They get some quality time with each other to explore their newly established relationship while on a case, in cramped quarters.

Notes

Set during season 7, established/but new relationship let's say slightly before En Ami.

Raystown Lake is a real place my family and I go to on vacation. It has paranormal history and the idea and facts came from this website: https://www.nightwatchparanormal.com/raystown-ray.html No infringement intended.

Also a little research was done and used from this website: https://www.glamour.com/story/a-to-z-kinks-and-fetishes
Chapter 1

FBI Basement Office
October
Monday 9:25am

Scully was returning from a trip to the ladies room when she cautiously pushed open the office door, listening to Mulder talk on the phone. She peered in, eyeing up his appearance. Leaning back in his desk chair, he casually had his feet propped up and crossed on the desk. His gray dress shirt sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. This is one of her favorite looks. She swallows dryly and listens hard, eavesdropping. Mulder abruptly says, “Okay” and then hung up with a huge grin on his face.

“Mulder? What gives?” Scully approaches the desk, eyebrow arched and arms crossed.

“I just got off the phone with Skinner. Looks like we have a lead,” Mulder reveals excitedly, kicking his feet down to the floor as he begins to rummage through his desk drawer.

“A lead? A lead on what?”

“Monster of the week, Scully! And it's not far from here. We'll leave today around one. Should give us enough time to pack and have a quick bite.”

“Mulder. You have more explaining to do.”

“Raystown Ray. Lake Monster in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. First reported sighting of the creature was in 1962. The description entails a 50-60 foot long serpent with a reptile head...”

“Like the Loch Ness? Mulder, you can't be serious?” Scully huffs.

“Dead serious. Dead, Scully,” he tosses her the file and her quick reflexes snatch it before the papers can spill. She opens the manila folder, her pointer finger caressing the edge as she skims the reports inside and flips.

“Two deaths in the last month. And three reported sightings of the creature. Mulder, these autopsy reports are not complete.”

“Nice catch, Agent Scully. We need to get the rest of those reports and see if we can get our eyes on Raystown Ray.” Mulder folds his hands in front of him, leaning on the desk with square shoulders.

“So I'll pick you up at one?”

“Sure.” Scully deflates, her shoulders lower as he stands. This is not her cup of tea. She is the skeptic of the pair and feels this is a waste of time.

He swiftly moves past her, brushing her elbow with his torso as he navigates the cramped office.
smells his body spray like a delicious cloud that engulfs her and she closes her eyes. “Mulder,” she calls, turning.

“Yeah?” he answers, nearly out the door.

“What are our accommodations?” She is afraid to ask. “Please tell me not a tent?”

“Ahh Scully. Good ole Skin-man came through for us this time. He suggested we rent one of their campers. There’s no hotels close enough. One bed, Scully. I think the old man is on to us, and quite frankly I don't think he cares.”

“Well. You just behave yourself.” Scully warns. He waggles his eyebrows and beams a smirk her way as he shuts the door behind him leaving her alone in the office.

* * *

The drive to Pennsylvania is quick and uneventful. Scully took the advantage of a nap while Mulder crunched on sunflower seeds and played steering wheel drums to classic rock songs.

Upon arrival, Scully and Mulder took in their surroundings, noticing the crisp autumn air as the sun began to set behind mountains. Erie white mist began to blanket the lake and settle in the nooks of the trees. The camper was set up and parked on a gravely lot, surrounded by tall pines. There were no other campers in sight, not one. A sloping hill gave way to an open grassy area that lead down to the water’s edge.

The lake is curvy like a serpent, nestled unnaturally between two high mountain peaks. Mulder studies a map of the lake, sprawled on the camper bed. Socks revealed, dress shirt untucked, tie loosened, he makes himself at home on the bed when he is interrupted by Scully.

“Mulder,” she calls from the kitchen area and is taken aback by how comfortable he looks when she views the bedroom.

“I'm sorry Scully, there is no way in hell these long legs are going to fit in that bunkbed!”

“Yeah, I'm aware,” she smiles. “We can share. I'm heading out to the lab before they close at 5. I'm going to see if I can get any more answers out of them.”

“I'll be here.” Mulder chews on his bottom lip, floating a magnifying glass over one area on the map.

“Don't do anything stupid.”

