked herself against him, trying to prolong the orgasm as much as she could. She felt him lose control as he cried out her name and his thrusts became erratic. She collapsed against him and rolled off so that she could snuggle into his side.

It took a while for their breathing to return to normal, and they spent that recovery time placing gentle kisses to each others faces and gently caressing their exposed skin. She rolled on her back a little bit and met his smiling gaze in the mirror. She felt like she was in one of those fresco paintings with the naked angels embracing in the sky. Being entangled with a naked Mulder was something she had never expected to see in real life, but it was the most beautiful thing she had ever experienced. The bed got a lot more use after that.

Hope you enjoyed! Words of Love is totally finished and wrapped up, so feel free to take a gander if you haven’t! Also, I had an idea that I got even more confident because people requested it in the comments. I want to do a chapter involving Scully with a woman (I’m not gonna lie, 99% chance it will be Monica), but I was curious how people would like to see it play out. Would you rather it be: Mulder fantasizing about it, Scully talking to Mulder about her own fantasy regarding it, Scully mentioning she always wanted to and they have a threesome, or something else entirely? Since I wouldn’t want a ton of chapters dedicated to that topic, so I wanted to see what people would like. Also, it won’t be the next chapter because I already have a solid plan for the word I chose. Anyway, love you! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Kink

Chapter Summary

Nothing could ever beat a woman in scrubs.

Author’s Note: So my friend is going through the X-Files for the first time and she just started season nine and every time anything with William is brought up I DIE INSIDE. Season 11 tainted so many cute moments during the latter seasons and even some fanfics I’ve read. Well, c’est la vie. Also, please implement your suspension of disbelief with this one, I have no medical experience aside from watching television, so I don’t know how much of this is even remotely plausible. Hope you enjoy!

Kink: (noun) a person’s unusual sexual preference; unconventional sexual preferences, concepts, or fantasies.

Mulder didn’t want to say he was easily-excitable, that seemed to have a bad connotation, but he couldn’t deny that he got more erections throughout the day than he cared to admit. It was always because of her. When he was close enough to smell her perfume, when she bent over the desk, when she gave him a sly look, he just couldn’t help it. Scully was fucking hot.

There was one thing that aroused him more than anything though. He supposed it could be called a kink, he hadn’t thought of it that way until he realized it dominated his late night fantasies, he absolutely loved and lusted over Doctor Scully. It took every fiber of his being to keep his hands to himself when he saw her in scrubs. He had a love-hate relationship with getting injured; he loved getting the full Doctor Scully experience, but concealing his boners from her was a near impossible task. Which is why he didn’t know if he was in heaven or hell right now.

Of all the places on the human body, he just had to get cut on the upper thigh. They had been chasing a perp in the woods, per usual, but he tripped over a rock and fell down a hill, inadvertently getting a deep cut on his inner thigh from a jagged tree branch. He wanted to put some gauze on it and call it good, but Scully insisted that it needed stitches.

He went with her to the local Emergency Room and was rushed into an empty exam room, leaving Scully at the desk to fill out his form. They told him to strip down and put on the hospital gown before he was left alone. He was starting to feel a little woozy from the blood loss, and was resentfully grateful Scully convinced him to come. He folded all his clothes into a pile in the corner of the room, leaving his underwear on, and slipped on the gown. He had to move very gingerly because of the pain shooting through his leg, but he managed to get himself in a sitting position on the exam table.

Almost immediately after getting settled, there was a knock at the door. “Come in,” he called out. Holy mother of god. Scully had changed out of her business clothes and was adorned in navy blue scrubs. He didn’t know if it was the way scrubs always fit or the way these scrubs fit Scully in particular, but they were beyond flattering. “Nice ensemble,” he joked, trying to cover up his juvenile discomfort.

She rolled her eyes and started aligning utensils on a movable, metal table, easily deflecting any
flirtation he sent her way, per usual. “Thanks, I know how ornery you can be with doctors, so I insisted since I’m your listed physician that I would take care of you. However, they only had an extra small scrubs left so I look ridiculous.” As she said this, she tried to pull the clothes a little further from her body, but to no avail. The size made sense as to why the fabric was taut between her breasts, tantalizingly emphasizing them. The bottoms were equally as complementary to her ass.

She moved the table so that it was next to his leg, and he was immediately reminded of why he was really there, besides just to ogle Scully, and his leg pulsed tauntingly. Scully sat on a rolling stool and scooted over so she was at his knees, playing with a big syringe. “What are you planning on doing with that?” He instinctively moved to scoot away, but he froze when Scully lunged closer and put a hand on his upper thigh, on the other side of the injury.

“Don’t move, this will numb the area, a little pain right now will save you a lot in a few minutes,” she comforted him in a sweet, calm tone of voice that she rarely used on him in casual circumstances, but was a tone he heard a lot in his imagination at night while his cock was in his hand. Speaking of which, he was really starting to resent the flimsy hospital gown he was forced to wear and he was eternally grateful to himself for keeping on his boxers, not that it was helping very much. Scully was situated right in between his legs and was looking up at him with big, caring eyes, her hands perched on either thigh. It was painfully suggestive.

Shit.

He was so distracted by her that he didn’t notice her hand move to stick him with the syringe. She didn’t even take her eyes off him while she did it. He yelped and jumped a little bit, looking at the offending spot near the wound. When he glanced back at her, he saw she was putting the empty syringe back on the table and trying, failing miserably, to repress a cocky smirk. She moved back to her position between his legs and put her hands on either side of his thigh, avoiding the injury. With an intense focus, she started massaging the area, presumably to help spread the injection.

The pain quickly subsided and was overshadowed by pleasure. Her small, dexterous hands were working absolute magic on his thigh, much to his chagrin. Even though it was solely for medical purposes, this was the most sensual massage of his entire life and his body was reacting accordingly. He was trying to think of anything else, or even focus on anything else in the room, but he was constantly drawn back to Scully’s dedicated form in between his thighs. When her fingers inadvertently skimmed the hem of his boxers, he unintentionally jumped from the jolt that ran through his body. His teeth were clenched and his fists were grabbing the table in an attempt to not pop a boner this close to her face.

She noticed his movement and pulled her gaze away from her task, brow furrowing when she saw his state of distress. “I’m sorry, are you still in pain?”

He didn’t want her to misconstrue his perversion for irritation so he stumbled to comfort her. “N-no, that feels-it really helped. I’m just nervous for the stitches.”

She stood up from her position, but still remained in between his thighs, and grabbed one of his, much larger hands, into hers. “Mulder, I promise to be gentle, I’ll go as fast as I can and you won’t feel a thing.” Her eyes were focused on his, conveying nothing but affection and concern. He hoped his were reflecting appreciation instead of unrepentant lust.

He had always absolutely hated going to the doctor’s office and being fawned over by medical professionals, and now look at him. Then again, Scully’s specialty was changing his perspective. Maybe it was because she was so no-nonsense in all other situations in life, and that’s what makes this scenario so erotic for him. It’s not that he was implying she was callous to him otherwise, but Scully was so completely enraptured with making him feel better when he was sick or injured, it was as much flattering as it was endearing. She always teased him about having a big ego for attention, if
she had any idea getting this much attention and care solely from her got him off, she would never let him forget it.

Not to mention she made those scrubs more tantalizing than a Victoria Secret’s catalog. While she was getting ready to thread the needle, she reached up and put her hair in a tiny ponytail, making her breasts press even harder against the constricting fabric. He looked away, contrary to his body’s wishes, and waited for her to instruct him further.

He didn’t have to wait long. “Okay, so this is in a rather tricky spot.” He swore he could hear her amusement in her voice, no matter how hard she was trying to repress it. “So I’m going to need you to lie on your back and hold your boxers away from the wound, as high as you’re comfortable with.” He nodded and complied, relieved that his hand and arm would be able to block anything indecent from her view. His heart was racing regardless. When he was confident, he nodded to her in permission and she started setting up.

She took the same rolling stool from earlier, but elevated it as much as possible so she could work over him. She washed around his wound with something that smelled like antiseptic. “Okay, you won’t feel any pain, but you might feel discomfort.” Well, that’s a given.

Her breasts were pressed flush against the other thigh of the leg she was working over, and he could feel them in painful detail. Her hair, since it was so short, was slightly falling out of the ponytail and grazing along the top of his leg, along with the tickling wind of her breath. Her forearm and elbow were sinfully grazing too high up, and occasionally would bump into his hand, therefore creating friction against the palm of his hand and his demanding, and growing, erection. He never took himself to be such a masochist, but he didn’t even want her to stop even though he knew it was going to be awkward when she asked him to switch positions. In all honesty, Doctor Scully was so utterly distracting, he forgot about the fact he was literally being sewn up at the moment.

“All done!” she proclaimed with pride. “See, I told you this wouldn’t be so hard.” Internally cringing at her word choice, he smiled at her, “Thank you, Doctor Scully.” Just saying the name was arousing to him, he was really pushing his luck. She smiled in return and got some gauze, unrolling it before wrapping it around his leg. Yet again, her breasts kept touching his leg and her tendrils of hair now were gazing the back of this hand, a reminder of just how closer her face, more specifically her lips, were to his- knock it off, Mulder.

When she stopped, he let out a slight sigh of relief that was ultimately short lived. “Now, before we can leave I have to do just the quick annual physical, since you last got one four years ago.” She sent him a teasing, reprimanding glance as she got out more tools.

When her gaze was averted, he took the opportunity to shift back into his original, however, he put his hands on his knees and hunched over, pulling the fabric of the gown away from his hard-on. She pivoted around and quickly started the exam, “Okay, first I’m going to take your blood pressure.” Mulder couldn’t help but muse if a blood pressure test would be inaccurate if all the blood in his body was creating a lot of pressure in one region exclusively. He didn’t know if there was any blood still outside of his dick to be able to measure. She moved next to him and wrapped the armband around his bicep. She was standing ridiculously close to him again, close enough so that he could smell her citrus shampoo. This had to have been some unspoken karma from all the times he had invaded her personal space in a similar way. It was one thing seeing her get flushed and embarrassed, it was a whole other thing from the other side. She had a little smirk on her face and he was a little nervous that she knew full well what she was doing to him.

The way her brows furrowed in confusion and concern told her that she may not be. “Hmm, it’s a little higher than normal, but it could have been affected by your stress or the blood loss,” she
mumbled to herself, recording the findings on her chart. She put plastic on top of a thin thermometer before turning to him, “Open your mouth,” she commanded sweetly. He did as she asked and waited a few moment. The results got a similar reaction. “You’re running a slight fever, how do you feel?”

She ran the back of her hands over his forehead and his cheeks as he answered, “Um, I feel fine, yeah. Normal.” He was a little distracted by the delicate touches and the way she was nervously biting her full, bottom lip between her teeth,

His answer seemed to slightly satisfy her and she moved her hands away. “Well, you feel a little warm, but I’ll just mark you down as high average so it doesn’t raise any red flags.” She made a few more notations before grabbing the stethoscope from the counter. “Now I’m going to listen to your heart and lungs, just breathe normally for me.” She moved in between his legs, again, and placed one hand on his shoulder to keep him in place, while the other moved the bell to his chest. She glanced at her watch to count the beats as he tried to ignore the feeling of her hip against his thigh.

She didn’t say anything, but he could tell he was zero for three right now. In another move to unconsciously torture him, she got closer and moved her hand from his chest, snaked it under his arm, and pressed in against his back. Moving it around ever so slightly. She was so close to him now they may as well have been hugging. He had initially been worried she would press into him and feel his arousal, but luck blessed him for the first time. So, he was going to enjoy this moment and commit it to memory. “Mulder, breathe normally,” she commanded lightly. He thought he was doing a good job of seeming unaffected, but that clearly wasn’t the case apparently.

After a minute she backed away from him and draped the stethoscope around her neck. “Mulder, you have abnormal results for all four major tests. Your blood pressure is high, your temperature is elevated, your flushed, your heart is beating really fast, and your breathing is erratic. Have you been feeling ill at all recently?”

Yeah, I’ve been feeling great recently, those results are probably just because you’re insatiably hot right now and I’m rock hard. “No different than I normally feel.” She regarded him for a moment, did a quick sweep of his body, and he knew he was in trouble.

“Mulder, why are you hunched over? Is it a stomach problem?” she asked.

Fuck. “You know what, I did have some leftovers last night that looked a little questionable. It’s probably just that. Sorry, I hadn’t even thought about it. I promise it’s not a big deal though.” He patted himself on the back for how convincing that had sounded. A little too convincing apparently.

“That could be. I just want to make sure it’s not the beginning of food poisoning. I’ll just do a quick abdominal exam and then we can go.” Mulder felt his palms starting to get slick from sweat, he couldn’t lay down because the gown would hide nothing.

“Scully, I promise it’s not food poisoning. Really it’s nothing, I’m fine.” He internally slapped himself for using the word ‘fine’. Nothing signaled they were trying to hide something more than the word ‘fine.’ The determination in her eyes told him that much.

“Lay down or I’m admitting you.” Her tone of voice and her hands on her hips told him she meant it too. He tried to rationalize it in his mind. Scully was a doctor, this would probably be nothing for her, she probably had seen it before albeit not this hard, and a few moments of embarrassment would be a lot better than being trapped here unnecessarily. With a sigh, he shifted as delicately as he could, keeping his legs bent so that he could still attempt to hide.

When he was flush on his back, with his legs bent and feet planted on the table, she moved up and started to do the exam, placing one hand on top of the other and tapping. It was all going fine, she
was almost done, when she checked a little too low and came into contact with the head of his penis. She thought she had just accidentally groped him under a normal circumstance and quickly snapped her hands away. When she did so, the gown fell from his knees and puddled around his abdomen, so that his boxer-clad erection was showing to the world. An apology was on her lips before her eyebrows shot up in surprise at the sight.

It felt like she stared at it for a millennium until her gaze returned to him, a faint blush dusting her cheeks. He could see things start to click in her head and she licked her lips before curiously asking, “Has that been there the whole time?”

“I’m sorry.” Was all he could bring himself to say. He didn’t want to lie, but he was too embarrassed to give her a time frame.

“I must say, I’m relieved. That would explain the readings, but I must say I’ve never had a patient get aroused while getting stitches.” There was an added quality to her voice now, If he had to place it, he would say she sounded proud of herself. She knew the erection didn’t come from the stitches.

Figuring nothing could be more embarrassing he turned in playful flirtation and asked, “Well are most of your patients as appreciative of a gorgeous woman in scrubs as I am?”

Scully had the best poker face of anyone he’d ever met, but he saw the way the corners of her mouth were turning upwards. In a detached, but implicit tone, she replied, “Hmm. I’ll have to keep that in mind.” She stood up and walked to the door before turning back and saying, “Get dressed. I can show you how to keep up with the aftercare when we get back. I think it’d be best for everyone if your injury heals. It’s in an inconvenient spot.” Her words were so innocent, but it was the most suggestive thing he had ever heard, the wink she gave him before she left solidified her meaning.

He had never appreciated Scully’s intricate knowledge of the human body and its workings as much as he did after his leg healed.

**Hope you enjoyed! It was a lot of UST in this one. The next one will have a sex scene, so buckle up. Let me know what you though! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)**
Chapter Summary

Scully reveals an aspect of her sexuality to Mulder, and he is more than willing to help her explore.

Author’s Note: Hello! Thank you so much for all the feedback! I appreciate it so much! It's reader’s choice for when you want this set. I wanted it to be post-William, which meant it would have to be post-season nine, after they come back from being on the run or whatever. Whether you want it to be pre/post-I Want to Believe is up to you. I hope you guys enjoy :) 

**Lust**: (noun) intense sexual desire

It wasn’t exactly a secret, but after one too many bad reactions, she had learned to keep that part of her identity to herself. Growing up in a Catholic Military family didn’t help much either. She loved them dearly, but it wasn’t something they knew how approach. Melissa’s crush on Tom Selleck got her a Magnum P.I. poster for Christmas. Her own eight year old, childish crush on Farrah Fawcett got her a bunch of shocked stares and a sharp decline in sleepover invitations.

She lived with it in silence; that feeling she got when a woman locked eyes with her. The butterflies in her stomach were similar to when a man looked at her, but there was something different. She loved men, they were rugged, handsome, exciting, but women were ethereal. There was a reason poets and artists spent years trying to put words to their depth, trying to capture their beauty.

A punk girl with purple hair put a name to her feelings when they were in college: Bisexuality. Knowing it was more common than she had presumed gave her a sense of comfort, but not enough to proclaim it to the world. It just so happened that, subsequently after that discovery, she kept falling into relationships with men. She was still bisexual, regardless of what stigmas said, but by the time she was single, she was in the FBI and didn’t want to compromise her career by someone discovering she was involved with women in her free time. She stopped looking for anyone when she met Mulder, how often are you assigned to be a partner to your soulmate? How often did you find someone so completely dedicated to you and so utterly understanding?

So why were the words caught in her throat? “Has there ever been something you wanted to try, but never had the guts to?” She was laying on the couch with Mulder when he asked the question out of the blue. She had wanted to tell him about her sexuality for years. It didn’t affect anything, it didn’t change their relationship, but she considered it an important part of her development. They shared everything, and she felt bad keeping anything from him. There was just nothing more intimidating than saying the words out loud, but this was Fox Mulder for fucks sake, the most nonjudgmental, understanding person in the world.

She must have been contemplating her words for longer than she realized because Mulder had propped his head on a pillow so he could get a better look at her sprawled from mirroring his own on the opposite end of the couch. “Earth to Scully?” his tone was joking, but the concern was evident.

She didn’t know how to phrase it, but she wanted to give him something to work with, “I had always wanted to experiment with my sexuality more.”
His eyebrow quirked up, clearly not expecting that answer. “How so?” He moved his hand to take her foot, which had been resting near his side, into his hand, gently massaging it. What may have appeared to be a gesture of domesticity was truly him letting her know she could continue and reassurance he wasn’t going anywhere.

She was touched at his initiate gesture and decided she was definitely going to get it out in the open. Her nervous tick plagued her once again, and she idly started playing with the hem of her shirt to avoid eye contact. “I’ve been bisexual as long as I can remember” she made sure in this moment to gauge if there was a hitch of shock in his ministrations. There wasn’t. “I, um, I never really told anyone. There was heterosexuality and there was homosexuality, and there wasn’t much acceptance of the latter. Trying to explain bisexuality just seemed like a fruitless effort that would get me nothing but ridicule so I lived in silence. I wish I had experimented with women, at least once. Not that I am unhappy with you, I promise you satisfy me more than I could ever hope for” He smiled widely at her reassurance and her heart warmed at this man’s unyielding compassion. “I’m just a little sad something I consider such a fundamental part of my identity will go on unexplored.”

She finished her speech with a long sigh and met his gaze once more. “What’s the closest you’ve ever come?” he asked gently. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

She chuckled a little bit in shy embarrassment, “Not far. Women are far more intimidating than men.”

“Tell me about it,” he teased with a laugh, squeezing her foot lightly before moving his attention to the other one.

She almost wanted to cry with how comfortable this was right now, it was the best reaction she could have asked for. Nothing was a big deal, he wasn’t shocked, they were talking about it like they were bantering about the weather. “I got to kiss a few girls during a high school game of spin the bottle. I made out with one girl in college, but a bunch of guys caught sight of it and started hooting and hollering so I got nervous.”

“Were you uncomfortable because an intimate moment for you was being fetishized by the male gaze or because it was something you would have rather explored in private?”

She pondered this for a moment, this was the most in-depth she had ever been able to talk about it, “I like to be good at things. I guess a part of me was afraid I was doing something wrong. I like to have the comfort of some sort of familiarity while trying new things and I was completely out of my element there.”

He nodded appreciatively at her statement and continued kneading the sole of her foot. “Do you still think about what it would be like? Being with a woman. Even after we got together?” There wasn’t any insecurity in his statement, just curiosity.

“Only once, it was when you were gone. I never attempted to act on it. I just- god this is so embarrassing,” her sentence died off in embarrassed giggles and she covered her face with her hands, in an attempt to keep him from seeing the blush spread across her cheeks.

Her sudden bashfulness fueled his curiosity and he nudged her knee slightly with his own. “What? I promise I won’t tease you,” he implored.

“I had such a crush on Monica Reyes. I just thought she was the epitome of beauty. Her quirkiness reminded me of you a bit, I suppose, but god, I get flustered around her.” They still went out to eat from time to time and, even though she was completely content and happy with Mulder, she still was a little awe struck by her friend’s beauty and charm.
“Have you ever fantasized about her? Again, if you don’t mind me asking,” she could tell Mulder was enthralled there was a part of her life that he hadn’t suspected.

She had talked dirty with him enough to fill up an entire book, but this little fantasy was making her entire face blush. “I mean, of course. To be honest, since I met her after we got together, I can’t imagine you not being there. I guess that could be the answer to your question. I’ve always fantasized about having a threesome with you and Monica, but I would never, ever have the guts to make that a reality.”

“Why not?” He asked innocently. She could tell he was trying to be encouraging and supportive without coming across like he was perverting her confession. She adored his diligence, and was still honored even though she could feel his erection growing beneath her leg.

“Well it took me over four decades to come out to one person, I don’t know if I have the confidence for a second. Plus, she’s probably straight. Also, that would have to be intimidating for her, being invited into the bedroom of the FBI’s spookiest agents,” she joked, rubbing her leg teasingly against him.

With his notorious, boyish agility, he rocked his body so he was hovering over her reclined form, in between her thighs, wrapping his arms around her and playfully burrowing his face into her neck, eliciting a laugh from her. He kissed her neck a few times before kissing her once softly on the mouth. He leaned his head back and looked into her eyes, “Thank you for confiding in me, Scully. I love you so much, and I love everything that makes you, you.”

How was she so lucky?

She should have known Mulder wouldn’t forget what she said, not that she expected him to, but sometimes she forgot how much he loved to surprise her. It had been probably a month since she came out to him, aside from fleeting moments of appreciation, she didn’t think about it much. She didn’t even think anything was suspicious about the smirk he had on his face throughout their anniversary dinner.

When they walked up the steps to their home, she noticed he kept biting his lips trying to suppress his smile. “Mulder, is there a particular reason you’re so giddy tonight?”

“What? Can’t a man be excited about spending the evening with the live of his life?” he asked before placing a kiss to her lips, leading her down the hallway by her hand.

“We live together Mulder, you see me every evening,” she teased, earning a chuckle from him.

When they got to the bedroom door, he stopped her by her shoulders and turned her, “So, the reason I’ve been so happy tonight is because I got you an anniversary present that I’m very proud of and I hope you like it. Just know though, that this is your present and you dictate how it goes. There will be no hard feelings or awkwardness if you decline it,” his eager demeanor had taken on an aspect of nervous anticipation and she was beyond curious what could be the cause.

She opened the door and nothing could have prepared her for the sight in front of her. Their bedroom was lit by what had to have been over fifty candles, there were rose petals strewn throughout the room, and, of yeah, there was a lingerie-clad Monica Reyes laying in the middle of their bed with an excited smile.

Her eyes were ravishing Monica’s body, committing everything to memory as the woman crawled closer to them and Mulder spoke in her ear, “I almost wanted to tell you in the moment, but I knew for a fact that Monica wasn’t straight, contrary to your assumption.” Scully felt her heart leap out of her chest at the mixture of his words and Monica’s seductive smile. The brunette had slinked off the bed and was making her way towards them. “Do you know how I knew that?” he asked, kissing the
side of her head and easing her out of her jacket. She shook her head in response.

Monica had come to a halt in front of her and put her hands on Scully’s shoulders, playing with the ends of her hair, answering on Mulder’s behalf, “Because, naively, the first thing I ever asked Mulder was if you were single or not. When he told me you guys were together, I told him how jealous my lesbian heart was.” As she said this, she moved one hand up Scully’s neck, resting her fingers along her jaw and using the pad of her thumb to play with Scully’s full bottom lip.

If the sensation of Mulder and Monica’s hands on her body weren’t so arousingly real, she would have sworn she was dreaming. She didn’t know if it was a second or an hour she stood there in shock, but Mulder’s voice roused her back into reality. “I really hope you don’t mind the fact that I told her, but how was I supposed to continue on with my daily life when I knew I could make your wildest fantasy, and chance for identity exploration, come true with a single phone call?” He coyly flirted.

“Only if your comfortable with it, Dana. As Mulder said earlier, if you aren’t comfortable right now, I can leave and there will never be any tension,” Monica reassured, stroking soft circles into the soft skin of Scully’s cheek. Scully would rather jump in fire than turn down this opportunity, so in a move of finality, she leaned forward and captured Monica’s lips into a searing kiss.

Her lips were indescribably soft and she tasted like candy. They wasted no time being coy and within seconds their tongues were mating against each other in fervent exploration. Scully tentatively wrapped one hand around Monica’s waist and felt the soft flesh of her back with greedy hands, smirking against her mouth when she felt Monica press into her.

Monica bucking into her inadvertently pressed her back against Mulder and felt his rock hard erection pressing into the small of her back. Breaking off her kiss, she reclined her head upwards and she caught his mouth with her own, transferring the intensity to his lips. The juxtaposition between Monica’s plush, velvet lips, and his strong, lush lips was absolutely arousing. Years of lusting after this couldn’t have prepared her for the intense pleasure she was feeling right now.

As soon as her lips left Monica’s, the woman went to work. She kissed sensually down the hollow of Scully’s exposed neck and started working on unbuttoning her shirt, placing a kiss to every inch of flesh exposed button by button. With each kiss, she opened her mouth and let her tongue dance around Scully’s soft skin. When she pressed a kiss to her sternum, right in between her breast, Scully arched forward and moaned into Mulder’s mouth. She felt Mulder smile against her lips and Monica smile against her breasts. They never worked together, but damn they made a great team.

“If you mind if I move us to the bed?” Monica asked, leaning to look at Mulder.

Scully felt him gently let go, and with a smirk, responded, “Be my guest.” Scully almost squealed in surprise when Monica leaned down and hoisted Scully up, so that she was wrapping her legs around Monica as Monica carried her to the bed. She collapsed on top of Scully as she eased her down on the bed, and quickly resumed where she had left off, kissing down Scully’s torso until she could be eased out of the button down shirt. She went to recline back down on the bed, but was instead met with Mulder’s naked torso.

Mulder pressed a kiss to the top of her head while undoing the clasp of her bra, revealing her breasts to Monica who received them with eager enthusiasm. She placed one kiss to a puckered nipple before latching her mouth onto it, playing with the peak against her tongue. The other nipple was being taken care of by Mulder’s experienced hand, as his mouth suckled the side of her neck. It was almost a sensation overload. They traded off nipples back and forth until Scully’s head was practically lolling back and forth in pleasure.
After a few minutes, Monica backed up and started undoing the latch on the side of Scully’s skirt. Mulder’s other hand quickly replaced Monica’s nipple, and it took every ounce of Scully’s concentration to lift her hips to help Monica ease her skirt off, taking her underwear down with it, so she was laying completely naked. She had never appreciated their investment in a king sized bed as much as she did in this moment. Monica scooted closer to them, eased Scully’s legs apart, and with one wet kiss to each inner thigh, began sucking her clit.

Thank god they didn’t have neighbors because there was no way she’d be able to hush her cries of pleasure. Between Mulder’s hands stimulating her breasts, his erection almost painfully digging into her back, and Monica’s tongue swirling her clit, two digits deep inside her, she felt like she was in heaven. She could feel an orgasm building in her abdomen and her hips started to gyrate against Monica’s jaw, inadvertently making her ass grind against Mulder’s boxer-clad cock. She felt him groan deeply against her neck and she turned to capture his lips into another kiss.

She was mewling into his mouth from Monica’s ministrations and she could feel him lightly gyrating against her. She felt two fingers curve against her g-spot and the stimulation pushed her over the edge. An intense rush of pleasure waved through her body and it felt like every hair on her body was standing on end. Her body racked with spasms and her jaw dropped open against Mulder’s kiss as she heartily moaned into his mouth.

When her body calmed a little she leaned forward and entangled her hands in Monica’s hair, bringing her in for another kiss. Tasting herself on Monica’s lips was more erotic than she could have ever imagined. Monica wrapped her arms around Scully’s torso, bringing her closer and Scully did the same. In that moment, she realized she was the only one still naked and was eager to fix it. She used her hands to unclasp Monica’s bra with feminine familiarity and ease, quickly discarding it in the growing clothes pile. She had Monica in front of her and Mulder behind her, so she shifted a little so that she had a person on each side of her hip.

In unison with herself, she eased one hand down the front of Monica’s lace thong and the other down the front of Mulder’s boxers. One hand was drenched in wetness, quickly finding Monica’s throbbing clit and playing with it, while the other hand was met with Mulder’s hard, aching shaft, wrapping her fingers around his length and stroking him. In stereo, she heard feminine and masculine moans fill her ears at the same time. They both started bucking into Scully’s hands in vastly different, but animalistically similar ways. It was like they were all in unison.

They had made it clear that she was in charge here, since it was her fantasy, and they had proved that they were more than eager to please her, so she decided to take authority. “Monica, can you lean against the headboard, and Mulder can you be near the end of the bed sitting behind me, both of you take off your underwear first though.” Scully couldn’t help but smile in self satisfaction when they were in position in less than ten seconds.

She crawled towards Monica and placed a hungry kiss to the woman’s lips before kissing her way down her body, mimicking the movements utilized on her less than an hour ago. Monica was practically squirming by the time Scully got to her arousal. She placed a few slow, wet kisses to Monica’s inner thighs before licking her tongue along her wet slit, evoking a high pitched whimper from the younger woman. She had tasted herself on Mulder’s lips before, but she had never gotten this hearty taste of the essence of womanhood before and now she understood why Mulder loved going down on her so much. Being buried face deep in a woman’s heat was addictive. She heard a hearty groan from behind her and turned to see Mulder was diligently sitting on his knees, stroking his cock with a look of pure lust in his eyes. He was practically slack-jawed from pleasure taking control of his body. She winked coquettishly and spread her knees farther apart on the bed, a clear invitation that he understood right away.
She started working on Monica more with her mouth, playfully lapping up her juices and intermittently running the tip of her tongue vigorously across her clit as she felt Mulder coating his cock with her own dripping wetness. Almost at the exact same time, Scully eased two fingers into Monica’s tight heat as she felt Mulder’s hardness push deep into her. Everyone in the room moaned and it almost sounded like a harmonic chant.

There was so much movement and gyration from all three parties that the pleasure was indiscriminate and indescribable. Scully felt Monica’s hands move down and entangle in Scully’s hair, pushing it back so she could watch her face as she ate her out. Without removing her mouth, Scully met her gaze and saw Monica looking at her with the same pleasure-riddled expression she had just seen on Mulder. Scully curved two fingers inside Monica, feeling the rough patch of her g-spot, and Monica’s eyes practically rolled into the back of her head. With Scully’s other hand, she reached up and started kneading Monica’s breast.

In that moment, Mulder started thrusting a bit faster and a bit deeper and it made Scully moan deeply against Monica’s throbbing clit. The vibrations of her moan must have sent her over the edge because she felt Monica’s vaginal walls clamp down against her fingers as her back arched off of the bed. “Dana, oh my god!” she cried.

Hearing her name cried out in that passionate, feminine tone of voice sent another orgasm rippling through her body and she felt Mulder’s hands tighten against her hips, grinding his pubic bone against hers to draw out the orgasm. Monica had recovered from her own while Scully’s was still going on, and she eased them on their knees so that Scully’s back was flush against Mulder’s front as Monica was in front of her, much like how they started.

Mulder’s hands were still glued to her hips as Scully leaned back to kiss him once more. Monica moved and latched her mouth to Scully’s nipples once again, reaching a hand down so she was rubbing Scully’s clit. Thank god women didn’t have a refractory period, because these multiple orgasms were the best thing her body had experienced in a long time. A third orgasm ripped through her body, this time sending Mulder over the edge with her. She felt him spurting hot inside of her as her soul ascended from her body.

Her body was beyond sated and she sprawled haphazardly in the middle of the bed, Mulder and Monica doing the same on either side of her. “This was the best present I’ve ever gotten,” she exclaimed breathlessly with a wide smile. Her eyes were closed from being so sated, but she felt the bed dip on either side of her and she heard the sound of a strong high-five in the air above her body. Their camaraderie in satisfying her made her laugh out loud in joy. She felt so loved and adored.

**Hope you liked it! I wasn’t sure how to end. Please, please, leave a review and let me know how you felt! I am a sucker for validation, what can I say, lol. I hope all is well for you guys! - Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)**
Massage

Chapter Summary

Scully's feeling a little tense and Mulder just wants to help.

Author’s Notes: Hello everyone! Wow, this is the halfway point, I can’t believe we’re already there. I hope you guys are still enjoying it! There were a lot of good “M” words and it was really, really hard to choose, but this is what I went with. Hope you like it!

Massage: (noun) the act or art of treating the body by rubbing, kneading, patting, or the like, to stimulate circulation, increase suppleness, relieve tension, etc.

Ten. Ten autopsies in one day. He wasn’t sure what the record was, but he knew Scully was damn near it. He had overheard scattered corners in the hall talking about “the talented FBI gal,” and he heard enough to know Scully hadn’t had a break, or any help, all day. Ten bodies were found, preserved with an unidentifiable substance, and he knew Scully never liked working with other people on cases where she would just have to listen to them marvel at the mystery of the unexplainable. It distracted her. By the time he had come back from scavenging the forest with the local police department, it was six in the evening, and she was practically dead on her feet. When he found her in the morgue, she was sitting on a rolling stool with her arms crossed on a desk in front of her, her head resting on top of them like a pillow.

“Hey Scully, ready to go?” he asked as he walked up to her hunched form. He was puzzled by her lack of response until he got close enough to her to notice she was fast asleep. He squatted down so he was face to face with her and he couldn’t repress a smile from the sight. Her eyes were closed and her full lips were slightly parted. A tendril of hair hung loosely in front of her face and each breath sent the strand fluttering away from her face. To top it all off, the tiniest line of drool was leaking from her open mouth and pooling on her arm. It was painfully adorable.

He tentatively raised his hand and ran the back of his index finger along her delicate cheekbone, relishing the feel of her smooth skin. Scully let out a soft “mmm” and shifted a little, but didn’t wake up. Being a little bolder, he placed the palm of his hand against the side of her head and started running the pad of his thumb across her cheek, gently murmuring her name.

His heart leapt in his chest when her lips twitched into a contented smile and she nuzzled into her arms to get more comfortable. If he hadn’t been so close, he would have thought he imagined it, but he saw her lips move softly and heard “Mulder” in a sleep ridden whisper. His attempts to wake her seemed to be just putting her to sleep furthur, so, with his free hand, he gently grabbed one of her hands and squeezed it lightly while saying her name a bit louder.

With the small smile still on her face, her eyes fluttered open and she looked at him with a glossy stare, trying to focus her eyes. “Good morning sleepy head,” he teased. The sound of his voice helped her get her bearings, and her sated smile quickly morphed into shy embarrassment. She sat up and swiftly ran the back of her hand against her mouth, erasing the light drool that had been there. He had removed his hands when she started to sit up and was now just playing with his hands idly in between his bent knees, the sensation of her skin still burning his fingertips.
Her eyes scanned lazily around the room as she remembered where she was. She turned to him and cleared her voice before asking, “Did you find anything in the forest?”

He found himself getting distracted by the sight of her trying to wipe the sleep out of her eyes and took a moment before answering, “Afraid not, I was actually dropping by to pick you up and go back to the motel. We’ve both had a long day.”

“Tell me about it,” she mumbled as she got her jacket and followed him out. The drive home was filled with idle chatter as she slouched in the passenger seat with closed eyes. He made a quick stop to get Chinese take-out, knowing her order from years of experience, and they were back at the motel soon thereafter.

In normal routine, they were going to spend the evening typing up field reports in his room while eating and watching TV. “I’m going to change into my pyjamas, I’ll be over in a second,” she told him as she got out of the car and unlocked the door to her room.

He set the chinese on the queen bed, turned the TV on to the Sci Fi channel, and changed into his own pyjamas, which consisted of long, loose running shorts and a plain white t-shirt. As soon as he was pulling the shirt over his head, he heard the adjoining door open and a small gasp from Scully. He pulled the shirt all the way down and was met with a wide eyed Scully looking at everything except him. “I’m sorry, I should have knocked first.”

“Trying to take advantage of me and compromise my modesty, how devious of you, Scully,” he teased, making her roll her eyes as she walked towards the bed. She had truly only seen his chest and abdomen, maybe a bit of his hip bones, but it thrilled him to know he could fluster her just from that bit of exposed skin.

Flashforward to now, she was laying in front of him wearing just a small t-shirt, which was riding up ever so slightly to reveal a pale sliver of skin, teasing a glimpse of her tattoo, and a pair of cotton short-shorts, which were just barely long enough to not be considered underwear. Her shapely legs were bare and she was idly running one foot against the other, just a comforting thing she would do when she was relaxing. Her posture was the pinnacle of ease and openness. Her outfit and demeanor were just a touching display of her pure trust in him.

He quickly snapped out of his reverie when she started to slide off the bed. “How many field reports did you catch up on?” she asked while tucking her laptop into her bag.

Mulder took a tentative glance down at his laptop’s blank screen and in a hesitant voice replied, “Uhhh.. I got a good start on the first one.”

“Oh really? And without even touching the keyboard once, you’ll have to let me know how you do
“That,” she teased.

*Busted.* He let out a self-deprecating laugh and ran a hand over the back of his neck. “Well, I pulled up a document, so I did start a little bit, in my defense. This is a really good episode.” She cocked her eyebrow at him and he knew she didn’t buy it, but wasn’t going to press him. She lifted her bag to lay it on the motel table and a grimace passed over her face. “Are you okay?” he asked in concern.

“Yes, but almost a full day hunched over and working with dead bodies really took a toll on my own.” She cracked her knuckles before she started stretching her arms, each time she did it there was a series of “pops” and “cracks” emanating from her sore joints. She did the same with her legs and it had the same effect. However, she tried to stand up straight, nothing happened, she leaned back and one sole pop occurred, but nothing else. The frown on her face told him that it was not the outcome she was hoping for.

“Do you need help?” he asked, already getting off the bed to move towards her.

“Help how?”

“I can crack your back,” he stated. Her doubtful expression was in full force and instead of explaining himself, he decided to just show her. “Turn around and cross your arms over your chest,” he commanded.

She did what he said and asked over her shoulder, “Like this?”

“Exactly.” He hadn’t done this in a while, let alone on someone so tiny. He stood behind her and bend down a little bit, so that his chest was on her back, before crossing his arms atop of hers, pressing them into her chest. He felt her about to ask what he was doing when he stood up fully, taking her with him. She squealed a little bit and wiggled her feet, which were now about a full foot off the ground.

He tried to ignore the way her hair was tickling his face and how her body felt squirming flush against his own, so he started arching his back and leaning backwards. As he did this, her body reclined with him, and that, and the weight added from gravity, created a series of what felt like twenty cracks along her spine. During the series of pops, she involuntarily let out a moan from the relief and let her head fall back, laying gently on Mulder’s shoulder.

The sound of that moan did more for Mulder than he’d care to admit, and he didn’t want Scully to feel that reaction pressing against her butt, which was pressing sinfully against the front of his pants right now. When he was sure he got all the pops out, he gently put her back down on her feet and quickly stabilized her when she stumbled a bit.

She turned around with a goofy smile and just said, “Wow. I’m impressed.”

“Do you feel better?” he asked, enjoying seeing her so serene.

“Aside from aching muscles, I’m feeling great,” she declared, stretching a little bit and reveling in the new found relief in her back.

“I could help with that,” he offered. He had a girlfriend a few decades ago who was interested in massage therapy and taught him a few things. They only lasted about a week together before he was too weird for her and she broke it off, but he was still pretty good at giving a massage.

The skepticism his last offer was met with wasn’t present in her new response, instead she just looked a little pensive before replying, “I’d appreciate that. Where do you want me?”
His mind immediately went dirty, but he knew he needed to reign that in. He wanted to help, but he knew this was going to be tantalizing and he needed to be as detached as possible. “If you lay on your stomach near the edge of the bed, I’ll sit in a chair and be able to work over you.”

She, yet again, did as he asked and sprawled out on her stomach near the edge of the bed. He brought a rolling chair over and elevated it so that he could hunch over her and have full access to everywhere he needed to reach. He was glad that the television was still on, or else he was positive she’d be able to hear the sound of his heart hammering in his chest. As he pulled up, he looked down at the soft, delicate body laying before him. She looked like an angel.

He decided to go from top to bottom. He placed his fingertips on the crown of her head and started massaging circles into her scalp, utilizing his nails to add an extra sensation. When he first started, he noticed she inhaled a big breath, but as soon as the ministrations started, her breathing evened out. He relished the feeling of her silky strands of hair falling through his fingers, the auburn tresses highlighted by the dim light from the motel lamp.

He massaged down her scalp, behind her ears, and on the nape of her neck before he began utilizing his whole hands versus just his fingers. He put one hand on either side of her neck which blended into her shoulder and started applying more weight. Scully wasn’t wrong, he could feel how tense and hard her muscles were. He spent a good amount of time using the balls of his hands to massage away her tension, using the pads of his thumb to massage her spine. When he got to the lower part of her upper back, he split off and started focusing on one side at a time. He started at her shoulder blade farthest away from him and gently moved his hands around it. He hadn’t realized it until this moment, but with the sensation of her thin shirt moving against her bare skin, he realized that she hadn’t been wearing a bra.

He delicately traced his hand in a line of where her bra strap would have been before moving onto her arm. Leaning over her like this made him really realize how tiny she was, he grabbed her biceps with both of his hands and he could almost wrap his fingers around her arm. He just worked his way down her arm, squeezing and caressing until he got to her hand, figuring they had a workout today, he spent extra time rubbing circles into her palm and working on her fingers, from base to tip. When he was done, he repeated the process on her other side. This time when he got to her hand, he felt her subconsciously twitch, as if her hand was trying to hold onto his.

When he was done, he returned to his place in the middle of her back, continuing to work his way down. His thumbs worked her spine, the palms of his hands kneaded the muscles of her back, and his fingers rubbed along her sides. When he got all the way down to her tattoo, he took a moment to appreciate it, and let her feel where his eyes were. His thumbs met at the top of the ouroboros and they rubbed along the circle until they met back together at the bottom. He saw, as much as he felt, her breath hitch, but she didn’t move to stop him.

The tension was near palpable in the air as he reached the top of her tailbone, he could practically feel her curiosity burning his fingers. As much as he wanted to, fully palming Scully’s ass was probably not the best idea. So, he teasingly ran his fingers over the dangerous line of back-meets-butt until he was safe at her hips, massaging down until he was in the safe zone of her legs. When he had asked her to lay down, she kind of just face planted like a log, arms at sides, legs together. As he massaged she loosened up, so her top half was a haphazard sprawl of limbs, but her feet were still together. See the note about ass grabbing and also apply that to the concept of shoving his hand between her thighs.

As he had predicted earlier, he was sporting a slight hard on from feeling her soft flesh under his palms, and her lying on a bed so accepting of his touch. He bent over a little bit, so if she turned to look at his she wouldn’t see it, and cleared his throat of any lingering arousal, “Um, Scully. Could
you spread your legs a little for me?” Wow, smooth.

He waited with a heavy breath for her to call him a pervert and storm out, but instead, she simply spread her legs as asked. He let out the breath softly and repressed a smile at the development. She was displaying a whole new level of trust with him and he didn’t want to do anything that would make her regret that. He worked on her legs in the same way that he had with her arms, one hand on either side of her leg, making his way down. Except, he started a little farther down, below the hem of her shorts, as to avoid touching any of the intimate areas he was only acquainted with in his dreams. Regardless of where he started, he couldn’t help but revel in the fact he was palming Dana Scully’s inner thighs. The same thighs he spent countless nights imagining on either side of his head or wrapped around his waist or quivering from—too much, too much.

He wanted to slap himself for packing running shorts and just wished for her to remain face down in the bed because there would be no way he could hide his erection tenting in his pants. He worked on the other inner thigh before going past the knee, just so he wouldn’t have to go through that again. When he was finished, he resumed rubbing down her calves and feet one at a time. When he was on the tiny toe of her last foot, he felt himself not ready to give this up yet. Physical contact between them wasn’t necessarily rare, per se, but never had it been this intimate and for this long of a duration.

In a moment of surprising boldness, he moved the chair so he was back near her head and he gently commanded, “Roll onto your back.” He hunched over once more so as she transitioned from her stomach to back, she wouldn’t accidentally catch sight of the front of his pants. Within a few moments, she was on her back with her limbs sprawled openly beside her.

He had to take a moment to build his confidence, but he moved his fingertips up to her hairline and started brushing her hair back. She was so peaceful and still that, had he not been able to see her eyelids fluttering under her eyelids, he would have assumed she had fallen asleep. He couldn’t remember a time where he had been so gentle and through with a task. His hands were practically ghosting on her skin. After touching the length of her hairline, he moved to her temples, gently rubbing circles with the pads of his thumbs along the pressure points. He couldn’t remember what the specific name was, the sight in front of him was more than slightly distracting, but she looked like a model from an old painting, Like an angel on the Sistine Chapel.

He continued his exploration of her face by running his index fingers over her brow bone and going down the slope of her nose. He never expected she would allow him to do this, and was happy to see this was actually relaxing her. He ran the backs of his fingers along her strong jawline before running them up her smooth cheeks. There was one last place on her face for him to explore and this would really make or break the tranquility of the moment. With one tentative hand he placed his palm against her cheek, so that he was cupping it, and started moving the pad of his thumb to outline her lips.

Her lips were the first thing he had noticed about her all those years ago. “Agent Mulder, My name’s Dana Scully. I’ve been assigned to work with you.” She had on a reddish coral lipstick and it suited her beautifully. He had spent years watching those lips. As she talked, as she ate, as she breathed, they were mesmerizing. Now they were under his touch, and they were fuller and softer than any fantasy could have imagined. He traced the outline first, then ran the digit over her top, then bottom lip, relishing the slight tug from the friction of the contact.

He almost jumped out of his seat when he felt her lips press against his thumb in a kiss. His eyes darted up to look at her eyes, only to see that they were hooded, and watching him intently. He had been so focused on his own ministrations, that he had no idea how long she had been watching him. While he was making eye contact with her, he felt her lips part and her tongue dart out to lick the pad
of his thumb, then gently suck on the surface.

Now it was his turn to have his breath hitch. His eyes kept darting back and forth between her sensual gaze and the sight of her mouth working the top of his thumb. Her lips were coated with saliva and she placed one last kiss to his thumb before whispering in a husky voice, “Keep going.”

Holy fucking shit.

He drug the saliva coated thumb down her chin and along the expanse of her exposed, creamy white throat. She tilted her head back to give him better access, and in a moment of intuition, he blew a stream of cold air to her throat and watched her eyes close and goosebumps spread across her skin. He took a few moments to massage her clavicle, which had been hidden in her previous position. He still didn’t know how far she wanted this to go, so using only one hand and two fingers, he rubbed his way down her sternum, in between the valley of her parted breast, taking great caution to avoid touching either mound. He didn’t know if he was hearing things, but he could have sworn he heard a sigh of frustration when he got passed her chest and was in the safety of her rib area. He added his other hand back in and used the palms of his hands to rub down both her sides and abdomen, stopping at her hip bones, which he circles tauntingly.

He didn’t know where to go from here and he felt like an awkward teenage boy again. He already got all of her legs, he didn’t know if it would be creepy if he went back to an area already covered, and he wasn’t going to touch her in the areas left undiscovered until he got her explicit permission. Oh yeah, and his cock was still rock hard so he didn’t quite feel like calling it quits right now. He glanced back up and gulped when he saw she was still staring at him, that mysterious look still behind her heavy lids.

“You’ve been missing some major areas. If you need to take off my clothes to get to them, you’re more than welcome to,” her words were coy but her tone was beyond suggestive. She had made his choice for him and he was more than willing to oblige the request. His hands, which were still moving on her hip bones, slid up so his fingers crept under the hem of her shirt. In one of the most arousing gestures he had ever seen, she arched her back so it came off the bed, which allowed him to slide her shirt up and over her head. As soon as they were revealed, his eyes were glued to her breasts. He licked his lips unconsciously and he instantly recognized she laughed lightly at the gesture.

He looked in her eyes one more time for permission, still not believing this could possibly be true, and she gifted him with a coquettish smile. That’s all he needed before raising his hands and cupping her breasts in his hands. They were ample and firm, and everything he had dreamt of. As soon as he made contact, her eyes fluttered shut. He started experimenting with her as if he was playing an instrument, a pinch of a nipple made her bite her lip, a blow of air made her gasp, a firm squeeze made her eyes flutter, cause and react in full effect.

After a few moments, when her gasps started to become more audible, he decided to continue exploring. He snaked his hand down her smooth stomach until he reached the hem of her shorts. In an opposite arch to before, she lifted her hips up and helped him slide her shorts down her creamy legs. She had only been wearing shorts and his erection appreciated that heartily. When she lowered her hips back down and let her legs sprawl out, he got to fully appreciate the sight in front of him. Dana Scully was lying naked and wanton on his bed right now and if he died right now, he would die the happiest man in the entire world. His hand continued downward and it quickly started raking through her soft auburn curls. He knew she was a real redhead, but having the evidence right in front of him made him inexplicably happy.

Moving one final inch, he parted her fold and was immediately met with what would become the
biggest source of pride in his life. Scully was soaking, correction dripping wet, and it was all because of him. He was almost shocked when he felt it, but it just fueled his desire more. Using one digit, he swirled his finger around her aching bud and relished in the sound of her hearty moan. It was his turn to watch her, and he was pleased to see her head lolling back and forth as her hips gyrated against his hand. After a moment or two, he felt her dainty hand reach down to grab his wrist.

He was initially afraid she might have regretted it, that she was going to say this had gone too far, but all fear was replaced with unrepentant arousal when she throatily groaned, “Let me make you feel good too. Join me.” After the words left her mouth, she moved so she was on the bed on her knees in front of him, pulling him into a standing position in front of her.

He was mesmerized by her poweress in this moment, he could see her arousal coating the insides of her thighs, but she was still so in control of her actions. She quickly grabbed the hem of his shirt and he was all too ready to help throw it over his head. With another fell swoop, she shoved his shorts to the floor and took in the sight of his exposed erection with greedy eyes. She leaned back so she was on her butt with her legs wide open as she grabbed his arms and pulled him on top of herself, her enthusiasm earning a hearty chuckle from both parties.

Laying on top of her like this was pure bliss, the complete skin-to-skin contact of their bodies was almost too much to take. He looked down at her and was speechless at the woman laying underneath him. Her eyes were filled with mirth and longing and he was so overcome with emotion that he closed the distance and pressed a searing kiss to her lips. His heart leapt once more when he felt her return the kiss with equal vigor, opening her mouth so their tongues could play with each other. He felt like he may never sleep again, what was the point of trying to dream when reality could provide such perfect moments like this?

She pulled back for air with a laugh and his lips quickly sought to keep their connection in a different area, landing squarely on the pulse point of her neck. He moaned deeply against her flesh when he felt her hand snake in between them and take his length into her grasp. She stroked his tip along her folds, coating his length in her arousal to lubricate him before easing him into her. She moved her hand away and wrapped her arms around his neck, tandemly wrapping her legs around his waist, beckoning him to continue.

He kissed her on the lips one final time before plunging into her. Their moans were in perfect harmony and they quickly found their pace as they started thrusting against each other. Their were many moments in their partnership that contributed to him considering them to be a perfect match, but none compared to this. She felt like home, her smell, the feel of her body against his own, the music of her moans, everything made him want to live in this moment forever.

They had been going at it for maybe a minute or two when he felt her freeze. He was about to ask her what was wrong until he felt her vaginal walls clamp painfully tight against him and she cried out his name in a breathy whisper. He thrusted in deeper, grinding his pubic bone against hers to prolong her orgasm and he could swear he felt her heartbeat in his cock. She released her grip on his neck and fell back onto the bed, bucking against him in spasms, her eyes fluttering and her lips curled into a sweet smile. He just made Scully’s eyes roll from a powerful orgasm. This was undoubtedly the best day of his entire life.

He looked down at her with a proud smile, trying to commit the image of her underneath him naked and sated to his memory forever. She returned his smile with a shy one of her own and melodically laughed, “Usually I last longer, you just did such a fantastic, through job before.” It had to be impossible to love someone this much.

“I can’t tell you how long I’ve wanted to do that. Do you know how beautiful you are?” he
whispered. She blushed and averted her gaze in shy embarrassment and it made his heart hurt. This woman was practically Aphrodite reincarnated and he didn’t like the idea of any self-doubts or insecurities making her question her beauty and skill.

“Scully,” he prompted, waiting until her eyes flitted back to him to continue, “You are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen, and probably the smartest person I’ve ever met. I adore you and I love you.” She was openly smiling and beaming up at him and he could have cried from the unyielding trust that was in her gaze.

She snaked a hand around the back of his neck and pulled him down so she could kiss him sweetly. When they parted, she looked up at him and whispered, “I love you too, but we’re not done yet.” To emphasize her point she thrust against him again, re-sheathing his arousal deep into her head. His moan reverberated around the room and he started thrusting into her continually, fascinated but the sight of her panting mouth and her breasts bouncing up and down on her chest.

Watching Scully cum was like a drug, he had seen and experienced it once, and he would be chasing that high for the rest of his life. He just wanted her to be encapsulated with pleasure and he wanted to be the cause of it. He put his hand at the apex of her thighs and found her swollen clit, playing with pinching it and rubbing it. From the sounds coming out of her mouth, she was more than appreciative. After a few moments, probably since she was already sensitive from her last orgasm, another came rippling through her body, clenching around him like a vice, this time taking him with her over the edge. They stayed joined for a while afterwards, relishing in the sensation of each other’s pleasure.

“To repeat your eloquent sentiments from earlier; wow” he teased, breaking the silence.

She laughed heartily at this and rolled onto her side, into her arms, “I stand by that, and I’m still impressed,” she cooed, pressing a kiss to his temple.

Wow, I didn’t expect this one to be so long. Please leave a review and let me know how you felt! I love hearing from you guys :) I hope the week ahead treats you all well! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Chapter Summary

Mulder shows up to Scully’s apartment drunk.

Author’s Notes: Hello everyone! Sorry I’ve only been able to update 1-2 times a week as of late. It’s nearing the end of the semester, so it’s getting a little hectic. But I love writing and I love this story, so the updates shall keep coming regardless! Also, I got really drunk halfway during writing this, so I hope the errors are minimal. Hope you enjoy.

Need: (noun) a thing that is wanted or required.

Sure, she knew Mulder found her attractive. At least on a hypothetical basis that is. He would make suggestive comments daily, his hand had a tendency to caress the small of her back as he led her out of a room, sometimes she caught his gaze lingering longer than what was partnerly, but that’s as far as it extended. Either in jest or in ambiguous silence. Even though, in her opinion, she’s given him plenty of signals to suggest his advances are welcome, he has yet to make an actual, legitimate pass at her.

Which was a major component as to why she was so pissed off right now. She already knew he had a tumultuous relationship with his ex-partner Diana Fowley, she was more than aware of their history. However, today they had to work on a case with his old partner from the violent crimes unit. After about, maybe a total of five fucking minutes, it became painfully obvious that they, too, had a fling together during their time as partners. So why not her? It seems like he has no problems getting intimate with his female partners, so what was it about her specifically that kept him from making the jump?

