Chapter 148 - Mulder and Scully get Married - with special guest writer kyouryokusenshi.

Each chapter can be read as its own fic unless otherwise noted.

This follows MSR beginning with "The End" in season five until life leads me in another direction. Yes there will be a definitive ending. It is canon compliant. The continuity in the storylines always bothered me, MSR deserved more than to become an x-file. This is a result of that nagging and a labor of love.

Chapters can be read as standalone or as a whole story. Full story begins with my fic, Pt. 3 of RIF series, "Falling."

First time is Ch. 20,
All Things is Ch. 36
Season 6 - Ch. 2-16
Season 7 - Ch. 17-39
Season 8 - Ch. 40-46
Season 9 - Ch. 47-52
On the Run - Ch. 53-76
IWTB - Ch. 77-85
Pre-The Revival - Ch. 86-100
Disclaimer: I do not own the x-files or any of the characters. They belong to Chris Carter and 20th Century Fox. I'm writing this out of love not profit and I receive no compensation from this. These characters deserved more happiness than what they received.
Table of Contents

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Addition of TOC to facilitate locating favorite chapters or if you are reading chapters as stand alone or looking for a specific type of fic

Chapter Notes

Unfinished. TOC should be complete within the week

Chapter/ Episode/ Description/Tags/Warnings

1. Chapter Index
2. S5E20 - The End - Diana calls into question the nature of Mulder and Scully’s Relationship. Angst/Masturbation
3. S6E03 - Triangle/Dreamland - Mulder is determined to confess his true feelings to Scully and Scully questions where her life should be headed.
4. S6E07 - Terms of Endearment/Per Manum - Scully discovers through IVF it may be possible to conceive, but she needs to decide on a donor. Late at night, in Mulder's apartment, they have that conversation and a week later, she gets her answer. Angst/Sorrow
5. S6E08 - The Rain King - Mulder and Scully come face to face with their feelings - Dry Humping - One Bed
6. S6E09 - Post S.R. 819 - IVF Prep/Scully confesses to her mother about the IVF and the donor
7. S6E13 - Pre-Agua Mala - Mulder comforts Scully over 1st failed IVF
8. S6E14 - Monday - Scully’s Jealous of a Waterbed
10. S6E16 - Alpha - Flirting
11. S6E18 - Milagro - Pain/Comfort
12. Dream Sequence - Office Sex - humor
13. S6E19 - The Unnatural - First Kiss/At the Bar w/the FBI bullpen
14. S6E20 - Three of a Kind - IVF Results (Not Per Manum)
15. S6E21 - Post Field Trip - Mulder and Scully attend a Baseball Game
16. S6E22 - Pre-Biogenesis - IVF/Miscarriage
17. S7E1/E2 - Biogenesis - Post Amor Fati - Mulder and Scully are in Pennsylvania investigating a murder (Humor)
18. S7E3 - Post Hungry - Fluff/Angst - Mulder comes over Maggie’s house for Thanksgiving & Scully gets drunk
19. Mulder and Scully are in NYC in Dec. investigating possible witchcraft
20. S8E13 - Per Manum - First Time/NSFW
21. The day after their first time - Angst
22. Scully is leaving to spend Christmas with her brother - Tension/Angst/Shower sex/Masturbation/Mulder’s kind of Dirty Talk/NSFW
23. S7E4 - Millenium - NYE Kiss/Christmas Exchange
24. S7E4 - Post Millenium sex/NSFW
25. S7E5 - Rush - BJ while driving a car/NSFW
26. Lunch w/Ellen, Scully gets excited from sunflower seeds and M&S have sex on their lunchbreak/NSFW
27. S7E6 - Goldberg Variation - Sex in a public park/NSFW
28. S7E7 - Orison - Angst
29. S7E8 - Amazing Maleeni - Car sex/Fingering/Oral Sex/NSFW
30. A
31. A
32. X-Cops/First Person Shooter - Office Sex/Jealousy/Light Bondage/NSFW
33. A
34. A
35. A
36. A
37. A
38. A
39. A
40. A
41. A
42. A
43. A
44. A
45. A
46. A
47. A
48. A
49. A
50. A
51. A
52. A
53. A
54. A
55. A
56. A
57. A
58. A
59. A
60. A
61. A
62. A
63. A
64. A
65. A
66. Threesome/Anal/Vag/Oral/NSFW
67. A
68. A
69. A
70. A
71. A
72. A
73. A
74. A
75. A
76. A
77. A
78. A
79. A
80. A
81. Post IWTB - Bondage/Masturbation/Oral Sex/Vag sex/NSFW
82. A
83. A
84. A
85. A
86. A
87. A
88. A
89. A
90. A
91. A
92. A
93. A
94. A
95. A
96. A
97. A
98. A
99. A
100. A
101. A
102. A
103. A
104. A
105. A
106. A
107. A
108. A
109. A
110. A
111. A
112. A
113. A
114. A
115. A
116. A
117. A
118. A
119. A
120. A
121. A
122. A
123. A
124. A
125. A
126. Birth of their Daughter
127. Family comes to see the new arrival/ Food Sex, Hand Sex, Porn, Couch sex
128. William Returns
129. William/Jackson - The Truth of his Existence Part 1
130. William/Jackson - The Truth of his Existence Part 2
131. Mulder strips/sex on multiple surfaces/Scully gets handcuffed
132. Mythology - Gibson
133. Part 1 of 3 - Child abduction
134. Part 2 of 3 - Abduction
135. Part 3 of 3 - Abduction conclusion
136. William/Monica/Mulder Angst
137. 27th Anniversary sex, Bring your daughter to work day, Mulder and baby pick out Scully's birthday present.
Sweet Dreams are made of these

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Most of this chapter is background and development for other chapters so there is a lot of thinking and analyzing going on. The storyline will pick up speed later. Season 05 ep.20 "The End" was written by Chris Carter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Special Agent Dr. Dana Scully left Inget Murray Psychiatric Hospital and started to drive. As her headlights cascaded along the pavement, she straightened her posture, pushing herself up to the edge of the seat. Who was this Diana? Why was Mulder being so goddamn mysterious about her? Scully flicked her tongue allowing it to comfort her top lip. Nervously, her fingers pushed the rebel strands of scarlet hair behind her ear. Did he think she was that inept? Why was it for all the talking they did, they were never able to talk about this? Aliens, conspiracies, monsters: Yes. This: No. The tires screeched as she came to a stop in front of The Lone Gunman.

[Later that evening in a nondescript office building]

“Is it as I presumed?” The voice boomed from a large plume of smoke.

“It may be worse,” Diana stated to the man with the cigarette pursed between his lips. “In the past three years since Krycek last reported to you, Agent Scully seems to have remained an issue. I’ve never known Fox to defend a woman like that to me. He seemed very distant for a man alone.”

“Do you believe you can drive the wedge necessary?”

“Yes.”

“Is Gibson Praise all that we believe?”

“Here’s a copy of the files. Agent Scully has uncovered more. I will get them to you as soon as I see Fox in the morning.”

“Very good, Agent Fowley. Diana, as usual, you have been an asset.”

Almost two hours later, Scully found herself in the parking garage of the FBI building. She played the scene over in her head of what she had witnessed- Diana and Mulder with hands entwined. Pangs of fear and anxiety ran up her spine into the tension of her neck. Her whole body flushed; her breath fleeting as though she had been punched in the gut. Tightening her grip on the wheel, she kneaded the smooth plastic beneath her fingers. She leaned her head against the steering wheel and guessed she had her answer. Maybe her friendship with Mulder wasn’t as evolved as it
felt. He obviously wanted to keep his life private. After all this time, they were still very much at arm’s length. She tried to convince herself that everything was fine; that she knew in the back of her mind this day would come.

Scully tried desperately to build her walls back around her. *Come on Dana, stop acting like a lovesick schoolgirl,* she thought to herself. She hadn’t really allowed him to bleed into her private life other than to prevent her from having one. Once again, she repeated to herself that she was fine. Five years and she was trapped in this painful love story? Diana was not going to get in the way of her business relationship with him. After all, she had, in her hands, the scientific proof of everything they had sought. Science was what led them this far, and science would be the key, and she was the half of the partnership that provided that. *Not Diana Fucking Fowley!* With that thought and walls intact, Scully got out of the car and slammed the door shut. She headed inside gripping the folder containing the truth of Gibson Praise.

[Mulder’s Apartment – 3AM]

Mulder was sprawled on his couch, in the dark, on his back, tossing his basketball up into the air. His mind replayed the scenes of the day, but they were not about Gibson, but Diana and Scully. Why was Diana back? What did she mean by getting back to things at home? And what was that look she gave him in the car all about? Why was he trying to keep all this from Scully? Scully was his friend, and while she did tend to be very possessive of him, he didn’t believe she deserved to be in the dark. But what was the truth?

Would he really want to get back with Diana? Last time was hard enough for him after she had left. They had been making great strides with the x-files and she deserted him; chose a different path. He understood her career came first, but he also remembered how it tore him apart. She left him waving his fist and screaming into the darkness as the powers that be tossed him in the basement.

He could remember how controlling Diana was; how when they couldn't marry because if they did, the FBI policy would prevent them from working on the x-files together, she made him wear a wedding band. She said it was to symbolize their union, but deep down he felt it more for a statement to others that he was taken. He remembered how she wanted him to “stop acting like a kid in college” and "take on responsibilities", "think about becoming a family man". Is that what he wanted? And what about Scully? Where would she fit into this portrait he was constructing? What if Scully would leave him over it? What if Diana couldn’t accept their friendship? He couldn’t live without Scully. He would not be complete and he would sacrifice anything to keep his friendship with Scully. Why would he even consider getting back with Diana? Why now?

Mulder felt like his head was going to explode. It was all too much. He dropped the ball and grabbed the remote. Mindlessly, he scanned through tv stations, pausing momentarily to hear the sports scores then scanning again looking for a good comedy. The tv was not being kind tonight.

He got up and walked over to his desk drawer, pulled out one of his VCR tapes and stuck it in the VCR. A very well endowed blonde woman appeared on the screen riding a man on a chair who was wearing nothing more than a tie. Mulder laid back on the couch blindly staring at the scene. The man then proceeded to bend the woman over a desk and slam into her repeatedly. The woman moaned loudly with each thrust. Slowly, Mulder's hand slid under his boxers. Palming his length with a light grip, he stroked himself. Within moments, he quickened his pace, concentrating on the screen; but his thoughts began to wander, softening his erection.

He closed his eyes and attempted to focus on the feeling and the sounds emanating from the television. He tried to clear his mind and imagine himself bending the woman over the desk and
taking her from behind. Not making much headway, frustration building within, he took a deep breath and finally allowed his mind to travel where it most desired. He replaced the woman with visions of Scully writhing and moaning beneath him. His cock stood at attention, sending waves of pleasure through it and up his spine. Scully looked back with tempting eyes.

“Fuck me Mulder,” she hissed. He imagined sliding smoothly and deeply into her; caressing her firm ass, running his hand along the small of her back.

“Scully you’re so beautiful, you feel so good,” he moaned breathlessly. He could feel her walls hot and wet around him.

“Oh shit,” he panted, stroking faster, his hips reflexively jerked forward into his hand as he bit deep into his bottom lip.

He imagined her clutching her breasts; kneading them as he continued to pound relentlessly. Mulder gripped Scully’s hips to lift her up as she arched her back, so he was fully supporting her weight. He watched as fantasy Scully pinched her nipple with her right hand, while using her left to reach down between her legs and rub her clit furiously.

“Oh, Muuuldderr, make me come,” she begged.

Mulder felt that familiar tingle as his balls drew up tight against his cock. Jerking his hips up off the couch, he groaned aloud, “Oh, Scully,” as he came.

He opened his eyes, shocked and embarrassed by reality. He grabbed some tissues off of the coffee table and headed to the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

In the episode "Unusual Suspects", Frohike hacks into the FBI database to look up Mulder’s information. It clearly states "Marital Status: Single". Mulder was not married at the time he was wearing the ring. I don’t find that hard to believe. I actually wore a wedding ring for more than two years and I was not married. Why? Same as Mulder, young and stupid.
Agent Scully hung up the phone to her seventh background check of the day. She gently rubbed her tired eyes as not to smudge her eyeliner. She was bored out of her mind and felt an overwhelming urge to throw pencils at the ceiling. This thought caused a smile to form on her rosy lips. Where did her partner run off to? She leaned back in her chair, crossing her legs at the ankles. She figured he was probably looking for her to cover for him again. How was he able to talk her into these things?

She thought back to him talking her into flying to Nevada.

He knew how to play her like a finely tuned instrument. That fucker knew if he gave her that look and wiggled his eyebrows she couldn’t resist him. The scene played in her head of him leaning on the roof of the sedan. “We can be in and out in a day and nobody has to know.” In a moment of weakness she thought of how she might enjoy spending a day going in and out with him. Wow. He really had infected her brain.

Playing with her business card holder and chewing the inside of her cheek, she recounted the words Mulder spoke in the hallway of his apartment some months ago. The opportunity that was presented. The clear desire she felt that she couldn’t deny. Now that it had ignited, she wasn’t sure how to ever put it out.

Whether it was welcomed or not, he inspired strong feelings inside her when he was around. The feel of his breath on her neck; the control over her that no man had ever had or that she would allow. Heat grew between her thighs, electric shocks running from her center. This time she pictured him leaning in; she could feel his lips pressed to hers; his strong chest brushing against her…

“Agent Scully. Are you okay?” It was Skinner with his typical quizzical look.

Scully sat up in her chair. “Yes, sorry sir. Must have been daydreaming”

The phone rang, causing Scully to jump. She lifted an index finger up to Skinner and picked up the phone, cradling it against her shoulder. “Agent Scully”.

Skinner shook his head and walked back to his office.

“Hey lady, did you order a pizza?” A man with a thick Brooklyn accent clamored into the phone.

“Mulder! Where have you been?”

“I had some errands to run, is it time for a lunch break yet? My treat.”

“I’ll meet you outside in five.” Scully hung up the phone, feeding her arm through her purse strap she thought to herself, Sometimes I think I’m better off daydreaming about Skinner. He’s an honest,
reliable man. Could have had that 2 ½ kids with the white picket fence. He definitely works out, takes care of himself. I wonder what we would have named the cats?"

[Earlier that day]

The alarm blared from the desk in Mulder’s apartment, but Mulder was already awake, still horizontal, his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling. The first rays of light began to blanket the room. “I love you”. The words echoed through his head and stabbed into his heart. They had been spoken aloud. Meant with all serious intent. She had pushed them away as quickly as they had passed his lips. He closed his eyes as waves of embarrassment coursed through his chest. He envisioned her in the hallway outside his door. She had repeated his words back to him while investigating the alien crime scene in Phoenix as she held his arm almost fusing them. Word for word. Which meant she remembered him leaning in to kiss her. And She Didn’t. Pull. Away.

There was no life without her, but he also felt he didn't deserve her. He wasn’t good enough for her and being in his life only caused her pain, but she’d follow him to the ends of the earth anyway. He was content to be her friend. Her existence in his life was enough for him to be complete, but he still needed to know. The kiss in 1939 was unnerving. It made him alive and now he wanted more. What was not in question was that no matter what time, place, dimension, or plane, he loved her. He loved her so much. Maybe that word didn’t suffice, but no adjectives existed for what encompassed his being. He heard Melissa Scully’s words play back to him from so many year's ago- “Why is it so much easier for you, running around trying to get even, than just expressing to her how you feel? At least she’ll know, and so will you.” Today was going to be the day she knew.

Instead of heading to work, Mulder showered, threw on a black Henley and jeans and headed out the door.

When Scully spotted Mulder dressed so casually, she knew something was askew.

“What’s up Mulder?” She asked as they drove away from the curb.

“Now why would you assume something is up? We’re just having lunch. Actually, I already have it prepared. I grabbed two heroes from the deli. I thought we could sit in the park and have a picnic.”

“Are you feeling okay Mulder? Dementia can start at any age.”

“I’m fine. Is it really a crime to have a picnic with your partner? Anyway, we’re here.”

They got out of the car and Mulder removed a cooler and a blanket from the back of the trunk. He found a shady spot under a large Maple, fixed the blanket on the ground, took out the sandwiches, and handed one to Scully. Still somewhat confused as to his intentions, Scully unwrapped it and took a bite. Out of the cooler he took out a single sunflower in a small vase and placed it on the blanket.

“That’s very pretty Mulder,” she said looking surprised and a bit confused.

“It’s for you. Something to brighten up that dreary desk in the bullpen.” She gave him a smile that created an uneasy intimacy between them, forcing her eyes to drop to the ground. It made him add, "It was really no big deal. I stole it off a little girl selling them at a school playground."

Scully laughed and rejoined his eyes, his stomach attempting to climb back into his throat.

Scully placed her sandwich down and leaned back on the heels of her hands. “What a beautiful day. Unusually warm for November. Thank you for asking me out here Mulder." She glanced over and looked at a couple playing with a young child. Pangs of a future that could never be rang in her chest. “Mulder, do you ever think, if you were offered an opportunity to choose a different path
where you could settle down, raise a family, I don’t know, have a mortgage, would you choose that life? When I sit and think about it, I sometimes wonder if that is what I want. Which is the right choice? Is it too late?” There was a long pause of silence and then with a sigh she added, “This might be too deep a conversation for this time of day. Hey did you hear about Agent Cantore and Agent Black?”

Mulder felt his heart do double time. Could he ever be any of those things for Scully? What if being in a romantic relationship with him would be a curse for her? What if she realized that was what she wanted and it ended badly? Mulder decided telling her his feelings would be a terrible mistake. “No, what happened?”

“They got caught sharing a room on a stakeout and the Bureau separated them and placed a formal reprimand in their file. How embarrassing.”

Mulder decided that solidified his actions. He got up and offered his hand to Scully. “Let’s get you back. I need to go home and get dressed anyway. I plan on coming in to work in about an hour.”

“Thank you so much for lunch Mulder. This was truly enjoyable. We should do this more often,” she said with a smile.

His beating heart melted inside his chest. “Thank you for coming along”.

*

Mulder watched as she got out of the car, turning to wave before heading inside with the flower in hand. He reached into his pocket and opened the tiny white box that was in it. There, glistened a pair of shiny stud earrings. He would save those for another time, he thought to himself. He'd been gifted to have Scully as his partner and it was more than he’d ever ask of her.

[Dreamland]

Scully was staring out the window into the night having a conversation with herself in her head.  

*How does he do this to me? How does he have this influence on me? First it’s a haunted house and now, here we are driving to Area 51. The most ironic part of this is I’m choosing to do this. Choosing to follow him and if I learned anything from that haunted house on Christmas Eve it’s that somewhere in my demented mind I want to be doing this. I want to be with him. Why not? What else do you do on a beautiful night like tonight? I could be on a couch right now or in a bubble bath drinking a glass of wine, having incredible sex, have a husband even, but no, I’m driving to fucking area 51! Against Kersh’s orders, risking my job for a man I may or may not be in love with. If we got together, this would be our life. All consuming. Chasing aliens and creatures in the night. I could never get him to stop.*

Mulder interrupted her thoughts. “Outpost 134. Two miles to go.”

“I’m all a tingle.”

“…It’s the dim hope of finding that proof that’s kept us in this car, or one very much like it for more nights than I care to remember, driving hundreds if not thousands of miles through neighborhoods and cities and towns where people are raising families and buying homes and playing with their kids and their dogs and in short, living their lives. While we…..we just keep driving. Don’t you ever just want to stop, get out of the damn car? Settle down and live something approaching a normal life?”

“This is a normal life”, Mulder smirked.

Exactly my point, Scully thought to herself, he’ll never be that guy, but he’s so damn lovable …. 
Scully gazed out the window again and saw lights of cars approaching …

[Later that evening . . . .]

Mulder pressed the 4th floor button on the elevator thinking to himself about what Scully had said to him in the car and she was right. She did deserve so much more than him. She deserved the house, a family, a dog, and not one in danger of getting eaten by alligators … yet his heart wasn't strong enough to let her go...

“……I uh, know it’s not your normal life, but thanks for coming out there with me.”
Even Spawns from Satan do it

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The following takes place post "Terms of Endearment" with scenes of "Per Manum" thrown in. "Terms" was written by David Amann and "Per Manum" was written by Chris Carter and Frank Spotnitz.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Coffee Shop]
Warming her hands around a large mug filled with coffee, Scully glanced over to a mother wiping the mouth of a child. Mulder’s words echoed through the cavernous pit of her stomach- “He’s exercising his biological imperative and he’ll do anything or say anything he has to to succeed.” Out of the mouth of a demon man named Wayne- “A normal life, family, it’s all I ever wanted. I just want what everyone wants.” Join the club, she thought aloud and took another sip of coffee.

Her mind drifted back to the doctor’s appointment earlier that day- “I’m sorry Dana, you’re showing all the signs of premature ovarian failure. With your period being this irregular, we may need to begin hormone therapy before your body becomes premature menopausal.” How was it that a demon mother gets to have a baby, yet she was denied? How was it that a consortium of men decided the fate of her future and the fate of her unborn children? Scully looked out the window and blinked back tears. Finishing her coffee, not ready to face a day of work quite yet; she went for a walk in the park.

[Elevator scene in Per Manum]
Mulder: “Scully, you were deathly ill and I couldn’t bear to give you another piece of bad news.”
Scully: “Is that what it was, bad news?”
Mulder: “Well, the doctor said that the ova weren’t viable.”
Scully: “I want a second opinion.”

[Saturday night, 9:30PM]

There was a light rapping on the door to apartment 42. Mulder opened it to see Scully in her long trench coat dressed in jeans and a dark gray sweater. She looked worn, tired.

“Is everything ok?” Mulder asked sincerely concerned.

“Yeah,” she replied as she stepped into the apartment. Mulder closed the door behind her as she spoke. “I went to the doctor today.”

“What did he say?”
“Well, he said there is a chance. If I go through the IVF procedure and start soon. It’s still a long shot, but there’s hope.”

“That’s great news,” Mulder returned cheerfully.

“Well, there’s another part to this.” She walked past him and sat on the couch.

“Please come sit next to me,” she said as she patted the empty cushion next to her. "There’s something I have to ask you. I don’t want to discuss it tonight. I want you to take some time and really think about it, then give me an answer. This isn’t a decision you’re going to want to take lightly.”

Mulder looked at her in complete bewilderment. He walked over in silence and sat down next to her facing forward, almost mimicking her posture. In a low serious tone he replied, “Sure Scully, anything. What is it?”

“Mulder, this process is lengthy. I have a chance to go through several cycles of it. It’s emotional, arduous, and it may be heartbreaking. With the process the way it is, the hormone therapy and all, it may be up to a year before I get results, if any.”

“Scully ….”

“You promised. Please.”

“Continue” Mulder replied in a whisper.

“Mulder, I feel like I must do this. What if there’s a child, a soul that is meant to exist, meant to be born, yet it doesn’t exist because of my choices… If I didn’t try in every possible way, it would be all my fault. It’s my responsibility. It’s beyond my wants, my needs, beyond all of us. I have to try. I can’t not try.”

Mulder nodded in agreement, but said nothing.

Scully stared at the television that wasn’t on, running her tongue across her top lip and began wringing her hands trying to build courage. “Dr. Parenti asked me what I want to do for a donor.. There was only one possibility that came to mind…”

She sat at the edge of the couch and looked him in the eye. He still looked confused and maybe a little... frightened? For the first time in their partnership she was having trouble reading his thoughts. Or maybe she was afraid to. She had to get this out. This was maybe the most important decision of her life and she couldn't imagine it any other way.

She inhaled deeply, "Mulder, you are my best friend. Besides my mother, I am closer to you than anyone I have ever been in my life. When I think of a child and the characteristics I would want them to possess- the intelligence, the heart, the ethical conscience... Mulder.. I think of you... and well.. for a myriad of other reasons... I would like you to be that donor.”

There was a long period of silence and neither of them moved. Scully let out a nervous chuckle and looked down at her hands, “I recall sitting on a bench with you in Home, Pennsylvania and we spoke about you passing genetic muster.”

Mulder smiled and gave a nod of recognition, but still said nothing, watching the same blank t.v. as
Scully.

Scully continued, “I would not demand or expect anything else from you.”

She got up from the couch, walked over to the door, opened it, and closed it behind her.

Mulder sat motionless on the couch for almost an hour after he heard the click of his door closing. His mind was reeling and he could have been knocked over by a feather. After all she had been through for him. After all she had lost for his cause. He would do anything for her. What about him? What did this mean for him? Did he want a child? She said he would have no obligations, but he couldn't imagine himself not wanting to be in this child's life. What would it mean for them? For their friendship? Nothing could tear a relationship apart like children and their relationship wasn't normal by any means. Out of everyone in the world, she picked him. It meant so much. She wanted her child to share his DNA with hers. It was all so emotional he wanted to cry. Was he ready for that kind of commitment? For reasons he didn't want to question, it made sense. He did want that commitment and he wanted it with Scully. Maybe this wasn't what he had ever planned, but he wanted to share this with her and he didn't want her to share it with anybody else. Knowing the importance of strong parents, he would do everything he knew to bring this child up right. This would test their friendship, but it was the only thing he could ever agree to that would be worth that risk. Scully was going to be the mother of his child. When he put it in that context, he knew it was right and he knew how he felt about it. Mulder spoke to the empty walls in a whisper almost intelligible, “I love you Scully.”

*  

5 days had passed since Scully had graced his doorway and turned his world on its side. She had been doing interviews at the Department of Agriculture building and he had been a desk jockey at the Hoover building, so their paths hadn't crossed all week other than a quick hello or goodbye in passing. They hadn't called each other and it may have been the longest they had gone without talking to one another in 5 years. He took a deep breath and lightly knocked on destiny's door.

[Scene in Per Manum]

“Obviously, you’ve had some time to think about my request,” Scully said, her eyes searching his.

“It’s um… It’s not something I get asked to do every day. Um, but I’m absolutely flattered. No honestly,” Mulder heard himself speaking as if he was outside of his own body. It wasn't coming out right at all. He saw Scully close her eyes to take a blow from his words and nod cutting him off.

“Look if… if you’re looking for a way to politely say “no” It’s okay. I…I understand.”

Mulder shook his head, he wasn't communicating. She needed to know their friendship meant everything to him. Beyond all else. As long as they had that, he would do anything for her. He nodded nervously with a hint of a smile forming as the vision of them having a child together formed in his head. “See, as weird as it sounds and this sounds really weird I know, but I.. I just wouldn’t want this to come between us.”

“Yeah. I know. I…I understand. I do.” She was shaking and nodding her head and the disappointment made his heart grow because it showed how much it really meant to her; for him to be the one. It made him want it more.

“But… the- the answer is… yes.” As he said it he watched as she ran through each expression and
he felt every emotion of hers in his own heart.

Chapter End Notes

I'm following canon so I also follow CCs interpretation of his characters - well, most of the time. This "normal" life thing really bugs me and rubs me the wrong way in all the ways you could imagine. Scully doesn't need children to make her whole or need to desire them. She can have it all if she wanted to, career and children, but this is the plot, so it is explored.
The Cow Jumped over the Fox

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The following takes place in the middle of the episode "The Rain King" written by Jeffery Bell. I always wondered what went on with those two nights they were stuck in that motel room together. Hope you enjoy!

“Mulder, our flight is leaving tomorrow at 10AM. I’m tired and I want to try to get some sleep.” Unfortunately for Mulder, Scully was not sharing the same enthusiasm for the town that his face displayed. Scully sighed. He never seemed to mind the uncomfortable beds of the motels, the dirt on their rugs, or the strange smells of happenings she would rather remain a mystery. Small towns seemed to work well with him. Maybe it was a small town’s willingness to believe in superstitions and folklore.

“Well, in that case, hop on in partner,” Mulder replied gleefully, lying on the bed and wiggling his eyebrows.

"Mulder, we are not sleeping in the same bed," Scully answered, uncertain how he would even joke at the notion.

Mulder, on the other hand, was not giving up that easy. “Scully, all the rooms are booked, there are no couches for you to send me to and there’s not enough room for you to force me to sleep on the floor.”

“I think you’re forgetting about the cot leaning against the wall.” Scully motioned over to the rickety cot behind her. It was small and stuffing was coming out of the thin mattress which appeared to be older than both of them combined.

Mulder made a face. “You’re not actually going to force me to sleep on that thing. Who knows what is growing on it. I’ll wake up like a pretzel.”

Scully sighed again losing her will to argue. She was so tired it didn’t matter anyway. “I’ll be in the bathroom. Stay on your side, face the wall, and I’ll let you sleep in the bed with me.” Scully gathered her clothes and walked into the bathroom closing the door behind her. The door didn’t get far enough for the latch to click and Scully had it open again. She pointed at him. “Only this one time.” After a moment of thought she added, “You sleep over the covers and no touching Mulder, I mean it.” She gave a decisive nod and headed into the bathroom.

Mulder got up, removing his pants. Wearing nothing but light blue boxers and a gray t-shirt, he got back into bed. Scully returned in Navy blue silk pajamas. Despite how cute she looked and the noticeable low cut of her blouse leaving less to the imagination, Mulder took one look at Scully’s demeanor and decided to behave, rolling on his side to face the wall. He felt the mattress sink, although almost undetectable as she slid into bed and turned away from him.

“Goodnight Scully,” Mulder purred rubbing his victory in her face.
“Goodnight. Mulder,” Scully returned sleepily, but getting her point across that she was finished with the banter. Her eyes were heavy and she began drifting to sleep almost before she finished his name.

A few hours later, Mulder woke to the slight bouncing of springs from the other side of the bed. He lifted his head. “Everything alright over there Scully?”

Scully fluffed the pillow underneath her and readjusted her position. “The Lupron I’m taking to prepare for the IVF is wreaking havoc on my body. One moment I’m freezing, the next I’m sweating. I can feel myself fall into a bitchy mood and the next minute I’m sentimental and melancholy. Right now it’s hard to sleep.”

Mulder rolled onto his back. “Scully, come here.”

Scully’s eyes opened wide and a frightful expression came over her face as she shook her head. “Mulder, I don’t think it’s a good idea…”

“Stop. Just come here.” Mulder slid his right arm around her shoulder and pulled her towards him. Her head rested into the crook of his arm. She kept her body positioned in a way that kept the tiniest space between them. His body was soothing against her own, his arms comforting. She knew in a sane sober state of mind this situation would not be acceptable, but she was so tired and he felt so good. Her right hand found its place besides her face on his chest. He really was a good friend and she knew she was giving him quite a hard time about this case and the weather.

“This is all just starting to get real for me” She confessed into his chest. “I’m nervous, excited, apprehensive. it’s all sometimes a little much.”

She felt his lips press against the top of her head and her anxieties subsided like he had cast a spell. Mulder spoke into her hair, “I know this is not easy, but I also know how strong you are and that you can do this.”

Scully ran her hand across his chest and gave him a squeeze. He could be so sweet when he tried and tonight, his words were perfect. He was an incredible comfort when she needed him. “Thank you,” she whispered and fell asleep.

[Early Morning]

Mulder’s eyes sprung open as he awakened to a blazing hard-on. Pleasure was wafting from between his thighs up to the tip of his brain. He lifted his head and looked down. Scully, in her sleep, had draped herself across him and her leg was brushing against his cock. He performed a quick assessment of the situation and realized his best course of action would be to roll her back to her side of the bed. He thought he might be able to tilt his body and get her back over to her side without waking her. As he went to lift her, the vanilla lavender scent of her hair stilled his heart. It made him increasingly aware of the warmth from her body over his and how beautifully smooth that leg was draped over his thigh. Gently, he nudged her shoulder as he rotated them and she groggily lifted her head off of his chest at the motion, leaving behind a considerable amount of drool. As she moved her leg to adjust, she grazed his erection again causing her eyebrows to raise accordingly. Mulder sprang from the bed before he did anything inappropriate, speaking in a higher octave before resuming his normal monotone, “I’m going to go grab a shower and head over to the studio before we leave. I want to talk with Holman.”

Scully tried to avert her eyes, but his boxers seemed only to accentuate the scenery. Registering the state of affairs and noticing her mouth agape, Mulder turned swiftly with his head down and headed towards the bathroom.
With an evil grin Scully retorted, “That’s quite a protuberance you got there Mulder. Better keep that shower cold.”

He was grateful for the humor. He wasn’t in the mood for a fight this morning.

*

[Sheila and Scully in the bathroom at the reunion]

“Holman is unwittingly destroying this town because of his love for you.”

Sheila looked Scully in the eyes, “You love him don’t you.”

“What?” Now Scully was lost.

“You’re jealous because Agent Mulder and I have a special connection and you’re trying to divert me to Holman.”

“What?”

“Look, if you’re trying to tell me that you don’t have feelings for Agent Mulder, I’m not going to believe a word you say. I’m not stupid.”

Scully looked down at the ground. “For Agent Mulder? Please. We’ve been friends for five years...”

“Agent Scully.”

“Alright. I may feel a slight attraction to him from time to time, but..”

“Agent Scully.”

Realizing that Sheila deserved her sincerity and knowing this was her only way out of the bathroom and Kansas, Scully took a deep breath and placed both her hands on either side of the white porcelain sink, leaning her weight against it. She lifted her head and looked at herself in the mirror. Looking away she tilted her head to the side and put her tongue in her cheek as she raised a hand in surrender. “O.K. ….Okay. Yes.” With eyes diverted to the knobs on the sink, very hesitantly, struggling to get the words out she mumbled slowly, “I. love. him.” She felt her throat go dry and her stomach knot. “I’ve only come to realize that recently, but it’s really complicated, and it’s not a good idea on all kinds of levels. Look, everything I said about Holman is true and all Mulder and I have ever been is platonic friends.”

Sheila replied sympathetically, “You mean after five years you guys have never ....”

Scully shook her head almost regretfully, “Nope.”

“Not even a kiss?”

Scully continued to shake her head. “No.”

Sheila headed back to the mirror to straighten herself up. “Trust me. The man knows how to kiss.”

Scully felt a natural camaraderie with Sheila and wanted her to understand what she could be missing. She felt her walls temporarily dissipate as she opened up her heart. “It seems to me, the best relationships, the ones that last, are frequently rooted in friendship. One day you look at a person and you see something more than you did the night before. Like a switch has been flicked somewhere and the person who was just a friend is suddenly the only person you can imagine yourself with.”
[Back at the hotel room, after the reunion, around 1AM]

Thankfully, it was the last night in this town, in this room, in a bed with Mulder sleeping within a foot of her. Not that he wasn’t a gentlemen, but she longed for her firm mattress and fluffy down comforter. Tonight was Mulder’s turn to flop around the bed. It was obvious he was having trouble getting comfortable. She felt him turn and face her back. “Scully, are you awake?”

“I am now. What’s wrong Mulder?”

“I was just thinking…”

“I thought I smelled something.”

She could feel him hovering over her with his head propped on his hand. “In a couple of months Scully, there could be a little me and you combination growing inside here.” Slowly his hand found its way to Scully’s belly resting on the outside of the covers.

Scully froze. Her first instinct was to pull away and leap from the bed, but she was so touched by the sentimentality, she fought against it. This was really affecting him. She guessed she wasn’t taking his feelings into enough consideration.

Is that why he didn’t correct the mayor when they got off the plane? In the past, he was always the first to make it clear that she was his FBI partner. Is that why he was opening doors for her and seemed ambivalent to the fact that everyone was mistaking them for a married couple? He did seem happier than usual. Although, Diana could have been seeing him outside of work, but that didn’t seem to be the case.

Scully wanted so badly to open her heart and let the warmth take her over, but Diana was haunting her and they never discussed how involved, if any, he would be if she was to become pregnant. For now she let her walls encase her in a cocoon far from the pain of solitude and rejection and fell back to sleep.

* 

A few hours later Scully awoke to the sounds of Mulder snoring lightly in her ear. His hand was still splayed over her belly and his face was buried in the crook of her neck. Mulder obviously didn’t know what he was doing and it had been so long since she had been in a man’s arms. Even if it was only temporary bliss. He stirred slightly pulling her closer against him and electricity surged through her body. His hot breath tickled her ear and her body’s immediate response to him startled her. Maybe it was the hormones or his change in attitude, or maybe the effects of this crazy town, but she wanted him. Craved him. She rolled inside his arm to face him still unsure of her own intentions. He slept peacefully while she stared inches from his face. Her heart was racing and her body pounding. How did she get herself this worked up over Mulder?

Without a plan, she reluctantly slid her arm over his torso. Did she intend for this to go somewhere? Was she trying to wake him? She wasn't sure, but he was coaxed awake from the movement anyway. His eyes opened and stared into her own. Expressionless, he brushed an errant strand of hair away from her face, tucking it behind her ear, his electric fingers following a path through her hair to the back of her head. Her mouth went dry as she swallowed hard. His eyes stayed fixated on hers and she felt a need grow down deep in her belly. The electricity between them caused her to tremble. Cradling her head, he delicately leaned into her. Fear shot through her as she closed her eyes preparing for a kiss. Instead he pressed his forehead against hers touching her nose with his. It took
everything she had not to whimper. This was Mulder, her friend, but these feelings were not about friendship. They paralyzed her, muting her brain. Whatever he was about to do she didn’t have the will to stop him. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes as if gathering courage. Dropping his head, his lips landed in the crook of her neck, his heavy breaths lingering across her chest. She wanted every part of him, and she desperately needed him to feel the same way about her. Pleasure ran over her and into her chest as he sucked at her skin, kneading the back of her head. She tried to cry out, to tell him to stop, but the words escaped her floating into the dark. She had never felt like this. Her feelings for him were so strong. As his lips skimmed up and down her neck, his stubble grazing behind, her cells screamed out with a passion she thought only existed in fairy tales.

She was ridiculously wet. Turned on more than she could ever recall, pleasure resounding from her chest and between her thighs. The thought of him having the power to possibly bring her to orgasm from a solitary kiss filled her with shock and horror. She ran her hand up his back over the soft cotton of his t-shirt and rested it on his shoulder blade digging in with her nails. Her mouth open and her eyes closed, she was lost. Through the thin fabric of their clothes she felt the heat emanating from his cock, caressing her. His breathing became erratic as he sensually writhed against her. Leaving kisses on her neck, on her chest, every nerve ending an erogenous zone, every part of her in contact with him caused her dripping walls to pulsate deep inside. Pleasure overtook her, she unknowingly started biting into his shoulder desperately trying not to moan. Since his lips had first made contact with the skin of her neck, neither of them had opened their eyes. His head never rose farther than her jawline as if an acknowledgement of their true feelings might shatter them both.

She kissed his neck, the smoothness of his skin caressed her lips like a ripened plumb. His ear teased her hovering just above her cheek and she flicked it with her tongue. His response throbbed against her with an intensity that made her pause to catch her breath. Her tongue found the ridge of his ear, reaching the lobe she sucked on it grating it with her teeth. A moan escaped his lips causing her to shutter. “Shit, Scully.” A bolt of lightning shot through her body at the sound of her name leaving his lips with such a sensual tone. Those feelings in that tone were caused by what he felt for her. Her heart beat white hot. He mumbled into her neck as his hand fell to the small of her back and crushed her against him. Like a thick post of reclaimed wood he grated against her plush sensitive area, lighting up a firestorm with each thrust. Everything melted away, including her thoughts. All that remained was the feeling of his cock rubbing against her. Pulling from her what could be the most intense orgasm of her life.

A couple hundred narrow cotton fibers were all that was separating them from destiny. Increasing the incredible friction between them he quickened his gyrations, her hips following his dance. Her breathing now in short gasps, mounting pleasure coiled deep inside her. His hard body slowed, gently, rocking her, supporting her, oozing sex. He sucked at the skin below her jaw line grinding himself into her hard and deliberate. Scully became undone, she closed her eyes again and let out a high pitched moan spasming pleasure. He replied humming a deep groan into her neck.

Mulder’s eyes shot open, sobering, paralyzed with fear.

“What’s going on?” Mulder muffled into her shoulder.

“Yeah” she croaked.

“What’s going on?” Scully separated, springing from the bed, her eyes remaining transfixed on the floor. “We’re getting out of this bed and we’re getting ready for our flight.”

Mulder rolled to his side of the bed and sat on the edge staring out the window, running his hand through his hair. His voice was shaky as he failed at casual conversation. “You know, this is the second time I’ve actually slept through the night.”
Scully darted to the bathroom. She closed the door behind her and leaned her back against it allowing gravity to take her down to the floor. Her body was trembling. She had really done it this time. She had lost all sense of professionalism and self control. Her head fell into her hands and against her knees. She had never felt anything like that, with anyone. Not even close. With or without penetration. What just happened? How could he make her feel that way without removing one piece of clothing? Did he even touch her? How could she have allowed it to get so far? To get that swept up in the moment? She never felt so alive or so terrified.
Scully’s phone rang. She put down the dish towel from the dishes she was drying and answered, “Scully.”

“Hey Scully, what you doing today?”

“I’ve got a doctor’s appointment Mulder.”

“Is this thee doctor’s appointment?” She could hear Mulder bouncing his basketball through the phone.

“I have to go in so they can map my uterus. Do you really want to hear about this?”

The bouncing stopped. “Yeah, I, uh, I really do. I want to understand everything.”

“Okaay. Well, this will be the roadmap they will use to place the embryo in the correct location to help increase the odds of implantation.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” She could hear the concern in his voice through the phone and pangs of guilt rose inside her stomach.

“I am telling you.”

“You know what I mean…..I want to take you.”

“Mulder really I’m fine doing it by myself.”

“No, I’m coming to pick you up. I want to do this. You can let me be there for you.”

Scully let out a sigh, “If you want to drive me, drive. I need to drink water on the way there anyway. I need to have a full bladder for the procedure.”

*[two hours later]*

Mulder held the door open as they left the doctor’s office and Scully walked through it. She took the passenger side of the car and Mulder got behind the wheel. “Mulder, thank you for coming. I do appreciate it. Although, I wasn’t expecting you to be asking so many questions.”

“Can’t a guy be curious?” Mulder asked as he started the car and headed to drop her off at her apartment.

“I guess.”
“It was a good thing I did come. He gave me a prescription for all the antibiotics and vitamins to prepare for my donation as it were……..Scully, if you are willing, can you please let me know when you’re having these doctor’s appointments? It’s okay to let me know.”

She saw a look of concern and a little of a lost puppy. “Ok Mulder, from now on, I promise to let you know.”

Scully pulled up in front of her mother’s house. The air was crisp and cool. Her mother opened the door as she made her way up the walkway.

“Good Afternoon Dana. So glad you decided to come for a visit. I’ve got some tea made if you would like to come in and sit.”

“That would be great mom”, She said as she gave her a big hug.

* * *

“I heard from Charlie last week. He asked about you. The kids are doing well. I spoke to Bill this morning and he sends his regards.”

Scully stared at her tea not knowing quite how to broach the subject. Open and straightforward seemed to be the ideal tactic. Just rip the bandaid. “Mom, I’ve got something I want to tell you. I’ve been seeing a fertility specialist. He told me that there is a chance for me to have a baby. He said my chances of success would be greater if I try now rather than later.”

“Now? But Dana, who would be the father? You have no husband. Do you even have a boyfriend? And your job, the travel, the long hours...”

“Mom,” she said reaching out across the table placing her hand on top of hers, “It will be fine. This is what I want and I will make the proper adjustments to my work life to accommodate the needs of the child.”

Maggie leaned back in her chair trying to digest it all, “What did Fox say?”

“He’s being very supportive as usual. He knows how important this is to me.” She played with her tea glass wiping away the condensation with her thumb. “He’s decided to be the donor.”

Maggie’s eyes lit up, “Well that’s wonderful! Have you two spoken about marriage?”

“No mom, you don’t understand. Mulder is my friend. We’re just friends. His only contribution will be that as a donor.”

“Dana, you know I will be here for you no matter what. I will be very happy for you and my new grandchild when or if the time comes. You must also understand, this will change things between you and Fox. And I know Fox, he is going to want to be in that child’s life. I wish you would give him a chance Dana. He might surprise you. I’ve always been very fond of him.”

“I know you have mom. We’re just going to take it one day at a time.”

“Well, tell him I asked about him. Things will be different. I just know it.”

---

[In a Café]
The waitress set two sandwich plates on the table and walked away.

"Thank you for meeting me Fox." Diana was sitting across from him with a seductive smile.

"You asked", Mulder smiled back.

In a serious tone Diana continued, "I know you still think I may have betrayed you Fox, but the important thing is that the work continues."

"While I investigate fertilizer." Mulder pursed his lips.

"You know that's not forever. Just give it some time."

"Is this what you brought me out here to discuss? You said it was urgent."

"No, I wanted to discuss us." Diana grabbed his hand.

"There is no "us" anymore Diana."

"There could be. That's why I came back Fox. I missed you. That is unless you've moved on to someone else. So what is the situation with you and Special Agent Scully?"

Mulder tensed defensively, "Scully and her life is not yours or anyone else's business. She is my partner and my friend. I respect her as both." He pulled his hand away. "As for me, I'm married to the x-files and I don't have any plans other than those. And right now my wife is having an affair with Jeffrey Spender, so I need to get back to her." He took a deep breath. "Diana, you are my friend and I'll trust you until it is proven otherwise, but I think it is best if we keep all calls and meetings work related."

"For now." Her seductive eyes returned his stare. "Bye Fox."
Seafood Anyone?
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter is set just before the episode "Aqua Mala". Scully receives some bad news, so Mulder provides her with some fluff.

Scully entered her apartment, surprised to find Mulder sleeping on her couch. She gripped at her chest. “God Mulder, you scared me.”

Mulder quickly sat up. “When you told me you had your appointment today, I guess I just wanted to be here when you got home. What did the doctor say?”

“The test was negative, “ Scully answered averting her eyes. “He said everything still looks healthy though, and I can give it a month and try again.”

Mulder got up from the couch and put his arms around her. “Scully, I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry you have to go through any of this.”

Scully’s eyes began to well and she pulled away, “I know, I know. I’m not sure what I was expecting.”

Mulder grabbed his coat and placed his hand on her back to lead her to the door. “Scully, come. Let’s get out of here, let me buy you dinner.”

“No…..I don’t know.”

“Come on, you can’t pass up a free meal, right?”

She smiled, “I guess not.”

*

At the restaurant, Mulder did his best to distract Scully. “The Yankees are going to have a good team this year. Right now I hear they’re in talks about signing Darryl Strawberry as a free agent.”

“Thank you for taking me out Mulder. This is above and beyond…”

“I haven’t been to Old Town in a while and Hank’s is my favorite in this area for seafood. Just don’t eat too many oysters, I don’t want to have to tear you off of me again.” He smiled and blushed. His own joke a little too real even for himself.

Scully’s face shared the sentiment turning a beet red at the remark. This was the first time either of them dared to broach the subject. The car and plane ride on the way back to D.C. from Kansas had been quiet and uncomfortable. Besides the single doctor’s appointment, all their conversations had been work related. What would she even talk to him about? They didn’t kiss. You couldn’t exactly categorize it as sex. Like most things around them it was unidentifiable and unanswered. An x-file placed in her mind’s file of things they chose never to discuss again. It was apparent he didn’t share
her same filing system. She looked him in the eye. “If I recall, you were the one that initiated. I was the one who had to wear turtlenecks for a week. My entire neck was purple.”

“Well I didn’t get out of there unscathed.” He kept his volume low as not to be overheard. “I had teeth imprints next to my bullet scar and fingernail blood trails down my back. Not to mention on my neck, a couple Scully sized red marks. Someone definitely got carried away.”

Scully hadn’t come to terms yet with what had happened and she refused to discuss it further with him. Why couldn’t he just forget it and chalk it up as a mistake? She was under the influence of medication, that was all. Case closed. Scully looked around to see if anyone had been listening. Desperately she wanted to change the subject.“Hey, is that Agent Arnold over there at the bar? I wonder what he’s doing here.”

“He’s probably in town for the quarterly progress reviews next Monday. They like to come down to headquarters early to “prepare”. Has Skinner given you any hint as to what our first assignment back on the x-files will be? Hopefully nothing to do with fertilizer,” Mulder remarked.

Thank God his brain was on something new. “Skinner told me he had some undercover work out in California he thought would be right up our alley, but he didn’t go into any details.”

“That doesn’t sound to me like an x-file. It better not be a stakeout,” Mulder said taking a sip of his beer.

“You need to trust Skinner. Otherwise, you can always go back to Kersh,” Scully replied giving Mulder a warm, but devious smile.

* 

After the restaurant, Mulder pulled up at a video rental store. “I thought we could pick out a movie and take it to your place. It’s too early on a Friday to go home just yet.”

She paused and wondered if he was going to try and pick up where they left off back in Kansas. After a second thought she realized that would be way too forward for him. This was Mulder we were talking about. His version of hitting on a woman was to slowly invade her personal space and see if she noticed. Or crack corny jokes and wait for her to make the first move. “That’s fine, I think I need a good comedy. Get a new release. Something I haven’t seen.”

10 minutes later, Mulder returned smiling holding up the tape. “There’s Something About Mary”. He handed it to her and started the car. “Got good reviews and Ben Stiller is always good for a laugh.”

* 

Eating microwave popcorn and finishing his third beer of the night, Mulder sheepishly addressed Scully perched on the other side of the couch.

“Scully, we will try again.” He said it more of a statement than a question.

‘We’ Scully thought. Well, he would have to make another deposit. “Yes. I haven’t given up.”

A sense of relief washed over him now that he knew she was giving it another chance. He was hoping to lift her spirits tonight.

With the movie over and the news on, Mulder looked to find Scully sleeping with her head hung over the top of the couch and her legs tucked underneath her. There was no way she could have
been comfortable sleeping like that. He got up and grabbed her a blanket from the bedroom and carefully draped it over her.

Scully spoke with her eyes still closed. “Don’t go. It’s late and it’s raining. Sleep on the couch.”

Too tired to put up much resistance, Mulder obeyed, placing one of her throw pillows behind his head. He stretched his legs out and she, to his surprise, laid down between his legs with her head resting just below his chest. He knew she couldn’t be fully awake, but he wasn’t going to argue. She was using him for a body pillow. He was happy.

**********

Rays of sunlight passed through Scully’s apartment stirring Mulder. Sometime during the night their legs and arms had found each other and tightly entwined. It warmed his heart and sent butterflies to his stomach at how soundly they slept in each other’s presence. Somehow he was able to get off of the couch without waking her and headed back to his apartment. Once there, he saw the blinking of his answering machine and hit the button. It was Arthur Dales. He picked up the phone and dialed his number. Dales wanted Mulder to come down to Goodland, Florida. Mulder smiled. This was just what Scully needed to lift her spirits. Nothing like a good sea monster to get your mind off of things.
That night there was a knock on the door to Mulder’s apartment. He opened it to find Scully there in what appeared to be silk pajamas underneath her trench coat.

“Sleepwalking are we, Scully?”

She entered the apartment and he shut the door behind her. “I couldn’t sleep. We need to give Skinner an answer by eight as to whether we will be going undercover in California.”

She walked over to his bedroom door and peered inside. Noticing the poster bed and deflated mattress she commented, “Must have been quite a mess in here Monday. Neighbors must have loved that.”

“You came over here to check out my bed!” Mulder said indignantly, but with a bit of jovialness.

“I came over to decide on whether we were taking this case so we had an answer for Skinner in the morning like he asked.” Scully stared at the mirrored tiles attached to the canopy of the frame. “You said this bed was a gift?” She asked raising one eyebrow, “Was it from Agent Fowley?”

“No, Diana didn’t give it to me. At least I don’t think . . . . No, she didn’t.”

Sully raised both eyebrows, “Are you sure?”

“I haven’t spoken to her since we were assigned back on the x-files. Sideways looks in the hallway, smiles for a greeting. That’s about it. I don’t even know what her current assignment is. Actually, I thought you were the one who gave it to me. I can’t think of anyone else who would come in here and turn my storage space into a bedroom. I thought maybe you were hinting at something.”

Scully decided it was best to change the subject. “So are you ready to go undercover?”

“What does this entail?”

“It seems we will be masquerading as a married couple, investigating the mysterious disappearance of a couple with the last name of Klein.”

“Married, huh?” Mulder smiled at the implications.

“No Mulder. No funny business. First of all, we’re on a case. Second of all, with where I am in the IVF process, I couldn’t do anything even if I wanted to.”

“So, you’re saying you want to.”

Scully felt herself flush. “Mulder, be serious.”
“Maybe Skinner’s trying to prepare us, you know, in case it’s ever positive. Ol’ papa bear might be prepping his shotgun.”

“So, are we going or not?”

“Well, I’m still not sure it’s an x-file, but at least it will be better weather than dreary D.C.”
Chapter Summary

This chapter is around the "Arcadia" Episode and all I want to reference from "One Son".

Chapter Notes

Over the years I've read a lot of good fanfiction around Arcadia. All of them involving some kinds of explicit sexual acts, the most fun involving food. There are so many possibilities with this shipper episode, but in my attempt to keep to the canon script I will have to save the dirty version for another story. The "One Week" title of this chapter is referencing the Barenaked Ladies song.

[Arcadia – This episode was meant to air after One Son which explains why Scully is still upset with Mulder about Diana, why she says it’s February 24 th on the video and why it is their first case back on the x-files. To go along with the actual airing dates and so the IVF procedures make sense, I will “assume” Scully meant to say March 24, 1999 on the video.]

[On the airplane, on the way to California]

Mulder was flipping through a SkyMall magazine as the flight attendant bumped his knee on the cart. Scully looked up from her laptop and then back down.

“Scully, there’s something I feel I should let you know. Especially since we’re doing what we’re doing.”

“What are we doing Mulder?” Scully mumbled sounding very bored.

“You know, the procedure and everything. Anyway, the night that I met up with CGB in Diana’s apartment. When Diana and I were talking ..she ..uh, she kissed me.”

Not looking away from her laptop she replied, “Mulder, it’s really none of my business. I told you, you have no obligations towards me.”

There was silence through their in-flight meal, in which Scully stole Mulder’s brownie as the flight attendant was taking away their trays.

Scully looked at Mulder and sighed, “Did you kiss her back?”

“Kind of, maybe. I guess.”

“Are you going to kiss her again?”
“Scully, no, it’s not like that.”

“It sure seems like it. It seems to me that she is doing everything in her power to get between us. That you’ll believe everything she says, that everything she does is completely altruistic but, me, I just get left to clean up the mess. Why do you think CGB was in her apartment Mulder?”

“He told me he was looking for Spender’

“Yes, because now Smoking Man is trustworthy. Open your eyes.” There was a long silent pause. The tension thick in the air.

“Scully, I was with you, she went alone.”

“What were your plans exactly Mulder? That you two would ride off into the sunset and I’d be your little tag-a-long?” She could feel her blood pressure rise as beads of anguish formed on her scarlet hairline.

“Scully you’re my partner’

“That’s right. Try not to forget that Mulder. Try not to forget that the next time you need somewhere to sleep.” With that, Scully opened her laptop and buried herself in it.

Great. Now she was angry. Mulder fumed. I’m trying to not keep anything from her and now I have to spend a week with angry, pissed off Scully. I can’t believe she threw Kansas in my face. Yeah, this was going to be a great trip.

*

[During the car ride over to Arcadia Falls]

After a very quiet plane ride, Mulder felt it was time to break the ice, “You know, Scully. It might be kind of nice, you and me, married. You might even enjoy it.”

“Rob and Laura are married. We just work together.” Scully stated coldly.

Mulder grabbed Scully’s hand, interlocking their fingers. “Scully, I’m with you. You’re the one I watch movies with, you’re the one I call at 3 in the morning.”

“Should I be flattered? Or …..”

Mulder stopped the minivan for a red light. He took the wedding rings out of his pocket, grabbed Scully’s left hand and stared into her deep blue eyes and said in his low monotone voice, “With this ring, I thee wed” and slid the ring onto her finger. He then handed her the other ring. Scully’s heart flew into her throat. She didn’t want to be angry with him. Maybe she wasn’t angry with him at all. Maybe she was angry with herself. Angry that she couldn’t admit how she felt, admit that she wanted him all for herself. Admit that she wanted to be back in Kansas on that bed and finish what they had started. “Come on Laura, we need to make this legitimate…and believable. We’re supposed to be a happily married couple remember?”

She decided to play along and slid it halfway down his ring finger. Mulder nodded his head, pushed the ring the rest of the way onto his finger, and with a very satisfied smile on his face continued their drive. Scully couldn’t help but smile at him. This should be interesting she thought, even if he wasn’t completely off the hook.

*
After two nights of sleeping on the couch, Scully watched as Mulder quietly grabbed his pillow and sulked back downstairs. Why exactly was she making him sleep on the couch? Did she want him in her bed? How could she be so angry with him over Diana yet demand they stay at arm’s length? If she kept this up she was going to wind up pushing him right into her waiting slithering arms. She called out, “Alright. If you keep to your side of the bed.”

Mulder stopped and turned around. “You mean it?”

“Don’t make me regret it. Come on before I change my mind”

*

Mulder woke up at 5AM. Scully was curled up underneath him. Like baby cats he thought to himself and smiled. He gave her a hug, kissing her on the cheek. They were back on the x-files and back together. He thought about how he kept asking her if she wanted him to make a choice, but the choice wasn’t between two people or two ideologies. The real choice was whether he wanted more from her than friendship. Was what he had told himself and Holman true? Was he really content with a simple friendship? Right now with his arms wrapped around her it sure didn’t feel like it. They were trying to have a baby and he was worried about if people thought they gazed too long at each other. Soon he would have to address his feelings, but right now he had a case to solve which seemed like as good an excuse as any to prolong the inevitable. He whispered into her ear, “We better get up, the excavator will be here by 7.”

“Hmmmm. 10 more minutes”

“Ok.” He wasn’t arguing with that. Ten more minutes with his new favorite teddy bear. A teddy bear that would look great in a teddy. He snuggled her, relishing in the moment. “I finally figured out how to get me to sleep through the night.” Mulder gave her another peck on the cheek.

“I know. We’re like Ross and Joey on Friends.” Scully mumbled as she drifted back to sleep.

“Hey, whatever works.”
Scully awoke to the song “Smooth” by Santana blaring from her alarm clock. After showering, brushing her teeth, and getting dressed, she headed to the kitchen for coffee. It was then that she remembered that Mulder had decided to crash on her couch. He had come over and surprised her with Chinese take-out and a box of x-files he wanted to add to their secret collection that they were keeping at her apartment. When she got to her kitchen she realized he had left already, but her vase was on the table filled with water and an assortment of flowers. There was also a small card. It read, “Will be in late today. Going to the doctor to make a deposit. Left you something to brighten your day without me. -Your Partner.” She smiled, her heart growing in her chest. Then she caught herself and added some bricks to her tumbling wall.

She worked mostly at her desk in the bullpen and did not see Mulder all day, but at 10 after 7 she decided to pack up her things and see if he was down in the basement so she could say goodnight. It seemed lately that she couldn’t look him in the eye without smiling. He continued his jovial flirtations while somehow remaining professional. Tonight he was “feathering his nest” and going on about dogs. Lately the urge to kiss him was becoming overwhelming. How could anyone be that adorable and that corny at the same time?
Rebel Heart

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter takes place post "Milagro". It was written through my tears.

[Post Milagro]

Scully was clinging to Mulder with all the strength she had left. He was her lifeline. She grasped for him. He held her for as long as she needed. Mulder was terrified, but he hid his shaking hands. She needed his fortitude not to waver. He picked her up, and carried her over to his bathroom. Blood, so much blood everywhere. Her blood. He threw the cover down on the toilet seat for her to sit.

“Scully, I’m going to unbutton your shirt. I need to know if you’re alright.” She simply nodded. The white cotton was soaked in her life force. He grabbed a washcloth from under his sink and wiped away the blood on her chest. She started trembling.

“Scully, you want to go to the hospital?” She shook her head no.

He placed a body towel on the sink. “I’m going to let you wash up and I’ll be right outside.”

She grabbed his arm. “No!” She screamed frightfully.

He spoke softly. “Okay, then I’m coming in with you, but we have to get you cleaned up.”

He lifted his sweater and shirt over his head and removed his shoes, socks, pants, and boxers. Walking over to the shower he turned the handle, testing to make sure it was warm enough. He methodically took off her blazer, her shirt. She said nothing but stared off in the distance shaking and in shock. Helping her to her feet, she removed her own pants. He looked away as she removed her bra and underwear, guiding her to the shower. Not knowing what else to do, he got in with her.

“Is it warm enough?” He asked. She only nodded.

He soaped up the cloth and ran it over her neck, over her shoulders, down her chest plate and over her breasts. He did so with care. Worry and concern plagued his face, but she showed no signs of injury. Turning her, he scrubbed her back. He paused as he flashed on an image of the killer holding
her heart in his hands ripping it from her chest. Hugging her from behind, he rested his hand over her abdomen and his head on her shoulder. The water cascading like a shroud over their bodies. His need to comfort her overwhelming. He could feel her body shaking, crying out to be extricated from the memory.

He turned her back around and bent down to scrub her legs from her ankles to her thighs careful to keep his eyes diverted to the floor.

He handed her the soap. “I’ll turn my back to you. I won’t leave. You finish up.”

Facing the wall, he waited for her. Trying to slow his own breathing and calm down he kept repeating in his head that she was alright. After a while, he felt her small hands on his back. Her face leaning against him. He reached over to turn off the water. Grabbing a clean bath towel, he wrapped it around her. They stayed in an embrace. Taking her hand he led her over to the bed and she sat in silence.

“I’ve got some basketball shorts you can use and your choice of t-shirts.”

“I’m not picky Mulder” She said quietly, tracing imaginary lines on the bedspread. “You got a new bed.”

“I’ll stay in the living room while you get dressed.” Mulder replied.

“No. Don’t leave” she pleaded again.

He paused, “Ok, I’ll turn on the t.v. in here while you get dressed. Do you want to go back to your apartment or stay here tonight?”

“I want to stay here” she said in a small voice.

“If you’re hungry I could order a pizza?”

“That’s fine…..Get one with some Mushrooms”

“Okay.” Mulder picked up the phone.

“And pepperoni”, she added.

He smiled, “Sounds good.”

“Don’t forget the extra cheese.”

That’s my Scully, he thought, still had her appetite. She will recover. She always did.

After pizza he laid on the bed with her until she fell asleep. He turned off the tv and went into the living room. He started rifling through his closet and under his sink looking for cleaning supplies and rags. He had work to do. With a solution of Clorox he scrubbed the blood off of the wood floor finishing it with some Murphy’s oil soap. The bullets from the ceiling he shimmied out with a knife. There would be lots of paperwork with this one. Once the apartment was clean he ran down to the incinerator and threw all remnants into it. Now alone he allowed reality to creep in. He fell to his knees and cried. Cried for his helplessness, cried for his fear, cried because he couldn’t be what she needed.

When he got back to the 4th floor he heard Scully screaming from the hallway. He ran in. She was in the bedroom having a nightmare. He scooped her head up in his arms and rocked her. “Scully,
I’m here.”

“Mulder, don’t leave me.”

“I won’t. I’m here.” She was so delicate, vulnerable. Her frame small and fragile. Her walls transforming to sand as the waves washed them into the sea.

He fell asleep with her in his arms and awoke to the morning daylight. He ran a light finger over her face. “Scully, I’ve got to get ready for work. Do you want me to drop you off?”

“I’m coming to work; wait for me” She replied her voice still shaky.

“Scully, that’s not a good idea.”

“I can’t stay home.” Her voice was stronger, but the vulnerability crept in.

They arrived at the office around 10. Skinner was waiting. “Agent Scully you didn’t have to come to work today.”

“I’m fine.” She gave him her don’t fuck with me look and he dropped it.

He looked at Mulder. “Well, I guess you guys can work on the reports today then. Get it out of the way.”

As he was walking out the door he gestured to Mulder who met him at the elevator. “How’s she doing?”

“About as well as can be expected I guess. She’ll be alright. She’s Scully.”

“Well, make sure she is.” He nodded and got on the elevator.
Who's your Daddy?

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This is something light after the heart wrenching Milagro. It ventures into Scully's dark side while keeping it light. We all know her desires can be a little freaky deaky at times, but don't we have a stranger in us all?

Scully was successful in shutting Mulder out until her fortress of solitude was resurrected. They had no conversation outside of work or about anything but work for the remainder of the week.

Scully was soul searching. Why was she always so afraid to let people in? Why was she romanced by danger? What was so intriguing about Padgett? Was it rebellion for Diana or for the way Mulder bled into her life, controlling it, suffocating it? Was she that fearful of a relationship with Mulder?

She recalled Mulder’s words as he barked the orders at her. “You’ve got a 9AM with the DC medical examiner. He’s going to let you autopsy the latest victim.” There went the spiral. Is this the cigarette smoking 13 year old all over again or the fear of her life ending with nothing but Mulder’s crusade to show for it? Yes, a relationship with Mulder was terrifying. It would be so deep and passionate and filled with so much complication.

She needed to have part of her life that was only for her, beyond aliens and conspiracies. It was 8:30PM on a Friday night and she was in bed. Maybe she would start her life tomorrow.

Scully yawned, dozed off, and began to dream. She dreamt of entering a dark cave going down, down into darkness. Suddenly the cave was blindingly white and she was surrounded by aliens floating towards her. She saw Mulder, but it was not him. He had bumps on the back of his neck. His eyes went dark and he began to transform.

Scully bolted awake and she was sitting on Mulder’s couch. Mulder walked up to her.

“Scully, you were having a bad dream.”

“It was horrible Mulder, there were aliens and…”

Mulder held her. “It’s ok Scully, it’s okay.” He kissed her forehead, but instead of leaving it at that, his lips gently made their way down her neck. He stopped to look into her eyes and gave her a kiss. Their lips finally touched. Pleasure surged through her body. He started walking her towards his desk, lifting her up and suddenly they were on his desk but in the basement office. He reached up under her skirt and ripped the underwear beneath his fingers. He slid two fingers between her folds and hot ecstasy encompassed her body. Lightning bolts culminated between her thighs as she groaned, “but Mulder, we’re friends, what about work, what about…. His lips covered hers as he continued to pump his fingers inside her. She reached down and grabbed at his belt, unzipping his pants, desiring everything behind that zipper. He pulled down his boxers. Looking deep into her eyes he entered her, “I love you Scully, I love you so much.” She moaned in response, but his words also brought waves of panic. In a brief moment of clarity she cried, “But Mulder, what if Skinner comes in….”
“Agent Mulder! Agent Scully! What is going on here!?!?” Skinner untucked his shirt and approached Scully.

“Get out of the way Mulder,” Skinner said pushing him out of the way and capturing her lips, kissing her hard. She ripped his shirt open as her tongue probed his mouth. Grabbing her hair at the back of her head Skinner pulled it back to reveal her neck.

“Oh, Dana,” he cried. He sucked on her neck, biting at her earlobe. Skinner lifted her up, kissing her and backed her into the cabinet. He undid his pants and thrust into her painfully hard. Like a jackrabbit he was relentless. Scully could feel her climax building with each thrust.

A phone rang in the distance. It took her a second to register that she was dreaming and wake up. The clock glowed a red 11:21PM. She thought to herself, leave it to Mulder to screw up a wet dream.

Grabbing the phone, she answered it. “Scully.”

“Hey Scully, how would you like to spend the day tomorrow on an adventure.”

“What kind of adventure Mulder?” Her voice was upbeat with a hint of sexy, still affected by her dream.

“Something mischievous. Something so mischievous in fact that it will involve theft.”

“Oooo aren’t we the badass,” Scully replied.

Mulder looked at the phone. “Are you flirting with me Agent Scully?”

“Maybe. Maybe not.”

“Well maybe I’ll just have to come over there (what am I saying?)”

“You don’t have the guts?”

Is she challenging me to go over to her place in the middle of the night? Mulder thought and then was instantly fearful of the answer.

20 minutes later there was a knock on her door. Scully answered it wearing a nightgown and not much else.

What was she trying to do to me tonight? Mulder wondered and then was instantly fearful of the answer.

“So what do I owe the pleasure Mulder?”

“I didn’t realize this was a slumber party, I didn’t come appropriately dressed,” Mulder said as he walked into the apartment failing to keep his eyes above her neck.

“You can come anyway you like,” Scully countered, her voice deeper and raspier than usual.

Was she drunk? Why was she talking to me like this? Mulder thought. She was causing his full body to break out in a sweat. “Anyway Scully, I need you to help me steal some reference books from the FBI library.”

“And we are doing that because…..”
“To go through the New Mexico newspaper obituaries from the years 1940 to 1949. I think we may just find some answers.”

Scully almost rolled her eyes, but then caught herself. “Okay Mulder, it’s a date. Would you like to sit down?”

“Sure,” he answered relieved to change the tone, "I’ve got some articles here you may just find interesting.”

Scully sighed. "I'll start a pot of coffee."
First Kiss

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter occurs right after they finish playing with a fine piece of ash in "The Unnatural". This is also their first kiss. I decided to flip the POV on this one to get a peek into the minds of the other FBI agents when they're off the clock. The repartee is cringe worthy, but they are drunk and it is the nineties.

[Post the Unnatural]

Scully waited for Mulder as he paid the boy tossing the balls. Glancing upwards, she noticed the sky sparkle, as if someone had painted diamonds on a midnight canvas. A cool breeze came to sooth her fatigued muscles. There was something in the air that made Scully believe tonight it had all changed. It was almost as if Mulder had tricked her into going on a date with him. A date that wasn’t exactly a date. Everything they did together held so much importance for their friendship, their partnership, their quest. To cross over that path for a sexual need would be to shortchange something so special that she was certain no two people had ever built. Even still, Mulder’s hands on her hips and pressing herself against his so intimate of areas had Scully excited in a way she hadn’t been since she was 15. Mulder sent a smile her way as he picked up the last ball and jolts of pleasure cascaded through her. She wasn’t sure what was happening to them. Since their adventure in the Antarctic, their relationship seemed to be evolving at a rapid pace, but where exactly was it hurting towards and where did she even want it to go? Scully closed her eyes and took a deep breath and all she smelled was Mulder’s cologne.. herbaceous, yet heady and woody, like sandalwood mixed with dry cedar. The thought froze her in place. Electricity shot through her body. When she opened them Mulder was standing in front of her uncomfortably close, causing her to step back.

“You have fun tonight Scully?” Mulder asked with childlike wonder.

“Mulder, I really did. I had a great time…..” Scully paused. She didn’t want the night to end so she offered, “It’s still early Mulder, want to go get a drink?”

She could almost see Mulder’s wheels turn as he struggled with a suitable option. “We could go to the bar up the street.. We might run into somebody being so close to the office, but who cares, we don’t always have to be antisocial, right?”

“That would be fine.”

Mulder had done just as Mrs. Scully had suggested. Well, not exactly as she suggested, but close enough. The hard work was complete. He had gotten her here, under the stars, their hips swaying in unison in the night with both of her hands wrapped tight around his fine piece of ash… He forced himself to speak. He had to tell her what he had rehearsed possibly a million times in his head.

“Scully,” he muttered, as he stared at the ground, kicking the dirt. “I’m really glad you came out with me tonight. I appreciate you being with me this morning. Scully, these past weeks…. things have been...we have been…. Scully..we're good friends….and I don’t want that to ever change...I’m very happy with the way things are...and yet..we’re at this point...th..that maybe some things
should.” He took a long pause and tried to remember to breathe. It wasn’t coming out anything like he had practiced and he felt like he was blowing it, but if his body allowed him to stay conscious, he was going through with it. “I guess what I’m trying to say…..” Their eyes met and that look. His heart was beating wildly. He wasn’t waiting any longer. Words would never describe what he felt in his heart. He had to take drastic measures and if she punched him in the face.. well, at least he went down swinging. He leaned down into her waiting eyes….

She was nervous like it was the first time she had ever kissed a boy. It was only Mulder, but at the same time, it was Mulder. Her partner. They were supposed to stay professional. They were supposed to stay friends. What would this mean? She knew it could turn out very wrong, but she had to know what it was like to kiss the man that made her feel this way. She wasn’t backing down. It’s only Mulder she kept saying to herself.

His voice trailed off and he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into…. a hug. His mind and emotions were in an infinite loop of turmoil. He slid his hands slowly up her back to cup her face and she looked up into his eyes.

“Mulder, what is it?...” she asked softly, but it only made his heart beat faster. They may not have crossed that line yet, but their eyes were already there. He smiled at her. It shouldn’t be this difficult, but it wasn’t because it wasn’t right, it was because it meant so much.

“...just say it,” Scully pleaded, coaxing him again. His chest hurt and his body was frozen in place, but Mulder fought against it, held his breath, closed his eyes and gently pressed his lips against hers. He pulled back just enough for him to open his eyes and gage her reaction...

He had kissed her so gently, a simple press of his lips, barely touching hers, but it felt like home. Warmth flooded her heart. He pulled back with hooded eyes and the expression on his face sent lightning through her. She reached up to stroke his face. There was no question, she was in love with him. This time they met each other halfway, still with the lightest of caresses, still tentative, but inside, she was on fire. It terrified her to feel this way, her insides throbbing while her heart was exploding. Then her brain stopped. His tongue had slipped into her mouth. With his arms around her, he lifted her up to him as she slid her arms around his neck pulling him to her. It was nothing that she had expected. It was all her feelings for him all at once rushing to every part of her body. The warm wetness of his lips on hers, his jaw moving in time with her own. His tongue firm and gentle, reaching into her, caressing hers. They kissed until the breath left their lungs. When they did finally pull back they pressed their foreheads together not wanting to break their connection.

“Wow” she breathed out into the night.

“Wow” he repeated, echoing her whisper.

They stood, taking each other in, very much in the present. Their lips reached for the others again, needing that feeling of completeness. Their kiss deepened, becoming more passionate and wanting. This was like no kiss either had ever experienced and neither of them knew quite how to handle it. They were getting carried away and all that was certain was they wanted more. They explored each others mouth until once again they were breathless. Breaking their kiss, they anchored at the other’s forehead. Smiling. Mulder stepped back holding his hands in hers, taking a deep breath and exhaling trying to cool down.

“Why don’t we go get that drink?” He suggested, staring at her deeply, lovingly.

“Yeah” was her only reply.

Finally, he had managed to follow through and he was so glad he did. He gave himself a mental high
five. She had kissed him back and it was better than he ever imagined. They were definitely doing that again, but first he had to relearn how to walk. He put his arm around her as they made their way to their respective cars.

“You know Mulder, Sheila was right, you really can kiss,” Scully remarked lightening the mood.

Mulder laughed, “Is that so?”

“Don’t let it get to your head. It’s inflated enough.”

“Oh, you noticed that...,” Mulder said squeezing her arm, “oh, you mean the one between my shoulders.....”

*

Agent Timothy Addison leaned over to Agent James Meetze. “Hey Jimmy, look who’s walking in on a Saturday night. If it isn’t Mr. and Mrs. Spooky. Wonder how we got graced with their presence.”

“Tell me they’re not screwing. Look at the way he opens the door for her and has his hand on her back. Oh, yeah.”

“I know I’d be tying her to my bedpost every night.”

“I don’t know, it’s like Addams Family Values over there. Look at the way they’re hunched in the corner. Like they’re vampires or something. Well, she is very pale looking in a Casper the ghost sort of way. Although, I don’t know how friendly she is...”

“Maybe they sleep in coffins in that basement. I never see them coming or going.”

“Are you kidding? Last week I hear she was running around the hallways like a bat out of hell. I heard somebody saw her making out with A.D. Skinner. One day, I get in the elevator and she’s in there pacing and talking to herself like a lunatic. You can have that crazy bitch.”

“They say the crazy ones are the best in bed....”

“Who’s crazy in bed?” Brittany sat down on the bar stool next to Jimmy.

“No, we were talking about the Spookys over there.” Said Jimmy pointing.

“Oh yeah, she never talks to anybody,” confirmed Brittany, “If you see her in the hallways she doesn’t even smile at you. All business all the time. I’m not sure what she’s trying to prove. And don’t catch her in an elevator, she’ll send icicles right through you.”

“I heard she had a dog named queer that Spooky bit the head off of,” Jimmy chuckled as he drank his beer.

Tim laughed, “Come on Jimmy. Now you’re getting carried away.”

“I’m just sayin’ that’s what I heard.”

“I bet you 50 bucks I can get a rise out of her,” Brittany challenged.

Jimmy offered, “How about... if you get her panties in a wad, I’ll buy the next round.”

“Deal.”
Brittany strutted over to their table and they both sat up stiffly, breaking their cone of silence.

Seductively she spoke to Mulder, “Hey Fox.” She rubbed his shoulder as she spoke. “What brings you out tonight?”

Mulder put his head down nervously, “we, uh, we decided to do some research today to get an early start on a case. Nice to see you Brittany.”

“Oh, it’s always nice to see you Fox,” she said leaning her elbows on the table, pushing her breasts together and lifting them to give him an eye full. “You should come have a drink with us. I could use the company.”

“I, um, sorry Brittany, we’re kind of in the middle of a discussion. Maybe next time?”

“Sure. Let me give you my number.” Brittany took the pen from his front pocket, turned his hand over and wrote her number in his hand. “Don’t wash it now.”

Scully was on the other side of the table throwing daggers, darts, arrows, and grenades with her eyes. Brittany as if anticipating the imminent attack turned and looked over Scully from toe to head, “Hello, Special Agent Scully.” She turned and walked back to the bar.

Scully leaned into Mulder reconstructing their invisible bubble. Whispering she asked, “What the hell was that? Maybe next time?”

“What? I was trying to be nice. Don’t be mad. We’re having a good time. She’s just messing with us.”

Scully gave him a look that completed the conversation, taking a gulp of her vodka and cranberry.

The guys at the bar went hysterical. “That was worth every penny Brittany. When you laid your rack on that table. OMG I thought she was going to take out her gun and shoot you.”

At this point Audra came over to see where Brittany had gone and to snuggle up next to Tim. “Shelly told me that the Barracuda is back and she’s claimed her stake on spooky boy.”

“Agent Fowley? Isn’t she like the crypt keeper compared to him?” Tim replied.

“Yeah, that’s right up his alley,” added Jimmy and they all started laughing.

Brittney answered Jim, “well if he calls me.. it’s on.”

Mulder walked Scully back to her car outside the bar. “Thank you again for a great night, Mulder. I’ll see you on Monday?”

“Yes, yes. See you on Monday.”

Scully reached up for Mulder’s lips, but Mulder turned his head and kissed her on the cheek. “Careful Scully, someone could see us.”

“And us together would be the root of all evil?”

“Could be.” He smiled, “It’s just dangerous. Gives them power.”

“They’re dead Mulder.”

“Maybe, maybe not Scully. Anyway, thank you for tonight. I will see you Monday.”
“Drive Careful.” Scully returned.

Mulder gave her a wave as he walked back to his car, “You too.”
This Chapter takes place some time after Scully gets back from Las Vegas with the Lone Gunman in "3 of a kind". After you read it you may think this is a deviation from canon, but it all comes together which means there will be angst in our near future.

Scully got on the elevator to the basement. Today she would receive the test results from the second cycle. She didn’t want to get her hopes up, but she was getting her hopes up. As she strolled into the office she saw Mulder cutting newspaper clippings. He looked up and smiled.

“Good Morning, Mulder. I have a doctor’s appointment today. You said you wanted me to let you know, I’m letting you know.” She said stiffly.

“What time?”

“3PM”

“Are you coming back to the office?”

“No. Call me when you leave for the night and I’ll meet you at your place.”

He ran up and threw his arms around her, lifting her off the ground in the process. Scully let out a squeal from shock and he apologized as he set her down. Then he patted her stomach and apologized to it.

She laughed.

He hugged her and gave her a kiss her on the forehead.

Grabbing her hand he ushered her out the door. “Come on. Let’s take the rest of the day and celebrate.”

They got to the car and Mulder hopped in the passenger seat.
Scully held the key in the ignition. Instead of starting the car she turned to him. “Let’s not go out. Why don’t we pick up some Italian and eat in your apartment?”

“Whatever you want Scully sounds great to me. This is your night.”

*

Mulder opened the door to his apartment gripping their bag of goodies. He walked in and placed the bag on the table. Turning around, he cradled Scully’s face, taking her by surprise and kissed her softly on the lips. “I’m very happy for you,” he spoke in low tones, staring at her deep blues.

“Mulder, you still have no obligation.” She wanted to have no expectations with him because she couldn’t afford disappointment. The look on his face was so filled with intent and caring. And that kiss. It was the second time his lips had touched her own. To have known him for so long and not know how exciting it was to kiss him, to connect like that. Their friendship poured into each kiss and the electricity from it lit up her entire body. Her heart was spilling with so much emotion she had to pull herself back. Tonight it was a lot to ask. His dark smokey eyes were drawing on the great love she had for him and behind all her compassion and complete devotion to him was a romantic love she was only beginning to understand. A simple innocent kiss had the power to freeze her in her tracks, stop her brain, even stop time. The intensity terrified her and the complications of such feelings screamed at her to pull back, but to turn away what felt so incredible and enriched with a happiness she had never known didn’t seem possible tonight.

“I know, I know.” He nodded as his arms dropped behind her back. Giving her a quick hug they retired to the couch.

After they finished eating and were well into their movie, Scully turned her head and glanced over at Mulder. They were sharing in this together, but what did it really mean for him? His role was to be a simple donor. What if he did want more? Could the two of them really make it work? There was no doubt that Mulder would be a great father. Could they possibly raise this child together? He looked so happy. Today he looked... different. His eyes were brighter and he was more attractive than usual. They were going to have a beautiful baby together. With their combined traits that baby could grow to be whatever it wanted. A baby. Wow. She would be so proud if it grew to be like Mulder. He was someone to be very proud of. It made her want to. To...

She ran her finger along the top of his hand resting between them and traced his long fingers. He looked up and her expression must have said it all for he leaned over and cupped her cheek. His lips followed and her heart leapt from her chest.

Mulder didn’t think twice when he saw the expression on Scully’s face. It punched him square in the gut and all he could do was kiss her. Her hands pushing at his chest were guiding him onto his back, and as he lifted his legs onto the couch he pulled her on top of him while she busily convinced his lips that she would be his undoing. He rolled them over so he was hovering over her, their lips carefully caressing each others. Running his hands through her hair, he parted her lips with his and entered inside. Her tongue there to greet him. With all he had he wanted to tell her he loved her. Wanted to tell her he would never leave. That he would give up everything for her happiness. That he wanted it all with her. But there was more to think about now. His declarations were now vows. He needed to be certain that being with him would not put her in danger before promises were made that could not be rescinded. So he kissed her instead. They kissed and smiled and kissed some more. Sometimes it became passionate to the point that they had to stop to breathe and calm down, but they always continued. They kissed until their lips were puffy, until their tongues were aching, until the sun set and the moon rose and awakened the stars. They kissed through calls from Skinner and messages from mom. Through Frohike invites and 900 number creditors for Marty. Then they fell
asleep together, on the couch, still embraced and lips still together by the lightest touch, stealing each other’s breath.

Chapter End Notes

The reasoning behind the IVF treatments occurring in Season 6 has a lot to do with how involved they are and how long it takes to go through each cycle. There is a date in Scully's address book, when she supposedly entered the doctor’s number, but she was in Africa at that time, so that cancels out that notion that she started then. Her doctor would not have her traveling through all this, so all those trips in season 7 to California would not be possible. There was a mention that it might have occurred after "All Things", but that would not have worked out logistically, so they took it back. Chris Carter later stated that All Things was the night William was conceived, so the procedures would have been well completed by then. It was additionally meant to establish that they had already been sleeping together. Their first night together was implied in Season 8 to have taken place at Scully's apartment. Also, the last cycle would have had to have happened far enough away for Scully, a doctor, to be surprised and know it was not possible for William to have been conceived through IVF. So, it's definitely up for interpretation.
A little fluff before the angst. I always wondered why Mulder didn't root for Boston. It would make more sense. Obviously, David is the reason, but I had to make it flow in my head. Here is my "Theory".

[FBI Headquarters – 9:42AM]

“Mulder, stop smiling at me.”, Scully looked up from her laptop.

“What, I’m just smiling. Hey, want to go to the Orioles game tomorrow? They’re playing the Yankeeees. I got seats right behind the visitor’s dugout.”

“Sounds thrilling, but yes, I will go.”

“I’ve got a gift for you”

“You do.” Scully was suddenly cheery.

“Yup.” He handed her a plastic bag. She looked inside. “It’s a….a Yankee hat! Mulderrrr, if I wear this to an Orioles game I’m going to get beer thrown on me.”

“No you won’t Scully. We’re on the visitor’s side. Besides, I’ll protect you, not that you’d need any.”

* [Camden Yards, Maryland]

They took their seats.

“Scully, you want a hotdog?”

“I really shouldn’t, but I guess one won’t hurt.”

“Anything else? Peanuts, crackerjacks, the moon, what do you want?”

“Mulder stop. I’m fine, thank you.” Mulder pining over her was not something she wanted to get used to.

The Yankees took a 3-1 lead in the top of the 5 th. Jeter tripled and Mulder grabbed Scully’s hand and gave it a squeeze. Throwing his arm around the back of her chair, he kicked his legs up.

“Mulder, you’re not from New York, how did you become a Yankee fan?”

“I don’t know, my dad was one and I guess my whole life I’ve always been the underdog. Baseball is the one thing where I get to root for the man on top. It’s a good escape. Plus, most of the greats play or played for the Yankeeees. This is where you get to come to see them, learn from them, maybe even become one. All is possible in baseball Scully.”
“Ah, but the Mets’ motto is You Gotta Believe. I thought that might be more fitting for you.” She gave him a sideways smile.

“Scullllly, you’ve been holding out on me,” he said, smiling at her suggestively, “I guess what I love about baseball is the same stuff I love about you. All facts and figures, theories and theorems, all science, with some hope, faith, fun, and superstition thrown in for good luck. Maybe even some magic.”

Scully’s stomach flipped nervously at Mulder’s love comment, but she let it pass. “Miracles?”

Mulder gave her a wide smile, “Yeah, a couple miracles.”

“Yeah, Mulder, miracles are still the Mets. Now if you want to talk California baseball, we may be able to have a conversation . . .”
Dark Days

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

All scenes in this chapter take place right before ‘Biogenesis.” The first is concerning Skinner and the beginnings of his growing suspicion concerning the true relationship of Mulder and Scully. The next is one of the harsh realities of IVF treatments.

Skinner was sitting in a Mexican restaurant in Virginia Beach on the boardwalk. He was sharing the beautiful day with a long haired, long legged blonde, and a Pina Colada. Setup by his secretary of all people, but so far his gamble had paid off. It was nice just to sit and chat with someone that was not in the FBI.

As he sucked through his straw, he glanced over at the waves and almost choked. Was that? No, it couldn’t be, but there it was. Mulder and Scully in the Ocean, wrestling each other in the waves. He put his glasses on to see if it helped, but sure enough, it was them. What the hell was going on with those two? He continued to stare. They were laughing and splashing and then Mulder chased after Scully, caught her, lifted her in the air and she plunged into the water. He pulled her back up to protect her from the oncoming wave and held her just a little longer than Skinner was comfortable with.

Skinner had always had a fondness for Scully. A fondness that grew into a love. A love that he often thought of as fatherly. He now realized that was a lie. Seeing Mulder get to touch her, get to hold her. That was more than he wanted to see. He would do anything for her, even put her needs before his own, but he didn’t need to watch. He motioned to the waitress for the check.

[One Week Later]

Scully woke up and went to the bathroom. A lump formed in her throat, her stomach filled with butterflies as she saw small dots of blood in her underwear. She immediately called the doctor and he said it could be normal and not to worry. The next day she woke up and felt the pangs of her period. It couldn’t be. Now every time she went to the bathroom she prayed to not see blood.

Blood had become an obsession. It was not subsiding and after 5 days, it was now heavy. She went to the doctor. They said she was still pregnant, that these things sometimes happened and they sent her home. The next day, more blood. She went to the hospital. A miscarriage was diagnosed. They sent her home. Her day was spent going to and from the bathroom. Lying in bed. Pacing. Lying on the couch. Pain, enormous pain. More blood. Then it subsided. Then more pain, more blood. She was going through it alone. She wanted it that way.

The phone rang. It was Mulder. “Hey Scully, what’s up.”

“Mulder, now is not a good time.”

“Scully, what’s wrong?” He was very concerned, her voice sounded weak.
“I can’t talk right now. I’ll call you tomorrow.” She replied.

He hung up the phone and paused. Suddenly he was in full panic mode. The baby. He threw on his jacket like he was donning a man of steel outfit. He got in his car and screeched away.

[20 minutes later]

On her way out of the bathroom she heard a relentless knocking on the door. It couldn’t be. Why couldn’t he just leave her alone? Not now. She opened the door.

Mulder swooped into the apartment, “Scully, you need to tell me what’s wrong and don’t say nothing and don’t say fine. Is it the baby?”

She looked down and sighed. “yes”.

“Should we contact the doctor, go to the hospital?” His mind was reeling.

“I’ve already been to the doctor several times and I came from the hospital this morning. I’m going to lose the baby. It was sitting low in the uterus and this morning the hospital was never able to discern a heartbeat. I didn’t call you because….I don’t have an answer other than I wanted to do this alone.”

His emotions were all over his face. Expressions changing as his mind digested, fighting to comprehend. “You’re going to be alright?”

“Yes Mulder, I’ve been having contractions, cramps, clotting all day, but I will survive.”

“Scully” He hugged her, holding her. Pressing his lips to the top of her head. Trying to transfer his strength to her.

She pulled away and keeled over onto the floor in the fetal position. He crouched down at her side with his hand at her back. “Scully, what do I do.”

“Nothing Mulder. There’s nothing to do.”

He watched helplessly while she screamed in agony. She ran to the bathroom. He could hear her screaming from the couch. Her body was contracting and then it would subside, only to start minutes later. She gave one more involuntary push. At that moment, all of her pregnancy symptoms left. Her breasts were no longer sore, her energy levels returned. The nausea was gone. She felt the soul of the baby leave her body. It was over.

She cleaned up avoiding all mirrors and walked out of her bathroom. She went down the short hallway to the living room where Mulder was sitting on the couch with his head in his hands. She sat down next to him. He rotated himself so his back was to the arm of the chair and held out his arms. She knelt up on the couch resting on her heels between his legs. He reached to her and they embraced. Her body fell against his chest and she began to sob.

In between heavy sobs she tried to explain what she felt. “He held on as long as he could…. It was a boy…. I know that because I felt his soul leave my body.” She held him and cried. “I felt him love me….. I loved him without ever meeting. He held on, like he was waiting for you to come…so we were all together….before he was able to let go…”

Mulder broke down. He held her tight and cried into her neck, into her shoulder. All he could do was hold her tight. She cried along with him. “He was ours Mulder and now he’s gone.” They cried until there were no more tears left to be shed. He leaned back and they held each other in
silence until they fell asleep on the couch. He reached for the remote to turn on background noise for without it the darkness would be deafening.
Mulder's Birthday
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Post "Amor Fati". Enough time has past that Mulder has healed from his unscheduled brain surgery by CGB. It's Mulder's Birthday and they're in Pennsylvania chasing what appears to be vampires.

Chapter Notes

For those of you not familiar with Pennsylvania, Intercourse, Blue Ball, Paradise, and Leola are all real places. I'm not sure why they would name a town Intercourse. I'm guessing for the attention. They sell a lot of shirts and hats. There have been movies filmed there just for that reason. Heading up to the Poconos every year in the 90s we always found it stupidly amusing, but we were also very young. This chapter plays homage to the absurd stories I would invent with my brother and cousins in the back of a caravan in the middle of summer on the way to Daniels, Top O' The Poconos. Happy Birthday Mulder.

October 13, 1999

“Scully, are you looking for Intercourse?”

“Yes Mulder, but when will I get off?”

“Right after Intercourse. Did you pass Blue Ball?”

“Yes, okay, I’m through Intercourse, I believe I’m in Paradise.”

“That’s perfect. Get off at the next exit, it should be Leola.”

“I see the sign for Leola.”

“Meet me at the Sheriff’s office”

Scully pressed the End button on her cell phone. It was a rainy dreary Wednesday out in Leola, Pennsylvania and she was ready to be finished winding around the Pennsylvania highways. Four victims gruesomely mangled and exsanguinated. The FBI out of the Philadelphia main offices had contacted Skinner and requested his agents to assist with the investigation.

Scully entered the police station and heard the Sheriff, “So what you’re saying is that this was done by blood sucking aliens?”

“No sir, not at all, I’m just saying that given the marks and absence of blood we shouldn’t rule out some sort of vampirism.”
Scully couldn’t help but smile at Mulder, talking about vampires like it was as normal as the ice cream man. She stepped into the conversation, “What are we looking at?”

Mulder turned to Scully as the Sheriff walked back to his office, “The Sheriff was telling me that all four victims were ranch hands from B&R Farms down the road. All of the killings have occurred in the past month. All with similar bite marks, with their bodies mutilated and exsanguinated. While you’re doing the autopsy on the latest victim, I’m going to go interview the farmer.”

“Happy Birthday Mulder.”

“Thank you Scully.”

“And because it’s your birthday, I won’t be upset with you for offering up my autopsy services without consulting me.”

Mulder held the door open as she walked out into the gloomy air. She had walked right under his arm without even having to bend. “What’s the matter Scully, the rain getting to you?”

“Another town, another autopsy.” She said as she got in her car and drove off.

Mulder drove to B&R Farms to meet with the owner of the establishment, a farmer named Dwight Kaplan. He was a tall man, on the heavy side wearing overalls and a camo baseball cap with the company name on it.

Upon questioning Mr. Kaplan, Mulder was met with resistance, “Mr. Mulder, this is a quiet town. Not much happens here, so when town folks hear about people gettin’ eaten alive and their blood sucked out of them, it causes quite a stir.”

“I understand Mr. Kaplan, so what do you raise here on the farm?” Mulder took out his note pad for effect.

“Oh we grow pigs, cows, and other livestock. We butcher them on site and sell them to the public.”

“Have you seen any mysterious behavior around here? Wild animals?”

“No, I can’t say I have. Not for maybe a buzzard or coyote or two”

“Mr. Kaplan, has anyone around here ever mentioned anything about vampires?”

“haha. Now you’re soundin’ like the teenagers.”

“What are they saying?” Mulder furrowed his brow.

“They’re sayin’ a bunch of vampires attacked those people and then werewolves ate their bodies. They even have some kind of group. They think they’re some kind of vampire slayers or somethin’.”

“Do you know how I could maybe contact them?”

The farmer gave him a curious look. “They meet over at the high school at night is all I know. Just kids being kids.”

“Well, thank you for your time Mr. Kaplan.” Mulder shook his hand, “If you have anything else, please let us know.”

*
Mulder entered the autopsy room to find Scully wrapped from head to toe in scrubs, scalpel in hand, bent over the body. He asked, “You find anything?”

She answered him, continuing to work, “Well, the wounds suggest a bite from an ungulate, probably that of a horse or pig. Unless you know of any hippopotamus roaming around. I’ve sent some samples to the lab. From there we can look at the oral flora.

“And what will the oral flora tell us Agent Scully?”

Scully could tell he just wanted to hear himself say oral flora. “Well, that will hopefully give us the bacteria isolates which will help us determine which type of animal.” She took her scalpel and opened up a flap of skin on the victim, displaying it for Mulder, “As you can see, there are abscesses already forming around the bite wound.”

“How do you know it’s not a bobcat or a wolf?” Mulder asked.

“Well, with a feline you’d see hemorrhages on both sides caused by claw marks. Dogs or wolves would leave bite marks on the neck and on the shoulder area.”

“Guess that throws out the werewolf theory.”

“Is that what you had Mulder, a werewolf theory?”

“Now it looks like we’re looking for a blood sucking half man half horse.” He deadpanned.

“A vampire centaur. Okay Mulder,” Scully said removing her gloves and throwing them on the table, “I’m done for the day. How about I take you out for a nice birthday dinner?”

“Do you have somewhere in mind?”

“The technician recommended a nice place on main. They even serve steak Delmonico.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

[7:12 AM B&R Farms]

Mulder and Scully got out of Mulder’s rental to find the Sheriff standing near a wheat field scratching his head with his hat in his hand. “We have two cows missing this morning and one mutilated cow over there across the field.”

They all walk over to the cow.

“The tongue, ear, and udder have been completely removed”, explained the Sheriff.

Scully snapped on her latex and looked over the cow, “I see no signs of any gaping wounds.”

“I’m thinking it’s those kids. They got bored and decided to mess with the cows.” The Sheriff offered.

“It doesn’t seem likely sir,” Scully replied, “that teenagers would have nothing better to do in the middle of the night than to drive off in the middle of nowhere, trespass, to steal an udder.”

Mulder broke his trance, “Animal sacrifices are part of many religions; dating back hundreds, if not thousands of years including Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Hinduism… although in this part of the country it’s most likely Afro Caribbean religions such as the practice of Santeria.”
“So you think this is some kind of animal sacrifice?” Scully was confused.

“Typically it’s goats, chicken and sheep,” Mulder continued, “usually not sacrificed on the spot.”

“Well, there’s no evidence of satanic cults in the area.” Scully offered.

“It’s been reported for decades that aliens have been responsible for the killing and removal of organs of livestock” Mulder added.

So we’re back to aliens. Scully sighed, “But Mulder, if they’ve been doing it for decades, how many more would the aliens need? Why wouldn’t they just beam up a couple and start their own herd?”

“So what’s your theory Scully?”

“Well, I would say probably carrion eaters.”

Mulder is intrigued, “What, like the Tasmanian devil or a komodo dragon?”

“No, I was thinking more along the lines of Vultures, even blowflies or maggots.”

“Ok, but that still doesn’t explain the bite marks or the complete loss of blood.” Mulder retorted.

“So you’re still going with the vampire theory? But why only on this farm?”

“That’s what we’re going to come here tonight to find out.” Mulder said flashing his eyebrows.

[B&R Farms 12:52 AM]

Mulder and Scully were staked out in a deer stand in the woods overlooking a hog pen.

“Hoo Boy it smells up here.” Scully was holding her nose.

“It’s the pigs Scully.”

“I know it’s the pigs Mulder.”

“Scully, should I make an appointment for my deposit for the last cycle?”

“Mulder, I don’t know, I don’t think I can take much more.”

“I understand, I just want you to make sure that in the future you won’t regret trying one last time. I don’t want you to always be wondering if the last one would have taken.”

Scully sighed, “It’s just so much has happened, but I know you’re right.”

“It’s one last shot, Scully.”

“Alright Mulder. I’ll try one more time.”

They stared out into the night. “Mulder, I’m sorry I wasn’t able to get you a birthday present.”

“You got me one. You saved my life and you got me rubbings off an alien spacecraft. What more could a guy ask for?”

“Right now I’d say a set of nose plugs” Scully replied.

Mulder was suddenly serious, “Hey Scully, look over there”
Four teenage boys carrying what looked like a dead body came near the hog pen. Mulder climbed down from the deer stand and yelled, “Stop, I’m a federal agent!” And with that, the boys dropped the body and ran. They didn’t get far since after Mulder gave a warning shot in the air they froze.

Scully caught up and they handcuffed the boys. They led them back to the body which was lying in the grass face down. When they flipped it over there was a stake through its heart and visible fangs.

At this point, the hogs were going wild. Scully looked up and yelled, “Mulder look out!” The hogs broke the wire fence and lunged for the body. All of them watched in horror as the hogs devoured the corpse. Scully saw one hog’s eyes glow green and sink its canines into the corpse, apparently sucking out its blood.

“Mulder, what is going on here?” Scully said terrified.

“Vampire Pigs Scully.”

Mulder continued, “It seems these kids are vampire slayers. Only they’ve been dumping the bodies in the pig pen. A hog will consume an entire body without leaving a trace of evidence. The only problem is when the hogs drank the vampires’ blood, they themselves turned into vampires.”

“So it was the hogs that killed the ranch hands and the cows,” Scully surmised,

“Vampire Pigs.”
Chapter Summary

It's Thanksgiving with the Scullys.

It was a warm sunny day. Scully was sitting at her mom’s table cutting vegetables, listening to her mother rambling on about the latest news of the family and the neighborhood. Getting away for a few days had Scully grinning and relaxed in a casual light blue patterned maxi dress and brown ankle boots. The doorbell rang and she heard a familiar voice. Her mother returned carrying flowers, a bottle of wine, and a smile.

“Mom, did you invite Mulder for Thanksgiving dinner?”

Margaret flashed her daughter a look and continued to place the flowers into a vase. “Behave Dana.”

“She can’t make any promises Mrs. Scully,” Mulder appeared in the doorway with a smirk, leaning against the doorframe. His thin black sweater clung to his chest, a splash of white peaked out from the neckline. His dark blue jeans hugged his hips, the zipper suggesting a longing for liberation. “Can I help with anything?”

“Thank you Fox, but today all men are sanctioned to the living room. Turn on the T.V., I’m sure the parade is still on. There’s a cooler on the back porch. Help yourself to something to drink.”

About an hour later the doorbell rang again. This time it was Bill, Tara, and the kids. Scully got up to greet them. Mulder turned from the couch and held up his hand as a wave. Bill took one look at him and grimaced. He whispered in Scully’s ear, “What’s he doing here?” In which she whispered back, “Mom invited him.”

Scully retreated back into the kitchen, spying on the living room from time to time to see Bill on the recliner and Mulder on the couch watching a football game in silence.

“Well, at least there was no blood shed,” Tara said as she came up behind Scully handing her a drink.

Scully took a sip, “Mmmm. What is that?”

“It’s called Caramel Candy. It’s a mix of vodka, cognac, and vanilla liqueur. I can teach you how to make one if you like.”

Charlie arrived with his family shortly after. Sensing the tension in the room, he led Mulder outside with the kids. Sticking his head in the kitchen he asked, “Anyone for a game of touch football?”

At this point, Scully had downed her third Caramel Candy and was feeling a happy buzz. She helped Charlie coax his wife and Tara into joining them. Tara walked up to Bill in the living room, “Come on Bill, everyone is outside. Stop being a Grinch.”

“Fine.” He mumbled, “I’ll be the ref.”
Bill stepped outside to see Mulder handing the football to his son yelling, “Run, run, run! Get it past your Aunt Dana!” The next play Charlie went for a pass, but Scully decided to tackle him and the ball careened off his shoulder. “Dana, this is touch football. Always the competitor.” Shaking his head and smiling, he brushed off his jeans.

The score was tied when Margaret called everyone in to eat. “One more play mom!” called Charlie. Charlie’s son snapped the ball to Scully and she ran for the touchdown. Mulder raced to block and Scully held out her arm to brace herself for the impact. Instead, Mulder swept down and lifted her in the air hurling her over his shoulder with his arm along her hamstrings holding down her dress. Scully started screaming, still gripping the football and punching his back with her free hand. This caused Mulder to start laughing, but continued to run for the opposite goal line. Bill stared at the scene and went back into the house.

Mulder yelled, “Touchdown!” setting Scully back to her feet. To which she replied, “You cheated,” Causing a domino effect making the children start jumping up and down pointing at Mulder, “Fox cheated! Fox cheated!”

Mulder responded to them by running towards them with arms extended, crouching, threatening to get them. They ran screaming into the house. Mulder turned to see Scully fixing her dress and walking towards the door. He was half expecting her to be angry, but instead she smiled and patted his chest as she passed and walked in.

Scully went to the kitchen and fixed herself another drink while the others helped set the table. Margaret ushered Mulder to sit between Scully and Charlie. After they said grace and began eating, Bill entertained everyone with stories of the military.

Mulder turned to Charlie, “So what are you flying now a days?”

“Most of the discussions and what we are testing are around stealth technology. Flying using different types of energy cells. I recently got to test an electromagnetic propulsion engine in a vacuum and it clocked in faster than the speed of light. Now Dana”, Charlie pointing his fork towards Scully, “will tell you that both electromagnetic and faster than light speed defy the laws of physics and Einstein’s Theory of Relativity. But I’m telling you Fox, at this rate, we’ll be getting to the moon in under four hours.”

“Hear that Scully, your brother’s breaking the laws of science.” Mulder took a sip of his beer and leaned back. “I’m jealous Charlie. That’s like some Area 51 stuff. Do they ever talk about where the core of their technology is based?”

Bill threw his napkin at the table. “How did I know somehow we would get to flying saucers and little green men,” His face turned red, “Why exactly are you here? You’ve got no relation to Dana, except to keep her in danger, and you’re not family.”

“They’re grey,” Mulder responded taking another swig of beer.

“What!” Bill looked like he was ready to strike Mulder.

Scully put one hand on Mulder’s thigh and drunkenly pointed at Bill, “Listen Billy, mom invited Mulder and he is my friend. My best brest frred. And if he wants to talk about sashsquish he can. Isn’t that right Mom.” Her mom nodded slowly but said nothing, “Ya know Billy, you need to cool yur jets. Lightin up a lettl.” Scully continued in her drunken haze, “I know, I know, it’s hard to buleev, but I saw it. I saw it. In afrikkah, it was a naatuu americun spaash shep.” She was now waving her hand pretending she had a ship pinched between her fingers pushing it through the air. “Brmmm”
The children started to giggle.

“Scully”, Mulder attempted to bring her back to Earth.

Scully went to stand and tilted the chair causing her to stumble. She forgot what she was about to say and headed to the bathroom. Mulder placed his napkin down and followed behind.

When she came out of the bathroom he asked her if she was okay. “I’m fine. Bill has no right you know.”

“It’s fine Scully.”

“No, it’s not.” She was still stumbling, “Ya know, you look sexy today.”

“Thank you Scully, you’re dressed very nicely too. I think we should get back.”

Scully tugged his arm into the guest bedroom and started playing with his belt with an evil grin. “I want to play with the little alien.”

Mulder reached down and gently pushed Scully’s hands away. “Scully, you’re drunk, stop it.”

“Come on, I just want to see the one eyed monstered alien,” she started giggling. She reached for his belt again. He swatted her hand away and she stumbled backwards the dresser catching her fall. She propped herself up on the dresser with her back against the mirror. “You gonna get ruf with me mulderrr.” She said giving him a temptress stare.

The air turned unexpectedly serious as he closed the distance between them, gripping her shoulders and looking her squarely in the eye in an attempt to ground her. ”Scully, what is this about? Talk to me.”

The abruptness seemed to have sobered her a little and she started pleading, “Why can’t I ever just have a little fun? When do I get to be like everyone else?”

He flashed her a look of concern, “I think you’re too hard on yourself. You’re so much more than everyone else.”

“But when do I get what I want? When do the stars align for me?”

“I don’t know, but you can’t give up,” His eyes pleaded with her.

“I….I just don’t know how much more I can go through before I break.”

“Scully, you’re the strongest person I know, there is nothing in this universe or any other that can break you.”

“Maybe…..just once in awhile I wish it was my turn.”

Scully put her arms around Mulder and hugged his waist pressing her head against his chest. As she leaned back, Mulder’s hands slid down from her shoulders to her wrists covering her hands against the cold hard wood. She looked up at him, their lips an inch apart, mouths slightly agape. Her legs were on either side of his hips and she could feel his heat between her bare thighs. The feeling made her eyes close and the room spin. She opened them and they stared at one another. A minute passed. She saw his Adams apple bounce as he swallowed hard. He let go of her and took a step back. “We better get back.”
“Mulder,” she called as he walked away, “I’m glad you decided to come.”

Scully woke up on the couch disoriented with her hair askew. Her mother was standing over her. She felt her head pounding. “Mom, where is everybody?”

“Everybody left Dana.”

“I need to help you clean up.”

“It’s after 11 at night. You passed out on the couch.”

“Where’s Mulder?” She looked around her mother to see him asleep on the recliner.

“I’m sorry mom,” she said holding her head.

“It’s ok.” Her mother smiled. “We’re all entitled every once in awhile.”

“How come he’s still here?” Scully asked staring at a sleeping Mulder.

“He was worried about you so he stayed….He’s a good man Dana. Sometimes it’s ok to let people in.”

Scully raised her head to look her mother in the eye and smiled, “I know you’re right mom. I’m trying.”
Friday, December 10, 1999

It was a long day in NYC, Mulder and Scully had been called up to assist in a Mafia case. Three of the Mafia’s Capos had been afflicted with severe headaches which assisted in their capture. All three claimed it was the work of a curse of the malocchio “evil eye” put on them by the store owner’s wife and were not any help during interrogation due to these debilitating headaches. Mulder and Scully were asked to investigate the validity of these claims.

Mulder was able to successfully hunt down a local Strega (Italian witch) to remove the curse. Rifling through his pocket he handed Scully a necklace. He proceeded to place one around his own neck.

“Mulder, what is this for? In school we use to call this an Italian penis” Scully felt herself becoming annoyed with the whole situation.

“It’s called a Cornicello. It’s a devil’s horned amulet. You wear it around your neck to ward off any evil caused by jealousy or envy. In this case, to protect us from the curse once it is freed so it doesn’t get passed to us.”

“Mulder, you do understand how ridiculous this all sounds, right?” Begrudgingly, she placed the amulet around her neck. Today she wasn’t taking any chances.

They all stood in the interrogation room as the Strega inserted the tip of a needle into the eye of another needle while chanting, “Occhi e contro e perticelli agli occhi, crepa la invida e schiattono gli occhi”.

“Mulder, what is she saying?” Scully whispered with much skepticism.

“Eyes against eyes and the holes of the eyes, envy cracks and eyes burst” Mulder translated.

“What does that mean?”

“It means that envy is what caused the curse to attach itself and when you remove the evil of envy, you remove the curse.”

The Strega then dropped the two needles on top of three drops of olive oil in water and sprinkled three pinches of salt into the water. Swiftly, she jabbed the water through the oil three times with scissors and cut the air above the bowl three times. With that the Capo’s headaches soon subsided to allow the agents to continue their interrogation. They graciously thanked Scully and Mulder.

As they left the police station Scully continued her disbelief, “Mulder, did it ever occur to anyone that maybe the Excedrin they were administered finally started working?”
“Maybe, or maybe evil can take on different forms, maybe we can even generate evil and with enough focus cast it onto an entity.”

“But Mulder, I think that assumes that good is the opposite of evil, there are philosophies out there such as with Nietzsche, where evil is only a different expression of the same basic impulses of good.”

“So in that scenario, we might be able to cast good curses as well as bad? Interesting. Hey, we’re in NY, let’s take advantage and get a cab. We can start at Herald’s Square and stroll up 5th avenue catching all the Christmas window displays until we get to Rockefeller Center to see the tree. Not to mention, I scored these” He held up two tickets to The Rockettes Christmas Spectacular. “It’s not a football game, but I hear it’s a good show.”

“It looks like you’ve been plotting” Scully smirked.

As they wound down 5th they passed Barney’s and Scully stared at a black blazer in the window. “That’s a beautiful blazer. Not something my government paycheck affords me though.”

“I think it would look great on you, you should get it.”

“I don’t know where your secret stash of money is Mulder, but I’m not on an Armani budget like you.”

“It’s all what you decide to splurge on. You sacrifice some aspects of your life to allot for extravagance in another.”

“Well, I enjoy eating Mulder, so I’ll settle for one from Macy’s.”

With that they entered into Radio City Music Hall to enjoy the show. Mulder appeared to be on his best behavior with the exception of insisting the thought of the live animals defecating on stage distracted from the nativity scene and that when the male ice skater flung the female feet first around in a circle, he imagined him letting go and her blade beheading the audience.

As they exited out into the street, Mulder offered, “We could drive home tonight or we can head to the village and find some trouble. It is Friday.”

“I’m sorry Mulder, but I have an appointment tomorrow. Tomorrow I go in for the last pregnancy test.”

“That’s tomorrow? Can I go with you? I’ll drive”

Thank you, but that’s really not necessary. I think it’s something I need to do on my own.”

“Well, at the very least, I’m coming by your place, I want to be there when you get back.”

“Like I said Mulder, it’s not necessary, but if that’s what you want, it’s fine. You can wait for me at my place until I get back.”
December 11, 1999

Scully entered her apartment defeated, dreading to have to relay the news. Mulder looked up from her sofa, excited at first, hopeful, glad she was home, wishing for good news. “Scully? I must have dozed off. I was waiting for you to get back.” He saw her face, read her emotions, felt them in his own chest, “It didn’t take, did it.”

Looking at his eyes, seeing the truth in them, she diverted her own to the floor fighting off enough emotion for her to speak, “I guess it was too much to hope for.”

He reached for her and they embraced. At his touch she could no longer contain her emotions. They bubbled over and she leaned on him as she always did, her pillar, her foundation, as it was now all she knew. All she had.

“It was my last chance;” she managed to get out through her tears.

“Never give up on a miracle.” His only response.

She found comfort in his arms, in his relentless stubbornness to not give up. She reached for his lips, but realized this was not about him, this was her journey. He could be a crutch no longer. They broke their embrace still connected by their intertwined fingers.

“We will find a way. There are always possibilities.” His voice was strong and unwavering.

“What are you going to do? Break into another research lab?” She replied sniffling, pulling herself together.

“If I have to,” he said indignantly.

She stepped back in retreat. “Mulder, go home. I have put you through enough. I will never be able to thank you for being such a good friend.” She wiped away her tears, gaining a semblance of composure. The best thing for her right now was to be alone. Start her life again. Go back to work
and decide what she wanted the rest of her life to look like.

Here we go, he thought to himself. He saw the moat being filled, the walls erecting. Usually, he would leave. Give her time, give her space. She was independent and he knew that was the way she liked it. He understood. He wasn't much better, but tonight was different. This was her whole life before her. To know, she would never have a child. There was always adoption, but that would mean a husband, a new career... and leaving him. The results affected him too and hurt him as well and whether she acknowledged it or not, her life bled into his. The past months were about much more than jerking off into a cup. This was going to be them, raising a child together. Maybe she didn't see him having a part in it, but he did, and the last thing he wanted to do was go back to a dark depressing lonely apartment. "If you want me to leave, I will... but I don't want to," he said softly.

“I don't know that you understand how I feel. You still have a chance at a life Mulder. You can still have a family. You don’t have to be married only to your work.” She knew for him that wasn’t possible, but she needed him to pull back, restore their grooves that worked, that were safe. Lately, they had encroached on uncharted territories. She decided to swim back to shore and face reality. They were not a couple, they were work partners.

He interrupted her thought needing to break through her stone fortress, “Scully, I'm not pretending to be able to put myself in your place... but I'm not going to pretend that this doesn't affect me.”

She took another step back and shook her head. "I know, but this is about me. Me and the rest of my life. There was always that thought in the back of my mind that someday.. maybe.. and now...”

He knew what must be said. His voice went monotone as he gathered the courage. Tonight she needed to hear the words and it was time he put his cards on the table. Softly he said, “Scully... This is about my life too... because.... because I'm in love with you.”

“Mulder.....” She wasn't ready to deal with this.

“Talk to me Scully.” He needed her to tell him how she was feeling. He needed to know what part he really played in her life. After six years, was that it? Did he really just go back to the office tomorrow and start another case? And what about everything they had been through and done in their recent history? Did the way they had kissed mean nothing? The way they had held each other through the night, the morning in Kansas... Was he supposed to brush all that under the rug and go back to being platonic friends?

Scully was tired. Of talking, the unknown. of going and going down a road that led to infinite roads. Tired of wasting time, her life, hoping, believing, one day she will get the life everyone longs for, like what Bill, Charlie, and her parents had. Wishing for “normal”, but swept away by the romance of the pursuit. Needing to save the world. She wanted to stop. She needed to reach the destination. She needed something that no one could take away from her.