* * *

Scully returns a few hours later and enters the squeaky camper door, searching for a place to put her belongings. She puts away a few bags of groceries she got on her way back from Huntingdon.

Scully proceeds to her left, down a short narrow hallway to the bedroom, opening the sliding door to find the bed empty. No Mulder. His reading glasses and magnifying glass are discarded on the comforter. She turns her head, noticing a sticky note attached to the wall mounted tv. “Don't worry. I just went for a run. My cell's on”.

Immediately, she sighs with relief. She notices the VCR light blinking red and the edge of a tape was revealed as if someone ejected it but never took it out. She ran a manicured finger over the edge, hooking it and removing the tape. “Playboy: Voluptuous Vixens II” she reads the label.
Her confidence plummets. Heat creeps up her throat, flushing her cheeks as her anger builds. She is no stranger to Mulder watching porn, but in recent light of their new physical relationship, she did not imagine him needing this outlet at this time. Especially, not here, in this place.

She tamps down her feelings, swallowing hard just as she hears whistling coming from outside. Mulder rips open the camper door, clunking his running shoes off at the door. He sees the open bedroom door, Scully's legs barely peeking out. He smiles at her as he pokes his head around the corner.

“Nice accommodations, huh Scully? The last time we got to play house was in Arcadia,” he begins and then awkwardly stops his thought when he notices a tape in her hands. “What's that?”

“Uh. It's a tape. I found it in the VCR. Were you watching this while I was gone?” she inquires. She meets his eyes for a moment and then tries to stare at something nonexistent on the bed. “No. What is it?” Mulder enthusiastically flops on the bed next to her, taking it from her hands. “Oh! This looks like fun. But...this is not mine.”

“You're sure?” Scully reiterates.

“Scully. I hope you would know by now this is not my kink. I am more of a fan of baseball...you know,” he unexpectedly reaches for her chest, cupping one breast in his hands through her clothes. “These are like baseballs, the most perfect handfuls that I can't get enough of.”

He leans in for a soft kiss to her lips, still holding her breast in his palm, squeezing gently. She lets him feel her for a moment as they change angles, licking each other's lips seductively. Scully feels her heart quicken its pace and her labia tingle with arousal.

“That's enough,” she breathlessly pushes him away, getting up from the bed. Mulder's erection is tenting his dress pants and he makes no move to hide it.

“Do you have any kinks, Scully?” he asks, accepting rejection as if he anticipated it.

“No, Mulder. I don't think so.”

“I don't believe that for one second.” Mulder states, while taking in her appearance. Scully was acting like she was searching for something in her luggage the was piled up in the cramped space on the side of the bed.
Chapter 2

“Catholic upbringing, Mulder. We don’t do kinky.” She confesses, finally pulling out what she was looking for: silk pajamas.

“That’s the biggest load of bullshit you’ve ever tried to feed me. I can tell by the way you kiss me. You have kinks.” Mulder, notices her lack of eye contact and her hurried movements.

“Well, I guess I just never allowed myself to…”

“Would it help if I told you mine first?” he calls after her as she retreats to the tiny bathroom.

“I already know yours. Big breasts,” she cringes as she lays her night clothes on the closed toilet lid. The small bathroom forces her eyes to dart around, trying to control the conversation while finding creative places to put her things.

“I told you that tape isn’t mine,” he persists as she slides closed the wooden door between the bedroom and bathroom, hiding his view.

Mulder tucks his head with a smile, leaning back to lay on a pillow and stretch out his legs. He reaches down to press his palm to the bulge in his pants, trying to relieve some pressure.

The shower water gurgles and squeaks to life, spraying cold water at first. Scully massages the back of her cramped neck with a hand, then strips her clothing until they are puddled in a heap at her feet. Once the water is warm, she dips a toe in to test the temperature and the climbs into the tiny fiberglass shower.

The smell of spring flowers from her shampoo wafts through the humid air as she rolls the bubbles through her auburn strands. Her eyes close in pleasure, massaging her head and enjoying the warmth of the water. Then she hears it. The wooden door sliding open. She opens one eye, then the other, slowly turning her head towards the door.

“Voyeurism, Mulder? Is that your thing?” Scully questions.

“Certifiably,” he answers, laying back on the bed. He watches her and she lets him. She continues bathing normally, but he notices how the water sprays down the valley of her breasts like a slip n slide. The shower doors are wet but not steamy enough to obstruct his view.