Diana had been his partner for maybe two years, this other woman was his partner for three weeks, and here she was currently going on six years with this man. His other partners were tall, brunette, older than him, and, admittedly, beautiful. She knew she wasn’t ugly by any means, but if that was his type, she was self-aware enough to know she didn’t fall into that category.

To top it all off, the VCU woman insisted that Mulder help her interrogate suspects while Scully was delegated to sift through two years of case files by herself. When they got back, the woman was laughing, smiling, touching all up on Mulder, and it sickened her. She could only stand it for a few minutes before she reported her findings and drove home, where she’d been brooding ever since.

She was jealous. Call a spade a spade there was no hiding it, but knowing what it was didn’t make her heart hurt any less. It just didn’t make sense to her. If Mulder didn’t have any qualms about starting an illicit relationship and if he found her attractive, then why didn’t he want to be with her? She could only assume there was something about her personality-wise that didn’t appeal to him. He did always make quips about her incessantly doubting him, but she never really considered that it would have bothered him. She adored him to the earth and back and just needed to know why he didn’t feel the same.

She was snapped out of her revere by a knock at the door. She slipped off the couch and made her way towards the door, taking a tentative glance at the clock. 11:42pm. No one else would have
bothered her at this time of night, so she opened the door without needing to look through the peephole. Maybe she should have, just so the sight in front of her wasn’t such a complete shock.

Mulder was currently slouched against her door frame, grinning like an absolute idiot. She could already tell by his posture and slurred words, but the whisky on his breath just solidified it; Mulder was completely drunk, the drunkest she had ever seen him. “Hey Scully, funny running into you h-

All prior agitation was superseded by worry. Mulder never drank, if fact, he said he hated it. “Mulder, come in. What’s wrong?” she asked, nudging him to step inside the door frame. As she was locking the door, she heard him making himself at home on the couch where she had just been, although it took him a few stumbles to get there.

“Nothing’s wrong, Scully. What makes-s you think something’s wrong?” he asked. He had taken the robe she had draped on the couch into his lap and was playing with the fabric, running the material over his cheek. It was the robe she wore after showers when she was naked, so seeing him caress it was oddly intimate, but not nearly as odd as seeing Mulder this totally out of it.

“Well, I don’t know Mulder. Maybe because you hate drinking, but yet here you are, in my apartment, completely drunk,” she stated. Taking a seat on the sofa next to him.

Her words seemed to register with him in a way she hadn’t meant because he downtroddenly dropped her robe from his face, into his lap, and looked at her like a scolded child. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have intruded,” he started to unsteadily stand up, but she quickly shot her hand out and cemented him in his seat.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying. I’m simply concerned. I just want to know what made you drink,” she whispered reassuringly.

He was fingering the sash of her robe, not making eye contact as he answered, “I missed you today.”

The absolute boyish, innocent way he said those words warmed her heart. He just seemed so vulnerable, but the words didn’t exactly match his actions from earlier. “Well you ditched me for your old partner. Who looked really happy to see you by the way.” Her tone was a little more biting than she would have liked, but it was a defense mechanism that she had a hard time controlling.

He looked at her like she had grown a third head. “I didn’t want to!” he proclaimed, “We went on a date once and she remembered it as something it wasn’t.”

“And that misunderstanding led you to getting wasted?” she asked.

“N-no. It-I just had a few drinks, that’s all.” She figured whatever was bothering him could be confronted in the morning. So instead of pressing him now and making him uncomfortable, she would just ask him when he was sober and take this moment to enjoy the rare sight of a drunk Mulder.

“So, was there anything in particular you came over for?” she soothed, running her hand through his hair, relishing in the silky strands between her fingers. The way he nuzzled into her hand made her smile.

“I told you, I missed you,” he reiterated, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

She laughed lightly at the way his eyes widened in emphasis, “You see me everyday, Mulder.”

He grabbed the hand that was resting behind his head on the couch and pressed it against his heart.
“Yeah, I only get to see you in the confines of work hours and today it was taken away from me.”

His answer sparked a little bit of confidence in her. “Well you could always ask to hang out outside of work?” she prompted. Honestly, if she had a dollar for every time during the weekend when she picked up the phone, about to call him and ask if he wanted to go out to lunch, before deciding against it, she’d be a rich woman.

“You intimidate me,” he mumbled.

His answer took her by surprise and she felt herself repressing laughter from bursting out because his face looked so earnest. “I intimidate you?”

He pulled up a leg onto the couch and tucked it underneath himself as he pivoted to face her, her robe still laying in his lap. “What if you said no?” The vulnerability in his voice made her want to reach out and hug him.

“I wouldn’t say no, Mulder,” she reassured so lightly, she almost whispered it. He was drunk, so she felt like she could be open without repercussion, but this conversation still felt surreal to have out loud.

“You’re j-just saying that to be nice to me.” She knew Mulder had insecurities, hell, who didn’t? But she knew Mulder’s lived as an ugly devil on his shoulder at all times, telling him that he was always in the wrong. It really saddened her to think about it. She was lucky, she grew up in a household full of love and affection, whereas Mulder’s childhood and development was under two people who gave him next to no attention whatsoever.

She placed a hand under his chin and made him look at her, his eyes were slightly glazed over from intoxication, but she could tell he was paying attention to her. “Mulder, I would never say anything just to placate you, you know me better than that. You’re my best friend and I love spending time with you,” she reassured.

He smiled at her and grabbed the hand from under his chin, effectively now holding both of her hands. He leaned his head drunkenly against the back of the couch as he watched his thumbs caress her knuckles. “Best friend,” he smiled sadly to himself as he squeezed her hands. A thousand thoughts seemed to be going through his mind but she couldn’t latch onto a single one of them. His eyes flitted back up to her own and she saw something deep in his gaze that she only usually saw in her dreams; yearning. Before she could dwell in it he was talking again. “Do you know how much you mean to me?”

It took her a second to register this wasn’t a rhetorical statement, he was actually asking her. They were treading on heavy ground and she wasn’t sure she wanted to have this conversation when she didn’t know if he’d remember it, but a morbid curiosity couldn’t keep her away. “You let me know everyday. I can hear it when you ask me how I’m doing, I can see it in the way you look at me, I can feel it when you hug me. You make me feel safe.” The answer was ambiguous on purpose. It could be friendly, it could be romantic. Down the line, if it ever got to the point where he admitted he didn’t love her the way she loved him, she could say he misinterpreted her words.

The sad smile on his face looked well-worn, “I put you in danger everyday.”

While she has tried to infuse him with her affection for years, his self doubt had been present for much longer. “No, no, Mulder. I’m a big girl, I make my own decisions. You don’t put me in any situations I didn’t walk into knowingly myself.”

His state of inebriation didn’t allow his attempt to repress his smile be effective. So instead, a goofy
grin unabashedly spread across his lips. “How are you so good at that?” he asked.

Normally she was pretty fluent at interpreting Mulder-speak, but she genuinely didn’t know what he meant by this. “Good at what?” she tried to clarify.

He let go of her hands and placed one of his own against the side of her head, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear. “Making me feel better.”

“Because I know what a great man you are. I just want to make sure you know that too,” she affirmed. After the words left her mouth, it really dawned on her how silent the apartment was. He hand on her cheek felt heavier than lead, and his gaze held almost the same weight. So, in the usual Scully-way, she deflected the fact she had just revealed something so personal. “I think you should get some water in you,” she sighed, standing up.

She made her way to the kitchen and got a glass from out of the cabinet. By the time she got the pitcher and was closing the refrigerator, he was already wobbling next to the counter.

“You know that is true for you too, right?” he mumbled, using the counter top to keep himself upright.

Yet again, she wasn’t sure what he was referring to. “Mulder, I can’t have a conversation with you if half of it is taking place in your mind,” she teased.

He stumbled a few steps closer to her as she poured him some water. “You know you’re a great woman, right?” he asked. She glanced over at him and saw he was slightly swaying on his feet, his eyes drunkenly glued to her like a vice. She laughed in embarrassment at his praise, but it just seemed to fuel him further. “I-I know I’m drunk right now, but I’m being serious. You are truly one of a kind. You’re so brilliant and beautiful. When I introduce us to new people I get so excited to say ‘and this is my partner, Agent Scully,’ because I get so excited to let the world know that you’re my partner.”

Okay, genuinely, fuck him right now, this wasn’t fair. These were the words she absolutely longed to hear, they were words that made her breath catch in her throat, but he had to just go and say them when he was completely and utterly shit faced and she couldn’t hold him to them. She put the pitcher away, but could feel his beaming, adoring smile radiating at her. Being she felt that they were at the point where if he did remember this in the morning and regretted it, he wouldn’t bring it up again, she decided to be a little blunt. “Well you don’t seem to like me as much as you liked your previous female partners,” she sighed.

She glanced over to him as she said it to watch the impact of her words and saw his brow furrow almost immediately in confusion. “Whaddya mean?”

“Uh, well, I mean, Diana Fowley, the woman from today, you seem to express a certain romantic interest towards women you’re partnered with, but yet you’ve never expressed any interest towards me,” she tried to sound casual, but it’s pretty much impossible to say ‘why don’t you want to be with me’ casually.

“Excuse me?” he said. She felt her stomach bottom out and she was ready for him to get mad as she felt him move closer towards her. She was crossing a line, and she damn well knew it. She turned her head again to look at him and was shocked to see the irritation she had expected was instead pure dumbfoundment. “I think if I expressed any more interest in you, you could file a sexual harassment suit against me.”

His phrasing made her laugh out loud, but she quickly noticed he was trying to make a point, so the
laughter died in her throat and she let him continue. “Scully, the woman before was just a one night stand of a young, confused man trying to fit in, and Diana was a mistake that brings me nothing but guilt and shame. The way I feel when I’m with you, I’ve never felt towards another person before,” he was now standing next to her in the kitchen, one hand resting on the counter, supporting his weight, as he looked down at her during this rant.

She was starting to get nervous that she was abusing his drunken honesty and decided she should stop him before she made anything awkward between them. She started to interrupt him, but he was a man on a mission. “Mulder, I—”

“Scully, I know you probably don’t feel the way I do. I’ve accepted that years ago, but never doubt that I absolutely adore you.” For a second, she was afraid she forgot how to breathe. Years? Also, how could she have not been any clearer? Did he really think she would run across the country looking for aliens, risking her career batting government conspiracies for just anyone? As she was standing in stunned silence, he took the opportunity to run a finger down the expanse of her cheek, taking a brief detour to lightly stroke her lips. Instinctively, she kissed the back of his finger and she saw his eyes light up at the gesture.

Before he could act on it, she broke her gaze away and grabbed the glass off of the counter, offering it to him. “You should drink this, you’ll probably have a bad hangover in the morning.” Nice, Dana. He romantically confesses his feelings, and you act like a clinically-detached doctor.

He smiled as if she reacted exactly as he expected and took the glass being held out to him. As he drank the water, her mind raced a mile a minute. Okay, so she was operating on the assumption that he wouldn’t remember anything in the morning, but what if he did? He would just remember pouring his heart out to her, at her request, as she stood and offered nothing in return. That’s just not fair. By the time he emptied the glass and proudly set it on the counter, she offered her own declaration. “You’re wrong, you know.”

“Is that your catchphrase?” he teased.

She smiled at him before continuing, “No. I mean, I do feel the same way you do. It’s just been hard to tell if you’re just kidding when you flirt with me or not. I didn’t want to embarrass myself if you didn’t mean it,” she spoke near a mile a minute, hoping that maybe he wouldn’t catch the vulnerability being exposed through her words, but the smile on his face told her that she hadn’t been that lucky.

He stepped a bit closer to her and she was overwhelmed with the smell of his cologne and the sensation of his body heat radiating off of him. He bent down so that he was closer to eye level, but she still had to lift her chin to make eye contact. “I mean it, and I’ve always meant it,” he whispered. He leaned down a bit further and placed a kiss against her forehead, then her cheeks, but as his lips ghosted against hers she pulled back.

He let out a sad groan and it made her laugh, “I’m sorry, I’ve wanted this for so long, but I can’t let it happen when you’re drunk.” Her lips practically burned from unsatisfied anticipation.

His bottom lip jutted out in a pout, “I promise sober Mulder won’t mind.”

“Well if sober Mulder wakes up tomorrow and remembers this conversation, then I give him permission to collect the offer. Until then, I think it’s time for you to lay down and sleep this off. Don’t forget, I still want to know what made you go out and get drunk,” she commanded, nudging him to move out of the kitchen.

He followed her implicit instructions, but he was finally answering her question. “Oh, well, in all
honesty, I was just sad.”

She was shocked that the answers he had been guarding so heavily earlier were just falling out of his mouth with ease now, but she wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth. “Why?” She asked, taking his hand and leading him towards the bedroom. Her couch was hardly the size of his, and she knew he would wake up horribly achy if he even tried to sleep on it.

“Well, that woman was my partner, we had sex, and I could tell she still had a crush on me—” Scully wasn’t so sure she wanted to hear this anymore, but she wasn’t going to silence him after begging for honesty, “—but I was just so sad that it wasn’t you. I mean, I’m not callous, that woman, Lisa, was very nice, but the whole time, I just wished I was back at the office with you. It made me sad to think consider that type of relationship would be something I could never have with you.” God, when Mulder opened up, he really opened up.

By the time he was done, they were in her bedroom and she was searching in her closet for his overnight clothes. For about four years they had kept miscellaneous items at each other’s apartments for unexpected situations. It came in handy more times than either of them could count. She found them after a few moments and when she turned around he was sitting expectantly on her bed, watching her. “So you went out to the bar and got drunk?” she asked.

“Well, when we got back, I saw one of the lab geeks hitting on you and I got insecure, and it was just the icing on a bad day,” he mused.

“You have nothing to be insecure about.” She was back in the land of safe ambiguity, but his grin told her he was getting her underlying message regardless. She set the shirt and pants on the bed next to him and took a step back, “I’m going to go grab another glass of water and some aspirin while you change.”

“You don’t want to help me?” he teased. He swayed on the bed and for a moment she considered the fact that he may actually need it, but decided it would be best to see what progress he could make on his own.

“Ha, ha. I’ll be back. Don’t hurt yourself,” she called over her shoulder. When she got back to her kitchen, she let out a big breath she hadn’t known she’d been holding. A lot was said tonight. Six years of hidden truth was now out in the open, and she didn’t know if it scared her or thrilled her. Probably both.

As she grabbed the now-full glass of water and Tylenol off the counter, she appreciated the fact tomorrow was Saturday. Since Mulder never drank, he was likely going to have a horrible hangover tomorrow and she was glad he could just sleep it off. When she got to the end of the hallway, she knocked on the bedroom door, “Mulder, are you decent?”

“Y-yeah,” she heard his muffled voice call out. He seemed distracted and when she opened the door she immediately realized why.

She was running late this morning and accidentally left her vibrator on the bed. The vibrator which was now currently in Mulder’s hands. Dear God, kill me now.

“Mulder, what are you doing?” she tried to sound reprimanding, but her voice came out pitched and shy, making Mulder look up at her in confusion.

“I was changing and I accidentally sat on this,” he told her, holding up the object as if he was holding a newspaper. “What is this?” Her mind was racing a million miles a minute. Okay, so he didn’t know what it was, so she still could possibly avoid eternal mortification. However, she had no
idea what she could say this phallic, hot pink object could be.

“Um, it’s a rolling pin.” *Wow, good one, Dana.* Of all the objects in the world.

“Why’s it in your bed?” he asked innocently. Okay, he bought it. God bless the mind-numbing effects of alcohol.

“Uh, I just got it,” she lied. She reached out for it and he handed it to her, but as it left his grasp, his thumb hit the on switch and it started vibrating. In her shock, it fell out of her hands and started pulsating against the hardwood floor. The sound felt deafening in the room as she quickly bent down, got it, and fumbled with the buttons. She accidentally changed the vibration setting three times before getting it to shut off, feeling Mulder’s gaze burning on her the whole time. Once it stopped, she turned around, shoved it in a drawer, and prayed that Mulder didn’t recognize what it was in that thirty second fiasco.

Oh, of course he did. Why would she be that lucky? When she met his gaze, she saw his drunken stare was temporarily hooded with lust-filled eyes and a provocative smile. “Dana Katherine Scully, was I just holding your vibrator in my hands?”

While she was most definitely mortified, she couldn’t ignore the heat in the pit of her stomach being ignited by his intense stare. She also realized in this moment that he hadn’t fully put on his shirt, so he was just sitting on her bed, with his toned torso on full display. She only got to enjoy this view on rare occasions, and most of those occasions involved some sort of injury or ailment. Now she was able to enjoy it in his full glory. He cleared his throat to get her attention and she realized she lost herself in thought, his cocky smile told her he didn’t mind.

“I forgot to put it away this morning. I’m sorry about that,” she mumbled in embarrassment as she grabbed the water and medicine hastily thrown on a dresser and handed them to him.

He didn’t make a move to grab them from her, instead he just stuck out his tongue and leaned back his head, maintaining eye contact the whole time. Usually she wouldn’t indulge him, but nothing about this night was usual. She placed two white pills on his pink tongue and watched them disappear into his mouth behind closed lips. He swallowed them before opening his mouth again. She tentatively lifted the glass to his lips and tipped it as he drank from it. The whole thing was oddly erotic, and she couldn’t pull her gaze away.

When he was finished, she set the empty glass on the table and immediately felt his arms reach out to pull her closer. She ended up standing directly in front of his shorts-clad form, her thighs pressing against his knees as his arms encircled her waist. “Is that part of your daily routine?” he asked.

“Sometimes.” He was the only one with alcohol in his system, but she felt drunk off this moment. From the words he said to her in the kitchen to the way he was holding her and looking at her now, she was captivated.

“What do you think about?” His eyes were scanning her face before they slowly raked down her body. She hadn’t realized she had been in her pyjamas this whole time until now as she stood before him in a simple silk button up top and matching shorts. *Oh how sensual.*

Mulder obviously didn’t think of her outfit in the same regard as her because she saw him lick his lips as he hungrily drank in her body. She felt her nipples harden under his watchful eyes and her groin felt hot from the smirk that erupted across his lips. The word left her mouth involuntarily, “You.” His eyes fluttered shut and he looked like he was basking in the warmth of that hearty sentiment.
He wrapped his arms tighter around her, bringing her to him, and he placed a kiss onto her abdomen, below her breasts. She let out a shaky breath in response and she placed a hand on his head, her fingers threading through her hair. She couldn’t let this get out of hand. “Mulder-” she declared to get his attention. He didn’t move anything except his head as he shifted to look up at her, still embracing her. “You need to sleep. We can talk more in the morning.”

It didn’t matter what state he was in, Mulder would always respect her wishes. He let out a small groan, but released her and leaned back. He was using his puppy dog eyes on her and she knew he had one last request. “You’re going to stay in here right?”

“I think I should probably take the couch,” she murmured with a small smile.

“No, no. This is your bed, let me take the couch,” he insisted, attempting to stand up.

She placed a hand on his shoulder, which effectively kept him in his place. “No, you’re too tall. It would kill your back.”

“I’ll never be able to sleep knowing you’re suffering for my comfort, then it will all be for nothing,” he was trying to give her a heartfelt plea, but he was being so dramatic it was beyond amusing. He could see her resolve was crumbling and added, “I promise to be a total gentleman.”

She regarded him for a minute and decided this would be the quickest method to get him to go to sleep. “Fine, but put your shirt on,” she laughed, making her way to the other side of the bed.

He followed her instructions and was clothed by the time she was settled underneath the covers, pulling them back so he could do the same. Being under the covers made the exhaustion of such an emotionally charged evening catch up with her, she saw Mulder stifle a yawn and knew he felt the same. She leaned over and turned off the lamp and rolled back onto her side, facing Mulder in the darkness. “Goodnight, Mulder.”

“Goodnight, G-woman.” They both fell asleep relatively quickly, eased to sleep from listening to each others breathing.

Scully had woken up in many odd situations before, in many different locations nonetheless, all because of Mulder. So, it only made sense he was directly behind this unusual wake up call.

The first thing she noticed was the light shining through her blinds, then the sound of birds singing to the morning wind, next she took in the scent of Mulder lingering on her pillow, then she really took in the sensation that woke her up; the feeling of Mulder’s arms wrapped around her and his erection grinding into the flesh of her ass. She went from dead asleep to wide awake in a matter of seconds. It’s not like she had never woken up to morning wood before, but this was Mulder’s morning wood, intimately pressed against her.

His ministrations were lazy and lethargic and, after listening to his breathing for a few moments, she realized he was definitely still asleep. Involuntarily in his slumber, he would inadvertently thrust against her as he buried his nose into her hair. She didn’t know how long they had been like this, but from the way she was pulsating in between her legs, it had been for a while. While she knew he would probably be embarrassed about this, she knew he would be more embarrassed if she let this continue and he made a mess.

She was going to operate based on the hope he would remember what they had confessed last night, so she pivoted in his arms, so that their fronts were more intimately pressed against each other and she started to gently place kisses all over his face. His forehead, his eyelids, his nose, his cheeks, she watched him start to smile and placed one last kiss against his lips. She let them linger there for a
moment, and when she was about to pull away she felt his lips pucker against hers and he placed a hand on the back of her head. She returned the kiss, opening her mouth to him and he readily accepted the invitation. For someone who just woke up, he was extremely attentive. Each stroke of her tongue was met with equal vigor from his, it was like a duel where both sides were constantly winning.

After a moment, he broke off the kiss and rolled her onto her back, parting her legs, so he was laying pressed flush against her. He smiled down at her with a full-toothed grin and she felt herself fully returning it. “I know I said I would collect on that kiss last night, and I have to say, I’m glad I didn’t know what I was missing out on because that would have made the wait unbearable.”

She laughed at this and placed a kiss to his chin before looking back at him. “So you remember?” she inquired lightly.

His eyes held a tenderness as he regarded her, nodding in confirmation, “Yeah. I remember everything.” He leaned down again and kissed her on the lips passionately as a reiteration. His mouth was intoxicating, and she had to agree with his earlier sentiment. She had always fantasized about their first kiss, she always assumed it would be good, but she could never have expected how stimulating and effective their mouths were when working against each other. He broke apart to catch his breath and he panted in his ear, “I also remember that you have a morning routine that I would like to be a part of.” As he said this, he pressed his engorged erection into her center, making her throw her head back against the pillow in ecstasy.

He took advantage of her exposed neck and his lips quickly descended onto the expanse of flesh, covering it with a mix of wet kisses, nips, and suction. She marveled in the sensation before grinding her hips upwards, turning the tables and eliciting a moan from him. She utilized this moment of distraction to slide her hands under the hem of his shirt, guiding it up the muscles of his back. He immediately started helping her with her mission and discarded the shirt.

Her eyes were dancing in her skull as she tried to look at every inch of skin newly-exposed. As she did this, Mulder set off to make the playing field fair, raising his hands to undo the buttons of her silk shirt. She felt herself get wetter under his gaze, with every button he undid, she felt his fingers linger on her flesh. By the time he got to the final button, her nipples were fully erect and she was squirming against his hardness. He was biting his lip and she didn’t know whether it was from suspense or her friction, but it was a complete turn on.

He parted her top so that her breasts were exposed and he let out a soft prayer of gratitude and took a nipple into his mouth, using his hand to play with the other one. God he felt amazing. He lapped his wet tongue against each aching bud as he danced between the two. After a few minutes of this exquisite torture, her resolve really started to crumble and she wrapped her legs around his hips, pulling him harder on top of her. The suction he had on her tit broke off with an audible pop as he moaned, “Oh, fuck, Scully.”

In a throaty voice she barely recognized, she cried, “Please do.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice,” she smiled as he kicked the covers away from their tangled feet and dragged her shorts down her hips, ending up kneeling near her calves on the bed. She sat up on her ass in front of him, and scooted closer. She looked up at him with a coy smile before easing his shorts down his legs in a similar fashion. She couldn’t keep the pride from engulfing her when Mulder’s cock sprang free in front of her. He was leaking from his tip out of pure anticipation, and it was all because of her.

His quick intake of breath as she grabbed him was music to her ears. She stroked him once from root to tip and noticed his hands were rigid at his sides, gripping his hips with white knuckles. She looked
up and saw his eyes were closed with pleasure and his mouth was slightly agape. It was the most sexual she has ever felt before. She looked back down at the erection in her hand and lightly licked the tip before placing a wet kiss to the tip.

Almost instantly his hands gently caught her wrists, and he said in a shaky, breathy voice, “Scully, I want to be able to last,” he laughed.

She let go of him and leaned back onto her elbows, spreading her legs wantonly in front of him, noticing his eyes were glued to her own arousal. “I want you,” she enticed.

That’s all she had to say as he descended onto her, kicking his shorts all the way off. He placed several passionate kisses to her lips as he reached between them and drug the head of his cock along her slit. She broke off the kiss and nodded at him to continue. He parted her opening and slowly slid inside her, giving her time to adjust to his length and girth. It had been a while, so there was some resistance, but she was completely, and utterly, soaking wet, and felt nothing but whole.

When he was buried to the hilt, he remained there for a moment, clenching his jaw to resist the urge to buck into her, until she gave the signal. She wrapped her legs around his hips, once again, and started rocking against him. This was all the signal he needed and he started his own gyrations in tandem with hers.

He felt so fantastic. He filled her completely and every nerve ending on her body was on fire. She couldn’t ever remember feeling this absolute rapture before. She didn’t know if this talent was from experience or watching all those tapes that weren’t his. All she knew was that Mulder knew how to work his hips. With every thrust, his pubic bone ground against her swollen clit. She had never really been verbal during sex before, but the intense pleasure was ripping the sounds from her lungs.

She was almost constantly moaning or whimpering his name, all of which fueled Mulder on and made his pace more frantic. He moved his hands so that he was grabbing her hips as he thrust into her. She wasn’t the only one being vocal, with almost every other motion, Mulder groaned “ugh, fuck” or “oh my god” or simply her name. Each sound of his pleasure drove her absolutely crazy and she could feel her body quivering with built up tension, she didn’t know if it was possible to get any wetter than she was right now. It was his eyes that pushed her over the edge. Their gaze locked for a minute and all she saw was animalistic lust in the hazel depths. Knowing that this was her partner, Fox Mulder, who loved her, getting nothing but pleasure from making love to her and wanting her to feel the same was just too much. While maintaining eye contact she guterally moaned his name as she felt her vaginal walls clamp down around his sensitive length.

Her body wracked in a few spasms and after a few more thrusts he was following her over the edge, moaning her name in a similar fashion. She had never noticed how long his eyelashes were until they were fluttering against his cheek mid-orgasm.

They both rode out their pleasure as long as they could before collapsing into sweaty heaps entangled in each other. They were both panting trying to catch their breath, but the satisfaction was leaking from every pore. He raised a hand and swept her sweaty hair from out of her face, caressing her cheek, so much like he had yesterday under such different circumstances.

“I love you so much,” he stated.

“I love you too.” It was invigorating putting words to the way she had felt for so long. Sentiments always expressed, but that needed to finally be verbalized. She had spent years dreaming of the way they would sound coming out of her mouth, how they would feel actually being said to him, but her dreams were never accurate because she never could have imagined the light that burned bright in his eyes when the words finally reached his ears.
Thank you so much! I feel like I say this all the time, but yet again, this is the longest chapter yet, lol. I want to dedicate this chapter to the Tumblr user ‘bewilclerment’ who is SO NICE and always sends me sweet messages on Tumblr. Nothing warms my heart like knowing other people love Mulder and Scully like I do. Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, please let me know in the comments how you felt/if there’s anything you’d like to see in the future! - Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Once

Chapter Summary

After the in vitro failed, Scully just wanted to make sure she tried every option possible before giving up.

Author’s Notes: Thank you everyone for such nice feedback on the last chapter! You all are so sweet and encouraging! Yet again, I’m trying to experiment with my writing a bit, specifically in regards to tone, so I hope this is okay and doesn’t seem to OOC. Technically this one is based on 8x13 (Per Manum-the flashback scenes from a season or two prior, the fact that we don’t specifically know when this scene is set in the timeline of the series is a pain in my ass). Also, I am canonically disregarding the plot twist in season eleven, lol who isn’t?

Once: (adverb) a single time.

It didn’t take. He didn’t need to ask, but the question came out anyway, tasting bitter on his tongue. It was asked in the simple hope that the tears in her eyes and the quivering of her lip were because of something else, anything else. As long as their child was safe, growing, and healthy inside her loving body.

It was foolish to ever think something would go the way they wanted.

She apparently felt the same, “I guess it was too much to hope for,” he had never heard her sound so defeated before, so hopeless. Even though this was out of his control, he found himself shaking his head in refusal and pulling her to him. She was accepting of his comfort, but hugs and empty reassurances were all he could give her right now. He didn’t know how to fight fate, no matter how cruel and unfair it was.

His heart broke into a thousand pieces when he heard her breath hitch and felt her body tremble from the emotions she usually tried so hard to keep from him. He felt, as much as heard, the pain in her voice as she keened, “It was my last chance.” The finality of the words almost physically hurt him. She had already resigned herself to this suffering, accepting it would forever be a part of her life. He held her tighter, as if the contact would somehow allow him to absorb her pain.

They stayed like that for a moment until he pulled back, placing a loving kiss onto the smooth skin of her forehead. He didn’t want it to seem like he was giving her cruel false hope, he just couldn’t accept this. “Never give up on a miracle.”

He didn’t know if she believed in his words, her head moved slightly as if to dismiss them, but she seemed to appreciate them regardless. He was a little taken aback as she nudged his head slightly so she could place a kiss to cheek before resuming her designated place in his arms. Guilt ate away at him as he held her. If she hadn’t been assigned to be his partner, none of this would have happened to her, and yet here she was seeking comfort in his embrace. He didn’t even have the guts to tell her he knew why this was happening. That this infertility wasn’t just an odd occurrence, but that just like her sister, her daughter, her health, and her dog, her fertility had been stolen from her on this quest that brought them nothing but pain. He felt sick with the realization that he held her ova in the same hands currently running up her back.
After a while, she pulled apart and disentangled her arms from him, moving her hands to wipe away the tears that had fallen. She let out an embarrassed chuckle as her eyes flitted tentatively towards his own. They were bloodshot and glistening, but they still looked absolutely radiant. “Can I offer you anything to drink? Coffee, water, wine?” She was already moving towards the kitchen before he even answered, retreating to a new normalcy she wasn’t used to.

“I’ll take a cup of coffee,” he called out as he took a seat on her couch. Last time he had sat here he had butterflies in his stomach, anxiously excited about the possibility of Scully walking through the door, tears of happiness in her eyes as she told him it had taken. A manifestation of their bond blossoming deep inside her. Now the couch seemed hard and uncomfortable and there was just a pain in his chest and a knot in his throat he didn’t know how to alleviate.

She set a cup of coffee down in front of him as she slid on the other side of the couch with a glass of wine in her hand. Sometime during her excursion to the kitchen, she had slipped out of her jacket and her shoes, so now she was reclined next to him in her simple slacks and blouse.

They sat for awhile drinking in companionable silence. Occasionally one would speak up and say something, they would banter a little bit, but eventually return to relaxing with the comfort of no expectations. Scully got up once to refill their glasses before returning back and repeating the same thing over again. This time when they finished, he felt alert and awake, while her cheeks had a red tint to them and she was gazing at her ceiling, as if searching for some hidden answer in the old paint streaks.

He watched her for awhile, mesmerized by how lost in her own thoughts she was, a storm raging behind her tipsy stare. He gently tapped a finger against her side, earning a small grin from her lips as she turned her head to look at him. He broke the silence with a soft, sincere question, “How are you? Really?”

She let out a puff of air before setting her empty wine glass on the table, bringing her legs up to her chest, effectively making her look painfully vulnerable. She pursed her lips in contemplation before starting, “I just, I feel like I failed.” He hated hearing her speak so self-deprecatory, and his arms immediately widened in invitation. She released her legs and scooted over a bit so she was slightly leaning on him, allowing his arms to encircle her once more.

He kissed the top of her head before reassuring, “You did everything you could.” He immediately felt her head shake against his chest and her breathing quicken.

“No I haven’t,” she mumbled in irritation to herself.

She was clearly upset about something, but he had no idea what else could be done. She had been to so many doctors, she had done the in-vitro, what else could she do? She sat back a little bit and started self-consciously playing with the hem of her blouse. “I just feel like I can’t accept this until I’ve tried everything.”

“What else is there to do?” he asked.

She was silent for a while and he almost thought maybe she hadn’t heard him until her voice tentatively broke the silence. “I jus-this is so embarrassing.” She was now almost fully reclined out of his arms and was trying to cover her face with her hands. He softly grabbed her forearm and pulled it away so he could see her. She was lightly crying again, though not as hard as before and he wanted nothing more than to make her feel better, but he didn’t know how or if it would be possible.

“What is it? You can tell me,” he murmured softly.
“I just never tried the natural way. I feel like I just ridiculously jumped to the most extreme method possible. I know it’s not likely to be any more effective. I just want to cover all my bases, but I feel like it’s impossible. I’ve spent so long being so closed off and uptight, and now I feel like I’m getting punished for it.” He hated how accepting she was of this fate she didn’t deserve. Twisting this cruel act into a way to torture herself for something beyond her control. He was so focused on making her feel better, the implications behind ‘the natural way’ not yet dawning on him.

“Scully, there’s still time, and it’s not impossible,” he reassured, stroking her hair.

“You’re just the only one I feel comfortable asking, but I’ve already asked so much of you-” Sex. She was talking about having sex. The realization dawned on him and he almost felt dizzy from the shock. “-and you said explicitly that you didn’t want this to come in between us and I feel like I’m taking advantage of how kind you are, and I’m so embarrassed.” Tears were starting to roll down her cheeks right now and she was clutching her chest, as if she was trying to keep her heart from spilling out of her chest along with her honest confession.

“Hey, hey, hey,” he started, getting her attention. He was positive she could have continued on this downward spiral of self hate if she wasn’t stopped. He only had seconds to formulate an answer and he felt his heart racing at the implications of his words, “Don’t be embarrassed, you have nothing to be embarrassed of. I wasn’t lying when I told you I was honored you chose me, and I still am-” The thought of her asking anyone else made him sick, “-and you aren’t taking advantage of me, I want to help you. I want you to have this just as much as you do and I’ll do anything I can to help.” That’s it. After six years of partnership, six years of unrequited love, and they just agreed to have sex in less than sixty seconds, as if it was a casual business arrangement.

She looked at him with painful earnestly, her eyes wide and wet, “Are you sure?”

This is what he’s wanted for years; for her to share the most intimate side of herself with him. The opportunity to physically consummate his love for her. So why did he feel so sad? Probably because he couldn’t tell how she felt about this. If he took her on word alone, she was detached, and this was purely going to be done out of necessity. From emotion, it was clear she chose him because their relationship was the strongest she had in her life, and she could trust him with anything. But did she love him as much as he loved her? Would his first time making love to her be perceived as a sad last chance. He wouldn’t be able to handle it if she distanced herself from him out of some sort of disappointment or resentment. He could take a lot, but losing their relationship would be too much.

He didn’t say any of that though. “Of course I’m sure, Scully.”

For the first time all night she beamed up at him with a real smile. “This means a lot to me, Mulder. Just once is all I’m asking for. Once, so I can know I did all I could.” It meant a lot to him too, but for completely different reasons. Once. He’s loved her for so long, and was only going to be able to show her in entirety once. He didn’t even know if that was allowed. Did she want him to be detached and clinical about this? Because that would be absolutely impossible. He was lost in a whirlwind of thoughts and didn’t notice her slide closer to him on the couch, nor did he see her shift her body to face his more.

He was only brought out of his reverie when she placed a timid hand on his cheek, turning him towards her. When he looked at her, he saw a new shyness taking over her features, it was similar to before, but there was an added determination that made him turn to stone where he sat. She was so beautiful. That’s the only thing he could think of at this moment. She was so delicate and beautiful and giving him her full attention. His eyes flitted down to watch her lick her lips as she closed the gap between them.

The word ‘bliss’ almost seemed insulting when trying to describe the way her lips felt on his. Soft,
eager, sensual, pick any adjective that was synonymous with nirvana and it would fit. His hand went to
the back of her neck as he kissed her back, wanting to live in this moment forever.

A bolt of electricity shot through his body when he felt her dainty hand cup the bulge in the front of
his jeans, quickly finding his growing erection and kneading it with her palm. Not now. She felt so
good, the sensations were almost indescribable, but he wasn’t ready. His breath tastes like coffee, he
was wearing dingy old underwear where the elastic was visible, he wanted to trim his pubic hair, she
was too tipsy and too vulnerable for him to feel comfortable moving forward. If it was only going to
be once, he wanted it to be perfect.

He reluctantly pulled back and removed her hand gently from his pants, his eyes immediately taking
in her swollen lips and flushed cheeks. Her eyes closed in defeat and she pulled back as well, clearly
taking his deflection as rejection. Mulder put a finger under her chin and prompted her to open her
eyes. “Hey, I just want to make sure if it’s only once, that it’s done in the best circumstances. Isn’t
there a day of your cycle that’d be best?” He wanted to pat himself on the back for the quick
thinking. That sounded a lot better than saying ’I’m sorry Scully, I hadn’t prepared to properly make
love to you when I came over, and I need a while to be presentable. I’m also scared you’ll regret this
when you’re sober.’

She sighed in what he assumed was either acceptant recognition or frustration. Maybe both. “You’re
right.”

“I also just want to make sure you’re one-hundred percent sure. You’re tipsy and have had a very
hard day. I would hate myself if I took advantage of that.” She smiled sweetly at his confession and it
gave him some hope. “So, what day works best for you? On that day I’ll come over and knock. If
you still want to go through with it, let me in. If you decide against it, I’ll leave and it’ll never be
brought up again. As long as our relationship remains, that’s all I care about.”

“You’re so good to me,” she murmured. Before he could respond, she sat up and walked over to her
wall calendar, running her fingers over the perfect little squares littered with markings he didn’t
understand. “Sunday,” she called over her shoulder, “Sunday works best based on my ovulation
cycle.”

“Sunday, as in this Sunday?” he asked. It was Friday. All she did was nod. He stood up and walked
over to her, engulfing her in a big hug that she readily returned.

“I’ll be over Sunday, 6 o’clock,” he affirmed, kissing her once more on the forehead. After a moment
he let her go and grabbed his coat from the table and slipped into his shoes. He figured enough had
been said tonight, and they could both use time to think. He sent her a final smile before leaving,
letting out a huge breath as soon as the door shut behind him.

Jesus Christ, what have I agreed to?

Did she want it to last long? Would he be able to kiss her? Did she want foreplay? Did she want him
to leave afterwards? Could he look at her while he was inside her, or was that too vulnerable? He
wanted to make her cum, would she be put-off if he tried? Could he take it slow, or did she want this
to be over as quickly as it began? Could he tell her he loved her?

All these questions and so many more ran through his head for the entirety of the weekend. He
picked up the phone more times than he could count, even went so far as to let it ring a few times,
but inevitably, he couldn’t go through with it. He had established they would have time to think
about it until Sunday at 6 o’clock, and bothering her with clarifications before then would break the
promise. So instead, he spent the weekend researching the art of impregnation; the best positions, the
best time, the best duration. He spent all Saturday online looking at various forums to get better
educated. He just wanted this to work.

When Sunday came around, it was the longest day of his entire life. He woke up, went for a run, took a long and through shower, shaved, trimmed, did laundry, located his best underwear and outfit, and changed. He was fully ready to go and he still had an hour before he was expected. He decided he would pick up some flowers for her before going over to her place. Maybe he wouldn’t be allowed to verbally express what this meant to him, so he’d damn well try to show her.

There was a floral shop around the corner of her apartment and, after a long taxi ride and a short walk, he strolled in and was overwhelmed with options. He vaguely remembered a literary reference that alluded Orchids to fertility, so he picked her up a dozen of those as a token of good luck. By the time he checked out, it was 5:50 and his heart was hammering in his throat.

He walked the short distance to her apartment complex, walked up the flights of stairs to her door, and patiently waited outside until it was six on the dot. The whole time a sense of fear covering him like a blanket. What if she changed her mind? He didn’t want her to do anything she wasn’t comfortable with, but that doesn’t mean the rejection wouldn’t hurt any less. As soon as the little hand kissed the top of his watch, he raised his hand to knock, pleasantly surprised when the door swung open before his knuckles even hit the wood.

He was even more pleasantly surprised when he got to take in her appearance. If he had to guess, she had spent just as much time preparing today as he had. Though her hair and makeup looked beautiful to him everyday, he could tell she had spent a little more dedication to the tasks today. She was also wearing a light sundress he had never seen before, but it made her look absolutely stunning. It was delicate and flowy, and accentuated her figure beautifully.

“I was afraid you’d change your mind,” she laughed shyly. Complete honesty. This was a good sign.

“I was afraid you wouldn’t open the door,” she chuckled back. He suddenly remembered the bouquet in his hand and awkwardly thrust it out to her. “I got you these, by the way.”

She regarded the flowers with stunned appreciation, “Wow, Mulder. Thank you so much.” She took the flowers from his hands before turning into her apartment, beckoning him to follow. He shut the door behind him and turned around to see her finding a vase for the flowers. Her position allowed him to see her bare back, exposed by the openness of the dress. She was wearing it just for this occasion, just for him, and it gave him hope she recognized this with the same level of reverence that he did.

She found a vase and filled it with water, affectionately arranging the flowers inside. Mulder watched the event take place in front of him with extreme fondness. She leaned down, closing her eyes, to inhale the flowers scent before looking at him. “Mulder, these are beautiful.”

Mulder was never good at flirting, but he figured he had nothing to lose right now. “They are, but they don’t compare to you.” It was cheesy, but it still made her blush and smile, and that’s all that mattered to him.

She tucked an immaculate tendril of hair behind her ear before looking back up at him through thick lashes. “So, you’re still okay with going through with this right?” she asked shyly.

He wanted to phrase it in the best way possible, as to not sound like he was perverting altruistic intentions. “Anything I can do to help.”

She smiled at him, but the blush still hadn’t left her cheeks. If anything, her whole face was flushing as she asked, “It’s been a long time, so I’m afraid I’m a little out of practice. Do you have any
preference for how to start?” She was being painfully coy as she fingered the edge of the countertop. He didn’t want to seem possessive, but this answer made him happy. He had always been a little concerned about what had happened with Jerse, but the question was implicitly answered in her statement. Nothing. She was just as rusty as he was.

“I’m a little more than a little out of practice, to be honest, so don’t feel alone. Also, you’re in charge here Scully. You lead, I’ll follow.” It was true. This was her request, they would play by her rules, he didn’t want to do anything to make her uncomfortable.

She nodded and, without looking at him, grabbed his wrist lightly and led him down the hallway to her bedroom. He felt butterflies in his stomach full force. Completely in disbelief that this was actually happening. *He and Scully were about to have sex.*

When they walked through the doorway, he realized he had never really been in her room before. At least, not when he could really look around and appreciate it. The room was feminine with books, journals, and pictures of her loved ones everywhere, including a few of them. It was so Scully. She took them to the edge of her bed before turning around and smiling up at him. A smile he eagerly returned.

After a moment of shyness, she placed her arms around his neck as he wrapped his own around her waist, they stared at each other a moment before closing the gap between them and colliding in a passionate kiss. It was a lot different than the one from a few nights ago. There was no lingering alcohol on her tongue, no hesitance or apprehension, just enthusiastic exploration.

One of his hands snaked up from her waist to her back, relishing in the soft flesh he had never been allowed to touch before. At his boldness, her mouth started moving more fervently against his, her tongue raking over every crevice of his unexplored mouth. Her tongue felt slick and smooth against his own and it pained him to have to pull back for breath. When he did, he was able to see her eyes were hooded and dilated with lust. He had needed breath, but apparently she had lungs of steel, as soon as her lips detached from his, they were exploring the expanse of his neck. She played between nipping at the skin and suckling, spending a lot of time massaging the pulse point of his neck.

He groaned softly from her ministrations as he moved a shaky hand from her waist to under her skirt, exploring the flesh of her upper thigh. Her skin was impossibly smooth and the realization that she had shaved just for this made him smile. They were acting like a couple of shy teenagers rather than mature partners in their thirties.

As she kissed her way down his neck, she had to stop when the fabric of his shirt began. With an inconvenienced frown, she started undoing the buttons of his shirt, kissing her way down his chest. She asked him to do this in the sole hope of him getting her pregnant, but he felt like she was seducing him on the spot with the absolute tenderness and affection she was giving him. When she undid the last button she kissed the area of skin right above the zipper of his jeans and it made him sharply intake breath out of pure bliss. She made her way back up and looked at him with a mixture of lust and nervous fear. She slid her hands under the sides of his shirt and asked silent permission to remove the garment completely. He let go of her and helped her slide the shirt down his arms as the material fell to the floor, easily forgotten.

The way her eyes roamed his body was almost as erotic as her touch. Almost. She raised a faltering hand to his abdomen and felt each and every muscle, giving the same treatment to his chest and arms, placing gentle kisses on any area she could. He could only keep his hands off her for so long, and when her fingers grazed over his nipples, that was enough. He pulled her back to him and started giving her the same treatment he had just received.

He kissed her passionately on the lips once more, until it was she who had to pull away breathlessly,
before he started kissing the hollow of her neck. When he got to the base, she moaned loudly and he felt the vibrations resonate on his lips, egging him on more. He pulled her to him and let his hands roam everywhere as hers did the same. After what felt like an eternity, he had lifted her dress so that it was bunched around her waist, he glanced at her asking for permission to remove it fully and was encouraged when she sent him an enthusiastic nod.

He bunched up the fabric and pulled it over her head, she danced in place to help him with the endeavour. It must’ve fallen out of his hands immediately, because all he could focus on was getting his hands back onto her newly exposed body. Just as he had expected, she wasn’t wearing a bra under the dress and her perky breasts were now on fully display. Her nipples fully erect begging to be touched. She stood before him in nothing but lacy black underwear, and he could tell by her stillness that it was taking every ounce of strength to resist the urge to cover herself with her hands.

He placed a finger under her chin and nudged her to look at him. He spoke up for the first time this started, in a throaty, lust-riddled voice he hadn’t heard in years, “You are so breathtakingly beautiful.” She smiled sweetly as he eased her back onto the bed, all previous hesitation dissuaded by his words.

She scooted back to the middle of the bed as he removed his pants, not wanting her to feel more exposed than he was. He had the same insecurities she did, but the gleam in her eye as she took in the sight of his tented boxers was all the confidence boost he needed. When his pants, socks, and shoes were off he crawled onto her bed on top of her, but as he made his way up he started reciprocating her earlier actions in reverse. The first kiss was above the hem line of her underwear, then he continued the trail up her abdomen until he was at the valley of her breasts, kissing her breast bone. Beneath his lips he felt her heart beating rapidly in her chest, he looked up to make sure she was enjoying this and was pleased to see her eyes fluttered shut and her playing with her tongue in between her lips.

He took a brief intermission from his path to explore her breasts. He took one pert nipple into his mouth as his other hand gave equal attention to her other breasts. As soon as his tongue darted out to flick against her nipple, she moaned and arched her back into him. Encouraged by her reaction, he kept going, dancing between her nipples, giving equal attention to both. Halfway during his exploration, as she was moving, she felt his erection rub against her leg. Scully was nothing if not generous, so as he played with her breasts, she rubbed her leg sinfully against his throbbing penis.

After a few minutes her hand snaked into his hair and clutched a fistful, he took this as a sign to keep going, so, releasing her nipple with an audible “pop.” He continued kissing up her body. He went along her collarbone, over her shoulders, back onto her neck, and all along her neck. He was kissing her jawbone and up her cheek when he felt something wet against his lips. He pulled back and felt his heart plummet when he was tears leaking out of her closed eyes.

He pulled back, immediately scared of the worst, and placed a hand on the side of her face. “Scully? Scully, what’s wrong? Did I hurt you.”

He was even more confused when she chuckled lightly in response to his question. “No, no, not at all.” She reassured in a choked voice.

“Then what’s wrong?” He asked.

Her bottom lip started quivering and he immediately knew she wanted to stop. Which is why her words shocked him so much. “I just—just feel so loved.” A light sob escaped her lips as she opened her eyes, looking at him with pure adoration and dismay. As if she expected him to reject her.

His heart broke slightly at her admission, and he smiled down at her. “That’s because you are.” He
raised a hand to move a strand of hair out of her face and she leaned into his palm. “Dana, this means more to me than a quick one night stand. I know we said this would only happen once, and I respect that. But this one time means a lot to me, and if that makes you uncomfortable we can stop, but I can’t continue under the guise that I’m doing this without my love for you being the catalyst.”

He was glad she was smiling, or else he would have been more concerned about the tears still streaming down her cheeks. She raised her hands and wrapped them around his neck, pulling him closer. “Mulder, I love you so much,” she whispered against his lips before pressing them together. He couldn’t help but smile into the kiss and he was thrilled to feel her do the same. He pulled back and saw her staring at him with pure love and adoration, he leaned down and kissed all the tears off her face before returning to her lips once more. Scully loved him. She had been anxious she was taking advantage of his kindness because she truly wanted to have sex with him just as much as he wanted to have sex with her. The revelation changed everything and it was as thrilling as it was scary, but it was about damn time they stopped dancing around it.

He had been in between her legs, and didn’t even feel her lift her legs up around him until she was using her feet to slide his boxers down his legs. He broke off the kiss and moved to help her, removing her underwear along with his. Now they were fully exposed to each other, naked as the day they were born. He looked into her eyes as he touched her for the first time. Her eyes fluttered shut in pleasure as he found her clit. He was impressed, as much as he was honored, but how absolutely wet she was. Any fear that she wasn’t as into this as he was was quashed by the feeling of her juices coating his fingers. After a few moments of playing with her clit, watching her squirm against him, he moved his hand to his shaft and coated it with her arousal.

He instinctively was about to ask about condoms until he realized what all this was actually about. God, please let this work. From their admission just a few moments ago, it was evident this was probably not going to be their only time together, but he still wanted it to be effective.

He ran the head of his erection along her opening and looked at her for permission. Instead of nodding or saying yes, she took him by surprise and tilted her hips so that he was thrust inside her. He gasped as if he had never breathed before and his eyes snapped shut from pure bliss. It had been a long time since he had last been with a woman and he was overwhelmed from the sensation of her clenched around him with her tight wet heat. The fact the woman laying beneath him was Dana Katherine Scully was almost as arousing as the sensations itself. When he opened his eyes, he was met with her grinning, sultry face. She wiggled against him, begging him to move, and he was more than willing to comply.

His thrusts started slow and explorative. He knew it had been a long time for her too and he didn’t want to hurt her. She quickly made it clear she wanted him to go harder, and his thrusts became erratic. With every thrust, an internal mantra went off in his mind, it’s Scully, it’s Scully, it’s Scully. She wants me, she wants me she wants me. She loves me, she loves me, she loves me. He bent down and continued suckling at her neck, loving her verbalizations traveling through his body through his lips.

He had spent many years fantasizing about what type of lover Scully would be. He knew she would be attentive and eager to please. Scully was nothing if not efficient, and this was just an attesting to that fact. He could feel her squeezing her inner muscles around him in the world’s most pleasurable vice grip. Her hands were completely entangled in the sheets at her sides, white knuckled in pleasure. He hoped her neighbors were understanding, because in between their near-constant moans and the shaking of the bed, they were creating a cacophony of ecstasy.

“M-Mulder, I’m close,” she mewed. He kissed her once more before shifting the angle of his hips so that his pubic bone was grinding against her clit. He was glad those books recommended the
missionary position, because it gave him the perfect vantage point to watch Scully lose herself to absolute pleasure. After a few thrusts in that position, she started withering spastically underneath him. In a display of pure trust, she kept her eyes open and locked on his as she came. Her mouth opened as she gasped in lungfuls of air, and her body undulated against his. The combination of the sight and the sensation of her walls clenching him was enough to send him over as well.

Though his body was wracked with pleasure, he was still coherent enough to remember the goal of all this. He buried himself as deep inside her as her could possibly go and felt himself spurt hot and passionately in release. He kept his gaze locked on hers as he gave her everything he had to give. He stayed inside her for a few moments after, pulling out only so he could grab a pillow, lift up her hips, and slide the pillow underneath her so nothing would leak out.

“You’ve done your research,” she mused with a proud smile.

He buried himself at her side, curling around her and nuzzling into her warmth. He smiled shyly at being caught, “I just wanted to do my best.”

She kissed his sweaty temple sweetly and murmured, “You always do.”

Luckily they had more opportunities to try. Looking down at her swollen stomach, he didn’t know what time finally did it, but their child was finally growing inside her. A real manifestation of their love. He had spent his whole life searching for his family, she had spent her whole life losing hers, now they would finally get a chance to build one of their own.

Lol, that was so mean of me at the end, but I couldn’t help it. I know it was different than normal, but please let me know how you liked it, or even if you didn’t. I hope you guys have a lovely start of your week! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Scully and Mulder have to bear the elements when a case takes them into the forest.

Author’s Note: Hello all! Okay, so I follow a lot of X-Files/Gillian based accounts on twitter and the other day I saw a fave of mine (scullysufo) post a fanfic recommendation and IT WAS MY FIC! So many people were liking it and commenting they loved it. It was so endearing and, to all the people on twitter commenting on that thread, if you saw a random ass girl liking your posts, it was me! Anyhow, I just wanted to fangirl about that. Also, can we all please agree to pretend this chapter is medically/scientifically sound? Lol, I know it’s probably not, but it makes for fun fanfic.

**Primitive**:

(adjective) unaffected or little affected by civilizing influences; uncivilized; savage.

Hands down, of all the assignments she had been dragged on over the years, this was by far one of the worsts. The assignment itself wasn’t all that bad; they just had to act as surveillance to see what the “paranormal activity” the townspeople spoke of actually was. However, with the financial state of the local police department and the not-so generous budget of the FBI, they were forced to camp in the middle of the woods with one tent, two sleeping bags, a first aid kit, some chairs, and an Igloo freezer with a days worth of meals in it. Not that they needed the freezer, while earlier it was a bearable 50 degrees fahrenheit, with the sun gone, it had plummeted to a frigid 30.

The guide who had brought them here said he would come and retrieve them at 8 am. Scully pulled up the sleeve on her oversized jacket to check the watch clinging to her wrist. Four hours down, ten to go. She quickly rolled her sleeve back down, her forearm littered with goosebumps after being exposed the the night air. Slouching further into the seat of her chair and glanced over and saw Mulder, per usual, looking completely unfazed. In fact, he looked almost tranquil, reclined in his chair, looking at the night. The light of the fire in front of them was dancing in his eyes.

He must’ve felt her eyes boring into him because his head lolled onto his shoulder and his gaze focused on her. “I’m sorry for being so impulsive,” he murmured sincerely.

His comment took her a bit by surprise. She knew she had been a bit standoffish on the walk here, she hated being stuck in the wilderness after their last experience, but she was trying to be supportive. It was just so damn cold. She shouldn’t have expected her discomfort to go unnoticed by him, Mulder noticed everything she did.