Mulder took a step towards her. He didn't want to go back, he didn't want it to mean nothing. It all meant too much. He knew she felt the same way and he wasn't the only one who thought it. Even Padgett knew. He was going to kiss her and if after he did she still denied her feelings, then he would leave, but if she didn't feel the same way she was going to have to say it. She was going to have to stop him. He took another step closer and she raised a hand to stop him. Instead of backing off, he interlocked his fingers with hers and stood, his eyes gently locking onto hers. In his eyes held the truth. Their truth. She could hide from it no longer. Her eyes darkened, begging, pleading with desire for him. For Him. He looked in her eyes and he knew. He felt it too. What was in her eyes was about much more than friendship.

“Is this what you want?” he asked her delicately. She only nodded her head. He lifted his free hand
and touched her face rubbing her cheek with his thumb. Mulder leaned in and gently brushed his lips against hers. He was considerate and sensual. Her emotions spilled from her heart despite herself. Six years and Scully couldn’t last another second. She grabbed behind his neck, threading her fingers through his hair. She pulled him down towards her, smashing their lips together. Mulder grinned and pulled back. “Easy”, he chuckled. Then in a whisper he added, “I’m not going anywhere. Not unless you tell me to.”

She smiled shyly as her gaze shifted to the floor before returning to his eyes. They were filled with tenderness and love. “It’s been a long time for me Mulder,” she croaked out.

“Scully, I’ve never done this. Not feeling this way, not with so much honesty, not so alive, not with you.” Mulder let out a heavy sigh. “Scully, I can’t lose you; I can’t lose us. What we have… I..I don’t deserve.”

She delicately squeezed his hand. “We deserve this Mulder. Me.. and you.” They stood there staring into each other’s eyes for what seemed like an eternity.

Scully couldn’t fight against the feelings that were traveling through her any longer. She reached for him and Mulder met her halfway. His lips were soft and tender, but his kiss was fire. In that instance she was no longer thinking, his lips and scent her whole existence. Her heart fluttering at the realization she was kissing her best friend. She placed her arms around his neck as his hands cradled her head and her velvety tongue found his own. She pulled away only to find herself kissing his cheek, his jawline, down his neck. Never had she allowed herself to feel such raw emotion. She wanted all of him all at once. She pushed his dark blue sweater up over his head and Mulder lifted the shirt underneath it hurlding it to the floor. This made Scully smile at his predictability. I’ll pick that up later she thought through their kisses. With her fingertips she traced his abs following them down leading her to the noticeable bulge in his jeans. As her hand danced over the button she understood what this meant. She would finally know all of him and once that seal was broken, there was no going back. Their friendship would be tested and their mysteries would stay between them. Her hand covered the zipper seam. She could feel his heat even through the hard denim. It was her affecting him like this and that thought turned her on even more. She squeezed gently and Mulder flinched and hummed and intensified their kiss. It was time to claim what was hers. She squeezed gently and Mulder flinched and hummed and intensified their kiss. It was time to claim what was hers. She put her hand in his and broke their kiss, tugging him towards the bedroom. His expression filled with desire and he attacked her lips once again as she backpedaled down the short hallway. They missed the entryway to the bedroom and banged against the door frame, caught off balance attempting to walk, kiss, and unbutton his jeans simultaneously. She clumsily pulled down his zipper; her hands shaking. This was really happening she thought to herself. Inside his jeans her hands found his tight round ass. She gave it a squeeze and he bucked, his hips causing the jeans to make their way to the floor. After all these years, was she making the right decision? They were risking everything, but her need forced her to proceed. His body felt too good under her touch, his lips too perfect. Her manicured fingers ran along the inside of his waist band. After another second’s hesitation, she dipped inside those boxers. The contact of her hand wrapping around his cock caught them both by surprise. They broke their kiss. With his hands still cupping her face, he moaned in a whisper, “Oh, Scully.” The words went through her, a live wire from her heart to her core.

The moment was beautiful, like the sun blazing through shadows. The rush of their connection so powerful she became lightheaded, using his chest to support her weight as her head leaned against it. She was breathing hard when she looked up at him, squeezing and stroking him lightly.

“Oh. Mulder.” He was bigger than she had estimated and he felt incredible. Touching him sent electricity through her fingers, up her arm, down her body. She could feel his pleasure through her hand. They were connected. His pulse beat in time with hers.
Mulder kissed her urgently as he freed his feet from his pants, boxers, and socks.

He was now completely naked as she remained fully clothed. He decided to rectify the situation and began unbuttoning her black shirt. Button by button he followed his fingers with his tongue. Mulder was so hard it was almost painful and her gentle stroking only hastened the situation, but he continued. He had wanted this for so long he didn’t want to rush. Once her shirt was off he started on her pants, removing them and tossing them aside. His hands and mouth covering every bit of skin he could find. She was sexy and soft and after six years she was letting him touch her. It was a dream translating into reality. His heart never felt so full and his body never needed so much. He wanted to be perfect for her. To be everything in her eyes.

He stood and together they pulled down her comforter and sheet. As he turned around he felt her eyes upon him and was still as she gazed at his naked frame. He felt exposed, but he trusted her. She had seen him like this before, but not with the desire that she now held in her eyes. “You’re beautiful. You know that,” she whispered.

“No, but I’ll believe you.” Mulder closed the gap between them and kissed her following a trail with his hands that led down to the swell of her breasts. A quizzical look came across his face. She smiled. “It opens in the front”. He nodded apologetically and undid her bra taking her nipple into his mouth as he cupped and squeezed the other. She gasped at the sensation. Mulder answered her in a moan. Apprehension still plagued her mind, but as he sucked harder, pleasure overcame her. He kissed her stomach as she lied down on the bed, her tight muscles quivering as he traced her scar with his tongue. Joy bursting inside her followed by deep carnal arousal. He slid her black soft nylon panties slowly down her silken legs. Running his tongue along her inner thigh his face brushed against auburn curls, his lips teasing her to the point of madness. Anticipation covered her body, hanging on his every move, responding to the slightest touch of his hands, his lips. Reality exciting all her senses. She never knew anything could be like this. How could she have known everything that ever happened, everything ever said, every action ever taken, was leading up to this moment. He slid up to lie down next to her.

Analyzing her as he stared, his fingers ran through her hair shaping her face. “Are you sure this is what you want?” His eyes were filled with need, but he held it in check. He was secondary. She kissed him chastely, then looked into his eyes, “Yes”.

Wanting nothing at that moment but him, feelings of trepidation seemed inconsequential. The entirety of her life took on new meaning. He kissed her again, their tongues gliding into the other’s mouth. His lips soft and warm against her own. Bolts shot into her core. The intensity of his kiss was causing Scully to throb all over. Mulder’s body rocked against her as his lips moved along hers. His hands on her breasts, squeezing, pinching, taunting. His legs braided with her own. She never felt so craved. There was a heat growing between her legs and it called for him. Scully reached down and grasped him firmly. He moaned into her mouth, running his incredibly long fingers down to her clit and she swelled at his touch. Beginning with wide circles he teased her. She rocked in his hand, her need for him growing along with her need for release. His fingers created tighter circles as she responded; faster. The waves of pleasure kept coming, she arched her back and moaned, “Oh. My. God. Mulder. Oh God.” Her own hands stroking him wildly to match her own intense feelings. Feelings she shared only with him, for him.

He kissed her again. He never wanted her lips to leave his. He wanted to live there. When they were forced to stop kissing to breathe he panted in her ear. “I want you too much Scully. If you keep doing that it’s going to be over.” She released him and let her fingertips dance up his back. He looked into her eyes as he slid one finger inside, his thumb against her clit. “Oh, Scully. You are beautiful.” She was dripping into his hand and it was driving him crazy.
He slid another finger inside and began rubbing that most tender spot. He was sliding his fingers in and out pushing deeper inside each time. She was losing her control filling her with anxiety. The feelings were too intense. She had to stop. Without hesitation she slid down and wrapped her tongue around him.

“Ooh, Scully,” he cried as his head flung back. She licked him from base to tip and took in as much as she could sucking it for the pure pleasure. He was perfect. Thick and hard, yet the skin smooth and soft, and so Mulder. She could take no more. There would be no more waiting. She slid back up to face him and allowed the words to escape her fears. “Mulder, I want you.”

“Scully.” He said her name as if it was a religion as his eyes penetrated her existence. Caressing her face with one hand, the other aligning himself at her entrance. He paused searching her eyes once more; needing to know if it was the beginning and not an end to what he held most dear. She brought her petite hand between them and placed it over his. He had his answer, there was no more hesitation. He entered her slowly, carefully, pausing, allowing her to adjust, retracting, then proceeding again, concerned only for her comfort and feelings. He continued until he was completely sheathed. Her insides contracted around him and they groaned together.

“Oh Scully, I can’t take this. This is all too much,” he gasped as perspiration beaded along his forehead.

“I know… But I’m glad it’s with you,” her eyes smiled back. He cradled her in his arms still trying to adjust to the intense feelings of being inside her. Resting on his elbows, he kissed her deeply. He pulled back from their kiss to lock into her gaze. “I will never forget this moment. I love you Dana Scully.” Her heart responded despite herself. He was so caring and loving. His eyes so gentle. She never realized how badly she had wanted, had needed him to tell her those words. “Scully, this is us... together... and it's so much more...”

He began to move and her body relented to him immediately, her hips involuntarily rocking along with his like they had rehearsed for centuries. His pelvis brushed her bud as he moved melodically like orchestrating a symphony. He paused several times to catch his breath and just to look at her. Wiped the hair from her face. Kiss her temple, her cheeks, her forehead, her lips. Oh, his lips. She couldn’t stop smiling at him. His concern for her pleasure was melting her heart and lighting up her insides.

All that kept running through her mind was this is Mulder. Mulder I’m kissing. Mulder I’m feeling inside me. Mulder giving me this pleasure. And each time she did her body exploded until she was moaning his name again and again. She felt a surge run through her and she needed to take control. She wrapped her legs around his torso and leaned into him until he was on his back. He was surprised at the maneuver but only smiled. She bent her legs so her feet locked underneath the back of his knees to give her leverage. She squeezed her pelvic muscles and began riding him with slow deep strokes. When the sensation became too intense she leaned back and took him in completely, stretching her walls till she was full. No one.. Nothing had ever been that deep inside her. She moaned from the sensation, “Oh my God…. Oh, God Mulder.” Lost in the pleasure, she didn’t know if she could handle what was about to happen, but she knew she couldn’t stop it. She leaned forward and made small thrusts pulsing her inner walls, squeezing his tip along with it.

It was then that he lost control of his mind. “Oh, Scully, Oh fuuuuck. Oh, you’re so tight. You’re incredible.” He began meeting her thrusts. Palming one breast, he took her other nipple into his mouth. That was all it took and she relented control.

“Oh yes Mulder, Oh My God yes.” She let out a scream and held onto his neck burying herself in his chest. Her walls had him in a vice grip as they milked his cock, bringing him over the edge. With
two more thrusts he was gone. She could feel his cock pulsing inside her and another orgasm hit. Her eyes rolled back into her head, certain she would pass out.

When he came back to Earth he wrapped his arms around her holding her tight. His emotions began to overwhelm him and tears slid down his face. She fell to her side groaning as they separated. She looked at him and saw his tear stained face. “Oh, Mulder.” She wiped his temples and hugged him tightly.

“I’m ok. It’s ok… I’m… I’m happy.” He gave her a short laugh. “It’s not something I’m used to.”

“I’ve never known anything like you,” she admitted softly, laying in his arms.

“I didn’t know Scully. I didn’t know it was going to be like this.”

*

Mulder blinked his eyes into focus and saw Scully walking towards him in a robe and he realized that he had drifted to sleep and she had showered. Her hair was damp, skin glistening with the scent of soap and vanilla. Just beautiful. She sat on the bed and he slid himself up to face her. “Is everything okay?” he asked with inquisitive eyes.

“Mulder, I’m fi… I’m good. Really really good.” She smiled and stroked his cheek.

He reached over and kissed her slowly leading her onto her back, at the same time removing her white cotton robe. All the feelings and emotions from last night coursing through his blood. He needed her again. Needed to crawl inside her. Needed their bodies mixing and mingling, but first there was something he had wanted to do since he first held a candle to her- He needed to know what it was like to taste her.

Mulder’s fingers traced her pink tipped nipple prickling her skin. He gently ran his lips around it, surrounding it, licking it hard. She moaned and ran her hands lightly through his soft dark hair. He paused and closed his eyes. Her moans went through him so hard he almost came. Cupping her other breast he lovingly licked away the dew from the shower tenderly caressing it making it achingly sensitive. His talented lips found her erect nipple, gingerly scraping it against his teeth, following with the flat of his tongue. Both of his hands covered her chest, kneading. Scully arched her back moaning between gasps clutching at Mulder’s back. She unapologetically thrusted up into his abs rubbing herself against him trying to ease the aching between her legs.

Mulder kissed his way down her body, tilting her towards him. Scully sobered realizing what he was about to do and tried to pull him up, tried to stop him, but he resisted, looking up, “Please Scully.” His eyes were dark, consumed with a deep wanting, his expression passionate, affectionate. She was nervous about the situation. It wasn’t something she necessarily enjoyed and she was self conscious. It was so intimate, but it was Mulder and when he looked at her like that she was never able to say no. So she took a breath and tried her best to relax into him as he put his mouth on her. The feeling of his lips against her was extreme and immediate. It was a new sensation and she had nothing to compare it to. She should have known. Nothing about Mulder was close to anyone else and he didn’t disappoint. His tongue was steady, deliberate as he licked her from her bud to her entrance and repeated and repeated and repeated. She was arching her back from the intensity, attempting to wiggle free of the blinding pleasure, fighting the build. Mulder was too skilled and it was too much. Holding her hips down he sucked her folds, humming, moaning, thrusting his own into the mattress. They were lost in the moment, his tongue creating a rhythm that her body was following. He entered her with his tongue and Scully began pulling the sheets off of the bed. As her cries got louder, she grabbed the headboard and squeezed her eyes shut.
Mulder was moaning into her, rubbing her clit with his fingers, and licking her over and over. Then he rotated, filling her with both fingers creating crop circles with his tongue around, under, and over her bud. The sensations were increasing and it was making her fearful of the inevitable. It hit her suddenly, like a wave crashing, taking her under. Mulder felt her tighten around his fingers and he held on as she bucked underneath him. When she calmed, he pulled himself up to face her, and kissed her. His mouth was warm, wet and tasted of her essence. She closed her eyes as reality flashed inside her chest. Mulder had just did that to her and he was fucking incredible.

Without wasting time he positioned himself at her entrance and she wrapped her legs around his waist as he guided himself in. They were joined once again. He was so familiar, so knowing, comfortable and exciting. This time his pace was frantic and he formed a V with his fingers where they were joined rubbing with each quickening thrust making certain to take her with him. Scully had always been in control of her own orgasm, whether from riding on top or her own stimulation. Now she felt a sweet dissonance, Mulder had complete command over her pleasure, authority that was unrelenting. He thrusted harder, faster. It was brutal and hot. Scully felt whole. Without permission, her body yielded to his tenacity to push her into the abyss. She filled the air with sound, writhing and moaning, feeling him release, dragging her along. After six years she had remained unscathed by that of human frailty. She sought comfort in the stability of preserving her impervious sanctuary of loneliness. Tonight she lay exposed, unadorned as she acquiesced to sleep blanketed by Mulder.
The Day After

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

I'll have the big salad with a side of Angst.

She awakened at an early hour, traces of light yet to greet her for her morning rituals. Although today there was no ritual, no pattern, no trail. Lost in the woods with no machete for bush whacking out of the wilderness. Scully showered, allowing the hot spray to remove the fragrance, but not the memory. Her body ached from awakened muscles causing flashbacks of the night. After dressing, she began making coffee and performing menial chores.

*

Mulder stretched in bed to the smell of fresh ground coffee beans percolating as the sunrays that peaked through the window warmed his body. Smiling, for the bed was not his own, but that of the woman he most desired. Remnants from last night’s actions still resounding in his heart. Six years of friendship culminating to this moment. Last night he was baptized in the fountain that is Dana Katherine Scully.

*

Mulder arrived in the kitchen showered and clean, barefoot in his gray boxers from the previous night, his right hand caressing his tuft of chest hair. He approached Scully who was buffing the counter, embraced her from behind pulling her body against his, giving her a kiss on the neck and whispered into her ear, “Good Morning Dana.” Scully went rigid, her name sounding alien as it left his lips.

“Morning Mulder. I made some coffee. I have to run to the supermarket today and do some other errands before the week begins. I’ve got to start preparing and packing for my two week vacation in California. I leave on Friday so it’s not a lot a time. I can call you when I get back today?”

The wall ascended so rapidly Mulder was unable to duck for cover as the bricks pounded him in the chest. He rubbed his nose to see if it had broken. “Yeah, that would be great. I’ll probably stop by the Lone Gunman, Frohike had something he wanted to show me, maybe shoot a few hoops after that. I’m … a….I guess I’ll get dressed and let you start your day.”

Scully turned and smiled reaching up to give him a peck on the cheek.

Mulder knew Scully. Knew to give her space, to give her time. Knew that she needed time to digest, analyze, compartmentalize. All he knew was he wanted to taste her again. And again.

*

At 6:52PM, Mulder’s cell phone still had not been graced with Scully’s voice. He decided to be the gentlemen and give her a call. When she answered her voice was warm and inviting. “I’ve been so busy I just lost track of time.”
“Scully, I was wondering if maybe you wanted some company.” She could feel the puppy dog look through the phone.

“We have work tomorrow Mulder. I don’t want to be up too late….it’s ok, come over. Just know I’ll be out of the house by 6:30.”

“That’s fine. I’ll be sure to have you in bed by eight.” He cringed at his own remark. “I’ll park a couple blocks away.”

23 minutes later there was a knock at the door. When Scully opened it the expression on Mulder’s face sent shocks through her. He stepped in the apartment, dropping his night bag, cradled her head with both hands and kissed her passionately, broke the kiss, grabbed her hand and sprinted to the bedroom. She blinked and they were naked, his hands and mouth covering her body. He entered inside her in a smooth single thrust and was met with little resistance, “Oh, Oh Scully, I missed you.” His pace was quick and determined. Soon he panted, “Scully, I won’t come without you.” In one quick maneuver she wrapped her legs around him, tightened herself and flipped them. Mulder was certain he would never tire of that and loved that he was able to remain inside her as they rolled. Scully wasted no time angling herself on top. When she leaned back Mulder grabbed her hand and held it to his heart. “Come with me Scully.” That put her into overdrive and very shortly she was moaning his name as he followed close behind. He had never been able to come on his back before with a woman, but he also knew his past would hold no credence to the woman with him now.

· [Monday Morning]

Mulder realized he was whistling as he strutted into the office. Scully had arrived earlier and was sitting at the desk with her head in the computer.

“Morning Sculls. It is a good morning, isn’t it?” He asked placing a spinach and turkey bacon with non-dairy lowfat cheese egg white sandwich and an almond milk hazelnut coffee on the desk for her.

“Please Don’t.”

Mulder was slightly taken aback “Scully what’s wrong? Or should I call you Dana now?”

“That. That’s what’s wrong. I can’t. I feel very uncomfortable about this whole situation. The way you’re looking at me, the way I feel when you’re looking at me. What do you think they’re going to be thinking every time they see us in this basement with the door closed? What will Skinner be thinking?”

“The same thing they’re always thinking. Damn he’s lucky.”

“Please stop. I want it back the way it was.” Scully thought to herself, before I was dignified, above reproach. Now I’m just another girl screwing her partner.

“That’s ridiculous.”

“Is it though?” Mulder dropped his volume to a whisper. “Scully, this past weekend was….”

“I know what it was, but now we are exposed. Like the world will look at me and they will just know.”

“No one could truly comprehend us. They’re going to think these things regardless. Why should this change anything?”

“Because it just does. It changes everything. I just, I just need some time. Some time to work this
“You don’t regret….”

“No….not at all…I just want to get back to work. Besides, this place is not secure.”

“You’ve got a point.” Changing the subject Mulder continued, “Skinner told me as soon as we’re ready he wants us up in his office.”

*

Two nights passed and they had yet to speak outside of work. In fact, they didn’t have much conversation at all. By Wednesday night Mulder had made his decision. Dropping his basketball, he headed across town. Scully opened the door in jeans and a t-shirt with her hair up in a ponytail.

“Mulder, what are you doing here?”

“I’ve been thinking. A lot. Too much….”

Touching his cheek with the back of her hand she interrupted, “Your face is flushed, you need to sit down.”

He sat down on the couch running his hand through his hair. “You’re right. I could be putting your life in danger.”

“Mulder, our lives are always in danger.” She sat down on the chair across from him.

“I know, but this could be different. I couldn’t live with myself if something happened….., I mean look at us, we haven’t spoken all week, why?” He shook his head. “This was just what I was afraid of….. I can’t have something come between us, not after all we’ve been though. You mean too much to me.”

“So what are you saying?”

“You were right. It should never happen again.”

“Okay. I’m not sure that was the exact phrasing, but it probably is best.”

There was silence.

Mulder got up. “I better go.”

Quietly, he shut the door behind him.
Thursday was filled with wrapping up year-end planning and budgeting. There was a working lunch at Skinner’s conference room table with idle chit chat. As Scully prepared to leave for the day, she made her rounds, the last being in the basement.

“You leaving soon?” She said to the top of Mulder’s head, his face buried in a folder.

“Yeah, I’m just wrapping up a few things.” He replied, not lifting his head from the folder. “Your flight leaves early in the morning?”

“Afternoon.”

“Well, enjoy your vacation with your family, catch some rays in California. I’ll see you after the New Year. Don’t forget to say hi to them for me and give ol’ Billy a great big kiss.”

“What will you be doing Mulder?” Scully asked still standing at the door frame, briefcase in hand.

“Oh, some reorganizing around here, same ol' stuff. Who knows, I may take a trip of my own. See you next year Scully.” He looked up and smiled.

“Yes, next year.” She lifted her eyebrows and took a breath, turned and headed to the parking garage.

Things weren’t completely back to normal, but she was confident it would be. The comfortable groove was playing their tune. Scully went back to her apartment, her thoughts on the week ahead.

*A loud rapping was heard on the door of apartment 42. Mulder awakened from his T.V. coma and squinted at the clock on his desk. The time read 11:11PM. He rubbed his eyes and rolled off of the couch, not bothering to turn on the lights, he opened the door. Scully walked into his apartment and turned towards the door.

“Hi Scully, how are you, no it’s not too late, come right in,” he said to the empty hallway.

He closed the door, turned around and smiled at her. “What’s up?”

She walked towards him, leaned up on her toes and pressed her lips to his. “Scully, I thought we agreed…” he mumbled into her lips.

She grabbed both his hands and backpedaled towards the bedroom. “…that this is a bad idea. It is, an incredibly stupid, irrational, treacherous idea.”

He put his arms around her and picked her up, her legs wrapping around his body, he brought her to the edge of the bed, kissing her, panting, unbuttoning her blouse, “this is really bad, we need to maintain control”

“I agree, it is putting us in a very precarious situation,” she said as she removed his shirt and pants.
"Mulder, what are you doing?"

"Looking for that spot on your neck." His lips and tongue probing.

"What spo….oh… oh there…” Her head fell back and her eyes closed, suppressing a moan.

Pulling off her blouse, her skirt, Mulder continued, ‘This could be devastating, traumatizing….ravaging……’

She removed her mouth from his right nipple, “What?"

“Scully, you’re so beautiful.” He leaned her back on the bed and started kissing her belly, ripping her panties from her body.

“Hey, I liked those!”

“I’ll buy you a new pair,” he panted and with no precursor he spread her legs and entered her with his fingers, his tongue tracing her folds, nose grazing her bud. He continued his ministrations bringing her to completion twice before she pleaded to him.

He stopped and looked into her eyes, “What do you want Scully?”

“I want you” She got up and leaned on her elbows, her tongue licking her top lip.

Continuing his gaze, he spoke very softly, “Tell me where.”

She fell back on the bed and covered her face with her hands. Her voice dropped an octave. “I want you inside me. I want you so deep I can taste you.”

He placed both his hands on either side of her hips and entered inside her with a light moan. He thought to himself, this was where he needed to be. This was where his world began and ended. The alpha and the omega.

He thrusted in slow and deep, “Like this?” She nodded, biting her lip, her eyes still closed.

“Oh, Scully. Please look at me. I want to feel everything that’s in your eyes, your soul.”

She complied. As hard as it was for her, she didn’t break the connection even as she felt it take her over, even as she felt him fill her. Her heart ached to say the words she didn’t dare.

*

He laid facing her resting his head on his hand and ran his fingers through her hair, brushing it away from her face. “I want to stare at you all night.”

“That might make it hard for me to sleep”

“I doubt that. You can sleep through anything. I’ve seen it. Do you have to leave tomorrow?”

“You know I do”

She turned to face the wall and they assumed their spooning position. He held her tight against him wishing for daylight not to come and drag her away. The darkness was their home, their sovereignty. His eyes welled up as terror began to overcome him, the terror of them taking her away, or worse, of her leaving on her own. He breathed her in and allowed the calming effect of her fragrance to take him out with the current into the ocean of dreams.
He awoke in a panic calling for her over and over, but calmed when he heard her muffled voice through the shower. “I was afraid you had left already” he called to her as he entered the bathroom and emptied his bladder.

“Mulder, are you doing what I think you’re doing?”

“Yes, and I also think you should step away from the water”

“Why?” She jumped as the water turned scalding hot to the sound of the toilet flushing. “When I get out of here, you’re going to….” she started.

“I’m going to what?” He said with a grin and dancing eyebrows as he opened the shower door and stepped inside.

“I don’t recall giving you an invitation” Scully returned smugly.

“I thought now might be a good time to become a conservationist” Mulder picked up the shampoo and began soaping his hair. “I may need help, you want to get my back?” He went to hand her the bottle, squirting cold shampoo onto Scully’s chest which elicited a shrill. “I’m sorry, now I went and made a mess” His face holding back expression as he began to gently massage the soap along her body. Not to be out done, Scully picked up a bottle of conditioner and aimed it back at him. Squinting as to not get the flying soap in his eyes, he reached back, opened the top and dumped the shampoo on her head. She went for the bottle and her foot skidded on the now slippery floor, Mulder slid underneath her to break her fall and they were laughing and sliding around the shower floor attempting in vein to pull themselves back up. Mulder assessed the situation and looked at Scully smiling, glowing, her lips inches from his, her naked body slithering on top of him. He pulled her into a kiss. Scully calmed her giggling as the kiss became passionate. She poured conditioner into her hand and began stroking him. Mulder broke the kiss, his eyes widened, “Oh, that feels so much better when you do it. You have to stop though, it’s too good.”

With that he pulled himself up and got her upright as well. Tenderly, he washed some of the soap off of the both of them. She traced her fingers along his biceps and took his hand to cover her breast. He leaned down to kiss her once again. She turned to face the wall and Mulder sucked on her neck, clutching her hips, he angled her towards him burying himself inside. Her hands sought leverage against the slick tile wall, steam billowing from the floor. She tilted her head back and felt the water pulsing through her hair, against her back. The way her body responded to him wasn’t like any other. Her moans echoed, the sounds served only to accent her pleasure. He continued until he felt her contracting around him and pulled out not wanting to finish yet. He held her close until her breathing slowed and rubbed her back. “Why don’t we take this party back to the bed?” He suggested, stepping out to dry himself off.

He sat up on the bed with his back against the headboard. Scully sat on the bed facing him, but kept her distance. “I want to watch”

“What? No, Scully, I ..”

“.You said I do it better, I want to watch. From a clinical perspective, maybe I could give you pointers” He hesitated, but then complied knowing he could not deny her anything, wrapping his hand towards the tip he started at a very quick pace. “No, slowly, easy. You’re not punishing it for a crime” she remarked.

He slowly ran his fingers up and down the shaft. “Usually I have someone talking dirty to me as I
do this.”

“Yeah, but I’m not calling you Marty and I don’t charge by the minute.”

The sight of his soft artistic hand’s caress made her body jealous and yearn for his touch. Her voice took on a sultry tone, “Mulder…”

“Yeah”

“I bought some tarot cards yesterday.” She traced her pointer finger along her bottom lip brushing her tongue along the tip.

“What?”

Her voice was husky, sensual, “I bought tarot cards, and picked up some charms, crystals. I’ve even started reading books on witchcraft, voodoo. Maybe I’ll look into some ritual tableaux, get a crystal ball, practice Santeria….”

“Oh, yeah, Scully, talk to me” Mulder closed his eyes and gave his balls a light squeeze and began his rhythm again.

Scully straddled him, he opened his eyes as she lifted up and took him inside her. She was incredibly hot and wet. He looked into her eyes, “You are my fantasy woman…. What can we do… together?”

He started rocking with her as she put her arms around his neck. “We can conjure up some magic, use a Ouija board and talk to spirits, apparitions… Oh, yes Mulder” her hips picking up speed as she felt his body respond, “…drench.. ourselves.. in.. ectoplasm…”

The vein on his neck began to bulge, “I’m going to come”

She leaned into his ear and whispered, “I believe extra-terrestrials to be sentient beings. You’re right Mulder, I believe you, they exist, it all exists”

And with that last utterance he leaned forward, putting her on her back and him on top. He used his hand to catch her up to him as he thrusted with lightning speed. When he felt her milking him he allowed himself to release gritting his teeth so hard he feared they would shatter.

He pressed his forehead to hers breathing hard, his hands holding him up on either side of her. “You’re beyond incredible”

“You need to know…. I was faking it” She said very seriously, with an apologetic expression.

“I know, but a man can have his fantasies, can’t he?” He smiled, falling onto his back, reaching for her, hugging her tight. Pangs started to form in his chest as he realized he would be without her for two weeks.

She went into the bathroom and dressed. When she returned she was all formalities. “I have a couple hours still before I need to start preparing for the flight, I better get back…”

“…You don’t need to throw the money on the nightstand and leave, we could go out for some lunch? I could drop you off at the airport?”

With a sigh, she agreed and they headed out together.
Chapter End Notes

11:11 to some signify a sign by angels, to others their spirit guide making them aware that they are beginning the path they should be on. To others still, 11 minutes past the 11th hour and nothing more.
Laughter resounded from the ocean waves. Scully watched as the kids frolicked along the beach while she lay in her bikini on a beach chair, sunglasses shading her indigo eyes. “You forget how beautiful the weather is out here in San Diego when you’re in DC in the middle of winter” Scully commented to Tara as she wiggled her toes in the hot sand. “Back home it’s ice and snow and here it’s 75 degrees without a sign of rain.”

“Well, you know you’re always welcome to visit anytime you want. Bill and I are always happy to have you.”

“I know. I should get out here more often.” Scully gazed out into the ocean to watch a sailboat pass by. Fins from dolphins grazed peaks as shadows of clouds reflected off the electric blue sea. She felt herself smiling, relaxed. She breathed deeply to capture the salty air.

Meanwhile…..

A fly buzzed around Mulder’s apartment around the fish tank over the desk and into the kitchen area where it landed on a dirty cereal bowl. Mulder watched it reach the final destination and thought to himself that maybe this was the day to do the dishes. The apartment was dark with an almost gloomy feel. The sun doing its best to peak through with some cheer, beams reflecting through dust particles. He decided that before his body completely melded to form one entity with the couch, he should probably empty his bladder. Returning from the bathroom, he shuffled over to the coffee pot. Rubbing his eyes, he tried to remember what day it was. It was Sunday, and he was still wearing his clothes from work on Friday. It seemed he had partaken in a marathon of television and movies. He retreated back to the couch with coffee in hand and flipped through a 6 month old issue of Hustler. Today the pictures seemed to deter his resolution not to call Scully, which he had sworn he would not do. Interrupting her time with her family was not on his to do list. He flung the magazine and it hit the bedroom door frame and fell to the floor. He shoved a tape in the VCR. The visions on the screen only aided in his depression no longer providing stimulation, he switched back to regular television. Billy Crystal was preaching to Meg Ryan, “What I'm saying is - and this is not a come-on in any way, shape or form - is that men and women can't be friends because the sex part always gets in the way.”
It all seemed so pointless and meaningless without Scully. He needed distraction. As he made a futile attempt to find food in his barren fridge, he could hear the t.v. in the background. “You say I'm having sex with these men without my knowledge?”

“No, what I'm saying is they all WANT to have sex with you. “

He walked back to the couch with an apple in hand. When Harry Met Sally continued to blare from the t.v.:

“Because no man can be friends with a woman that he finds attractive. He always wants to have sex with her.”

“So, you're saying that a man can be friends with a woman he finds unattractive?”

“No. You pretty much want to nail 'em too.”

“What if THEY don't want to have sex with YOU?”

“Doesn't matter because the sex thing is already out there so the friendship is ultimately doomed and that is the end of the story.”

“Well, I guess we're not going to be friends then.”

“I guess not.”

“That's too bad. You were the only person I knew in New York”

I was friends with a woman for six years and the sex never got in the way, he thought to himself. Until it did. Did it though? He took another bite of apple and settled in.

__________

An ice droplet traced the curvature of the glass as it made its journey down to the stem of the Pina Colada that was waiting for Scully on the deck of the boat that Bill had rented. She was distracted hopping waves on the jetski with her nephew. “You see how different my sister is when she’s not around that bastard.” Bill gritted his teeth.

“Bill, please don’t start. It has been a beautiful weekend.” Tara placed her hand on his arm.

--------

[Apartment 42, Alexandria, VA]

Billy Crystal was still emoting, "I love that you get cold when it's 71 degrees out. I love that it takes you an hour and a half to order a sandwich. I love that you get a little crinkle above your nose when you're looking at me like I'm nuts. I love that after I spend the day with you, I can still smell your perfume on my clothes. And I love that you are the last person I want to talk to before I go to sleep at night. And it's not because I'm lonely, and it's not because it's New Year's Eve. I came here tonight because when you realize you want to spend the rest of your life with somebody, you want the rest of your life to start as soon as possible."

At this point Mulder was ready to hop on the nearest flight to California. The T.V. gods had plotted against him and he was losing. He grabbed his black leather jacket and headed out the door.
Frohike looked at the monitor to see Mulder pacing. Six locks and latches later he was inside.

Byers took one look at Mulder in his disheveled appearance and unshaven face, “Are you okay Mulder?”

“He’s fine. Apparently without Agent Scully he has no reason to get dressed” Langly entered the room.

“Or shower” Frohike added.

“Ok guys I’ve taken enough abuse. What’s for dinner?” Mulder meandered over to the stove. “Frohike made Tamales and Enchiladas.” Byers answered.

“Don’t worry Mulder, I’ll make extra salsa just for you” Frohike added.

Over dinner, Frohike unveiled their latest endeavor. “Are you familiar with project HAARP?”

“The High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program. They operate transmitters of electromagnetic radiation, anything from radio to microwave frequencies.” Replied Mulder.

“It is also believed that they can use this concentration of energy to control weather, even induce earthquakes.” Added Langley “There have been many scientific observations that this technology is fully capable of being used as a scalar weapon. If it emitted a strong enough electromagnetic pulse it could be used as a bomb to alter weather.”

“Or trigger seismic fault lines.” Byers interrupted. “On April 28, 1997, the US secretary of defense gave a keynote address at the conference on terrorism, weapons of mass destruction, and U.S. strategy at the University of Georgia in Athens where he discussed eco-type terrorism, altering the climate, setting off earthquakes and volcanoes remotely using electromagnetic waves. This past January the European Union released a report on the environment, security, and foreign policy outlining various types of weapons threats even having a section entitled HAARP – a weapons system which disrupts the climate. It seems they’ve been studying the ionosphere since 1993.”

“So what’s the connection?” Mulder seemed intrigued.

The Lone Gunman exchanged glances. Frohike spoke up, “Hacking into their system I found what looks like their next scheduled test.”

“Do you know where and when?” Mulder asked.

“Not yet, but I may have more information by tomorrow”

“Well, let me know. I could use some holiday cheer.” Mulder replied.

---------------

“Uncle Charlie, Grandma was on a Jetski and so was Aunt Dana. Aunt Dana was jumping waves.”

“Was she now.” Charlie glanced over at Scully with a smile. “So, Aunt Dana, Uncle Bill, Grandma, and I have a surprise for you all. Tomorrow we’re going to Disneyland!”

“Yay!” The kids were screaming and jumping up and down.

“Will we be back before Santa comes?” asked Bill’s son.
“Yes, we’ll be back on Thursday. We can even stop by Universal if we have time.”

Scully said goodnight to everyone and retreated to the bedroom to read. She glanced at her cell phone. No missed calls, no messages. No news was good news she thought to herself. She missed his voice, his touch, the comfort of his warm body next to hers lulling her to sleep. She quickly pushed those thoughts away. Distance and time away can be healthy too, an opportunity to detox. She put on her reading glasses and opened the book.

-------------

[Monday, December 20, 1999]

Skinner picked up his glasses by the wire frames and carefully placed them behind his ears.

“Agent Mulder, I asked you up here to discuss your case last month involving a self-proclaimed monster that ate the brains of his victims?”

“Yes sir.”

“In that case you used deadly force discharging your weapon twice. I read your incident report, the use-of-force report, I received the evaluation back from the forensic psychologist, the post-shooting intervention report, and now I need to sign off on your psychological fitness-for-duty evaluations. I know your background facilitates your ability to pass the evaluations, so my only question is, do you believe you had any other choice but to pull that trigger?”

“I believe that he committed suicide by cop and he put us in imminent danger. That’s what it states on my report and that is what Agent Scully reflected in her report as well.”

“Yes I read that. Very well… and Agent Mulder, is there anything else going on with you lately? I’ve noticed your intensity level has dropped. Maybe since the brain surgery? Is everything alright?”

“I’m fine. I guess I’ve been dealing with some personal issues lately. Non-job related”

“I didn’t know you had anything non-job related”

Mulder let out a chuckle and got up from his chair to leave. He stopped just before the door and with his back to Skinner he said, “Walter, can I ask you a personal question?”

“What?”

Mulder placed his hand on the door knob and faced Skinner, “Given our jobs, the risks we take, the danger we put the people close to us in, do you believe we can afford the luxury of a private life, when we ourselves, could be putting them in the line of fire?”

Skinner stood up, took off his glasses and placed them on his desk, “Yes, there are serious risks. The question you have to ask yourself is if those risks or anything else outweigh her happiness. You need to be very careful and discreet. And Fox, if you do anything, and I mean anything at all, to hurt her, I will be the first in a long line to knock you on your ass.”

He lifted his head to nod, opened the door and walked out.

-------------

“What was your favorite ride Aunt Dana?” asked Charlie’s son holding a Winnie the Pooh doll.

“I would definitely say it had to be Indiana Jones.” Answered Scully.
“Yeah, that was awesome. My favorite was Pirates of the Caribbean.”

“No, mine was the haunted mansion” Interrupted Bill’s son.

“No way, definitely Space Mountain” Charlie’s other son butted in.

“I’m so glad you guys enjoyed yourselves.” Scully was all smiles.

“Dana, I’m so glad we were all able to get together like this. It’s too bad you couldn’t drag Fox along.” Charlie added as they walked into Fantasyland. “How are you both doing? Mom says you two are getting pretty close”

Scully blushed at the remark, “No, things are always very complicated. It’s not as simple as if we are together or not. I don’t know….he’s totally wrong for me, you know, but he’s also…. crazy.”

Charlie laughed, “No crazier than this clan.” He rubbed the top of his son’s head as he ran up to them. “If you love him, don’t keep him at arm’s length. I know you have your reasons, but life’s too short for that. You never know how it may change.”

“Aunt Dana, will you ride the teacups with me?” Asked Charlie’s daughter.

“Absolutely!” Dana grabbed her hand and they headed off.

--------------------------

The phone rang, his heart skipped a beat, hoping her voice was on the other end, “Mulder”

Instead a deeper voice was returned, “Hey Mulder, it’s Frohike. I’ve got the coordinates for the test, 35045°12.04”N119016°48.75”W. It’s in Delano California. If our predictions are correct the results could be that of 7-9 on the Richter scale.”

“Delano, California? That’s less than 5 hours from where Scully is right now. What’s the timeframe?”

“It looks like early morning tomorrow.”

“I’ll call Skinner and let him know I won’t be in the office tomorrow. We’ll leave on the first flight for Delano.”

[7 hours later]

The space inside the air vent was hot and cramped. Mulder continued to proceed vigilantly, adrenaline coursing through his veins. “How we doing Frohike?”

“You’re still clear. You’ve got about 30 more feet and you should be above the main terminal.”

Mulder dropped down from the ceiling creating more noise than he would have liked. He quickly ran to the terminal and downloaded the disk Frohike had given him.

“Mulder, I see some guards approaching, you better hurry.” Added Langley.

“It’s downloading now, I don’t think I can speed it up.” Mulder replied into his mic.

“They’re turning the corner.” Byers sounded frantic, “You’ve got to get out of there.”

Mulder placed his fingers near the drive waiting for the last second to grab the disk.
“They’re at the door. Mulder, get out of there” Byers repeated.

As the guard swiped his card to enter the mainframe area, Frohike disabled the sensor. This caused some alarm when they couldn’t get in, but it bought Mulder the time he needed and he grabbed the disk and pulled himself back up into the ventilation shaft.

-------------

A shooting star sailed across the sky. Scully looked at her phone once again, then gazed back up at the sky on the deck of Bill’s house. No missed calls, no messages. She let out a sigh. He must have decided to give her the space he thinks she needed. Maybe she should take her own advice. She headed back into the house.

-------------

The Lone Gunman and Mulder stared at the television screen at the airport bar. “Breaking news, a 5.6 magnitude earthquake hit Algeria today causing an estimated $62 Million in damages. So far 24 deaths have been reported, another 175 injured with over 3,000 houses destroyed. The earthquake hit today at 5:36PM.”

“5:36PM, that’s 9:36AM California time,” offered Langly.

“You don’t think we rerouted that earthquake to Africa?” asked Byers.

“No, we couldn’t have, could we?” said Frohike. The Lone gunman exchanged worried glances.

“I guess we’ll never really know.” Mulder stated and took a sip of his beer.

“I guess not.” Byers stated.

-------------

Scully watched as the children opened their presents. Even though no one treated her differently, Scully still felt out of place. She couldn’t help but imagine herself with her own children, opening up presents on Christmas morning. Emily smiling with another brother or sister. Her niece broke her trance by handing her a gift.

“A full day spa treatment. Just what the doctored ordered.” Scully said as she revealed the gift certificate underneath the wrapping.

“The men agreed to watch the kids while we all get our own spa day. We can go Tuesday if you like” added Tara.

-------------

3:17 AM 12/30/1999

Mulder was staring at the ceiling in the dark when his cell phone rang. “Mulder”

It was Skinner. “Agent Mulder, sorry to contact you at this late hour, but we just received a call from the offices in Tallahassee Florida. I’m getting reports that an FBI agent that was deceased on December 21st, left the grave where he was buried.”

“In the cemetery?” Mulder sat up from the couch rubbing his eyes.

Skinner continued, “Yes, it appears like a simple grave robbery, but there seemed to be some
evidence to the fact that he was buried alive.”

“Or the thriller video was actually a documentary. Have you contacted Scully?” Mulder was off the couch and getting dressed.

“I’ll be calling her next. You’ll both be needed in Florida.”

*

“Scully” she said groggily.

“Agent Scully, I’m sorry to call you from your vacation, but we have a situation down in Tallahassee Florida. Agent Mulder can give you the details when you arrive. When you land meet him at the Tallahassee National Cemetery.”

“Thank you sir. It’s no problem. I’ll be on the next flight out.” Scully ended the call and began to pack.

Scully walked into her mother’s room and gently coaxed her awake. “I hate to cut my visit short mom, but I’m needed this morning in Florida.”

“Nothing too horrible I hope.”

“No, it appears this man is already dead. I need to fly down to get the details.”

“Okay, call me when you can so I know you’re all right.” Her mother adjusted her covers and rolled over to fall back to sleep. “Love you Dana, give my best to Fox.”

“I will. Love you too mom.”

-----------------------------------

[December 30, 1999, Tallahassee Florida]

“Mulder, you been spreading rumors?” Scully questioned standing over the now empty grave. Ah yes, Scully thought, two minutes on the scene and already we’re irritating the locals.

“Why? You hear any good ones lately?” Mulder said 6 feet in the ground leaning over the top of the coffin.

“Not particularly. So what do we have here?”

“Merry Christmas, by the way, Scully.” Thanks for the call, Mulder thought sarcastically but kept it polite. After two weeks you would think she would miss me a little, at least enough to pick up a damn phone.

“Thank you. Merry Christmas to you, too.” The phone works both ways she thought to herself. Maybe two weeks was not enough.

-----------------------------------

After an arduous flight from California, a long meeting at headquarters, the look on Mulder’s face as he was reminded of her tattoo, and a futile attempt to get assistance from Frank Black, Scully was exhausted. She longed for a hot bath and her bed. She had no energy for the tension currently existing between her and her partner.
“You want to grab something to eat on our way back?” Mulder offered as they left Hartwell Psychiatric Hospital.

“You want to grab something to eat on our way back?” Mulder offered as they left Hartwell Psychiatric Hospital.

“Thank you, but I really need time to unwind and unpack. I’m sure tomorrow will be a long day.” Please take the hint, she thought.

“Yeah, I guess you must be kind of jetlagged.” I wonder how long this dance was going to last Mulder thought. She looked incredible, even more than he remembered, more relaxed, younger. He wanted to go back with her to her apartment, but he knew that was not going to happen. He needed to work anyway. He had some research he wanted to do and it was best to keep his head wrapped around this case.

*

Scully let out a sigh as she dropped her bags on the floor next to her bed. Home sweet home. She drew a bath and went into the kitchen to make some tea. As she walked from the bedroom she noticed two nicely wrapped presents by her fireplace. The first box had a small card that read, “For exercising your hippocampus because it’s important to keep your prefrontal cortex in shape – Santa.” She opened the package to find a “Bop-It XT”. She shook her head and smiled. Mulder’s presents were anything but predictable and always unique. She reached for the second box. The card on it read, “Because you’ve managed to stay off the naughty list –Santa” She gasped as she opened the gift to find the blazer they had seen in the window at Barneys’s along with the matching slacks. She couldn’t believe it. Partly because it was a normal gift and also for him to splurge like that. She went into the bedroom to try it on. It fit perfectly and hugged her frame in all the right places. He must have went through her closet to find her size when she was gone. I’ll yell at him for that later she thought to herself. She felt the warmth growing in her chest and wanted to call him, but bath, tea, and sleep seemed like a better idea. She heard the kettle screaming and headed to the kitchen.

*

At 5AM Scully was once again jolted awake by the sound of her ringing cell phone. It was Mulder to let her know that a Rice County Sheriff Officer had gone missing. His last call into the station was along a rural Maryland road. She was to meet him there and organize the men towards the wooded area in case the officer had been dragged off.

-----------------------------

December 31, 1999 11:59:42 PM

Mulder smiled as he stared up at the t.v. screen listening to Dick Clark countdown the seconds. The ball dropped and reached its destination. Auld Lang Syne blared from the speakers. He watched as couples kissed in celebration. Mulder glanced over at Scully, looked away, then looked back. She saved his life once again. Once again she trusted him, believed in him. Followed his logic, his theories, on pure faith, faith that he would lead her to the truth even if it was against all her own reason and judgment. In all things they were connected, forever his friend, forever his partner, she was the other half of everything he was and because of that they would never walk this world alone and his belief, that of any other. It was the New Year, a rebirth in some ways. As she looked over to him, he was swept up in a moment of normalcy. He reached over to give his sweetheart a New Year’s kiss. They deserved to celebrate. They saved the planet, and each other.

Scully turned to see Mulder leaning in for a kiss. The forbidden public display of affection that could lead to the world’s end. She smiled, for in this moment she was exactly where she wanted to be. Chasing zombies, saving the human race, being with him. How could she have planned to be
anywhere else? His lips were warm and inviting like cookies from the oven at Christmas. The energy between them was electrified. They slowly separated. She searched his eyes. Fox Mulder was happy, smiling, content. It made her smile. So was she.

“The world didn’t end”

“No, it didn’t”

“Happy New Year, Scully.”

“Happy New Year, Mulder.”

He put his good arm around her as she leaned into him and they headed out the door into the night.

When they got to their car, Scully walked to the passenger side and opened the door for Mulder. He smiled as he got in. They were happy to be near each other again. On the way to his apartment, Mulder invited Scully in claiming to have bought some bubbly to toast in the New Year.

“That would be really, really nice” she smiled back.

Once inside, Scully headed for the couch and Mulder turned on the television so they could watch the annual New Year’s Eve Twilight Zone marathon. Then he disappeared into the kitchen returning with cheese and crackers on a plate. On his second trip he had two champagne glasses balancing out of his sling and a bottle of champagne in the other. “I don’t know where these came from, but apparently I have champagne glasses.” Scully grabbed the glasses and set them on the coffee table. With a laugh they opened the bottle together managing not to send the cork flying through the air. After a quick toast to another eventful New Year, they clinked their glasses together and sipped their champagne. It was sweet and palatable considering neither of them were champagne connoisseurs. Scully looked around the room as she drank.

“Mulder, I just noticed, this apartment is clean!”

“That it is.”

“And you have food? This is really nice.”

“I have to admit, I took some advice from Frohike. Guess I had a little time on my hands while you were gone.”

“What were you up to?”

“Oh, nothing really. The Lone Gunman and I did partake in a little adventure concerning a potential weather manipulation conspiracy.”

“Really. Well, I hope you didn’t let it steal your thunder” Scully smirked.

“No, I wouldn’t let it take the wind out of my sails” returned Mulder.

“They didn’t blow it out of proportion?” Scully returned back.

“No, I wouldn’t let it rain on their parade”, Mulder returned again.

Scully smiled, “I might need a cigarette”

That made Mulder laugh placing his empty champagne glass down so he could put his only good arm around Scully as he leaned back on the couch. She snuggled in as he did it, resting her head on
They were into their third Twilight Zone episode when Scully got up to grab a box from her jacket and handed it to Mulder, “It’s not as nice as what Santa brought me, but I thought of you and wanted to get you a little something.”

She helped him open the present. It was a silk tie with onyx cufflinks and a Buzz Lightyear tie pin. “This is really nice Scully, thank you.”

“You’re Welcome. I saw Buzz in Disneyland and thought of you.”

“Because he’s delusional?”

“No, because he’s a space ranger out to save the world and no matter what anyone tells him, he’s determined to be so much more than a toy.”

“That’s only because his best friend Woody tells him the truth and helps him find the right path. Without Woody he’s lying on the bottom of the toy box waiting for the next door neighbor to blow him up.”

Mulder suddenly became very quiet as worry replaced his previous lightheartedness. William Shatner’s voice was booming from the television as he became unhinged looking out the window of an airplane. “Scully, are we going to be okay? Is the “us” going to be okay?”

Scully understood. “I think we’ll be just fine.”

Mulder looked over at the television. “I don’t know where this will lead and I’ve gone through the reasons over and over in my head as to why we shouldn’t continue…” He looked her in the eye, “but Scully, I don’t want to stop.”

She contemplated her answer staring into his dark piercing eyes. “Neither do I.”

“Then let’s not” He thought for a minute wrinkling his brow, “We’ll have to be very inconspicuous.”

“Of course,” She returned, “and we’ll need some rules, guidelines. Like when we’re out on a case.”

He nodded. “Exactly. Besides, it will be better for me. I’ll be able to keep focused.” Mulder put his hand in hers. “Are we really going to do this?” he asked, unsuccessfully holding back his smile.

Scully looked at him. “I think we are”
One

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

It was a chaste New Year's Eve kiss, but the door it opened illuminated consciousness.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Saturday, January 1st 5:23AM ]
Mulder swallowed. His mouth was a desert, his throat sandpaper. He meandered to the kitchen for relief, his arm throbbing in its sling. Returning, he paused as he reached the foot of the bed. The Moon shone through the window cascading over her like a swan skimming water and he felt like his heart was melting right inside his chest. As he climbed back in to join her, he ran his lips up her porcelain back. Fields of lavender and orchids of vanilla embraced his nose as he nuzzled the nape of her neck. This caused her to stir. When she turned her head she was greeted by the minty lips from freshly brushed teeth. She smiled, overjoyed that he was next to her once again. “I’m sorry I woke you. You looked so beautiful lying there I didn’t have the willpower not to kiss you. I love you so much Scully. I’ll give you whatever you need, but please don’t push me away again.” Her heart broke knowing she caused that look on his face, “I may need my space sometimes, but I promise to always come back. What I did was wrong, it won’t happen again. I’ll never shut you out again.” Their silhouettes began their dance along the wall as she rose up and their souls became one. She was slick, inviting, and making sounds that begged him to proceed. Balancing with one arm was delicate work, but right now it didn’t matter. What he felt for her was so strong and powerful, it came with it’s own morphine. At first he was startled, the sensations growing inside him were foreign and familiar simultaneously. They were not just his own, but that which was emanating from her as well as if his brain was still active with the alien virus. Her pleasure was coursing through him violating his consciousness.
He composed himself and began again. Although his momentum was shortly becoming erratic. “Scully, I can feel you. I don’t know how, but I’m feeling your physical pleasure, your thoughts, your heart. Oh, Scully” His head fell to his shoulders trying to hold on. “I feel you too” Was all she was able to say.
His thrusts were long and deliberate. She called out to him as she experienced his emotions, his self, his desire.
Mulder was beyond overstimulated and of all mysteries he didn’t know how he was holding on for so long. He felt her orgasm building inside her, the tension, the mounting pleasure. He felt his as well. She cried out first as he exploded inside her taking her over the edge, soaking the sheets. They collapsed. He tried his best not to crush her on the way down.
They lay on their backs sweating, desperately gasping for breath, aftershocks reverbing through their bodies. As Mulder succumbed to sleep his brain began to process. How did this happen? Was the alien virus still inside him, inside her?
They woke midmorning and tag teamed using the bathroom. Mulder wrapped his good arm around Scully coaxing her to stay in bed.
“Mulder, what happened this morning?” she asked snuggled inside his arm, the comforter completing their cocoon.
“I don’t know how that happened, but I’m so glad it did. I think that it might have something to do
with your chip or my exposure to the virus.”
“Oh, no Mulder. No. Our sex life is not becoming an x-file”
“I bet you people would read that folder.” He smiled and squeezed her tighter rocking slightly.
She ran her fingers through his hair giving him light kisses on his nose and cheek. “Whatever it was, it was beautiful. You are an amazing man.”
“Scully, when I had all that activity going on in my brain, part of my affliction, with what happened to me, I was able to read thoughts and also feelings. When you came to me as I was lying in the hospital bed…”
“You were able to read my mind”
“I also felt all of your emotions. They were so pure and honest. Strong and powerful. Scully, I really don’t know how much anything alien has to do with it at all. I’ve always felt you. After they had operated on me and I was lying there on the table, I still felt you coming, felt your presence. You are as much a part of me as I am.”
He saw her start to blush, a tear ran down her cheek. He brushed it away with his thumb. “Scully, don’t, don’t be embarrassed.” His voice was soft and reassuring.
Scully explained, “When all that happened, I didn’t care about anything but curing you. Mulder, I feel the same way about you. It goes so deep inside me too. You are part of the core of my existence. I needed you to know that, but my actions are the only way I was ever able to express it and…. now you know.” He looked into her eyes and saw the window into her vastness.
Mulder had a need to convey what could only be said without words. “I want to be inside you again. I want you to feel how much love I really have for you. I want you to understand how boundless it is. What I wouldn’t do. Everything I am …I want to give it all to you”
Scully lightly intertwined their fingers and Mulder kissed her fingertips listening intently. She replied placing her heart on the altar, “I’m not going to stop you. I will leave myself open to you.”

Chapter End Notes

I enjoy watching fan music videos for inspiration when I write. It also keeps me grounded to not create anything out of character. Today they created the above with some help from Mulder whispering in my ear.
Chapter Summary

The following takes place during the episode "Rush". They're enjoying the aftermath of their holiday weekend together and Mulder has been such a good boy Scully thought he deserved a treat. At this point in the story, she is finding it increasingly difficult to restrain herself.

Chapter Notes

The chemistry in this episode is just off the charts, so I set the dial to comedy and they took it from there.

[Jan 4, 2000]

The number one illuminated. Scully tapped her foot impatiently, butterflies swarming in her stomach. Their first case since their intense encounter on New Year’s Day. She wasn’t sure how they would react to each other now in a work setting. She was concerned about her ability to keep her professional composure and she was late for work. After almost 48 hours of hardly leaving his bedroom, she had collapsed when she finally arrived back at her apartment and slept through the alarm. Not to mention it seemed to take forever this morning to pick out something to wear. Then the taxi ride was almost a crawl as she read through the police report Mulder had faxed her from St. Jude Hospital in Pittsfield. She wasn’t exactly sure why she was on edge, but she wanted to get the initial meeting over with. Hopefully, he was alone. The elevator doors opened. She smiled to herself. Here we go.

He couldn’t wait to see her and couldn’t wait to dive into this case. Impatiently he began to dial his phone when he felt a tap on his left shoulder and turned around. His smile grew wide. She looked stunning, radiant. Her lips appeared darker, eyes brighter, hair shining as it bounced against the top of her jawline. His eyes followed her neckline and he noticed it. She was wearing a white button down shirt that was hugging her body and displayed enough cleavage to get his attention. Down boy, he thought to himself as he blinked twice and flipped the track in his head to side B where a dead body was lying with his eyeglasses falling out of the back of his head.

“Uh…(chuckles). There you are. Heavy traffic?”

“Slow going. Let’s just say I had ample time to read the police report that you faxed me.”

“Thoughtfully provided by the local authorities, even though it doesn’t begin to tell the whole story.”

When she bent over to examine the back of the deceased Deputy Foster’s head, Mulder couldn’t help but wonder where he registered on the perversion scale for checking out her ass. Yeah, this would be a long day.
They walked down the corridor of the Pittsfield Sheriff’s station where Jesse, the suspect’s friend flirtatiously bumped Mulder to get his attention. Scully was accustomed to women using Mulder as eye candy, but she’d be damned if he was going to look back. She pinched his elbow hard to remind him that the tag on his collar said property of Dana Katherine Scully. He laughed nervously, “What?” as he felt the sting of her whip. They walked into the interrogation room and Mulder regretted sitting down as he was now at perfect eye level to notice Scully’s button screaming at him to free its restraints with his teeth. He dug his nails into his leg to keep himself from moving his head.

A serious Scully was carrying the investigation, “..you say that Deputy Foster stopped you, but you don’t say why”

Mulder refocused. “Come ‘on, you were out cruisin’….

As they stepped back out into the hallway and began discussing the case, Scully felt her body leaning into his. That warm inviting tension that obliterated their personal space. His lips were pursed as he clamored on about spiritual entities and poltergeists. It reminded her of last week as she whispered those same sweet nothings into his ear. She decided to test the waters. Today she wanted to be in the power position.

“Mulder…rather than spirits…” She tugged at the bottom of his tie, stroking it phallically, staring at it almost seductively. “Can we at least start with Tony’s friends?” And here came a little Marilyn Monroe, “Please? Just…for me?” Her eyes followed it up towards the knot envisioning him naked with just the tie on. . . . “I think there’s one person in particular I’d like to talk to”

Mulder’s pants became tighter as his legs turned to jelly. I am totally fucked he thought to himself. I will never be able to say no to this woman again. She can have anything she wants, do whatever she wants. Did she really just manipulate me with her feminine wiles? Why yes she did and yes I wish she would do it again. With the only movement he was capable of he whipped his head to the side and smirked following behind her. She'd had her way with him and it felt so good.

As they left the Sheriff’s station, Scully remarked, “I guess we’re done for the day”

“Yeah, there’s not much we can do until we get the results from the lab and I want to see what Chuck’s opinion is before I reach any conclusions. My car's parked across the street. I could drive you back to headquarters or I could just drop you off at your apartment and pick you back up in the morning?” He tried to sound casual, but felt like he was failing miserably.

“That’s fine. I can leave my car there overnight.” She said matter-of-factly. This made him so happy he wanted to do a dance. The thought of spending a night without her wrapped in his arms now seemed unfathomable. How was he going to make it the first time they had to be away on a case?

They began their trek back to D.C. and Mulder was the first to speak, “That’s a very nice shirt you’re wearing Scully.”

“Oh, you like it?”

“Yeah, but it may be missing a few buttons.”

“I see. Mulder?”

“Yeah.”

“Maybe we can drive a little faster?” A full day of not being able to be physically connected to him was taking its toll on her. She knew she wasn’t going to make it back to her apartment.
“Scully, your hand on my thigh is making it very hard for me to drive at all.” His knuckles were turning a whiter shade of pale on the steering wheel.

The traffic had them at almost a standstill and her hand was slowly reaching the top of his thigh.

“Scu….Scully, please, I’m going to drive off the road.” He felt as though he may burst through his pants. His will to drive had dissipated. He was not sure she understood the full extent of the impact she had on him.

“Maybe, maybe not.” She was still being coy.

“Did you just unbutton my pants?” Mulder glanced down for effect. “Yes, yes you did. You unbuttoned my pants. Ok…. Well… and there goes the zipper.”

Mulder closed his eyes as her lips made contact, then jolted them open recalling that he was the one driving.

“Scully, I’m serious. We can’t do this. What about being on a case? What about reckless driving? What about … ?”

Holy shit you’re stroking my balls. What kind of calisthenics are you doing with your tongue? Driving had now become an afterthought and he was swerving all over the road. A truck in the oncoming lane blared his horn and veered to avoid them. He got off the highway and pulled down a dead end road. He shifted the car in park, reclined the seat back and freed himself in one clean motion.

“Scully, is this because I strayed from the paranormal? Is it because you want your name on the door? Because if it is, I could get you your name on the door. If this is about my desk again, the desk is yours…they never asked me when I got the office back…I mean our office back.”

“Mulder?”

“Yes”

“Shut up.”

He closed his eyes and heard a familiar snap like, like…latex…latex gloves. Why would she be putting on gloves?

She took him again and sucked with increasing pressure while her tongue continued the rumba. He felt the vibration of her moans coursing through him and thought this may not be a completely selfless act after all. Her left hand began creating figure eights while her right thumb was making light circles over his perineum. That’s when he felt it. The finger of her right hand was massaging his prostate….From. The. Inside.

If he was so inclined to protest, the results would have been in vain for his vocal cords had ceased the ability to vibrate. The heavens had opened their gates, gave him a high five and were now returning him back down to earth.

He wasn’t sure if his lungs were taking in air and it no longer seemed of concern, but he did wonder when his hearing and sight might return. He reached out for her hand and she held it tight. His first words were all that his brain could compute.

“You’re a medical doctor.”
That produced a giggle. “Yes Mulder, yes I am. Are you okay?”

“I will be eventually. For now, though, I think you’re going to have to drive us home. And Scully… I’m a very very lucky man.”

Mulder awoke to the sounds of Scully singing off key to an incomprehensible song. It took him a couple minutes to realize they were still in the car. “How long was I out?”

“Oh about 3 and a half hours. We’ll be home soon.”

Mulder stared out the window at the darkening sky, “I’m thinking that blur on the VCR tape might be the spirit of a former student. Maybe a ghost coming back for some sort of revenge.”

“Or maybe… it was just a glitch on the tape.” Added Scully pulling the car into a spot before heading inside her apartment.
Chapter Summary

Scully meets up with her old friend Ellen and they spend the day talking trash. Mulder distracts Scully with sunflower seeds.

Chapter Notes

Fluff to get you through the weekend. Then next week we're off to the Windy City, good 'ol Chi-Town and The Goldberg Variation.

It was Wednesday afternoon. Scully had the unique opportunity of leaving work early in order to meet her friend Ellen for a late lunch followed by a manicure/pedicure and a trip to the salon. “Dana it’s been so long. I’m so glad we made the effort to meet up. I’ve been so busy with Trent looking at colleges and with SATs and baseball …. we haven’t had a lot of time for anything. How are you? How’s work? How’s the family?”

“Work is as crazy as ever. Lots of travel. Mom is doing well. So is Charlie, Bill, and the kids. I’m glad to hear Trent is doing well, but how are you?” Scully leaned her face against her knuckles, the other stroking the stem of a wine glass.

“You know. Same ole same ole. Kids are good, husband works too much. You’re the one with all the adventures. So let’s get to the good stuff, got any potential prospects?”

Scully looked down at her glass, “That’s a loaded question. Kind of… I don’t know.”

Ellen was surprised, “How can you not know? Come on. Out with the details.”

The words seemed foreign as they left Scully’s mouth, “It’s my partner. It started sometime before Christmas.”

Now Scully had peaked Ellen’s curiosity. “Wow. Is it serious?”

“I don’t know if I think about our situation like that, but I care about him. I care about him a lot. He’s my partner and now…he’s more.”

“Last time we spoke about him you said he was too dedicated to his work.”

“Yeah, well. I guess I became dedicated to his work as well.”

“So what’s a dedicated man like that like in bed?” Ellen crossed her legs and leaned in taking a sip of wine.

“That’s a 3rd drink question. Honestly?” Scully was getting nervous that this conversation had taken
a bad turn.

“Please, let me live vicariously through you.” She put her glass down and leaned her chin against her palm.

“He’s good, too good, like make you lose your mind and do incredibly stupid things good.”

“Details. Details.”

“Ok, like last weekend, he told me I do so much for him, he wanted to do something for me. He drove into the city to this gorgeous hotel. There’s rose petals on the bed, wine, classical music. We visit the museums, he takes me dancing. We stayed until the lights came on. We didn’t even realize the lights were on, we were kind of caught up in the moment if you know what I mean.” Her eyebrows rose as she looked at Ellen who was hanging on her every word. “The next day he gives me a full body massage. I don’t know, it’s the way he looks at me, the way I feel around him. Before there were times he’d get on my nerves and act like an annoying baby brother. Now he’s so sweet…thoughtful… and it’s all directed towards me. I know him so well and at the same time a lot of these feelings are so new, or at least were suppressed and are now coming to the surface. It can be a lot to digest.”

“Dana, you’re starting to gush, but I think you skipped the juicy parts.”

“Like what?”

“Does he do the job or is he quick through the turnstile?”

“Ellen.” This level of scrutiny was making Scully uncomfortable.

“Come ‘on, out with it. You use to do this to me all the time. It’s finally my turn.” Ellen gave her an evil grin.

Scully finished the wine in her glass and grabbed the bottle for a refill taking a breath, “He’s an as long as I need.”

“But is he one and done or…?”

“If it’s not a work day? 2-3 and that’s just him” Scully started swirling her wine.

“In one day? Now you’re exaggerating”

She shook her head, “I am not.”

Ellen leaned in and lowered her voice, “Ok, but does he travel downtown?”

“Ellen.”

“What’s he packing?”

“Dana, I spend my days watching Barney and chasing three kids around. The sexiest man I know is Sponge Bob Squarepants.”

Her eyebrows got lost in her hairline once again, “He’d do it every time if I let him.”

“But does he know what he’s doing once he gets there?”

“He’s got an intense oral fixation. Need I say more?”

“What’s he packing?”
"A Sig Sauer P226 and a Walther PPK. Sorry…. I would say….. Significantly above average.”

"Significantly?" Ellen leaned back in her chair.

"But not too significant that it causes problems.”

"Gotcha. Then I don’t get it. What could possibly be the problem?”

"Eventually, he will leave me.” She leaned back in her chair and looked down at the table.

"He’s a cheater? Plays the field?” Ellen was now lost.

“No, his mistress is his work. He’ll become obsessed, forget my existence and run off into the night. Somewhere he knows I cannot follow, but he will go anyway.” Scully felt the darkness creeping into her heart and pushed it away.

“I don’t know, some things are worth fighting for, and you never know. A woman can change a man. You don’t realize the power you have. And I know we’ve been talking sex, but I also know you Dana, and I know you have some pretty serious feelings for this guy. You need to tell him what you need out of this relationship. Give him the ability to make the decision.”

“I guess.” Trying desperately to change the subject, “Hey, in a few months I get to go to a movie premier out in California. They made a movie loosely based on a case we were on. Although it will probably wind up being a B movie that goes straight to the video store.”

“That’s really cool. See, you have more of a life than you give yourself credit for.” Ellen waved for the check, “Come ‘on let’s get out of here, it’s almost time for our nail appointment.”

---------------

Scully opened the door to her apartment. The lights were off, but she saw a shadow figure. She reached for her gun.

“Hey” said the shadow.

“Mulder. I almost shot you.” She put her gun back in the holster and took her coat off.

“Wouldn’t have been the first time. I’m sorry. I know we agreed this was your night with your friend, but I wanted to see you. You see, when you’re not around, I notice and it makes me want to have you around.”

Scully felt a little guilty. “I know, but you really shouldn’t just show up like this.”

Mulder got up from the couch and stood close enough to smell the liquor on her breath.

“Do I make you happy? I want to make you happy.” He put his hands on her arms.

“You do. Almost every day. Was that bothering you?”

“I want to make you as happy as you make me.”

She lowered her voice, sincerity breaking through, “You do Mulder”

“Let me show you how happy you make me.” He kissed her and they backed their way to the bedroom. On the way she bumped against the dining room table. He hoisted her up on the table removing her clothes. With his hands and his tongue, he started with her lips and ended with her
toes. The table rocked, but the hard oak held their weight. He didn’t stop until her body relented. He lifted her from the table and carried her into the bedroom.

[FBI Headquarters]

The second hand of the clock clicked over to the eight while the smaller hand stayed firm on the eleven. Scully was sitting at the table by the door having a hard time concentrating on completing her pathology report. She was afflicted with an acute case of sunflower seed envy. Watching out of the corner of her eye she observed attentively as he held it between his teeth applying the precise amount of pressure forcing the seed to relent to opening itself up to him. His tongue flicked at the ovule freeing it from its prison. His fingers reached his lips collecting the slightest moisture as his tongue aided in the exchange, discarding the shell.

Mulder looked up from his MUFON newsletter. “I don’t see a lot of typing going on over there Special Agent Scully. You know dad won’t let us start another case until you finish your homework.”

“Sorry. I seem to be easily distracted today. It feels like they have the heat turned up to molten in this office. Remember Holman and Sheila from Kansas?”

“Of course. How could I forget?”

“Well, they invited us to their child’s baptism. It’s in April. Do you want to go?”

“Why Holman, that dirty devil. It has hardly been a year. Yeah, of course I’ll go. Bad enough we were on a case and missed the wedding.”

She got up and walked over to his desk, leaning over as she typed into his computer. Not having the restraint of his partner he ran his hand up between her thighs. She quickly pulled away.

He swallowed hard. “You’re not wearing underwear.”

“That was supposed to be a surprise for later” She lifted her eyebrow.

“Scully” he said scornfully. “I think it’s time for lunch”

They gazed at one another with pulses quickening, grabbed their coats and sprinted to the garage. Mulder attempted to open Scully’s car with the key to his car, while automatic door locks were now too difficult of a concept to grasp for a scientist. Somehow Scully managed to put herself in the driver’s seat and start the car. She pulled out and they screeched away. On the way to her apartment, Mulder decided to turn her pencil skirt into a mini striving to relieve the aching between her thighs. This caused Scully to push the limits of light speed taking corners like Mario Andretti.

Once at her apartment, Scully fumbled with the keys while Mulder began removing her sweater. They finally got the door open and Mulder found Scully’s lips, his fingers tearing at the zipper of her skirt sending it to the floor. With only a white silk blouse and bra left, he ripped off the first two buttons, sucking at her chest and lifting her up so she could wrap her legs around him as he dropped his pants and boxers to his ankles. He stumbled backwards into the arm of the couch, sending the clock and floor lamp crashing. She used the couch’s arm to lift up enough for him to enter inside her and they moaned in relief. He captured her mouth and shuffled them towards the wall looking for leverage. As he lost his balance, Scully’s back slammed against it rocking the picture frame from the nail. Mulder thrusted into her and she rocked on his hips both moaning and gasping for air. In their zealouslyness, Scully’s back was pounding into the wall, causing enough vibration to knock over another lamp. Mulder bumped into the end table and some pottery fell to the floor.
He panted breathlessly continuing to slide her up against the wall, “Are you ok?” She nodded, but his knees were starting to give. He managed to get her into the chair next to the door. The new position facilitated him to penetrate deep inside her which he quickly realized was too good. He tried to warn her. “You’re driving me insane. I’m not going to last.” She leaned forward and knocked them both to the ground. As they rolled their legs knocked another stand and potted plant to the ground. Scully positioned herself on top and within a very short time she was calling his name. He rolled them over again so that he could complete the mission in missionary.

*********

“Scully, I think we may have had a few casualties and you may have given me rug burn”, he said still lying on the floor with her in an embrace trying his best to catch his breath. “It’s getting worse. This time we weren’t even able to wait to get our clothes off. We’ve been so active lately, a few days ago I was using a bag of frozen peas for relief.” He smiled, but then became serious, “I can’t get enough of you and I don’t think I ever will. They’re going to find our bodies someday lying together because it got so bad we didn’t have time to eat.”

“Mulder, I promise you that I will never forget to eat.” She got up and put her hand out to help him. “I’m going to go get cleaned up. Then you’re going to buy me a slice of pizza before we head back to work.”

“Love you too” He shouted from the hallway as she closed her bedroom door. She opened it back up, giving him a smiling kiss and closed it heading for the bathroom. He began cleaning up the wreckage. He couldn’t help smiling too, he had never been this wildly passionate with anyone and he wasn’t taking it for granted.

Quotes from the episode "Goldberg Variation"

There’s nothing like being in the windy city and Mulder was excited. He already had his hunches that a mutant man had fallen 30 floors and lived. This may just be the case of a real life x-men and it was on his bucket list to meet Wolverine. In the back of his mind he knew that he would be sleeping alone tonight. The first time since New Year’s, but he also had a surprise once they were through with the case. His phone rang and he eagerly picked it up on half a ring. “Hello?”

“Hey, Mulder, it’s me.” Yes, Mulder it’s me. The best three words in the English language. The words that filled his heart and made him a whole person.

“What Now?” Scully asked impatiently.

“Are you in Chicago?” Mulder asked emerging from the ground.

“Yes, I’m in Chicago. I’m on the northeast corner of 7th and Hunter, just like you asked. Only you’re not here. So where are you?”

“Oh, around.”

“Yeah” Scully wished he would stop playing games, she wanted to see his face. It had been only hours, but now-a-days that was equivalent to a lifetime.

He looked over to see her facing the street. She was wearing the outfit he bought her for Christmas. She looked even more exquisite in it than he could have imagined. How did he get so lucky to have her in his life? “Hey, nice outfit.”

Turning to see him she was greeted by his warm inviting smile. He looked so indescribably cute standing there with his hand in his pocket. She wanted so badly to embrace him, kiss him, pretend to check him for head wounds, give him pleasure beyond compare, but she would settle for an adventurous case and some foreplay banter. There would be time for everything else later. For now she got on the platform and let him take her underground.

**************

With the case over, Richie getting the transplant he needed and everyone living happily ever after, Scully was ready to be home. “Mulder, we can get a flight out tonight and sleep in our own beds?”
“Or, we can sleep in company issued beds tonight and tomorrow see Chicago in Chicago.” He said showing her the tickets that were hiding in his pocket.

“You got tickets?” Scully sounded hopeful.

“Yes I did. All we have to do is get through one night. If we stay and don’t turn in an expense report for the rooms it may raise eyebrows.”

They checked into their respective rooms and Mulder stepped into Scully’s room to make sure she settled in okay. He flopped down on top of the mattress as she got ready for bed. “You know Scully, you solved the case today. Your scientific deduction of luck was correct from the start.”

“Sorry it wasn’t Wile E. Coyote. Although it was rather funny watching you trying to fix that pipe and then falling through the floor on your ass. Once I knew you were alright of course. Now I know about the extent of your knowledge for plumbing.”

“Yeah, well, the last thing I wanted to do today was be a plumber. Not to mention watching Weem’s pop that glass eye back into his head. You know, I think I’m starting to have a positive effect on you.”

“And how’s that?” Scully countered brushing her teeth.

“You’re starting to loosen up more. You’ve got jokes … like the one about Weems not being able to see his way to the door and your subtle flirtations with your flashlight. It did not go unnoticed.” Mulder propped his head up. “Although, I think you just wanted to go home and drag me into bed.”

“Excuse me?” Scully said her head popping out from the bathroom.

“We weren’t on the case ten minutes and you wanted to turn it over to the Chicago field office and have me back in DC before sunset.” Mulder locked his hands behind his head and stared up at the ceiling noticing the incredibly bad spackle job.

Scully left the bathroom to put away her clothes placing them in her overnight bag and gave him a look, “I’m just really glad Richie is going to live.”

“I know, me too.”

“You know he told me that baseball was his favorite sport. I told him it was mine too.” She said as she gave Mulder’s arm a squeeze as she walked by.

“Wow Scully, that’s really sweet.”

Scully continued her compliment. “You know, your reenactment of the cause and effect at Weem’s apartment was really adorable. I could have watched you all day.” She glanced at the clock and her look turned stern. “You can be kinda cute when you’re not trying, but it’s getting late and you need to get back to your room.”

He got off the bed, walked over to Scully and gave her a hug, vanilla perfume tickling his nose. He nuzzled her ear. In a low monotone voice he begged, “Please let me hold you tonight.”

He was melting her insides. She placed her arms around his waist, her body relaxing into him, his heat eating away at her resolve, “Mulder, I need you to understand, maintaining dignity and respect in my work is important to me. Even if no one but you and I know, it is about integrity and professionalism.”
Mulder pulled away glancing down at the gaudy berber carpeting, the rough threads crunching under his feet. He looked up into the moonlit oceans staring back at him. “As hard as it is for me to leave this room, I respect you, your career, and your wishes. So, I will wish you a goodnight.”

With a nod Mulder headed for the door, turning before he reached it pointing his finger in the air. “You know, if we had no intention of sexual intimacy, would it really be a violation?”

“Mulderrr.” She let out a sigh. “I guess if our intentions were innocent… will you be able to behave?”

Before she could complete her question, Mulder was already gone, returning to his room to retrieve some pillows.

That morning they checked out of their rooms and headed off to paint the town. They started down at the Farmer’s Market to pick up some food for a picnic bringing it over to Lurie Garden. There were seasonal flowers still in bloom and the day was glorious. They were able to find a quiet secluded spot away from any passersby. They ate their lunch feeding each other, laughing and joking. Being away from DC enabled them to open up in a new and unique way. As they laid in the grass relaxing, Scully asked Mulder what was floating around his brain. “How every day with you is better than the next. How incredible you feel!” he turned to her, his head propped on his elbow, “I don’t know if I’m expecting you to answer this, but prior to us, did all your male friends bring an umbrella to the party? And the reason I’m asking is because before you, I had never gone without one, I mean even when they were on birth control pills… absolutely every encounter… and I know they say it feels better without one, but I don’t think anyone else is having the sensations that I have when I’m with you.”

“The men I were with always wore condoms if that’s what you’re asking. And I agree, I don’t believe what we are feeling is normal. Nothing with us is ever the norm. The way you excite me, how you’re able to get me there so quickly is not even close to any experience I’ve had before. Not that it’s easy to remember, the last man I was with was nearly 3 years ago.” She looked into his eyes and he almost looked sad. She placed her hand across his chest.

“Speak for yourself. Scully, the last woman I was with was almost 5 years ago. You’re lucky I remembered what to do. If I didn’t work out on a regular basis, you could have killed me.”

“Mulder, I always had my suspicions, but how come you never considered a relationship with anyone?”

Mulder was staring into her hair, running his hands through it. “After my sister was abducted, I know it’s hard to believe, but I became quite the introvert. Don’t get me wrong, I fooled around in high school and pre-Pheobe college, but not the actual act of intercourse. More of a mutual masturbation. Then came Pheobe and she, well you know what she did.”

“My God Mulder.”

“Yeah, and I didn’t trust anyone for a long time and then I was in the academy and I was with Diana. Unbelievably, Diana was worse than Pheobe. Once Diana left, I crawled into the basement and the x-files became my life. Finding my sister was my priority and getting hurt again was not. Every once in awhile I made a feeble attempt to date, but being by yourself isn’t as bad as being with the wrong person. There was a one night stand when you were abducted, but I was in a really dark place. It wouldn’t have been fair to someone when I was always putting my work first. Besides, I had you. So, no I don’t have a lot of experience, just a lot of practice.”

“Well, we seem to be making up for lost time now.”
“So what about you Scully? Could your sexual exploits be confined to a basketball game?”

“Mulder, I’m not answering that question.”

“Wow. It's that many? What are we talking about, a deck of cards?”

“Mulderr….,” Scully warned.

“If you don’t answer me, I’m going to walk away thinking I can play a poker game with the number of guys you allowed entrance to the castle.”

She gave him the death stare and Mulder knew lighthearted conversation was over, “Scully, none of that really matters anyway…. it was worth every second as long as it led me to this moment.”

“What I will say is you’ve gone deeper and made me feel more than any other man ever could and you can take that all the ways in which it’s implied.” She raised an eyebrow and smiled. Leaning in she kissed him long and slow.

Mulder pulled away, “Scully, we need to take it easy.”

“Is there a problem?”

“It’s becoming one.” Scully’s hand grazed over his jeans and Mulder let out a groan, “You can’t do this to me. Not here.”

“Then let’s go over there.” Scully pointed to a secluded area with trees and bushes.

“Are you serious? In public?” Mulder was convinced Scully had an alter ego that came out when she took off her power suits.

“Not in public, over there by the trees.” Scully said impatiently.

They snuck off and Scully wasted no time gaining access to him. Within seconds she had her lavender panties in his back pocket, his belt loose and his jeans stretched around his upper thigh. As their lips clashed together, her hands fell underneath his waistband and the buckle of his belt clanged against his zipper. She smiled as her hands felt him grow harder and she heard his breath quicken. The fact that she had that affect on him always sent electricity straight to her core. With her back against the tree for leverage, she wrapped her legs around him. Lifting her sundress he entered her in one clean thrust. Mulder was taking his time caressing her, reveling in her body, making her grow more impatient as the intensity built. He was gentle and caring, watching her, feeling for her reactions before he continued. The thrill of being outdoors where anyone could see was adding a new dimension that had Scully almost in a frenzy. Even with the bark scraping and digging into her back through her bunched dress, Scully was close.

Mulder paused and looked into her eyes, “Scully, I trust you with my heart, with everything I am.” She panted, “You know I feel the same way.” Her words had him throbbing inside her and he deepened his thrusts. “Mulder?”

“Oh yeah, Scully”

“No Mulder, I think …. I think there’s a homeless guy over there staring at us.”

“Does he… have… a camera?” Mulder said breathlessly continuing to pump into her.

“I don’t think so, but now he sat down on the bench …..I think he’s watching and eating a
sandwich.”

“So wave.”

“Mulder!”

Mulder paused his gyrations. “Scully, can we focus here?” She gave him a Mulder you’ve gone too far look and he let her back down on the ground. “Ok, ok. Let’s uh, let’s go over there.” He pointed to a denser area.

“I don’t know. I’ve kind of lost the mood.” She said as she straightened her dress.

“I will get you back in the mood.” He placed his hand on the small of her back and led her over to a more densely wooded area, found another thick trunk, and seduced her once again.

Hearing rustling, Scully opened her eyes and looked down to see a furry golden retriever sniffing at Mulder’s ankles.

“Mulder, stop. There’s a dog here.”

Mulder didn’t slow his pace. Instead he panted, “I know… he’s peeing…. On my leg.”

“Mulder, put me down.” Scully made a failed attempt to pry him off of her, “I can’t do this.”

Mulder stopped and looked deep into her eyes, still inside her, his hand caressing her cheek, “Is it wrong to be aroused while this dog is licking my ass?”

“That’s it, put me down.” Scully was irritated.

Instead Mulder leaned into her still inside her. “Wait … he’s leaving.”

Scully was still wrapped around his waist propped against the tree her weight on his right thigh. The trunk grated her back as the sweet sandalwood scent of Mulder kept her senses heightened. He watched the dog follow his nose to the bushes. “Yeah, he’s gone to sniff out a poodle.”

Finally taking stock in the situation they both let out a short laugh. “You realize we are two FBI agents committing a crime. Not that it would be that unusual for you.” Scully stared at him through her eyelashes.

“Yeah, but our rooms aren’t ready yet and it’s only a misdemeanor for the first time.” Mulder paused, “This is your first time …”

Scully nodded and frowned pursing her lips. “Yes Mulder. I waited my whole life for the right man to come along before I indulged in the act of fornication in a public park.”

“I love you Scully.”

“I know you do.”

Once they finished changing in the car and Scully removed the tree bark from her hair, they headed for the aquarium and then to check into their hotel room and get dressed for dinner and the show. As they descended in the elevator from The Restaurant on 95th in the Hancock building they became so entranced with each other and their inability to keep their lips from pressing against one another that they failed to see the woman standing in the corner of the elevator. She was an older women with lovely bronze skin. She looked at them with doting eyes. “It’s so nice to see two people so in love especially when it’s as real as yours. What you have is special. Cherish it.”
After the show, the next stop was Navy Pier. Mulder dragged Scully on the Ferris Wheel just as they lit the fireworks. She never remembered a more romantic night in her life. Her wall was slowly turning to putty, but she knew she was not alone. She trusted him to take care of her, something she had never done with anyone. She held his hand and hugged his arm staring at the fireworks. They ended the night in a jazz club sharing drinks by candlelight.
Don't Look Any Further

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The following takes place during the episode Orison. Mulder's POV.

It had been close to midnight when Scully left Mulder’s bed to retreat back to her own quarters. As she left, a cloud drifted across the moon blocking its light. Emptiness sauntered into the silent cold darkness. The space she left in the bed sifted into his chest leaving him uneasy. He reached out for her pillow, the scruffiness of his face contrasting with the soft cotton reminiscent of her skin. In the morning he will pretend his lips don’t long to taste the creaminess of her inner thigh. That her arm casually brushing his doesn’t sound the bugles of angels and when she leans against him his heart isn’t beating in unison with hers. He turned over bringing the pillow with him and inhaled deeply, her natural perfume rocking him back to sleep.

A few hours later when he got the call that Donnie Pfaster had escaped he knew immediately that he didn’t want Scully on the case. Only a couple weeks ago they had discussed how appreciative she was for always being treated as an equal, but his need to protect her was overwhelming all else. The choice was ultimately hers, all he could do was be a bystander. Today Special Agent Dana Scully would be tested along with his strength to stay supportive of her decisions.

He recalled her first encounter with Pfaster. Her look of disbelief and disgust as she forced the bile back down her throat at the sight of his victim. Her innocence forever tainted by his unscrupulousness. The iniquity of disregarding a life transforming them to his collection of frozen objects. When he thought back at himself, how dissociated, callous. Obsessed over the case, tunnel vision to a single point. He was the profiler when he should have consoled and protected. What a fool he was forcing her to stand alone trying to treat her like any other agent, not acknowledging her recent abduction, emotionless out of respect. His life was so scripted back then. Even his movements robotic as if on a track. While Pfaster left her bruised and battered. So distracted not even comprehending that she needed him. “I’m an ass” he said to the mirror as he brushed his teeth. He spit the toothpaste into the sink along with his embarrassment and disgust. This time would be different he thought splashing water on his face cleansing himself of his sins.

This time he waited for her, not wanting her to take the flight alone handing her the file as they boarded. Looking out the window of the airplane, he sensed their dark cloud following, looming. Their conversation was body language, facial expressions and hand holding. True to her promise she was not distant, only quiet as they made their way to the U.S. penitentiary in Marion Illinois.

Once in the penitentiary, watching her live through the pain again with anguish covering her face was almost too much for him to bare. He pleaded to her a single time to go back home, as an unbiased agent trying to convince his partner it was okay for this one time to walk away. He knew she was well aware he could read and experience her emotions, but he conceded her privacy just the same. The lump in her throat and fright in her eyes did not go unnoticed at the mention of the time 6:06. What unnerved him more? The hanging cloud or the fact she could be connected to something other than himself? He tried to keep his arrogance in check simultaneously trying not to disclose he was walking on eggshells.
This case was causing Mulder to reanalyze his own motivations. He knew his agnostic borderline atheist belief system stemmed from his sister’s abduction. What was the purpose of an all-powerful being that in his opinion did nothing more than observe? Anytime the subject of God was brought up the detest and hatred inside him became apparent. Did he blame God for not helping his sister? For taking her away from him? Or was it a lack of religion from his upbringing that made it so easy for him to be so presumptuous? If God didn’t exist did evil? Did it rule by itself in our own private bountiful hell?

****

The return flight was as quiet as when they arrived. He didn’t even challenge her when she requested the evening alone. He dropped her off at her apartment with only a reassuring touch on her shoulder. When he got back to his place he finally allowed exhaustion to creep in. His mind littered with concern for Scully, with the case, with God and what it all meant. The distraction caused him not to automatically go to his answering machine. Instead he brushed his teeth and prepared for bed, his brain in rapid fire mode. It wasn’t until he set his alarm for the next day that he noticed it, that haunting song. What did it mean if anything? As him with her, she was the only one that could get him to push his beliefs and reason aside for her truths. He dialed her number for reassurance. It was then that panic struck him. It was then that he felt her need for him, for his help. Then that he looked into the heart of a serial killer and knew that he would go after the one that got away. Once he knew, he couldn’t get to her apartment fast enough. All that ran through his head was that he let her down again and wouldn’t forgive himself if he didn’t get there in time.

Time stood still as he pointed the gun at Pfaster demanding him to surrender. He noticed her approaching from the bedroom, her eyes unforgiving. “Did he hurt you?” Without hesitation he was ready to kill him if he did. His blood started to boil as the room went cold. Mulder turned his head to see a flash of light and the bulb exploding with the fixture. For a quick second he thought maybe he had fired his gun. It was then he saw her gun retract. Realization came to him. She had pulled the trigger. In cold blood. His nerve endings went numb. The smell of the gunpowder. The gunshot resounding in his ears.

*****

As he finished with the police questioning he saw her finally reappear. It was now his turn to take over, to reassure her, to protect her, to heal her. He walked her to his car carrying her bags. He will be her home. His hand laced through hers. Spirits fused, the car pulled away their sole light illuminating the darkness.

*****

The next day Scully wasted no time throwing herself into her work and headed over to lecture at Quantico. Skinner left headquarters early. When he arrived at her apartment he was greeted by Mulder and the Lone Gunman. They were diligent in putting the place back together. When they were through Skinner offered again to help in any way she needed. Mulder led the Lone Gunman to his car promising them he had a reward for all their hard work. He opened the trunk revealing his most indulgent of possessions. Even though Scully never indicated a distaste for his collection, he no longer wanted it sharing the space with her. Their level of intimacy left him with no uses for such juvenile tendencies. All of his desire belonged only to her and his transformation spoke volumes to the maturity of their relationship. Frohike was dumbfounded and they all exchanged glances knowing this symbolized something significant, but they were yet to realize what. They took them reluctantly promising visiting rights if required.

When Scully got back to Mulder’s apartment she was greeted by inviting smells. “Mulder, did you
“Why honey, you’re home.” He gave her a kiss on the cheek and took off her coat. “I did cook. I made a mean macaroni and cheese with some hot dogs.”

She suppressed a laugh for she knew he really tried.

The previous night he left her the bed, without spoken word he tucked her in, knowing she needed solitude. He instead took a guard post outside on the couch warding away nefarious creatures. As he cleared the table, he looked over to her sensing her tension. He massaged her shoulders then sat down on the couch to watch T.V. Scully showed no interest, straddling him instead. She kissed him embracing his tongue. She stared at his features admiringly, “I missed you”.

He smiled. “I like the new haircut. Very stylish. I think I prefer it longer though. More to run my fingers through,” He said caressing the back of her head. He whispered, “What do you need me to do?”

“Make me forget” she said leaning in to him.

“That I can do.” He returned his lips to hers, running his hands underneath her sweater.
In the Car

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This is during the episode the "Amazing Maleeni". Our partners are still trying to figure out work/life balance. The lines seem a little fuzzy. This scene takes place right after they left the bank, but before they confront Maleeni and LaBonge in the jail cell. The conversation between the two is them working through the case. The rest is something entirely different. Angst is coming soon so for now enjoy the fluff.

Once again Mulder had Scully up in the middle of the night and on a plane to California. This time instead of calling her on the phone, he rolled over and convinced her to follow him. For revenge she flirted more than usual and kept her shirts buttoned low. He returned the favor by brushing against her as they walked and shortening the little personal space they had left. She was convinced watching his beautiful mind work turned her on as much as any other physical attribute. The nights were rough in their newest low grade motel without their partner to sleep next to.

The last morning found them at Cradock Marine Bank and then to Cissy Alvarez’s place where Cissy accused LaBonge of setting him up.

Back in the car, Mulder pulled off to the side of the road to discuss the case.

It had been three long hard boring days. Three days she had gone without those long loving fingers touching her. He was talking, but she was fixated on the thought of sucking on his plump bottom lip. It wasn’t like her not to be professional, not to hold her desires in check, well hidden from the outside world, but his hair was doing that cute spikey thing which made her want to use him as a loofah.

She came to at the inquisitive sound of her name.

“Scully, the name of the game is misdirection, correct?”

“Yeah…. Scully knew it was wrong to make contact, but she was ready to climb him like the rope in gym class.

“What if it was a setup from the start?” His mind was humming. Scully played with Mulder’s tie, stroking his chest unable to convince her hands they were still on a case. She thought to herself that he was deceivingly muscular as her silent cravings bubbled to the surface. He gave her a quizzical look, “Maleeni plays poker with him, loses big, uses his brother’s body to fake his death…” Mulder eyes darkened and he stroked her cheek with the back of his index finger. “..Uses Alvarez’s greed”

Scully’s hand had traveled underneath his blazer following it up around his shoulder scratching the back of his neck. His hair was silky from his use of her conditioner, it’s lavender aroma complimenting his sandalwood musk. Her breath quickened, the fact they were on a case or in the car was all secondary to her need for him. She nibbled at his chiseled jawline, his five o’clock shadow bristling against her teeth. Mulder cleared his throat. “LaBonge dresses up like Alvarez and robs the armored car..” Mulder remained stoic as his hand traced the outline of her breast over her
ribbed white sweater. She gulped in reply.

A button was now open on Mulder’s shirt and Scully was using his abs for a harp. She couldn’t hold back much longer. His hand dropped down and played with her pants button. All the teasing, looks out of the corners of their eyes, flirtatious smiles, her self-restraint was gone. Their eyes transfixed and she gasped as she felt the heat of his hand as it slid down the front of her slacks. She was incredibly wet, making the sensations intensify as his lubricated fingers slid between her folds. Her thighs trembled as jolts of pleasure coursed through her. His heart was pounding underneath her hand and she watched as his skin flushed, heat rising from his shirt collar across his neck to the hairline. His face strained as he forced his brain to complete his thought. “If Maleeni somehow switched the clip and the guards were firing blanks...” Scully closed her eyes letting out a tiny sob. He knew her better than anyone and he knew how to touch her.

Mulder continued as if he didn’t just light a bonfire in a California forest, “Last night the two steal the guard’s key...”

Scully felt her need for him grow sensation taking over all thought processes. She hugged his slick fingers as she rode his hand. His fingers sliding inside her, pleasure breaking through like sun through a fog. “Oh Mulder, Oh, don’t stop, please don’t stop.”

Mulder’s mouth opened and stared at Scully’s lips, “They rob the bank, plant the money at Alvarez’s place, then break back into their cells...” His eyes dilated at her response to him, he blurted out, “...Scully you’re a goddess”

Mulder’s fingers found their destination and she cried out, “Oh, God …”

Mulder slowly completed his thought, “With no one the wiser”

Scully was looking at him like he was a cheesecake and she was a Golden Girl, “No one the wiser”

Their faces crashed together as their tongues engaged in a sword fight. Scully broke into his pants wrapping her hand around him with short steady strokes.

Mulder broke the kiss, gasping he cried, “Scully, I missed this so much, but... your hand ...it’s ... I’m going to... Where’s it gonna go? ... I’ll look pretty funny at that jail.....”

Scully reached around him and yanked the lever of his seat sending it back. Mulder marveled at Scully’s ability to discover how many licks it took to get to the center of a tootsie pop. This situation wasn’t ideal for him. He wanted so badly to make love to her. The nails of his free hand scarred the car’s upholstery as his forearm tensed. His other fingers pumped deep inside her and didn’t relent until they felt like prey in the choke hold of a boa constrictor. Only then did he allow himself release crying out to her as he did.

As they sobered and fixed themselves, Scully began her rant, “Mulder, we can’t keep doing this. Besides the fact that we’re going to get caught, reprimanded and fired, this is beyond reprehensible...”

He gave her a kiss stroking her face ignoring the fact that she seduced him, “I know, I know. We’ll get the hang of this. It can’t interfere with our work. It’s just when our minds come together, they really come together. Now, let’s get to the jail cell before they’re released.”

After the case was over they rewarded each other by cruising in a rented convertible down highway 1 with mountains on one end and the ocean on the other. Dinner was at the end of a pier in a
restaurant encased in glass watching the sun set into the ocean as fish swam below. Mulder continued his dime store sleight of hand while Scully let him play cautioning when he took it too far. When they arrived back in DC they once again clawed at each other like rabid tigers over a Rib-eye. Waiting until the second time that night to reenact a pas de deux until they were both sated. Scully knew this schedule would eventually take its toll, but for now she was having fun and she was content. She watched him smile, his silliness at times, the spring in his step and she knew she put it there. Today the darkness chose to stay in the shadows.
An Affair to Remember

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Scully is still dealing with the effects of her run-in with Pfaster. She is also realizing all Mulder all the time is an acquired taste. The last section taking place sometime after the episode "Signs and Wonders". They find themselves in a supermarket listening to horribly cheesy 80's music.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Bounty Hunter jerked his steering wheel to the left pulling alongside Scully. She had the pedal to the floor of a black rental sedan and he was gaining. He swerved into her denting the side of the car. Panic struck as the car hit the railing of the bridge, flipped and plunged into the deep icy waters. Scully held on for dear life as she was free falling. Once under the chilling water she removed her seatbelt and started swimming to the surface. She could see a blurred building and sunlight. Her arms treaded water ferociously, but she couldn’t make headway. The Bounty Hunter grabbed her leg and pulled her deeper. Bubbles of her last breath formed in front of her face as she saw her life float away. Air had left her lungs, fright filled them instead. The Bounty Hunter floated up to look her in the face before swimming away. It transformed as it laughed at her, into an alien, then CSM, until finally demonic. Everything faded to black. Scully opened her eyes in a state of confusion and shock. She still couldn’t breathe. Mulder’s body including his massive arm was draped across her covering her back restricting her lungs. As her body began to wake she was able to slide herself from the bed in a loud thud onto his hard wood floor.

“Scully?” Mulder murmured from above.

“It’s okay. I’m down here. I’m going to go get ready for work. I’ll meet you in the office.” She lifted herself off the floor while simultaneously unraveling herself from the blanket.

He agreed in another incoherent mumble and drifted back to sleep.

She wasted no time heading to the bathroom. Placing the seat cover down before her ass hit the cold wet porcelain had finally become second nature. Even though she wanted to, she didn’t scold him in his own apartment. She stepped in the shower. The water was a little cooler than usual which meant the neighbors from above beat her to the bathroom. The hot water heaters in Mulder’s apartment were not as efficient as the ones at her place. She reached for the soap and it was slimy, half of it disintegrating in her hand. The body wash was in his apartment and as she squeezed an empty bottle she realized so was her shampoo. She grabbed his men’s 2in1 and didn’t understand why he couldn’t use his without dipping into her own. Guess her hair would be frizzy today with a hint of woodsy river smell, whatever that was. As she came out of the shower she stubbed her toe on the corner of the bed. His clothes were strewn around the room and prevented her from noticing the edge. Her own clothes were still neatly stacked in a suitcase on top of countless files in a corner.

After dressing, she headed to the kitchen to make coffee. The dishes and cups were piled in the sink along with a couple pots crusted with food. With a disgusted look, she decided to stop at the bagel
place on the way to work.

Opening the door and stepping into the car, filled her with a warming calmness. The car had a hint of her perfume, not a sunflower seed to be had, and clean comfortable seats. The radio was already dialed to her station. It wasn’t much, but was enough for her to maintain sanity.

It was still early when she got to the office so she decided to spend time in the bullpen for a while before delving back into her work downstairs. Scully opened her laptop and booted it up. She lifted her mug taking a sip and a moment to enjoy the sweet hot coffee, savoring the taste and aroma as it passed through her lips warming her throat as it made its way down awakening the rest of her senses. Yesterday was her last required session with the on-staff psychologist and she was happy it was over. It was difficult for those sessions to be very productive since she had to shy away from any true personal conversations. She was promptly released to active duty with a very small investigation so she figured she must have had pleasingly sane answers. Last week they were in California and when they returned it was back to his place. She had been avoiding stepping back into her apartment since that night, but she knew it was time or else Mulder may be her next victim. It wasn’t that being with him wasn’t great. That part of the relationship had nothing to complain about. In fact, that’s what kept calling her back, keeping her awake at night, in the car, in public, in the bed, on the table, on the desk, in the kitchen, on the floor, in the shower, on couches, furniture, his place, her place, motel rooms…., the only place they hadn’t christened was the office. Besides being highly inappropriate, it was also highly bugged. They knew that it was the one place they could never dare. But was that all that was left of their relationship? Bizarre cases and late night encounters, crazed sexual urges. Had their entire relationship become foreplay, a prelude to the main attraction? She decided she was thinking too much into it, six years of building a foundation had to have some ramifications. What she needed was simple time alone, to unwind, to be Mulder free. She knew he would not understand. His version of alone time was researching the next case or breaking into a restricted area. Looking at her watch she decided it was time to head downstairs and see where their next plane tickets were taking them to.

“Morning Mulder”, she said as she opened the door.

“Good Morning Scully”, he said grinning ear to ear.

She headed to the back room and got busy on tightening up her files. The office seemed smaller today somehow and it wasn’t just from the papers covering every flat surface.

Around 3 o’clock Scully decided it was time to approach Mulder with tonight’s sleeping arrangements.

“Mulder, I may leave early today. I’ve got to go buy some shampoo, stop by the dry cleaners…. I think it’s time I get back to my apartment.”

“Okay. I’ll finish this up and we can take off in about an hour?” he looked at her thoughtfully.

“I have my car so there’s no need for both of us to leave early.” She replied.

“Scully, this is your first time back in your apartment since the incident. I’m not letting you go there alone.” Mulder was pleading to her logical side.

“What do you mean you won’t let me?”

Mulder could feel himself on dangerous ground. “Fine, I’ll come over tonight.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow Mulder. I know your number if I need it.” With those words still hanging in
the air, she left for the day.

Placing a key in the keyhole to her apartment, she took a deep breath. With butterflies in her stomach, she opened the door. The place was eerily silent with only the faint glow of the setting sun. Her nose was greeted to a bouquet of Pine-sol and Clorox. She took note of the new light fixture, the missing furniture, the neatly patched ceiling. With her coat still on she picked up the card off the coffee table. It was a thinking of you card signed by Byers, Frohike, Langley, and Skinner. There was also a box of chocolates left by Frohike. That made her smile. As she walked down the hallway she noticed the cobwebs forming in the corners. The bedroom was immaculate. The bed was made with military corners and she knew immediately that it was Skinner’s touch. All the glass had been replaced and her shelves restacked. The bathroom had been cleaned, fingerprints wiped, and all of Pfaster’s private collection of soaps were gone. It wasn’t until she got to the closet that her eyes began to well. The events played in her head like a movie in slow motion. She decided not to allow herself to rehash it again. This would not be a part of her life. He didn’t deserve space in her mind. She closed the closet door with an echoing thud. Maybe she’ll redecorate she thought to herself as she left the apartment to restock her refrigerator and retrieve her dry cleaning.

At around 8:30PM her phone rang. “Scully”

“Hey Scully, I was wondering what you were up to.”

“I’m fine Mulder. I’m taking my apartment back.” She paused, “Look, I know you’re concerned and I appreciate everything, but really, I’m fine.”

“You’re sure you don’t need any company tonight?”

“Really Mulder, I’m fine.”

“Okay. I’ll guess I’ll see you in the morning.”

The next day was a quiet one with mostly meetings. Upon returning that evening to her apartment she felt at home in her old routine. At 7:15PM there was a knock at the door. She opened it not at all surprised to find Mulder on the other side. He was in sweats and looked like he had been out for a run.

“Can I come in?”

“Sure, is everything alright?” she asked closing the door behind him.

She was taken aback when he pulled her to him and kissed her passionately, jolts of electricity coursing through her veins. She returned his kiss with equal fervor then quickly pushed him away.

“No, Mulder stop”

“What’s wrong? I knew something was wrong”

“Nothing is wrong. We can’t keep going on like this. Is that all we are to each other? Is this what we’ve become? Like we’re some affair?”

Mulder was hurt, “We are not some affair. You know what you mean to me. That’s not why I came over here. We don’t have to do that.”

“Lately it seems like that’s all we do.”
Mulder began to pace, “You know I’ll take some of the blame, but it’s not always my fault. In fact, you may initiate more than I do.”

Scully’s voice started to rise, “This isn’t about fault or blame. This is about my life. I don’t want my life to be flying around the country hopping from one motel room to another waiting for the next time we get a chance to get each other naked.”

“To be fair, we’re not always naked.” Mulder deadpanned.

“We never talk.”

“What?”

“We’re always talking”

“No, I mean really talk, get to really know each other. We avoid, we ignore. Look at what we’re doing. We drive separate cars to work, all day we pretend there’s nothing between us, then as soon as we get the chance….bam, we attack each other.”

“Bam?” Mulder smirked.

“Bam.” Scully replied.

“Bam Bam.” He joked back.

Scully threw her arms at her side. “I’m trying to be serious. How can this possibly end up? Everything’s a secret. We can’t openly see each other. We will never move in together. Most people do this to build something. We’re not building anything. We’re like some torrid affair.”

Frustration was building inside him. “We are NOT an affair. One of us could bring some stuff over to the other’s house. Not live out of a suitcase or overnight bag. Are you saying you want to end this?”

“No. I don’t think so. For so long we were moving at a snail’s pace and then all of a sudden it’s like the Indianapolis 500. We’re together all the time. I want me time. I need time just to myself. We need time where we talk and not about a case and not where we end up as you would so eloquently put it, doing the naked pretzel.”

“We don’t do that. It’s more than that, much more. Ok. We can work on this. See we’re talking right now. So, today is Wednesday, how about we plan to do this on Friday?”

“How about Saturday? I’m sorry I just feel we are going way too fast. It’s only been a month. Let’s just slow down a little before we start talking about leaving clothes at each other’s place.”

He put his hands on her shoulders. “Ok. Saturday night is ours and until then we talk. I can do this Scully. You want to go slow we go slow. I am in no rush. We have all the time you need.”

“Thank you.” Scully reached up to kiss him goodbye and stumbled dizzily as Mulder pressed her against the wall, penetrating her with his tongue. It was a long and inviting kiss. Sensually masculine yet delicate as only Mulder could be. He left her body aching and her lips with a promise. “Until Saturday.”

Saturday

Mulder had kept his promise and stayed at a respectable distance. At work he was quiet and professional, only the gleam in his eyes gave him away. Inside he was counting down the seconds like a bomb ready to go off at any moment. The conversation they had on Wednesday was
unexpected, he thought everything was going perfectly. There was nothing like waking up in the morning to Scully lying next to him. He loved spending all day at work with her. Even the secrets they were forced to keep he found added a little something. At least they were *their* secrets. Did he consider what it would be like if they lived together? He felt like they almost already did and had for years. Scully was always popping up over his place and if he wasn’t home it never stopped her from coming in and doing what needed to be done. Their emails, voicemails, and hairbrushes were equally shared. Her comments about his messy apartment or dish washing skills he took in stride since he knew she was right. Did it matter to him that he didn’t know her favorite stuffed animal growing up or the names of all her friends? No, but if that was what she wanted, he would gladly oblige.

So there he was on a Saturday night, Tulips in hand, dressed in brand new dark blue jeans and a navy colored sweater to match, his new charcoal Henley peeking from the top. Instead of the usual Nikes he polished his loafers and made sure his black socks were hole free. With newly cut hair, a fresh shave, and a dab of cologne, he knocked on Scully’s door. When she answered, he felt a bit nervous, like a first date. One he had no intention of screwing up.

The flowers received a warm inviting smile which led to him receiving a slow lingering kiss. He would be the ultimate of a gentleman tonight, but it didn’t stop his body from responding to her grace.

The night went by smoothly, laughing and playing cards, moving on to Trivial Pursuit. They talked about silly things they did when they were kids. Things that use to scare them, what they were like in high school, funny stories from college. The night ended when Scully fell asleep in Mulder’s arms while he watched Sports Center. When it was over, he carried her to bed.

**Sunday Morning**

Scully opened her eyes and Mulder was at the foot of the bed putting on his black boxer briefs. His toned body glistening from a fresh shower. She remained under the warm coziness of her comforter in flannel pajamas greeting him in her husky morning voice, “Morning Mulder.” He turned to her and smiled, crawling on the bed until he met with her lips. “Morning. I want you to stay right there. Today we’re going to lay in bed and relax. Have a lazy Sunday.”

“Mulder I don’t have the luxury of a lazy anything. You’ve got me rushing from case to case. I’ve got shopping to do today, errands to run ..”

“Do them tomorrow. Today I want you to get cleaned up then get right back into bed and read your book while I make breakfast.”

“That does sound nice.”

“Come ‘on. Give us today. You said you want us to talk. We’re going to spend the day talking, getting to know one another.”

“Alright. Just don’t burn down my kitchen.”

When he returned, Scully was snuggled up with her book dressed in a black lace spaghetti strap nightgown and matching robe. She placed the book on the night stand as he set the tray on her lap.

“Wow Mulder. Eggs, bacon, toast. You even remembered the orange juice and coffee.” She took a bite of her eggs nodding her head in surprise, “You can actually cook.”
“I am a man of many skills. I’m glad you like it.”

He sat on the bed next to her. “You know, we’ve been doing what we’ve been doing for about a month now… and I know you said you want to take things slow, so where would you say that puts us right now?”

“Are you asking me to define our relationship?” He could hear the anxiety in her voice.

Mulder responded defensively, “I’m not asking you to wear my class ring on a chain around your neck or my varsity jacket. I’m just saying if you happened to be in a bar alone and someone happened to ask you if they could buy you a drink….”

“I would say that I’m currently unavailable. What would your answer be?”

“Before or after I bought her the drink?” He asked feigning sincerity.

“Mulderrr..”, Scully gave him a warning look.

Mulder turned the conversation serious again, “I’d say the same thing. Come ‘on Scully.”

She placed her tray down on her dresser, removed her robe and laid it down on top of her comforter. “Now what else does your lazy Sunday consist of?”

Mulder edged closer. “Why don’t we start off by going through all the things we like about one another? You want to get to know each other more, than that’s what we’re doing.”

He reached out and ran his fingers through her hair. “I love the way your hair feels. It’s always so soft”

She brushed his cheek with her hand. He closed his eyes kissing the palm of her hand causing her face to flush. She blurted out, “I love your nose.”

“My nose?” He asked touching it.

“It’s stoutly”, she answered playfully.

“And you like that?”

“It’s suggestive”

“What ever you say”

She kissed him on the tip of his nose and then his cheek, running her lips right below his ear where it met with his jaw. She pulled at the skin with her teeth, reddening the area. His neck muscles tensed as he closed his eyes.

She smiled at him. “You have what is referred to as chiseled features.”

“Like Adonis?” He said with an innocent look on his face.

Scully laughed. “And you took it too far”

“My turn?” Mulder looked like he was in deep thought pursing his lips. “I like the rings on your neck, like a tree. I like running my lips over them.”

Scully didn’t know if she should be insulted. “The rings that measure age on a tree? Really?”

“Don’t throw all your compliments at me at once Mulder. My turn? I like that you’re not too hairy.”

In response he fell to his back rubbing his chest. He propped himself up on his side. “I like that you like me.” He smiled and with his teeth, he tugged at her strap, sliding it down her toned arms, his lips delicately grazing her skin, radiating heat as he kissed her shoulder not daring to leave her eyes. The pads of his fingers lightly brushed her abdomen making their way down along her hips. His expression changed as his fingers reached the moistened silk. His voice began to thicken as he spoke, “always a little surprising that I can have that effect on you.”

“You have that effect every time Mulder” She said in a serious tone.

Her eyes drifting to his tight boxer briefs accentuating his muscular thighs and tight rear. As he continued to stroke her she watched his cock thicken, curving upward protruding out; the head growing thick and straining against the soft dark cotton. Her arousal grew with his, as she ran her fingers along the outline.

Pools of love stared back at her. “And that’s what you do to me every time I look at you, touch you, think about you having an effect on you..” His eyes closed and he let out a short exhale. “I can take those off if you like” At the sign of her approval he placed his fingers in his waistband and slid down the boxer briefs. Her delicate fingers there to greet the tight skin. He bit his lip as a moan escaped. “Do you like it Scully?”

The vulnerability in the question sent darts through her chest, her voice dropping an octave. “It’s my favorite one”

His cock twitched in response underneath her hand, her body answered in kind. Giving it a light squeeze she lowered herself and kissed the head, moistening it and eliciting another sound from Mulder as he stared intently.

Her tongue glided along the seam and under the smooth satiny skin of the shaft, the head glistening as she looked up at him. “How does that feel?”

“If I keep watching you do that I’m going to come” His voice was trembling.

She licked the tip again as she gripped the base. Then another kiss. The head hot and firm against her lips. Slowly her hand pumped the shaft, relishing in the pleasure it gave him. She looked up to see his gentle piercing eyes, his strong smooth hand on her face, moaning through his words, “Scully .. I want you”

She laid on her back and pulled his leg over her so he was straddling her chest his hands gripping the headboard. Propping her head with a pillow she took him into her mouth tasting a hint of soap on warm satin skin. Peering upward she saw his intensity staring back.

Carefully he pushed his cock deep down her throat, letting out a whimper and tightening his hold of the headboard. Her eyes telling him that she was okay. For him the act was incredibly intimate with some guilt attached. It was his preference for him to give her pleasure, anything he felt only being a product of the act. Mulder had no true expectation of sex when it came to Scully. She could take him or leave him frustrated every night and it wouldn’t change how he felt. His fulfillment came from her happiness, her gratification. His cock existed for her enjoyment alone, he merely borrowed it. He slowly pulled back only to re-enter. Her sultry tongue lubricating every bump and ridge, stimulating vessels, eliciting another moan as the head rubbed against the walls of her throat. She listened to his staccato breath. His cock throbbed against her tongue as her cheeks hollowed coaxing
him forth causing him to tremble. Mulder leaned forward breaking the connection letting out a short pleasurable moan.

“Whoa. Give me a minute. That’s…..whoa.” He slid himself down resting his face on her abdomen while her fingers ran through his hair. He lifted her nightgown exposing her black silk lace panties underneath. Mulder grinned in delight. He teased the bare tender skin of her abdomen, his hands gripping her hips. He kissed her scar gingerly. “I should have done something to prevent that.”

“You can’t always save me Mulder.”