Mulder digs his hand into the waistband of his pants, rubbing himself with a heavy hand, creating pressure. Scully's nipples jut out hard into the cool air and he watches as she runs her hands over her body. She cleans herself with nothing but soap in her hands. No washcloth. No sponge. Just her fingers.

He swallows hard and unbuttons his pants, deftly sliding the zipper down.

“Mulder? Are you touching yourself?” she asks, beginning to tuck her fingers into her labia. She sighs. It goes straight to his groin, hardening him even more as he watches her fingers disappear in her slip.

“What do you think?” he answers, voice thick with arousal. Pulling his boxers lower, his erection feels the coolness of the room, straining towards his belly button. “Is this turning you on, Scully?”
“Yes,” she confesses. He can barely hear her over the spray of the shower and whistling pipes.

“Get out of the shower,” he commands, stroking himself with a full fist. Once. Twice. The skin of his shaft rippling over engorged veins as he stretches and releases.

“You agreed.” she reminds him, continuing to clean herself, now reaching deeper into her pussy and then retreating, moving down her legs.

“What did I agree to again?” Mulder runs the pad of his thumb over the tip of his penis, spreading the drops of arousal leaking out. He watches her, notices how the water beads up and sticks to her pubic hair. He wants to lick it off.

“No sex while on an out of town case. You agreed.” She reminds him, stalling. She is rapidly thinking how to get out of this situation. Scully is slowly losing control of her resolve, dripping with arousal, tingling with pleasure knowing his eyes are on her while he is touching himself.

“Why did I agree to that again?” Stroke. Stroke. He reaches down with his other hand, grabbing his balls with the tips of his fingers and pulling the sac upwards, stretching the skin.

“Because it's unprofessional.” She finally works up the nerve to end this and shuts off the water.

“Nothing about this is professional, Scully.” He gasps, closes his eyes and continues stroking for a moment. When he hears the shower doors’ shut, his eyes snap open.

His mouth is agape, panting with his cock in his hand, still and tight. “Pinch your nipple,” he whispers. Her nipple is soft now from the warmth of the water, but with one hard pluck it pebbles under his scrutiny.

“Did you enjoy the show?” she taunts, lingering a moment too long before wrapping herself in a white towel, then grabbing another to wrap up her hair.

“Absolutely, I will always enjoy that show.” Mulder emphasizes, stroking slowly, letting her watch. He keeps his eyes on her but her eyes are on his crotch. “How's it make you feel? To watch?” he asks, noticing that she just could not take looking any longer as her eyes dart to the wall beside him.

“It makes me wet.”

“See, you do have kinks, Scully,” he shines a toothy smile at her and she blushes for a moment then turns her back and retreats back to the bathroom.

“I don't want to talk about it anymore.” She shuts down and closes the wooden door. Mulder remained patient, but his effort to coerce her had hit a door, literally and his frustration was now simmering. He had no idea her resolve was so strong.

“Fine you're not getting any!” he jokes, pulling his boxers up over his heavy penis.

“I waited seven years, Mulder. Don't underestimate me.”

Mulder stands, walking through the other doorway, down the hall and puts his shoes on.

“I'm going for a quick walk. I'll be back.” He switches on a flashlight and heads out the door. As soon as the door slams shut and the camper jolts a little from the impact, Scully lets out a sigh of relief.

She tears her towel off and without hesitation plunges two fingers into her heat, holding them there,
just pressing gently, trying to relieve the throbbing. Scully feels her body pulse around her fingers with need, a new wave gushes wetness down her fingers.

She desperately makes a hard decision and pulls her fingers back out, wiping them on the discarded towel. She wipes herself dry, feeling a tiny bit of relief and begins to dress in her pajamas.

* * *

Mulder cautiously makes his way down the slippery, grass bank. He stands along the edge of the lake, shining his flashlight beam across the tranquil, inky blackness of the water.

He looks around for a moment, making sure all is calm before unzipping his fly and pulling out his cock. He looks up into the night sky as he begins stroking, noticing his eyes adjusting to the low light. Mulder sees the sparkling milky way arch across the sky as he comes hard.