“Being impulsive in regards to the personality trait, or being impulsive by agreeing to camp in the woods because a couple of teens heard a few things go bump in the night?” she teased lightheartedly, feeling gratified when he laughed.

“I guess a little bit of both?” He admitted. “I just had a feeling they were telling the truth.”

He didn’t want to dismiss them. Mulder had the frustratingly endearing habit of never wanting to make anyone feel like they were delusional or making them feel stupid. After what he’d been through, it made sense, but it got them into a lot of situations like this. And she would always be by
his side, and she’s never change a day. “I understand. I’m sorry for my bad mood,” she confessed.

“Bad mood as a personality trait or earlier this morning?” She narrowed her eyes at him and a smile broke out on his face, “Kidding. I deserved it after dragging you out here to freeze all night.”

“It’s nothing I didn’t agree to.”

“And I appreciate that. I wouldn’t be able to do half of what I do without you by my side,” he spoke, his eyes reflecting his sincerity.

She tried to repress the smile that was erupting on her face, but she couldn’t hold it back, much to Mulder’s happiness. “I always will be,” she mumbled under her breath. In her normal fashion, she was too uncomfortable by this vulnerability, so she deflected. “And on that note, I’m leaving you. I have to pee,” she declared, picking up her flashlight. She started walking away as the sound of Mulder’s laughter echoed in the forest.

Of the two flashlights they were provided, she had the dim one, it could barely light up three feet in front of her. It didn’t matter much, she just wanted to walk in a straight line a few meters away so she could pee out of Mulder’s earshot. She walked away from the camp, stopping after having counted to thirty in her mind. She put the end of the flashlight in her mouth and quickly eased her heavy sweats down her legs, along with her underwear. She squatted against a tree, kicking her legs out in front of her to avoid backsplash, and peed as quickly as she could. She cursed Mulder in this moment, just able to whip it out, do his business, and then go on his merry way. While she was here, bare ass to the wind, squatting like an animal. The night air was nipping harshly at her skin, so as soon as she was done, she pulled out of the tissues from her pocket, wiped, threw the tissue on the ground, covered it with some dirt, and hurried to pull her pants up. In her haste, the flashlight fell out of her mouth and rolled down the hill in front of her.

“Fuck,” she muttered under her breath. She had to blindly navigate her way down the hill towards the small light, tapping her foot in front of her before stepping to avoid tripping. There was a small step after the hill when she was only a few feet away from the light. As soon as she was off the step she heard a large cracking noise, she stilled for a moment before deciding it was probably a stick. She closed the gap between her and the light, hearing the cracking a few more times as she reached it. “Mulder?” she called out. She didn’t know if it was him making the noise, or maybe it was whatever they were looking for.

She spun quickly on one foot to turn around and, within a moment, it became clear what the cracking was. She was standing on a frozen pond. She didn’t really get any time to process it, because the realization dawned on her as one final ‘crack’ broke the surface and sent her plummeting into the freezing water. The light flew out of her hand as her whole body became immersed.

Cold. That’s the only thing she could think. Cold. As soon as her body was under, it felt like every inch of skin was being stuck by hundreds of pins and needles. She hadn’t meant to, but out of shock she gasped and inhaled some of the water, luckily breathing out before it got into her lungs. She tried to move her arms, but instead of the dexterile strokes she was aiming for, they just flailed pathetically at her sides. She felt paralyzed. It’s so cold. She hadn’t gotten a breath before falling, and she felt her lungs burning in need. She tried to move her arms and flail her feet, but she didn’t feel like she was going anywhere. I’m going to drown.

As soon as the thought passed her mind, she felt the front of her coat’s collar choke her neck as a hand pulled on the back, dragging her up. When her head broke the surface, she felt another hand wrap around her torso, under her arms, “Scully? Scully are you with me?” Mulder’s frantic voice called out, begging for an answer.
She consciously knew she was out of the water, but she was so soaked it didn’t provide her any relief other than being able to breathe. “C-c-co-.”

“I know you’re cold, we’re going to get you warmed up in a minute. Just think about something else,” he reassured. She was more grateful for their connection right now more than ever before because her lips couldn’t form the word. Mulder had been diligently sliding them across the small expanse of ice separating them from the land. As soon as they were on solid ground, he hoisted her up in his arms and ran towards the campsite.

In an attempt to ignore the sharp pain of her skin against the cold air, she just stared at Mulder while her head rest against his chest. The combined weight of her body, plus the winter gear, plus the fact she was drenched had to be taxing, but he looked unfazed. Probably from pure adrenaline. She assumed he had probably already been on his way when she initially called out, running when he heard the fall. She was mesmerized by the look of determination on his face, concern etching into the lines on his face.

Within mere moments they were at the campsite. He was about walk into the tent, but stopped short of the entrance, probably realizing it wouldn’t be wise to get their sleeping area soaking wet. He eased her down on rigid feet and placed his hands on her arms to steady her. “Scully, do you have any other clothes?” She opened her mouth to say ‘no’ but only the initial sound would come out. By the look on his face, he understood. “I have to get you out of these clothes okay? I’m sorry.”

He grabbed the zipper of her jacket and slid it down, quickly shucking it off her shoulders. He laid it on the ground near the fire, presumably to help it dry, as he did with every article of clothing as he removed them. Her sweater, her t-shirt, her tank top, her sweatpants, her leggings, her shoes, her socks, he removed every one of her many layers until she was standing in front of him in her bra and underwear. Under any other circumstance she would have been shy, maybe even embarrassed, but all she could focus on right now was the wind she hadn’t noticed before biting her skin.

He removed his own jacket, wet from her body, before darting into the tent. She heard rustling, but was too frozen to do anything other than shiver in place. After what felt like hours, but knowing Mulder was probably only a few seconds, he reemerged, scooped her up, and brought her inside, setting her down before zipping up the tent. As he did that, she noticed he had put her sleeping bag inside his own for extra warmth. He turned back to her and started to move her to lay down, but stopped when she shook her head. “Scully what is it?”

“N-no w-wet,” she stuttered. Special Agent Dana Katherine Scully, Medical Doctor, reduced to childlike utterances. Mulder nodded in understanding, though he looked like he wanted more confirmation before removing the articles, but knowing she couldn’t. He reached around and unclasped her bra, tossing it in the corner, then kneeling to pull down her underwear, helping her out of them, tossing them as well. Mulder’s eyes lit up with an idea and he quickly removed his sweater and wiped her down with it, drying her off before he laid down. Even though her cold shock, she could recognize the tender care he was giving her and the overwhelming smell of Mulder being wiped over her.

Even though he was being so attentive, it was obvious, he was scared. It was freezing temperatures, she was just submerged in frigid water, and she was clearly in mild shock. His eyes were constantly moving in a desperate attempt to assess her condition and his hands were shaking as he wiped the sweater across her skin. He tossed his sweater in the corner when he was satisfied and was finally allowed to ease her into the inner sleeping bag.

He started zipping it up and she knew what she needed to say. *This is just insulating my coldness, it’s not going to do anything other than keep me stagnant. I need your body heat to help warm me up.*
But instead, all she could form was, “I n-need y-you.”

“I’m here Scully, I won’t leave you,” he soothed.

“B-bag, wit-h m-me. Bo-dy, h-heat. N-na-k-ked,” it took her awhile to get it all out, but by the way his eyes widened, he understood about halfway through. She couldn’t help but realize in this moment every time he had seen her naked, she was practically frozen.

“Are you sure?” She nodded in response and he hesitantly stood up and stripped out of all his clothes. When he took off his jeans, he inadvertently revealed he had been going commando all day. There were going to be no boundaries in this sleeping bag. He motioned for her to scoot over and he laid down next to her. Her first thought was that his skin burned against her own, he felt like a living furnace. Ironically, when he touched her he took a sharp inhalation of breath, “Fuck, Scully, you’re freezing.”

He reached over her and finished zipping up the sleeping bag, so that only their faces were uncovered. It was a tight fit, in order to completely get in, they both had to lay on their sides facing each other, and there was relatively no space in between them. As soon as they were cocooned, his hands started rubbing up and down her arms and back in an attempt to help her circulation. Almost instantly, she started feeling alive again. She nuzzled closer to him to siphon his heat from him. In the sleeping bag, the height difference was still stark. Her face was near his chin and neck, but her feet were currently running up and down his calves to get friction.

As the heat came back into her body, so did her rationality. She knew this was the smartest thing, and honestly the only thing, they could have done in this situation, but it was startlingly intimate. There were still the sounds of the crackling fire, and the recurring soundtrack of the forest, but the only sounds ringing in her ears were the ones being elicited from Mulder. The sound of his breathing, the sound of their skin moving, the rusting of the sleeping bag, it was deafening.

She wasn’t going to draw any attention to it, but while the blood was starting to flow throughout her whole body, Mulder’s blood flow started to focus on one area in particular. She could feel his erection pressing in between the middle of her thighs, but she would be damned if she did anything that would make him self conscious after all he just did for her. Besides, it was very flattering, all eight inches of it if she was guessing correctly.

She almost jumped from surprise from the sound of his voice breaking the silence after about half an hour of snuggling for warmth.“How’re you feeling?”

“You saved my life,” she croaked, her voice a little raw from the strain on her throat due to this escapade.

“Nothing you wouldn’t have done for me,” he murmured, placing a kiss onto the crown of her head. She smiled at him before nuzzling into the crook of his neck. She knew this should have probably felt more awkward, but she was absolutely content. She didn’t know how long he spent trying to warm her up, because she fell asleep to his ministrations.

She didn’t know what woke her up, but from the bright light against her eyelids, she had slept through the night. She couldn’t remember the last time she had felt so well-rested when waking up, and her alarm hadn’t even gone off yet. With a smile, she burrowed further into her pillow. Then her pillow moved back. Her eyes shot open and the events of last night came rushing back to her, she glanced down and confirmed it was indeed Mulder’s muscular bicep, his forearm cradling her against him. She must have shifted in her sleep because her back was now flush against his front. Oh yeah, they were naked.
From the sensations in between her legs, that was likely what had roused her from sleep. She could practically feel her heartbeat in her clit from how turned on she was. From the feeling of Mulder’s rock hard erection digging into the flesh of her ass, he was reacting the same. She stiffened when she felt him move, but he groggily groaned and it was obvious he was still asleep, but the sensation of his cock rubbing against her like that made her inadvertently back up into him. This was exquisite torture. She wanted to alleviate the pressure from her over-sensitive clit, but any hip movement might wake him up.

He had been successful in warming her up, but she now couldn’t tell if the wetness from the inner parts of her thighs was from sweat or arousal. She had an inkling it was the former. His breathing sounded even, so she took a chance and pressed her free palm against her pubic mound. She had to bite her lip to keep from moaning. She knew lust was taking over her rationality, but she figured if she was subtle, it could be played off as anything else. Being as still as possible, she slid one finger in between her folds and felt her swollen bud. She flicked and swirled her wetness over her clit all while relishing the feel of Mulder’s erection, imagining it was him parting her instead.

After a few minutes of doing this she must have lost herself a little bit because her ministrations became a little less controlled and a little more indulgent. Resulting in her lightly grinding against him, much to her pleasure. A shockwave roared through her body when she felt a pair of warm lips place a wet kiss to her neck. The combination of knowing he had been awake and that he was joining in made a moan escape from her throat. She felt his kiss turn into a smile against her skin.

With ease and grace, his hand traveled from under her breasts, down the expanse of her stomach, and under her hand, replacing hers with his own. Relieved that she didn’t have to be still any more, she leaned heavily against him. His hands felt perfect against her, his fingers were eager and strong, moving against her like she was a part of his own body. She lifted one leg up and rested in on top of his legs, spreading herself for easier access. Mulder quickly adapted and moved his hand so that he could slide two fingers inside her while his thumb took a turn playing with her clit. His other hand moved a bit so that he was cupping her breasts, tweaking her nipples.

She had always been a sucker for Mulder’s voice, and hearing it so unrestrained from pleasure was enough to do her in. She cried out with him and desperately gripped his forearm, keeping it in place as she ground against him.

She barely was out of her haze of pleasure when she reached behind her and wrapped her hand around Mulder’s length, stroking him from base to tip. The grip he had on her breasts tightened and he pulled her even closer to him. With ease, she squirmed up a little bit and navigated his head to align with her opening.

“Are you ready?” he asked, the strain of holding back making his voice gravelly. There were no pretenses, they both wanted this. She nodded, turning her head as much as she could so he could place a kiss to her lips, an invitation accepted with great talent. His mouth was fervent against her own, like he was trying to thank god for her being alive though the connection of their lips. When they broke apart for breath, he slid into her, stretching her walls in jaw dropping pleasure. They both stalled for a moment, enjoying the sensation of their first union. When they were ready, they started grinding against each other.
In the frenzied passion, Scully’s leg was accidentally knocked from her perch and Mulder took initiative to roll them into a different position, so that Scully was laying on her stomach and he was on top of her. From this angle, his thrusts sent him deep, deep inside her, filling her to the brim. She shifted her calves so they were on either side of his knees, so she was as wide as possible. She moved her arms so she was resting on her forearms and had enough momentum to back into him, matching him thrust for thrust.

“Is this okay?” he panted, placing a kiss to each one of her shoulder blades, then kissing his way down her spine.

“I think I would die if you stopped now,” she groaned.

“Me too,” he sighed in relief.

Their thrusts became primitive and wild, as if this was the last thing they would ever do. He had been resting his weight on his hands on either side of her, but after a few minutes he collapsed so that he could knead her breasts and so his body was completely flush with hers. She didn’t have much experience in this position, but she had never realized how great it felt. With each thrust, the head of his penis rubbed back and forth against her g spot, and the pressure of her clit rubbing against the floor added to the pleasure. She felt encompassed by Mulder. Every sexual organ on her body was on fire from his ministrations. Their moans were harmonizing with each other’s pleasures, just continuing to fuel each other’s arousal.

She felt Mulder’s mouth once again return to her neck, this time focusing on the side he couldn’t reach before. Continuing to thrust, he kissed from her ear to her shoulder. When he got to her shoulder, he opened his mouth and lightly bit her, not to draw blood, just as a new sensation. As soon as she felt his teeth bite her, she came; loud, hard, and fast. She eased off her forearms so that her chest was pressing his hands into the ground and her back was arching against him, spasming in release as she moaned. Mulder thrust frantically and desperately against her clenching walls and joined her in satisfaction.

When the orgasms subsided, he returned them to their positions from last night, face to face with his arms wrapped around her. In all her years by his side, she had never seen that glimmer of pure happiness in Mulder’s eyes. It looked good on him. With a goofy smile, he closed the gap between them and pressed another kiss to her eager lips. This time, it was sweet and slow, relishing in the newfound intimacy they shared. When they broke away he teased, “So are you feeling warmer now?”

There wasn’t any paranormal activity in the forest that they found, but it managed to become both of their favorite cases. It would have been better if they remembered their escort was coming at 8 am.

I hope you enjoyed! Sorry for any grammatical errors, I have a final tomorrow, aka in a few hours, that I wanted to take a reprieve from. My brain is a little fried. Anyhow, please drop a review and let me know if there’s anything you wanna see! Love you all! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Nothing will stop Mulder and Scully from having a sensual night together.

Author’s Notes: Hello everyone! I’m finally on my last week of school (for my junior year)! To everyone out there having to finish finals, we’re in it together, you got this! Also, I really hope Mulder isn’t too OOC in this, I’ve been binging *Californication*, so I have a bit of Hank Moody stuck in my head. Anyway, enjoy!

*Quiver:* (noun) a slight trembling movement or sound, especially one caused by a sudden strong emotion.

It had been an unspoken rule ever since they started this; if they went to his place, they were going to hang out, if they went to her place, they were going to have sex. It wasn’t necessarily that rigid, but what it boiled down to was the fact her bed was a hell of a lot more comfortable than his. He was rather fond of their living arrangement, he was even more fond of it right now since he could see her steering the car onto her street, a coy smile tugging her lips.

She had started it. She surprised herself, but he always knew it would happen that way. Scully had always been the braver one, after all. It happened several months ago when they were forced to take a mandatory week off so their vacation days wouldn’t expire. He lasted a day and a half before he couldn’t take it anymore and reached for the phone, only to be interrupted by Scully knocking on his door, a six pack of beer and a bag from Blockbusters in hand. One thing led to another, and they ended up spending the rest of their vacation breaking his bed while making up for six years of lost time.

This is the first time they had ever been so bold as to drive to and from work together. There wasn’t really much risk, no one would think anything of “Mr. and Mrs. Spooky” driving together, but then again, there was always someone watching. However, with being able to enjoy this taste of domesticity, sitting in Scully’s passenger seat as her cassettes blared through the speakers and her ever-off tune voice sang along, he would go to the ends of the earth to live like this forever.

With a mix of expertise and excitement, she parallel parked in front of her building, sending him an inviting wink before practically jumping out of the car. *Apparently he wasn’t the only one eager to get inside.* This was his least favorite part; this two minute interval to took as they traveled from the sanctuary of her car to the haven of her apartment. He stood next to her as they anxiously waited for the elevator doors to open and take them up. He was flexing his hands, nervously tapping his fingers against the fabric of his pants, anything to alleviate the urge to reach out and grab her hand into his. *I just have one rule; we can’t be lovey-dovey in public. We already have our relationship used against us as is, I don’t want to give them anymore fuel.* She had said that while intermittently placing kisses along his face, punctuating each sentence with her lips. He would agree to anything as long as she was doing that, though he wishes he could add a few clauses into the mix, since he hadn’t realized how torturous it would be to keep his hands off her body after they’d been acquainted.

Sensing his impatience, she gifted him with one of her thousand watt Scully-smiles and motioned for him to follow her into the open elevator he hadn’t even noticed. After this started, he finally
understood why people enjoy the weekends. Back in the day, weekends were just him alone in his apartment, ordering take out, spending too much time with his right hand, and missing Scully. Usually the last two went together. Now, weekends meant two full days and nights, uninterrupted, with the love of his life. He loved his work, but writing case reports didn’t hold a candle to waking up with Scully in his arms. Today was Friday, they had another entire weekend ahead of them and the thought made him dizzy.

He had a hard time keeping the smile off his face and she was quick to notice, “You seem awfully happy.”

“In a few moments I’m about to show you just how happy I am,” he joked in earnest. A flattered smile broke out on her face and she averted her gaze.

He loved that.

Being able to openly flirt with her and tell her how much he loved her was better than any drug out there. Especially now that he got more reciprocity back than a simple, “Oh brother.”

“Is that so?” she teased. She played back nowadays too, much to his delight.

“More than so, Scully. In fact, I hope you’re not too committed to the ground, because I’m about to sweep you off your feet here in a few minutes,” he quipped, earning a hearty laugh from Scully, who practically leapt out to the elevator to her door with Mulder fast on her trail.

He used his height to his advantage and watched over her shoulder as she opened the door. With one final click, she swung it open, gesturing for him to go inside. He swiftly walked in, turned around, and watched as she shut and locked the door before placing the keys on the table next to the entrance. As soon as she turned to him, he ran towards her, bending down to place a hand under each of her thighs and hoisted her up so that her back was against the door, kept firmly in place by his own body and her legs, which were now wrapped tightly around his sides.

He was about to kiss her on the mouth, but he didn’t want to interrupt the melodic, rare giggles tumbling from her lips. Instead, he settled on placing kisses everywhere else he could reach, her cheeks, her nose, her forehead, by the time he was kissing her neck, the giggling had stopped and was replaced with sighs of appreciation.

Her arms had been laced around his neck, but she slid one away so she could grab a fistful of his hair, bringing his face back to her own. He could already see her eyes darkening from arousal before her mouth descended on his. She was passionate, he knew that before, but he would never get over how fervent and loving her kisses were. She deepened the kiss almost immediately, running the tip of her tongue over his eager lips insistently. He loved everything about this, the remnants of her chapstick smearing over his mouth, the way her breath tickled his skin when their mouths broke apart, the way her elegant nose pressed against his cheek. The fact he was allowed to experience her in this way made him feel like the luckiest man alive.

With one playful prod of her tongue into his own, she broke the kiss, only to moan, “Bedroom, now.” Even though she was dwarfed compared to him, his body trapping her onto a wall, and her face completely flush with arousal, she was still demanding as ever. He loved it.

He answered her with a smile and adjusted his grip so that he was palming her ass as he carried her. Never one to waste time, Scully quickly shifted in his grasp so she could start unbuttoning his shirt with a devilish gleam in her eye. He kicked open the door with his foot and all but collapsed on top of Scully on the bed, evoking more laughter from the petite woman. He nuzzled into her neck, suckling and biting as he ground his erection into her for the first time. He could feel her moan vibrate in her throat under his lips as she started squirming against him.

He felt her hands at work in between them, continuing her work to unbutton his shirt. He leaned up a
bit to fully slide out of the sleeves and switched roles with her, quickly discarding her jacket before
untucking her blouse. As soon as the blouse was over her head, his hands were on her flesh,
grabbing and groping the expanse of skin greedily. Her hands had been at her waist, trying to undo
the clasp, but her movements became lethargic as she became distracted by his ministrations. He slid
his hands down her sides to join her and he deftly undid the clasp with precision from months of
experience. She laid down as he hooked his fingers under the waistband of the skirt and her
pantyhose, sliding them slowly down her smooth legs.

As he threw the garments over his shoulder, standing in front of her prone form on the bed, he
noticed something that may cut the evening short. He grabbed Scully’s ankles, placing kisses on her
big toes before resting her feet on his chest. “Scully?” he stated to get her attention.

“How?” she mumbled with an excited smile.

“I’m sorry to tell you this, but I think you just started your period,” he informed, stroking a finger up
and down her calf. He’d told her time and time again that he wasn’t bothered by it, but Scully just
preferred not to have sex on her period and he would never pressure her. It may take a while for his
erection to calm down, but a nice, calm weekend with Scully was always weekend well spent.

She raised an eyebrow at him before lifting herself up on her elbows and spreading her legs, glancing
down to see the same red diamond that signalled it to him. Apparently she was more frustrated than
he was, as she let out a loud groan and collapsed defeated onto the bed. He let go of her ankles and
crawled on the bed next to her, placing a kiss to the side of her head. “Sorry Sculls, but I still want
you know this doesn’t bother me. I love your vagina all days of the month.”

She rolled her eyes before turning to lay on her side, facing him. “Thank you, Mulder, but I still am
not a fan.” He nodded at her and turned to get up so she could go take care of herself, but he was
stopped by her hand pressing on his chest. “Ah-ah, just because I don’t want period sex doesn’t
mean I’m through with you,” she cooed. Now it was his turn to raise an eyebrow, this was an
unexpected turn of events, he opened his mouth to ask, but was silenced by a finger being pressed to
his lips. “I’m going to go change, when I come back, I want you naked on the bed with your eyes
closed. Nod if you understand.” He nodded enthusiastically and watched as she leapt off the bed,
grabbed a change of lingerie, and shouted “And no peeking, Mulder!”

“Is there a punishment if I do?” he asked with a waggle of his eyebrows. The only answer he got
was laughter as she closed the bathroom door. He didn’t know how much time he had so he quickly
disrobed and layed on her comforter, his erection bobbing enthusiastically against his stomach. He
closed his eyes, eager for whatever experience Scully was about to bestow on him. He could hear
her rummaging around her bathroom cabinets and the telltale plastic crinkling of a tampon wrapper.
He heard the sounds of the sink, but instead of her footsteps coming back to the bedroom, she went
in the other direction. This was tantalizing; he was placing his complete trust in her.

After a minute of trying to decipher the ambient noise, he heard her feet padding on the floorboards
back to the bedroom. For a second he was so excited about her return he almost opened his eyes, but
he caught himself and squeezed them tighter. After her feet came to a stop next to the bed, there was
a moment of silence. He tried to imagine what was happening beyond the darkness of his eyelids.
Was she watching him as he lay completely vulnerable to her?

He actually jumped a bit when her breath hit his ear and her voice sang softly in his ear, much closer
than he had anticipated. “Mulder, do you trust me?”

He cleared his throat before answering, “Unconditionally.”

Her mouth was so close to his ear, he could actually feel her smile. “Do you promise to tell me if I
“I don’t think it’s possible for you to make me uncomfortable, Scully, but yes, I promise,” he answered.

He felt her presence move away from his ear and relocate. First he felt the bed dip near his hip, quickly followed by a dip near the other hip, only realizing she was straddling when her weight came down to rest on top of his abdomen. He moved his hands to grab her waist, but they only got to remain there temporarily. She grabbed his left hand first, and raised it above his head, he heard a familiar clicking sound but didn’t recognize it until he felt the cool metal encircle his wrist followed by more clicking. **Scully was handcuffing him to the bed with their own handcuffs.** The same action was performed on his other wrist as a smile broke out on his face. His smile was quickly accompanied by her finger, which delicately traced the lines of his lips. He wasn’t allowed to peek, and apparently couldn’t touch, so he settled on puckering his lips to kiss the pad of her finger.

His body almost lurched to follow her when her weight left him. He heard some rustling before feeling a thin piece of fabric get tied around his head, covering his eyes. **His own tie.** Her lips were at his ear again as she teased, “So you’re not tempted.” He felt a bolt of lightning shoot through his body as her tongue darted out to lick the rim of his ear, then moving to nibble her teeth lightly on his earlobe.

The bed at his side dipped once again as she joined him. He felt one hand lean on the other side of his head so she could hover over him. The anticipation of waiting for her next move was almost as erotic as her touch. Almost. Her head descended so that he could feel her breath on his lips, a milimeter away from touching. He moved his head up a bit in an attempt to capture her lips in a kiss, but when he moved, she moved, having the advantage of actually seeing his movements. **This was her game and she wanted him to know they were playing by her rules.** He hoped he could last for whatever she had in store because this was probably the most arousing moment of his entire life.

She finally closed the gap and all he could focus on was her kiss. Her lips felt like velvet against his own. Having the blindfold on heightened all other senses; he could taste the coffee they shared on her tongue, he could smell her shampoo as her hair shrouded his face, he could hear the near-pornographic sounds of their tongues sliding against each other in wet friction.

She broke the kiss and he felt a thin trail of saliva snap back onto his chin, only to be wiped off by her gentle thumb. She resumed her position straddling him, making sure to avoid touching the area he wanted her to touch most of all. He didn’t need to see to know she was planning on torturing him with pleasure. She leaned forward and wrapped her hands around his wrist, slowly easing her way down his arms until her hands came resting on her chest, making sure to outline and grope each muscle her fingers passed.

He could feel her weight moving, but it was always a surprise to find out what her goal was. He quickly inhaled a shaky breath when her lips locked onto the skin of his neck, tonguing his pulse point. She played between suckling and nipping, and he was glad he’d have the next few days to let these hickies fade. She was effective, as always. She placed wet kisses all the way down his sternum, lapping her tongue against his skin. He audibly gasped when her area of interest changed and she took a nipple playfully in her mouth, gently running it back and forth between her teeth. After dedicating a moment to one, she honored the other one just the same, running her fingernails up and down his sides. The sensations of her nails against his skin made goosebumps spread intensely across his body and he heard her exhale in amusement.

She was on the move once more and he felt the bed adjust with her. His legs were spread and he felt her knees settle in between his thighs. Her hands had still been on either side of his torso, but they...
started to slide down as she moved to sit on her legs. However, she took her time with this movement, arching her back so his cock rubbed along the expanse of her body. First touching the fabric of the front of her underwear, then rubbing along the length of her stomach, before nuzzling in between her breasts. No longer was she hovering over him, her front was pressed flush to his crotch and, from the skin to skin sensation he felt right now, she was not wearing a bra. His hands shot grab the chain of the handcuffs as he burrowed into the bed, trying to avoid desperately humping her like his body wanted him to do.

She kissed his pubic mound before removing her hands from the bed, instead, wrapping them around her breasts so his erection was engulfed by her breasts. Oh fuck. He couldn’t hold back moaning anymore and his voice was loud to his own ears. Against his efforts, he was rocking his hips lightly, desperate to add to the friction she was giving him.

After a few moments, she let go of her breasts and, keeping her chest pressed against him, raked her fingernails up his inner thighs. He swore that every hair on his body was standing on end, his entire body set ablaze by her hands. His hips raised off the bed as she leaned away from him, he could feel her knees sliding further down the bed and it took every fibre of his being to keep himself from wrapping his legs around her to keep her near him. Her hands came to rest on the most inner part of the tops of his thighs, nearly bracketing his erection that was, quite literally, crying for her attention.

His jaw fell open when he felt her hot breath on him from root to tip. She wasn’t touching him just yet, but the sensations were exquisite. She repeated the movement, but this time blowing a thin line of cold air up and down his shaft, the air, combined with the pre-cum lubricating him made him bite his lip. Her hands were massaging the flesh near his crotch as she asked him a question in a throaty, husky voice, “Do you want me to touch you?” The breath from each word made his cock throb and pulsate.

He nodded and she playfully darted her tongue over the slit on his head. His head was practically lolling from shoulder to shoulder in anticipation. “I want you to say it,” she whispered.

He felt his legs quiver, tremble even from pure lust. He didn’t care how strained and desperate his voice sounded, all he could focus on was Scully. “Please touch me, Scully.” he begged. As soon as the words left his mouth, the flat expanse of her tongue was running up his length. When she got to the tip, she placed a sweet kiss to the head before taking him in her mouth fully. His head flew back onto the pillow and his back nearly arched off the bed, only kept in place by her firm hand on his abdomen.

Scully’s mouth bobbed up and down over his throbbing erection, every now and then stopping to run her tongue along his length or to rub the tip of her tongue over the ridges and grooves of his penis. She placed one hand at the base to wrap around the end of his erection her mouth couldn’t reach, and the other hand reached down to cup his balls. Occasionally, she would stroke him with one hand as her mouth sucked hard on his testes, making his eyes roll violently into the back of his head in pure pleasure.

Even though he had the blindfold on, his eyes remained shut. Regardless of the lack of vision, he could imagine her perfectly. He had been staring at those lips for years, only recently enjoying the knowledge of what they looked like wrapped around his cock. Once you saw such a beautiful sight, you never forget. He imagined what her breasts looked like right now, bouncing from the exertions of her ministrations. Every now and then, he could feel one of her pert, rosy nipples graze against the skin of his inner thigh. He imagined how mussed her beautiful auburn hair looked like right now. It was still down, because he could feel it tickle his abdomen when he was deep in her mouth.

The sounds of his pleasure were an added arousal. From his moans echoing off the walls, the suction
of her mouth wrapped around him, the sheets rustling as he squirmed, and the overall wetness was a beautiful melody to his ears.

After a few moments he could feel the familiar hot coiling deep in his abdomen. He had to find his voice as he weakly groaned, “Sc-Scully, I’m close.” However, instead of detaching herself, she placed one hand on each of his thighs as she took his entire length into her mouth. He could feel the tip of his dick rubbing against the back of her throat as she shook her head back and forth, her lips kissing his base. She moaned lightly and the vibrations shooting through his cock were a sensory overload. He saw stars as he came hot and fast, shooting a stream of cum down her throat. She continued to suck him off until his orgasm passed over. Even afterwards, she let him fall out of her mouth, but licked him clean.

She prowled up his body like a cat and released his wrists one at a time. He laid there absolutely spent as she slid the tie off his head. His eyes took a second to adjust as they focused on her face, beautiful and smiling down at him. He gave her a goofy grin and placed one hand on the back of her neck, bringing her down for a deep kiss, tasting himself on her lips. She nuzzled into his side and wrapped her arms around him, tired from the pleasure she just ravished on his body.

“Hey Scully?” he whispered.

“Hmm?” she replied, opening one sleepy eye to peak at him.

“I love you so much,” he mused.

“I love you too,” she hummed.

“Also, in three to seven days, prepare for the best orgasm of your life,” he promised, evoking a sleepy chuckle from the redhead.

It was a promise he more than kept.

I hope you guys liked it! I hope no one was put off because I mentioned menstruation. It is a normal part of life and I want to help erase the stigma surrounding it. Lol, anyway. Feel free to leave a comment and tell me how you felt! I love hearing feedback! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Relentless

Chapter Summary

A fight between Mulder and Scully ends in a dramatic climax.

Author’s Notes: Lol okay, so I’m the worst. I wrote this because I’ve gotten so many requests for a “Mulder Jealousy” fic, but instead, it is just really angsty with a hint of jealousy. Oops. Another TRUE jealousy fic will come with the “U” chapter, minus the angst. This also might seem a little sporadic because I wrote it in random chunks. In the meantime, I hope you don’t hate this chapter! Spoilers ahead for “Never Again” and Leonard Betts.”

Relentless: (adjective) oppressively constant; incessant.

It was none of his fucking business. He didn’t need to know how long it’s been since she’d been touched in the way her body craved. He didn’t need to know the only reason she was interested in Ed Jerse in the first place was because he reminded her of Mulder; the self deprecation, the puppy dog eyes, the hair, the strong jaw. Hell, if she imagined hard enough, it was Mulder grabbing her and kissing the breath out of her lungs, but imagination was never her strong suit.

She couldn’t ignore the different cologne, the lack of Mulder’s charm, the sense that violence was lurking beyond one wrong move, that damn ‘talking tattoo’. She thought she could live out the fantasy of being with Mulder vicariously through this man, but sometimes fantasies are just cruel. He didn’t need to know the way her body completely froze when her imagination was too weak and the reality that another man was taking off her clothes became too much, or that she laid alone all night in Ed Jerse’s bed, pretending it was Mulder’s shirt adoring her naked, lonely, unsatisfied body.

He didn’t need to know, but part of her wanted to tell him, to just blurt it out. Ever since she came back from Philadelphia, Mulder’s been acting like a different person. It was like he was eternally agitated and didn’t know how to act around her. The eyes the used to roam her body when he thought she wasn’t looking now were a mystery to her; the hands that would gently touch her now avoided all contact; and the voice that use to give her words of comfort and endearment was now cold and distant.

Maybe it was fear manifesting as anger, maybe he was just upset because she almost died and he thinks he drove her to it. They were bickering before she left and now it was worse. She just wanted to be seen as his equal, his partner, to be treated like her opinion mattered and that her work on the X-Files meant something. It wasn’t just because of the fucking desk. The fact he doesn’t see what not having a desk means about their power dynamic was just frustrating.

But she wasn’t going to tell him. No. That would just exacerbate the problem. Her saying, “Don’t worry, Mulder. I almost fucked Jerse, but I couldn’t go through with it because I want you” was essentially her just reporting back to him, “Don’t worry, I’m still your pristine, untouched partner, Mulder. Loyal to you and the X-Files exclusively.” He would be relieved, but it would further romanticize the idea that she only lived to be his sidekick and did whatever he wanted. She wanted him to realize she wanted more out of life than just work, and she really wanted him to realize she wanted him to be a part of that life too.
Instead, he took her adventure as a personal attack. Now, a week later, they were driving to their first case post-Jersey, and the tension was deafening. Small talk was almost non-existent because, when it happened, it was met with short, choppy answers from both parties. The coldness left her mouth before she could even stop it. She didn’t want things to be this way, she wanted it to get better and move on, but everytime he was short with her, she had to retaliate. It was a defense mechanism, blame it on her irish temper.

They were driving to a motel in Apex, North Carolina. Apparently entire families were disappearing for no reason. After deciding to take on the case, Mulder snidely asked her if it was interesting enough for her, “Sorry Scully, I can’t guarantee this case will have any handsome, dangerous men on it.” Asshole . It was about a four and a half hour ride and it was spent in relative silence. She had to pee for about an hour now, but she would rather eat glass than ask anything of him right now. They were only a few towns away, so she just decided to suffer. Since they expected to get there so late, they were just going to pick up reports the police left with the front desk and go over them before calling it a night. She glanced down at her watch to check the time when Mulder decided to speak up for maybe the fifth time the whole trip.

“Sorry if you’re bored, we’re about ten to fifteen minutes away.” On a normal basis, the sentence would have been fine, but right now it was laced with exasperation.

“Thanks,” she sighed unenthusiastically, letting her wrist drop onto her lap dramatically.

“Did I do something to piss you off? You’ve been standoffish this whole time,” he asked. Her jaw practically dropped open at the hypocrisy.

“I’m being standoffish?” she repeated incredulously. “You’ve been treating me like shit for days.”

“No I’m no-,” he stopped himself mid-sentence and just let out a tired breath, taking one hand off the wheel to run it through his hair. “I’m sorry if you feel that way.” For the first time in days, he sounded sincere, but his words gave her no comfort.

“I don’t just feel that way, you are. You’ve been punishing me for days for nothing,” she exclaimed. She turned her head to look at him and caught that he had been looking at her, his eyes quickly snapping back to the road when they met hers. She noticed his jaw was slightly clenched.

“Nothing,” he repeated the word as if it was a punchline to a morbid joke, but he offered nothing else. They were almost to the hotel, and she was honestly too tired to do this right now. She had spent the last week making up hypothetical arguments Mulder would throw at her and preparing her own snappy comebacks, perfecting her cool glare in the mirror as she brushed her teeth and ran through the imaginary scenarios, but none came to mind right now. It was ridiculous, but so was all this.

She just sighed and sat in silence the rest of the ride, the car felt hollow from the familiarity and pleasantry that should have been there. When the hotel came into sight, her irritation was replaced by her bladder’s reminder that she had to pee. Even though they were fighting right now, their routine still stayed in place. Without saying a word, Scully got out to get the keys and files from the front desk as Mulder unpacked the car. She came out and just told him what rooms they had, pleased to see him follow wordlessly with their bags in hand. They exchanged her bag for his key and the files.

“I want to take a quick shower before I read the files. When you’re done with them, would you mind dropping them off in my room?” she asked.

“Will do,” he replied, opening his door and walking inside without so much as a second glance. She quickly went into her room, grabbed her shower things, and headed to the bathroom. She was honestly relieved to be out of Mulder’s sight for the first time in hours, something she never expected
to happen.

After finally peeing, she stood up and stripped out of her business clothes. She stood naked in front of the mirror and looked at herself. Scully was surprised to see she looked thinner than normal, the bones of her ribs standing out ever so lightly against nearly translucent, pale skin. The words from Leonard Betts still rang clearly in her head, “You have something I need.” She unconsciously touched her fingers lightly to where Betts had pointed on her forehead. She was worried about the implications of what he meant, deep down the fear continued to grow, but she didn’t want to deal with it right now. She had no one to confide in, and the whole thing just made her feel more alone.

She ran her hand over her face and through her hair as if to rid herself of the stress. Focusing back on the task at hand, she turned on the shower, but before jumping in, turned to look at the new tattoo on her lower back. It had finally all peeled and was stark and vivid against her skin. Regardless of the events surrounding it, she liked the tattoo and what it meant to her.

Her shower was relatively event less. She took this moment of peace to ignore the outside stress plaguing her life. She just wanted to get clean, go to bed, and wake up to everything being normal again. She turned off the stream after about ten minutes and stepped out of the shower, wrapping herself in the motel’s uncomfortable, terry cloth towel. After exiting the bathroom, she made her way to her haphazardly discarded suitcase and rummaged around for her pyjamas, which just consisted of black sweatpants and a white tee-shirt. She had just slid the sweatpants up her legs when Mulder’s voice rang out behind her.

“Scully, do you want these files?” he called out from the other side of the adjoining door. Her’s was already open, but his had remained shut.

“In a second,” she called out. Apparently he misheard her because his adjoining door swung open and she heard him stutter a shocked apology as he took in the sight of her bare back. She quickly put her arms through the sleeves of her white t-shirt and pulled it over her head, fighting to roll the hem down her damp sides until it met the waistband of her cotton, black sweatpants.

“What is it? Or am I not allowed to ask?” His question came out with a veil of disdain and she was surprised to turn around and see he hadn’t moved from his spot at the doorway.

She was shocked that he hadn’t averted his gaze to give her privacy, and his meaning was lost on her. “What’re you talking about, Mulder?” she sighed in exasperation.

“I’m sorry, I thought getting a new addition to your body would be memorable,” he sneered, strutting towards her slowly. Under normal circumstances, him walking in on her while she was changing would have been humorous, and they both probably would have acted like shy teenagers. However, the tension present during the car ride had permeated into the room, creating an unpleasant miasma that was almost suffocating, but she wasn’t going to back down.

“I’m sorry, I thought the common manner of not walking in on your partner while she’s half naked was memorable,” she sneered back, standing up straighter to glare at him.

“It was an accident, but I figured you wouldn’t mind since modesty doesn’t seem to be a concern of yours as of late,” he snapped defensively, as if he was offended she was implying he intruded on purpose. She was praying her face didn’t betray how harshly his words stung. It also made her become hyper aware of the transparency of her shirt, and she had to fight the urge to cross her arms in front of her chest.

“Excuse me?” she balked in almost a whisper, narrowing her eyes at him.
“I’m sorry, was that out of line?” His tone implied he didn’t care if it was. “I just find it funny that you meet a man for one weekend and you’re caught in his apartment wearing his clothes, but your partner of four years, and as far as I was aware, close friend, sees your back and that’s too much? Why did you get a tattoo there if you don’t want anyone to see it anyway?”

“It’s my body and I can do whatever I want with it,” she spat.

“Or whoever,” he replied snidely. Irritation and frustration were practically pulsing through her veins. She’d be surprised if he couldn’t see her veins popping out under her skin.

“What the fuck is your problem, Mulder?” she seethed in a breathy whisper. “These past few years I must have done things you haven’t agreed with, lord knows you love to try my patience, so what’s different now? Where do you get off treating me like this? What do you want, Mulder? Do you want me to get on my knees and beg your forgiveness? Do you want me to hate myself?”

He stared at her a few moments, the silence between them so charged it had its own heartbeat. For a moment, she thought he was going to turn around and leave when his defeated voice broke the silence. “How do you think I felt when I got the call that my partner was in the hospital after being almost murdered? Beaten, infected with a drug, and almost killed, all because I forced you to go on a mission you hadn’t even wanted to go on in the first place. You only went because I asked and treated you like shit for not jumping at the opportunity.”

“Was I supposed to detect some remorse when you came into my hospital room or when you saw me at work and just made fun of me? Was I expected to read between the lines and find an apology through your relentless jokes at my expense?” she retorted.

“What was I supposed to say when I saw the case report and I read the escapades of a woman I couldn’t even recognize on the page? What were you thinking?” he asked, looking at her like she grew a third head.

“Mulder, millions of people get tattoos, it’s nothing t-” she started before getting cut off.

“I’m not talking about the tattoo,” he blurted, raising his voice.

“Then what are you talking about, Mulder?” she shouted back, tired of this game.

“Why would you sleep with him?” Mulder shouted, taking her off guard. She was stunned into silence and he let out a stressed breath before talking again at a lower volume. “Scully, the report made it sound like he was being a total creep before you went back with him. You’re a brilliant woman, I just don’t understand why you would disregard your own life like that. For what, a lay?”

“We put ourselves in danger on every case we go on,” she was going to say more but he jumped in once again.

“Cases, yes, Scully, not during our personal time. The file explicitly stated people had come by and saw you wearing his clothes and that you had spent the night there.”

She stood for a moment, simply watching him, really taking in his appearance for the first time in a while. It was easy to miss the signs of exhaustion when she was avoiding eye contact for a week on end, but now she could see the bags under his eyes, the slump of his shoulders, and his overall disheveled appearance. He looked sincerely bothered and upset. All her prior fury started to fade as she realized they were both just assuming the worst and lashing out at each other. She decided to just put the truth out on the table. They never were good at keeping secrets from each other anyhow. She let out a little sigh before averting her gaze to the floor and admitting in a mumble, “I only had to stay...
there because of the storm. I didn’t want to sleep with him.”

When she glanced at him through her lashes, she was met with a completely shocked expression, distress written all over his blanched face. His voice came out almost as a choked whisper as he tentatively asked, “Scully, did he force himself on you?” She was taken aback by the question until she realized she hadn’t exactly phrased her confession in the best way. She was touched nonetheless by his concern.

She took a step towards him, waving her hand in dismissal, “No, no, I’m sorry. I phrased that wrong.” He closed his eyes and visibly relaxed at her admittance, only to tense up again at her next statement, “I mean, he kissed me a few times, it seemed like we were going to have sex, but I couldn’t go through with it.”

“Why not?” he pried. She analyzed his face and saw no judgment this time around, purely curiosity.

If being honest would get them over this roadblock in their relationship, then so be it. “I just wanted to feel something. Have it be recognized that my life was more than just my investment in work. It’s hard coming home an empty apartment. I get sad realizing that I don’t have someone who is genuinely excited when they see me. Maybe my mom, but that’s different. Jerse was interested, and I liked that. When we got to his place and he was touching and grabbing me, I realized superficial appreciation isn’t a good substitute for what I want,” she explained, dismissively shrugging her shoulders in acceptance.

She was pleased that he had let her speak without interruption. When she looked up, she saw he was giving her his purest kicked puppy dog stare. “I’m genuinely excited when I see you,” he admitted softly.

She smiled at him, but reminded, “You’ve been mean to me recently. You made it sound like you don’t trust my judgement and that I’m incompetent at my job.”

His brows furrowed and he started shaking his head immediately, “No, no-Scully. I trust you implicitly, and I think you’re the most rational, level-headed person I have ever met. I didn’t mean to make you feel that way. I just—” He stopped to consider his words as he rubbed the back of his neck. “I feel like I only get to see you at work. It’s one of my favorite topics, and the only one I don’t feel intrusive asking you about. When you sound tired of it, I get scared.”

He sounded so vulnerable as he said this, she felt like he was bearing a part of his private thoughts to her. She couldn’t help but pry a little more, “Scared of what?”

“Scared that you’ll leave me,” he whispered. Realization hit her like a truck. He hadn’t been lashing out at her because he thought she was bad at her job, a weak link to the X-Files. He was lashing out at her because he saw her lack of dedication to the X-Files as a lack of dedication to him. In his eyes, she left him to go on a rendezvous with another man.

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“Mulder,” she prompted, getting his attention. “Were you jealous of Jerse?”

“Jealous of a man who thought his tattoo could talk and tried to kill you. I’m afraid not. I was just worried about you.” He may have been convincing if his words hadn’t come out in a rush, and if, when he heard the word ‘jealousy’, his eyes hadn’t flitted down quickly to her t-shirt clad chest.

“I’ve had to deal with worry regarding people trying to kill you time and time again, but never have I lashed out at you and made it seem like it was your fault,” she informed, not wanting to provoke him, but wanting him to see her point.
He opened his mouth to respond, but closed it before anything came out. Instead, he took a moment to absorb her words before declaring, “You’ve ignored my questions.”

Her brow furrowed at the topic change, not fully following him. “What questions?”

“What’s your tattoo of?” he reiterated.

“It’s an ouroboros, a snake eating its own tail,” she informed. He nodded appreciatively, analyzing this new information, “Do you want to see it?” she offered. He nodded, stepping a bit closer. She turned around and lifted up the hem of her shirt to her waist as she felt him get on his knees behind her. He placed one hand on her bare waist to steady himself as he looked at it.

“What does it mean?” he asked, his breath tickling the fine hairs and flesh of her back.

“I don’t want my life to ever be stagnant, I don’t want to be in that endless line of two steps forward, three steps back,” she said reiterating her words from earlier. “Life is a cycle, and it’s just a reminder that I want a circular pattern of growth and development, not falling into the patterns that have plagued me. It’s just a personal reminder to myself.” It sounded cheesy when she said it out loud, but she had no doubts Mulder would understand.

He was silent for a moment, and she almost jumped when she felt his fingers tentatively reach out to trace the tattoo, his feather light touch floating around her back. She was embarrassed at the goosebumps that she knew were littering her whole body. Mulder’s hand strayed off course and she knew he was feeling them, probably with a cocky smirk on his face. His hand ended up parallel to his other one, now both of them grabbing her bare waist. She was about to ask what he was doing when she felt his lips press tenderly in the middle of where she knew the circle was. She accidentally gasped lightly from surprise and her body suddenly felt hot under his attention.

He raised himself up, not removing his hands, so she was still turned around as he murmured, “There’s one last question you hadn’t answered.” She made a verbal acknowledgement, prompting him to continue. “Why couldn’t you go through with having sex with Jerse”

“I told you, I-” she stopped when she felt him lean closer, his breath making her hair flutter a bit.

“You said superficial appreciation wasn’t a good substitute for what you want. So, what is it you want?” he asked.

You, she thought to herself, but she couldn’t bring herself to be that bold. She was too flustered at his closeness. “I want to be valued, loved.”

His thumbs were tracing little circles into her skin as he leaned closer, so that his mouth was at her ear. “By anyone?” She shook her head. “By someone specific?” He felt like he was getting impossibly closer. She nodded in response, feeling her hair graze his face lightly. “Who?” he asked.

Her heart was pounding so hard it was almost deafening, maybe that’s what led her to be so bold, she couldn’t hear her mind trying to be rational. She turned her head and was met with his adoring face, staring at her like she was the only person on the planet. She couldn’t bring herself to say it, instead she just took her eyes from his own down to his lips, licking her own subconsciously. For once, Mulder picked up on her subtle hints exactly like she wanted him to. He leaned closer as she did the same, stopping when their lips met for the first time.

Though it was their first kiss, it felt overwhelmingly familiar. She presumed if you imagined something for so long about someone you knew so well, you were bound to be accurate about a few aspects. She had always known that he would wait for her to deepen the kiss, and that when her
tongue ran along his bottom lip, he would open his mouth as if accepting a precious gift. She knew his hands would roam her body with reverence, only getting confident at her encouragement. After she deepened the kiss, she swiveled her body in his grasp, moving so that they were front to front, his erection making itself known as it pressed eagerly into her abdomen. As she did this, his hands wandered up her shirt, stroking the smooth expanse of her back, fingering the delicate line of her spine like he was strumming a harp. She knew their kisses would only break when the need for breath was too much. She bit his lip gently as she pulled away, watching his eyes open to reveal dilated pupils beaming down at her.

“How could I be with him, when all I wanted was you?” she panted with an exerted voice. She needed to imprint this to her mind; be sweet to Mulder, and he will blush. It was painfully cute watching a sweet smile spread across his face as he looked down at her, a rosy dust spreading across his cheeks. How the night could have gone from tense, ill-placed animosity to this, she would never know. All she knew was that she was grateful to be in his arms right now.

“I’m sorry for earlier. My behavior was uncalled for, I was just scared of losing you,” he lamented, brushing some stray hairs from her face.

“That’ll never happen,” she reassured before crashing her lips back on his for a second time. This time was a bit more frenzied, fueled by their mutual desire to reconcile this past week, mixed with the relief that they had both been operating under misconceptions. His hands were now all the way up her back underneath her shirt, one hand at the base of her neck and the other sprawled across her shoulder blades. From how stretched out her shirt was, she disentangled her arms from the sleeves, glad when he took the hint and helped her out of it, tossing it in the corner of the room.

As soon as her head was free, she wrapped her arms around his neck, standing on her tip-toes and suckled at various points of flesh she could reach. His jaw bone, his neck, his pulse point, all eliciting very different, but equally erotic, sounds from Mulder. After one particularly playful nip to his collarbone, he surprised her by bending down and grabbing her around the waist, hoisting her up over his shoulder. “Ah! Mulder!” she playfully giggled from her awkward position. He laughed at her exclamation as he placed her down on the bed.

She laid down on her back, feeling inexplicably racy from the sensation of the bedspread against her bare back and the chill of the air conditioned air against her exposed breasts. Mulder took a moment to appreciate her sprawled, prone form, a sensuous gleam in his eye. He wanted to keep the playing ground fair so, before he joined her on the bed, he lifted his shirt up and off his body, throwing it in the same direction as hers. During his admiration, she lifted a leg off the bed and ran her foot up and down his inner thigh, only blocked by the fabric of his jeans. As he was temporarily blinded by his shirt, she went the extra few inches up and stroked his engorged erection, causing him to buck against her foot.

When his face was revealed, the smile was dimmed, replaced by an expression of poorly repressed pleasure. He practically collapsed on her, keeping most of his weight on his forearms bracketing her small frame. “Scully, are you trying to kill me?” he groaned as her hand kept doing the job her foot had been moments ago.

“No, I have different intentions for you right now,” she teased, switching from stroking to fully groping his cock. As his eyes rolled back with a loud moan, she deftly undid his belt and whipped it off in one fell swoop. As she was going for his button and fly, he grabbed her wrist gently to pause her.

She looked up at him and saw him gazing down at her with intense desire, “We can’t go back after this, are you comfortable with that?” His voice was much deeper than normal and the timbre went
straight to her clit.

She lifted her knee a bit to graze him as she soothed, “I’ll never want to go back from this, this is what I want.” Mulder unleashed his feral side at her words and quickly stood up, hooking his fingers under her waistband and taking her sweatpants down her legs. Without taking his eyes off her, he undid the zipper of his jeans and discarded them callously. He put on knee on the bed when he quickly stepped back, realization coming through the cloud of lust.

She was about to ask what he was doing when he held a finger up in the air, instead, she sat up on her elbows and watched as he bent down and grabbed his wallet from the pocket of his jeans. When his wallet was in his hand she watched him look through every compartment, bringing out a plethora of coupons, a rewards card for Blockbuster, some sporadic dollar bills, a picture of herself and one of the Lone Gunmen. He made grunts of displeasure with every failure, but after turning it upside down and shaking it, a lone condom fell to the floor. She couldn’t help but laugh at the struggle he just went through and he looked up at her and gave an amused shrug, “What can I say? I haven’t needed this in years.”

He stood up and walked towards the bed, fiddling with the packaging. Scully sat up on the edge of the bed to meet him, practically face to face with his bobbing erection. “Please, let me do it,” she requested in a throaty voice she barely recognized. He placed the square of foil delicately in her hand. Glancing down at it the wrapper read ‘For her pleasure.’ How thoughtful, Mulder. She brought it to her lips and tore the perforated edge, blowing it out of her mouth and onto the floor. After extracting the condom from the wrapper, she threw the rest of the trash on the floor so she could focus on the task at hand.

Before putting on the condom, she glanced at Mulder’s full length and it was impressive. It twitched playfully in the air under her gaze and she shot Mulder an amused look, only to receive a flirtatious wink. It was already glistening from precum, but she wanted to make sure the shaft was lubricated to make the application easier, so she lifted her free hand and stroked him firmly up and down a few times, coating him in his own lubrication. Mulder bucked involuntarily into her hand and threw his head back.

She felt her body tingling in response to his arousal, and she lifted the condom to his tip and slid it down, utilizing both hands. When she was confident it was on right, she looked up at him coyly, meeting his lust-hooded gaze and placed a sweet kiss to the tip of his erection, never taking her eyes off him.

Within a beat, he swooped down and eased her further onto the bed, setting himself a top of her while groaning, “Fuck, you’re so hot, I love you.”

Her clit throbbed at his words and she arched her shoulders off the bed to capture his lips in another kiss, easing one hand in between their bodies to grab his cock and ease it into her wet heat. He thrust into her a few times experimentally, trying to maintain contact with her lips. She ended up breaking the kiss, her hands shooting to his back in pleasure, trying to encourage him to go faster. Instructions he took without question. He took this moment to finally get to play with her breast, moving both his hands so he could play with kneading them in his palms. A perfect fit. As he did this, he would tweak her nipples, studying her face to see what she liked best and adapting immediately.