He removed the lace panties and lifted the gown over her head, the silk slithering as it drifted across her soft skin. He lapped at her breasts, his tender kisses soon becoming intense. All her strength was in his hands as they molded her into desire. He made his way down teasing her belly button, light bites on her hips, capillaries bursting as he sucked near the bone. The scruff of his face rubbed against her thigh, already she began to tingle. When his tongue made contact she cried out in surprise. She ran her hands through his hair in a dare to press herself against him. She became desperate as her nails dug into his shoulders, his obedient tongue igniting the fire and its flames shot through her wrenched cry. Legs tightly wrapped around his head, she was dancing, writhing with the friction of his tongue. She was consumed by the feelings he gave her, only replaced by elation as Mulder carried her back down. She opened her eyes and he was smiling at her, kissing her lips. “I love you Scully. My heart is going to explode I love you so much.” She wanted to return his beautiful words but knew she was not ready. He was unbelievably patient. “I need you Mulder.” Her only response. It was enough, it was everything. She did need him. Needed his weight on top of her, the hard planes of his chest crashing against her. They groaned together as he entered her, taking them to the edge of sensation once again. Perspiration making them slick. The rhythm continued, the bed creaked and rain drummed against the window. They teetered on the crest as he drove into her again and again, to the brink of insanity. She chanted his name, fighting, resisting urges. She wanted him in her all the time. Squeezing him deeper inside her, she sucked on his tongue as if the two could meet. Mulder’s sounds caused her to reply, his pleasure pulsing, flowering up into her. His moans giving Scully power, knowing that he would soon let go of all he had and give it to her. He was hers and hers alone. He was pulling her under and she was matching his stride holding him so tight in hopes to meld together. At once their bodies tensed as he filled her, as she devoured him, she heard their wails of ecstasy from a place where their souls met, holding each other, bringing each other back.

When their breathing slowed she asked him, “Will you stay tonight?”

“Scully, of course I will.” He brushed the hair out of her face. “It’s still early. I can pick up some clothes from my place for tomorrow, we can even go run errands together.” He caught himself reading the look on her face, realizing he was being smothering, “Unless that’s moving too fast..”

“It’s fine. Just not every day.” She said cautiously.

“I want to make sure you’re comfortable with anything we do. Even something as simple as going to the laundromat.”

Scully looked at him with her loving blue eyes, “I really want to thank you for respecting my wishes. I don’t want you to think it goes unappreciated. I know how hard this is for you Mulder and I don’t take it lightly.”

Mulder leaned over to kiss her once again. Scully responding in a pleased murmur, his lips brushing against hers, arms wrapped around her, his long powerful legs rough and heavy against her petite frame. He teased her mouth open, exploring, the sweet taste of her tongue clinging to his as they
groaned together.

[Post Signs and Wonders]

Mulder was snapping his fingers, shoulders swaying and singing, “What I've got's full stock of thoughts and dreams that scatter, then you pull them all together and how I can't explain….”

“Dance with me Scully”

“Mulder, it’s 1 o’clock in the morning and we’re in a supermarket”

“I know but they’re playing our song”

“Mulder, we don’t have a song”

“Sure we do Scully, we have lots of songs”

You Make My Dreams Come True by Hall and Oats was playing in Muzak format through the dingy speakers of the fluorescent lit store. Scully flicked her hair behind her ear, “I don’t even like this song”

“Just dance with me”

Scully accommodated his request. He held her tight rocking her back and forth and started singing in her ear, “On a night when bad dreams become a screamer, when they're messin' with the dreamer, I can laugh it in the face…” He pushed her outward holding both her hands, their feet squeaking on the commercial flooring. Pulling her back in, twisting his hips, “Twist and shout my way out, and wrap yourself around me,” with one arm around her waist and the other hand clasped to hers, “Cos I ain't the way you found me, and I'll never be the same…”

“Mulder, you can sing?”

“I’ve been known to carry a few bars from time to time.” He sent her out for a spin and brought her back in.

“You’re lucky there’s no one here.” Scully said smiling

“You’re the one that forced us out here in the middle of the night with your cravings for sea salt and caramel Tofutti ice cream.” Mulder smirked back.

“You spoil me” she said as she laid her head on his chest while they rocked. “You sure are happy today.”

The music track switched over to I Knew You Were Waiting by Aretha Franklin and George Michael.

“They must be playing a hits of the 80s compilation” Mulder surmised.

“Mulder I can’t dance to this” Scully pulled away and began walking towards the ice cream section. “Mulder, what do you think the preacher meant by “some powerful good news?”

“Hmm?” Mulder was staring at a box of Mallomars.

“In Tennessee you told me the preacher had said to you that I could have learned some powerful good news if I kept my hand in that box. He had told me that the devil was testing me and I needed to know which side I was on. That I must be judged and repent. What do you think that all meant?”
“Well, if I was taking any of that seriously, I would probably think it had something to do with your run-in with Pfaster. Maybe the test of righteousness he was referring to was the answer to the question of if the devil made you do it. If that’s the case, I’d say you passed with flying colors.” He said with a wink.

Scully nodded her head. Peter Cetera’s song bellowed through in Muzak. Mulder spun around, walking backwards and started singing again, “Tell me what kind of man would I be living a life without any meaning” he got down on one knee with both hands at his heart overacting, “For I know you could surely survive without me,” then opened his arms wide, “but if I had to live without you …”

“…What kind of man would you be” Scully talked it in monotone. She grabbed his hand suppressing a grin, causing him to stand back up as they turned down the ice cream aisle.

Chapter End Notes

I actually was in a supermarket at 1AM and those were the songs playing. I didn't choose them. As I listened I imagined the above so I came home and wrote that section.
When You Come Undone

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

These are the events during and post the episodes "Sein Und Zeit" and "Closure" from Scully's POV. The title of this chapter is a reference to Duran Duran's "Come Undone".

It was a work night and Scully was having what she referred to as a “recovery day” which meant she had retreated to her apartment to go for a run, catch up on her beauty routine, read a book, take a bubble bath, and sip some wine while listening to music. It was not that she didn't miss him, but she also cherished her alone time to create the balance they needed. For Mulder, left to his own devices meant a trip to the YMCA, a night of laundry and falling asleep on the couch with the television on. He woke at half past one to the news. They were broadcasting about a missing child named Amber Lynn LaPierre who was kidnapped in Sacramento California. What peaked his interest were the facts of the case. No signs of a break-in, no suspects. The need for him to help this family, to help this girl became overwhelming. A need that had been asleep for quite a while. He had to have this case and he knew that headquarters would be all over it. Racing down to Skinner’s office he watched as the acrobats performed and the clowns did their juggling act. Skinner gave him until noon to do whatever investigative work was required and have the report finished and on his desk.

As Mulder waited at the airport to board his flight he thought of Scully. He dialed her house phone. For the first time it wasn’t about charging head strong into the night without a second thought, not wanting her to talk him out of it, not wanting to be dissuaded by her lack of beliefs in his cause. For once it was the thought of her waking up alone to discover he had left her in the night.

“Scully” She answered groggily into the phone.

“Scully, I’m at the airport hopping a flight to California. There’s a case out here that Skinner is allowing me to get the jump on. I'll let you know when I have more.”

“Mulder, what…”

“Scully, I’m letting you know…..” He hung up the phone.

Puzzled at first, then she was struck by it. He didn’t ditch her. She went in the shower to start her day.

When she arrived at the office, she witnessed the chaos for herself. On the office phone there was a message from Mulder with his motel information. She was surprised to find once again he kept her in the loop. Around 2pm Scully was summoned to Skinner’s office. Skinner was furious and pacing. He wasn’t making the headway he needed and Mulder hadn’t checked in. Skinner needed Scully to track down Mulder and get him the report.

At a quarter after 10 Scully found Mulder lying in the dark. She knew this was about his sister, but also knew it wasn’t the right timing to bring it up. After a call from his mom, which was very surprising to Scully, they booked a flight back to D.C. so they could be at the briefing in the morning.
Scully was becoming more unnerved by the moment. She watched him helplessly as he began to circle the drain, down the rabbit hole. The one place she dared not to follow. After so many months of just the two of them, so incredibly connected, she now felt the threat of isolation. In her mind she kept screaming, don’t leave me. Don’t do this. Not after everything we’ve discovered, everything we have.

The phone rang in the basement office. Scully answered only to hear the news of the passing of Mulder’s mother. In her heart she knew the spiraling had begun but somehow she needed to hold on to him, hold on to them. She watched him unravel. To make matters worse he was requesting her to do the autopsy.

When she got to his apartment with the results of the autopsy she found him incessantly listening to the answering machine rambling about his sister. Scully relayed the news. His mother had killed herself to avoid the pain of the disease.

Scully had been witness to Mulder’s seemingly insane utterances throughout the years. Never had she truly been afraid that he wasn’t completely in his right mind until now. When he finally came undone he reached out to her. His overpowering frame leaning against hers. As she held the broken pieces, she couldn’t help but be consumed by anger. Angry at all the years they took from them. How much it all cost. Angry at his mother for not being strong enough to tell her son the truth. Angry at his fathers for discarding him, torturing him, keeping him ignorant to prolong his hope, using him as a pawn in their insidious plans.

In the end, he was only a man and with the death of his mother, he collapsed. How could anyone do this to their son, to leave him like this, to do this to a man so beautiful, so sensitive towards the possibilities, so gifted, so loving, so…

As usual, she was left screaming in the dark. No one there to hold accountable for the pain, for his suffering.

She coaxed him into bed where they lay in an embrace. After hours of crying he spoke, “I’m the last Scully. They left me alone in this world. I have nothing left. I have no one and I have no truth. They left me in darkness Scully with only questions.”

“Then let me help pull you out.”

“Maybe the best thing for you to do is walk away and save yourself. I’ll just drag you down with me.” His depression showed on his face as he began his self-deprecating babble through his tears, “All these years, I was the only one that cared about my sister. All these years, they really wanted to give me up instead. My parents didn’t love each other. I don’t know that they ever loved me. The man I thought was my biological father wasn’t. My biological father is the second coming of evil. I am the creation of my mother choosing to be with that man. Choosing to be unfaithful. Deceitful. All of them. I am a Bastard and that’s all I’ll ever be. My life growing up was shit. And now I’ve morphed into some spooky parody of myself. Eventually, I’ll drive you away. My mother left this world without even saying good bye. I wasn’t even good enough for her to say goodbye. Why didn’t she love me? Why am I so unlovable? I’m a piece of shit bastard Scully that has nothing to show for this life but a missing sister, a family that never thought I was worth telling the truth to, and a file filled with folders of unanswered documents. I’m nothing Scully and someday you’ll realize that. Realize it and leave me.” His cries were turning into screams. She pulled away and shook him.

“Now Mulder, I won’t let you talk like that. No matter what happens in our relationship I will never leave you. I am always your friend. No matter how bad it gets, I’m on the other side of that phone.”

“Why? Scully, all this is mine. My family, my obsessions. All this pain surrounds me. You follow
me every day for what reasons?"

“Because it’s not just you anymore Mulder, it’s us and I can’t walk away. That time passed when I met you. The first time we got on a plane together. I’m here because there’s nowhere else I should be. I know you don’t believe this, but you make me happy. Your brilliant beautiful mind holds the answers no one else could ever see. You are somebody to me. You, Mulder. Not your family, not the x-files, you. I’m here for you.”

Scully tried her best not to fall off the bed when his lips crashed against hers, his tongue invading her mouth. He was rough with the removal of her clothes, but she managed to get them off without damage. He needed her. She is his home. Where his true self resides and is always there waiting. Tonight he needed her to be his escape, his outlet. In accordance, she protected him from the demons of the night.

He looked at her and said her name as if it was a question. She nodded her approval. Through his sobs she carried him to a place only they knew. A place that belonged only to them, where the darkness couldn’t creep and no one could enter. He cried out in joy before his heart was heavy and eyes full of tears once again. She got up to get him some water and aspirin finally able to send him to sleep around four in the morning. She was dressed at 6 knowing the day would be an early one. Her tear stained shirt was all that remained of the night.

When Skinner came to the door, the lack of shock on his face from seeing her answer was not overlooked, but she was in stealth mode. The little resistance she gave fell on deaf ears. She knew Mulder wasn’t stable and she wasn’t going to let him go alone. They were a united front. She would save him from himself if she had to.

In the end, it was Scully who cracked the case. As always with their partnership, when one falls, the other one is there to carry them. Worried about his sanity she decided it was time to solve his sister’s case. Mulder was owed the answers once and for all. If his mother wasn’t strong enough to tell him the truth, she would find it. She was his constant, his touchstone. That required her to find the truths, to know the answers. So much time had passed. She knew that to understand, you must start with believing. Somewhere deep inside she knew what must be done to bring him the peace he most righteously sought. To look the devil in the eye and send him away so God may ultimately reveal his intention. The answers were as unbelievable as the questions. Children that were not meant to suffer were rescued by the spirits intervening transforming matter into pure energy, starlight.

Mulder looked over at his partner asleep on the airplane as they headed back to D.C. So deep is their relationship he thought to himself. So much had been uncovered the past few days with her by his side. Answers and finally peace. Now that he knew the truth of his sister he was finally free. As for him and Scully, they were the perfect compliment. She keeps him out of the darkness and he shows her the light.

Scully opened her eyes to see him peering at her adoringly. “You okay?” She asked still concerned.

Mulder chewed on the inside of his cheek, “I was just thinking, we never got to play postman and spin the bottle.”

Scully turned towards the window and closed her eyes drifting back to sleep, “We’ll do it on Thursday.”

THE BURIAL OF MULDER’S MOTHER

It was cold and rainy on the way down to North Carolina. The sun showing compassion, kept itself hidden among the large dark clouds hovering above. Cars passed quietly as if showing respect. The
radio was set to sports talk. You could just about hear the announcer over the creaking of the windshield wipers as the rain pounded the glass. Neither of them had spoken. There was nothing that could be said that would heal his pain. Scully looked over at his hand resting on the gear shift and laid her hand over it. He squeezed the tips of her fingers as they pressed into his palm.

There was a fair amount of people at the funeral. Mostly friends, some former business associates of Mulder’s father and some that Mulder did not recognize. As Mulder stood at the graveside, sunglasses hiding his swollen eyes, his arm inconspicuously brushed against Scully’s providing him comfort. When it was over he placed his hand on the small of her back guiding her with him to each person to receive their condolences and thank them for coming. CGB kept his distance, smoking beside a nearby tree. Mulder paused as they passed him and CGB spoke, “I loved your mother you know. Her passing has made me quite sad. She will be missed.” Scully’s hand ran down the length of Mulder’s tricep giving him a slight tug to break his trance and they continued walking towards the car.

When they arrived at the motel they checked into a single room. Mulder drudged in with his shoulders slouched portraying a much smaller stature as he slumped down into the desk chair. He leaned his elbows on the desk burying his face in his hands quietly sobbing. Scully reverently patted his head, then let him have his moment to mourn, walking outside to fill up the bucket with ice and get some drinks from the vending machine. When she returned he was laying in the bed watching television. She changed into sweatpants and one of his navy blue t-shirts and laid down beside him. Wrapping his arm around her, he brought her towards him so she could lay her head on his chest. Always his caregiver she checked his breathing and listened to his heartbeat, bringing her serenity. He pressed his lips against her forehead breathing in the calming lavender vanilla scent allowing him to drift into peaceful slumber.

The car ride home he again listened to sports radio while Scully dozed and read her magazine. They stopped in town and Mulder returned with a brown bag filled with Chinese take-out. They exchanged smiles as he set it on her lap. He always knew what she was craving. When they arrived at his apartment, he opened the door, grabbed the bag of piping hot food and helped her out of the car. Their eyes communicating the care and compassion they share. His hand slid into hers as the elevator made its way up, their arms pressing into one another sharing warmth, her head resting at the top of his bicep, the fingers of her other hand rubbing the muscles at the bend in his elbow.

Once inside, they ate their Chinese food in the dark side by side with the television illuminating their faces. She noticed him start to tense again so she ran her fingers through the back of his hair and he relaxed. As exhaustion crept in he rested his head on her lap. She stroked his brow wiping away the events of the past week. His eyelids grew heavy. Holding out his hand, he got up to retire to the bedroom. She accepted the invitation.

In the morning she awoke to see him staring back at her. His eyes were red, puffy and sunken from all the tears that had been shed. He laid his arm around her waist pulling her in close as she wrapped her leg around his thigh. He placed his hand on her face and sound left his lips. “I love you, Scully.”
Chapter Summary

Taking place after X-COPS and ending after First Person Shooter. Scully must have gained a dog year because Mulder remembered her birthday.

February 23, 2000

The early morning found Scully at the office standing over the front of Mulder’s desk leafing through some mail. When Mulder finally arrived, he walked up behind her and stood for an uncomfortably long minute. She sensed his hovering. “Happy Birthday Scully,” he said into her ear, his minty breath tickling her neck causing an involuntary shiver. Her head naturally tilted to the side as he leaned in. She considered how easily she allowed herself to be so vulnerable by exposing her jugular and carotid artery to him. A sign of trust. She turned to face him.

“I have a surprise for you,” he said with an almost evil grin and headed to the back of the office. He returned with a small piñata shaped like a flying saucer.

“Mulder, really you shouldn’t have.” Meaning, he really shouldn't have. While it was endearing, she really didn’t want to play games today.

Without hesitation he began his dissertation, “You know piñatas may have actually originated in China. They were part of the celebration of the New Year. It wasn’t until Marco Polo passed it to Europe in the 14th century that the Spanish and Italians made it part of the first Sunday of lent. The Spanish missionaries in the 16th century used the piñata to attract converts to ceremonies.” He was rifling through the drawers looking for some kind of hook to tie it on. “Mayans had a sport where they used one and the Aztecs celebrated the birthday of the god of war Huitzilopochtli with them.” He found what he was looking for and continued, “The missionaries used a piñata to represent Hope and Charity with seven points for the seven deadly sins. The candies and fruits inside represented the temptation of wealth and earthly pleasures.” He finished hanging it from the ceiling and walked over to Scully with a blindfold. She shook her head. There was no way she was allowing him to blindfold her. Maybe he had lost his mind from the time she saw him last until now. “The person is blindfolded because faith is blind and they are using their faith in God as the leading force to defy evil. It was traditional to turn the participant 33 times in memory of the life of Christ. The piñata hangs above your head so people look upwards towards heaven yearning and waiting for the prize.” He handed her the stick. “The stick symbolizes virtue. Only good can overcome evil. The candies are reward for keeping the faith sharing their blessings and gifts. The moral being that all are justified through faith. There are also traditional piñata songs. I could sing you some …..”

Scully put up her hand in surrender. It was going to be one of those days. “Okay, okay. I’ll put on the blindfold.” She knew he could carry on like this all day and he wasn’t about to stop until she went along.

After securing the blindfold, he spun her around and aimed her towards the prize. She swung and he quickly stepped back as she came inches from his head. The intensity of her swing and slight dizziness caused her to stumble. He rushed over to catch her before she took a header. Holding her
close to his body, he guided her towards the piñata. His touch was gentle and intimate as his arms steadied her. She felt his grip tighten around her as he yelled, “Swing!” She swung the stick with all her might and made contact. It felt good to have something to strike even if it wasn't Mulder's head. Now that she had a sense of its position she violently whacked at it. She heard the candy hit the floor and took off the blindfold striking the piñata a couple more times, the remainder of the goodies falling to the ground including a small box.

Mulder bent down and picked it up handing it to her. “I believe this is for you,” he said in low tones.

Her heart raced and she could almost hear the blood rushing through her veins as it appeared to be a box the size a ring might fit in. She exhaled when she opened it to see it was only earrings.

Mulder explained. “I actually got these for you a while back.” His eyes dropped to the ground as he fidgeted. “I just haven't found the right time to give them to you.”

“Well thank you Mulder, they’re beautiful.” She reached out to him for a quick thank you, wrapping her arms around his waist. He held her tight much longer than a simple chaste hug. Still in an embrace he spoke into her hair, his voice thick. “Scully it’s been so long since I held you.”

A bolt of fright resonated in her diaphragm at the change in his tone. It really hadn’t been that long; a couple weeks at worst. Last week was bad timing and they had been back and forth to California with a couple cases. Still puzzled by his reaction, she knew she needed to break away, but his grip was firm.

“Mulder, it hasn’t been that long,” she remarked, her head buried in his chest. He was rubbing her back causing her spine to tingle. The pitch of his voice made him sound like he was being tortured. “It’s been 9 days.”

She missed him too, but was it really that bad for him? Then a thought occurred to her. “Mulder, you haven’t been abstaining from…”

“Ever since the procedures.” His voice was trembling.

“But that’s over.....I hope it’s not because of me.....it’s a natural…” He cut her off. “I have my reasons. I’ll let go, just give me a minute.”

His chest heaved. The contact they made, no matter how brief the intention, was apparently a bad idea. Even though he didn't bring it up, she noticed the brief moments when his mind would drift, the grief on his face. In his own way he was still mourning his mother and his sister. She pulled out of his embrace to clasp both his hands. His eyes told her she was all he had left. The IVF results had to be affecting him as well. The last months had been a struggle for both of them physically and emotionally.

He pulled her in close again as if looking her in the eyes might be too much to bear. As if he might lose her if he didn't. Her body crashed into his. His left hand found its way into her hair, his fingers massaging her scalp. Her face again against his chest, listening to his heart pound, the heat radiating off of him, his tie tickling her nose. His right hand drifted to the small of her back and was beginning to wander lower- under her skirt. Her eyes closed. She knew she had to stop him. It wasn’t right. Anyone could walk in at any minute, but his roaming hand was causing her breath to quicken. His touch was magic professing his affection. A heat formed down low in her belly. It was desire mixed with fear. Not here. They were watching. Listening. Not here. She heard her panties tear, felt his finger enter her. Her mouth fell open in disbelief. Mulder had never been this forward, definitely not at work. Her mind scrambled to think of what she could have done to cause this reaction. Was this his way of channeling the conflict inside him?
His finger slid carefully, sensually, in and out as her body betrayed her with waves of pleasure. How she loved the feeling of his hand, its electricity. How simple fingers could make her feel this good, igniting every nerve ending. She gripped his finger tight inside her. She was trying to resist, be the voice of reason, but he had the power to seduce her. That familiar wanting was beginning. It was not sex she craved, not pleasure. It was Mulder. She needed Mulder inside her making them singular. Mulder giving her the bliss and contentment only he could give. Frustration consumed her. They couldn’t continue. Not here.

A second finger slid inside causing her to quiver and release a tiny groan. Her legs buckled underneath her and his fingers slipped out to steady her. He pulled her in close, his soft hot lips taunting the shell of her ear. “You need to tell me to stop. You know how dangerous this is.”

She backed away and he inched closer. His look was intense, seductive and made her ache. He spoke as if he was reminiscing, “All the fantasies I’ve had… Us, in this office.” She stepped back again, but he closed the space between them. It looked almost like they were dancing. He moaned, “Scully, what I want to do to you.” Her hamstrings hit the table against the back wall and he lifted her up onto it so he was standing between her legs. His eyes were penetrating. She broke out in a sweat. Her nipples tingling as they hardened, awaiting his touch.

She had to find a way to gain control and in the same breath she wanted to feel his love. As much as she denied it, he was right. Being on cases together wasn't the same as when they were free to show their true emotions, connected. His body closed in on her. His suit jacket tenting around them as his hands covered her. His hot breath against her ear, pleading, desperate, “Oh, Scully. Oh, Scully tell me to stop.”

His words were arousing, and her mouth went dry, failing her. In her head the words echoed- no, no we can’t. Not now. She heard the zipper of his pants and jolts ran through her. He spoke again in a cautious monotone, “Scully this can’t happen here.” His knockles rubbed against her inner thigh as he freed himself. Then she felt it. Brushing the inside of her thigh, his hand guiding it in, the head teasing her entrance. She throbbed and moaned, “Oh God.”

He closed his eyes, leaning in to kiss her, now begging, “Tell me to stop. Scully, please tell me to stop.”

His lips covered her mouth, soft and sensual as he buried himself inside her. She captured his moans as an explosion of light coursed through their bodies.

It was every fantasy she ever had coming true only much more seductive, turning her on in ways she didn’t know existed. He clutched her hips, beginning with shallow thrusts, a determined angle, knowing what stimulated her. Her legs wrapped tight around his waist. He glanced down to where they were joined and let out a wrenching moan that bolted through her. The scent of his cologne embraced her. His eyes met hers with such intensity she could almost physically feel them. As if he felt her calling to him his thrusts deepened. They moaned in unison. Their bodies engaged in a tight rhythmic embrace. His back muscles underneath her hands tensed and vibrated through his shirt. His labored breaths spiking her arousal.

The way he was moving was beyond sexy begging her to respond. Her body straining with need against him. Every pore she had, every nerve ending being stimulated by him. Reality slipped out of grasp. They were breathing so hard she was sure someone would hear. Sweet tension was building inside her and she knew he was close behind. With her last shred of willpower the word fell out of her mouth, “stop.”

The response was so abrupt she almost fell off the table. Within a second he was zipped up and tucked away apologizing profusely pacing around. His hands shaking, combing at his hair nervously,
“I am so sorry. I don’t know what came over me. That was more than inappropriate. I can’t believe I did that.”

“Don’t apologize. It happened. It’s not going to happen again, but it happened.” Her hands ran over her skirt trying to mend the wrinkles.

Scully walked over to Mulder’s desk and sat down taking a deep breath. It was just as much her fault as it was his. She needed to calm down. If sexual frustration was fatal they would have died from it years ago. Mulder was still pacing. They needed to move on from this quickly so she spoke first.

“Mulder, it’s okay.”

He walked over to her and rested his hands on either side of the arms of the chair inches from her face. His musky Mulder scent already enveloping her as his eyes made her the only other person on earth. He spoke, his voice soft. “It’s not okay. I wish this was simply sexual. I know how to take care of that. But the way I need you, need to please you, the pull you have stirs something deep inside me. The emptiness I feel without you …. When we’re together…. I’m complete.”

He leaned in and Scully closed her eyes waiting for his lips, but they didn’t come. When she opened them he had vanished. She looked down to find him on his knees. His hands slowly running along the inside of her thighs igniting the yearning, the cravings all over again. He hiked her skirt above her waist, tilting her hips towards him as his tongue began its exploration. She wanted to cry it felt so good. He had her wet and swelling at his tongue’s caress. He guided her legs over his shoulders. This was really going to happen. Wanting to avoid anything that could be caught on video, she turned the chair towards the desk and pulled him and her legs underneath. That was the green light he sought and he knew that spot. Her fingers were gripping the arms of the chair so tight she felt as though they would lock up. Mulder kept circling that bundle of nerves with his tongue. She threw her head back into the chair biting back a moan. Everything was so much more intense in this setting. Even though she couldn’t see him, she still felt his connection. Once more coils were tightening up inside her. She pulled his head closer into her and he responded by licking harder, longer. Her muscles tensed she was so close.

The phone rang and she launched back from the desk and sat straight up in the chair. She answered and Skinner’s voice was on the other end. He was saying something about a training session they both needed to attend and she was agreeing trying to slow her breath. She heard Mulder below rustling around the desk drawer. She felt the sensation first, her eyes halfway into the back of her head before she heard the buzzing. A guttural scream left her, Skinner’s voice resounding in her ears, “Agent Scully are you alright?”

Her brain was a cloud, but she managed to squeak out, “Mouse!” before banging the phone against the hook. The headset bounced like a slinky as it hit the floor. She was able to gain enough composure to see what was happening. He had grabbed a little toy alien that must have been some kind of back massager and was holding it against her. She couldn’t hold back any longer. She clung tight to the back of his head as his dutiful tongue spelled out conspiracy theories.

Muffled sounds came from beneath the desk as Mulder was struggling to say something about not breathing. She thought he was being slightly dramatic knowing it took a full 6 minutes without oxygen before possible brain damage. She took pity and lightened her grip. It was then her leg started twitching, the vibrations of the alien outside combined with his tongue now inside were causing such pleasurable contractions, she was afraid she was having a seizure or a possible stroke. It was all too much. She slid off the chair under the desk. She wanted him bad. As she pulled at the button on his pants Mulder tried fighting her off, but she was the better wrestler. When she heard him scream something about Armani she let him take care of the remaining removal of clothes.
They were on the floor halfway under the desk when she impaled herself on him. Her head banged against the top and the alien mug and ink blotter crashed to the floor. She was riding him hard, her hands grasping the pencil drawer causing the entire desk to rock. For the third time she was so close. With her mounting pleasure, she felt his balls draw up. Oh hell no. She wrapped her hand around his throat, her thumb pressing hard into his trachea, riding him even harder she bent down to whisper in his ear, “I promise, if you finish before I do, Clyde Bruckman’s prediction will come true.”

She was restricting his airway and his eyes grew wide with fright. In a possible response to the threat she watched as he groped at the floor, grabbed the alien, flicked the switch and pressed it hard against her clit. She arched her back, her body tightened, grabbing on to the edge of the desk for dear life, sharpened pencils rolling out and raining on her as her orgasm rushed through. Scully was clenching her teeth but sounds still managed to escape. Mulder let out a primal scream grasping her hips slamming her into him. This time her eyes did the complete 180 into the back of her head as he pumped into her.

After a minute they finally slowed. He was still inside her when her hands covered her face. “We did not just…”

“Yes we did. Quite well I might add.” Mulder smirked as he pulled her down to him and kissed her. She rolled off of him and he picked himself off the floor, threw his alien friend into the bottom drawer, and put himself back together.

Scully was beyond mortified as she fixed herself. She picked up the phone and put it back on the hook placing it on the desk. The phone rang and this time they both jumped. Mulder picked it up. “Morning Boss.”

“Did Agent Scully not inform you? You’re late. I need the two of you to report to the training room immediately and I don’t want to hear excuses why you can’t. And Mulder, I’m not in the mood for any issues so let’s stay focused and take it seriously.”

“Yes sir. Will do,” Mulder said hanging up the phone.

He looked at Scully and shrugged. “We gotta go. Apparently we’ve got some training to do.”

+ 

[Two days later]

Scully crossed her legs shifting her weight waiting for Skinner to attend their monthly one-on-one meeting.

“Sorry Agent Scully, I had another meeting that ran late. I looked over your file and I don’t see anything in your performance that would indicate anything other than a satisfactory rating.”

“Only a satisfactory sir? Agent Mulder and I have been through a lot this quarter with extensive travel back and forth from the west coast. I would think that my autopsy files alone would rate me above average.”

“Your problem has always been your affiliation to Agent Mulder. Just last week I had to deal with the press because of all the exposure of FBI agents chasing Freddy Krueger around L.A. on COPS. If you want to end the year with an exceptional rating you have to learn to play under the radar.”

“So what are you saying sir?”

“The director’s son is here visiting. It would be in your best interest if you were the one to
chaperone him. He’s been stationed away and it’s been awhile since he’s been state side.”

“Sir, what you’re asking of me I deem highly inappropriate.”

“I’m sorry. What is appropriate Agent Scully? You and Mulder gallivanting around town pining over each other for everyone to see? And next time you see a mouse, you might want to make sure the phone is on the hook before chasing it.”

Scully’s face turned beet red at that remark. Her and Mulder’s cone was sacred. The thought of it being translucent sickened her.

Skinner regretted his abruptness. “Listen, there’s a lot of focus on you right now. I’m trying to help you. Just schmooze him a little and the day will be over before you know it.”

Skinner’s secretary knocked at the door and peaked in, “Sorry to bother you sir, but I have someone here that has an appointment.”

“Dylan! Or should I say Colonel. Congratulations on your new rank,” Skinner stood to shake his hand.

Dylan was dressed in uniform making it easy to see his rugged frame. His tanned skin glistened under the hot lights of Skinner’s office. Scully felt herself flush as she held out her hand while Skinner introduced her. Looking him over, he reminded her of a young Kevin Sorbo only a better looking specimen. Eddie Murphy dressed as a woman chanted in her head, ‘Hercules, Hercules’.

“Nice to meet you Dana. I hear you’re my muscle today.”

Mmmmm muscles. Homer Simpson was drooling. She laughed. “Yes, I guess I am.”

“I’ll meet you in your office in a couple hours then.” He said smiling flashing his baby blues.

“Yes, couple hours” Scully managed to get out.

Mulder was hunched over his desk and Scully was working in the back room when Dylan walked in.

“Can I help you?” Mulder asked inquisitively.

“My name is Dylan, I’m looking for Special Agent Scully? She’s to accompany me this afternoon?”

Mulder stood, “Oh Scullleeey, Doug is it?”

“Dylan”

“Derrick is here to see you.” He said sarcastically as she entered the room, “I’m hearing you’re the escort for the night.”

Scully flashed Mulder a look of disgust and smiled back at Dylan. She grabbed her coat. “Mulder, I’ll be giving the Colonel a tour. We may be going out for a business dinner afterward so I probably won’t be back to the office today.”

“You kids have fun” was all Mulder could say as the 6 foot 2 inch Rambo swooped away the love of his life. Why didn’t Scully mention this little outing? He knew better than to question her motives for he knew the repercussions, but did the guy have to look like the Hulk and did she have to ogle him like she did? This was as bad as that vampire she drooled over. He made a mental note that given their weaknesses, the two of them really needed to stay away from vampires.
Not since Tooms had Mulder been so obsessed with another man. A sunflower shell flew out the window of his car into the pile on the street. Mulder peered through his binoculars. How could Scully actually go out with this guy? Who cared that he had a body that looked like he should be posing for a fireman’s calendar. His arm was currently on the back of her chair as she flung her hair back in laughter her fork playing with her salad. There were other officers at the table, but Mulder was distracted imagining his trial for killing this man. Probably in a military prison, death by firing squad.

He followed them to the park. The pain in his chest was more than he wanted to bare. Mulder crouched down behind a bush as he saw him put his arm around her and lean in . . .

Skinner’s cell phone rang. He put down his weights and sat up from the workout bench to answer it. “Skinner. He’s where? Okay. Yes. I’ll be right there. Thanks for calling.”

Skinner walked into the police station to see Mulder slouched in the corner of a cell with what looked like a busted lip and a bruised cheek bone. His hair was jostled and he appeared to have been mud wrestling.

“Well, Mulder, I have to hand it to you, you’ve outdone yourself this time. They said they were going to charge you with aggravated assault, loitering, stalking... What the hell were you doing?”

Mulder looked sheepish. “I thought Mr. Wonderful was trying to force Scully to do something she may not want to do. I was just worried for her safety.”

“Okay, well, that wasn’t Agent Scully and lucky for you that wasn’t the Director’s son. For your information, not that you deserve it, Agent Scully must have gotten home right after dinner because she called me to tell me she met her requirement and not to expect any more favors from her. You were following the wrong couple. Do we need to check the water in your apartment again for hallucinogens? You really need to pull yourself together. Go home and get some sleep. I’m going to chalk all this up to a big misunderstanding. Luckily the police chief is in agreement. For the sake of the bureau and your partnership, we’re going to keep this just between us.”

[Post First Person Shooter]

Back at the motel Mulder heard Scully slam the door to her room. She hadn’t returned with him and a couple hours had past. He was sure she was going to have something to say about the way he acted at the police station towards Ms. Afterglow. Scully may have relaxed her dress, her inhibitions, but when it came to Mulder showing another woman attention, she had zero tolerance. Checking his own ego, he knew this was his way of getting even for her “date” with the director’s son, but he would never admit it outright. He knocked on the adjoining door, “Mulder, go away.”

He spoke through the unopened door. “Scully, I was just fooling around having a good time.” He knocked on the door again. “Scully, this is silly. Scully?...”

The door opened and Scully was wearing the black dress from the video game. “The name is Dana.” She said smiling. “They let me borrow it for the night. You like it?” She spun around for him.

He felt his jaw hit the floor as his tongue rolled out. “Dana, you look ...”

He followed her with his eyes as she walked over to the desk pulling the desk chair out and placing it in the middle of the room. She gave the seat of the chair a loud slap and said as her smile dissipated and her voice took on a serious tone, “Take your clothes off and Sit.”
The hairs on the back of his neck stood up and he was not sure if this wasn’t his stay of execution. Not knowing what else to do he complied with much trepidation. As he felt the silk of his tie tighten around his wrists, giving her complete control, he thought to himself that this may have not been the best of ideas. “Dana,” He let out a nervous laugh, “What are we doing? I’m not sure I’m comfortable with this.”

“Isn’t this what you like? What you want? Some Barbie doll so you can get your jollies? Isn’t this what gets your motor running?” He could hear the disappointment masked in anger. The radio was on and Nine Inch Nails started to scream through the speakers. The room went dark with the exception of the street light bouncing off the dress’ fabric like glass. Now he knew this was not a good idea. “Dana, you don’t have to do this.”

Mulder flinched as her black stiletto boot covered foot fell between his legs on the chair. She leaned on her thigh hovering above him, “I didn’t say you could talk. Besides, it’s very easy to see your approval.” She looked down at him pathetically.

As much as he knew he was in trouble, he couldn’t help but get a little excited staring at her in that dress causing her perky breasts to form a hillside below her neck. When she turned towards the ice bucket he took notice that her curves rivaled that of San Francisco’s Lombard Street.

Black sunglasses covered his eyes blinding him. There was something uniquely arousing about her having all the control. He was always in awe of her strength and trusted her implicitly. He blamed himself for her not knowing how he sincerely worshiped her. Scully took an ice cube and ran it up the pulse point on his neck, sending chills down his body. Her searing tongue followed extinguishing water droplets. His nipple hardened against the ice as it stung him followed by her tongue soothing, mouth sucking. He threw his neck back as a moan escaped, involuntarily jerking his hips forward.

Mulder felt the cool bite of her frosty lips on his cock followed by the hot relief of her tongue and he almost lost control of himself. He would never take for granted the privilege of her doing that to him. She tickled him with her manicured nails giving him light scratches over the inside of his thigh.

Mulder was making so much noise Scully was convinced someone was going to call the cops. She lifted his sunglasses momentarily so she could look him in the eye. His eyes were soft as he spoke, “You forgive me yet?”

She backed up crossing her arms, “I’m getting there.”

She left him and he heard the music change to soft rock as he was freed of his shackles. He stood rubbing his wrists. She turned her back to him, the moonlight creating a glow around her. Not being able to resist, he came up from behind running his hands down the front of the slick shiny black dress, around her thighs and up the back. He couldn’t get enough of her even if she was angry. The sight and feel of her was making him throb. His fingers gently teased her neck as he pulled at the straps of the dress, untying them. Her skin was so soft and tantalizing. His lips pressed against her shoulder blade as his hands covered her breasts, his heart skipping a beat. Her back arched at his touch. She let out a moan. He softly kissed the nape of her neck. Scully was more than he ever wanted in a woman. It hurt him that she could think she was below anyone concerning anything.

Removing her dress, Mulder sat back on the chair adoring the naked figure before him. Slowly she straddled him linking her arms behind his neck still adorning the stiletto boots.

Scully whispered in his ear. “I’ve been thinking about this all day. Ever since I saw you in that shooter outfit with those shades on, muscles flexed, your heart racing, testosterone leaking out of every pore.” He smiled. She liked to compliment him, play on some of his insecurities. The thought
of anything about him exciting her gave him tremendous pleasure. She lifted her hips and slowly sank down onto him, allowing herself to adjust to his size. She slid her hands to his shoulders lifting and lowering herself, her breasts brushing his chest. She looked so beautiful to him, sexier than any woman he’s ever seen. He listened to her breath become ragged, her muscles tensing so tight around him he wasn’t sure how his blood was still flowing down there. He watched her use him until she was satisfied, pleasurable sensations pulsing through his body though his heart was still heavy.

“Let’s go to the bed Scully.” He whispered in his monotone voice.

She lifted herself off and he turned off the music. He walked over to her, removing her boots as she sat on the mattress and climbed into bed with her. His voice low, “This was nice, but I want to get back to us. I hear you loud and clear. I acted like an ass. I let my jealousy get the best of me and I held it in until I focused it the best way I knew how. I was a child. For that, I am truly sorry. I don’t want any more fantasies. I’ve spent almost my entire sex life on fantasies. Please let me be with you. You are my truth, my reality.”

“Okay” Scully whispered running her fingertips down his back.

He touched her, when she was ready again he entered her. Taking her hand he held it to his chest, placing his other hand on her heart. He leaned his forehead against hers, keeping eye contact. “This is what I want. This is my home. Connected to you in every way, penetrating every ounce of me. We are beautiful together Scully.”

A tear fell down her temple and hit the pillow, “Mulder.”
You Know Me So Well

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Scully drags Mulder to the mall. Mulder and Scully ponder over the implications of knowing someone as well as they know each other and the effects in the long run. Events in this chapter center around the episode "Theef". All quotes from this episode and references do not belong to me.

Mulder held a skirt up to his chin, “Do you think this color matches my eyes?”

Scully rolled hers and continued shopping.

Mulder was pretending to flip through some clothes. “Scully, I can’t believe you dragged me to the mall on a Sunday.”

“I dragged you? You ripped one of my favorite skirts and now I have to have it replaced. You’re the one that tagged along” She stated feigning irritation as she continued thumbing through sizes.

“Hey Scully, you remember when you were little and your mom would take you to a clothing store and you would play fort under the clothes racks?” Mulder held up a dress as if he was considering trying it on.

“My mom wasn’t crazy enough to drag three Navy brats around a store all day” Scully said as she wandered over to the jeans.

Mulder started fidgeting with a mannequin and its head rolled off onto the table. He picked it up and tried to put it back on but it toppled to the floor. Defeated, he kicked it with his foot under the display and began whistling while he walked guiding her away from the mannequin. “Why don’t we go pay for this and head to the food court?” Mulder suggested.

“Let me try these on first.” She headed into the dressing room and Mulder slumped into a chair. When she emerged she modeled for him looking at him through the top of each shoulder. The floral blue dress made her eyes dance as it flowed and swayed sweeping her ankles, the daffodils accentuating the satin glow of her skin.

His heart skipped a beat, “You’re radiant.”

Before leaving the department store Mulder had to stop to try on a multitude of hats and sunglasses. “What do you think Scully, the Raybans or the Oakleys?”

“I think you need to take off that beret. It does not become you.”

“What if I went with a flat cap?” Mulder said placing it on his head.

“I don’t know I kind of liked you in the fedora.”

Scully put on a beanie cap and Mulder laughed. “You looked hot in that top hat in California.”
She placed the beanie back and tried a wide brimmed dress hat with large dark brown sunglasses.

“Now that’s you.” Mulder said fondly.

After Scully paid for her clothes they headed over to the food court. Scully paused at the pet store window to stare at the puppies. She looked at Mulder with sad eyes and a pout. “I want another dog.”

“Considering the fate of the last one, I’m not sure our line of work is fit for a dog.”

“But I enjoyed the companionship and besides, they’re so cute. It’s nice to have someone to come home to. Someone who depends on you.”

“You can come home to me, I depend on you.”

“Somehow it’s not the same thing. Although you do shake your leg when I scratch you behind the ears.”

Scully walked over to the open top cage at the store’s entrance and picked up one of the golden retriever puppies. She held it up to Mulder, “Come on’. Tell me you don’t want one.”

“I don’t want one. I hardly remember to feed and bathe myself.” The dog leapt from Scully’s arms into Mulder’s and started licking his face. He started laughing, petting its head. “It is a cute little guy, I’ll give him that”

Scully didn’t know which one looked cuter as the dog snuggled underneath Mulder’s chin. Mulder saw that look in her eyes and put the puppy back in the pen before he did something he would regret. Scully frowned and was disappointed but didn’t speak her disapproval.

At the food court they wandered to the health food section and Mulder stepped up to the counter, “I’ll have a Philly Cheesesteak with onions and an iced tea. She’ll have the tempeh with rice cheese and Veganaise on a gluten free pita all the way including the bean sprouts with a spinach mango pineapple smoothie.”

Mulder paid and they sat down at a table. “Mulder, how would you possibly know what I would want to order?”

“Did I forget something?”

“No, but how could you know?”

Mulder swallowed his bite of cheese steak, pointing his sandwich at her, “Scully I know you like I know the script for Plan 9 From Outerspace. Like I know the number of pencils in the ceiling tiles in the office. From Bow to Stern, Starboard to port.”

Scully grimaced. “Mulder, the implications of that is unnerving. Sure, there are parts of me that you know better than anyone, but you’re implying my thoughts are not my own. That I’m predictable, my actions can be foreseen. I don’t like that at all.”

“I’m not trying to insinuate you’re not complex. You’re deeper than the Mariana Trench in the Pacific Ocean, more complex than Fermat’s Last Theorem. Still, that doesn’t mean I can’t push your buttons easier than my Sony Walkman.”

“Can you please stop with the similes and hyperboles? I’m starting to get nauseous.” Scully was playing with the straw in her shake.
“My point is I can read you, but you can read me too. You know me better than anyone else in the world. If I wanted to get any closer, we’d need an operation. That kind of intimacy is rare.” Mulder sipped his iced tea.

“You make it sound like we’re an old married couple. That I’ll never be able to surprise you again. That you already know the answer to every question.” Scully looked bothered.

Mulder shrugged, “At least we won’t die from spontaneous combustion.”

Scully just couldn’t let it drop. “If I can’t keep you guessing at what point will we become blasé? We can already complete each other’s sentences. How do you keep a spark going when you can read each other’s minds, feelings? We’ll go stale.”

“We’ll just have to find a way to keep each other guessing.” Mulder crumbled up his wrapper and grabbed his cup as he stood pointing at Scully’s food. “Now wrap up the other half of that sandwich. You’re going to want it later when you’re craving Chinese food while you’re soaking in your bubble bath with a glass of wine, a good book and classical music on the stereo about … 7 o’clock tonight.”

“Fine, Whatever” They both said in unison.

“Shut up Mulder” They said in unison again.

They both flicked their tongue out and back in, licking their upper lip giving each other the condescending Scully.

“Come on” He said putting his arm around her, “Let’s go pick out some matching rocking chairs.”

+  

Another long flight to California. Mulder was beginning to think he could save the Bureau money if they got an apartment out here. The thought of him and Scully spending their nights staring out at the deep blue sea throwing back a couple cold ones with the television playing the Knicks in the background made him all warm inside. Maybe that was too extravagant. He could pass on the beer as long as she lounged around all day in her bikini. Scully noticed Mulder had a glazed look on his face and was grinning like a schoolboy, “What’s going through that head of yours Mulder?”

Mulder grabbed her hand and held it between the two of his, “I thought we already established that we know what each other is thinking. Maybe one day we won’t even have to talk Scully, just use telepathy.”

Scully went back to looking at the file on her lap, “You were having that bikini fantasy again weren’t you. Mulder, me sauntering around the house dusting and cooking for you in a bikini is not going to happen in this lifetime.”

Mulder lifted his eyebrows, “So it’s still a possibility then…”

Scully sighed, she was game for a little back and forth, “probably in the parallel dimension.”

Mulder acted excited, “I knew it.” One of his favorite pastimes had always been flirting with Scully. He even wore his dark blue/gray shirt with matching charcoal tie just because she said it made him look regal. Scully, on the other hand, was wearing a black ribbed shirt under her black suit that showed just a hint of cleavage, but given his height teased him oh so well.

When they arrived at the residence the letters “THEEF” were prominently displayed on the wall.
Mulder was still very much in a jovial mood. It was Scully’s fault. They had once again shared an unbelievably amazing night leaving him to worship her for the goddess she was. There was nothing about Scully he didn’t love. He even loved the things about her that drove him crazy. Not to mention the things she did to him that drove him crazy. He pursed his lips doing his best Scully impersonation, “Mulder, why are we here?” Didn’t she know imitation was the sincerest form of flattery?

She was being playful sexy Scully today. That made him a very happy Fox. She replied to him, “To be fair, I might have used the words Mulder, how is this an x-file?”

He smiled, “You see that Scully, you always keep me guessing.” And she was worried their relationship would get stale. It also helped that he couldn’t seem to keep his eyes from wandering down to temptation alley. Knowing how good they felt as well as looked didn’t help matters. They headed up to the bedroom to examine some dirt in the shape of a human. Hex craft at its best.

“…You mean murdering them magically?” Scully asked sincerely.

“That’s what it looks like to me, now I know what you’re going to say Scully….”

“No, hexcraft, no I’ll buy that as the intent here certainly jives with the evidence. I say we talk to the family.” Scully turned towards Mulder before leaving the room, nodding her head at him. “I’ll always keep you guessing.”

He couldn’t help but smile and laugh to himself. She was a fighter, especially when it was proving him wrong. Even if it meant jumping to the paranormal to prove him wrong about the predictability in their relationship.

+ Mulder entered the forensics lab to let Scully know the latest and greatest on the dirt findings.

“Conjure dust. It’s one of the most powerful hexing elements, whether for good or evil; not the kind of stuff you want to be on the wrong end of.” Mulder explained.

“Uh-huh.” She replied in deep concentration, her eyeballs pressed against her microscope.

Mulder didn’t want the game to end. He was having too much fun and for some reason he found it heavily dosed in eroticism, “Go ahead Scully, keep me guessing.” That’s right Scully give it to me good. Oh and I know you can.

“Kuru” she said matter-of-factly.

A disease. And the thrill is gone.

Back at the motel, Mulder recounted the events of the previous night at his apartment in his head and wondered if he could convince Scully of a repeat. He opened the door to the adjoining room in his boxers while brushing his teeth. “Hey Scully, you still want to keep me guessing?” He asked leaning on the doorframe trying to do his best imitation of an Abercrombie and Fitch model. He removed the toothbrush from his mouth while he watched her type on her laptop at the edge of the bed.

Scully replied without looking up, “I’m guessing you’ll be sleeping alone tonight.”

“See, and I was thinking the exact opposite.” He said with a grin.

“Mulder, I have work to do. You are going to go back to your room and we are going to finish this
case, get back to D.C., and then we can re-evaluate your sleeping arrangements.” She looked at him without lifting her head from the laptop as a smile formed on her face.

“Well can I at least get a kiss goodnight?” He just couldn’t help himself.

“Goodnight Mulder.” She said closing her laptop, “You know as well as I do that there’s no such thing as a simple kiss goodnight. Our lips touch and well, you know very well what happens..” She looked at him and lifted her eyebrow.

He contemplated her statement. “Okay, okay. See you in the morning.” He put his toothbrush back in his mouth and headed back into his room closing the door behind him.

+ 

After they said their parting words to the doctor and his daughter, Mulder and Scully discussed their final thoughts on the case next to Peattie, now hooked up to a respirator in the USF Medical Center.

“You’re wondering if maybe Peattie could have saved her life?” Mulder asked very surprised.

As Scully left the room, Mulder whispered to himself, “You do keep me guessing.” His mind began to reel. Maybe it wasn’t a matter of how well he knew her. Maybe his own assumptions about her clogged his mind creating false conclusions. There were so many layers to Scully, so much more that he had yet to uncover and as their experiences changed them, it also brought them closer. It may take until eternity for him to go through them all in order to understand them, appreciate them the way he wanted to. She was not layered like an onion, but like a canvas, with several paintings created over each other. To remove one masterpiece only to see another, forming a new more beautiful array, while life continued to add brush strokes of its own. And maybe he had added some brush strokes to that canvas as well and her experiences with him had opened her mind as she had with his? Maybe it was always inside her? Was it possible that all they had been sharing was creating one solid bond taking parts of each of them transforming them in the process?

+ 

When Mulder was back at his apartment he unpacked his suitcase and removed the Poppet that Peattie had made of Scully. He carefully placed the doll into a small white linen bag sprinkling sea salt inside until the doll was covered. Looking at it one last time, he set the bag in the back of his underwear drawer for safe keeping until the time was right to perform a ritual to properly remove any curses or power it may still have contained. He closed the drawer and headed out for a run.

+ 

Rounding the corner in the park, Mulder heard his cell phone ring. “Mulder.”

“Good Evening Mulder, its Garrison.”

“Garrison, it’s good to hear from you.”

“I’ve made a lot of headway on the items you sent me. I may have some leads for you.”

“I hadn’t heard from you in so long, I thought you might have reached a dead end.”

“I’ve been in Africa performing interviews and research for the past couple months. I still have some more gathering to do, but we should be able to meet in the next 3-4 weeks.”

“Great. Let me know when you’re ready and I’ll start making arrangements.”
“Have a good night Mulder. Take Care.”

“You too.” Mulder hung up his cell and continued his run.
A Matter of Trust

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

CGB has taken Scully on a trip. This is from Mulder's POV and his anguish. All references from this chapter are from the episode En Ami.

Chapter Notes

Two Chapters away from "All Things". I am both nervous and excited.

Betrayed. Liar. Words dressed as daggers piercing their bond. A vice squeezed tightly around her heart as she retreated back to her place alone.

4 hours earlier

The time on the VCR clock glowed in a blue haze but stood firm. The walls seemed to bow inward as if holding its breath for her arrival as the fan blades performed another pointless rotation pushing nonexistent air. The room was filled with the smell of stale food and foreboding. Mulder was frantic to see her. Her voice on the other end of the phone was not enough to prove she had survived unscathed. The basketball in his hands already told the story scarred by his fingerprints as he waited. Another minute ticked by only to taunt him with her absence. His head was swimming from worry and lack of sleep. He felt her presence before he heard the knock on the door, breath escaping him at the sight of her. Taken aback by her beauty, his first instinct was to whisk her away to a castle keeping her far from harm. The next thought was she would probably harm him for that thought. Too independent sometimes for her own good. And his. He threw his arms around her as if they were life preservers. “Scully, where have you been? What happened?” She squeezed him tight in response and he was lost in her. His strong athletic arms yearning to carry the weight of her fears. There were moments within the past days when he wasn’t sure he would get the privilege of being able to hold her again. They had to talk this out, simple physical contact would not suffice this time and their ability to communicate with words had always been a struggle. He heard the rumble of the beginnings of a thunderstorm as he invited her in. They retreated to the couch.

As she told her tale Mulder’s stomach churned. He was silent until she finished. She pleaded to his better judgment. “This could save mankind.” “It’s the answer to everything.” “You would have done the same.” “I did what I thought was best.” “I tried to keep you with me the whole time.” “I mailed you tapes of all the conversations.” For Mulder, her statements were altruistic, matching the Scully he knew – kind, pure, innocent, full of love for mankind. In contrast, his heart darkened with each response, for underneath it all, the stench of evil remained.

He had one thought echoing in his mind while he stared outward, squinting, time blurring on the VCR. A lump formed in his throat as he squeaked out the question, “What did he do to you?”

Scully’s expression was one of confusion, “Mulder, what do you mean? He didn’t hurt me if that’s
what you’re asking.”

Mulder’s hands shook, he ran them down his thighs so she didn’t see, the coarse texture of his jeans heating his fingertips. He continued the inquisition failing to keep his anger at bay, “Did he lay his hands on you?”

“Mulder no.” As she spoke he could almost see the butterflies hatching inside her stomach.

Pain grew in his chest as he made his accusation knowing he couldn’t take it back as it left his lips, “Are you sure? Or are you going to tell me another lie?”

The hurt expression on her face was tearing at his soul. She was visibly nervous, her eyes averted his. “There was a moment. I fell asleep in the car and when I woke up I was in pajamas in a bed. He claimed he was the one who put me there and I had only fallen asleep from exhaustion.”

It was something from a nightmare. Mulder felt the bile rise up in his throat as he said the words, “He touched you.”

Her face was contorting as if the butterflies’ wings were flapping trying to break free of her stomach, “I guess. To change my clothes.” The conversation was playing out an excruciatingly painful movie in slow motion in his head. Mulder couldn’t believe this was happening. As if their relationship was tangible and crumbling through his fingers. He rose from the couch, looking down at her. How did she let him in so easily? Anger consumed him as the volume of his voice began to rise, “He saw you. Saw you in a way that belongs to me. He removed your clothing. Dressed you. How do you know he didn’t do anything else to you?”

“If he did Mulder, I would know that” Scully looked terrified. He didn’t know how they got to this place and got there so quickly. Mulder took a deep breath and tried to steady himself pressing his palms together he brought his fingertips to his lips as if in deep thought. He forced himself to calm down not wanting to hurt or scare her, “Did he drug you?”

“I found no evidence of anything in my system. Mulder, I’m fine, no harm was done to me. Maybe it was bad judgment or maybe I saved mankind. I didn’t do anything that you wouldn’t have done in the same situation. I weighed everything and realized the risks were worth it.”

Uncontrollable anger rose up inside him, his fists clenched, his face was beat red as he shouted at her, “HE TOUCHED YOU!” He turned away from her staring at the palms of his hands. He was losing control and he no longer cared about sparing her feelings. In a lower voice he continued saying words he had previously only thought in his head, “He touched you. You are mine Scully. No one else gets to look at you the way I do. No one else gets to touch you. Not like that.” He shocked himself with how brazen he was with his words and it was obvious Scully was completely taken aback by his possessiveness. Scully had a look of shock come across her face as she stood from the couch to face him.

Mulder was pacing, his voice rising again, “No, don’t Mulder me. Not this time. He took you from me. Again. He just takes you and returns you whenever he wants.” He knew he was out of line, she was not a possession and he was talking about her like she was a bag of sunflower seeds. At the same time he believed in the far reaches of her mind, she secretly wanted him to claim her. Scully had a look of shock come across her face as she stood from the couch to face him.
wood. “I could have lost you… I couldn’t reach you, couldn’t find you. You left me…” Visions of CGB brushing her hair out of her eyes, stroking her face, taking in her beauty then ending her life.

He fell to his knees at her feet, uncontrollable anger blurring his vision. His arms slid around her waist as he rested his head on her lower abdomen. He begged for an answer, “How could you let him do this?”

A comforting hand came across the top of his head. The touch was gentle, loving, soothing, healing and infuriating. Mulder jumped up onto his feet shaking his head backpedaling, “No. You don’t get to do that. Not right now. You betrayed me!” He turned away and turned back his arms flailing, “You tuned me out. I couldn’t feel you. Couldn’t reach you. You hurt me and you risked us.”

He couldn’t look at her anymore. Couldn’t be in the same room. He walked into the kitchen to escape, but dirty dishes mocked him with remnants of food they had once shared. Out of the corner of his eye he watched her flinch as each one crashed against the porcelain sink.

She followed into the kitchen with her voice raised, “How is it that you get to take the chances Mulder? You run hell bent into the night without a thought, but I don’t get the same privilege? How many times have you confronted the smoking man, but I do it and its blasphemy?”

Mulder pounded his fists on the kitchen countertop pointing at her as he yelled. “Risking my life and risking yours are two totally different things”

Scully’s face flushed, her neck as scarlet as her hair. “How is that Mulder?”

He stared into the sink remaining silent, imagining the sharp edges of the broken ceramic cutting into the throat of old CGB his blood spilling onto the counter like tomato soup.

Scully was not giving up, “Answer me? How is that? Because I’m a woman?”

Mulder shook his head. His precious Scully did not know her value to this world. He answered her in a normal tone, “No, that’s not it. You know me better than that.”

“How is that then? Because I love you more than I love myself. You are worth more to me than anything. Don’t you understand? I would give my life for you. He knows that and that’s why he takes you. He knows it will hurt me more than anything he could ever possibly do to me. Because I love you that much, he has all the control. And the only reason I’m able to stand here with you right now is because he loves you too.” He took a breath to calm himself, “Scully, I know you had good intentions. I know how convincing he can be. I know all about believing his lies. We will get past this. For now, let’s see what’s on the disc.”

By the time the Lone Gunmen arrived Mulder had worked himself up again. The only person in the world who was supposed to never let him down. He couldn’t look at her as he stood at the doorframe not able to bring himself to cross the threshold. He felt her eyes upon him, knew she was feeling foolish, that she was hurt, that he had separated them. Did she realize something irrevocable may have happened?

Mulder ran his tongue along the inside of his mouth just below his lip and then up against his cheek. He couldn’t forgive her for putting herself in danger, for lying to him. He was fuming. He wanted to cry, punch the wall, kill somebody and make love to her all at the same time. Will he be able to
When the disc was found to be blank she looked to him. He only stared at the floor. She risked their relationship for nothing. He looked up and sorrowful eyes stared back. His heart melted for her then turned to stone. He pressed his tongue hard against his bottom teeth so he didn’t start screaming at her in front of the guys.

After they stopped by the Smoking Man’s offices only to find them empty, Mulder played through the emotions in her eyes with empathy. So many times Cancer Man had put him through that same ringer. He could have prevented all of this if she would have come to him. As soon as CGB told her she had to keep him out of it, she should have known not to do it. Now she got to taste the bitterness for herself. He set it up to divide them and succeeded.

They drove back to his apartment in silence. The day had been a long one and he needed to be alone. He drove up alongside her car and turned off the ignition.

“Mulder, why do you think I’m still alive?”

He sighed and ran his hands along the steering wheel. “I really believe the plan was for you to be killed. I think he looked into your eyes and it was just as you said. He longed for something he could never have. You made him a better person. I know how you’re able to do that.” He sighed again and looked up at the sky, his eyes welling up. “Scully, I know you did what you thought was right. I know he conned you and I’ve been there. The part I’m having trouble with is you lied to me, you plotted to purposefully leave me out. You risked our trust and our friendship. Maybe you didn’t realize it at the time. Maybe you thought the tapes would be enough, but trusting you isn’t something I take lightly.”

“I don’t know what you want me to say. I can’t take it back. Do you want me to apologize?”

“No.”

They sat in silence until Scully gathered the courage to ask the question, “Are we going to be alright?”

He needed her to get out of the car, his eyes were starting to leak and if he didn’t leave now, he never would. He croaked out in a faint whisper, “I don’t know.”
Mulder and Scully attend the Baptism of Sheila and Holman's baby. There is still friction as Mulder has yet to overcome the wreckage left by CGB. Scully once again questions how there could be a future to their relationship if it can never be out in the open due to their working relationship. This time they actually share a dance.

Turbulence. Scully hated turbulence. She released her grip on the arm rest and stared at her nails checking her capillary refill rate out of habit. Closing her eyes she resumed praying the rosary to calm her nerves. While reciting one of the Hail Marys in her head, she paused to ponder if now was the hour of her death. Mulder was distracted, passing the time playing with the Gameboy Langly lent him for the trip and listening to Moby’s latest album Play. Without looking at her, he took the earbud out of his ear and held it out as an offering, “Want to listen?”

She was too tense to do anything other than pray right now knowing the puddle jumper was their next flight. She smiled politely, “Thank you, but I’m fine.” Of course, she was anything but fine. Scully was spending recent days up in the bullpen while Mulder stayed in the basement buried in his work. She had given him an out if he didn’t want to spend the weekend together, but he insisted that he wanted to see Holman.

The forecast for the weekend in Kroner Kansas was sunny with no chance of rain. That didn’t stop the last leg of their flight from hitting convective air currents. As her knuckles whitened, Mulder placed his hand over hers patting it and smiled. “I know you’re not a big fan of bumpy flights.”

While the plane landed, Mulder glimpsed out the window to see Holman waiting for them grinning ear to ear. As they stepped out Holman grabbed Mulder’s hand and shook it heartily. “I am so glad you two could make it. Sheila is just thrilled. Come on and I’ll drive you to your hotel.” Scully interrupted, “I already booked two rooms at the Cool View Motor Home.”

“Oh no. We wouldn’t have it.” Holman replied, “I got you a room at the Honeymoon cottages down the road. It’s on the town. We insist. After all you did for us the last time you were here it’s the least we could do. You two are like celebrities.” Scully looked at Mulder nervously, but he was all smiles and threw his arm around her giving her shoulder a squeeze as he responded, “Thank you Holman. It’s perfect.” It was slightly reminiscent of their days as Rob and Laura Petrie.

“Agent Mulder it’s so good to see you. I’m so glad you came.” Sheila hugged him so long Mulder had to let out a nervous laugh as he looked over at Scully who lifted her eyebrows at him crossing her arms.

Holden saw the exchange and pulled his wife off of him clearing his throat in the process. A sheepish grin came across Mulder’s face. “Sheila we’re off the clock. I’d say we’re good enough friends that you can call me Fox now.”
“Okay Fox” She said still pining.

“Yes and please call me Dana” Scully held her hand out, but Sheila went in for the hug.

Sheila put her hands together as if she was praying, “Fox and Dana. Holman told me you finally woke this guy up” she said winking, pointing a thumb at Mulder.

“Well actually…” Scully started which Mulder quickly interrupted flashing her a smile, “Scully, you did throw yourself at me.” Scully was frowning, but Sheila was nodding like that would be a perfectly logical scenario not taking her eyes off Mulder.

Sheila interrupted the uncomfortable silence. “I want to see you two kiss” She was simply giddy.

Mulder lifted his eyebrows at Scully looking for her approval. She shrugged at him and they gave each other an awkward peck on the lips.

Sheila frowned, “No, come on, I mean a real kiss.”

Mulder found this all very amusing, turning to face Scully and pulling her into him. Scully closed her eyes bracing herself for the inevitable electricity. Their full lips met slightly parted. Even though they kept it chase she felt it through her body getting high just from the taste of him. She noticed him swallow hard, his eyes at half-mast as they pulled away. Scully shrugged off her feelings and straightened her posture.

“That’s more like it. It’s just great to see the two of you happy.” Sheila excused herself when she heard the baby wake up from his nap. She returned holding a sweet little baby boy and handed him to Mulder. Mulder’s eyes were on her as she played with the baby. She looked his way and he gave her a warm smile that filled her heart.

Holman saw Mulder’s reaction and added, “So when is it your turn?”

Mulder laughed giving Scully a knowing look. “Well, I’m all for it, but you know Scully, she wants to practice first.”

She returned the baby to Sheila who handed him to Mulder. Within a few minutes he was bouncing the baby and making funny faces. The baby was laughing and giggling, trying to grab at his nose. The scenario was a little too much for Scully to handle. She remembered how incredible he was with those little girls named Eve years ago, the amazing way he was with Emily, and how easily they fell into the parental role. A momentary flash of them as a family went through her mind which she quickly brushed away. What were they to each other anyway? A romantic relationship that hid in the shadows. They weren’t a couple, in fact, they weren’t even very good partners at the moment given the friction of the past few days. Scully excused herself to the bathroom.

Soon after they headed back to the hotel to freshen up and unpack. Holman explained that everyone would be meeting at the bar by the indoor pool around five. They were bringing over food since they had relatives driving in and they were staying there as well. He thought it would be a nice night for a gathering and they were invited. Mulder told him they would try to stop by and they left.

When they arrived at the hotel the man at the desk referred to them as Mr. and Mrs. Mulder which Mulder failed to correct as he was handed the room key. The room had a king size bed with a kitchenette, in the corner was a heart shaped hot tub, and a double vanity bathroom with a large shower. Definitely not like their previous accommodations.

Scully spoke first, “How will this work Mulder? We’ve got one bed. I’m guessing we’re not sharing it. I’ll get a cot.” “Scully, we can sleep in a bed together. Let’s make it through the weekend
and we can worry about our own problems later."

The Indoor pool area was large with one end containing a volleyball net and the other end looked like the beginning of a lazy river. There was a stone façade running up the walls with simulated waterfalls and lighting all around. The bar area was made to look like a large tiki hut equipped with coconut shaped mugs for drinks and toothpick umbrellas. The air only had a hint of chlorine and wasn’t humid like you find in most indoor pool areas. The pool itself was heated and had rows of lights under the water on either side. Mulder wasted no time tossing Scully his towel and diving in. For a change he was wearing long navy blue board shorts that ended just above the knee. He motioned for her to join him, but she decided to go to the bar and see if they had any drinks to go inside the coconuts. At the bar she met Sheila’s sister from Kansas City and her two cousins. As they chatted away about kids, furniture shopping, and PTA meetings Scully glanced over to Mulder who seemed to be in a rousing game of Marco Polo with their children. No matter what the setting, he never seemed out of place. He was a type of chameleon in that respect. Except for that case in Florida where they met the sideshow people. The thought that she could fit in better with freaks was slightly unnerving. A fleeting thought escaped her. In the parallel dimension he must be an amazing father and teacher. Soft spoken and caring. Proud of everything his children accomplished. But they were in this dimension, so she ordered a drink and paid no mind to the screaming kids running around the pool.

Sheila’s arrival caused her to come back to reality. She got up to help her setup the buffet and then they called everyone to make their plates. Mulder sat down on a lounge chair placing his legs on either side. He waved Scully over. She sat on the edge of one side of his lounge chair with her plate in her lap. They made small talk with Sheila’s relatives while they ate. When Mulder saw Holman come over he got up to throw away their finished plates and returned with a coconut drink for Scully and a beer for himself and Holman. Holman shook his head and said, “I don’t drink.” Mulder replied, “Neither do I really, but it’s a special occasion.” Holman took it reluctantly and Mulder returned to his spot on the lounge chair. As he spoke to Holman he pulled Scully towards him almost as a reflex. She felt the heat of his bare chest press against her back. His arm casually draped around her waist. Maybe it was the rum or maybe the atmosphere, but Scully felt so comfortable in his arms. It was natural and relaxing. They were out in a public setting in front of people and they were acting like a normal couple. The thought of her and Mulder as a couple seemed surreal. She leaned into him and whispered, “I’m going to go change into my bathing suit. I’ll be right back. You need me to bring you back anything?” He turned to her and smiled, she couldn’t help but smile back, warmth flooding her chest. She gave him a quick kiss as she rose to leave.

Holman took a swig of his beer and made a face that had Mulder chuckling. “So Fox, how long have you and Dana been together?”

“Ever since December.”

“Wow. You finally got up the courage.”

“I told you Holman, I was perfectly fine with my friendship with Scully, but, you’re right, this is pretty good too.” They both let out a shy smile as Mulder took another sip of his beer.

“So when are you going to make an honest woman out of her? Once you found it, you don’t want to lose it.”

Mulder choked on his beer, “Look at you Holman, now who’s the expert on love. What Scully and I have is rather complicated. I think the Bureau would frown upon partners getting involved let alone getting married.”

“Well, trust a man that waited twenty years, don’t let time get the best of you. I couldn’t imagine any
career that could be worth not being with my Sheila.”

“So how is the weather game?” Mulder asked changing the subject.

“Sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows.” Holman replied very proud of himself. “Although sometimes you have to let it rain.”

Mulder glanced over by the pool, “Hey Holman, it looks like they’re picking teams for volleyball, let’s play”

“Oh, I don’t really swim, let alone play volleyball”

“Come ‘on Holman live a little. Let’s have some fun.”

When Scully returned in her bikini she noticed all the children had gone back to their rooms and only adults remained. Mulder was back in the pool with Holman who looked slightly embarrassed wearing a now very wet t-shirt. This time she agreed to jump in the pool. Scully quickly became competitive, serving hard, diving for the ball for the return. They were winning by two with one more point to end it when she called Mulder and Holden into a huddle. Mulder dropped under water, lifting her on his shoulders. As the ball was returned, Holden set the ball and Scully spiked it over to the other side. Holden was all excited and gave high fives all around. Scully felt Mulder tighten his grip on her legs sliding his hands along her soft smooth skin. The hard superior fibers of his trapezius muscle were teasing her causing an involuntary flex of her hips which she tried her best to ignore. As Mulder set her back down in the water she slid against his body and felt him rock hard against her. He tried to avert his eyes and she pretended not to notice. It was getting late and everyone slowly retired to their rooms.

Back at the hotel Scully got into bed and turned off the light. She felt his weight on the other side of the bed as he got under the covers with his back facing her. After such a good day it made her sad that she couldn’t make things right. Eventually she drifted to sleep.

+ 

Morning came quickly to find Scully bent over the vanity in the bedroom applying her makeup. She turned, in her floral blue dress, and saw Mulder coming out of the bathroom drying his hair with a towel. It caused her to blink twice, but clothes still failed to appear on his naked frame. That was one of the moments she was grateful to be a woman as he wouldn’t be able to tell the reaction she had to him. He casually walked over to his suitcase and began dressing like this was a normal scene. She refused to give him the satisfaction and concentrated on putting on her pearl stud earrings. As she went to clasp her necklace she felt his strong hands over hers. She allowed him to take over. Once the necklace was secure he ran his warm hands down to her shoulders and she felt his lips at the base of her neck. A tiny whimper escaped her. When she turned he held her tight without a word.

She broke free and grabbed her purse. “We better go.” She said stiffly.

In the church, as the baptism was performed, Mulder ran his hand up and down Scully’s back reassuringly as they stood in the pew. When they sat his hand slid into hers and every once in a while he would give it a light squeeze.

The party was held at the town community center. Sheila approached Mulder and dragged him onto the dancefloor claiming he still owed her a dance. As they swayed Sheila reiterated her appreciation. “I want to thank you again. If it wasn’t for you, Holman and I would have never gotten together, the town might have been torn apart, and we wouldn’t have our son. I will be forever grateful.”
Mulder put his head down and blushed. “Sheila, I was just doing my job. I’m just glad you and Holman are happy.”

Sheila smiled at him and said, “Don’t you think there’s another woman you owe a dance?”

Mulder smiled back, “You may be right.”

Mulder walked over to Scully and held out his hand, “May I be so honored as to have you accompany me to the dance floor?”

Scully leaned her head on his broad chest bringing her arms around his neck. Mulder’s hands skimmed down her curves resting at her hip. She closed her eyes and breathed him in. Even though the dance floor was crowded, everyone faded to the background until it was just the two of them, their eyes only noticing each other as her heart felt as if it would burst. How could she survive in a world where they weren’t connected?

Suddenly they heard Sheila let out a scream as her Aunt Sophie collapsed on the dance floor. Scully rushed over and the men struggled to carry the woman outside to get some air. After a quick head to toe exam, Scully discovered that the circulation was cut off to her legs. Quickly, Scully ripped her pantyhose as the woman vehemently protested. It was quite a scene. People were gathered around and the heavy set woman was squirming and yelling. Scully asked the crowd for some scissors or a knife. One guy with buck teeth and a Chevrolet hat handed her his pocket knife. Scully proceeded to cut the woman’s girdle. Finally, Aunt Sophie was able to exhale popping the girdle, her rolls bouncing for joy and relief. The crowd cheered as old Aunt Sophie stood back up and proceeded to get back on the dance floor asking if anyone had a swig of moonshine.

Mulder patted Scully on the shoulder. “Well G-woman, you saved the day again.”

Afterwards things quieted down and everyone had some cake. Mulder and Scully said their goodbyes to Holman and Sheila promising to keep in touch. Holman reminded Mulder again not to let too much time pass before he started shopping for a ring.

In the early morning Scully found herself wide awake staring at the contours of Mulder’s back. Unable to resist, she ran her hand along his muscular outline. Not being able to bear the distance any longer, she brought her hand around to his chest pressing her own against him. She held her breath as her hand dropped past his abs and inside his waist band. He groaned and turned to face her with a smile. “Good Morning”

She smiled at him, “Morning.” She cupped his ass and pulled him into her kissing him hard on the lips. He felt and tasted so good she didn’t know how long she could contain herself. Scully felt their bodies craving and knew they could not deny how much they needed each other. To her surprise, Mulder politely pulled away. “Scully. I can’t. I mean I can, but...I...I need to work this out in my head. I only want to be with you if everything feels right. I need you to understand, every woman that I’ve ever been close to in my life besides my sister, has betrayed me and lied to me. And they all had their reasons. I never once thought you would do that to me”. *Sigh* “I need to be able to trust you.”

“You can trust me Mulder”

“I know. I also know I have been unfair to you. I demand that you know how to react without knowing all the facts. I tell you my theories, but I seldom share with you the train of thought, the way I come about forming my hypothesis.”

“So you want to teach me.”
“Take you under my wing. Show you the way the other side thinks.”

“Swallow the blue pill?”

“Yeah. Something like that. Then hopefully we won’t get to this point again. Scully, I love you. You are my partner. We will work this out.” Gripping her hair gently, he tenderly pressed his lips to hers. His body’s response was immediate as she intensified the kiss. His mouth covered hers as their tongues fused them together. He felt her tremble against him. Not wanting to give in to the moment he forced himself to back away. Kissing her forehead, he pulled her into him holding her tight. They remained in an embrace as she fell asleep in his arms.
The Sky Is Broken

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter is based around the episode "All Things". We follow Mulder to England where he has some discoveries of his own. Scully finally accepts that her choice is Mulder. Scully and Mulder finally break down the walls between them both spiritually and emotionally. This enables them to finally open up to each other and (In my opinion) the first time they truly "make love"(not to label it with such a corny term. I like to think for them it's more than that). It is also the night William was conceived.

Chapter Notes

This is one of my favorite episodes so this one was important for me to get right. "All Things" was written and directed by Gillian Anderson and I take credit for nothing.

Two weeks of back to back work without a single day off. Two weeks they had not shared a bed or much else. Scully’s misadventures with CGB Spender resulted in total avoidance and communication breakdown. They had regressed back into their groove, although it was anything but comfortable. How could they find their way back to each other?

Mulder relapsed into ordering Scully around as if she was his personal assistant and took offense when she balked at the thought of them spending the weekend together in England. In his mind they would get a chance to hopefully experience some paranormal phenomena, show her his old stomping grounds, and roam the English countryside. Most importantly, be them again. He thought some time away from the office would help them reconnect, mend what was now in disarray. Their inability to sync wavelengths hurt him. Her words cut him as her expression and disdain for following him into the night broke his heart. He would wander alone. Maybe distance would prove cyclical and in essence center them both.

As he was packing to hop across the pond he felt the pull on his heart. In an attempt to stay connected, he called her to ask if maybe she could speak to some people for him that had different coordinates. He was using his old standby to keep her with him. Her answer vibrated in his chest, the blood oozed out as the vice tightened. The last time she took this tone she ended up with a tattoo and another notch in her belt named Ed Jerse. Even so, her voice had a softness resulting from their intimate relationship without the brass it had in past years. He knew they must resolve this when he got back before his soul became a black hole.

He called her one last time to pass information. Their talking without talking was grading. Hearing her sweet voice was a mistake.

Once in England, Mulder had the night to himself. With a cleared calendar, he thumbed through his
contacts and paused when he got to Phoebe’s number. He knew she would answer and would be eager to see him. They were now strangers and he wanted to keep it that way. Pressing the delete button he decided instead to meet up with one of his buddies from college. They were able to get the old gang together and had a great time reliving memories and laughs. That night he received a call from Garrison to setup a meeting for the following night.

Sunday morning Mulder found himself with renewed energy enjoying a brisk early morning run. The signs of spring were all around with trees and flowers starting their bloom. The sweet smell of freshly cut grass filled his nose. Before investigating the crop circles, Mulder had a mission he needed to complete. He hiked off into the woods to a waterfall he knew well. Reaching into his backpack he removed Scully’s poppet and placed it under a pile of rocks beneath the running water. This was about as far away from her home that he could get which was what was needed to remove any possible curses. He placed an offering of fruit and some coins with the doll weighing it down and hiding it from sight. Once that was done he asked the spirits of the trees and the water to transform the negative energy through the powers of the earth so no harm could ever come of it. He walked away and never looked back.

After little deliberation, the crop circles ended up being false. Total waste of time; Scully was right. By the time he met up with Garrison, he was afraid there would be more bad news. Mulder was halfway through his second beer when he saw Garrison enter the dimly lit pub. He was a stoutly man of medium height with a graying beard and mustache. His hair was slightly longer than your average professor with a thin braided rattail in the back. Mulder had become friends with Garrison while they were at Oxford years before either of them uttered the word extraterrestrial. Garrison at the time was obtaining his doctorate in astrobiology. His studies also included a minor in archeology which he later expanded to include xenoarcheology, the study of material remains used to reconstruct and interpret past life-ways of alien civilizations. He was also a member of ICAR, the international scientific community for alien research. Garrison greeted Mulder with a firm hand shake as he slid into the corner booth. “Good afternoon my friend. These are very exciting times we’re living in.” By the time the food arrived Garrison had his laptop out with papers strewn all over the table. He was speaking excitedly, hands waving about. He spoke of his interpretations of the engravings, his trips to Africa and the interviews that he conducted. He went on to confirm that the craft did in fact contain a map of the human genetic code, scripture from numerous religions, text on science, and teachings of mysticism.

Mulder was eager to hear Garrison’s opinion considering his expertise. “So I have my own theory, but why do you believe the spaceship contained the inscriptions it did?”

Garrison pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. “The facts I’ve gathered has led me to a hypothesis that the words actually give the spaceship its communication and rejuvenating powers. Several accounts depicted the alien spaceship as god like with powers belonging to that of gods. Others say it is proof positive that there is no god. The aliens are our gods. I don’t necessarily believe that the aliens are our gods, but maybe they might share “God” with us. They may have passed this down to us or we may have discovered the truths for ourselves and because it is truth we are able to share it. There are current mathematical theories out there stating God as Einstein’s lambda spoken about when he temporarily revised his theory of relativity. God creating void, producing continuous “big bangs” and universes out of that void.” Mulder shook his head as if he was clearing the dust from it and frowned. Garrison continued, “I know you want me to bring you answers and it’s only raising more questions. All that you have brought me has furthered my research and studies tremendously, but I don’t know if the proof of the truths you seek will ever be as concrete as you desire them to be. You look to translate truth into tangible proof and maybe truth is not tangible, but can only be viewed from another platform. Maybe the aliens are more evolved, but no closer to absolute truth than we are and are still searching as well.”
Mulder wanted to backtrack to their earlier discussion since the current one was causing his head to hurt. “You spoke of rejuvenating properties?”

“Now on that subject I have some data.” Garrison pulled more papers out of this files and placed them on the already cluttered table. He tried to lower his voice in case someone was listening, but the bar was now noisy with patrons. “The evidence suggests that the craft was able to rebuild and that it left on its own accord. It was difficult finding people who would discuss anything due to fear of retaliation, but there were some that spoke of fish that were once dead were now alive, people with afflictions that were healed. A man that was sterile has a wife that is expecting. It was almost as if the spaceship allowed them to exhibit the rejuvenating properties of a starfish or healing diseases like that of a shark.”

“Are you saying there was a case where the craft affected a man’s fertility? Could it have that influence on woman?”

“I know where you are headed with this as you told me of your partner’s abduction, but a man is a little different than a woman. A man is constantly producing sperm while a woman is born with a finite supply of eggs and does not produce more.”

“That has been the tenet, but I’ve been in conversations with some scientists performing experiments on mice in a lab in Massachusetts suggesting that ovarian stem cells do have the power to generate eggs during reproductive years similar to a man’s production of sperm.”

“Well, if that is true, than you might find this interesting as well. One of the pieces of the ship contained a 3x3 Magic Square. While several magic squares are in the etchings, this one gave me some pause. I know you have some background and knowledge with the belief of magic squares containing power. Pythagoras believed that numbers are the basic factors of not only the universe but of all that the universe contains. Words, numbers and symbols he considered as potential powers. The theory was when numbers were placed as opposites, their union became dynamic and tangible energy was thought to be released. Which is what seems to be happening with this craft. What I found interesting was if you look at the texts from Babylon dating back to ancient times the goddess of fertility was assigned the number 15 depicted as two squares fused together where geometrically it was a 3x3 Magic Square created by 9 cells. Interestingly, although I do not believe relevant, Special Agent Scully’s numerology number is 9. Using this theory, those 9 cells can be arranged in such a way that it can generate creative energy which then could be used to facilitate childbirth. Your partner had direct contact with the part of the ship that contained one of those 3x3 9 celled magic squares.”

“Is it possible that exposure to the ship’s power, these words, this particular magic box, could it possibly have awakened her stem cells to produce healthy eggs?” Mulder’s heart felt as though it was beating out of his chest.

“She definitely was in the presence and had contact with the part of the ship that involved texts and numbers concerning fertility. What does that mean? What conclusions can we derive from it? I’m not going to speculate or give you false hopes. The facts I gave you are all that I know. Has she tried to go down the path of ovarian stem cells?”

Mulder, previously hunched over, straightened his posture. He stared at his beer removing the condensation along the curve of the glass with his thumb. “It will be at least a decade before that is a viable option. I guess the best we can hope for is for her to go back to the doctor and see if her exposure had any effect. The exposure didn’t change the results of the last IVF treatment. I’ve also wondered if the craft could communicate or has communicated with the chip in the back of her neck. Like you said, it is all simple speculation and theory. You did fine work here Garrison. I
wish you much luck and keep me in the loop as you come to more findings and hypothesis.”

“I definitely will Fox. I could never repay you for all you have done. You have propelled my research and more importantly you have created validation for all my years of studies.”

+ 

Early Monday morning, Mulder drove to Glastonbury to purchase a protection candle. The Shaman instructed him that part of removing the negative energy is to light a protection candle for seven days. Returning to his rental he glanced at his phone to see a waiting voicemail. It was from Dr. Anderson from the university at Boston. During the last round of IVF, the doctor had indicated that Mulder had what appeared to be a surge in a certain protein in his sperm. Mulder felt that his exposure and abnormal brain activity may have contributed, but the doctor told him it would have no effect on success rates or fetal development. Even so, these results had caused him to seek answers from scientists in that field of expertise. He dialed the number to hear the voice of Anderson’s assistant. “Dr. Anderson please.” After a few minutes, Dr. Anderson answered. “Mr. Mulder, I have the results of your sperm sample. It was confirmed that you do indeed have an abnormally high amount of the protein we spoke about previously. I would like to see you in the office to discuss details. I also have updates on the latest information concerning the stem cell research you inquired about. It looks like my first open appointment is in about two weeks. You can setup the details with my assistant.”

“Thank you doc. Two weeks is a long time. Is there anything I might be able to do in the interim?”

“As I discussed with you, the higher the concentration of that protein in her system the better your chances. Continue abstaining from all activities that may result in a reduction of potency and you want to engage in intercourse on an every other day schedule. The only other thing I could advise is making sure there is proper natural lubrication. I have read a publishing theorizing female orgasm prior to male release may stimulate ovulation and assist with conception but most of those studies were done on pigs. I will prepare all the information for our appointment when I can elaborate.”

“I’ve been doing all of that. Is there anything else, anything at all?”

“Pray.

“Pray? I wouldn’t have thought you to be a religious man.”

“I’m not. It’s not a question of the existence of God, it’s the belief in God. There are several studies that prayer and the act of the belief in God has produced results: Longer life, cancer remissions, and other deemed miracles. Some attribute it to a divine power others claim biased sampling. Either way, the mind is a very powerful tool.”

“At this point, I’m ready to try it all. Thanks doc. See you in a couple weeks.” He pressed the end button on his cell phone and headed towards the Glastonbury Thorn and the Abbey Ruins. There contained the Chalice Well, a well that never ran dry, where it was rumored the Holy Grail laid. It was said that Jesus visited there and it may have been where Mary and Joseph were buried. It was also the place of a yearly pilgrimage.

Once he reached the top he stood in awe of the beautiful view. Wandering around he found himself in front of the Our Lady of Glastonbury shrine where Catholics came to pray. He opened the heavy door and peered in. Inside was a beautiful statue of St. Mary of Glastonbury as well as two intricate tapestries on either side of the statue. It was inspiring and he felt himself drawn. Once in the Shrine, Mulder instinctively lit a candle and knelt in the pew to pray. For him, the motivation was simply to help with more positive energy. The last time he had done this was 1993. He had been holding a
picture of his sister and cried for her return, for God to help him find what he had lost. Today he found himself in there for Scully, for the two of them, for all negative energy to be lifted from her from all the tragedies that had befallen. He meditated on all that had happened in his life. He began to pray, pray to the God for which his faith had faltered for which he no longer had room for belief in. His mind led him to pray with all his being that somehow he could give Scully a child. That if he couldn’t save his sister, he might save her. He prayed for a miracle. Prayed to be a strong enough man, for God to forgive him so she may get what she needed. Prayed that their love would be enough to create this miracle. He fought back the tears that burned his eyes. It was time to go home.

On the plane home, he reflected on what Garrison had said concerning the craft and its communication and rejuvenation properties. It explained some and coincided with his theories as well, but to hope it may have affected Scully was not enough. He decided he would delve further into the trials the scientists in Massachusetts were undertaking and see if there was a more viable avenue.

Mulder reclined back in his chair and closed his eyes as Moby expanded his mind through his earbuds. Speak to me Scully. What we have is deeper than love. I know the way you feel. Speak to me.

Mulder found himself blown away sitting on the couch in his apartment. Scully had a transformation of her own while he was wandering the English countryside. He glanced over to find that she had succumbed to sleep. He brushed the hair from her face and watched her a moment, taking in her beauty, letting his love for her fill his heart before tucking her in the blanket Albert Hosteen had given him after saving his life years ago. He got up to head to the bathroom.

After turning down the bed and brushing his teeth he returned and lifted her up to carry her to the bedroom. As he picked her up the Navajo blanket fell to the floor and she stirred. “Mulder, what time is it? Did I fall asleep while we were talking?”

“It’s okay. They’ll be time to talk in the morning.” He laid her down in the bed and got in, facing her tucking them both underneath the comforter.

She stared at him with eyes wide open as he began to speak. “We’ve had a turmoil of a relationship Scully,” he pushed the hair out of her eyes, “but not without reason. Mr. CGB only teetered the scales. There were all our struggles trying to have a baby, my relentless search for the truth… there’s our communication issues,” he smiled shyly, “I guess we didn’t solve it stacking all those dead bodies. Whatever it is has been, I will do what it takes to make you happy.”

“Mulder, I know we’ve been at odds with each other. I get frustrated at how much you ask of me and your assumptions that I will just blindly follow. I take responsibility for that. I’m not communicating and then I run away and lash out.” She ran her tongue over her lips and continued, “I believe what happened to me this weekend was necessary because it gave me the opportunity to close my past, take account for my decisions to go to the FBI, to leave medicine, put aside all the things that weighed on my mind and held me back. It also gave me the ability to open up a whole spiritual world on my own. You could have given me this guidance, but it was important that I went down this path myself. It allowed me to see the order of things, how one event in life leads to another, the cause and effect and the cyclical aspect of human life, of spiritual life. It brought me to a sense of peace. How even though it was a journey I needed to go alone in order to find myself, it led me to you.” Her eyes sparkled at him and she continued, “We spoke about heart chakra. How Daniel’s energy channels were blocked. I believe ours were too. Carrying all our baggage around with us could have been clogging our energy channels.”

“Scully, when I was in England, I went to a church and prayed.”
“You what? Are you serious?”

“Yes. I just found myself there and at the time it felt right.”

“What a week. I move into the paranormal spiritual world and you start praying.”

“When you talk about things weighing on you… you mean about motherhood?”

“Part of it. I think about motherhood all the time. How the consequences of my choices prevented me from giving life.”

“Scully, if a soul is meant to grace this earth, it will and no one can stop it.”

“I want to be a mother. At this point in my life I desire to have a family of my own. On the other hand, I keep saying that’s what I want, but I keep going down a road that leads to the opposite.” She paused. She knew her words were tearing him apart. She saw the dread in his eyes and knew the moment had come. “Mulder, if there truly is a greater intelligence at work here, that everything happens for a reason. Fate may have brought us together and destiny may have led us down this path as part of some grand design, but tonight is about choice. My choice is to be with you. I am living my truth. What is terrifying to me is there could have been a world where we didn’t exist together.”

“I believe we would have found each other no matter what.”

“I said this years ago and I’ll say it again. I wouldn’t change a thing.”

“Then believe. Believe Scully. Open yourself to the possibility of a miracle. I will believe with you. Wish upon the star. Pray to the gods. Pray to yourself. Look inside yourself and find the way.”

“Mulder you’re talking fairy tales.”

“I’m talking us.” He grabbed her hand. “Let’s do the impossible. I will pray and you will open your mind”

“And what do I do if I fail.”

“Then adopt.”

“Mulder, we’ve been down this road. They’re not going to give a baby to an unmarried FBI agent.”

“There are ways around that too.” He paused as she gave him a puzzled look. “Scully, we’ve got to try. I won’t give up.”

“That is why I love you Mulder.” She could feel the tears starting to form.

“Scully.” Her mere name communicating volumes as it always had. He’s not sure she knew what she just said. What it meant to him to hear it. His heart stopped in anticipation of her next words.

“It’s true. After all the years I’ve fought against it. After all the years of trying to convince myself we were only friends. I don’t know how it happened, but I am totally and completely, head over heels in love, with Fox Mulder.”

“So out of the two of us, it turns out that you are the one that’s crazy.” He smiled at her. “You know these past months I’ve let go of my baggage with my family, made peace with my sister’s abduction, and now you seem to have done the same on your journey. Maybe there’s a reason. Maybe we needed this to complete our own journey with each other.” He held his hand to her face. “I love you Scully. I would break every law on this earth including that of man, science, and God himself if it
means giving you what you want.”

“I want you Mulder.”

When their lips met something stirred inside her. His tongue pressed alongside hers and a warmth flooded her system, as it grew, turning molten. Melting away any protective layers left, she surrendered herself to his emotions. With each piece of clothing removed her need for him grew until she needed him like air in her lungs. His fingertips stroked her through the silken fabric of her bra, current passing through them into her heart, her chest heaving craving his touch. Moans escaped her and he swallowed them whole, removing her remaining clothing. Her hands rested on his chiseled jaw as his lips massaged her own. He kneaded her breasts, lightening charging inside them. As the pads of his fingertips brushed her nipples electricity bolted through her causing her to break the kiss gasping for air. His dark eyes were locked onto her soul and Scully was more alive than she had ever been. She wanted him to know it was different now. “Mulder, I’ve never felt like this before.” She sounded almost frightened. He stroked her face, then her hair. “We’re going down a new road Scully. Together.” Her heart was pounding, scared, but wanting. Resting his fingertips on the back of her head he parted his lips joining his mouth to hers.

The trees rustled against the window as if their power had awakened them. Thunder rose up inside her, a moaning sigh escaped her. Their seemingly casual touches in the past had always been their secret source of communication, connecting them in a way no one else could comprehend. Now as his lips moved against hers, their bodies became a mere medium to the soul. Skin upon skin speaking to her to take him home. Mulder cupped her face changing the angle of the kiss. They both broke to moan in unison, their eyes heavy and full of this new revelation, every cell pounding out pleasure. Their tongues met again and they were gone. Their bodies writhing against each other. The coarse hairs of his legs tickling the smooth silkiness of her own. Their hands memorizing every line and curve stimulating in resounding ecstasy. They kissed until they must breathe, panting hard. He was holding her tight enough to weld them together and she felt him straining, long and thick and unbelievably hard. Scully felt a deep ache between her thighs calling, craving completeness. Mulder let out a long moan as his body answered hot and throbbing against her. His chest was heaving. “I feel you calling me.” She nodded as more heat began to build and she was now aching steadily for him. “Mulder, it’s time,” She said frantically her breath escaping her. Remaining on their sides he lifted the back of her knee until her leg rested on his hip. They joined together and a relief washed over them. He was home. Nothing physical or spiritual separating them. She squeezed him inside her holding him still and he closed his eyes and moaned, sweat beading along his brow. Scully squeezed again tighter and Mulder let out another moan and smiled, she had him. She branded his soul. He couldn’t take his eyes off of her as he lost himself deep inside. They began a slow sensual pace bonding the broken shattered pieces of themselves. His body brushing against hers igniting layers of energy.

The emotions bubbling up inside felt so good they hurt. The pleasure of Mulder was intoxicating, all consuming. He was inhabiting her soul and she had the door wide open. A tear fell down her cheek and he quickly kissed it away. She knew they never had to say it. It was spoken every time she uttered his name. The same as she knew every time her name left his lips. Another vessel of communication for their mind and soul, but tonight she wanted him to hear those words. “I love you Mulder.”” She was grasping tight at his back as she felt the current of her words course through his body. He returned her vow, “Scully, I’m yours.” He rocked her onto her back remaining inside her and clasped their hands tight together. With each long slow thrust they moaned as one. Their breath labored. It was then that it happened. Voluntarily, they began their transcendence, occupying a shared consciousness binding them together through eternity. The intensity was blinding. In her mind she wondered if he could feel her the way she felt him. He answered, “Scully, I always feel you, especially tonight.” Mulder’s lips were upon hers again, his tongue sweeping into her mouth as they rode their emotions, the magic that is them bleeding through each other, hitting nerve endings
they didn’t know existed. Chests rising and falling quickly, pulses racing. They felt the build deep inside and knew it was going to be more than they could handle. Not taking their eyes off each other, he gripped her hands tighter as her legs hugged his waist, her heart fusing to his. Their bodies tightened simultaneously. Time stood still as every pore cried out. Scully flexed around him drawing him in as the waves shook her fiercely, the power driving her under certain she would pass out. Mulder’s warmth seeped into her core and he screamed her name.

She stared at him as they slowly recovered, emotions flowing in and out of them. Their electricity still pulsing in the air. She palmed his face lovingly caressing his cheek with her thumb. He was still deep inside her and she wasn’t ready to let go, “I do love you.” As she said it her heart flooded again and she pulsed around him. “Mulder, you’re still..” His expression changed to one of soothing passion. “I know.” He kissed her nose. “I’m not quite ready for this to be over.”

Their lips claimed each other once more, his tongue taking long strides as it breached her mouth. Her body quivered underneath him as he began again. She matched his stride with a rhythm uniquely theirs. He took such care, a tenderness only they knew, creating a new kind of intimacy. He looked into her soul as he spoke, her eyes the color of the heavens, “Scully, take everything I am until there’s nothing left.” In the moment she locked onto his eyes and concentrated on the feeling of him moving inside her.

She spoke from within, “It’s you Mulder. It has always been you.” It was him with every hand that covered the other in a dark room in front of a reel to reel, over a table of sorrow in a dingy diner leafing through his sister’s journal, in a van facing imminent danger. Over every hospital bed, every intimate brush of bodies in passing. It was every look, every time their eyes communicated what their mouths failed. It was him with the sound of a voice, a name on the other side of a phone. Every touch in a car, squeeze of a hand, every time they held each other’s arm in pain, in laughter. Every joke, every playful exchange of banter. Every time they followed each other into the dark. Every time they ran their hands down each other’s back consoling, sharing their own private gravitational pull. The affection in a single kiss on the forehead, fingers caressing a head, a face, across lips more intimate than sex. Shared truths, a shared trust, smiles, tears. For every laugh shared in the rain, a shared cross, a shared medallion, a shared adventure. Every time they held each other in ice, in hallways, in apartments for joy, sorrow, pain. Fingers intertwined reassuring that they always had their partner. With every conversation on logs, benches, rocks, couches. Every shared moment, shared heartbeat. She is his nurturer, defender, healer. He is her protector, foundation, her soulmate. “It’s only been you” she affirmed.

His head fell into the cradle of her neck, his full weight upon her as one arm held her tight and the other laid on top of her shoulder cradling her head. “Oh, Scully. You’re everything.” He filled her to the hilt, his sounds creating higher octaves. His mantra seeped through her neck into her chest. She was pinned, her legs squeezing tight around his waist taking what he gave her. He was driving all his love and his emotions into her, harder and faster, every amazing inch of him vibrating through her with more pleasure and intensity than any orgasm she’s ever felt and it was still building. She couldn’t stop the high pitched moans escaping her, volume reaching new levels each time. She felt the first tremors and clamped down on him. He filled her completely and they burst together into a million pieces, points of light streaming through the cracks, out into the universe propelled at light speed. She relied on him to bring them back and he did, creating the most beautiful mosaic of their love. The emergence of existence.
Dawn came to find Mulder draped across Scully like an electric blanket. Nestled against her, his head buried beneath her chin, his arms and legs wrapped around her own. There was a welcome soothing comfort in the heat and weight of his body compared with the chilly air of the drafty apartment. The cold wind outside was swirling, the trees beating against the window. His comforter was curled around them like a sleeping bag radiating the warmth of their heat and electricity. She didn’t want to get up. She wanted to lie with him for hours in their warm snuggly cocoon. The time on Mulder’s clock taunted her glowing 6:18AM. With only a little over two hours of sleep, her body felt as if it was hit by a truck. Slowly she attempted to remove herself without waking him. Instead he grasped tighter, nuzzling into her body. “Don’t go. Let’s call in sick and spend the day in bed.” He said in a raspy thick morning voice.

“Now you know we can’t do that. Go back to sleep. I’ll see you at work.” Groaning in protest he rolled over onto his back reclaiming his side of the bed pulling the comforter on top of himself. Scully retreated to the bathroom gathering up her clothes. Flashbacks of the night went through her body as she pulled her green sweater down over her head, zipping her skirt up over her black lace panties. She looked into the mirror attempting to fix her hair so the world didn’t think she was performing a walk of shame back to her apartment. As she put on her black blazer she paused and stared at a now sleeping Mulder, the man she admitted she loved, soaking up how beautiful and peaceful he looked lying in the bed that transformed them last night. As she walked out of his apartment she brought with her the achy soreness the past hours had left her. She would carry that with her to work as a reminder.

That night the phone rang in Scully’s apartment.

“Hello?”

“Hey Scully.”
“Mulder, I was just getting into bed.”

“Yeah. I ..um..I’m actually in bed myself watching tv.”

“Is everything all right?”

“Yeah…. yeah. I uh….. I haven’t gotten around to changing the sheets yet and well, I can still smell that perfume you wear... Which made me think of you and well…I don’t know.. I wanted you to know that last night really… it..it meant a lot.”

“I know. It meant a lot to me too.”

“All the things you said…."

“I meant them..”

“Yeah, um… I meant them too.”

Seconds passed as they listened to each other breathe. A comforting silence that hugged the other.

Scully decided it was up to her to break the silence, “So, Mulder, I guess I’ll see you in the morning?”

No answer, but she could still hear him breathing into the phone.

“Mulder?”

Silence.

“I love you Scully.”

“I love you Mulder.”

“Goodnight Scully.”

“Goodnight Mulder.”

She hung up the phone and stared at it. Closed her eyes and smiled as she drifted to sleep.

[Post Brand X]

Mulder held up his thumb and nodded his head at the Bureau assigned nurse when she inquired about his pain. Since it had been considered an on-the-job injury, the Bureau insisted a nurse would be provided. She was young with a pretty smile and long blonde hair. Mulder didn’t mind the company, but he knew Scully was not happy about the situation. The looks Scully gave her as she left Mulder’s apartment each day said it all. Today was Friday which was a bright spot in his day because it meant that after Scully returned from work Mulder would get a change of scenery and head to her place.

The weekend turned out to be quite a treat for Mulder. Dr. Scully waited on him and nurtured him. By Sunday, Mulder was feeling much better and was able to start weening off the painkillers. Scully, of course, insisted on daily checkups.

The cold stainless steel pressed against Mulder’s back as she listened to his lungs. She came around to his chest, then lifted each eyelid testing pupil dilation. As she clicked off her penlight she found herself inches from Mulder’s face, energy pulsing between them. His expression serious, his eyes
closed as his soft lips pressed to hers. She wished he hadn’t done that. He knew he was still in no condition. Her lips answered his inquiry. Another link connecting them. The previous night they underwent a metamorphosis creating a new pull in the universe. When their lips rescinded, it took her a second to recover, bliss flooding her system. In his raspy voice he spoke smugly, “How come we never played doctor?”

“Too obvious” Scully replied patting his knee as she got up. “It’s time for dinner. I made something especially for you.”

Mulder had complained that he was tired of health shakes and ice cream so Scully laid out a buffet of liquid shots on a tray. One glass contained mash potatoes with gravy, the other pea soup, another with cream corn, and the last with beef and gravy. All liquefied via the blender. Mulder was able to close his eyes and pretend he was having a meal he could chew. He never thought he would miss being able to swallow real food so badly. Afterwards, he helped her clear the table and do the dishes. She washed and he dried. To save Mulder’s throat and lungs, Scully did her best to ramble on about work gossip and the ever amusing Skinner. They retired to the couch and Scully returned with tea and sat down next to him. Mulder’s adoring gaze fell upon her and she looked over. He patted her hand and gave it a squeeze. “Thank you Scully” he croaked out in a coarse whisper. She pulled him towards her leaning him back between her legs so they both faced the television. The heat coming off his body soothed her. With his head resting on her chest she ran her fingers through his hair while he massaged the athletic legs and delicate feet that were wrapped around him. The sore muscles from the day relaxed under his touch. Secure and cozy like a vision of things that could be. He brought life to her apartment. They drifted off with the sounds of a bad action movie quietly playing in the background. She valued her solitude, but there was something gratifying about waking up in the morning to him plastered against her.

She left for work with a kiss on his forehead and a promise to return early. “My mom will stop by to check on you” were her last words as she left the apartment.

Three hours later the front door opened. “Maggie. Scully told me you were dropping by” Mulder rasped as the room filled with the aromas of Mrs. Scully’s homemade chicken soup.

“When Dana told me what had happened I insisted on stopping over to check on you. How are you feeling?”

“Better, much better,” His voice sounding raspier than before.

“Poor dear,” Maggie said as she felt his forehead to see if he had a fever. “I’m here to take care of you now.”

A couple hours later Maggie decided it was time for a heart to heart with Mulder so she heated up the soup and sat down on the chair across from him.

“Fox, I’m so sorry to hear about your mother. I didn’t want to believe it when Dana told me.”

“Thank you Maggie.”

They watched television for a moment, engaged in small talk. Mrs. Scully’s face holding a serious expression, she rested her spoon against the side of her bowl. “I really don’t mean to pry into your personal life Fox, but lately Dana has been a little distant and I know she doesn’t want to talk about it, but I’m her mother and I worry…”

Mulder read her expression, profiling, processing her words. “..Are you asking about my intentions with your daughter?”
She nodded with a soft smile. The Scully woman certainly had a way about them. There was silence as they both took a spoonful of soup.

Mulder took a deep breath and started to cough. He placed his soup down on the coffee table. “You know Maggie… with your husband passing…. now I’m not saying anytime soon or that it will happen…. but, if it was to come up and I was to ask your daughter….I would need to know that I had your blessing.”

“Oh, of course you do Fox. Oh, that is so great..” She started clapping, grinning ear to ear. She reached over and gave him a great big hug kissing his cheek. “As far as I’m concerned you’re already part of the family.”

“You know I’m only half the equation….” He could feel himself blush, heat rising from his neck. Nerves started to kick in as he realized what just took place. “I think it’s getting hot in here.”

Mrs. Scully ignored his complexion and continued to emote, “I’m so happy…but what would you do about work?”

He thought about her question. The answers were obvious. “We would have to make a decision, she could go back to medicine, …..or teaching at the academy, or…. I… would find something else.”

“Fox, what are you saying? You would give up your career?”

“For her…… The Bureau would be upset since I’m held in such high esteem, but I’m sure they’d get along somehow.”

Mrs. Scully got up from the chair and collected the empty bowls of soup along with their drinking glasses. “Fox, you really need to rest your voice and here I am having you ramble on. I’m glad we got to talk. We should do this more often.”

“I wish you would stay until Scully gets home. We could have dinner.”

“I guess I could. I don’t really have any plans…”

…..4 hours later…..

With a turn of the key and a love song in her heart Scully entered the apartment full of glee. Thoughts of a candlelit dinner and bubble bath for two in her future. Her smile quickly turning upside down as the scene in her apartment unfolded. The Lone Gunman were there playing some kind of video game with Mulder, and …..could it be? Her mom was sitting on a chair hunched forward with a controller in her hand!

“Mom! How’s everything going?” Scully asked tentatively.

“Oh, just great Dana. We’re all playing Mario cart.” Her mothered continued to pound on the controller.

“And your mother is kicking our ass.” Frohike said not looking up from the television.

“Melvin” Mrs. Scully warned.

“Sorry, your mother’s kung fu is the best.” He put down the controller and reached for a chicken wing as the race ended.

“You missed it Dana, I was killing zombies.” Mrs. Scully said in a very proud voice.
“Did I?” Scully looked over at Mulder to put some sanity into the room, “Mulder?”

“Hey Scully. The guys came over to keep me company and your mother agreed to stay and watch the basketball game with us. Hope you don’t mind.”

“Me, mind? No. Why should I mind?” She tried to convince herself she wasn’t being sarcastic and her stomach reminded her she hadn’t eaten yet. “I assume someone bought pizza?”

Langly got up to hand her a slice of supreme, “Yup. And chicken wings.”

+  

On Friday, Mulder made the long drive to Connecticut and then to Rhode Island to setup meetings with the realtor for the sale of his mother’s two remaining houses.

His third stop was at the university in Boston to meet up with Dr. Anderson where he explained to Mulder the significance of the high concentration of the OIF protein factor they found in his sample.

“Mammals can be divided into two groups …induced and spontaneous.” The young doctor explained. “Human’s ovulation is referred to as induced with a regular cycle whether they’ve copulated or not. Spontaneous ovulators such as camels, only release eggs in response to sex. It was believed to be triggered by either the act itself or stimulation of the vagina or a mix of pheromones only. The trials we did with the OIF protein factor induced ovulation in all the females exposed to it.” Mulder nodded his head and wished Scully was here so he could show her with scientific proof his prowess. The doctor continued, “I’ve been working with researchers in Chile and Saskatchewan concerning the identity of this mysterious protein. A series of biochemical analysis revealed that the protein is identical to a chemical called the nerve growth factor that stimulates the nerves in the entire human body. Once it is introduced in the vagina and uterus it enters into circulation and travels to the hypothalamus and pituitary glands of the brain triggering a hormonal response resulting in ovulation. We never thought it could cross the blood brain barrier, but it did.”

“So what’s the connection?”

“From the samples and tissue you sent us we believe this high concentration of protein had a huge factor in your increased brain activity and in your recovery from surgery.”

“So are we concluding there’s a chance she can get pregnant with proper stimulation and enough of the OIF protein in her system?”

“Well, don’t go having a sex marathon just yet. She still has no eggs in her system which leads back to the ovarian stem cell conversation we had earlier.”

“And you’re waiting for funding…”

“We need private funding in the US. It is against the law for any federal funding to go to the destruction of human embryo. Or we need a license from the UK Human Fertilization and Embryology Authority and work with collaborators in the UK.”

“So, if I could get the funding and the test subject…”

“Theoretically, if she is healthy, and we extrapolate these findings, with IVF procedures…yes, she could potentially give birth to a healthy baby. But even with the funding, we are still talking a couple years down the road…”

“But in a couple years” Mulder was continuing the thought, “there would be a potentially unlimited
supply of eggs for women including cancer patients, premature menopause, or normal aging. The implications are mind boggling. The only thing stopping you is money and time.”

“There is one more person I would like you to meet with today. While we still have no evidence suggesting the oogonial stem cells form new eggs naturally in the body, Dr. Matheson is leading trials of an unorthodox method of attempting to make that happen.

“Well I’m all for the unorthodox. Where is her office located?”

Her office is a couple miles down the road.

+ 

“Dr. Matheson?”

“Yes, you must be Mr. Mulder.” A strikingly pretty middle-aged brunette reached out her hand to shake Mulder’s. “I’ve heard a lot about you. To give you a little information on my background, I am a scientist in the fields of reproductive biology and biological anthropology. Dr. Anderson updated me on your particular situation. The studies I am currently performing center around the effects that love has on reproduction. Most doctors will lead you to believe they understand the female reproductive system, but the study of it is fairly new. It wasn’t too long ago there were scientific journals stating that the female body was fundamentally flawed.”

Mulder went through the endless catalog in his mind. “I remember reading about some controversial statements from the likes of Galen, Da Vinci, Nicolaus of Salerno….”

“Correct. So a study on the effects of love might seem out there, but it has a scientific basis that should be taken seriously. Love’s physical effects on the body include activating the dopaminergic subcortical system of the brain similar to cocaine addicts, inducing territorial behaviors, and signs of obsessive compulsive disorder. We already know the brain releases increased levels of dopamine, oxytocin, vasopressin, adrenaline norepinephrine, cortisol, serotonin, and endorphins. To think these changes should only be for the purpose of increasing attraction and not actual reproduction would be short changing nature. In our trials, by measuring brain activity, emotional response, and the release of certain chemicals we determined levels of love between couples. When we tested couples that exhibited strong levels of love and commitment vs. the control, an impressive eighty-two percent of the couples in the “love” group were able to generate the GFP-transgenic progeny cells vs. only 8% of the control. Moreover, the cells showed high telomerase activity. Given these results, we tested further and the couple with the greatest “love factor” had enough fetal somatic cell and germ cell population that it stimulated the adult ovary to recruit its own germ cell and somatic cell progenitors to sustain new follicle formation.”

Mulder smirked. “This sounds like Sleeping Beauty. The cells are awakened from true love’s kiss”

“Not too far off. The more the woman opens up to feel trust, love, and commitment and the stronger the “love factor” between the two people, the greater the release of the needed catalyst to stimulate the follicles required for ova production.”

[Post Hollywood A.D.]

Hand-in-hand they stepped into the limo. Scully’s jovial mood left her no room for being coy. Once Mulder closed the door he was handed a glass of champagne and a kiss accompanied by an evil grin and a giggle. “We should eat first,” Mulder suggested, slightly nervous about the look in her eyes.

They headed to a quaint place with dim lighting eating by piano music and candlelight. There was no
need to wipe food off her face tonight. He didn’t know if it was new makeup or the reflection of candlelight, but she looked flawless. This was the same woman who played with hogs in the mud with him, independent yet strong enough to follow, ready to fight for her man while covered in cow patties. “You look beautiful tonight Scully” Mulder blurted out, his philosophical mind being overtaken by his emotions. “Thank you Mulder” she replied with a blush that highlighted her cheek bones and the oceans above them.

After dinner they headed to a vintage dance club, where they embraced each other to the sounds of a full orchestra. As the music slowed, Scully’s arms wrapped around his neck, her perfume filling his senses, and it was 1939 again. He marveled in the fact that this was the same woman who threatened to kill a man for his release, protected him from parasites, monsters, and himself. Who would defend him to her own detriment. He pressed his lips to her forehead as they swayed, her hips grazing his, her chest rising up to press against him. The chandeliers glowed gold forming a halo above his angel’s head. “Scully, every day I fall in love with you all over again,” he whispered in her ear as a promise. Her body stiffened, his responding in kind. The song ended and the music picked up again. It took a moment for them to collect themselves and realize they were on a dance floor with people around. She fixed her hair and looked at him with a naughty smile, there was still a temptress behind those eyes. “Time for our next destination” she said. He was convinced she was determined to max out that credit card. There would be repercussions, but that never stopped them.

They went up to the observatory to take in the skyline and the stars that were now so familiar it was as if they owned them. “We’re staring at souls Scully. The echo of voices millions of years past.” His hands massaging her shoulders as she peered through the lens. As he hugged her from behind his body blanketed her from the chill of the night air. He rested his head against hers as he took his turn, the sky not disappointing. The night ended as it began, walking hand in hand, Scully clutching her heels in the other, sand between barefoot toes. The moon reflecting off the water lighting their way. Their arms swayed in the ocean breeze. They laughed as they spoke, tugging her arm he pulled her into a kiss, the salty air complementing the sweet taste of her lips, the waves crashing applauding the sight. Scully’s hands ran along the length of the lapels of his tuxedo. “Mulder, take me back to the hotel” The sultriness in her voice caused his blood to rush from his brain. He felt drunk but knew it wasn’t all from alcohol. “Now.”

The hotel too long a wait, they raised the limo’s divider, their mouths engaged, their lips writhing together with tongues entwined. Hands grabbing and caressing whatever skin they could reach. His hand reached in and freed her breast, palming it, with a light squeeze she gasped in delight making him almost howl in response. He tugged at the hard pink nub and she moaned into his mouth vibrating in his chest he groaned in return. This was happiness he was not previously afforded, being cursed from birth. The sins of the fathers offered no such reward, but she…she was his savior. No longer caring what eyes may be cast upon them he lifted her dress and removed her panties ever so carefully. His hands weren’t large enough to grasp the enormity of their love, he needed to fill her with it instead and he filled her completely, the only way he knew how, drawing it out and back in again, the breath of their souls fogging the tinted glass. She pushed him away when they approached the hotel in order to gather themselves in time. Making it through the lobby unseen was easy, but withstanding the elevator ride was not. His mouth reclaimed her and he lifted her up against the wall using his tie to cover the camera. Her black laced pink panties hung from his pocket making it easy for re-entry. He watched himself thrust into her through the mirrored wall ratcheting his need, driving harder, pounding. She was moaning in his ear, pulling at the back of his hair, but he wanted her to scream. He wanted all of Hollywood to hear what real sounded like. Not some plastic, watered down, simplistic facsimile. They were able to mostly separate before the doors of the elevator opened, her lips still attached, she stumbled on top of him as he tripped falling to the floor. When he looked up Skinner was just down the hall, but he seemed too busy with his own blonde to notice their escapades. Helping her up, they ran to his room and slid
inside.