Satisfied for the moment, he tucks himself back into his pants and walks along the shore of the lake. Nothing moves, not even the water. His breath puffs in the cool night air, feet crunching the sand and gravel below his shoes. Dimly, he hears the call of a Great horned owl in the distance as he turns to make his way back up the huge hill.

Thump, thump, splash. Mulder whirls around, shining his beam toward the sound. His heart quickens once again, excitement building in hopes of spotting their creature. A beaver pokes its head from the water, carrying a stick as it paddles along in the darkness, occasionally thumping its tail.
“I started a pizza,” Scully says, as Mulder reenters the camper.

“Thank you. Where’d you get that?”

“Walmart. There's one in Huntingdon. I figured we'd need some food,” she bends over slightly to peer into the window of the oven. Mulder's groin begins to stir slightly once again as he watches her ass pull the shimmery fabric of her pajamas. He looks away. I've got to get a grip, he thinks.

“Find anything outside?” she asks, pulling him from his thoughts.

“Stars. And a beaver. He was cute, Scully. Paddling along, collecting twigs,” he smiles sweetly catching her eyes.

“Did you want to hear about the autopsy reports?” she asks, sitting down at the dining table across from Mulder.

“Of course. I had forgotten you even went.”

“Um hum,” she hums, nodding her head up and down and biting her bottom lip. “Well...one victim was a male, age 38. He was out fishing just off a bank, in the early morning when we was attacked. His body had lacerations around his wrists, red marks, deep grooves embedded into the skin, like a rope.”


“Mulder, are you still holding to the theory that these deaths are Raystown Ray?”

“I'm just not discounting it.” He says, getting up to retrieve some paper plates from the countertop. “What's your theory?”

“My theory is this man was wrapped up with his fishing line somehow. There were pieces of it dug from his skin in the report.”

“Humm. What about the other victim?” Mulder looks around, pulling open drawers and finding a pot holder.

“Female, age 25. Both victims were attacked in the early morning and both near the dam.” Scully gets up, noticing Mulder's eyes searching once again. She has worked with him so long, she can read his mind.

“Pizza cutter, Scully,” he asks as she comes up close behind him.

“It's right here,” she says, reaching around his torso with her left arm to pull out a drawer that was directly in front of him. Her breath hitches and he hears it as she nearly hugs him to get around. He turns on the spot, pulling her body to his, leaving her arm still awkwardly reaching for the drawer.

“I just want to say, I miss you,” he whispers, slowly letting his head drop to rest his forehead against hers. His hand reaches around the back of her head with one hand, lacing his fingers through her soft damp strands.
“I miss you too,” she confesses. Two of his fingers tickle the sensitive skin under her chin to face him. Her eyes glitter blue with a tiny threat of tears. He sighs deeply, holding her eye contact like a magnet.

He tugs the back of her head towards him more and a whimper bubbles in her throat. She gasps in anticipation as he seals his lips to hers. Mulder kisses her softly, slowly, pulling her bottom lip, sucking in and then slipping her tongue before changing angles. She kisses back, breathing hard already, running her hands up and down his obliques.

“You make this so hard,” she says into his neck as her mouth travels to lick his skin. Salty. She breathes him in, his natural scent from the day and a faint whisper of his body spray.

“YOU make this hard,” Mulder says, fighting for his turn to nuzzle her neck. Scully climbs his body, to feel something hard at her center. She settles for his thigh, riding it as he grips under her ass cheeks to hold her tightly.

“We have to stop,” Scully mumbles, letting her hands roam his strong back underneath his untucked shirt.

“Why?” he groans, his hands cupping her breasts under her pajama shirt. Her skin is soft, heavy, nipples erect in his palm and his erection throbs.

“Because...because...we have to...get up early,” she pants, retrieving an excuse.

“I can be done in ten seconds if that's what you’re worried about...” he trails off. She giggles dipping her tongue into his mouth as he sucks on it.

“Could you please...stop...being so attractive,” she pleads, pushing him away with a huge smile. He hangs his head in defeat, cock hard and straining against his pants but a grin cracking at the edges of his lips.

“Pizza's cold,” he chuckles, turning to poke it with his finger.

“Let's eat. We need to get to bed. The crack of dawn awaits our investigation.” Scully pulls a slice off and onto a plate, retreating to the table to eat.