She was rocking against him with as much momentum as she could, but it wasn’t enough. With momentum she didn’t know she had, she rocked him onto his back and situated herself on top of him. His face contorted into pure bliss, small beads of sweat gathering on his brow from exertion.

Her entire body felt like it was on fire under his gaze. It felt like she could do anything and he would still cherish her. She placed her palms flat against his chest and started rocking herself. Timidly at
first, evaluating how she needed to move to avoid him sliding out of her, but after she got a handle on it, her movements became frantic and wild, riding him like it was the last thing she would ever do.

Mulder’s back arched sinfully off the bed as his head lolled from side to side, lost in pleasure. His hands instinctively shot to her hips and gripped with bruising force, helping her body gyrate on top of his. The sounds they were making were borderline pornographic. Between the relentless moans, pants, and whines and the slapping of his thighs against hers, she was surprised they weren’t getting noise complaints.

Hearing Mulder’s little grunts of pleasures and groans of appreciation made her realize how much the human voice was an aphrodisiac. With every sound, her clít’s need for release became more and more desperate. After a particularly good thrust that hit her g-spot just right, she sank onto him with reckless abandon. Grinding against him so hard they might as well blend into one. She had never been so fully connected to another human being before. Every inch of her crotch and inner thigh was attached to him. His balls were rubbing tortuously against her ass and the friction of her clit against his pubic bone was indescribable.

Her orgasm snuck up on her hard and fast. Her entire body went rigid as she convulsed against him, he was gently thrusting into her to help her prolong her orgasm as he watched her lose herself in rapture. She lazily undulated her body against his until she was spent. She took a moment to catch her breath, gulping in lungfuls of air. “That was the single hottest thing I have ever witnessed in my entire life,” he praised.

She sent him a sated smile and she felt his cock twitch against her clenched muscles in response. “Your turn,” she purred before violently thrusting against him again. This time she eased forward so that her breasts were rubbing against his chest and she could kiss his neck. He wrapped his arms around her back, keeping her pressed to him, as he sat upwards, so they were both upright with Scully on his lap. He started to thrust into her with reckless abandon, a man on a mission, and it was painfully sensual.

He placed a shaky hand to the side of her neck and brought her face down for another kiss, this time, as soon as their tongues touched, he moaned into her mouth and started shaking. She bit his lip before pulling back to watch his orgasm take over him. His jaw was agape in pleasure as his eyes bore into hers. She was just as patient with him as he had been with her, riding him until he was spent.

When he was done they both chuckled shyly at the new, much quieter, volume of the room. He quickly leaned off the bed so he could throw the condom in the trash and grab his discarded t-shirt. He carefully used the shirt to blot her forehead from sweat, followed by his own, before gently putting it between her thighs and wiping her clean, throwing it on the ground afterwards. The amount of care and dedication he took to making sure she was comfortable made her heart ache in happiness.

He yawned and she involuntarily did the same from watching him. The eased themselves under the covers, absolutely sated. She nuzzled closer to him, using his arm as a pillow, and sighed in contentment. Glazing up at him through sleepy eyes she beamed, “I love you too, Mulder.”

The smile that tugged on his lips broke as soon as his eyes peaked open, instead replaced by worry, “Scully, your nose is bleeding.”

Lol, sorry you guys waited a week for such angst. On a brighter note, I have totally wrapped up my junior year of college! Thank god, lol. I am now homework free until my Study Abroad classes in a few weeks, so I’m gonna try to utilize my free time for FanFiction. I predict I’ll be
able to update a lot more regularly. I already have chunks of the next three chapters written. Thank you guys for being loyal and patient with me, it means so much. Hope to hear from you
-Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Sensual

Chapter Summary

Scully and Mulder play a drunken game in the middle of a storm.

Author’s Notes: Wow, almost twenty chapters in. If you’re still here with me, thank you so damn much. I love this community I feel like I have of people who just love seeing these spooky dorks loving each other. Here’s to another installment, and here’s to you for taking your time to read this. Also, some could easily say this is quite similar to Chapter Three, and to that I say, lol you’re right but this one is smuttier and involves alcohol.

Sensual: (adjective) of or arousing gratification of the senses and physical, especially sexual, pleasure.

For the past few weeks, they had fallen into a routine that he loved. On Friday, he and Scully would leave the office, grab take out for dinner, usually accompanied by a six pack of Shiner, and go to his apartment to watch a movie. It was a newfound familiarity and comfort he hadn’t experienced in years, hell, maybe ever. On top of that, he got to spend hours of freetime with Dana Katherine Scully, something he would do anything for.

This was their ninth week in a row, and they were still going strong. He couldn’t keep the grin off his face as he sat there with sesame chicken and crab rangoons littering his coffee table, Scully sitting next to him on her third beer, and When Harry Met Sally, her choice, playing on the TV. The first few times he was worried that she was just coming over out of obligation, solely because he asked. It was probably about four weeks in when on one random Tuesday she tapped him on the shoulder and asked, “Mulder, can I pick the movie this week? Not that I don’t love the space theme we’ve been having. I just want to kick it up.” Ecstatic barely covered his feeling. She looked forward to their nights together just as much as he did. That week they ended up watching The Silence of the Lambs, and they’d been alternating ever since.

“What are you staring at?” Scully chuckled, self consciously wiping her face of food that wasn’t there. He hadn’t realized his attention had shifted from the movie to her and he had just been staring.

“I thought I saw a fly.” Wow, good one.

“Oh really? Directly on my face, not flying around?” she teased with a knowing smirk. As he opened his mouth to respond, an earth shattering crash of thunder and bolt of lightning struck, practically making the apartment shake. She jumped with a gasp and grabbed his arm like a vice, only to instantly pull away with an embarrassed laugh, “Sorry.”

Apparently a severe thunderstorm was plaguing the D.C. area tonight. He asked if she was still down with having their movie night and she quickly agreed. It had been pretty tame when they came over, but as the movie progressed, so did the storm. Mulder had seen her look in the face of danger, take down inhumane criminals, fight the most terrifying monsters, but, when it came down to it, Scully was afraid of thunderstorms. While he knew she wanted to hang out tonight, he knew a big aspect of it was because she didn’t want to be alone. “Don’t be sorry, Scully. Thunderstorms are nature’s jumpscare.”
She smiled at him and that was the last thing he saw before they were plunged into darkness, another round of thunder and lighting taking the power with it. At the same time he was registering what just happened, he felt Scully’s small hand reach out to him in the darkness, grabbing his arm. “Well, this puts a damper on movie night,” he joked, trying to lessen her fear.

She laughed indulgently, but moved her hand down so she could hold his hand, which he immediately reciprocated. “Do you have a flashlights or any candles?” she asked. Her tone was calm, but the pitch of her voice didn’t hide her fear.

“Yeah, I think I have some candles I got for Christmas in the closet.” He stood up, taking her with him as he awkwardly felt his way to the hallway closet, using the walls as his guide, only stopping when he felt the knob.

“Someone bought you candles for Christmas?” her voice rang out in the darkness as he grabbed the candles awkwardly, nudging her to grab some with her free hand.

“A few someones actually, I guess I look like a candle type of guy,” he laughed, closing the closet door and blindly leading them to the kitchen for the lighter.

“Oh yeah, didn’t I ever tell you? Before I knew about your videotape collection, I thought you came home and lit seasonally-accurate candles, watching to make sure they burned evenly,” she teased as her face was illuminated by the flame.

He gave her a little mock-gasp before feigning horror, “Scully, were you surveilling me?” She laughed at him and let go of his hand as he worked on the fifth candle, a steady glow lighting the area. She walked around the kitchen curiously before stopping in front of the refrigerator, standing on her tiptoes to retrieve a bottle from the top surface.

Attempting to retrieve a bottle. He saw her struggling and stood behind her, easily reaching above her head to grab the old bottle of Jack Daniels before handing it to her curious hands. “Mulder, I thought you didn’t drink?”

“I always thought it would be wise to keep a bottle if I ever wanted to indulge, or for special circumstances,” he told her. Picking up some of the candles and moving them to the coffee table.

She followed suit with the rest, the bottle still tucked under her arm. When all the candles were arranged in the living room so it was nicely lit she turned to him with a shy demeanor, “Hey, is it okay if I stay here for tonight, with the storm and all?” He thought it was cute she even had to ask.

“I would genuinely be offended if you didn’t,” he replied honestly. He took a seat on the couch as she placed herself on the floor at the end of the coffee table, adjacently facing him.

“Thanks,” she sighed with an appreciative smile.

“Do you have specific plans in mind, Agent Scully?” he asked, nodding to the bottle now placed in front of her.

“Oh,” she blushed a little bit, “Feel free to say no, but I was curious if you’d be down with drinking and playing a game or something?” she asked nervously, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

A chance to see Scully drunk? Abso-fucking-lutely. “I’m in. Do you have any specific game in mind?”

She paused for a moment, tapping her finger against her lips in thought as he was captivated by the motion. “It’s not a drinking game, but do you want to periodically take shots and just ask each other
questions? Kinda like twenty questions, but with no goal?” He was equal parts excited and nervous. He wanted to learn more about Scully, but he was nervous what she might ask.

“So, basically, drink and have a conversation?” he joked.

She giggled as she opened the top of the bottle, bringing out two shot glasses he hadn’t even seen her grab. Sneaky. It also amused him that she obviously knew he’d say yes to her.

“Essentially, yes,” she drew out, pouring a shot for each of them.

“Are there any rules?”

“Hmm, want to say, we each get twenty questions, you can only pass on two, and no holds barred,” passing one of the shots over to him as she said this.

The no holds barred part intimidated him a bit, but he was curious what she had in mind. “Sounds good to me,” he replied, lifting his glass up in a cheers motion. She clinked her glass against his and they threw their head back, letting the amber liquid coat their throats.

He didn’t feel the need to put on a bravado in front of Scully, they were far passed that, so he felt no shame as he coughed and let his face contort into unbridled disgust. He heard a melodic chuckle erupt in response and looked over to see that she had taken it like a champ, no surprise. “You can go first since your in pain,” she offered kindly.

He took a swig of his beer to recover as he mused. “Why are you afraid of thunderstorms?”

She looked surprised that was his first question, but answered nonetheless, “I don’t really know. It’s totally irrational. I understand what they are, I just don’t like the mixture of how chaotic and power, and it’s so loud.” Made sense, he nodded and she took that as a sign to take her turn. “Excluding aliens, you get the opportunity to expose the undeniable truth behind one cryptid. What one do you choose?” she asked, taking the final swig of her last beer.

“Hmm,” he pondered, “Either Bigfoot or Nessie, probably Nessie.”

“Why,” she asked.

“Does that count as two questions?,” he teased.

“Nope,” she sang with a cocky grin.

“I’d probably choose The Loch Ness because it’s one that people are most familiar with, and if they believe that it could lead to a wider acceptance of the unexplained. Bigfoot is a little too humanistic, a little too in the realm of comfort.” She seemed to appreciate his answer so he continued, “What are your favorite three qualities of yourself? Can be emotional, physical, mental, anything.”

She cocked her head to the side and pouted her lip a bit in thought, glancing into the bottle as if the amber liquid would give her an answer. “Umm,” she verbalized before resorting back to silence for a while. Maybe thirty seconds passed and she was still thinking.

“Is this seriously a hard question for you? I could name ten of my favorite qualities about you right now,” he laughed.

He could see the faint blush dust her cheeks even through the candle light as she struggled to answer, “Umm, I’ll do one of each, I think it’ll be easier. Emotionally, I like my passion. Mentally, I’m proud of my intelligence. Physically, uhh,” she paused for a moment to think and it honestly dumbfounded
him. She could list off anything and she’d be right, she was perfect. “Uh, I like my freckles.”

“Good choice, but an interesting one.”

She laughed lightly to dispel her self-consciousness, “Everyone in my family has them. I like the solidarity.” He hadn’t realized that, but it made a lot of sense. “My turn. You said you could name ten, do it.”

_Oh sh!_ This was dangerous territory and he knew it. “Only ten?” he replied. She tried to repress a smile and nodded. “Not to copy you, but your passion, your intelligence, and your freckles also are on my list. Your loyalty, your smile, your rationality, your eyes, your commitment, your entire being, and your strength are, in no particular order, a few of my favorite qualities.” It made him happy to see that she was flattered by his words, having a hard time meeting his eyes.

“I appreciate that. I don’t know if ‘entire being’ counts as a quality though,” she reminded, easing the charge in the room.

“There were a lot of things I didn’t want to miss and I felt like that was all-encompassing,” he answered honestly. _There isn’t enough time in the world to list off everything I love about you._ Before starting any further, he poured two more shots out, taking them just like they had before. Scully giggled a little more after this shot and he was glad he wasn’t the only one feeling tipsy.

“What’s the most daring thing you’ve ever done? Not including anything work related?” he asked after finishing off his own beer.

Unlike the last question, she knew this one immediately. After the question left his lips she giggled some more and put her hands in her face temporarily. If it got this reaction, he was eager to hear.

“Okay, so promise not to judge me. When I was in high school, I had a crush on my English teacher, he was maybe twenty seven while I was sixteen, and I just wanted his attention. So, one day I went to school dressed as an actual catholic school girl. The white button up, the lewdly short skirt, the black thigh highs, the whole nine yards.”

Mulder gulped and shifted a little in his seat at the thought of a young Scully dressed so scandalously, the fact she did that was arousing enough, the mental image was almost too much. “So what happened?” he pried.

“I stayed after class, you know, asking for ‘extra help’ even though I had an A in the class. He wouldn’t even look at me, and when he did it was only for a few seconds,” she exclaimed. Mulder couldn’t blame the guy, Scully was trying to kill the man.

“He probably didn’t want to be caught sporting a massive hard on in the middle of a high school,” he cried, making her laugh.

“Fair enough, but little sixteen year old me was so pissed,” she proclaimed, as if still cursing that teacher. “What about you? Have you ever had any inappropriate crushes?” his inappropriate crush asked obliviously.

“Um-,” he paused. He couldn’t exactly say his partner, even if it was the truth. “I would sometimes have crushes on my friends’ sisters. Which is just like a no-go in the bro code.” Not a lie, not incriminating. “What was the last thing you ever did on a date?” He almost regretted the question as soon as it left his lips, thoughts of Jerse and that whole escapade coming into memory. Luckily, Scully also decided to ignore that. He supposed almost being killed nullified considering the evening a date.
“I actually haven’t been on a real date in years. Maybe back in 1993, around when we were first assigned together. I was just on a date with a random guy I met at Quantico. It wasn’t very good. We went to Olive Garden and then went to his place and had mediocre sex.” He was pleased that sex was becoming a comfortable, frequent topic right now and he honestly hoped it would continue.

“Mediocre how?”

“If I don’t cum, it’s mediocre,” she sighed dramatically, pouring another round for them. He was already feeling tipsy and a small part of him was worried she was going too fast for her tiny stature, but she was a doctor so he trusted her judgement. They threw their head back, and as he was trying to recover, no aid of beer to wash it down, she laid a big one on him, “What kind of porn do you like?”

“What?” he repeated, positive he must have misheard her.

“I know about all your tapes. What type is your favorite? Oral? Dominance? Gay? Big bust? C-” He didn’t know how long she would have been able to keep going, but knowing Scully knew all the different porn categories was something he needed to keep in mind.

“I like the longer ones, where the relationship is established. I know you’re going to roll your eyes at me, but I like the ones where it looks like they care,” he confessed. In reality, the answer would have been ‘The ones closest to our relationship or ones where the woman slightly resembles you.’

“N-no! I think that’s nice, don’t be shy,” she hiccuped. She was slightly slurring, just a little bit, and she wasn’t as balanced as she used to be. He was probably fairing the same, never really drinking and having a low tolerance.

Since she had asked him a bold question, he decided to reciprocate. It didn’t make it any less jarring to feel these words come out of his mouth in her presence, “Do you use toys when you masturbate? If so what’s your favorite?”

Her eyebrows raised a bit, but so did the corners of her lips. “I do yes,” she had barely answered the question and he could feel his penis stirring at her words. “I have this one vibrator and its pink. It’s a smooth silicone, and it’s phallic shaped with a curve. I like that I can use it both internally and externally,” she said, being so generous as to use size indications with her hands. He hadn’t asked how she used it, but he was eternally grateful for this new information.

Scully propped her head up with the palm of her hand, elbow resting lazily on the table. He thought she may have to take some time to formulate a question, but she was ready to go. “When you’re having sex, do the women say your name?”

His brow cocked up as he swallowed, glancing down at her curiosity-riddled face. He didn’t really know why she wanted to know such a random thing. “Well, they do when I’m doing a good job. So, yes,” he teased with a wink.

She rolled her eyes and elaborated, “Nooooo, I mean do they call you Fox, or do they moan ‘ah Mulder’ at you?” During her explanation she gave a little example of how one might moan ‘Mulder,’ pitching her voice up and making it breathy as she cried his name, her face contorting in mock pleasure. It was unbelievably hot. She stared at him expectantly as he shifted in his seat to hide his body’s reaction to her little display, coy smirk on her face.

He cleared his throat a bit before answering, “Oh, the call me Fox, but I still hate it, even if it’s being said in the throes of passion.”
She nodded appreciatively at his answer, fingering the rim of her empty glass. “Good to know,” she murmured. Her answer was equal parts suggestive and ambiguous. Before he could fully decipher her words she was motioning to him, “Your turn.”

“Favorite position?” he asked.

“I’m not picky, I like quite a few, but I’ve personally had a lot of success on top,” she shrugged with a self-satisfactory smile. He’d been hard for a while now, but it was getting more and more difficult to keep himself in check. Especially imagining Scully on top, her breasts bouncing up and down from the exertion of riding him, the dedication he was sure she would have to making sure they both got off.

He must have lost himself in thought a little bit, because he noticed she was just smiling at him expectantly. He took a moment to prepare two more shots before they went further, wanting a bit more liquid courage. It went down easier than expected, unlike her next question.

Scully drunkenly put a hand on the couch, sloppily pulling herself up so she was reclining on the couch arm opposite of him. He normally would have reached out to help her, but in his drunken state, he wouldn’t have been much use. She situated herself a little bit, trying to sit up straight and wiping her hair away from her face with his palms. He realized she was about to lay a big one on him and straightened up a bit himself. Looking him dead in the eye, she started with, “Is it okay if I ask a possible two-part question?”

“Possible two-part question?” He repeated.

“Well the answer to the first will determine if the second is necessary,” she clarified. He simply nodded and motioned for her to continue, which she did hesitantly, “Mulder, do you think I’m attractive?”

Her question took him off guard. How could she not know? He mentally flashbacked through the past seven years of their partnership; the years of trying to catch second glimpses of her, the years of hiding erections from her that she caused, years of casual flirtations, and she didn’t realize he adored her? She was looking at him with wide, vulnerable eyes that broke his heart. “Of course I do, Scully. You’re easily the most attractive woman I’ve ever met. It’s honestly distracting.”

A brief smile graced her lips before she got serious again, leaning forward a little bit. “Why haven’t you tried to have sex with me?” It felt like all the air left his lungs. Of all the follow up questions, he wasn’t expecting that. He tried to think of an answer in his inebriated state, but he kept getting distracted by her questioning eyes and pouting lips.

“I-I never thought you would want to, I figured you saw me as untouchable since I’m your partner. I also didn’t think you found me attractive,” he muttered honestly.

The shock he had felt a moment ago had transferred to her, her jaw dropping open in surprise. “You don’t think I find you attractive?”

He shrugged shyly, “Well, you’ve never expressed interest.”

“Mulder, I feel like if I expressed anymore interest, you’d walk into the office with me bent over your desk waiting.” she proclaimed. He closed his eyes and tried to calm his breathing, imagining what it’d be like walking into the office, Scully precariously perched over the desk they had spent years across, her crotch wet and waiting just for him, looking over her shoulder at him with a coy smile.
“You want to have sex with me?” he asked almost incredulously.

A bright flush had painted her face, a mix of alcohol and embarrassment, maybe something more. “Yes,” it was barely audible coming out as a gentle whisper. “Do you want to have sex with me?”

“I want to make love to you,” he clarified. A rare toothy smile erupted on Scully’s face and he couldn’t help but lean in closer to her, happy when she did the same. Their lips met together in shy exploration. She started smiling at the first touch of contact, making deepening the kiss a little hard. They did anyhow though, tongues sliding wetly over each other in exploration. She tasted like booze and that hint of Scully he could never recreate.

She placed her hands drunkenly around his neck and pulled herself closer to him, effectively laying on top of his reclining torso, pressing his back into the couch. She was so warm and comfortable. He ran his hand up her spine and reveled in the way she leaned into his touch. Eventually, they pulled back and he got to enjoy what a thoroughly-kissed Scully looked like. She was panting a little, her hair was mussed, and her lips were swollen. Her tongue darted out to lick her lips, as if she was trying to enjoy the lingering taste of him. His erection was now screaming with need, even though this was all he wanted, the rational side of him was still there. “Scully, we can’t do this right now. I want the first time I’m with you to be when we’re sober.”

She dramatically sighed and he thought she was going to argue, but she conceded, “You’re right.” She pouted at him, her gaze flicking down to his tenting pants. “But what are you going to do about that?” she asked, teasingly running a finger along his bulge.

He laughed but tried to concave his hips instead of thrusting at her. “Scully, I’ve been your partner for years. I’m an expert at willing boners away,” he reassured.

“So we can’t touch each other while we’re drunk?” she reiterated.

“I wouldn’t be able to stop,” he groaned, god she was beautiful.

She was silent for a moment, lost in a train of thought. Her eyes lit up and she looked at him excitedly. “What if we just- touched ourselves?” she offered, shrugging and acting like this was the most rational solution she’d ever come up with.

He knew he was a little young to have a heart attack, but honestly he was scared it was going to happen tonight. Scully, his Scully, partner of seven years, sweet catholic, was suggesting they touch themselves in front of each other. “Like, mutual masturbation?” he asked for clarification, voice higher than normal.

“Exactly, mutual masturbation,” she cooed, starting to unbutton the top of her blouse. His eyes followed her movements, deft and elegant, lacking the clumsiness normally associated with alcohol. He was pretty sure he was blushing. The thought of jacking off less than a foot away from Scully seemed almost taboo.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

She got to the last button and let her top fall open, revealing a black, lacy bra. She let the shirt fall down her shoulders gracefully, discarding it on the floor beneath them. She scooted back a bit so that he was resting on one arm of the couch while she was on the other. Her hands were poised behind her back as she sang, “Only if you’re interested.” His eyes were constantly dancing back down to her chest, waiting for her to take away the black scrap of fabric. It became obvious she wasn’t going to remove it unless he answered. He internally chuckled at her statement. He was far more than interested.
Instead of verbally answering, he started to undo the buttons on his own shirt, discarding it on top of her own. His self-consciousness started to fade when he saw her eyes appreciatively take in his exposed chest, tracing every muscle and curve with her gaze. She looked back up at him with gratitude and unhooked her bra, letting it fall forward to reveal two beautiful breasts. He took a sharp intake of breath between his teeth and his cock ached to be touched.

“Scully, you’re so gorgeous,” he praised. She leaned her bare back on the arm of his couch, the same couch he had spent countless hours fantasizing about her on. She continued to look at him as she raised her hands to play with her breasts, grabbing them and pushing them together before pinching her own nipples.

His eyes practically fluttered to the back of his head and he audibly groaned, earning a sensual snicker from Scully, who was moving her hands down her sides until she was easing her pants and underwear down her legs, adding to the pile. He quickly did the same, wanting to keep her comfortable in her state of undress by providing his own. When he sat back down, his dick was bobbing prominently in the air, begging for attention. She took it in with hungry eyes before returning his compliment in a raspy voice, “So are you.”

She let her thighs part, revealing her pink, glistening lips, practically dripping from wetness. He caused that. The sight was too much and he finally gave over to pleasure, taking his length in his firm hand, stroking up in down in exploration, eyes never leaving her body. She grunted when she saw this, “God Mulder, you have no idea how much that turns me on.”

She let her hand slide down her stomach, past her pubic hair, to her arousal, parting her lips playfully before swirling around her clit, letting her head drop back with a hearty moan. Scully was touching herself right in front of him, for him, because of him, on his couch. For a second he was worried that he had died and gone to heaven but, if this is what it was like, he didn’t even care. Her chest had flushed red and, yet again, he didn’t know if it was because she was shy or simply from arousal. She was watching his hand intently as she continued playing with herself, her wetness audible in the room.

The candle lighting, though done for necessity, was now highly sexual. The light of the flames danced on her porcelain skin, a dance as natural and primal as her hand’s against her body. He reached down and, with his other hands, cupped his heavy balls, the sensation making him thrust off the couch slightly, desperate for friction. Scully must have needed more too, because she spread her knees farther, throwing one over the back of the couch as she reclined further into the couch, finger fucking herself vigorously, her elegant fingers dipping deep inside herself, curling up to hit the places she knew so well. She was now spread absolutely eagle in front of him, hiding nothing. She was watching his hand intently as she continued playing with herself, her wetness audible in the room.

He didn’t think he had ever experienced such a high level of eroticism before in his life. It felt like every nerve ending in his body was on fire, he could feel his heart beating in his erection. He was already stimulated enough when she became increasingly vocal, an audible aphrodisiac. One hand was ravishing her clit while the other groped her breasts. She was whining and panting, high pitched, breathy, and painfully feminine. Her hips almost constantly undulating, gyrating into her hand. All the while her eyes were dilated and focused on his body, watching his hand pump so fast it was disappearing and his chest heave lungfuls of air.

It was hard to resist not throwing his head back in pleasure, he didn’t want to miss any part of this display of personal intimacy. How many times did she go home and lay on her bed doing exactly this? All he wanted to was throw himself to the otherside of the couch and bury himself inside her, hearing those keening sounds in his ear as he makes her cum, thrusting into her tightness with reckless abandon. “I want you so bad, I can’t wait for us to finally be together,” he panted out, his forearm aching with strain from him relentless strokes.
“I want you too, we’ll have each other so soon,” she reassured, her voice coming out like a strained cry. He could see a light sheen of sweat starting to cover her body at the same time he noticed it on his.

Her hand started to move faster and faster and he knew she was chasing her orgasm. She started to tell him she was about to cum, but the orgasm took over. “Muld-ah!” Her body was nearly convulsing, her hips thrusting desperately against her hand which was going doing everything it could to stimulate every need of hers. Her mouth was open as she cried out variations of his name and the lords, spine arching and concaving like a rhythm.

His hand when as fast as it could as his grip tightened. It took only a few seconds before he was following her into ecstasy. “Ugh-Scully,” he cried out as he bucked into his hand, milking himself for everything he had. Hot wet spurts of semen covered his abdomen, but all he could focus on was the fact seeing him come sent her spiraling into a second orgasm. Her legs clenched around her hand as she moved her body, as if making love to the air.

When they were done, the only sounds in the room were their frantic breaths evening out. He leaned down and grabbed both of their shirts, wiping himself off with his own as he handed hers off so she could do the same. “Thanks,” she sighed appreciatively with a sated, goofy smile he was sure matched his own.

“You’re a genius, you know that right?” he commended.

“Just wait until you get the full experience,” she teased with a wink.

Happy Friday! Two updates in less than a week? I’m as surprised as you are. I already have half of the next chapter written and I’m really excited about it. Please let me know how you felt about this chapter! And have a dope ass weekend everyone! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Scully realizes Mulder is always the one that has to instigate their relationship, so she decided to take action into her own hands during an undercover case.

Author’s Notes: Hey everybody! So, I personally have always been sad at how tame “Arcadia” is, like I just wish it could have gone a little farther with its shippyness. However, a lot of good fanfictions have arisen from the ambiguity and I love them. Anyways, this is my crack at the classic “Mulder and Scully go undercover as a married couple” trope while simultaneously trying to poke fun at all the smut tropes we know and love.

Temptress: (noun) a woman who tempts someone to do something, typically a sexually attractive woman who sets out to allure or seduce someone.

They’d already done this before, so Scully figured the anticipatory nerves and excitement would have lessened the second time around. She was wrong. When Skinner pulled them into his office last week and told them they’d be going undercover for the Financial Crimes Unit, they were both caught off guard.

“Sir,” Mulder started, “We just went undercover a few months ago.”

Skinner nodded and ran a hand tentatively over his smooth head. With a reluctant sigh he informed, “I know, I know. I hate doing this, but everyone in the meeting was under the agreement that you’d be the best suited pair for the job.”

“Best suited how, Sir? This isn’t an X-File and undercover assignments are extremely rare for us,” she chimed in.

An awkward tension draped the room as it became clear Skinner had been omitting something. Reluctantly he declared, “The suspect targets happy and blissful newlyweds, so everyone figured, since the suspect isn’t violent and it should be an easy case to solve, the most important aspect was that we should send in partners who would be the most convincing.” Now it was their turn to be uncomfortable. They were both well aware of the rumors that had followed them through the entirety of their partnership, but the fact the higher ups felt the same and were utilizing it was mortifying.

She glanced over and saw a light blush grazing Mulder’s cheeks as he spoke. “Sir, wasn’t Agent Nobis transferred to a new unit because she got married to Agent Nelson? Wouldn’t they be more convincing because they are, you know, actually newlyweds?”

Skinner threw his hands up in mock defense, “They were considered, but ultimately they came to the conclusion you two would be more convincing.” At Mulder and Scully’s expressions, he added, “Their words not mine.”

They agreed to the assignment nonetheless and spent the next hour in Skinner’s office learning what the case entailed. Apparently, seventeen newlywed couples in Middletown, Delaware had their entire savings accounts completely drained. It was happening so much that couples were starting to postpone their weddings out of fear. Initially, they thought it was something to do with the wedding
planning process, the chapel, the caterer, something along those lines, but not all the couples were married in town and there weren’t enough commonalities. However, the FCU noticed, in footage of wife fifteen at the grocery store bumping into someone the day before, a man took a quick snapshot of her checkbook as he helped her retrieve the items from her dropped bags. Eventually, they got solid evidence with the guy, they just needed to catch him in the act, hence Mulder and Scully’s involvement.

All in all, they barely had to do any work, Skinner even said himself it would be like a vacation where they just had to mandatorily interact with someone every now and then and then to make themselves easy targets. Their house would be right next to his, they would just have to go over and introduce themselves, feigning neighborly hospitality, and it should be enough to hook him, the guy wasn’t exactly a criminal mastermind.

When they were dismissed, they left his office with embarrassed tension radiating off of them. As they walked the route back to the basement, it felt as if all eyes were on them. Not that that was unusual, but this time it felt like everyone was in the know. “Between the office rumors and these undercover missions, we might as well actually be together,” she joked with a shy laugh.

It was quiet, if the hallway had been even slightly louder she would have missed it. He chuckled in response, but when he leaned to press the button for the elevator, she heard him mutter under his breath, “In my dreams.”

The rest of the day was spent as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, but she could not get that comment out of her head. In my dreams. In her fucking dreams too, Mulder. So why was it so hard for them to just open up and say that?

Their relationship had evolved so much over the years. They were both more than aware of how the other felt, love was a frequent expression though never verbalized. She wanted that next step though, she didn’t want to say bye to him on Friday knowing she wouldn’t see him until Monday, hoping all weekend that he’d call just so she could hear his voice. She didn’t want to spend all her time imagining what his hands would feel like on her body and having to settle for an occasional hand leading her out of the room, or his fingers brushing hers to pass a file. She wanted to be with him all the time, not just when he invited her over to watch a movie.

Realization hit her like a truck; Mulder was having to instigate everything while she passively sat by yearning for more. Guilt slowly started eating at her. While she’d been sitting around fearing how nerve wracking it would be to make a move, Mulder’s been putting himself out there making attempts, only to be met with apparent indifference. Jesus Christ, Mulder even said “I love you” and got nothing in return, but he’s never backed down. That’s not fair to him.

She loves Mulder more than anything, so there shouldn’t be anything stopping them from being together. The only reasonable thing she could think of was that he was scared she wouldn’t want to break the rules. Fuck the rules. The rules had done nothing for them except put their lives in danger. He knew she loved him, she just needed to show him it went far beyond platonically and then maybe he’d be more confident. Last time they were undercover, he had been so flirty and loving to her, she was overwhelmed at the time and reacted frigidly.

Not this time. Now it was her turn to lay it on thick. She would do her best to really show him how much she wanted him. It may be embarrassing for her, she may get shy, but he’d been doing it for years. If temptress Scully was what it took, temptress Scully was what he’d get.

For the rest of the time before the mission, she brainstormed things she could do. She already knew she’d be more touchy when given the chance, more embracing, more cuddling, more kissing, but
what could she do when they weren’t in front of people? They had been in a shared space in their personal time before, usually with an adjoining door or a set departing time. How could she make this different? This time she wasn’t going to exile him to the couch, they were going to sleep in the same bed and she was going to try and be as enticing as possible. Well, as much as her typically reserved nature would allow.

“So what’s our names?” Scully jolted out of her pondering by Mulder’s voice. Looking around, she realized the car was stopped and Mulder was looking at her expectantly. Her face flushed under his gaze.

“W-what?” she stuttered.

“Last time you said you were going to be in charge of our code names. So what’s your pick?” he reminded.

“Hmm,” she hummed, pressing her finger to her lips in thought, a movement she noticed caught Mulder’s attention. As she brainstormed for a few seconds, she let her thumb run over her bottom lip, tugging its fullness under her touch. It amused her to see out of her peripheral that Mulder’s attention never wavered. “Umm, Jeff and Paula Trent,” she declared confidently. She remembered *Plan 9 from Outer Space* was his favorite, or at least most watched, movie, and she had to really brainstorm what the names of those characters were.

“Aww, Scully. That’s so romantic,” he teased in earnest appreciation.

“Ah, ah, ah,” she chastised, emphasizing her ring-adorned finger for emphasis, “Paula.” She got out of the car and waited for him to join her before walking up to their new, temporary home. Luckily, their new aliases didn’t have to dress so prim and proper. Mulder was just in a plain t-shirt and some jeans, which is what the majority of his wardrobe for this assignment consisted of, whereas hers was just a bunch of sundresses, like the short navy blue one she was wearing now. She noticed when they met up this morning, Mulder was more than appreciative of the amount of new skin revealed, poorly hiding his attempts to stare.

“Well, Paula, welcome home,” he said, opening the door. The home was about as extravagant as last time, ridiculously large and something Mulder and Scully would never be able to afford on a government salary.

She whistled in appreciation as she walked in, taking in the large expanse of space. Only the bare minimum amount of furniture was provided for them, the rest was just a bunch of empty boxes to fill up space. She walked over to the living room and saw a huge heart-shaped ottoman. She walked over to it and fell on it dramatically, enjoying the plush fabric against her back. She knew as she fell, the hemline of her dress had risen up to expose most of her thighs, but instead of pulling it down, she patted on the other half of the ottoman, just as Mulder had done to the bed all those months ago.

Mulder had been watching her instead of looking at the house and his eyes were drawn away from her legs by her hand’s movement, laughing as he recognized her reference. He walked over to her and laid down parallel to her. The ottoman may have been huge, but for two people to lay on it their sides had to be flushed.

She turned to face him and propped her head on her hand to look down at him, “Did Skinner say what exactly we were supposed to bring over as a gift? He said it was supposed to make it clear we had money,” she asked.

“Apparently there’s a gift basket filled with expensive chocolate in the kitchen,” he replied, simultaneously trying not to fall off, but also not invade her personal space too much. *The exact*
“Do you want to go now or later, Jeff?” she inquired with an amused smile.

“Hmm,” he mused. “If we go now, that’s all we have to do for the rest of the evening.”

“Good idea,” she agreed. As she moved to get up, she placed a hand on his upper thigh to steady herself, pushing herself up by pressing on him. Her skirt was apparently in on the plan, because the fabric clung to her ass from the static and she had to pull it down manually as she walked to the kitchen, hearing him clear his throat from his spot on the ottoman.

She found the present laying on the counter and she grabbed it to inspect it further. This box of chocolate was easily half of her paycheck. Mulder chuckled as he watched her remove one from the package and set it on the counter for later. “What? It’s really good chocolate,” she defended.

He raised his eyebrows in amusement, “Hey, no argument here. I support your decision fully.” He placed his hand on the small of her back as he led her out of the house and to the neighboring home.

He raised his hand to the door almost identical to their own and knocked three times, winking at Scully before snaking his arm around her and pulling her closer to him. Instead of freezing like last time, she eased into his touch and rested her head on his chest. Before he could comment on it, the door opened to reveal a short man. Mulder spoke first, “Hi, sorry to bother you. My wife and I just moved next door and wanted to introduce ourselves. My name’s Jeff Trent,” Mulder proclaimed, extending his hand, “-and this is my wife Paula.”

The man’s face contorted into a beaming smile and he took Mulder’s hand readily into his own, shaking it enthusiastically. “Nice to meet you, my name’s Tom Miller. What a beautiful wife you have,” he beamed, turning his attention towards Scully, who held out her own hand, only to have it kissed instead.

Mulder instinctively tightened his hold on Scully a little bit as he replied, “Don’t I know it.” Scully felt that he was leaning to press a kiss to her head, so she quickly tilted her head up and captured his lips in a sweet, chaste kiss. She felt Mulder almost jump back in pure surprise, but stayed in character.

She broke the kiss and turned to the man, and in her sweetest voice offered, “We brought you a little present, to say hello.” She held out the package in front of her and the man took it with unabashed excitement.

“Well, now, you didn’t have to do that!” he declared, looking eagerly through the contents. Now that Scully’s hands were free, she wrapped them around Mulder in a side hug, pleased when he stroked his hand up and down her back.

“Nonsense! My husband is a very giving man,” she drew out, resting her chin on Mulder’s chest with a smile while beaming up at him, “-and we just wanted to make a good first impression. This is our first home together and we really want to get involved in the community.” She was just regurgitating that spiel she and Mulder had gone over with Skinner.

“First home? How long have the two of you been married?” he pried with curiosity.

“We’re actually newlyweds, it’s hard for me to even believe,” Mulder sighed, looking at her with the same enthusiasm she’s been giving him. It was almost overwhelming, that much affection directed solely at her, but she didn’t break eye contact.

“Well, I have the perfect thing for the both of you,” he stated proudly, breaking the pair out of their
personal moment. “I’m hosting a block party at my place tomorrow around noon, please feel free to come over,”

Scully gasped in exaggerated shock and smiled, “That would be amazing, thank you so much!”

Mulder chuckled and she knew it was because of her fake enthusiasm, “Thanks Tom, we really appreciate that. Do you want me to bring anything?” he asked.

“Just your gorgeous wife!” he demanded cheerfully. They said their goodbyes and Mulder and Scully made their way across the lawn, she had disentangled herself from him, but still held onto his hand, massive in comparison to her own.

“Just your gorgeous wife,” Scully mimicked, making fun of the man’s voice and forwardness.

“Hey, you can’t blame the guy for having eyes,” he teased. She wanted to say something in response, but she was too flustered at the compliment.

Instead, she just raised their joined hands to her mouth and placed a kiss to the back of his hands. She let the kiss last a few seconds longer than partnerly, only saying a soft, “Thank you,” in response.

Only when they closed the door did they disentangle hands. Mulder stayed to lock the door as Scully made her way to the kitchen.

The FCU was certain that Miller didn’t use any form of surveillance, so they were pleased to be able to drop the act in the safety of their home. Scully opened the refrigerator expectantly, only to be met with nothing. She checked the rest of the cabinets, only to be met with similar disappointment.

“Mulder?” she called out.

“Yeah?” his voice called out.

“They didn’t provide us with any food,” she informed, disappointment lacing her voice. It was nearing six, and she was starving.

Mulder rounded the corner and took note of all the empty cabinets. “I can go run out and get something for us, want anything in particular?”

“No preference, thank you!” she replied, giving him a contented smiled. She decided as he was gone, she’d take that time to enjoy a long, hot shower. She always felt gross after being in the car for a few hours. She grabbed her underwear and robe from the one bag she packed for herself and wandered into the shower, enjoying this rare moment of relaxation.

She spent maybe forty minutes in the shower, completing the whole nine yards of her beauty routine. She washed her hair, exfoliated her face, shaved her legs, groomed her pubes, and used her favorite body wash. After turning off the hot water and getting out of the shower, she wiped the fog from the mirror to see a clear sliver of her reflection. Her face was clean and her freckles were sticking out vividly against her pale skin. Scully even took some time to lotion up her whole body, a luxury she was frequently too tired to do. She put on her matching black bra and underwear and, as she moved to get her robe, she heard the front door open as Mulder came back from his errand. “Scully?” his voice rang out from the hallway.

Her mouth opened to respond, but she snapped it shut as an idea came to mind. It was bold, and she would have to overcome the shyness creeping through her veins, but she was curious to see what this could lead to. She was just going to walk out in her bra and underwear with her robe wide open, pretending like she hadn’t heard him come home. She works out on a regular basis, so she knew her body was in good shape, she just hoped Mulder would appreciate it too.
She wiped more fog from the mirror so she could get a full body check. She adjusted her boobs in her bra to make them a bit more prominent, she slipped her arms through the short robe, keeping it wide open, and ran a comb through her hair, tousling it a little with her fingers. She looked into her eyes, giving herself a silent nod of encouragement, before letting out a breath and opening the door.

As far as she was aware, he was still in the living room or kitchen area, but after taking a few steps into the bedroom she heard his voice a lot closer than anticipated. “Hey, Scully. I didn’t think you were home.”

She put on an innocent face as she twirled around, not making a move to close the robe. However, as soon as she saw him, her plan was the last thing on her mind. Mulder himself was in the middle of changing and he was standing near the bed, his lean, muscular torso fully on display and his jeans unbuckled and unzipped, tantalizingly showing the ‘v’ of his pubic muscles disappearing under the top of his boxers, a prominent bulge peeking out. He had his thumbs dipped under the sides of his waistband, a moment away from sliding them down his legs. The whole pose was painfully suggestive.

She stood stunned for a second, taking in his body hungrily with his eyes. When she glanced up to look at his face, she saw he was greedily absorbing her body like she had just done with his, his eyes running over every exposed curve and valley. His tongue darted out to lick his lips before flitting back up to her face. When their gaze connected, the moment of admiration was taken over by juvenile embarrassment at having been caught. “Uh, sorry, Scully,” he stammered, immediately turning his body and stare away from her to give her privacy.

“N-no, I’m sorry! I hadn’t heard you come in,” she exclaimed, tying her robe shut. Out of his peripheral, when he saw the sash tighten, he turned around with one hand clasping his pants shut and the other holding his change of clothes.

“I’m just gonna use the bathroom, I got some take out downstairs for us, along with a few groceries, by the way,” he rambled, trying to ease the awkwardness.

“Thanks, Mulder,” she beamed in gratitude as she watched him retreat into the bathroom. Scully knew she had to be braver than this for her plan to work. So, instead of waiting for him to leave so she could change, she dropped the robe and started putting on the clothes she had laid out on the bed. She slid her shorts up her freshly-shaven legs, satisfied that the hem barely went passed her ass. She grabbed her baggy t-shirt from the bed and put her arms in the sleeves. She felt ridiculous, but she was still on a mission to entice Mulder, so she kept her head in the shirt and waited until she heard the door open to slide it down her body. It looked casual and unintended, but from the way Mulder’s eyes were on her, she knew he got another good eyeful. “Ready to go eat?” she asked with an innocent smile as she untucked her hair from the neckline of her shirt.

“Mhm,” he replied, clearing his throat. He too had changed into his pyjamas for the night, a thin grey shirt and some mesh shorts. Though his were a much more decent length. When she got into the kitchen, she was pleased to see the counter adorned with take out boxes and plastic sacks.

For the next ten minutes they got to live in temporary, faux-domestic bliss. Just dancing around each other in the kitchen, asking where they should put random odds and ends of the groceries. Scully also happened to notice he had picked up many of her favorite foods without having to even ask. In that moment, it felt like they were an actual couple moving into a new house together. There was no bickering, no fighting, they worked in perfect harmony like they always did. It made her yearn for more.

The rest of the evening was spent in a similar way. The Bureau didn’t get them food, but they set up cable. They took their take out into the living room and sat on the couch, digging into their standard
meal they got in practically every city they ventured to. They were like connoisseurs of mediocre, Americanized-Chinese food. Per usual, she let Mulder choose the channel as they talked about whatever came to mind. “This is nice,” she blurted out of the blue, *The Exorcist* playing softly in the background.

“Oh, thanks. It was between this or Mexican, and we just had Chili’s the other day so-“ he stated.

“No, I mean being able to hang out,” she smiled from her side of the couch.

“Oh,” he stuttered in surprise before his lips curved into a smile, “I agree.”

“I wish we could do it more often,” she sighed, baiting him.

“Let’s do it more then, when we get back,” he offered. Her heart warmed at how hopeful he sounded.

“I’m holding you to that,” she teased in earnest. Nudging his thigh with her foot. She gave herself an idea with that, and when she was done with her food, she set everything on the coffee table and reclined on the shared couch. Innocently she asked, “Is it okay if I rest my feet on your lap?” She legs were currently bent, nearly touching him, and she saw Mulder appreciate the expanse of bare flesh before gently replying, “Of course,” tapping his thighs lightly.

She put her legs a little higher up on her lap than necessary and looked in mock-distraction at the movie, watching the girl flail on the bed as she fought with Satan while ignoring the way Mulder shifted underneath her.

She felt his hands touch her feet, and she was certain he was going to move them when, instead, he started giving her an impromptu foot massage. She let her eyes flutter shut as she enjoyed his ministrations. Every now and then a hum of contentment would escape her throat and, before she knew it, she was passed out.

She didn’t know what time it was when she realized she had fallen asleep. Mulder just must have disentangled himself from her feet and was on his way to turn the television off. She snapped her eyes shut and pretended to be asleep, curious what his next move in this situation would be. She heard him walk over a to her, but everything else was a mystery since her eyes were shut. She had to stifle her reaction when she felt one hand slip under her knees and the other slip under her back as he lifted her up bridal style. He head fell against his chest, and she could tell he was taking extra precautions to be slow and quiet to avoid waking her. She also enjoyed this moment of physical contact with Mulder, his strong arms holding her with ease, the smell of him encompassing her, she was in love.

When they got to the bedroom, she felt him bend down and throw the comforter back with a gentle hand, still managing to keeping her body still and flush to his own. The amount of care and dedication he took in his mission not to wake her up was really sweet, and she had to repress a smile from breaking out on her face and signalling she was fully awake. With an unknown grace, Mulder gently laid her body down on the bed and pulled the comforter up around her. Before standing back up, he pressed a feather light kiss to her forehead.

As she heard him turn, she realized he was going to go sleep on the couch, and that would inhibit this part of her plan. In the best sleepy voice she could muster, she whispered, “Mulder.”

He turned around and crouched down so he was eye level with her, though she only cracked her eyes open a little bit to give the effect she was barely hanging onto consciousness. He raised a hand and brushed back some of her hair. “Yes, Scully?” he whispered back, not wanting his voice to
break the tranquility.

“Stay with me, sleep here” she mumbled sweetly, barely opening her mouth.

He understood regardless and stood up, “Okay, but I have to use the restroom first,” he reassured. She heard his feet pad towards the bathroom until the door shut. She listened to him as he finished up his nightly routine.

She’d initially been scared that she would actually fall asleep waiting for him to come to bed, but the anticipation of going through with this was making her restless. Since she didn’t want him to walk in on her checking the clock, she just kept her eyes closed and continued her mock-sleep breathing, utilizing deep, long breaths. She was a doctor, she knew the physiological effects of sleep on the body, she wasn’t worried about being convincing. What she was worried about was keeping her confidence and fully going through with it.

She didn’t know if it had been two minutes or twenty, but eventually she heard the sink shut off and his toothbrush hit the counter. She resisted opening her eyes when she heard the rustling of his shirt coming off and the sound of him stripping to his boxers before standing by the bed. She assumed he was trying to figure out how to lay down without waking her since he took a moment, just standing next to the bed until he started crawling onto the mattress. She could feel the blankets lift up and his body heat radiate against her side. From the sharp dip in the bed, he was propping himself up on his elbow, facing her. She almost jumped when she felt his delicate hand reach out and wipe more stray hairs from her face. It was painfully sweet and she had to focus on keeping her breathing slow as he ran the back of his index finger along the skin of her cheekbone.

She couldn’t help but wonder how many times he had watched her sleep. She had definitely dozed off in his presence a lot over the years, did he always do this? As quickly as his touch had happened, it was gone, and he was laying on his back parallel to her. She turned on her side facing him and raised her top leg, draping it over his waist. At the same time, she threw an arm across his chest and nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck, adding a sleepy sound of contentment for good measure.

It was hard to shock Mulder, being surprised was second nature with their job, but as soon as her body burrowed into his, he might as well have been a statue with how rigid he was. His breath was higher and shallow, and initially she had been concerned maybe this was too far and she had made him uncomfortable. However, before she could ruminate on the thought for too long, he raised the hand not trapped by her body and placed it on her arm, rubbing small circles into her skin. He also turned and inhaled her hair lightly, smelling her shampoo. While this was an elaborate plan to seduce the man she loved, she couldn’t help but revel in this innocent embrace. Well. innocent minus the erection she felt growing under her thigh. It was just so comforting; the warmth of his body, his soothing touch, the sensation of his heart beating under her palm. It was so comforting that she fell asleep for real within minutes.

If it wasn’t for how well-rested she was and the sunlight peeking through the windows, she would have sworn she just blinked. They were in the exact same position they had been in when she fell asleep. The only differences being that she was a little more on top of him, and the arm that had been trapped was now being used as a pillow, his hand resting on her back. She peeked one eye open and was pleased to see he looked like he was still asleep, his breathing matching up with this. She was more pleased with the fact his growing erection from last night had blossomed into full blown morning wood, pressing demandingly against the sheet under her thigh. Okay, phase two of the bedroom plan was a go.

She closed her eyes and slowed her breathing. She just needed to wake him up and try to make him
think she was having a sex dream. She squirmed a bit against him, making sure her leg rubbed hard against his penis. A deep sleepy moan vibrated in his throat and he shifted a bit in bed; the arm wrapped around her pulling her closer to him. In that moment she realized he wasn’t the only one who woke up totally aroused, the sound of his moan just adding to her already present wetness. She squirmed one more time and it did the trick. After she stopped, he moved once more. However, this time his body didn’t return to relaxation. His movements became that of someone trying to orient themselves.

She felt his realization at their position in the exact moment it happened. It was much like last night, in that he was completely stunned, except a bit more so presumably because he was so hard. Through her closed eyes, she felt his gaze resting on her face, trying to determine if she was still asleep. She took the opportunity and mimicked what he had just done. Deep in her throat, she let a guttural moan live as she grinded her body sensually into his.

She was immediately rewarded by the sound of him cutting off a groan, intaking a sharp breath, and becoming even more rigid under her touch. She stayed like that for a moment as she felt his hand move off her back. She knew he was probably going to try to disentangle himself, so she decided to have mercy on him and help a little. Not before throwing one last move his way. In a breathy, sleepy voice she moaned softly “M-mulder,” as she pushed her breasts into his ribs, easing her thigh off his pelvis.

The friction of her movement made him arch his back ever so slightly. His breath was still shallow as he slowly, inch by inch, made his way off the bed. She wished she could open her eyes, because if she was right, he was essentially melting off the bed, letting himself fall to the floor. The amount of discomfort he was putting himself through to avoid waking her up was honestly endearing.

The bed lifted when it was free of his weight, and she heard him practically jog to the adjoining bathroom, closing the door ever so softly behind him. She allowed herself to open her eyes in the new freedom. Okay, so she supposed expecting him to wake her up and make passionate love to her was a little unrealistic, but this would overall be useful when she finally made her move. She knew she’d probably have to instigate anything, but now she hopefully instilled the confidence in him that he was the focus of her sex dreams. Unless he just thought humping him and moaning his name in her sleep while being held in his arms was platonic. If he was that dense she would be tempted to shoot him again.

She realized she hadn’t heard him sit on the toilet or pee. Straining a little bit, she tried to decipher the sounds she was hearing. It sounded like he was washing his hands, but the sink wasn’t on? When she heard his labored breathing it clicked. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. Mulder is masturbating in the room right next to me, after waking up holding me. The sounds that confused her before were now crystal clear; the sound of the friction of his hand against his dick, his precum so prominent it was audible, and his muffled pants.

She couldn’t help it, she slid a hand down the front of her shorts, already aroused from earlier and found herself absolutely soaking, her clit enlarged and desperate. She fingered a bit of her lubrication before spreading it around her nub, shuddering at the sensation. She strained to hear Mulder on the other side of the door. She placed her other hand under her waistband and plunged two fingers deep inside her tight heat, thrusting in time with the sound of his strokes. She was already close and she knew it, her hips were undulating against two frantic hands. She figured if she could hear him, he’d be able to hear her, so she turned her head and bit a part of the blanket next to her, using it as a pseudo-gag.

His breaths were getting harder to suppress, and she could tell he was trying to breath through his mouth to be quieter. It wasn’t working. The clapping, wet sounds periodically got louder and louder
while the finger swirling her clit got faster and faster. With a few hard bumps she heard it, “Scul-ly,” stuttered out in a breathy groan. The sound of him cumming her name made her wild and her back arched violently off the bed as her orgasm shuddered through her. Her mouth clenched hard around the blanket as she begged herself to be quiet. As she came down she heard Mulder, actually this time, washing his hands in the sink. She quickly tried to make herself look nonchalant, wiping her flushed fingers against her shorts and hiding the wet spot of the blanket where her mouth was. She shifted into the position she had been in when he left in the nick of time, the door swinging open just as she settled.

She felt him walk back over to her area to grab some clothes out of his dresser, she assumed he was going to go back and change, but instead he paused in front of her. She was afraid he knew, and she almost jumped when she felt the back of his hand against her forehead. What was he doing?

She decided she wanted to see him so she stretched her body and let out a fake groggy groan. Her eyes fluttered open just in time to see him retract his hands and his eyes flit from her chest to her face. She decided to fake concern and she looked up at him with wide eyes and a furrowed brow and asked in a tired voice, “Is every okay, Mulder?”

“Yeah, I’m sorry. I was just getting my clothes and I noticed you looked really flushed and a little sweaty, so I was worried you were running a fever,” he soothed. Nope, no fever, just the residual effects of masturbating to the sounds of you getting off to me.

Instead of saying that she pressed her hands to her face and shrugged, “Hmm, I don’t feel like I do.”

He nodded at her answer and offered her a smile. “Let me know if anything changes. I’m going to go downstairs and make a snack before we have to head over to the party. Do you want anything?”

“Surprise me. I’m going to get ready,” she smiled back.

“Will do,” he replied, heading to the bathroom to quickly change before he headed downstairs.

She laid in bed until he was gone, easing her legs over the edge and padding towards the box of clothes provided for her for the mission. She pulled out a short, lavender dress, with a low bust line and thin spaghetti straps. Looking further into the box, her heart sank when all she could find were thongs. It wasn’t that she didn’t like thongs, she just usually didn’t wear them in conjunction with an extremely short dress. She was also irritated that whoever was in charge of packing her clothes chose to dress her so scantily. Sighing in defeat, she took her change of clothes into the bathroom and shut the door.