A trail of clothes led to the bed of the hotel room like clues of a case telling the tale of their removal. The sounds of her ecstasy bounced down the hallway. The smell of their sex filled the room. His head was nested between her legs, he sucked on her like a perfectly salted, sunflower seed, his tongue coated in honey. His hands underneath tilting her reaching in deeper. In his mind they were dancing in the sand on the beach, playing in the ocean. Her waves crashed against his tongue and he gently slid up behind her, grasping her hips, he entered her again. He tried to slow it down, but tonight was too perfect, she was too alluring, and their chemistry too intoxicating.

He awoke to her stroking his face. She had done it many times before, this time out of lust and not consoling. Her smile said it all. He kissed her hard, rolling on top, and spoke smiling back, “You want more already? Scully, I think you’re becoming obsessed with me.” She answered by stroking him long and slow, causing his eyes to close and his mouth to open. She teased him at her entrance. With no pretense, she pulled him down into her. Her face was beaming like that night in the rain on their first case in Oregon when their minds first connected. Maturity now peaked through. His pursuits had aged her, but her glow only brightened. He watched in her eyes the pleasure build and overtake her. Taking responsibility for all her pain, he took responsibility and pride in her pleasure. He closed his eyes, the sight of her unraveling forcing him to fly over the edge.

+ 

As he walked down the hall heading to the front desk to check out, he saw Skinner at the elevators.

“Mulder” he said in a gruff voice, his head pointing down.

“Walter. Looked like you had a good time last night.….That reminds me…” Reaching into his pocket he handed Skinner the credit card. “Scully wanted me to give this to you.” He gave Skinner a wink, patting his arm. “Thanks for the memories.” With a nod and a smile Mulder removed his tie from the camera and strutted out of the elevator leaving Skinner shaking his head.
Significant Other

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The first section of this chapter concerns addressing the episode, "The Gift". Remember, the one about the Native American who puked up sick people? John Doggett never asked Agent Scully about her signature on the falsified report. I did and this is what she told me.

The next section is the episode "Chimera" which occurred two weeks after Easter, the same timing as "The Gift". Mulder has some deep thoughts about what the term significant other really means and I believe his conversation with Mrs. Scully influenced his thought process as well.

In the last section, it's Mother's Day and Mulder takes the trip to NC to visit his mother. Scully is at her mom's and yes Mulder did send Mrs. Scully flowers for Mother's Day.

“Mulder”

“Mulder, it’s me.”

“Scully. Did Skinner give you an “atta boy” for the job you did on the stakeout?”

“Yes. He actually smiled. I’ve got some more paperwork and ends to tighten up, but I was thinking Saturday we could meet up, maybe visit the Smithsonian..?”

“I’m sorry Scully, but I have to take a raincheck. I want to stop in Squamash Pennsylvania on my way home from Vermont. There’s a possible case I’m investigating there. I should be back by Sunday. Maybe we can meet up then.”

“The weather report is calling for some pretty heavy rains in Pennsylvania this weekend. Drive carefully.”

7 May 2000 3:17A.M.

Mulder sat at Scully’s dining room table. Spattered blood mixed with tears and rain soaked his clothes and face. The Walther PPK sat on the table between them. Three rounds missing from the magazine. With his hands still shaking the tale unraveled. A soul eating shaman consuming sins, regurgitating a whole person free of ailment.

“Why? Why were you there?” Scully asked conflicted between needing to fix him and fearful of the answers.

“To see for myself. If it was true, to bring you there, to cure your infertility.” Mulder put his face in his hands leaning his elbows on the table. Slowly he lifted his head back up letting his fingers comb his face. “I looked in his eyes Scully, I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t add to its pain…..3 shots and his pain was gone…”

Scully had heard enough. She got up and stood behind her chair. “Mulder, change your clothes. We’re going back to work. I haven’t turned in my paperwork from the stakeout. As far as anyone is
concerned, you were with me in D.C. wrapping up the case.”

“I can’t drag you into this.”

“This is not up for discussion Mulder. I’m not losing you. What will be gained if you confess? How many people hurt? You are more than yourself Mulder…. The townspeople have already covered it up?”

“Yes. I won’t let you lie for me.”

“I won’t let you stop me. It’s not like I haven’t done it before. Not like you haven’t done it for me.”

Mulder sat silent for a moment, processing. He got up from the table and looked her in the eyes putting on his jacket.

“Then let’s go.”

[3 days later]

The sun was setting ending another day, the last of the light dissipating through the trees. A long day at work and Mulder’s brain was ready to shift to neutral. Scully left him her car and he was on his way to her place. The traffic meant for a longer than usual commute. In his mind he was already with her replaying scenes of the recent past. Her lips and tongue pressed against his own, moving in harmony, her naked body riding him as he filled her with pleasure, a euphoria only for them. There was nothing like the sensation of her wrapped around him. His memory was what got him through times when they were separated, igniting his love allowing him to feel bursts of it all over again. He took the time to memorize every part of her, every movement, expression. A short vision of her closing her eyes, licking her lips, a flip of hair behind her ears. Reaching out to him with a look, a smile that brightened his soul. Her walk of command, of grace. An unrelenting knowledge of who she is with nothing to prove or apologize for. He was constantly in awe for the greatest artists of the world couldn’t sculpt such beauty of the body and mind.

He watched as the commuters poured into the streets. As the cars turned their headlights on lighting his way to her he could feel himself getting closer. The world shutting down, falling into their peaceful slumber. While he will be sharing the night with Scully in the shadows. Even with all that had transpired between the two of them he knew it was all still beginning. He was only starting to understand what it was to give of himself, to feel, to live. He looked forward to his nights now, knowing he was no longer lost. As with every night they were together, they would find themselves within each other and he would hold her until the light of the dawn.

As he entered the apartment he found her at her desk typing at her computer, the lights were dimmed and soft music was playing. Her hair was up in a ponytail, her reading glasses on and she still looked stunning. She was dressed in a light gray silk button down with matching bottoms and fuzzy slippers. As she turned their smiles connected and their lips followed. He handed her the red roses he bought from the flower shop on Delancy. “Aw Mulder, what are these for?” she asked as she walked to the kitchen to put them in water.

“I don’t know, just something I wanted to do. To say thank you.”

“For ….”

“For us. Because I’m grateful to be with you. To have what we have.”
She reached out her arms to hug him and he picked her up and sat her on the counter. His arms looping around her waist, hers around his neck. He spoke in low tones. “I was thinking about this past weekend. The town in Vermont. Where I was staying was seemingly perfect. A wife that was always home, raising the kids, cooking meals, taking care of her husband, waiting on him hand and foot….”

“And your point Mulder?”

“Well, that was just it. She asked me if I had a significant other, someone who takes care of me.”

“And you said….”

“That I did, just not in the widely understood definition of that term.” He took a deep breath. “Scully, it all seemed perfect, but in the end, it was all a big façade. This guy had it all, but it wasn’t enough. There was still something missing. He was off cheating on his wife to the point where she manifested into evil. Scully, I’m the one who has it all. You save me and keep me sane every day of my life. You care for me and take care of me. Not in the way people would understand it, but it’s so far greater. So we don’t have time to cook 3 course meals and do laundry. We may not come home to each other every night. We’re still significant to each other. Significant to the point that I don’t exist without you. No, no I’m serious Scully. Part of who I am is being with you. And I need you to know I appreciate it, and I’m grateful for it.”

“Mulder. Are you feeling alright? That must have been some drive home.”

“Yes, home Scully. That’s what you are.”

She pulled him close, guiding his lips to her own. His hands stroked the curves of her back. Just a second was needed and she had unfastened his slacks and breached his boxer briefs.

“Scully” he gasped, “I want to take it slow. I want to hold you.”

“Mulder, we will get to that. I promise, but you can’t say the things you said and not expect this reaction.”

He carried her to the couch, positioning himself underneath her, one hand cradling her head, the other at her back. Lightening going off inside his chest, he inhaled vanilla lavender mixed with her arousal, the most delicious scent imaginable. He allowed her to explore his mouth, kissing him with her whole body as he tasted her. He felt himself on the verge of tears that he could be so privileged to be with her. It was a true gift to know her, an honor to touch her, and a blessing that she would return the affection. A divinity that could change the world. What they had wasn’t bound by vows read out of a book, or a symbol in rings of gold. It is so unique it couldn’t be defined, so great it couldn’t be described, and so powerful it couldn’t be destroyed. She resindced her tongue to brush his lips once more, lightly, but demanding. Resisting the urges she created was a torment that resonated through him. Their kiss deepened as they removed their clothes as best they could, their lips refusing to yield, intent on not leaving the other. This time as their tongues tangled, so did their bodies. The fluid motion of her hips matching the intensity of their kiss. In that moment she broke him open, stealing his heart and his breath, her beauty ruling over him. His precious Scully was drawing sensation out of him that flooded his chest and filled his spirit.

He spoke into her eyes, “I was daydreaming about this on the way home.”

She replied stroking his hair, “So was I.”
Sitting in the basement office, Mulder rehashed to an exuberant Scully perched on the desk corner, the incident that took place between two FBI agents in Kansas City, Kansas.

They were indulging in professional flirtations as Mulder began his routine. Scully expeditiously reminded him that he promised to be the teacher, holding nothing back, so the likes of any cigarette smoking adventures would cease to exist in their reality thus maintaining their entropic force. Mulder agreed, he would gladly let her lead this time and he would follow. Caught by surprise, Mulder was dumbfounded at Scully’s abilities to slew conclusions with ease. It both excited and aroused him; she never failed to impress. Her potential to stand toe-to-toe caused him to remind her that performing autopsies was still not in his future. Beaming, Scully was proud of herself, a paranormal prodigy in her own right. Little did they know their week would end with bumps and bruises, the likes of which she indirectly caused, and Dr. Scully tending once again to an ailing Mulder ignoring her own wounds.

+ + +

The bright colored flowers laid against the cold gray headstone. An ironic smirk formed on his face when he realized it was the first Mother’s Day their family would spend together since his sister’s abduction. Even with Scully only one call away, his heart felt heavy, orphaned and alone. A warm mist settled in and he brought his reunion to an end. Turning to leave, a cold presence sent goosebumps up both arms. CGB Spender was looming in the backdrop. He put out his cigarette and walked towards the grave carrying flowers of his own. Now it’s a true family holiday Mulder thought.

“Come here often?” It was Mulder’s feeble attempt to be cordial in the presence of the dead. If he didn’t keep his emotions at bay there would be another round missing from his gun for what that cigarette smoking son of a bitch did to Scully last month. Mulder had to keep telling himself he wasn’t worth the bullet.

“I make it a habit of visiting.” CGB rasped. His hair much grayer than their last meeting. He looked as if he had lost weight, frail and sickly in appearance. Scully had told Mulder he said he was dying. The look of death was definitely upon him.

That was all the small talk Mulder could muster. Since he was standing in front of him, he might as well ask the question. “I know you have that disc. Scully said the chip in her neck, it’s the cure for all human ailments. Is it true?”

“With the right knowledge, it brings about endless possibilities.” CGB returned. He began hacking, slowly catching his breath.

“Could it be used for her to achieve a healthy pregnancy?”

“None of the women from her set of trials were able to bring a pregnancy to term.”

Mulder wasn’t interested in his alien experiments. “Not a hybrid. Could the chip be manipulated so that she could have a normal healthy human child?”

“You need to give up on this one Fox.” He paused, catching his breath. He reached into his pocket removing a cigarette from its sleeve and lit it up. “You know your mother’s pet name for me was Fox. I went by so many aliases. She decided to name me herself.”
Mulder clenched his fists. If it wasn’t so disrespectful to others visiting he would have killed him right there and then. “Why is it that you always have to take it to the point where I want to end your life?”

“You’ll very soon get your wish. I’m still dying Fox. Possibly within the month.”

“While you’re here you should pick out a home.”

“As usual, I’m already one step ahead of you. Now if you excuse me, I have some business to take care of.”

Mulder watched him walk away, then headed back to his car for the long drive back to DC.

CGB had his driver bring him over to the offices. Before stepping out he dialed his cell phone. On the end of the third ring the man on the other end answered, “Dr. Parenti.”

“The IVF treatments for Agent Scully were unsuccessful, were they not?”

“One blastocyst achieved implantation, but resulted in miscarriage. Ms. Scully was not pregnant at the time of your implantation attempt. We should have those results shortly.”

CGB ended the call, stepped from the car and slowly entered the offices. He addressed the woman behind the counter, “Good Afternoon. I’m looking to prepare a plot and tombstone.”

“I’m sorry for your loss.” She handed him a pen and clipboard with papers piled on top. “This is the paperwork that will need to be completed. What is the date of passing for the deceased?”

“Actually, they’re still alive. It’s for me.”

“I’m so sorry. And your name sir?”

“Fox Mulder.”
Scully walked into the basement to find Mulder sitting behind his desk tossing the basketball into the air.

“Morning Scully. How was your weekend? How’s your mother doing?”

“Mom’s fine. She wanted me to thank you for the flowers.”

“No big deal. I stole them from a wedding centerpiece. It was a big wedding. They probably didn’t miss them.” Mulder hugged the basketball as he set it on his desk, resting his chin on his hand and looked at Scully.

“I ran into CGB at the cemetery.”

“What was he doing there? You didn’t kill him did you?”

“I didn’t have to. You were right. He hardly had the strength to stand upright. There may be justice in this world after all Scully. I think he was there to visit my mother’s grave. I didn’t even bring up what he did to you. The cemetery was crowded due to the holiday. There would have been too many witnesses and it wouldn’t have been a fair fight. I did, however, ask him about the chip. I wanted to hear it for myself.”

“And?”

“He told me the same thing he told you.”

“And you believed him?”

“I don’t believe anything that comes from him. Why hasn’t he used it on himself? Why is he still dying?”

“Maybe that’s not how it works. Maybe it takes time.”

“If it were true, technically, you would live forever.”
“Well, it would mean I wouldn’t die from a disease. Now that I think about it, I can’t remember the last time I had a cold… You never told me what Garrison said about the rubbings. What were his findings?”

“Nothing we didn’t already surmise. He was able to finish the rest of the translations from the sketches. I put all the notes in the file… Scully, did you hand in that report?”

“It’s done Mulder. It’s over. We don’t need to discuss it again. Instead, we need to go up to Skinner’s office and perform a review to prepare for the financial budgeting audit next week.”

* 

[Post Je Souhaite]

“Well I’m fairly happy, that’s something”

About 45 minutes into the movie, Mulder handed Scully her third beer and picked at the label of his own. “Okay, maybe it is kind of an occasion. It’s been six months.”

Scully giggled again at Mulder’s inability to fling the bottle cap into the dish. She, on the other hand, was 3 for 3. “Six months?”

“Yeah. You and I. Six months. I thought it was worth a little bit of a celebration.”

“Oh.” An uncomfortable silence fell over them as they sat quietly munching on popcorn and watching the movie until Scully started giggling.

“Not such a bad movie after all” Mulder said feeling proud of himself as if he converted all of womankind to loving “guy movies”.

“The beer definitely helps” Scully replied tilting the bottle back as she guzzled the remaining liquid gold inside.

Mulder reached over her and grabbed a handful of popcorn causing several popped kernels to fall onto Scully’s lap.

“Mulder” she said in a sing-song voice as she threw the popcorn back at him causing them to bounce off the side of his face.

Without taking his eyes off the movie, Mulder returned her advances, throwing some her way. Scully took a fist full and catapulted it at him breaking out in a fit of giggles. Suddenly, Mulder dove onto her causing her to squeal his name as he threw popcorn from the bowl into her face. His arms and legs wrapped around her trying to pin her while she continued her high pitched squeals of protest. They wrestled for a moment and stopped to catch their breath, smiling at each other. She freed her arm, grabbed the bowl of popcorn turning it upside down on his head then promptly returned it to the coffee table.

Mulder shook his head in an unsuccessful attempt to remove the popcorn from his hair. “I guess I should be grateful now for the lack of butter. Unless this was your plan all along. Now that I think about it, we might have been able to use the butter….”

Scully pointed at the t.v. still laughing at her own deeds. “We’re missing the movie”

“This may be a better view” Mulder answered. With his teeth he removed a roaming piece of popcorn from the top of her cleavage. Scully rolled forward dumping Mulder off the couch and he
fell on his side with a thud, pulling her down on top of him. Scully was now overcome in a fit of giggles. He rolled them over so he was back on top of her.

Scully was still maintaining a silly smile while making her cute funny Scully faces. “You realize we’re on the floor?”

“I realize you’ve had one too many beers and no more popcorn for you.” Mulder said as he reached out to take another piece of popcorn from his hair tossing it on the ground.

She gave him an evil giggle tickling him right below the rib cage and he couldn’t control his smile.

“Scully stop. Stop.” He said failing miserably to suppress his laughter. “That’s it.”

He tickled her back and she crunched into a fetal position in an extreme fit of laughs. Scully let out a high pitched half scream half laugh.

He stopped, allowing her to catch her breath. “You finished?”

She took another stranded piece of popcorn off the coffee table and popped it into her mouth nodding her head.

“You ok?” He asked in a calmer voice.

“I didn’t get my invisible man, but it will be fine.”

Mulder got up and held out his hand to help her up. “No, you didn’t, but I’ve got something to take your mind off of it. It might be the last chance we get. I was wondering if you would come with me to my summer house in Rhode Island. We can relax. Head up to Providence Town. I have to go up there anyway. There are some papers I have to sign.”

+

Quonochontaug, Rhode Island

Saturday morning found them strolling along the streets of the quaint Rhode Island town. The ocean on the right, artist’s shops and boutiques to the left. The ocean combed the shoreline as a school of dolphins played in the backdrop. An uncommon sight for the area, but given the day seemed appropriate. Boats quietly pulled in and out of the docks, music reverberating from their decks. Artists sat at the sidewalk’s edge crafting their work out of canvas and clay. The stores were in the shape of small white houses. White cedar coating the outside with shiplap on the inside. Upon entering they were filled with the scents of patchouli and jasmine along with other candles and incense. It was a warm spring day, which had Scully in black shorts and a light blue halter top that tied behind the neck with a matching short sleeve sheer blouse draped over it. Mulder, not ready to reveal his pale stilts to the world wore jeans with a white polo which complemented the bronzed skin of his arms. She reached for his hand and he intertwined their fingers. Looking over at him, the smile he gave her warmed her more than the sun. She paused to give him a kiss. They were off the clock, their badges and weapons hidden from sight. They stopped inside a studio to watch a glass blower sculpting a vase from glass frit. At the farmer’s market they picked up various groceries for the outdoor feast they had planned for that night. As they reached the end of the block, both with
Italian ices in hand, an acoustic trio entertained the crowd. Djembe drummers coming over to provide the beat. His arm over her shoulder, her arm around his waist, a passersby could be fooled into thinking they were like any other couple.

Back at the house, Mulder lit the candles he had purchased to mask the musky smell that had settled in with no one around. The house had been cleaned. Most of the furniture had already been removed from the estate sale. A table with two folding chairs remained. There was a single bed left in the back. Next week the movers would bring the rest to be sold to the consignment shop down the street. They removed all the plastic from the kitchen and furniture. Scully prepared the onions and veggies while Mulder peeled and sliced the potatoes. “See Scully, we could be domestic if we wanted to” He grinned as he wrapped everything in foil for the grill.

“I never doubted you for a second.” She replied in turn.

The outside of the house was covered in dark cedar panels. Flowers showing off their color of red and whites. Scully sat on an Adirondack chair and watched as Mulder lit the fire pit and grill. Swordfish was on the menu tonight. The veggies and potatoes lay beside them.

While waiting for dinner to cook, Mulder shared with Scully memories of childhood. For once they were pleasant ones. Watching his dad waterski on the lake, him and his dad fishing, playing with the kids on the block with his sister, his mom reading bedtime stories. He reminisced about the little childhood he had, days when he had the love of family, back when the world was still innocent and age was on his side. As they ate they stared out at the water, trees shading them, the setting sun drawing all the colors into the sky.

Mulder excused himself and headed into the house. A few minutes later Scully felt a dull thud to the back of the head as something bounced away. She turned to see Mulder crouched behind the patio wall sporting a Nerf gun. “Come and get me Scully.” He yelled as he sent another dart her way.

“Mulder you are not serious” she replied as another bullet hit her arm. “He’s serious.” She said out loud to herself. She started running towards him in a kamikaze attempt and he hid back inside the house. When she opened the door to find him she saw another nerf gun resting on an end table. “Now he’s going to get it” she said once again out loud to herself. She picked up the gun, placed her back against the wall and proceeded to use her skills to hunt her prey. Slowly she walked down the hallway towards the bedrooms. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Mulder jump behind the bed and Scully ducked quickly avoiding another dart. He rose to send another shot her way and she pulled the trigger with a square hit to the shoulder. “Now Mulder, you know I’m a better shot. You might as well surrender now.”

She entered the bedroom and turned with her arms straight out, both hands on the gun. He was nowhere to be seen. She crouched down and pointed her gun under the bed, following with her eyes. Empty. She stood back up and Mulder leapt from the closet emptying the clip, running towards her and clotheslining her onto the bed as she sent two bullets square into his chest. They landed in a roll laughing. “What possessed you to get out the nerf gun Mulder?”

“You didn’t have fun?”

Scully smiled nodding her head, “Yeah, it was fun.”
“Something Samantha and I used to play.” He said as he sat up. Scully saw on his face the ghosts of the past creeping in and she decided it was best to distract him. “The fire is still burning, let’s head back out and enjoy it.”

Once the sun set and the fire died out, they headed inside and played some board games Mulder had found in the closets. Scully beat him 2 out of 3 in checkers, a close game of backgammon, but when she won the Game of Life, he decided to call it a night.

Running his hand through Scully’s hair as they lay facing each other in bed, both half asleep from the long day, Mulder became philosophical. “You know Scully, all the time I was here and in Massachusetts. To think you were out there somewhere. Running around doing little Scully things.”

“Yes… well… we’re both here now.”

He closed his eyes pressing his lips to hers, pulling back and smiling.

“Thank you for coming here with me.”

He lightly caressed her face tracing her lips with his own. Moving onto his back he pulled her into him and she laid her head on his chest. One hand he rested on her back the other through her hair. The crickets lulling them to sleep. He kissed the top of her head. “Goodnight Scully.”

She listened to his heart beat as her eyes grew heavy. “Goodnight Mulder”

Sunday

Scully brushed her teeth staring at Mulder through the mirror brushing his own. They were careful to coordinate their spitting cadence as to not spit on the other’s head. She applied her cleansing mask as he heated a face cloth under the hot water of the sink. He wrung out the excess water and handed it to her watching as she patted the mud away. Her makeup was next while he styled his hair. As she finished and straightened her posture, their eyes met through the mirror. He lowered the brush and lightly ran it through her hair guiding it with his hands. She wasn’t sure what possessed him to do certain things, but the act put her in a meditative state sending relaxing tingles up the back of her neck. He had a proud look on his face when he was done which she admitted to herself wasn’t half bad. She turned to take the brush away and she saw the look in his eyes. A mix of adoration and need. Placing the brush on the shelf, he ran his hands down her arms reaching down to kiss her. She guided him towards the bed as he backpedaled, mouths tenderly engaged, slowly removing the little clothing they had on. When they reached the bed she was on top, hands feeling every part of him, but he had other plans prompting her to her knees. She glanced behind as her hands gripped the brass rods of the headboard. He smiled placing a hand on her hip, the other guiding himself inside. His eyes squinted, his breath sucked in, letting out a moan as he felt her around him. When he regained enough composure for their eyes to lock again, another smile grew wide on his face. Her smile matched his. She loved to watch him, to see him happy. Scully was savoring this weekend. For him to allow her to share in his vulnerability. The contrast of her life with his. Visits with her family were filled with warmth, children, and love. His were filled with echoes of ghosts and shadows. Dark filled cobwebbed rooms with haunting pasts. Souvenirs of fallacies. Still, it was one of the places where he began. That sculpted the bad, but also the good. If only the opportunities of a healthy environment had surrounded him, how it might have changed him, but she loved him for
what he is, not what he could have been. He reached around to touch her, bringing her back. A moaning sigh escaped her, his hand moving faster in response, pressing harder, his hips matching the rhythm. The creaking of the bed woke the birds, returning its song. She moaned with each thrust lunging her slightly as he stroked that spot inside her, the headboard banging against the paneling. Another hard thrust forward sent both of them groaning at the sensation followed by a loud clunk, the mattress falling a good inch. As if in slow motion a final bolt gave way, metal on metal, the mattress falling to the floor. They toppled backwards and it meant for an awkward landing. Her initial fear was that he could have been hurt, but she let out a sigh of relief when she heard his laughter, cradling her in his arms. “It was bound to happen sooner or later Scully… you’re an animal.”

Mulder cooked Scully breakfast before they headed out. After an eight hour drive back to DC they decided to stay at her apartment for the night. Skinner had told them that there was an auditor coming in the morning evaluating the financials for all departments so neither of them was looking forward to waking up, but their night didn’t disappoint.

Monday Night

With swollen lips and sore muscles from weekend activities, Scully succumbed to Mulder’s relentlessness. It had been a while since they spoke of alien abductions. The trip to Oregon would be a reunion of sorts. Not only because of who they were visiting, but also to their past selves. All that they had experienced, the knowledge, the trust, and how intimate they had become through their partnership and friendship above all else. The auditor seemed to have rejuvenated Mulder’s resolve and they were both quite giddy as they held each other, currently in her claw foot tub, their skin magnetized to the others. Water spilling onto the ceramic. It was their second time that night. The first being in the kitchen, a horrific display for the uses of rocky road, whipped cream, and chocolate syrup. He had warned her that dinner was too long a wait and he wouldn’t make it through dessert before he needed her again. If she was in a confessional she may have admitted that she wanted him just the same. Which led them to where they were now. Cleaning off the mess. Apparently, only making another. She was on top of him, clutching the rim of the tub, her mouth only leaving his to breathe. His feet hanging over the top wall using it as leverage. Again, water splashed out coating the tile floor. The mounting sensations were overcoming the pain from her knees straining against the inside wall of the porcelain tub. She was taking her time. The pleasure of having him inside her was to be content. Finishing only meant separation and the longing would begin again. The awareness that he was only for her, for her to comprehend and appreciate. The thought sending electricity through her body, clenching around him, shuddering, a high whimper escaping, him throbbing and groaning in response. Gratifying friction of him rubbing inside her on the upstroke, pleasure and satisfaction from him filling her as she lowered herself back down. Her chest pressed against his own. His hairs brushing her skin sending tingles to her core. He matched her movement and her soul left her body to be with him. Surprised at the sudden intensity she cried out. “Oh my God Mulder”

“Yes, Scully” He responded watching her, stroking her back with his fingertips, palms brushing the curves of her waist, thrusting up into her one last time, sending her spiraling into the universe, joining her.

They were both breathing hard when her eyes opened, smiling as their lips remained connected. Still locked together, she caressed the top of his head as she kissed him, the water from her hands flattening his hair.

“Scully, that was….”
“I know.” She answered. With her finger on his chin, she tilted his head to the right. “Mulder, I think I left a mark on your neck.” There it was, a large red circle of broken capillaries in the shape of her lips. A mark that he would carry with him to Oregon as he looked through the woods for the ship, as he would hold her when she fainted due to their baby he was yet to know existed. Faded, but still with him as their relationship spilled into the hallways of the FBI, and finally when he is taken. The faintest reddening would remain, another signature of a love that couldn’t be destroyed even through death. With a quick kiss she carefully got out to head for the shower. She felt slightly lightheaded, but dismissed it as getting up too fast, perhaps dehydrated from being in the water so long….

Tuesday

Morning came early and they soon realized they would have to leave their embrace in order to get dressed and ready for their flight to Oregon. Little did they know the Smoking Man had succumbed to a wheelchair and tracheotomy, yet still focused on rebuilding the project. He had freed Krycek to assist him with capturing the Alien ship that had collided with the military aircraft in Oregon. The same ship Mulder and Scully would soon be looking for.

Bellefleur, Oregon

Mulder lay on the cabin bed with his hands behind his head staring at the ceiling replaying the day’s events in his mind. His thoughts drifted to Scully and watching her play with Teresa’s baby. The scene had opened his eyes. He thought about last month. The way she was with Sheila’s baby. In her mother’s house on Thanksgiving how she wanted to know in her drunkenness when it was going to be her turn. He thought about what her mother had asked about his intentions. What were his intentions? He recalled the fight they had earlier that year. She was upset because all they did was chase aliens around and sleep together. At the time he thought she was questioning his feelings for her. In actuality she was worried about wasting more of her life. Was that what he was doing? She pursued the x-files because she enjoyed the work, the cases, the mystery, the adventure. He knew she was also there because of him. What about his love for her? Did he put her best interests into play? She deserved an honest chance at motherhood whether it be from adoption or some other avenue. She deserved a home at the end of the night. Not an empty apartment. She deserved a life outside of work. Stability. He wasn’t providing that. How many more years needed to go by. This is the time when she should be raising a family. If they kept waiting, time would slip away, and so would her chances at true happiness. He needed to do the right thing. He needed to make a decision with his own life. She would give up her dreams for him, but is that his intention? Sure they saw the country, they had exciting times and this year had been the best of his life, but at the end of the day, they still went back to their separate sanctuaries. She needed more, deserved more. Maybe, so did he. They were both so independent, together, yet still loners. While they had no secrets, they still retreated to their corners. Before he started on this journey with her to have a baby, he had never considered becoming a father. It was never figured into the plan. He was the x-files. That was the plan. Did Scully change that for him? Change his wants out of life?

He thought about the audit, about the expenses. The price she had paid for his indulgences. To chase conspiracies and aliens. There was more to life than that. It was time. Time for her to move on. She would never do it, never desert him. Her loyalty going beyond all else. Not wanting to disappoint. It was up to him. What did he want? Would he follow her? Follow her down her path of dreams?

He got up to retrieve the pictures of the results of Ray’s abductions and was looking through them when she came to him shivering. As he held her and warmed her body, he shared some of his thoughts between kisses. It was his turn to put her needs and wishes above his. The x-files were not worth her not having a chance at life. Risking more of her health. So much more for her to do with her life and so much for him to consider.
Wednesday – Oregon

Next on his list of abductees, the bounty hunter came to claim Billy Miles. As he revealed his true self to Billy he glanced out the window and saw Mulder. Mulder, the man that had been a thorn in his side since discovery of his birth. All the years he slipped through the cracks, like an insect that refused give up on its food source. All the years he was told not to touch him, to wait, that Mulder was inconsequential, but necessary for the plan to continue. Part of the deal from The Syndicate, on the list of lives that were to be spared. A smile grew on his face. Finally, the time had come.

Once he dropped Billy at the ship he returned to retrieve the next bounty. It was then he saw Krycek sitting in his vehicle and approached him. “You were part of the old syndicate were you not?”

“I like to think of myself as an independent contractor, but yeah, I once performed for them a similar function that you perform for your superiors. In a way, I was a bounty hunter much like yourself.”

“I may be able to use your assistance gathering a certain individual.”

“What will I get if I help you? I have already seen what comes of people who cooperate. I’m not interested in becoming the next barbeque or a replicant.”

“You give me Mulder and I give you a pass. This is your only chance Alex. The invasion has begun. The bounty hunters are here to clean up the mess, remove the evidence, to make for an easier transition, but we are going to take over. The plan is in motion. You can lay all your hopes on a dying man to save you or you can join us and save yourself.”

“Is Mulder really that important? He’s really a threat?”

“No, a pesky rodent I rather not have around anymore. His time has come and I want to watch him suffer. All his arrogance. I want to watch the torture and the mutation. To have him as a vessel for the emergence of a new race of slaves. Couldn’t think of a happier ending.”

“I help you and I get a free ride? How do I know you won’t kill me?”

“You don’t have any other options, but to trust me. Not to worry Alex, unlike your species, we’re good on our word.”

Alex knew he had the antidote for the alien virus and he was almost positive the aliens didn’t know about it. If they turned and infected him, he could cure himself. And what about Mulder? Mulder had power, otherwise, they wouldn’t need him dead. What if he was giving away the last chance at human survival? If nothing else, this would buy him time. “Okay. I’ll give you the head of Fox Mulder.”

Thursday Night

After a long flight from Oregon, back to DC, Scully was suffering serious jetlag. Mulder thought her spells had something to do with her proximity to where the ship had been. He was terrified when he had temporarily separated from her in the woods. He thought they had taken her again and he would not let that happen. When they arrived at his apartment they ate Chinese delivery and he made her some tea. She laid on his couch as he covered her with his Navajo blanket laying behind her as they watched television. He held her tight not wanting to let go. The way he now felt, the only time he wanted to sleep alone was if he was on a case.

He snuggled in closer, kissing her temple.

“Scully, do you think you might ever consider taking on another role in another department at
"headquarters?"

"Mulder, are you saying you don’t want me as your partner anymore?"

"No Scully, I would never say that. What I’m saying is what if I wanted more… you wanted more….What if…. we adopted?"

Scully turned her head to look his way. “Mulder, are you asking if I want to start a family with you?”

“You are my family Scully. I think maybe the time has come for us. I think, if you want to be a mother.. you should be. You deserve more than what I'm giving you.”

Scully re-positioned herself on the couch so she was facing the television again considering what he was getting at. "Mulder, even if I was to change jobs, they won't let me adopt as a single parent."

Mulder took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He knew what he wanted. Something he thought he could never have and never considered until now. "What if…. we were to get married?"

“Mulder, you’re scaring me.”

Mulder lifted himself up to caress her arm. “I’m not saying now. Maybe soon. Maybe we start working on that life you’re always talking about.”

She leaned onto her back and Mulder covered her with his body and the blanket. They kissed long and slow. He stared at her as he ran his fingers along her hairline. “I love you Scully. I need you to be happy.... Scully I want this. For both of us.”

She kissed him again, her symptoms fading being replaced by a sudden craving for peanut butter and an intense unexpected desire. “I love you Mulder....”

Their lips moved against each other’s sensually and passionate. What they could not know was this would be their final time together for what would seem like eternity. Instead, to them, it felt like an inception. Their lives taking shape. At that instance, she couldn’t imagine her life being lived any other way but with him, together. The future held true happiness, a stranger to them, but they both embraced it. Their dues having been paid tenfold. After hours of sharing each other, he held her close as they came as one, moaning from pleasure they could not contain. Their hands woven together, she fell asleep in his arms for what would be the last time until…

Meanwhile….Marita knew she had no one to trust and she was all out of options, but she continued until she could find a way out. She knew she was in too deep to stop now. Agreeing to meet Alex she entered the diner and ordered some coffee. Alex arrived soon after.

“What’s the plan Alex?”

“Good Afternoon Marita. You know as well as I do that the smoking man can’t be trusted. Don’t believe for a minute he actually thinks of us as his son and daughter. Even if he did, he’s too sick to help us. I know he has a plan and it doesn’t include us or he wouldn’t be so cryptic.”

“So what do you propose?”

“We go a different way. You help me and I’ll free you from his shackles.”

“What’s the plan Alex?” Marita was tiring of the dramatics.
“We join forces with Mulder and Scully. I spent the last two days running around in circles. I can’t find that ship, but Mulder can. We present him with everything we know and he finds the ship.”

“And then what?”

“Then we all get what we want. Mulder gets his proof. We get our answers. Then we can decide a course of action from there. Once we have the ship, there will be enough chairs at the table for all of us.”

“And what of the smoking man?”

“It’s time for him to die sooner rather than later.”

Krycek watched her leave the diner as he paid. He knew Marita would believe his lies. She had goodness still left in her. Maybe she would join him even after she learned the truth. He would need someone other than an alien to keep him warm at night.

Mulder and Scully stood in the hallway of FBI headquarters in an embrace. He knew he was asking a lot. They were on the verge of recovering an actual ship. They would finally have the truth, all the pieces to the puzzle. It was actually happening and he was asking her to stay behind. After all the years of following him, he was demanding that she stop. This time he would not let her go back out there. He couldn’t live through losing her again, especially now. Work or not. Professionalism or not. If they were really going down the path they had spoken about last night, he had a say in her decisions because now it was his life too. He saw in her eyes that she respected that, acknowledged it, but she wouldn’t let him go alone. Skinner would be by his side. When he returned he vowed to himself to spend the rest of his life with her making her happy.

*

Late Friday Night

Oregon

Mulder was standing in the light beam of the UFO. The bounty hunter’s smile grew as wide as Mulder’s eyes when they recognized each other. Alex had succeeded. Mulder was his and to make it even better, Mulder knew it. He would take much pleasure in watching his demise. Luckily, he had a front row seat. Perhaps when it was over he would mount him on his wall. A prized possession.

Watergate Apartments, Washington D.C.

“As you do to Mulder and to me, you do to all of mankind Alex.” The Smoking Man’s last words. Now wise to the Judas that Alex had become.

Walking inside the garage of the Watergate apartments to retrieve his car while the Smoking Man presumably was breathing his last breaths, Alex noticed a driver inside a black town car.

“That’s smoking man’s driver.” Marita confirmed to Alex. She watched as he drew his gun and slouched against the support beam. “What are you going to do Alex?”

“Make sure he doesn’t call for help”

Alex crept up besides the car and shot the driver in the head. He called over to Marita and they searched the car.
“Alex, what is this? Did Agent Mulder join forces with the smoking man?” She handed Alex the file she took from a briefcase overfilled with documents, passports, and receipts.

“What?” Alex rifled through the folder and saw passports with Mulder’s picture under different aliases, licenses, credit cards, bank deposit keys, birth certificates, off-shore bank accounts, and more.

“I don’t think Mulder knows about this” Alex said in disbelief.

“Alex, none of this makes sense. Why would the Smoking Man buy Mulder a tombstone with Mulder’s own credit card? Did he have a plan to kill him? Why does he have all these licenses? One of these is a picture of the Smoking Man with Mulder’s name on it. And why does he have Mulder’s medical records?”

“He doesn’t. Don’t you see, he was posing as Mulder. He was going to these doctors as Mulder.”

“But why? Wouldn’t they notice he wasn’t born in 1961?”

“It might not matter. Not if everything was done with paperwork or over the computer or phone. These medical records don’t have a date of birth, just SS#. Besides, I’m sure all these doctors worked for the Syndicate.”

“Won’t Mulder notice when he gets the bill next month on his credit card or even worse, when he goes to visit his mother and sees his own name? None of this makes any sense.”

“But I think it does and I think Mulder would understand it even more. What it means. What he needs to do.” Alex continued to flip through the folder. “You’re not seeing the whole picture. Smoking Man must have intended to end his life within the month. Especially with the ship in his possession he would have everything in place. He’s been going to these doctors for a year as Mulder. He dies, as Mulder. He’s giving Mulder the ultimate gift. Anonymity. For all intents and purposes, when smoking man dies, Mulder will be dead. He’ll no longer exist. Its smoking man’s last way to ensure Mulder will be protected. He’s probably already arranged for someone to contact Mulder upon his death. Mulder will be given smoking man’s place as the head of the syndicate or whatever new organization. With a new life, a new name. And according to these bank statements, he’ll inherit billions.”

Marita is shaking her head. “Mulder would never take that deal. He’d never accept that as his fate.”

“I’m not so sure. Think about it. He will be the one in control. Control to do everything as he sees fit. He’ll have all the knowledge, the truth about anything he could ever want to know. Need to know. The secrets to everything and all the power that goes along with it. Power to run it the way he feels it should be.”

“Why would he leave all of that to Mulder?”

“Mulder is his chosen one to carry on his legacy. The only way he could ensure Mulder would stay protected. What he said about giving us all the power, having us rebuild the project, it was all a ruse. He wanted Mulder to inherit the throne.”

“What are you going to do with that information now? No one can cash in on that but Mulder and the aliens have him.”

“Sell the information in exchange for freedom. To gain more trust. This information may be useful in the hands of the right people.”

Saturday – Washington, D.C.
Krycek handed the files over to the alien bounty hunter. “You did well Krycek. You may have a
good career as a bounty hunter.”

“What now?” Alex was a bit apprehensive. This was a devil on a whole new level.

“Now we clean up while others continue the work of eliminating the proof of the tests. We won’t be
able to sweep Mulder under the rug as easily as the rest. We can use what’s in the files you gave us
to create suspicion in the FBI along with some other well planted pieces of information. We use that
along with me in Mulder’s form appearing in just the right places, using his passcard, gathering the
clues. We already have people in place and plans for the task force. That’s our job Alex. Plant
suspicion, create doubt, remove proof. Ensure everyone is kept in line, follows our law, and we have
no deserters. I’ve been doing this for over 50 years. Now it’s all routine. It will be for you some
day as well. Welcome aboard.”

“What task force? Skinner and Scully will never turn no matter what you threaten them with.”

“They won’t have to. Kersh has already been contacted. It’s been explained to him that it’s in his
best interest to follow and he’s gathering the right people now. We have people everywhere Alex.
All that’s left is to watch the puzzle pieces fall into place. Make sure they see the portrait we paint.”

“And you and I deliver the brushes and the paint.”

“Now you get the idea.”

“How do I tell you from the other bounty hunters? You all look alike. I hope you got the word out
not to have me killed.”

The bounty hunter only smiled.

Alex continued. “Why go through the trouble? If you’re so superior, why not just swoop in and take
over?”

“Past experience. This isn’t the first planet Alex and it won’t be the last. This is the best way. It will
happen soon enough. If you go in with guns blazing you end up with a destructive war that removes
and damages the resources we need and defeats the purpose of reclaiming the planet. This way we
come in silent, protect the resources and weaken their resolve before they even realize what’s
happening. It is best for all sides. It takes longer, lots of experimenting, but the results are much
more fruitful. Enjoy your time. You’re now the most powerful human in the world Mr. Alex
Krycek.”
The Day Hell Broke Loose

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Mulder has been taken by the UFO. Alex and the Bounty Hunters are out erasing proof and cleaning up about Mulder's disappearance. Agent Doggett is lost and trying to find his way. Scully is trying her best to keep it together and accept what has happened. Skinner is being supportive. After being thrown down a flight of stairs Senator Palpatine of Naboo is making his transformation into the Emperor. Sorry, wrong story.... I mean Smoking Man.

If everyone would have listened to Margaret Scully from the beginning and ate some of her chicken soup this would never have happened....

Saturday

His eyelids too heavy to lift, he was disoriented, but somehow still alive. As he took a breath he could feel the plastic tube low in his throat. The air was acrid, a stench of antiseptics and detergent. A mask covered his face supplying oxygen. His body shivering against the cold metal table. Voices muffled at first, slowly becoming sharper. A male voice boomed into his ear, "Mr. Spender, you’re going to need to relax. You’ve been through an ordeal. Know we are in your secure private facility. We were forced to start an unconventional course of treatment. One in which we believe you are familiar with, but resisted in the past. It is now the only way.” Too weak to respond, he merely nodded his head. His last cognitive thought, he realized he was in his underground facility in New Mexico. One of the few that Aliens and conspirators alike knew nothing about. He was safe for now.

Scully laid in the hospital bed. Nurses coming in and out keeping her from any possible rest. Sleep had not been part of her life for the past 24 hours. Every time she closed her eyes she saw him. She felt him. Scared, tortured, in pain. Alone. It was worse than any nightmare imaginable. She tried to tell herself that her feelings, her visions were nightmares, but she knew better. They were connected. She could feel him anytime she wanted, but this was too much to bare. Unable to leave him alone, she sent her energy to him. All she could think was hold on, I will find you. At the same time she kept repeating to herself the words that she said to Skinner. “I’m pregnant”

How could this be? What did it mean? Was it Mulder’s or was her biggest fear coming true? Would she give birth to a healthy human child or was an alien growing inside her?

Saturday night came. Back in her apartment. She knew she had to eat. Take her vitamins. Stay healthy. A child. What she wanted more than almost anything else. Still in the back of her mind she was frightened of alien intervention. Thoughts of Mulder entered her head and the tears came. She missed him so much and was terrified of what was happening to him. Attempts to compose herself failed and once she let go she couldn’t stop crying. On her knees she cried. Cried until the tears ran dry. She remained sick to her stomach. It was now no more than dry heaves, but she knew it was far from just morning sickness. She didn’t dare close her eyes. Black rings forming where she rubbed them, red capillaries bursting next to her freckles. Laying down on the couch she hugged the throw pillow rocking as she cried. Around four in the morning, she finally cried herself to sleep. In her dreams she was with him. They were holding hands along the beach, then they were arguing over a case, they were laughing in a car. Then she lost him, she felt a dark wet place. Hard lonely cold

*
metal. She woke up screaming. Got up and ran to the bathroom losing the little that was left in her stomach. She had to pull herself together otherwise she would lose the baby. She had to focus on getting him back. She splashed cold water on her face. 7 years she thought she was alone, independent, impenetrable. She had him. She didn’t realize, didn’t admit to herself the depth, but she always had him. Maybe she took it for granted, took him for granted. She never depended on anyone. He depended on her. That was the way. But now. To carry on without him. She couldn’t. Instead, she would bring him with her as a badge of honor. She failed him. She splashed more water on her face. Today would be hard. She would go to Mass and she would pray. She would allow herself to cry. On Monday, She would dry her tears, wear her badge, put her gun in her holster and do what needed to be done. Throwing herself into her work was what she did best. She would keep herself healthy and focus on their baby. Protect the life that he needed to come home to. He was alive. Whatever they were doing to him, whatever he was going through, at least he was alive. If he’s alive, she can fix him, heal him. As long as she could feel him, it would be alright, she would endure.

Monday Morning

Scully looked at herself in the mirror. Her face looked foreign to her as if seeing it for the first time. Still suffering from morning sickness and little sleep from the ongoing nightmares she knew were real. When she had cancer and was afraid to follow up with Penny Northern, the last living female MUFON group abductee, Mulder was the one who pushed her. “If it’s too hard for you go as an investigator. You have one remaining witness Agent Scully. I’d think you’d want to know what her story is.” Today she would enter the office as Special Agent Dana Scully and she would perform her duties. She would investigate, she would find him. Her mind drifted to the hallway replaying the scene in her head for the hundredth time. Why didn’t she pay more attention, figure out sooner that his life was in danger, stop him, do more. She felt his arms around her that last time, his heart in time with hers as it did so many times before. Her mind flashed on him leaning in to kiss her days before. She felt his lips on her and it shook her back into reality. It was time to go to work. She kept repeating in her head, you are strong, you can do this. You will do this. Then another voice, you are pregnant. Everything was surreal. She felt as though she was in someone else’s body leading someone else’s life. Like her body was following a path, going through motions, but her mind was only along for the ride. As she entered the building and went down the hallway it was all strange. Familiar, but foreign. There was no solace in the repetition. She wanted to go to the basement and feel him. Channel him and find him. “Find the way Scully” He was in her head. Always in her heart. She half expected to find him there when she turned the corner. Instead she was broadsided, violated, immediately becoming enraged. The next hours were worse than a bad dream. The circus began, everyone playing by their scripts. She was down the rabbit hole. Apparently, she took the wrong pill when she went through the looking glass. Doggett pushed all Scully’s buttons. Tried to make her question her resolve. Question a relationship so deep there was no comprehending from an outside party.

* 

As Alex and the bounty hunter headed back to the ship, Alex offered up another sacrificial lamb. “You said you were eliminating proof? I have living biological proof that aliens exist living right out in Arizona.” Alex handed him a file. “Gibson Praise. More human than human. A human with alien physiology. This is what needs to be eliminated.”

The bounty hunter opened the file and smiled. “Good work once again Alex. Looks like Mulder will have to make another appearance.”

Alex still had more questions. “Can we trust these so-called super soldiers? This Agent Crane. Will he be able to keep Scully and Skinner distracted? I can keep Skinner very distracted if he needs to be.”

The bounty hunter furrowed his brow. “Agent Crane is part of the slave race. They are there for our
bidding. There only wish is survival, so they don’t disappoint.”
*
When her landlord told her he had seen Mulder, Scully decided to go to his apartment. If he had truly
returned, eventually he would come home. She entered his apartment as Special Agent Dana Scully,
but it was only Scully that hugged his shirt. His Scully. His shirt was still scented with his unique
musk mixed with his cologne. As she lay her head on his pillow she was surrounded by scents of his
shampoo, the oils of his hair. Part of him was still there. She held his shirt tight and their last night
together went dancing through her head. She could feel him around her, his presence, holding her,
kissing her, protecting her, and loving her. For the first time since he went missing, she was able to
calm herself and fall asleep.
*
While Kersh and Doggett hung from their strings and performed perfectly, Alex and the bounty
hunter were busy at work planting the breadcrumbs for Doggett to find. A car rental receipt here, a
tombstone there, throw in some Mulder sightings, missing computers, missing files, a use of a
passcard, and Smoking Man’s medical records for the icing on the cake. Their proof was so
convincing even Scully herself questioned the past year.
Scully’s head was swimming and her ears buzzing. She could taste the bile in the back of her throat
and she had a dull headache. It was all a distraction from finding Mulder. Somehow she had to find it
in her to focus.
*
Scully was back at her apartment. One day worse than the next. Why didn’t she wake from this
nightmare? In her head, Doggett was taunting her, “How well do you really know your partner?”
How did she allow them to put these doubts in her head? How could Mulder be dying? Through all
the days they spent together, everything they shared, trying to have a baby? How could he have done
that to her? He was talking about the future, about marriage. The past four weeks in NC. When did
he have the time to drive there and back? Where were we? Her memory was completely blank. It all
didn’t make sense and her head was pounding. He had kept stuff from her in the past to spare her.
He ran away without notice and he had faked his own death before, but she always knew. They
shared everything. She took two Tylenols and laid on the couch whispering to herself, “Mulder,
where are you?”
Her nightmares began again as she felt the laser cut into the roof of his mouth as if it was going
through her own. Her phone rang to pull her away. It was Skinner. They were to meet the Lone
Gunman. They may have a lead.
*
Earlier that day….
Kersh pressed the top button of the elevator. The doors opened to the inside of a spacious office
where he was met by a secretary. She was a tall thin blonde with pale skin. Not surprising for the
FBI. She instructed him that the director was waiting for him and to go right in. He entered the
office. To the right of him was a large rectangular conference table with about 20 chairs. To the left
was a smaller round table with four chairs. The left side wall was floor to ceiling windows
overlooking the D.C. skyline. In front of him sat the director behind a large mahogany desk. He was
an older white man, not what anyone would consider handsome. He had stern eyes with an
expressionless face. “Kersh, you requested a meeting”
“Yes director, I wanted to update you on the status of the latest cases”
“What about the whereabouts of Agent Mulder?”
“Agent Doggett is an extremely capable agent. I’ve been very happy so far with all his recovery
efforts. He keeps me abreast of all developments.”
“I trust that Agent Doggett will not have anything on his report concerning aliens or UFOs. We don’t
need that kind of attention. Your future in the FBI depends on it.”
“Agent Doggett has a flawless reputation and he was already told that he is not to conduct his
investigation using any of the xfiles’ theories.”
“And A.D. Skinner and Agent Scully?”
“I have them both bogged down with new information on Agent Mulder. I’m counting on Agent Doggett to keep everyone on the straight and narrow. His focus is on the assistant director’s chair. That carrot has already been dangled over his head.”

“What I don’t want is reports handed in with xfiles implications and insinuations. We need logical explanations free from the science fiction. The last thing we need is the public to start an irrational panic. Anything about aliens or alien abductions become public and I expect your shield on my desk.”

“Understood director”

The xfiles had become Kersh’s bane of existence. It was nothing that he had intended when he joined the FBI. He never understood the purpose of the department or why they allowed it to stay open when they clearly were not happy with the results. Now the xfiles would determine whether or not he got to keep his office. A career years in the making, paid for in blood, now threatened by science fiction. On his way back to his office he stopped by Agent Crane’s desk. “I want to know what files were taken last night and I want them recovered and on my desk by the end of the day.” Agent Crane picked up the phone as Kersh left. “Director, Kersh is asking for the missing files.”

The Bounty Hunter grinned into the phone. “That’s fine. Just make sure you tag along with Agent Doggett on any recovery efforts if they go to Arizona. I need you to make sure they don’t succeed. This could actually work in our favor.”

Two hours later, Kersh slips Gibson Praise’s file under the door for Doggett to recover…

* 

Scully dozed in the car on the way to Arizona. Channeling him. She felt his pain, saw his torture, heard his screams. She was so sick she didn’t know if it was from the pregnancy or her visions. As she waited for Skinner in the car she felt Mulder’s presence, felt him so close. She looked out at the horizon and thought she could almost see the ship. While they drove she continued to gaze out of the window. She knew it was up to her now. She had to find the courage deep inside her. The courage she never had in the past she needed above all else. She needed it for him. The courage to believe that which all those years she denied. Feared to accept. Bounty hunters, aliens. Mulder did you hear me? Are you smiling?

* 

Mulder closed his eyes. His eyelids the only part of him left not in pain. He called for Scully in his mind, but it was to no avail. He refocused. Gibson would hear him and be able to find him. He called to Gibson. Gibson woke in his sleep. “Mulder?” Mulder instructed Gibson to get Scully and help her find him. When Scully was finally able to locate Gibson and get him alone, she found his leg infected and he was running a fever. She knew Gibson’s health needed to be the priority and made Skinner take him to the hospital instead.

* 

“I’ve got another question for you.” Alex was taking advantage of his new found friend. “You talk too much Alex. I’m not used to communicating like that. Listening to you is like a bad echo. Go ahead.” The Bounty Hunter said sorely. “Why are you guys such bad drivers? I mean, you have to admit, you do seem to crash a lot of ships. Maybe you need better landing gear?”

“Your sarcasm is not lost on me Alex. It’s the magnetite. An iron compound. Not indigenous of Earth, but due to meteors there is enough of it. It stops our ships dead in their tracks. The result is a crash landing.”

“It kills black oil? Does it kill everything alien? Even these Super Soldiers? Like Superman’s kryptonite?”

“I’m not sure of your reference. What’s kryptonite? The answer is yes Alex, but there’s not enough of it on Earth to stop us so building a resistance army is futile.”

* 

“Mulder!” Scully screamed into the barren desert night. She repeated it in her heart, using her soul,
their language. He felt her calling out to him. She was here. He could hear her. He replied to her with his heart. “Scully, I feel you close, can you feel me?” She continued screaming his name and his heart ached.

Then panic struck him as he felt her leaving and he screamed out, “Scully!”

He heard her again deep inside his heart. “Hold on, Mulder, I will find you. Please, hold on.”

His heart was breaking as he felt her being taken away. “I’ll try”

Scully entered her mother’s house. Her mother took one look and threw her arms around her. “Dana, what’s wrong?”

Scully broke down in her mother’s arms. Finally having someone to lean on gave her solace. “They took him mom. He’s gone. Mulder’s gone.”

“Dana, who took him? What happened? Come sit down.” She led her daughter to the couch. She got her tissues to dry her eyes and boiled water for tea. She came back into the living room and set down a brown betty with tea steeping inside handing a cup to Scully and pouring one for herself. She sat back into her chair. “Okay Dana, now tell me what happened.”

“You know because of the sensitivity of my work I can’t tell you all the details mom. All I can say is Mulder was taken against his will by a very powerful organization. I don’t know how he’s being treated, if they’re torturing him, experimenting on him. I don’t know when he’ll be returned and in what condition.”

“Oh my God Dana.”

“I know mom.”

“Are you okay?”

“I don’t know….There’s something else. I was having fainting spells so I went to the doctor to get it checked out and….that’s how I discovered….I’m pregnant.”

“What? Dana! But I thought the treatments didn’t work? How?”

“I don’t know Mom. I don’t know how it’s possible… but I am.”

“I’m guessing Fox is the father?”

“I don’t know.”

“Dana, how can you not know?”

“Mom, please. I can’t go into it. I just….I don’t know.”

“Well, who else could it be? Dana, what are you not telling me?”

“Mom please.”

“Dana, let me make you something to eat. When was the last time you ate something? You have to take care of yourself now. You look like you haven’t been eating or sleeping. You can’t do that in your condition.”

“You’re right mom. And I haven’t been.”

“Sit back and relax. You’re going to eat and then you’re going to get some rest.”

The phone rang. “Krycek”

“Is this a Mr. Alex Krycek?”

“Yes.”

“I’m glad I was able to reach you. I’ve been trying to reach Mr. Spender, but I only get voicemail. I have something urgent and I need to know how to proceed. I was told to contact you if he was unavailable.”

“Go on…”

“Miss Scully has tested positive for pregnancy.”

“You’ve successfully implanted?”

“No, that’s just it. The in vitro was unsuccessful as far as we know.”

“As far as you know?”

“Her pregnancy does not correspond correctly with any of the implantation dates.”

“Could it be an alien influence?”

“Not that I’ve been made aware. If not, what we are talking about, her producing her own ova, it’s
unheard of in my field. This would be considered a rare anomaly, a complete improbability. It would have to mean that Mr. Spender's fertilization treatment efforts, his implantation attempt, may have worked after all. Anyway, I am relaying this information to you to ask how I am to proceed."

“For now I want you to simply monitor without interference. Treat her like you would the others. If there was alien interference I will find out and get back to you.”

“Thank you Mr. Krycek. Let’s keep in touch.”

Agent Dana Scully pregnant. This is fascinating news Alex thought to himself not quite sure what to make of it. He considered telling his new friends but decided to keep this information to himself for now. He might need it to help him in a bind at a later date.

* Scully answered her door to find Skinner on the other side. She stood aside and ushered him in.

“Sir?”

“I hope I’m not bothering you. I was in the neighborhood and…” He smiled at her and she smiled back. “Ok, I’m not good at this. I stopped by to make sure you’re doing alright. With everything you’ve been through and your pregnancy. I’m worried about you Dana.”

“I told you I’m fine. Would you like to sit down? Can I get you something? Beer, Wine, Soda?”

“Coke is fine, thanks.”

Scully handed him the drink and sat down. “Sir, I’m really fine.”

“Dana, you can’t possibly be. You need to lean on someone. If you need to, you can lean on me.”

Scully looked down and realized she was wringing her hands. “I appreciate it Sir. I told my mother and I’m letting her help me. The difficult part for me is going to be working with someone else. Mulder has been all I’ve known for the past seven years. Agent Doggett is good, but I don’t know that he’ll be cut out for this kind of work. Without Mulder, I’m not sure if I am.”

“Dana, you were put on the xfiles and you remained there because you are more than qualified with or without Mulder. You can do this. It’s also not a sign of weakness to ask for help when you need it. Helping you is a part of Agent Doggett’s job now and it has always been mine. I want you to look to me as a boss and a friend.”

“And I do.”

“Then as a friend I’m going to tell you to stop doubting yourself. You will solve these cases and you will be fine. It doesn’t have to be the way Mulder does it. You will be successful and you will find your own way.”

“Thank you. You’re right.” She let out a laugh and shook her head. “I just have to be successful. To prove it to myself and for Mulder, so he has something to come home to.”

“Stop being so hard on yourself Dana. And I believe either way Mulder has plenty to come home to.”

Scully didn’t respond to his last comment. “While I’m on all these cases, how will we continue to look for him?”

“The Lone Gunman will continue to track what they can and let us in on any leads that we believe we can make connections with. Besides that they’ll continue to give me weekly updates. We will find him Dana. You have to believe that.”

“I know. Sometimes I don’t know how much more I can take.”

“You’re strong Dana. Stronger than any man I know. You just need to accept it and with the xfiles, have the courage to believe in yourself to take leaps of faith.”

Scully stood up as a signal for Skinner that this was all the conversation she could take for one day.

“Thank you for coming over Sir. This was a much needed pep talk.”

“Well, just because you’re pregnant doesn’t mean you don’t need a kick in the ass every now and then.”

Skinner and Scully exchanged a brief smile and Skinner nervously dropped his head pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose.
Scully sat down in Mulder’s office chair. She leaned back and closed her eyes. Running her hands along the sides, she felt the soft stitching. If she concentrated she could almost feel his presence, like remnants of his aura left there for her. Her nightmares continued, but she was becoming numb to them. She missed him with a pain that was beyond the realm of human capability. Her thoughts wandered to the day she sat in that chair, his head buried between her thighs making her feel the way only he could. She opened her eyes and sat straight up. Slowly reaching into the drawer she held his nameplate. She traced the letters with her finger, her eyes welling with tears. “I love you Mulder. Please….. come back to me. I don’t want to do this alone anymore” She placed the name plate back and pushed the door closed, drying her tears. Too much emotion for work. She needed to get herself back in check.

*** Two days later***

The so-called David Haskell dialed his cell phone as he stepped in the FBI elevator.

“Zeus Genetics Dr. Lev speaking.”

“They called me back here to the FBI to poke holes in my story.” Haskell replied.

“As we knew they would.”

“We still risk losing Hendershot.”

“Then it’s time to let her go.” Dr. Lev hoped Agent Scully would aid in collecting Mrs. Hendershot’s baby. He knew by letting Mary Hendershot go, she would go straight to Agent Scully and ask for her help. He counted on Agent Scully to bring her to the Walden-Freeman Army Research hospital where she thought Mary could be safe. They also assumed Agent Scully was carrying one of their experiments from the IVF program, so they would placate her with a phony ultrasound. Once they had Mary Hendershot in their possession they would be able to switch the baby and grab the super soldier hybrid. What he had not counted on and did not know at the time was that Agent Doggett would recruit Knowle Rohrer, a super soldier for the aliens to intersect and take the baby. This still was not much concern to Dr. Lev since the hybrid babies didn’t live more than a couple days, but then the aliens would discover their continued experiments. Dr. Lev and his group were using the hybrids for tissue and stem cells for other experiments hoping to create more viable embryos. Either way they would be forced to clean up their tracks.

After learning that David Haskell had been dead since 1970, Doggett decided to contact his buddy
Rohrer and have him find out if it really was the same Haskell or not. What Rohrer discovered was what the aliens didn’t know at the time. The Syndicates satellite experiments were still in business working outside the Aliens knowledge and control, trying to create a hybrid to combat the super soldiers and the alien takeover.

There was scurrying about the ship and murmurs from bounty hunters hiding in corners. Alex kept his ear to the floor and tried to determine what the sudden change in atmosphere was all about.

“Bo”, Alex’s new name for his new bounty hunter friend. “What’s with all the excitement?”

“As you’re well aware, The Syndicate had several secret sites where they performed experimentation to create a human-alien hybrid. With the elimination of the Syndicate these sites should have been closed. The only sites that were approved to remain operational were the super soldier program controlled by the Department of Defense under our control. These sites aided in the production of the slave race. Although with our current human replacement program, we will soon be releasing a new super soldier slave race independent of human involvement.”

“So Knowle Rohrer and Agent Crane were from the old program?”

“Yes, part of the Department of Defense program designed with the aid of the Syndicate. That was different than this new program that takes a human life form and uses it for an incubator for a new type of super soldier. One of pure alien decent.”

“Okay, so let me get this straight, you were working with the Department of Defense and created the original super soldiers.”

“Yes. They were out of the Adam and Eve program.”

“Then there were others attempting to create human/alien hybrids. This was apart from the DoD project?”

“Yes. This was from another department in the Syndicate, but the rebel aliens destroyed that project along with the syndicate. If they would have been successful in retrieving their human/alien hybrid we would have spared the syndicate as we took over. You already know this Alex.”

“How do you know there aren’t others with complete human/alien DNA running around from those experiments, the abductions?”

“We don’t, but with the new super soldier program, those are irrelevant. As we find them, we will reclaim them, but it is not a concern.”

“So Gibson Praise?”

“An anomaly and a threat to the Truth, but not a threat to the slave race. It’s taken seriously because any threat to revealing the Truth is a threat to us retrieving all the natural resources from the planet. We’ve been over this Alex.”

“I’m just making sure I understand. So what’s the threat with this new revelation that Knowle Rohrer uncovered?”

“It means there are humans still trying to develop a resistance. From what we ascertained, they are attempting an organically made super soldier to combat our super soldiers. Knowle Rohrer has informed us that he knows the location of these experimental sites.”

It’s a good thing they never discovered that Bill Mulder developed the antidote for the black oil Alex
thought to himself then quickly cleared his mind in case they could read it. “So what’s he going to do? Blow the place up?”

“No. We need to understand what is happening at that site. He said that there is a Mrs. Hendershot that is about to give birth. He will intercept that baby and bring it to the ship. From there we can see how far they have gotten.”

“Why are you allowing me all this information?”

“I told you Alex, we need you. You will be an asset to us in the future and in return you’ll have what no other human will. Your freedom.”

* 

Knowle Rohrer formed a team and headed to the Army Hospital where Agent Doggett instructed him Agent Scully would be in an attempt to capture Hendershot’s baby before anyone else did. He instructed one of his men to go into the hospital to locate Agent Scully. While looking for Scully, the man noticed Scully’s file and amniotic fluid test. He grabbed the test tube and file and headed out.

* 

Knowle returned to the ship with his updates.

“I’ve got some information for you that you might find slightly unbelievable. First, we retrieved the hybrid baby from Hendershot. It died shortly after. We will have to go back in and destroy all of Zeus Genetics. But what we recovered from the hospital was a vial from the amniocentesis done on Dana Scully. Not only is she pregnant, but her baby contains a complete DNA strand free of abnormalities. Her baby was not created in their lab. It is a completely organic human. Much like Gibson Praise, only all of this baby’s DNA is active.” Knowle looked over to the ship’s crew leader. “What does this mean?”

“It is the prophecy. This baby is the One. The One that is meant to lead the alien replacements during the takeover. So it is written. It is the Word. We will have to take this up the chain of command. We will need a plan.”

Scully was jolted awake from her motel bed in Helena Montana breathing hard, her heart racing. Another nightmare as real as the rest. It was Mulder, with the last fragments of his brain activity she saw his corpse lying on the cold metal, still attached. She went to Skinner’s room, her fears at their worst. He provided comfort, but she already knew the truth. When she saw Teresa Hoese, saw the scars, it confirmed everything. Everything she dreamed. She felt. It was all true. They were performing all of it on Mulder. Her tears were no longer enough. She felt her body shaking.

* 

The Bounty Hunter approached Mulder’s body. It was confirmed that Mulder was dead which gave him much happiness, but he needed to see it for himself. An alien currently incubating inside. He would dump him at the next drop. With him dead there would be no barriers in their success. Mulder’s son in line to fulfill the prophecy.

*
Skinner watched the pained face of Dana Scully as she examined Gary’s body. It was a gut wrenching sight. He told her that she was strong, but it was too much for even himself. To think what was going through her head, what he failed to stop, to think Mulder might be out there lying in a ditch. She refused to listen, but she was torturing herself. As always, she focused on the work, but every tear that fell from her face burned another hole into Skinner’s chest.

* 

Jeremiah Smith met his fellow aliens at an undisclosed location. If the bounty hunters knew, they would surely hold them for capture and turn them in for mutiny. They were the second rebellion. A hybrid alien race without disfigurement with natural immunity to black oil. Their motivation was simple. They already witnessed the takeover by their race of several planets. Witnessed the rape of resources and the brutality. Their fate would be lower class, not much more than the slave fate of the replacements and any human survivors. Unlike the aggressive rebel alien race, they were patient, calculated, well versed, and organized. Penetrating from within and communicating out. Jeremiah had been busy since the dawn of the new millennium when the invasion began, on schedule, humans returned from abductions to give birth to the human replacements. Humans of a certain physiology, showing increased neurological activity due to exposure to the black oil and alien testing. While the humans of the syndicate played with useless experiments, it was the aliens alone that brought about the hatching of replacements. Jeremiah was the lone alien on the ground, aided by humans led by Absalom. He brought the human’s back to life and killed the replacement growing inside delaying the impending invasion.

Today Jeremiah was meeting with a bounty hunter that had turned and joined Jeremiah’s cause. Now working undercover, he would tell Jeremiah of everything that was told to him by his supervisor on the alien craft. He would tell him of Scully’s pregnancy, of Mulder’s abduction. He would tell him of Scully’s miracle baby and how they believed he would be born to fulfill the prophecy. Jeremiah now understood the importance of protecting Mulder. Protecting him from the aliens, so he could resurrect him, protect him from the human replacements that now infiltrated the FBI. Mulder must live to teach his son, so he may follow in his father’s footsteps to defeat the aliens and save mankind.

Jeremiah repeated the information to Absalom, showing him The Word as it was written so Absalom would understand. “You must not let them find him.” Jeremiah and Absalom’s room was not as private as they thought. One of their followers overheard the conversation. They would spread the Word. It would spread to Canada where this follower would repeat the story and join a cult. A cult with a misguided leader and an alien spaceship that thought God was telling him that they would be saved if they brought William to the aliens so he could take his rightful place with them. God had other plans.

* 

Agent Crane contacted the ship and relayed the information to the bounty hunter concerning the location of Jeremiah. The spaceship doubled back to capture Jeremiah and put an end to his interference.

* 

Scully flicked the light switch in her motel room, but it failed. Looking over towards the window she saw him. Mulder, standing in the moonlight. It was his soul. It had left his body, her visions confirmed. It was his final stop. His soul would return to reside in the starlight. Her mouth fell, stomach twisted and her heart tightened. He looked frightened and guilty. Not for where he was
going, but that they would be separated, that he couldn’t hold on for her. He was there to say goodbye, to tell her he was leaving. She saw in his face his attempt to comfort her, to tell her it would be alright. It wasn’t going to be alright. Agent Reyes entered the room startling her, but a part of her was now missing. A gaping hole that could not be filled. She was panicked as she ran to the window, but knew he was gone into the starlight.

Back at the compound Skinner came in the room to tell Dana of their discovery. Dana asked him, “What is it?” but she already knew. They had found him and he was dead. She didn’t want to believe it until she saw it with her own eyes. “How bad is he hurt?” She knew Jeremiah could still bring him back. The aliens knew that too. She was too late. Jeremiah would be taken and dealt with accordingly. A hybrid traitor to the alien race. One less wrench in the machine. Scully watched as the alien spaceship took Jeremiah and with it all hope. She was so close to getting him back. Now the other part of her soul was gone, departed to live among the stars. It couldn’t be, there was no her without him. “This is not happening! No!” she screamed into the night on her knees. Where is God to help her now?

The snow lay on the frozen ground in Raleigh, N.C. Usually too warm a climate for snow, but the chill was not felt by Dana. Her heart was already frozen though it still beat. Still in disbelief, she mourned the death of her own soul. She was Dana now, with a baby boy inside her that was either a curse or a miracle. She was now living only for this baby. She would tell the tale of his father and raise him accordingly. Her cross burning against her neck. One she felt too heavy to carry. She felt betrayed by God to give her this pain, but prayed to him anyway. For Mulder’s soul, for the baby. Never doubting there was still a greater plan. Not one of which she was yet to know. She had picked out the suit for his body to wear through all eternity as it returned to the dust from which he came. He always looked so handsome in a suit. Although with the scars so severe, they were forced to do a closed casket. Dana was standing with the aid of her two pillars. Her mother and Skinner. Keeping her breathing, giving her strength. The Lone Gunman behind her to catch her should she fall. They were all that was left to carry on for him. Though it was a crowded gravesite, the six of them were all that truly knew the man whose body was lying in the casket. She kept running through her head, why didn’t I hold him longer when I had the chance, why didn’t I tell him I loved him more. Why did I allow my own fears to betray him?

“I can’t truly believe that I’m really standing here.” Scully sobbed to Skinner.

“And I don’t truly believe that … Mulder’s the last.” Skinner replied.

In tradition, Scully sprinkled the dirt on his casket along with her tears.

She leaned on Skinner and he did his best to console her.

Three months. For three months she woke up every morning and had to remind herself to breathe. For three months she continued to pay his rent not wanting to deal with the painful reality of removing his things from his place. She knew his lease would soon be over. Soon she would have to confront it along with everything she had inherited. All of his family’s fortune as dictated in his will. Still in too much shock to comprehend. For three months she nurtured the baby inside her eating, exercising, and getting as much sleep as her heart would allow. The days did not get easier. She returned to the church. Going each and every Sunday praying for strength. Praying to endure for her child. For once in her life, being alone was too much to endure. She leaned on her friends,
The Lone Gunman, Skinner, Monica, and even Doggett. Her mother visiting as much as she could pushing her forward. Skinner took on a father figure like never before, making sure she did not go without and did not work too hard. Dana wasn’t sure what would become of herself. How much longer she could proceed in life without him. The baby was saving her life for the moment. She went to work as a robot, getting through the day. Every day she mourned, every day dressed in black. Time passed inconsequentially. No one spoke of her pain, her emptiness, her unrelenting loneliness, but they read it on her face treating her as the grieving widow. She visited his grave as often as she could bringing him flowers, putting rocks on the headstone to signify she was there. Night would come and she would pray for his soul and cry herself to sleep. For three months….

* 

With tears and hope in her eyes she laid her hand on his body, moving solely by artificial respiration. It was comforting just to see his body, although she knew it was empty. If he was to come alive, his soul must return. That’s all she ever wanted was his soul. So they could join together again. With the hope and faith of a thousand prayers she held him tight and cried into his body. She held his hand with one hand, her other hand feeling their son. Dana fell asleep for the first time in three months.

* 

Kersh felt his acid reflux acting up as he rode in the elevator to the dreaded Director’s office. What now, was all he could think to himself. The secretary sent him in after a small wait. When he entered the office the Director greeted him with a half-smile that sent chills down his spine. "I haven’t heard from you and I was beginning to get worried. I’m guessing Doggett has accepted his promotion?"

"Not exactly. He said he needs to think about it."

"I’m not sure I understand. What could he possibly have to think about?"

"I think he feels he has a commitment to Agent Scully. They understand that once she goes on maternity, with Agent Doggett gone, the x-files will close."

"That is the goal."

"With all due respect sir, it is my department. Those are the things you pay me to determine."

"We can discuss this later. Am I to understand they have dug up the grave of Agent Mulder?"

"Yes. Assistant Director Skinner acted alone."

"If A.D. Skinner wants to hang himself that’s fine, but you need to take Agent Doggett off this case. If that’s what you want to call it. If any word of this gets out of what they are trying to do it will put the FBI in a very bad light not to mention what the public response would be. We just finished discussing this Deputy Director. I want order, not agents running around doing whatever crazy ideas pop into their head."

"Understood Sir."

"Get it together Kersh"

Kersh was tired of being told how to run his department and tired of everyone having a secret agenda whether it was from his supervisors or subordinates. He made up his mind that he was going to run
his department his way. That’s what he was paid to do. If Agent Doggett wanted to stay, he would
let him stay. Hell, if Mulder rose from the dead, they could all work in that damn basement for all he
cared.

* 

Meanwhile….The Bounty Hunter called on Alex once again. “Alex, I’ve got news from Agent
Crane that they have dug up Mulder’s body and they are trying to resurrect him. I want you to get
down there and see that everything goes as planned.”

“How is that even possible? To raise Mulder from the dead?”

“He’s infected with the virus. It’s not something we’ve come across, but our physiology is that of a
virus which means there is always something out there that can combat it. I need you there to make
sure they don’t have those kind of means.”

Alex knows he has Bill Mulder’s antidote. He also doesn’t know what to believe. These aliens
seem to be convinced of this prophecy or at least the possibility of this prophecy coming to fruition.
They want Mulder dead, but did he really want to damn the whole human race? Alex decided to let
Skinner decide. If he could control Skinner to kill Scully’s baby, there would be no leader. He
could end this ridiculous prophecy. Otherwise, all of humanity could go to hell. He would still
have a spot at the table.

* 

Dana remained dressed in black, mourning over his body. She held onto her hope and prayers and
the science that she knew to bring him back to life. Hoping that stabilizing his temperature and vitals
along with the plain human antivirals were enough. Until she was sure there was nothing else to be
done, she wouldn’t let go of his hand. And then it twitched.

Mulder’s body stirred. His brain coming into focus like a camera lens. He heard Scully’s sweet
voice calling his name and he opened his eyes. His first realization was that he was free from pain.
The next that he was in a hospital bed. He looked over into her seas of blue and she greeted him
with a “Hi”. It instantly lifted his spirits, but she wasn’t smiling. His intent was for that to change
immediately. “Who are you?” he asked in jest. Instead of her normal smiles and giggles, he was
struck by the tears and pain on her face. Her anguish hit him hard in the chest and he knew
something serious had occurred. He was puzzled, his memory of his close encounter not at the
forefront, concern washing over him as he realized that he had put her through some kind of
agonizing pain. That he had gone through something horrendous. Her right eyebrow was locked in
the upright position steady quivering and tears free flowing from her face. He wanted to take all the
pain away from her, but he felt weak. Weak and perplexed by Scully’s reactions. The emotions he
was use to her carrying deep inside were spilling out everywhere. “Anybody miss me?” Her laugh
soothed him. Too weak to move he bathed in the familiar vanilla and lavender scents. Whatever had
happened, he was with Scully now. He was home.
Did I happen to Mention....I'm Pregnant

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Mulder is back from the dead and is clueless. His job is gone, people are getting killed on the White House lawn, and to top it all off Scully is pregnant and Maury Povich is nowhere to be seen. All he wants to hear is three little words. I love you? No. Fight the Future? No Chris Carter! He wants to hear: You're the Father. So we'll give you a bad rendition of Mad About You and call it a day. Not quite. This is what really happened and Yes Mulder, you are the Baby Daddy. Was this really a question?

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to Omnia4281, Tulpa51, Sour Susan, and everyone else that wondered why Mulder was such a dick after he came back from the dead and treated Scully so horribly. Hopefully this version explains a lot and flows better with his character. I hope you like it.

Mulder opened his eyes to see a heavy set red haired woman speaking with two dark haired male doctors. Their voices were muffled. When the other two doctors left the room, the woman turned sideways. “Scully?” There she was. Beautiful as ever, glowing, carrying what appeared to be a very large bowling ball? It seemed as though she would give birth any minute. Was he dreaming? As soon as she heard him she rushed to his bedside.

“Mulder, it’s okay. I’m right here. I was consulting with the doctors. They say you are progressing well….” Scully was holding his hand caressing it with her thumb. His eyes weren’t deceiving him, she was definitely pregnant. She continued on, but he was busy trying to get his head wrapped around her protruding belly. “Scully, how long have I been unconscious?”

Her left hand moved to his forehead gently stroking it. “Mulder, do you recall….. being taken?”

He closed his eyes and tried hard to focus on what had happened. Scully began going into the details concerning that night. As he listened intently, bits and pieces slowly started to come back. The flashbacks of his time on the ship violently flooding his head. His eyes shot open. He wasn’t ready for it all at once. “How long?”

“Over 3 months.”

“I lost 3 months?”

“Not exactly.” Scully licked her top lip and looked hesitant.

He couldn’t take the anticipation. It was obviously painful for Scully, but he needed the truth. “Scully. Whatever it is, you have to tell me.”
“When you were returned…. You were technically dead.” What? It was worse than he thought.

“I was in a coma? For how long?”

“Not exactly. Mulder, you were dead. When we found you, your body had been decomposing for at least three days. You were buried in N.C. There was a funeral. For about three months you remained in Raleigh until Skinner got the call about Billy Miles. Billy was returned infected with the same alien virus as you. He transformed into a super soldier. Skinner had you exhumed. I was able to stabilize you and with several courses of antivirals I was able to bring you back.”

“Holy Shit.” Mulder fell back in the bed running his hand through his hair.

“I’ve been gone since the end of May?”

“Yes.”

“Over 6 months.” Mulder laid there in shock. How could this be? I was dead and now I’m not. Then another thought occurred to him. “Scully, how do you know I’m still me?”

“Because I know Mulder.” Because I feel whole again she thought to herself. That’s how I know. Mulder watched as the emotional woman he woke up to turned into Dr. Scully. Technical and stoically, Scully went into the facts of what had been done to his physical body. As she was speaking one of the doctors entered the room and asked for her to come with him for a final review of his condition. Squeezing Mulder’s arm she promised to return as quickly as she could.

Mulder sat up in bed and watched her leave. Scully was pregnant. How? All he could do was guess. Maybe they found more ova? Maybe she went for the experimental stem cell treatment? But then who was the father? Was it the man who kept peeking his head in the window with the concerned look on his face? Mulder saw them through the window in the door talking as the man stared at her with kindness and affection. Had she moved on to someone else? Could it be Skinner? He did see them in an embrace in the hallway. No, couldn’t be him. Hmmm. Maybe it was an anonymous donor? Whatever the answer she must have moved forward with her life. He didn’t expect less. Doing some quick math he concluded that it must have happened shortly after he was taken. Maybe the doctor called her right after and needed to do an IVF treatment right away or maybe she was so upset she ran off with another man to deal with the pain. Mulder rubbed his eyes. A dull headache was emanating from the back of his head. He couldn’t take any more of those thoughts. He had to get up and walk around.

Gingerly, he allowed his legs to touch the floor. He tried standing, but his feet failed him and he slipped practically falling on his ass. His legs were jelly. He tried again more slowly and made it to the chair breathing hard from the strain on his muscles. He thought about what Scully said was done to him and reached up to feel his face. The flashbacks starting almost immediately as he recollected his chest being cut open, the spikes through his arms and legs holding him in place, the laser through his mouth. He traced each scar as he remembered and what followed was the memory of the excruciating, seemingly unending pain.

He closed his eyes and went into a post traumatic state only taken out by Scully’s voice, “Mulder, are you okay?” He turned to look at her and her “condition” shocked him again. It was all too much to handle at once. She began to go into details about neurological disorders and viruses, but he was confused not exactly able to grasp. What he did understand was he was in perfect health and the scars were healing. He felt his face again. This was all too much to accept. “How do you feel Agent Mulder?” The doctor asked.
“Like Austin Powers” He replied, but he couldn’t help glancing at Scully’s inflated abdomen. His stomach turned and knotted. His face dropped. Do I have anything to come home to? I was tortured and dead and the world moved on without me. Scully moved on without me. Without Scully, what was the point to anything?

When the hospital released him, he felt like a man that had been incarcerated for 20 years. Where do I go? Do I have a home? Do I have any money? He was still too weak to do more than walk.

Scully may have been pregnant, but she was still Scully, insisting on carrying his bag. She told him indignantly that she had packed and carried it in, she could carry it out. She was trying to be supportive, but it only made him feel helpless. During the car ride they were both silent. He was lost in his thoughts and Scully was now like a stranger. His heart began to ache. That should be his child she’s carrying. She would be his wife by now. They could be sharing this together. The aliens took all that away and now it looked as though it was too late for him. As they stepped into his apartment the emptiness grew along with a haunting feeling of despair.

The apartment smelled of Murphy’s Oil and lemon scented Pledge. Scully had cleaned the apartment for him and the act of her taking care of him should have made him feel happy, but it made him feel more distant. It was too painful to think she had moved on and she wasn’t his anymore. The whole situation felt bizarre, like he was caught in a Tim Burton nightmare. Loneliness crept up inside him as he stared at his fish noticing his missing molly. Scully jested “She wasn’t as lucky as you.” He nodded and smiled, his hand grazing over the empty space on his desk and he recognized his computer was missing. His eyes continued their journey settling on the picture of his sister. A tormenting thought shot across his mind as he realized she wasn’t as lucky as him either. He had failed at every turn with everything in life. They may have returned his body in perfect health, but he felt like only a shell of a man. Were there any pieces left to pick up?

Scully brought him away from his thoughts as she attempted to explain her point of view and what she had gone through. Watching the tears form over her pain streaked face was hard for him to take and he couldn’t even look her in the eye. Every struggle and tribulation she went through was because of him. Instead of saving her from it, she ended up having to endure and suffer anyway. Once again he was a failure. He hated himself. Maybe he didn’t deserve her. Maybe she was better off having the child without him, having a life without him. His chest was pounding with negative feelings spreading out into his back.

He tried to make light of the situation with some lame joke, but it fell with a loud thud. His stomach knotted once again, it was time to acknowledge the elephant. The baby, not Scully. Her prayers had been answered in more ways than one. He told her he was happy for her and he was genuinely, but he wanted to cry because he wasn’t happy for himself. He wanted to have been there, he wanted to have shared that with her, he wanted to be the one to make her dreams come true. Hell, they were his dreams back then too. Back then. It seemed like another universe. Over six months ago, yet for him yesterday. Yesterday he was holding her, promising her a lifetime of happiness with him, promising her a family. He woke up the next day to discover she had moved on and it was probably for the best.

She started to tear up again, “Mulder” He wasn’t sure what she wanted from him. He’d do anything for her, but it looked like she didn’t need him. Did he have any part in her life now? Could he handle being only a friend while some other man took his place?

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean to be cold or ungrateful…I just…I have no idea where I fit in right now. I just..uh.. I’m having a little trouble processing right now.” He couldn’t even look her in the eyes anymore or else he would start to cry. It was too painful for him to even be in the same room. He couldn’t bear to think what his life would be like without holding her every night, without her as his
future. He got up and got his bag heading into the bedroom to unpack.

Scully wasn’t sure what to make of Mulder. Knowing him, she knew he would want to get back to work as soon as possible, so she completed and submitted the reinstatement application. She cleaned his apartment because she didn’t want to think of him coming home to a dirty place and given the way Doggett had searched it, she didn’t want him to see it ransacked. Plus, it gave her a chance to do something for him after all he had been through. She didn’t even know where to begin to get him caught up on all that had gone on in the time he was “away” and she didn’t know how much he was ready for. She decided the best course of action was to allow him to adjust, to wait until he asked her and she would fill in the blanks where needed. She wanted to talk to him about the baby in the car ride home, but she was too scared of his reaction. Instead they sat in silence as he gazed out the window. The elevator ride up was even more uncomfortable and he was so distant she wanted to cry. Once they entered the apartment she tried to get him to understand what she had been through. How badly she wanted him back. To let him know the love she had for him that she didn’t express enough before all this happened. Then all those months not having her partner to lean on, her soulmate to complete her, and now his distance was shattering her heart. When he finally brought up the baby she couldn’t read his expressions, they weren’t quite dialed in to each other. “I’m happy for you…I think I know…. how much that means to you.” She lifted her head to look at him and he looked so sad. He was happy for her, but he should have been happy for both of them. It’s yours she mouthed, unable to bring sound to the words. Maybe something had changed. Maybe this wasn’t what he wanted now? Did he still want her? Then there was always that doubt in the back of her mind. What if it wasn’t his, what if she was carrying an alien? Scully pushed the thought aside as she watched him head into the bedroom. What she wanted to do was hold him, kiss him, feel his hands all over her body, make love to him and most importantly regain their unrelenting connection. Instead, she was sitting on the couch and waiting until she felt he was ready, giving him the space she thought he needed.

As he unpacked his clothes he took a deep breath holding back tears. One day at a time he told himself. Start back from the beginning. They were partners. Friends. He needed to get back to work. As if reading his mind, Scully entered the room.

“I want you to know I submitted the application for your reinstatement. You should be able to head back to work as soon as next week. All of your financials are now under my name so when you’re ready to deal with that let me know. I’m going to head back to my apartment to give you some time to adjust to being back. I’ll be by tomorrow after I get home from work.”

He still couldn’t look her in the eyes. “Yeah. That’s fine. I’m sure I’ll be much better company tomorrow.” He smiled, but it seemed almost forced.

Scully turned and left closing the door behind her leaving him in the bedroom. Tears fell the whole way home out of relief and out of sadness. He was so cold to her. So distant. She pushed away those thoughts. She needed to finally get some sleep. He was healthy and safe. They would work out the rest later.
The next day Mulder found himself with Skinner and Scully in his apartment discussing how Kersh is denying his application and listening to Scully defend another man named Doggett. Amusing to Mulder was that not only did he lose Scully in his personal life, but apparently she had another partner in her professional life. Is he the father? Nailing another one of your co-workers Scully? Wow. He didn’t want to be angry with her and he had no reason to be. She had been through enough, but he was angry and he didn’t know where to direct it. It seemed 90 days was all it took to replace Fox Mulder. He still had a job, albeit a desk job. What he wanted right now was to fit in somewhere, find something comfortable. Right now he wasn’t comfortable in his own apartment. He needed to go to work and find his place. He felt so bitter. Bitter and betrayed by everyone and he wasn’t even sure why he had these emotions. What did he really expect? What would he have done in the same situation? He just needed his job back. The place he felt most comfortable. The place he could go and run and hide from the world. His sanctuary. There he could think. Hate rose inside him. This time he directed it towards its rightful place. At the people and aliens that did this to him.

Then there was Scully. The woman who saved his life because she wouldn’t give up on him. He still loved her. Unconditionally. Nothing else mattered. He wanted to protect her and her baby. When he turned on the news the puzzle pieces fell together in his head. Bitterness still at the forefront, his arrogance growing. He knew his place and who he was, Fox Mulder, aliens and conspirators’ worst enemy. Somehow Absalom and Howard Salt had more in common than abductees. If he could understand what they were doing, what Howard Salt needed on the White House lawn, maybe he could understand why they took him, what these super soldiers were going to be used for, and if he knew why, maybe he could prevent it from happening to someone else. Most of all Scully.

Scully wasn’t sure what was going on with Mulder. All of his actions seemed irrational. There was so much they had to talk about and he was flying a hundred miles an hour in a different direction. She couldn’t control him and it bothered her that he was taking over again and she was only a sidekick. All those months Scully was the leader and held her own. Now, she was given a choice. Follow him or stay behind. Mulder hadn’t changed, but their relationship wasn’t where it was when he got on that spaceship. She wanted him safe, she couldn’t bare losing him again, but she wanted to support him as well. Everything was conflicting inside her.

Mulder was infuriated at Doggett for alerting the authorities. Doggett had tipped off the guard by displaying his badge upside down, the universal signal for distress. Once they knew, the super soldiers went in and murdered Absalom. It was Doggett’s fault the truth wasn’t revealed and this was the same man now in charge of the x-files. Why didn’t the super soldiers kill Doggett? Maybe he was part of the conspiracy?

Mulder stormed Skinner’s office ready to kill. His eyes flamed red as he lunged for Doggett pushing him back into the chair. Deep in his subconscious he still had suspicions concerning Doggett’s and Scully’s relationship and that only fueled the rage.

Mulder left headquarters and headed out to Scully’s house after she had called him about the Lone Gunman’s results of the hard drive. When Langley mentioned that Mulder might have some involvement in Scully’s pregnancy, Mulder was really confused. A nervous shock ran through his chest. How could that be? There was at least four months separating the last IVF treatment and
conception. He searched her face for a clue, but she wasn’t giving anything away. Knowing now was not the time he pushed it into the back of his mind and filed it away for later. For now he was focused on retrieving the census data and sending the information to people who could communicate it out so something could be done about it. He was aware of Scully’s concerns about his safety and the last thing he wanted to do was cause her more distress, but this was beyond any of their lives. This was about saving the planet.

*

The next day Mulder decided to probe a little further into Langley’s statement. What was he referring to? And even if he did have nothing to do with Scully’s pregnancy, who did? Agent Doggett? Skinner? The Pizza man? If nothing else, he knew it was time to lay it all on the table. It had been eating at him since he heard Langley say it and he needed to know where he stood. He had a right to know. Were they still together or had she moved on and found someone else? If she had, what did that mean for them? He grabbed the doll that he had saved for Scully, wrapped it, and headed out.

In classic Mulder and Scully style banter, Mulder chose to let bad humor deflect his true intentions. He threw out the line that “they just work together”. A line that she had used in the past when they had spoken about where their relationship was going. Maybe she would take the hint or maybe his feigned jealousy would spark a conversation in that direction.

When Mulder pointed at her belly and suspected the pizza man she knew it was his way of saying that he was ready to finally have the discussion they both had been putting off. Not to come off completely serious, Scully made a double entendre of her own concerning his package, to let him know she was ready as well.

Unfortunately their conversation would have to wait due to a partial abruption of the placenta. When the nurse asked if he was the husband he quickly said “no”, but he felt punched in the gut. He felt like saying, “no, but I was supposed to be.” Then he looked up and saw agent Doggett. That knocked the rest of the wind out of him. Maybe there really was something going on between the two of them. Did she text him? Meekly he asked, “How’d you find out?” Doggett responded that he was dropping something off at her place and the landlord told him, but Mulder questioned the sincerity. When the nurse asked Doggett if he was the husband, Mulder waited for him to elaborate. The way he said no made Mulder’s eyes light up and he smiled inside. Maybe there wasn’t anything between them. Maybe he was overreacting. He really needed to speak with Scully.

Doggett went to check on Scully at the hospital. When he spoke of a “we” that had been worried about her she was confused. Mulder and Doggett were on speaking terms?

Finally Scully was awake enough to speak with Mulder. She saw the relief wash across his face when she said she was going to be okay and felt like they might be okay as well when he placed his hand on her belly to feel the baby. For the first time since he had been back she felt that warm feeling in her chest cascading throughout her body.

With his hand on her belly he felt the baby kick. Could it actually be his? He thought back to the conversation he had with the scientists in Massachusetts. Had true love really awakened a miracle?

He stayed until she fell asleep and even then he continued staring at her not wanting to take his eyes off her. She looked so calm and beautiful. All of his feelings for her flooding back in a tidal wave.
When Doggett came knocking, Mulder ushered him outside letting him know she had just fallen asleep. In an innate territorial response, Mulder crossed his arms and blocked the doorway to her room while they spoke.

* Back at Scully’s house, Mulder and Scully sat on her couch exchanging banter about pizza delivery men and congealing cheese. Scully finally saw the love and caring return to his eyes. Her Mulder was back. His soul had hers in an embrace. She felt full and complete once more. Scully opened his gift and he looked so boyishly innocent it warmed her heart. They were ready to talk.

She took a deep breath and placed the doll on the end table behind the couch. “Mulder, I know we’ve both been dancing around the subject. I think it’s time to have the discussion.”

“It’s alright Scully, if you want to see the pizza man, I’m not going to stop you.” He smiled and her insides lit up.

“Mulder, I want to be serious.” She took his hand and placed it on her belly keeping her hand on top of his. “Mulder, I know what you’ve been hinting at these past couple days and I want to have an answer for you and for myself. I can’t explain to you how this baby came to be. I want to tell you it’s yours, but what if there was some other kind of intervention? Ever since I found out I’ve had my fears.”

“But your doctor… she’s showed you the ultrasound… the tests? Do you trust her?”

“Yes, I do and yes everything is pointing to the baby being normal and healthy. As you know the IVF treatments were with Dr. Parenti and so was the first 2/3rds of my pregnancy.” Scully was speaking to him with her clinical voice. “I switched doctors because there were some incidents that led me to believe he couldn’t be trusted.”

“What kind of incidents Scully?” He held her hand fearing the worst, but needing to know the truth.

Scully sighed. “His clinic was implicated for participating in alleged experiments with the implantation of embryos of alien human hybrids. Woman were unknowingly abducted and implanted with these embryos.” Her eyes were welling with tears. “Oh Mulder, so much has happened.”

“Scully,” He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his chest running his hand through the back of her hair cradling her head. “What happened to not believing until we have proof?”

Scully laughed through her tears. “I missed you.” Mulder kissed the top of her head.

“I know.” He said as he rocked her, holding her tight against his chest. “I missed me too.”

She laughed again choking on sobs, her hand fisting the fabric of his shirt over his chest. She lifted her head and their eyes met, lightening shooting into her. Her fingertips caressed his face. In his eyes was every secret they ever shared, every night they spent as one, and every word they never needed to speak. His breath hitched and eyes closed as he leaned in to kiss her. Mulder traced his lips with Scully’s. His kiss was soft and tender full of love and memories, melting her heart, hitting her deep in her core making her groan. Desire flooded his senses, he covered her lips with his, deepening the kiss. He moaned into her mouth, “Oh, Scully.” Every muscle in her body tensed in response, shivers running over her skin. Her body became pure emotion and uncontrollable tears fell from her eyes. She never thought she would see him again, never kiss him, never share a joke, a look, a touch. Now he was here, kissing her, back in
her arms. Mulder froze in place stroking her hair, clearly frightened. “Scully what’s wrong? Are you in pain?”

She shook her head, but the tears still flowed. “I lost you and now…” She let out a sob, “you’re here.”

“Scully, I’m so sorry.” He held her to him and his eyes welled up. Rocking gently he kissed her hair. “I’m here Scully. I’m here.”

Tightly she clung to him. Suddenly she was depleted of all energy. She continued to cry, letting out everything from the past six months. From losing him to going through the pregnancy without him, walking the hallways alone to all the cases with only her to believe. The horror of finding him dead, living without, spending her nights alone, and then the stress of resurrecting him. And now, he was here, relief. But was it over? Will it ever be over?

Mulder let her cry, holding her tight, absorbing the pain. When the tears finally subsided she looked up at him. With his fingers he pushed the errand strands of hair from her eyes searching her face for answers. “What do you want Scully?”

“Would it be alright if we went to bed?” She sniffled.

“How about you go get ready and I’ll put this pizza away and meet you in there?” He smiled and kissed her forehead.

“Thank you for staying.” She said as she got up and dried her eyes heading for the bedroom.

Mulder busied himself wrapping the pizza slices and placing them in the fridge. Without realizing it, he found himself humming quietly. Everything was still strange, and he wasn’t completely comfortable yet, but he was looking forward to being in that bed with her. Holding her all night, knowing that there was still a chance they could be a family. Pushing any apprehension deep inside, he shut the lights and headed for the bedroom.

Scully was already lying in bed when he retired from the bathroom. Pillows were stuffed under her belly, between her thighs, two at her head, and she was snoring gently. The scene caused him to smile. My wonderfully pregnant Scully he thought to himself. Sliding in behind her, he wrapped his arm around her splaying his hand over her belly. He felt her hand cover his as she leaned into his body and he took a deep inhale consuming her essence. Tingling, gratifying sensations went up his arms and around his body. Nuzzling into her hair, resting his lips on her clavicle, he drifted off to sleep.
While you were away....

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Scully confronts Mulder about dying before he was dead. Mulder makes some decisions concerning fatherhood and his role and what it means to his career.

Chapter Notes

This is a short one, more of an introduction than a chapter, but I wanted to post since it's been so long. Just returned from a Disney vacation and it's back to work and to my favorite fantasy couple. Hope everyone is doing well IRL. Sending prayers to any who have struggles. Now as for Mulder and Scully...

Scully opened her eyes to incredible warmth flooding her heart, like she had transformed into one gigantic glowing orb. It was a feeling as familiar to her as the cross resting on her neck. Mulder was holding her tight against him and she was as elated as Mulder was the first time he gazed at an alien spaceship. He was here lying next to her. His son growing inside her. She hoped it was his son. Quickly, she pushed those thoughts from her brain. He woke with a groan and somehow pulled his body closer to her.

“You’re very happy this morning.” She replied in response to his body's salute at attention.

He smiled into her neck. “What?... Oh. I... uh... just ignore it. I’ve been trying to ever since I re-enacted Frankenstein. My body seems to have rejuvenated itself in more ways than one and it behaves similar to that of a 13-year old boy. It’s rather quite annoying.”

“Mulder, I have to go to the bathroom.”

“Um... okay.”

“No. Now.” Suddenly she felt like the baby was using her bladder as a trampoline. He offered her help which she refused, rolling and wobbling herself to a standing position. When she returned from the bathroom she headed for the kitchen to make breakfast. Mulder soon followed in after her insisting on preparing something for them while she sat and watched. Watching him scurry clumsily around the kitchen, she felt now might be a good time to broach the subject of the secretiveness behind his brain affliction. The thought of him keeping this from her tugged at her and ate away at memories of being so close and yet still not knowing so much.

“Mulder, shortly after you were…. Away… I discovered about your brain illness from your surgery....”

“Scully, I don’t know what you’re referring to. There weren’t any repercussions from the surgery....”
“Mulder, I know. Your records surfaced proving that you were dying and it showed your decline, irregular brain activity, the modified headstone.. Mulder what I went through….why didn’t you tell me? Why did you feel it necessary to keep it from me?”

“Scully, I wasn’t dying, at least not that I was aware. I had irregular brain activity- yes, but you knew that and that didn’t go away after they removed the cells attached to my pineal gland. I even believe just as you did that it was part of the reason they took me... but the operation, I healed at an amazing rate.”

“But the doctor’s records….the headstone…”

“Scully, I never did anything with a headstone and you are my doctor. You are my primary physician and you keep all my medical records. You are my power of attorney, how can I keep anything from you? All last year, us together, did I look or act sick to you? CGB was the one dying. Look at what he looked like, I had none of those symptoms.”

“I don’t know, they kept bombarding me with all these facts and documents, cell phone records... It was all so confusing and overwhelming…..”

“Scully, don’t you get it… it was all to make you see what they wanted you to see. Think back to everything that CGB did just to make you think he was going to give you the power of that chip in your neck. It would be nothing for them to doctor phone records, create phony doctors, fake tombstones. And Doggett, they led him around by the nose. Scully, you have to believe me, after all we’ve been through… everything we were doing together, at that time…after my visions of a different life, and knowing that I could always count on you to tell me the truth, that you are my constant and I was yours. The responsibility. I would not have done that to you…”

“Mulder, if you say they made it up, that you didn't know, that’s good enough for me. I trust you. You know that. No further explanation is needed.”

Mulder walked over to her and crouched down in front of her, taking both her hands in his. He looked into her eyes. “I know you do and you are the only one I trust completely, and I do trust you Scully, with my life.” He leaned in, touching his lips to hers. They were comfortable, inviting, and taking her away to a place known only by them. Her arms folded around his neck as their tongues collided. She could never get enough of him. She loved him more than her body would allow. She had missed him so much more than she wanted to acknowledge. Her arms rescinded and her fingers raked over his face as they kissed. She wished she was able to be with him the way she wanted to, the way her body was calling out for him, but her doctor had warned her otherwise. For now she concentrated on exploring his mouth, reconnecting, reclaiming everything that was hers.

His hands slid through the back of her hair and she felt it pull gently as he moaned into her. The sound sobered her and she pulled back. “Mulder, I know it has only been a few days for you, but for me, time passed. I’m going to need time to adjust to life with you again. I’ve been alone all this time….it’s …I need to make sure we’re doing the right thing… we have other things to consider now…”

Mulder ran his hands along the outside of her thighs as he leaned back on his heels. “Right. No, I understand… really… I do. You’ve been through a lot, you’re going through a lot… I just don’t want to miss anything else„,”

“And you won’t, not if you don’t want to, but things are different now. They can’t go back to the way they were. I don’t even think I would want them to. Before you…left…one of our last conversations.. Mulder, you know it can’t work with us as work partners… the x-files doesn’t exactly leave room for anything else… not family. Mulder, it’s something you need to really
understand, what you need to factor into your decisions… I’m still not putting any expectations on you…”

He felt slightly shut down, but at the same time he knew she was right. This was not something they could just jump into. These were decisions that needed to be made.

He retreated back to the kitchen and returned with breakfast, sitting down across from her. “Scully, tell me about some of what I missed. I want to know.”

So as they ate she told him about the bat creature. About how she had to stand alone as they mocked her “far out” theories and how they voiced their opinions and no one really wanted her there. She shared how she had questioned herself, her abilities, how her job had changed, how she had tried to be him. How Doggett had allowed other agents to visit the basement and gawk at what they considered to be the freak show. All the names she was called, the sexism she endured and how she now knew he had shielded her from all that for years. How in everything she did she made sure she was respecting the work and not letting Mulder’s legacy dwindle away. She told him about how she tried to handle a case on her own, running into the night like he did and how she wound up in the deep end with a parasite inside her.

“Scully, you were pregnant…”

“I know, I know, Doggett went through all the lectures, not to mention what I scolded myself for. I forgot about the part where when you took off on your own I always found you and saved you.”

She told him about Skinner and how incredible he had been to lean on and how Doggett had stuck up for her in front of Kersh.

“I even used Chuck’s help on a case.”

“Was he helpful?”

“Yeah, for Chuck.”

“Even with all that, the worst had to be killing a Siddhi Mystic that was going around committing murder. I shot at what looked like a young boy.”

“Scully, that must have been so difficult and testing of your beliefs.”

“It was. I couldn’t trust my own eyes. I had to trust another boy and what he saw. That day I came to realize how beautiful you really are Mulder. How you can come at things without judgment and without prejudice….with an open mind. I could only wish to be capable of such things. But it did show me that I was still capable, capable of leading and being successful at it. I was able to prove that to myself.” She took a bite of her scrambled eggs and looked back at him. “I was still lost without you Mulder. When you lose the only person you trust, your sounding board for the truth….”

“I remember what that was like. When you were taken…”

“It’s over, I don’t want to relive it anymore. I just can’t lose you again. It was hard to see you running headstrong into danger again.”

Mulder put his head down. “I know.” Getting up from the table he put his dish in the sink and walked over to kiss the top of her head. “Look, I better take off… you need to get your rest.”

“Yeah. I’ll probably go back to bed. What will really be difficult is when I get back to work I’ll have to put in my leave.”
“Doctor’s orders.” He reminded her shaking his finger.

“Yes.” She smiled back sleepily.

With a kiss goodbye he closed the door behind him.

* 

Bored with his new desk job, Mulder gave Doggett a call to give him a heads up on the recent death of an oil worker on a rig in the Gulf of Mexico. The whole story reeked of black oil. Doggett assured him he would look into the matter and take it seriously, but he knew he would need to follow up again. Doggett had a lot to learn. He thought for a moment and decided it might be best to give him a little push and contacted a Mr. Ortega, the VP of operations for Galpex petroleum in Galveston Texas. Satisfied with the seeds he planted, he called it a day and headed out while it was still light. After a good workout playing some hoops with the boys at the gym, he found himself driving aimlessly through town stopping at a local bookstore. He meandered over to the baby section and tried his best not to look too conspicuous. The lady behind the counter confirmed that he was failing miserably and gave him some suggestions for expectant mothers and fathers. Knowing his thirst for knowledge and unable to make a decision on a subject he realized he now knew little about, he bought them all. It would be good reading on those days he was restless behind his desk and something to do when he couldn’t sleep at night. Walking to his car with the bag of books in hand, his eyes began to well as emotion overtook him. He may not have desired to be a father before, but he wanted to be this baby’s father and he wanted to be there for Scully. Searching inside himself, he believed this baby would be healthy, but whether the results were an alien baby or healthy human child, he was committed to her for life.

Back at his apartment he cracked opened the first book and began filing away the information. Like when he first leafed through the x-files he devoured the pages. The T.V. blared in the background the news once again glancing over the oil rig story. Mulder looked up from the book. Tomorrow he would do the background research and steer Doggett once again in the right direction. They would need to act quickly before the workers returned to shore possibly infecting a population…..
Chapter Summary

Mulder stops chasing black oil long enough to solve his work life balance issues and makes a life altering decision. Scully submits her notice for maternity leave. The baby's true origins are still haunting Scully and Mulder gets ready for the baby's arrival. The following takes place around Episode "Vienen".

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scully’s morning began in Human Resources with the submitting of her completed maternity leave paperwork. It was now official. The date set. It was so surreal. This would be the longest that she had been without a job since she was sixteen. Not to mention the x-files. Would they be there when she returned? She knew that she didn’t have to make those decisions until after the baby was born, although a 9-5 job teaching was more in line with child rearing. Everyone was pleasant enough in HR, but as she left she felt the eyes upon her and could hear the whispers of the bullpen. She knew they had been taking bets as to the father of the child. It was really none of their business and she never cared what people thought about her, but part of her still wanted to scream out to them, I planned for this child, it wasn’t an accident. Ignoring the ogling, she headed to Kersh’s office where HR had informed her he had asked her to report once she was finished.

Back at his apartment, Mulder realized that besides the disapproving looks from her and Skinner, Scully hadn’t spoken to him much that day. He figured she was still upset with his meddling into x-file affairs and disregarding the new regime. He wasn’t going to deny that he was slightly jealous of the partnership between Scully and Doggett. They had a successful relationship with a professionalism that could be envied. Doggett was solid, dependable, and consistent. Mulder was sure Doggett never disappointed. He was very different to Mulder who was arrogant, headstrong, and whose actions could be interpreted as impulsive. Although Mulder knew only he could bring Scully excitement, adventure, and most importantly, she was in love with him. While Doggett had great qualities for a partner, it also gave him what Mulder felt was a narrow field of vision. Mulder didn’t like having to get used to being the outsider and he didn’t like his baby being run by someone else. For now, the focus needed to be on what was really important. In this case, it was how to get to that rig.

The house phone rang and he picked it up. “Mulder”

“What exactly are you doing Mulder?” It was Scully. He knew she couldn’t go a day without hearing his voice.

“I think you know” he replied pacing the floor in front of his couch.

“You really believe there is black oil out on that rig.”

“There’s only one way to find out and your Agent Doggett hasn’t a clue.”
“Is this what I should be expecting from you in the future Mulder? Me taking care of a baby and you going off half-cocked on some possible conspiracy.”

“Now you know as well as I do I’m always at full…”

“You know what I mean Mulder and you know what we spoke about. I don’t want this to be part of my baby’s life.”

“Scully, I know. And you will do what is best for that baby, but whether you acknowledge it or not, I am too. This is more than just a personal crusade. I want this child to have a planet to grow up in and not one run by an alien government.”

“Mulder.”

“I know what I’m doing Scully.”

The phone made an echoing click as he hung it up on its receiver. It was then he looked around. He may have known what he was doing, but it was leading him to where it always did. The draft of his apartment sent an emptiness through him. The only family he had was across town and it gave him an odd sensation deep in his chest. He missed them. Scully and his unborn child. His emotions were catching up to his brain and the pull on him was only in one direction. The conflict between the work and a family was ripping him apart. He would have to find a way to make this work.

Sitting in the helicopter on the way to the oil rig Mulder was convinced Doggett didn’t have the breadth to handle x-file cases. Although, he was quite impressed with Doggett’s knowledge of the files and the way he had memorized them. Doggett was a good agent, but not a good fit for the department. As the helicopter landed on the platform, Mulder thought about the consequences to his blatant disregard for Kersh’s orders. Although, if he was right, Kersh would never need to find out.

Meanwhile....

In the early A.M. Scully found herself in the autopsy room slicing and dicing without authorization into Simon De La Cruz. Trusting Mulder’s instincts and her own, she was pretty certain there was a connection to his death and Mulder’s suspicions. As much as she scolded Mulder, she willfully admitted to the draw of the truth. No matter who she was assigned to work with, he was still always her partner. In his absence she hadn’t exactly followed protocol herself anyway. Carefully she investigated the body. When she cut into the third ventricle of his brain she jumped as a black substance spilled onto the table. After proper examination she realized the black oil was inactive. How could it be? Quickly she picked up the phone to call Mulder, but she was only met with his voicemail. Where was he and why wasn’t he answering his phone?

When Mulder returned from Texas after the oil rig explosion he found himself knocking on Scully’s door.

“It’s good to see you home safe” Scully said stiffly as he walked inside.

“You know I did what I had to” Mulder countered.

“I know. Agent Dana Scully is very proud of you and understands. The pregnant woman, not so much.”

Mulder smiled. “Is the Chinese food here yet?”

“Arrived about 5 minutes before you did.”
“I’ll get the utensils.”

Their dinner conversation took a serious tone once Mulder divulged his intentions.

“Tomorrow morning Kersh is going to fire me.”

“Mulder, I told you it’s not the same as it used to be, but he’ll most likely just put a formal reprimand in your file. I doubt he’ll fire you without previous written warnings. After all we still work for a government agency.”

“No Scully, tomorrow I’m going to tell Kersh to fire me.”

“Mulder, what are you talking about?”

“I have promises to keep. The x-files will be left in competent hands. I believe that now.”

“You’re going to leave, just like that. Leave the bureau, your career, your life for the past ten years.”

“I have a different life now Scully. One I want to pursue. One that has its own truths to discover.”

“And you would do this for me, just because I asked. Give up everything for me.”

“I’m doing it because you’re right Scully.”

“How do you know Kersh will go for it?”

“Who would turn down a chance to string up Fox Mulder?”

“You may have a point” she said with a wry smile.

After dinner they found themselves on the couch watching television. Scully was resting one hand on her belly and the other on the cushion between them. Mulder slowly covered her hand with his. Would he be able to stay away from the work when the core of his life had always been the fight? He looked at her and his heart contracted. It may be his greatest test and greatest commitment, but the answer was yes. He gave her hand a squeeze causing her to look his way. Impulsively, he leaned in and kissed her. Just over a year ago he would not have even been sitting there. His drive would have pulled him to investigating and chasing down the next big lead long into the night. Instead, Scully was the only thing occupying his mind and the smile she had on her face for him was melting his heart. As their kisses deepened, the passion she returned was taunting his command. He was trying so hard to be gentle and patient knowing the difficulties with her pregnancy. It was not like him to allow his needs to get out of control, but his resurrection caused an insurgence he was unable to ignore.

A couple minutes passed to find Mulder breathing hard and about to explode simply from her lips’ caress. To be so excited so quickly was very unlike him and Scully was returning his zeal. Her hand roamed with a sensual undertone, eventually finding the zipper of his jeans. His hips tilting into her motions with anticipation. At an excruciating pace the zipper opened. The heat of her hand brushed over the light cotton fabric of his boxer briefs and his body let him know how truly long he had been away from her touch. This was more than emotions or lust. This was about resurgence of a connection that causes a phone to ring at 11:21 at night or the ability to find the other across hundreds of miles on impulse in order to save them. As he peered into her eyes he felt her skin touch his as she breached his waistband. It was exquisite. What she was doing to him. It made him wonder how he ever made it through his life without her. His mouth fell open and breathing became ragged. She was controlling him and he was along for the ride. Her hand rubbing up and down his shaft was emanating unbelievable pleasure, electricity pulsing through him. Tilting his head back into the sofa,
he closed his eyes, his breath now coming in slow concentrated pulses highlighted by the faintest of sound. Scully covered his mouth with kisses and his heart jack knifed in his chest. How he loved having her mouth on his, especially when she initiated. The ability for her to be in touch with his sensations had him riding the edge, squeezing his eyelids tight while his toes curled and hands formed involuntary fists. With increased pressure she continued, her fingers coiled tight around him. The reality of what she was doing, all for him, brought him to the brink. He tried to warn her, but her hand only stroked him faster as her tongue darted inside his mouth. With a baritone scream he gave her a bear hug and buried his face in her neck as the muscles in his own bulged to the point of breaking. Her hand continued to pump as a seemingly unending sprinkler soaked the sweatshirt covering his lower abdomen.

Mulder shot up quickly, embarrassed by the situation and sprinted for the bathroom. When he emerged shirtless he realized Scully had changed into her silk evening wear. She was glowing and beyond gorgeous and he needed more of her. Catching her as she was leaving her bedroom he once again had his lips upon hers, his hands at the small of her back. From her scent alone he felt himself growing hard all over again. There was no recovery time needed. He could feel himself on the verge just from kissing her and his selfishness made him feel shameful. He paused to ask, “How can I please you? What are the limits?”

Very clinically she replied, “For my current condition, intercourse and orgasm is permitted as long as we’re careful.”

“Penetration? Will that hurt you? The baby?”

“It was a very slight tear and the doctor said that she believes it has healed on its own. It’s not the penetration as much as the roughness associated in the act itself. Am I making any sense?”

“So if we take it easy, we’re okay. It won’t put you or the baby in any danger.”

“No…Mulder, what exactly do you have in mind?”

“You’ll see.”

She watched as he removed his jeans. Standing in only his black boxer briefs he positioned her delicately on her side on the bed helping her to remove her pajama bottoms and underwear so she was only wearing her silk button down top. With probing eyes he ran his hands along her bottom, giving it a light squeeze, then down her unshaven legs. Scully gave a light kick of protest, but he let out a “Shhh” and she stilled. She was always beautiful to him and the light scattering of auburn strands did nothing to stop his raging libido, pausing only to suck at the back of her knee running his hands along her thighs as he did. He could hear her breathing spike in response. As he made his way back to her lips he noted all the changes to her body. His heart expanding exponentially at the thought of it all being for the love of their child. She amazed him at every curve. This was just another piece of respect he had for her. When he returned to her eyes he witnessed the vulnerability in them and concern for his reaction to the new state of her body.