“Hum...there's another crack I'd rather be investigating,” he jokes, grabbing a slice of pizza, lifting it to his mouth and seductively flicking the tip of the triangular piece with his tongue, as if he were licking her clit. “Two can play at this game, Scully.”

Her mouth waters as she watches him, a smile beaming across her face and a blush warming her cheeks.

“Mulder, shut up and eat,” Scully orders and continues to finish her slice.

After finishing their food, they each took turns using the bathroom. Scully turns down the blankets on the small, full-size mattress and lays on her side.

“Can I at least hold you?” Mulder asks, sliding behind her to spoon her, laying a heavy arm across hers at her side.

“School-appropriate, Mulder,” she warns, letting her fingernails tickle the hair on his forearm.

“Ahh...another kink, Scully. You like role-playing? You want to be the teacher?” he says playfully into her ear.
“Mulder...good night.”

“The thrill is gone,” he whispers, kissing her gently on her cheek before rolling over onto his back. She misses his warmth, but is grateful for less contact.

* * *

Mulder blindly stretches out an arm searching for his phone on the side table to silence the alarm. 4:45am, it glows. He blinks once, rubbing his eyes, almost as if he did not believe the time even though it was him that set it.

“Scully,” he calls, gently pushing a strand of hair off her neck to reveal her milky white skin. Mulder lowers his lips to kiss her pulse, a habit of reassuring himself that she is alive.

“Mmm?”

“Time to get up.” Mulder rolls out of bed, heading to the bathroom. Upon his return from a quick hot shower, Scully is already up and dressed.

“These new?” he startles her, grabbing at the hem of her white waffle shirt, tickling her belly as he slid his hands around her from behind.

“No, they aren't new. You just don't usually see my long underwear.” Scully smiles, feeling his large hands splay across her warm belly as he hugs her.

“Well, I’d like to take an inventory. Investigate. Fashion show...” he trails off, kissing her neck. He feels her tense, knowing that she is not approving his foreplay. All business, Dana Scully. He releases her and heads to the kitchen.

“I bought bagels, cream cheese and bananas. Some orange juice in there too,” she yells after him, hearing him open the fridge. Scully joins him, scarfing down a quick breakfast in order to get to the crime scenes by dawn.

* * *

“We have to head to the dam,” Scully announces, skimming a map of Raystown Lake that the welcome center had given her. “Maybe a half hour drive, if that.”

“I wish it wasn’t so cold, Scully. I’d like to rent one of those jet skis and get out on the water to find this creature,” Mulder says as he rocks the gear shift into reverse. He swings his arm over Scully's seat, the old-fashioned way, twisting his body to watch out the back window as he backs the car.

Mulder's jacket crinkles near her ear, his movements wafting his freshly showered scent in her face. She breathes him in, it is her favorite smell. So delicious, she wants to eat him.

“Don’t get any bright ideas Mulder. I am not going out on that water,” she grumbles, maintaining their banter as her cover.

The car jerks as he shifts to drive and follows a winding road up a mountain side. The sun paints the sky in strokes of pink, orange and yellow as it rises behind silhouetted mountains. Thick white mist floats over the lake, the warm water meeting the cool fall air.

“I got a game for us Scully, to pass our driving time,” Mulder says, pulling Scully from her daydreams of admiring the way the trees shimmer gold in the early autumn light.

“Here we go,” she says sarcastically, with a smile.
“ABC’s of sex kinks, Scully.” Mulder grins, grips the steering wheel taking a curve faster than he should.

“Seriously? Is all you think about is sex?” But she is intrigued.

“Well, I used to think about it fifty-percent of the time. That was until I had you. Now it’s like ninety-percent,” he confesses.

“How do we play?”

“I’ll tell you a kink from the letter of the alphabet, you tell me if you’re into it. Deal?”

Scully takes a deep, thoughtful breath, stares out the window and say “Okay.”

“A...A is for Age play. Pretending to be and getting off on...” she cuts him off with a wave of her hand in the air.

“I know what it is. No. Definitely a no.”

“B. Bondage,” A beat. He glances at her, trying to gauge her facial expressions.


“C. Cuckholding.” Silence.

“What? Wait, never mind, if I've never heard of it, then I'd say no.” So far, her answers have not surprised him one bit, but he’s hoping to get far enough to learn some new things about her.

“D. Dominance.”