It only took her a few minutes to fix herself up. She just peed, brushed her hair, applied some makeup, brushed her teeth, and put on her dress. The dress was cut in a way that made it practically impossible to wear a bra, so she just had to accept the fact she was essentially naked underneath the thin fabric. Before she was about to leave, she caught sight of Mulder’s cologne sitting on the counter. In a moment of self-indulgence, she reached for it, uncapped it, and took a deep inhale. It smelled like trips in the car and late nights in motel rooms, sitting next to each other going over cases. She held the bottle away from her and sprayed it on, enjoying the scent of Mulder that would follow her the rest of the day.

She put on some strappy sandals and tapped down the steps, meeting Mulder in the kitchen to enjoy the toasted bagels with real cream cheese he had laid out for them. “Did you sleep well last night?” he asked nonchalantly, memories of how he fell asleep and woke up inevitably at the forefront of his mind.

She smiled at him and enthusiastically answered, “Honestly yeah, I feel more well rested than I have in a long time. I can’t remember what I was dreaming about last night, but I woke up happy. That’s
always nice.” She wanted to hug him purely from the look on his face. He was trying to look down and hide it, but his lips were fixed into a delighted, sweet smile and it was adorable. “What about you? Did you get a good night's rest?”

“Oh, um, yeah. Yeah, I got a great night’s sleep and I woke up really invigorated,” he answered innocently. *Oh I heard you did.* “We should probably get going when we’re finished up,” he added.

They ate with intermittent conversation before cleaning up and heading over. As soon as they were outside of their fake home, she snuck her dainty hand into his and he reciprocated, clutching onto her. The day was beautiful outside as they meandered their way across the lawn to Miller’s house. When they walked up the drive they saw the door was open and filled with unfamiliar faces.

When they entered, they were surprised to see that it was packed with guests. Mulder held tighter onto Scully’s hand and gave it a little squeeze of reassurance as he led her to the table with Miller, giving furtive greetings to all they passed. They needed to get more information on him, and this was the perfect opportunity. However, as they approached the table, it became clear that there was only one free chair. Glancing around, it seemed to be a trend for the women to sit on the men’s laps.

Mulder gave her an apologetic look and she just smiled in silent permission. The memory that she was only wearing a thong underneath her dress made her a little nervous, but she was going to utilize this opportunity, the only person with the possibility of knowing was Mulder and that would only work in her favor. He sat down in the chair, engaging in pleasantries with the other guests as she nestled herself on his lap, resting on the upper-middle part of his thighs, his front almost flush with her back. She knew he was internally laughing at how much this position exacerbated their already obvious height difference; her thighs were absolutely dwarfed in size by his and her feet dangled a nearly a foot off the ground.

They both must’ve looked around and done a quick inventory of the other guests’ postures because they almost immediately adopted them. Scully pivoted in his lap so she was sideways like the rest of the women and he wrapped his arms around her middle, keeping her close to him.

“I’m glad you both could make it!” Miller proclaimed in excitement, “These are my new neighbors, Jeff and Paula.”

Mulder and Scully waved at the residence sitting around the table. They were extremely friendly and asked a bunch of questions about where they came from and what they did. Mulder was doing a great job at answering, so she just leaned on his chest and nuzzled her face into his neck. She knew he probably wouldn’t think anything of it. He probably would just assume that she was avoiding the overly, appreciative stare of Miller, which wasn’t all together wrong. Every time he said anything a little odd to her, she felt Mulder’s arms instinctively, protectively tighten around her.

While her forehead was against his neck, she got an idea. I mean, they did have to pretend to be in-love newlyweds after all. She moved her head a little bit and started placing light kisses along his neck and jawline. She felt the vibrations of his voice stutter under her lips, but it was only detectable to her. She also felt him shifting under her lap. When she reached his earlobe, she backed up her face a bit and rubbed her nose lightly against his cheek in a pseudo-Eskimo kiss. This tickled him because he stopped and looked at her with amusement, to which she just cocked her head and grinned.

“Aww, you both are so in love. You make such a good couple,” a party goer Scully hadn’t caught the name of squealed.

“I don’t know how I got so lucky,” Scully spoke up for the first time. She reached one arm around Mulder’s neck and leaned against him once more. She harmlessly started moving her feet idly around in the air, knowing the movement would cause friction between her thigh and Mulder’s crotch. She
saw Mulder take a few inhales of breath and she remembered she had put on his cologne earlier.

“Oh no, I’m definitely the lucky one,” Mulder added. The conversation started moving towards the school districts in town and Scully lost the molecule of interest she had in the conversation. Instead, she decided to take Mulder by surprise by leaning her head down and pressing her lips to his in a warm kiss. He was surprised for a minute but quickly reciprocated. She deepened the kiss, letting her tongue run over that pouty bottom lip she had stared at for years. Their tongues touched for maybe a second or two before he pulled back, she could feel the reason why pressing against the flesh of her ass.

He was a little breathless, and to change the conversation, he whispered in her ear, “Are you wearing my cologne?”

She looked at him in coy honesty, running her hand through the hair at the nape of his neck, making him shudder. “It smells good on you, I wanted to have you with me.”

Someone distracted him for a moment, so she continued her gentle torture. She pivoted a little on his lap, aggravating his growing hard on, and started a meaningless conversation with a woman to her left. She didn’t really pay much attention to what was being said, she just made sure to be as animated as possible, taking every opportunity to squirm around and bounce on Mulder’s lap.

After a few minutes, there was nothing growing about it, Mulder was fully, rock hard erect. She was impressed at his refractory period from this morning to say the least. She had just finished her conversation with the woman when she started to shift positions again, but this time Mulder’s hands shot out and grabbed her hips roughly, keeping her in place. It went undetected by the other guests, but it send an extra show of arousal straight to her core. Mulder’s thumbs stroked the fabric of her dress near her waist and he put his mouth to her ear once more, “Scully, are you not wearing underwear?” His voice was strained and deep.

She switched positions with him so her mouth was against his ear, “I do, but its a barely existent thong.” She felt his fingers tighten around her waist and she rocked herself one more time against him.

Mulder’s demanding voice rang out and honestly caught her off guard, “Hey, Tom. I’m so sorry, I forgot I’m expecting an important call for my mother soon and I need to be there to answer it. Thank you so much for your hospitality.” As Mulder said this, he lightly stood up, placing his hand firmly on Scully’s shoulder to keep her in front of him and hide his erection.

“It’s no problem! I’m glad you guys stopped by. Hope to see you soon!” Miller declared, everyone at the table cheering them with their drinks. Mulder and Scully nodded and he quickly guided her out of the house, avoiding all the guests. She felt his erection occasionally rub against her lower back and the top of her ass as their proximity remained close.

The entire walk back to their house was silent and rushed. His hand tightly gripping her shoulder to lead her, the only sound being their feet stomping against the grass. He let go of her to walk past and open the door, walking inside with heavy strides. She was nervous she had gone too far, rarely was Mulder this commanding or this quiet. She walked in after him and turned around to close the door, but as her hand gripped the knob, the door was slammed shut. Looking up she saw two hands bracketing the sides of her head, and she turned around to see Mulder leaning down, trapping her against the door.

His eyes were intently staring her down, they were darker than she had ever remembered seeing them. She had never been so acutely aware of his physical poweress as she was right now, being totally eclipsed by his domineering form. He licked his lips as he inched slightly closer to her until his
breath was against her ear, whispering in a gravelly voice, “Are you trying to kill me, Scully?” He moves his head back as he waits for her response. She sees it then; unbridled lust in his dilated eyes, only moving them from her face to look at the rise and fall of her chest.

“W-what?” she asked in a breathy whisper she barely even recognized as her own.

Not moving an inch away, he continued, “Scully, for the past seven years, I have considered it an accomplishment to earn so much as a smile from you. They’re more frequent now, but I cherish them all the same. A hug is a heaven sent,” her heart was pounding at his words and it was hard for her to maintain eye contact with such an intense look. “Need I remind you last undercover operation, you’ve been extra flirty and touchy with me, more than I would have ever dreamed possible. So, Scully,” he leaned closer to her face to force her to look him in the eye as he asked in a low, sexy voice, “Why are you teasing me?”

This was it. If she was ever going to make her move, it would be this very moment. Even though he was towering over her and her heart was beating so loud it was deafening, she mustered up every ounce of courage she had, looked him confidently in the eye and stated in her most sensual voice, “I wanted to give you the confidence to take what’s yours.”

The second the words left her mouth his lips crashed down onto hers, his arms moving from their place beside her head so he could hoist her up and pin her against the wood of the door, her legs instinctively wrapping around him as he ravaged her mouth. As far as kisses went, there was nothing innocent about this. This wasn’t gentle exploration, this was a man staking his claim. His tongue roamed over every crevice of her mouth, stealing her breath away as she welcomed him home.

He broke away roughly so he could place wet, sloppy kisses to her exposed neck, only stopping to pant, “Do you have any idea the torture you’ve put me through? How much I want you?”

He placed a kiss with extra suction on her pulse point making her whimper, “Show me.” An aroused chuckle escaped his lips and his breath tingled against her wet skin. His hands moved from her thighs, dragging the hem of her skirt up to her ass as he groped the flesh greedily, inadvertently pressing her crotch into his demanding erection while he returned his lips to her swollen ones. She had been aroused this whole time, but she was sure when he stepped away there would be a damp spot on the front of his pants from her arousal.

He moved one hand, compensating by pressing his pelvis harder into hers, she was sure there would be an imprint of her body molded into the wood of the door. He brought his freehand up and started kneading her aching breasts through her dress, making her moan into his mouth. He roughly shoved the thin straps down her arms as he tugged the top down, making her breasts spill out. She helped him by hurriedly easing her arms the remaining way out of the dress straps, quickly returning them around his neck as he ravished her chest with his mouth, eagerly sucking on her pert nipples. Each flick of his tongue against her sensitive peaks sent a shot of arousal straight to her clit. She started grinding herself against him as much as she could in this position and he primally growled into her tit.

He kissed his way up her chest, lavishing her skin with his tongue until he was back at her face, playfully tugging at her bottom lip with his teeth. His hand had returned back to her thigh and was easing his way back up until the thin crotch of her thong was hooked with his index and middle finger, his knuckles soaked with her wetness, making a cocky smile erupt on his face. She would have considered it cute if she wasn’t busy praying those fingers would straighten out and thrust inside her, anything to relieve this aching pressure. “Scully, how attached are you to these underwear?”
“Not at all,” she whined, trying desperately to grind herself against his hand.

“Good,” he grinned as he pulled savagely down, ripping the fabric from her thighs. She gasped both in shock at the suddenness of the movement and in arousal at his brashness. He raised the fabric so it was visible to them both. He wiped his thumb along the crotch of the soaked underwear, moving the visible arousal with the pad of his thumb. “Scully, you’re so wet,” he praised.

She smiled coyly as he threw the underwear over his shoulder and brought his thumb up to her lips. She stuck out her tongue and swirled it around the digit, tasting herself on him as he watched with hooded eyes. She closed her mouth around his thumb and hollowed her cheeks with suction, watching as he closed his eyes and threw his head back in pleasure. He retracted his thumb only so he could steady her and undo his belt at the same time. Scully didn’t know if she’d ever heard a sound as beautiful as his belt sliding out of the loops and his zipper being drawn down.

Her body was humming with anticipation as he freed his erection, feeling the hot skin pressing against her inner thigh. “Do you have any idea how long I’ve wanted this?” he growled, stroking his tip along her entrance to coat his length.

She was so aroused it was hard to even think straight, instead of responding to his question, she cried, “Please, Mulder.” His gaze focused intently on her face as he thrust into her, going so deep she felt her walls stretch to accommodate his thickness and length as his balls pressed against the curve of her ass. It was exquisite.

Under normal circumstances, she would have been embarrassed at the pleading mewls of pleasure that escaped her lips, but he felt too good for her to care. She had wanted this for too long. She kept her arms wrapped around his neck as his hands gripped her upper thighs like a vice. He was pounding into her with reckless, primal abandon. It was absolutely carnal, much like the growls and groans coming from his mouth. Each hard thrust made her back hit the door and her feet dangle limply against his thighs.

Mulder was a gracious lover, just as she’d always assumed he would be. He gyrated his hips with every thrust to hit every possible spot, making her cry out in rapture. Her hips were angled so, that with each movement, his pubic bone ground harshly against her throbbing clit. He saw the way she was writing in pleasure at the friction, so he made sure to create as much as possible, rubbing their bodies together sinfully.

She threw herself on him more, wrapping her legs on his hip bones and lifting herself onto him fully with her arms. Her breasts were pressed fully against his chest and they bounced in between them with each thrust. He wasn’t so much fucking her against the wall right now as much as she was riding him while standing.

He turned around and bent down to his knees, never slipping out of her once, as he laid her on the hardwood floor. As soon as her back was flush to the ground, she disentangled her hands so she could rip off his shirt. Initially, she meant for that to be a hyperbole, but as soon as her fingers started having difficulties with the top button, she just grabbed the fabric by the fistfuls and ripped it open, sending buttons flying everywhere. Mulder laughed heavily and temporarily removed his hands from her to whip off his shirt, revealing the muscles she’d only ever gotten to admire. Now they were under her touch, hard and slick from sweat.

He leaned down, trapping her hands between them as he placed more kisses along her neck and shoulders once more, apparently that was one of his favorite areas she had never known about. He lovingly nipped at her skin with his teeth, not enough to break skin, but enough to leave a mark and it drove her crazy. She started thrusting her hips wildly against his own, meeting him thrust for thrust and he smiled down at her with lust-riddled appreciation. He grabbed one of her legs so that his hand
was on the back of her thigh and her calf was draped over him and pressed it up, so that it was almost parallel to her body, sending him impossibly deeper. She did him one better and raised the other one so it was over his shoulder, silently thanking god for those post-workout stretches she did.

He leaned down and kissed her on the lips again, this was more clunky than the last times, as their faces mashed together with each thrust. This new angle was perfect for her g-spot and her clit and, within a minute, her body was shaking in anticipation for the orgasm building in her abdomen. Her hands desperately clung to his and as the orgasm ripped through her body, her nails scratched violently up his back, definitely tearing skin. He moaned in response and thrust into her as deep as he could possibly go, rotating her hips to draw out her pleasure. “Let me see you,” he growled.

She let go of his back and laid lethargically on the ground, her arms sprawled out by her sides. Her back arched off the floor and her torso rolled against his own. She felt beads of sweat roll off her forehead down her temple into her sweaty hair as a second, quicker but equally intense orgasm rolled through her. She felt like she was a fish out of water, failing around and gasping for air as electrical currents shocked her body. He placed an opened mouth kiss to her temple and licked her skin before groaning, “Scully, you’re so beautiful.”

“M-Mulder, I l-love y-you,” she panted between thrusts. At her words, he threw his head back and his whole body shuddered with his release. His head fell forward to look at her face while his hot seed spurted inside her.

As he came down he placed loving kisses on her collarbone and lips, whispering, “I love you, I love you, I love you,” with each kiss. He slid out of her and she felt his hot cum leak out, spilling down her skin and onto the hardwood floor. He laid on his back and gently cuddled her body into his. Her chest was pressed into his ribs and she draped an arm over his chest as he placed more kisses onto the crown of her head. It was an ironic juxtaposition; the absolute tenderness of his hands stroking her back lightly as compared to when they were ravishing her.

“Seven years of fantasizing couldn’t have prepared me for how good that was,” she sighed, still trying to catch her breath.

“For once, we’re in absolute agreement,” he laughed, pulling her on top of him for a hug. They had a lot of lost time to catch up on.

Holy shit, this is the longest thing I have ever written for the X-Files, including my one-shots. It is literally 10k+ words! I almost considered publishing it separately, but I decided to include it anyway. I hoped you liked it being it was a journey, lol. Per usual, I would really appreciate any and all reviews! Thank you so much for reading! -Nicole (Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Unbelievable

Chapter Summary

Scully runs out on a bad date and Mulder tries to salvage her evening.

Author’s Notes: Hello everyone! This is my second attempt at a “Mulder Jealousy Fic.” I’m excited about the route it’s taking, and I hope you guys like it!

Unbelievable : (adjective) so great or extreme as to be difficult to believe; extraordinary.

They’d been working on a rough case for the past two weeks and they were finally done. Well, there were just a few things that she needed wrapped up, but when the work day was over, their hands would be free. The case involved a missing child, and he knew cases like that always hit Scully hardest. She didn’t need to say it, he could tell she was really bothered by it all. Which is why he was on his way down to the lab to ask her if she wanted to rent a movie and get some takeout, relaxing would do them some good.

Looking through the glass partition, he could see his favorite mass of red hair roaming around the lab, wrapping up the finishing touches of their case file by comparing data with the lab. He stopped in front of the glass before going in, taking a moment to watch Scully in her natural domain. The lab techs seemed to idolize her, utilizing having her in the lab by constantly asking questions about their own work, wanting her expert opinion. Even though they were distracting her from her, she responded with a patient smile and words of encouragement as she took charge of the entire room. He loved seeing her like this, so confident and revered.

“So, what’s she like in bed?” Mulder was snapped out of his admiration by an agent from the Violent Crimes Unit, Agent Martin. Mulder worked with him on a few cases in the past, and he was never a fan of the man’s overly-crude behavior. To put it lightly, he hated him.

“Excuse me?” Mulder asked in confusion.

The older agent motioned his hand and pointed to Scully, who was still talking to the techs. “The smokin’ redhead, who else? What do they call her? Ah-The Ice queen! Let me guess, you spend a lot of your time down in that basement meltin’ her until she’s a puddle, huh?” he joked, jovially nudging Mulder a little too hard with his elbow.

Every word that came out of this guy’s mouth made Mulder want to slug him, his fist subconsciously clenching at his side. He wasn’t naive, he knew Scully had to deal with overly flirtatious men, she’s even mentioned a few instances to him, but he hated hearing this perspective of it. It was as if he was expected to laugh and agree with the idea of sexually degrading his partner; the woman he adored more than anything. He’d also seen how uncomfortable the whole ‘Ice Queen’ thing made her. Her eyes would downcast, her jaw would set, and her whole demeanor would shift; as if this stupid nickname was actually a true reflection of her character. This was the first time someone had the audacity to actually say it in front of him though. He turned to glare at the man, but he was too preoccupied with trying to get a glimpse down Scully’s shirt as she leaned over a table.

“Agent Scully is my partner, and I would prefer if you didn’t speak about her like that,” he seethed, glaring at the man.
The man’s attention snapped back to Mulder, noting his irritation, and he put up his hands in mock-surrender. “Hey, hey, I didn’t mean any harm. Sorry if I disrespected your woman.”

He didn’t need to look to know his knuckles were turning white at his sides. “Agent Scully is not ‘my woman’,” he responded evenly.

He immediately regretted saying that because a light went off in the man’s eyes and a slimy grin spread across his face. “Oh really? Well in that case, I’ll take a crack at her,” he beamed, patting the side of Mulder’s arm.

The thought of this man being so much as in Scully’s vicinity made him uncomfortable, so he tried to dissuade Agent Martin before he even tried. “You’re not her type.”

“I don’t know. An older, accomplished agent who understands first-hand the stresses of her job? I can be pretty convincing if I do say so myself,” he boasted. *Fuck.* When he put it like that, he did sound like someone Scully would be interested in and *has* been interested in.

It was like watching a train wreck, where it’s absolutely horrible, but you can’t look away. Agent Martin side-stepped Mulder and entered into the lab without waiting for a response. Mulder watched as the man approached Scully with a snake-like smile and words he couldn’t hear. She turned to him and gave Agent Martin that polite-Scully smile she never sent his way anymore. The thought made him smile. They were close enough that she wouldn’t even try to hide her exhaustion the way she was doing in front of Martin right now.

Not that the man would notice. He was speaking with grandeur and his arms were moving extravagantly around the air. Scully nodded along with the man’s speech and after a few moments, Mulder saw Scully avert her gaze to her work. Mulder was silently cheering, that was a sign of disinterest if he ever saw one. Even as a hand slid around her shoulder, much to his personal dismay, she still refused to look at the man. Martin whispered something in Scully’s ear and she turned to him with a deadpan expression and responded. While Mulder wished he could hear what was going on, he was happy to see she was clearly rejecting an offer. He continued watching like a kid glued to a tv until he saw the Agent leave out the other door.

As juvenile as it was, he was excited to hear all the details. He straightened his tie, acting casual as possible, and strolled in towards his partner. “Hey Scully, how’s it going.”

She turned towards him with exhausted eyes and sighed, *just in the way he loved.* “Hey Mulder. I’m just finishing up.”

He nodded appreciatively and pried, “I just saw Agent Martin come in. Did he need something?”

In a voice he couldn’t decipher, she responded, “Yeah, he asked me what I was doing tonight and then asked me out on a date.”

Mulder feigned ignorance and dropped his jaw, “Really? How bold.”

Scully snorted, “Yeah, he knows how to get to the point.”

“You’re too good for him. He was always a little weird,” Mulder exhaled, pleased.

Scully straightened up and started arranging the stacks of paper she was loading into the file. “Actually, I said yes.”

“Good to he-wait, what?”
“I said yes. I figured going out would be better than sitting at home along again. We’re going out to eat at seven,” she sighed, closing the folder. She motioned for Mulder to follow her as they walked up to Skinner’s office to drop off the completed report.

“B-but, why?” He was embarrassed at the almost whiney quality his voice was taking on, but he couldn’t help it.

“I just told you Mulder. Or are you asking why I wouldn’t rather sit at home by myself?” It was a rhetorical question and he didn’t know what to say next. His palms were sweating and he felt hot. He also felt a bit dizzy and it felt like his stomach had plummeted out and was being dragged along side him. He had felt this in brief waves before, but never this intensity. He was jealous. Plain and simple, there was no other explanation.

“I don’t like him,” was lamely the only thing he had to offer.

She snorted at his childish tone. “Well then it’s a good thing you’re not going on a date with him.” She stopped into Skinner’s office and left the folder with his assistant with a pleasant smile. Mulder stood in the hallway pouting, something she picked up on immediately. “Mulder, look. I appreciate your concern, but I don’t need your permission.”

She was right. He had no claim over he life or what she did with it. He nodded in resignation, “You’re right. I just want you to be safe. I hope you have a good time.” He attempted to give her a reassuring smile, but he knew it wasn’t reaching his eyes and that she’d notice.

She squeezed his arm and replied, “Thank you, Mulder. Have a nice night, okay?” And with that, she was walking away. Probably thinking about what outfit she’d wear tonight on her date. He tried to shake out any resentful thoughts and started leaving himself.

When he got to his apartment, he loosened his tie and threw himself on the couch. He went through all the possible ways he could kill time tonight. He contemplated calling the Gunmen, but the thought of actually going over there and having a conversation with them was exhausting enough. He thought about cleaning up his apartment, but he figured there was no use in breaking his twelve year streak. He glanced over at his tapes, which were collecting dust in the corner of the room. Recently, he hadn’t really needed the tapes because his imagination was plenty enough. The redhead that dominated his fantasies did more than enough for his libido. He reached his hand down to cup the erection that was already growing from the thought, but quickly retracted after a few strokes. It would just make him sad. There was nothing more pathetic than sobbing after an orgasm, and he figured he should spare himself the misery. He decided to just put on a movie and take it easy.

He tried relaxing, he honestly did, but for every minute of tepid peace, there were five minutes of worry. He just couldn’t stop thinking about the fact Scully was out on a date with that creep of a man. He had no reason for it and he knew that, Scully was a strong, capable woman. She could easily handle any lewd advances Martin threw her way. In truth, he was probably worried that these advances would be accepted, that she’d want the same thing. The though of Martin touching her made his skin crawl.

That man didn’t even know the slightest thing about Scully. He probably didn’t even care about the intricate detail that she comprised of, details Mulder committed to memory. What if he kissed her? When he held the back of her neck, he would have no idea what that little scar meant. That the key to Scully’s life rested under his touch. What if they did end up having sex? Unlikely, but still, would he reach for a condom not knowing the painful memories Scully would have because of it? A stark reminder of her infertility, all that she’s lost on their journey. When she woke up screaming about her abduction like he had heard through the wall on so many nights, would the man just laugh
and make a flippant remark about how nightmares were the worst?

He needed to stop thinking about it, he was completely blowing this out of proportion. He decided he may as well go for a ride, focusing on driving would be a distraction itself. He slipped out of his jacket, lost his tie, and left, keeping the rest of his work attire on.

It worked, somewhat. He just enjoyed the nice spring breeze as he listened to music with the windows rolled down. He didn’t really have a plan, so he just wandered the streets of the city, testing himself to see if he could get lost and then get himself back to somewhere familiar. Unfortunately, that familiar place frequently landed him in front of Scully’s apartment complex. Damn his subconscious. After the second time, his stomach rumbled and he figured he should just go and grab something to eat before calling it an evening.

On his way to a drive thru, his phone rang from his pocket, pulling him out of his internal, self-deprecatory spiral. Taking one hand off the wheel, he grabbed his phone and pressed it to his ear, “Mulder.”

“Mulder, it’s me.” Well speak of the devil. His whole body perked up at the sound of her voice.

“Hey, Scully. Is everything okay?” he asked. His eyes glanced down at his dashboard and saw she should have been about forty minutes into her date. The worry temporarily subsided as her voice rang through the speaker.

“Um, yeah,” there was something weird about her tone, but he couldn’t place it. “Are you busy right now?”

“No, I was just out for a drive. What’s up?” he answered a little too fast.

There was a moment of silence before she answered in defeat, “I’m sorry, but is there anyway you could you come pick me up?”

What did he say to her? Did he do something to her? He felt like he was on a roller coaster with how much his stomach kept plummeting, but he was beyond eager to get her in sight and know she was safe and fine, “Absolutely, where are you?”

“I’m hiding in the Barnes and Noble on Monroe Street,” she sighed.

“Scully, why are you hiding? Where’s your date?” he checked the street sign nearest to him and turned around. He was only about five minutes away, four since he was rushing.

“He’s probably still at the bar wondering what’s taking me so long in the restroom,” she confessed, amusement lacing her voice.

“Scully,” he exclaimed in pride, “Did you dine and dash on this man?”

“Just dashed, unfortunately.” She didn’t sound distressed, which made him feel better, but he was still anxious about what could have possibly happened to make her leave in the middle of a date. It just seemed very unlike her, and the use of the word ‘hiding’ didn’t sit well with him.

“Well, I’m about a minute away. Wanna hop in and we can go somewhere to dine?” he offered.

“That sounds amazing, Mulder. You pick the place. I’ll see you in a second.” He could practically hear her smile through the phone and his worry was slowly being replaced with excitement. He rarely got to hang out with Scully on the weekend, especially not outside of a case.
He hung up the phone as he rounded the corner. He pulled up in front of the Barnes and Noble and tried to spot her. After a moment he saw her jog out of the building, looking around once, before jumping into the passenger’s seat. She looked beautiful. She was wearing a thin, strappy, black dress. It was form fitting around her chest, but flowed loosely around her knees, showing off her lithe figure. Her hair was lightly curled and her makeup was impeccable. It was a casual-date Scully that he had never been able to see before. A bit of him was jealous that the piece of shit VCU agent got to see her like this and that she had dolled herself up for him, but she was with him now and he was going to enjoy it.

As soon as she shut the door, she let out a huge sigh of relief and sent him a radiant smile. “Thank you so much, Mulder. I was nervous if I tried to hail a taxi, he’d see me through the window.”

“I’m glad you called me, Scully,” he started. He figured if he was honest, she’d reciprocate. His tone got a little softer as he asked, “Did he hurt you?”

She laughed a little at his question before quickly reassuring him, “No, no, he didn’t hurt me. He was just a little too forward for my taste.” Mulder let out a breath he hadn’t known he’d been holding, and Scully chuckled some more at his reaction.

“Yeah, if I had to describe Agent Martin, ‘tact’ and ‘subtlety’ wouldn’t be the first words to pop into mind,” he joked.

“I have to say, after him saying I’d be his dessert and asking if I liked being on top or bottom, I have to agree,” she snickered.

Mulder’s jaw inadvertently dropped open, he couldn’t imagine saying that to a woman, let alone Scully, on a first date. “What did you respond?”

“I told him dessert’s always better before the meal, and that I’m always on top,” she deadpanned. He knew it was a joke, but hearing those words come out of her mouth sent a bolt straight down to his groin and put a vivid image of her in his head. He accidentally pressed the break a little bit and Scully was heavily amused by his reaction. “Kidding, I said ‘That’s inappropriate,’ and then I tried to talk about work for twenty minutes.”

“‘Tried?’ as in, wasn’t successful?” he asked, sliding into a parking spot at a Chinese takeout place he got a little too frequently.

“I thought it was going okay, I knew it would never happen again after the first thirty seconds, but I snuck out before we even ordered,” she shrugged, playing with the strap of her wallet. Her tone had shifted from joking to a bit dismissive and he knew there was something she was hiding.

He didn’t want to push her too hard, he knew she’d tell him everything eventually. “Hey,” he prompted to get her attention, “If it makes you feel any better, you look really beautiful tonight.”

She laughed lightly and looked away, “Thank you, Mulder. I haven’t been on a date in, well honestly, a few years, so I figured I’d put at least some effort in.”

Mulder began thinking this man would never run out of things to make Mulder hate him. The dick had gotten Scully’s hopes up and then royally fucked up, ruining her night. Well, not necessarily. A light bulb went off in Mulder’s head and as Scully reached towards the car door to get out, he put a hand on her shoulder to stop her. “Scully hang on. Can you close your eyes and wait here for a second?”

“Why?” she questioned with suspicion.
“Do you trust me?”

Instead of verbally responding, she leaned back in her seat and shut her eyes, an expectant but amused expression littering her face.

He opened up the car door and ran to the front of the restaurant. Desperate times called for desperate measures and he plucked seven different flowers from the pots out front, none of them were the same color or same type, but the intent was more important. He would have felt guilty if he wasn’t such a heavy patron for them. He’d probably spent enough here in the last month for them to buy enough flowers to plant around the block. He ran back to the car and smuggled the flowers underneath his seat. “Were they closed?” she asked, eyes still shut.

“Nope,” he smiled, starting the car.

“You couldn’t have possibly gotten take-out that fast?” She pried, looking for clarification as to why the car was currently moving.

“Nope,” he laughed.

“Mulder, can I open my eyes?” He was glad she was laughing too, and decided to let her for the time being. He was a man with a plan. If Scully wanted a date, then she was getting a date. The whole nine yards. First step was taking her to a new restaurant in town. If he remembered correctly, which he knew he did, she mentioned she really wanted to try it, but she heard it was expensive.

“Sure, but you’ll have to close them later,” he teased.

As soon as her eyes opened, they were on him. “Mulder, where are you taking me?”

“It’s a surprise.”

“Can I at least get a hint?” When he glance over at her she stuck out her bottom lip and batted her lashes jokingly and it was painfully adorable.

“Fine, I’ll give you a hint,” he relented, “Your hint is; food.”

She groaned and eased into her seat in defeat. He turned the radio to a station he knew she liked and rejoiced when he got to hear her hum softly along, a sign she was in a good, relaxed mood. He’d learned that the hard way from years of road trips; if Scully wasn’t in the mood to hum along with the likes of Tori Amos and Alanis Morissette, it was best to leave her alone.

After a while, her gentle humming had turned into them singing along, albeit poorly, to every song that came on. They didn’t always know the words, they couldn’t stop laughing half the time, and it was fantastic. When he knew they were a few blocks away, he stopped singing himself and interrupted their endearingly off-tune cover of the Red Hot Chili Peppers to tell her to close her eyes, which she did immediately. Based on her little smirk, she was enjoying herself, which was a great sign being his plans for the night hadn’t even really begun.

He pulled into the restaurant with the Italian name he couldn’t pronounce and unbuckled his seat belt. He leaned over and undid Scully’s as well, resting his hand on hers to quickly whisper, “Keep them closed okay?” To which, she nodded.

He grabbed the flowers from under his seat and got out of the car, quickly jogging to the other side. He opened the door and grabbed her hand, giving her gentle instructions and support to help her get out of the car. When she was standing in front of him, he started arranging the flowers in his hands, flicking off specks of lint the car had left on the petals. Instantly, his brilliant plan became nerve
wracking. He was really going out on a limb, and if she didn’t like this it would be absolutely embarrassing, not to mention crushing for him.

It was too late for that now and he cleared his throat before commanding, “Open.”

Her lids fluttered and her attention was immediately drawn to the flowers being offered to her. “Mulder, what’s this?” she asked with a chuckle, taking the flowers from him and smelling them lightly. He got a boost of confidence from the gleam in her eyes and decided this was a good idea after all.

“Well, I didn’t think it was right that you look so beautiful and date-ready, only to have it wasted on that guy. So, I was wondering if you would accept my offer,” She was looking at him intently and it was like looking into the sun. “Scully, will you go on a date with me?”

After the question left her mouth she really recognized where he brought her, her mouth dropping open in shock with a soft gasp. “Oh, Mulder. I-you, you don’t have to do all this. I don’t want you to go to all this trouble just because I had a bad date.”

He realized she was thinking this was out of pity and quickly moved to dissuade her fear, “No-no, Scully,” he took a step closer to her, looking down at her with every ounce of determination his soul had to offer and lamented, “I want to do this. I’ve wanted to do this for a long time. For seven years to be exact.” He elongated the last sentence by tapping on the buds of each of the seven flowers. He thought of that last part on the spot and was happy he coincidentally got the right number of flowers.

She watched his fingers as they danced from flower to flower, realization dawning her features. Oh my god, he did it, he actually made Scully blush. In that moment, the perspective he forced himself to have, seeing Scully only as his partner and best friend, was tinted by the overwhelming display of Scully as a woman. She sucked her bottom lip into her mouth, trying to bit down on it and hide the smile that threatened to crack her face open. Her cheeks and her chest were turning red, as if they were in competition with her hair. To top it all off, she could barely look him in the eye, instead, playing with the flowers she was holding in an embrace to her chest. In a breathy voice, she asked in happy disbelief, “Really?”

“I’ve never been more sure of something in my entire life.”

“Okay,” she declared, turning the full watt of her beaming smile to him, “Mulder, I accept your offer. Let’s go on a date.” The last part was said with the same nervous, excited anticipation that was clouding the air around them.

She quickly leaned into the car, which was still open, and uncapped an old, half-filled water bottle of his, sliding the stems of the flowers into the neck before nestling the bottle back into the console. She shut the door behind her and accepted Mulder’s extended hand, instering her little fingers in between his own. He was holding hands with Scully. As of right now, he was currently on a date with Scully.

He remembered during her speil about the restaurant last week, she mentioned that for the first three weeks they were operation on a walk-in basis, without the reservations. When they entered, he just had to give his name and they were being seated. The entire place was beautiful and he could see why Scully had wanted to check it out, it was ornate and lush with decadence. He could tell she was thrilled and it was just one of the many reasons on his ever-growing list of why this was the best idea he’d ever had.

The waiter was with them almost immediately, “Hello Mr. and Mrs. Mulder, my name is Jason and I’ll be your waiter this evening. May I get you started with any drinks?” Mulder felt a smirk creep onto his face at the waiter’s slip up. It seemed no matter where they went people were making that
mistake. He waited for Scully to correct him like she usually did, but looked up to see she was wearing the same smirk he was.

“I’ll take a water,” she responded, deciding to wear the name for the evening.

“I’ll take a water too, and could we also get a bottle of Merlot?” he asked, enjoying the look of surprise on Scully’s face.

The waiter left with their order and Scully immediately teased him, “Wow, our first date and we’re already married. You move fast.”

“Are you implying you don’t remember our wedding night? I’m hurt, Mrs. Mulder,” he joked back, earning an eye roll. They opened up their menus and tried to process what they were seeing.

“Mulder, you don’t happen to speak Italian, do you?”

“Afraid not, they don’t even have any pictures,” he offered lamely. Not just the dishes, the entire menu was in Italian. They burst out into laughter at their own plight.

“Wait-wait,” she tried to speak through her giggles, she leaned across the table and pointed at a word on his menu, “I see the word ’spaghetti’!”

“Well my decision’s been made. I’m going to go with that instead of embarrassing myself,” he smirked, closing the menu. She nodded her head in agreement and they ordered together when the wine came.

“Mulder, please tell me you’re not going to be a bull-headed man and refuse to let me pay for half. This is an expensive meal,” she lamented.

“I thought my stubbornness was one of my most endearing qualities, Scully,” she snorted at him but he continued, “But, I do refuse. Let me spoil you please, you deserve it,” he pleaded.

She took a slow sip of her wine, contemplating before relenting, “Fine, but I get to pay next time.”

Mulder’s heart leapt at her words, “Next time? Wow, this is is by far the most successful impromptu date I’ve ever had.”

“Do you make a habit out of spontaneously asking women out?” she teased.

“Only the redheaded ones I’ve had a crush on for years,” he retorted. It was weird, being able to openly flirt with her without the guise of joking, but he couldn’t stop.

Her beaming smile from before make a comeback and she exclaimed, “You have a crush on me?”

He smiled back at her as he said, “Scully, I just revealed my longstanding feelings for you and we’re currently on a date, of course I have a crush on you.”

“I know, but still. That’s so sweet,” she boasted, taking another sip of her wine. “I want to thank you by the way.”

“I told you, I want to treat you for the ni-”

“No, no, not that. Well, yes thank you for that too,” she rambled shyly, “Thank you for finally asking me out.”

“Finally?” he prompted.
She rolled her eyes in response, “Mulder, I think it’s safe to say this was a long time coming. I don’t know if I would have ever gotten up the nerve to ask you out, so I’m glad you took initiative.” He was glad they were on the same page. The whole ambiance was an odd juxtaposition of shy nerves at the new development, and the familiar comfort they got from each other.

“Can I ask you something Scully?” he asked, not wanting to break the mood, but wanting to subside his curiosity.

“Hmm?”

“What was the final straw? He said those lewd comments to you, but you stayed. What happened to make you sneak away?”

She was silent for a while and his worry slowly started to return. He was about to ask if she was alright when she sighed. “Um, well. He shoved his hand up my dress and groped up my inner thigh. When I pushed him away he said, ‘This is why your partner doesn’t want to fuck you.’ Under normal circumstances, I would have slapped him and left, but I was embarrassed and wanted to turn the tables on him. I figured waiting for a date that would never return would suffice,” she shrugged, filling up her depleted glass with more wine.

There were so many things about what she just admitted that infuriated him. First, he is disrespectful to her, then he fucking gropes her, then he makes a rude and incorrect comment about one of the most important relationships in her life. He was without a doubt going to punch him in the face next time he saw Agent Martin, repercussions be damned. Looking at Scully, he could tell she was still residually embarrassed, he knew they were on the same page about how disgusting that was and that it would do no good for him to get mad right now. “Hey, you have nothing to be embarrassed about,” he murmured softly.

“I know,” she shrugged again. Her words and her tone of voice didn’t really match up.

A thought dawned on him and he had to ask, “Scully, how did you escape? Did you climb out the window?”

He was glad this amused her, even though he had been partly serious, and after a moment of laughter she replied, “No, no, on my way to find a back exit, I guess I looked upset and a busboy asked if I was okay. I told him the gist of what happened and he showed me out the back and promised they’d spit in his food. Then I ran and spent sometime at the Barnes and Noble.”

“How come you didn’t call me right away? You know I would have come immediately,” His response was another shrug, yet again, she wasn’t looking at him. “Wait, did his comment about us actually bother you? Because I never said anything akin to that sentiment. He misinterpreted my refusal to sexually objectify you as disinterest.”

Now she was looking at him again, her classic eyebrow cocked, expectant of an explanation. He realized she didn’t know about his little conversation with Martin earlier and he had been pretending to be oblivious, “Oh, um. Before he asked you out, he caught me watching you through the window and he was making gross comments at your expense. I got mad and he thought we were together because of that. When I said we weren’t he decided to ask you out.”

“That’s why you were acting that way earlier,” she stated, realization dawning on her face.

“That and I was jealous,” he admitted.

Their food came and brought their conversation to a halt. The food was well worth the hype, and
they devoured their dishes enthusiastically. By the end of the meal, Scully’s face was slightly flush from the wine she drank, Mulder stopped after one glass because he had to drive and she finished the rest, but Scully had two, corking the rest so they could ‘save it for later.’

This night was filled with spontaneous ideas, because as Scully leaned down to grab a napkin that fell off the table, he saw couples dancing on a dance floor a few feet behind them. He stood up and watched Scully stare at him in confusion. He offered her his hand and motioned for her to look behind her. “Dance with me,” he murmured as she turned back around.

He was half expecting that she’d say no, but he was pleasantly surprised when her hand draped his own as she stood up. He guided her by the small of her back, like he had done time and time again, as they made their way to the dancefloor. As soon as he placed his hands on her waist, she nervously confessed, “Mulder, I don’t actually know how to dance.”

“Good, neither do I,” he laughed. She exhaled in relief and locked her hands on his shoulders. For a second they stood their rocking like that, and the saying from his middle school dances, ‘save room for Jesus’, rang in his mind. Scully must’ve been thinking the same thing because she closed the space, resting her head on his chest as her hands interlocked on the back of his neck. He slid his hands so they were more on her back as they gently swayed around.

It was nice. He could feel the gentle warmth of her body and the relaxed rhythm of her breathing. He just enjoyed being able to hold her this close to him with no other reason than that he wanted to.

Many couples came and went, multiple different songs played, but Mulder and Scully remained in each others’ embrace on the dance floor. Eventually, a fast song played and Scully’s head shifted so that her chin was on his chest, looking up at him. “I think that’s our signal to leave,” she sighed with disappointment.

“Sounds like it,” he agreed. “But first I want to try something.” He let go of her and turned her around, grabbing an arm. She laughed and immediately recognized what he was trying to do. She spun out once extravagantly before curling back in. He put one hand on the small of her back and the other on the back of her head before dipping her low. She squealed jovially in surprise and clung to his back.

He returned her rightly to her feet, enjoying this unique moment. He hadn’t noticed her unwavering stare until he saw it inching closer to his face. As soon as he recognized what she was doing, she was on her tip-toes pressing a sweet kiss to his lips. He snaked his arms around her back and hugged her tightly, relishing in the feel of her soft lips against his own. She tasted like pasta, wine, and Scully. A beautiful combination. When they parted, she looked away in coy modesty. He couldn’t help himself and he leaned down and placed light kisses on her cheek, temple, and hairline, nuzzling his face in her tresses to smell her shampoo. “Thank you,” he mumbled into her scalp, the sensation making her laugh.

“For what?” she asked.

“For saying yes.”

She reclined her head back to look at him and gave him the same sweet smile she gave him when they kissed at New Years. “Always.”

They left the restaurant shortly after that and he drove her back to her place, holding her hand the whole time. He didn’t know how he was able to go so long without being able to touch her so freely. Her skin was like an addiction and he couldn’t let go. He turned off the car and walked her up to her apartment door, the flowers he gave her held with reverence in her hand. They stood outside her door like a couple of teenagers, he was the first to speak up, “I had a great time tonight, Scully.”
“Me too,” she smirked. She stood up on her toes again and pressed her lips to his, this kiss a bit more fervent and passionate than what was allowed in the restaurant. Her tongue slid over his lip asking for silent permission she was immediately granted. Their tongues roamed all over each others mouths. He felt the little ridges at the top of her mouth as she ran her tongue over the edges of his teeth. Their bottom lips would part as their jaws opened and closed, letting them breathe without breaking the kiss. He didn’t know when it happened, but eventually her back was flush against her door as he was ravishing her mouth, their free hands roaming over the other’s body. Intermittently when their mouths were open, her breath would be audible in little pants.

He had just inched his hand from her waist to below her hip when a voice interrupted them, “Danielle! First you trudge home at all hours of the night and now you’re having intercourse in the middle of the hallway!” Mulder broke off the kiss and turned his head to see an elderly woman glaring at them from the apartment adjacent to Scully’s.

“Ms. Vanover, my name’s Dana and I’m not engaging in intercourse,” she admonished in a breathy voice. Mulder laughed at the absurdity of her sentence and saw her trying not to break her mask of innocent denial.

“Well, we don’t want to see it,” the woman exclaimed, slamming her door.

Mulder turned to look back at Scully who was currently rolling her eyes. “What a joy.”

“Yeah, I guess when her TV’s out she must look through the peephole for entertainment,” she sighed.

Mulder took a step back and admired Scully’s swollen lips and messy hair. He raised her hand to his lips and pressed a gentle kiss to the back of her hand. “Thank you for a beautiful evening, Scully.”

“Let’s do it again sometime,” she replied, opening her door and stepping inside, “Call me.”

“Absolutely,” he smiled as she shut the door. He couldn’t believe how tonight turned out, what started as a night of self-put and sulking had turned into a date with the woman of his dreams. He made it a few self-congratulatory steps down the hallway when he heard Scully’s voice call out.

“Wait, Mulder!” he turned around and saw her head peaking out of her door. “I don’t mean to be forward, but—” she paused for a second as if mustering up courage, “—do you wanna come in?”

His response was an excited smile and a dance down the hallway until he was in her apartment. She closed the door and latched herself onto him, continuing where they left off in the hallway. She pressed her body flush to his and planted her lips to his, one hand on his back and the other in his hair.

Mulder smiles against her and deepened the kiss. He’d felt it a few times tonight, but the pressure of her tongue against his was titillating and he couldn’t get enough. He placed one hand on the small of her back and the other on her bare shoulder blades, pressing her closer to him. Her leg snuck between his and her hip pressed against his groin, making him inadvertently arch into her. He gasped lightly and she took advantage of his distraction, she trapped his tongue in between her lips and sucked on it lightly before sucking on his pouty lip.

His hand snaked a little lower so that it was resting on her ass, he didn’t grope, no matter how much he wanted to. He just wanted to test the waters. His other hand ran into her hair, raking his nails against her scalp. She responded by placing kisses along his jawline and sucking the erogenous zone under his ear. He groaned and she let go, looking up at him as she panted, “Is this okay? Am I
making you uncomfortable?”

No Scully, you’re making me unbearably aroused. “No, not at all. I just don’t want you to feel like I’m rushing you into anything,” he was panting equally as hard as she was and it was hard for his hands to stay still.

“Do you want this?” she asked, voice demanding he answers honestly.

“God, more than anything,” he whined.

“Good, because I’ve been wanting it for the past seven years, but let’s continue somewhere a little more comfortable,” she declared with a smile. She’s been wanting me the whole time I’ve been wanting her.

She took his hand, and led him further into her apartment than he was usually allowed. The deeper they got, the stronger her scent became. She pushed open her bedroom door and let go of his hand. She waked over to the bed and quickly tossed an array of clothes into the floor of her closet. “Sorry, I didn’t anticipate I’d be seducing you when I left my room a mess,” she joked.

While his groin was responding to her phrasing, he realized the clothes that were scattered were an arrangement of pretty, casual dresses. By the looks of it, she had gone through a few outfits before settling on this dress. It was so sweet and it broke his heart how she had been treated after going through all that effort.

She had just thrown the last item into the closet and she turned around with a smile. He took a few steps towards her and grabbed her into his arms. He looked into her eyes, trying to convey every ounce of passion and love his body had to offer. He raised one hand and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, cupping her cheek in his palm afterwards. “Scully, you are so unbelievably beautiful. I feel so honored get to be a part of your life.”

He was positive that sweet and embarrassed Scully-smile was his absolute favorite, and he almost didn’t want to cover it with his lips. Almost. His lips descended onto hers and the smile felt just as good as it looked. Scully lifted her hands to his chest and started undoing the buttons of his shirt. After every button was undone, she pressed a kiss to his skin. His collarbone, his chest, his abdomen, his bellybutton, his fuck. Scully was on her knees as the last button came off and he could feel her breath against the start of his pubic bone. She started working on his belt and he quickly discarded his shirt.

He raised his hand to cover his mouth to suppress himself from crying out. She hadn’t even touched him yet and he was swimming in pleasure. She looked up at him with sensual eyes as she grabbed him fully. He moaned loudly into his hand and bucked into her touch. She ran her thumb over his head, playing with his precum and started stroking him in eager anticipation. God, he’d always appreciated the dexterity and talent of Scully’s hands, but this was a whole new level. Her hand came to a rest at his base and she purred, “Mulder, you’re beautiful.”

He’d never been particularly self-conscious of his manhood, but hearing the reassurance from Scully
made him blush. He looked down in time to see her place gentle kisses all along his shaft before pressing one to his throbbing head. He was just about to smile at the sweetness of her gesture when she unexpectedly winked at him before taking him into her wet mouth. “Oh fuck,” he cried so loudly it reverberated off the walls.

She hollowed her cheeks and bobbed her head up and down his length, anything she couldn’t take was wrapped firmly in her hand. She moved her head back and ran her tongue up and down his length followed by her swirling her tongue around his tip, playing with the sensitive skin. She took him back in and started sucking him off again, occasionally looking back up at him through thick lashes. He was in nirvana right now; the lips he had spent years yearning for and fantasizing about were currently wrapped around his cock right now. He lost his train of thought as she removed her hand, placing them both with her palms against his hip bones as she deep throated him, until her lips touched his base. She shook her head against him and he felt the tip of his dick rub against the back of her throat.

He felt that familiar hot coiling sensation in his abdomen and he knew he needed to take a break so this didn’t end too fast. When she retracted her mouth, he touched his hands to her shoulders to get her attention, “Come ’ere.”

She stood up and she was breathing hard and he could see her eyes were watering from resisting her gag reflex. He cupped her face and wiped away the stray tears with the pads of his thumbs before pressing a deep kiss to her lips, tasting himself in her mouth. Without breaking the kiss, he kicked off his pants, socks, and shoes while Scully’s hands grabbed at every piece of flesh she could.

He moved onto kissing her neck as he searched her back for a zipper. “N-no zipper,” she moaned in pleasure, barely registering anything that wasn’t his lips on her neck. He appreciated the heads up and he grabbed the hem of her dress, removing his lips only to discard the dress over her head and throwing it into the closet with the rest. He was beyond happy to see she hadn’t been wearing a bra underneath her dress, her milky white breasts pert and rose-budded. He bent down, burying his face in her chest as he wrapped his arms under her ass, picking her up.

She squealed as he tossed her on the bed, draping her body with his own as he placed his mouth hungrily on her left nipple. The sounds of Scully’s pleasure were like music to his ears. He ran the tip of his tongue teasingly over her aching mounds. One of his hands snaked down during his ministrations and he slid it under her underwear, being met with her soaking wet center. She keened in pleasure as his hand started exploring, slipping one finger inside her tight heat. He curved his finger, finding her g-spot while he paid attention to her right boob. After a few moments, Scully started writhing against his hand, and it was hard to keep latched to her breast. He stood up and hooked his fingers under the band of her underwear, dragging the silky fabric down her legs.

He tossed the garment aside and placed his hands under her knees. He pulled on her until her body slid down the bed. He got on his knees as her ass was flush to the edge of the bed and he draped each leg over his shoulders. Mimicking what sweet torture she had done to him earlier, he placed a kiss on each inner thigh, the lips of her vulva, her mons, before placing his thumbs on either side of her opening and parting her lips, revealing her beautiful pink center. He looked up and, through the valleys of her breasts, saw her biting her lip and looking at him, her chest heaving with her breath. He placed a sweet kiss to her clit before opening his mouth and lavishing her with attention.

Scully tasted salty and like her own personal musk, it was intoxicating. He ran his tongue up and down her slit before creating a direct suction on her clit. Scully was thrusting against his face, and he had to place a firm hand on her abdomen to keep her in place. He rubbed his lips together as they were clamped on her clit and she started whimpering. It was an experiment finding what she liked best, but from the way her legs were clamping around his head, he was finding it.
He was flicking his tongue back and forth quickly against her when she started grabbing the sheets in anticipation for what was to come. His tongue begged for a break, and a new lungful of air would have done good for him, but he’d be damned before he stopped. After a few more flicks, she violently arched off the bed and cried out, “Oh god, Mulder! Fuck me!” She was convulsing with her orgasm and he could feel her legs quivering against his head. He rode her orgasm with her until she was left panting, running a hand through his hair appreciatively.

He stood up to change his position and she made a move to stand up too, but as soon as her feet planted on the floor, her legs gave out and she started to collapse. Before she fell completely, he grabbed her and hoisted her into his arms bridal style. “A little wobbly there, Scully?” he teased.

“My legs feel like jelly,” she laughed. He was filled with pride at the effect he just had on her and he laid her down in the bed, climbing on top of her. She snaked a hand around his neck and pulled him down for another kiss, this time tasting herself on him.

When she felt his erection pressing against her thigh, she spread her legs wide and broke the kiss, smiling at him with a coy gleam in her eyes. His heart was pounding as he grabbed himself, stroking himself a few times to re-lubricate himself before guiding his tip to her entrance. He eased himself in, inch by inch, giving her time to adjust. She was completely aroused and ready from her orgasm, but he knew it’d been a long time for the both of them and it was a tight fit anyway.

When he was buried to the hilt, they took a moment to just breath and cherish the sensation. “Are you okay? Am I hurting you?” he asked, sweat beading at his hairline.

She nodded, lips parted in pleasure, “You feel amazing, you can move.” He took her permission and started thrusting into her. She felt like a vice grip around him and he couldn’t stop the groans coming out with each movement, it was unbelievable. Scully raised her hips and was rocking herself against him, helping him go deeper than imaginable. Their bodies were melding into one and their pleasure was engulfing them both.

Scully wrapped her hands around his neck and he pivoted his hips so he would hit her g-spot he had located earlier, a gesture she was extremely happy with based on the cries coming out of her mouth that matched his perfectly. “Harder,” she growled through clenched teeth, and he was more than willing to oblige. Summoning all the endurance he had, he placed his hands on either side of her head and trust into her without holding back, making the bed hit the wall with loud bangs, not that you’d be able to hear it over the sound of Scully’s second orgasm washing over her. He didn’t relent up until she placed a hand on his chest, signalling she was getting overstimulated. He slowed his place to softer thrusts as he kissed her neck.

He had been on edge since the hallway and he knew he couldn’t last much longer. She had come down from her orgasm and was thrusting against him again. He felt his balls start to tighten and he panted out, “Scully, I’m going to cum soon, where do you-”

“Just let me know when you’re ready and you can come in my mouth,” she moaned against his skin.

He groaned at her words and bucked into her a few more times before pulling out, grabbing his cock and squeezing at the base to hold off until she was laying in front of him, taking him in her mouth once more. She bobbed her head a few times and he spatred hotly into the back of her throat. “Scully,” he cried, stroking her hair as she sucked everything he had to offer. When he was done, she let him fall out of her mouth, licking him clean as she swallowed. It was unbearably hot.

They collapsed onto the bed in a heap of sweaty limbs, holding each other tightly. “That was well worth the wait,” she gasped, breathless.
“It was everything I dreamed an more,” he confessed. Never would he have anticipated Scully was so uninhibited in bed. He knew she was a sensual being, but he supposed the catholic upbringing threw him off.

They were kissing softly when a knock on the door interrupted them. “What time is it?” he asked as she slipped off the bed, grabbing a robe.

“Nearing midnight,” she shrugged, tightening the sash. He stood up and slipped on his boxers, wanting to come with her to see who it could be at this time.

Neither of them were prepared to see the police standing on the other side of the door.

“May I help you?” she asked with trepidation.

“Sorry ma’am, we’re here to follow up on a noise complaint,” one of the officers said, blush tinting his cheeks at their state of undress and the obvious cause of the complaint.