His response was simple. “Scully, you are so beautiful. I can’t hide what you do to me.”

For several seconds there was only silence as they read each other, his hand holding hers at it laid on his chest. It had been a long time… too long. He saw in her eyes everything that he had missed. Those deep blue oceans stored all he sought and if they were the Pacific, his were the Atlantic both anticipating their collision South of South America. With a light kiss he ran his palm against the smoothness of her hair. Caressing her lips with his own, he cradled her face. His bottom lip ran along her top lip and a high pitched moan escaped from her in a gasp of air. He repeated the motion and she opened wider plunging her tongue into his mouth. The addicting flavor of Scully flooded
his senses. It was how he remembered, but it was also so much better. Their feelings for each other had reached a new maturity. He opened his eyes as their tongue and lips momentarily receded only to be met by her loving stare sending a spear of pleasure into his heart. His hands ran along the back of her neck feeling the tiny hairs spike in their wake. Fingers following the outline of her shoulders, leading to the front. Unbuttoning her top, his pupils dilated at the sight.

“No more Betty Rubble”, Scully smirked. His palm grazed her breast until he was cupping it, his thumb softly grazing her nipple. Carefully he judged her reaction. Running kisses along the top of her breasts he continued until her belly was completely revealed. Scully’s hands ran through his hair massaging his scalp sending tingles down his spine. His hands held her belly as he kissed it softly and he felt it kick in response. It made him smile and he looked up at her own smiling approval. Overwrought with emotion, he rested his face against her abdomen listening for the baby inside. Their wonderful miracle. The care he was taking was causing a look of frustration to develop on Scully’s face, which he finally picked up on, and changed his attention back to her breasts producing noticeable gasps of pleasure. The excitement built to the point of a constant throbbing. Fearing a loss of control he returned to her lips. When they came up for air, he moaned from the look she gave him, nodding his head in agreement. Quickly, he removed his boxer briefs. His lips pressed and moved against hers, she returned his intensity, her hands continuing to roam as they kissed, begging him to touch her. Scully ran her fingertips along his abdomen, reading him like brail. His throat went dry and tight as she teased him with her fingers. His hand ran up her thigh massaging the soaked molten area between her legs, attempting to soothe her ache. Stroking his tongue along hers, he felt suddenly lightheaded, his heart beating out of his chest. She pulled him deeper into her mouth and dug her nails into the flesh of his back moans escaping with each momentary pause for air. Their kissing became frantic and he knew if he let his control slip anymore he was going to come again. After several more minutes they were panting for air once again on the verge. Their lips swollen and red from the ferocity. Their hearts beating fast and loud.

Scully let out in a whisper, “I want this Mulder. I need you.”

The emphasis she put on the words made him explode with emotion. He cherished every ounce of her. There was nothing he wouldn’t do to make her happy. Adjusting to a spooning position, he reached around to continue stroking her, taking himself and tenderly sliding inside. The feeling was indescribable. It was as though he was a virgin, experiencing sex and her love for the first time. This was very different than anything before. It was the sum total of eternity, unabridged, intact. “Scully, is this okay? Is everything all right?” His voice was trembling as he fought to contain himself.

“Mulder this is way more than okay. You have no comprehension of how much I missed this. Of how much I missed you.” Completely inside her, their love was so deep there wasn’t a place he wasn’t touching, not a part of him he wasn’t giving. Refusing to thrust his hips, he rotated them instead, feeling the inside of her walls pulsing with electricity for him. Relentlessly he used his precious digits to rub her back and forth, circling and teasing until he felt her body trembling with need. “God, Mulder that feels so good.” At the same time she said it her body clenched around him, the emotions and sensations followed with a flash of pleasure spiraling through him. He held strong, not moving, allowing their connection to take him there. Her body flushed turning hot and he knew they were perilously close. He pressed his face tight into her back, his other hand over their son kicking inside, knowing their love for him and each other. A rush of blissful contentment inundated Mulder’s system as Scully’s inner muscles clamped down on him, milking him to completion. His ears ringing with the sounds of her pleasure, he allowed Scully to consume him.

He woke sometime in the middle of the night to find them in the same position, not recalling ever separating. It was apparent they both had passed out. Scully stirred as he stroked her hair kissing the back of her neck. She turned her head to kiss him and smiled. They had only just woke yet she
already had his heart melting like chocolate over a fire. She retreated to the bathroom, a perplexed look coming across her face upon her return making his stomach churn. “Scully, please don’t make me leave tonight.”

His plea softened her expression. “Mulder, that thought didn’t even cross my mind. I was just trying to see if we had enough pillows…”

Morning came to find Mulder in Kersh’s office as promised. Rubbing his sweating hands on his slacks he sat down opposite Kersh’s glare.

“Agent Mulder. If you’re in my office to defend Agent Doggett’s actions out on that rig you’re wasting your time. I’ve got Agent Doggett out there costing an oil company $150,000 a day, Agent Scully performing unauthorized autopsies, an assistant director who’s defending these actions, and you calling up Vice Presidents starting all this mess. And you’re here to tell me what? That I shouldn’t be shutting down the x-files and everyone should be commended for their actions? Come on Agent Mulder, surely you’ve come to me with something better than that.”

“Actually I have sir. I have a proposal that may just fit everyone’s interests. What if you were to fire me.”

“I’m listening.”

“You fire me because I was the one out on that rig. I was there and I coerced Agent Doggett into giving those orders. You have your scapegoat. The powers that be will see you as taking corrective action and holding people accountable. I will go quietly as long as Scully, Skinner, Doggett, and the x-files are left alone. Scully will go on her maternity leave and Agent Doggett will be your new best friend. I’m confident that Doggett will be serving your best interests in the future.”

“And what’s in it for you Agent Mulder? How does the unemployment line suit your needs?”

“I have other priorities. A promise and a commitment I made a while ago. Now is the time to make good on that commitment and that promise.”

After a long pause Kersh shuffled some papers on his desk. “Very well then. I’ll call them and tell them there’s no need to see them. As far as everyone is concerned, the blame has been properly assigned for what happened out on that platform. I’ll have HR draw up the paperwork for your severance package. What will you do for work Agent Mulder?”

“With my parent’s passing I came into rather large sums of money. I should be able to live off the interest for quite some time, if not permanently.”

“Good Luck to you Agent Mulder. I’ll contact you at your desk when we have your paperwork ready.”

With that Mulder headed down to the basement for what he thought would be the last time to say goodbye to his legacy and to hand the x-files off to the competent Agent John Doggett. It was time for Agent Fox Mulder to take on new more exciting responsibilities.

The following days found Fox Mulder falling into a daily workout routine. Early morning runs, then off to the YMCA to play some hoops and lift weights. Some days swimming in the indoor heated pool. A good part of the day he was reading baby books and learning how to assemble baby
furniture. This particular morning’s run had him filled with anxiety and a slight identity crisis. Who was Fox Mulder without the x-files? Would being a stay-at-home dad be enough for him? Not that he had discussed any of that with Scully. In his mind he was taking care of the baby while she taught young agents how to find the truth. Yet in reality, they were still in separate apartments. Not wanting to stay cooped up all day at Scully’s place, he often retreated back across town soon after she left for work. Some days he stayed at his apartment, but it was really because he didn’t want to come across as eager or smothering. He knew the real reason was because he was waiting for her to accept that he was committed. Scully gave him all the signs that she wanted him at arm’s length until the baby was born. Which for them was a different definition than everyone else, but didn’t that go for everything with them? In the end, Scully still had it in the back of her mind that the baby may not be his and she was secretly preparing herself for the worst. That was the reason she refused to commit until she was able to perform the DNA test. They never spoke about any of it out loud, but it was communicated all the same. So until the birth he remained at his respected distance, patiently waiting out the days. Preparing in solitude in his own apartment while she worked out her last days before leave. He respected and loved her enough to let her lead the dance. In his heart he knew they knew the truth. They felt it with each kick, the same way they were able to feel each other. That baby was theirs. Healthy and alive. Waiting to meet them.

That night at dinner Scully asked Mulder if he would want to go to Lamaze classes with her telling him that she needed a partner.

“Of course, you don’t have an obligation.” She had added. Sometimes their dance bordered on absurdity. Did she really think he would leave her if it was an alien child? But he took a deep breath and instead of starting that argument he simply locked into her gaze, held her hand between his and stated. “I would really enjoy that Scully. I’d be happy to.” Then picked up his fork and continued to eat dinner. Just a few more weeks he thought to himself.

The phone rang and Scully got up to answer it. “Hello Mom……Yeah….Yeah…I guess we could do it then…..no, we can have it at my house….that’s fine….Ok….I’m fine Mom….Yes everything’s still normal…..Yes I will tell Mulder you asked about him……No mom….no….because I want to wait until the baby is born……yes I will have the DNA test done and I will tell everyone after everything is confirmed….because I told you why….ok….thank you…..love you too mom….bye.” With that Scully hung up the phone and faced Mulder with a sigh and a smile. “That, was my mother. She says hello and sends her regards. It seems she’s throwing me a baby shower in a couple weeks. You’ll want to stay away for the day.”

He found it odd that she was obviously keeping the father of the baby secret from her mother. He was positive Maggie knew anyway. More absurdity and paranoia. He hoped it was only the hormones. “When you talk to your mother again tell her I send my love.”

The eve of her last day at work was laden with anxiety. “Mulder, can you believe tomorrow is my last day already? What if I decide to go through with my plan and not return to the x-files? Will I be able to stay away? Will they shut it down without me there?”

“Scully”, he breathed lying next to her in bed stroking her hair. “I went through all the same thoughts before I left, but in the end, the truth is out there and as long as it is, there will always be someone searching for the answers. That I am sure. It’s like I said last May, there has to be an end sometime. You need to put your trust in Doggett. It was you that finally convinced me to see that he was more than competent of running the department. You only have one thing right now that you need to focus on.” Kissing her on the forehead he added, “Get some sleep. I have a feeling tomorrow will be a long day.”
I know I took some liberties with Scully's condition. I'm sure KingArthur would be the first to tell you a doctor would most likely tell her she cannot have sex after a partial abruption, but come on. This is their last chance for another year! Anyway, hope you enjoyed.
A Child is Born

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter includes the episodes "Alone", "Essence", and "Existence". It's a short one to prepare us for the inevitable season 9. The next chapter will be the toughest for me. It is the most difficult thing to swallow about all of canon and just about the only thing you can't find a loophole for. Fox Mulder will only get 48 hours to spend with his only son, his only child. We know now that at least 16 years will pass before he may just get to meet him again. It is beyond heart wrenching and he has to find it in his heart to believe that Scully did what was best for him. It just really stinks. After all that they had been through and we had been through, you think they could have at least given us William. Anyway, the next chapter will cover those 48 hours. The following is everything that led up to it.

“Now Mulder, once you finish…” Frohike cleared his throat “reading... I expect the magazine returned with no pages stuck together.” Mulder’s feet were propped up on the desk inside the Lone Gunman’s lair, the rest of his body reclined in an office chair as his mind was enthralled in a Hustler magazine. Unemployment had resulted in an unexpected rise in social skills. Well, he wasn’t exactly an extrovert, but he had left the apartment, so that counted as something.

“Oh, you mean the way you returned mine?” Mulder tilted his head towards Frohike with raised eyebrows. Nestled inside this month’s Hustler was Parenting Magazine. Not wanting to deal with the barrage of questions and smart remarks, Mulder felt it would be more fitting with the Hustler cover. He didn’t want to traumatize anyone with his new found addiction. Looking at his watch he realized it was time to head out. “Love to finish this conversation, but I’ve got an appointment I can’t be late for.” He grabbed his jacket and threw it on pointing the rolled up magazine at his friend, “Thanks for the loaner.” Then he headed out the door to Scully’s.

“I watch a lot of Oprah.” Was his answer to Scully concerning how well versed he was on the subject of giving birth. They were on their way to Lamaze class and he didn’t want to spill the specifics of all he had been preparing. He could only hope his diligence would be enough once the baby arrived. Luckily, Scully was distracted with concern for Doggett now battling the x-files alone. Mulder didn’t hold much sympathy or want to linger on thoughts of Scully’s preoccupation with Doggett. His only concern was the baby. “Doggett is a big boy. You have to worry about the little boy….or little girl”, Mulder admonished, but not before the ring of what he said resounded in his head. Before now it never occurred to him to ask.. “Boy? Or Girl?”

A flirtatious grin graced the face of his celestial eyed wonder. Graciously she chose not to torment him. “Boy”

His heart flipped in his chest. All he wanted was for it to be healthy and human, but knowing the sex gave the event weight. Scully must have read his expression. “Would you like to go to the next doctor’s appointment and see him on the sonogram? You could even hear his heart beat.”

He didn’t know how to respond, he wanted to do it all. “Yes. Would that be okay with you?”
Scully’s cheeks flushed. “Mulder, am I really that bad that you would think I wouldn’t let you experience seeing the baby?”

“No. Scully I just. I want you to be comfortable. This isn’t something for you to fret over. Let’s just concentrate on getting us on time to class and we’ll worry about the rest later.”

Part of later, which he would soon learn, was sneaking into FBI headquarters to witness Scully slicing and dicing which was definitely against the doctor’s list of restricted duties. It forced him to step in, help Doggett and save the day. There wasn’t much he wouldn’t do for Scully. Besides he knew Skinner appreciated his help if no one else did.

* 

The orders were simple. Distract Mulder and his minions so they had easy access to Scully’s baby. Billy Miles began with killing Dr. Luv and Parenti to raise Mulder’s suspicions. It allowed them to rid evidence and destroy the human’s feeble attempts at creating hybrids to save their race. Next Krycek earned their trust by helping keep Scully away from the clutches of Billy Miles. Kersh was threatened with his life and family if he didn’t follow suit. With Kersh’s help Rohrer and Crane were able to secure the location of Scully’s whereabouts by listening to the phone logs. Krycek spun his yarn with Skinner, Scully, and Mulder while Knowle earned Doggett’s trust with mumbo jumbo he’d more easily swallow. It all went according to plan. For a lie is most believable placed between two truths. The truth was there was a higher power. A power with a love so pure as to give way for a miracle. As with all miracles, this one came with a price. Including a prophecy of a dead father so a son could reign supreme or a son that would be the salvation of the human race led by his father’s will. Krycek was chosen to be the messenger delivering the final nail into the skull of Fox Mulder.

The plan was going so perfectly they actually left Scully in the protective hands of Alex Krycek. Meanwhile, the aliens followed her down to Georgia looking for a soul to steal. They would come to bear witness to the miracle ensuring the baby was born.

It was all going according to plan until Mulder’s brilliant mind started to turn in the same direction as theirs, highlighted by his acute powers of deduction. As he was on the phone with Doggett he saw the connection between Rohrer, Crane, and Kersh and figured it all out….Krycek wasn’t there to help them, he was there to save his own ass by working with the aliens and damn the human race. “They’ve been in on it all along, fooling us Agent Doggett, into chasing after Billy Miles, into believing that we could protect her. They know where she is. You called her from a phone inside the FBI. Didn’t you?” Then the final click of his gear. They’re all alien replacements.

Hesitation killed Krycek. Was it the smallest sense of decency or just cowardice? The Prince of Darkness tempted Skinner to join the aliens and kill Mulder and his answer couldn’t have been a more perfect hole into his cranium. Mulder bore witness to Skinner’s killshot in cold blood, shocked for the moment, remorse for a millisecond, then his mind was clearer than ever with singular focus. “Scully”.

The light from the night sky shone down on their location like the brightest of rays on the clear Georgia night. The starlight danced around it, then froze in place at the sight of great hope and awe. The starlight had spoken to Mulder to find his way and he had listened, he had heard. In that moment he felt greater than just himself, greater than any other force. He knew what that voice told him. He had the power to find them and keep them safe. Scully and that baby had the power to save everyone. The helicopter roared changing direction as Mulder’s heart thundered in his ears, spotting the red backlights of thousands of cars. Where was Scully? Frantically, he searched, but all the cars ignored him in their departure. Had they taken her? Was she okay? Relief washed over him as Monica shouted to him over the vehicles that she was inside, alive with their child, but needing
“Mulder!” She called out to him. His name never meant so much. He had found Scully. She was weak and her breathing was ragged, but she was smiling holding their son. Monica handed him a blanket and he scooped up Scully as she clung to the baby. The helicopter blades showering wind on their heads as he carried them inside.

Refusing to let go he held them on his lap as they flew away. Scully had lost a lot of blood and was fading in and out of consciousness, but when their eyes met she had a last flood of adrenaline. “Mulder. Our son.” Her voice was weak. “They didn’t take him Mulder. They didn’t take him.”

He rocked her and kissed her forehead trying his best not to tear, not to let his emotions get the best of him. “I know Scully. Just rest for now. We’ll be at the hospital soon.” His hand brushed over her forehead pushing the hair from her eyes. “I told you Scully, I won’t let anything happen to you. I will protect you till my last breath.” Monica was staring, smiling from ear to ear on the seat across from them. “She really did great. You have a lot to be proud of.”

Mulder acknowledged all Monica had done. What she must have went through when all those super soldiers arrived. The fear and the helplessness. “Monica, I want to thank you for everything. You’re the reason they’re okay.”

“Thank you Fox, but it really was all Scully. I just played catcher.”

“You did much more than that Monica and I am grateful.”

He held Scully tight. William cooed softly drifting to sleep. Mulder’s family was lying happily, peacefully, in his arms.
Chapter Summary

These are the events that took place in the first 24 hours that Mulder has with his son before he is forced to leave. The timeline is the 48 hours between Season 8 and Season 9. In a way, this is the only day of true peace and happiness Mulder receives in his life from the time his sister was taken. At this point in the story they believe that the aliens and all the other bad guys have chosen to leave them alone because they no longer pose a threat. Mulder has walked away from the x-files and Scully is planning to do the same. I'm basing these events primarily on the email Scully sends to Mulder in "Trust No1". Scully shelters her feelings, so for her to be so open and to write "To regain the comfort and safety we shared for so brief a time. Until then I remain Forever Yours, Dana" means that those last hours they were together had to be eventful. This is probably the sappiest stuff I've ever written so I'll give you fair warning that you are in danger of cavities. As always, thank you all for reading.

Chapter Notes

I'm always very careful with the use of their names and when to use which name. I chose to have Mulder call her Dana instead of Scully at one point because Scully is already Mulder's. She has been since he gave her that identity. It's Dana he has to ask the question.

He fit his key into the lock and with a deep breath stepped inside listening for voices. He had left the apartment to give her some time with her mother alone, although the muffled voices he heard were of the male persuasion. Scully’s apartment now contained his son. His son. It was a lot to accept yet he was all accepting. This was a home now. A home where his family resided. Where he would reside as a father and, if he played his cards right, possibly a husband. He heard the voices of the three wise Lone Gunman and walked towards her bedroom door. Making small talk he waited for them to leave. Upon hearing the door shut, he stepped inside the bedroom. They were finally alone for the first time as a family. The sight of her, of them. His son. He let it seep in. Sitting on the bed, cradling him in her arms she walked towards him.

“How’s everybody doing?” He asked not hiding his happiness.

“We’re doing just fine.” She glowed back.

William started fussing at the sight of his father. He wanted his daddy.

“Hey now, none of that.” Mulder responded and William listened.

Scully handed him his son to hold. It made her happy to see them together. Mulder looked so masculine with the baby in his arms. Her man holding their child.
“Hi”, he said to her as he rocked his son. “What are you going to call him?”

“William. After your father.” She said with adoring eyes. She had gotten the results of the DNA test back. It was now undeniable. Fox Mulder was William’s father. What Mulder and Scully did not know, could not know was the DNA results showed that he was a healthy human boy with no abnormalities, but the results were normal because a complete DNA strand analysis was not taken. What they had completed was a simple DNA paternity test. If they had taken the full strand, Scully would have discovered that not only was all their baby’s “junk” DNA strands active, but several of hers were as well. Both the mother and the child contained the active alien DNA strands. In addition, William had additional attached DNA from unknown origin separate from his own, yet part of him all the same as well as other exceptional traits from both of his parents. For now, all Mulder and Scully wanted to know was that his father was Fox Mulder and he was healthy. Mulder couldn’t describe the glow forming inside and didn’t know if he was strong enough to hold all the joy in his heart. She smiled at him and it was all he could handle without exploding with emotion. He had a need to lighten the moment.

“Well, I don’t know, he’s got your coloring and your eyes, yet he looks suspiciously like Assistant Director Skinner.” This produced a laugh that both of them shared.

Scully decided to ask the question looming in the air. “I don’t understand, Mulder. They came to take him from us. Why they didn’t?”

“I don’t quite understand that either except maybe he wasn’t what they thought he was. That doesn’t make him any less of a miracle though, does it?”

“From the moment I became pregnant, I feared the truth. About how….and why. And I know that you feared it, too.”

“I think what we feared were the possibilities.” He looked deep into her eyes in a way that gave her the ability to feel his words in her heart. “The truth we both know.”

And she did know, deep down in places people don’t dare to talk about, but being Scully, she was always after the proof, proof that he meant what she felt. “Which is what?” She wanted to hear the words, so they could comfort her and appease her conscience. It was important to Mulder she stopped being “doubting Thomas”. This was not an x-file. This was the truth. Their truth. A truth that was more than words. He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers communicating everything she needed to know. It was their unbreakable bond, their love, their friendship, the fate of a journey they chose together. Their love realized in physical form. A love that could never become death and it far surpassed life. Much more than our simple three dimensional world and infinitely more complex, in itself it was a trinity. Together as one yet three distinct individuals. Like the bond of H2O is the trinity of water, ice, and steam, as the sun is the trinity of radiation, heat, and light, Mulder, Scully, and William were the trinity of love. And as their lips continued their reunion over sweet William, the manifestation of their bond, she reached out her hand to Mulder caressing his arm.

They stood that way until Mulder realized William had drifted to sleep. He lowered William into the bassinet. That and the changing table were William’s gifts from his father. With a soft kiss on the forehead, Mulder and Scully left him to sleep.

Mulder changed clothes, washing his face and brushing his teeth, then got into bed with Scully. Facing each other in bed, she smiled at him while he ran his hand over her head, kissing her forehead and then her lips. He looked into her eyes with admiration and humility for all she had done. She responded by placing her arms around him, snuggling herself into the embrace.

“How are you feeling?”
“Very tired, drained, but I’m okay Mulder.” Her face showed the strain, but her spirit was as strong as ever.

“Thank you for staying here Mulder.”

“Scully, where else would I possibly be?” He wasn’t playing this tune again. No more pretending, no more games. “Listen Scully, you’ve spoken at great length about not making any demands on me concerning yourself and the baby and….. I don’t like our current situation.”

“You don’t”

“No, I don’t. I want to come home to the two of you every night and wake up to you every morning. I don’t want to have to question where we stand or worry about where we’re going. I don’t want to pretend that I don’t want you to be my family and I don’t want you thanking me every time I do something for our son like I’m doing you a favor. I want William to carry my name. What I’m trying to say… Scully… is that… I want for us what I wanted over a year ago.” He held both her hands together inside his. He could feel them trembling underneath his grasp. “Dana, I love you and I want you to marry me.”

“Mulder…”

“Scully, before you say no, before you doubt anything Scully…”

“Yes. Mulder…. I’m saying yes. I love you Mulder.”

“I love you too.”

She smiled at him and he couldn’t stop himself. His heart was pounding out of his chest. He cradled her head in his hands as he kissed her over and over again.

William woke up a couple hours later for a feeding. Scully sat in the chair besides the bed and nursed him. When she went to lay William back down in his crib she noticed Mulder was awake and staring at them smiling. “Can you lay him in bed with us?”

“I don’t know Mulder. That’s kind of dangerous. We could smother him in our sleep or he could get hurt.”

“He’ll be fine Scully. I’ll keep an eye on him.”

After some hesitation she got into bed and positioned William between them.

They formed a heart with their bodies, William in the center. One of them with one eye open watching the other two sleep. When William stirred again, it was Mulder who insisted on changing him. With a focused precision he cleaned the baby and applied his diaper. When Mulder returned with William, Scully was staring at him. “You didn’t learn all that from Oprah Mulder.”

“You’d be surprised what you can learn from Oprah Scully.”

Scully opened her eyes in the night to see William cuddling with his father. Mulder was curled in the fetal position wrapping William in his own cocoon. Looking at the two men she loved curled up together in such peaceful slumber made her heart swoon. All her dreams had been realized. Could it be that the dark days were truly past them?

When morning came Scully fed William and placed him back in his bassinet. Mulder got up to brush his teeth and headed back into bed. She brushed her own before returning to Mulder’s warm open
arms. He stared at her, he couldn’t take his eyes off her face. Scully had given him more than he ever knew he wanted or thought he deserved or had the right to ask for. “Scully, thank you for giving me the amazing gift of my son. I love you and William so much.” He said it with such conviction Scully had no choice but to return the sentiment with a kiss. Kissing until they eventually fell back to sleep.

Mulder woke to Scully draped over him, radiating heat. She looked content. He held her and tried his best not to move and wake her. She had done a good job of pinning him to the mattress and when she did finally open her eyes he was positive he had lost all feeling in his right arm. “How’s mommy doing today?” He asked in earnest rubbing his arm back to life.

“I’m feeling pretty good Mulder. Better than I thought I would.”

Mulder got up and made breakfast as Scully showered. They ate as William slept and when he began to cry Scully asked Mulder if he would like to feed him. “How do I do that?” He asked excited at the proposition.

“I pumped some in the night, all you need to do is warm it up.” It was like Christmas morning for Mulder. She showed him how to hold him on his lap and how to hold the bottle. The experience was humbling, an intense bonding moment for him with his son, to be part of providing his son with the nutrition he needed for survival and he got quite a kick out of having the opportunity to burp him.

When William went down for his next nap, Mulder and Scully decided to have some alone time on the couch. Rubbing her back gently, he simply held her, nestling his face in her hair, inhaling her scent. Placing a gentle kiss on her forehead, he looked into her eyes and met her smile. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m still tired, but I’m not in pain. I’m okay. You can stop asking me that. There’s no need for you to be worrying about me.”

“You should probably be resting.”

“You should probably be kissing me.” She met his lips and he shifted his body weight so he could lie alongside her. Softly he ran his fingertip through her hair staring at her and smiling. They stared at each other for a while, their eyes communicating the love they felt, his hands at her back careful not to get carried away. It was an effort with so many emotions running through him. When they kissed again, her tongue wasted no time finding his. They were making up for lost time and at the same time celebrating their future. Kissing her was intoxicating, electricity flowing through them both. He was growing hard against the softness of her inner thigh, secretly berating himself for such a selfish reaction. Scully moaned in response pressing herself harder against him. He pulled back from their kiss and smiled raising an eyebrow. “You are an evil woman.”

“You’re teasing me.” She said reclaiming his lips, her hand stroking his face. With both arms around her he held her tighter against him as their kiss deepened. He claimed her earlobe and Scully moaned his name, tilting her head to give him better access to her neck. Distracted from new unclaimed territory he released the lobe and nibbled his way down her throat lightly kissing and sucking at the nape of her neck. He followed the trail back up and found a sweet spot where he took up residence, sucking gently. That brought a groan from Scully and now it was her turn, pulling his shirt up over his head exposing his broad chest. It was obvious that being unemployed had done wonders for his physique. Apparently he had moved up on his reps and had been doing lots of crunches. He grunted as her lips feathered over his nipples, tracing one with her tongue and then the other. Mulder lowered his head to find her lips again and as they kissed she answered him eager and demanding. His eyes went wide as Scully’s hand slid around his waist and slipped down his
backside giving it a massage and squeeze. Her hand shifted towards the front and he spoke through their kisses, “Easy Scully, I’m still a ticking time bomb.”

“I want to touch you Mulder.”

“Scully, you can do whatever you want. Just know because of the affect you have on me there may be consequences.” He ran his fingers through her hair. “You’re beautiful Scully.”

Her hands continued their exploration up his muscular back stopping at his shoulder blades pulling him down closer to her, rejoining his lips. He wasn’t quite sure where any of this was leading, but he was enjoying her touch. It was reassuring, calming and exciting at the same time. Her nails were delicately scratching up and down his back as their lips caressed the others. He couldn’t stop himself from moaning her name over and over again. Her hands came back up over his chest pushing him back to look at him. “I love your body Mulder” she said with hooded eyes.

“It belongs to you now Scully. It exists only for you.”

Mulder held her, content to claim her lips occasionally reclaiming her neck only to return to her kisses. Seizing the opportunity to explore her mouth, slide his tongue along hers, while their lips continued their dance.

Meanwhile, Scully’s hand had been drifting down towards his inner thigh. As it brushed between his legs it caused an audible gasp followed by a groan from Mulder as his eyes shut and head dropped. She was tormenting, but it was giving her great pleasure, and that’s what he cared about. When she reached for the button of his jeans he did not prevent her from undoing it and releasing the zipper. However, once she had freed him, he grabbed her wrist. “Scully, I’m very content just to kiss you.”

“I know. I want to touch you.”

“It’s yours Scully, you can do with it as you wish.” He said releasing her hand in compliance. He lifted up and lowered his pants and underwear the rest of the way down his legs, freeing his feet with the help of his toes. All he could think about was how much he loved her and wanted to make her happy.

Not knowing her next move, he returned to his obsession with her lips and gasped the moment her fingers made contact. Mulder stiffened and moaned as pleasure slid through them both, Scully running her fingertips along his length, stroking it with the lightest touch. He intensified his kiss and became lost in her. It was a slow burn, but the feeling was magnificent. He watched her face as her touch became urgent, seeing his reaction to her in her face. “Mulder, I want to watch you come. I want to feel it in your eyes.”

“Oh God Scully.” He gasped. Fear of waking William had kept him quiet, but her words put him in a place he could not return from. He swelled in her hand, failing to manage all the feelings she was creating. “Let me hear you Mulder. I want to hear you come for me.” As she said the words she stroked him. The pull sending pleasure shooting through him, he throbbed into her touch.

“Scully” Her words, to hear them leave her lips was overwhelming. He complied moaning with each stroke, breathing hard so she could feel him crescendo, his face straining as he met her gaze. He stared at the warm glow in her deep blue eyes, her hands were graceful in their touch, and she was simply amazing. She let out a moan and he could see in her face she was enjoying this tremendously even though his contact with her remained chase. His hips bucked into her hand, sweat pouring from his face in an attempt to maintain composure, her thumb caressing the ridge as her fingers stayed wrapped around him. She had him close. Throwing his head back his mouth opened to let out a cry. He froze suddenly all feelings draining from his body. That was not his cry. It was
William. He fell away from her into the couch and let out a laugh, bringing her with him.

He answered her before she had a question. “Let me get him. I should have probably stopped you anyway. You need your rest. This is the last thing we should be doing.” While she protested he quickly threw on his jeans and shirt. He picked her up against her wishes and carried her to the bed insisting on her taking a nap, while he tended to William. Then he cleaned up the dishes and straightened the place up, even picking up a rag to dust. Later on he joined her for a power nap of his own until William cried out. So he picked him up again, changed him, and lulled him back to sleep.

Later on that day, Mulder was relaxing with a soda and a sandwich while watching television. William was on the couch next to him making many failed attempts to get Mulder’s watch into his mouth as Mulder rubbed his belly.

Scully walked into the living room. “Mulder, I’m going to take a shower, is it alright if you keep an eye on William until I get out?”

“Scully, he’s my son. Don’t ask me if it’s alright for me to perform something that is already my responsibility. Yes, I will watch him, but because it is expected, not because it is a request.”

She held both hands up in defeat. “You’re right, I need to think differently. I’m sorry. Forgive me?”

He got up off the couch and kissed the top of her head pleasantly surprised. She had said he was right without an argument. This day may just be one for the books.

Once out of the shower, Scully returned from the bathroom in her silk robe, drying her hair with a towel. “How are my boys?”

Mulder came up to her with the baby in his arms and a burp cloth draped over his shoulder. “We’re doing fine patiently waiting for mommy.” He handed the baby to Scully giving her a kiss on the lips. “I think I’m getting good at this Scully.”

“I think you’ve always been good at it Mulder.”

He kissed her again. “I love you”

“And I love you Mulder.” This time she kissed him, brushing his chest with her free hand. She walked away to put William down. Mulder watched her and noticed her swollen ankles. “Scully is that normal for your ankles to be that swollen?”

“Yes Mulder and my feet as well.”

Take your clothes off and get on the bed. He patted the mattress. “Come on.”

“Mulder.”

He insisted once again and maybe because she was still weak from the labor, she agreed without much of a struggle. She got on the bed keeping her robe and panties on still recovering from the effects of childbirth.

Mulder grabbed the baby oil from the changing table and squirted it on his hands. He lifted her foot and rubbed it tenderly, gingerly guiding his hands up to her calf and down as his thumbs carefully massaged her ankles. “Does that feel better?” He was genuinely concerned. Knowing Scully, she was hard on her body demanding it to be healed before it was ready. “Mulder, I don’t know what has come over you, but don’t stop.” Yes, she was definitely enjoying her day at the Fox Mulder
Resort and Spa. “I’m happy Scully.” He moved to her other leg and she let out a moan of relief. “I’m happy too Mulder... I’m in love with you.” He crawled up to her face and kissed her, his heart exploding from his chest in an attempt to join with hers. "I am very much in love with you Dana Scully.”

He continued his massage, rolling her to her front, removing her robe and starting with her shoulders. When he got to her lower back he realized that she had drifted off to sleep. It was then he heard the door. It was her mother. He closed the bedroom door behind him and motioned to her mother that Scully and the baby were sleeping. She gave him a hug. “There are congratulations in order are there not?”

“Yes there are. I even have a copy of the DNA test to prove it. I’m having it framed.”

“Congratulations Fox.” She said kissing his cheek.

“Thank you. Congratulations to you too. You’re a grandma again.”

“Yes, but this is somehow even better. It’s different when it’s your daughter.” She paused for a moment and her face dropped, he could see she was thinking of Melissa.

“So Maggie, I was told you came over to cook?”

“Yes.” She said as she took the lasagna out of the freezer. “I had packed these meals away just for this occasion. All we need to do is cook this in the oven and we’re set. Come Fox, help me make the salad.”

When Scully woke from her nap she joined them watching her mother order Mulder around the kitchen. Mulder threw an arm around Scully and whispered, “Can we tell your mother now?”

“Tell her what? Oh.... yeah, I’m sure she’d love to hear the news.”

“Tell me what Dana?” Maggie asked drying her hands with the dish towel. “What is it? Good news?” She was looking back and forth from Scully to Mulder.

Mulder smiled at Maggie, standing behind Scully, rubbing her shoulders. “There’s no ring yet..but..I asked Dana to marry me and she said yes.”

Maggie covered her mouth with her hands. “Dana, Fox that’s incredible!” She threw her arms over both of them so they were in a three way hug. “I have a new son and a new grandson!”

Scully shied away. “I think we just made this the happiest day of my mother’s life.”

“Why don’t we celebrate?! ” Mulder exclaimed, “I’ve got some champagne we can open.”

So they sat at dinner eating Maggie’s lasagna and sipping champagne as a happy family. Maggie reached over and placed her hand over Mulder’s cheek, smiling, “He’s so handsome. Isn’t my new son handsome Dana?”

“Yes, mom, he’s unbelievable, I don’t know how I keep my hands off him.” She said in a sarcastic voice, but she sat down smiling and rested her hand on his knee as he put his arm around her. She recognized the need to learn to relax her controlling nature. It was not right not to let him in. Mulder would be officially in her life on documented paper. He searched her eyes and she kissed him on the cheek. “You know something, you’re right mom. He is handsome and that is why we have such a beautiful son.” He smiled in part disbelief and she kissed him again reassuringly. “You’re mine.” She whispered in his ear and it went right to his heart. He grabbed her untouched champagne glass
and whispered back, “I’ve always been yours and I think you’ve had enough.”

“If I’m drunk, it’s only because you’re intoxicating.” She replied back in a voice he was sure couldn’t be sincere. Mulder reached around to feel the back of Scully’s neck to check for the telltale markings of a super soldier. Surely she had been possessed.

Her mother had gotten up and was now busy clearing dishes. He took the opportunity to grab Scully’s hand and kissed it, interlacing her fingers with his own. Leaning towards her he whispered “I love you” and lightly kissed her returning to her gaze. It was the gaze that locked their eyes, the one that made the rest of the world fall from view, and it sent lightening through them both. She ran her nose against his and slowly met his lips. Their foreheads leaned against one another’s as his eyes remained closed absorbing the feeling. He opened his eyes to meet hers once again, still two inches from her face while his hand gently stroked her cheek, hers on his face. His eyes wandered upward towards her mother and he straightened up clearing his throat. “Scully, we’re being rude.”

“It’s okay, Fox” Maggie said as she brought coffee in from the kitchen with some cheese Danishes. “I’ve never seen Dana as happy as she is when she’s with you. You’ve changed her Fox. In a good way.”

Scully blushed, but didn’t comment.

After dessert and more conversation Maggie excused herself for the night.

They both showed her to the door and she hugged both of them goodbye giving Mulder a strong kiss on the cheek. “Congratulations again Fox.” She said staring at the two of them. “To the both of you.”

When the door shut Scully got up on her toes kissing Mulder, leaning him into the door. He picked her up, carrying her to the bedroom. She let out a surprised squeal of his name.

Her nose grazed his, their eyes closing just before their lips touched. Mulder pulled back in a grin his hands shaping her face. “I never knew I could be this happy Scully.” He said gently pulling her into his arms as they laid in bed. Scully put her arm around his neck playing with the back of his soft dark hair.

“I understand. I never thought I’d let myself be this happy. I love you Mulder. Right now I can’t stop telling you that.”

“Don’t.” He grabbed her closer to him as he covered her with kisses. Their tongues entwined and it was all he could do from melting into her arms.

William’s cries woke him in the night. Mulder was still cradled in Scully’s arms, his head on her chest covering her like a blanket. He performed a pushup around her so as not to wake her and got up to change William. He laid him back down in the bassinet, but he started to cry again so they took a walk into the living room. Bouncing William in his arms as he walked, supporting his head with his hand, pressing his lips to his forehead, he heard what sounded like a tapping at the door. He looked at the time in disbelief. This could not be good.

Standing in the hallway of Scully’s apartment building before daylight on Sunday morning was Kersh. Sweat was beading at his hairline as he gently knocked on the door hoping it wouldn’t wake a sleeping baby. Fear of being followed and the fear of a bugged apartment kept him on his toes. Kersh put his finger to his lips as Mulder thankfully answered the door ushering him into the hallway.
Mulder’s posture straightened at the sight and stepped into the hallway delicately shutting the door with William still in his arms. “You’re the last person I would expect to grace this doorstep. Did you bring your friends with you?” Mulder whispered looking in both directions into the hallway.

Kersh said nothing but continued to motion for Mulder to follow him. In the stairwell Kersh’s face came so close to Mulder’s they almost touched. In the faintest whisper Kersh relayed the information. “I have come at great risk to my own safety. We’re being watched. Your life is in danger. They are coming to kill you. You must leave Scully and the baby. Disappear or you’ll be dead within the week and then no one will be able to protect them.”

“I’m not going to do that.” Mulder said as he held William tighter to his chest. “I will never do that. No matter what force they want to reign upon me. I won’t give them up. They want to kill me, let them try.”

“You don’t get it. They don’t miss. They know all. They see all. Your only chance is to go underground.”

“How do I know I can trust you? How do I know you’re not with them?” There was no way he was giving up his family. Finally happy, finally free. “Forget it. I will not leave them and you won’t convince me otherwise. I won’t expect to see you back and I don’t want you trying to contact Scully. There’s no reason for you to risk yourself again. There’s nothing to talk about. I’m staying with them. This is the only place I belong.”

William started to cry as they walked off. He crept back into the apartment. He didn’t care what Kersh had to say. Why couldn’t they just leave them alone? This was supposed to be Doggett’s problem now. Kersh had a point. If they wanted him dead they weren’t going to stop. It didn’t matter. He would find a way to protect them and keep himself alive. He walked back into the bedroom to find Scully awake. “Everything okay?” She asked.

“Everything’s fine Scully, just had a little trouble getting William back to sleep.” He positioned William between them as he got back into bed and kissed her. “I don’t like being away from you this long.”

“Mulder, what will you do when I have to go back to work?”

"Be a stay-at-home dad for William. Count the seconds until you're in my arms again."

"Is that really what you want?"

Instead of an answer his mouth claimed hers passionately, their arms around each other, tenting William as he fell asleep.

Scully’s mother was back over in the morning, along with Ellen and some other friends making the room quite loud with talking and laughter. Even though Mulder had made sure Scully had plenty of sleep, she still felt exhausted. The amount of women in such a closed space scared off Mulder who decided to go out for some baby stuff. It had only been about 30 minutes, but she wanted him back home already. In only one day she had grown accustomed to him catering to her every whim, watching him care for William, the intense love they shared, and all the kissing. She ran her tongue over her lips feeling a slight pain from the soreness of being overworked. It made her smile. She wanted those lips back on her. She wanted his comforting loving arms around her holding her tight against his firm body.

Scully excused herself from the conversation when she heard a knock on the door. There was no one at the other end, but a small folded paper lay on the floor. It read the following: Mulder’s life is
Kersh contacts Scully and convinces her that the only way to keep both William and Mulder alive and safe is to separate them and for Mulder to go into hiding. Scully spends the rest of the chapter convincing Mulder. A lifetime movie is probably less traumatizing. Anyway, I'm going to need music to get through Season 9 so I'm including some in the chapters. This chapter is bookmarked with them. I'm going to stay positive through this season so to start off I'll say something positive about Episodes 1 and 2: Mulder's fish tank has finally made it to Scully's apartment. We discover that William can perform Jedi tricks and rotate a mobile when he gets bored. He is self-entertaining like his dad and independent like his mom.

Someday We’ll Be Together Again - CARL FISCHER, FRANKIE LAINE

No tears, no fears

Remember there's always tomorrow

So what if we have to part

We’ll be together again

Your kiss, your smile

Are memories I'll treasure forever

So try thinking with your heart

We’ll be together again

Times when I know you'll be lonesome

And times when I know you'll be sad

But don't let temptation surround you

Don't let the blues make you bad

Someday, someway

We both have a lifetime before us

For parting is not good bye

We'll be together again.
Scully had no time or patience for another man whispering to her in the shadows. Yet here she sat. On a bench, in the park waiting for such a man. When Kersh came into view and sat down next to her she couldn’t say she wasn’t surprised.

“I know this may come as a shock to see me Agent Scully, but you’ll want to hear what I have to say all the same.”

“Go on”

“I understand if I may seem like an unlikely source and you may find it hard to trust me, but what I am about to tell you is the truth. Those men that Agent Doggett saw me with are part of the superior soldier program. They were in my office ensuring my compliance. They have threatened me with my life and my family’s life if I fail to go along with their plan and provide them with the information they need. That is why you have seen me act the way I have. Do the things I’ve done. But I can’t take part in murder. Not of a man or a child.”

“My baby. Are they trying to hurt my baby?”

“They’re after Mulder. As long as Mulder stays with you he is endangering his life and the life of your baby.”

“But why? My baby is normal. They could have taken him, but they didn’t. Why are they after Mulder now? Why can’t they just leave us alone?”

“I don’t have those answers for you. They don’t tell me everything, but I do know that they are afraid of Mulder’s influence on that child and they will stop at nothing to have him killed. In 24 hours they will hunt Mulder down and murder him. They will stage it to look like an accident.”

“So how do we stop them?”

“They can’t be stopped. You already know this. Mulder must leave.”

“For how long? Will this ever end?”

“I don’t know. But until we find an answer to stopping them, Mulder’s life is in danger and with it, the safety of your baby.”

“What if we all leave?”

“No, it’s too dangerous for the child. You must carry on as normal. Your baby must be in sight to prove that he is just a normal child. Mulder and the baby must be kept apart.”

“I can’t do this. I can’t do this to Mulder….. I can’t go along with this.”

“You will and you must Dana, you have no other choice. These people go all the way up the chain to the top of the FBI. They have infiltrated the CIA, the military, and who knows how many other agencies or how many other governments in the world.”

“Why are you coming to me with all this, why not Mulder?”

“I’ve already told Mulder and he turned me away. You must convince him.”

“And if I can’t?”

“Then by Tuesday morning, he will already be dead…. I’m afraid I can’t have any more contact with you on this matter. Good luck to the both of you.”
Scully watched with tears in her eyes as Kersh walked away. Why were they cursed? Will their sentence ever be over? How much more of a price did they have to pay?

Scully returned to her apartment to find Mulder had returned. He looked at her with a puzzled expression and her stomach churned.

“You’re back” she smiled as she kissed him.

“Where were you Scully? What’s wrong?”

She was unsure of his reaction and didn’t want a spectacle. A fight was brewing for sure. “Not now. Let’s get rid of these people first.”

Mulder said his goodbyes and left the apartment stating that he was going out for a run. His brain was in overload.

Meanwhile, Scully very politely, with the help of her mother, slowly showed everyone out of the apartment. Kathy and Ellen were the last to leave saying their goodbyes as Mulder returned breathing heavily from the exertion and headed straight to the bedroom without a word. Scully asked her mother if she would take care of the baby while they spoke and she agreed.

Mulder, who had been on edge since they made eye contact was pacing in their bedroom. “Scully, are you going to tell me what’s going on?”

“Keep your voice down.” She wrote on a note pad ‘I spoke with Kersh’.

“Scully no. Absolutely not. Forget it.” His eyes were already watering and his voice was shaky, almost pleading.

Scully was not prepared for his reaction and concerned with upsetting her mother. There was also a little voice in the back of her head reminding her that her place could be bugged. “Can we not discuss this here? Let’s go take a walk and leave William with my mom. We can’t have this argument here.”

As soon as the doors to the car closed Mulder started. “You can’t ask me to do this Scully.”

“Mulder, these are not people. They can’t be reasoned with. How are you going to stop them? You already know their capabilities….. You only need to stay away long enough for everything to die down. If you don’t go, you’re putting William’s life at risk and they will kill you. If you leave, we can work to get you back.”

She reached out and held his hand. “Mulder, I need you to do this for me. With everything I have been through I have no fight left and I won’t be able to take something happening to you. If not for yourself, do it for me and William.. We will be waiting for your return.”

“Scully… What about you? What about William? How is this protecting anyone?”

“In a strange way Mulder, it is. It’s what we must do…. Mulder, if there’s one thing I learned all those months… I can’t live a life without you. Above all else I need you alive and if this is what we must do to keep you that way, then we must find a way.”

Tears were forming in Mulder’s eyes. “How do I live without you? What does my life mean without you? Without William? Scully, you’re asking me to leave my son behind, defenseless. I don’t want to do this. I gave up the x-files to be with you… my life’s work. What did it get me?” His tears were now streaming down his face. He looked out the window facing the other way so she
couldn’t see him cry. “I can’t make it stop. Scully, without me knowing it, it’s been this way since I’ve been born. I was so naïve to think we could have a normal life together. What it’s come to now... How could it surprise me?” Mulder was trying to gather his composure, but his sobs continued. He let out a scream of denial and punched the dashboard. “There’s no point in anything anymore. Once more everything will be handled discreetly and cleaned up neat and tidy with a bow. They’re always one step ahead. Everyone will fall silent as if nothing has happened. Once again the only ones who pay are the ones who surround me. All I’m left with is regret. Look what it’s cost you to know me and you haven’t won anything. It’s inside me Scully and it will never end.” He stared out the window, his tears refusing to yield. “You’re right. This is what’s best. For everyone to stay as far away from me as possible. Kersh is right. That’s your only protection... protection from me.”

Sitting there watching him in so much pain was killing her. She was sending him away from all he had left in the world. Maybe it was too much. Still she would do anything to keep him alive. “Mulder, it’s not forever, we will find a way”

Mulder continued, not fazed by Scully’s optimism. “Don’t ever doubt for a second that I don’t love you Scully. I am doing all of this because of my love for you and William. I will find a way without leaving. A way to bring you peace.”

“Mulder, I need you alive. Please.” Her eyes were now overflowing with tears facing a world she couldn’t control with a man that wouldn’t bend for anyone. He saw her cracks begin to show and he pulled her towards him to give her comfort. He wasn’t going to make it if she fell apart too. “Scully, I don’t know that I can do this. What you’re asking is too much.”

She leaned her head on his chest feeling his warmth. His arms held her tight against him as his hand delicately caressed her head. She looked out the windshield. Luckily there was no one in the streets to witness their display inside the parked car. She knew what she must say. The only power she had and her last resort. It was the only way he would go. It was such a horrible thing to do and she prayed that it was for the best and truly the only way. With a deep breath and a firm voice she sat up straight, wiped her tears, and cast out the ultimatum. “Mulder, I’m not going to give you a choice. Either you do this or you never see William and me again. Don’t make me leave you.”

She watched him break down at her words, watched his face crinkle up and shrink as his heart shattered. His eyes betrayed him, he looked at her and his lips and eyebrows trembled as he cried. “Scully, I love you.” He begged.

“If you love me Mulder, than do this for me.” There was silence. It felt like an eternity. He just stared at her in disbelief and pain. She had pulled her last card. Something she had sworn she would never use against him and now here she was using their love as a weapon. She had never done anything so cruel, yet she didn’t know any other way. Finally, his eyes fell away from her. “Okay.” He said and took a deep breath. “If keeping us apart keeps everyone alive I will do it. For you... and William”

* Mulder’s hand covered his face. His fingertips massaging his eyes trying not to show emotion in front of Skinner and the Lone Gunman. When they explained the situation to The Lone Gunman they understood and prepared him with an untraceable cell phone that could be used only once and some other trusty gadgets. Skinner was much harder to convince and tried to persuade them to find another way, but in the end he conceded as well. He agreed to let the investigations die and allow
Mulder to leave without a trace. Scully withdrew a duffle bag full of money from her account hoping that it would be enough for him to live off of. Langley was able to borrow a pickup truck and trailer from one of the guys at CUFOS. They used it to haul the majority of his belongings to the Salvation Army. The rest was either burned, put into suit cases to take with him on his journey, or packed into Scully’s car to be taken back to her apartment. It was a slow painstaking process as Mulder went through his files, his pictures, all the history. With each stack of memories, more tears were shed. This was almost as bad as the day his mother died because today it all died. Scully slid her arms around him and hugged him from behind as he crouched on the floor in front of another pile. “I know how hard this is for me Mulder, I could only imagine how hard this is for you”

“This is the room where we shared so much Scully. How many times have we been together on this bed. How many nights did I talk to you on the phone, dream about you… The couch. How much has gone on between us on that couch.”

“I know Mulder. When I see you again we will make new memories, I promise.”

With blood shot eyes Mulder reached for a Nike box under the bed and handed it to her. “Here. Take this and put it in one of your closets. If it ever gets too much for you.. open it. We're in there.”

After hours of hard work the apartment was empty with nothing but a few boxes that everyone was sitting on sharing the last of the beer in Mulder’s refrigerator toasting and roasting their friend. The Lone Gunman gave Mulder their word that they would put their lives on the line to keep Scully and the baby safe and do whatever was needed. Soon it was only Skinner, Mulder, and Scully left.

“You know Mulder”, Skinner said after a long swig of beer, “You really are a pain in the ass. How you were ever lucky enough to get Dana I’ll never know, but I am going to miss you. Maybe not the headaches you put me through, but there were some good times too.” Skinner began to pick at the label of his beer bottle. “Look Mulder, I don’t want you worrying about Dana. Dana and the baby will never be alone.”

“Easy Skinner, I don’t need to come back to find William with another brother or sister. Especially one that looks like Lex Luther’s twin.”

“You’re not very funny Mulder” He said, but he was smiling.

Mulder’s expression became solemn. “Thank you for everything Skinner. I mean it.”

“You’ll be back Mulder. I know you, you’ll always be back.”

The three of them walked out together, but it was Scully who paused for one last look inside the now big empty room. A room they filled with hope and excitement, anticipation and happiness, grieving and sorrow. She breathed in the musky hardwood one last time, closed the light, and shut the door.

Back at Scully’s apartment the waterworks started again as Maggie said goodbye to Mulder reminding him that he always had a place to come home to. Once Maggie left and William was asleep Mulder and Scully retreated to the living room. Staring at Scully he had nothing left to hold back his emotions. He fell to his knees wrapping his arms around Scully’s waist in a final plea. “I don’t know that I can do this Scully. Not this.”

She ran her hands through his hair as he wept. “We will get through this Mulder. We have to. I have to see you again.”

Now it was her turn to cry. Her strength had failed her.

Her knees buckled underneath her as she joined him. They were both kneeling on the floor, their
foreheads leaning against each other, holding each other’s hand as if in prayer, supporting the other as the gates opened and they sobbed uncontrollably. “All our plans, Mulder. Of a future, of marriage, it was all just a ridiculous dream.”

“We can’t think that way Scully. I will always be yours. No matter what ever becomes of us, I will always be yours. This I pledge to you.” He fell back on his heels as she threw her arms around him burying her face in his neck audibly crying. He placed both hands on the sides of her face, lifting her head so she was looking him in the eye. “Scully. It’s me and you. That’s all it has ever been and it’s all it ever will be. I’ll never give up on us.” He kissed her through her tears, through his tears. “I love you Scully.”

“Mulder, I love you......."

He ran his fingers through her hair and he reached inside her with his eyes, comforting her, wanting more.

"......God Mulder, I love you so much.” His mouth crashed against hers, an urgency she could only return, removing her top and reaching for the button of her pants. She stopped him. “Mulder wait. I can’t.”

“I know, just let me touch your skin.”

“Mulder, I don’t know how comfortable I am..”

“Please Scully” As he said it tears fell from his eyes rolling down his cheeks and onto her. It was then she realized his panic. This would be their last time together. Maybe the last time for the rest of their lives.

“Okay” she whispered and he breathed a sigh of relief. Within seconds her shirt and slacks fell next to the couch in a pile. He kissed her hard breaching her lips, demanding her, sending them both to the floor. From all the emotions, the baby, and all that she had just gone through she was drained, but in spite of it all her body responded to his touch. As always he awakened all her senses. When it came to him she was insatiable. It made the bleak future even more heartbreaking.

He pleaded to her once again. “Don’t ever forget the way it feels when I hold you, when we touch. Please Scully. Promise me.”

“I will never forget Mulder. Never.” His hands were warm and smooth against the soft silky skin of her back leaving a trail like hot liquid crystal in their wake.

He removed his pants and shirt while they kissed pausing as he lifted the black Henley over his head. His clothes joining hers in the heap. They rolled with their lips engaged, her leg falling between his, his skin igniting hers as it made contact. His body was strong and solid underneath her, comforting and exciting. Her eyes welled. How could she live without this? How would she make it through another stint without him? It was all such a mismatch of feelings and emotions. The more pleasure he gave her, the sadder she felt and he had her in a state of arousal she did not know how to come down from. They rolled again continuing their kiss. As she fell to his side he broke the kiss, running his fingers through her hair as he stared at her with brooding eyes. A blaze of need underlining the pain. “Touch me Scully” The words shot through her and deep inside she felt the pull towards him. Somehow, she needed much more than touch.

Gently she highlighted his lips with hers, her tongue slowly penetrating his mouth. His moan stimulating her need, his lips deep and sensual in motion against her own. With her toes she grasped at the top of his boxers, lifting out and then down pushing them to his ankles with her foot.
“I see we have surprises” he remarked

“I’ll always keep you guessing”, she returned. For a moment their smiles were briefly able to peak through the anguish, but his face grew suddenly serious. “I’m going to miss you Scully. For nine years you’re all I’ve known. You’ve always been there…. I’m scared. Scared of who I am without you. Without us.”

“Mulder I’ll still be here. Under the same stars as you. Thinking of you every day and you’ll be in my dreams at night. We will get through this.”

Scully caressed his face. Somehow she wanted to memorize every pore, every mole, as if it could help her recreate him when she needed to. Guiding him onto his back she kissed his lips, his cheek, sucked on his chiseled jaw, grabbing the skin just underneath it with her teeth. She felt him kissing and caressing whatever was in his reach and it only incited her desire. Her lips followed down his throat and she took note of every line, every scar, as she made her way down to his chest her hands taking the lead. He was naked and hers to do with as she pleased. As she continued her pilgrimage, now sucking on his protruding abs, her chest grazed his erection and he let in a sharp intake of breath. His hands had found their own trek running over her body. “Scully please. I need you. I wish so badly I could be inside you.”

Listening to him beg was creating a heat down deep within her that she forgot she was capable of. She wrapped her hand around him, reading him with her fingertips, and he let out a groan as if all his needs had been realized. His eyes shut tight as his bottom lip deserted the top. The sensations were powerful, shocking her as it did every time her hand came into contact with him. Her willpower fleeting, Scully leaned in, her hair falling over her face as she sank her mouth down onto him. She sucked hard, feeling his pleasure run through her and take them away. Her tongue followed along his length, memorizing as it traveled. She gazed upwards. He was watching her and as their eyes met he let out the most delectable sound sending it to that place deep inside her. Tenderly his hands ran through her hair as the wonderful sounds emanating from him made her heart grow and her eyes sting. Her lips tightened around him, she glided them up and down, her tongue encircling him. Lifting his hips into her motion his moans got louder. They were a team. There was nothing in the world like Mulder, like them when they were together. The thought made tears escape her tightly closed eyes.

Refocusing, she pulled his length deeper into her mouth savoring how good it felt and he moaned her name again. The sounds of gratification being drawn from him brought her to the edge of a plateau she had only known with physical stimulation. She repeated her motion again and again until they were both just sensation. All the emotions followed, haunting in the background. This couldn’t be their last time.

He proclaimed his love to her, propelling her back into the moment coiling the sweet tension deep down inside her, bursting it free. Sudden and ferocious, his own body stiffened screaming loud enough to wake a neighborhood let alone a baby. She swallowed every bit of him, needing him inside her, becoming a part of her system. He pulled her up to him and locked her in a kiss without a thought. Gingerly his arms wrapped tight around her as he rocked her and her head fell against his chest. She found comfort and solace in his arms. Wetness on her cheeks made her lift her head. Tears were streaming from his already tear stained face. How long had he been crying? The whole time? He grabbed her chin his lips pressing hard against her undoubtedly shielding her from his tears. Their hearts were bleeding and there was nothing to be done.

He spoke softly, “Scully, what I wouldn’t do to give you the pleasure you gave me. What it’s like knowing I may never see you again.” His tears began flowing heavily, gasping between sobs.

“Mulder, I will see you again. This is what we have right now and it is enough.” It has to be she thought silently. For better or worse, this was all they would get.
William woke shortly after and Mulder spent the rest of the night with his son playing with him and tending to him. He told William how much he loved him, some words of wisdom from dad, and to watch over his mother as he would be the man of the house and no matter how independent his mom was she still needed them. Mulder tried his best to make the most of the time he had and it was late in the morning when he finally fell asleep on his back with William curled up on top of his chest and Scully under his arm.

In the morning they made their plans for when and if he might return. As he said his goodbyes and laid him down William began to cry uncontrollably as if he understood. With the last of the tears shed he headed into the shower not able to bear his son’s sadness. The thought that he would miss his son’s first words, first steps, first everything. Scully closed the bedroom door hoping Mulder didn’t hear the unending crying continue. She picked up William, holding him tight, patting him gently on the back in an attempt to console him. “It’s okay, it’s okay. It’s going to be okay. Alright. It’s going to be okay. Alright.” Who would console her? Will it be alright? Will anything be right again? She walked him passed the fish tank into the living room where the suitcases lay packed and ready to go. Her chest was tight and her stomach twisted. All they could hope for was that they were doing the right thing, what must be done, and believe that someday they would be together again. He left them with a hug and a kiss and tears in their eyes. Skinner came to drive him to the station. He would leave by train, the ticket paid in cash. It would take him as far as Ohio. From there he would choose a destination.

When he finally settled into his seat on the train he opened the letter that Scully had given to him as they had said their goodbyes. It read:

_I know for what we share and who we are there are no need for words,_

_But as with our last goodbye, I now have a need to tell you over and over again._

_So until that time comes that we find ourselves together, take this with you and know I feel it too._

_I love you always,_

_Dana_

Inside was a picture of the two of them taken the night they were in L.A. for their movie premier. His arm was around her, but they weren’t smiling at the camera, they had been caught smiling at each other. Their love immortalized on film.

The sentiments in the note brought out the memory of their last dance together. What had passed through her lips that night, the effect it had on him like the first time she had said it. He would always remember. A tear fell down his face as he stared out at the sunrise, the train pulling from the station. The song and their dance played in his head like a movie.

******************************************************************************

As the music played they moved with bodies pressed to one another. The night’s graceful transgression casting one shape in the shadows. Enamored by the other, at home in their arms. Emotions escaping as their souls overflowed. As they swayed in the night her heart opened as if a rose and the words came out, “I’m in love with you Fox Mulder”.

******************************************************************************
The Words by Christina Perri

All of the lights land on you
The rest of the world fades from view
And all of the love I see
Please please say you feel it too
And all of the noise I hear inside
Restless and loud, unspoken and wild
And all that you need to say
To make it all go away
It's that you feel the same way too
And I know

The scariest part is letting go
'Cause love is a ghost you can't control
I promise you the truth can't hurt us now
So let the words slip out of your mouth
And all of the steps that led me to you
And all of the hell I had you walk through
But I wouldn't trade a day for the chance to say
My love, I'm in love with you
And I know

The scariest part is letting go
'Cause love is a ghost you can't control
I promise you the truth can't hurt us now
So let the words slip out of your mouth
I know that we're both afraid
We both made the same mistakes
An open heart is an open wound to you
And in the wind there's a heavy choice
Love has a quiet voice
Still you mind, now

I'm yours to choose

And I know

The scariest part is letting go

Let my love be the light that guides you home

And I know

The scariest part is letting go

'Cause love is a ghost you can't control

I promise you the truth can't hurt us now

So let the words slip out of your mouth.
From out of the Ashes

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter we catch up with Mulder. With the exception of the magnetite, everything I wrote is true. I experienced it myself first hand. The timeline is before the episode Daemonicus where we get a chance to see Dr. Scully the Professor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Miss My Friend

Darryl Worley

I miss the look of surrender in your eyes
The way your soft red hair would fall
I miss the power of your kiss when we made love
Oh But baby most of all
I miss my friend
The one my heart and soul confided in
The one I felt the safest with
The one who knew just what to say to make me laugh again
And let the light back in
I miss my friend
I miss the colors that you brought into my life
Your golden smile, those blue eyes
I miss your gentle voice in lonely times like now
Saying it'll be alright
I miss my friend
The one my heart and soul confided in
The one I felt the safest with
The one who knew just what to say to make me laugh again
And let the light back in
I miss my friend
I miss those times
I miss those nights
I even miss our silly fights
The making up
The morning talks
And those late afternoon walks
I miss my friend

It was September. Mulder had spent the summer wandering aimlessly. Using the identities The Lone Gunman had given him he roamed from one menial job to the other in one town to the next. Every day was spent looking over his shoulder and every night dreaming of Scully and William. Hesitant to make contact, he hadn’t even checked his email for fear of a trace. It didn’t even matter. There was nothing for him to say that wasn’t already said. He wanted to come home. To be with them again. The only positive, if there was any, was that he was meeting different people from all kinds of backgrounds and philosophies. There were more people out there that believed than he had realized. Some circles had even mentioned him by name as a crusader. If they only knew. If he was on a crusade it was to return to his family. The only way to do that would be to discover what destroyed human replacements and stop them before it was too late.

Mulder opened one eye and squinted at the time. He thought it read 10:37. He was thinking that it must be A.M. as there was sunlight shining into the window. Sometimes it was an arduous task to simply discern one day to the next. Today was Tuesday. He knew this since his last day at the mill had been yesterday and the guys had gathered at the local bar for a going away bash. The last thing he remembered was being dropped onto the couch by Randy after having too many drinks to maintain the ability to walk let alone drive a car. His head was still buzzing, but he did recall crying into a beer or two over Scully. He slowly rolled into a sitting position on the most recent couch he called home. Rubbing his neck, the stiffness reminded him that he needed to buy a pillow. Not that he had much use for it. The times he did partake he usually ended up in a worse depression than before and he wasn’t in the mood for tears today. He rubbed his face and the scruff that had formed cut into his calloused hands. Blindly, he turned on the small picture tube in the room and went to the bathroom to empty his bladder. When he returned he had a toothbrush hanging from his mouth and disbelief in his eyes. The news showed smoke rising from where the World Trade Center once stood. There had been an attack on the Pentagon as well and in Pennsylvania. The next couple hours he spent glued to the television absorbing everything in front of him. His first instinct was to contact Scully, but he knew he couldn’t. The FBI had to be heavily involved at this point. Thoughts of human replacement involvement crossed his mind although most evil didn’t land from the sky, but that from within. It was then he decided his next destination would be east to NYC. If nothing else, they could use his
As he got dressed he accidentally glanced at himself in the mirror. He usually avoided mirrors as they reflected his heartache. Today he looked at himself as if from afar. It was the first time in a while he felt he might have a purpose again. Tanned from working in the sun, his skin glowed golden and his abs had a harder cut to them than usual. The muscles in his arms and chest were wider. Scully would be impressed he thought as he ran his hand over his chest. The pain of her absence began to culminate in his heart and he quickly resumed getting dressed frantically trying to push his mind onto another track. Any thoughts of Scully resulted with tears, anger and unending sadness. He walked outside and flung his bags into the back of an old Buick sedan he had purchased for a couple hundred dollars. The plates and registration were phonies Skinner had retrieved from FBI storage, but they got him wheels. He sat the picture Scully had given him in the corner of the instrument panel wishing he had one of William as well. Straightening his rear view mirror he gave the rural landscape one last look, put on his shades, and headed out.

A few days had passed before he had reached New York traveling from Kansas. He had stopped to visit Sheila and Holman. At least there he got to share good memories, eat some home cooking, and be the proud papa as he told them about William. He had given Holman a package to mail to Scully so she knew he was still alive and took off for New York.

As he entered NJ, he took heed of the solemn atmosphere. There was an eerie quiet looming. When he finally pulled the car into a parking spot he was near Liberty State Park. The air was cold, a frigid day with no wind, the only breeze being from the echoing of voices from the dead and the screaming hearts of the living. He came upon a spot with candles burning. Pictures and cards hung everywhere. There were notebooks too. He picked them up and read them. Poems and prayers, wishes and requests, all to missing loved ones. They were beautiful and he felt his anger rise up with the sadness. The monster inside him was winning. He spun around when he felt a tap on his arm. It was a woman with tears in her eyes. She hugged him without words. A total stranger holding him, greeting him like family. They cried in each other’s arms for each of their losses without sharing words. Others came to pray, share hugs and photos, and leave messages. Everyone was leaning on the other. Mulder had witnessed many things in his life, but such a beautiful reflection of humanity he never would have guessed to find in the vicinity of so much that was corrupt.

“Hi. My name is Lauren.” A tall slender woman dressed in what might be considered hippy attire held out her hand for Mulder to shake. “Do you have missing loved ones?”

“No… I, uh. I came to help.”

“Yes. It seems there are people from all over the country some from other parts of the world that have traveled to help. I’m from Long Island myself. There’s a group of us meeting here in a while to make the trek over into the city. From there we will meet up with the firefighters.”

“What will we be doing?”

“You’ll see.” She replied with a warm smile.

For lack of any ideas, Mulder wandered into the city with them. The streets were covered in ash. What looked like snow was more ash falling from the sky. A post-apocalyptic feel gripped at his fears. This was not cruelty from an alien force, but only that capable of man. They walked the streets. Lit candles covered every street corner accompanied by flowers, cards, letters, and poems. The walls of every business and billboard filled with pictures of loved ones.
Children, mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, friends, wandered the streets searching. Some came as 
he did. From a pull that they did not know. From a pull to be together, for comfort from the sadness. 
To mourn the loss, embrace each other. When they finally settled on a street corner they waited. 
The firefighters were changing shifts. The truck stopped at the corner and the firemen got out as 
others piled in. They carried with them shovels and masks. The news stated it was an attempt at a 
recovery mission, but Mulder knew better. It was to dig up the dead. To find evidence of who had 
died, to attempt proper funerals. Most would remain where they died, their tombstone a memorial 
and another skyscraper to once again reach out to the heavens on the backs of their souls. The 
returning firefighters had it all in their faces. The people cheered them like superheroes upon their 
return. Those people were there for one purpose. To hug those men, to give them their strength 
back through their love. Total strangers giving the only thing they had to give to the men that had 
lost so many of their brothers. The firefighters in turn cried into the embrace. Falling apart in their 
arms. Real giants did exist and they walked the streets that day. It was the men in red and those in 
blue that ran towards their impending doom as others ran away. To now be represented by those 
from all over sifting through the ashes, not giving up on a chance of resurrection. If there was a 
place Mulder felt at home since leaving D.C. it was there among the mourning. They gave him 
strength to go on. To know that he was blessed to have Scully and William still alive waiting.

After sharing handshakes, more prayers and kind words, he left as soft music played bouncing off 
the resilience of the tall standing buildings of downtown. The Empire State Building glowed red, 
white, and blue for all to see that we still stood tall. People had brought their instruments, boom 
boxes and whatever they had, playing the music throughout the night to let everyone know they 
were not alone. The spotlights boomed into the sky like a signal to batman calling for a savior when 
the only one to answer was from inside. Mulder continued to wander the streets, like he was 
searching, but for what he had yet to know. He got to a large rock near central park and sat down. 
His heart started to race as butterflies beat furiously in his stomach. “Scully.” He said to himself out 
loud.

“Mulder” Scully said as butterflies grew in her stomach at that familiar feeling.

“What is it Dana?” Monica asked concerned at the upset look on her face.

“Nothing. I… I just got a strange feeling like Mulder was here.”

“Maybe he was.”

“Maybe. I miss him Monica. Not a second goes by….”

“You have to stay positive.”

“I know.”

Scully and Monica were two blocks from Mulder’s rock in Central Park. They had come to see the 
tragedy with their own eyes and unknowingly came within steps of Mulder. Monica waved down a 
cab and got in. Scully paused for a second longer, the butterflies still beating in her stomach. “I 
know you’re out there Mulder. I hope you feel me too.” She whispered more to herself than anything 
else. She joined Monica in the cab and they headed to the airport to return to D.C.

Mulder got up from the rock looking for the subway to take him back to his motel room. A kid in his 
twenties in a gray hoodie came up behind Mulder and tapped him on the shoulder startling him.

“Excuse me. You’re Fox Mulder!”
“What? No, I’m sorry you have the wrong person.” Mulder picked up his pace taking longer strides to get away from the attention this guy was bestowing upon him. The kid only ran to keep up.

“No, I know you’re him. You were friends with Max from NICAP. I’m from NICAP too.” The kid said extending his hand to Mulder as they walked. Mulder kept his hand in his pockets and didn’t slow his pace.

“Look I’m kind of undercover. I’m not really able to talk right now it could compromise my position.”

The kid nodded, but didn’t back away. “My name is Josh. We’re having a meeting tomorrow if you’re interested. The topic… alien hybrid kryptonite.”

This stopped Mulder in his tracks. “You’ve figured out how to stop them?”

Josh looked hesitant. “Well that’s what the meeting is about. We have reports that some of the members have seen them turn into one of those magnetic desk sculptures. You know what I’m talking about?”

“Not exactly. They might have thought they killed them, but these things rejuvenate. I’ve seen them crushed into a tiny cube and come back to full capacity.” Mulder countered.

“According to our latest reports, this destroys them. If you come to the meeting, you can speak with these men yourself. Ask all the questions you want. It would be quite an honor to have you there. You’re kind of a celebrity in our neck of the woods.”

Josh handed him a small NICAP business card with an address and time. “See you then.”

As Josh walked away, Mulder looked around nervously. If a guy from NICAP could locate him, anyone could. He wouldn’t be able to stay much longer.

After a restless night’s sleep in a rundown motel, Mulder went back over to ground zero and put in some hours helping with the recovery. At a little after 7 he headed over to 8th avenue where he found a building with windows nailed shut by wooden planks covered in Broadway posters. He went down a dark alley, down a flight of stairs to a locked door. He knocked on the door and a 400 lb. man with a Spiderman t-shirt answered. “It’s the second star to the right” He said to Mulder. “And straight on ’til morning” Mulder answered.

“Please turn around and expose your neck.” The heavy set man answered. Mulder turned around and lowered his jacket so the man could observe the top of his spine. He then handed Mulder an alcohol swab and a disposable blood lancet. Mulder punctured his finger so the man could witness that his blood was red. Lastly he ran a wand over him for evidence of weapons, tracking devices, or taps. When he was satisfied that Mulder was clean he let him proceed. The man opened the door to let Mulder in. “It’s an honor to meet you Fox Mulder” the man winked and smiled. As Mulder looked around he realized he had found the greatest collection of outcasts the planet earth may have ever known. Once everyone was checked in, the meeting commenced. There was a lot of formalities, new business, old business until finally they got to eyewitness accounts. Each person would go up front and speak of their experience. It was nothing new and all things Mulder had heard several times before.

“And now the moment we’ve been waiting for.” Said the meeting head. “Eric will be reviewing his latest information on Hybrids.”

He started his speech telling of first accounts of hybrids being birthed from human mothers using
mutated eggs. He told of stories of embryo implants through abductions and contaminated water supplies. Most of it Mulder was aware and some seemed skewed or misguided. Finally, he got to what Mulder really wanted to hear. “We have some exciting news today. It’s been confirmed. We have dead hybrids. They were turned into a metallic dust. It happened at ground zero. What we believe is that when the twin towers fell, they exposed the Manhattan bedrock which is millions of years old. Folded into that bedrock is an iron ore, remnants of an old meteor. We believe that if we could mine meteors that contain this same iron, we may be able to build a weapon to combat these hybrids.”

“So where do you find this iron and how are you going to test it?” Asked one of the members.

Eric turned on the projector. “This is a Map of all the meteor dustings in the past two million years. As you can see the largest concentration is in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada. This is where we should concentrate our efforts.”

“But how do you know this iron stuff will kill them?” Asked another member.

“Because we have it on video and we have the dust sample.”

The room became silent as he hooked up his video camera.

The video took place after the first tower fell. There was a considerable amount of smoke and it was apparent the video had been taken by someone in law enforcement. Two men with FBI jackets were running into the smoke and the camera was shaking wildly. You could see them enter the building and go down steps where the mall once stood. Ash was everywhere and smoke filled the hallways. It appeared they were in search of something inside the mall. Then one of the FBI agents froze like he was magnetized to the floor. With tremendous force the two men crumbled as if from the inside out like a huge magnet drew them downward. You see the man holding the camera yell and pick up their clothing which now contained only dust. He let out a few expletives and the camera shut off.

Even this made Mulder miss Scully. He wished she was there to witness the tape. He wanted her opinion. He also wanted some of that dust. She would be able to dissect it in the lab and find the answer. Not this time. This time he would have to prove it on his own.

“What happened? It was like terminator was struck with a light saber.” Shouted Josh, the kid he had met in the street.

“We don’t know. This is all we have, but the rock that was scraped up from the site had a high concentration of a form of magnetite. If we could fashion a weapon, we may be able to use if against them.”

Walking back to the motel Mulder didn’t know what to make of any of it. Was there a way to stop them? There had to be. Nothing was invincible. Except maybe Scully. He went to put the key in the door and it creaked open with a push. Someone had already been there. The place had been ransacked, but from what he saw nothing was taken. His first instinct was to ensure the intruders had left, but they were gone. His suitcase full of cash was still intact. He searched his luggage finding a tracer. He also found a bug inside the lamp on the nightstand. They had located him. His time in NY had run out. He grabbed his stuff, packed it into the car, placed the picture back on the instrument panel, and headed west in search of magnetite and an old friend.

Chapter End Notes
This chapter was emotional for me so I hope it was written well enough to get a true feel of what went on in the days after. Here’s a little bit about myself. My birthday is 9/11 and I had Dinner at the restaurant at the top of the World Trade Center on 9/10. I have the credit card receipt that states Windows on the World Twin Towers 9-11-01 since we left after midnight. I left Manhattan on 9-11 at 5:15AM. We were hanging out in the village and as I got into the cab I looked up the street and saw the towers all lit up. I wanted to take a picture, but the cab was waiting and I thought to myself, “Oh, it will be there tomorrow.” I got home and watched it all unravel. I lost friends and family that day, and lost more years later from complications from cleaning up at ground zero. No matter the evil and problems that get thrust upon us all, humanity is always there to overcome.
Son of My People

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This is a short chapter to introduce the next chapter. Mulder has left NY and is on his way to New Mexico. The timeline is somewhere around Daemonicus, 4-D and Lord of the Flies. IMO, the best part of Season 09 is 4-D. Not because it's that great of an episode, but it makes all AU canon. Which means somewhere Mulder and Scully are together with William getting ready to celebrate a peaceful Christmas in the unremarkable house. On the flip side, while it is irritating that Scully googled stem cells in IWTB, to me it is more annoying that they had her giving CPR to a breathing conscious man for the sake of a bad joke in an episode racked with sexual harassment that Scully was okay with. Really? And the whole "I'm a mother" in response to his flirtations. How about, I'm taken? Anyway, I counted that as "I'm a doctor" so everyone let's take a shot. Next Chapter will be the Christmas Episode and I'll post it next week. As promised, I put a little something extra in it for you I hope you like.

From Where You Are

From Where You Are

Lifehouse

So far away from where you are
These miles have torn us worlds apart
And I miss you
Yeah, I miss you
So far away from where you are
Standing underneath the stars
And I wish you were here

I miss the years that were erased
I miss the way the sunshine would light up your face
I miss all the little things I never thought that they'd mean everything to me
Yeah, I miss you
And I wish you were here

I feel the beating of your heart
I see the shadows of your face
Just know that wherever you are
Yeah, I miss you
And I wish you were here

The light flashed green on Skinner’s private line as it rang for an incoming call. The caller ID showed “Out of Area”, but Skinner picked it up on instinct.

“Skinner.”
“Is she okay? Is everyone still alive?” It was Mulder, he dared not say his name aloud, but the familiar accent betrayed him.

“Yes. FBI is working around the clock. They have been pulled back to work on different assignments. She’s been placed at Quantico as an instructor and will also be working in forensics. She’ll be safe there.” They spoke almost in code not knowing who else was listening. Skinner wanted to ask where he was and tell him to get his ass home, but now was not the time.

“Good. Let her know I called.”

“I will.” Skinner couldn’t imagine being separated from his family like that. He wanted to reassure Mulder that he had something to come back for. “She misses you. Everyone can see it, but she’s holding up.”

There was silence on the other end and Skinner heard Mulder’s voice crack as if he was choking back tears. “I miss her too. Terribly. Tell her to give the baby a kiss for me.”

“I will. Take care of yourself.” Skinner genuinely felt bad for the two of them. He had watched them go through so much together. Seeing them apart was heart wrenching.

“Thanks. You too.”

Mulder hung up the pay phone and burst into tears losing whatever restraint he had. He shouldn’t have called. It was too painful, but he had to be sure that she was okay. It seemed Skinner really was looking out for her.

Mulder traded in the Buick for an old beat up red Ford pickup truck. Doggett would probably like me better now he thought to himself, although he didn’t think it mattered to him what Doggett thought. He retracted his thought. Doggett was a good guy and right now he was Scully’s only real protection other than Skinner. The Lone Gunman could hardly protect themselves. When he returned he would have to give Doggett another chance. If he ever returned. Placing the picture in its rightful place he headed towards New Mexico.

“Eric. It’s good to see you. Thank you for having me.” Mulder said shaking Eric’s hand. After a phone call from another pay phone, Eric eagerly agreed for Mulder to come stay on the Navajo reservation. He liked Mulder, considering him a friend of the family’s. Besides, his grandfather Albert Hosteen, would have been very upset at him for not helping Mulder. His grandfather was very fond of both him and Scully.

Mulder caught Eric up on all that had happened with him and Scully and their misadventures over some tea. Eric listened attentively absorbing the stories. “Well, the good thing about the reservation is if someone from the outside comes in they stand out pretty easily.” Eric thought before he spoke not wanting to give Mulder false hopes. “There have been some men around here seen gathering samples of the rocks. They claim to be geologists, but it is who they’re working for that brings concern.”

“Is there any evidence of military involvement?” Mulder asked.

“No, this seems like a private organization, not the normal men in G-suits. Sorry, I didn’t.”

“It’s fine Eric. I’m not offended. I haven’t been much of a G-man myself lately. They’re probably searching for magnetite. Others must know that this substance is dangerous to these hybrids.”
“These were the same hybrids we found in the refrigerator car when we first met?” Eric looked excited and worried simultaneously.

Mulder attempted to explain. “Many generations of tests later, but yes. Augmenting humans to save them from an impending apocalypse only to condemn them to servitude. Makes a lot of sense doesn’t it?”

Eric grinned. “Not much.”

“I think maybe tomorrow I’ll fill out an application to work with the miners. See if I can get inside and see what’s really going on.”

******************************************************

“Sir, we have a report. It’s Fox Mulder. There’s talk that he’s been located. He’s here, in New Mexico.”

A cigarette glowed red against the cold metal stoma. A hoarse voice replied, “He came for the magnetite. He must know what we already know.” He took another draw and smoke billowed out of his rotting neck. “We must protect him. Mulder is the key. If we found him then they will.”

******************************************************

‘Workin’ in a coal mine

Goin’ on down, down

Workin’ in a coal mine

Oops, about to slip down

Five o’clock in the mornin’

I’m already up and gone

Lord, I’m so tired

How long can this go on’

The music blasted from the red truck as it bounced around on the dirt road. It wasn’t a coal mine, but it wasn’t far from it. Mulder was tired. Over two months of hauling rock and he still didn’t have the proof that he was looking for to substantiate any of the claims that magnetite would kill anything. Using his keen social skills he befriended one of the Geologists by the name of Ben Ammi. Ben was dark skinned with dark hair and dark eyes. He had chiseled features with a chest that belonged to that of a body builder rather than a scientist. At 6’5” he towered over Mulder.

“You’re late Mr. Hale.” Ben said to Mulder looking up from his slide in the lab.

“We were excavating on the other side of the mountain. We only now finished up. Today was my last day anyway. They’ve shut everything down for the month of December. We’re not scheduled to start back up until sometime in January. How about you? Have any luck today?”

“We found some interesting deposits. We still need to run more tests.”
“Where are they taking all your findings?”

“We have a facility at the base in Roswell. It’s actually not too far from here.”

“One day you should take me.”

“You are the curious one, aren’t you Mr. Hale?”

“Well, you hear Roswell and the first thing that comes to mind is’

“Aliens. I assure you Mr. Hale we do much more at that base than dissect Aliens and fly spaceships.”

“I’ve heard about the extensive study of weather balloons.” Mulder said sarcastically.

“We also look at military weaponry as well as satellite monitoring and manipulation.”

“So, I’m guessing these rocks aren’t about building a bazooka?”

“These studies I’m doing just happen to be for discovering evidence of life that may have been brought to Earth by meteors.”

“So, you’re looking for Aliens.”

“Touché Mr. Hale. I suppose I am.”

“Have you found them?”

“We do not have substantial data at this time.”

“So Ben what got you into this field?”

“I left what I was previously doing because I felt like I was destined for something greater. Some people look inside themselves for answers. I look inside the Earth.” Ben walked over to another table and set up the machine to take another cross section of the rock. “You really want into that facility don’t you?”

“What gave you that idea?”

“You ask me about it every day. I can get you in. I’ll get us some clearance codes and ID badges. I can call you my assistant.”

“Ben, I might call you Santa Claus because you may have just given me everything on my Christmas list.”
Christmas Without You

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Moving right along we are now dancing around the episode "Trust No 1". The only comment I have for this episode is it would have been better if we got to at least hear Mulder's voice, but all is not bad in the world when you combine magnetite and someone from the tv show Lost. I hope everyone is having a good holiday season. The Smoking Man makes a cameo as Darth Vader in this chapter. He's on that kick again of "Give yourself to the dark side." "Join me and together we can rule the galaxy as father and son." While we're on the subject, RIP Carrie Fisher. A real woman with no apologies.
Let's rewind back to 2001.......

Chapter Notes

The Kathy I mention in the story is Scully's friend from the episode, "Young at heart". It was her cello recital that Scully got shot at. Also, if William can float pieces of metal in the air and talk to alien ships, my scenario is not so far fetched.

Better Days

Goo Goo Dolls

And you asked me what I want this year
And I try to make this kind and clear
Just a chance that maybe we'll find better days
'Cause I don't need boxes wrapped in strings
And designer love and empty things
Just a chance that maybe we'll find better days

So take these words and sing out loud
'Cause everyone is forgiven now
'Cause tonight's the night the world begins again

I need some place simple where we could live
And something only you can give
And that's faith and trust and peace while we're alive
And the one poor child who saved this world
And there's ten million more who probably could
If we all just stopped and said a prayer for them

So take these words and sing out loud
'Cause everyone is forgiven now
'Cause tonight's the night the world begins again

I wish everyone was loved tonight
And somehow stop this endless fight
Just a chance that maybe we'll find better days

So take these words and sing out loud
'Cause everyone is forgiven now
'Cause tonight's the night the world begins again

'Cause tonight's the night the world begins again

All I Want for Christmas is You played in the background as Scully opened the door to a delivery man who had flowers in his hand and a big brown shipping box. She signed for the box, thanked him and hurried back inside. The flowers were beautiful. An assortment of colors that smelled divine complimenting the cinnamon aroma from her treated pine cones. Smiling, she quickly trimmed the ends and prepared the water in the vase. Mulder had arranged for them to come every month for her. A gift from him to keep them close while he was away. It put color into her life. Much different than her wardrobe since he left. Reflecting her moods, she mostly wore black. In mourning until his return. The first time the bouquet had arrived it was a pleasant surprise. Each month they felt like a kiss from him, a proclamation. She wiped away the tears that had formed at her lids. Since he left tears came far too quickly making it hard to watch any television or movies. Everything reminded her of him. Eager to see what was in the box she opened it. He had most likely planned it in advance or probably with Skinner as he had no means to do such things now. The box contained a baby hat with planets, stars and little space creatures with rabbit ears rising like antenna from the top of his head, a bib, a stuffed green alien, and a Buzz Lightyear doll. She started to cry. Her space ranger for the truth was gone. She had sent him away. Woody left by herself to defend the planet. She placed the gifts under the tree and went in the other room to take William for their walk.

On her way back she found Skinner in her lobby with a gift under his arm. “Hi Dana. I just came by to drop this off for William. Something to put under the tree for Christmas.”

“Thank you Walter. Come in for a minute and we can talk if you like.”

Back at her apartment they sat at her dining room table. Skinner looked around taking in all her decorations wondering where she found the time. He assumed her mother must have helped.

“Mulder called to let everyone know he’s okay and to ask about you.” Skinner said taking a sip from his coffee mug. “You know he couldn’t contact you directly.”

“I know.” Scully returned softly.

“I didn’t know if telling you would be a mistake.”

“No. It was good that you told me.”

“He said to kiss William for him.”

Scully nodded. “Is that all he had to say?” “Yeah.” Skinner put his hand around the mug and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

Scully ran her hands through her hair. “He’s out there all by himself.”
“I know Dana, but you can’t get yourself all worked up again.” Skinner said in his low whispery rasp.

Scully started to cry. “You don’t know how much I miss him. How hard it is to get through the day without him.”

Skinner got up and walked to her side of the table and crouched next to her putting his hand over hers.

“I do Dana. Know you are doing the right thing. For him and William. It won’t be forever.”

Scully turned into Skinners arms. He let her cry into his sweater. His jaw was tight as he tried to keep his own emotions in check. When Scully recovered she pulled away and wiped her eyes. She regained composure and smiled.

“I’m having Christmas at my house this year. The Lone Gunman will be here with my mother. If you have time to stop by it would be wonderful. Lately, I’ve enjoyed company.”

“Thank you Dana. I’ll make sure I stop by,” Skinner rose to a standing position and picked up his now empty coffee mug to place it in the sink.

“Oh and Walter?”

“Yes?”

“Is there someone you’ll be bringing with you?”

Skinner nervously answered Scully’s question. “Uh, no.”

“My friend Kathy will be there too. She asked about you.”

Skinner was quiet for a moment and then spoke. “Is that right? Well, tell her I’ll see her there.” He fought back a smile as his face began to blush.

*****************************************************************************

The bell rang as another customer piled in the already crowded restaurant. The needles of the wreath tapped against the glass making the lights around it flicker. Mulder looked up to see yet another family smiling and laughing getting ready for Santa to make his rounds, talking about plans of visiting friends and relatives. He sighed and resumed making his twelfth spiked egg nog.

“I need two whisky sours, an old fashioned, and a Coors Light.” The waitress barked at Mulder. She was an older woman who wore her life on her face. Putting her elbows on the bar she waited for Mulder to complete the order not attempting to hide the admiration she had for his tight jeans. He placed the order on the tray and gave her a smile and a wink. “I can shake it if you like.”

“I don’t know, I might prefer it stirred” she flirted back.

“The drink. I meant the drink.” Mulder stuttered.

“Sure you did honey.” She winked back and walked away.

Tammy was a sweet woman Mulder thought. She kept him distracted from his thoughts with her unending flirtations. When he first started working there she terrified him, but after a couple weeks he realized she was harmless. The mine had given most of the workers the month off to spend the holidays with their families and also to cut costs. His explorations of Area 51 with Ben had failed to
give him any clear leads. So since Mulder’s brain prevented him from standing still and he hadn’t found a direction, he had decided to get another job to keep himself busy. The holidays were never a happy time for him and this year was far from the exception. Mulder glanced through the crowd. Sitting in a booth was a young couple looking like they hadn’t a care in the world. Holding hands across the table as their young child sat in a high chair. The boy wasn’t much older than William. William was on solid foods by now. Able to sit up on his own and crawl. Mulder rubbed his eyes. It was becoming unbearable. The holidays had taken a toll on him in ways he had not predicted.

When Eric was decorating his house with his wife, Mulder dreamed of him and Scully decorating a tree and wrapping gifts on Christmas Eve for William to open on Christmas Day. Forcing Skinner, who would now be William’s Godfather, to dress up as Santa while The Lone Gunman played his faithful elves. The look on William’s face when he opened his first telescope and microscope. Driving him around to look at Christmas lights. Hearing his first word, “Dada”. He snapped back to reality to help them finish decorating, but eventually Mulder had to excuse himself to his room.

Now as the Christmas music played through the speakers over the bar it stabbed tiny knives into his heart. “Come on Honey. Let’s go out for a smoke.” The waitress said trying to snap him out of his funk.

“I don’t smoke.”

“Come anyway. I’ll smoke and you can look pretty.”

He followed her outside. The cold air sent chills up his spine, but it felt good. Looking up he could see stars behind stars flooding the sky. He never took for granted the enormity of it all.

“You okay tonight Honey?”

“What? Yeah. I’m fine.” He sounded like Scully.

“You are not fine. I’m the last person to be butting into somebody’s business, but I just can’t stand looking at that pretty face of yours so sad every night. Look, I know you’re no bartender. You don’t belong here, but I’m not here to pass judgement and I’m not going to say anything. Just know you can talk to me. You’re not the only one that life has ever took a dump on. My son’s been deployed, I haven’t seen my husband in 15 years. The holidays aren’t all they’re cracked up to be.”

Mulder nodded politely. “Am I really that bad at serving drinks?”

“Well, it’s obvious you’ve memorized the bartender’s drink book, but you’re not fluid with your pour and you concentrate on it too much. People that have been bartending for a while just go on instinct.”

Mulder sighed and looked up at the stars as he leaned against the cold brick of the building sending another chill up his spine. With a bent knee the heel of his right foot planted itself against the wall. “My son and his mother are on the other side of the country. I guess it’s just the time of year. But not seeing my son…you miss a lot. He’s so young and I want to be the one to teach him how to talk and read. I would read to him every night if I could.”

“Some of us are having an I hate the holidays party on Christmas if you’re interested.”

“That’s very nice of you, but I don’t want to be rude to the family I’m staying with. This isn’t something I can drink away.”

“Well the invitation is open if you change your mind.” Tammy finished her cigarette and stomped out the butt as it hit the sidewalk.
“Thanks Tammy.”

As they went back into the restaurant, “Blue Christmas” was playing and Mulder was positive someone somewhere was taunting him.

On Christmas Eve, in Mulder’s dreams, William came to him. They were singing Christmas songs his mother had taught him and playing with his mobile. Mulder was making funny faces and William was laughing. Mulder would end the night reading to him from a book William picked out. The dream seemed so real. It also repeated itself every night. Every night in his sleep he would have a vision of the rotating mobile over William’s bed. That’s how it would start. Then William would be there smiling and laughing waiting to play. What they did would change, but he and William would spend time together all the same. The vision was so comforting that Mulder began to look forward to sleep. Sometimes he was lucky enough to have it as a daydream during his workday. It was a place he could go to be with his son even if it may have only been in his imagination. Yet part of him also believed that William really was reaching out to him. A powerful bond that closed the miles. If he had that connection with Scully, why not William?

New Year’s Eve was a solemn day. Working at the bar had proven to be too much of a reminder of the family he had left behind. Even Eric with all his hospitality and friendship only reflected back on him what he could be enjoying with his own family if he was back in D.C. In all his thoughts of going away, he never planned on it being this painful. How everything could remind him of them without distraction. After 12 days of William coming to him in his dreams every night, on the 12th night Mulder woke up terrified that his cherished Christmas gift would be over and they wouldn’t communicate again. It had finally reached the point of unbearable. He had no choice but to make contact for fear he could no longer live with the pain and emptiness the holidays had bestowed. Mulder traveled for three hours by truck to a little college bookstore with a sign stating they offered free internet with your coffee purchase. Looking over his shoulder he opened up his email account and after several revisions, typed the following:

Subject: Dearest Dana

I’ve resisted contacting you for reasons I know you continue to appreciate. But, to be honest, some unexpected dimensions of my new life are eating away at any resolve I have left. I’m lonely, Dana, uncertain of my ability to live like this. I want to come home. To you, and to William.

Mulder ran his hands along his jeans to remove the moisture collecting in his palm. His hands were shaking and he was finding it hard to breath. In a few minutes he would be with Scully. He ignored the part of his brain holding up the red flags. The thought of going another day without them was worse than anything someone could inflict on him. It was slowly approaching midnight and he was already imagining her in his arms. As the train approached the station his pulse quickened and so did the speed of the train. Something was wrong. He saw Scully standing on the platform and his heart beat out of his chest. They were traveling to the next station. The door to his car flew open and a tall bald man with steel eyes walked in. The man was scanning the passengers. Mulder now understood. He crouched down and staying low ran to the far end of the car. He opened the back door walking to the next car. The man was still coming. Mulder tried to think. He knew of the quarry and he had a 50% chance of it having enough of the iron ore to stop him. Running to the next car he opened the door between cars and got ready to jump. Given the velocity of the train there was a likely probability he would break a bone, but it beat the alternative. He wrapped his hands in his sleeves to protect them from impact and kept repeating to himself, Jump and roll. He saw the quarry come into view and he jumped, tucked his head and rolled. Surprisingly, he was able to get up from the fall. Impressed with his train jumping abilities, he took off running. He paused at his name and
turned. Squinting, he saw Doggett and Monica in the distance. Not wanting to drive the super soldier their way he continued to run. The super soldier was on his heels. He had to get to the rock. Scully screamed his name out into the night and he wanted to call back, run to her, but he had to reach the rocks. He found an alcove and waited. Scully’s voice rang out and then he heard the explosion. It had worked. Proof positive the magnetite was deadly. They were safe for now, but there would be more. As much as he wanted to run to her, he knew she had been right. They must stay apart until he could protect them the way he wanted. Knowing if they even spoke he wouldn’t be able to leave and for the sake of William, he ran the other way.

After a long bus ride and hitchhiking his way across several states, he finally was back in New Mexico. Stepping off the bus he walked back to the train station to retrieve the pickup. As he opened the door a bullet grazed by him making a visible hole in the side door. The taste of sand covered his lips and he spit it out realizing he was on the ground with a very heavy weight holding him down. It was a man. He tried to fight him off, but he quickly overpowered him. More shots were fired piercing the man’s torso and he bucked on top of Mulder, but continued to pin him to the ground. When the ringing in Mulder’s ears had subsided he brought himself to his feet as the man rolled over onto the dirt spitting up blood. It was Ben the geologist. He had been filled with bullet holes and was gurgling blood, but somehow still breathing.

“Ben! Ben can you hear me?”

“Yeah” He said weakly. He attempted to sit up and fell onto his back. “George, did you get hit?” His voice was scratchy.

“No, you saved my life. You look like you got the brunt of it. I have to get you to a hospital.”

“No, I’ll be okay.”

“Ben, that guy turned you into Swiss cheese.”

Ben rolled onto all fours and stood up slowly. Mulder watched him in surprise. He never would have suspected that Ben was one of them.

“Ben, I think there might be something you want to share with the rest of the class? Is there an “S” sewn into your tighty whiteys?”

Ben looked at him blankly as Mulder’s joke fell flat. “I am here to help you. Come on, we must go. They must think you’re dead and this is your chance. Meet me in two hours at this address.” Ben said and handed him a small torn paper.

Heading back to Eric’s house Mulder made the decision that he couldn’t endanger Eric’s family anymore. When he got to Eric’s he thanked him for his hospitality and said his goodbyes to him and his wife. Eric presented him with a necklace that was his grandfather’s. He told Mulder to give it to Scully as his grandfather wanted her to have it. Mulder thanked him and headed in the direction Eric said was the place of another dear friend.

Before reaching his destination, Mulder stopped along the way to the location stated on the crumbled paper. Mulder walked up to a clay building and knocked on the door. Ben answered and welcomed him in. Sitting down on the sofa, he offered Mulder the chair and explained. “I am one of the results of the tests. Spawned from the original Adam and Eve Purity Control program. I am a clone spliced with alien DNA. I was created to assist with the colonization. Although I age slowly, I was created over forty years ago. Unlike the newer models, I’m more human than alien. I fell to human
emotions which in the end was my own undoing. I’m a deserter. I chose my own path.” He paused to judge Mulder’s reactions. When he was satisfied that Mulder had accepted what he said he continued. “I know you’re Fox Mulder and I have an offer for you. I need you to take this offer very seriously. Those men today. They believe that they killed you. And if needed, I can supply them with additional proof. Which means you’re free. No one will chase after you ever again. Your life will no longer be in danger. Fox Mulder is dead and you are free to live whatever life you choose.”

“Just like that.”

“Just like that.”

“So, I’m dead and what’s in it for you. Why save my life?”

“Because you are the Chosen One. You are the leader of the new Syndicate. You are the one that has the ability to lead us and rebuild the project.” Mulder sat silent absorbing all this new information. Trying to make sense of where it was all coming from. Ben continued. “I am in a position of power. I can grant you the life of a man that does not exist. With unlimited funds and possibilities. You want to build the weapons, the vaccines, you will have the means to construct whatever it takes to fight the aliens. If we want to strike a deal, you can do that as well. Or we can wait out the coming apocalypse and rebuild. If you agree, I will lead you to the new headquarters, the location of the new shadow government, and you can start immediately. This is everything anyone could ever want. For you this should be a dream come true. All the power in the world, to be the keeper of the truth, to do with and lead mankind as you wish and I’m offering it to you.”

Mulder stared at Ben. The weight of his words were finally clicking into place. “You want me to be the next CGB Spender.”

“It is your inheritance and your destiny.”

Mulder sat back and stared up at the ceiling. Is that really his destiny? Could he take on the responsibilities and do the right thing? Was he the one to lead the human race against those that threatened them? His goal was to find the truth and stop them, not become them. What had changed from all those times before? But what if he could save the human race? He would finally be protecting Scully and ensuring William a world to grow up in.

“What about Scully? William?”

“You can’t have contact with Scully. If you try to contact her they will know. Fox Mulder is dead. She will have to think you’re dead and bury you once and for all. Scully will raise William on her own. We will ensure her protection. There will always be someone looking over her. No harm will come to them. When William is of age he will be approached and join us as the rightful heir.”

So that’s it. Sell his soul to the devil, achieve his life’s work, and save mankind or be with Scully.

*****************************

“Has Fox Mulder been taken to the facility? When will we start the transport?” The Smoking Man’s voice was so weak it was hardly a scratchy whisper. Still the scientists predicted a full recovery. While effective, the chips took time to reprogram the body to rebuild itself.

Ben watched as the feeble man looked at him with hope in his eyes. The man had a vision from the moment he discovered he had a son. His son would carry on his legacy. The two of them ruling the world. Mulder was the one to give his life’s work meaning and give all his sins forgiveness. The man had made propositions to Mulder in the past. Each time Mulder turned him away. When his
other son Jeffery was ready he had attempted to mold Jeffery to take the throne that he always had wanted for Mulder. Jeffery had failed him and he had paid severely for it. Just like the others paid for their desertion, he had become a victim to the tests. Alex and Maria had come next. Once again the man’s hopes built up as his adoptive son and daughter were presented with the possibility of joining him. Once again his dreams were crushed as they let him down. It all came back around to Mulder. The man knew deep in his heart that it had always been Mulder. He had always been proud of his son. The man he had become, the accomplishments he had made, his unrelenting drive. He loved Mulder as much as any father could love a son. Now it was up to Ben to relay Mulder’s answer and heal the man’s soul or break his heart. “He said no.”

“What do you mean he said no? Does he understand if he refuses he’s condemning us all to hell?”

“He refuses to live without Dana Scully.”

“His precious Scully. That fucking fool.” Ben watched the man’s face change. Watched as evil swept over his body and turned his heart back to stone. The man’s voice suddenly stronger feeding off of his anger. “If he won’t listen to reason, he is not the man I thought he was. He is weak and he let his emotions betray him. He’ll never grasp what could be accomplished. If Mulder can’t be reasoned with then he will die the fool just as his father before him. He will follow the path of Krycek and his brother. I will have my revenge for his betrayal. I will take much pleasure in watching him fall. He wants to know the truth, well he will know the truth and then he will die for his knowledge. Now I will watch him take his last breath knowing the truth. I will laugh as he dies knowing his life was of no significance. Smile as his spirit breaks in two knowing there is nothing to be done. You’ve done all I asked. I will take care of the rest.”

“Congratulations on the birth of your son, Mulder.” Gibson was all smiles to see him. “Congratulations about you and Agent Scully. I’m sorry you guys have to be apart.”

Mulder gave him a hug and rubbed his spiked hair like he was making a wish. “Alright enough mind reading. I was told you have a room for me. Are you sure we’ll be safe? I don’t want to put you in any danger.”

“You can have the back room. Don’t worry about any dangers. I can hear them coming in my head long before they arrive. We’ll have plenty of time if we need to run or take action.”

Mulder added, “I brought some iron rocks from the quarry. They’re in the back of my pickup. We can line the hidden door. It will destroy them before they have a chance.”

As they were talking the hatch opened and a woman appeared with a worried look at Mulder and then back to Gibson. Gibson said nothing to her, but used sign language to communicate to her what he needed. She physically relaxed and smiled nodding towards Mulder. “Mulder, I’d like you to meet my girlfriend. She will be living down here with us.” Mulder returned her smile and shook hands. “Mulder, you still have a dirty mind.” Gibson said with a smile. “I’ll forgive you this time.”

Mulder blushed. “If you don’t mind, I’m going to take a nap before dinner. I’ve been on the road and haven’t had much sleep.” Mulder retreated to his room. What he had told Gibson was only half the story, but he was sure Gibson already knew that. He wanted to take a nap because he felt William calling him. It was time to go into his meditative state.

During breakfast the next day Gibson stared at Mulder. “Gibson, you can read my mind, but I’m afraid I can’t read yours. Not lately anyway. What is it?”
“You can’t read my mind, but you’re reading someone else’s.” Gibson returned.

“What do you mean?”

“I heard it last night. Your son is speaking to you…. in visions. You’re able to speak back.”

“You know about that? You heard him? Is it true? I’m not just dreaming?” Mulder’s eyes welled with tears. He missed William so much he wanted to believe Gibson’s words.

“Your son….. he’s different.” Gibson said hesitantly.

“Is he….One of them?” Mulder didn’t want to think of his son as a super soldier. A product of man and alien’s devious deception. William was *his* miracle. Besides, mind reading was not any ability he had ever known in a super soldier.

Gibson answered reading his mind and his emotions. “No…no…. he’s more… like me.”

Christmas Lights

*Coldplay*

Christmas night, another fight
Tears we cried a flood
Got all kinds of poison in
Poison in my blood

I took my feet
To Oxford Street
Trying to right a wrong
Just walk away
Those windows say
But I can't believe she's gone

When you're still waiting for the snow to fall
Doesn't really feel like Christmas at all

Up above candles on air flicker
Oh they flicker and they float
But I'm up here holding on
To all those chandeliers of hope

Like some drunken Elvis singing
I go singing out of tune
Saying how I always loved you darling
And I always will

Oh when you're still waiting for the snow to fall
Doesn't really feel like Christmas at all

Still waiting for the snow to fall
It doesn't really feel like Christmas at all

Those Christmas lights
Light up the street
Down where the sea and city meet
May all your troubles soon be gone
Oh Christmas lights keep shining on

Those Christmas lights
Light up the street
Maybe they'll bring her back to me
Then all my troubles will be gone
Oh Christmas lights keep shining on

Oh Christmas lights
Light up the street
Light up the fireworks in me
May all your troubles soon be gone
Those Christmas lights keep shining on
Chapter Summary

If you've read this from the beginning and have reached this point you have read the equivalent of 200 pages. This chapter covers the time span from "John Doe" up to "Sunshine Days". Thank you DD for Scully's rendition of "William was a bullfrog." Tears me up every time and Scully disheveled and hopping down the hallway fixing her shoe is good for a smile. It's the little things. William. Somehow I don't believe we've seen the last of you. Let's hope not. I want you coming out of that alien replica ship that your Uncle Charlie is driving to save your parents in Season 11. Too much to hope for? For now I'll just focus on wrapping up Season 9.

Chapter Notes

Something I noticed from naming that Season 10 episode "Home Again" meant for a lot of interpretation. If you watch the episode "Home" there is the trash reference and the conversation about Scully being a mother. There was also Mrs. Peacock saying that one day Scully would know the love for a child. The disturbing part was the baby in Home had multiple fathers. All three peacock boys fathered that child through the mother’s weakened ovum membrane caused through mutations in the egg. I really hope no one ever goes there. William is Mulder and Scully's. Come on CC. The only alien DNA should be through inheritance from them not mutated BS. Still, I'm going to think positive. Let's keep our finger's crossed.

A drum beat loudly inside Mulder’s brain resonating down his spine and into his back. Mulder dropped to his knees gagging. His hands planted themselves firmly on the dirt floor, his throat constricted. Another wave of nausea hit and the dirt gathered underneath his fingernails as he clenched into fists. The air smelt of incense and soot burning the back of his throat. Dry heaving he prayed in his head for release of the sickness. Through the deafening ringing in his ears the drum beat in his head. He covered his ears and shut his eyes tight, rocking in time to the rhythm. Rocking until another wave took over. This time the poison came. Bile rose up in his throat and he stumbled over to the clay pot vomiting into it before falling over onto his back. Now the room spun and his brain buzzed, dizzy with vertigo. He opened his eyes and his vision blurred. The beating of the drum continued steady and strong. William came into view. “My son.” Mulder said in a whisper. “William, it’s me.” William giggled and stretched out his arms. Mulder held his arms out and felt his son fall into them. He held William tight kissing his forehead. “I love you William” He said smiling at him. Outside of his vision Mulder was experiencing cold sweats, but inside he was at the park with William pushing him on the swings, sliding down with him on a slide. “Da Da” William cooed loud and clear and a tear fell down Mulder’s face outside of the vision. Mulder felt dizzy again and his vision became tunneled. William was floating away. “Noooo!” Mulder screamed as he rolled on his side and vomited. Coughing he opened his eyes and realized he was back on the dirt floor. Slowly he focused, his face on the cold ground, he watched a moment as a man in the corner
of the room continued to beat the drum that sounded in his head. Forty five minutes had passed since
Mulder had finished the cup of tea sending him journeying on his vision quest.

“Lay on your back now” said the medicine man. Mulder did as instructed and the man shook
branches with leaves across his body and hovered burning sage over him as he prayed.

 Mulder had stayed out of sight living with Gibson. At night he would spend time with Gibson
playing games or conversing, philosophizing. Mulder had become much better at letting Gibson talk
while he just thought. More honest conversations were never had. During the day he would travel
out to the Navajo reservation to learn of the Anasazi and to learn of other traditions, practices, and
lore. He studied with them concerning the warnings of the coming apocalypse, the sixth extinction.
He was still in search of the truth. In search of the one thing that was always able to hold him
together. It kept him living, moving forward, and distracted. He still had his visions with William,
but lately they had become strained and bizarre. William had brought him to a UFO with markings
similar to those Scully had uncovered. There were people. They spoke of prophecy. The people
frightened William and made him feel alone. Mulder did his best to comfort him. Let him know his
mother would be there soon. William opened the ship for his father so he could see inside. A
control panel for the ship came into view. It was beautiful. Then Mulder saw death, the ship
destroying the unwelcomed and him and William were ejected. Mulder watched the ship take flight
and disappear into the night’s sky, a blaze of fire surrounding him and William. He could see Scully
approaching on the horizon. The vision of her jarred him awake. What was going on? What did it
mean? The vision disturbed him and left him agitated. He needed to have the ability to contact
William instead of only waiting for him to reach out. So, when he had learned that journeying might
provide him with answers, he decided to go forward.

Mulder was at the end of his three day fast. His body, now burning on fat, no longer felt hunger, no
longer craved. Now knowing how to properly meditate he drank the tea to release the toxins both
physically and spiritually.

When the effects of the tea subsided the shaman spoke. “You must now journey out into the
mountains. There you will find your personal sacred site.”

“But where? How will I know?”

“You will just know. This will be your “dreaming place”. There you create your circle either by
digging a pit or with a circle of stones. You will receive guidance from nature and spirit. When all
has spoken, you will have your answers and you will return.”

“How long will I be gone?”

“There is no time. Time will no longer be of significance to you. You will access the infinite and
eternal past all time and space, beyond physical senses. You will step through the cracks between
worlds and journey to the center of your soul. There you will gain alignment. It will take as long as
it takes for you to receive your guidance and messages from the spirits. Your first day you will have
a guide. He will help you search for sustenance and you will eat of the earth from the plants. The
earth will provide. The following days you will be on your own with no food and only water. You
must drink your daily required amount of water. It is important for your strength and survival.”

The guide the shaman had sent with him walked one stride behind Mulder, allowing him to lead.
The early morning sun beat down on them making the uphill climb all the more strenuous. Lilacs
and butterfly weed grew along the trail providing scenery and a flowery scented reward for the
struggle.
“So have you been on several of these journeys?” Mulder asked.

“I have. I have learned that the Creator speaks to you through every sunrise and every evening breeze. There are messages and signs surrounding us from the spiritual realm. You only need to listen. Once you are one, you can carry yourself to that inner place of silence whenever you need, anytime. Your life will be led more courageously and genuinely once your external life is in line with your internal vision.”

When they came upon a covered section of the mountain, Mulder looked across the grand vista. The view was breathtaking and Mulder knew he had found the place. The guide helped him gather food for his meal.

“So where do I go from here?”

“You build your site. There you will stay until you find the answers you seek. You may find yourself wandering during the day, but you will always return to your spot. When your journey is complete I will come for you.”

“How will you know when to return?”

The guide smiled. “You will call to me and I will know.” The guide handed him a flare and a flint striker. “Use these if you need me to return.”

“Anything else?”

“What is your intention?” The guide asked.

“Intention?”

“Intention for your vision quest. It is important to direct what you see, to align the messages that you will receive from the elders and from nature.”

“To be at one with the earth so I may understand and connect more deeply with my son. I need to know if my life is on the right path. That I am doing what is best for my son and his mother. That my actions will lead me to the truth I seek.”

Mulder built his site, surrounding himself in a circle with the stones. He sat. Then stood. Then laid down. His mind went in all different directions wandering from one thought to the next in his normal rapid fire. He dozed for a while. When he woke he had an intense craving for his sunflower seeds and an underlying feeling of boredom. Ants marched between his stones scurrying about. They filled in-between the stones with sand and dirt building trail ways and tunnels. It was hypnotizing and organized. His thought was that Scully would love the obsessive compulsiveness of it all. The patterns, the determination against the odds. At any time he could take his foot and destroy everything they worked for. He knew then he made the right decision when he turned away Ben's offer. It was to play God and he didn’t believe anyone should have that power. Dusk came and a fox appeared. It stared at him. Unrelenting. Seemingly without blinking. When the moon came to provide some light the fox had disappeared like a mirage. During the night his mind turned down. There were less simultaneous thoughts in his head. In the dawn he went for a walk. In the distance of the grand vista he saw ram in a dry field. There were big horn sheep grazing on the side of the mountain. What he would see as an obstacle, they saw as an opportunity to gather prime grass no other dared to reach. Rewarded for their adaptations. When he got back to his site he sat down and drank water. He had buried it in the ground to keep it cool and the cold wet feeling on his dry cracked lips were heavenly. He brought the jug to his lips again. As he set the jug down he saw it. A snake had entered his circle. He froze. Was it poisonous? Would it strike him? The coloring on
the snake was red, black, and yellow. From the book he read he knew it could only be one of two types. A King snake, non-venomous or a coral snake. One of the deadliest on the planet. For a moment he contemplated the risk of it being a coral and if it did bite him. His life would reach its end. Run its course. Would everything he had done been enough? He and Scully had just begun. There was so much more for them. The snake stayed in the circle and performed its dance. Circling. Reminding him of that damn tattoo on Scully's lower back. The symbolism of introspection. The eternal cyclicity of the universe. Total self-reliance. Nature’s endless creation and destruction, life and death. Carl Jung saw it as Alchemy. The Ouroboros. A symbol of immortality. The snake slays himself and brings himself to life, fertilizes and gives birth. The symbol of the One, created from the clash of opposites. It was Scully, it was them. As infinite as their love for each other created by the clash of opposites. The snake responding to his ponderings coiled as if to strike. The book of reptiles ran through Mulder’s head. Red touch yellow, kill a fellow. Red touch black, good for jack. The red on the snake overlapped with the black. Mulder exhaled. It was harmless. Staring at the snake, studying its movement and purpose, Mulder’s voice in his head shut off. He watched without thinking. For the first time in his life his thoughts turned silent. A tarantula stopped to watch the snake and then moved on as an eagle screamed flying overhead. Mulder stayed still out of respect and waited for the snake to leave on its own.
The fox once again came to join him for dusk. He left when night cloaked around him. The darkness came and soaked through Mulder’s skin breaking him apart, cutting him off from the outside, from his own body. Mulder began to shiver, but not from the cold. Then came the blackness to wrap around his spirit like a velvety fleece robe. The voices came from the hills to welcome him. Through the darkness he heard the voices of the ancestors who had gone on their journeys before. Sensing their presence, they touched his shoulders and feathers ran over his neck and back. Next were the cries of the wind, the whisper of the trees. Slowly any fears he had left him replaced by power surging in a flood through his veins.
"Is he Okay? He looks like he lost a lot of weight. He’s kinda pale.” Said Byers.

“He’s fine. Nothing a good White Castle run can’t cure.” Frohike replied.

“He keeps staring at us and not saying anything. It’s starting to freak me out.” Langley added.

“How did you find me?” Mulder finally spoke.

“We didn’t find you…” Frohike said as he looked over at Byers worryingly.