“Yes.” Scully lunges forward, feeling Mulder hit the brakes unexpectedly. A slight blush begins to bloom on her chest, warming her to an uncomfortable level. She sweats, feeling chilly and hot all at once.

“Yes! Me? Or You?” Mulder questions, biting his bottom lip. She notices. Her eyes flicker over him for a moment, noticing his tight grip on the wheel, his teeth trapping his lip and small beads of sweat on his nose.

“Both. Taking turns.” she admits. He lets out a low groan, shoving one fist in his mouth, biting his knuckles for just a moment.

“I got one for you,” Scully speaks up, suddenly becoming an active participant in their conversation. His head turns, catching her eyes in surprise, “Oh, you want to play?”

“E is for electrostimulation,” she offers.

His jaw drops. Then one of his hands lands on the bulge in his pants to slightly relieve some pressure. “Scully. That's really kinky. You like that?”

“I didn’t say I like it. I was just offering you a letter,” she flirts. “Mulder...can you stop up there?” Scully changes the subject rapidly, pointing out the windshield to her right at a sightseeing overlook stopping spot.

The colors are shifting from sunrise to a glorious yellow-warm glow across a light blue sky.
“Starting to warm up!” Mulder comments as they approach a hand built, old stone wall about waist high. Scully peers over it, looking down the steep cliff covered in shrubs and pines. The view is breathtaking, a winding snake-like lake, calm, flat and glimmering in the morning light.

Scully scans the lake, observing the edges of the lake for shadows, movement, any signs of their creature. Mulder does the same, placing his palms on the top of the stone wall.

“Look over there,” he says, pointing at a shallow inlet lined with a gnarled thicket of branches and tree limbs.

“Mulder. That's just a floating log,” Scully says.

“I swear I saw it move,” he insists, staring at the spot.

“Your eyes are playing tricks on you. You really want to believe, don't you?” she asks, turning her back on the lake and leaning up against the wall.

“I don't want to believe, Scully. I do believe,” he says, stepping a few inches toward her. His one foot is stamped between her legs, his body towering above hers in height as he invades her personal space. She does not seem to mind nor take much notice.

“I don't think we're going to find this creature, Mulder,” she sighs, tucking her chin down casting her eyes to the ground.

“Whether we do or don't, I'm enjoying my time with you,” Mulder says, putting one hand around her waist. She shivers when his other arm completes the ring around her waist, hands pulling her firmly to him. He hesitates. Waits. Stares her in the eyes, silently communicating.

Finally, she gets the courage, steps up on tip toes and places a soft kiss on his bottom lip. Her intentions seem chaste, but at the first touch, her mind flicks a switch like it is electricity. She sucks his bottom lip hungrily, pulling his flesh into hers and clamping down like she owns it.

Mulder groans, pushing into her body with his own, pinning her between himself and the wall. His hand travels up over her clothing, groping her breast in his right hand and squeezing. Scully holds her hand over his, asking him to stay there.

The sounds of a car coming in the distance break them from their make out session. Her head snaps away from him, as Mulder's body jolts from hers. Scully grabs his hand and leads him back to the car as the other car pulls in to park in the same gravelly area.

Mulder and Scully awkwardly nod and smile at the newcomers.

Back in the car, Scully begins, “Seriously Mulder. How did you acquire all this information about the ABC's of sex kinks?”

“I'm an investigator. It's what I do,” he smirks, pulling out of the parking space. “Honestly, I snagged a glamour magazine from the Starbucks the other day.”

Scully smiles arching her eyebrow, “Glamour, huh?”

“It looked interesting. And it was. I learned a lot.”

“So, now what are we doing?” Scully asks.

“I guess we'll get to the dam, and check out the crime scenes. Then, lunch?”
“Hum, lunch? I'd settle for a proper breakfast,” she jokes, desperately wishing for a cup of coffee.

Mulder and Scully took a twenty minute tour of the dams, lead by an employee of the Army Corps of Engineers. The crime scenes were uneventful to say the least, already finely combed and cleaned up by the local police. Mulder has a knack for finding missed evidence at crime scenes, but this time he came up short.

The entire drive back to their camp, Scully was contemplating the sex conversations she and Mulder had. Arousal was slapping her in the face and her vagina absolutely would not stop producing fluid. She felt drenched. Somewhat uncomfortable and increasingly frustrated. And it was on that drive that she made up her mind.
Scully lets Mulder enter the camper first, dropping the keys on the counter and toeing off his shoes. She does the same and then he turns to her, noticing how quiet she has been on the ride back.