Simultaneously, Mulder and Scully peaked their head out the door and looked towards the adjacent apartment, seeing the crotchety old woman standing proudly with an irritated look on her face, “No one wants to hear it either!”

I hope you enjoyed! Also, I made an official Twitter so I could contribute more to the fandom! My username there is also gaycrouton, so please add me. I want to make more connections with fellow fans :) I love you all! Thanks for your time! -Nicole (Tumblr/Twitter: gaycrouton)
Vulnerable

Chapter Summary

Scully needs a little help out of an awkward situation in a restroom.

Author’s Notes: Wow! Everyone on Twitter has been so kind and welcoming to me! Thank you all so, so much! Okay, this one might seem a little unrealistic in certain parts, but please use your suspension of disbelief, lol.

Vulnerable: (noun) in need of special care, support, or protection because of risk of abuse or neglect; open to moral attack, criticism, temptation, etc.

She just wanted to go home, a simple desire. She wanted to walk through her door, strip out of this dress, take a long, hot bath, and fall asleep in her own bed. What should have been an easy case was frustrating and defeating and lasted far longer than it should have. There was no monster, just an evil, sadistic man. It was getting harder and harder to tell the two apart.

Today, before rushing to the airport, they had to go to the funeral of a cop who was killed on the case. Normally the wouldn’t have, but he thoroughly saved their asses. Top top it all off, after a three hour, bumpy flight, the airline lost their luggage. Actually, to put it better, their luggage was stolen. Everything they had accumulated over the past week was gone; their files, their laptops, everything. To lose one of their luggages would have been an airline error, to lose both of theirs and no one else's was just suspicious.

Now they were currently driving in a shitty car the bureau let them take from the airport. The funeral set them back, so instead of getting a direct flight to D.C, they were about two hours out. Mulder had been prepared for the funeral, wearing just his work attire, but this just had to be the case where she didn’t bring any black tops. She ended up running to Target and buying a cheap, black dress. She hadn’t even tried it on, which she now regretted. The dress was an uncomfortable, polyester-like fabric, and she just wanted to be in her pyjamas more than anything.

“Scully, I’m sorry to further delay us, but I really have to use the restroom. Care if we stop at the next gas station?” he asked hesitantly. Even though it wasn’t really his fault, he felt bad that his insistence this was a case worth pursuing had put them through so much in the last week.

Smiling at him to reassure him she wasn’t mad, she replied, “Yeah, I could go too. I think I’ll also pick up something to drink to tie me over until we get back.”

He returned the smile and a few miles down the highway, he pulled onto the exit to a shady, knock-off 7-Eleven. When they walked in, they heard an obnoxious whistle and turned to see the elderly clerk sitting at the counter flagrantly admiring Scully. Neither of them were interested in a fight right now, so they just shot the man dirty looks as Mulder placed his hand on the small of her back, leading them to the restrooms. She always enjoyed that. When someone was a little too lascivious with her, Mulder never spoke over her in her own defense, knowing she could take care of herself. Instead he brooded behind her with varying degrees of scowls, ready to pounce if given permission. They exchanged amused glances as they disappeared into their respective areas.

The bathroom was pleasantly not as gross as she expected, rather smaller than average with just a
sink and a toilet. She locked the door before she made her way to the toilet. She hiked up her dress and pulled down her underwear, sitting down to relieve herself after hours of holding it in. Honestly thank god he suggested stopping, she was too busy sulking to realize how badly she needed to go. After finishing and touching up in front of the mirror. She washed her hands, leaned against the towel dispensary to fix her sandal, stumbling slightly as the metal bin gave a bit, and started to leave.

Well, tried to leave. When she started walking there was a tug on her dress, near the middle of her back, glancing behind her, she saw the fabric had gotten caught in the jagged edges of the haphazard, in-wall trash bin. She grabbed the fabric and tugged lightly, to no avail. She tried to get closer, but the angle wasn’t the best. She fiddled with where she was caught and just felt what seemed to be hooks catching the dress. *Fucking perfect.* She spent another few minutes tugging this way and that, trying to maneuver out of the metallic hold. She sighed in irritation and leaned against the wall in frustration. Luckily, she had brought her cellphone with her and silently prayed Mulder did too.

She typed in the numbers she knew by heart and impatiently listened to it ring, his voice loud against her ear after only a beat. “Hey Scully, did you fall in?” he teased.

“Um, not exactly,” she sighed as she walked as far away as the situation permitted her and extended her leg up so she could flip the lock open with her foot. “I need your help,” she admitted in defeat.

“Do you need me to bring you toilet paper?” he offered.

“No, can you come in here? I unlocked the door.”

“Uh, y-white, yeah. I’ll be there in a second,” he stumbled, and she hung up the phone. It was rare to catch Mulder off guard and she probably would have enjoyed it more if she wasn’t so irritated.

He was true to his word, and only a moment after she hung up, she heard tentative knocking on the door. “Scully?” his soft voice called out from the other side.

“Come in Mulder,” she huffed. He slid in, looking around as if other females may be lurking in this one-person room, ready to crucify him. “Lock the door,” she demanded, getting his attention once more.

He regarded her curiously, but complied nonetheless. After the lock clicked into place, he looked at her up and down, not understanding what this was about. “Umm, so, Scully. What did you need help with?”

“The back of my dress is caught on this stupid metal thing and I’m stuck-what?” As soon as the words left her mouth he chuckled and ran a hand over the back of his neck. He looked almost disappointed.

He advanced on her, nudging her body so she was tilted sideways a bit as he worked on the dress. “Damn, I thought you were just being really forward and trying to seduce me,” he joked. It wasn’t a joke. She realized in that moment it sounded like she was trying to lure him into the bathroom for a quickie and her face set ablaze.

She turned her head on her shoulder, so she was facing him a little more. “If I was seducing you, you’d know it,” she teased.

The hands she felt playing with the caught fabric halted as he shot a flirty, surprised grin her way before continuing back up again. He was closer to her than normal right now and they were practically sharing personal space at this point. He had to lean over to get a better view, but with this
situation, there was no avoiding the close contact. “How did you do this, Scully?” She could see his brows start to furrow as he was genuinely perplexed why she was so caught.

“I really don’t know. I leaned against it to fix my shoe, and then I was caught,” she shrugged.

“Can you do what you did before? I think when you pressed your weight on it, the bin opened and the dress caught caught in the hinges,” she did what he asked, ignoring the fact she was leaning forward into his crotch right now. Okay, she couldn’t ignore it, Mulder went commando a little too frequently, and she couldn’t resist looking at the outline this close up. Impressive.

She felt him bunching up the fabric in an attempt to loosen what was caught, but it was followed by a frustrated sigh. “What?” she asked, trying to get a better look. As she straightened up, she hit his chest with her head, and he placed on hand on her upper back to push her back down again. He was oblivious to how suggestive it was.

“Hang on, I think a little more got caught,” he groaned. He subconsciously moved forward to get better access, placing her about two inches from his generous inches. He tugged a bit on her dress, but she felt no relief. “Scully, can you put your weight forward, and try to tug free?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’ll need a little space to do that though,” she teased.

“Oh,” he laughed nervously, “Sorry.” He sidestepped and she did as he asked, there was a slight give but then a ripping sound and he quickly put his hand on her shoulder to stop. “Wait, wait, that didn’t work.” She stood up, frustrated that they couldn’t just leave. “Sorry, it’s just hard since the fabric is relatively taut.”

“Would it help if I stepped out of the dress?” she offered with a sigh.

“I’d be worth a shot,” he replied.

She tried to pull her arms into the dress so she could shimmy down and ease it over her head, but it was too tight for her arms to fit. “Mulder, I need you to hold the straps and help me. I’ll have to slide out,” she implored.

He stood in front of her, looking at her face with a provocative smile, “I didn’t know so many of my dreams would come true in this 7-Eleven bathroom.” He slid his fingers under her thick straps, grazing the skin of her shoulders as she rolled her eyes at him. She lifted her arms and shimmied down, using Mulder’s resistance to get out of the dress. There was no way to be modest in this situation, but she was at least glad she was wearing boyshort underwear, only revealing the bottom of her ass instead of the thong she had contemplated this morning. If only she had followed her gut and worn a bra.

Mulder had definitely been trying to catch a glimpse of some skin, but from his audible gasp, he wasn’t expecting her to emerge from the fabric covering her bare breasts with her hands. She slid one hand across her chest so that one hand was cupping her right breast while the left was covered by her forearm, giving her a free hand. She took a turn trying to free the fabric as Mulder tried to pick his jaw up off the floor. “This doesn’t make sense. How does this even happen?” she grunted.

“How attached are you to this dress?” he asked, wiggling it back and forth.

“Not at all,” she answered truthfully.

“How can I yank it? It might have a hole in the back, but it’d be wearable.” She nodded her head in response and he pulled hard. Instead of coming free, it just ripped down the back completely. She wished she had a camera because the shocked look of guilt on Mulder’s face was hilarious and it
made her burst out laughing.

“Mulder, it’s fine,” she reassured through her laughter. He did a quick sweep of her with his eyes and cocked his eyebrow and her laughter died, “Oh, yeah, shit.” Now the dress wasn’t wearable and she was practically naked.

They stood there in silence for a moment before Mulder started unbuttoning his shirt. “W-what are you doing?” she asked in surprise.

“I’m trying to entice you with my male physique. Is it working?” he teased.

Yes, she thought. It dawned on her that he was going to offer his shirt to her and she was touched at the gesture. When the last button was undone, he let the shirt fall off his shoulders into his hands. She’d seen it before, but she would never stop being appreciative of Mulder’s running form. His body was lean with defined muscles and tan skin.

He took a few steps towards her and draped the shirt around her shoulders. In that moment, she could feel his body heat radiating onto her bare torso and it was a level of intimacy they hadn’t experienced before and he quickly backed away and turned around, giving her privacy to get changed. Not before she noticed him take one more glance down.

The shirt was warm from his body and it smelled like his cologne. She let go of her chest to slide her arms into the sleeves, buttoning up the shirt to her clavicle. There was something risque about wearing his shirt with relatively nothing underneath, it was like a little bit of Mulder was grazing her everywhere the crisp, white shirt kissed her skin. She was glad he was so long, because it meant the shirt was just long enough to cover her ass. Mulder was fidgeting in place and she took this moment to admire the expanse of his well-toned back. God, we was attractive.

“I’m decent,” she told him. He turned around and couldn’t keep the smile off his face from seeing her draped in his clothes. Her whole look was very faux post-coital. It was uncharacteristic of her to tease him like this, but she couldn’t help herself. “Is it see through?” She extended her arms out and she knew the question may as well have been, ‘Hey, Mulder. Can you check out my breasts?’

It took every fiber of her being to keep the look of mock innocence on her face as Mulder gulped and glanced down. She felt her nipples harden under his appreciative gaze. He knew that too. Her nipples weren’t the only thing in that room hardening. He knew that too. He looked at her face after his thorough inspection lingered for a moment longer than necessary, “More or less.” He smirked at her and she felt herself returning it.

She grabbed her phone from off the sink and said, “Good. Let’s get out of here.” He unlocked the door for them and, instead of leading her out of the room like normal, he walked in front of her. She presumed this was because he wanted to hide the ‘or less’ part of his statement from the greedy eyes of the old clerk.

“If it was me in there, she wouldn’t have been so quiet,” the man chuckled after seeing their state of undress.

“Yeah, it’s impossible to scream ‘get off me’ quietly,” Mulder taunted, much to Scully’s amusement as he opened the door for her.

She slid in the passenger’s seat and was immediately aware of how high the shirt lifted on her thighs, revealing the uppermost part of her leg. After she buckled herself in, she tried to pull it down a bit but gave up. They were just going to be in the car and she didn’t really care if Mulder saw. In fact, within the past ten minutes she had gotten a whole new love for the way his eyes attached to her
body. Usually it was just a confidence boost, but usually she was wearing more than just his shirt. Now that so much skin was exposed, even though it had been such a vulnerable moment, it did a little something else for her.

She scooted back in her seat a little bit and crossed her left leg over her right, giving Mulder a better view. She didn’t look over to gauge a reaction, but she did notice the car swerve slightly after she did it. She did that for the next few minutes, fidgeting her legs more than she usually did, enjoying the way Mulder’s arms and hands flexed against the wheel.

After leaving the gas station, the rain that had been predicted hit harder than expected. It was downpouring and initially she had just thought Mulder was trying to drive cautiously because of it. After a while, it became clear to her that he was having problems, especially when she heard a loud noise and the car jerked. “Goddamn it,” he muttered under his breath, pulling off to the shoulder.

“What was that?” she asked, watching his concerned expression.

“We got a flat,” he groaned, putting the car in park. He unbuckled his seat belt and she did the same. She was moving to grab her door handle when he lightly grabbed her wrist, “Scully, no need for both of us to get wet. I got this.”

She rolled her eyes at his unnecessary chivalry. “Mulder, don’t be ridiculous, it’s pouring. It’ll go easier and faster if we both do it.” He relented and they both ran out into the rain. She almost regretted offering her help as the cold rain drenched her immediately. She met Mulder at the trunk of the car as he thrust it open as fast as he could, looking for the jack and spare tire. He placed his palms down on the floor of the truck and felt around for a flap to no avail. “Did they really not provide a spare?” she shouted over the thunderous noise.

“I guess not,” he shouted back, slamming the trunk. “Let’s sit in the back while I call for help okay? I don’t want to get the front soaked if we don’t have to.”

She didn’t need to be told twice and she quickly ran to the back seat, mirroring him as they slammed the door and sat in respite from the rain. She wiped the wetness from her face and brushed her hair back as Mulder fiddled with his phone.

“Hello, is this Triple-A? Yeah, my rental car got a flat in the rain and I don’t have a spare. I’m about thirty to forty minutes outside of D.C. Route 95.” He was silent for a moment listening to the other side. “Seriously? Yeah, okay. We’ll wait.” He hung up and let his head fall back onto the headrest in defeat. “Looks like we’re never getting home, Scully.”

During his whole phone call, her eyes couldn’t help but roam his body. Mulder was always attractive, but a wet Mulder was truly something else. “W-What they say?” she asked, clearing her throat.

He opened his eyes and turned to her, his eyes immediately flitting to her chest before returning guiltily to her face. She looked down herself, realizing that her current outfit was absolutely see-through from the rain. She glanced back up and noticed Mulder shifting in his seat. “Um, they said they were having to deal with a lot of accidents because of the rain, and they may not be with us for an hour or so since we aren’t in distress.”

She nodded and he added, “Scully, have you ever participated in a wet t-shirt contest?”

“Yeah, that’s actually what I like to do in my free time if we don’t have a case. How ever did you know?” she deadpanned.
She grabbed the fabric clinging to her skin and tried to pull it away, giving her some sense of coverage, but the shirt just went right back. Her nipples were peaking prominently through the sheer fabric, and Mulder’s attention was drawn to her actions like a hunter watching prey, he even fucking licked his lips. “Because you look like you’d win with no contention.”

She let out a quiet breathy chuckle and self-consciously looked away, tucking a strand of hair being her ear. “I’m sorry, that was out of line,” he apologized unnecessarily.

“N-no, you’re fine. I just don’t usually get compliments like that,” she explained. She knew she was blushing, the curse of her Irish heritage, and she was trying to will it away before looking at him.

“Compliments like what?” he asked. She turned to playfully glare at him, only to see he was being completely earnest.

She opened her mouth to say ‘ones about my naked tits,’ but closed it before the words came out. Instead, settling with, “Ones about my body.” Not a lie necessarily, she’d gotten leers, but she couldn’t remember the last time someone complimented her figure to her face.

He snorted and rolled his eyes, “That’s not possible.” She raised her eyebrows at him, prompting him to continue. This conversation was completely out of their line of normalcy, but, then again, this whole day was. “Scully,” he said seriously, “You’re absolutely gorgeous, ridiculously and distractingly so. I have a hard time believing you don’t hear that. Hell, I don’t talk to a single damn person in the Hoover Building aside from you and Skinner, and I’ve even heard the ‘Odes to Scully’ recited by countless men.”

He started grinning through his speech because she couldn’t keep the smile off her face. “Well, the ‘odes’ never reach my ears.” She decided to redirect the conversation to him. “What about you? The rugged, shirtless, rain weathered man-look looks great on you. All the secretaries that gossip about you would be jealous to know I get to enjoy it.”

She couldn’t believe those words actually left her mouth, and Mulder looked equally as surprised. She mentally cheered when a shy smile graced his lips and a blush tainted his cheeks. Mulder has always struck her as a confident and self-assured man, wearing sexuality like a second skin. It was moments like this where his insecurities shone through and it made her heart ache. “What exactly is the gossip?” he asked. She realized that he knew he was gossiped about plenty more than the average agent, but he had no idea how much of it was good.

“Well, I hear it mostly in the women’s room, when they don’t know I’m there, but a few have been so bold as to outright as me. They like to gossip and speculate about what you’re like in bed and how you measure up,” as she said this her eyes unconsciously glanced down to look at the bulge in his pants. “All of their speculations are complimentary, just so you know.”

His eyes were wide in surprise, “Wait, wait, wait, people have actually come up to you and implied we have a sexual relationship?”

She couldn’t help but laugh at his shock, “Mulder, they do far more than imply. They ask me intimate details of our hypothesized sexual relationship.”

“Like what?” his voice had dropped a little bit and she felt herself getting hot as the conversation progressed.

“Um, well. The most popular question is clarification as to how well endowed you are.” Her eyes really needed to stop wandering. “They want reassurance that you’re an attentive lover.” He needed to stop looking at her like that. “A lot of them want to know how many times you make me cum per
time.” You’re not hiding that smirk well, Mulder.

“What do you say?” he asked as he shifted in his seat for what felt like the fiftieth time since this conversation started.

“I tell them their speculations are as good as mine, even though I don’t need to speculate.” She didn’t know who this bold and flirty woman was who possessed her body, but if it kept Mulder’s eyes dilated and hooded, she could stay forever.

“Oh really, Scully? Why’s that?” he prodded. Okay, she couldn’t judge him for shifting so much because if she squirmed anymore against this seat, she’d wear a hole in it. They had somehow pivoted in their seats so they were facing each other, the legs resting on the seat brushing each other.

She licked her lips, enjoying the way his eyes followed as she explained in a seductive voice she hadn’t heard before. “Well, I’ve seen you naked multiple times enough to know you’re impressive while flaccid. I’ve also seen you hide yourself enough to notice you’re even more impressive when you’re not.” That fact was clearly displaying itself tight against his pants right now. “You’re attentive to me if I so much as ask you to hold something for me or if I ask your advice, and I more than imagine that fact would follow into the bedroom.”

“More than imagine?” he murmured in a throaty whisper.

She answered with a coy smile and said, “Based on my first two conclusions, I only imagine the answer to their last question would be; a lot.” She had never seen a man get so turned on by words alone as Mulder just had. He practically groaned in the back of his throat.

Without breaking eye contact with her. He slid one hand on the back of the headrest behind her head and leaned a little closer. She hadn’t noticed how close they had gotten and she could feel his breath tickling her face. “Scully, as a scientist, I know your life is based on your curious nature,” he stopped to move a strand of dripping hair away from her face as he leaned closer, so that his mouth was next to her ear, “Have you ever wanted an answer to your speculations? Actually test out your hypothesis?”

His voice went straight to her groin and her body was pulsating with need. She turned her head as he kept his stationary. Her lips grazed his as she answered so fast and quiet it could have been mistaken for a drop of rain, her breath going into his mouth, “Yes.”

His mouth crashed down onto hers as his arm moved from the headrest to around her back, pulling her closer to him. If they weren’t so aroused, they probably would have laughed at their own enthusiasm. Their teeth accidentally clinked together and their noses brushed each other from the eagerness of their kiss.

Mulder had pretty much finagled his way into the middle seat and it made it very easy for her to throw one leg over him to straddle him, her legs pressing into each of his thighs, never breaking their kiss. Mulder’s tongue felt erotic against her own. It was odd having your fantasies come to life, they were so much like how she had imagined them all those nights alone in bed, but ten thousand times better.

She felt his hands roaming her body, grabbing every part of her that he could. Hers were doing the same, while Mulder’s muscles looked great, they felt tantalizing. Their wetness from the rain made their bodies slide all over each other and when she slid her crotch over his own they both had to break the kiss to moan in unison. “Well, I think I feel one speculation was just proven right,” she teased, grinding her hips into him again. He grabbed her hips and trust up, hitting her aching center through her thin underwear.
“Is that so?” he murmured. He brought one hand between them and grazed her hard nipples through the wet shirt, smiling at the way she twitched in response. He brought that same hand to the top button and started undoing them. “I have a few speculations of my own that I’d like to explore.”

“Oh really?” she rasped, fighting the urge to rip the shirt off, buttons be damned. “And what would those be?”

Not taking his eyes off her chest, he elaborated, “To name a few; I think you’d be very vocal in bed,” as he said this, the last button came off and he slid his hand the remaining way down, past the elastic of her underwear. She mewled in response and he grinned at her confirmation of what he just said. “I think you would look gorgeous when you cum, and” he leaned forward as he said this so his lips were a millimeter from hers, “I think you’d feel incredible wrapped around me.”

Her whole body shuddered and his mouth descended on hers again. His fingers had worked their way down and he was fingering her clit with sensual intensity. She knew he could feel that she was absolutely soaking wet, and it wasn’t just because of the rain. With reckless abandon, she removed her arms out of the shirt and discarded it away from her, so that she was nearly naked on top of Mulder as she ground against him shamelessly.

Her breaths were coming out in ragged pants and she couldn’t get enough of him. She placed her mouth on the side of his neck and started biting and sucking as her hips undulated against his skillful hand. He grabbed her left breast with his other hand and started kneading. She threw her head back and bucked against him. This gave him an opportunity to capture her other nipple with his mouth and it was a sensory overload. Her hands flew behind her and she grabbed the headrest of the front seats, pushing himself into him as much as she could as her whole body spasmed.

The hand on her breast moved so it was cupping the back of her neck, nudging her to look at him. His mouth was open and he was unabashedly panting, his eyes committing her face to memory as she came. “God, you’re so beautiful. You have no idea what you do to me.”

Small shudders raked her body as she leaned forward again, putting her hands in between them and started undoing his belt. “Show me,” she moaned.

In record time, she slipped out of her underwear and sandals as he discarded his pants and shoes, their bodies as naked as the day they were born. “Slouch a little bit,” she commanded. She needed more room to place her legs so they could align properly. They worked in tandem, he grabbed his pulsating cock as she nestled herself on top of him. When they were ready, she eased down on him and they both clutched onto each other like their lives depended on it. She took a moment to get use to the feel of him throbbing inside her before she started rocking back and forth. There wasn’t a lot of space to move, so their bodies were completely flush to each other as they squirmed.

She was still sensitive from her first orgasm, and she quickly was chasing a second. She placed her hands on his shoulders and started bobbing up and down violently along his length. “M-mul-der, I’m gonna,” she was interrupted by hitting her head on the roof of the car. For a second she was in pain, but it caused her to sink onto him extra deep and triggered her orgasm.

His hand immediately came to her head and started massaging her hair, “Scully, are you oka-ugh, yeah, you’re okay.” His concern turned to arousal as he felt her walls clamp down around him. He kept his soft hand on the crown of her head to keep her protected as he gyrated his hips sensually against her.

When she was coming down off her second high, he placed a kiss to her head before grabbing her in his arms, repositioning them so she was leaning against the door and he was on top of her. “Just wanna make sure you don’t get a concussion,” he winked before pressing a sweet kiss to her swollen
lips. He quickly picked the pace back up and started thrusting into her. She lifted one leg so it was on the rear dash and wrapped the other around his waist, giving him a better angle to go deeper.

He was more than exceeding her speculations, and if his grunts were any indication, she was exceeding his. She didn’t think he had gone a full thirty seconds this whole time without kissing some part of her body, lavishing her skin with his love. He started suckling her breasts again and she was shocked to feel herself coming again. If wasn’t as violent as the first one, but it was incredible nonetheless.

In a few more quick, deep thrusts, he was coming hot inside her. His entire groin was pressed hard against hers and it felt better than anything she’d ever experienced. They stayed like that, panting and gazing at each other, while they reveled in this new development. “I feel like I’m seeing stars,” she giggled.

“Me too,” he said, placing a series of loving kisses on her face. When his lips were on her nose, he froze and backed up.

“What?” she asked, nudging him with her leg.

He laughed, but pulled away, grabbing his shirt and tossing it her way.

“We may be seeing stars, Scully. But it may just be the lights from the Triple-A truck coming down the road.” She lifted her head and peeked through the rear mirror to see Mulder was right.

They didn’t know what was more amusing to the drivers; the fact they were sharing a single outfit, or that the entire car was fogged over.

As you all know by now, I live for reviews, so feel free to drop them! As most of you may not know, I’m actually studying abroad in Europe this summer. I fly out June 10th, and, since I don’t know how much time I’ll have between classes and my exploring, I have a goal to finish up this story before then. That way, if I do have time to spend, I’ll be able to work on one shots or something of the like and this story won’t be neglected. That being said, I have like ten days for five chapters (this will also have an epilogue). So prepare for more frequent updates (hopefully)! -Nicole (Twitter/Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Worship

Chapter Summary

Making love was worship for them, he moaned his prayers as she sang the hymns. They were simply paying tributes to the temples of their bodies and they were souls seeking absolution.

Author’s Notes: Hello friends! This is set post-Season 9, pre-whatever shit ass event happened to make them distant in IWTB. Also, I KNOW Mulder was raised jewish and I apologize if some of the things I said are inapplicable to that belief. I know next to nothing about any religion whatsoever, so I hope this works, lol. I’m going out of my comfort zone and I hope it’s not super, super cheesy and out of character.

Worship: (noun) the feeling or expression of reverence and adoration for a deity; adoring reverence or regard.

Mulder had never been a religious man. The concept of a god was something that never settled well with him, this applied to all gods of all denominations. He didn’t place it so much on an inability to believe as he did a discomfort with resigning ones life’s choices and actions to the omnipotent power of a god or gods. People were always telling him everything was a part of God’s plan. His father hated him, his mother couldn’t look him in the eye, his sister was taken from him, and he felt utterly alone. What was easier? Accepting that you were born into the world to fend for yourself, or realizing you’re a pawn in God’s plan and he clearly doesn’t care about you?

As a child, sometimes he wanted to believe more than anything, that would mean it wasn’t his fault Samantha was gone, that it wasn’t his fault he was such a failure, that it wasn’t his fault his parents didn’t love him, but he just couldn’t no matter how hard he tried. He realized the irony. A man who dedicated his life to chasing ghost and shadows was skeptical of a higher power. The thought of wholly dedicating yourself to one being and letting them impact you in such a powerful way just didn’t seem possible or enticing to him.

Then he met Scully.

Then he started to understand.

Year by year, she became his everything. What he looked for in the light and what he looked for when he got lost in the darkness. Scully. The only person to ever give him the gift of pure, unconditional love. He didn’t know how words could ever do his feelings justice.

“I love you,” he proclaimed. He spent countless hours imagining how he would try telling her again. He imagined it happening with suave elegance. He imagined saying it after wooing her. He didn’t imagine he’d blurt it out in a shitty Midwestern diner. She had just looked so beautiful, her head thrown back, heartily laughing at one of his stupid jokes in between bites of her burger.

Her laughter came to an abrupt halt as she tried to make sure she heard him right. “W-wait, what did you say?” Her cheeks were still flushed and her eyes were glassy from her fit of laughter and he just wanted to kiss her.
The sentiment was heavy in his mouth, but it didn’t keep it from falling off his lips. “I love you, Scully.”

Her mouth gaped open in surprise and, Scully being Scully, she tried to give him an out. “Well, of course, Mulder. I love you too, we’ve been close for seven yea-”

“No,” he cut her off, “I don’t want to go on in ambiguity. I want to confess to you and I don’t want their to be a shadow of doubt about my meaning in your mind.” Her face was almost unreadable, but all of her focus was solely on him, as always, showing him an unsurpassed level of patience. “Dana Katherine Scully, special agent, medical doctor, best friend, and woman of my dreams, I’m hopelessly in love with you. I’m not telling you that with any sort of expectation of reciprocity. I just wanted to let you know.”

His heart was pounding so loudly in his ears that he could only hope those were the words that actually left his lips, because he couldn’t hear anything.

“Why now?” she asked in a soft voice.

“Why now what?” he repeated for clarification.

“Why did you choose now to tell me? A Tuesday night at a diner in the middle of nowhere?” Even though she was analyzing it, she couldn’t hide her blush or her small smile.

“I don’t need a date or a special location to remind me that I love you. All days of the week, anywhere in the world, any place, and I will always love you. Just hearing you laugh or smile just overwhelms me and I couldn’t hold it in this time.”

She reached across the table and grabbed his hand, absolving his worry with her touch. She had a hard time meeting his eyes, but her words were focused. “I love you too.”

That day he believed that maybe miracles did exist.

It was still hard for him to grasp; the fact that Scully loved him. Him, Spooky Fox Mulder. He felt like the luckiest man in the entire world. Really, he should have seen this being how it worked out. Between the two of them, he was far more verbal. Scully would be the first to admit she hated being vocal with her feelings, where as he might as well be the king of oversharing, at least when it came to her. It only made sense that he’d have to be the first one to speak the words out loud.

At the same time, with Scully’s sense of initiative, it only made sense she’d cover the basis when it came to anything physical. She knew he’d never want to come across as pushing her, Scully was sacred to him. It still took him by pleasant surprise every time she made moves on him. When they would walk in private, he’d always feel her dainty hand slip into his and grasp on tightly. Whenever they would hang out at his place, she would cozy up next to him and burrow into his side. He’d throw an arm around her and revel in the honor of holding her in his arms, enjoying the warmth of her body against his own. She also loved to kiss him, her mouth was warm and supple and she’d try to sneak kisses at every opportune moment. The first time she really made a move on him will stick in his mind forever.

It was about a month after the diner confession when they were sitting on his couch making out. Somehow, she had shifted herself so that she was sitting on his lap sideways, wrapping her arms around him as her tongue danced across his. They had made out like teenagers on this couch countless times before, but this time just felt different. There was something uninhibited about Scully’s vigor. As their mouths broke apart for air, she would pant for a few moments before latching herself back onto him. She had started to shift on her ass a bit, but she was far enough away
that she didn’t feel how much that was affecting him.

That is, until she switched positions on the couch so that she was straddling him. She eased herself down right on top of his clothed erection but, instead of jerking away, she whimpered and thrust her hips against him, causing him to throw his head back and moan. She took advantage of his exposed neck and latched onto it, placing wet kisses along his adam’s apple and using her tongue to lap at the skin. She started undoing the buttons of his shirt when he grabbed her wrist to stop her. Her eyes immediately latched on to his and he could see unbridled lust reflected in their depths. “Do you want me to stop?” she asked in a quivering voice that went straight to his cock.

“God, no, but I just want to make sure you’re okay with this,” he replied.

She smiled at him and continued undoing his shirt, grinding herself against him. She leaned down to place a kiss to his lips, only stopping to reassure, “I want you.” He moaned at her words and grabbed her by the ass, keeping her pressed against him as he stood and carried her to the bedroom.

She squealed in shock and wrapped her arms around him. If he was finally going to have the opportunity to be with Scully, it sure as hell wasn’t going to be on his old, worn out sofa. No, Scully deserved a bed. He kicked open his door and gently splayed Scully out on the bed. He took a moment to stand next to the bed and fully commit the sight to memory. She had a goofy aroused smile on her face, her red hair was creating a flaming halo around her head, and her whole body was heaving with a mixture of exertion and want. Apparently he was taking too long because she threw her arms up, beckoning him to join her.

He happily accepted and eased his way on top of her, falling into her waiting arms as he resumed their kiss. He felt like he was in nirvana, if he could just eternally live in this moment, he would be a happy man. Under his mouth, she started writhing against him, rotating her hips against his front. He released her lips with a pop and smiled down at her. He placed his hands under her shirt, stroking the soft skin of her abdomen. He grabbed the hem of her shirt and raised it over her head, admiring the creamy, porcelain skin that was revealed. Her ample breasts were encased by a simple white, cotton bra. While he wasn’t yet drunk off the taste of her flesh, he used his coherence to take off her pants as well, revealing a matching pair of plain underwear. She looked radiant.

He discarded his own pants so she wouldn’t be self conscious as he joined her on the bed again. “You’re so beautiful,” she gushed, raking her eyes all over his body.

“Hey, that’s my line,” he laughed. His hands roamed up and down her sides as he placed a kiss to her breast bone. He was kneeling in front of her on the bed in between her legs, which were resting around him. She arched her back and he took that as a signal to unhook her bra. Silent communication, their favorite language. He discarded it over the side of the bed and looked in awe at the sight before him. Scully was laying on the bed in just her underwear looking at him with pure adoration. He marveled at her pert breasts begging for his attention.

He leaned over her and placed kisses across her collarbone down to each breast. He couldn’t help but smile at seeing just how much her chest was littered with little freckles, standing out prominently against her pale skin. It reminded him of their summer cases when her freckles stood out prominently against her nose and cheeks. Her skin felt smooth against his cheek and he enjoyed this close contact. He could smell her body wash on her skin as he kissed her, and he noticed little goosebumps were sprouting in his wake.

He took his lips off her for a second so he could look at her, and he saw she had her eyes closed and a blissful smile on her face. Her body was completely relaxed as she anticipated his next move. It was just an ultimate display of trust and, he didn’t know why it had to happen right now but, the
sight made him emotional. He just loved her so much, he just couldn’t believe this was actually happening. He continued placing kisses on her skin as he felt his throat tighten and his eyes water. After his lips pressed on to her skin above her belly button, she let out a sweet little hum of contentment, and two tears escaped his eyes and fell on her skin.

Of course nothing gets unnoticed by Scully. She reached a hand down under his chin and reclined his head upwards, sitting up straight as she saw his tears. “Oh my god, Mulder. What’s wrong?” she asked, crawling towards him so she could hug him.

He laughed and shook his head, enjoying the feeling of her bare chest against his own. “Nothing, I just love you so much. I can’t believe this is actually happening.” Mulder supposed his whole life was dedicated to giving Scully odd experiences. This had to be the first time she comforted a near-naked crying man as his erection stabbed her in the thigh.

“Aww, Mulder,” she chuckled as she leaned back, still keeping him in her arms while she kissed away his tears before pressing a loving kiss to his lips. “I feel the same. I adore you.” She ran her hands through his hair. He continued his oral exploration of her. One of many that night. He was hopelessly devoted.

They were around five years into their romantic arrangement now. It was still a wordless entity between them, their coupling so palpable it was almost a living being in and of itself. If the words didn’t sound so juvenile, ‘boyfriend and girlfriend’ would have sufficed. Instead, it was just that thing they did. That thing where they slept over at each others places every night, that thing where they said ‘I love you’ in more ways than you could count, that thing where they made passionate love until their voices and bodies were raw, that thing where being together was the only thing that made life worth living, but they still had a hard time putting words to it.

This is why he liked to have mini confessions with her as she slept. When he laid in their bed at night or when he woke up earlier in the morning. He liked to watch how angelic she looked as she slept and he would take that time to murmur his own little thoughts to her. Most of the time it was just musings, thoughts about life, dreams, theories. Today he woke up with his head tucked in the crook of her neck, one of his legs and arms draped over her, their naked bodies entwined from the passionate night before.

He remembered the days where the thought of falling asleep and waking up in her embrace seemed like a cosmic improbability. He had resigned himself to live a life alone. Enduring his solitude while admiring her from a distance. He still had a hard time grasping this was his life now. He got to spend his life with her. He looked up and saw her chest rise and fall gently with each breath. With as minimal movement as possible, he reached down and grabbed the hem of the blanket, raising it over her for more warmth. She didn’t wake up, but she shifted so she was closer to him, nuzzling into him. He tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear and, as he had done in so many variations, he whispered to her. Today, it was, “Would you marry me?”

They’d bantered about topics like that on several different cases throughout the years. Finally leaving behind the life of constant travel, getting a home somewhere where they could live in peace, children were talked about even if as a dream, spending your life with someone you loved, but not once did he think it would be a real possibility for the two of them. She was intangible to him, she probably never thought he would like domesticity, but now it was what he dreamed of most. How could he go on trying to chase ghosts in the shadows, when he could be shrouded by her light?

“You’re supposed to say ‘Will you marry me,’” a sleepy voice called out. His eyes shot open and he saw her hooded, tired gaze focusing on him.

“I thought you were asleep. I’m sorry I woke you up,” he mumbled, kissing her bare shoulder.
“But, yes,” she stated firmly, smiling at him.

He swore she’d be able to feel his heartbeat against her side, “W-what?”

“Of course, I’ll marry you,” she repeated. She shifted so she was on her side and she wrapped an arm around his middle, putting them in a sideways hug, kissing his chest and wrinkling her nose as his hair tickled her.

He rolled on top of her and rested his weight on his elbows, bracketing her head. “Can you say that again?” he asked with an incredulous smile.

She laughed and looked him straight in the eye, the sunrise casting a beautiful glow on her face, bringing out the intensity of her blue eyes. “Fox Mulder, I would love to marry you. Though I must request such important questions be asked to me while I’m conscious.”

He leaned down and captured her lips in a passionate kiss, giving her everything he had to offer. No matter how many times they kissed, he would always feel like he was being bestowed with a divine blessing. He loved the way the breath from her nose tickled his cheek, he loved how firm her full lips were against his, he loved how their bodies molded together to become one. She was the first one to break the kiss and she only did so to command, “Get on your back.”

He flipped them so she was straddling him with the covers entangled in their legs, not that it bothered them. If there was one thing he’d learned over the years, it was that Scully loved morning sex. She loved being cuddled awake, she loved the intimacy that the comfort of the bed brought, it was her thing. She bit her lip as she guided his ready-to-go morning wood against her, aligning them together.

As he watched her with adoration, he couldn’t help the thought that came to mind, *that’s my wife.* Sure, they hadn’t made any plans beyond the agreement from a few minutes ago, but he frequently indulged in the fantasy that she’d want to make that leap with him. Now that he knew it was a real possibility, the word wouldn’t leave his mind. His beautiful, stunning, brilliant, wonderful wife loved him. Dana Katherine Scully, his beacon.

She slid down on to him and he was honored to feel how aroused she already was. Her walls welcoming him back with a tight grip. Scully was an attentive lover and he couldn’t help but feel like he was being baptized. Making love was worship for them, he moaned his prayers as she sang the hymns. They were simply paying tributes to the temples of their bodies and they were souls seeking absolution.

She mirrored their position from earlier and she bracketed her head with her forearms as she started riding him with more vigor. This position let their bodies fully gyrate against each other. He reached his hands behind her and grabbed the junction where her hips met her ass and he helped her move against him, his cock throbbing from attention.

Her breasts were bouncing near his face and he leaned up to capture a nipple into his mouth, enjoying the hearty moan it elicited from her throat. She started rotating her hips in a circle, and he joined her so her clit got more friction from their grinding. She leaned up, so she was fully perched again, making him release her nipple as she leaned back farther. He placed her hands on his thighs for support as she rocked up and down on her knees. He propped himself up on his elbows so he could watch their meeting. He loved seeing his length disappear inside her, her pink lips stretched wide to accommodate him.

He saw her clit begging for attention under her clitoral hood and he licked his thumb before moving it to circle against her. She was watching him though an aroused haze as her hair bounced around her
face, moving in tandem with the bounce of her breasts. She started to get a little more desperate with his added stimulation and, after a few hard circles, she clamped down on him and let her orgasm take her. Her whole body was shuddering as her eyes shut and her mouth dropped open, gasping for air as she cried his name.

She started moving again, but he felt her legs shaking against his sides and he knew she wouldn’t be able to support herself. He grabbed her waist and flipped them once more so he was laying on top of her. “Thanks,” she moaned with a smile, knowing he sensed her struggle.

“The pleasure’s all mine,” he winked as he resumed thrusting. Seeing her gasping below him made his abdomen clench and his balls tighten as his orgasm roared through him. He leaned down and kissed her as he thrust into her a few final times, riding out his orgasm and triggering her second. He laid on his side, flushed with hers as he pulled her into his arms, not fully slipping out of her.

He held her tight in his arms reveling in the bliss of it all. She was the only thing he could unquestionably believe in; the love, her trust, her dedication. It was all he’d ever need.

So this honestly is the word that inspired me to do “Words of Lust” in the first place. During “Words of Love,” I wanted to do the word worship and have it be Mulder worshipping the fuck out of Scully, but it fell on a Scully POV chapter and I thought it would be best smutty anyway, hence, this was born! It’s stylistically different in my opinion, so I hope you liked it! I love hearing from you guys, I hope life is treating you all well. -Nicole (Twitter/Tumblr: gaycrouton)
They’re both a bit melancholy when they realize they don’t have a lot of photos together, so they decide to make up for lost time.

Author’s Note: Lol, so I didn’t meet my goal of publishing the last few chapters before June 10th, but I have like 70 percent of the other chapters already written. So have no fear, they will be coming soon! On that note, I’m in London and occasionally the surrounding European countries for the next seven weeks, so if any of you Europeans have any advice to give for cool things to do/where to go, I’d love to hear from you! Anyways, enjoy!

X-Rated: (adjective) having a rating of X; intended for adults only; obscene, sexually explicit, or vulgar.

After years of partnership, and an added few months of secret dating, Scully had become fluent in the art of Mulder’s facial expressions. So when she opened her door and saw that shy smile paired with his fidgeting eyes, she knew he was nervous about something. He leaned in to kiss her on the cheek like he oh-so enjoyed doing nowadays, but she saw he was holding something behind his back in a lame attempt to hide it. Instead of letting him have the cheek kiss, she turned her head and captured his lips in a sweet kiss. It took him off guard and, when he moved to reciprocate the kiss, she leaned forward and ripped the bag out of his hands before running down the hall, leaving him with an amused smile on his lips.

She could hear his laughter echo on the walls of her apartment as she made her way to the kitchen counter. “Wait, Scully, I had a speech prepared!” he exclaimed with a laugh as he shut the door, trailing behind her.

She set the sack on the cool surface and started rummaging through it, withdrawing a new Polaroid camera. She hadn’t known exactly what she expected, but this definitely wasn’t it and now she was just confused. As she stared at the item in her hands, she felt his arms loop around her stomach as he pressed a kiss to her temple. “Umm, Mulder. What’s this?”

“Have you noticed we don’t have any photos together?” he asked. She paused for a minute and tried to recollect something to prove him wrong. After this long there had to be something. “Don’t strain yourself Scully. I’ve checked high and low. Seven years together and the most we have is my elbow and your back in a crime scene photo.”

The realization made her a bit melancholy. She would always have the memories of their personal and romantic growth and developments, but she wished she had at least a few photos over the years to commemorate it. She could just imagine how a photo of them would look from the beginning of their relationship; horrible fashion, youthful naivete, unrepentant sexual frustration and tension probably would have been palpable through the photo’s glossy paper. She stroked her finger across the smooth surface of the Polaroid before stating with an eager smile, “And you’ve decided to take initiative to change that by taking it on our date.”

“Exactly, we need to make up for lost time,” he beamed, clearly excited she was receptive to his
He took the camera from her hands and angled it so the lens was facing them. He leaned down so his head was resting on her chin before he pressed the button, blinding them with a bright flash as the camera spat out the black picture. He set it on the counter and let the color appear as he explained his plan, “I bought a ton of film packages at my place, I loaded it with around fifteen pictures before I left so we could take it on our date tonight.” She was touched by his thoughtful gesture, which was full of love and appreciation for their relationship, and she turned around in his arms and gave him a grateful kiss to his lips.

He placed a hand to the back of her neck and kissed her back passionately, running the tip of his tongue along her bottom lip, she opened her mouth and deepened the kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck and standing on her tiptoes. No one tells you how hard it is to kiss someone nearly a full foot taller than you when standing up, he either had to break his neck or she had to become a ballerina, not that it ever mattered much in the moment. She was running her tongue over his when, behind closed eyes, she saw the flash of the camera. She opened her eyes to see his staring back at her in amusement. She broke the kiss and looked down at the picture sticking out, removing it and setting it next to the already developed one.

“Aww, Mulder. Look at how cute we look!” she exclaimed pointing to the bright image. It was at an awkwardly close angle, but the looks on their mashed up faces shone with excitement and love. She looked over to see his expression and saw he was just as pleased with the photo as she was.

He glanced and have a muffled sound of agreement but he had other plans. His mouth relocated to the hollow of her neck and he started sucking on her pulse point. Her eyes closed a bit and fluttered behind the lashes. In their new time as lovers, it was still crazy to her that she could associate that title with him now, one of their favorite things to do was learn each other’s erogenous zones. Mulder was particularly fond of this one due to the way it could make her pant. Her favorite of his would have to be the way she could make him squirm in pleasure if she played with the hollows near his hip bones.

His mouth moved to the other side of her neck, her head lolling complacently to give him better access. Little sighs and murmurs of pleasure started to erupt from her throat as his tongue did tricks across her flesh. As she did this, his hands moved so that they were resting on her ribcage, his thumbs stroking the undersides of her breasts. She felt her nipples harden at the teasing, so she decided to reciprocate by placing her hands on the countertop and arching her back against him a bit, pressing the top of her ass into his groin.

He laughed against her skin and spun her around, so that he was looming over her with a lust ridden gaze.

“How would you feel about skipping the restaurant, and, instead, staying here so we can make passionate love and order food after?” He gave her his best puppy dog gaze, featuring a pouting bottom lip as he waited for her answer.

She looked at him and pretended to contemplate it for a good moment, letting him sit in anticipation. When she felt he had enough teasing, she reached down and gave a firm squeeze to his growing hard on. “I’d like nothing more,” she declared before running down the hallway to her room, but not before seeing a look of pure bliss pass over his face.

She got halfway down the hall before he swooped her up in his arms, carrying her bridal style the remaining few feet. As soon as he got them into her room, he laid her on the bed and she sprawled out, breathing heavy in suspense of his next move. He just stood next to the bed and admired her like he did all the times before. She swore this was his favorite part, watching her ache in anticipation, yearning for his touch as he took his sweet time torturing her. It was arousing in and of itself, his eyes
greedily roaming her body as the evidence of admiration grew harder and harder in his pants. Sometimes he would start to touch himself through the fabric as he watched her writhe on the bed, unable to contain himself, but Mulder was always an open book and she could even tell from his face just how much he was aroused by her. She saw him reach in the direction of the belt, and she closed her eyes waiting to feel his body drop on the bed with her.

Instead of hearing his belt, she heard the click of the camera and saw the flash of light from behind her eyelids. Her eyes snapped open and she looked up to see Mulder still leering down at her, seductively removing the film from the camera's mouth and fanning it lightly in the air. “Mulder!’ she laughed in shock.

“I couldn’t help myself, you look so insanely hot,” he defended. Setting the photo on the nightstand and the camera on the other side of the bed. This time when he reached for his belt, he actually untucked his shirt and threw it over his head, revealing the muscles she had been lucky enough to become well acquainted with in these last few months. She got a bit wetter at the thought and she was beyond eager to get her hands back on his hot flesh.

A thought crossed her mind and as Mulder descended on top of her, she distracted him by placing a desperate kiss to his lips, silently inching her hand to grab the camera. When she was confident she had it, she broke the kiss and used her other hand to fully cup his bulge through his pants. He did that thing she loved, like she knew he would, he arched his neck back and his lips parted with a loud moan. As soon as her hand touched him, she brought the camera up and caught him in the moment of ecstasy. He immediately snapped his eyes open and gave her the same look of surprise she had just been wearing. She took the photo out and tossed it to land on top of the one on the nightstand. She simply shrugged and teased, “Two can play at that game.”

He laughed and flipped them so she’d be on top, making her straddle his thighs, the camera falling besides then once more. He placed his hands on her stocking-clad knees and roamed up higher, his eyebrows arching when he was unexpectedly met with flesh at her upper thigh. His hands migrated to the tops of their thighs and a wicked smile broke out on his face when his fingers slid under the straps of her garter. He pushed up the hem of her dress and took in the sight of her thigh highs with lustful appreciation. “Scully,” he drew out her name like she’d just revealed a secret to him, “I didn’t know you owned anything like this.”

As soon as his hands hit her thigh, her face set ablaze. She’d recently purchased some risqué lingerie and she’d been deliberating actually wearing it for weeks. She got it after they started having sex, she supposed after living the sex life of a nun for the past seven years, finally being able to get off on something besides her own hand gave her a bit of a libido jump. She walked into a sex shop brazenly, not quite sure what to treat herself to, and let the clerk girl talk her into getting something she’d never worn before in her entire life. It was a very, very suggestive and sexy, black teddy. It was entirely see through aside from one line covering the slit of her sex. It was adorned with black lace that hugged her curves and playfully covered her nipples, barely. To top it all off, she got the garter and stockings to go with it.

The ensemble had remained in her underwear drawer ever since. She couldn’t help it, she wasn’t a prude, but she was unspeakably shy about the absolute obvert sexuality this outfit commanded. Blame it on catholic guilt. She also felt out of her element. These outfits were usually intended for leggy, busty, Aphrodite-esque women. She didn’t know if her barely over five foot, b-cup physique really fit. Tonight she decided to throw all caution to the wind and just wear it anyway, spending a long time in the mirror deliberating before slipping the dress on top of it. If he didn’t like it, he didn’t like it. The worst that could happen would be he’d laugh, they’d take it off, and continue fucking.
Now that the reveal was here she couldn’t help but get nervous once again.

She covered her face with her hands in an attempt to rein in her blush. “Mulder, can you promise not to tease me too much?”

“How about what?” He mused, rubbing his fingers under the length of the garter straps, snapping them tantalizingly against her skin.

“I bought lingerie and I’m shy,” she appreciated the absolute honest nature of their relationship and that she could just tell him outright.

His eyebrows raised once more and his eyes did an appreciative scan of her body, as if trying to see through her clothes. “You bought lingerie?” He asked, pleasantly surprised. She nodded from her position on top of him. “Why are you shy?”

“I probably look pretty silly,” she laughed, trying to hide her embarrassment.

“Scully, you could wear a burlap sack and you would still turn me on,” he reassured, amused by her concern.

She eased off him, standing at the side of the bed as he leaned up on his elbows to watch her. She grabbed the hem of her dress and ripped off the band-aid, discarding her dress over her head and revealing her outfit. One glance at Mulder was all she needed to know her worries were redundant. He audibly groaned and his eyes looked like they would’ve rolled to the back of his head if he wasn’t so busy drinking her in. Hell, she even saw his cock twitch. Without taking his eyes off her, he reached for the camera, took a picture, and beckoned her to come closer.

She put one knee on either side of his thighs and hoisted herself back up into her previous position. “Okay, with a burlap sack you could turn me on, with this you’re liable to give me a heart attack,” he quipped. She laughed and averted her gaze, only to be met with his hand cupping her cheek, making her look back at him. His joking nature had faded into something serious and heartfelt, “Dana Scully, women like you are what keep artists, musicians, and poets in business. It’s impossible to put words together or create an image that could ever hope to capture your beauty. It hurts me to think for a second you’re insecure or self conscious, you are beyond a shadow of a doubt, absolutely gorgeous. You should take my word, because that much is clear to me right now, and I think all the blood in my body rushed to my cock as soon as that dress came off.”

How was she lucky enough to be loved my a man like him? His words made it impossible to keep a goofy smile off her face and she felt like a teenager again. She was at a loss for how to respond to such a moving sentiment, but Mulder beat her to it. “If you have any doubts look at this,” he held up a developed Polaroid in between his fingers. On it, she could see her from a moment ago, lingerie clad, smiling, aroused, and hopelessly in love. That much was evident by the way her eyes were admiring the unseen photographer. Maybe his view of her was captured in the photo, but it was undeniable: she looked hot.

“Thank you, Mulder,” she beamed appreciatively. She took the photo, giving it one last glance before tossing it with the rest. She eased herself back up his body and came to a rest when her hands were pinning his wrists above his head. She leaned down so her lips were grazing his, “I’m not going to lie, your speech got me really wet.”

He chuckled and the air teased her eager mouth, “Well now, we’re just going to have to put that to good use, he said, bucking his hips upwards, grinding their centers together. His movement sent a
bolt of arousal straight through her body. It felt like her skin was charged with electricity and every hair was standing on end. He laughed a little bit and, at her gaze, teased, “I think it’s so cute when you get goosebumps.”

He let out a snicker and she reached a hand in between them, unbuckling his belt and lowering his zipper with practiced ease. As soon as she let go of him, his hands were on her, roaming her body like it was his first time. The palms of his hands touched everything he could reach, her hips, her stomach, her ass, her neck, he was practically drooling. She smiled and released his dick from his pants, letting it bob in the air directly in front of where she was now sitting on his thighs.

His hands stilted their exploration as his body anticipated her touch. She let some of her saliva pool into her hand, a sight he heartily appreciated, and then she lowered her hands to his shaft, pulling the skin up and down as she stroked him. He was so enraptured by her touch, he did notice her reach over to get the camera. Not until a flash went off when he bit his lip and thrust into her hand. He opened his eyes and instead of the playful amusement of before, it was blatant lust. He took the photo out, throwing it on the other side of the bed before turning the camera around and aiming it at her, actually looking through the eye lense so he could get everything he wanted into the shot.

She saw what he was doing and quickly added her other hand back on his aching dick, placing one on top of the other along his length. The flash of the camera, followed by the whir of the photo coming out fell in time with the heartbeat she could feel under her touch. She scooted off him for a second, ripping his pants away so that he was naked, and then she nudged his thighs apart so that she could sit on her legs in between them, hovering above his crotch.

She grabbed his cock once more, licking the length with the flat of her tongue before plunging her mouth down on him. She saw a flash behind her lids once, but the camera quickly fell at his side, unable to hold it due to the sensations radiating through his body. This was one of her favorite parts. She loved having sex with him, don’t misunderstand, nothing would ever beat that, but blowing him was a whole other ball game.

It was just such a visceral experience like no other, it was so profoundly intimate and telling, and she could never get enough. She loved tasting him, the saltiness of his precum coating her throat. She loved the way his hands would grip whatever was nearest, usually entangling themselves in the sheets, with white knuckles to avoid grabbing her head and thrusting into her mouth, not that she would have minded that. There was no holding back what he was feeling, everything was under controlled by a little suction here, a lot of sucking there, the precise swirling of her tongue, an occasional, well-placed grazing of her teeth. In their short time together, she could play Mulder like a fine instrument. She loves hearing his whines and groans of pleasure as she manipulated him with her mouth. She could easily get him spurting hot semen down her throat in five minutes, starting from scratch. They’d played around with that before.

This wasn’t going to end with a blow job though, so when he was reaching the edge, he put a shaky hand on her shoulder to signal her to release him. She let his cock fall out of her mouth with a lewd wetness trailing from her mouth to his shaft. He had been watching her and his eyes fluttered at the sight. His gaze was pure black, completely dilated with lust. He grabbed her biceps and pulled her closer to him, kissing her on the mouth with fervency. She loved and appreciated that about Mulder, he wasn’t a man afraid of tasting himself on her. In fact, he loves it. They always kissed after any oral, even when she had barely finished swallowing his cum.