Byers answered. “Mulder, we’re dead.”

“What?….No… I don’t believe that….no”

“Mulder you summoned us.” Frohike treaded cautiously.

“But how? You’re supposed to be protecting Scully and my son. No. Not you guys.”

They told him about the UFO, the cult, and William. They told him about their sacrifice. When they were through, Mulder sat in his circle with his head in his hands. He was saddened at the loss of his friends. Upset that Scully and William could be in danger. Nothing was the way he needed it to be. He looked up and his friends were gone most likely from his mind turning back on.

Mulder went back into his meditative state as he was taught. A few hours later the ghosts came. His dad, his mom, his sister, Deep Throat… the list went on.

Out in the woods Mulder learned how to silence his demons, to think singular thoughts, and to have the dead speak to him while he listened and responded. The talent of summoning William did not come to him, but William did call to him and he answered. He was much better at communicating
with him now. The visions clearer and real, no longer needing to be in a dream state.

On the fourth day the guide came back to take Mulder back to the reservation.

“So, did you get the answers you sought?”

“Yes…and no.” Mulder answered. “I got the answer, it was just not necessarily what I sought.”

“Did you receive a name?”

“Yes and no. I’m still Fox. Guess my parents looked at me and just knew.”

“You now know where to find the bridge between the two worlds. Do you not?”

“Yes. Yes I know.”

“Then you have found what most do not. It was meant for you to find.”

*******************************************************************************

“Dana, I don’t understand why this is the only answer. He is your son Dana. No one can protect
him like you can.”

“This is protecting him mom. Do you think this is easy? Giving up what I wanted most in the world.
My child. This is only for him.”

“You have to explain this to me Dana. This is my grandchild and you’re telling me I will never get a
chance to see him again. You have to explain everything.” Scully was at her mother’s house trying
to reason with her. If she was going to move forward she would need her mother’s support.

“You know that William is different. You already know that different men have come for him
including those in our own government. What if I can keep all of these people away. Keep them
from finding his location. Give him a new identity with parents that love him and take care of him so
he never has to know of the struggles of me and his father. So it all ends.”

“It’s never going to end Dana. He is your son. He is best with you.”

“Mom, you didn’t see him. You didn’t see what they did to his uncle. You already know what they
did to me and to Mulder. I wasn’t capable of protecting myself. How do I protect William?”

“So you send Fox into hiding and now your only child? And you think this will solve anything?
You really think this is where it will end?”

“I don’t know mom, but I have to do something and I can’t protect him from men that don’t die.”

“What about Fox? This is his son too. He would have a say.”

“Mom, I have had reports….” Scully’s eyes started to well. She didn’t want to say it out loud for
fear that would make it true. “..that Mulder might be dead.”

“Do you believe that Dana? Is that what your heart is telling you?”

“No, but I don’t know for sure. Mulder, when he left, left the decisions in my hands…. Mom, give
me another choice. Tell me what else can I do?”

“Not this.”
“Mom, the government is in on it. There is no one I can report it to. The FBI and the military for certain. Maybe other countries are involved, the CIA. Then there are civilians after William as well. Not to mention shadow governments. Jeffrey Spender offered me a cure for William. Since Jeffrey injected him there have been no more instances of William acting like anything other than a normal child. Even with this cure, Jeffrey told me that they still wouldn’t stop. This is my only chance for him to have a normal life, with no looking over his shoulder. What I want is what’s best for my child, not what’s best for me.”

“I will support you Dana with whatever your decision is, but Dana once you do this there’s no going back. You must be sure.”

“I know mom. But being completely unselfish, there is only one answer.”

**********************

Later on in New Mexico…

Mulder in his travels to the reservation discovered Native Americans who spoke of a wise man who was the keeper of the truth. Afraid of the exposure, Mulder dared not to make the hike to meet him. Some men had gone on the explorations to the ruins. When they returned they had precious information for him. The wise man had asked for him by name. They gave him a key to the Mount Weather Complex with computer passwords, ID cards, and access codes. It was everything he needed to get inside and access the mainframe. There he was promised what contained the truth. He asked the men who this man was in the ruins and why he was giving all this to him. Their answer was simply the wise man knew that in order to truly believe he needed to see the truth with his own eyes. They instructed him of a helicopter with some officials leaving Colorado that would get him to the Complex.

Mulder had packed up his belongings and gave Gibson all his suitcases for safekeeping. He took what he needed of the cash he had left and the rest he gave to Gibson. Gibson was hesitant at first, but Mulder explained that it was simply what he owed him for allowing him to stay and he wanted him to use the cash to buy him and his girlfriend a new home. Then he thought twice and told him to make that a mobile home. “Gibson I do have a request.”

“Sure Mulder. We are friends.”

“You understand about the government involvement, the super soldier program and the aliens. You are tied to it by your very nature and you understand the dangers associated with everything you did for me. Just as we keep our secrets, we must keep Eric’s. No one needs to know about my time with Eric. By living in his house I endangered him and his family. I don’t want another person wrapped up in all this.”

“Mulder, you’re right.” Gibson agreed. “No one will ever know.”

"And Gibson, no matter what happens to me you must stay in hiding. Your protection and safety is paramount." Gibson merely nodded in response. "Wish me luck" Mulder said and gave Gibson a hug.

With another long farewell to Gibson he drove to the location in Colorado and boarded the helicopter on his way to Virginia.
Chapter Summary

Okay, so the last chapter stunk but just like bad episodes, there’s always hope with a new one. With this chapter, season 9 comes to a close and with it I accept that William has been given up for adoption. There’s also the acceptance that the Lone Gunman have met their demise. Although it might have been cooler if they went down fighting aliens or something, but in the end they are starlight just the same. No matter what, this was and is an awesome show with magic and chemistry that can’t be denied. This chapter also marks the end of Mulder and the whole “I see dead people” until we get to Babylon. As far as William and Mulder’s psychic connection, that faded some time after he was adopted. It did not stop because he received the shot from his uncle so Mulder believes it was due to William’s adjusting and accepting his new life and new parents. Scully and Mulder reunite and even though the New Year’s kiss was special, thanks to DD, we finally get the kiss/makeout session we waited 9 years for. Well, we wanted a scene where they rip each other’s clothes off and break a bed. Still, I treasure that entire scene. Without further delay, the episode “The Truth”.

Chapter Notes

If it's confession time, I do have “The Truth” on Netflix cued to the jail cell scene so it’s there for me when I need it. That’s normal right?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There’s Hope

Songwriters: ANTHONY DAVID HARRINGTON, BRANDEN BURCH, INDIA ARIE

Every time I turn on the T.V.

Somebody's acting crazy

If you let it, it'll drive you crazy

But I'm takin' back my power today

Gas prices - they just keep on rising

The government - they keep on lying

But we gotta keep on surviving

Keep living our truth and do the best we can do
'Cause there's hope
It doesn't cost a thing to smile
You don't have to pay to laugh
You better thank God for that,
There's hope
Stand up for your rights
Keep shining your light
And show the world your smile

Once inside the military base Mulder used the directions given to him by the “wise man in the ruins” to find the computer terminal and enter in the security code. The date set for the alien invasion flashed on the screen: 12.22.12. With the increasing echo of footsteps, now was not the time for pensiveness. Hiding from view, Mulder watched as one of the military approached the terminal. It was everyone’s most despised supersoldier Knowle Rohrer, which Mulder discovered only by slugging him in the back of the head. He might as well been trying to knock him out with a pillow. Running for his life Mulder came to an abrupt halt as a familiar face stood before him. It was Alex Krycek. How could it be? “You’re dead” Mulder said aloud. It was one thing to see spirits while hallucinating out in the woods high on herbal tea, fasting, and lack of sleep. It was quite another to have one appear to him in a shadow government facility while being chased by an alien. Alex wasn’t exactly a friend and Mulder would have figured he would have been too busy in hell to seek him out, but given the circumstances he did what he was told. Even after lighting up dear Knowle like a Christmas tree on a highwire, he wasn’t able to escape as two military men were there to meet him with heavy artillery. Graciously, they surrendered him to the brig in Quantico and attempted brainwashing.

Traffic had Scully at a standstill while she dried her eyes carefully trying not to rub off her eyeliner. It was a practice in futility as one tear only replaced the other. Mulder was less than ten minutes away. Her heart was pounding and body shaking so profusely she could hardly drive the car. Her breath came to her in shallow bursts. It had been over a year since she had seen him. Skinner didn’t give her much to go on when he rang her phone earlier that morning other than he was locked up in the USGMC Base Brig in Quantico. When she arrived, Skinner was there to greet her. She pressed him for information, but he didn’t have much information other than he was alive and being held indefinitely for murder of a military man.

Her heart betrayed her eyes as he stood there before her. He looked okay, but she could tell immediately that something was amiss. When he turned to face her she didn’t feel their immediate connection; he was reserved. Thinking past it, she wrapped her arms around him. Oh my God, he was alive! She had stopped telling herself this day would come some months ago. It was when she went to kiss him she felt him go rigid.

“Are you okay?”

“Am I okay?” He repeated back to her.

“Mulder, I haven’t seen you in such a long time. I was so worried.” She caressed his face and stroked his hair still trying to grasp the reality that it really could be him.
“Well, it’s okay, I’m alright. They’re treating me well in here.”

What’s happened to you? She was trying to process as he addressed Skinner and turned away from her. Mulder would never say he was wrong and would never call himself guilty. Mulder never gave up. With the military guard there she pushed it no further. Why would he be cold to her? What part of this didn’t she know? She could see his lips moving as he stared into the corner having a conversation with himself. Maybe he had been brainwashed or they whitewashed his brain like they had at Ellen’s Air Force base so many years ago.

Scully wasn’t going to stand still on this. Knowing he was so close yet out of reach was too much. If they wanted her on her knees they would get it. She asked Kersh to please speak on her behalf and beg mercy on the military court to give him every consideration. Kersh agreed because it was Scully that would be hurt in the end. Over time he had grown to respect and admire her. If he was being totally honest with himself, Mulder got under his skin and was a total pain in the ass, but his heart was always in the right place. He was loyal and committed and you couldn’t fault a man for that.

When he saw the name of the man Mulder was being accused of killing, he also knew the military was full of it. Kersh knew all too well that Knowle was the super soldier Doggett and the rest claimed him to be. It wasn’t until Kersh returned from his meeting that he changed his tune. If he didn’t sentence Mulder to death, Kersh would be next.

Kersh called Scully quietly in his office and told her with deepest regret that given his crimes they would not concede to anything. Mulder would stand trial with the possibility of a death sentence if found guilty. To Kersh’s surprise Scully simply nodded and walked out expressionless. He felt for her, but in the end they would kill him no matter what Kersh did. There was no standing against people that held all the cards. The only part of this that puzzled Kersh was why the charade? Why didn’t they execute him immediately? This nonsense about a guilty verdict wasn’t holding water. There was something else happening in the background. That he was certain.

*****

“I called to follow up. Kersh payed me a visit. Agent Scully requested he ask for leniency just as you predicted. We won’t need to worry about Kersh, he’s going to play.”

CGB let out a low menacing chuckle and drew the smoke into his windpipe. He exhaled slowly before speaking into the cell phone. “They’re all so easily manipulated. It’s almost as if I handed them a script.”

“Sir, I do have one question. What if they are able to prove Knowle Rohrer is still alive?”

“Mulder will be executed. That is irrelevant. The verdict will be guilty, but he will stand trial first. They will all testify what they know. What they think they know. I want to hear it leave their mouths as they believe they can save him, that anything will save him. Then we will silence their voices forever as the final stages of the project begin.”

“Shall we send a helicopter for you before he receives the injection?”

“No need. He will come to me.”

“Impossible. He’s not leaving here alive. No one has ever escaped our custody.”

“You don’t know Mulder. But if it comes to that, send for a helicopter. This isn’t just about killing a man. This is about crushing his soul and watching it die while his body takes its last breath.”

“Well, I’ll keep you abreast of all developments.”
Once they gained permission to visit with Mulder again, Scully returned with Skinner hoping to break through whatever the military had done to him. Mostly she wanted to be with him again. Simply standing in the same room with him made her feel whole again.

When they entered the cell, he was once again facing the wall. Even in this terrible prison he still looked good. Orange wasn’t much of a flattering color, but it was all the rage if he was inside it. She missed his arms around her. What was previously only a memory, the pull for each other was that much stronger now.

Terrified that they had turned his brain to mush she whispered his name. “Mulder?”

He closed his eyes briefly as if inhaling her essence and then replied. “I smelled you coming, Clarice.”

Not picking up what he was putting down, she looked over at Skinner, fear and tears filling her eyes. His chuckle accompanied by a snarky grin produced a sigh of relief. ”Oh, My G…” followed a flash of exasperation. “Damn it, Mulder. It’s not funny seeing you putting on that act.”

“No, that is funny. What’s not funny is what they do to you in here if you don’t put on that act.” He said as he approached her. She could feel him on her before they ever made contact. His eyes relaxed into a warm glow and the charge between them surged as their souls locked. He cradled her face and their lips embraced smiling as they did. Her feelings overflowed and the world melted away. It was only him, her knight. She palmed the back of his head as her tongue breached his lips. Her body responding at once. He caressed her cheek with his thumbs producing increasing sparks and she returned the gesture. It was so good to have him back, have their connection, have their electricity flowing lighting up her heart. He lightened the kiss, tracing her lips with his own. Another surge came over her as she tasted his testosterone, giving her an immediate high and hugged his neck pulling him in tight once again, devouring him. His lips were consoling and complying. Their heads tilted as their noses rubbed in passing. Kissing him from their new angle exciting the senses all over again. She kissed his cheek, his neck, and hugged him tight as they rocked. Their eyes closed absorbing their love, the power of it all. If she didn’t release him they would be naked within minutes right in front of Skinner, but at the moment she didn’t care. Skinner. Skinner was standing there. Still she refused to take her eyes off of Mulder or recede their connection.

It was Mulder who broke the awkwardness of the moment. “Come here you big bald beautiful man…”

He grabbed her hand and held it tight between both of his, pressing his lips to it, kissing her fingers. His gaze could have moistened the Sahara. Anxiety was overtaking her as Skinner repeated the severity of the situation. Mulder took her hand and held it tight to his chest, up to his heart. He would not let it go, needing the connection as much as she did. They discussed the trial and the lack of a body. Scully’s mind was filling with the dizzying reality. She may have broken down in tears or lost it from grief if she did not have the steady beat of his heart under her hand. Even after Doggett and Monica arrived, Mulder did not let go of Scully’s hand. He only grabbed it tighter against him as she heard Doggett say that they claimed to have Knowles’ body.

That night Skinner came back to the brig to talk to Mulder. He updated him on all the gory details that he had missed. All that Scully had endured. “Mulder, there’s something you must know before you speak with Dana again. I don’t even know how to tell you myself. She was forced to give William up for adoption.”
“What do you mean she was forced? My son… She gave him up?” Mulder started pacing, he held his head as Skinner went into the specifics, went into how she had no choice. Suddenly all those visions he had with William made sense. It was for nothing. William was gone. “No!” he cried in disbelief. “We’ll get him back, I’ll get him back..”

“Mulder, no. There was no other choice.. you weren’t there. You don’t know what she went through and she did it all alone. If she had made a different choice William would have been dead by now. I’m only telling you this so you can let it out now and not in front of her. You have to be strong for her when she tells you. You cannot question her choice. It’s done.”

“No!” Mulder's hands fisted as they leaned on Skinner’s chest as he sobbed with his head down against him. Skinner put his hand on his back uncomfortably letting him cry and release the pain. He looked away towards the wall. Affection was not something Skinner gave easily. After a few minutes Mulder stepped back and composed himself drying his eyes.

“This is what needed to be avoided in front of Dana. She needs your full support now. To lose both of you within a month is too much for her to bear and its something she’ll have to face if some of those on the panel get their way.”

Mulder nodded in agreement. They continued to talk about the trial and then Skinner left for the night. Mulder ended up in the fetal position crying himself to sleep at the loss of his son only to be awakened by Scully at 7:12 A.M.

Scully came back to visit Mulder as soon as they would allow her, having no sleep the previous night. She met him with a greeting that communicated it all.

“Mulder, it’s me.”

Terrified to lose him again after just getting him back she begged to his better judgement. He replied that he knew what he was doing, but she also knew that didn’t mean he necessarily would get out alive. Crouching beside him she attempted to tell him of their sacrifices, but he let her know Skinner already spoke of them. In tears she let the emotions run. “Our son, Mulder… I gave him up…Our son” She hugged him tight and he hugged her tighter.

“I’m so afraid you could never forgive me.”

“I know you had no choice. I just missed both of you so much.” Feeling her emotions, he couldn’t take away the pain. He only tried to hold back his own. It was worse than what Skinner had described. They rocked together gently still kneeling on the floor in an embrace. She asked him what he had been doing and he told her. Too self absorbed on another crusade. Finally, not able to hold in his emotions, he let them take over, his tears wetting her shoulder. She caressed his head, running her fingers through his hair. She loved him so much more than words. She kissed his ear and dared to ask the question of where he had been this whole time. His answer made her laugh as it was so him. He was out looking for the truth.

After the first session of the trial concluded, Scully once again pleaded to Mulder to see if he could try to receive a guilty verdict on a lesser charge. She wouldn’t survive losing both him and William. Why couldn’t he understand that she had just as much at stake as he did. It was the two of them fighting. For if he died, so did she.

Two more days of the trial concluded and there were no signs of hope until Doggett came to her with the news that they were to meet her at Quantico to identify the body of the supposed Knowle Rohrer. Scully was convinced she would be able to use her science to save Mulder once again, but it was all for nothing. Kersh did as he was told and Mulder was removed and the trial adjourned. Later that
day Mulder was found guilty of first degree murder. His sentence death, by lethal injection.

That night Skinner called and brought Scully’s worst nightmare to reality. She sobbed covering her face rocking as she did.

Skinner was besides himself. Had Mulder’s luck really run out? He traveled back to the office contemplating if he was going to stop at Kersh’s house. Maybe there was still something to be done. As he opened the door and flicked on the lights he saw the package on the floor. Opening it he found a set of keys and a note: If you want to save his life, this is your chance. Attached is a map of the facility. You have one chance tonight. They will be there to come for him at 9:30pm. Skinner studied the map which highlighted a clear pathway to follow. He turned and left for Scully’s apartment.

“How do you know this isn’t a trap to get us all thrown in jail?” Scully didn’t want to be a voice of reason, but this could be a plan to eliminate all of them.

“Dana, this is all we have and I’m willing to take that chance. Gibson said that Kersh and two others not only believed Mulder, but today he saw they were being manipulated by the aliens. We have to take the chance that one of them sent this to us. Now you and Monica go to the bank. Withdraw all the money left in your accounts. You have just enough time to say goodbye to your mother and make some final arrangements. Pack the SUV with what you want to take with you. The rest I will send to your mother’s house. I will meet you and Gibson at the rendezvous point with Mulder. Now go. There’s not much time.”

“Mulder’s fish.” It sounded stupid, but her head was swimming.

“We’ll get them to your mother’s. Go!”

With that Scully did as she was told. In a blur she piled their belongings in suitcases and their cash into suitcases. Mulder still had well over a million dollars left in her account and she had quite a stash herself. Scully’s mother was besides herself, but she didn’t put up a fight. It was her daughter’s life to live.

Scully stood with Gibson at the side of the road. The spring night was chilly and windy. Clouds covered the stars as if they were afraid to watch. This was it. This time Scully would truly sacrifice everything she was and had for Mulder. With William gone there wasn’t much left for her anyway. Bill would take care of their mother. When the SUV drove up Scully once again found her breath had left her and her heart beating out of her chest. Surprised to see Kersh she gave Mulder a worrying look, but he quickly put her worries aside. Scully was quick to discover that they were not heading off the continent, but south to see a man about the truth. She knew why. He had to know if he could change the truth he found.

“Sir, you were correct, they’ve escaped.”

“Don’t worry. They’re coming for me. Everything is as planned.”

“How did you know?”

Because I know my son CGB thought to himself. “Are the choppers on their way?”

“Yes. Rohrer is after agents Reyes and Doggett.”

“Excellent.”

“The bounty hunter will be there to retrieve you once we kill Mulder and Scully. I have faith he will
be able to give you a full recovery.”

“If not, when the time comes, I’ll meet you all in hell.” CGB powered off his cell. The hour was near.

Roswell, NM

After escaping certain death once again and watching CGB get hit with two guided missiles, they stole Knowle’s vehicle not wanting to endanger Doggett and Reyes further and took off. About an hour into their drive they realized all their money and belongings were in the other vehicle.

“Monica and I arranged a drop-off point in case we forgot anything. Skinner was working on getting us some license plates, IDs, and a firearm. The location is just outside of Virginia. She should have left everything there.” Scully explained to Mulder.

“I still have some stuff of my own at Gibson’s. We can switch plates there before heading back up…. It’s getting late and it’s starting to rain pretty hard. I’ve got enough on me to pay for a motel room. How does a night in Roswell sound?”

“Appropriate.” Scully countered.

The scene of their motel room was reminiscent of the one they stayed in some nine years ago. Scully was lying on the bed with her head propped up on her elbow staring at Mulder sitting on the floor with his head resting on the bed staring at her. He was depressed from the situation feeling his only accomplishment was that he had convinced Scully of the truth. It was a helpless feeling as though the whole time he was chasing monsters with a butterfly net. The date was set.

Scully wasn’t going to let him get away with wallowing. “You wouldn’t tell me. Not because you were afraid or broken… but because you didn’t want to accept defeat. Mulder you say that you’ve failed, but you only fail if you give up. And I know you--- you can’t give up. It’s what I saw in you when we first met. It’s what made me follow you. Why I’d do it all over again.”

“And look what it’s gotten you.” Mulder countered.

“And what has it gotten you? Not your sister. Nothing that you’ve set out for....But you won’t give up, even now.”

She grabbed his hand and squeezed it for reassurance. He gripped hers back.

“You’ve always said that you want to believe. But believe in what, Mulder? If this is the truth that you’ve been looking for, then what is left to believe in?”

“I want to believe that the dead are not lost to us. That they speak to us as part of something greater than us--greater than any alien force. And if you and I are powerless now. I want to believe that if we listen to what’s speaking, it can give us the power to save ourselves.”

“Then we believe the same thing.”

He lifted her cross from around her neck and caressed it with his thumb and forefinger staring at it. Nodding, he smiled. Gently, he ran his thumb to her lips as she lightly kissed it. The space between them too great, he climbed into bed with her as they nuzzled each other. They intertwined their bodies to match their souls. She wrapped her arm around his back resting her right hand on his shoulder with her other hand sitting at his waist. His arms mimicked hers with his leg wrapped around her thigh. She nuzzled into his face.
“Maybe there’s hope” He said finally.

He closed his eyes and drifted to sleep, their foreheads pressed together, their bodies as close as they could manage, Scully caressing his back. They remained wrapped in each other until morning. He was finally home.

Chapter End Notes

Coming soon, Chapter 52, Life on the Run.
Chapter Summary

It’s been over a year and Mulder and Scully are making up for lost time. Again. And Again. This is a long chapter and they still haven't left the bed.

She wasn’t dreaming. He was there.

Scully opened her eyes. The sun’s rays were cutting through the drapes gently waking her slumber. Mulder was still sleeping. His breath was warm and gentle against her cheek. As restless as their personalities, they hadn’t moved all night. It wasn’t all a dream. It was really him. The fingers on her left hand worked at his waistband gently lifting the back of his gray cotton shirt. Warm smooth skin laid underneath. Her fingers tickling the hairs of the small of his back. He smiled with eyes still closed pulling her close tightening his leg around her. She felt him hard and thick underneath the denim of his jeans. A pleasant tingle warmed her insides as she yearned for him. “Scully.” He hugged her tight stroking the back of her hair pulling her into his chest. “I missed you so much.”

When his eyes finally did open they looked into hers. He brushed the hair from her face. “I wish we could stay like this, but we need to get going.” He held her for another moment before kissing her forehead and getting up.

“At least we have nothing to pack.” He said as he brushed his teeth. “I’ll let you have the shower first. I’ll find a map and try to find some breakfast. We don’t need to be bringing attention to ourselves in a diner.”

Scully returned from the shower to find him waiting with soda and snacks lying on the bed.

“There wasn’t much. Cheetos, some crackers, and Diet Coke. The breakfast of champions. My turn to jump in?” She watched him saunter into the shower stripping as he went. Bruises and lacerations covered his torso from the torment of the brig. His ribs shown through his pale skin. It was obvious he had been through quite an ordeal.

Back on the road they headed to Gibson’s trailer. Mulder reached for her hand caressing it with his thumb. “Scully...um...before we...do you think... maybe we might need..protection?”

“No, no Scully, I mean… birth control.”

“The way he said it with his puppy dog eyes made her want to laugh. “Mulder, I really don’t think that should be of concern. I’m willing to leave it up to the fates. That is unless you had visitors from inmates during your unfortunate incarceration?”

“No, no...I thought it might be something we wanted to consider given we’ll have nowhere to settle down and the road will make things more difficult.”

“I’m willing to take my chances.” She said shortly.
“Okay.” He brought her hand up to his lips and gave it a quick kiss and a squeeze.

Unless he was making a turn, his hand remained in hers the remainder of the trip.

When they got to Gibson’s the only one there was his girlfriend. They shared a couple quick hellos and Mulder handed Scully a shovel. “The suitcases are buried. Can you dig it?”

Scully grabbed the shovel and rolled her eyes. “Let’s go.”

The suitcases provided them with his clothes and some money. He switched the license plates and they took off to Virginia. They drove most of the night making few stops, taking turns at the wheel.

By the second night they pulled into a truck stop and slept in the back of the SUV curled up together. Since being reunited, being wrapped in each other’s arms seemed the only way they could both sleep through the night. Scully speculated it was a fear of losing the other. Listening to his heartbeat relaxed her, but her mind was still replaying the past weeks in her head.

“Mulder, do you believe what Monica said during her testimony? Do you really believe William was a result of manipulated biology? A super soldier?”

Mulder held her tighter against him and ran his fingers through the back of her hair. He knew her pain for William would never go away and he felt helpless to not be able to make it right. “Scully, William is our miracle. Whatever he possesses, whoever he is, came from us. I know you want to look at facts. Scully, what supersoldier has the ability to communicate with spaceships or pieces of a craft? All those that you interviewed, did any of them have the powers that William possessed? Who do you know had powers close to that?”

“Gibson and you possibly, for a time.”

“Right. Gibson is not a supersoldier. Does it make sense?”

“Mulder, I worry about him. What if the injection Jeffrey gave him didn’t work? What if he’s in some foster care somewhere with abnormalities?”

“Maybe he joined the x-men? Come-on Scully. I don’t believe that I’m the one that’s about to make this argument, but you have to stay with what you know. No, I don’t believe what Jeffrey did had a permanent effect. If he was a supersoldier the injection would have crushed his spinal column. I want to believe that the parents who have him love him and will raise him for what he is. A beautiful, intelligent, wonderful boy. Just as we would. You have to stop the doubts. Have faith.”

Scully snuggled in even closer to him. His body giving her warmth and also washing away her fears. She fell back asleep in his arms.

When she woke they were moving again. She climbed from the back into the passenger’s seat. They were almost to Virginia. Mulder took her hand. “Do you want me to stop and get you anything? Coffee, donuts, a new wardrobe?”

She took note of the exit sign. “Looks like we’re almost there. Get off at this exit. The dropoff is a deserted civil war bunker in the woods right off the highway. There’s a marker.”

The bunker contained all the suitcases from the white SUV, IDs, plates, and a note from Monica. It read:

Dana, Here you should find everything you had packed. The x-files has been closed and we’ve been reassigned. Gibson is safe. Skinner left the IDs and plates. He said he will leave a voicemail on
the cell phone The Lone Gunman gave Mulder if something needs to be communicated. As of now, everyone in the government believes you died in the missile strike. There is no one looking for you. Be well Dana. I wish you the best.

“Scully, it looks like Skinner left us a car. There’s an address of a chop shop in here. I’m guessing that’s where we’ll find it.”

Mulder pulled up to a junk yard just outside of the city. Scully watched as a magnetic crane picked up a car and flung it onto a pile like it was tossing a leaf.

“Scully” Mulder grabbed her arm as he said her name bringing her back from her trance. “Dana, you don’t have to live this life. You could walk away now. They assume you were with me, but if you turn up now you’ve committed no crime. You could start your life over, stay with your family.”

“Mulder, I meant what I said. It’s us. You and me. I made my choice to follow you and I’m not leaving you now. Mulder, if these past two years have taught me anything, it’s that I don’t want to live a life without you in it.”

“Good because I can’t live without you.” He smiled and his eyes formed half moons. Grabbing the car door handle he added, “Let’s see what kind of wheels the Skinman has waiting for us.”

When night fell upon them Mulder insisted on checking into the Ritz-Carlton in Virginia. He promised Scully a night in a nice hotel suite and he was going to deliver on his promise. He waited on Scully to come out of the shower and when she emerged, a beautiful blonde in a cocktail dress stood before him.

“Scully, your hair.”

She nervously flipped her strands behind her ear. “I had to. Even though they believe we’re dead, my hair is like a beacon and I don’t want to draw attention.”

“Scully, looking like that, you’re going to draw attention.” Mulder’s eyebrows shot up and he turned to put on his sports jacket.

In the dining room, the maitre’ d showed them to a booth. It was curved so they were able to sit side by side and both enjoy a view of the lights on the water. As they ate Mulder contemplated their next steps. “So where should our first destination be?”

“We could make our way across the country… check out all the national parks?” Offered Scully.

“Yeah, we could.”

“Mulder, there’s something going on in that head of yours. Out with it.”

“I don’t know, we could sneak over the border into Canada and do some cave exploring or there’s a place in California…”

“Caves? Why caves?” Scully got a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was never going to end.

“Well, there’s this cave with rock that’s millions of years old. They say that what inhabits these rocks are similar to life we may find on Mars….”

He stopped mid sentence. Oh no, he thought to himself as he saw the change of complexion on Scully’s face. He really did it this time. Why was he opening up this can of worms? He was only
asking for trouble. She took a sip of cabernet and stayed silent. Instead of the brow beating he was preparing for, she slid closer so they were shoulder to bicep presumably to enjoy the colors of the sunset together. He put his arm around her and she crossed her legs leaning into him. They both took in the view. He cut into his pork chop and as he lifted it to his mouth his breath escaped him. The heat of Scully's hand slowly made its way up his inner thigh towards his hardening crotch. Mind numbing bliss filled his system as she made contact. "Mulder, can we please take a vacation from aliens for a while?" Her eyes darkened and all his blood rushed between his legs. He put down his fork and knife, his appetite for food now dissipated. Closing his eyes he took a long slow deep breath spreading the pleasure up his torso. If only they ended every disagreement this way she’d win every time. Public displays of affection had a new level when Scully was involved. It had been too long. Her fingers grazed over his erection and he exhaled a moan opening his eyes to not so subtly look to see if anyone was noticing. To his surprise all the other patrons seem to have been self-involved. "Scully, maybe we should discuss this further in our hotel room.”

“I think we're fine sitting right here Mulder. I'm enjoying the sunset and I want to finish my apple pie a la mode.” Sticking the spoon in her mouth she enticingly licked out the vanilla leaving the sticky apple filling to linger on the tip.

Mulder's teeth clenched and he exhaled. He begged her with his eyebrows. "Scully Please." He was throbbing and she had his whole body tingling.

“You want some?” She said with an angelic grin, raising her own eyebrows.

He stared at her while she scooped some apples and cream, feeding it to him. The apple filling was sweet and warm, the vanilla melting on his tongue while Scully’s left hand continued its circular motion between his thighs. The pleasure was intense and he no longer wanted her to stop. “Mmmm. This could be the best dessert I’ve ever tasted.” He squirmed as he said it. His pants were becoming increasingly uncomfortable as he surrendered to her touch. Scully may show no mercy applying stitches, but she was an artist with her hands nonetheless. No other woman could ever excite him the way she did. So badly he wanted to touch her. He focused on breathing through his nose, keeping his mouth closed, but low moans escaped with each outtake of breath.

Scully’s eyes dilated, desire taking over. The rise and fall of her chest quickening. Mulder leaned over and whispered, pressing his lips against her ear. "Does torturing me excite you Scully?"

She didn’t answer, but took another bite, lingering her tongue along the curvature of the spoon.

This was too much. He waved for the check and contemplated the complexities of standing.

In the elevator on the way to their room, he leaned against the back wall and positioned her in front of him as not to give the others in the elevator a show. Scully must have found the situation humorous for she used her body to casually brush against his erection. Over a year without her and this was one hell of a reunion. Luckily, everyone was facing forward staring at the elevator doors. The vision of their last encounter in an elevator flashed through his brain and he discreetly palmed the curves of her lower lumbar. They didn’t have to hide. There was no more business relationship. Why he expected her to pull away from his advances was years of conditioning. He had not counted on her taking his hand and sliding it underneath the back of her dress. Mulder was losing his shit. If she continued, it was going to be over right there in the elevator. Scully subtly arched her back into him and his eyes rolled back, a low deep growl came from his chest and he quickly cleared his throat. What floor were they on? The doors finally opened and he hurriedly pulled her out. As the doors closed he flipped the room key between his teeth and lifted her into the air carrying her into the room bouncing her onto the bed.
He slowly stripped for her while she lay on the bed propped up on her elbows, her tongue working overtime on her lips.

He pulled out some candles he had purchased at the gift shop and lit them as she silently watched. Now only in his boxers he stopped, stretching out his palm as if to balance himself. “Scully, I want you. Badly. Being away from you so long...I thought bringing you here would make it special, but ….this means so much to me… I’m not sure anything I do is going to make it special enough…”

“Mulder…. I know.” Scully got up off the bed and her hands glided over his shoulders and met behind his neck while her hips brushed his pelvic region. He let out a groan and ran his hands over her body, savoring every bump and curve. Committing new freckles and lines to memory. He loved it all. It was Scully. He lowered the straps of her dress and sucked on her shoulders. “Mulder, my body is not the same as you left it. Having a baby causes changes.”

His arms wrapped around her at the waist pulling her into him. “Scully, you’re mine and you’re beautiful.” God, she loved this man. He nibbled at the bust line of her dress and strong currents coursed through her breasts. “Mulder” she moaned and her head flung back. “God Scully. Say it again. Please say my name again.” His lips greedily kissed her neck. He dropped her dress to the floor and crouched down running his tongue along her abdomen sending shocks radiating through her body. “Mulder...Oh Mulder”. His lips soft and magical against her skin.“Oh, God Scully.” He stopped and hugged her waist catching his breath.

She ran her fingers through the top of his head and he looked up at her. His fingers interlaced with hers. "It's good to feel this way Scully. To be with you.” Taking labored breaths, he delicately slid her panties down to her ankles and she stepped out of them. Kissing her thighs he slowly made his way between her legs. His tongue was hot against her and she melted, her knees buckling. “Mulder, let’s get in bed.” Instead he proceeded with both hands pulling her towards him, he plunged deeper inside her with his tongue, sucking, his lips massaging her clit. She leaned further against his mouth, her legs no longer able to support her. Sensation was swelling against his tongue deep into her belly. There was no control when it came to him. Clawing at the back of his head, the pleasure was too much, acute and sudden. She let out a loud cry trying to come down a little, trying to gain control of her body. Another surge of pleasure shot through her and her knees hit the floor. Mulder rolled her onto her back still burrowed between her legs, his tongue relentless. His hands traveled up her torso claiming her breasts, rolling her nipples with his fingers. She was writhing in pleasure helplessly fighting the undeniable urge to succumb to a terrifyingly powerful orgasm. If she thought her fantasies recollected sex with him, she was wrong. It was overpowering and incomprehensible to think the human body could withstand it. At the same time it was frightful that she might never feel this way again. “Mulder, please, not without you...not this time.” she managed to say through her panting. Tears fell from the intensity. He stopped at her request. With her whole body quaking he helped her up and they got into bed. They wrapped themselves around each other and she savored his body. He was gentle and soft spoken caressing her with a light touch. Stimulating and arousing. Their lips massaging the others, their bodies moving to an unspoken rhythm. Her hands found his hair soft and silky contrasting with his hard commanding frame. With her legs wrapped around him, her hips slowly rose, stroking his full length against her clit leaving a trail in her wake.

He stopped her. “Scully, this will not be one of my best performances.” He looked so worried she had a need to comfort him.

“Mulder...we’re together.” He paused and seized the thought, his eyes now a blue-gray fire, and his lips caressed her own. Twisting his body, he pulled her in so she was underneath him. She could feel him reach down to align himself, the back of his hand brushing her thigh. “Oh, God” she cried in anticipation, desire overtaking her. Mulder eased into her slowly, filling her. It was him. This was real. Her body awakened. She was no longer missing. Now she couldn’t get enough. To have your existence rely on someone so badly. She tilted her hips upward enticing him further and they both
groaned loudly when he was completely inside. “I love you Scully.” he said in low tones and captured her mouth with his, his tongue gliding against hers matching their hips as he began an excruciatingly slow pace. Mulder was sweet and sensitive. His body caring to her needs and her body relenting to him. They were absorbed, captivated by the other. Emotions and hunger surging through them. Her body arched into his, craving the weight of him. Mulder kissed her jaw, her chin. Sucking at her neck, they increased their rhythm. “I need you Mulder.” She said it through her moans though it had much more than sexual overtones. He paused, a kaleidoscope of feelings passed across his face as he whispered, “I know. I need you too Scully.” They began again moving as one. The complexity and gravity of their commitment coupled with the magnitude of their love towards each other carrying them hurdling over the edge. Mulder groaned pouring himself into her, reclaiming her. It was the polite solicitation in his eyes that made her explode around him. A courtesy, as she was a captive to his determination.

The morning came and so did the realization that they had nowhere to be with nothing to do. It was a first for them and neither knew exactly how to handle it. Scully stared in the mirror as she brushed her teeth noticing a new glow to her skin. Could happiness be seeping out her pores? She spit into the sink and watched as the toothpaste circled following the water’s path down the drain. “Mulder, have you ever been to a water park?”

He pushed open the glass door and poked his head out. “Not since I was real young. With Samantha. You?”

“They had one at one of the naval bases. We should go rafting some time.”

“Sure.”

With his hair slicked back by the water, he looked like a movie star. His eyes took on an emerald hue against the streaked white marble and she had a sudden need to turn them to the steamy gray of last night. “Oh, Scully.” He said as if reading her mind.

Scully placed her hand on the glass door opening it wider. The spray from the shower slowly soaked the bathroom tile. She gave him a kiss and lifted her night shirt up over her head revealing the lack of anything underneath. Stepping in, she ran her fingers down his chest and over his abs to his newly manscaped hairs. Mulder might be thin, but he was sculpted. His body beckoned her. Visual stimulus was not her go to, but the sight of him made her tremble. She cupped him gently, ever so lightly running her fingernails across the delicate skin. Mulder groaned tossing his head back, his hands reached out pressing against the sides of the tile. Her body pulsed at the sight of her affect on him. She had to taste him. Scully grabbed his wrist and slid to her knees gripping his erection with one hand and his wrist with the other. He cupped her face as she licked him from root to tip, giving the head a kiss while staring at him with hooded eyes. It may have been the weight loss, but it was bigger than she remembered and it was all hers. “Don’t be gentle.” She said as she moved his hand to the back of her head. She took in all of him, his hips bucking into her ministrations. At first his hand gently rubbed her scalp as she sucked him in, savoring it, then releasing, only to repeat the action. Wet silky skin quenching her thirst. The water refreshingly cascading over them. Eventually she felt the pressure of his hand pushing at the back of her head and she started to moan fiercely following his pace. His command of her excited her rebellious side. Scully’s dark side was surfacing as she internalized the struggle. Her head pulled back as he fisted her hair. He was panting hard and using the wall to keep himself upright. “We have to slow down” he said between breaths. She stood up leaning against the back of the shower. With their eyes locked he stepped towards her, placing his hands on the wall at either side of her face, shielding her from the hot spray. Their bodies and their lips were an inch from each other yet there was no contact. They didn’t need it for he already had her obscenely turned on. He knew what she wanted him to do. “You know how I feel about this
Scully.”

She had no reply, their eyes remaining locked. They stood in that position allowing the heat of their arousal to fog up the glass. Each waiting for the other to cave. With their gazes locked, Mulder rocked his jaw protruding his mandible forward, his breath hitched. He leaned in closer and she realized she was holding her breath. His nose lightly made contact with hers and he traveled it up her bridge and back down. He paused for another minute and instantly his lips were on hers, forcefully taking her, the back of her head bouncing lightly off the hard tile. “Ahh” she cried into his mouth biting his lip. Drawing blood she sucked it into her mouth. She felt him long and hard against her and she wanted him now. Her body was on fire. As they kissed, she slid her hands up his arms and underneath his palms. He closed his fingers between hers and raised them above her head so she was on her toes, her back still pressed against the wall. She lifted her legs up trusting his grip to support her weight and wrapped her legs around his waist. Two years of abductions and pregnancy. Two years of death and wondering if he was alive. Nine years of fighting invisible and unattainable truths. Nine years of being used and tortured by untouchables. Nine years of being used and tortured by untouchables. This was about letting go. About her being kept away from him physically for so long. She needed to be carnal. She needed to not desire control. With one hard thrust he penetrated her thoughts, tearing through her reason, and she let out a cry. It surprised him, but he knew not to stop. He thrusted harder pinning her to the wall with his hands, her back rubbing hard up against it. Mulder was forming a heat inside her that made her powerful. She allowed it to move through her, but she needed more. Still too shallow, she rotated her hips forward and slid down on him until he was completely sheathed. As if it alone was carrying the weight of her desecration. Mulder picked up speed grunting with each thrust. He was deep inside her. The initial pain exquisite, ratcheting her desire, she began pushing her weight against the wall in order to ride him. Her passion was violent and determined sucking the strength from him into her. Knowing he was healing her, allowing her to release what shedding tears could not. Only he could heal her flawed existence. He freed her hands so he could carry her weight, sliding her towards the corner, setting her on the shower seat. His look calculating and intense, he didn’t speak a word. He lifted her legs, her heels leaning on his chest. One hand secured her hands to the wall, while the other fisted her hair tight. Her knees bent slightly as he pushed forward, slamming into her. Repeatedly. Deeper. Faster. He had her pinned and she absorbed all the pleasure. The feeling spiraled inside her, coiling. He tugged her hair hard and she wailed. The pleasure carrying her, an ocean washing the pain away. He thrust in rapid succession and then he stopped breathing hard. Her insides were quivering and pulsing she was so close. He placed one arm underneath her shoulder and the other behind her head as he lifted her towards him and her legs fell to his waist. The position was such that as he eased forward he rubbed her sweet spot. Ooh, it was heaven. He held her close to his heart and his whole demeanor changed as he moved slowly, lovingly. He spoke in a low monotone voice, “It’s okay Scully. Let go. Let it all go.” They moved in unison. Slow and steady. His hand gently caressed her face as he covered her with light kisses. Every time he pulled out she craved him and when he filled her again it was euphoria, completeness. She gripped him from the inside, hugging him, holding him. Her sensations built on his moans. She coveted the feeling of him inside her, coveted the pleasure it gave him to be there. Sensation coiled up once again as his mouth dropped open as he grunted, breathing hard. “Scully!” He cried in fear that he could possibly come without her. “Scully, oh yes, Scully come with me!” The last call of her name released the pin inside her and she shattered around him, draining everything into him. With nothing left she collapsed into his arms. He hugged her tightly and she buried her head in his neck. When she needed him, he always came through. He stood, helping her to her feet and grabbed some bodywash. Squirting it in his hand he lathered it up and spread it over her body massaging as he went. He lulled her into a state of relaxed elation. Still weak from out of practice muscles, she gathered herself and returned the favor, reintroducing herself to every part of him. Washing away the misgivings and torment of the past so they could start again.

Freshly showered, they returned to bed to recover and take advantage of the final hours before
checkout. Scully fell asleep within minutes. Mulder propped himself up on two of the 6 feathered pillows in the bed and switched on the t.v., skimming through the channels very aware of Scully’s thigh sprawled across his leg. He fixed the crisp white sheets to cover them both and ran his hand through her golden locks. She didn’t stir, her breathing deep and peaceful. There were no interesting news stories. He wondered if he was capable of staying away from the draw of the conspiracy.

Flipping through the channels, he knew he was looking for a lead. They needed a change of climate to get his mind geared in a different direction. Scully ran her fingers across his chest and his body lit up like the fourth of July. “Scully?”

“mmmm?” she replied groggily.

“There’s a blonde in my bed.”

She looked up and smiled flipping her hair. He ran his hand along the strands pressing them into her cheek, his lips grazing hers repeatedly. Her tongue reached out for his and he met it deepening the kiss. He rolled her onto her back and savored her lips. Neither of them bothering to dress, he was aware of her body’s response to his current condition. He gave her a short kiss and stroked her hair, looking deep into her beautiful blues. “How about California? We could make some stops along the way. Head for San Diego?”

“Mulder, I know you want to go to Canada and explore those caves. Let’s go. Then we can head to California from there.”

“Really!! You won’t get angry?”

“Oh, I’m sure I’ll get angry, but you need to get this out of your system.”

He kissed her again, pulling her against him, making his intentions known. They smiled at each other through their kisses. They had their destination and they were going to need every last minute of their checkout time and another shower.
Oh, Canada

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

They’re searching caves, walking what was the ocean floor 2.5 billion years ago. A mysterious package shows up and Mulder considers going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

“Mulder, you don’t think we’re pushing our luck attempting to do a border crossing?”

“Not if we don’t look suspicious.” Mulder answered. “What’s my first name again?”

“Kyle.”

“Kyle..I don’t look like a Kyle. What about you?”

“I had to go with something from the blonde pile so I decided to go with Sarah with an h.”

“Do the passports match our license plate and registration?”

“Yes. New York plates and we’re both from Buffalo.”

“Well, Sarah with an h. Here we go.”

They were headed to Ontario, crossing into Canada via Buffalo, NY. Pulling up to the booth, a preoccupied Canadian was there to greet them. Without even looking their way he stated, “Papers please.”

Mulder handed him their passports.

“Reason for visiting Canada?”

“To see the good side of the falls. We’re on our honeymoon.” Mulder said smiling back at Scully and squeezing her hand. She gave him a genuine Laura Petrie smile in return.

Looking at the names on the passports he stated, “Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and welcome to Canada.” With complete indifference, he stamped their passports and handed them back to Mulder. “Enjoy your stay.”

Mulder proceeded onto the QEW and out towards Toronto.

“Skinner did that just to get under my skin.” Mulder said as he threw a quick glance Scully’s way. “I can feel him laughing right now.”

Scully reached down and picked up some of the sunflower seed shells that had fallen onto the floorboards from the overflowing cup holder and disposed of them in an empty plastic grocery bag. “I actually missed this.”

“What?”
“Your shells littered at my feet. The constant cracking between your teeth. I missed it. I missed all the things I once found mildly irritating. All those things that meant you were around. I’m glad to have them back.”

Mulder slid his hand just above her knee and gave her leg a squeeze as he smiled. Scully hugged his arm in return resting her head at the top of his bicep. She ran her hand along the hairs of his forearm, feeling the divots and curves of his muscles until her hand scooted under his short sleeve shirt. It was a struggle to keep her hands off of him. She kissed his arm where her face rested and he pressed his lips to her head. She could hear his long intake of air as he relished the scent of her hair. Then again, there was no reason to stop.

*

Another eight hours of driving under their belt and they pulled up to the Timmons Cave in Ontario. “Scully wait.” Mulder said as he got out of the SUV.

“What’s wrong?” She asked looking out the window, squinting at the mountainous landscape. It was a clear day with few clouds making for a picturesque view.

Mulder walked to her side and opened the door. Holding his hand out, he guided her out of the car. His recent bouts of chivalry did not go unappreciated. With a loving, caring touch, he rubbed her face as he gave her a slow delicate kiss that made it difficult to remain standing.

“What was that for Mulder?” tumbled out of her mouth, her heart wanting him to do it again.

“To remind us that this isn’t a case. That we’re not working right now. You’re more important to me Scully than anything we find in that cave.” He put his arm around Scully and they walked towards the caves. Scully wasn’t sure if he was trying to prove something to her or himself.

A woman in dark green overalls approached them as they got to the office door. Mulder held out his hand. “Hello. I’m age….uh...Fox Mulder and this is my par....my uh...”

“Alice Sherwin” Scully said with a smile as she shook Dr. Sherwin’s hand.

“Fox...Dana..I’m Dr. Beth Sherwin.”

“What is your field of study?” Scully asked

“Scully’s a medical doctor with a background in hard science.” Mulder interrupted and winked at Scully as she caught his eye.

Dr. Sherwin nodded. “I’m a Geoscientist. I was a little surprised to hear from Mr. Mulder. It had been a couple years from when we last spoke. Although when I received a package some months ago addressed to you it was an indication. I attempted to contact you, but you never responded to my emails or voicemail.”

“Yeah, I’ve been quite busy these past couple years.” Mulder looked over at Scully again. “Lots of traveling. But when I saw your latest publication on the 1.5 million year old water, I thought I would follow up.”

“Actually, we now have a more accurate way of measuring the age of the water. We now look at the ratio of noble gases to determine the age. The water we’re about to witness is around 2.5 billion years old.”

“Billion?” Scully repeated.
“Are you still in contact with Marita Covarrubias?” The Doctor asked Mulder.

“Yes, I uh, saw her recently.” He quickly glanced at Scully to observe her reaction.

“Such a sweet intelligent woman with a real passion for our work. I believe that package is from her. It was delivered along with the latest samples from the Russian caves. All those parcels come through her division due to the grant. I can show them to you later if you like.”

“Grant?” Scully was beginning to feel like a parrot. Marita? When did Mulder have time to speak with Marita? Did she visit him in New Mexico? Is that how he knew how to find her? She swallowed the familiar pangs of jealousy forming inside her chest. She was being irrational. Wasn’t she? Scully tried to bring herself back into the conversation.

Dr. Sherwin was answering her question. “Yes, it’s multinational funding, but all findings are stored in our archives at the University of Toronto.” Dr. Sherwin opened the office door. “Are you ready to walk on the original ocean floor some 2.7 billion years ago? My assistant will get you suited up and I’ll meet you at the cage.”

As soon as they were alone in the lab Scully cornered Mulder. She wanted to know why they were really here. “Mulder, why didn’t you tell me Maria told you about these caves? You knew she left that package here for you. What is it Mulder? What’s in that package? What are you not telling me?”

“I didn’t know she had sent anything here Scully.” He replied and she took him on his word.

Of course they didn’t have her size Scully thought to herself now dressed in a hard hat, overalls, and rubber boots. The boots looked more like clown shoes, the bottom of the overalls were folded over so many times they looked like bells, and you could only see the tips of her fingers when she held out her arms. Mulder tried to hide his amusement, but she could tell he was tickled over her oversized attire. Yes, Mulder, you’re staring at the incredible shrinking woman. He leaned towards her, opening his mouth to comment and she beat him to it. “At least I don’t have to duck for low flying planes.” And with that he tightened his lips, nodded, and straightened his posture. With his hand at the small of her back he guided her into the cage.

As they descended Scully had a short flash of their field trip to Brown Mountain. “There’s no reports of large growths of fungi in the area is there?”

“No…” Dr. Sherwin answered with a puzzled expression.

The cave looked like a long small mine shaft that just about cleared Mulder’s head. It was dimly lit with lanterns about every 25 feet and the floor was slick beneath their rubber boots. The walls were layered in colors like children with crayons running down a hallway. Billions of years in the making created an awe inspiring mosaic and she felt Mulder squeeze her waist to let her know they were sharing the beauty together. She was really enjoying them as a couple. It was like dreaming of the perfect man when you were young only to have him read your thoughts and check them off one by one. This time she would keep a positive mind and not expect them to fail. She was proud of him. Together they made such a beautifully intense, pleasurable relationship. It was so personal and intimate she almost didn’t want others to witness their connection. Possessive and jealous Dana she thought as they walked past large layered rock that looked almost like sculptures of Medusa’s hair.

“What are those?” Mulder asked.

“Those,” Dr. Sherwin explained, “are part of the pillow lava structures from when there were active volcanos. You can see those same pillows at the bottom of the ocean currently.”
“So what is the relationship between all this and Mars?” Scully folded her arms inadvertently, deciding it was time to drop the million dollar question. Mulder cast a surprised look her way tilting his head. He didn’t attempt to hide his pleasure of her possibly having a genuine interest.

“All this could prove there is life under the subsurface of Mars. If life can live on Earth in these pockets, it stands to reason that Mars, which has some of these same extreme conditions, has the ability to support life.”

“Is it possible that any of these organisms could have come from Mars?” As Scully asked the question Mulder looked at her like he might just take her right there in the tunnels.

“Well, there are some theories that say Earth’s life is directly from Mars and other theories that life from Mars evolved the life on Earth into our own human physiology. Are you suggesting you believe this to be true?”

Mulder smiled at Scully, not taking his eyes off of her as he responded. “It’s a theory that’s been passed around once or twice.”

“How are your containment procedures if you find these organisms?” Scully asked thinking back to the organisms they had found in the ice and the volcanos years ago.

“We have the highest level of both containment and emergency quarantine.”

They came to a fork and Dr. Sherwin led them down the left tunnel where it opened up to a small basin. She pointed out the water streams and pockets buried in the rock formations. “Would you like to taste it?”

“You drink this water. It’s potable?” Scully was surprised.

“It’s very pure, but also has an extreme concentration of salt.”

Mulder dipped his pinky in and brought it to his tongue. “Very Salty.” He dipped it again. “Scully?”

She shook her head at his outstretched pinky. Did he really expect her to….. Of course he did.

Dr. Sherwin concluded. “Let’s go back up and I’ll show you what they’ve discovered in the Russian labs. It may just answer some of your questions.”

Back up in the labs Dr. Sherwin projected the screen shots of the newest microscope slides from Russia.

“What is the organism classified as?” Scully asked.

“Well that’s just it, we haven’t been able to classify it as either plant or animal. The initial studies also suggest it is a chimera.”

“It’s a hybrid?” Mulder chimed in.

“No, chimeras are not hybrids. This is two separate species forming one functioning body yet still distinct. Hybrids are combining genes. These are chromosomes acting apart from each other, but sharing the same body. An organism that is a chimera could contain two blood types or eye colors for example.”

“Is this found in nature or would there have to be outside involvement?” Scully’s pulse started to quicken as she asked the question.
“There are examples in nature, but this… this was programmed.”

“By what? Who?” Now it was Mulder’s turn to show excitement.

“Well, it occurred most likely a couple million years ago. It would had to have been some outside force of…. A catalyst… It’s not like intelligent life was walking around creating new life forms…”

Scully and Mulder exchanged glances.

Dr. Sherwin continued to the next slide. “Given the correct conditions we’ve seen these cells enter into the stages of morula, blastula, and gastrula. These cells have been programed to create a life form and what is even more astounding… 85% were human cells… the other 15%…undetermined. Human life… or a form of it… over 2 million years ago.”

“Who knows about this?” Mulder and Scully both asked in unison.

“Currently? The three of us. My assistant knows of the testing. The scientists in Russia sent us the samples to be tested and we have not communicated back the findings. I still have a few more tests to conclude.”

“The CDC, military, any government agency. Have you contacted anyone?” Mulder asked.

“No. What is this about?”

“Don’t. If they know what you are doing here they will come and destroy this place. Destroy all your work and you will most likely be killed.”

“Why would anyone do that? Are you telling me not to trust the American government? The Canadian? Russia? But don’t you understand what this means? What it proves?”

“I do. And I also know they will never allow you to publish any of it.”

“This is all my years of work… the world needs to know. How will I maintain funding?”

Mulder explained. “There are forces at work here that are beyond studying science. These forces will not stop to keep work like yours from leaking to the public. It was very nice meeting you Dr. Sherwin and I wish you luck, but we need to go. If anyone finds us here everyone’s life will be in danger.”

“Come ‘on Scully.” Mulder grabbed the package and headed out.

Back in the car Scully was confused. “Mulder. Back there. That was proof. That is possible genetic evidence of extraterrestrial life millions perhaps billions of years ago. You’re going to turn your back on proof?”

“What does it mean Scully? Is it going to change the timetable? Knowing and proving these facts, will it change anything? All it will do is stir attention and they will come and they will destroy it and if we’re there they will destroy us. What if it was yet another setup in an elaborate attempt to smoke us out of hiding? We need to be careful.”

“Then why did we come here Mulder?”

“The truth we seek now… is how to stop them.”

The car fell silent. “Did anything ever happen between you and Marita?”
“What?.....Scully...No...Scully I told you, that part of my life was quite....sad....until you......Besides, she was with Krycek. I wasn’t into Krycek’s sloppy seconds.”

“What about you and Krycek?”

“What do you mean?  Did we... No....No.. I’m not.... He’s.... Not”

“I saw the way he looked at you Mulder. The way he was never able to pull the trigger when it came to you. He had a thing for you. He had it bad.”

“What? Scully...No... Really?.... You think so?”

“I know it. He wanted you... wanted to nail you in that tight little red Speedo of yours”. Scully was laughing remembering the others talking about Krycek’s antics when it came to Mulder.

“How did you know about my Speedo?”

“He had mentioned it once or twice around the office when you two had worked together.”

“No, you’re joking.”

“He was making fun of you, but you could see a blaze in his eyes. I’ve seen it many times with him when you were around. Even when he had a gun to your head. He definitely had a thing for you.”

“He killed my father.”

“And my sister….what he tried to do to William... and Skinner, the list goes on.”

“Leave him in hell…..” Mulder stated and grabbed her hand.

“While we’re on the subject Mulder, what about Kersh’s secretary?  That woman drooled all over you.” Scully decided that today she might as well get all her questions out on the table.

“She did not.” Mulder said indignantly.

“Are you kidding? I remember the week after returning from area 51 she did everything but grab your ass.”

Mulder fidgeted. “Yeah, I guess she did make me a little uncomfortable.”

“A little?”

“Well nothing happened. Were you jealous Scully?”

“What? Back then? No, but if she did touch you I would have kicked her ass.”

Mulder laughed. “Oh, I know you would have. I would have never touched anyone at work anyway.”

“And why is that?”

“Out of respect for you.” He said turning to look her in the eye. Then a smile returned to his face. “Now USDA women were a different story…”

Scully’s face dropped to form a look of disdain. “Bambi” she mouthed without sound, the corner of her lip turned upwards in disgust.
“I’ve never seen anyone make it from DC to Massachusetts in the time it took you.” Mulder smirked enjoying the turn their conversation had taken.

“Mulder.” Scully replied warning him that he was treading on thin ice.

“What? I was flattered.”

“And I was providing backup.” Scully said innocently.

“And you can back me up anytime, against a wall, a car, a washing machine…”

“A washing machine?”

“Yeah, you know, on spin cycle.”

“Mulder, I think that only works for women.”

“Well, it’s still worth a try” He replied as he slowed the car to a stop for the red light.

“So what now…?” He asked Scully.

“What about the package?”

“I believe we may find some answers in that package.”

“Should I open it?”

“Not now. First we have something more important to do.” He said using his finger to take the hair out of her eyes.

“And that is?”

“Go on our honeymoon. Visit Niagara Falls. Relax. Have some fun.”

Scully placed her hand on top of his. Leaning over, he met her halfway.

The kiss was slow and soft as their breaths mingled, comforting in a way words never were. His soft full lips providing an assured optimism and a contentment only a full heart could bestow. A honk from the car behind and an agitated green light urged them to move forward. Instead they giggled at the world’s petulance. There was no longer a timetable. Reaching out his lips for one last peck, Mulder stepped on the gas and they were on their way.
Meet the Skinners

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter we reunite with the happy couple. It's all sunshine and roses, but who are we kidding, this isn't Full House and given who they are....

“To think of the times that we were here in Buffalo on cases and we never bothered to stop to see the falls. We were always in a rush to get to the next big thing.” Scully said cuddled in Mulder’s arms the mist from the falls cooling her body.

“Not anymore.” He said squeezing her tighter. “Although we were kind of distracted with a body being thrown out of a window and the whole reincarnation of souls thing.”

“I’m really proud of you Mulder.” She looked up at him and stroked his face.

“And why is that?” He returned smiling down at her.

“I thought for sure we’d be on a plane to Russia or you’d have me working in a lab… But you walked away…”

“I see things differently.. I’d like to say since I saw the date, but that’s not true.”

“What is it then?”

“Since I found out about William….what had to be done….we have such little time Scully...and I decided to spend it enjoying myself with you... not chasing monsters.”

“They’ll always be monsters Mulder.”

“Well, today they’re not invited.” He kissed the top of her head as he said it.

Water sprayed in their faces as it continued to cover their blue tinted rain gear. Mulder looked so happy squinting and laughing as the water slowly drenched his face. They were coming out from behind the falls and Scully was in his arms while he gripped the railing. Using his body as her harness, he insured she stayed upright as the boat rocked. They looked silly, but they were smiling and having fun. Over the speakers a guide rambled out facts and history which Mulder would either add or correct in sweet whispers so only she could hear. As he towered over her she felt safe and protected. He reached down to kiss her forehead and she pulled him into her lips. They were on their honeymoon after all. She giggled at the thought of Mr. and Mrs. Skinner.

After the boat pulled in they decided to head to the top of the falls and watch it from the stone walls. Mulder brought her in close. “Scully, you think we could make it over the falls in a barrel?”

“I would never bet against you Mulder.” Scully said and turned to face him, playing with the buttons of his shirt. Mulder cleared his throat. “I booked us a reservation in the rotating room at the top of the CNN tower. We should go back and get ready.”
Scully nodded, but was staring at his lips. Without pretense she reached up on her toes and gave him a slow sensual kiss. Her hands had found the bare skin of his chest. He picked her up and perched her at the top of the wall, her back pressing into the iron fencing. His lips returned her fervor. With his hands gripping the bars his chest grazed hers as he leaned in and she sucked in her breath on contact.

His response was a single whisper. "Hotel?"

"Okay" She nodded without protest.

When they got back to the room Mulder kicked off his shoes and stood in front of her holding both hands. "Are you having a good time?"

"Very much so Mulder."

"Even when I took you to the Bluejays game and the hockey hall of fame?"

"Yes. Even then."

"That’s important to me. I want us to have fun."

He backed up towards the couch and sat, still holding her hands. His eyes returning to the blue gray fire that caused her to walk funny on occasion. Scully kneeled on either side of him straddling his lap, but not letting go of his hands. He brought her hands to his lips kissing each knuckle, letting them linger there, but not taking his eyes off her. "Have you thought about where you’d like our next destination to be?"

"Colorado. I hear they put on one hell of a concert."

"Colorado it is then."

Scully’s expression became sullen. "I need to find a way to get word to my mother. I know it’s not wise, but she must be worried sick."

"We’ll find a way. Maybe through some different channels.” Mulder’s hands were now rubbing her thighs picking up where he left off by the falls. The sudden response she had to his touch made him squirm.

"I can help you out of those jeans if you like?” He suggested in his best imitation of boyish innocence. She stood and he unbuttoned the top button and the zipper. As he lowered them he kissed the warm smooth skin underneath. He pressed his lips against the silk, covering her light gathering of auburn curls. The sound that emanated from him was like he was enjoying a finely cooked meal. “Scully, you’ve been shopping. It’s nice.” He said pushing the thin fabric aside so his tongue had access. His tongue was a magnet of energy, but that wasn’t what she was craving.

Stepping out of her jeans and light blue bikini briefs she resumed her place on his lap. He pulled a strand of hair away from her face and tucked it behind her ear. The look on his face was indescribably. A cross between want and possession. "What are you thinking Mulder?"

"Nothing. Not a thing."

"Tell me."

"I’m afraid to. I don’t want you to take it the wrong way.” His hands returned to their place massaging her outer thighs.
“I promise not to get upset. I’m asking. I’ll deal with the consequences.”

Mulder sighed. His face sobered as he deadpanned. “I was thinking about how incredible it feels to be inside you, surrounded by you, as you come all over me.” He closed his eyes at the last part and she could feel him through his jeans growing underneath her.

Holy shit. His voice was deep and throaty, even loving and he hit her right in her core. She lifted up his shirt as he lifted hers, dying to touch his bare skin. She danced her fingertips over his pronounced shoulder muscles continuing her hands down his chest to the soft hair that led to her final destination. The growing heat underneath his jeans was calling and she needed to release it. The instant she rose up to unzip his pants his fingers were there and slipped inside her. No matter the amount of time that passed, she always awaited their return. To feel every bit of his fingerprint resculpting her in his image. She continued her own task breaching his waistband and releasing him. The look in his eyes the first time she had ever touched him replayed every time she put her hands on him again. It spoke of love and trust and wanting. It was how they fell in love again and again. Her hands tingled as she stroked him, appreciating how thick and long he was, her fingers tracing the swollen tip. It was so beautiful. She wanted to put her mouth on it and properly cherish it, but her first thought was better. Teasing herself with it, she ran it over and around her entrance, reveling in the want and anticipation of what she felt with him. Her insides swelled and throbbed as it grazed her. Her back bowed and a moan escaped her. It was pure agony. When the feelings became unbearable she positioned him and slid down slowly while he watched, his eyes growing wide. The want in his eyes and the pleasure on his face as he sunk into her was her true turn on. With them it had never been about the act. Getting off was irrelevant. It was the insatiable need to satisfy the other. Pleasure only came from the other’s ecstasy. As soon as he was inside, his hands cupped her face kissing her softly and tenderly taking her to their secret place. She missed the way they were when they were together in this way. Instead of the frantic removal of clothing and writhing of flesh their last times had been, their movement now was careful, slow and deliberate. “I long for this Scully. For us.” He said it with the understanding he was reading her mind. He closed his eyes with the next intake of breath and opened them as he exhaled. “I want our future to be happy Scully. I know we can’t forget the past, but…”

“I’m happy right now Mulder. With you.” She let out a whimper. He was so deep inside her, lighting up new nerve endings. “Completely. Perfectly. Happy.” As she said each word she moved her hips, the words coming out in a crescendo of moans. He felt fucking amazing, she couldn’t control how much she just loved him.

She kissed him as her body rose and fell with the motion, her fingers gliding through his hair, their tongues reuniting. Her hands glided to his chest and Mulder slid his hands up to cup her breasts gently massaging. They moved together like they had done it for lifetimes, reincarnating only to reconcile again. It was inconceivable that it could get better, but somehow it always did. Her movements became urgent to increase the friction between them, but his fingers found her, exactly where she needed them. Mulder was sensual and erotic in the movement of his hips and his hands. There were times he could be clumsy and awkward physically, but it was ridiculous how perfect he was with her. With his free hand he kneaded the back of her head, kissing her with such sincerity she obeyed his heart’s request and he followed her in their release. They continued to rock gently, riding out the feelings. They hugged each other breathing hard. When their pulses finally slowed, she laid her head on his chest and he stroked her hair. Time passed and he kissed her forehead. “We should get ready.”

That night...

Mulder woke from the sound of Scully’s brain humming. Spooning her from behind, his leg was still wrapped around her with one hand on her left breast, the other laced with hers underneath their shared pillow. He nuzzled her neck squeezing her breast and inadvertently pressing into the small of
her back.

Scully leaned her shoulder blades into his chest and slowly rotated her hips acknowledging his current state. “There should be a warning sign attached to that thing.”

“You’re a woman that knows how to give a compliment.” He kissed the top of her shoulder. “But your thinking is keeping me awake.”

“I know. I think I’m still processing this past year. My brain hasn’t caught up with life yet.”

“Is it William?” He asked speaking in cautious tones.

“It’s William, it’s Emily, it’s my sister. It’s the realization I may never see my mother again.”

“You’ve lost so much because you chose to follow me.”

“It’s…. Just…. So many innocent people.”

“Hey. You’re the one that said we can’t give up. I’m not giving up. We’re still alive Scully. William is still alive. They haven’t broken us yet. Don’t give up on me Scully. Not now.”

“I miss him every day.”

“I do too, but we have to push forward. For William. So that he can have the peace in life that we never could.”

She tried to get her brain wrapped around something different. “So now what?”

“Now… you join me for a swim.” He said getting out of bed.

“Mulder it’s 2A.M. The pools closed.”

“Not for us.”

Using his trusty FBI stickpin, they accessed the pool area. Mulder threw his towel on a lounge chair, kicked off his shoes and removed his shirt. As he pulled it over his head Scully noted the freshly made bright red claw marks on his shoulder blades where she had marked him earlier that day and what looked like a hickey on his collar bone. His board shorts hung low at his waist revealing purple bruising highlighted in yellow above each hip bone. Shame filled her cheeks. He looked like a case for domestic abuse. She must have caused those hip bruises from the shower the other day. He removed his watch and placed it on the small table next to the chair, his wrist containing the same purple shading.

“Mulder, let me see your wrist.”

“For what? I’m fine.”

“Let me see your wrist.”

He held out his arm and she was horrified. His wrist had three purple marks where her fingers had imprinted him. “I did this to you.” She said as she ran her fingers over his wrist playing the scene over in her head of them in the shower. In unspoken words he had let her entertain her need for physical resistance so he could wash away her shackles, her pain and turn it into pleasure. The satisfaction she had felt gaining back her control and releasing her anger. He became her cigarette, tattoo, intimate stranger. All so that his Scully would return to him. And she had and it had been beautiful, but at what cost?
“I’m so sorry Mulder.” She said kissing his wrist.

He pulled away. “Don’t be. I really enjoyed it.”

“I did too, but look at you.”

“They’ll heal Scully. Scars projected on to me, but these will heal.”

With that last sentence he smiled and took three steps forward performing a perfect dive into the pool.

“Come on in Scully. The water’s fine.” He said when he resurfaced.

Scully chose to walk in by the stairs and Mulder swam up to greet her. She reached out for him and he pushed back just out of reach. She walked further into the pool and with two underwater backstrokes he was once again out of reach.

Scully stopped swimming and crossed her arms. “Mulder, what are you doing?”

He back stroked all the way to the end of the pool and went under kicking off the the wall. With two strokes he was within a foot. She lunged and he backed away again. “Up for a round of Marco Polo?”

“Mulder, maybe this wasn’t a good idea.”

“Marco.” Mulder called out and dashed under water.

“Mulder, can’t we go for a nice easy swim?”

“Marco.” He bolted to the other side of the pool.

“Mulder.”

“Not Mulder, Marco.”

Scully sighed “Polo.”

Mulder closed his eyes. “Marco.”

“Polo.” Scully said again not very amused.

Mulder swam underneath the water and came up underneath her legs. She let out a scream and he tossed her into the air coming down in a splash.

She came up fixing her hair. “Is this fun for you Mulder?”

“You’re it.”

“How long are we going to do this?”

“Close your eyes Scully.”

“Mu..”

“Close your eyes Scully.”

She lowered her eyelids and stretched out her arms. “Marco.”
“Polo” Mulder bounced just out of the reach of her hands.

“Marco”

Mulder emerged next to her and whispered. “Polo”

Scully flung her arm around, but he already was gone. “Marco”

Mulder popped up out of the water behind her and kissed the back of her neck. Scully jumped. “Polo”

“God Mulder, really?”

Mulder dunk back under water and grabbed her ankles lifting them from the water. Scully flapped her arms, treading to keep her head above the water. “Mulder. Let go. I can’t keep this up.”

Instead he slid up her calves and pulled her towards him so his hands were now on her upper thighs. She threw her arms around him. “I think you’re it.” She said trying to hold back a smile.

Mulder’s face became suddenly serious. “I love you so much Scully.”

Scully played with his hair as his hands floated up past her thighs.

“Mulder, I don’t know if you’ll ever know how much I love you.”

“I think I have an idea Scully.”

“But will you accept it?”

“It took me a long time, but you made me...and...well...you’ve got a great ass.”

“Yeah you.” She smiled splashing water in his face. He spun her around and she wiped the sparkling droplets from his face. He smiled back at her and she kissed him. It wasn’t just any kiss, it was the kind of kiss where you wake up two days later in Brazil not knowing how you got there.

Mulder’s knees bent and it sent them both underwater. When they came up Mulder gave her a jovial apology. “Sorry, you make my knees weak.” With a doubting look she dunked her hair back into the water to fix it again.

Her legs remained wrapped around him and as they kissed Mulder danced them around the pool. They were going much deeper than her short legs could reach, but he kept them afloat. Their kisses were tender and soft, his tongue gliding in and out. Slowly she was melting in his arms. Even though their relationship had progressed quite a while ago, the fact that it was him she fell in love with still added to the thrill. At her waist his right hand rested flat against her skin. The anticipation of its destination sent a tingle through her body and a moan escaped her throat. His other hand still softly caressing her leg. Scully made the cutest high pitched moan and his insides begged for more. The fingers of his left hand roamed farther as they kissed, teasing the fabric of her bikini bottom. Her hips pushed into his hand and he lifted the fabric gliding his finger inside. Scully broke the kiss and Mulder gave her a look to let her know she was his whole world. His fingers swept up and down, massaging and strumming, building momentum. Scully was responding to his every movement. The purpose of their late night swim was to take her mind in a positive direction and he believed he accomplished the task at hand. He attempted a second finger and she welcomed it. “Scully, you’re so wet.” He pleaded into her ear. His
low monotone sending daggers pulsing through her.

“It’s your fault.” She responded her breath now quick pants.

“Well, I can’t take all the credit, we are in a pool.”

“Kiss me” she ordered and he complied. Her hands and hips pulling him in closer. He knew she couldn’t resist his aural seduction. Not to mention his oral seduction. The smell of chlorine filled Mulder’s nose. The room was quiet with the exception of water lapping against the filter and the heavy sounds of their breathing. When she began sucking on his tongue, his thumb decided to join in on the action as his hand increased its pace. He opened his eyes to watch her pleasure build with the movement of his fingers. To see in her eyes what he was able to give her filled his heart. After all she had done for him he wanted to give her every happiness the universe offered. Her chest was heaving, rising and falling in brisk rapid pants. She looked so beautiful as her eyes glazed over, giving in to what he was doing to her. Her nails dug into his shoulders and instantly she started coming, his fingers riding the waves. It was the sexiest sight he had ever seen and he was forced to look away before he left more than a sweet memory in the water. When she stopped shaking he slowed his fingers. Waiting for her to recover, after a few minutes she opened her eyes.

“Mulder, take me upstairs.” She begged. “Who knows what has gone on in this pool. What human fluids are floating in it. For all we know, someone could have been murdered in it.”

“Okay, we’ll go.” He swam them over to the ladder and put his foot on the top step to climb out of the water and Scully inadvertently came face to face with the protruding outline of his bathing suit. “Mulder.. Let’s hurry.”

As soon as they returned to the room Mulder’s lips began his attack on Scully’s mouth. His hands were everywhere. Touching her face, her hair, her back, grasping at her hips, pulling at the strings of her bikini until it fell to the floor. Scully wasn’t wasting time either, helping him with his towel and shorts. Tearing at his shirt. Grasping his biceps, squeezing his ass. A movie of their escapades of yesterday playing on repeat in his head. In a blur they were on the bed. Mulder grabbed her legs and pulled her to him, his tongue determined to finish the job this time. She tasted so sweet and desirable. Before he knew it, he was moaning into her caught in a wave of emotions. Hungryly, he clamped down on her clit and sucked hard, his tongue going in flat circles. Scully gripped the headboard, her hips lifting up off the bed, her legs wrapping around his head. She moaned and he ate it up. Her sounds and her scent had his hips involuntarily rubbing against the mattress. It was different every time and he loved it. Today it had a hint of strawberry shortcake, yesterday raspberries. Although it was the automatic movements she made triggered by her physical pleasure that provoked him. He moved his tongue up further so the flat center of it covered her clit, his fingers returning to the spot they had left such a short while ago. “Oh, God, Mulder. Oh..Right there. Oh...Mulder if you stop I will kill you.” Mulder’s eyes darted upward just in time to see her face transform. Her chin jerked upward as her eyes rolled closed, her lips parting, and it was the most exquisite sight yet. Mulder slid up on top of her, kissing her, smiling. Her cheeks were flushed and the tremors hadn’t completely subsided.

“Mulder.” was all she could say.

“You okay? Are you tired? We can stop” He asked caringly, running his hands through her hair.”

“Mulder, I don’t want to sleep” She said kissing him desperately.

Her legs wrapped around his torso and he sunk inside. She was hot and slick as she molded around him and there was no doubt in Mulder’s mind that they were made for each other. Needing to please her, his mind went technical. He used his body as a tool for her enjoyment, finding the right angle,
correct amount of pressure, and enough friction until he heard her whimper and he knew. He repeated the motion and her insides clenched around him. The feeling made him lose his breath as he throbbed in response. She looked at him and his heart constricted. His lips coaxed her to give herself to him. As her body danced underneath him, he lifted to watch almost crying from the pleasure he felt from the sight. Her eyes closed and her heart opened to his. It was what he waited for, what he lived for. The heat inside him became an inferno as their syncopated rhythm continued. Trying to prolong her enjoyment he slowed, pulling almost completely out before returning it back inside. Mulder was taking extra care. He thought to himself: Yes, Scully, sometimes I treat you like a fine china doll, but it’s only because something so good that it kills you and brings you back to life should be treated in reverence. The pace they fell into was unhurried, languid, and sublime. Scully moaned and Mulder said her name like a prayer. Their mouths were open against each other as they panted and kissed. There was nothing in existence that felt as good as Scully. Mulder steadied his strokes and Scully went rigid as the contractions started around him. He picked up the pace thrusting hard to catch up to her and she arched her back up into him as he did so. The friction didn't do anything near what the feelings her soft smooth skin created against his own. Or the way her eyes as they opened looked like the sun coming from of an eclipse into a clear blue sky. That's what really made his heart overflow and body kick into overdrive. Scully’s head tilted back and she let out a scream of euphoria. He thought he felt the whole bed lift up as she came again, bucking furiously, her thighs gripping him tight. She was grasping at skin, sheets, driving back up into Mulder involuntarily. His release came as a function of biology, but his orgasm happened at the sight of her ecstasy. Mulder held her tight against him and she spoke into his shoulder. “Mulder that was…”

“Yeah”. Was his only response. He lifted up and they were smiling at each other their noses grazing the others. They should have been used to it by now, but there was no getting used to what they felt. Once again tangled around each other, her foot at his calf, his thigh between hers, their arms intermingled as well as their fingers. He kissed her lips one last time before drifting off like that, foreheads touching, their free hands draped along the other’s cheek.

Well rested, Scully woke to find herself wrapped up in blankets in the middle of the bed. The room was quiet. “Mulder?” He wasn’t there. She got up and got dressed. When he still hadn’t returned, she knew he didn’t just go out for coffee. After scanning the room she found Maria’s package open and lying on the floor. Picking it up Scully found it empty. There, between the fibers of the carpet, was a small single piece of paper with one word: Microchip.
Scully was furious. Of all the times he had run off this may top it all. No. She was wrong. Leaving her alone to fend for herself with the bounty hunter while he stared at his sister’s cloned drones was worse. She opened the window shade. The car was gone and the suitcases were in the trunk with the exception of her overnight bag. Scully checked the pockets of her jeans and started counting. She had a little over $200. Unbelievable. All the money was with him. She now understood. This would be how he would die. Death by strangulation as soon as she got her hands on him. She realized she was pacing and took a deep breath, trying to relax. Maybe there was an explanation. She threw her clothes into her suitcase and fumed. There was no explanation. He wasn’t going to change. It was now that the full weight of her choices came down on her. She had backed herself up into a corner. Being a wanted woman, she had no friends or family to turn to. She didn’t have enough money of her own to survive very long, and now she had no vehicle. The invisible tether between them was now a ball and chain choking her neck. This time they couldn’t push their problems under the rug and ignore them. They would have to find real compromise. With no cell phone and no way of contacting him, she had no choice, but to wait at the hotel.

Two hours later the phone rang.

“Hello?” Scully answered groggily. She had drifted off to sleep while reading a book.

”Scully, you ok?”

”Mulder, where are you?”

“I’m in Ithaca NY.”

”Mulder what are you doing there?”

“I’m at Cornell. I can’t tell you specifics over the phone. I’ll see you in about 5 hours. I’ll meet you at the hotel.”

Frustrated, she hung up the phone. Where else was she going?

After a long workout and a swim Scully got tired of waiting and instead began having imaginary
fights with him in her head. Her watch told her she still had about an hour before Mulder got back. She didn’t want to be there when he finally arrived. He could be the one guessing for once. Thinking twice she scribbled the name of the bar down the street and headed out.

* 

“You know who I am. You sought me out for a reason.” Said the man. He was chunky and in his fifties, considerably shorter than Mulder.

“Then you know what this is.” Mulder replied. They were in an underground lab on the Cornell campus. X had told him about this place some years ago. Mulder had called the man from one of the last remaining pay phones just an hour outside of Buffalo. Technology was encroaching making it harder and harder to live off the grid. “Can you read it?”

The man led Mulder to a locked computer lab behind a steel door. Walking across the room he typed in the code on the digital pad and opened another door. There stood a surprisingly small computer, one of the likes Mulder had never seen, encased with all types of protective locking mechanisms. With the man’s fingerprint, the computer came to life. He opened up the back panel, took out what looked to be a similar chip and replaced it with Mulder’s. Typing in some code he was able to view the files.

The man spoke, “It’s encrypted, but it’s genuine. If you wait here I can call some colleagues at the Smithsonian. I believe they will be able to assist with the translation.”

Mulder watched as the man walked into the other room and made his phone call. He strained and he could just about make out the words from the conversation.

“Yes…. Of course…. I don’t know where he got it…. Yes it’s in my possession…That can’t be real…. I understand….. Yes….. Absolutely…. I could be in D.C. by 8 A.M.” The man ended the call and Mulder could hear him rifling through drawers until he finally appeared.

“I’m going to send this to D.C. with me. Do you have a number where you can be reached?”

“No, it stays with me.” Mulder replied.

“You want me to translate the encryption don’t you? Let me at least download the files.”

“No, I’ll take them to D.C. myself.” Mulder insisted.

“I’m afraid not.” The man revealed the gun in his right hand and cocked it with his thumb. Mulder ducked and charged, slapping at the wrist that held the gun with his left, landing an uppercut in the man’s gut with his right. The man fell forward grabbing at Mulder’s shirt. Mulder grabbed him by the arms and threw him to the ground claiming the gun. The man returned to his feet and revealed a blade from his pocket lunging at Mulder. Mulder slid underneath him kicking out his legs and the man dropped the blade as he braced for another fall. Quickly, Mulder twisted the man’s wrist pulling his arm behind his back.

“Who were you on the phone with?! What did you tell them?!” Mulder screamed into his ear.

“You’re Fox Mulder aren’t you? You’re alive. But it can’t be.”

Fear from hearing his name shot through him. They cannot know he’s alive. While Mulder’s brain churned the man reached with his free hand for the knife. Once in his possession he swung at Mulder. Mulder backed away on reflex and the man opened another drawer, pulling out another weapon. Mulder fired the gun in response hitting the man square in the chest. Shocked, Mulder
stared at the man that lie bleeding onto the industrial tile. For a moment he considered if his actions were fully justified, but these were not ordinary men he was dealing with.

Mulder took the ancient chip and left, but not before destroying the alien computer and it’s contents. Traveling down the hallway Mulder heard the increasing sound of footsteps. They were coming. Door after door he checked, all of them locked. There was no way out. When he got to the corner of the corridor he drew his gun pressing himself against the wall hoping to not be seen before he could land a shot. Sweat beaded along his hairline and he thought of Scully. If he didn’t make it out alive she would be trapped in Buffalo alone. It had been a dangerous mistake to leave her. Getting a quick glimpse, he was able to discern two men dressed in campus police uniforms. These weren’t campus police. They were holding machine guns. This was it. With a deep breath he fired four shots and ducked back around the corner using the wall as a shield. An array of bullets were returned his way. More shots were fired to which Mulder returned emptying his magazine. All fell quiet. He peeked from the corner. The two men lay on the ground. Mulder took one more look and ran to his car. He signed out at the gate and stepped on the accelerator on his way back to Scully.

*  

It had been a while since Scully had been in a bar by herself and she underestimated the effect she would have on the unsuspecting townies of upstate New York. Luckily she had decided on a bar near office buildings so it was full of professionals relaxing after a long day’s work. The two men that decided to settle in on either side of her seemed nice enough. One was a tall lean ash blonde with orange tint who reminded her of a grownup Calvin from the comic strip Calvin and Hobbs. He was dressed in a formal navy colored suit. The other had short black hair that barely brushed the back of the collar of his crisp white dress shirt. He had a deep tan that could have belonged to a surfer and bright turquoise eyes with perfectly bright white teeth. His face was squared and slightly resembled Jon Hamm. They ordered her drinks and rambled on about themselves and their work. Scully tried her best to enjoy the company and free booze. It was nice to entertain conversation different from her usual subjects. The new environment had calmed her rage, but she was still imaginary fighting with Mulder in her head. Looking up from her drink, she followed the gaze of the man staring at her. There, looming in the shadows, stood Mulder. With one arm leaning against the entryway and a finger hooking the jacket draped over his shoulder he looked as tantalizing as ever. His frame appeared taller and muscular in his fitted charcoal shirt and dark jeans. Damn. Why did he have to be so stunningly good-looking? Ignoring her relief that he had returned, she watched as he made a decision and stepped into the bar area. He sat down at the other end and signaled the bartender for a beer. With a cool exterior she smiled at Calvin and continued their conversation. Every so often she would take a sip of her wine and glance at Mulder. Mulder held up his beer as if to toast and drank, his dark piercing eyes not leaving hers accompanied by a feral smile. The darkness had not followed him home and the distance made her long to be in his arms. Reading her mind, his smile changed to soft and affectionate and her anger disappeared. Why did he have to have this kind of control over her? Once Calvin realized she wasn’t leaving with him for the night he excused himself and Jon was all too ready to take her on by himself. Mulder kept his distance and observed until Jon laid his hand on top of Scully’s. It was then she felt the tap on her shoulder.

“Excuse me ma’am, but I’ve been sitting over there noticing you and I realized that you’re too beautiful not to buy a drink.” Mulder smirked as he spoke and sat down on Calvin’s bar stool.

“Is that so.” Scully crossed her legs and delicately brushed his shin with the toe of her shoe.

“Cabernet right?” He pointed at the bartender who nodded and refilled her glass.

“You’re good.” She smiled at him and ran her tongue over her top lip.
“Actually, I’m Lucious ma’am. Lucious Hartwell.” Mulder smirked and his eyes smoldered. “Are you going to give me your name or should I just call you mine?”

She was wondering if he was going to use every line in the book or leave a few out. It was cute. She wasn’t complaining. “Aren’t we forward. The name is…. B.J…..BJ White.” Scully held out her hand and Mulder took it in a chivalrous gesture and kissed it. His eyes and smile sparkling, not leaving her stare.

“Excuse me, but I believe we were having a conversation before you so rudely interrupted.” Jon was not happy with Mulder’s intrusion. Apparently he had the false impression he was getting somewhere.

“Why don’t we leave that up to Miss White to decide.” Mulder said in a polite tone. He lowered his voice to a whisper. “We should get a table.”

“I didn’t say I was going anywhere with you.” Scully rebuffed and took her hand back. “I don’t even know you.”

“What would you like to know?” Mulder was maintaining his I’m-trying-to-flirt-with-you,-but-not-sure-how-to-do-that-tone.

“Well...Like what do you do for a living?”
“I’m an astronaut. In fact I just returned from a trip to Mars.” This got a laugh from Jon who was nursing his Gentlemen Jack after having given up on any possible prospect.

“Is that so?” Scully took another sip of her wine looking intrigued.

“What about you?” Mulder asked as he leaned his elbow on the bar and finished his beer.

“Oh, I don’t need to work. I’m a rich widow. My husband ran off on me so I killed him.” Now liquor actually spewed from Jon’s nose and Mulder’s face shown he had enough of the intrusion.

“Maybe we could take this conversation elsewhere because I do have a lot to tell you and I’m getting awfully jealous of that glass.” The implications sent warm tingles through Scully and decided he was right, it was time to get down and dirty. Once they were seated in private Scully jumped first.

“So what was it Mulder?”

“Scully, I didn’t want to put you in danger.”

“Save it Mulder, just tell me what was in the box.”

“This.” He held out a small white rectangular object, no bigger than a zip drive that looked like it was made of a stone-like material. It had symbols on either side and metallic ends.

“It’s dated somewhere around 1.5 million years old. It contains a microchip. I was able to confirm that at Cornell. You can’t read it with the current technology on the market. It’s very similar, but still farther advanced. It’s like trying to read a Word document made from Office 2000 with Office 95. It’s also encrypted.”

“So this was the reason for your sudden disappearing act. To locate an alien computer to activate a 1.5 million year old microchip.”

“Or a spaceship. At least part of one.”
Scully took a slow deep breath. “I know someone who may be able to help. Jeffrey Spender told me that he was working on something to destroy his father. To destroy everything his father had worked all his life for. Jeffrey may be able to lead us to some answers and I know where he’s hiding. We’ll need to head out to Arizona.”

“Let’s get back to the hotel. We can leave in the morning. Oh...and Scully...Would you have accepted my offer sooner if I had buck teeth?” Mulder protruded his top teeth past his bottom lip. He was waiting for a left handed slap for that remark, but Scully ignored him. He was beginning to get the picture that she was upset.
Back at the hotel, to avoid confrontation, Scully simply got in the bed facing the window away from Mulder. Mulder seemed not to notice watching television with his hands resting behind his head. 15 minutes later his arms and legs were wrapped around her, kissing her neck, his erection teasing the small of her back through his flannels. Sensation flooded and built in all the familiar places. She loved and hated that he could do that to her so easily. “Mulder.. Mulder stop.”

He stopped moving, but didn’t pull away. “You are upset with me.”

“I think we should discuss what happened. It’s not like it use to be Mulder.”

“I know. If it was like it use to be it would be me and my hand tonight at $2.95 per minute.” He squeezed her pulling her in as close as he could. His lips cascaded over her neck and a chill went up her spine traveling into her chest. His frame, so much larger than her own, had a way of forming a shell around her that heated up her insides. She didn’t want to talk anymore, but she had to address it. Mulder’s tongue swiped at her ear just below the lobe as his teeth grazed the outer shell. She could feel the pressure behind her eyelids as she suppressed a moan. “You left me here…..No car, no way to reach you..” She turned to face him and the look in his eyes was gentle with a hint of… remorse? He pressed his lips to her forehead and closed his eyes as he whispered, “You’re right…. Forgive me?”

“I will Mulder. In time.”

“Okay.” He said as he brushed her hair away from her face and kissed her goodnight. It all happened way too easily which made Scully suspicious. His body coerced her brain into submission and they soon fell asleep wrapped in each other’s arms, her head resting on his chest.

* 

Four days of driving and cheap motels and they finally arrived in Arizona. Scully had kept her distance and Mulder had been patient, but she could feel the strain. They had contacted Jeffrey earlier that morning and he was happy to hear that they were alive and well. Scully was sitting at the motel’s small table searching the web on their new laptop. With free wifi popping up in most of the hotels, she decided it was safe to get one for research and news. As much as she would have liked, she knew she couldn’t create any accounts. Mulder was on the bed throwing a baseball in the air. He got up and walked up behind Scully laying his hands on her shoulders.

“You’re sure Jeffrey wants to meet us in the room?”
“Yes. He said to meet us here and he would lead us to his “office”.”

Mulder slowly massaged her shoulders. She could feel the tense muscles beneath his fingers relax at his touch. Scully stopped typing, but made no move to stop him. “You can trust me Scully.”

“I do trust you Mulder. I also trust that your passion for the truth will send you blindly running into the night.” His thumbs moved in small circles on the back of her neck and she exhaled deeply tilting her head forward. He was so good with his hands. “Trust me to control my own urges Scully. I think I’ve proven that to you this past week that it’s possible.”

“Why, because you didn’t disappear for a week?”

“No, because I left you alone to sort things out.”

“I’m not sure if that’s an equal temptation. You managed to hold out for almost seven years.”

“That was before I understood what it truly meant to be with you.” The pressure of his fingers intensified as he kneaded. “Your friendship had always been enough until that night at the baseball field. That was the moment being simply friends became difficult.” Mulder’s hands ceased their movement.

“It did change things.” Scully conceded.

“It’s much harder to stay away now that my lips know what it’s like to be against yours.” He squeezed her shoulders. “Now that my hands know the softness of your skin.” She pulled his right hand forward turning it so her cheek could nest inside it and kissed his fingertips.

“Mulder” The tone of the room changed and Scully’s body was fighting at her resistance.

“Or that look you get, the sounds you make…”

“Mulder” Scully spun the chair around and stood up so they were now face to face.

He looked into her eyes. “It’s very hard to stay away from you after you know what it’s like to spend 18 hours in a bed with you…. Days of nothing but you and I…..”

Scully’s lips crashed against his so hard it knocked him backwards onto the bed. He pushed up with his elbows trying not to fall off the bed as she climbed on top of him, her kiss deep and penetrating. Her hips ground against him and he winced, the zipper of his denim grinding along with her. He couldn’t recall the last time Scully was this frenzied and he was going to kid her about it later. Must be an arduous task staying away from this much man. Scully shifted and his brain fogged over bringing him to the present. They were making out, groping, and dry humping each other like they were in junior high.

Scully paused. “Mulder, I think I hear someone pulling up.”

Mulder did a crunch, looked out the window, and fell back onto the mattress with his hands covering his face. “It’s Jeffrey. Impeccable timing.” Scully kissed him and got up straightening her clothes just as she heard the knock. She glanced at Mulder’s crotch and raised her eyebrows. He untucked his shirt as she let Jeffrey in.

Jeffrey was a shocking sight even when you knew what to expect. His ultimate fate could have been any of them. Despite his appearance Jeffrey looked and sounded quite chipper. “I hope you’re okay riding motorcycles. That’s the only way we’ll be able to reach our destination. Let me just unhook the trailer.”
They stepped outside and Mulder helped him unloading the bikes. “Jeffrey, these don’t look like your everyday motorcycles.” The bikes looked like a cross between a crotch rocket and a cruiser. Both freshly painted a metallic blue.

“They do have some unidentifiable modifications.” Jeffrey smirked. Even through the scarring his relation to Mulder shown through. He gave them the tour of the bike which contained a complete computer system with onboard screen and a magnetohydrodynamic drive propulsion system. “There’s also no need for helmets. In the event of a crash you will be encased in a airbag type technology to brace your fall”

Mulder was smiling like the proverbial kid in the candy store. This was the opportunity Scully had waited for to test his resolve. “I’ll drive one.”

Mulder looked surprised and Jeffrey smiled. “Very well. Mulder, looks like you’re riding bitch. We’ve got a two hour drive ahead of us so it’ll give you plenty of time to get use to it.”

“Guess so.” Mulder replied pursing his lips at Scully. Scully got on the bike and held out her hand as if to help him on. He flashed her a dirty look and threw his leg over. The bike started easily enough and with the roar of the engine and a smile on Scully’s face they were on their way. The incredible torque had Scully tossing and Mulder around, swerving, and kicking some serious dust in the air until she finally steadied them. Once they made it to the highway, Scully followed closely behind Jeffrey. Mulder tightly clung to Scully’s waist. She figured some of that might be fear of her driving into a ravine. He spoke directly into her ear. His breath hot against the delicate skin of her neck. “I’m going to apologize now because I can’t blame it on my penlight and you sitting in my lap isn’t helping matters.” Scully rolled her eyes despite him not being able to see them. By now she had grown accustomed to his uncanny ability to remain excited for long durations, not to exclude the most inopportune moments.

Now that Scully understood the controls, the motorcycle was quite intuitive to maneuver and quite fun. Mulder’s hands had found the skin of Scully’s abs and the cool steady breeze whipped at her hair. It was a mild day and the road was empty with the exception of a few straggling cars. Jeffrey made sure he kept a reasonable speed, signaling well in advance on turns, and it made it easy for her to follow. The vibration of the bike combined with Mulder’s body draped around her made for quite a pleasurable experience. His hand sneaking up underneath her bra was definitely helping. As if it was another handle to hold on to, his hand remain still as it covered her. Only his thumb occasionally strayed. It teased her until she was forced to press into his palm for some relief and only then did he begin squeezing and kneading. Their bodies in sync, they leaned together around bends and through the hills of the desert. Mulder’s hand left her breast and roamed to her inner thigh, his finger hinting at the seam in the crotch of her jeans. Scully fell back a respectable distance behind Jeffrey. She knew what he was up to and the dull ache between her thighs gave her no willpower at the moment to stop him. His talented fingers taunting her memory, her breathing spiked in anticipation. His long fingers found their way, she lifted up and back, tilting her hips to help him. Jeffrey being only a little over 100 feet in front of them made it all the more exciting. What if a truck drove by or a police officer? What if she lost control and the bike flew off the road? Scully had never been this turned on before. The anticipation of the unknown, her whole body pins and needles. She estimated her pulse rate was at least 140 with her core temperature a full degree above basal. Mulder moaned into her ear, nibbling at it, as his finger entered her and she struggled to keep her eyes open. His right arm squeezing her tighter. Heat pooled into her core as the dull ache turned into a hollow throbbing. The danger intensified the feeling, the motorcycle vibrating the entire lower half of her body. Mulder’s moans into her ear were matching her feelings and she began rocking, aiding the movement of his hands. His fingers circled, the pressure swelling new areas of pleasure, the motorcycle pulsing the pleasure all the way up into her throat to the base of her brain stem. It was so intense she lost her
breath unable to make a sound. Luckily, they were in a straightaway as she was genuinely afraid of losing control of this motorcycle. “Trust me Scully” Mulder said, his voice thick. His right hand took over the throttle as he slid them both farther forward, the gas tank vibrating his finger inside her. Between her legs, fierce involuntary contractions pounded tremors up to her spine. She had lost all control of her body, of her senses. Her world became only Mulder. His fingers moving inside her, his legs rubbing against hers, his hot breath at her ear, his moans telling her what to feel, when to feel, his body solid and strong against her back evading impending collisions. He gave her no choice, but to let go of her fears. With all her trust in him, she closed her eyes and screamed as she came, the wind eating the sound. Mulder groaned loudly into her ear and bit down at the bottom back part of her neck. The danger combined with Mulder was a rush like no other. All of her senses heightened like never before. She opened her eyes and they were flying down the highway. She couldn’t imagine a drug that existed that would produce a high with this much dopamine and oxytocin. Mulder slid back to give her room to fix herself and take back control of driving. He kissed her ear. “You’re amazing Scully.” She caught them up to Jeffrey who gave them thumbs up to make sure they were still okay. They signaled in return. They traveled through some underground tunnels and finally reached their destination. Scully’s hands were still shaking when she got off the bike and her knees so weak she had trouble standing. Mulder held her hand to help steady her.

Jeffrey grinned. “Those bikes are pretty powerful aren’t they?”

“I’ll say” Scully replied shyly. She glanced at Mulder who was beaming and showing immense pride in her lack of balance.

Inside Jeffrey took them to a computer made out of the same material as the spaceships that were unearthed. “It will take some time, but the computer will decode it.”

Mulder turned to Scully, his voice a serious whisper. “Scully, you know what this means? What’s on that chip could turn everything we know on its head.”

Scully just looked at him, but he sensed that familiar fear. Usually it was followed by the three stages of a game he fondly referred to as proof and denial. Where she rode around in spaceships and did the cha cha with aliens only to have selective memory later and repeat his name incessantly. He could hear it in surround sound playing in his head “But Mulder, where is the proof? You can’t ignore the science.” Not that it was a bad thing. He just knew it well. Scully excused herself to the bathroom and Mulder followed her shortly after. He stopped her at the doorway.

“Scully, why are you so worried?”

“Mulder, this can’t consume you. I don’t want to lose you.”

Scully had surprised him with her response. He had assumed she was upset about what they might discover, what it could mean on its impact of mankind. “Scully, I’m not going anywhere.”

“I’m talking about losing you in here.” She said as her hand covered his head.

“Scully, I can’t change who I am, but I can change my perspective….and the subject of my obsessions.”

“Mulder, you’re more than your obsessions.”

“Yes I am” he said as he put his arms around her. “I’m Dana Scully’s partner. I will not forget that. Stop worrying. Now don’t take too long. I might miss you.”

Mulder wandered back in to check on Jeffrey. Jeffrey looked up from the interface. “We still have a
“Scully did what she had to do. I’ve made my peace with it. It is not as easy for Scully. It takes a lot to keep her mind off of it so try not to bring it up.”

“No problem…. Hey, since you are already vigilantes, you’re welcomed to stay on and help us. You are the one that inspired us all. Made quite a name for yourself.”

“Yeah Spooky. Thanks Jeffrey. We’ll keep it in mind. We still want to lay low for a while. Keep our distance.” Mulder walked back to the other room to check on Scully. She was sitting quietly wringing her hands. When he walked in she looked up at him, but didn’t speak. He leaned his back against the wall and gave her space. It weighed heavy on his heart what he put her through. He had made the wrong choice leaving her back in Buffalo. He needed to be a better man. For her.

A few hours later Jeffery returned. Even with his disfigured face they could tell he appeared frightened.

“That thing in there is not just a microchip. It’s an entire computer and it’s hard drive is full. It contains what looks like an operations manual for a spaceship. Their planet and it’s history. As well as information on magnetite. Mulder, it has information on there concerning communication with the black oil. This is everything. Where did you find this?”

“It was found in Russia, over one million years underground.”

Scully tugged at Mulder’s crossed arms. “Mulder, what does this mean? What are we saying?”

He looked her in the eye as he squeezed both her biceps. “We’re saying we finally did it Scully. We’re finally three steps ahead of those bastards.”

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will get us into the plot and their use of the new information.
Two Brothers
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

We get to see the conspiracy through Jeffrey's point of view and some of the information on that artifact. The troops are being gathered to wage a war. Who is the enemy?

Chapter Notes

Hopefully you're in a philosophical mood because this chapter made my head hurt.

Balancing full binders Scully looked more like an acrobat than an investigator. One that was part librarian. They were piled to the bridge of her nose causing her to shuffle her feet as she entered the giant underground conference room. In a loud thump she dropped the binders on the hard oak, freshly printed copies spilling onto the conference room table. Pain blistered from Scully’s big right toe as a binder missed its intended destination. Jeffrey took in the show, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his palms while his elbows rested on his notebook. He was sitting at a long table across from her, skyscrapers of paper and folders stacked around him. “We should take a break. We’ve been at this for days. There’s just too much information here.”

Mulder shifted in his seat. The decision would have to be theirs. If left to his own devices he would probably spend a couple years sifting through everything before realizing the time had passed.

Scully agreed with Jeffrey. “The DNA mapping alone could take months to read through and translate.”

“If you agree, I’d like to bring my team in here and have them take over. The human race is on a deadline that’s fast approaching. We don’t have the luxury of time to study all of this.”

Mulder stood and stretched. His muscles screaming from lack of use. “Okay, so when do we reconvene?”

Jeffrey neatly restacked his piles and reviewed his recent notes. “Give me another 48 hours. By then we will have a course of action to present to you. I want you to be on board with this. This is about more than their timeline, this is about taking back all that my father took from us.”

* 

Back at their most recent sleeping quarters, Mulder grinned in anticipation as Scully removed the steak off his fork with her teeth. “Not bad?”

Scully nodded her head to give herself time to finish chewing. “Good Mulder, very tender. The seasoning is good too. Not overpowering. I’d say it’s done.”
Stabbing the steak he removed it from the grill to a serving dish. Juices dribbled from the wounds and the grill sizzled and flamed. Removing the vegetables still tightly wrapped in aluminum foil, he headed into the cabin where Scully had the table set. The cabin was partially secluded by a dense covering of trees, but from the dining area you could see the greenery on the distant hills creating a tranquil view. Jeffrey had made the arrangements and Scully was surprised when they arrived to find an area not overtaken by desert.

Mulder prepared their plates as Scully filled their glasses with sun brewed iced tea. The restless simplicity of domestication was not lost on them. He fixed his seat so it was adjacent to Scully’s. Her fingers danced across his stubbled cheek. “Thank you for preparing all this Mulder.” Leaning in he left her lips with a kiss before addressing his food. A satisfied smile covered his face as endorphins saturated his system.

After their meal they retired to the pine rocking chairs on the screened porch overlooking the trees.

“Mulder, in the files, I found notes on humans. They have been studying us for a very long time. Studying this planet. Our planet.”

“I have a couple theories. None of which are very optimistic for the human race. One is that the original aliens were looking for a place to colonize after they predicted their own planet’s fate. They came here to do the research, but in the end, some kind of event occurred that wiped them off this planet.”

“So it’s possible that the infection that caused the evolution of prehistoric man was accidental and also led to the alien’s demise?”

“Maybe they were too late to save their planet and there was nothing to get back to. Under the Earth they were forced to remain and then one million years later….”

Scully sighed. “We’re assuming that this information we’ve found is millions of years old. The rock was tested and dated, not the device. What if it was only buried that far underground?”

“That’s a possibility. What if rocks traveling from space really did carry the virus to our planet. Carried it to all habitable planets. Theoretically, that would mean all intelligent life in the universe evolves from a singular source.”

“An entire universe derived, from what? A god that created this primordial black oil primed with intelligence for those organisms capable of containing its powers? Being saved or being a chosen person would mean being infected and evolving to this creature…” Scully was shaken.

Mulder countered. “Yeah, but what god? Whose god? How does that explain the rebel aliens guarding against contamination of the virus?”

Scully let his statement sink in. “Look at the effects. You are no longer singular consciousness, but that of a whole, operating as parts of a network. No more individual or private thought or action… the implications on emotions, love, empathy, remorse… those rebel aliens appeared to be fighting to maintain their individualism and then there are hybrids like Jeremiah more humanized than alien that were immuned to the virus and also believed in allowing life to flourish rather than see it extinguish. He believed their knowledge could help save us. Save us from even our own self inflicted annihilation.”

Mulder shook his head. “That’s their justification. Take the world from us before we destroy the planet and all its resources. They figure they can make better use of it then we ever did. That’s why they choose to hide in plain sight. To avoid the destruction of war. Disguise themselves in our skin.
The need for hybridization is to cloak their soldiers while we fold in their mirage. All to come back
to destroy the monsters they’ve created so many millions of years ago.”

Scully sighed. “You make it sound almost romantic.”

“That gives them the reason, it doesn’t give them the right.”

A breeze came in through the screen sending a shiver across Scully’s arms. “My brain’s had enough
for one day Mulder. I think I’m going to call it a night.”

Her fingertips ran over his leg and he caught her hand. “Come sit with me on the swing. I’ll get a
blanket.”

He returned from the house with a quilt and covered her, setting his tea down on the table besides the
swing. He sat next to her, his arm pulling her in so she could rest her head on his chest. With his legs
he rocked them back and forth drinking his tea and staring out into the night.

His heart was with her, but his brain was light years away, engaged in recalling and reviewing the
notes he had memorized, trying to make sense of it all. Through the darkness you could just about
make out the moon as he heard the coyotes off in the distance hunting prey. The files he had read
spoke about more than humans and Greys. According to those files, there were other aliens on other
planets. Brown dwarfs and Blues. The files spoke of taking specimens back to their planet.
Somewhere they were breeding humans. Maybe for some intergalactic zoo. Egyptians and the
Anasazi perhaps there as well toasting to a better way of life in a far off planet. Possibly evolved
themselves into Greys. How did all of this blend into the spaceship in Africa? Was that ship sent here
by the origins of life, the black oil aliens, to be our god? Manned with the power of it’s words to
create life from the ocean, to create man? Astutely evolving the earth with each extinction to create
us? Was each extinction due to the aliens taking advantage of what was already theirs? Is the purpose
of man simply to use the Earth’s resources to make it simple for the aliens to repopulate? Was
religion simply a tool used to pacify the masses so they were more inclined to do the alien’s bidding?
Then what? Mass viral apocalypse? Scully didn’t need to know or worry about such things. Not
without hard facts. He didn’t want to see her fear struck face as her mind reeled at the implications.

The past three days were spent hiking and fishing. Enjoying the quaint nearby towns. They even
rented a canoe and paddled the river. Each night retreating back to each other’s arms on the swing
and then the bedroom. There was no talk of aliens or UFOs, only places they had yet to visit, simple
stories they had never shared, and living in the moment.

Mulder woke with a deep inhale of her vanilla lavender scent. He didn’t want to open his eyes.
Staying in this position, his face buried in Scully’s hair with their warm skin meshed together
seemed like a perfect way to spend the day. It was soothing and peaceful, in a way Mulder had
come to know only with Scully. Chase affection or cuddling with a woman had never been his thing
before there was Scully. Now he felt empty without her to keep him whole. A look, their name, the
lightest touch of their fingertips were all that was ever needed to maintain the bridge, but when their
full bodies connected it was…..indescribable. Words weren’t invented, no decent adjective came
close, perhaps because it didn’t exist before them. She was buried in the crook of his neck, her naked
body aligned with his, her bent knee over the top of his thigh, her ankle resting on his calf. A whole
year he had gone without this and before that even more. To have her now with him was joy in a
heart that only knew sadness. She made him want to believe he could rely on the happiness they
now shared.
He looked out the window to see a doe with her fawn grazing in the dew covered grass. He felt her body awakening and raising her chin he looked into her admiring eyes. “Good Morning. Are you ready to save the world?”

Taking his lips she gave him a soft slow kiss he could feel all the way down to his toes. His nose played with hers. “Scully, if you’re not okay with this today, we can leave. We leave and we don’t look back. Go find ourselves a place to hang out in the Florida Keys or…. anywhere.”

He could still see the warmth in her eyes, but now there were spatterings of fear. “No, Mulder you were right. We need to do this. For William’s future. Just be weary of Jeffrey, he’s on a mission that may not always suit our interests.” Mulder nodded in agreement. He had those same reservations.

“Scully I think we must also take into consideration that Jeffrey is a very sick man physically. I don’t know what affect the testing had on him or how long he has to live. Mortality also plays on one’s decisions.”

Scully turned around and Mulder pulled her up against him with his arm around her waist. He pressed his lips to her shoulder and after a while in pensive silence, they drifted back to sleep.

Four hours later they were in the conference room. Now crowded with Jeffrey’s associates. A powerpoint presentation flashed on the wall from an overhead projector. Jeffrey quieted everyone down and started the presentation. Under the table, Mulder held Scully’s hand and gave it a squeeze.

Jeffrey continued, “The following is my hypothesis and conclusions concerning the work of my father. It includes the new information uncovered in the ancient artifact as well as recent intel from our associates. Over 50 years ago at least one, if not several UFOs crashed onto this planet. The cause of this crash was from the large deposits of magnetite in the area. Deposits left from debris of fallen meteor rock from Mars. From this crash my father and his colleagues learned of the alien’s plan to recolonize the Earth. A plan at least 2000 years in the making as Native American tribes predicted and communicated this plan at least that long ago. A plan perhaps billions of years in the making if we conceive what is inside our new artifact. Armed with their new found technology, my father and his cohorts, consisting of Russians, Nazis, Japanese scientists, and an elite group, conducted experiments on unwilling participants in an attempt to create a hybrid resistant to the black oil. In 1973, when human intellect reached it’s limits and they knew saving the planet was futile, my father stepped forward with a new plan. One that would save only the chosen few. He threaten the aliens - if you don’t give us the technology and biological tissue to create a hybrid and save ourselves, we will use our own nuclear resources to scorch the earth and destroy all it’s resources. It would leave the planet useless to the aliens. They proposed another deal to save their own bloodline. In return for helping the aliens silently takeover, the aliens would give them the alien tissue so they may work on creating a hybrid to withstand the apocalypse. So the chosen few could undergo hybridization. They had until 2012 to do so. Now surviving the apocalypse was no great reward as they would still be slaves to the alien race, but it allowed them time to stall to possibly create William Mulder’s vaccine and save all mankind.”

Jeffrey paused and looked around the room. Everyone was silent. Shocked and in awe. Most of them hearing of this for the first time. Jeffrey looked over to Mulder. The truth was out there and Jeffrey was spreading it. Jeffrey could have sworn he witnessed a tear passed down Mulder’s cheek. All Mulder’s work had not been for nothing. Two brothers in collaboration spreading the truth for all to hear. It was an emotional day. Jeffrey cleared his throat and continued. “There were countless labs around the world conducting these tests with the innocent to create a perfect hybrid. They were sanctioned by the world governments and directed by my father, managing their progress and their secrecy. He had hired those who were loyal to come work for him and assist with supervising and logging progress on these subjects.” Jeffrey took a drink of water. Saying it out loud was powerful.
He wanted his mother and Samantha’s death to be vindicated and not in vain. “I have reason to believe that my father from the very beginning held no allegiance to anyone including The Syndicate. His goal was for himself alone to be the supreme being of this world. After countless deaths and unsolicited sacrifices, my mother was the first successful hybrid to be exposed to the aliens and not destroyed. I now believe that a friend of my father’s used that information to align himself with the rebels to kill off the members of The Syndicate and the alien race. It was a carefully plotted plan. Separately, when my father was certain that those implanted chips had the ability to prolong life, he decided now was the time to take control of the planet. He would be the one to decide who lived or who died. Not humans and certainly not aliens. They were too close now. Then he learned of the truth of the black oil’s true capabilities. The virus can rebirth itself with the aid from its hosts from a dormant state to form a complex organism.

In the background, hidden from The Syndicate, the aliens had their own backup plan called the super soldiers. They are humans modified through their genes with an iron. Their brain and motivations stemming from a lump at the back of their neck. If killed this half-human half-alien nanobot can regenerate itself. From our research we believe it is nanotechnology spliced into human DNA compatible with humans with certain characteristics, increased brain activity which could be brought on in a number of ways, one of which is through procedures from abductions. These soldiers were meant to takeover if The Syndicate failed, which it did. They were strategically placed to rise into the highest ranks of governments and to oversee a new hybrid project. One for creating organic super soldiers. This was the project Alex Krycek and Marita Covarrubias betrayed my father for. The aliens began gathering of all evidence and proof now that the project was complete. At the turn of the millennium with The Syndicate abolished, the aliens began activating and producing these replacements. Meanwhile the remaining humans were being prepped through the water supply for annihilation already cataloged through their smallpox vaccine. My father chose to go into hiding and wait out the apocalypse. The aliens sent the super soldiers to kill him along with Mulder. He had planned for that as well. There was a bounty hunter that was loyal to my father, that held the power of healing. What my father was able to offer him in return and if that bounty hunter was successful in putting humpty dumpty back together again is still yet to be determined. What we know for sure is that the transformation has begun with a date set for the apocalypse of December 22nd 2012. We believe that is the date for mass infection and extinction. By that time the replacements will have taken over our governments and all environmental facilities. This is why we must take action now before it is too late. Let’s break here and when we return I will present our plan.”

Jeffrey stepped off the platform and walked towards Mulder. “Do you think I was able to get the message out?”

Mulder stood stretching his back. “You definitely held their attention. I’m not sure how much was comprehended, but it was thorough. It will be good to hear the next steps.”

Jeffrey smiled. “I’m glad you contacted me. Now you get to see all your work in all its glory on the screen. Mulder I will not stop. Not until I destroy my father’s work and any alien attempts at colonization.”

Mulder excused himself and stepped outside for fresh air. Scully followed him. “Mulder, what’s wrong?”

“In my experience Scully, if history has taught us anything, when you kill one beast it only gives rise to another. I’m hopeful, but I’m not ignorant.” Scully ran her hand along Mulder’s shoulders and pressed her lips into his back.

“Mulder, that option you gave me this morning... the same goes for you. Nothing is holding us here.”
Mulder nodded. “Let’s hear what he has to say.”