“Everything okay?” he asks, eyeing her up and down, taking in her body language.

“Okay? Yes. Mulder...,” she stammers, her mouth open like a fish, like the words were just there a moment ago and then poof, gone. “I want you,” she finally declares.

Mulder stares at her, stunned. He does not know if he even heard what she said clearly.

“You mean...” he hesitates, but slowly approaches her.

“Yesss,” she implores, closing the gap between them and slipping her chilly hands underneath his t-shirt, his jacket gaping open. Mulder shivers. “You're right. No one is here. No one will know,” she whispers.

“No one will know,” he repeats and nods, bending his head closer to hers. His hand threads through her hair, feeling the soft warm strands tangle in his fingers. “Tell me I'm right again,” he jokes and laughs quietly. She playfully punishes his comment with a fist to his gut, pushing him backwards slightly down the hallway.

“I want you to do things to me,” Scully confesses, with a grin. She keeps pushing him backwards until he ducks in the doorway and the back of his calves hit the bed in the small space.

“Yeah,” he breathes deeply, slowly unzipping her jacket and letting it fall off and hit the floor with a soft noise. “You going to tell me?”

Scully does not answer, but pushes his jacket from his shoulders as he shrugs. She pulls the hem of his t-shirt up and he helps take it off as she explores his naked skin. Her palms rub across his muscles, feeling each crevice where one attaches to another. Her fingers dance upward to play with his chest hair.

Mulder sighs, letting his eyes drift shut for a moment. He fingers the hem of her shirt then lifts. Her arms go up in the air as he pulls it off her body, her hair tousled from the motion.

His eyes feast on her breasts, covered in a black lace bra, the swells of her milky skin threatening to spill out the tops. The flowered lace material is transparent and he notices her nipples poking through, hardened into pebbles.

“You wore this? You were planning this, weren't you?” Mulder smiles smugly.

“My kink? I like to dress up,” Scully reveals, grabbing the center of his jeans and tugging at the button. Mulder's erection strains against the stiff fabric as he bucks into her hand. His brain registers what she disclosed and he became impossibly harder as he began imagining what she had on under her pants.

“You're going to kill me,” he says, dipping his nose into her hair to breathe her scent.

“I had a feeling you couldn't handle my kinks!” Scully says, unzipping his jeans carefully. She digs
both hands in his pants at his hips and slides them down, admiring his tented boxers as she lowers herself to the floor. He steps out as she removes the garment.

“Kinks? As in, plural?” he questions, his eyes screwed shut as her fingernails drag along his legs, tugging the hair and tickling his thighs. Mulder feels her breath on the hair at his navel, a puff, an exhale. Then a lick. Oh god, a lick. He swallows hard.

The flat of her tongue pulls the hair up and then down again as she travels. Scully licks from his navel, down his erection through his boxers, smelling his arousal deeply before placing her palm over him.

“Tell me,” he coaxes, stalling her hand with his own. She stands, looking him in the eye. Mulder's eyes flicker green with need, while hers ignite blue flames in the thrill. They silently fight for dominance while he claps her hands in his own, impeding her movements as he lowers to kiss her passionately. Tongues collide, lips are nibbled, and the room is filled with wet kissing sounds.

Scully whimpers as he releases her hands roughly, egged on by her demeanor. He senses what she wants. Watches her carefully and studies her as he grabs at her pants.

Mulder quickly pushes her pants down, let's them drop on their own as he grabs her bare ass. Handfuls. He is surprised and growls, sucking on the pulse in her neck. “You always keep me guessing,” he says, pulling on her, imprinting his fingers into her glutes, and toying with the strap of her black thong. He pulls the strap between her legs, allowing her to feel the delicious pressure.

Scully's hands are in his hair, encouraging him as she tugs gently on the strands. Her mouth is on his shoulder, sinking her teeth into his flesh lightly as she feels the scrap of fabric of her thong slicing through her throbbing folds.

“Ugh,” she moans as his fingers begin to play under the fabric from behind.

“Tell me,” he repeats, still waiting for his answer. He backs away, removing his hands and he must see the excitement in her eyes. She still will not speak and she knows it is driving him crazy. She turns and crawls onto the bed, giving him the most delicious view.