His lips came off hers with a ‘pop’ and he laid her on her back, his eyes roaming her body to figure out how he could get her naked. She arched her back and undid some clasps, letting the garment loose as she slid it down her legs, only leaving her in the garter and stockings. She moved to undo
them, but a hand over her own stopped her. She looked up and saw Mulder hungrily devouring her with his gaze, “Leave them.”

She smirked and fell back onto the bed as he laid in between her legs, his face just a few inches from where it was needed. He hooked one arm under each of her thighs and dragged her down the bed until she was right in his face. She was beyond wet and each puff of his breath made her shiver. He teasingly placed open mouth kisses on both of her inner thighs before running the tip of his tongue along her slit. She let out a breathy little moan in anticipation. Years of shucking sunflower seeds made Mulder’s tongue more than exquisite, but wow that man was a tease. He enjoyed running his tongue everywhere until she was begging him to pay attention to her clit.

He must have sensed she was already on edge tonight because he took pity on her. He only danced around for a minute or two before he parted her lips with his fingers, revealing her glistening wet sex to him. He ran his tongue from the bottom to the top, and, when he finally reached her clit, he closed his mouth around the aching knub and sucked hard. She practically flailed as she cried out in pleasure. Unlike him, she couldn’t keep her hands off him when he was going down on her. He joked it was like drinking from the fountain of youth while getting a scalp massage. This time, before her hands resumed their natural place, she violently grabbed the camera and took a photo of him at work, throwing it back on the bed without a second glance as his fingers started to join the party, slipping inside her with intention.

Mulder took a lot of pleasure in eating her out and fuck, she was grateful because that man had skill. Her hands raked through his hair, lightly pressing him closer to her as her hips started gyrating against his face. He laughed at her eagerness, which sent a jolt of vibrations to her core, as he anchored her down with his arms. She was whimpering his name like a chant within minutes. Once he started flicking his tongue back and forth against her she was a goner. She was unabashedly crying out as her orgasm ripped through her, her head thrashing back and forth against the pillow. She came so hard that there was a slight ringing in her ears still as he disentangled himself and poised himself above her.

God he feels so good.

As soon as her legs stopped quivering, she started to move against him, meeting him thrust for thrust with equal vigor. She loved this view, Mulder threw all caution to the wind, and was focused solely on pleasing them. His brow would furrow in pleasure, sweat beading at his brow, his kiss-swollen lips slightly parted as he grunted, his jaw jutting out slightly as he tried desperately to keep a hold of his control. Through the thick cloud of ecstasy, she grabbed the Polaroid and took a shot of this, a primal demonstration of his unyielding love.

As he pounded into her, he laughed slightly after being blinded by the light. He disentangled one hand from its vice grip on her hip and turned the focus around, so he could focus on her. He didn’t take it immediately, instead, angling his hips so that his pubic bone ground against her clit and his balls slapped against her ass. She threw her head to the side and screamed “fuck” when the flash happened. He kept the camera in hand put lowered it, using his other hand to rub the sensitive area in between her thighs.

Multiple orgasms were her specialty, so she knew it wouldn’t take long for another one. She reached up and placed her palms against the headboard, making his thrusts more blunt. She looked him dead in the eye and commanded, “Faster. Fuck me harder, Mulder.” He moaned loudly at her words, the sensationalism of her talking dirty to him still not having worn off, and followed her commands. Her
breasts were bouncing heavily on her chest and her cried were almost incomprehensible, only his name understandable in the nonsense.

After a particularly well-executed thrust, a white hot blanket sensation draped her body and she burrowed into the bed as her orgasm rushed through her, screaming his name like a death rattle. She felt her muscles clamp sporadically around him, and, by the way his hands shot to her hips, he was close. She opened her eyes after it started subsiding, and she lazily grabbed the Polaroid so it was in hand. He was a man on a mission and as she squeezed her muscles tighter against him, he lost himself to pleasure. His eyes clamped shut as his orgasm tore through his body, and he didn’t even notice her take a photo of him at his peak.

She tossed the camera to the side and draped her arms around him, hugging him as he regained his breathing. He had a dorky smile on his face and he kissed her sweaty temple as he wrapped his arms around her, laying next to her on the bed. “I love you,” she mumbled in a tired voice. His words of reciprocity against her hot neck was the last thing she remembered as she doze off into a post-coital nap.

Sex was the best sleeping pill for her and, even if she didn’t want to, she usually was knocked out right after. She didn’t know how long this one lasted, but she felt a hand running along her spine to wake her up an indeterminate amount of time later. She opened her eyes and saw her room was no longer lit by sunlight, instead, relying on her table side lamp which was illuminating Mulder’s beautiful face which was focused on her.

“Good morning sleepyhead,” he teased in a sing-songy voice. She mumbled and turned onto her back, stretching her body like a cat. “Our food is in the living room, if you’re still hungry.

“I’m starving. Thank you, Mulder,” she beamed. She stuck out one hand and he helped her get off of the bed. She padded her way to the coffee table and was surprised to see a number of take out boxes surrounded by candles. “What’s this?” she laughed, turning around to face him.

“Well, I felt a little guilty that my unrepentant sexual desire for you threw off our date, so I decided to make it at least a little romantic,” he explained.

She turned around and gave him an appreciative kiss on the lips. “First of all, never apologize for that. Second of all, I’m touched.”

Her sentence was punctuated by her growling stomach and he laughed at her and proclaimed, “I think we both need this, let’s go eat.” His sentence was punctuated by a playful slap to her ass which made her squeal a girlish giggle, much to his amusement.

They ate their chinese with casual conversations and her boombox playing in the background. It really was like a date aside from the fact they were butt-ass naked. When they were practically finished, he excused himself to go to the bathroom. When he came back, he was shuffling through something in his hands, which she quickly realized were their x-rated photos.

“Oh my god, I almost forgot!” she exclaimed, covering her face in coy embarrassment. They’d really gotten graphic in the heat of the moment.

He swung by the counter and picked up two images lying there before returning to her on the floor, sitting cross legged next to her. “I gotta say Scully, this is the closest I’ve come to making a sex tape and I’m glad it was with you.”

“I’m afraid to even see,” she chuckled.
“I put them in order, let’s see the damage. I’m expecting a lot of flesh colors, and some unflattering angles,” he laughed. He set his forearms on the coffee table so the photos could be seen by both.

The first was the photo they took of themselves. It was actually cute and really dorky, just like them. As he went through, he would place the previous picture face down so he could keep them in order. Then it was the photo he snuck of them making out. Both of their eyes were closed, and she was impressed he could get such a good angle.

Now they were in the bedroom, and she was sprawled on the bed. Eyes closed, waiting for him. Seeing it from this perspective, she could see why he liked looming over her like that. There was something erotic about the pure trust. Then it was his face contorted in pleasure. She looked over and saw he was blushing and he mumbled, “Oh my god.”

She leaned over and pecked him on the cheek and said, “You have no idea how much that face turns me on.” The grimace turned into a smile at her words and they continued.

He flipped the photo and now it was her standing in her lingerie. He placed a kiss on her cheek and quipped, “Probably not half as much as this turns me on.” They both gasped at the nudity in the next one. An upward view of Mulder biting his lip and thrusting his cock into her hand. Next was her in the lingerie with his erection standing proudly against her front, the next was the same but with both of her hands wrapped around him.

The next was his dick sliding into her mouth, her eyelashes fluttering against her cheeks as they began to hollow around him. It was weird seeing herself like this, but she felt herself getting aroused and she shifted in her seat. The following photo only added to her arousal as it was Mulder’s face buried in between her legs. She could still feel his tongue on her and she felt her wetness grow.

He stifled a groan at the next one and she honestly had to do the same. It was just their sexes grazing each other. He was clearly throbbing with need, the veins of his engorged cock prominent in the picture, as was the wetness that had been saturating her crotch and her thighs. She glanced down and saw Mulder was more than a little hard. She saw his cock twitch in the air and she thought it was from her stare, but when she looked up she saw it was the photo of him fully inside her and she gasped a little, earning an amused grunt from him.

The next set was them chasing their orgasms, their faces contorted in pure pleasure. The next set was even more rewarding, their expressions devoid of anything other than absolute ecstasy. A wave of appreciation rolled through her body when she saw those last photos. They were beyond erotic. Now she was starting to understand the appeal. Never would she have thought to take photos of herself and her lover in such a vulnerable position, but fuck this was hot.

She saw another Polaroid peeking out and she took it from Mulder’s hands, ignoring his slight, playful lurch to grab it.

It was a photo after the fact. She was sleeping, an expression of sated peace on her face, as she rested her head and arm against his chest. It was a beautiful thing to capture in and of itself, but what really got her was that Mulder didn’t completely get himself out of the photo. In the upper right corner, you could see the bottom half of his face and he had the most endearing, boyish smile breaking his face. She found herself tearing up at the pure love radiating out of the photo.

“That one’s so embarrassing,” he tried explaining, a shy smile on his face. “You just looked so pretty and cute, I wanted to-” She cut him off by tenderly kissing him.

She broke away and whispered, “I love it, and I love you.”
By his expression, he was relieved she didn’t think it was weird of him to take a photo as she slept and his playful demeanor quickly returned. “So, Scully. Wouldn’t you say this was one of my better ideas?” he asked, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

She still felt the tingling arousal in her abdomen and she glanced down and saw that little Mulder had fully joined the party. Thank god for a quick refractory period. She leaned in closer and seductively cooed. “I am definitely more than pleased with the outcome.”

He smirked at her words and glanced down, taking in her sensual posture. “Well then. Wanna make a sequel?” he asked, pulling another package of film from underneath his leg.

They made a little more than a sequel. Years of passion, dozens of albums, and multiple cameras later, they had a goddamned franchise.

**Hope you liked it! I’m so melancholy reaching the end. I’ve had so much fun writing this and interacting with everyone! Speaking of, if you guys could let me know what chapters were your favorites or any scene that really stuck out to you guys, I’d really appreciate it! I want to use this as a learning experience of what’s going well/what I need to self-improve on as a writer, etc. Hope you guys are all doing well! -Nicole (Twitter/Tumblr: gaycrouton)**
Chapter Summary

Mulder and Scully are a little too loyal when it comes to defending each other.

Author’s Notes: Ahh, the last chapter in Mulder’s POV. So bittersweet. London is a lot of fun! I just got back from a weekend trip to Amsterdam and between recovery from that and school, I wasn’t able to update as quickly as I would have liked. However, thank you for waiting, hope you like it!

Yours: (pronoun) that which belongs to you.

Scully was late. Not by five minutes, not by half an hour, Dana Katherine Scully was running almost two hours late. He had gone from preparing witty remarks to outright worrying when the first hour passed. He had tried calling her cell phone, only to go to voicemail, and when he tried calling her landline, he got the answering machine. The same results happened when he called the second time, and the third. Even though it was unlikely, maybe she took a day off and he just forgot. Yeah right.

He figured if she decided not to come in today, she would have at least called Skinner. He knew the man wouldn’t go against Scully’s wishes if she hadn’t wanted him to know, but the whole situation was just odd and he was willing to try anything. This was just so out of character for her. The phone rang for a second until Skinner’s assistant picked up, “Office of A.D Skinner, how may I help you?”

“Hey Arlene, this is Fox Mulder. Is Skinner available? I just need to ask him something,” he asked, checking his watch for the hundredth time.

“I’m afraid Skinner’s in a disciplinary meeting. May I take a message?”

Mulder sighed and ran a hand through his hair, “No, no, I was just trying to find Scully, tha-” he was cut off as soon as the name left his mouth.

“Oh, um,” she hesitated, continuing in a hushed voice, “Scully’s in the disciplinary meeting too.”

His eyes shot up in surprise. It’s not like Scully hadn’t been in disciplinary meetings before, but usually he was always the one being disciplined. Did he do something wrong recently and they were talking about it? No- Scully would have given him a heads up. “What’s the disciplinary meeting about?”

“It’s about the incident that happened this morning,” she said, like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Incident?” he repeated.

Arlene’s quick responses came to a halt and the phone went silent for a moment, “...you don’t know?”

“Know what?” he pried. He was a heavy mix of confused and nervous.

“Ummm. Oh, no, Mulder? Are you there? Oh no, bad connection,” she rambled before hanging up.
Mulder sat there and listened to the dial tone as he contemplated his next move. If history repeats itself, she was likely getting reamed out because of him, so it only made sense that he should be allowed to barge in on whatever meeting they were having.

He grabbed his jacket and jogged to the elevator, eager to find out what this incident was. During the whole journey from the basement to Skinner’s office, he felt more eyes on him than he was used to. Being gawked at and talked about was second nature to him, but it was like people had given up even trying to hide it. When he was a few feet away from Skinner’s door, he saw a group of men actually gesturing to him and laughing. Having enough, he walked up to them and deadpanned, “Is something funny?”

All the men jokingly put their hands up in mock defense, “Oh, nothing Spooky. We didn’t mean to offend you. Please don’t sic your bitch on us.”

Mulder had no idea what they were implying, but, if he had to guess, the ‘bitch’ they were referring to was Scully. “Excuse me?” he seethed.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Mulder spat.

As one of the men opened their mouth to speak, the door to Skinner’s office burst open and Scully came rushing out. “Hey Mrs. Spooky, your boyfriend’s here to collect you,” one of the men taunted, earning some high fives from the other. Mulder advanced on them, ready to pick a fight when Skinner interrupted.

“That’s enough!” he shouted. “As far as I’m aware all of you are being paid to do your job, which sure as hell doesn’t entail loitering in the hallway outside my office.” The men scattered while Mulder jogged down the hall to catch up with Scully.

“Hey, is everything okay?” he reached out to touch her shoulder, but she shrugged off his hand as soon as it touched her without even turning around, raising her hand to signal him to stop.

“Mulder, I’m sorry. Not now,” she sighed in exasperation, continuing to rush down the hallway. Mulder just stopped in his tracks, unsure what to do. He couldn’t tell if he was being kept in the dark, responsible for something, or a mixture of all three.

He ran a hand over the back of his neck when he heard Skinner’s voice call out to him, “Mulder, I want to see you in my office now.”

Jesus Christ this was a hell of a day and he still had no idea what was going on.

He walked back down the hall into Skinner’s waiting room, ignoring Arlene’s prying gaze. As he was about to enter Skinner’s office, he almost ran right into the man coming out. He stopped and took in the man’s appearance. He recognized Agent Thomas, but he had an already forming black eye and a wicked nosebleed, it honestly might be broken from the look of it.

Did Scully do this? Scully wasn’t the type to lash out at people, so Mulder started thinking of all the reasons she might have done this. Every possible scenario resulted in this man hurting her in some way and her lashing out in self-defense. Scully was as non-violent as they came, she was only violent under stress. Mulder’s blood started to boil at the thought. He took a step forward, invading Thomas’ personal space to growl in a low voice, “What did you do to her?”

“I didn’t do anything to that bitch! Look at my face,” he yelled. I swear to god, the next person to call her a bitch is getting hit.
“You probably deserved it,” Mulder replied.

“Is everyone in this building on an adrenaline rush today? Agent Thomas, get the hell out. Agent Mulder, come in and shut the door.” Skinner’s voice barked out from in the room.

The men exchanged glares, but did as asked. When the door shut, Mulder stalked over to Skinner’s desk and plopped into a chair. “Can you tell me what the hell’s going on?”

He noticed in this moment just how stressed out Skinner was. He let out a slow breath and ran his hands down his face, as if trying to wipe the exhaustion off. “Before you start, I just want you to know I didn’t want to do this, but there’s irrefutable evidence and it would look like favoritism if I didn’t follow through.” Mulder already didn’t like where this was going and beckoned for him to continue. “Agent Scully’s been suspended for two days as a disciplinary punishment.”

Mulder felt his jaw drop to the floor. Scully, Miss by-the-book, suspended? “W-was it because she apparently punched that guy? Knowing Scully, he would have had it coming,” he proclaimed in shock.

“He did deserve it, but it doesn’t change the fact that Scully punched a non-threatening, fellow agent,” Skinner replied. Mulder could tell Skinner was not enjoying this at all. He’s always had a soft spot for her which is why Mulder was so confused by all this.

“Non-threatening? Why, because he said so and Scully didn’t have any battle wounds? His face is your irrefutable evidence? You know as well as I do, Scully hides any weakness. What if that guy was harassing her? He’s twice her size, what if he was pinning her or cornering her against a wall? She’s a female in a male dominated field, she wouldn’t want that to get out. People would jus-” he was going to continue but Skinner started waving her hands.

“Mulder, I appreciate this and agree with you, but that’s not my evidence. We have her attacking him on tape. He was standing two feet away from her,” Skinner sighed.

“That still doesn’t mean anything. He could have been threatening her.”

“There’s audio to the footage. He wasn’t threatening her.” Skinner was clearly uncomfortable with where the conversation was headed, and Mulder’s confusion was just continuing to grow.

“Well then, what was so bad that she lashed out. You know, Scully’s not like that. It had to have been bad.” He watched Skinner roll his chair to adjust the VCR.

“That’s actually why I called you in,” he said over his shoulder. “I would have just called to tell you if I just suspended her. It’s not my place to explain agent’s disciplinary punishments to their partners, regardless of how close they are,” The last part was said with the same suggestive intonation that their partnership always seemed to warrant. “This situation just so happened to involve you, and I know you’d find out eventually.” Skinner pressed play before Mulder could ask any more questions and Mulder’s eyes were drawn to the black and white security footage.

The footage was from a second floor hallway, where Scully’s actual, completely ignored, office was. She mentioned yesterday evening that she had a pencil sharpener in there that she could bring down since he broke theirs. She was getting out her keys when a voice called out, “Hey, Mrs. Spooky!” Even from the footage, Scully’s eye roll was visible as she turned to look at Agent Thomas, who was walking down the hall with a bunch of other agents, some of which were the loiterers from before.

“Agent Scully or Doctor Scully, those are your two options, Agent Thomas,” she snapped. God, he was happy she never used that tone on him.
“Sorry, I didn’t mean to offend. So, why do we get the honor of your presence this morning? Did Mulder let you off your leash?” Mulder felt the veins in his forehead pop out a bit from the man’s condescending tone.

“Excuse me?” she seethed, forgetting about unlocking her door to fully engage with him.

“Oh come on, you both are attached at the hip, and I’m sure more places than that,” he laughed crudely, amusing all but one of the people around him.

“We’re partners, and I don’t appreciate your lewdness.” Her lips were pursed and her eyes were narrowed, Mulder knew that was a bad sign, but apparently the men on the tape were too stupid to pick up on the signal.

“That’s a lot of dedication between partners, if ya know what I mean,” he egged on.

“No, I’m afraid I don’t know what you mean.”

“I lost my puppy when I was twelve, I think maybe Chupacabra ate him. Do you wanna waste your life trying to help me track him down?” Mulder’s stomach plummeted at the implications of the man’s words. He didn’t know if it was a coincidence, or if he was referencing Samantha. He saw Skinner shift in his seat and glance at Mulder as Scully had the same thought.

“I’m not going to talk to you if you’re going to be disrespectful, to me or Agent Mulder,” Scully threatened. On the video, you could clearly see Scully clenching her fists at her sides. Being the man wasn’t hit yet, he knew it must get worse.

“I’m just concerned for your safety, you’re just such a pretty little thing,” he defended with mock sincerity as his eyes roamed her body.

“I don’t need your concern.” In all seven years of working with Scully, she had never sounded so done with him as she did to Agent Thomas right now.

“I wouldn’t be so sure. He only kept his sister safe for what, eight years? You’re going to be approaching that soon won’t you? After all, how many months in total do you think you’ve been missing since st—” Scully just took a few steps forward and, naive to her ferocity, the men didn’t perceive her as a threat. Not even when she cocked her fist back and punched him hard in the face. Mulder didn’t need to question if his nose was broken anymore, the crack was audible on the tape.

It didn’t stop there, Scully angled her head up as he held a hand to his nose and she growled, “If I ever hear you mention his sister, or if I ever hear you talk about him like that again, you will regret it.” Never in his entire life had Mulder seen Scully as feral as in this clip. While he was embarrassed at the man’s words, he was overwhelmed by her fierce demonstration of loyalty.

“You fucking bitch,” the man cried. He let go of his nose for one second to strike her across the collarbone, the impact sending her body crashing into the wall. Mulder’s blood was racing at the sight, afraid of how far this was going to go, but the footage showed passerbys intervening immediately.

Skinner stopped the tape and swiveled his chair back to Mulder, anticipating a loud reaction. “Sir, he was obviously badgering her!”

“It bothers me, Mulder. Don’t think it doesn’t, but I can’t let her off simply because I like her. I could get in serious trouble. Look, he was being antagonizing, but she was the one who instigated violence, she also threatened him, and caused real physical damage. He wanted something worse, but I reamed him out and she got off with two days suspension with pay. I’m going to keep it off her
record, it’s more for show. In actuality, it’s just a forced vacation in disguise,” Skinner explained.

Mulder nodded, accepting what was being said even if it still bothered him. “What about him? He shoved her against the wall.”

“Three days without pay and I told him he’d be severely reprimanded if he continued to speak derogatorily about his peers. Apparently, a few of them were messing around with the I.T. guys and were going through agent files, yours was one of the ones opened. That’s why he knew—that’s why he was so detailed. I just didn’t want you to think-” he started rambling. Mulder had always respected Skinner, but this was just solidifying it. He always had their backs and he was always looking out for them.

Mulder interrupted him as he struggled to find footing on sensitive ground. “Thank you, sir. I really appreciate all you did.”

Skinner nodded at his words, replying softly, “Don’t mention it.” He snapped back into his professional persona as quickly as he had fallen out of it, speaking back at a loud volume, “I’m serious, don’t mention it. This day was a headache to say the least. The sooner I can forget it, the better.”

Mulder smiled appreciatively and got up from his chair. As his hand reached the knob he turned back around, “Sir?” Skinner looked up in acknowledgement, “How did Scully take all this?” The memory of her apologizing and dismissing him came back, and his worry along with it.

“She seemed upset. Not at the punishment, that she accepted like the professional she is. I honestly think she was upset that this was being made such a big deal and that there wouldn’t be a way to hide it from you.” Skinner replied as he sorted through files on his desk.

Mulder nodded and left the room without another word. Initially he assumed it was because Scully was embarrassed she lost her temper, but it quickly dawned on him that she was probably upset that he’d end up hearing and believing Agent Thomas’ words.

*Speak of the devil.*

As Mulder left the office area, he ran into the man in question. “Then out of nowhere, the bitch went hysterical-” Mulder didn’t hear the rest. He didn’t need to. He closed the distance between them, extending his hand back at the same time before landing a solid punch to Agent Thomas’ face, landing on, what used to be, his good side. *He wasn’t lying about punching the next person to call her a bitch.*

Instead of the loud jeers and aggression he was expecting, everyone was dead silent, except for the resonance of the impact and the dips of blood falling on the floor. The stillness made Skinner’s voice behind him all the more alarming. “Agent Mulder, my office now.”

He followed behind without any regrets dampening his stride, the sounds of disgruntled men not nearly as loud as his powerful footsteps hitting the linoleum. He closed the door he had opened not only two minutes ago and attempted a joke, “Well, I didn’t mention it, per se.”

Skinner looked at him, slight amusement hiding behind the mask of authority. “Two days suspension, with pay, but don’t think you both can go around punching people and get a vacation out of it. This is a one time situation, you picked the right person to punch and you needed the vacation time anyway. Honestly you cleared up my schedule this week, I was going to have to meet with you both about your expiring vacation time and I needed to reprimand him for his behavior.” Mulder just stood in shock at the light slap on the wrist he just got which prompted Skinner to
continue. “Enjoy yourself, both of you deserve to have time off. Do whatever it is that you guys do together and come back with the boxing gloves off.”

When Skinner mentioned them spending time together, he had that same suggestive tone in his voice everyone got when they mentioned Scully and his relationship; prompting a reaction to a question with an unsatisfying answer. Mulder chose to pretend like he didn’t hear it, and just appreciated the man’s kindness. “Thank you, seriously.”

Skinner half smirked at him before muttering, “Get out of here. I mean it this time, I don’t wanna see you for the next two days.”

Taking his advice, Mulder left, grabbed some files out of the office, and drive home. It took him longer than normal though because he was constantly debating on whether or not to go to Scully’s. He assumed she was probably there, but with every idea he had that prompted him to go, there was another that directed him back home. He was afraid that she was upset she, yet again, put her career on the line for him, but he knew she’d tell him she was responsible for her own choices and not to think about it like that. He was worried she was mad at herself and would be mad at him by association, she was rarely mad at him so it made him uncomfortable when she was. He didn’t know what to do, so he just pulled up to his apartment after driving in the rain for a few hours.

He decided he’d give her a few more hours of peace before calling her, so he went to the bathroom, changed into a t-shirt and running shorts, and sat down on the couch to watch some TV. The bright red lights below it flashed 5:45pm, about the time he got home on a normal work day, he noted with slight dejection. This two day suspension really took away from the only time he actually got to spend with Scully.

As soon as he reached for the remote, a hurried knock rapt on his door. He stood up and walked over, only to see a tuft of red peeking through the peephole. He opened the door and was met with a soaking wet Scully in her exercise clothes. She looked as surprised to see him as he must have to her. “Oh, I didn’t know if you’d be home yet.”

He quickly ushered her inside and ran to the bathroom to get towels while calling out to her, “Scully, you’re drenched, did you walk here?”

He bounded down the hallway to see her still standing where he left her, looking like a drowned rat, a cute drowned rat, but a drowned rat nonetheless. There was a small puddle growing around her feet and droplets were falling from the ends of her hair. “No, I was going for a run to clear my mind and I wanted to swing by.” She didn’t say anything as he unfolded the towel and wrapped it around her, engulfing her in the worn terrycloth. He rubbed down her arms and her hair through the towel as she just stood there. Her face was set in determination and Mulder was curious what she was stewing about.

“What were you trying to clear it of?” he asked, as he moved to the kitchen to make them some coffee, happy when he heard her feet padding behind him.

“Did Skinner tell you why I wasn’t at the office today?” she asked.

“Yeah, he showed me,” he replied, letting the coffee maker brew behind him.

She put her head in her hands before looking back up at him with a flustered, contrite expression, one he’d never seen her wear before, “Mulder, I am so sorry.”

He exhaled a laugh with no humor behind it and asked, “W-why? Scully, you have no reason to-”
“Yes, Mulder I do. I feel like I embarrassed you,” she interrupted. Her voice quivered a little bit and he realized she was genuinely upset by this.

“I don’t understand how you could even think that,” he reassured, moving a bit closer to her.

“I shouldn’t have reacted that way. Now everyone’s talking about it and I know you’re private as far as that information is concerned and now I’m afraid I’ve caused you more harm than good. I just got so angry when I heard them talking about you like that, about stuff they know nothing about. I just spend so much time with you that it irritates me to hear people question how great of an agent you are, and—” he cut her off by cupping her face in his hands and making her take a second to look at him and breathe.

When he could tell she was focused on him, he spoke slowly, “Scully, what you did for me today was one of the nicest things anyone has ever done for me. I’m not being hyperbolic either. No one has ever stood up for me like that. Please don’t beat yourself up over something that meant the world to me,” he implored.

She smiled lightly, seeming to accept his words as she looked away, darting her eyes to the coffee that was ready as a way to break the air of pleasant tension they always seemed to unintentionally create and avoid with much-too practiced ease. He took the queue and let her go, moving to pour their cups. It dawned on him that he hadn’t yet told her about his suspension, and he decided he might as well confess along with her. “It’s actually funny, I was thinking of calling you to apologize because I was afraid I had embarrassed you,” he laughed as he passed the mug to her.

“Why?” she repeated with her eyebrow cocked.

“I took a note from your book on how to handle those that talk ill of my partner.”

She paused a moment, just staring at him and deciphering his meaning. He didn’t miss the upward quirk of her lip before she asked, “Who did you hit?”

“Agent Thomas,” he replied as she took a drink from her mug.

Her eyes widened and she let out a surprised laugh, “Agent Thomas? What did he say now?”

“I think he was retelling the story of what you did.”

She blushed a bit at the reminder of her actions, but didn’t reveal anything beyond that. “You think?”

He chuckled shyly as he watched her rub the towel over her head again to try and dry her hair more. “Well, I didn’t really hear anything beyond him calling you a bitch.”

An incredulous laugh escaped her lip as she exclaimed, “You hit him just because he called me a bitch?”

“Of course I did,” he shrugged.

“Mulder, if you punched everyone at that building who’s called me a bitch, your fist would break,” she explained with slight self-deprecation.

“I know a good doctor,” he quipped with a wink, pleased with the smile it elicited.

She rolled her eyes playfully and moved to sit down on the couch, placing her towel under her. He followed her and sat next to her, taking in her damp form. As of late, she’d hung out over at his place
more than just occasionally. He now got to see her in more than just business casual clothes or a rare pyjama, he finally was getting to see what leisure-Scully looked like. However, this was the first time he’d ever seen something like this. She obviously had been going on a run and was wearing her exercise clothes which consisted of running tights and a tight tank top. He didn’t mean to stare, but from the two pebbles on her chest, she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her face was slightly flushed from her excursion and the remaining wetness of her hair would drip onto her skin and trail down until they disappeared into the valley of her chest. She looked gorgeous.

He was happy that she could just come into his apartment nowadays and act like she was at home. She even kept some food at his place for when they had movie marathons because she claimed he ate ‘nothing but junk.’ They sat in comfortable silence for a few moments before she set down her mug to softly say, “Thank you, Mulder. I really appreciate you defending me. It’s-sweet, and I’ve never really had someone do that for me before.”

Mulder looked over at her and noticed she looked almost shy. They were so close on the couch that he was able to nudge her with his elbow to make her look at him. “I’m the one who should be thanking you. Defending my honor and my sister in the middle of the Hoover Building, punching a man twice your size, and then threatening him. Gotta say, it was as moving as it was hot.” He mentally slapped himself for not being able to have a serious moment without throwing in a flippant comment or joke, but she smiled at him and then it didn’t matter anymore

“What can I say? I guess I’m a little territorial,” she laughed. He loved the idea that she was as territorial and protective of him as he was her. He took a chance and wrapped an arm around her, pulling her in a side hug and pressing a kiss to her temple. He pulled his head back and turned it, only to feel her press a kiss to his cheek.

He turned to look at her and saw nervous excitement and anxiety in her eyes. Neither of them had really pulled back and, looking face to face, they were only a few inches apart. His arm was still around her and their sides were flush. Her eyes kept boring into his, as if silently asking if this was going to be the night they went farther as he sat there thinking the same thing. He caught her eyes flitting down to his lips, and she unconsciously licked her bottom lip. His heart was hammering in his chest, but he figured it was inevitable at this point.

He leaned closer, gaining confidence when he felt her moving closer to him as well, and he pressed his mouth to hers. The sensations of actually having Scully kiss him were indescribable. He always knew it would be great, but he should have suspected Scully would be as efficient at this as she was in every other aspect of her life. To say she was a good kisser didn’t do it justice. Scully bared her soul with her lips. She was so passionate and loving. Her lips were tender and soft under his own. Their tongues ran over each others like two friends meeting up after years apart. One hand entangled in her wet hair and the other wrapped around her waist in an attempt to pull her closer to him. Scully, as always, helped him more than he could have hoped for, and she swung one leg over him so she was straddling him.

In his wildest dreams, he never would have expected to have Scully sitting on his lap straddling him. He also never would have anticipated the subtle way she knew how to kill him with a movement of her hips. God, there's nothing this woman couldn’t do. He ran his hands up her back and he couldn’t help but smile, inevitably breaking the kiss. “What?” she panted through kiss-swollen lips. Her dilated eyes looking at him with curiosity.

“You’re still soaking wet,” he panted back, moving his hands to her hips and doing an appreciative sweep of her torso with his eyes.

Then Scully shocked him for what felt like the fiftieth time today. A seductive smile graced her lips
and she purred, “You have no idea,” and leaned her crotch so it was flush on his erection. He groaned as his head lolled back in pleasure. He could feel how hot she was through her pants and it was painfully arousing.

She utilized the moment to reach down to grab the hem of his shirt, humorously imprinted with the wet silhouette of her body, yanking it over his head. He quickly helped her, discarding the shirt to someplace that didn’t matter to him at this moment because all he could focus on was Scully ripping off her own shirt. Her areolas were a beautiful pink color and her nipples were standing at attention, like he had noticed earlier. She was still looking at him from her perch with wanton desire, but shy insecurity was threatening to peak through.

He quickly dispelled her worries by telling her the same sentence that ran through his mind and dreams on a daily basis, “You are so breathtakingly beautiful.” She smiled, revealing more pearly white teeth than he could ever remember seeing before, and he almost felt bad that he immediately covered it with a kiss, he just couldn’t help it.

The sensation of her bare breasts and torso against his own made his skin feel like it was on fire. He moved his lips off hers and kissed a trail down her neck, then her breastbone before lavishing her breasts with affection. He flicked his tongue back and forth across the nipples, eliciting small gasps and little moans from her. After intermittently doing this for a few minutes, she was squirming on his lap and had to pull him away. She got up and, much to his delirious happiness, removed her pants, underwear, and socks in one swift movement.

Dana Scully is standing naked in front of me, Dana Scully is standing naked in front of me, Dana Scully is standing naked in front of me.

He felt like his brain had short circuited, only vaguely paying attention to the fact he was disrobing his running shorts so he could match her. When his shorts were off he noticed her hungry eyes devouring every inch of his body, appreciation all over her features. It sent another shot of arousal straight through him. Even through the haze of lust, his crippling self-doubt still nagged at the back of his mind, forcing him to ask, “Scully, I just want to make sure you’re okay with this. I don’t want you to regret this.”

It must not have come out as confident as he wanted, because a comforting smile lifted one side of her lips and she stepped closer to him, cradling his jaw with her hands. “Mulder, I’m more than okay. I think you know how long we’ve been waiting for this.” He smiled at her words and she pushed him down on the same couch they had spent so many nights yearning for each other on.

She straddled him once more and the scent of her arousal wafted to him and he swore he could get drunk from the smell. He watched her as she took the utmost care and dedication to lining them up, her lashes fluttering against her cheeks as she looked down to guide him. His breath was taken away as her piercing blue eyes flitted to his as she eased herself down his shaft.

Her mouth opened as she gasped lightly. His fists were clutching the leather of the sofa, resisting the urge to plunge deep inside her. He wanted her to get accustomed to his girth and length without hurting her. After a moment, they were completely joined and he was hilt deep. She kissed him on the mouth sweetly for such an erotic moment, and they savored this moment that would be a landmark in their relationship; they were finally joined as one.

She put her hands on his shoulders and started rocking against him strongly, her breasts bouncing in his face, much to his added pleasure. She felt exquisite. She was clutching onto him with a tight grip and she was lewdly wet. He couldn’t help but feel a surge of pride knowing that he was the cause of it. Scully oozed sexuality and wore it like a second skin, watching her was more arousing than anything he’d ever seen before. Sweat was starting to bead at her hairline and her face was flushed
while contorted into pure pleasure.

His hands gripped her waist to help her momentum as he thrust into her. When he slid a little on the couch she gasped and in a strangled voice whispered, “Ah, right there, right there.” He continued with a purpose and enjoyed hearing her moans become a bit more constant. He moved one hand to where they joined and circled her throbbing clit. She started thrusting herself down on him harder and harder as she started chasing her orgasm. After a particularly hard thrust, she gasped and threw her head back, screaming his name in ecstasy. He watched as she spasmed against him and he kept flicking his finger back and forth until a shaky hand reached down to grab his wrist. She was smiling at him and placed a wet kiss to his mouth before she giggled into it.

He moved her so that her back was on the couch and he was over her, resuming their previous actions. Thank god for women’s non-existent refractory period because Scully was meeting him with equal vigor, wrapping her arms around him, fingernails scraping on his back.

“I’ve wanted you for so long, Scully,” he grunted, barely coherent through the pleasure.

“I’m yours,” she moaned. Her words went straight to his cock and with each thrust he couldn’t help but chant mine, she’s mine, Scully wants me. He felt his balls tighten, but he wanted to get her off again before he did. He leaned up so he was sitting on his calves, reclined back, and he grabbed the undersides of her thighs and dragged her on top of him, raising her hips and hitting her at a perfect angle.

Her head burrowed into the couch and her hands raised to the arm of the couch to desperately cling on. He gyrated a bit to brush more against her clit and it was a success, her back arched and she cried his name like god’s once more. The visual of her and the sound of her voice send him into an overdrive, and with a few more thrusts, he was cumming deep inside her pulsating walls.

Without slipping out of her, he switched them so that he was laying on his back and she was laying on top of him. They were both breathing heavily and she was idly playing with his chest hair, occasionally kissing his chest. “That was incredible,” she sighed in contentment. After a moment she pivoted so her chin was resting on his chest and asked, “Did you get suspended too?” He nodded and she laid back down smiling.

“No, we have two whole days for repeat performances, just like Skinner implied to me as I left,” he joked.

She laughed for a second before realizing the last part, “Wait, Skinner said what?”

Hope you guys liked it! I’ve been getting such beautiful reviews from people lately and I just want to let you know how much I’ve appreciated everyone who has taken time to read this story. Words cannot express my gratitude. -Nicole (Twitter/Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Zest

Chapter Summary

Scully gets injured, and a guilty Mulder is more than willing to help her recover and make her as comfortable as possible.

Author’s Notes: WOW, the final Scully POV chapter. This series has been so much fun to write and I’ve met so many fantastic people through it. Thank you so much for your words of encouragement and support. I feel (hope) that I’ve become a better writer through these series, and I am so happy people responded so well to my little drabblings. Once more, I hope you enjoy!

Zest: (noun) great enthusiasm and energy.

She didn’t know how many times she had to tell Mulder she forgave him and reassure him she knew it was an accident. “Scully, I am so, so sorry,” his voice lamented, breaking her out of her train of thought. Apparently, the answer was a thousand times too many.

They’d been chasing what Mulder insisted was a phantom, and what authorities later told them was a punk-ass teenager in a costume. Regardless, in the moment, Mulder and her had been bounding up the stairs of an obnoxiously large mansion. The staircase probably consisted of thirty to forty stairs and they were a little too steep to be comfortable. Mulder was running up them with reckless abandon in front of her, shouts of “Come on, Scully. Get those little legs moving,” egging her on. When they were almost at the top, Mulder’s foot caught on the step and he fell forward onto the lip of a step. He reached out his hands and caught himself easily. She, however, was not that lucky.

Having been running directly behind him as fast as she could. She didn’t notice his slip up, so she immediately collided with him and the impact sent her flying backwards. Her foot fell off the step and she had that sensation of her gut bottoming out in dread. Her arms flew out to grab onto something, which ended up being her downfall. Her right arm was at such an awkward angle when her body first came in contact with the step that the force snapped it, the ‘crack’ creating a grotesque harmony with her scream. Her arm hurt so bad that attempting to catch herself became futile, she just continued tumbling down the stairs, vaguely hearing Mulder shout her name. At one point she remembered hitting the back of her head on the edge of a step, but she forgot what happened after that.

The next thing she remembered was Mulder hovering over her, looking absolutely panicked. “Scully, Scully, are you with me?” He was cupping her cheek with one hand and brushing her hair back with the other, his eyes almost constantly magnetized to her arm. Which, now that attention was drawn to it, hurt like hell. She let out a little whimper of pain that seemed to both relieve and worry him simultaneously. “Scully, I am so sorry. I didn’t know you were that close behind me,” his voice was laced with grief and his face was contorted in sorrow.

“I-ss no-yr faul,” she slurred. She meant to say ‘it's not your fault’, but if she had to guess, and if the pain at the back of her skull was any indication, she had a concussion.

Mulder’s eyes widened and he looked, if possible, even more concerned than he had just been.
“Scully?”

“I ‘it mm-my ‘ead,” she tried to lift her right arm to gesture to it, but the pain was too sharp, making her cry out. It was so bad that tears started to brim in her eyes despite her effort to hold them at bay.

“I’m sorry, Scully. We have to get you to the hospital. Can you stand, are your legs okay?” He asked.

She eased herself up after wiggling her toes and the fingers she could, testing mobility. The world seemed to rush around her a little bit, but she was able to get on her feet, relying heavily on Mulder for support. It was when she tried to take a step that her success was short lived. When one foot went up, her whole body came crashing down. Or, it would have, had Mulder not taken the initiative to swoop her into his arms bridal-style. “I got you, Scully. I got you, I’m going to take you somewhere safe, okay?”

She nodded and leaned against the hollow of his neck. He was walking with absolute care and caution, trying his best to jostle her as minimally as was possible. He was able to get her into the car and to the hospital with the least amount of discomfort possible. The whole time, Mulder kept repeating that he was sorry and was constantly fussing over things he could do to make her feel better; adjusting her seat, fixing the temperature, rolling down the window, but the only thing he ended up truly having to do was pull over so she could throw up on the side of the road. He stood behind her and held her hair back as he rubbed circles into her back with words of comfort.

When they got to the hospital her suspicions were confirmed; she had a concussion and a fractured shoulder, but aside from some other bumps and bruises, she was fine. They were there for about an hour, getting all the odds and ends covered, and, after a while, her speech stopped being slurred, she wasn’t vomiting anymore, and she was more steady. After her arm was examined and placed in a sling, the doctor left for a moment to get her some medicine to ease the pain. She turned over to look at Mulder, who had been sitting quietly in a chair by the wall this whole time.

If there was one thing years of partnership had taught her, it was how to spot a sulking Mulder. “Mulder,” she sang, prompting him to look at her. “Is everything okay?”

He chuckled, with no humor behind it, “You shouldn’t be asking me that. Scully, I almost killed you.”

She laughed at the absurdity of his statement, “Mulder, don’t be ridiculous, you didn’t do anything to me.”

He looked at her like she had grown a second head, “Scully, I made you fall down the stairs and you broke your arm and have a severe concussion.”

“No, Mulder. I was running too close to you and I bumped into you, who had also tripped. Also, no, I fractured my shoulder and I got a mild concussion. I’ll be fine,” she reiterated.

He didn’t look comforted and just sighed, running a hand through his hair. He let his hand fall back into his lap with a thud and he looked directly at her, “You could have easily snapped your neck, you could have hit your head so hard that the impact alone killed you,” His voice got choked at the end and he looked down in his lap. Even from here, Scully could see he was getting emotional.

“Hey, hey, hey,” she rushed, slipping off the exam table so she could stand by him. She wrapped her good arm around him, pulling his head flush against her abdomen, and his arms snaked around her to pull her closer.
“I’m sorry,” he mumbled into her blouse. She could feel a little dampness on her belly, and she knew he was crying. Even though it didn’t turn out to be that bad of an accident, she knew Mulder was beating himself up. He did everything in his power everyday to keep her healthy and safe, knowing that he inadvertently hurt her was probably killing him. If she reversed the situation, she understood. He was the most important person in the world to her, she remembered the lingering guilt she had every time he would grimace after she shot him, and he was right, this fall really could have killed her. She was lucky.

She kissed the top of his head and whispered, “The only thing hurting me right now is knowing you blame yourself. Can’t we both just recognize this was an accident and count our blessings?”

She didn’t get an answer because the doctor came back, giving her a small bottle of pain pills and admittance papers. “Um, what are these for?” she asked, holding the clipboard up.

“Dr. Scully, you have a concussion. I know I don’t have to tell you how closely monitored that needs to be.”

“I know, I know, get plenty of rest and be checked on every hour or two through the night. I understand. I’ll set an alarm, check myself, and I’ll be fine,” she rambled. She knew she fit the stereotype that doctors made the worst patients, but she just wanted to go back to their motel.

“But Dr. Scully, if you’re not okay, you won’t wake up. I’m sorry, I really must insist-”

“I’ll do it,” Mulder exclaimed from his chair, causing both Doctors in the room to turn to him. “I’ll set an alarm and check on her all night, it’s the least I can do.”

She didn’t know if it was Mulder’s zest or her attitude, but the Doctor sighed and relented. The doctor instructed Mulder to wake her up every hour and a half, check her pupils for dilation and get a coherent sentence out of her. Mulder regarded the information studiously, and shortly thereafter, they were released.

Scully thanked Mulder for helping her out and they drove back to the motel in companionable silence. She didn’t know if it was exhaustion or if he was still pouting, but he looked a bit dejected. She held his hand, which was resting in the middle console, and squeezed it in reassurance. He looked over at her and gave her a sweet smile, seemingly happier. She didn’t move her hand for the rest of the ride.

Eventually, they got back and Mulder helped Scully into her room. Even though she was a little tired, she was excited to wash off the stress of the day in a nice hot shower. However, when she voiced this, she was met with unexpected resistance.

“Scully, are you sure that’s the best idea?” he asked, not wanting to irritate her, but wanting to voice his concern.

“I feel gross, I just really need this. It won’t be long,” she explained, turning on the bathroom light before returning to the bed.

“Do you need any help?” his tone lacked the suggestiveness the words implied. She felt herself getting a little unnecessarily flustered and she had to think about this rationally.

“Could you turn around and if I do need any help I’ll ask?” she offered. He turned around with an eager nod and she started her attempt to disrobe. Her jacket was already off from the hospital visit and she moved her left hand to the top of her shirt, trying to undo the buttons. Trying being the operative word. It seemed easy in theory, but in practice, her left hand didn’t have the same muscle
memory, the buttons were small, and the task was hard with just one hand.

She let out a frustrated sigh and saw Mulder instinctively move to turn around before stopping himself. “Okay, I do need your help, I’m sorry.”

“Scully, don’t be sorry,” he lamented, moving towards her. “I’ll do whatever you need.”

“I can’t undo these buttons, I think that’s all I need,” she explained. All the sudden she was having a harder time looking at him and she knew a light blush was tainting her cheeks, but she still kept her professional demeanor as much as she could with this exceeding vulnerability.

“No problem,” he reassured. He started with the top button and she could see he was being shy. He looked like he wanted to keep his eyes on the task, but was nervous it would look like his gaze was leering at her, especially when his eyes widened on the button that revealed she wasn’t wearing anything but her nude bra under her button up. The awkward nervous tension was also heightened by the fact that, for once, Mulder was silent. She could imagine all the innuendos and flirtations that would be thrown her way under normal circumstances, but he was being reserved since he felt so guilty.

He was lightly pulling the shirt way so that his fingers wouldn’t accidentally graze her bare skin. The amount of dedication to making her feel comfortable, though unnecessary, was absolutely endearing. Once he got to the bottom of her shirt. He unclipped her sling temporarily and helped her slide out of her shirt. “Are you going to wear the sling?” he asked.

“No, I’m going to wrap my arm in plastic and use some stretchy gauze around my neck,” she informed. He nodded and threw the sling with her shirt and moved to turn around again. “Wait-,” she said, stopping him. “My pants.”

He swallowed and nodded again, continuing to be uncharacteristically silent. He moved back in front of her and moved his hands to her waist, sliding part of the belt out of the pant loops so he could unbuckle it, sliding it all the way off when it was free. Then he popped the button out of her pants and slid her zipper down.

Now she was acting just as flustered as he was, trying to keep her breathing under control as she tried to find something in the room to focus on instead of the man undressing her. There was no way to avoid the touching here. He looped his thumbs under the waistband of her pants and helped them fall down her legs, keeping the waist open so she could step out of them. Now she was just in her bra and underwear, and Mulder was completely avoiding looking at her. She would have been a little offended in his seeming disinterest if it wasn’t for the slight tent she could see in his pants reassuring her otherwise.

“Thank you, Mulder. I’ve got it from here. I’ll be quick.”

“Take your time. Be safe, I’ll be out here. Holler if you need anything,” he replied in a slightly strained voice.

She grabbed her plastic, gauze, and towel and slid into the bathroom. While in there, she unclasped her bra, struggling slightly, eased out of her panties, and fixed up her arm with the utmost care before stepping in the small shower. She turned on the spray and was relieved when it came out hot without needing to warm up. She sighed and let the warm water hit her aching body.

Scully leaned down and awkwardly got a dollop of shampoo into her hand, leaving the bottle uncapped. She reached up and started massaging the liquid into a lather on her head. It was all going good, but then some of the foam eased down her face and got into her eyes. She cursed silently and
moved to turn around so she could rinse out her eyes. However, her foot landed on some spilled shampoo and, yet again, Scully found herself losing the fight against gravity.

She screamed out, “Fuck,” as she slipped and landed on her ass, miraculously keeping her damaged arm safe. The other arm had darted out and grabbed the shower curtain in an attempt to stabilize her, sending the bar crashing down into the shower with her. All the while, she was still blind from the shampoo.

She was too busy trying to recover to hear Mulder barge in until she heard his voice reverberate in the room as he turned off the water. “Oh my god, Scully are you okay?”

Her eyes were still shut as she wrapped the shower curtain around her naked chest. “I got shampoo in my eyes and then I slipped,” she whined.

“Can I help you up?” he asked.

“Please,” she sighed, holding out her left arm. He grabbed her arm and wrapped one of his own around her back, helping her up to sit on the ledge, her legs still in the tub. “Can you hand me a towel?” Within a second of asking, she felt a cloth being placed in her outstretched hand. She brought it to her face and wiped the offending suds out of her eyes before handing it back.

The first thing she saw when she opened her eyes was the transparent shower curtain she had forgotten about, doing absolutely nothing to help her modesty. The second thing she saw was Mulder doing his best impression of a tomato. “Are you okay though?” he asked again, not looking at her.

“Yeah, just a bruised ego,” she sighed. She stood up, being he wasn’t looking. When she was up, she used her slinged arm to cover her breasts and used her free hand to keep her little tuft of red hair out of his view. “Um, Mulder, could you do me a favor and put the rod back up?”

Now he did look at her, one fleeting glance to her body before staring at her face with a look of incredulous shock. “Scully, you’re really going to try again? You were in here for less than a minute before falling. You have a concussion, you’re not steady right now.”

“Mulder, I have shampoo in my hair and I need to finish. I haven’t been able to take a shower in three days because we were chasing ghosts,” she sighed in frustration.

She regretted the last comment a bit when his face took on an expression of guilt for the thousandth time tonight. “I’m sorry,” he replied, even though he’d said it more times than she could count, it never lost its sincerity. She knew Mulder was still blaming himself for everything that had happened to her in the last few hours.

“Mulder, I don’t know how many times I have to tell you, It wasn’t your fault. I just want to take a shower and lay down,” she explained.

“Scully, I’m not going to lie. I’m worried you’re just going to fall again. You don’t need anymore injuries,” he joked, but his words were serious. She stopped for a second and really took in his disheveled appearance. To be honest, he looked like shit.

“Mulder, when was the last time you took a shower?” she asked.

“About four days ago-” he answered, his entire being freezing in shock at the implications of her question. He stood with his mouth slightly open, looking like a deer in headlights, not making another move until he was sure he was understanding her correctly.
“It would kill two birds with one stone,” she mumbled, trying to get over her own embarrassment for the sake of practicality. “I mean, we’re adults. We’ve seen each other naked before, and you’d stop me from injuring myself further,” she shrugged nonchalantly, as if she wasn’t trying to convince her partner of seven years to share a shower with her.

“I don’t want to make you uncomfortable,” was all he said, she couldn’t fully decipher his emotions right now, that stupidly adorable deer in headlights look still masking his face.

“Mulder, I’m the one who suggested it. I wouldn’t ask if I was uncomfortable,” she laughed. She got serious again and added, “I mean, but I also don’t want to make you uncomfortable, so if you’d rather not I-”

“No, no, I’m fine. I just wanted to make sure,” he stammered, moving to put the shower curtain and rod back up.

“Good, good,” she swallowed, nodding her head casually. Now they were separated by the shower curtain and she could see him whip off his shirt and toss it on the counter, doing the same with his pants. She realized she was gawking and glanced back at the shower. Curiosity only allowed that to happen for a moment before she was looking back, seeing he was already pulling the curtain back. “Are you wearing your boxers in the shower?” she asked.

“Um, yeah. Uh, I just-” he stumbled.

She realized he was doing it to keep a future erection from stabbing at her in the close quarters and to help ease any impending embarrassment. She laughed lightly and signaled for him to stop. “Ah, no it’s fine. I get it.”

He looked relieved that he didn’t have to say it out loud as he stepped in the shower behind her. He reached behind him and turned on the shower, the hot stream hitting them both once again. She was facing the wall, about to reach up to rinse out her hair, when Mulder beat her to it. She felt his fingers tentatively come up to her hair and he started massaging circles into her scalp, taking caution of the knot on her head, the suds running down her back. She couldn’t remember the last time someone else washed her hair for her, it had to have been years. God it feels good. She let her eyes close and she reclined her head, giving him full access.

He ran his hands over the length of hair for a minute, making sure to get everything out before he reached for the conditioner, running it through her hair with equal care. Once it was in, he reached down for the body wash, letting the conditioner sit for a moment. “Do you want me to wash your back while you get the rest?” he asked.

His voice pulled her out of her daze and she mumbled a soft, “Mhm.” She extended her left hand and he poured a generous amount of the Vanilla Honey body wash onto her hand. She heard him get some himself before shutting the lid and setting it back down. She put her hand on her chest and started rubbing it around as he worked on her back, being sensitive to her shoulder. She had to concentrate to avoid getting too distracted by Mulder’s hands.

He was giving her an impromptu back massage and it felt great. His hands felt erotic against her naked wet skin, as he moved down his fingers were curved around her sides as his thumbs kneaded her back. She felt her nipples poke against her forearm and she tried to shake off the arousal gripping her and she leaned down just a little to wash her thighs and, quickly, her crotch. She felt like an exhibitionist touching herself in front of Mulder, even if it wasn’t particularly sexual in nature. “It smells like you,” he commented absentmindedly.

“Thank you,” she responded breathily. His hands got to right above where her back ended and her
ass began when he removed them, washing them off before returning to her hair. He continued his ministrations to get the conditioner fully out. His nails scraped against her head, and she knew her body was breaking out in goosebumps, despite the heat of the water. Her scalp had always been an erogenous zone for her and, after he hit a particularly sensitive spot, she accidentally moaned in her mouth. She’d like to think he didn’t hear it over the roar of the water, but from the way he went over that spot again hoping for an encore, she hadn’t been that lucky.

After a moment of pure bliss, he got all the conditioner out and let her go, much to her chagrin. “Is there anything else you need help with?” he shouted loudly to be heard.

She turned around to face him, taking note of the way his eyes flicked downwards quickly, also noting when he saw hers do the same, and asked, “Could you wash my face?”

He looked surprised but nodded, reaching down and grabbing her blue Clean and Clear. He applied a liberal amount to his hands, rubbing them together before he shielded her from the spray of the water and started massaging her face. He’d touched her face plenty of times over the years, but this felt special. His entire focus was on her and his touch was nothing short of reverence.

She had stood there for a second just watching him admire her, but his gaze was too powerful and she decided to close her eyes and enjoy it instead. He moved like an expert, rubbing over her forehead, her t zone, her cheeks, her chin, but then he hesitated for a second. He cupped her face and traced the curve of her lip with the pads of his thumbs. The action caused her to peek open her eyes and she saw his gaze focused intently on her lips, she inadvertently parted them and her breath hit his thumbs. She felt him move and she shut her eyes before he caught her staring.