One of the scientists pulled Scully aside to discuss some of the science in Jeffrey’s theories. Jeffrey saw Mulder alone and cornered him. “Mulder, there’s something I want to tell you about your sister’s abduction, but I haven’t had the chance. I know something about your father and my father…. A conversation that took place in 1973.”

Mulder looked at Jeffrey. “I’m ready.”

“When Diana spoke of you, she said that you were the mouthpiece for all mankind. At the time I thought she was referring to your crackpot theories. She said that you were made. A creation. The last resort if all went to hell.”

Mulder was tired of insinuations and drawn out rhetoric and euphemisms. He wanted simple answers. “Jeffrey, I’m not following you.”

“Your sister’s abduction, was a staged abduction. You were meant to witness it. You were meant to be affected by it. Your father planned it that way knowing it would be the catalyst to drive you forward. So maybe, one day, you may reveal the conspiracy to the world. My father went along with the plan for another reason. He wanted you to be affected to help pacify the masses. Give them false hopes of a savior that would never come. That’s why you were kept alive and why not even the aliens tried to kill you. That’s why they led you to believe your sister was still alive... so you would keep pushing. You were a pawn used by all sides.”

“How did Diana discover this?”

“She uncovered it through files and what my father told her.”

“How did she gain access to these files?”

Jeffrey looked at him incredulously. “You know that her and my father had a long term love affair. Her coming back was his idea, so was her seduction of you.”

“Well, it didn’t work.”

“Thanks to Dana.”

“I really don’t want to drag up the past Jeffrey. Diana and I were close, but it isn’t the same as Dana and I. Scully and I are happy.”

“I’ve never witnessed anything like what you and Dana share. It’s very obvious to everyone around you the feelings you have for one another.”

“So that is why he constantly told me that I was part of the plan, that he created me, and not just biologically.”

“He also had visions of you joining his side. You were the perfect son. I was around as a stand-by. Dana was to become the new Diana, the ultimate woman of his life, but she chose you. Then I betrayed him as well.”

Mulder was finished with the conversation. This was drudging up a past that had been put to rest. “I guess we should head in. I need to hear this plan of yours.”

Jeffrey’s plan was three-fold. He stood at the podium and preached. “We need to go after the Supersoldiers full force. Since magnetite does not affect humans, the simplest way is to contaminate
the water supply. If in agreement, Dr. Dana Scully will lead the initiative of creating a water soluble solution that we can apply. We have people that have created weapons with magnetite for lethal force against the supersoldiers. You will all have access to these weapons.

Next is aligning ourselves with the rebel forces. Destroying the Supersoldiers will only lead in retaliation or the creation of another hybrid program. The only true way to stop the aliens is to go after them where they live. That program is already underway and one that has seen great success with a fleet of our own in Rebel made vehicles. Anyone interested and already has obtained their pilot’s license can see Jordan after the meeting.

The last part of our strategy concerns the black oil itself. As I’ve already stated, the virus can inhabit a human and take over the body, as well as gestate into an alien being given the correct temperatures. The virus also has the ability to body jump. A vaccine for the virus currently exists, but we need to go into mass production and we currently have no access to that vaccine. One last comment on the virus. It does have a self-protecting mechanism and it has the ability to irradiate, so if someone is infected, do not approach. There will be training conducted on identifying victims of the black oil virus.”

Jeffrey fielded some questions and spoke with others as a sidebar. When everyone had left the room and only Mulder and Scully remained, he approached them. “So, what do you think?”

“I think it’s a lot to take in.” Mulder replied. “Jeffrey, where is this war being fought with the rebel forces? Outside of this galaxy?”

“There were some ground forces, but they’ve moved on to fight the aliens outside of this atmosphere. They’re making serious progress.” Jeffrey turned to Scully. “You should know, your brother is involved.”

“My brother, Bill...that’s not possible..”

“No, not Bill...Charles Scully.”
Chapter Summary

We're still hanging out with Jeff.

“Mulder, why must you use my shampoo?” Scully asked watching him lather up.

“Because it smells like you and it leaves me with that soft shiny glow.” Mulder smiled, working a lather into her hair as well as giving her a spikey mohawk.

Scully frowned. “Mulder it is okay for you to take a shower alone.”

“Yes, but what fun would that be?” He smile turned devious. “I’ll leave you alone with your razor soon enough.”

He turned her around and rinsed the soap from her hair, bending his legs. “Do you have any idea how many times I’ve dreamed of us…when I was out there all alone…begged for you….and now here we are…” Mulder kissed her neck and then her cheek, teasing her from behind. She glanced back at him and widened her stance, shifting her hips to tease him back. With that tiny invitation, he bent his knees and gently bent her over, sliding inside. It had been a few days, and with her it was always like a new beginning. They moaned together. His lathered hands making her breasts slick as his knowledged fingers made her nipples purr. Scully’s nails scratched up his thighs as the back of her head dropped against his chest and Mulder hissed at the sensation. Her hands braced against the tile and he covered them with his own, threading their fingers together he picked up the pace, rough and fast. Mulder kissed her back, her shoulder, her ear. Everything about her felt good.

Downstairs the handle on the back door was jiggling. Two men dressed in dark clothing made their way inside. Tiptoeing around the cabin they froze in place at Scully’s demands, “Harder Mulder please…. harder”

“Fuck, they’re here.”

The taller one laughed. “They are here, and they are indeed fucking. Sounds like he’s really putting his back into it. You’re sure we’ve got the right place?”

“Uh…. Mulder….shit… yes!”

“Definitely the right place.” The taller man said answering his own question. His eyes glanced upwards. “Not bad. She sounds quite flexible.”

“Let’s get what we came for and go. We don’t have much time.” The shorter man was all work and didn’t have patience for such nonsense. The men scurried about sifting through drawers and papers, taking pictures with their phones of documents and files. And as they searched the sounds from upstairs continued. “Oh…oh…OH.” “Oh…. yeah.” “That’s it…yes…Jesus Mulder.” And on it went. Over an hour later and the guys had the place completely covered. “Have you found it yet?” The shorter man was ready to go. The sounds echoing through the house to him were like nails on a chalkboard.
“No, but I believe some of these printouts must be part of it.” The tall guy looked up at the ceiling. “How long could they possibly go at it?” A high-pitch scream and a roaring grunt muffled from above. “I think they’re about done. We need to get the fuck out of here.”

The cabin went quiet and the men froze as they heard footsteps and creaking floorboards. “Are they on their way down?” The tall guy whispered. The shorter man put his finger to his lips. The springs from a mattress squeaked and they heard. “Mmmm…..” “Oh…..” “Uh…..uh…uh…..”

The shorter man took off his ball cap and scratched his head. “Now this is fucking ridiculous.”

“Scully yes…. Yes...Oh Scully...yes….”

“Did you hear that? I heard Scully. He calls her Scully. I knew it. After all these years I win the bet.” The taller man beamed.

“Are you kidding me? We need to find this thing and get the fuck out. Stop worrying about them!”

When Mulder finally did emerge the two men were caught standing in the living room. One hunched over a desk taking pictures and the other rifling through the closet. Mulder had strolled down into the kitchen through the back stairs and when he rounded the corner he was whistling, clad only in boxers, a spoon in one hand and a bowl in another, his mouth full of cereal, all smiles. The smile turned to shock at the site and he dropped the bowl spilling milk and cereal over the hardwood floor. He lunged for his gun.

Scully shut the water off to the shower and grabbed a towel. She thought to herself that maybe today would be a good day to for a picnic at the nearby waterfall. Walking into the bedroom she froze when she heard what sounded like shots being fired in the house. “Mulder!?!” she yelled, but he did not answer. There was banging and the sound of furniture crashing and then another shot. Scully quickly pulled a gun out of the bag in the closet, threw on a top and shorts and made her way down the stairs.

There was one man already dead and bleeding out, at the bottom of the landing. Through the bars she could see Mulder and another man in a standoff both with guns cocked. “Scully, go back upstairs, I got this.”

“Give me the chip and I’ll…..” The man slumped on the floor before completing his sentence. A clump of brains hit the back wall. Scully’s bullet had pierced his cranium. “Mulder, are you alright?”

“You realize you could have gotten me killed.”

“I wasn’t going to miss. Were you shot?”

“No, just a little bruised.”

Scully walked over to him and ran her hand through his hair to exam his scalp and with a quick once over it appeared he had no severe injuries. She did notice that he was definitely seeing benefits from his new ab routine. “Let me get you some ice for your shoulder. What did they want?”

“I don’t know.” Mulder said as he searched the pockets of the two now dead bodies. “I wasn’t exactly in a position to give an interview.” He walked over to the desk drawer, got out a pair of Scully’s latex gloves, and put them on. After observing the bullet holes Mulder concluded, “Judging from the blood and the lack of a pulse, I’d say they are of the everyday run of the mill human variety. From the pictures on their phone it looks like they were after the information on the artifact. There are some pictures of the carvings off of the ship and they were looking through your notes on magnetite. If I didn’t know any better I’d say they worked for ol’ Smokey. They have no ID’s and
look..” He pressed the fingers into a blank sheet of paper using their blood as ink and lifted the paper to show Scully. “No prints.” Mulder walked over to the closet and put on a t-shirt. “Let’s keep this incident between us for now. Go to the lab. I’ll stay back and clean up the mess. Tonight I’m going exploring in Jeff’s office.”

“How are you disposing the bodies?”

“The river where the police can find them or I could just leave them with the trash.” Mulder, still with no pants on walked upstairs to get dressed.

Laboratory 9:37 P.M.

Mulder set down an artificially sweetened black coffee next to Scully’s computer.

“Thank you.” She had a grateful smile, but tired eyes.

“Are you making progress?”

“No and we’ve been at this for months now.” She put down her pen and rubbed her eyes. “To get a solution that is clear, odorless, and has no aftertaste is as hard as it seems. Not to mention we have no proof of the concentration needed to actually destroy one of these things. I believe Jeffrey and his team are making a huge leap of faith.” Mulder brushed her cheek and grinned. “You’re so beautiful when you’re preventing mankind’s extinction.”

“I did give Jeffrey the information on the Huecha indian. By analyzing their blood and DNA we can develop an antiviral to the black oil. One that can be mass produced.”

Mulder looked around noticing the offices all locked up with their lights off. “Has everyone left for the night?”

“As far as I know. The few that are here are on guard duty until morning.”

Mulder made his way down the darkened hallway until he came to Jeffrey’s office. He took out his skeleton key and went to work. A beam of light startled him, but the illumination was only Scully. She handed him a flashlight. After a few tries he took out of his pocket what looked close to an aluminum credit card and stuck it between the strike plate and the latch. With a quick pull the door gave free. Jeffrey’s office was immaculate. Files and books neatly put away equipped with tabs and labels. Their lights refracted and bounced. Crossing paths and revealing others. Mulder closed the file drawer, “I’m starting to wonder who is financing this operation. Look at this..”Mulder took the papers from the file drawers and spread them out on the desk for Scully’s examination. “These are manifests from cargo ships and truck invoices. Looks like most of the equipment is out of Germany.”

“Mulder look. There’s a package here with an address of a biotech company in Tunisia. The name is Strughold. Why does that name sound familiar?”

“West Virginia Scully. Where all the files were kept, including yours. It was like a storage locker for the shadow government. Is it possible some of them survived?”

“Is Jeffrey working for someone that’s still alive? Maybe the rebels didn’t get everyone like they thought? Are they continuing the project?”

“It’s possible Jeffrey’s connections aren’t as clean as Jeffrey thinks they are.”

“Mulder, you recall the proposal S.R. 819? The nanobots they injected Skinner with? Could all this
“Scully, the man we encountered in Dr. Orgell’s home those years ago was a Tunisian diplomat…. There’s a connection here. I just don’t know what.”

“Mulder, what if this is part of the tests to create a way to kill the black oil virus. Injecting people with nanotechnology to create antibodies to kill the black oil. Maybe those experiments were conducted in Tunisia? Using the same technology that the spaceships used to repair itself?”

“If that is what’s going on then how is that related if at all to the supersoldiers?….. Let’s head back to the cabin. We will say our goodbyes to Jeffrey and head out.”

“Where?”

“I want to hear what your brother knows. What have they told him? How is the military involved without any supersoldiers knowing? Something is not adding up.”

The next day Mulder went back to visit Jeffrey. Jeffrey was in his office typing at his computer. He looked up.

“Mulder, what can I do for you?”

“Last night Scully and I had a long conversation and she admitted that she is really homesick. She’s been without her family for a while now. If there’s a chance she could visit her brother, I believe it would make her feel a lot better. Is there a way for us to contact him?”

“Right now he’s on an Air Force base on the outskirts of San Francisco. I wouldn’t suggest taking the risk to get on the base, but he may be able to meet you. I could try to arrange it. It will be a shame to see you go. We have so much more work to do.”

“Scully will leave all her notes with your scientists. I believe it will be enough to get you what you need. I’m hoping to circle back around after the visit…. Jeffrey, there is something troubling me… if supersoldiers are part nanobots or have some type of biotech, couldn’t they be destroyed with simple electromagnetic pulsing? At the very least the part that contains their rejuvenating powers?”

“We don’t have a full understanding, but this technology doesn’t hold using our simple scientific knowledge. For practical application, the answer is no. I truly believe that artifact contains our answer and with the vaccine for the black oil we can create thanks to Scully. It means that due to all your work and delivering us this information, you are the ones that will allow the salvation of our planet.” Jeffrey got up from behind his desk and walked towards Mulder. “I’d like to show you something you may appreciate. It’s about a mile from the compound.”

Jeffrey and Mulder drove the motorcycles to another building built entirely underground. Once inside Jeffrey took him through a series of tunnels to a door that appeared to be made of steel with a small clear metal area for viewing. When Mulder peeked inside the room there was a man cuffed to chains fastened with an elaborate pulley system.

“What am I looking at Jeffrey?”

“That, is a supersoldier. The metals used are a magnesium titanium alloy. The entire room is build in it. It is bendable like aluminum, but stronger than any steel. The chains contain tungsten. Using these metals we can keep him like this. We haven’t figured out an exact way to subdue him for study.”

“How were you able to catch him?”
Jeffrey pressed a button and a creature that looked like it should have been in the movie *Alien* appeared. He took one look at the supersoldier and what followed was the most gruesome sight Mulder never wanted to see. It looked like if Dexter was a creature from Jurassic Park. When it was finished with it’s mutilation, it walked over to the corner of the room and spit something into a trap. The trap closed. A door opened and the alien walked back inside.

“Jeff, what have you done?”

“That my good brother, is an alien.”

“What did he spit into the box?”

“The main vertebrae. We’ll take that and expose it to the magnetite. It will soon be pulverized to useless grains of sand completely inactive.”

“Jeffrey where did you get this creature. If I recall, that is only a baby.”

“I hatched it using the black oil from a meteor rock we uncovered in Redrock canyon in California.”

“How did you contain it? How did you prevent infection?”

“We communicated with it using the information in the artifact. The containment units we had built a while ago.”

“These aliens, they hatch from hosts. How did you grow it without a host?”

“Oh, we had a host. We have clones we found in storage from what our shadow government left behind.”

“Jeffrey, these are still people.”

“Hybrids. Beings that were never meant to be. Created not by God, but by monsters.”

“I think we’re crossing a line here.”

“I’m not creating hybrids, I’m not experimenting on people, I’m destroying what should have never been created in the first place.”

“What about these aliens?”

“They serve a singular purpose. Destroy the supersoldiers.”

“And what if you can’t control them?”

“We’ve spared no expense.”

“Jeffrey what have you done? What if they get out of control, what then?”

“We’ve prepared.”

“I hope you know what you’re doing Jeffrey because I won’t be part of any of this.”

“Mulder, relax. I’m not crazy. I have my concerns, same as you. That’s why I won’t unleash anything unless we are sure we can contain it.”
Chapter Summary

Is Jeffrey Spender’s hatred for his father turning him into his father? Will they be able to defeat the Supersoldiers or will they make them more powerful? Are the rebels really their allies or do they have a separate agenda? Those questions and more will be answered soon, but for now we're headed to sunny Southern California....

Out on the horizon the sun began to set into the cobalt blue Pacific, leaving a trail of oranges and yellows, with layers of green fading into a clear blue sky.

It had been a day of playing in the ocean and lying on the sand, burgers and ice cream included. The sun was only a couple hours away from disappearing, but that didn’t stop Scully from worrying about melanoma.

“You’re really taking your time rubbing in that suntan lotion Scully. Not that I mind....”

Scully squirted some more in her hand, finished with his back and down the front of his chest, then turned to rub it into his face, starting with his nose swiping his cheeks, then covered his forehead. She looked at him admiringly as she did it, running her hands around his ears and his chin. “I don’t want you prematurely aging on me.”

“Yeah, I did that once, it wasn’t pretty.” He smiled and she kissed him, lingering on his plump full lips. She pulled at the bottom one, sucking it gently. The heels of his palms dug deeper into the hot grains of sand failing to lessen the excitement of what she was doing. Her body was so close he could feel it’s heat with only the thin fabric of her bikini covering so little skin. He tried his best not to notice the sight of her cleavage or the outline of her protruding nipples he had come to know so well. While she would not have given any resistance to his advances, they were not alone. The hot fall day of Southern California had attracted a number of people who wished to replay their summer days. As they kissed, her warm soft tongue explored the inside of his mouth, her fingers tugging gently at the back of his hair. With all his might he fought against her temptation, but eventually she won him over and he moaned into her mouth from the severe reaction his body had to her. She sat back smiling, knowing full well what she had done to him. After a minute she stood up and he watched as she headed down to the ocean walking with a sensual gait accentuating the curvature of her hips. The picture imprinted into his memory writing over a darker time like the hard drive of a computer. Last night he was awakened by a nightmare of an alien ripping apart another alien in human skin. Jeffrey’s sinister face in the background. He wasn’t certain what actions Jeffrey was preparing for and he knew they would soon return to find out. There was only one thing that settled his brain when it went into this state and she was currently walking away from him cooling herself in the ocean. She was the only one who could take him away from their dark realities and his fantastical perversions.

When she returned she picked up her towel to dry herself off. “It’s almost time.”

“You sure you want to do this?”
“I don’t see how we have much choice. Those two at the cabin were just the beginning. We need a place we can lay low for a while. A place I know we’ll be safe.”

“To Bill’s house it is then.” Mulder said as he began packing up. “I will be on my best behavior.” He reassured her.

“Yeah…. That’s what I’m afraid of.”

They were in the car on the way to the base, but Mulder was considering taking a detour. “Scully, you look really good today,” he mused as his right hand softly caressed her knee.

“I’m trying to decide whether that’s a compliment or not.” Scully replied putting on her sunglasses and lowering the visor. They were driving directly into the setting sun and it was blinding.

“California seems to wear well on you,” He countered as his fingers played with the edge of her shorts, leaning over so his lips could dance along her neck.

“Mulder, I am driving,” Scully protested, but her head tilted exposing more of her neck to him.

“When I’m driving the car it never seems to stop you.” His tongue had now made it’s way to her ear as his hand settled between her thighs. He didn’t want to go to Bill’s and he didn’t want to stop. He wanted to find a motel room and take those pesky clothes off of her.

“Mulder, we’re almost at Bill’s house and I will crash this car.”

Mulder flopped back into his seat and adjusted his seat belt. “You shouldn’t have worn that bikini today.”

“Are you sure it was my bikini or the bikinis with the 20 year old's in them?” Scully glanced out of the corner of her eyes at him.

“I didn’t see you looking the other way when Denzel, Brad Pitt, and Russell Crowe walked by.”

“And that’s the trio you believe I find attractive?” Scully was having fun messing with his brain.

“You’re changing the subject.”

“And you’re deflecting.”

“Scully, I’m sure Bill has prepared a whole new list of things to hate me for so perhaps we could fight later?”

Scully pulled up to the entrance and gave the IDs of their current alias’ and the gates opened allowing them onto the base. She had called ahead borrowing the phone at the burger joint so Bill had left their names at the gate. Even with the advanced preparation, her pulse quickened as the guard checked his clipboard.

When they pulled up to Bill’s house he wasn’t outside to greet them so they gave the door a knock. While they waited on his porch they stared at each other in silence. Despite her lathers of lotion, Mulder had taken on a bronze tan that was stirring her insides. He bore a model’s stance with his short new haircut and “Fuck Me” eyes. It was so much worse knowing what was underneath his clothes waiting for her. If Bill didn’t open the door soon, she was ready to head back to the beach where she could be hidden in the dunes of the sand lying on top of him…..

Pictures of Scully in her bikini were running through Mulder’s mind. The way she had kissed him on
the beach, their last marathon encounter at the cabin. Mulder’s breath slowed the longer they stared, his eyes dilated and it stirred Scully’s heart, his lips parted and a heat stirred low in her belly, their chests rising and falling in unison. Very sweetly the words, “Oh Mulder” escaped from her lips as Scully slid her arms around Mulder’s neck and their lips crashed together, his hands at her back lifting her up to him, hers grasping the hair at the base of his head. Scully fell back up against the house as Mulder’s tongue breached her lips, his hands sliding down to her ass pulling her up as he pressed his body into hers. Just then the door opened and Bill rolled his eyes at the sight as his face soured.

“Should I come back? It is my porch. It would help if you stopped leaning on the doorbell.” Taken by surprise, they pulled away abruptly with their heads down, Mulder scrunched up his nose and scratched the back of his head as he looked away.

Scully was a bright red. “Sorry Bill, we… um… we were just.”

“Right. Why don’t you come in. The kids are out back and my wife’s in the kitchen. She figured you might be hungry…”

Scully pecked Bill on the cheek as she walked in and Mulder held out his hand as he entered, but Bill simply nodded ignoring the gesture. Once inside they were greeted warmly by Tara and the kids. Tara had made some chicken salad with coleslaw and potato salad. There were also some hot dogs off the grill. The meal consisted mostly of the clanking of forks against dishes and Mulder attempting to smile with a mouthful of food while Bill grimaced back. The kids took up most of the conversation catching Scully up on the latest gossip in the school yard and their baseball stats.

Once everyone was finished an awkward silence remained. Tara rose to collect the dishes. “Dana, would you like to help me in the kitchen? I want to show you my new dishwasher.”

Scully nodded and got up from her chair meeting her eyes with Mulder’s to make sure he was okay being left alone. He shrugged his shoulders and asked Bill about his retirement plans.

As soon as they reached the kitchen, Tara fired off her questions. “Is it true that Mulder was convicted of murder of a military officer? That you’re… on the run?”

“He was convicted, but the man they accused him of killing was the same man that went after us once he escaped. Mulder didn’t kill anyone. That’s why we ran. Have you spoken to my mother?”

“Yes, she told us everything. It was all so hard to believe. That they could charge Mulder with such a heinous crime. It must be difficult running from place to place looking over your shoulder. I’m not certain I’d be able to handle that kind of life.”

I bet she didn’t tell you everything Scully thought to herself and wondered what her mother did say. “It’s not as bad as you think it would be. It’s like being on the vacation that doesn’t end or in my case, it’s like I’m still employed only now I have to pay for the hotels. You said you spoke with my mother?”

“Yes, Dana, why don’t I call her. I know she wants to hear from you.”

Back in the dining room the conversation had quickly taken a wrong turn down a dark alley.

“Let’s make no mistake about it. The only reason I’m letting you stay here is because of Dana.” Bill and Mulder were both standing and Bill’s finger was two inches from Mulder’s face. “Because of you, my sister was forced to give up her only child, give up her family, her career. Where were you through her pregnancy, when she gave William up for adoption, where were you? When you finally
do show up you’re convicted of murder and you drag her into that too? Do you give a shit about my sister at all?”

“I love her.” Mulder replied standing his ground.

“Oh, sure, you love her and she loves you, but what about what’s best for her?” Bill’s nose was now an inch from Mulder’s and he was berating him like a drill sergeant. Mulder was waiting for him to demand pushups.

“I am what’s best for her..” Mulder stated without flinching, but Bill’s argument was convincing.

“I know my sister and you’re not even close.”

Scully and Tara were still in the kitchen on the phone with Maggie. Tears fell from Scully’s eyes as she said her “I love yous” and “goodbyes”. It was tearing her apart to be away from her mother like this. They were so close and had been through so much together. She was drying her eyes when she heard Bill begin to shout. Tara and Scully exchanged looks and hurried out of the kitchen.

“She had a child out of wedlock because of you….! I was glad when I was told you had run off on her. Why can’t you just leave her be and just go crawl in a hole somewhere! I had you pegged the minute I met you. You’re a sorry son of a bitch!” Mulder was taking what Bill was dishing out and Bill was practically spitting in his face. Bill didn’t understand the whole story, but Mulder had no will to fight him.

“Bill, that’s enough.” Scully said getting between them. “I am grateful for your concerns, but I am way past a little girl that needs your protection. I’ve been taking care of myself for a long time now.”

Bill now turned his attention on Scully. “You’ve done a bang up job Dana. You’ve been reduced to a fugitive on the run. You’ve walked away from your career, your family, even your own son and for what? A criminal that’s going to run off and leave you again? Can you even call him a man?”

Whap! ….Scully slapped Bill so hard it stung the palm of her hand. “You took it too far Bill. What I do or who I’m with is none of your damn business.” Not wanting to get in the middle, Tara walked into the backyard to check on the kids which were thankfully playing on their swingset.

“It is my business Dana. He was my nephew. One I never even got to meet. I come back from Germany and you had given birth and he was gone.” Bill pointed towards Mulder who was stunned at the handprint currently swelling Bill’s reddened cheek. “He’s not going to marry you…. You don’t even call each other by your first names….You’ll never own a home… have a life..”

Scully was tearing up again. “I have a life… a good one… It’s not one you might understand, but I’m in love with him Bill and we take care of each other. Everything that has happened to me is not his fault. They were my choices. He has always stood by me and been a great comfort. We would give up our lives to protect each other.”

Bill rubbed his bruised cheek. “What do you want Dana? Why did you come here?”

Scully didn’t want to fight with her brother. She knew part of his reaction was because he didn’t know everything that happened or the reasoning behind why choices were made. It really hurt that anyone in her family could think badly of Mulder. Right now her sole priority was to protect him and part of that was keeping the peace with Bill. If he understood that there were other dangers besides the government, maybe he would lighten up on Mulder. “Someone other than the military is tracking us Bill. We need a place to hide for a little while.”

Bill saw the tears in her eyes and it was turning his bloodshot. He took a deep breath to calm himself
and lowered his voice changing his tone. “I’m not saying these things to upset you. I guess I got carried away. Dana you are more than welcome to stay here. If I’m upset it’s only because I’m worried about you. I love you you know.”

“I know Bill. I love you too.” Scully covered the welt on his cheek with her hand. “It was wrong of me to do that”

He gave her a hug. “You definitely have dad’s fighting temper.”

Scully pulled back and yawned. All of her energy seemed to have been sucked out of her. As bad as Bill’s rant had been she knew Mulder was use to it. At least she didn’t have to worry about any repercussions. Exhaustion was setting in fast. Now that Bill had calmed down she wanted a hot shower and to fall asleep in Mulder’s arms. “It’s been a long day. I think it’s best we get some sleep and start again in the morning.”

Bill nodded in agreement. “I’ll help Mulder with the bags. You can sleep in the room at the top of the stairs. The boys are sleeping in the same room tonight so Mulder can take the guest room next to the kitchen.”

“You want us to sleep in separate rooms?” This day was full of wonderful surprises.

“You’re not married Dana. I don’t think it sets a good example for the kids.”

Scully threw up her hands. “Whatever Bill. I’m tired. I’m going to take a shower.”

Around midnight a light rap was heard on the door where Mulder slept. The door slowly creaked opened and Scully slipped inside. Gently she closed the door, twisting the knob carefully as not to make a sound. She stood and stared at him. He was sleeping peacefully, although there seemed to have been a previous war with the sheets. The look on his face suggested his dreams might be pleasant ones. When his eyes opened, there was a smile in them that made her glad she had snuck in. He lifted the sheet and she slid into his arms. “Aren’t you afraid you’ll get in trouble?” he asked sarcastically.

“Bill is ridiculous.” Her leg wrapped around his thigh and her hand slid along his chest to feel his heartbeat. “I’m not spending the night away from you just because my brother says so.”

Mulder’s hand bunched the hair at the back of her head as his fingers tangled within the strands. A devilish grin flashed across his face. “I love how much you love me.” He leaned in and gave her a soft kiss. A night without him would have been foolish.

“Mulder I want to apologize about the way my brother treated you today. The things he said were uncalled for and unfounded. You know how protective he is and being the only sister he has left..”

“Shhh. Your brother had some pent up issues that he needed to get out. He said what he had to say. It’s over.”

She was so glad. The last thing she wanted to do was talk. The beach, the car ride, and that kiss on the front porch, the way they had attacked each other had never left her mind. Scully kissed him again, her tongue longingly glided past his lips. She rolled back and his body covered hers. The weight of his frame pinned her to the bed and her body liquefied. Heat swelled from deep within her and a passing thought swept through her brain. All these years she had the foolish notion that she was attracted to men. What she knew of attraction wasn’t much more than simple appreciation for the physical form or to the characteristics of a man that appealed to her emotions or senses. The attraction she had for Mulder was much more, closer to a pull, a force like gravity or electromagnetism. Like a
strong nuclear interaction, holding protons and neutrons together, holding quarks together inside those protons and neutrons and just like them, their force could not be felt outside of the nucleus, outside of each other. Their force as well as their shared experiences, drew them together, and when apart caused a painful need to unite.

When he broke the kiss, they were both panting, gasping for air. He pulled his shirt over his head and removed his boxerbriefs. His eyes not daring to leave her own, he captured her mouth again. Scully’s hands roamed over the newly exposed warm skin. She longed to feel their physical connection. She was irreversibly attracted to Mulder. His kind heart and quick smart wit. His arrogant stubborn commanding ways. And she loved every minute, every ounce of him. Unknowingly, she had been searching for him, for them, her whole life. “Touch me” She whispered.

He removed her clothing and his lips cascaded down her body. When she felt his nose nuzzling her thigh and his tongue grazing she whispered a protest. “Mulder, no...you can’t. The kids are upstairs... Mu...” She didn’t know what he was doing with his lips and his tongue to make her feel so much, but it was sensory overload. And his hands, his wonderful glorious hands. The sensations coming to her in easy waves. The control over her tender and complete. She glanced down and a moan escaped at the sight and he laughed as he looked up to meet her eyes, his mouth vibrating against her. He put his finger up to his lips to silence her, then his eyes slid closed and he continued. The look on his face was filled with so much love. With her hands through his hair she felt his emotions penetrating her heart driving her wild.

A few minutes later and she was sliding her arms around him pulling him up to face her. His lips slid along her jawline to suck at her earlobe. Scully shivered and grasped at his back. He had her body in flames. Sliding her hand between them, she reached down and wrapped her fingers around him. He gasped against her neck, his body jolting at her touch. As his body lifted she pulled up her knees and straddled him against her center. She was so ready it only took one stroke for the whole world to fall away.

He kissed her deeply, while his muscles bunched under her palms, thrusting into her hard and fast. It was all she could do to keep up with his furious pace as her heels dug deep into the mattress attempting to absorb all these feelings without a sound.

Scully writhed underneath him and Mulder slowed. The sudden change in tempo almost sending her over the edge. When he moved slowly like that she could feel him, feel how much of her was taken up by him, and it was terrifyingly welcomed. Agonizingly exciting.

On the outside she was able to remain silent, but she was screaming inside. How do you love one person with so much of you? Feelings she only ever had with him began to build layered with normal sexual response. And then he stilled again. Was he trying to drive her insane? Maybe the fear of his own verbal explosions were holding him at bay? His body fell softly to one side and she went with him. Remaining inside her they rolled until she was on top. Finally, she could drive. She broke the kiss so she could sit back and watch him as she rode him. His expressions intense and beautiful. She loved the way he loved her. With more unabated passion than he had ever held for any x-file. Like she was the answer he had been waiting for in the dark. The sole person to be there for him, to believe in him and for him to believe and trust in return.

Missing his heat, she laid her body back down against him, his lips there to greet hers. In this position she could feel him grating along her sensitive nerves. His right hand rested at her hip though he didn’t attempt to take over. He wanted to go at her pace. Her hips naturally rotated to match his tongue swirling inside her mouth. Out of breath, she buried herself by his ear and let out the softest of sounds. He squeezed her hand tight and she found her rhythm, sliding up and down until her body went rigid and pleasure coursed through her veins. He remained hard inside her as her feelings
waned.

Sitting up the sensation of him still so hard and deep inside her made it difficult to remain silent. A glow warmed her body. He was staring at her with a goofy grin making her feel almost embarrassed. He lifted his hips thrusting upwards into her and the invasive shock of pleasure had her almost coming again. When her eyes finally opened he thrusted again slamming them back shut. The pleasure intense. He was toying with her, but it was a game two could play. She squeezed him back and this time the smile appeared on her face as his mouth formed an O. His eyes were locked on hers burning with anticipation as he grabbed her hips and froze. He was waiting for permission. She covered his hands and lifted with her bent legs, sliding along his length. Her fatigued muscles ached along with her insides.

He took hold of her hips and helped her along, with each downstroke he was there lifting her back up as she rebounded against his pelvis. Quickly the tremors tightened inside her. Their eyes remaining fixated on the other. His jaw strained and he came with only the sound of his ragged breath, but inside her she could feel his severe pulsing and vibrating as his heat flooded into her. As if by design, her body shattered around him and collapsed onto his chest. His arms slid up around her and held her against his heartbeat, his face buried in her hair. “I’m very greedy Scully. I want you with me all night, but you need to go back upstairs. We should respect your brother’s wishes about his children.”

“I will. When I find my sea legs.” She leaned her chin on his chest to look at him. “I love you Mulder.”

“I know Scully,” Mulder said as he placed his arm behind his head and craned his neck to kiss her. Laying back down he stared at the ceiling and caressed her. “Your brother finds it odd that we still call each other by our last names.”

Out of all the things that had spewed out of her brother’s mouth yesterday she found it interesting that was what stuck with him. She wasn’t sure how to answer him. “Maybe it doesn’t seem affectionate enough for two people that are... what we are.”

“Would you rather I call you Dana?”

She wanted to ask him what was with the sudden revelation. Almost ten years after their conversation over her lack of iced tea in a rank car stalking the liver eating mutant and countless intimate acts and it took her brother for him to decide to broach the subject again. Instead of answering she asked, “Would you rather I call you Fox?”

“I don’t know. It would sound weird now I think. Besides, I like the way you say Mulder.” He flashed his perfectly imperfect pearly whites at her and in a much higher octave gave his worst imitation. “Oh Mulder yes, oh don’t stop Mulder, Oh Mulder you’re the best, Mulder you’re so big” Scully flushed hot red. It was more than embarrassing for him to repeat back to her things that meant so much more at the time. “I don’t think I’ve ever said those last two.”

“You didn’t? Are you sure?” He squinted at her doubtingly, craning his neck again. “Ah yes, but you thought it.”

She shrugged into his chest. “You might have me there. If you don’t like Fox, how come you never just went by William... or Billy or Mack or Buddy…”

“Never thought about it. Too concerned with aliens taking over the planet.” He rubbed her back again.
She slid up besides him so she could face him and run her fingers over his stubble. God, he had a
ew glow to his bronze skin that made him look even hotter than before. “I like Scully. Has a certain
ring to it when you say it. It no longer sounds like my last name. The way you say it, it’s like I’m the
only woman in the world. It’s really become your pet name for me.” She thought to herself: I will be
Scully just as you will always be Mulder. It was he who had renamed her, giving her his own
identity. She was his and she knew he defined her best. Their names more intimate and meaningful
than any baby talk or high pitched utterances of honey or sweety. Everything they needed to know
from the other was in the sound of their name. “…and I don’t ever want you to change it.” She kissed
his swollen lips and he rolled on top of her.

Scully didn’t leave Mulder’s side until after 4 A.M. As she crept back up to her assigned room. Bill
was at the top of the stairs to greet her shaking his head. “You love him that much.”

“I do Bill. Goodnight.” She said shortly as she brushed by him.

That morning Bill left the house early. After breakfast Mulder headed out for supplies and Scully
helped Tara get the kids ready for school and clean the house. The day went by calmly enough. Bill
returned home to find Mulder in the backyard playing with the kids and the women setting up for
dinner. After dinner Bill called Scully into his study and closed the door.

Bill took a seat behind his desk and Scully sat opposite him in one of the two leather chairs crossing
her legs. “I was able to inquire about you Dana. My commander viewed your file. It’s clean.”

“What do you mean it’s clean?” Scully sat up straight.

“There are no active warrants for your arrest, no formal reprimands in you file.” Bill smiled. “There
were never any formal charges filed against you, there’s nothing in the system.”

“How?”

“That’s the only information he gave me.”

“What about Mulder?”

“He wasn’t as lucky. Before you ask… there’s nothing I can do. I can’t help him.”

Scully paused. “Well, I guess there’s nothing left to talk about. Thank you for looking into it for
me…..Bill, I told you that the reason we came was to hide, but the truth is… I think it was because I
wanted to see you. It was nice to be around family again. Now that we have though, it’s time for us
to get back on the road. Someone is going to find out you inquired and trace it back…”

“Dana you are welcomed to stay. I lost my temper yesterday and I probably shouldn’t have. Don’t
leave because of that.”

“I’m not. I can’t take the risk of Mulder being caught. They’ll kill him. You know that as well as I
do.”

“Tara and the kids will be upset to see you go. So will I.” He walked around the desk and gave her a
hug.

Bill walked into the living room to see Mulder pulling a quarter out of his son’s ear. He cleared his
throat and addressed Mulder. “You think maybe you and I could talk?”

They walked into his office and shut the door. “I inquired into Dana’s file.”
“And?”

“It’s flawless. She could go back tomorrow and they would greet her with open arms. That’s why I asked you in here. To appeal to your sense of decency.”

Mulder shook his head. “I’ve given her many chances to bail. She’s choosing to stay with me. It’s what she wants.”

“You told me you love her. If you love her then go. Leave her here.”

“That is not my choice. Bill, there’s a lot that’s happened between myself and Scully and it goes beyond what you know. This is not just about our feelings for each other.”

Bill in one swift move made his way across the room and pinned Mulder against the wall. With his forearm pressed against Mulder’s throat he was almost lifting Mulder in the air. Mulder tried to struggle, but Bill only pinned him tighter using his legs as leverage. Mulder turned his head and Bill growled in his ear. “Look, maybe I’m not making myself clear. You do it or you force my hand. Either way, you leave tonight.” He released him and Mulder fled the office.

Scully saw Mulder in the living room walking towards her holding his throat. “Mulder, why is your face so red? What happened?”

“Your brother. It’s time to leave.”

Scully barged into Bill’s office only to find him hanging up the phone.

Scully stared at him in shock. “Bill, you didn’t.”

“It’s for your own good Dana. It might not make sense now, but it will.”

“How dare you! How dare you meddle in my life!” Scully was furious.

“Me? You bring a convicted murderer into my home, into my family’s life...harboring a fugitive is not good on retirement benefits.”

“Have it your way Bill...but you need to accept that Mulder is a part of my life. It goes beyond licenses and vows.. something only he and I know. Accept it Bill. Accept us.”

Bill looked Scully dead in the eyes and leaned his hands on his desk. “You better go then. You won’t have much of a head start.”

Scully sprinted from his office, took the stairs two at a time heading straight for Bill’s bedroom. Bill was still shouting from the first floor. “You’re throwing your life away Dana.”

Scully tore into Bill’s closet and grabbed an old pair of fatigues. As she turned Mulder was behind her. She handed him the fatigues. “Mulder, they’re coming for you. You need to run. Put these on and go. Now! I’ll get our stuff and I will find you.”

Mulder took the clothes and hopped out the back window as a knock came at the front door.

Bill opened it and spoke to the two Naval officers. After they left Scully turned to Bill. “Was this all a setup from the start? Did you get us here just to turn him in? What did you tell them Bill?”

“I told them that after I got off the phone with them he was already gone. They didn’t even ask about you. He’s never going to make it off the base.”
“Then why give him the time to escape?”

“I didn’t do it to help him. I didn’t want them causing a scene in front of the children and I didn’t want them implicating you. I’m doing it all for you, why can’t you see that?”

“I don’t have time to sit here and argue with you Bill. I need to go find Mulder.”
Charlie

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

When we last left Scully she was out looking for Mulder. Bill had reported him and he was forced to flee. I guess visiting her brother Bill wasn't all that great of an idea. If Scully seemed a little too much like she was reverting to childhood, I meant for her to a little. I think Bill has tried to take on the father figure for her and she fights against it, but at the same time appreciates how much he cares. He has good intentions, but he seems to bring out the ugliness just a little too easily. Trying to explain MSR to Bill is a waist of time, but them stating they love each other to him, the word love falls flat. Hell, I'm still having trouble describing it and I've got 60 chapters and 300 and something pages of words already.

Scully packed up their bags and said her goodbyes. Tara hugged Scully tight sliding a folded note into her pocket. She whispered, “Bill doesn’t know I’m giving this to you.” Scully nodded and replied. “Call my mother. Tell her to contact Assistant Director Walter Skinner in the FBI. She has the number. She needs to tell him to contact me.” Tara agreed. Once everything was loaded, with a tight hug and kiss on the kids’ foreheads, Scully got into their latest vehicle, turned on the headlights to illuminate the night, and prayed she could find Mulder. The base was huge and he could be anywhere. Sliding into Mulder’s thoughts, she decided he would be trying his best to make it off the base. She headed out and no one stopped her at the gate. Fear set in that she would be followed, but so far she detected no one. There were woods close to the base, but that would most likely be the first place they would look. The highway would also be too obvious. If she didn’t locate him by sunrise, they would surely get to him.

About a mile out she stopped in the gas station to fill up the tank. With the exception of the gas attendant, the place was deserted, but she still had a sinking feeling that she was being watched. Keeping an eye behind her, she walked inside the Quickmart, threw a twenty on the counter, and asked him to turn on pump 3. The stench of stale coffee and jerky penetrated her nostrils. The only sounds were from the refrigeration units down by the drink section and the squeaking of two year old hotdogs rolling themselves to a tantalizing dehydrated gray. Making her way to the drink aisle, she searched for something sweet and caffeinated. Jingling bells at the entrance made her heart jump. Through the mirrors she saw two dressed and armed military men approach the counter. She pretended to be busy in the snack aisle as she watched them chat with the man behind the register. The bright fluorescents overhead seemed to intensify as they buzzed and flickered, giving her the feeling of being under a spotlight. The man behind the counter shook his head as he spoke and pointed in her direction. Time slowed and her vision tunnelled. They glanced her way, but kept speaking. Her fists clenched as she felt her pulse pounding in her temple. Keeping her eyes on a bag of Funions, she went inside herself to calm down. To her happy place. It was Mulder’s arms, with her head resting on his chest, her heartbeat slowing to meet his. His lips removing all anxiety. There was slight shame acknowledging, even in secret, that her ultimate solace was with a man, another person and not herself. The man said something else to the attendant and then walked out. After counting for a minute, she paid for the bag of chips and a Coke and left. Outside she was once again alone. Lifting up the gas nozzle she took off the gas cap, selected the glowing 87 and pumped. The road ahead was eerily dark, the streetlights were out as if they were fooled into thinking it was day.
A breeze came and left goosebumps across her flesh. The pumped clicked off and Scully jumped. Without wasting time she returned the nozzle, replaced the cap and slid into the front seat. She reached for her seatbelt and adjusted the rearview mirror. And screamed. In the backseat smiling was Mulder looking irritatingly hot as ever in camouflage. “Mulder, you scared the crap out of me! How did you…”

“Not now, just drive.” Scully started the car and stepped on the gas. Mulder explained his adventure of being a stowaway in one of the cargo trucks to get off the base. When the truck stopped for a fillup he had hopped out and to his luck, as if by kismet, she pulled up shortly after. They continued south, heading to the address on Tara’s note. Eventually, they pulled off to a side road, put down the back seats and piled into the back to catch a few zzzzs. Like a dream meant to exist she woke up in her happy place, Mulder’s arms held her tight as she snuggled into his chest. Heavy legs were wrapped around her and the immense heat radiating off of him was slightly suffocating, but she was grateful for the night could have gone much differently. Mulder woke as he always did, reaching out for her and pulling her in closer. Every time, the knowledge of her body entwined with his brought a smile to his face. Scully had doubts about their destination. Was it wise for them to go hunt down Charlie? Most likely not, but now that Mulder was exposed, they might as well take their chances.

During breakfast, they purchased a newspaper and found a car for sale by owner. After a quick phone call and Mulder talking down the price, new plates, and IDs, they were on their way to the address Tara had given them. Borrowing a stranger’s cell phone, they contacted Charlie. He seemed overly cheery to hear from her and agreed to meet at a public park.

They met at a bench under an old oak tree. Charlie was all smiles and gave his sister a big hug holding out his hand to Mulder. After a few pleasantries about the wife and kids, Charlie’s face drew serious. “You’ve come looking for answers. About our new war.”

“Charlie, what is our military saying?” Scully asked not being able to hide her worry or fear of the answers. “Where are we fighting?”

“The base I’m located at is a closed military base. It is sanctioned by a group outside our government. No one is to ever know what goes on there. All aircraft travels at night. Only a chosen few in our government are aware of the existence. The war is fought in the stars now. Towards the constellation Cassiopeia.”

Mulder’s head was humming with questions. “They’ve equipped you with ships? But how are you traveling? Wormholes? How does time work? Can I see one of these things?”

Charlie grinned at Mulder’s enthusiasm. It was obvious he had missed them all spending time together. “Let’s see… Yes we have ships, we fold space and time, we travel where time slows, no.. not yet. Does that cover some of the questions?”

“No.” Mulder said flatly.

The entire conversation came across to Scully as surreal and suspect. “Charlie, have you seen evidence of their planet? Have you actually witnessed an alien?”

“Well…no.. and yes? There’s not one planet. These aliens have colonized several planets just as they plan to do with Earth. Some of the planets they have already colonized have a slave race that they sent to Earth to police the colonization here.”

Scully looked at Mulder. “The Bounty Hunters.”

“Then there are those planets who wish to rebel against it and stand and fight. Earth is choosing to
Scully’s face was turning pale. Was this all really happening and was her brother actually a part of this? “Do you really know who you are fighting Charlie? What’s actually going on?”

“We do as our commander orders. Whatever capacity that may be. I am still part of our government, I receive a government paycheck. As far as I know, the orders come from a satellite united nations government out of Tunisia.” Charlie watched as Mulder and Scully spoke to each other with their eyes. They seem to have lost their focus, but he knew how to reel them back in. He leaned in and his voice went just above a whisper. “In all your cases with the x-files, have you ever come across any instances of people traveling from alternative universes, other dimensions? Parallel universes?”

Scully again exchanged glances with Mulder as her eyes grew frightfully wide. She apparantly knew something. “Charlie?”

“I’m sorry, I don’t mean to frighten you. I’ve been given a fringe box. Now I know this will sound unbelievable to you, but if I believe what my friend has confided in me, it’s a way to reach alternate dimensions. With this box, we can access ourselves in all dimensions.”

Scully flicked out her tongue to caress her top life. Her hand reached out for Mulder’s arm as if to ground herself. “This doesn’t sound unbelievable as much as you’re the one telling me this. What are you going to do with it?”

“Imagine if you had access to all possible outcomes and you got to choose which one you wanted for your current timeline. The control you would have….”

It had been over a year since Mulder had a real x-files case and he was beginning to smell that familiar bouquet. His eyes got lighter and his whole face brightened. “And what about the butterfly effect? How do you account for that? You wouldn’t be able to duplicate an entire universe, only your section of it.”

Charlie shook his head. “No, but with the right computer programs, we could predict all variants.”

Now it was Scully’s turn to rapid fire questions. “How did you get your hands on this? How does it work? How many are out there?”

“Only one. I have a friend. A scientist. Her team developed it and to prevent it from going into military hands she stole it from the lab and ran. They found her body, but not the box. That was given to me.”

Scully looked over at Mulder, but she already knew where his head was at. “By your own theory, there should be more boxes.”

“Theoretically, but this is the only timeline which we have been able to locate one.” Charlie paused to watch a couple walk by. He looked over his shoulder and around the park before proceeding. “How did Tara get involved?” Charlie asked Scully.

“She told me you knew of a safe place where it would be difficult to be discovered. We have men that broke into our hotel room. They ransacked it looking for something they thought we had.”

“I know why they are following you. They believe I gave you the box. It would only make sense to give a fringe box to the ones in charge of the unexplained. Besides, what better place to hide than somewhere no one else can follow.”

“Who knows you have this box?” Scully was worried. It was obvious people would do more than
kill for this kind of revelation.

“No one knows for sure, but they have their suspicions.”

Mulder shot a question of his own. “You said she was found dead? How many times has she traveled?”

“Probably hundreds.”

“Is it possible to arrange an autopsy of the body?” Mulder gaged Scully’s reaction.

She wasn’t happy. “Mulder..”

That was an I’m going to kill you, I thought I retired from autopsies ‘Mulder’. He attempted an explanation.“If we decide to jump, I want to make sure it’s safe. We need to know the effects it has on the human body. I’m not into coming back as grains of sand or swiss cheese. We’ve come across enough anomalies to know there’s a price of admittance.”

Charlie chimed in. “I can arrange for an autopsy room. We can do it in the middle of the night. We can stash you inside the military vehicle and get you onto the base. First we need to hide your car somewhere safe.”

It was 2 A.M. in an autopsy room of a base that on paper was abandoned 50 years ago. The lighting was overly bright and the room looked very sanitary. There were large floodlights that casted shadows along the corners producing an artificial creepiness. Butterflies fluttered inside Scully’s chest as the table reminded her of those they had found inside darkened doors and train cars. In a fleeting thought she wondered how many alien autopsies took place in this room. Or worse, human experiments.

Scully shuttered and Mulder’s fingers put pressure inside the grooves around the base of her neck to relax her. “What are we looking at Scully?” His voice was deep and whimsical. A tone she had not heard in quite some time.

She stepped forward out of his grasp and stiffened. This was more like work again and it made her recreate the dividing line. Even now, Scully wasn’t prepared to bring her bedside manner into her work. “I haven’t found anything out of the ordinary. Glands seem to have been functioning properly... no abscesses, tumors or abnormal growths... brain function seemed to have been normal. Vital organs are intact and healthy. She was a perfectly normal human being. Maybe even slightly healthier than the average for her age group. She died of a gunshot wound.”

Mulder closed the space between them and spoke in low tones. “Are you ready to do this?”

Scully pulled away shaking her head. Forceps in one hand and a scalpel in the other. “No. This is crazy.”

Mulder looked over at the body. “This is quite a statement for science.”

Scully put the tools down and took off her gloves. “It’s a statement. For what I’m not so sure.”

There was a knock and they both looked towards the door as Charlie entered. “Have we yielded any results? Is traveling safe?”

Scully answered. “As far as this body is concerned.”

“So when is our trip?” Charlie was rubbing his hands together in excitement.
Scully’s face showed her worry once more. “I didn’t realize you were going. What about your family?”

“Time is so disproportionate when traveling they won’t know I’m gone.” Charlie looked at his watch and turned back to Scully. “Do you have any knowledge on how to activate this box?”

Scully looked at her brother incredulously. “You don’t know how to work it?”

Scully looked over to Mulder and noticed he had left the room. She could see him through the glass rummaging through the drawers and a crash bag. They were about to go on Mr. Toad’s Wild Ride without a guide and Mulder decided now was a good time to go hunt for Playboy magazines. If ever there was a time to be the voice of reason, she needed to take a stand.

Mulder walked back into the room and looked Scully in the eyes, “I guess that’s not a real doctor’s office. No Tootsie Pops.”

“Mulder, this is more than a bad idea. We’re testing physics and we don’t even have a qualified driver.”

Mulder looked at Charlie. “The Greatest American Hero’s costume didn’t come with instructions? Where do we go to get this thing to work?”

“We find a weakened area and that’s where you step through. There’s one in the forest where Sheryl would make all her journeys as she called them.”

Flashlights reflected off the dew of leaves as the three made their way into what was left of the night. The moon’s silver highlight floated above outshadowed by the dense forest. Charlie crouched down as he came to the spot in the woods with a marked tree. He flipped open the box which insides to Mulder, resembled the Delorean from Back to the Future.

Charlie was still crouched on the ground fiddling with the controls when Mulder came up behind him and punctured him in the neck with a lancet. Tiny droplets of green blood formed and congealed on the area. Within a second, Mulder had his gun pulled and pointed at the base of his skull, his knee was in his back holding him to the ground. Charlie gave out a warning, his voice much deeper now that his true identity was revealed. “Now Mulder you’re acting rash. I’m on your side and you know as well as I do that I’m much stronger than you are.”

“Who are you?!” Mulder yelled.

The alien continued ignoring Mulder’s question. “The power to cross into another dimension, another timeline is not something any planet that we are aware possesses. Truly a human discovery. This would ensure our destruction of the colonists.”

Mulder shook his head. “It is way too dangerous to be used as a weapon.”

Scully had drawn her gun as well as she screamed, “Did you kill my brother? Did you kill my brother!”

“No, he is still alive. I only morphed so I could get the box. We are on the same team.”

“That’s where you’re wrong.” Mulder replied as he squeezed the trigger and his bullet penetrated the alien’s skull. “Scully, run! Cover your face!”

Fake Charlie was green fizzing as his body disintegrated, his face still recognizable. The real Charlie emerged through the trees in a trot. “They’re coming… we have to…” and fainted as the man’s
bubbling, oozing face came into view.

Scully ran to his side. He came to in her arms as dancing lights glowed in the distance. Charlie looked at her quizzically. Scully didn’t wait for the question. “There’s no time to explain. How do we get this thing working?”

Charlie forced himself up and finished setting up the machine. Scully noticed the edges of her vision blur. Like everything was through a magnifying lens. Charlie brought her back. “Step through it. Now!” Mulder took the first step and turned. His body elongated and glowed with colors like a visible aura. He nodded his head and his eyes let her know it was okay to proceed. She held her breath as she stepped through.
Parallel Universe
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Mulder and Scully have entered layered space, the membrane between dimensions that holds in the matter and light of each universe. From there it is similar to a viewing portal. Part 1 of a 3 chapter story arc.

Parallel Universe - Red Hot Chili Peppers
Deep inside of a parallel universe
It's getting harder and harder
To tell what came first
Under water where thoughts can breathe Easily
Far away you were made in a sea
Just like me
Christ I'm a sidewinder
I'm a California king
I swear it's everywhere
It's everything
Staring straight up into the sky
Oh my my a solar system that fits
In your eye Microcosm
You could die but your never dead spider web
Take a look at the stars in
Your head fields of space kid
Christ I'm a sidewinder
I'm a California King
I swear it's everywhere
It's everything
Christ I’m a sidewinder
I'm a California King
I swear it's everywhere
It's everything
Psychic changes are born in your heart entertain
A nervous breakthrough that makes us the same
Bless your heart girl
Kill the pressure it's raining on
Salty cheeks
When you hear the beloved song
I am with you
Christ I'm a sidewinder
I'm a California King
I swear it's everywhere
It's everything

Once inside the portal, everything appeared the same, but darker. Like wearing a cheap pair of sunglasses. Scully looked over at Mulder who had returned to his previous shape. As he moved, trails of colors followed him. It reminded her of one of Chuck’s computer programs that captured auras and apparitions. Mulder was beautiful. Full of colors that she was not sure existed in the spectrum of the normal human eye. As she saw his thoughts change, so did the colors. It was as if everything she felt from him, their connection, was now a tangible rainbow. A streamer she could grab and feel. Scully turned to face her brother that had trails of his own, but not like the color wheel Mulder was projecting.

“Where are we?” Scully asked her brother. Her voice floating as if in a cloud above her head. She had never taken an acid trip, but she assumed this is what it would have been close to. Scully was not an expert on Quantum physics and her lack of knowledge was producing irrational fears. This is all explained by science she kept repeating.

“We’re in what you might refer to as layered space. A dimension existing in your current plane of reality, but one which almost none of us have access to. A sixth sense will develop, even a third eye of spiritual awareness as well if you stay here long enough.”

“Where are we headed?”

“In this “layered space”, you are able to travel long space distances in little time. A step may be equivalent to a kilometer. We can head back to my house. There’s a closet there with my name on it.”

“You’ll be leaving us? What if we never find our way out?”
“You’ll be fine as long as you use the navigation on the box. It will tell you where you are in relation to your home timeline. I’ll give you an example.”

He pointed on the map to where they left and where his house was. With a quick mathematical calculation the computer estimated their projected destination. “Remember the uncertainty principle takes hold here so you can’t know both position and momentum simultaneously. These are all estimates and if you step through hastily you could end up with a wall stuck permanently through your body.” Charlie and Mulder laughed at the thought, but Scully scowled.

“According to our coordinates we only need two steps and we should be at my house.” As if by magic that was where they were, still in the shaded version of reality. “Now, if you want to cross into another timeline you simply do this…” With a turn of a dial multiple layered wrinkles appeared. “Each one of those wrinkles will take you to an alternative reality where your choices were different, your probabilities fell on different numbers.” Charlie walked up to the wrinkle. “This is where I’m going to have to leave you. Have some fun with it. Remember, don’t lose sight of your home reality, and whatever you do, don’t interfere. We are not certain of the repercussions. Be very careful when coming into contact with yourself. Since two of you cannot survive in the same timeline, if you come into contact, it will push the other into another reality and may cause a domino effect. Death of someone in the wrong reality also seems to cause this occurrence. That’s about all I can remember from what Sheryl told me. Her journal is in there if you need further references. When you get back I want to know everything.”

With a final goodbye, Charlie stepped back out and they watched as his blurry body made it’s way down the stairs and out of sight.

Mulder turned to Scully “Where to Captain?”

Scully was already busy plugging in coordinates. “Washington D.C.”

Mulder didn’t ask any further questions. He already knew. She was looking for the alternate reality where William was still with them.

Their first try at walking had them taking steps that were too large and they ended up in the Atlantic. Yet another had them in some futuristic apocalypse. When they finally landed in a decent location, they found themselves in a doctor’s office. With some adjustments and notes from the journal, Scully discovered a way to view from layered space without stepping into the timeline. Mulder pointed to an open folder that was laying on the countertop. “Scully, look at this. In this dimension, you’re a doctor. You must have never made the decision to enter into the FBI. What’s even funnier is the patient chart. I’m your patient.”

After a while of spying into the empty room, they saw Alt. Mulder enter with a goatee and an earring.

Scully busted out laughing. “Mulder that thing is awful.”

“I’m not going to disagree. Scully, look, I’ve got a wedding ring on. Do you think we’re married?”

Alt. Scully walked into the room and began what appeared to be a normal checkup. She placed the folder back on the countertop. “Everything looks normal Mr. Mulder, I’ve written up a full evaluation for the FBI.”

Alt. Mulder hopped off of the examination table and stood behind her. “Doc, when will I see you again?”
Alt. Scully’s posture straightened and she went rigid. “You’re cleared for at least another six months.”

“You know what I mean.”

Alt. Scully turned to face him. Her body was still stiff, but her eyes had softened. “Mr. Mulder…”

Alt. Mulder pointed over to the folder. “Did you look over the files I sent you?”

She picked up the folder again and flipped to the back. “Yes.. I thought you told me they closed these “X-Files” ten years ago and told you to never touch another? How come these cases you keep siphoning to me.. The things you ask me to analyze, hypothesis, and test for you all seem to be cases of the unexplained?”

“I’m a bad listener?.. What did you discover about the virus samples?”

Alt. Scully’s face went pale as she moistened her upper lip. The samples he had given her having a visible effect on her emotions. “It’s of an unknown origin… Fox.. the earliest signs of anything close to this on earth must have existed millions, maybe billions of years ago. Where did you find this?”

“A fertility clinic of all places, but why place a virus within a bacteria?”

“If your theory was true… If I was to believe you.. that there was some deep seeded government conspiracy and I was attempting to control a population and prep them for germ warfare... it might make sense.”

Alt. Mulder stepped in closer to her and lowered his voice. “Why? Why not just inject everyone with the virus… bury it in immunity shots or something similar.. Why hide it inside bacteria?”

Alt. Scully locked her eyes with his. Scully from layered space felt her insides glow. She was witnessing their bubble as a third party. She had never seen two people look at each other the way they did or create a chemistry like what was flowing between them. Their partnership, their work on the x-files, all of it was incredibly intimate and special. “Control is the simple answer. If you simply inject a virus directly you risk the body rejecting it and trying to destroy it. Inside a bacteria you may be able to trick the immune system into accepting it. If your ultimate goal is to control the behavior of the virus, as in your hypothesis, to strategically target the DNA of specific cells, the best way to do this is within bacteria.”

The intensity of Alt. Mulder’s eyes increased. They were speaking of viruses, but their body language made them look like they might attack each other. Scully realized, it was their minds fusing together, their bodies had no choice, but to respond. “So there is a chance this is evidence of germ warfare.”

“You’ll need more proof, but yes.” Scully smiled. Of course she would say that. She felt Mulder’s hands on her shoulders as he kissed the top of her head. He got a kick out of her reply as well.

Alt. Mulder had a different reaction. “Is it wrong that this conversation is turning me on?”

Alt. Scully ignored the comment, but there was a visible crack in her armor as one side of her lips turned upward. “Mr. Mulder, I think we’re done here. Considering you’re my last patient of the day, I’m going to write this up and head out for the evening.”

Alt. Scully leaned on the counter facing away from Alt. Mulder as he flipped through a magazine from the rack. "I got us tickets to the Elvis concert. Can't turn down a chance to see the King. He's playing this Friday."
Mulder squeezed Scully's arm. "He's alive Scully, almost 70, but he's alive!"

Alt. Scully turned and handed Alt. Mulder his x-files folder. “Mr. Mulder, I’m a married woman and you are a married man.”

“I know. This is not like me to behave like this, but staying away from you is the hardest thing I’ve ever done. I’m losing the willpower and the motivation.”

Alt. Scully grabbed both of his hands. “I stayed away from Daniel all those years just so I could stand on a moral high ground knowing that he wasn’t cheating on his wife. Now, I’m cheating on him. You can’t understand how this is tearing apart my insides. Every Sunday I go to church and pray… How many times am I going to go to confession and confess the same sin? Try to see things from my perspective. My world has always been black and white. As a doctor and a scientist I have no room in my life for gray. With you, everything is gray. Fox, you’re married, I’m married. This is crazy. We’ve chosen our paths. It’s too late for us.”

Alt. Mulder looked away, but kept his hands in hers. “You sound like my sister. I was talking to her on the phone yesterday and she said the exact same thing.”

A tear ran down Mulder’s cheek as he watched. “My sister, she’s alive.”

Alt. Scully countered. “Yeah, well my sister believes we are lost souls, star-crossed lovers, destined to repeat the same fate again and again. It’s hard for them to understand. They’re both happily married with children. They’re where they want to be.”

Scully gasped at the mention of her own sister.

Alt. Mulder looked deep into Alt. Scully’s eyes. “I’m where I want to be right now.”

Alt. Scully let go of his hands. “Fox. It’s over. It was a mistake. We are a mistake. It never should have happened.”

As she turned away Mulder called back. “Doc, I left Diana... and I’m considering leaving the FBI. A man by the name of Spender approached me. He offered me a job to come work for him. If I take the job I’ll be a multimillionaire in a few years time.”

Alt. Scully turned back, concerned with his decisions. “But you’re the Deputy Director of the FBI. You’ll be in the Director's chair soon.”

“I just don’t have the desire I once had. Besides, Director Skinner will be in that seat forever. He’s still young and he’ll probably live another 900 years. He thought it would be a good opportunity for me.”

Scully got to witness her own defensiveness first hand as she watched the walls erect. “So there you go. You’ll move away. Everything with me will go back to normal.”

Alt. Mulder pleaded with her. “Come with me Doc. You could be my partner.”

“I can’t. I told you, I have obligations, responsibilities… I’m married. That means something to me. Besides, my presence only creates chaos in your life. I don’t even understand why you bring me all your theories. I only shut them down and send you back out without much more than a pat on the back and a ‘you need more proof.’ I’ve done nothing for you Fox.”

“You saved me, Doc.”
Alt. Scully gave him a look that could melt ice caps. Mulder grabbed Scully’s hand and gave it a squeeze bringing it up to his lips. He knew what was coming. Alt. Mulder continued. “As different and frustrating as it is sometimes, your goddamn strict rationalism and science have saved me a thousand times; have kept me honest and made me whole. I owe you so much, Doc, and you owe me nothing.” They stood and stared at each other in silence, smoldering, tension so thick you’d have to cut it with a chainsaw, and then Alt. Mulder reached his hand back behind her neck and pulled her in for a kiss, lifting her onto the counter, sending cotton ball and tongue depressor canisters shattering to the floor, papers and blood pressure monitors flying in the air.

“Oh Doc…” Alt. Mulder cried as he intensified their kiss.

“Fox, not here. Daniel is just down the hall.” Alt. Scully pleaded. He pulled out of their kiss and looked into her eyes. Their gaze intense. Her hips involuntarily rotated against him as her tongue grazed her top lip.

“Oh, God. Doc.” You could see the blaze of heat run through them both as his lips pushed against hers as her head hit the wall cabinet. She undid his belt, sliding down his zipper. Her manicured fingers slid under the waistband, wrapped around him and they both cried out, his kiss forceful and penetrating. Alt. Scully pushed him away again. “Fox….Fox wait.” He stopped, breathing hard, his mouth opened as his eyes focused on her lips.

“Not here.” She repeated. He picked her up and her legs naturally fell around his waist as he twirled her around. She landed on the exam table. “How about here?” He smirked as his erection firmly pressed between her thighs. He removed her clothes below the waist, and pulled her towards him sliding inside.

Scully turned away. “I don’t want to watch this.”

Mulder looked at her smiling “Why? This could be the best porno I’ve ever seen.”

“Did you use those lines on me in every timeline?”

Mulder winked. “Works every time. Why change a good thing?”


Scully decided to read through Sheryl’s journal looking for any clues to dangers or missteps while Mulder stayed glued to the action. Finally, the alternates were once again fully clothed. As Alt. Scully buttoned the top button to her blouse her deep blue eyes looked hesitant. “Fox, I’m pregnant.”

Scully watched her alternate self read his eyes and feel his soul as she had done so many times before. “It’s yours.” As the words came out, his smile told the story. It was everything he didn’t know he wanted. Scully felt her own eyes well up.

Once Alt. Mulder left the exam room, Alt. Scully crept back to her office. With her head in her hands, Daniel entered the room. “I noticed Samantha’s brother was on your list of patients today.”

Alt. Scully looked up from her desk running her hands down her lap. “Yes.” She sat stiff as a board making it all too obvious she was hiding something.

“I see the way he looks at you.”

“Daniel.”
“Even worse, the way you look at him.”

Alt. Scully broke down. “Daniel I’m so ashamed. What I’ve done… my parents would be so disappointed in me.”

Daniel paced around the room leaning on the back of the leather chairs, staring at Alt. Scully’s credentials and awards. “After my first wife committed suicide, my daughter didn’t speak to me for so long… I moved all the way to D.C. and started a practice here because it was what you wanted. My whole life is you…”

“I didn’t want this Daniel. I thought I was happy…”

“Until you met him… It’s not just me you’re affecting, it’s my daughter and how she now looks to you as her mother. Dana, he has a wife… Do you two understand how many families you are tearing apart? Samantha is looking to be a pediatrician in another practice because of this situation… it’s taken a lot of convincing to get her to stay and I need her here.”

“I wish I never met him Daniel. My life was simple, structured. I’m a religious woman and I’ve never strayed away from God before. Around him, everything I’ve ever come to believe gets turned upside down and inside out.”

“If I could go back in time, I never would have asked Samantha for her brother’s help with that drug investigation… Dana, I can’t take the thought of losing you, but I can’t live like this either. I think it’s best if I moved out for a while. Until you decide what it is you want…”

“No, Daniel… I’ll be the one to leave. I’m so sorry I did this to you… You deserve so much more, someone who loves you and only you, someone who’s treated you a lot better than I have…” Alt. Scully started to cry all over again. “I’m pregnant Daniel….”

Daniel took a visible step back. “Wow. The hits just keep on coming.”

Alt. Scully got up and left with Daniel still standing in her office in shock. Tears were streaming down her face. She stopped dead in her tracks at the sight of Alt. Mulder talking with his sister.

He turned towards her as his sister left for her next patient. “I thought you left…”

“Nope… Did you tell him?”

“Yes…” She choked out, “I’m moving out tonight…”

Alt. Mulder reached for her, holding her tightly in his arms. “I wish this could be easier on you….”

He whispered as he handed her his motel key.

* *

They continued through the layers. There were versions where he was abducted instead of Samantha and they ended up meeting each other on a naval base when they were young, there was a reality where he was the one that was sterile, one where he never went into the FBI at all, but in every scenario they met each other, became unconditional friends, and fell in love. “Mulder, what are we trying to accomplish going through all these timelines? Are we looking for something?”

“We still need to find a way to defeat them. The answers must be here somewhere. That’s what Sheryl was looking for. It’s in the journal. I know you want to find William. I miss him too. We’re close now. I can feel it.”
They stepped into the next timeline where they were only able to locate Mulder. “Maybe we haven’t met yet?” Mulder suggested. After a long pause he added, “I’m going to step into this universe Scully. My sister is alive and living in Connecticut. I’m going to spend time with her while Alt. Mulder is in San Diego on a case. You keep an eye on him until I get back.”

“Mulder, we don’t know what affects stepping into another universe can cause. Einstein only believed in 4 dimensions. Three of space and one of time. This is beyond that. According to some Quantum physicists theories, humans are born with a time reference point that is linked to the unique electromagnetic fields of their Earth and dimension. Traveling to some of these dimensions could kill you or at the very least drive you to insanity.”

“Scully, remember when we spoke of the Montauk Project? It focused on examining the psychological changes of those who traveled through dimensions to determine why the Philadelphia Experiment was a disaster despite its achievements in teleportation. During the Montauk Project experiments, Von Neumann solved for that very problem by creating a computer-simulated Earth and altering the body’s time reference points. If you look through Sheryl's notes, that's exactly what she did and it's what that box is capable of doing with us. According to the documents on the Montauk Project, Von Neumann succeeded at sending people to other dimensions without consequence. You, yourself told me that Sheryl had no physical repercussions from traveling.”

“But Mulder, we don’t know what effects we could have on this timeline or how it might affect our own.. What if something goes wrong? What if I lose you?”

“Grab another Mulder and take him back with you.”

“That’s not funny.”
Dimensional travel is an odd undertaking. Inside layered space you are naturally drawn to your alternative self, making them easy if not intuitive to locate. Without Mulder, Scully was concerned she may have trouble locating his alternate self. Before she attempted the task, she decided to take the opportunity, now by herself, to observe historical differences in politics and science. Scully cracked open her third journal and began jotting notes. Inside each universe, history changed slightly, sometimes as severe as the Twin Towers still standing or Germany and Japan winning WWII and taking over the United States. Given infinite possibilities she could only imagine what else was out there, what they had not been privy to. There were worlds where all cancers were curable, dying from diseases were a thing of the past, and cloning organs were an everyday phenomena. As much as she wanted to bring it all into her home timeline, she feared the unpredictability of the butterfly effect.

Back in Mulder’s current timeline, she located Alt. Mulder in his motel room in San Diego. The bed and table were covered with papers and photos, folders and stickys. It was disorganized and disjointed.

Outside in the parking lot she saw her sister. Another timeline when both sisters were alive. Scully watched as Alt. Mulder, distracted by his thoughts, literally bumped into her sister punting her carryon suitcase out of her hands and under a car.

“I’m sorry. I should have been paying better attention.” Alt. Mulder mumbled. He retrieved Melissa’s suitcase and handed everything back to her. He looked into her eyes and smiled.

“You should really try to focus on living more in the present. You will find your life more fulfilled.” Melissa replied slightly annoyed.

Alt. Mulder continued to stare at her with a shit-eating grin. “I…. will try to do that. You know, it’s the old saying, all work and no play…”

Melissa smiled back twirling her deep red locks. Scully knew that was not her Mulder Melissa was flirting with or who was returning the affection, but jealousy and possessiveness still managed to rear their ugly heads. She had to suppress the urge to intervene.

“I’m in town visiting my brother and sister, but we’re not all getting together until tomorrow. Tonight I’m hanging out with some of my old friends from high school. We’ll be at the military bar where my friend’s band is playing if you’re interested.” Melissa offered.

“Yeah, I might just do that. Thanks. Maybe I’ll see you there.” Alt. Mulder said shyly heading to his rental and driving away.

That night Alt. Mulder was alone in his motel room reviewing notes and planning the next steps of
his case. The bed creaked as he bounced on top of it. He tossed a sunflower seed into his mouth from the ones that had spilled from their package onto the bedspread. Grabbing the remote, he skimmed the channels. There was a pretty woman waiting for him at a bar and he was actually entertaining the idea of spending the night watching a rerun of Star Trek and dosing to the thoughts of alien DNA enhanced military personnel. No. He decided tonight he would be following a stranger’s advice and push the thoughts of the world’s destruction out of his head. It felt like something he needed to do. Sometimes distracting yourself allowed your mind to clear so revelations may come to the mind’s forefront. So he did as Melissa had suggested and met up with her and her friends at the bar.

Scully was getting nauseous watching the two of them hopelessly flirt with one another. She wanted to step into the timeline just to get drunk. As if on cue, she saw her alternate self enter the bar with her own group of people. From the way they were dressed she assumed they had recently departed work. She looked back over to Alt. Mulder who was still talking and smiling at Melissa.

Alt. Mulder felt a warmth float through him and out of the corner of his eye he saw her. There was something about the woman standing at the entrance that caused his heart to stop. Something more than physical appearance.

Melissa looked surprised as she followed his gaze, not used to men preferring her sister over herself. “That woman you’re staring at is my sister. Would you like me to introduce you? Although, I have to warn you, she rarely dates and she eats guys like you for breakfast.”

“No.. I’m going to get a refill. Want one?” Alt. Mulder said still distracted.

When Alt. Scully got up to approach the bar, he arrived just as she was opening her mouth to order a drink. “The lady will have . . .” he looked at her as if reading her mind. “...a Cabernet. Coors Light for myself.” Alt. Scully turned to him with a raised brow, her eyes appraising him from head to toe trying to decide if she should be impressed or angered by the audacity. Her face softened and she smiled. “You’re good.” Now it was Alt. Mulder’s turn to smile. “I see my reputation precedes me. Yes, I am. And you’re beautiful.” His boldness causing both Scullys to blush.

He continued with his unsolicited remarks. This version of Mulder being substantially more forward than the one she had come to know and love. “Why don’t we find someplace more private so we can get to know each other better?” Without missing a beat, she said, “I’m here with friends. We’re celebrating.”

“What are we celebrating?” The look she was giving him turned him to mush. She was the most attractive woman he had ever been around and he wasn’t even sure he knew what she looked like.

“I just received a promotion.”

“Congratulations, what is your line of work?”

“I’m a naval scientist studying hydrology for the government.”

“What a coincidence, I work for the government too. I’m in the FBI... We have a lot in common,” Alt. Mulder said as he sipped his beer. “We’re both gainfully employed, we both drink alcohol. . . . you like sunsets and moonlit nights? Surprisingly, me too. I think we owe it to each other to get to know one another better. I’m Mulder by the way” He held out his hand.

Alt. Scully took it tentatively. “I’m sorry. I’m not looking to get picked up tonight. I normally don’t do places like this. I was only being polite.”
Seeing he was getting nowhere Alt. Mulder decided to shift the conversation. “Do you happen to study the use of additives in drinking water and their effects on the human body?”

“Like what?”

“The effects of chloramine on DNA.”

“Chloramine is harmless.”

“Maybe. That is unless the government has modified it to make you more susceptible to changes to your DNA structure.”

Alt. Scully’s drink arrived just as she gave him a look letting him know she thought he was crazy. She picked it up and stood. “Thank you for the drink, Mulder? Is that your real name?”

“Well, I don’t want you to know my real name. I don’t think it’s that important that you know.”

Alt. Scully gave him an odd look not knowing if she should take him seriously or not. “I should get back to my friends now. Goodnight Mr. Mulder.”

That night Scully watched as Alt. Scully tossed and turned in her bed. The man that had bought her that drink at the bar had gotten into her head. Was there any validity to anything he had said? She thought he was crazy, but he was an FBI agent so she knew he had passed the psych exam. Still, there was something deep inside her, something that made her want to trust his instincts and find out. She sat straight up and looked at the clock. It was 11:21PM. Alt. Scully got out of bed, got dressed and headed to the lab. After a couple hours and running some tests, she had her answer. He was right, the chloramine had extra compounds attached. Taking out the phone book she started looking up motels and dialing numbers. Each time she would ask for a Mr. Mulder.

Scully knew he would be under George Hale, but Alt. Scully wouldn’t have a clue.

He had challenged her and her mind was obsessing. Something inside was driving her, pulling her need to understand the answers. She got in her car and started driving. First she checked the motels close to the bar, then she furthered her radius. At a little after three in the morning, she pulled into yet another motel and stared at the rooms. It was run down and looked too seedy for an FBI agent to be spending the night, but she had a sinking feeling that this was the right place. Craving something sweet with caffeine, she walked over to the soda machine, put in her quarters, and got a Coke.

A door opened from down the hall and Alt. Mulder walked out of his room barefoot and in boxers with only a t-shirt. He walked up to the Coke machine and put his quarters in with a yawn. He looked over and jumped.

“Hey, you’re the one from the bar. What are your doing here?”

“After I left the bar, I couldn’t sleep. I went to the lab and I ran some tests. You were right.”

“How did you find me? Did your sister tell you I was here?”

“No. I don’t know. I just had a feeling.” She gave him a look like they had known each other their whole lives. “I want to discuss chloramine with you. I had some thoughts.”

“Sure. We can go back to my motel room. I have some more information I know you’ll find interesting. If you’re concerned about being in a stranger’s room at this time of night, I’ll let you hold my gun. I trust you.”
She instinctively trusted him too although she hadn’t a clue as to why. There was no logic to it. He was right, she should have been concerned, but she wasn’t. His soft spoken voice, kind eyes and passion for his work had drawn her in and seduced her. “That would be fine.”

“Great… and I’ll put some clothes on.”

She looked him over and smiled. “Whatever makes you more comfortable. Doesn’t bother me any, I’m a doctor.”

Scully sighed. She had to find Mulder. Back in alternate Connecticut she returned to the spot where she had left him. At their agreed scheduled date and time. A few hours later, Mulder appeared, his sister in tow. Scully, using the machine, created the wrinkle. Mulder stepped through and so did his sister.

Scully was shocked. “Mulder, what are you doing?”

“In our timeline, my sister is dead. She can come back with us.”

“Mulder, no, she can’t.”

“But she knows how to defeat them. In this timeline her and her brother are both FBI agents trying to uncover the truth. They expose the shadow government and destroy the aliens’ attempts at colonization.”

“Things that are true in this timeline may not hold true in ours.” He didn’t even know about the chloramine. Obviously there were still truths yet to be uncovered in this timeline.

Mulder’s voice rose in frustration. “Can you please hear me out? Samantha can explain it to you.”

Samantha explained how they were able to stop the supersoldiers by using their nanotechnology against them. “If infected with a virus, in this case a computer virus, it can force the nanobots to reprogram and speed up the aging process. The result is an extremely shortened lifespan.”

Mulder interrupted. “Tell her who developed the computer virus and was able to hack into the system.”

“A group who refer to themselves as The Lone Gunman.”

Scully grabbed Mulder’s arm. “Mulder, listen to me. I know how hard this is for you, but you can’t take her with you or The Lone Gunman.”

“No Mulder. How are we going to protect her… keep her safe? We are still outside of the law. They will hunt her down and kill her…. Or worse. Mulder, I want my sister alive too, but we cannot change the past. All we have now is the future.”

Mulder put his head down in defeat. His voice was now just above a whisper. “It’s up to you Scully. You have to agree.”

“No Mulder. It isn’t right. You would only be destroying another Samantha’s life. You know she is not truly your sister. We must accept that our sisters are dead. We will find the answers, but not this way.”

As much as it pained him, Mulder knew she was right. Grateful for the time he had and with a few
tears, he hugged Samantha goodbye.

Their next wormhole brought them to a field of freshly mowed green grass. There was a child’s laughter heard in the distance. At the end of the path was a house where the laughter resided. It looked very plain with it’s white, freshly painted siding, porch and screen door. “Where are we Mulder?”

“I know where we are.” Mulder said choking out the words. He grabbed Scully’s wrist. “Are you sure you want to do this? We don’t have to look inside. We could go back now.”

Scully looked puzzled. He was beginning to scare her. Through the window of the house, she saw herself, as if watching a movie, with a four year old William laughing and running into her arms.
Field of Dreams

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Last of the Alternate Universe chapters. Today we meet William.

As her brain registered the scene through the window, her limbs stiffened, a numbness covering her body. William. Her son. Light haired with auburn highlights. Giggling and laughing, playing with his mother. It knocked the wind out of her.

“I’m going Mulder.”

“We’re going together.”

Through the wrinkle they leapt into the backyard and crouched down low, slowly making their way up to the house. Just as they reached the window the screen door flew open and they ducked behind the porch.

“Mulder, hurry up. I want to get to the store before it’s time to drop William off at my mother’s. I don’t want to be late for Skinner’s wedding. It would be nice to get there at least 30 minutes before the ceremony and I still have to get dressed and do my hair and makeup.”

Alt. Mulder looked at his watch. “There’s still plenty of time to get to the store and drop William off.” He placed his hand on alt. Scully’s shoulder and smiled. “Stop worrying.”

Carrying William to the car, Alt. Mulder strapped him into his carseat and handed him his iPad. Scully already had the SUV started and was waiting for Mulder to get into the passenger seat.

Scully turned to Mulder still crouched next to the porch. “Mulder, they’re dropping William at my mother’s. We can go there and see him.” Scully whispered.

Mulder stood up straight. “We can stop hiding and whispering, they’re gone. How are we going to explain that? We’re ghosts from Christmas past?”

“Leave that to me.”

“Scully, whatever happened to not disturbing other worlds?”

“That was before.”

Mulder started up the stairs and opened the creaky door. “It’s unlocked. Are you coming?”

“We’re going to break into their house?”

“Yes, we’re breaking into our house.” Mulder said rolling his eyes. The house was rather small with older furniture. A few pictures hung on the wall, but nothing elaborate. There was an office in the back which resembled their basement office in the FBI. Still, the house was warm and cozy. William’s toys were strewn about and a bookshelf contained everything from golden books to
Medical textbooks. Upstairs was much of the same, small and quaint, but very much home. Down the hall from the master was a closed room. Scully peered inside to find bright colors decorating the walls: Astronomy posters, Sesame Street, Einstein, and Disney. The ceiling was covered in stars depicting an actual replica of the night’s sky as seen with the human eye. A telescope sat by the window and a Fisher Price Medical kit. The rug was a zoo playmat and a kid’s size bat and ball lay in the corner. Mulder walked in and exhaled slowly. “This may be a bad idea.”

“No, I need this Mulder. I do.”

Scully went through all William’s things looking in his closet at his tiny clothes. There she found some pictures and flipped through them to see all the years she had missed. Mulder did his own investigation, marveling in his son’s interests in rockets and airplanes. He waited for Scully to be content and then they left to hike in alternate space to her mother’s house and discover the rest of Scully’s plan.

* 

“Mom, I’m me, but I’m not me in this dimension.”

“How do I know that you’re not a shapeshifter?” Her mother’s face was full of worry.

“You know they exist?”

Mulder looked away. The conversation sounded as ridiculous as it was true. “Come with us. It’s easier if we show you.”

What Mulder hadn’t counted on was the affect meeting William would have on him. Having this beautifully perfect boy call him “Daddy”. William’s heart was bigger than the soccer ball he was currently kicking around the yard and his chubby cheeks dimpled when he smiled melting Mulder’s heart. William was still young enough that watching him run after the ball made Mulder think he looked like a penguin on a bad acid trip. In contrast, William’s mind was smart and focused on whatever he was doing. It was evident that asking William to sit still was like trying to tell a fire not to burn. His eyes were alight, his every muscle needed to move, to dance, to jump. He chattered and observed, giggled and joked. A very happy boy, everything tickled him as funny and if there was one idea coming from his mouth there were seven more queuing up in his mind. In his attempt to stop the ball with his foot he tripped over it and fell onto the grass, the laughter instantly changing to sobs. Scully came running from the house as if Mulder may have broken him. She crouched down and William instinctively ran crashing into her arms, burying his head, his light tufty hair sticking out. His fingers curled into the fabric of her shirt, not clasping it tightly, but just enough to reassure him that Scully was there to make it all better. When the tears subsided and Scully found no scrapes or bruises, William ran into the house with a promise to return and he did. In a long white child’s doctor’s coat. Stethoscope in hand. “I’m Dr. William” he pronounced loudly, his big blue eyes glowing once again. Scully let him check her heartbeat and then he ran over to Mulder to do the same. Mulder couldn’t help but give him a tickle under his arms as he checked him, and he threw his head back and giggled like only a loved imaginative young child could. It was an infectious laugh that lit up Mulder and Scully, an echo of what could have been.

When William calmed, his mind focused on the next adventure. On the surface of the pond in his grandma’s backyard he spotted a duck. A Mallard, dipping his head in the water and shaking it. William ran back into the house only to reappear with a ziplock bag full of crusts he rather feed to ducks than consume. With a fistful in his hand he threw the crumbs as far as he could, which wasn’t very. The duck quacked and swam in, his wake stretching behind in a classic v-shape. It waddled out following the trail and now Mulder had to restrain William as he dove forward to greet it. The duck raised his head, moving it side to side, deciding if the treat was worth the danger. Mulder pedaled
William backed a few paces and the duck went back to the bread like it may be it’s last meal. William clapped and laughed. “Look Daddy, ducks like bread.”

Nighttime came all too quickly and William read Mulder and Scully a bedtime story before he drifted off. With hugs and kisses and thank you’s to Scully’s alternate mother, they stepped through the wrinkle and back into layered space.

There was silence as they both watched William sleeping peacefully. Where was their son? Was he safe and happy like this boy? Was he smart and normal? Was there someone there to kiss his boo boos and feed his imagination?

Scully looked towards Mulder for guidance on a direction.

All at once his face buckled, his breathing stopped momentarily and tears streamed from his face. No longer able to stand, Mulder crouched down and covered his face. Uncontrollably sobbing into the palms of his hands. Scully wiped tears from her own eyes and felt helpless to comfort him, throwing her arms around him. As he lay his head against her chest, she kissed the top of his head.

“Why?” was all he said.

After William, Mulder didn’t want anything more to do with multidimensional travel. He wanted to be home. However painful his reality was, it was still his reality.

“Are you sure you don’t want to meet up with The Lone Gunman before we return the device?” Scully proposed.

“I’ve seen enough. There’s no point, they’re not mine. It’s like you said, we must find another way….. Samantha told me that in her timeline they had faked their deaths, so who knows, maybe we will see them again some day.” Mulder gave Scully a half-hearted smile and they were on their way.

Finally back through the wormhole and into their home reality, they met back up with Charlie who was eager to hear what they had experienced. They left him with some strong parting advice. “Don’t do it.”

Charlie hid the fringe box, in case the rebels did find a way to unearth another one, but he took their advice seriously.

Back in another motel Scully checked the voicemail on their cell phone The Lone Gunman had given to Mulder long ago. Sure enough their was a message from Skinner. Her mother had come through. They were to meet him at the beach in a secluded area. There he might explain how Scully was not charged with aiding and abetting, yet Mulder had a bounty on his head. Scully prepared for their meeting, packaging a mysterious box for Skinner to bring back to his office.

The breeze off of the ocean blew sand into her face causing Scully to adjust her wide brimmed hat. After their journey through the wormhole, Scully had lost all concept of days or seasons. She was almost certain it was spring. Daffodils were in bloom and tulips had lined the entrance along with easter lilies. A content Mulder munched away on sunflower seeds surveying the premises for possible threats. He didn’t see the masked man behind the bushes until he was seated with them, holding a gun pointed at them under the table demanding they turn around with their hands behind their head.
“Tilt your heads forward and don’t move.”

Scully recognized the voice, but did as she was told. She felt warm rough hands caress the back of her neck, a thumb massaging her spine.

“Okay. Turn around.”

As they turned they saw Skinner’s smiling face appear from under the ski mask. “Had to make sure you are who you say you are. Can’t be too careful nowadays.”

He held a hand out to Mulder who patted his back while Scully gave him a hug. Skinner shot Mulder a nervous glance and pushed his sunglasses up the bridge of his nose.

“You look good Skinner” Mulder remarked. “Although you might need to wash that dirt off your face.”

Mulder was referring to the scruffy beginnings of what might be a goatee.

Skinner gave Mulder a doubting look, placing a baseball cap on his head and sat back.

Scully leaned into the table so they could hear her lowered tone. “Walter, my brother said that there were no charges filed against me?”

“No. Remember, Mulder’s trial was a military trial, a secret tribunal. They wanted to erase his existence, not make him a martyr. If anything ever leaked out about a military trial being held against a man accused of killing military personnel and the defense was that the military man was an alien? The press would be all over it. No, their hunt for Mulder is being done secretly. Mulder is a fugitive in the eyes of the military and FBI, but the desire to hunt him down is dwindling as a new threat seems to be emerging. I haven’t been privy to much, but it is abundantly clear all is not going to plan. So, no, Dana. Pressing charges against you would draw too much attention. You’re free to do as you wish. In you file, HR put in an approved personal leave followed by a termination of employment letter where you voluntarily quit with a reason for leaving being simply “personal”. You could go back to the FBI, you could get a job doing anything… whatever you want…as Dana Scully.”

Scully didn’t know what to say or how to respond. How did you respond? Especially with Mulder sitting next to her still being hunted and charged with crimes of murder while she remained free.

Skinner and Mulder continued to speak, but Scully’s mind drifted. She was free and she was ready to stop. She missed her mother. She missed having a place to call home. All the stress of being on
the run and going from one motel room to the next, settling down would be a gift. Then there was
Mulder, she couldn’t leave him, but maybe she wouldn’t have to...

Paranoid that he might have been followed or someone might be listening, Skinner convinced them
to join him for dinner at his friend’s restaurant where they could eat in a secluded area away from
any possible unwanted observers or technology. There they could pass along some much needed
information.

Back at the latest grimy motel Mulder opened one eye from his cat nap to see Scully placing a box
on the nightstand.

“What is it?” He said looking over at the box.

“All I will say is it’s part of the answer.” Scully flirted as she passed him.

“What’s the question? I didn’t realize we were playing Jeopardy.” Mulder said and placed an arm
behind his head.

An evil grin formed on her face as she sat next to him on the bed. “That’s all I can give you at this
time. Until it’s safe to contact you again we will have no more discussion on this matter.”

“Are you my next Deep Throat?” He challenged returning her smile.

“Maybe.” She replied in her sing song voice, now climbing onto the bed, her knees on either side of
him, straddling his waist.

“So, you’re just going to lead me on… leave small bread crumbs…”

“Maybe.”

He did a crunch to sit up with her still straddling him, running his hands down her back to rest at her
hips. “Scully, is it dangerous?”

“It could be.” She was preying on his weaknesses and he loved it.

“Is it extraterrestrial? Paranormal?”

She could feel him growing hard between her legs. “Mulder, you’re paranormal.” She said and laid
both hands on his chest, pushing him back down on the bed and laughing. Quickly, he grabbed her
wrists causing her to fall against him. There was a silent pause and for the first time in months sweet
delectable tension filled the silent air between them. Scully lifted herself back up to a sitting position
and got off the bed avoiding eye contact. “Well, it’s almost time to meet Skinner again.”

Mulder wasn’t certain of Scully’s reasons for distance though he knew it had something to do with
their time with William. There was no indication in any of the other dimensions that William ever
took an alien form, yet he saw it in her mind, the fear and doubt. Part of him wondered if she was
building resentment towards him for having to give William up. It was nothing she would ever
admit, but the facts remained that William was in danger because he was Mulder’s son. Even if it
was her choice to have the child with Mulder, he still had exposed them to dangers that only haunted
him.

The streets were wet and steamy from a late midday shower. The blacktop glistening back
reflections of moonlight. Mulder listened to the repetitive clicking of Scully’s beige pumps against
the pavement, reminding him of a clock bellowing the seconds of time passing, of the ever
approaching 2012 and the possible end to it all. She was yet to tell him what was in that box she was
now carrying in her pocket. Turning the corner, a street light shone above the the back door down
the narrow alleyway. Mulder held the heavy door open for Scully as she slipped inside only to be
greeted by blinding lights and noise. Waiters and busboys bustled about, the executive chef
screamed to the cooks to bring the food to the line. The sous chef called out orders. They passed
through the noise and the clanging of pots and pans, dishes and glassware. Skinner’s friend waved
them on and they followed him to a large table in a back room which looked as if it might be
reserved for celebrities or gangsters. Even the meal represented as much.. Osso Bucco with risotto
milanese.

When the conversation dulled Scully revealed the white box she had kept hidden deep in her pocket.
The one she had been fiddling with most of the night. Skinner opened it and looked up at Scully
with a shocked expression. He held up one of the vials containing a black liquid inside.

“It’s magnetite. It will kill any of them if they digest it.” Scully explained. “That one is for the
director. Pour it into a pot of coffee and they’ll never know. You can drink it without consequence.
No different than taking an iron pill, but to them it is deadly.”

“It’s going to take a lot more coffee than what we can make with these vials to make a difference.”
Skinner warned.

“It’s for your protection. I fear for your safety Walter.” Scully held her anger behind her eyes. Her
worry and care for Skinner as evident as ever.

“I’m guessing this is only part of the plan?” Skinner asked glancing at Mulder who simply shrugged
back. This was Scully’s show. She hadn’t even discussed it with him. He was as surprised as
Skinner.

Scully explained further sending a quick glance Mulder’s way. “We’ve learned through our travels
that there is one main ship guiding, relaying instructions, feeding the super soldiers their pertinent
information. If we could contaminate the ship....”

“We may stand a chance…” Mulder finished.

Dinner ended with a few tears from Scully and a choked up Skinner. Once outside they headed back
down the street. Scully not ready to return to their current accommodations, decided instead for them
to take a walk along the shoreline.

“We’re going back to Jeffrey aren’t we.” She said breaking their silence as they stepped onto the
beach’s boardwalk.

“I don’t see that we have any other choice. He may have gone mad and if he has, we have to do
something to stop him. This is still our fight Scully.”

“Is it, Mulder?” She said looking him squarely in the eyes, standing her ground. Why did they have
to go back? Could they really make a difference and at what risks?

“Scully, you said yourself, we have to go after the mother ship. Samantha said it could be hacked,
we could reprogram the super soldiers…”

“Mulder stop. Just stop. With what? Our butterfly net?” She was agitated, but immediately regretted
the cruelty of the analogy and turned away from him heading towards the railing of the boardwalk
that currently separated them from the dark ocean.

Mulder grabbed both her arms in an attempt to get her to look at him, to stop walking. “Scully, come
with me back to Jeffrey’s. Finish what we started.”
“But what did we start Mulder? Are we closer to the truth? To any answers? We still have no solid proof that we know what we’re fighting. Are they really aliens?”

Mulder let go of Scully and took a step back staring at her blankly. “What?”

“What if colonization is a plan of humans on humans?”

Mulder took another step back and became instantly animated flailing his arms about. “I don’t believe this. We’ve got rebel ships shooting down alien spaceships somewhere off in the distance and you’re telling me there’s no aliens?”

“Hear me out.” Scully said, her back now leaning on the thick metal railing, the waves crashing in the background trying to drown out their argument. She put up a hand between them. “Think of the information I collected from the artifact on DNA. Compare it to the facts as we know them. If ones genes are the hierarchy for status and power in the universe, then your complete evolution would be a Grey... Correct?”

She could see his mind start to process clearly calming him. “Well.... It would be Purity Control. The black oil virus. It can move, create life and objects, communicate, without the need for a body. But..yes.. As far as body wielding life forms... a Grey is next in line.”

“And we know from the fact that the tissue the syndicate had was a fetus, that they have some type of sexual reproduction.” She maintained her eye contact pleading with his brain to stay with her.

“One would assume.” Mulder nodded, trying to anticipate her logic.

“So the complete evolution of man using this logic is a Grey.” Scully concluded.

“Through evolution, but the black oil was using us as hosts to produce greys.” Mulder reminded her.

“Well, evolution would take thousands or millions of years, not days. So they were using us as a host to hasten the process. So we have the Jeremiah Smiths, the bounty hunters and the rebels. All with the same physical traits. And we’re assuming all from a shared planet that was previously colonized by the black oil?”

“Or planets.. plural” Mulder corrected.

“But all close to that of man.”

Mulder nodded in agreement, but still wasn’t sure where she was going with all this. He challenged back. “If the black oil millions of years ago went to all the planets and created all of us with their nanotechnological god spaceships, then yeah, they would have close physiology with some differences due to environment and social factors. A Bounty Hunter is a genetically modified hybrid, a shapeshifting grey. After colonization of their own planet the bounty hunters came here to follow the directives of the black oil that had infected them. The Jeremiah Smiths had immunity and the rebels disfigured themselves so they were both able to fight against it.”

“What if a fully evolved human with all active DNA is a shapeshifting grey.” Scully reached for his hand and gave it a caressing gentle squeeze softening her tone. “Mulder, when you had the black oil active inside of you, you exhibited all the traits, and you’re still very much human. Simply turning on your junk DNA gave you these abilities and awakened you both mentally and spiritually.”

“Everything except shapeshifting.”

“Yes, but Eddie Van Blundht is human, and with natural mutations and environment exposure, he
was also a shapeshifter. You may have eventually developed that ability as well, developed a second muscular epidermis. All leading back to humans still possessing all the traits of a so-called alien.”

Mulder ran his hand through his hair and tossed his head back. “So what you’re saying is man, by using the alien technology that either landed here or was unearthed, a person or group discovered a way to turn on all the active DNA in humans and it is man that is behind colonization... and whoever’s behind all this, what.. lied and fooled the syndicate who was lying and fooling the public? But why?”

Scully shrugged. The motivation was not important. The theory she was currently proposing being true was not important. Mulder’s understanding that his pursuit was neverending was. “Preservation.. Survival of the Fittest. They created their own evolution. Only their heirs would survive and the rest perish...”

Mulder finished her thought. “…but to complete their plan they needed soldiers, so they experimented much like the nazis.. first clones... then sexual reproduction… continuing experiments.. developing other forms of a soldier.. Ones that attack immune systems, viruses and using the bacterium to carry them…”

She had him. Now it was time to bring him home. “The rebels, the greys, the hybrids, clones, drones, bounty hunters, are all able to be created here on earth under the earth’s dome. Even if it started as extraterrestrial, if we are all connected, how do we know any of this is actual alien orchestration? Given the crash at Roswell, given what we found under the earth, humans could have assembled this conspiracy. How do we know men are not the colonists?”

“Then how do we explain the spaceships? The one I was on while I was abducted?”

“Replicas.”

Mulder shook his head. “Scully, That's one hell of an Illuminati plot.”

“My point, Mulder, is we constantly run in this circle. Do we have tangible proof of anything if it’s still possible to shake these theories? We fight invisible monsters… are we going to win this war or help create a new one? Do we even know what we are fighting? Even if we win this time there will always be someone or something to rise up again, something else that needs to be fought... alien, man, monster, or evil incarnate... so much of our life has already past…”

“And me with my butterfly net…” Mulder put his head down. He understood. It didn’t matter what planet or plane the enemy derived, her unending battle was him. “Scully, please. Come with me and I promise, after this we will settle down. Have a home, a life. Plant a garden, take vacations.... What do you say?” As the words left him, he gave her that look. The one that sucked her in every time. She knew every reason why she loved the man before her, the endless list of why she followed him, and why the best thing she could ever do for herself was leave.

“One more time.”
Chapter Summary

No plot to summarize, just a simple thank you for reading. One year ago today I took a chance and started writing this story driven by a need to express my thoughts, to be creative and you read it. Some left comments and kudos and to that I am most grateful, but even if you were recorded as nothing more than a hit, you were appreciated. This site is a great community and if you want to write... do it. We will embrace you. If you love to read, we love you.
So here's a little present... If you don't enjoy the first part, you may enjoy the second. If you prefer story over smut, next week we'll go fight some aliens...

Mulder opened the suite door with the key Skinner had given him. It was fairly large with a couch and kitchenette. At the far end of the room he could see the foot of what he believed to be a California king.

Looking down he found Scully staring back up at him, playing with his tie as her body leaned into his. A couple cocktails and Scully was giving him that come hither look that could get any man into trouble.

Skinner had given them the room for the night, courtesy of the unknowing FBI. He was grateful for the upgraded accommodations and planned on making full use of every inch of that bed.

Her body brushed his again and he swept her into his arms, kissing her hard, pulling her tightly into him, savoring her lips, her tongue. His hand danced through her hair, as the other went to work unzipping her dress, removing all that was underneath... it had been a long time traveling through the wormhole... without affection... not being held... not being able to express his love for her... and there she stood, now naked in front of him and he couldn’t tear himself away long enough to even get a look, his hands and lips taking charge. She reached up and began sucking at his neck while taking his hand and placing it on her breast, helping him caress her softly. Oh, she knew... how to touch him... how to drive him crazy.. He glanced over as they began making their way to the final destination and froze in shock, quickly covering Scully as best he could. Skinner was underneath the covers and snoring.

“I think Skinner gave us the wrong key Scully.” Mulder whispered as she continued sucking at his neck. “It’s okay, though, we didn’t wake him. Let’s get out of here.”

“Skinner’s a heavy sleeper Mulder…. I don’t want to wait.” She purred as she pulled out of his arms and to his surprise began undressing him. “If he wakes we’ll tell him he was experiencing hallucinatory episodic cranial shock.”

As her hands skimmed his body, he started to care less and less whether Skinner woke up to watch or not. While Scully might regret her choices later, he would not.

“Is that a real condition?” He asked as she slipped his coat off and draped it over a chair.
He watched, unable to move, his eyes transfixed on her naked frame.

“If he wakes Mulder, deny everything.” She said lifting up his t-shirt, her fingertips grazed the hard planes of his stomach. Mulder reached behind his neck and pulled the shirt all the way off, knowing she would never be able to reach that high. This all seemed bizarre, unscully-like, maybe she had more to drink than he thought. Meanwhile she worked on his jeans, undoing his belt and unzipping his fly. Sliding his pants down his legs, her nails scratching along the outside of his thighs as she made her way back up. Mulder stepped out of his pants and she reached for his boxer briefs, his cock thickening from the pressure of her hand. If he had any reservations before, they were gone now. Completely naked she led him to the bed and crawled in. Mulder hesitated, this was crazy after all, but he wasn’t about to leave Scully naked in a bed alone with Skinner, so he followed, slipping under the covers next to her. Skinner groaned and turned on his side, but remained very much asleep and oblivious.

Mulder felt his own arrogance rise up in his chest. Sex with your ex-boss lying in the bed and if he woke, being forced to watch. The thought provoked him, almost daring Skinner to wake up for the show. It was something unspoken between them, but Mulder knew Skinner always secretly pined for Scully. A woman he could never have because Mulder had swept her away before he ever had a chance, with his tales of the unknown and supernatural charms. Sometimes he was certain Skinner held it against him. He pulled Scully in close, his hands slipping between her legs where he found her wet and ready. His fingers hard at work, making the expressions change on her face, bringing her breathing to a hard pant. This was probably one of the worst lapses in judgement he had ever had, and he had many, but as her freckles faded into the blush on her cheeks, she sucked on his bottom lip sliding her body underneath his own. He thought about pleading with her, saying no. Then she arched her back up so her breasts pressed into his chest. Involuntarily his hips moved, his cock finding her entrance. He closed his eyes at the contact, at the acute pleasure. Maybe he could convince Skinner they had been drugged.

This was the moment of truth. He could hear Skinner sleeping heavily as Scully egged him on. The situation was reminiscent of when his roommate brought women back to the dormitory and had sex with them while he laid in his own bed just a few feet away. He was unsure Skinner would appreciate it the way he did, but if they were quiet, he never needed to know. Gently, he slipped inside her and lost his breath. His feelings for her rushing through him, strong and unyielding. Gaining composure he moved slowly, cautiously as to not cause the squeaky springs too much movement. Not an easy task with his elbows and bony knees already sinking into the mattress. He lifted his chest up slightly so he could stare down at her face, both of them smiling. They were together again. But they were not alone. Skinner was there. Awake. Staring right at Mulder and he was clearly angry.

As their awareness became known, everyone seemed to be holding their breath waiting for the other’s response. He really did it this time. Caught with the proverbial cock in the cookie jar. Hmm. The next move happened almost in slow motion. Just as Skinner’s face soured Scully leaned over and kissed him square on the lips as Mulder watched still very much inside her underneath the sheets. Skinner’s face morphing, as he was taken off guard, and then softened as her kiss deepened sliding her tongue into his mouth reaching out to stroke him. His hand slid between her and Mulder in response. It pressed on her flat stomach, brushing Mulder’s as well. The scene had Mulder frozen in place. What the hell was going on? He questioned Scully’s motives wondering if the two of them planned this almost seeming orchestrated. What does one do in this situation buried a foot deep inside her.. Okay maybe a few inches shy... What could he do? Apparently this was a fantasy of hers. Did he suck it up and oblige? There was always a slim chance she might repay the favor…. So he waited and watched. Skinner teased her clit and Mulder sat up, remaining inside her and fixated on her expression which showed no signs of resistance and he was beginning to find her secret perversions undoubtedly arousing. When Skinner pulled his mouth away, her eyes were closed in ecstasy and it
was Mulder’s turn to lean down and kiss her. She moaned into him, her hand remaining wrapped around Skinner, stroking him, giving him the invitation to continue stroking her. Slowly Mulder moved inside her. His brain no longer wanting to think or realize the reality of what was happening. In the end, he didn’t care, she felt so good there wasn’t much that could stop him. Caught up in the moment, his only want, his only turn on, was Scully’s pleasure and making her come as hard as humanly possible. Besides, at the end of the day it was him that she followed, him that she called out for and it was his child she chose to bear.

Mulder sat back up and closed his eyes, concentrating on how good she felt, her walls hugging him, alive and pulsing around him. He moaned loudly and picked up his pace his fingers digging into her hips as he did. Then Skinner’s head disappeared under the sheets, and Mulder felt his hot breath and hard chin while Skinner’s tongue was lapping against his shaft as he licked her clit with Mulder thrusting inside her. Scully began to moan and he forgot about Skinner, instead returning each moan. If it took three more men, he wanted to excite every erogenous zone on her body, he wanted to give her more physical pleasure than anyone else could. Convincing himself that later he could worry about having her all to himself, but when he looked into her eyes, it was only them and that brought him to the brink. Mulder leaned down and rolled, pulling her away from Skinner, placing Scully on top. He brushed her face with his knuckles and gave her a kiss. She sat up on top of him and he watched as she rode him leaning her hands on his thighs. When her pleasure came from him it was so evident, when Skinner joined it was raw and physical. He couldn’t not be emotional when it came to Scully. Mulder pulled her down, all the way on top of his chest and kissed her again, holding her tight. When he finally opened his eyes and looked up, Skinner was there, positioned behind her. Ready to join in. He smiled at Mulder, a kind, but needy look in his eyes. Mulder gave him a single nod and Skinner kneeled between his legs, Scully stared at Mulder as Skinner’s lube finger pressed against her ass. It was as if she was daring him to see the pleasure Skinner gave her in a place he had never been. Mulder watched as Skinner entered her, pushing through her tight muscles. Watched the look on her face as her eyes closed, as she bit her bottom lip... live porn. Was she doing this for him? When Skinner was finally inside her...when they were inside her… Mulder felt himself hovering over his own body, not thinking, just feeling. It was them. He could actually feel Skinner and her at the same time and in his head, he wanted more. Scully kissed him and Skinner sucked at the skin at the back of Scully’s neck. It didn’t bother Mulder. As long as they were together... and together they were, moving in one complete rhythm. “I love you” she whispered. Her small, soft hands on either side of his face as she looked into his eyes. “I’ll always love you.” Mulder whispered back as their foreheads pressed together, his heart beating out of his chest. Mulder wrapped his arms around her middle, holding her close. So tight she was forced to rest her head on his shoulder and just... let Skinner do whatever he wanted. In that instant, the romance dissipated to make way for unadulterated lust. Skinner picked up speed, and rode her hard from behind, greeting Mulder’s own motions like a race to bring her to orgasm. Small moans started coming out of her mouth and Skinner pulled her away from Mulder, placing her into an upright kneeling position, her back now rubbing against Skinner’s chest. Mulder felt the emptiness as she left his own chest, but as they rocked their moans got louder and louder. He could feel Skinner’s thrusts massaging his cock, Scully’s thin walls were all that separated them. If the pleasure wasn’t so intense, he may have had time to be disgusted. Skinner’s hand covered her right breast as his left played in her hair. Mulder’s right hand squeezed her left breast, just above her heart, as the fingers of his left hand pressed between her legs. She was writhing under their pleasure and it only provoked them further. Her eyes now open, her moans were almost screams as the two of them filled her up, determined to make her come. Skinner thrusting up from behind as her whole body gyrated on top of Mulder, her skin slick with sweat, squealing and gasping for breath her short hair fisted tightly in Skinner’s hand. Mulder watched her face when the release washed over her. She closed her eyes as her body went rigid. Skinner let her go in that same instant and she fell forward, becoming Mulder’s once again, holding her tight and keeping her close. Mulder’s whole body tensed and he came in a
wave of relief that consumed him. He held Scully, squeezing her. He never wanted to let her go. Never wanted to feel the hurt of loss again. Skinner tensed up too. His cock pushed against Mulder’s inside her, Skinner’s pulsing as intense as Mulder’s sending a thrill up his body. Mulder felt an unwelcome emptiness rush through him and Scully disappeared from his arms. He looked to see her leaving the room with Skinner. Taking her away from him. Scully looked back and spoke. “The darkness has left no room for me Mulder. Your greatest triumph will be your greatest failure.”

Mulder flailed in panic and sat up disoriented and blurry eyed. He was in a plain cheap motel room. Scully comfortably sleeping, facing the opposite direction. It was a dream. No, a nightmare. He self-consciously checked the sheets, but the dream had not provoked a reality. It had, however, left him with a slightly painful hard-on and noticeable pressure in his balls. He sat up with one bent knee and raked his fingers through his hair. His dreams were getting stranger every day, but they all came with a warning. If he chose the wrong path, he might lose her forever. Then the whole world might as well end.

Mulder watched as Scully slept looking like a woman half her age, angelically wrapped in a sheet. Her nightgown unapologetically hiked to her waist exposing her laced bikini underwear. Taken by the moment, he paused to think twice about his next action, but she was beautiful and his dream had left him empty and wanting. Without another hesitation he removed his shorts, his right hand gripped the base of his hard cock creating short quick strokes as the sight of her aroused him. Imagining himself inside her made his breath hitch, touching her… wait… he stopped. This was not what he wanted. He wanted them. Slowly he slid up behind her, his hand around her waist and underneath the band of her pink cotton underwear, ever so lightly teasing the area around her clit, delicately stroking the lips. He continued the motion, feeling her swell, hearing her breathing become heavy, the area moisten, but she was asleep. Given the right circumstances, people would be surprised what she could sleep through. Ever so slightly he increased his pace, his chin on her shoulder, his cheek pressed against hers, her hips slightly rotating into the pressure of his fingers as she started to pant. Her response to him making him harder, she let out the most delectable moan and he couldn’t take it. Pulling her panties to the side, he pushed the head of his cock against her and watched it disappear inside. It was enough to make his eyes roll into the back of his head. Her eyes shot open and he pushed deeper, pressing hard on her clit as he did so. “Oh my God” she mumbled almost incoherently and gasped. He pulled out halfway and pushed in again, simultaneously rubbing between her thighs. Scully grabbed the side of the bedpost and groaned softly ”Oh Mulder.” He pressed his chest into her back and whispered into the sensitive skin of her ear, “That’s it. Feel me Scully. Feel me.” He could hear her broken words through the hard breathing and moans. She clutched his hand tight as he rocked harder, the fingers of his right hand continuing their strumming. Her neck craned as her eyes closed tight, yes, she was completely his and he could feel every muscle of her body as he filled it with pleasure. His body covering her, completely wrapped around her as he moved inside. This was what he missed, what he needed. He felt her grow tight around him, numbing pleasure radiating into him. She said his name as she came, his hands cupping her breasts beneath her nightgown, holding her tight against him, giving her nipples a gentle tug as she moaned again, his lips cascaded over her neck, over the delicate hairs and creased skin behind her ear. “I love you Scully.” he whispered in a groan as he joined her, his orgasm lasting so long he felt it from his toes to the top of his head. He kept himself cocooned around her as their heartbeats slowed. Closing his eyes he kissed her temple. She shifted in his arms, now facing him and flashed him a smile. “That is one way to wake someone up.”

“I thought you might like it.” He smiled back.

She searched his face and kissed him, running her hand through the hair at the base of his head. The other playing in the curls on his chest just above his heart. Short simple touches were all it took to bring him back into their private bubble and make him fall in love with her again and again. Tomorrow, he would concern himself with how she will react when she came to realize he had every
intention of fighting this enemy, giving his life if he had to.

“I love you Mulder.” Her crystal blue eyes showering him with affection causing him to sigh, his eyes starting to burn, he blinked back his emotions. He didn’t want a day to pass that he didn’t appreciate the way she looked at him, everything they had, everything she did for him. For someone so capable, beautiful, and brilliant to choose to spend so much of her time with him. How much time did they have? What if he had to choose?

These thoughts bounced erratically around his head like his basketball packed tight away. He refocused on her, on them, right now. Maybe they would make it out in one piece and find their home.. Give her what she needed. Like Superman under the yellow sun, he felt his strength returning under her red glow. Reading his mind she removed what was left of her clothes and stroked him hard again, brushing her body against his as she moved, her eyes locked to his. She knew exactly how to wipe his brain and bring him into the moment, capture his focus. Her body singing to him like a tuning fork with the ferocity of a trillion bolts of lightning. Rolling her onto her back, he entered her as they kissed. His feelings for her even stronger than a moment ago. He took her hand, threading his fingers through hers and slid it up near her head, pressing it into the mattress, squeezing it as waves of pleasure washed over him. It was the hand that had caressed his forehead so many times before, the one that tended to his wounds and ripped him out of self-destruction. He kissed the cheeks that had caught all the tears shed during their separation, wishing to replace it all with another life. One filled with happiness, not despair, with a place to grow roots and call home. If there was something to learn from those other lives, it was that they could find something that worked. Her strong athletic legs wrapped tight around him and he reached back running his hands down the ivory silk stalks that followed him into the night. She tilted her hips drawing him in deeper, and his eyes closed, her name leaving his lips, a moan escaping hers. They moved slowly as he slid in and out leaving a trail of sensation, they both yearned for another release, but Mulder wanted to savor these feelings. The build was divine, her sounds the sweetest of music. Their foreheads touched so they might steal a breath, the genius mind that kept him safe and sane pressed against his own. Sparks ignited inside their fingertips with each touch and her hands were everywhere. Against his face, through his hair, down his torso. It made him slow his pace even more, holding onto each feeling before it prised into an intensifying higher level. Her eyes formed their bridge into his. He was joining with the antithesis of his soul, accepting its strength and determination to fight as he did, to hold on the way he did, to play with the same tenacity, and love with the power and will that only his compliment could behold. She provided a wordless comfort laced with sensuality.