“Like this,” Scully asserts. Once again, Mulder is stunned for a moment as if she controls him with a taser gun. His jaw drops for a moment as he feels the weight of his thick tongue. He finds his feet, moving them to kneel on the floor so he is eye level with her backside.

“Can I take these off?” he asks, hooking the sides of her panties with his fingers. He does not give her time to respond before he is pulling them off anyway, watching the centerpiece cling to her wetness before breaking free of her body. He tosses them to the floor, leans his face toward her.

Scully is on her knees, her head nearly buried in a pillow, eyes closed with the anticipation of feeling him. She expects to feel his thick cock enter her but is surprised when she only feels a single finger, tracing her swollen folds, testing with slight pushes.

He nudges her legs apart, agonizingly dipping his fingers through her labia and spreading her slickness around like a massage. A moan escapes her and her body rises and falls with a breath.

“Does it feel good? You like when I touch you like this? From behind?” Mulder asks, sliding her folds open more with his thumbs. She is glistening pink, gushing and he cannot wait another moment. He licks her, lapping at her thick tangy juices while flicking his thumb across her sensitive clit. Scully feels the scruff of his beard scratching deliciously against her sensitive skin, causing a wave of quivers through her core.
She jolts like an electric shock, and he backs off, circling her clit barely touching it. Her moans are coming steady now as his nose bumps her anus. He shakes his head back in forth, moving his lips across her quicker and without warning, latches onto her clit and sucks hard.

Scully is panting, her head now hanging from her body as she holds herself up with her arms. Her auburn hair falls like a curtain around her face, hiding her heated cheeks. She can hear her own pulse in her ears. Light-headed, she feels her orgasm brewing. Her knees shake, toes curl, and eyes close tight when he reaches up with a wet thumb to press against her anus while he sucks her.

“Right here?” he breathes. He waits for her body to relax and respond to him as his finger slips into her anus, held there sheathed like a tight glove. The corner of the fitted sheet snaps spontaneously from the mattress and catches on her white knuckles as she begins to shake.

“Ahhhhhh,” she cries out quietly. He knew she was coming by the violent spasms of her body. Mulder was determined to make it last by roughly shoving two fingers into her vagina and pumping as fast as he humanly could. She gushes again, he feels her drip around his fingers as her legs finally give out and she collapses on the bed.

He slides his wet fingers from her body and crawls up behind her, laying on his side and half on her. Mulder pulls her hair away from her face, tucking it behind her ear and places sweet kisses along her jaw.

Scully opens her eyes as she recovers from intense waves of pleasure, feeling Mulder grind his erection into her lower back.

“You want it like this?” he questions, gripping her under her thigh and lifting it into the air. She naturally bends her leg, and opens more as he lets go. He takes his heavy erection by hand and guides it into her slick heat. He moans, she whimpers.

Mulder lifts and pumps his hips in short bursts, thrusting up into her from behind, then reaching with one hand to caress her breast. Scully’s arm reaches back, her hand threading his hair as he kisses her shoulder, plucking at her nipple then palming the weight of her breasts.

“I’m so close!” Mulder says. He feels the sweat on his brow, the room humid and hot. For a moment, he hears the the shifts in the mattress, sees the gentle sway of the camper walls as he picks up his pace. Then, his eyes screw shut. Through gritted teeth he groans as he comes.

He barely realizes she is right with him, until he feels her writhing in his arms. He glances over, watching her face, her mouth open like she’s howling but not a sound escapes. She’s holding her breath, body rigid and trembling until it snaps with release.

“God!” Scully breathes, holding his arm that is wrapped around her stomach.

“Yeah.” Mulder sighs, “And just think, we still have 21 more letters of the alphabet to explore.”

She chuckles. “God Mulder, we didn’t even get that far!”

“You like this huh?” he asks, dragging his pointer finger along her ass crack, just as she feels the gush of his fluid leaving her body. She shivers.

“Yes, I like that. Maybe even more,” Scully confesses.

“Well, Scully....in case you haven’t noticed, we are nowhere near catching this creature...so we might just have to stay awhile.” He smiles and she feels it with his breath on her neck. She smiles too, basking in the glow. She wouldn’t mind staying awhile.
The End

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