He must’ve grabbed a hand towel because she felt wet cloth touch her face, wiping away the skin cleanser off her face. She felt like she was being baptized by him and she knew a doofy smirk was tugging on her lips. She couldn’t help it, she was just so comfortable right now. She opened her eyes when the towel left her face and she saw him draping the fabric over the rod. “How do you feel?” he asked.

“Squeaky clean,” she replied honestly. Mulder smiled at her and turned off the water. He slid the curtain open and offered her his hand for support so she could get out. As soon as she was safely on the other side, she grabbed the towel she’d laid out and wrapped it around her, turning around to see Mulder still in the shower. “Are you coming?”

“Um actually, I thought I’d finish up in here while you get dressed and what not,” he answered. She was about to ask what he needed to finish up with, but one glance down to his raised boxers was answer enough. “Okay, sounds good,” she replied sweetly, not wanting to embarrass him. She was in the same boat, hers just wasn’t visible.

She left the bathroom and let out a big sigh. She just took a naked shower with Mulder. Jesus, if Dana Scully from seven years ago even thought of doing that, she’d die on the spot. This Dana Scully wanted to rush back in and join him again. She wandered over to her suitcase and pulled out her pyjamas; a large Radiohead t-shirt and a pair of underwear. While she normally may have been a little shy, this outfit was a habit compared to how he just saw her.

As she got out her clothes, she heard the unmistakable sound of his soaking boxers plopping to the floor followed by the sound of skin slapping skin. She wasn’t surprised, but it was still equal parts shocking and arousing. He was masturbating after seeing her naked. He was probably thinking about her. The thought brought a smile to her lips.

Scully removed the plastic and gauze of her makeshift sling. She was very, very cautious as she
eased her delicate arm on the whole of the short and maneuvered the rest of her body to follow. Next came the sling, followed by her underwear, which were a dark green, bikini cut, revealing half of her ass. The whole time she was changing, she could hear the sounds of muffled pants and wet friction. As she moved her suitcase off the bed, she heard a particularly loud slap and a poorly disguised cough. *That didn’t take long, he’d been close.*

The water shut off and she started brushing her hair. Looking at her bag, she realized she left her bra and underwear in the bathroom, and simultaneously remembered he didn’t have a change of clothes nor did she remember if he even had a towel in there. Wanting to be on the safe side, she jogged to his room, got out a pair of yellow boxers she’d seen him sleep in before, and ran back at the same time he called out her name.

“I got you some clothes,” she responded, walking through the adjoining door. When she saw him, he had a white towel draped loosely across his hips, revealing the top of his tantalizing pelvic muscles. She almost looked away when she realized, under the circumstances, that would be ridiculous.

“Thanks, I was worried when I didn’t see you,” he replied appreciatively, taking the clothes out of her hands.

“Thank you for all you’ve done for me tonight.” They smiled at each other and the shroud of sexual tension they usually had seemed exponentially thicker. Per usual, she was the first one to break it. “Um, so, I think I’m going to go to bed,” she laughed out of nerves.

“Oh, uh, me too. I’m going to set my alarm though. Every hour and a half, right?” He asked for clarification, even though she knew damn well he committed her medical advice to memory.

“Yes, thanks for doing that again.”

“I just want to make sure you’re okay,” he whispered sweetly.

She grinned and looked away, “I’ll see you at 1:30,” she quipped.

He winked and strutted back to his room, leaving the door cracked open like they’d been recently doing nowadays. She walked over to her bed, turned off the light, and collapsed onto the foamy mattress, succumbing to sleep almost instantaneously.

The next thing she knew, Mulder was running a finger over her cheek singing her name. “Scully-Scully-Bo-Bully-Banana-Fully-Fully-san-Fully-f-” she groaned to cut him off and he laughed at her disgruntled state. “Sorry, Doctors orders. I’m going to turn on the light, so watch your eyes.” From behind her eyelids, she saw the room brighten and she opened her eyes slowly, letting herself adjust. The first thing her eyes focused on was Mulder sitting on the bed next to her, his muscular chest illuminated like a granite statue in a museum. “I know my body can be distracting, but I need you to look at my eyes for just a sec, then feel free to return to your appreciation,” he teased with a wink.

She felt her face get hot and she looked into his eyes, noting the amusement in their depths. He continued to look at her for a while, long enough that she started to get concerned they might actually be dilated and the concussion got worse. Then she saw his face adopt a shiteating grin and he smirked, “Just as beautiful as I remember.” She noted that he looked as tired as she felt, and she was going to blame that on why he was being an unabashed flirt right now. “Now I just need a coherent, non-slurred sentence and you can return to sleep for the next hour and a half.”

“Can you be this flirty at a decent hour?” she requested. If he could be this amorous under the guise of sleepiness, so could she.
“You bet I can. Decent and even more indecent hours, as you’ll see at three,” he laughed. He leaned down and placed a kiss to her cheek before turning out the light and heading to his room. She fell back asleep immediately, though not as soundly.

He came back to her room almost immediately, this time instead of sitting on the bed, he lifted the covers and slid underneath with her, kissing her cheek until she turned towards him. She cracked open her eyelids and leaned forward, capturing his lips in a sensual kiss. He placed one hand on the side of her head and deepened the kiss, his tongue teasing her own with a mix of light and hard pressures, always keeping her surprised. The hand that wasn’t in her hair snaked down between them, under the elastic of her panties, and slipped in between her soaking wet folds, smiling in pride against her lips at the discovery.

“Are you wet for me?” he asked against her lips.

“Uh-huh,” she moaned incoherently. He started flicking his finger against her clit and she started thrusting against his hand, desperate for this pressure to release. When she was close, he slid out from under the sheets and stood next to the bed, causing her to groan loudly in sexual frustration.

“Scully,” he called out. She arched her back and ground her hips against the bed a bit, trying to get some more friction. She peeked her eyes a little through the darkness and saw him standing over her. She grabbed his wrist and whined in a husky voice laced with sleep and sexuality, “Mulder, come back to bed. Please.”

“Scully?” he repeated in confusion, his voice sounding a lot louder and clearer than it just had. Her eyes snapped fully open this time and she saw the red lights flashing ‘3:00.’ She realized in embarrassment that none of that was real, but the pulsating need in her crotch was.

He must’ve seen her eyes darting around because his voice took on a note of pure worry, “Scully, are you disoriented?”

“Um, uh, n-no, I was just, just dreaming,” she wanted to slap herself for the Freudian slip, but Mulder seemed more concerned about the stuttering of her sentence.

He turned on the light and sat next to her, the light being so bright she had to turn away. He gently cupped her face and turned her head his way. “Scully, I need you to look at me.”

His touching and closeness really wasn’t helping her flustered state, but she opened her eyes anyway. Only, to be met with absolute concern. “Scully, you’re eyes are dilated, or at least, I think they are? Do we need to go to the hospital? I can just-” he started rambling but the embarrassment in her head was louder.

“They are dilated because I’m aroused after a dream of you finger fucking me,” she elaborated, just wishing to dispel his worry so she could pretend like he didn’t just see her having a full fledge sex dream.

He was still going on when she raised her good hand to signal him to stop, “No, no, Mulder. I’m fine. They’re just dark because I was sleeping.”

“You were sleeping last time and they didn’t look like this. You were moaning and writhing too, does your arm hurt? Do you need more medicine? You look flushed, are you sure you’re fine? Or is it your weird ‘I’m fine’ you say when you’re actually not fine,” he was speaking a mile a minute and Scully wanted to dissolve into the bed.

“You were sleeping last time and they didn’t look like this. You were moaning and writhing too, does your arm hurt? Do you need more medicine? You look flushed, are you sure you’re fine? Or is it your weird ‘I’m fine’ you say when you’re actually not fine,” he was speaking a mile a minute and Scully wanted to dissolve into the bed.

“Mulder, I told you. I was just dreaming. See, I’m speaking clearly, and my eyes maybe a little dilated, but they aren’t blown, that’s what would be a bad sign,” she elaborated, just wishing to dispel his worry so she could pretend like he didn’t just see her having a full fledge sex dream.

He didn’t say anything, just looked at her like he looked at a case file when he made a new
development. She stayed totally still, watching the way his eyes carefully took inventory of her status. “Was it a nightmare?” he asked, an unreadable tone.

“No, no, nothing like that,” she reassured. “Just a nice dream.” Her eyes unintentionally raked over his lean body, recalling all too well how it felt in her dream. When her eyes went back to his face, she realized he had caught her staring and was grinning at her. Like a lion who’d wandered into a pen of lambs; predatory and hungry. The look sent a bolt of arousal straight to her already soaked crotch.

“You told me to come back to bed,” he stated proudly.

Fuck.

“D-Did I?” she questioned lamely.

“Yes. Yes you did,” he cooed, leaning a bit closer to her, eyes flickering down to her throat as she gulped. “So, you were saying it was a nice dream?”

God, she was so aroused, and the way he was looking at her was doing nothing to alleviate that fact. The professional side of her told her to tell him to go back to his room, to tell him they had gone too far tonight. The rational side of her told her to tell him exactly what made that dream so nice, to tell him they’d been dancing around fate for years and her feet were getting tired. “It was a very nice dream,” she whispered coyly.

“What was it about?” he asked, a fire lit behind his eyes.

“It was about the same thing you were imagining while you finished up your shower,” she stated with a mixture of teasing and lust.

She saw his adam’s apple bob in his neck as her seemed to scoot closer to her on the bed. He looked at her with excited anticipation, but clearly not wanting to get his hopes up too high in case she shut down this banter, which probably seemed too good to be true, “Could I get a reminder? I’ve always been a bit of a kinesthetic learner.”

Without breaking eye contact, she reached for his malleable hand and led it closer to her. It started on her chest, where the comforter began. Her fingers interlaced with his, pressing it palm down on her body, she led it down past the sheet, sliding down her abdomen. She watched him as he watched their hands, transfixed. Her guidance continued down to the elastic band of her bikini underwear. Without taking her hand off his, she lifted the band and eased his hand further down with her, causing him to gasp. They trailed through the short curls of her pubic hair until they met her throbbing wetness. This time Mulder moaned, but she could barely hear it over her own.

The feel of his fingers, so much larger than her own, cupping her sex was pleasurable beyond her wildest dreams. She felt his fingers take initiative and they curved against her, brushing against her clit and causing another gasp to leave her lips. “There was a bit before this, but this was the focal point of mine. I don’t know about yours, but I don’t remember much after this since I was rudely interrupted,” she jokingly pouted.

Mulder was moving his fingers teasingly against her, clearly enjoying the way she burrowed into the bed to get closer to his hand. “That’s a shame, I remember a lot more.” He leaned down so his face was hovering over hers. “I could fill you in on how it ended, if you’d like?” How like Mulder, she shoves his hand down her underwear and he still needs her complete reassurance.

She smiled up at him, “I’d love it if you filled me in,” she cheekily breathed, playing with the words.
It earned her a smile she barely got to see since his mouth quickly descended onto hers. She opened her mouth, deepening the kiss and he eagerly joined her. His fingers continued circling around her rosy bud and she moaned into his mouth before biting his lip teasingly. He kissed her jaw before moving down to suckle at her neck, nipping at the pulse point under his mouth. With the unpreoccupied hand, he threw the covers back and repositioned himself in between her legs. Never stopping either of his ministrations.

She whimpered in pleasure at the overwhelming stimulations her body was having right now and it caused him to pull back a little. “Scully, is this going to hurt your arm? I can wait if we need to,” he panted, looking down at her with concern superseding the lust taking residency.

She would die on the spot if he stopped now. “I can’t,” she sighed sensually, grinding her hips into his hand, “It’ll be fine, we’ll just have to be mindful of it.”

He beamed like a kid in a candy store and licked his lips, “Well it’s a good thing the next part of my fantasy doesn’t involve jostling it at all.” She was about to ask what he meant when he started kissing his way down her t-shirt clad torso while easing her underwear down her legs at the same time. Oh please, please, please, please. She continued this silent mantra in her head as he placed his hands on her knee caps and spread her legs as wide as they’d go, revealing her sopping wet, swollen arousal. “Oh, fuck,” he praised, drawing out the last word.

He moved so he was laying on his stomach, his arms wrapped around her thighs and his mouth inches from where it was meant to be. Please, please, please. She couldn’t even tell if this was still in her head or if she was crying out loud. She was delirious with desire. He let out a breath and it felt cool on her wetness. She was gripping onto the sheet next to her with her good hand and he hadn’t even put his mouth on her ye-oh fuck.

Now that one was definitely out loud. Mulder was currently sucking on her clit with perfect intent. God, this man drove her crazy. He let go of her clit and moved his tongue down to slide inside her, curving a bit to hit that rough patch at the top of her interest. She was unabashedly whining now as his tongue was plunging in and out of her at a superhuman rate, his nose was rubbing back and forth against her clit. She had to stop herself from grinding herself against his face in fear of suffocating him.

Apparently she wasn’t resisting the urge too well because Mulder’s grip around her legs tightened to keep her in place. His tongue trailed back up and returned to her clit, flicking back and forth at a rapid pace. She was definitely rolling her hips up and down on the bed and she was whimpering his name with mixes of ‘please’ and ‘oh my god’ intermittently. His lips closed around her knub once more and he sucked while flicking his tongue and shaking his head. She threw her head back on the bed and screamed in ecstasy. This had to be the most powerful orgasm of her entire life, and she was literally seeing stars. Her legs were violently quivering from the power and he rubbed them lightly as he continued to lick her through the entirety. When her legs stopped quivering, he removed his mouth and kissed his way back up to her, placing an opened mouth kiss to her lips when he was all the way back up. She tasted exquisite on his lips, he must’ve thought the same thing from the way he wiped her juices off with his fingers, only to lick them clean. Jesus Christ.

His hands moved to the hem of her shirt and she felt his erection probe her prominently on her thigh. As he was delicately easing her shirt up over her breasts, tucking it under her sling, she raised her thigh and presses sensually against his cock. He froze and a guttural moan escaped his mouth as he ground into her. Even from this angle, she could feel how impressive he was and her abdomen started tingling with the knowledge that it would be inside her soon.

Under normal circumstances, she’d want to fully repay him for that magnificent experience he just
gave her, but her injury did give her enough hands for all she’d want to do to him. Maybe later. The
knowledge that they had finally broached this step in their relationship brought an ecstatic smile to
her face.

He kissed the upward curve of her lip before asking, “Care to share with the class?”

She kissed him sweetly and answered, “I was just thinking of all the things I’m going to do to you
when I have full use of both hands. Then I was smiling because I can say ‘that I’m going to do’ no
wishes or hypotheticals.”

The admittance she wanted more made a rivaling smile break out on his face. He leaned down and
kissed her passionately, getting drunk off each other. When they had to break apart for air he panted,
“I’ve wanted this for so long. I love you so much.”

She reached up and ran her hand through his messy hair, “I love you too.” If Mulder’s smile was
now threatening to rip his face. “Let’s not wait any longer, we’ve waited long enough,” she
whispered, thrusting her hips against him once more.

He didn’t need to be told twice, and he quickly removed his boxers, letting his massive boner spring
free. She snaked a leg around him and pulled him closer. He looked down in between them as he
grabbed himself, guiding the tip of his erection to her entrance. He rubbed it up and down her slit
once to coat himself with her wetness. She moaned when his tip grazed against her still sensitive clit,
which he immediately took note of. He tapped it lightly against her a few times making her exhale a
shaky laugh, “Don’t tease me.”

He chuckled at her before guiding himself to where they both needed. He leaned down once more to
kiss her as he eased into her. The kiss was short lived because they both gasped in pleasure. He felt
incredible. It had been a while, so she was a little sore but he was being gentle and she was well
lubricated from her prior orgasm. Mulder’s brow was furrowed and he was biting his lip as he went
as deep as he could. When he was all the way in, he stopped and asked her in a strained voice, “Am
I hurting you?”

She immediately shook her head, “No, but you’re torturing me. Please move.”

“So bossy,” he teased. Before she could respond, he pulled out and pushed back in, causing them
both to moan. They’d waited years for this, and it was exceeding either of their wildest expectations.
With her arm, their safest bet was missionary, but neither of them were complaining. For the first
time, they were getting to see what one another looked like in the throes of desire.

Mulder set a steady pace and started thrusting into her unwaveringly. He moved his mouth down and
captured a nipple between his lips. He didn’t slow down, which she thought would have made
latching on hard, but it just added to her pleasure. The gyrations of his lips against her bouncing
breasts made her eyes practically roll into the back of her head. Just like he had done with her clit, he
started flicking his tongue back and forth against the peak. She felt every movement of his tongue in
her clit, now having been made acquaintances, the sensations were not forgettable.

She started getting sweaty from rocking against him and he let go of her other nipple after spending
some time with it, and he ran the flat of his tongue along the valley in between her breasts, lavishing
in the salty skin. While the pace had been great for getting comfortable, her body started demanding
more.

“Mu-l-d-er?” she breathed, her voice coming out choppy between the thrusts.

“Yeah?” he asked, slowing down ever so slightly, making her body scream out in protest.
“Harder.” Apparently she couldn’t form a sentence anymore, internally laughing at the irony.

He bared his teeth in a predatory smirk, “Can do.” Ugh, fuck.

He placed his hands on either side of her head and he started thrusting faster and harder, making her cry out in appreciation. Her good arm moved so it was clutching onto his shoulder, through her haze she considered that she may be digging her nails into him, but he seemed a little preoccupied in this moment. He was growling animalistically and it made her abdomen tighten in desire.

Her breasts were bouncing almost pornographically from the shockwaves of his thrusts and he spent a good amount of time admiring them. After a moment, he leaned down and started lavishing her neck with affection once more. She knew she’d be covered in marks in the morning, but she frankly didn’t care about anything other than the man inside her right now. He bit down on her neck playfully and she groaned and let her head loll to the side, giving him better access. Her hand eased up his neck so it was ensnared in his hair. He lightly collapsed on her, but still kept his powerful thrusts, when she raked her fingernails against his scalp, causing him to moan into her skin.

This position made his pubic mound grind against her clit in the way she had been craving. She used her legs to lift her crotch off the bed, pressing harder against him. She gyrated her hips against his dick in a circular motion and his hands grasped her thighs to help her. After a moment of that, a blinding white heat shot through her and she spasmed against him, convulsing from her second orgasm. “Scully, you feel amazing,” he gritted out through clenched teeth as he continued to pleasure her through the orgasm, chivalrously delaying his own.

She wished she could have responded something sexy back to him, but all she was capable of right now was succumbing to pleasure while crying out his name and writhing on the bed, which seemed equally as effective to him. When she collapsed back on the bed, sated smile on her face, he eased one forearm under her neck for support as he rested the other forearm next to her on the bed. He started thrusting harder and faster than she imagined possible, and he had to cover the crown of her head with his hand to avoid it from colliding with the headboard. After a few more thrusts, his head burrowed into her neck and he cried out in rapture, buried deep in her as he finally released. She gyrated her hips against him the best she could to help him draw out his orgasm like he had helped her. He languidly pumped into her a few more times before he was spent. Collapsing lightly on her and placing sweet, gentle kisses to her neck, a complete reversal of the primal markings from a few moments ago.

When their breathing had evened out a bit, he slid out of her and moved so he was spooning her, leaving her touch for only a moment to pull the covers securely over them. She placed kisses against his jaw as he placed some to the sweaty tendrils of hair gathered at her temple.

They pulled back to look at each other and their expressions were pure contentment and happiness. They both were in almost disbelief that this had really happened, but the residual pleasure coursing through their bodies being evidence enough.

What once was just an intangible dream, a chimerical fantasy, continued to be their reality for years upon years of euphoria. Two people, simply, madly, and hopelessly in love.

Thank you, thank you, thank you for going on this journey with me. I promise more is to come from me in the future (this story will also have an epilogue, so stay tuned). Your guys’ support has meant so much to me. I would love to hear from you guys, especially now that we’re basically at the end. Feel free to drop a comment, and let me know how you’ve felt. My gratitude is endless. I appreciate you all so much. -Nicole (Twitter/Tumblr: gaycrouton)
Chapter Summary

A long standing suspicion of Skinner's is confirmed.

Author’s Note: One final chapter, Skinner’s POV.

They weren't discreet. Regardless of their adamance that the office rumors weren’t true and their insistence they were nothing more than partners and friends, he knew. After spending this many years with that pair, it was easy for him to notice when the facial features of convictional skepticism and insurmountable belief turned into love and adoration. They wore it well, and, even though he was reluctant to admit it, he was cheering for them the whole time.

But for the love of god, his life would be easier if they could just be discreet.

The first time he encountered undeniable proof was about a year or two ago. He was still under the honest impression that they truly were just very good friends at that time, which is what led to him creating one of the most uncomfortable situations of his career.

They came into his office for a meeting and he immediately noticed that Scully was walking funny. Her usual powerful stride was strangely delicate, as if she was in slight discomfort. He noticed that she was even gentler as she eased herself down on the chair, pivoting so she was sitting slightly on her hip. His worry grew when he noticed a series of bruises peeking out from under her shirt collar. Some were even higher on her neck, but it appeared as if she was trying to cover them with makeup.

“Agent Scully, is everything alright?” he had asked.

She looked surprised by his question and responded with an earnest, “Yes, sir. Why do you ask?”

Being he knew Mulder would be the first person to know anything wrong with her, he didn’t feel like he was violating her privacy by asking her in front of him. “I couldn’t help but notice you seem to be walking as if you’re sore and it looks like you have several bruises on your neck—” Skinner stopped as both of the agent’s demeanors changed dramatically.

Scully looked like she wanted to die on the spot. She was actually blushing and her eyes were as wide as a deer in headlights. She looked like the dictionary definition of the word ‘flustered.’ Mulder, on the other hand, looked like he was about to burst into a fit of laughter. He covered his mouth with his hand as if he was just rubbing his five o’clock shadow, but even that didn’t hide the smile.

“I apologize if my asking my asking made you uncomfortable, Agent Scully. I just know the job can be rigorous on the body—,” he was distracted by Mulder moving his hand and attempting to bite his lip to keep the smile at bay. As he did this, he accidentally drew attention to a series of matching bruises on his own neck. Realization hit Skinner like a truck and he was sure he was just as red as Scully, who currently was having a hard time even looking at him. Jesus Christ. She was sore after an, apparently, great fuck with Mulder and they were both littered with the hickies to prove it.

Scully was mortified, Mulder was smug, and Skinner wished he had just kept his mouth shut.
“Um, I had an accident in my kitchen,” she offered lamely, tugging at the collar of her shirt wishing for it to go higher. Another smirk from Mulder. *Now that was just unsanitary.*

Skinner cleared his throat and shifted in his seat, desperate to pretend this never happened, “As long as you’re okay.” He continued the meeting as quickly as he could, this time actually taking notice of their fleeting gazes and unspoken communication. *No wonder there are betting pools about them.* When they left, he noticed the guidance of Mulder’s hand on the small of her back looked a lot more intimate than he remembered it being. He also couldn’t help but notice they both seemed to wear a lot of matching turtlenecks to their meetings from then on.

He supported them, he really did. He was the only person in the Hoover Building who had evidence towards the truth, and he was going to honor their relationship, even if they didn’t know he knew. They deserved it. It was symbolically ironic, their relationship was the FBI’s very own X-File. He snapped at people who made lewd comments about them, he glared at people who joked about it, he was the epitome of respectful. However, after the second incident, he was curious if they were even trying to hide it anymore.

It wasn’t like Skinner called late at night. He called at six in the evening to let them know they were being assigned a case. He dialed the first number, waited through the ringing, and was met with a loud shuffling sound before Mulder’s gruff voice coughed through the phone. “Hello?”

Skinner ran a hand over his smooth head in frustration. “Agent Mulder, I hope I didn’t catch you at a bad time.”

He heard Mulder gasp lightly and he heard some shuffling on the other end of the phone. “N-no, sir. I was just - deep in the middle of something,” Skinner didn’t really get why there was such an emphasis on ‘sir’ or why he sounded so amused, but he decided it didn’t matter.

“I’m calling because you and Scully are being assigned a case in Florida,” he informed. During the middle of his sentence he heard what sounded like a woman’s whimper. A woman’s whimper that sounded exactly like Agent Scully. “Is everything alright, Agent Mulder?”

Another cough, “Yeah, uh-” he sounded out of breath, “I was just eating out and now I’m lifting some weight.” Skinner heard something like a light slap followed by muffled laughter. *Jesus Christ.* “But yeah, sounds good. I can tell Scully we’ll need to meet with you tomorrow for details. Uh, the next time I see her.”

“I appreciate that, Agent Mulder. I presume that will be sooner than later, being I called her phone.” What could he say, he liked teasing them every now and then.

The constant shifting sound that had been background noise to this call stopped and he could practically hear the cogs in Mulder’s head turning. “Um, well-”

“I don’t need to know,” he rushed, interrupting Mulder. “I just need both of you in my office tomorrow for the assignment.”

“Yes, sir;” Mulder sighed in relief. At least, Skinner was hopeful it was *just* relief at his words he was hearing. He hung up without anymore words. God, Mulder was not subtle with his puns.

Another awkward meeting followed the next day.

However, when it came down to it, this was speculation. All the evidence he had could be argued or dissuaded. Maybe the office situation was a misunderstanding and he jumped to a rational conclusion. With the phone call, even though it seemed incriminating, he couldn’t wholeheartedly
say what exactly was going on. Maybe they were exercising. *Yeah, right*. The gazes, the touches, 
the comments, maybe they meant nothing. At least, that’s what he was telling himself, though, in his 
heart of hearts, he knew he was about to find out tonight.

The Cyber Crime Unit recently convicted a man who had been recording various FBI agents in their 
motel rooms. It wasn’t disbursed, and it was currently being investigated how the man knew where 
agents were going to be and what he intended to do with the footage. At this stage, the tapes were 
split up by unit and sent to higher ups to watch them and see if any vital, incriminating, confidential 
information was mentioned within the tapes.

Luckily, he was only designated to watch the tapes of the X-Files unit. This meant, unlike the other 
units, he only had about three tapes to watch and most of what their tapes revealed was probably just 
going to be Mulder’s outlandish theories and Scully’s skepticism. He was busy most of the day, and 
ended up having to stay late to get through the tapes. He said bye to Arlene when she left for the 
night and he locked the door to his office so he wouldn’t be bothered after hours, he just wanted to 
get this done, type up the report, and go home, even though it would probably take all night.

As soon as he popped the tape in the VCR, he felt uncomfortable. After years of working with these 
two, he was extremely fond of them, territorial even. It felt like an invasion of privacy watching the 
tapes, he also was a little scared about what he was going to see. The first one dated back to a case 
from ‘93. It had been set up in Mulder’s room, and was relatively uneventful. He was initially 
amused at how babyfaced the two agents looked, not yet decorated with the marks of worry or 
evidence of laughter that gave them character now. Most of the tape was just Mulder reading or 
laying in bed, luckily sleeping was the only thing he was doing. As soon as he slid under the covers, 
Skinner was worried about seeing something he *really* didn’t need to see.

The tape only lasted about an hour in total, being he could fast forward through almost all of it due to 
the lack of speaking. For most of it that he had to actually watch, it just consisted of Mulder talking to 
the Lone Gunmen on the phone about something he couldn’t keep up with. His favorite part of the 
video happened when Scully knocked on his door and asked if he wanted to go get breakfast in the 
morning, to which, young Mulder quickly responded a little too enthusiastically, “I wouldn’t miss it 
for the world.”

Scully cocked her head to the side with a bemused smile and said, “Um, I’m glad to hear it. See you 
in the morning,” before disappearing behind the adjoining door.

As soon as the door shut, Mulder let out a breath and the smile left his face, being replaced with a 
look of pure embarrassment. He ran his hand through his hair before he pitched his voice in a 
mocking tone, “I wouldn’t miss it for the world.” He rolled his eyes at his own nonsensical answer, 
“idiot,” he said in his regular voice as he collapsed onto the bed.

Skinner couldn’t help but laugh out loud at the agent’s embarrassment on the tape. Not once, in his 
entire life, did he think they went through an awkward phase. Scully and Mulder just seemed like the 
world’s most compatible pair. He wouldn’t be surprised if they never even introduced themselves, 
they probably just gazed into each other’s eyes, did their weird telepathy communication thing, and 
revealed their names and everything about themselves. Yet, here he was, watching young Mulder get 
tongue tied talking to his pretty new partner. It was, for lack of a better word, adorable.

Skinner leaned down and replaced the tapes, this one was from a case in ‘97. With the exception of 
being planted in Scully’s room, the tape was almost identical to the previous one, and he started to 
really feel for the agents. On most nights, they got to their hotel rooms, fell asleep immediately as 
soon as their heads hit the pillow, and got maybe a few hours sleep before they were rushing out. 
That’s what almost all this tape comprised of except for the last night, the night they had wrapped up
the case before heading home in the morning.

Apparently they celebrated by getting some cheap Chinese food and watching a movie on the tv that Mulder could quote line by line. They were both on Scully’s bed. He was reclined with his back on the pillows and the headboard with his food resting on his lap. She was sitting cross legged in the middle of the bed, sitting so she could easily glance between Mulder and the tv screen. They were both still in their business clothes, but they looked much more casual, leaving some buttons undone, blazers and shoes discarded. It was amazing to see the difference in their comfort level between the tapes. If only the Mulder who stumbled over his words and who was thrilled at the prospect of just eating breakfast with her knew in a few years he’d be laying on her bed, hanging out with her.

Speaking of developments, Skinner was amused at how they were still dancing around each other. They were clearly comfortable with each other, but what they didn’t know was that, while one partner was engrossed in their food or the movie, the other would be gazing at them. It was amazing they didn’t catch each other staring, it was done in perfect harmony, them watching each other. Skinner was starting to understand why his ex-wife loved soap operas so much. This ‘will they or won’t they’ tension was almost too much to bear. It was aggravating watching two people meant to be together being so painfully coy about it.

They didn’t really talk much during this time, maybe an idle joke every now and then, but that was about it. After the movie was done, Mulder helped Scully clean up before heading to the adjacent door. “Hey, Scully,” he called out. She grunted in response as she sat at the motel table. “We should dance more often,” he stated in a teasing voice. Skinner didn’t know what that meant, if it was literal or an innuendo, but she understood the meaning right away.

Scully turned around, amusement threatening to break her mask of professionalism, “Goodnight Mulder,” she said in her no nonsense voice. Mulder just smiled and started humming an old Cher song. Scully stayed in her position, watching the door close. As soon as it was, her face broke out into a girlish smile he’d never imagine seeing on Scully. It was a look of such happiness that Skinner felt himself smiling in response. She wore happiness well. She was biting her bottom lip and she chuckled lightly under her breath. She sat there for a few minutes, organizing her files before getting up and getting ready for the night, humming the same song, albeit slightly more off tune, under her breath the whole time.

He was about to eject the tape when it jumped in time. Apparently, he put two cases on the same tape because this time stamp was for ‘98. It was set up in Mulder’s room and, yet again, almost entirely composed of footage of him sleeping. Skinner just sat with his feet perched on the desk, watching the video fast forward, until something caught his eye. All the sudden, through the darkness, he saw Mulder’s body thrashing around. He pressed play and he immediately heard sounds of distress. Mulder was whimpering and crying, he sounded like a wounded animal.

After a minute or so of this, he heard Scully’s faint voice calling from the other side of the adjoining door, “Mulder! Mulder, what’s wrong?” Mulder was too deep in his nightmare and didn’t wake up. Eventually, Scully just barged in and turned on a bedside lamp, illuminating his sweat-soaked form tangled in the bed. He was still unintelligible, his grunts and cries of distress appearing to take hold of him. The only clear thing was when he keened her name.

She jumped on the bed, on her knees beside him, and started grabbing his face gently with her hands. Her voice was now more stern, but worry was lacing every word, “Mulder, shhhhh, shhh, Mulder, wake up. You’re having a nightmare.”

Skinner felt like he needed to turn off the tv, but he sat frozen in concern. He’d seen Mulder in various states of distress over the years, but this was something entirely different. He sounded like a
broken man. He couldn’t tell if it was her touch or her voice that woke him up, but he bolted upright in bed, panting like he had ran a marathon. His eyes frantically scanned around him until they landed on Scully.

Skinner almost jumped at the suddenness. Mulder grabbed Scully’s head and his hands roamed the surface, as if looking for some injury he was positive he’d find. She grabbed his wrists and looked up at him imploringly, “Mulder, Mulder, I’m fine. I’m not hurt.”

Mulder seemed to acknowledge this, but now he simply grabbed Scully and pulled her onto his lap, hugging her in what looked like a deathgrip. Skinner was shocked at what he was seeing, and equally as shocked at how understanding Scully looked about this, as if she had been expecting it. Mulder buried his face in the crook of her neck, but it was only partially hidden. Even from this angle, Skinner could see his face contort into pure grief as he started sobbing into her skin, rocking back and forth like a child. Scully wiggled one arm from in between them and wrapped it around his neck, the other grabbing his arm at an awkward angle. “I saw you die, Scully. I saw you shoot yourself in the head.” The Modell case. He knew Mulder was tricked into confusing Bowman and Scully and that it really bothered him, but he didn’t know that bit. The new knowledge made him sick to his stomach.

“She was just playing mind games with you, Mulder. I’m here, y-” she started in comforting words.

“But I saw it!” he cried out, interrupting her in his grief, obviously still replaying the images over and over in his head. The curse of the eidetic mind. “I heard your voice begging me to make her stop, to help you, and I couldn’t do anything as I watched you put a gun to your head and pull the trigger,” he sobbed. It broke Skinner’s heart seeing the man he’d developed such a deep admiration for hurting in this way. “I held your head as your blood pooled around you, there was so much—so much…” his voice died off as the memories overtook him.

Even from the distant view of the tape, Skinner could see his pain rub off on Scully, her chin quivering at his admission. “I wish you didn’t have to see that, Mulder. I wish I could take it away from you. But you have to accept that it wasn’t real, it was an amplified nightmare,” she reassured, her voice low as to keep from breaking. She had to be the strong one.

Mulder was silent for a few moments as Scully petted his hair, and Skinner thought he may have fallen back to sleep. It was a childlike plea that broke the silence, “Please don’t leave me.” Skinner didn’t say anything, they just eased into a more comfortable position as she continued playing with his hair. After a while, Mulder started snoring lightly, only able to find solace in Scully’s touch. Skinner was about to fast forward the tape when he saw Scully kiss the top of his head and whisper, “I love you,” into the night.

Skinner knew he wasn’t supposed to endorse inter-office relationships, let alone root them on, but he wanted nothing more for Mulder to wake up and tell her he loved her too. It was obvious he did, and it was becoming painful how much they were avoiding it. They deserved each other. Scully’s ministrations stopped shortly thereafter and it was obvious she fell asleep along with him. Skinner fast forwarded the tape until the sun started peeking through the curtains and Mulder started shifting.

He was clearly a little disoriented when he woke up, but as soon as his eyes settled on Scully, an appreciative half-smile broke out on his face. Resting on one elbow, he looked down at her sleeping form and watched her, bringing one hand up to move some of the hair out of her face. The mantra
wake up, wake up kept repeating in his head, but to no avail. Mulder just watched her for a minute or
two before leaning down and placing a kiss to Scully’s cheek, not phasing her sleeping form in the
least. Then, to Skinner’s absolute torture, he whispered, “I love you so much,” before easing himself
out of bed and going to the bathroom.

The tape stopped after that, but not before showing Scully’s eyes open at the sound of the door
shutting, a thrilled smile breaking out on her face as she delicately raised a hand to touch the spot on
her face Mulder’s lips had just been.

Skinner sat there gawking at the screen. She was awake the whole time? He wanted to send a formal
request to do away with that rule and then shove it in their faces. This was absolute torture. It pained
him that she didn’t feel like she could let them be together in the light of day, even after all they’d
been through together. He sighed and started to replace the tapes, sliding the very final one into the
mouth of the VCR. This one was dated ‘00 and he just wished for the love of all things that they had
made some sort of development.

He leaned back and the footage started as they walked into another shitty motel room. This must
have been a few days into the case, because all their stuff was already strewn around the room, he
couldn’t yet tell whose room it was, but if he had to guess based on the overall neatness of the room,
it was Scully’s. That didn’t explain the boxers on the floor though.

Speaking of Scully, she walked into the room, throwing her shoes into the corner, and leaned over a
table, making notes on a file left there. Her side profile was displayed, and so was Mulder’s body as
he walked behind her, his hand extending outward and coming down hard on her clothed backside,
and audible ‘slap’ echoing in the room. Skinner’s jaw dropped open in absolute shock. He just saw
Mulder unabashedly slap Scully’s ass. He’d been hoping for developments, but never in a hundred
years did he think he’d ever see that.

He expected to see Scully whip around and slap him in the face, give him a lecture about decency.
Apparently none of his assumptions were going to be true because, instead, a sultry smirk broke out
on her face and she glanced behind her shoulder. He smiled down at her and towered over her petite
form, resting a hand on either side of her paper on the desk. “We finished the case,” he sang, parting
her hair with his nose.

“That we did,” she lilted, still working on the paper in front of her, or at least appearing to.

“Do you know what that means?” he prompted, taking a step closer to her.

She set the pen down on the table, and in a sweet voice hummed, “Hmm, no I’m afraid I don’t.”
Then she turned around within the barrier of his arms so that she was facing him, still pressed flush to
the table. “Can you remind me?” she teased, her voice dropping an octave. Mulder laughed before
capturing her mouth in a passionate kiss. She wrapped her arms around him as he closed the distance
between them, pressing their bodies flush together.

Skinner was beyond shocked. At their words, at Scully’s unabashed sensuality, at Mulder’s
surprising dominance, at the fact he was currently watching his favorite agents shove their tongues
down each other’s throats and heavy pet like a pair of teenagers. He felt like he should stop the tape,
he knew he was about to see something he shouldn’t, but he couldn’t help it. He was glued to the
spot.

Scully somehow shifted so that she was sitting on the ledge of the table, her legs on either side of
Mulder’s hips. Skinner would be lying if he said he wasn’t attracted to Scully. She was a gorgeous
woman, smart, strong, she was truly something else. He’d never act on it, being her superior and all,
but it didn’t stop his body’s natural reaction to her. Especially now seeing her face contort in pleasure
and the little hums of contentment escaping her swollen lips.

Mulder was softly grinding into her center which eventually caused her to break off the kiss to throw her head back and moan. As soon as the creamy expanse of her neck was exposed, he latched on, placing sloppy, suctioning kisses along the hollow of her throat. This just earned more sounds of appreciation from her as she tried to give him more access. Skinner could barely believe his eyes when he saw her reach down and brazenly cup the front of Mulder’s slack, giggling when he groaned into her throat.

Any curiosity as to if this was their first time was quashed from the way they touched each other. They moved with studied expertise and an air of ownership. Skinner didn’t know how far into their intimate relationship this was, but they were far beyond the exploration phase.

Mulder hooked his arms underneath Scully’s thighs and lifted her up, turning around to ceremoniously throw her on the bed. She laughed while she bounced lightly on the bed, and Mulder stared down at her in excitement, unbuttoning his shirt at a rapid pace. “Hey, no fair. You know I like that part,” she pouted.

He chuckled and shrugged the shirt off his arms, revealing a plain white t shirt underneath. “I’m sorry, let me make it up to you,” he soothed. He leaned over her slightly and started undoing the buttons of Scully’s shirt as she continued to lay docile on her back, just watching him work with a lazy smile. The camera must’ve been placed on a mantle or a bookshelf, because it gave a perfect view of the room, neither of their bodies obstructed from view.

With every button Mulder undid, more and more of Scully’s pale and perfect chest was revealed. Unlike Mulder, she wasn’t wearing anything underneath her button up, aside from her blouse. When Mulder got to her abdomen, he signaled her to arch her back so he could rip the hem of her shirt from out of her skirt. She complied without question, looking almost feline as her abdomen domed up to his. Skinner didn’t understand how Mulder could even get his fingers to cooperate with her unyielding, lusty gaze on him. Gone was the face of the no-nonsense agent, here was the face of pure sexuality. The next few buttons came off in record time and the shirt was throw off the side of the bed. Mulder then eased back a bit and started fiddling with the side of her skirt, letting out a noise of triumph when he slid the zipper down and slid her skirt off in one foul swoop.

Mulder stood at the foot of the bed and just took a moment to admire her. “I’ll never get over how beautiful you are,” he whispered. It was true. Scully looked damn near angelic and all she was doing was laying in the middle of the bed. She smirked at him and, without taking her eyes off him, arched her back, letting her hands move under her to undo the clasp of her bra.

Skinner reached out and pressed ‘pause’ on the remote control. He may be going too far. He’d already seen way more than he ever should have. His eyes flitted back to the image on the screen. As soon as he pressed play, he would forever have the image of Scully’s breasts, and soon to be more, imprinted on his brain. In all honesty, he’d imagined them more times than he could count, and he’d seen plenty of breasts before. Though none of them were Dana Scully’s breasts. No matter what, he’d have to forward through the video, inevitably he’d see everything anyway. He had to watch the whole tape, so really it didn’t matter if he watched it in full. Or, at least, that’s what his constantly stiffening erection was telling him.

He pressed ‘play’ and was greeted with the sight of Scully playfully throwing her bra at Mulder’s face, who caught it with ease and let it fall to the floor. Her breasts were beautiful and ample, much more so than her usual pantsuits led one to believe. Her nipples were hardened into little pebbles, presumably from her own arousal. Mulder licked his lips and grabbed one of her ankles in each of his hands before dragging her to the end of the bed. He whipped off his shirt as he sank to his knees
so he was flush with the edge of the bed. He snuck one finger under each side of her underwear and pulled upwards, easing her ass out and sliding it off her legs. Scully knew what was coming next and eagerly placed the undersides of her thighs on Mulder’s shoulders.

Mulder wrapped his arms around her legs, running his hands up and down the smooth skin before placing loving kisses to either side of her inner thighs. Scully put her hands on her face and whined, “Mulder, please don’t tease me. I’ve been fantasizing about this all week.” She was trying to squirm her way down the bed, closer to his face, but his arms kept her in place.

Apparently even in the middle of foreplay, Mulder still like to be aggravating. He placed an open mouthed kiss to her left thigh, letting it go with a suctioned ‘pop’. “I’m sorry, Scully. You’re going to have to be a little more specific. What do you want?” he asked in a sing songy voice.

She let out a little cry and groaned, like he’d teased her like this countless times before, “Mulder please put your mouth on me.”

Another open mouthed kiss to her other thigh, “Like this?” Never in Skinner’s wildest dreams would he imagine Mulder would actually get Scully to beg for anything, let alone anything sexual.

Her face was getting flushed and he couldn’t tell if it was from arousal or embarrassment at being made vocal, but it was unbelievably sexy. But not nearly as sexy as her crying out, “Mulder, if you don’t eat me out right now, I’m gonna- oh fuck!” Skinner’s cock actually twitched hearing her voice become high and breathy. Her full lips parted as she gasped, undulating her hips against his constantly moving jaw. Her breath was audible in the room, as were her chants of “yes, yes, yes,” and “oh, please Mulder.” He couldn’t see what Mulder was doing exactly, but from the way Scully was reacting, the man had a golden tongue.

Scully reached down between her parted thighs and let her fingers twist into his hair, letting her touch encourage him along with her words. While Mulder was dedicated to the task at hand, he couldn’t let himself go unattended, so, without detaching his mouth, he scooted closer to the bed so he could lightly rub against it.

He wasn’t the only one that needed to relieve some friction. Skinner was so hard it was becoming uncomfortable. Even though every fibre of his being told him this was extremely taboo, this whole thing was going to be a secret he never mentioned, so he didn’t feel as bad when he unbuckled his pants and started stroking himself through the fabric. “Mulder, I’m so close. Don’t stop, you feel so good,” she nearly sobbed. At her words, Mulder pulled himself fully out of his pants and started touching himself fully.

Mulder’s grip on her legs tightened and he continued his ministrations. Her breath became more and more labored and her hands left his hair just to death grip the sheets at her sides. She started practically mewling when he gasped and her eyes shot open, “Fuck, Mulder, oh my god,” she called out as her body spasmed in pleasure. The sight was painfully erotic, but Mulder was ever so gracious, and instead of looking up, he continued going down on her to prolong her pleasure.

When her shaking subsided, he let go and smiled at her from in between her legs. She laughed when she saw him and panted, “Get up here.” She extended her arms out and he quickly crawled his way up to her, only to be flipped onto his back immediately, Scully straddling him and effectively pinning him against the bed. “Is this your gun, or are you just happy to see me?” she teased, rolling her naked crotch against him hard.

He hissed and laughed, “Oh, I’m more than happy to see you.”

Scully rocked against him again before cooing, “Hmm, I think I should just make sure about that.”
She eased off him, deftly taking his belt with her as she slid off the bed. He was quick to help her, undoing the button of his pants and sliding the zipper down before raising his hips, allowing her to yank them off.

There were two facts Skinner was immediately made aware of. First was that Mulder goes commando. Second was that Mulder was a really humble guy for what he had packing. Skinner was a full-fledged straight male, but he couldn’t help but appreciate Mulder’s physique. They made a very impressive and attractive pair.

Scully nudged for Mulder to spread his legs and she crawled on the bed in between them. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. Skinner couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Scully took Mulder’s throbbing erection in her hand and bent her head down. From the angle of the camera, Skinner saw her clearly cock her head to the side and run the flat of her tongue against his length. Mulder gasped and wriggled a little on the bed. She lapped her tongue against him a few more times, pulling back to blow cool air against the wetness, earning sighs of pleasure from him, before she took him entirely in her inviting mouth.

Skinner had to remove his hand from his own erection because just the sight was overwhelmingly erotic. He wanted to give Mulder major praise for his endurance. Though, from the way his fists were white-knuckle clenched and his consistent grunts, it was taking a lot to remain collected.

The parts of him Scully had a hard time reaching, she kept her hand on, applying pressure as her head bobbed up and down along his length. Occasionally, she would let him fall out of her mouth and she would stroke him while she lightly sucked on his balls instead. From just this one clip, it was evident Scully’s doctoral knowledge of human anatomy was more than useful in the bedroom. She was about to put him back in her mouth when Mulder reached down and touched her shoulder.

“Come here,” he smiled, mimicking her words from earlier, undoubtedly because he knew he’d cum if her mouth touched him again.

Continuing her feminine prowess, she crawled up the bed until his erection was hidden under her thighs. She bent down and captured his lips in a kiss, slightly sweeter and less desperate than before. She let go of his mouth and gently kissed his nose, his cheeks, and his forehead before reclining upwards on top of him. “I love you so much, Mulder.”

Mulder ran one hand over her hip and used the other one to grab her much smaller hand, bringing it to his lips so he could place a kiss into her palm. “I love you too, Scully,” he whispered. Skinner felt his heart warm knowing that they were finally expressing it to each other after nearly seven years. The feeling was quickly replaced, however, when Scully reached between them, guiding Mulder as she sank down on top of him.

Skinner groaned lightly and resumed his own ministrations on himself, trying to stroke himself in time to their thrusts. Scully was taking the reins currently. Mulder had his hands on her hips, but she had the control. And boy did she control well. She was riding him with ease, lifting herself up and down his shaft by rocking on her knees. Occasionally she would just sink completely on him and rotate her hips against him, letting him be as deep as possible.

Scully reached down and extracted his hands from her sides without messing up her gyrations. She found a new home for his hands by placing them directly on her breasts. She moaned and arched her chest into his palms. Mulder took the hint immediately and started kneading her chest, earning hums of appreciation. She squealed a little bit as he reclined up, so he was sitting on his ass as she continued thrusting her hips against his. He removed his hands off her and replaced them with his mouth, latching onto a nipple, much to Scully’s apparent pleasure.

Her mouth dropped open and her brow furrowed as she reached a hand up and placed it on the back
of his head, keeping him in place. They moved in perfect tandem, like the other person’s body was merely just an extension of their own. If one made a grunt of pleasure, it would be followed by the other’s sounds of pleasure. A constant give and take of euphoria. Mulder’s head moved to give attention to her other breast and she whispered a breathy, “Thank you.” He knew exactly what she wanted without her having to say. He could probably just taste her desires under his tongue.

They were both beautiful, that much was evident on a normal basis, but seeing them naked in this intimacy was a whole different experience. They looked like a renaissance painting, or marble statues. They were modern art in and of themselves.

Mulder let go of her nipple and placed a series of kisses along her sternum, leading from in between her breast bone to her chin. She sucked on his bottom lip teasingly before leaning away from him so that her back was on the bed, giving Mulder power over the thrusts, shocking both Mulder and Skinner with her flexibility. She extended her arms above her head on the bed, giving a perfect view of the way her breasts bounced from the impact of his pelvis hitting hers.

Mulder adjusted his positioning a bit, not once slipping out of her, so that he was on his knees over her. He grabbed tightly onto her thighs and started pounding into her harder than before. “Scully, you feel incredible,” he grunted between thrusts.

She looked like she was going to respond, but he must’ve hit a particularly good spot because the air just left her lungs instead. “Does that feel good?” asked out of curiosity, but a veil of pride peeking through.

“You have no idea,” she cried in a husky voice Skinner couldn’t believe was coming from the polite, reserved agent he’d watched after for so many years.

Mulder started moving faster and harder, clearly angling his hips to hit that same spot. He lifted one hand to her mouth and traced her lips with the pad of his thumb. The whole move was unbelievably sensual, but then it became painfully so when Scully darted out her tongue and swirled it around the digit before taking it in her mouth, hollowing her cheeks suggestively while looking at him through heavy lashes. “Fuck,” he groaned at the reminder of the last thing her mouth was sucking on, pumping a little harder at the sight.

He slid his finger out of her mouth and a lewd trail of saliva followed, some snapping back onto her chin. He bent down and licked it off as his lubricated thumb moved to where they were joined. Skinner saw the exact moment he came in contact with her clit because she arched off the bed and let out a feral moan.

Mulder was unrelenting with his thrusts, but now his thumb was moving with equal vigor, circling her clit beyond her garden of red curls. Mulder’s other hand, not on her clit, moved and grabbed one of her legs, making her ease both of them from their position under her. He grabbed one calf and lifted her leg parallel to his body, letting it rest on his shoulder so he could go deeper, much to both their pleasure.

Since both of Mulder’s hands were occupied, she lifted her own to her breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples between her fingers. “Oh my god, Scully,” he murmured, biting his lip presumably in an effort to keep control. Skinner couldn’t help but wonder if Mulder had also been shocked at the absolute confident sexuality Scully possessed. So self-assured, so sensual, so passionate, or maybe after working side by side with her for so many years that was one of the aspects that made him fall in love with her.

Scully’s hands started to lose their nimble dexterity and they lazily fell to her sides as she got wrapped up in chasing her orgasm. “That’s it Dana, I want to see you cum for me.” As soon as the
words left his mouth a jolt went through her like she was struck by lightning and she reached up and clutched his shoulders like a vice, crying out his name in the heights of her passion.

As soon as Skinner saw Scully wildly lose herself, Skinner came. Luckily he had grabbed a tissue when he sense it was coming, so he didn’t make a mess, but he couldn’t remember the last time he’d came this hard.

Scully was still panting on the screen as Mulder was buried inside her, his face contorted into pure ecstasy. After a moment he looked down at her and gently collapsed at her side, placing repeated kisses to her smiling face. They laid there cuddling for what had to have been a few minutes, Skinner wasn’t counting since he was cleaning up and fixing his pants. When he was resettled he heard Scully giggle, “Did you call me Dana?”

If Mulder hadn’t been flushed from exertion, he would have been blushing. “Yeah, it just slipped out. Was it weird?” he asked self consciously. Skinner couldn’t help but laugh, they had just been making uninhibited, passionate love, but he was worried because he said her first name. Only them.

“No, no. Different, but not weird,” she reassured, idly rubbing her hand along his chest. After a moment she chuckled and stated, “I’m still not calling you Fox.”

His chest bounced with laughter and he replied, “Thank you, I appreciate that.” His smile faded from jovial laughter to content sincerity, “I love you.”

She hummed with a smile and burrowed into his chest, closing her eyes. “I think you mentioned that once or twice.” She placed a kiss to his chest and added, “-but I love you too.”

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer to him, smelling her hair, “I just can’t believe I can hold you like this, and actually say it to you.”

“Me either, but it makes me happier than I could have imagined possible,” she murmured, trying to resist falling into sleep’s clutches so she could live in this moment a little longer. They just laid there for a while, holding each other and snuggling like they were always meant to until they fell asleep.

Skinner didn’t need to fast forward because the tape ended, and there was nothing after it. He stood up and sighed. There was nothing on the tapes that needed to be reported on, and he’d be damned if he let anything he saw be on permanent FBI record. The first one wasn’t incriminating, so he’d probably just summarize it a bit, leaving out what didn’t need to be included.

For the other two, he could just claim that they had nothing, which was true, but that they also had footage of the agents changing clothes and they needed to dispose of it for privacy, also pretty true. He took the last two and ripped out the ribbon, tearing it to shreds before putting them in his pocket to properly dispose of later. You could never be too safe.

He’d spent years watching them objectively. Seeing the glances and pleasantries turn into a bond stronger than any he had ever seen. Seeing a personal side of things imbued him with a fierce sense of protectiveness. They’d been through more in their years on the X-Files than most people have ever heard of. The only thing getting them through it all was each other, and he’d be damned if they got separated because of some stupid rule.

He wrote the vague report in an hour and turned it in the following day. Word had gotten out around the office that tapes of agents in motel rooms were sent to higher ups, and he had to hold back a laugh when he made it to his office only to see a blanch faced Mulder and Scully sitting outside.

“Skinner-”
They spoke in unison and stopped to regain composure. Scully speaking up first, “Sir, we heard tapes of Agents in motel rooms were sent to higher ups, and we were just wondering, due to the nature of our cases, if it would be okay if we looked at them instead. My job is making the X-Files appear credible and, not that you wouldn’t, but I’m sure some pretty odd things were theorized that I’d rather be tasked with making presentable.” She said this all in one breath and looked at him with imploring eyes.

His heart went out for them for how worried they, rightly, must have been when they heard the news. No doubt assuming they would come into work today only to be split up. Skinner gave them a reassuring smile and nodded for them to follow him. “There was only one tape from ‘93-” he wasn’t even done speaking, but he could feel the tension in the air dissipate. They knew nothing bad could be there. Okay, well Mulder still looked a little nervous, but Skinner didn’t need to think too hard about what embarrassing thing a sexually frustrated, ‘93, Mulder may have been doing. “Nothing was on it, mostly sleeping and a private conversation I didn’t listen to, and the report reflects just that.”

“Thank you so much, sir,” Scully beamed.

A thought struck Skinner and he got the tape out and handed it to them, “Here, you might enjoy watching it.” Call him a romantic, but Skinner wanted them to see the clip of young Scully flustering young Mulder because of a simple breakfast offer. They’d come so far. They took the tape with curious acceptance and left without another word.

Skinner watched them walk away, Mulder’s hand resting on that little area on the small of her back like he’d been doing since they met. Skinner just smiled at the sentimentality of it all as they just strutted to their next adventure, side by side, eternally loyal and forever in love, just like they’d do for the rest of their lives.

Thank you so much for your time and dedication. Your love has meant the world to me, and I promise I will be posting more in the future. I’d love to hear from you guys about how it’s been for you, and, once more, thank you for reading my little drabblings. -Nicole (Twitter/Tumblr: gaycrouton)

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