Spreading her legs wider he leaned into her so their full bodies could slide against each other. Her nails raked down his back, gripping his ass and pulling him in deeper. Scully’s back arched as her body stiffened, her insides tight around him, her mouth open, yet a sound did not leave. With eyes open, his heart exploded with feeling as his warmth from another intense orgasm seeped into her being. Their body’s pulsing equal and opposite of the others. Her palm dragged gently over his late night stubble and he wiped the saturated strands away from her face as they exchanged a smile. Slowly he rolled off to her side, remaining tangled as she nestled into him. Arms and legs crossing. Hands covering and caressing. Kissing again, deep and meaningful, until eventually they both stilled. Cumulonimbus clouds rolled in filling Mulder’s mind moments before he joined Scully in a peaceful sleep. If all of this was orchestrated by man, how do you explain green blood?
Big eyes. Big round sad frightful eyes. That was what was staring up at him from below.

“How do they know the location of the ship?” The words floating up to him as if in a word bubble.

“According to the information we got from MUFON there has been increased activity surrounding Cannon Ball, North Dakota and the oil at that location. We believe they are looking to take control of the pipeline and whatever else is under there.” Mulder paced across the beige commercial carpeting of the motel already wearing a path. Part of his brain already calculating everything he needed for the expedition tomorrow. Scully had spent the day with the other scientists finalizing the liquid magnetite formula while Mulder had been with Jeffrey organizing troops for the invasion of the spacecraft. In theory, if they could sneak onto the ship and contaminate the water and injection system with the liquid magnetite it would destroy the black oil and the nucleus of the invasion.

“That man that Jeffrey introduced you to… that can’t be Jeremiah Smith. I met the last one. He was taken. Most likely dead.” She cut him off during his 7th pace across the foot of the bed and touched his arm, her energy surging through him stopping him in his tracks.

“He was reconstructed from the tests. We need him to know who or what is the enemy.” Mulder explained with a patience for her questions way past any normal limits.

“What about the men that will be going in with you?”

“They are clones, deserted and left to die from the syndicate. Jeffrey has kept them alive with transfusions and booster shots of an offset of purity control. This is a way for their lives to mean something.”

The practical skeptic returned with a stiffening of her posture. “There’s too much we don’t know. We’re trusting people without enough facts.”

Now it was Mulder’s turn to plead with her. His voice on the cusp of frustration. “What do you want to do? They need me on that ship.”

“Is it that Mulder, or do you need it?” He could hear the fangs come out and he looked away walking to the dresser and began to prepare for tomorrow.

He could feel her eyes still on him. Seeing a future she was afraid he was willing into existence. “Mulder, it’s a suicide mission.”

“At least you have confidence in me.” He said continuing to distract himself testing his breathing mask.

“I’ve already buried you once.”
He mouthed an “ow”. She really was worried. He stopped what he was doing and turned to face her, pulling her into him, wrapping his arms around her, nuzzling her hair, now back to its fiery red since news of her exoneration. It was comforting to have it back.

“I can’t lose you again Mulder. Not again.” Blue orbs of expectation stared into him, pleading with him.

He kissed the top of her head. “Scully, it’s the monsters’ turn to grope in the darkness, to not know the truth and be afraid. It is their world that is about to crumble…. I am going to be there when it does.”

Scully looked back up at him and dried her eyes. “And you can be and I will be right along side you, but I need to know when I look in the mirror that the devil isn’t me.”

“What are you saying?”

“It’s one thing to search for the truth, to expose it. Another to destroy those who hold it in the name of righteousness. Who are we to decide what is right? This whole time we were the ones on the defensive, protecting, in the hopes of revealing the truth to the populous. Now we are the executioners? When did we become the gods that decide what needs to be exterminated?”

“I believe we are still on the defensive. It was humans taken aboard that ship. Humans transformed into soldiers against their will. If we wait, who knows what plagues will be upon us?”

“We need more data, more proof that the plan will work, that we’re not walking into a trap or worse that we’ve come with weapons that might as well be made from origami.”

Mulder nodded and with a flicker of Scully’s eyelashes the conversation was over.

There was no more on the subject for the remainder of the night. Scully was quieter than usual, perhaps Mulder also. Mulder played the clown at dinner trying his best to make her smile. It could well be their last together. She fell asleep in his arms and around 2A.M. he gently let go. Fixing her strands one final time, he pressed his lips to her cheek. He was leaving her in a room that was not theirs. All they ever got to call home was some duffel bags filled with papers and clothes. Money stashed deep inside the pockets. What was left of their old life buried in storage. William hidden deep within the adoption system. Perhaps Maggie had kept the fish alive. If he was to die today would there be anything left to show his existence? If he failed, was he a martyr, a saint, or a John Doe?

Leaving her this time wasn’t as easy as the past. Not as headstrong as his younger self, or maybe now there were other things. More. He took one last long look at her and before he lost his nerve turned and walked out the door out into the night.

The lense of the mask fogged partly obscuring his vision as Mulder exhaled, the skintight black protective suit hot and suffocating. The only sound he heard was from his rebreather, the only smell neoprene. Underfoot, the metal grating of the ship had a moisture to it, a slick cold titanium composite that fought to seep into Mulder’s boots. The ship itself vibrated and hummed speaking into his bones, reminding him it was in fact alive, organic. The clones paused, Mulder stopping alongside them. What did they hear? Feel? He looked over at one of the clones who held up a hand as if to wave. Suddenly, his body began contorting, bending back beyond winning any limbo game. Bits of organs flew threw the air, causing Mulder to flinch, the entity exploding from the clone body leaving nothing but exposed tissue, his blood still visibly bubbling inside his protruding veins. To the left another clone stood. Internal heat eating away at his own insides, red staining his suit as it spread, beginning at his abdomen and growing until another entity ripped him open. Screams from others
echoed over the roars of the newborns hungry for flesh. The final sounds the clones would ever make.

Mulder watched in shock as the rest of the clones began to blister and boil, the skin melting away, leaving behind remains of a human muscular system until they too exploded.

A female clone looked over at Mulder, “What’s happening?”

“They’re hatching”

Jeffrey had implanted the clones after all, against Mulder’s wishes and without his knowledge, but it was apparent now what was happening. The aliens inside them that were incubating were ready to be born.

A frightful look came across the face of the female clone before contorting into one of malice and agonizing hatred. Her eyes widened and sunk into her skull while her mouth opened impossibly wide, stretching back the skin on her face until it was ripping and tearing, the screams inhumanly loud as the entity emerged.

Rooted to the spot in mortal terror, Mulder’s brain fought to function, his body preparing for fight or flight. The supersoldiers stood confused, taken by surprise, although it was way passed the point that any of them could have still gotten out alive. The attack was brisk and it was hard for Mulder to focus on what was happening; his occipital lobe processing the information slower than his axions were sending it. The heat coming off the younglings was tremendous and Mulder was sweating inside his suit, the smell of a million years of stagnant imprisonment filled the air. Those aliens were pissed and they were hungry. A supersoldier’s body was decapitated like the alien cut into a loaf of bread with his razor claws. Others sliced in half at the waist, their torsos rocking back and forth before their legs fell to the side unable to stand from the detachment. As fast as the younglings preyed, the supersoldiers came forth. Mulder was looking at.. hundreds? They lunged at Mulder who had pulled out his magnesium titanium weapon and swung, breaking the left arm of one in four places, the right arm of another in two, but they kept marching forward with that demented look in their eyes. Another cocked his arm back as if to swing and Mulder made contact, fracturing his skull, the supersoldier dazed for the moment then got back up. They closed in on Mulder, ready to strike. Swiftly the aliens came, plowing into their sides, flattening them against the wall, chewing into their brains. It was a frenzy of bones crunching and ripping flesh as the younglings devoured the supersoldiers feeding on their freshly mutilated corpses. Besides oscillating his weapon, Mulder could do little more than watch, fearful of his own life, the aliens not recognizing him as either friend or foe. After what seemed like hours, but in reality was mere minutes, the screams ceased, the only sounds were of digestion. Tiny metal discs from their spine and dust was all that remained of the supersoldiers and that soon was whisked away down the breezy corridors, never to be seen. Mulder swiftly collected the discs tossing them into his 40lb. magnetite filled backpack. Still weary of the younglings, he was relieved to see the Jeremiah Smith hybrid come forth and wrangle them into a group, leading them back out to the hot springs they craved, to continue their metamorphosis, not knowing it would also be their grave.

Mulder trudged on, the heart of the ship’s system had to be in reach. The endless corridors finally opened up into mass connections of tubes and wires. The flooring resembled a catwalk and he could see his destination in sight. Picking up the pace, he was close to a sprint towards the mainframe when a loud clanking followed by a thud stopped him in his tracks. A body had fallen from the upper catwalk accompanied by screams. The familiar green corrosive material had eaten away at the skin all over the man’s face and even down to some of the bone. His lips were peeled back no longer protecting teeth or gums, the eyelids disintegrated while his nose melted to nothing. Disgusted, Mulder turned his attention to above as silence was replaced by a fizzing, green liquid dripping onto
his catwalk. Then more screams. The Bounty Hunters. They were defending their ship.

Careful not to come in contact with the green acid he continued his trek to the mainframe. Knowing they would soon close in on him, he felt the totality of his life. This would be the end, he would not be able to survive their attack. He was okay with that, he had made his peace, but only if he destroyed all of them in the process. Running, he made a sharp right, his destination now in sight, ….and was stopped dead by the loaded barrel of a gun. Sweat drenched his skin, the thumping of his heart against his chest was so loud he could no longer hear his breathing, but he could feel the oxygen flooding in and out of his lungs. The only distraction was the constant throbbing behind his eyes. His fingers curled into fists as his nails dug into his palms fighting the fear torturing his gut, churning his stomach. It had come down to this.

The gun lowered as a voice came out from behind it. The man lifted his mask and Mulder held his breath.

“I had you big time.”

“Scully” Mulder breathed out in a laugh and relief. “You did not.”

“I had you Mulder.”

“You shouldn’t have come.”

“You ditched me.”

Mulder ignored the comment. “Was that your team up there with the Bounty Hunters?”

“Yeah. They’re still there attempting to ward them off. We don’t have much time. I have the liquid magnetite strapped to me, but we have to hurry.”

Scully waited as Mulder’s mind churned. “I’m not going with you.”

“Mulder, come on.”

“No Scully. I have to stay. They’ll be coming and you must get out.”

“Not without you.”

“The chances of us both leaving aren’t high enough. Go!”

After several more protests, Scully relented and ran towards the mainframe. Mulder paused to capture her in his memory, her face being the last thing he wanted firing through his synapses. Distracted by the vibration under his feet he rotated around.

A Bounty Hunter stood before him with a cruel detestable sinister snarl. His cheekbones bulging underneath the skin, his eyes big and sunken. Mulder thought he must not be getting a lot of home cooked meals on the ship. He stared with mindless menace into Mulder’s eyes. “I’m going to enjoy this. I’ve already tortured and killed you once, I will delight in doing it again.”

This wasn’t just any Bounty Hunter, it was the one that was assigned to Mulder so many years ago, the one that drove him onto the spaceship for capture, and lied to him about his sister.

Adrenaline soared inside Mulder to a fever pitch as his body unconsciously switched to fight mode, his legs exploding in violent motion towards his enemy, ripping a magnetite knife from it’s holster and bearing it’s blade. The Bounty Hunter in turn charged at him with a disturbing smile and ape-like
fury from the likes of Mulder’s favorite Charlton Heston movie. They collided and the Bounty Hunter quickly overpowered Mulder ripping his suit as he threw him to the ground, the floor grating, sending a slicing pain up Mulder’s left knee like falling on broken glass. The Bounty Hunter grabbed Mulder around the throat sinking his thumb deep into his windpipe. In an act of self-preservation, Mulder stabbed at The Bounty Hunter piercing under his rib. The Bounty Hunter screamed, releasing his grip. Mulder twisted the knife, carving the skin around the ribs. It was the first time he ever heard a Bounty Hunter in pain, obviously not immuned to the magnetite compound. Retracting it quickly he viciously drove the blade underneath his jaw, his gurgling screams were muffled as he coughed up thick dark green blood that poured into his mouth and throat. Green blood soaked both of their clothes as the Bounty Hunter thrashed about but he was helpless, the magnetite was taking effect on the black oil inside him, shaking him down, disintegrating his insides. The warm blood burned at Mulder’s arms and chest as it penetrated his protective clothing. The Bounty Hunter was still alive and punched Mulder in the gut, wrestling him to the floor as more green blood fizzed and oozed from exposed muscle and bone. As the Bounty Hunter grabbed Mulder by the ankle, Mulder reached for his backpack and released a rock from its bottle holder, shoving it past the blade still lodged in the Bounty Hunter’s jaw and down his throat. The Bounty Hunter threw Mulder into the air and against the railing, bringing his hands up to his own throat, green leaking around his now large black eyes and from his mouth and ears. Slowly transforming back to his natural self, his body now fully that of a grey. Blindly he crawled coming up fast on top of Mulder piercing the skin of Mulder’s cheek on the first swing. Mulder’s mask flew off his face. Sharp burning pain exploded from the nerves underneath his face, like layers of skin were being peeled away from his skull. Mulder felt nauseous as though he had been poisoned and spit his own red blood. He saw the Bounty Hunter rise up to give him a final blow. He heard a shot and his vision blurred and ears rang. When he refocused he saw green blood flying over the railings and onto the ceiling. The Bounty Hunter’s head was agape with a golfball size hole through the front and back. Scully hovered above them and lowered the gun, reaching into her suit she pulled out the weapon, activating it with a press of a button. She took the ice pick shaped stiletto and shoved it into the base of the skull right at the back of the neck. Mulder watched the eyes of the monster as it died, melting away. The last thing Mulder recalled was the grey alien taking his final cold breath. That icy cold filled the room and Mulder’s insides and then all went black.

Opening his eyes he was being carried by two men who ordered him to save his strength. Scully was walking ahead of them. The stinging and sharp pain returned to his face, through his body, and all went black. Waking again, they were in a forest. He was numbingly cold. Ice bath. Manicured fingers through his hair. A Soft voice. Scully. Black.

Scully’s voice sounded as if it was coming from a time warp as she said his name. His eyelids too heavy to open, he still forced one, swinging his head to the side so he could see her face, but was mostly met with blinding white lights. She said something about grafting and operations. “Is it bad?” Mulder mumbled picturing a fate similar to Jeffrey’s.

“No,” She smiled, “We only grafted a patch on your leg that was badly burned.”

He nodded with his eyes closed. Drugs are good he thought and the edges of his smile perked up. “Scully... will you marry me?”

“Mulder, please get some sleep.” Scully said and he felt the warmth of her hand across his forehead as the heat of her chest radiated into his own. “Did we do it Scully?” He asked as he fought against the sheet she was tucking him into. “We believe we did Mulder. Now please, get some sleep.”
Aftermath

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Aliens behind them, Mulder is recovering at Maggie's house forced to remain in hiding.

Mulder, still with a slight limp walked over to the white wooden chair and sat. Sipping his iced tea he stared out into the yard, at the birds fluttering around the trees and the sun beginning its trek behind them. There was the distant sound of a telephone ringing inside and he heard Scully’s voice faintly answer. She had a phone now. One with a monthly plan in her name. They were back inside the matrix. Where aliens lived in campfire stories and saving the earth meant recycling and driving a hybrid car. The protective suit he wore while fighting the Bounty Hunter had served its purpose and had prevented scarring. His other bruises almost healed, his knee that took the brunt of the injuries was yet to fully recover. The events of that day stayed in his memory like a fuzzy haunting dream. He could recall sneaking into the hangar with the clones, entering a fabricated air tunnel which had led them inside the ship. Then there was the fight that had followed and the painful rehabilitation afterwards. Which had brought him to where he was now with two Scully women catering to him and nursing him back to health. Almost made you want to milk it for what it was worth. Almost. Scully told him the war was over, but Mulder knew better. She wanted it to be over. Jeffrey was still out there fighting with the others, although he would soon die as a result of his injuries. What was the connection with Tunisia and was there some new syndicate or bits of the old one? What of the war in the heavens? Would the rebels win? Would they seek out this world or go back to their own? Even if colonization was halted, what of the tests? After all, there was still evil inside man and their desire to play god. Their will to power. A desire to create a superior race of their own. There were signs of it everywhere. Genetically modified food, plants, and animals. People would logically be the next step in the evolution of man as god.

Now back around society, Mulder saw the images through Scully’s laptop. 9/11 had left the people with all-powerful governments and too many were ready to relinquish freedoms for false securities. Maybe the world didn’t want to know. They wanted to stay plugged in and mesmerized, distracted by dancing cats and reality television. He had to believe there were those still like him fighting zombification, fighting big pharma, big oil, and the large food manufacturers. Those that still took long walks in the woods and stopped to remember what was real and what was created.

The swoosh of the sliding glass door brought him out of his thoughts as Maggie set her ice tea down next to his and pulled up a chair. “It’s really a beautiful view from such a tiny backyard. I find it peaceful. Tonight it looks like the birds are taking advantage of the feeders.”

Mulder nodded. “Three hummingbirds have visited to sip some sugar water in the time I was sitting here.”

Maggie smiled and continued. It was obvious to Mulder she enjoyed their evening talks and he often looked forward to them as well. She treated him with the love she felt for her own sons. A love he realized he never truly received from his own mother. The philosophical side of Maggie nurtured his curiosities, although tonight their conversation was interrupted by Scully standing in the doorway showing all the signs of annoyance.
“Mulder, we need to talk.”

Yeah, that’s never good. He smiled and gave a goodbye nod to Maggie and headed into the house.

As soon as the door clicked, Scully spoke. “I’ve been reviewing the search history on my laptop Mulder…”

“Scully, I’m not purposefully looking for porn. You type in any word and you find porn. Yesterday I typed in airplane…”

“That’s not what I was referring to… what are you planning Mulder?” She crossed her arms, darting her eyes at him, while her right eyebrow raised.

He was obviously in hot water about something. His mind scrambled for answers. “Are you talking about the research I was doing on genetic experiments?”

“Yes.” She spit back.

“Scully, they are experimenting with DNA… making mice, cats, dogs that glow in the dark… goats that spin spider webs… Korea is creating pigs with the muscles of Arnold Schwarzenegger… Canada grew cows that fart less.”

“What?” Scully asked sounding even further agitated.

“Less methane gas… the number one culprit in global warming.”

“And you think what… these are really human experiments?”

Mulder explained. “There was a publication in the scientific journal Nature… about the creation of the first public genetically-modified human embryo.”

“What about the email you received by a person that said he had written articles in The Lone Gunman on the subject and knew where Chinese scientist were conducting these experiments right here in the U.S.? Some type of connection with Sun Yat-sen University in China?”

Mulder lowered his voice and leaned into Scully so Maggie didn’t overhear. “Scully, he believes they are taking human tripronuclear embryos and altered mutant DNA…”

Scully whispered back with her usual tenacity. “Mulder those studies at that university are for the cure of diseases like cystic fibrosis, huntingon’s, eliminating breast or ovarian cancer… not creating superhumans… they were collected from non-viable embryos from IVF clinics. One egg fertilised by two sperm cannot result in a live baby.”

“You read that they injected the embryos with CRISPR/Cas9. Those molecular scissors can target any specific segment of DNA as easy as cutting and pasting in a word document. In certain hands…”

“Mulder it’s not quite as simple as a word document.” Scully corrected.

“He told me he found evidence showing “Off target effects” and “mosaicism”. Some of what he described hinted at alien DNA splicing and traced back to IVF clinics that were previously controlled by the old syndicate. With our help we can smoke them out, expose them, and shut them down.”

“Mulder… I’m done. Someone else is going to have to learn to play Batman and Robin.” Scully pulled out of their bubble and headed towards the back room. Mulder stayed close behind.
“Am I Batman or Robin in this scenario? Because I think I might make the better Batman..”

Scully spun around pointing her finger as a warning. “We are no longer part of law enforcement Mulder. What are you hoping to gain?”

“Some justice. To stop these bastards.”

“Mulder we are fugitives outside the law, without access, or protection. Any notion of justice was lost years ago. I want what you want, but I need access to my family. I need to put my life back together. We’ve done all we can do. It’s time.”

“I can’t give up knowing this might still be going on out there.”

“I’m not going to try to stop you. I won’t ask that of you, but I will not follow you. If you leave, it will be on your own. I mean it Mulder.”

Out of the corner of her eye Scully saw her mother enter the room and instantly her demeanor changed masking her current emotions.

After dinner Mulder excused himself and stepped into the back yard. He leaned against a post and stared up at the stars. Before her mother began asking questions Scully walked out to the back porch to join him. Dark clouds had rolled in and were threatening to block out the moon. A gust of wind made Scully shiver. As she made her way down the porch steps she took note of the creaks from the boards. Carefully she stood next to him and crossed her arms. “Please don’t be angry with me Mulder.”

He looked over at her and then down at the ground running the bottom of his shoe over the grass. “I’m not. I can still wish you would go with me, but I understand why you can’t…..” He sighed. “I still need you.” His eyes were glaring back into her own.

Her eyes grew wide as her head tilted to the left her right hand supporting her weight on the porch post while her left sat on her hip in disgust. She nodded out her words firmly. “It will always be this way Mulder. You needing more than what I can give you. You want to be out there. You will be fighting until your last breath.. but I need things too… and I need to know when I reach the end that I did more with my life. That doesn’t mean it wasn’t exciting and exhilarating and that it wasn’t worth it. That I didn’t enjoy every minute when I was with you. It was right at the time, but there are other things now that I feel I need to be doing…. This is no longer the direction my life should be taking… I need to…To make a difference. At some point I have to leave it in the past and move on.”

Mulder shook his head at her and she knew he didn’t want to see it her way, but there was an underlying current to the conversation. “I know, but what greater difference could you make than..”

“Maybe this is where your life is headed…… without me..” She felt drained as her eyes pulled back away from him. There was nothing in her that wanted to believe that, but it was his choice to make. This was the delineation mark and she wasn’t going to cross it. William was gone and she didn’t want to overturn any more rocks. She had seen and witnessed enough. It was time for acceptance. Time to start living again and stop searching for answers to questions that won’t bring him back.

His face pleaded with her as if to say don’t do this, then his expression dropped. “You’re wrong. I need you Scully” He deadpanned before turning and walking away. He headed towards the side of the house and she followed him stopping where the siding met the brick of the fireplace. Thunder crackled in the distance and the atmosphere grew heavy, almost suffocating her as she walked. The scent of the air dark and crisp. Scully could hear the light pattering of raindrops begin to fall against the roof and the leaves, currently sheltering them from above.
He turned so abruptly he startled her. “Ok….” It was almost in a shout.

“Okay…. What?....” She wasn’t even sure where they had left off.

His eyes grew dark as the sky and pierced into her chest. The words coming as if plucked from her own fantasies. His voice softened. “Let’s find a place to live…. Let’s find our home..”

“But Mulder… what about your geneticists?”

“…you’re right… it could be nothing…”

How was he changing his mind so easily? Was he placating her? That really wasn’t like Mulder. “…what if it’s something?... what if you can’t let it go?....”

He was calm when he took her hand. “We deal with it together…. It’s what we decide….”

The rain became a steady mist as a lump formed in her throat at the thought of the answer to her next question. “And if I ask you to let it go?.... I know how it affects you… how you get consumed… how it becomes you….If you do this with me…” She shook her head now lacking previous conviction. “it will have to be different Mulder… we will be going in a different direction… this will all become the past..”

“…Scully… I know….” He whispered, leaning into her, entering their bubble, her back inches from the brick of the house. “it will be a life… together…” He squeezed her hand and ran his thumb over her knuckles. Looking back into his eyes she could see his sincerity. “Our home Scully… I would still need to stay incognito, but we could get a house in the country…maybe have a back porch like your mother’s… you could have a job… a career…”

Was he serious? He looked serious. She trusted him. If he said that was his choice, she would be able to rely on him. But. “What about you?....”

He face brightened and a smirk emerged as thoughts danced through his mind. “…I could be your housemaid… your man servant… there to fulfill any and all needs…”

He looked so cute when his brain went south. “Mulder.…” She warned with the beginnings of a smile.

“I’m serious Scully… what do you say?....”

“Are you sure this is what you want?..”

“What do you say Scully?....”

It wasn’t exactly an answer to her question, but they had broached the subject before and each time he was not shy as to his commitment regarding them. Did she want to build a life with him? Have a home? She looked at his waiting eyes. Big and hopeful. “Yes.”

His hands slipped beneath her hair as his thumbs caressed the base of her skull, her arms sliding behind his neck. Heat climbed up her body as he found her lips. The rain picked up, running down their faces where their lips met, the sweet cold drops steaming against his hot tongue as he kissed her slowly, meaningful. Everything except him blurred like a watercolor painting in the rain. His lips pressed and caressed her own, his tongue lovingly following behind. The wind, the rain, it all seemed to halt as she pulled back to take in his beautiful face, smiling and full of promise. Through the silence there was a low rumble followed by a severe crack as a streak of hot silver split the sky. The rain poured down plastering their hair to their faces. She giggled contagiously as he started to
laugh as well. The hammering on the roof sounded like an applause to Scully, like an approval from
the heavens of their new commitment. Shielding her as best he could they made their way back to the
house where her mother was there laughing at the two of them drenched from the downpour. They
explained their plans as she handed them towels to dry off and strip from their soaked clothes.

Three months later...

Her leg shifted in sleep and his five o’clock shadow brushed against hers bringing him into
consciousness. He stretched out his lips and gave her calf a kiss, last night it had been good to him.
Mulder could hear Scully snoring softly somewhere between his knees. The memory of what
resulted in the two of them in that position made him decide that they had enough rest. Her scent still
lingering on his body, he imagined the previous night and how he entered her again and again and
again. He moaned recalling the feeling of being inside her. Grabbing her by the hips she glided softly
over his body until his tongue met with the place it had been a better part of the night. Her insides
still hot and wet. A hum left his lips as his tongue was very agreeable to be summoned to it’s rightful
place. It explored each crevice and savored every bump, arousing him in the process. He would tell
her that he couldn’t stop wanting her, but at this point it seemed redundant. He had lost count of how
many times they had christened their new house. Pure heated pleasure swelled in his stomach and
down his thighs. Scully, now awake, was stroking him with her hand while her tongue swirled
around the head. Her tongue did the most amazing things to him. And the feeling of her hand
twisting up and down as she continued her licking motion. He tried not to think what her other hand
was doing that was sending the intense pulsing up through his body. At this point he was pretty
certain he had lost all feeling in his legs. Luckily his tongue still worked paying her back for every
ethereal feeling she created. He felt her kiss the tip and he had to stop as he had lost his breath.
Scully took advantage of his dislodgement to slide away from his mouth and take him all in.
Immediately his body went rigid and his muscles tightened as he fist the sheets, his head pressing
into his pillow. The intensity overpowering. Only Scully could make him feel this way. Make his
body a slave to her desires, to obey her command. His hips moved in short shallow jabs into her
motions, her mouth soaking him in warmth as he slid in and out. Her hot breath traveled over his
delicate skin and it sent tingles into his spine. Not wanting this to end before it began he grabbed her
thighs pulling her back into his mouth, pushing his tongue inside, while his lips caressed hers,
already soaked and pulsating causing another surge of pleasure from his body. Firm soft breasts
strummed his rib cage as she rocked, her body blanketing his own, he felt the heat rise inside her, the
increased repetitions of her abdomen quickening his own pulse. Her head, rolled side to side as
high-pitched moans echoed from her throat into his abdomen while her hands gripped at his thighs
for dear life cutting his circulation. Her knees bent into his shoulders and her toes compressed
against the headboard, trying to sway away from the intensity, but Mulder wouldn’t let up. Instead he
slid her further over his mouth, sucking on her tight little clit as two fingers of his right hand slipped
inside her from behind her thigh. Her hot juices coated his finger and she bit at the skin on his belly.
The pain radiating into the pleasure, she had made his body one complete erogenous zone. Still
pumping in and out with his hand he flattened his tongue to rub steady hard circles into her. Scully
screamed his name begging him to let up, which charged him even more, his body throbbing in
pleasure. He moved his fingers faster in time with his tongue until she went stiff as a board against
his body, her nails digging into his hips, her thighs tightening around his head and now he was the
one moaning. Her orgasm giving him as much pleasure as his own. After several moments she
loosened her hold and Mulder slowed his tongue to leisurely paced licks. When he felt Scully’s limbs
relax even more, he finally allowed her to roll off of him. Mulder flipped around so they were both
facing the foot of the bed and they kissed like it had been weeks instead of hours with no wish for
the kiss to end. Their eyes loving each other as much as their bodies. Joined again, their souls
mingled as the quiet dawn crept into their bedroom. Their bedroom. On their sheets with their
pillows. We. Ours. Us. Words Mulder never thought could be so intoxicating. It was hard to hold
back, to extend a moment he never wanted to end. This had been the right choice for them both and
dare he think it... he was happy.
Chapter Summary

Mulder and Scully have decided to settle down and buy a house now that Scully no longer has a need to be on the run and the threats have recently quieted. Mulder has agreed in return to keep his obsessions at bay, but how long can the honeymoon last? At least a chapter or two....

Chapter Notes

Last chapter ended with them already in their home. This one rewinds a bit to capture the reasoning behind the purchase and what preceded that event in which we found them in their new bed.

Scully lunged forward pulled along by their invisible tether. With jackrabbit speed and prowess Mulder was hopping up stairs, darting room to room, his excitement in overdrive. Now at the back porch, then the front, his mouth moving as fast as his feet. He was shouting things to her about fireplaces and starry nights. Cobwebs, creaky floorboards, and possible foundation issues were noted in Scully’s head. A good coat of paint wouldn’t hurt either. The kitchen was in dire need of a remodel.

Scully pushed the screen door open and let the sun’s full blinding rays hit her square in the face. The heat a pleasant contrast to the cool damp air inside the musty-odored house. Carefully she came down the steps as to not catch her heels on any splintered wood. The realtor squinted back her way holding her hand above her brows, pushing away chestnut colored hair.

Scully turned so she was shoulder to shoulder with the realtor staring at the house. “Do we know anything about the condition of the roof?” Scully asked. It actually looked in better shape than most of the house.

“The roof was replaced about five years ago. The older gentlemen that owns the land tried his best to keep the house standing as a promise he made to his grandmother when he was a child. She had an inherent fear it would one day be turned into a hay barn as many of the other original houses in the area. She couldn’t stand to think of her home and memories being destroyed like that. This house has been through many generations and has a lot of history.”

Scully nodded and Mulder appeared at the doorway holding the screen open with contagious enthusiasm. “What do you think Scully?” Scully turned to the realtor. “Excuse us please.” and headed into the house with Mulder. Once inside she offered up her opinion. “I think it’s definitely secluded. It would take a lot of investigative work to find us back here.” Mulder nodded in agreement. “The best part is the house doesn’t even have an address. It was part of a larger homestead and it’s sectioned off as acreage, so the house and the other buildings are coded like barns.” Mulder with his hands on his hips looked up at the solid panels of wood on the ceiling with a
big smile. “We pay cash… the deed is in your name… You can use a P.O. Box for an address.. I think we have a winner.” He looked back at her with a smile and her heart constricted.

“You always said you rather live out in the country. This is definitely country.” Scully replied.

She took in the natural hardwoods, the sturdiness of the exposed beams… it had been around this long, she guessed it wasn’t going anywhere. They continued their momentum towards the kitchen and Scully turned the knob of the faucet as she reached the sink. The pipes clunked and yawned, screeching from being woken from their slumber while rust dribbled from it’s neck.

“The well probably needs to be primed.” Mulder answered. “I can fix it.”

“Uh huh.” Scully replied repressing a grin, recalling Mulder’s previous experience with plumbing and the subsequent abuse his ass took as a result.

Mulder gained momentum again as he pointed towards the doors. “There’s a partial wraparound porch... and checkout upstairs... Nice big bedroom with a private bath…” Mulder said as he swung from the banister hopping onto the second step.

As if he was reading her mind he replied, “Yeah, it needs some work, but can you see the possibilities?” Scully’s eyes continued their inspection. Her mental notepad was getting full. “Mulder you’re not exactly the handyman. There’s a lot of DIY here.”

“I’ll have a lot of time to figure that out while you’re taking your classes and working at the hospital. Hone my skills.”

“And you don’t feel we’re taking too much of a risk staying in Virginia?”

“Not any more than anywhere else…. This is where you have all your connections. Living here it will be possible for you to get the expedited training and courses to get back into the medical field. You said yourself it would take 5 years anywhere else to do what they are offering you in three. Besides, why think to look for us here, hiding in plain sight?” Mulder’s voice dropped. “This decision is about you as much as it is about me.”

“Have you made a decision?” The realtor asked stepping back inside the house.

Mulder looked over at Scully and she looked around the room passed the cobwebs and dirt, passed the scratches and imperfections. What stared back at her was a home. Rich in love and history with battered walls built strong enough to hold theirs. Like them, bashed and bruised through the years, with life still left inside. It spoke to her. Waiting for them to carve their future into the foundation. Together.

Mulder read her eyes and turned to the real estate agent. “We’ll take it.”

* 

“Those two fish are still alive?” Scully huffed slightly out of breath, hauling a big box of the past into their new house. Indentations formed on her reddened fingers as she willed herself to make it all the way into their living room.

“Alive? Under your mother’s care, they had babies.” Mulder replied happily carrying in the empty tank, a bulging water filled bag of fish dangling between his fingers. His long legs passed her by as she saw him disappear into the house only to reappear at the porch to take the heavy box from her screaming muscles.
“Shouldn’t I be carrying you over the threshold?” Mulder smirked with a hint of seriousness. Scully answered with a simple look.

Once the truck was unloaded and boxes scattered throughout the rooms, they found themselves in a dilemma. Where to begin. The kitchen in workable condition, they decided it was best to start with the bathrooms and the bedroom, Mulder graciously calling a plumber to repair the pipes and install the toilets, shower, and vanities. The house came with all the appliances, although they owned little furniture, with the exception of a few pieces her mother wanted them to have. The fish tank took its rightful place outside their bedroom at the end of the hall. They did their washes and folded their clothes, now finding a place in drawers and closets, on hangers.

On her tiptoes, Scully balanced an unmarked box on the top shelf in their closet.

“Do you need help?” Mulder asked making her jump as she struggled. His eyes softened to half moons as he took the box from her hands. “Can I open it?”

She hadn’t realized he knew what was inside. Simply nodding she handed it to him and he tore open the tape and it felt like he was ripping it from the open wound on her heart. Some of the items he smiled at and others brought pain to his face. It was all that he had missed with his son and no matter what she ever did or gave to him, she could never give him back that time. There was a manilla envelope from when Ellen and her mother took her to the picture studio with William. It was the only professional pictures she had. He sifted through the photos and cried without tears. Her gut wrenched as he held up a small wallet sized one. She had forgotten in the final days with William how much of his father she saw in his eyes. “May I take this?” he croaked out.

“Of course Mulder.” She said delicately and he placed the box back up on the shelf. The tape still hanging from the cardboard, the flap remaining open.

After a day of heavy lifting, plastering, and demoing, Scully was dirty and exhausted. Unfortunately, the bedroom set they picked out with her mother had not yet arrived, so Mulder inflated a queen size air mattress for their night’s rest.

Morning came and a stiff back was Scully’s first indication that she was not sharing her mother’s guest pillowtop. The next was the realization that she was no longer on the air mattress, but the hard wooden floor. Old musty wood filled her nostrils and for a moment she was back in Mulder’s apartment, pleading to his sanity, searching for clues, removing bullets from walls, ruining the springs on his couch. Right about now she missed that worn cracked leather and wondered where the throw was packed. She did a sit-up and confirmed that she had indeed spent the night on oak bedding while Mulder laid on his back spread eagle on the mattress. She would not have expected less.

Rummaging through her overnight bag she located her toothbrush and danced it over her pearly whites. The stagnant air left her mouth dry and an unpleasant film on her teeth she was happy to gargle away. Next stop was the kitchen and setting up the coffee maker, her bare toes introducing themselves to the faded vinyl she now owned.

The fragrance of rich percolated coffee traveled the rooms and with a hot steaming mug now in her hand, she left the house for the porch dressed in what she had fallen asleep in: one of Mulder’s old button down shirts. The baby blue chairs, another gift in the sale, were surprisingly comfortable and she perched her bare feet against the railing, allowing it to massage her arches. Looking out, the view was calm and serene, full of yellows and green. Isolated, yet teeming with wildlife she was yet to see, but could hear at night. Around the second cup of coffee, Mulder joined her. In silence they
sat, watching and listening to the early morning shower as cool mist occasionally greeted them.
Mulder set his mug down and stood, holding his hand out for her to take. She rose and held the railings on either side of her, cocooning her in, bending into her so their faces brushed as they looked outward. “There’s a large variety of trees out there.” He said breaking the silence. The vibration of his baritone voice massaging her eardrums.

“I noticed a lot of different pines, hemlock, cypress, and spruce.” He pointed to the right of another grouping of trees. “Over there we have walnut and hickory and I believe there’s some red and white cedar.” He paused as his brain took over for his eyes. “This is all ours now Scully. The view, the land…. Our home.”

She leaned into him turning her head to look up at him. His face told the story of how much this all meant. His actions spoke louder. He had stayed fast and remained with her, their focus on finding a home and spending time with her mother. She had been correct, there was no evidence found at any of the IVF clinics or the labs of doing anything but what they claimed. An overreaction from overzealous grad students attempting to win the graces of the famous Fox Mulder.

His eyes darkened as he studied her face, ever concerned with her feelings and state of mind. Placing his hand at her hips he rotated them so she was facing him. “It’s just me and you now Scully.” He whispered sending a chill up her spine.

And it was. Now more than ever. Alone in the woods in their cabin. No videos. No wire taps. The darkness kept at bay by the surrounding forest.

“That’s not a bad thing Mulder.”

Mulder looked past her at the surrounding trees. “Am I giving you what you want?”

“Yes... but is it what you want?” She asked concerned for his own happiness.

Half his face raised in a smile and he looked at her quizzically. “Of course it’s what I want Scully. It’s what I’ve always wanted.” He looked away again. “There are always other things, but this has become more important to me.” His eyes locked onto hers and he gazed back as he whispered, “It has for a very long time now.”

He leaned into her and Scully’s lower back pressed into the white planks, his hands sliding along her cheeks, his lips only pausing inches away from hers and Mulder slowly inhaled as his eyes closed. Heat rose inside her, the breeze failing to cool off the electricity between them. She could almost taste the anticipation pulsing inside her body. She knew what was about to happen. The intensity between them that was always there, as though their chemistry contained its own mass, living and flowing back and forth inside him to her. Just as she felt herself on the verge of understanding the origins of spontaneous combustion, his plump bottom lip and the “v” of the top matched up with her own. The scruff on his upper lip acting like a striker against the phosphorus of her own skin. His hands big and smooth, melding their bodies. She felt their first kiss in every kiss they ever shared. This one was no exception. Love, with a promise of what’s to come. He took a half a step back and opened his eyes and she gazed upwards through her eyelashes towards him. The flat of his nose playfully glided along the bridge of hers. He smiled and kissed her again, rewarding her with his tongue this time. She pulled him in closer and could feel him through the silkiness of his loose basketball shorts growing against her leg only making her want him more.

With an abrupt swing of his arms he had her propped on the railing. She worried about the old boards supporting the weight, but his concerns were on unbuttoning his shirt from her body and removing the light blue silk underneath. “You know the closest human is over two miles away.” He rambled dipping his head down as he lifted up her breast, “Satellites, spyware, and alien beings
perhaps even farther…” now mumbling as he sucked on her hard nipple, teasing it harder. She gasped at her body’s severe response. His lips lazily wandered over to the delicate skin on her shoulder as he removed the shirt draped over it and she kissed the light lines of age forming like rays of sunlight around his eyes. Mulder droned on with facts, of what she did not know, her attention had drifted to his body and the wonderful things it was about to make her feel. He traced along the inside of her thigh and teased her until the long fingers she loved were running their prints along her inner walls and she was struggling to catch her breath. As he hunched in closer to worship her neck, her lips glided over his temple past his sideburns to reach the flesh of his ear. He groaned into her and his sounds hit her squarely between the legs, causing her to clamp down on his fingers. He pulled back again and gave her that look, the one with his eyes transfixed and mouth slightly ajar, shooting another bolt into her core. Her mind already steps ahead. He helped her along sliding down his shorts. As his cock sprung into view, she couldn't help but stare at it, hard and thick and twitching in response to her admiring. Being at her mother's she wasn't privileged to such sightings. Luckily he was still magnificent. She let him know in an exhale of breath “Mulder”. She looked up at him and he was already staring at her. She touched him to complete their connection and moaned with him as the smooth taunt skin sent lightening through her fingertips.

Without hesitation, both of them watched as his cock disappeared inside her. As he glided slowly in and out, her desire coated him with each thrust. Their eyes connected and they moaned again, breathing and panting as one. Their gazes stayed locked so she could read his feelings, feel them inside herself. His forehead and eyebrows scrunched as he entered her, his lips extending and wrinkling only to return to a smile as he withdrew. She loved to watch his face, watch his eyes as they changed color with each feeling, how much care he gave her. The tiny moan at the end of each breath. He hugged her closer and her lips passed over the soft apple of his cheek as he whispered in her ear. “Does it still surprise you that we could make each other feel like this?”

“Yes, but in the best possible way”

“It’s pretty great isn’t it?”

“It’s really great Mulder.”

The words radiated into her chest as passing clouds came to darken the sky and enclose them. The long strokes of his hips tested her willpower as he did so many times before. Her body craved fast and furious, but he was loving, gentle, and caring. She knew how he was when his heart conceded to romance. It would be slow and long, until her entire body became one giant g-spot, each atom an erogenous zone. Only then would he give in and even then he would slow to savor the crest, take her back with the tide, and ride a new wave in… ah, but the finish… she sucked at his collarbone, her hands running down the roundness of his shoulders and squeezed at his hard bicep. He solicited long high pitched moans from her… and loud. It was that incredible and that strong. It was then she understood how free and alone they were. The thousands of people, dangers, and concerns of their past life no longer supported and surrounded them. The boards of the porch moaned loudly in agreement.

As his abs crunched, her palm loved the way they slightly bulged along each muscle, his stomach never concave or flat. She kissed his chest as it rocked into her lips. His next thrust was more purposeful and she released the pleasure it sent her into the crease of his neck, her hands clinging tightly at the blades of his back, nails raking at his skin. It should all have been routine by now, but with two so complex, Mulder plucked a different string on her every time. How long would that
last? The thrill of the chase was over, they were no longer falling. What would it be like to come home every day to Fox Mulder? To be a family… to live with him.. grow old and perhaps even die with him…? Was this the man she imagined herself with given their relationship was as improbable as the answers to any x-file? Yet here she was.. committed… excited and a little scared…..

Finding the bumpy trail of his spine as he flexed into her, her fingers traveled south, finally landing where they could cling to the flesh of his hips as her thumb traced the indented curves. It amazed her how she could be completely satisfied to be connected and still yearn for him. She wanted to inhale him, consume him. Sucking under the curve of his jaw elicited a groan and it pierced right through her, suddenly losing her breath, she threw back her head, her moaning a crescendo of short staccato high c’s. It was more about need now than want as she tightened her legs around him, the skin of her inner thighs rubbing ferociously against his hips. Oh the feel of him inside. How she coveted this man. If she thought for one moment her intentions were not to spend the rest of her life with him, she was only lying to herself. With one hard thrust she heard a crack and began to fall. “Mulder…. Mulder!” she screamed as her weight shifted away from him, pulling him out of her, the top rail tilting, tearing from its nails. Her legs chafed as they slid against the loose board, but his arms were there to catch her before she fell the good four to six feet onto the ground below. “I got you.” He smiled and she laughed nervously, allowing him to lift her back over onto the porch, his voice soft and arousing. “Let’s go inside.”
Chapter Summary

Scully's back in the medical world. Will it welcome her back with open arms?

The bookbag vibrated and Scully nonchalantly rummaged through it, pulling out her phone and flipping it open under her desk as to not draw attention. The text read: *You should be paying attention to your professor, not reading texts.*

Scully smiled and returned the text: *Missu2*

A minute later it buzzed back. *I’ll be here when you get home…. Waiting.*

Scully smiled at the last part. It seemed she had spent most of her life either chasing or waiting. It was nice to turn the tables.

“Is there something you find amusing Dr. Scully? Are you finding issue with the curriculum?” The professor had his arms crossed and the class of dozing students now lifted their heads off their desks in anticipation of some controversy.

Scully slammed her flip-phone shut with one hand and cleared her throat. “As a matter of fact professor, it seems to me the running theme of this chapter and the subsequent journals was ‘embrace racial stereotypes.’ Race is not a diagnostic shortcut.”

“You disagree that race should be considered when diagnosing a patient?” The professor started pacing considering her statement, drawing his chalk wielding finger to his lips like he might kiss it.

“Sir, race is a system of social stratification and is not a biologically valid category. The concept of race emerged in colonial America as a way to rationalize the difference between indentured servants and slaves. It holds no basis in genetics. The Human Genome Project established that some years ago.” Scully wished Mulder had been listening. He would have been proud.

“Aren’t we the encyclopedia Dr. Scully.” The professor retorted, the words dripping with sarcasm.

“Those racial and ethnic group labels are from the National Institute of Health and they mandate data collection on those categories. Are you saying you disagree with them?”

Scully stiffened. Winding up the pitch. And the release. “Categories?… Black and White? What exactly is the definition of “a black” or “a white”? I’m having trouble locating that in my lecture notes.” As she said it she pretended to sift through her spiral book, then looked the professor straight in the eye. “It’s preposterous. How could that be a fixed scientific category?” She could hear Mulder in the back of her mind. ‘Striieeek! 90 miles an hour down the center of the plate and the crowd goes wild!’ Mulder’s influence was full force today. “In the 1920’s “Mulatto” was a different category than “black” on the U.S. census. “Korean” was separated from “Asian” in the U.S. census in the 70s… And while we’re on the subject, radiation science will tell you that people with darker skin have evolved a pattern of melanin pigment distinct from those with lighter skin due to differences in environments and geographies, not genetics. Yet there are studies in our textbook discussing
mainstream formulas to measure kidney function and lung capacity tests different for “blacks” and “whites.” It’s beyond absurd.”

The professor stopped his pacing and paused at the podium preparing his own speech. “If a person is of African American descent and experiencing a vaso-occlusive crisis are we supposed to ignore sickle-cell anemia Dr. Scully?”

Of course he goes right to sickle-cell. “No, but to disregard other possible issues can lead to misdiagnosis or ignoring the diagnosis because a person is considered “white”…. Mediterranean countries, like Greece have seen the recessive form of the genetic mutation that causes sickle cell because having it makes people less susceptible to malaria.”

“That is all well and good Dr. Scully, but do you deny that Polynesian or Filipinos with the same symptoms would more likely have acute gout than other races? Do you test that first or jump right to sickle cell to avoid being racist? Can you understand where I’m coming from?”

Scully’s neck turned bright red and she felt her cheeks flush. “I know exactly where you’re coming from. When you hear hoofbeats think horses, not zebras.”

That caused some sounds out of the peanut gallery which had been quiet up until now. They were waiting for the professor’s response, but he remained silent. The two of them in a locked heated staredown. Scully continued. “Thinking there’s a biological relationship between the residents of a community’s race and health would be a false conclusion. If an area isn’t close to a grocery store that sells fresh produce, it may affect that population’s health. If there are no sidewalks, they may have trouble exercising outside. By looking at race and checking a box, you are creating bias and opening yourself up for misdiagnosis.” Scully looked around the room. “Think about the power we can have as physicians, the power of medicine. As doctors we have the power to not just change physical health of the population, but social mindset as well. We are all humans with a shared genetic coding that one day may be called to task. Our concentration should be viewing humans as a species, one race, with blood that continues to run red.”

“Think about the power we can have as physicians, the power of medicine. As doctors we have the power to not just change physical health of the population, but social mindset as well. We are all humans with a shared genetic coding that one day may be called to task. Our concentration should be viewing humans as a species, one race, with blood that continues to run red.”

Scully turned and kept walking, but he continued to follow. “Yeah, well, my outbursts aren’t changing anything…”
“But you are... you do... after class we get together and talk... you inspire us to not stay silent, you inspire the way we will approach medicine. You have an effect. There’s a woman in class that has decided today to major in medicine and minor sociology as well to have a well-rounded vision of environmental factors... You did that. It was your influence.”

Scully stopped and turned her attention back to the young man. “Thank you. It’s good to know someone is listening even if it isn’t the professor.”

The young man hesitated presumably gathering courage before he spoke. “We’d love it if after classes you could come by the Rat and join us for discussion and a drink.”

“Rat?” Scully asked slightly concerned with what that entailed being they were all med students.

He giggled self-consciously pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose in a Skinneresque fashion. “It’s a bar right off campus. It’s a local hang out. There are some students that would go wild to get a chance to speak with you.”

“Why?”

“Well, I sort of told them who you are.”

“Who am I?” Scully began to feel uneasy. Would it be like this wherever she went? Obviously she had underestimated their cult following. Skinner had put the word out that her and Mulder had broken up, that once Scully discovered she was in the clear she had chosen a path back to medicine. That she had given Mulder an ultimatum and he had left to follow his own path. Maybe the word hadn’t spread fast enough.

“You’re the FBI agent that was in charge of handling cases concerning aliens.”

“Well, that’s not exactly accurate... Who are you?”

“I’m part of the campus MUFON chapter.” The young man said shyly. “You’re our hero.”

“Oh.” Scully cut him short. “If you’re trying to get to former Agent Mulder I’m afraid we have gone our separate ways. I can’t reach him.” She was getting nervous. Was this a trap?

“No, no. it’s you we want to... to meet. As doctors and scientists ourselves, we take a more clinical analysis to findings and experiences. I can’t even begin to tell you how much we admire you...”

“Well, I promised a friend I’d go to dinner with them.. possibly in the future?” Might as well keep tabs on their findings in case something significant does get discovered Scully thought to herself. Like William.

“Yeah, um, definitely... wow... that would be great... Thank You Dr. Scully.” The young man lit up and ran ahead, never even thinking to give her his name. Apparently, she had made his day.

Scully laughed to herself. Maybe she wasn’t quite the outcast she thought she was.

Later that day, another incident proved her first theory incorrect.

Like most Tuesdays, her afternoons were at the hospital where she was completing her residency. During rounds she noticed the nurses agitated and bunched together whispering in corners. Shift hand-off was completed and the incoming nurses already looked at wits end. She hadn’t noticed an influx of patients and besides the reaction of the staff, it appeared to be a rather calm day. Walking up to a group of nurses, she inquired if she could be of any assistance.
“No, but thank you dear.” Said Mary the head nurse. “We have a call button that won’t stop going off. Just a maintenance issue.”

“Maintenance issue my ass.” Roberta chimed in. “It’s Mr. Harvey. We all know it’s Mr. Harvey.”

“Whose Mr. Harvey?” Scully asked.

“He had chronic congestive heart failure. A frequent flier. Well, he was always on the call button needing something. You know the ones we have to take turns during the shift answering the call button so the primary can actually do other work? Well, he died about 4 A.M. and the look on his face said that he was not happy to go. Anyway, family and the funeral home were gone by 6A.M. That’s when it started. The call button started going off about every 10 minutes. When you go into the room, no one is there, and we can’t get it to stop.”

“Can you show me the room?” If what they stated was true, Scully guessed she knew what was going on.

“You think you can do something? Well, be my guest. We’ve tried everything. Maintenance even claims they cut the circuit breaker, but it’s still going off.”

Upon entering the room Scully shivered. It was at least 20 degrees colder than the hallway. She fidgeted with the call button.

“I told you, it’s no use, we tried everything.”

Scully could feel it in her bones and it made her caress her cross. She had this feeling before. With her father, with a dead twin boy, and with Mulder as his spirit left his body. There were other times, but it was always the same. There was a spirit in this room. She turned to the nurse. “You think maybe I can have the room for a moment?”

“Oh, hell no. If you know some voodoo, I’m staying to watch this.”

“What did you say his name was?”

“Harvey. Darrell Harvey.”

After some grumbling, the nurse agreed to wait in the hall and let Scully have the room to herself. Scully took a moment to reflect on the differences between now and her first go around with medicine. How much Mulder and her time in the FBI had changed her. Pushed past her limits, she had come away enlightened. Even if scientific proof was taken from them time and again, their litmus testing proved correct. This may be another one for the books and her notes.

Scully spoke to the empty bed. “Mr. Harvey? Mr. Harvey…. Enough. Mr. Harvey… you have died sir. Please, you can’t be in here bothering these nurses anymore. You need to follow the light. Follow the starlight. Be happy and go in peace.”

Suddenly the call button stopped. The temperature of the room warmed and Roberta almost knocked Scully off her feet as she barged into the room at the silencing of the alarm, hugging and kissing her on the cheek. “Ma’am, I don’t know what that was, but thank you. Thank you Jesus.”

Scully laughed. All in a day’s work she thought to herself. The heroics were short lived as the doctors got word from the nurses of what had occurred. Soon the chief physician was calling her to his office to discuss the matter.

“Dr. Scully, I’m being informed that you performed an exorcism around a defective call button? I understand your background and you come with an impressive amount of accolades and references
from the highest authorities in both medicine and government, but you are no longer in the FBI. You need to stay focused in the realm of medicine not hocus pocus. Your patients and your staff need someone they can feel comfortable relying on, confiding in and can take seriously. You need to be careful, the reputation you develop in the beginning can stay with you throughout your career. I’m sure you wouldn’t want to get labeled as “spooky”.

Knowing that arguing the point wouldn’t get her anywhere, she took her lumps with a grain of salt and graciously shook his hand.

As she turned to leave he asked her, “Do you really believe it was Mr. Harvey’s ghost haunting that room, pressing that call button?”

“It’s not whether or not I believe sir, it’s what they believe that matters.”

* 

It was almost time for Scully to return home and Mulder waited for her diligently on the porch. As the sun set behind the trees, the warm summer wind rolled in through the leaves. It was his favorite part of the day. One of meditation and contemplation. He was yet to get back to that higher plane of existence, but when he was ready, he knew it lay in wait. In the distance he could hear tires slingling rocks on the dirt road. The white sedan slowly coming into view. It wasn’t much of a car and he wished he could buy her something better, but with the recent purchase of the house, furniture, and with countless trips to the home improvement store, his finances had taken a beating. When the car finally made its way to the house, he stayed in his chair listening for her mood. By the sound of the shifting weight on the boards of the porch steps he knew she had a rough day.

“That bad?” He asked as she stepped onto the porch.

“You wouldn’t want to know.” She sighed and dropped her book bag.

“Join me. I opened a bottle of Drambuie and I just happened to bring out an extra snifter.” She managed a smile that told him she recognized his intentions.

“Drinking alone could be the first sign of alcoholism Mulder.” She teased.

“Then you must sit with me in order to keep me straight.” He flirted back filling the glass.

She sat down slowly, crossing the left leg over the right, leaning back in the chair and closing her eyes. Her right hand reached for the snifter he had poured, letting it dangle between her index and middle finger, warming it with her palm.

“Mulder, tell me I’m doing the right thing by going back to becoming a doctor.”

“I can’t do that. Only you know that answer…..”

“I’m the oldest one in class and it’s hard being only a scrub at the hospital…..”

“I’m pretty certain that doesn’t hold you back from expressing any of your opinions.” He answered between sips.

“No, but my professors aren’t appreciative when I correct them and I have to put up with sighs at the hospital whenever I offer alternative methods… Like, there goes kooky Dr. Scully again. What crazy suggestion does she have for us now.”

Mulder grinned and brought his glass back up to his lips. “I can empathize with the concept of not
fitting in with the status quo. Besides, that makes us a good pair. I can hear the MC now: It’s my pleasure to present to you tonight Mr. and Mrs., Spooky and Kooky Mulder. Has a nice ring to it.”

Scully looked at him, caught completely off-guard, raising an eyebrow. The implication shot a lightning bolt right through her chest.

Mulder picked up on the look. “When they present us with our Nobel prize.”

Ummm. Ok. She wasn’t about to push it further. He wasn’t picking up what he was putting down and she was too tired. “Mulder, what if there is another reason there were no aiding and abetting charges filed against me? What if this is part of a plan to keep tabs on me to get to you…? Or even to get to me…? What if they think I can one day lead them to William?”

He didn’t have an answer for her and those same concerns hid in the dark corners of his own mind, but now was not the time to share. “Scully, worrying isn’t going to get us anywhere. I think we need to let this one play out.”

Scully opened her eyes and turned her heads towards Mulder. “Wow. That was not a response I was expecting to hear from you. What are you hiding?”

He half laughed. “Nothing. I told you I was going to stop chasing… and I have.” Mulder reached over and laced their fingers. “You’re going to do fine Scully. It just takes time. And maybe some adjustment.” He noticed the dark rings forming under her eyes and her cheekbones beginning to show more prominently. She hadn’t been eating again. “Are you hungry?”

“I’m too tired to be hungry.”

“Did you eat anything today?”

“A salad.” He made a mental note to make her lunch every day going forward.

“Scully, you can’t live off of salads. I can’t have you wasting away to nothing.”

“Not tonight Mulder.” Scully mumbled. Her head rocking against the back of the chair with her eyes closed again. “I just don’t have it in me.”

“Come on.” He said as he rose from his chair and opened the door for her. She got up, and as they both walked into the house he placed his hand at her lower back. “So, now that you’re back in school, any chance of seeing you in your old catholic school uniform?....” She turned to answer and he turned her back forward. “You take a long hot shower and we’ll watch some t.v. Take it easy tonight.”

“I’ve got homework to do…” she whined into the house.

“I’m sure it can wait until tomorrow.”

“Next week actually.” Scully muttered, now in a trance on the way to the shower. She paused at the foot of the stairs. “Mulder, why is the door to that room closed?” She jigged the handle only to discover it was locked.

“It’s a surprise. I’m still doing renovations.” He said and directed her back up the stairs.

She gave him a doubting look and continued her trek to the bathroom.

*
Returning from her long steamy shower, Scully slowly made her way downstairs in her robe. Mulder smiled when he saw her, placing their two mugs of tea on the coffee table to complete their steeping. She took a final step down and he came into view, his eyes landing on her bare leg while he spooned honey into each mug. His eyes returned to hers as he pointed towards his shirt. “On or off?”

“Off” She smiled back. With that chest and those abs? Definitely off.

With nothing but a pair of black jogging pants, Mulder stretched out on the couch and nudged Scully to lay in front so they could assume a spooning position. The t.v. was on with Boston Legal playing on low. Television, a pacifying distraction to the bane existence of the humdrum life Scully thought while Mulder fidgeted around attempting to get comfortable.

“I didn’t know you were into law shows Mulder.” Although she understood why, it was Captain Kirk's law firm.

“I like this show. Denny and Alan remind me of what we have.” He replied as he soothingly ran his hands through her damp hair massaging her scalp in the process.

“Which is?”

“Unconditional friendship.”

His words sent a flood of warmth into her heart while his fingers put her into a trance. He was right. “It is a rare thing.”

“A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.” Mulder quoted drinking his tea and placing it on the sofa table behind the couch. His arm returning and wrapping around her along with his leg.

“Ralph Waldo Emerson.” Scully said resting her head on his left bicep.

“Very good.” Mulder commended. “Every episode they end it celebrating their friendship out on the balcony with a cigar and scotch taking heed of the day’s happenings. I could see us doing that same ritual on our porch…”

“Which is where the Drambuie snifters came in?”

“Maybe. Would you be my flamingo?” Mulder proposed as his nose nuzzled into her ear and he gave the shell a small kiss.

“Always. You never even had to ask.”

“I know.” He said and gave her body a squeeze. They watched the show in silence, but she could feel him thinking and finally he blurted out in his usual monotone, “Scully.. your father would be proud of you…. Even if you decided to stop pursuing medicine.” He knew her too well and even knew her first reaction was to try to pull away and erect a wall. She felt him knock the bricks from her hands as he held her tighter. “I know I’m very proud of you. With everything you’ve ever done.”

He was on fire tonight and in her weakened state her heart was no match. Her stomach reminded her that she had needed the reassurance even if her pride wanted to ignore it. “Thank you Mulder.” she smiled weakly.

She turned into him and his mouth gently swept over hers. His lips and tongue massaging away all the aches and pains of the day, all the feelings of insecurity, inadequacy and loneliness. He gave her
the energy to fight another day and persevere. His kisses were pure and sweet and transforming. His eyes sparkled as he pulled back and pushed the hair out of her eyes, kissing the tip of her nose.

They snuggled back into their spooning position and continued to watch the show. He had given her just what she needed tonight. She knew he couldn’t be comfortable with his legs dangling off the end of the couch and with his long bony arms buried underneath a throw pillow, but she also knew he didn’t want to move and even though the weight of his leg was crushing her pelvis, his right hand had found a home between her breasts and it was probably a little too warm to be this close, but she didn’t want to move either. In fact, it was perfect. As her eyes grew heavy and Mulder’s breath became a steady rhythm into her eardrum, Denny and Alan sent them into dreamland.

**Denny Crane**: I don't know whether you know this but not many men take the time, every day, to have a cigar, glass of scotch, to talk to their best friend. That's not something most men have.

**Alan Shore**: No it isn't.

**Denny Crane**: What I give to you, what I share, I do with no one else. I like to think that what you give to me you do with nobody else. Now that may sound silly to you. But here's what I think is silly, the idea that jealousy or fidelity is reserved for romance. I always suspected that there was a connection between you and that man. That you got something you didn't get from me.

**Alan Shore**: I probably do. But gosh, what I get from you, Denny. People walk around today calling everyone their best friend. The term doesn't have any real meaning anymore. Mere acquaintances are lavished with hugs and kisses upon a second or at most third meeting, birthday cards get passed around offices so everybody can scribble a snippet of sentimentality for a colleague they barely met, and everyone just loves everyone. As a result, when you tell somebody you love them today, it isn't much heard. I love you, Denny; you are my best friend. I can't imagine going through life without you as my best friend. I'm not going to kiss you, however.
Scully fidgeted with her keys, the wind numbing her fingers, making it harder to match up the teeth of the key with the hole in the lock. Mulder had just finished reconstructing the fencing which was now electrified with a high enough voltage to take down a cow and probably a couple elephant. The latch for the gate was fitted for a disc lock making it impossible to cut with simple bolt cutters or knock off with a hammer or bullet. Picking it would take longer than a day if they got that far. No, the only way into this fortress was with a grinder and once again, the fence was electrified. Even the key had to be grounded so as not to shock yourself. This was where she kept him. Away from the world and all things that sent him running. Like a good dog in his kennel, locked in tight until she returned. He was hers now. The problem was like a wolf or a fox she had domesticated a man that could not be happy being contained forever. How long would it take for his attention to drift? For isolation to take its toll? She pushed those thoughts away. He was happy. She was happy. Don’t create problems that weren’t there Dana.

Finally through the locks, Scully untangled the chains and pushed open the heavy steel gate feeling the strain in her back. Being on her feet all day didn’t help matters. Once on the inside, she secured all the locks and chains and drove the long dirt pathway to their home. At the front door she unlocked the dead bolts and entered. Everyday he twisted that same knob locking the men and beings determined to kill him out. Or was he locking himself in? She turned and relocked the doors. He wasn’t the only one with demons that weren’t welcomed.

“Mulder? I’m back.” She said putting down her bookbag. She looked for signs of him, but saw none. The house smelled of pot roast, most likely from a slow cooker. Behind the door frame leading to the kitchen was Mulder’s head poking out smiling at her. “Dinner will be ready in about an hour. Is there something I can get you in the meantime?”

He walked towards her with a glass of red wine in his hand and offered it to her. She wondered again how many more days she had until he grew bored and desired more than she could give. Then she noticed his “kiss the cook” apron was displaying an unusual amount of flesh. After he kissed her hello, he turned to set the cheese and crackers on the coffee table and that was when she got the full view of his naked ass.

“Mulder? What are you wearing underneath that apron?”

“Oh, are you supposed to be wearing something underneath this?” He asked with a wry smile.
“I hope you didn’t cook like that.” She returned scrunching up her nose.

“No, but it was getting hot in there. I actually think I might lie down. All this work has me exhausted.”

Mulder, in full dramatics, draped himself across the couch with his hands behind his head. The apron barely covered his body, but it was the smug look that she wanted to cover. “Care to join me?”

With a knee leaning on the couch, Scully drained her wine glass and hovered above him, weighing her options. Mulder laid there goading her on with his eyebrows, arrogantly daring her to play. She wanted to wipe that damn smug look off his face and did so, flipping the apron up and covering his head, inconsequentially binding his hands in the process. Lightning ran through her body as her eyes took it in. His body was different… firmer, harder, bigger. Lines that once sat on a thin frame now accentuated muscles protruding underneath his tanned skin. Even his shoulders had widened.

Mulder was changing, changing from renovating their home, tilling their garden, chopping their firewood, sculpting their landscape. More wine passed her lips as she contemplated her actions. He had made himself ridiculously vulnerable lying naked on her sofa, frozen, with an apron around his head and arms. She considered the use of his body as a vessel in which to finish her wine, but that might ruin the new couch. The possibility of licking this morning’s maple syrup off of him intrigued her, but then again, messy. He began to speak, but she silenced him with the cloth of the apron as she straddled him. The first moan was elicited from the hardening of his nipple underneath her tongue. The next as her lips followed the ripples in a southerly direction. She was greatly enjoying this. Teasing and torturing him, giving him what he wanted then taking it away. Kissing the smooth swollen head of his cock. Reddening the surface of the sensitive skin at his thighs. Then her tongue and lips were at his balls, tracing them, sucking them gently into her mouth. Only to return to kissing him again at his abs and on his chest. She sucked on his fingers, emulating what she was about to do to the finer parts of his body. Running her tongue down his wrist, giving it small bites. In a sudden movement she had his cock completely into her mouth almost choking as it slid against the back of her throat. He writhed and let out a surprised moan, but she wasn’t through, changing directions and momentum, she wanted him to feel what he did for her. She felt his hand lovingly run through the back of her hair and she quietly placed it back over his head, securing both wrists with the apron strings. Drinking the last drops from the glass, she uncovered his face to kiss him and he scooped some of the wine off of her tongue. His face softened as his lips reached out for hers. Mulder, her unbelievably corny, sexy, sweet chivalrous pervert. She smiled against his lips before looking into his eyes. “I love you Mulder.”

His eyes closed and she felt him grow even harder underneath her. “Oh Scully.” He whispered.

Thinking penetration might be too predictable for their game, she straddled his cock while she stroked it. Almost accidentally it brushed between her legs as she did it and soon she was teasing herself along with him. Slipping the palm of her hand over the backside of his cock, she pressed it against herself, lubricating him in the process. He began moaning as he watched, his eyes and expressions distracting her, insecurities emanating from her own self-consciousness. She reversed her position so her back was towards him and continued the movements with his cock between her hand and clit, her hips rocking in time with his hand, his moans loud and breathy. Numbing pleasure swelled inside her and she picked up speed. Her need for him overwhelmed her as she began to throb. Leaning back, she lifted her hips. He freed his hands from their restraints and placed them at her back to support her as she slid him inside. keeping her soaked fingers around his base, the hard end of her palm rocked against her clit. Their movement was smooth and the position forced it to be slow and undiluted. Sharp, Pure feelings pierced her body, the arch of this cock striking against her g-spot over and again, her orgasm starting in her clit, the contractions following inside, her full body its slave. Before her breath had returned, Mulder had a hold of her ankles, flipping her forward onto the couch, bending her legs, lining her thighs up with his, forcing her forearms to support her weight.
From this position his penetration was deep and dominating, the sensations even more intense. His movements came in rapid succession and she hung on, lightheaded, the slapping of their bodies drumming through her, then he was filling her, his pulsing heating her insides causing her to explode again, screaming along with his baritone. Quickly he lifted her back up so she was sitting on his lap on the couch, leaning her back against his chest, both of them sweating and out of breath, as he gently kissed her neck and ran his fingertips along her front bringing her back into the present.

Drained and depleted she was ready for bed, but instead they dressed and tended to the potroast waiting for them. During dinner, Mulder pointed out all the herbs and vegetables from their garden planted out back. Scully updated Mulder with the latest status on the renewal of her medical license and how her continuing medical education classes were progressing. She was now officially back into the world of medicine on her way to becoming a primary care physician and surgeon. Their eyes never left the others, he hung on her sentences, genuinely interested in her day. Smiling through her sentences, she appreciated his hard work and dedication to their home.

After dinner they performed their nightly ritual. Mulder pulled her excitingly from room to room displaying his new obsession with rehabilitating the house. Worn flooring and rotted boards were being replaced with charm and comfort. The addition of colors and new furniture had given it warmth and function.

“I noticed you put up the drapes today.” Scully nodded over to the window dressing in the living room.

“Yes. I have to say you were right, the mauve tones go well with the gray tint of the couch.” Mulder replied rubbing his chin.

Scully was paralyzed. Oh no. What had she done and did he realize she did it. His background was psychology, he had to realize what was going on. In the next breath he was asking her what she wanted him to prepare for her lunch tomorrow and told her how if she wanted to help him with the dishes she needed to be careful since he just dusted and mopped today and the kitchen floor may still be slippery. The situation was surreal. Somehow, she had turned Indiana Jones into Joan Cleaver. Before she had much time for contemplation, Mulder grabbed her by the hand and whisked her from the kitchen, past the untouched newspapers, past their only computer resting in Scully’s bookbag, to the closed room at the foot of the stairs. “Ready?” Mulder asked, his hand already on the door knob with barely contained enthusiasm. As the door opened, Scully was slightly confused. The room had a couple beautiful pieces of desk furniture, storage, and other office supplies. “You decided to make this room an office?” Scully questioned cautiously.

“Your mom helped. It’s a study”

“You built yourself an office.” Scully said puzzled, old fear creeping into her chest.

”No, Scully…..It’s for you.” Mulder said and squeezed her hand. “So you have a quiet place to do homework or research.”

She looked into his soft caring eyes. If it wasn’t enough for him to make her his magnetic south, he had given her a desk, a whole office, all to herself. Was she at the beginning chapters of a Stephen King book? Should she be waiting for the crazy? Or maybe she was in the novel Needful Things where her wishes were granted with a strange and terrifying twist? She decided she was being silly. He was only acclimating himself to free time on his hands he never had before. So...How should she handle the new unobsessive, unselfish, everyday Fox?

The new cabinet tipped against the wall as Scully ripped his shirt off, bending him backwards onto the desk’s flat service. Her kiss overpowered him as he tugged at her jeans. Soon only a shirt hung
unbuttoned from his shoulders and a t-shirt was all that clung to her frame. On top of the desk they shook down the cork board hanging from the wall, until her ankles were leaning against his biceps while clinging to her new chair. Before they destroyed the room, they backpedalled up the stairs as they kissed. Tripping midway, they stopped short of the bed, not even making it to the top of the staircase. The banister never stood a chance. His words… or maybe sounds… Were tiny protests, mixed with grunting.. And a little fear…. Finally giving in to the fact that his back would just have to take the well-deserved punishment. He reveled in the fire behind her eyes and asked, “Do you dream about this in math class or is this leftover angst from all those young boys flirtations hoping to live out their wildest dreams?”

She paused her gyrations against his hips. “Not dreams or fantasies Mulder, it’s the reality that the person I know inside and out can still surprise me after 12 ½ years. I’m not very good at expressing how much you mean to me…all you have done.”

Without a word he tugged her by the arms and with the kick of his foot, shut the bedroom door behind him.

* 

Scully through the years had found many things unpredictable about herself and Mulder, but them lying on a bench on the front porch of their home completely without clothing definitely ranked. They were entwined, her body draped over his both drained and drenched, satisfied watching the sunset. He brought their laced fingers to his lips flaming her heart. She softly swung her foot cradled in his. It was all so easy. She reached back and caressed his soft conditioned strands. “I spoke with my counselor today.” Scully stated matter-of-factly. "I decided my concentration will be in pediatric surgery.”

He kissed the top of her head. He knew why, but he kept it to himself.

She answered his thoughts. “That’s not the only reason. I feel I can make a real difference with children.”

He nodded. Instead of addressing it outright he made light of it. “Because children are our future?”

Silently Mulder knew she was still going through her pains. It had gone through his own mind more than once. Sex, with all its upside, would never produce what some nights he knew she cried for. In the passing months he watched helplessly as she quietly dealt with an irregular period, suffering through the symptoms of premature menopause. He watched on the sidelines as she would never discuss it, as it tore at her emotionally. Another Emily would never come to pass. A brother or sister for William would never be. They would never know the love of a young child, though Mulder held onto the hope that the prophecy would come to fruition and when William was of age he would find his way back to them. Scully held onto no such hope, but she searched for answers in her own way. If this was what she had to do, if she felt this was the difference she needed to make, he would support her completely. He wanted to warn her it would not silence the screaming inside. The pull of knowing their son shared the sky with them yet they could not be together held transcendent pain. Any conversation would fall on deaf ears. Some things could only be learned through experience.

“I think you need to do what you feel is right. If you can make a difference and at the end of the day it means something to you, you should do it.”

“It feels like it’s what I’m meant to do. I get to use my skills not only as a doctor, but an investigator.”

They went silent and Scully felt Mulder’s fear of his own future run up her spine. She flung her
head back so she could look at his eyes.

“Mulder, what about you? You should get out, solitary confinement can’t be healthy.”

“It’s not always solitary,” He said wrapping both arms around her feeling the wind pick up. “which I do enjoy by the way…” He smiled at his words and the pictures dancing through his head giving her hair a nuzzle.

“As do I, but Mulder, you should be conversing with people besides me.”

“I was thinking about getting into martial arts. Maybe I’ll go down to the gym Skinner recommended. Pick up some new self defense moves. Never know when it might come in handy if someone does try to break in.” He looked out at the emerging stars. “Plus.. I always wanted to be a ninja.”

Chapter End Notes

In order to give proper credit, the last section on the bench was inspired by a drawing by Ally in the Key of X. I only know her feed and not the person, but all her writings and drawings are beautiful and pure inspiration. Thank you for sharing your gift with us.
Mulder was on his 4th rep when he felt a tap on his shoulder. 250 lbs. of weights clinked and rattled as they hit the ground. Behind him a thin muscular woman stood. The first thing he noticed were that her thighs were thicker than most men’s and her arms bulged in a way that made it hard for her to keep them completely straight. Noticing his wondering eyes, her bright green ones gave him a warning glare as the deadened soul behind them sent ice up his spine.

“Excuse me, Nick Adams? You were looking for me?” she asked and readjusted her ponytail, threading it through the hole in the back of her black cap as she eyed Mulder.

“All my life.” Mulder joked, but hadn’t a clue who she was. Her accent was thick and he believed it to be Israeli. “You know Skinner?”

“Yes, he told me to find you here. My name is Shira Mizrah.” She said and Mulder took hold of her firm grip when she offered it to him. “He said you were interested in learning Krav Maga?”

“Yeah.” Mulder said cautiously looking behind them through the mirrored wall to the other people working out, watching two others in the ring sparring. Nobody seemed to be paying attention.

“You sound disappointed. Do you have an issue because I’m a woman? Because I can assure you Mr. Adams…”

Mulder looked back at the hardened woman. “No, no of course not. It’s just that there’s someone I know that might not be as appreciative of another woman beating the crap out of me… I trust Skinner mentioned the importance of keeping confidentiality?”

“I’ve specialized in confidentiality when I was part of Mossad.” Shira returned.

The name made Mulder take a step back. “The national intelligence agency for Israel?”

“Yes.” She said shortly. Looking him over she continued. “I believe the best approach for you would be equal to what I would teach someone preparing for street fighting. Walter tells me in most of your encounters you spend a lot of time on the ground so I believe we should start off with Brazilian Jiu Jitsu.”

Mulder frowned and crossed his arms defensively. “I’ve been known to get knocked down once or twice, but I’d say the accounts may have been greatly exaggerated. That’s a form of Judo isn’t it?”

“Yes, but its core is ground fighting, and being able to get up and get away. While you’re
undertaking that training, I also want you practicing some boxing techniques to teach you to keep your distance from your attacker... we’ll get into wrestling next for takedowns, then I’ll introduce you to Pencak Silat.”

“That martial art was created by the Indonesian.. I believe the sole purpose being to defend themselves against the invading Dutch.” Mulder added.

“Correct. There’s a lot more strikes with Pencak Silat than your traditional martial arts, somewhat similar to Muay Thai, but we’ll add knife and gun techniques…” Mulder was impressed. This woman was experienced and a little scary, but her resume read a mile long.

“Once I feel you’re ready,” She continued, “We’ll be able to incorporate Krav Maga. I had the distinct honor of training with its creator Imi Lichtenfeld before his death in the late 90s. Back here in the states I’ve trained under Darren Levine, his predecessor and contributor. I believe you will really enjoy Krav Maga. It heightens perception and uses your own fears as a defense.”

“Krav Maga was created for the Israeli defense forces. The militarized MMA.” Mulder said and nodded considering the fact that this woman had most likely used it in actual battle. When Skinner first suggested it he had done some research, but didn’t remember the mention of a female. He took into consideration how deep undercover her assignment must have been.

“Yes. The basic concept is to take the natural reactions of the body in certain situations and use that reaction within the technique to defend yourself. Remember, when you are in a life-threatening situation, adrenaline starts pumping into your system, and your brain loses its finer motor functions. With other arts, if you are not extremely well trained, you won’t be able to apply the techniques that require steps… which is most self-defense arts… so even if you are not an expert in martial arts, you can execute its techniques under stress with relative ease. We want you to be able to remove a gun or knife within seconds of your attacker regardless of height, muscle mass, or skill. defeat five or more at a time...but I warn you.. This will not be a cardio workout at Gold’s… this is hard core.” Mulder nodded with excitement. It was good to have a focus again.

* 

Tired and sore, with his gym bag slung over his shoulder, Mulder stepped on the bus that would drop him off at a place where he could grab a taxi to take him a couple miles from the house. From there he would walk the rest of the way. Unsure if who or what was still hunting him, he didn’t take the chance of compromising their home. That old house had become important to him from the day they stepped into it. The last time he felt home was when he was only a child, his sister there, his parents still together. With Scully, home was even more welcoming and right than his childhood could have imagined. Getting off the bus he took his usual walk around the block, picked up a coffee, all the while keeping an eye out for possibly being followed. At the coffee shop an old man with a worn bucket hat, short graying beard and rounded glasses bent down at the high top Mulder was currently occupying and retrieved a napkin from the floor placing it on the table. “I believe you dropped this” the man said in what could have been a bad Sean Connery imitation. Not paying him much attention, caught in his own world, Mulder simply nodded and the man shuffled out of sight. Mulder crunched up the napkin to throw it away and something sharp pressed into his palm. Checking for onlookers, he inconspicuously dumped it into his front pocket and waved a cab. On the trip back he played with it in his pocket, feeling the paper inside, but he didn’t look at the napkin again until he was walking home. There was one word in a folded paper, “Ahnenerbe”, a name “Wernher Von Braun” and a phone number.
That night after Scully slipped into dreamland, Mulder crept down into Scully’s study and locked himself in. He flipped open her laptop and typed in “Ahnenerbe”. The results were nothing different than those uncovered in their past pursuits. Ahnenerbe was the Nazi institute started by Himmler in July of 1935 to further Hitler’s super soldier program in search of the Nietzschean ubermensch. Wernher Von Braun was part of the SS at one time under Himmler only to later surrender himself to the Americans. As one of the top scientists brought back to the US after WWII he became part of Operation Paperclip. He previously had invented the V 2 rocket for Adolf and he was chief architect of the saturn V rocket for NASA’s Apollo and moon missions. It was rumored that on his deathbed he had warned of a plot to pull off the ultimate false flag operation using back-engineered alien reproduction vehicles to stage an invasion from outer space. He had stated that first they would have us see the enemy as the Russians, then they would come to us in the form of terrorists, then it would appear to be some 3rd world country crazy, and the very last card was the alien card. Every last bit of it being a lie. It was all part of the United States Deceptive Indication and Warnings Project. Who was this man and what was the connection? Was it a false flag initiative that he wanted Mulder to uncover or something more about Operation Paperclip? Being that Operation Paperclip had a link to Scully’s abduction, his father, and possibly William, Mulder needed to find out what this guy knew if anything. He looked old enough to have been around during those days... could he have been an informant? Had he once befriended Deep Throat or X?

Around 4 A.M. Mulder slid himself back into bed and with Scully next to him found peace enough to slow his brain and fall asleep.

*  

Itching to dial the mystery number, shortly after Scully left for her classes, Mulder left for a payphone outside city limits. They were hard to come by, it seemed only him and the mafia used them, but there was one right off the highway at an old abandoned gas station. He dialed the number on the paper and the same raspy voice as yesterday met him on the other end. “Crystal Grottoes Cavern. Monday. 1 o’clock.”

*  

Thursday, Oct 13th 2005

Coffee percolating often smelled better than it tasted and waking this morning it smelled especially rich as it wafted into the bedroom, bacony aroma marching close behind. Mulder stretched and reached for the empty side of the bed. Scully had taken off for his birthday and he thought they might enjoy waking together, but she appeared to have started the day without him. Taking a quick look in the mirror as he brushed his teeth, Mulder noted the birthday gifts from gravity and aging cells...ever frequent bags appearing under his eyes, the couple white hairs in his stubble... After a certain age, birthdays were somehow embarrassing rather than something to look forward too. The bristles of his hairbrush ran through his thick dark mane and he shrugged at the man staring at him. At least he still had his hair, his teeth, and his dashing good looks.

Mulder followed his nose sleepily down to the living room where Scully was there to greet him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek wishing him a happy birthday. His eyes softened as he watched her set the table. In a home with Scully, aspects of normal life had taken on meaning again. Including breakfast. Waiting for him was an omelette stuffed with all kinds of veggies, along with bacon, waffles, juice, toast, and coffee. A stark contrast to those days in the basement and out in the field. Burnt bitter coffee and sunflower seeds would have been his most important meal of the day. Scully seemed chipper. He surmised it was from taking the day off from her usual full schedule. For once, she seemed to be the one with plenty to say which was fine with him. Part of his brain was distracted by the dream he had last night. One he knew was important, but couldn’t remember. His
subconscious had gone on a trip but did not tell him where and he didn’t have the right questions to find the answers. As he raked up his eggs with a fork he knew they needed to get out today. He wanted his attention to be on Scully. Now that she had her own path, they didn’t have the time together that he always took for granted and he didn’t want to waste the day inside himself, but he also didn’t want to take the chance of being seen in town. Suddenly an idea schooled into his brain and he passed Scully a look which quickly made her raise an eyebrow. Yes, they would have fun today.

“Mulder, where are we going?” Scully demanded as she allowed him to lead her by the hand out through their gates down a narrow dirt path into the neighboring woods.

“There’s a pond just on the outskirts of our property. I thought we could go check it out.”

“Wouldn’t that be someone else’s property?” Scully reminded him as she was hit in the face by the limb he failed to push out of the way.

“Technically, but since it’s my birthday I’m giving myself a pass.” Mulder said as he continued on, a couple fishing poles in hand and a backpack filled with supplies for the day slung over his right shoulder.

“Mulder, we don’t have a lot of luck taking walks in the woods..” Scully reminded him struggling to match his stride on the uneven ground. “Whether it be fungi growth, insects, mothmen, Jersey devils, space invaders, or the trees themselves.”

“You put up a good defense for the concrete jungle.” Mulder mumbled and paused to get his bearings. “It shouldn’t be much farther.”

Through the dense woods they trekked over creeks and small hills. Fallen colored leaves crunched underfoot and finally they came upon a clearing, the trees and bushes forming an archway like entering a portal where time stood still. Even the birds and insects had stopped their song. Then the pond came into view.

A scene possibly from Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn emerged. Mulder dug into his backpack and opened a white container. In a last ditch effort to save themselves the worms buried themselves deeper into the small amount of dirt inside the container before Mulder yanked one out and secured it to his hook as it squirmed and stretched for freedom. He handed the pole to Scully and began to do the same to the other rod. “I could have baited my own hook Mulder. My father took us out fishing whenever he had a chance.” Scully scolded.

Mulder didn’t comment, but rather spoke aloud. “I should show you how to cast. Bait master rods can be tricky.”

Not heeding the warning Scully cast, the spool responded in a bird’s nest as Mulder tried to pretend not to notice. Instead, he waited until she untangled the mess and came up behind her, putting his arms gently around her, his hands lightly covering hers and leaned in to speak softly into her ear. Her perfume hit him and he closed his eyes. Visions of the night at the baseball field pounded into his chest. Their first kiss passed into memory and he shuddered, blaming it on a passing breeze. He could feel the hairs on the back of her neck stand as he spoke. Guiding her hands, the warmth of her body pressed into his as he explained the difference between increasing tension and using the magnetic brake. Their hips moved unintentionally in unison as he demonstrated how to use her thumb to slow the line if the tension was too low. “It’s all about tension.” He said in a perfect dream state. “You need the perfect tension to have a smooth long cast.. at the same time, you need enough brake so it stops as it meets its intended destination in the water.” Scully nodded, her hair brushing his cheek causing him to blush at the loss of his heart. With both their hands on the rod, they sent out
a long steady cast and it hit the water smoothly. A fish took a tug. Scully smiled at her success as her competitive instincts rose. Together they slowly reeled the fish in towards the shore. With a quick jerk by Mulder, the fish flew out of the water flopping towards them, startling Scully who let out a shrill. “Jesus Mulder!” her right hand coming off the rod to lay on her heart. He smiled in response failing not to chuckle. It had been awhile since he had that visceral reaction from her and he had missed it.

After he removed the fish and baited the hook, Scully, now having the hang of it, casted the rest on her own. Fishing next to her he let her reel the next fish she caught on her own, smiling despite himself. He was certain she could do anything. After their picnic lunch, Mulder found a patch of grass to settle into about a foot in front of Scully on the bank so he was positioned between her legs and his head could lean against her chest as he fished. Scully’s attention appeared fixed on her hook deep within the far end of the pond. The water rippled and splashed as Mulder’s hook went in two feet away. An October breeze blew through and Mulder filled his lungs with the fresh air. If someone came one day and wiped his entire memory clean, Mulder was certain he would still know when it was his birthday. He could feel it in the air. Smell it in the flowers. The way the wind and the trees spoke to him, their limbs bending to leave a path of dying colors. Which reminded him of the baggy he had in the front pocket of his jeans. He retrieved a handful from inside the ziploc and offered some to Scully. She took a few and held one up to the sunlight. “These aren’t sunflower seeds Mulder. Are these pumpkin?”

“Yup. I roasted them myself. From the pumpkins I grew out back. We can carve the pumpkin later.” He nodded and smiled with childlike glee then sat back into Scully and continued to fish. He felt Scully’s warm caring arms around him as he tossed a pumpkin seed into his mouth. His lips reached out and kissed her forearm as it bent to run fingers through his hair. Dopamine flooded into his system at her touch. “You know originally it wasn’t pumpkins that people carved, but turnips. The practice originated in Ireland to ward off evil spirits.”

Mulder reeled in his line and put a new jig on his pole. Scully nodded at his elaborate setup as he cast and snuggled back into her arms. “Are you looking to catch the Loch Ness Monster Mulder?”

“Catching a glimpse of the large sea creature would be nice, but I wouldn’t go so far as to refer to it as a monster. Actually, the people who first observed the sighting didn’t refer to it as a monster at all. The townspeople referred to it as a water horse. The early settlers warned of a curse set from a lady that forgot to replace the lid on the town’s well. It had overflowed creating Loch Ness and due to the curse, crops never grew there again and the water horse remained, to hunt and runaway with their children.” He leaned back and caught Scully’s expression. “That’s if you believe in that kind of thing.”
Mulder Gets Off on Breadcrumbs

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

If you're hearing the clicking of the roller coaster against the tracks nearing the top of the hill you're right, but there's a little more track to go before we get to IWTB so there's still lots of uphill left. Mulder meets up for the first time with the new "Deep Throat" from Season 10. (Did they give him a name yet? I didn't check the credits). Scully has her worst day in medicine, but where is this all heading?

Under the name Nick Adams, Mulder rented a car and drove up to Crystal Grottoes Cavern. There were few cars when he pulled in and no sign of the older gentlemen that had previously passed him the note in the cafe. After scanning the area, he recognized the scraggly beard and sweater vest on a man sitting at a bench behind a tree in the wooded area. Cautiously, Mulder waited until the parking lot was deserted. It was only then that he got out of his car and approached the man.

“Follow me.” The man instructed, his knees cracking as he rose from the bench. Mulder followed him to an employee entrance door built into the rock and after two knocks a tall thin man well into his 60s opened the steel door and let them in. With a nod they were in a service elevator going into the belly of the cave. The elevator creaked and clawed as it made its way down with Aqua Velva and Old Spice, as Mulder playfully named his two companions, standing beside him quietly. Mulder couldn’t resist commenting on the next time someone told him to go to hell, he’d know which elevator to take. The two men made no facial expressions to even acknowledge the remark. Aqua Velva left them in an empty room with two chairs, a lamp, and a desk without drawers. It had the haunting feeling of an interrogation room and a sinking feeling started in Mulder’s stomach now painfully aware that this could all be an elaborate setup. His eyes wandered around the rock surface of the cave that made up the walls of the current prison, noting that the single steel door was their only way to freedom.

“We are safe to speak freely here. No cell phones or other devices can penetrate these walls.” Old Spice said feeding his thoughts.

Mulder didn’t want to spend anymore time in their coffin than he had to and if this was a way for them to get to him he wanted to know already. “What is it you wish to say to me?”

The man’s face drew solemn revealing how life had prematurely aged him. With unsteady hands he slowly removed his feeble wire frames. He introduced himself as a man of science, a doctor, who had been privileged to be invited to view the unimaginable, the illogical. As he told his story, it reminded Mulder of Deep Throat’s own story of that fateful day he was forced to put down a being with innocent eyes. The two seemed to run parallel, and it persuaded Mulder to believe what this man was saying as truth.

“You must believe me Mr. Mulder, I have come to many regrets.” He looked away and squinted as if the pain was not only emotional, but physical. “I did not see into the future and as a young man had no fathoming of the capabilities of man against humanity. How could I have known how all my research and discoveries would lead to this end?”
Mulder looked past the cataract eyes and Morley grit to see the baby blues that still had hope left in them. “What is it you are looking for me to do? I’m no longer with the FBI. I was looking for the truth and I found it. The road for me has ended. I was never out to save the world.”

“I need your help to find the proof of all they have done. All they are planning to do. With my work. That I am responsible for. The truth must be revealed to the masses. It’s not too late, something can be done to stop them.”

“Why come to me now? Why after all these years?”

“I’m an old man Mr. Mulder. I don’t know how many more years are left in me. I can’t live knowing what I’ve done and the silence I’ve kept about it. I don’t want to take these secrets to the grave, but if I come forward now, who will be there to believe? Without proof, I’m just an old man telling tall tales in the wind. I need to get the proof to those that can take action, that can change the course of this timeline. For the sake of the future of us all.”

“This is all well and good, and I’d love to be the one to help you, but I’m out of the game. I’m sure there’s others that can help you perhaps even better than I could. I can provide you with my knowledge and experiences, but beyond that…”

The man shook his head. “You are the one…”

“So I’ve been told.” Mulder mumbled.

Meanwhile, at the hospital...

“There is a child, a nine year-old girl, brought in today complaining of fever and respiratory distress, presenting with coughing and wheezing.” The physician said reading from his clipboard performing his shift hand-off with Scully.

Scully could see the little girl was only slightly responsive. “What’s the diagnosis?”

“Bronchitis. I have her on fluids and antibiotics with treatment for the fever and cough. I’ve also ordered throat cultures.”

“Is she running a high fever?”

“103”

As they spoke the child started to hallucinate, speaking in nonsensical words and sentences. Tears streaming down her face she turned and spewed vomit on the floor.

“Her fever must me rising, pack her in ice!” the doctor ordered to the nurses in the room.

Scully reached around the child’s neck. It was tight and she felt swelling. “Have you tested for meningitis?”

“No. I haven’t seen any symptoms pointing…”

“That may have been a seizure we witnessed. We need her tested now.” Scully said taking the control of the room away from the senior doctor.

“Excuse me, but this is my patient and she needs to be in an ice bath to bring that fever down.”

“We need to start the treatment for meningitis.” Scully demanded.
“I don’t see a basis…”

“This girl is going to die. I will get permission from her parents, but the treatment needs to start now!”

Back in the bowels of the Grotto Mulder told his story to the old man. He started with his sister’s abduction and ended with The Syndicate being charred to a crisp, educating him as to the plot of the aliens to colonize the world. One set in motion millions of years ago, only to be halted by warring disfigured aliens with their own quest for freedom. The man shook his head and chuckled, but didn’t say a word. Mulder brought him up to speed concerning his latest discoveries with Spender. Describing the ship they penetrated, poisoning it with magnetite in hopes to infect the fleet. But the man continued to shake his head, irritating Mulder. Mulder insisted that it was in fact aliens and not super humans of any kind, commenting on the green blood and shapeshifting. The man continued to shake his head. “You’re not even close.”

“Well, I guess we’ll all see when 2012 rolls around.” Mulder responded and got up from his chair. “Whether I’m right or whether you believe is not important. I’m finished pursuing. It’s costs are too high…”

“I will leave you with this Mr. Mulder”, the old man said standing from his own chair and giving the steel door three resounding knocks, “If a time ever comes when you do start to put the pieces together, when the proof becomes tangible, I can confirm for you the truths as I know them to be.” He held out his hand and shook Mulder’s. “You have my number Mr. Mulder. And I trust that when we do meet again, you will take proper precautions. Never meet in an unsecured environment. Their abilities for monitoring would surprise you.” Just as he said that the Aqua Velva Man returned and the door swung open.

“Yes. I’ve bared witness to such disregard for our freedoms. Like I said, I’m no longer searching, but if something does stubbly into my lap I agree to give you a call.”

Needing to release his thoughts before meeting back up with Scully, Mulder headed for the gym.

Hours later….

The hospital phones were blinking with incoming calls. The staff was either treating children or calling classmates, teachers, or anyone else they could wake up. The results had come back. The young girl had Neisseria Meningitidis. Even though Scully had prayed she was wrong, her diagnosis had been correct….

As Mulder hiked back to their house he didn’t see Scully’s car in front and when he finally arrived and the house was dark he began to panic. It was uncharacteristic for Scully not to call or make sure he knew where she was at all times. Being on the run and now with him underground, they did their best not to worry the other knowing they would assume the worst. He checked the house, but it was empty, without a note. It crossed his mind to head to the hospital, but he decided against it. He dialed her cell and his heart skipped a beat when he heard her breathless voice on the other end. “I can’t talk now. We’ve had an outbreak. I don’t know when I’ll be home. I’ll call you as soon as I can.” With that the phone went dead and Mulder was left to his thoughts and a dark empty house.

He stared at the closed door to Scully’s office he swore to himself was only for her.

The sun had disappeared, rose, and hung in the sky for at least two hours before Scully appeared on the porch. Forcibly removed when the reinforcements from the neighboring hospitals came to relieve everyone, she still insisted on driving herself home. Once inside she collapsed into Mulder’s waiting arms. As always, it was only by his touch that her emotions finally surfaced and tough exterior wall began to crumble. “Mulder, three children died. We saved probably hundreds from that school, but
we couldn’t get to three of them in time for the antibiotics to build up in the bloodstream and take affect. I can’t think of a worse day I’ve had in medicine…”

Weak from stress and lack of sleep, Mulder had to practically carry her to the bedroom as she filled him in on the details. All he could do was listen. It made him feel petty and selfish to think he had spent the previous day passively indulging in his obsessive past while she had spent the day actually living it, saving lives.

When Scully finally entered back into consciousness she wished the day had been a nightmare, but the memories were too vivid for such luck. She opened her eyes to find Mulder’s staring back at her. He smiled and took the hair from her eyes and she couldn’t help but smile back. “Sleeping with your eyes open Mulder or are we trying mental telepathy? Care to tell me my dream?”

“I like watching you sleep. It’s a practice I’ve grown quite fond of through the years.”

His expression, his touch, and his strong monotone soothed her emotions, but she saw something in him that gave her pause.

“What is it Mulder? What happened when I was gone?”

He was silent for a time and when he finally spoke it was soft and low. “I was approached by a man while coming back from the gym a few days ago.”

“And?” She hadn’t a clue where he was going with this.

“I met with him. He wanted to swap conspiracy theories.”

Her eyes closed and she swallowed hard. After the past days she hadn’t the strength for where this conversation was heading.

“Scully.” He said as he touched her face with a lone finger, waking her back to his reality. “I told him I had no interest.”

“It could be a trap.” Scully reminded him.

“I guess I didn’t fall for it then.” He smiled warmly. “I wasn’t going to tell you. Not with everything that happened at the hospital…”

She softly pressed her lips to his and pulled him closer. He lifted the blanket over them to shield them from the chill of the room. She savored the warmth and hardness of his body and let his lips carry her away from the nightmarish reality she would have to face once they got out of the bed. He held her tighter and she buried her head into his chest hugging him back, wrapping a leg around his thigh.

“I’m glad you told me Mulder.”

“While I’m confessing, I guess I should also tell you that my martial arts instructor… is a woman.”

“Oh.” Scully said immediately feeling the pangs of jealousy. It irritated her that she was so vulnerable when it came to him. So possessive, whether it be from a woman, man, or passion of his. Her need to be his center defied any rationalization she attempted to bestow.

“It’s not a problem. Is it? Because, I could always…”

“No Mulder, don’t be silly.” She said, but she pressed her hips against his all the same making his growing involuntary need for her wash away her insecurities.
“Why don’t you come with me to the gym sometime? You’d be really good at this new technique…and it might be a good outlet after work…”

“I guess it can’t hurt. I might just take you up on that.” Scully said and pulled away to start her day. With another kiss that lingered longer than it should have, she left Mulder grumbling for the bathroom and headed to her study to find out if they needed her to work the next shift at the hospital and to make sure there weren’t further outbreaks reported.

To her relief everything was under control. She had not recovered from three innocent children dying in her arms and even though she swallowed the pain deep inside her, she feared when it would resurface. The doctor filled her in concerning the arrangements to attend their funerals and the tribute at the school. Mulder interrupted her after a while pointing to a stacked coldcut sandwich Dagwood would be proud of and she nodded at him and motioned to give her another minute. He nodded back and gave her a thumbs up. A single newspaper clipping waved at her from the corkboard on the back of the door as he shut it. She had never seen him in her office so it had her curious. The article had been meticulously cut from a newspaper in Mulder fashion. The thumbtack that held it was careful not to obscure any of the article. She pulled the chair closer, stretching the phone cord as she did, and squinted to make out the title believing Mulder might have left it for her, but her smile quickly fell ending her conversation with the doctor on the other end. The title caused pins and needles in her fingertips, the phone slipping from her hands bouncing against the hardwood floor. Air escaped from her lungs as she broke out in a cold sweat. This week’s events had wrecked havoc on her system and this was the final knife. Her blood pressure crashed as she felt herself losing consciousness, her vision tunneled and blurred as it slowly faded to black.
An Unremarkable Christmas

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

It's October and Scully and Mulder are sparring. Scully gets an offer she can't refuse. Then we jump to Christmas and things get gooey.

Mulder pointed the cocked gun at Scully’s head. Without a thought Scully grabbed hold of his wrist twisting it counterclockwise forcing the gun to fall as his thumb hyperextended. Simultaneously, as she pulled his arm forward, her right knee flew up into his abdomen taking his breath, his body falling into its own momentum. With her foot at his back, his palms in the dirt, a mouth full of grass, and his gun now in her hand, he could do nothing but laugh and admire her skill. “My muscle has nothing on your speed.” Mulder remarked attempting to catch his breath.

She removed her foot allowing him to stand. “Remember, the leg of a baby is stronger than the balls of Muhammad Ali” She smiled as she turned her back to him and he threw both arms around her to grab his gun back. She quickly stepped back and bent forward, once again using his extra height and weight to her advantage as he rolled back to the ground this time reversing his roll in time to sweep her legs out from her and catch her on the way down.

“You’re much better on your ground fighting. I’m proud of you,” She remarked slightly out of breath, sprawled on top of him clearly surprised.

“What would be your first ground move?” Mulder asked, rolling them over so he was on top, his eyes drifting to the gap in her shirt from a stray button displaying the soft swell of her breasts.

Scully arched her back slightly into him and gave him a better view while she wrapped her lower body around him. “Go for the eyes, throat, groin, kidneys, stab them in the ear… simplest is usually most effective.”

“Brutal.” Mulder commented returning to her eyes inches from her lips as he slowly exhaled through gritted teeth.

He struggled to breathe when Scully’s legs tightened around his rib cage. In a pure self defensive move he reached underneath her shirt and tickled her back feeling the goosebumps cover her flesh. Her hips reflexively jerked into his abs and he grabbed her ass, smiling as he made her breath hitch. “I don’t want to wrestle.”

“Are you saying you give up?” Scully asked smugly, the friction of her pelvis against his abs stirring him to half mast.

“Uncle?” He returned and kissed her lightly, taunting her with his tongue. Her thigh muscles relaxed from his rib cage as she parted her lips. His hand tangled in her hair and he gently brought them back to the ground sinking down into her, muffling his moan with her mouth. Her tongue swirled around his and his emotions took over, flooding into his heart almost bringing him to tears. Without paying attention, they had become distracted again with Scully exhausted every night and Mulder wrapped up inside himself. The temptation of Scully’s study called and Mulder answered whenever
Scully was away. Doing research, sifting through newspapers filled the void and satisfied his brain and his urges. Sometimes he found himself waiting for her to leave so he could dive back into the pool of the unknown. He fought hard for it not to take over - forcing himself to keep the grounds manicured, chores completed, and to continue his sessions at the gym. Like old times, his thoughts and pain of his sister crept in and now layered with the absence of time with his son. In a blink a month past that Scully had failed to notice, the loss of those children to meningitis taking a harder toll than she would admit to herself and he failed to acknowledge that the more he dwelled, the less human interaction he desired, and the more inside himself he went. The downward spiral commenced. Tearing him from his thoughts and thrusting him back to the present was Scully’s hand. He hadn’t even notice her undoing his pants, but his button was undone along with the fly. Then she said it. The three words alone that could send him over the edge. Those same three little words that sprung from her lips everytime she witnessed the unimaginable. “Oh my God.” His ego would take that to mean she was in pure shock and awe at the pure size and girth, but he knew the truth, he felt it too when his body touched hers in that way. It was the overwhelming and penetrating pleasure of their connection that overtook all senses. His vessels pulsed and contracted into her words. He wanted to be inside her, right there on the ground, in their backyard, on their morning soaked grass. His hand slipped up her shirt and to his surprised pleasure, her silk black bra was there to greet him. His lips fell to her neck, and her phone rang. His heart sunk as her hand left him to reach in her own pocket for her cell. She pulled herself up into a sitting position and Mulder sighed into her lap. Kissing his way back up to her neck, he wandered his lips over to his favorite spot and reddened the skin as his hand found its way back up her shirt. Just as he had her eyes rolling towards the back of her head she gave him a look letting him know he was being disrespectful. He reluctantly obliged a little envious of whoever was on the other end commanding her attention. He played with her free hand so their pads were touching running his fingers down the length of hers and back again. Her fingers fell to lace with his and he held her index between his lips and kissed it, watching her face intentently to decipher what was happening on the phone. When her cell phone finally folded shut he spoke in cautious tones. “Something bad?”

“No, Something good… maybe. It was the Rector of the Our Lady of Sorrows Hospital… They heard about my involvement with the meningitis outbreak and…he wants me to meet with him and some others for an interview. About a possible career as a physician at the hospital…”

“I’m very happy for you” Mulder stated sincerely.

Scully pulled her hand away giving him a guilty look. “Mulder I um…”

“You’re distracted and you want to prepare while its all fresh in your mind.” Mulder nodded with a half smile.

“You’re disappointed.” She replied back with doe eyes.

“Not at all.” He lied as he stood and adjusted his erection into his waistband pulling up his zipper. Escape was what he wanted right now. “Would you mind if I used your…”

“Go right ahead… I’ll use the porch”

“There’s just some…”

“It’s fine. Really.”

He didn’t want to analyze why he felt like he was doing something wrong or deceitful, instead he played it coy and went back into the house.

Tucked in her study, Mulder lost all track of time. Hours later there was a single knock at the study
door. “Come on in Doc.”

“I thought I’d come and check on you.” She said as she passed the threshold with a concerned look on her face. Once inside she made her way over to the corner of the desk and crossed her legs as she sat. “Mulder, you don’t need to ask me if you want to use this room. This is our house. It’s our room.”

“But I meant it for you.”

“I understand and I’m choosing to share.” Out of her left hand she revealed a picture of his then eight year old sister and flipping out the stand in the back of the frame, set it on the desk.

He grinned. There was an unspoken understanding. “Maybe I’ll just claim the back of the door for now” He said and removed the picture from the frame setting two tacks carefully to hold it in place. As he did Scully stared at the newspaper clipping that’s title made her heart stop and noticed that it had grown friends. One of astronauts sighting UFOs and another about animals with a glowing substance on their necks.

“Mulder, that article. Is it something to be concerned about?”

“No” Mulder said shortly and spun the chair back to her direction pulling himself in closer. His hand slid up her thigh to rest at her waist and he considered returning to the backyard. Leaning into him she gave him a hug and a kiss on the forehead. He took it to mean that was not going to happen. He looked up at her. “Are you feeling more confident about the interview tomorrow?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“I know you’ll do great, but if it makes you feel better I could go over it with you if you like.”

Night came, but Mulder had no such luck, Scully turned away his advances, her mind set on her day tomorrow. He tried his best to be supportive and understanding and as they read their separate books in bed and they drank their hot tea he struggled with his irrational emotions. So much of Scully’s life was already without him. She was graduating in December and he had hoped to have time with just the two of them for a while. With her new job she would become engrossed and it may mean even more time apart. When she fell asleep he took the mugs and brought them to the sink downstairs. Pausing at the foot of the stairs he became hypnotized at the new stack of newspapers and trade magazines he had borrowed from the library lying on the console table. They called to him and he answered.

Mulder didn’t create the paper jacket masking the sinister dimensions of reality nor did he know all the players who did, but his mind was born to not only see the cover, but navigate its unanswered planes. To ask the questions that other’s primal instincts prevented them from asking. Mulder had seen his shadow self and did not waver. As the moon’s light came through the window it breathed a second wind into Mulder, transforming him as he decoded the messages in the articles. He took notes as if setting up casework. Tangling himself further into the roots of societal decay. The evolution of watching the normal succumb to the abstract. A populous trained to see only macro so the truth masked in fears could be hidden in plain sight. If only he could have cast a beam of light through any of the morbidity in the substratum of human existence. It made his pulse thump in his ears to the beat of the imagined heads of the FBI strung up in the gallows of Newton’s cradle for their betrayal of him and his work. Adrenaline pumping, he didn’t want to go back upstairs, he wanted to play with the creatures in the night, but he also couldn’t have Scully find that he spent all night there. Before dawn he got up and headed to the living room, turned on the tv and walked into the kitchen. Opening the fridge he stared into its barron lair until finally he glanced over at the half empty bottle of wine on the counter. That could do the trick to slow the madness for a night. It was
Scully’s but he was sure she wouldn’t mind. He took the bottle, not bothering with a glass as he walked back into the living room and flipped to Sports Center. The bottle was empty when she found him on the couch, the tv had on an old black and white and he was snoring softly.

“Mulder?”

He opened his eyes and saw Scully dressed in a business suit and warpaint ready for her interview. She looked flawless with an air of confidence that made her look stunning even when she was in baggy jeans and a crew top.

“Looks like I missed the party last night.” She said with a motherly tone.
“Couldn’t sleep.” Mulder yawned back as he stretched. “I’ll replace it today with a bottle of champagne because we may be celebrating tonight.”

*

Two Months Later….

Candles glowed around a centerpiece, garland with red roses and holly highlighted the fireplace mantel, but it was the decorated evergreen that filled Mulder with pride. As he hung the final spaceship on its limb and basted the rack of lamb in the oven, a sparkle gleamed in his eye as he dreamed of a life of him and Scully hiding a stupid elf on a shelf every night to teach a young William to trust no one, how big brother was always watching, even Santa has his spies. Mulder turned on It’s A Wonderful Life to drown out his thoughts reminding himself that his son was alive somewhere on the planet getting ready for bed waiting for Santa to bring him his gifts. He went to the bathroom to fix his tie in the mirror, admiring himself in his suit. It soothed his soul to buy one even though this was the first occasion he had to wear it. His other suits no longer fit, his arms and shoulders now too broad for the jackets, His upper thighs tight along the hem of the old slacks. He glanced at his watch and ran to set the table knowing Scully would be home soon. She came through the door just as he brought out the roasted vegetables. “Honey you’re home” Mulder said playing his part.

“Mulder what did you do? Look at all this.” Scully said in awe. “It looks like Buddy the Elf threw up in here.”

“Do you like it?”

“Oh my God Mulder. It’s beautiful, but why?”

“For you. I wanted to do something for your graduation and your new job in January and because it’s Christmas and… for us.”

Scully looked over to him with a big grin and realized he had on new duds. “Look at you all dressed up. You shaved. And a suit.”

“It’s new.” He beamed gripping at his lapels.

“Mulder… it’s too much… you made lamb? I don’t even know what to say?”

He ushered her over to the dining room table. “You don’t have to say anything… just eat.”

“I feel underdressed.” She said looking down at the blouse and slacks that had been hanging in her locker. It was a good thing she put them on as she almost had come home in scrubs.

“You look beautiful.”
She sat down and took a mouthful of lamb and potatoes. It was the best she had ever eaten. Moist and tender, the potatoes buttery, dripping with gravy. “Mulder, this is delicious.”

He nodded, but was distracted popping open a bottle and filling the glasses with champagne.

He raised his glass and clanked it against hers. “To you and your new career.”

* *

Scully put the last of the dishes away and when she returned to the living room there was soft music playing and an outstretched hand offering her to dance. She accepted and Mulder pulled her into him and gave her a twirl.

His demeanor had changed again. Serious and emotional. He ballroom danced her and strolled her down memory lane. “13 years ago you walked into my office and changed my life.”

“Changed my life too.” She reminded him.

He dropped his hands to behind her waist and looked almost pained as he bent to kiss her. His kiss was slow and passionate and lifted her off her feet. She had to back off in order to keep her composure.

“It’s a new year, any plans.” She asked as he swept them around the room.

“House boy is still in the cards.” He smiled back.

As they danced by her closed study an uneasy feeling overcame her. As perfect as he wanted them to be, it just wasn’t. At least not yet. “Are we going to talk about this or are we going to do our regular dance?”

“I’m enjoying the dancing.” Mulder shot back.

“Mulder, I’ve seen what’s behind the door to my study.”

Mulder sighed. “Scully, let’s not do this tonight.”

Scully pulled from his arms. “So, when? When you’ve taken up permanent residence on the couch or maybe wait until you’ve built up a big enough nest that Tooms comes over to help you hunt for livers?”

Mulder’s eyes dropped to the floor. For once he had no comeback. “Point taken.”

Scully wasn’t going to leave him out there by himself, so she grabbed his arm to fuse them back together. “Promise me that if it becomes more than a collection, a hobby, you’ll tell me. Promise me Mulder.”

He opened his mouth to speak, to put out a defense, but no words came out. He looked back into her eyes. “I promise. But you need to promise me that while you’re off saving the world’s children you’ll remember the little people.”

And just like that he had turned her defenses back to butter. “Mulder, I always come home to you.”

He reached around her waist and pulled her into him, rocking them back and forth to the soft Christmas jazz filling the background. “Yeah, but now you’ll be some big famous doctor. I’ll be reading about you in the magazines, you’ll be going to awards dinners, flying around the world with other prestigious colleges… Admirers from all over, looking for a chance to speak with you…”
“And you’ll be at home reviewing footage of the latest bigfoot sighting.” Scully countered. “Mulder, it’s a job.”

“I know how good you are and everyone else will see it too. And if they don’t, you need to make them see it.”

Scully laughed as he slowly spun them around. Her hands playing with the hair at the back of his head. “Mulder, you’ve got me married off in a private jet flying around the world performing surgeries. As usual you’re going 100 times the speed of the Earth and the rest of us our rushing to catch up. You can see things so clearly sometimes and others you’re Don Quixote, chivalrous til death, tilting at windmills.”

“Maybe I am being slightly dramatic.” He admitted. “Why don’t we open our gifts?”

“Gifts, right.” Scully said pulling away in a rush and disappearing to her car. Mulder walked over to the door to find her struggling with a box from the trunk and decided to help her carry it inside. He greedily unwrapped it to discover she had gotten him a globe for their office. He had to brush away the thoughts of marking it up with alien sightings.

“We could mark all the places we’ve been and everywhere we have yet to go.” Scully suggested and Mulder smiled back. “Your turn.”

Scully unwrapped her gift to find a structured tailored soft leather briefcase bag. “Mulder this is.. Exactly what I would have picked out for myself… how did you know?”

“I had a little help from your mom, but mostly I… well… profiled you.”

Scully placed her gift back under the tree. “I have one last thing. It’s actually for both of us.” she called out as she made her way upstairs. On her way down she was carrying a long cardboard tube. She offered it to him with a big grin and he opened it to find a “I Want To Believe” poster. Mulder was stunned. She was stealing his heart again.

“For our office. I got it from the head shop.”

He looked at her with wonderment. “Why don’t we put it up now?” He ran over to the office and pulled some pins he had lining the molding and carefully placed it in full view. He admired it proudly and Scully stared at him smiling with her arms crossed.

“What would you like to do now?” Mulder asked, but Scully only yawned. He decided it was best for her to get some rest and they proceeded up the stairs, but he stopped her at the second step covering her hand with his. “Scully..”

She turned to face him, the stairs allowing her to be at eye level. “Mulder, you’re not going to lose me.”

“I don’t want to lose me.” He croaked out. She ran her fingers through his hair and cradled his face as she kissed him. “I won’t let you.”

Mulder laid beside Scully with freshly brushed teeth. She had her eyes closed, but had not yet fallen asleep. “Let’s go out tomorrow.” She blurted out sleepily.

“What if someone recognizes us? What about taking precautions?”

“Just this once. We could go to a movie, maybe even a play? There’s an art exhibit in the city I really want to go see.. Maybe we could pick up some paintings? Dress the place up?” She opened one
“I want to… really. I just don’t think it’s a good idea…”

Her palm snuggled into his as they made their way across the street leaving the theatre. Streetcar Named Desire had just let out and they were managing their way through the crowd with playbills in hand. It was one of her favorite plays and watching it she could almost transpose herself with the woman on stage as Blanche DuBois, the dark side of her sexuality careening her towards insanity. Mulder tugged her arm as the DoNotWalk signal appeared. With three inch heels she had to practically hop over the small snow hill to reach the sidewalk. On instinct his hand quickly released and was at her hip pulling her towards his dark suited body to keep her steady. She gave him a quick smile and he gave her a wink back. The adolescent inside her made fun of the flutterings in her heart. Now Dana Scully, are we really allowing a man to take care of you? Would you really relinquish some independence to someone that cared so much to cherish everything it encompassed? Reading her expression, his hand tightened on her hip and her body thrilled to the touch. Perusing the street for onlookers, he pulled her into a corner of the alleyway as they approached the gallery.

He spoke to her inches from her face. “Scully, You look beautiful in that dress and even more stunning when you’re happy.” She smiled and blushed and he continued. “Maybe this year no one is rising from the dead, but that doesn’t make today any less incredible.” Mulder got suddenly quiet while Scully used his London Fog to shade herself from the cold brisk night. His eyes had her mesmerized, clinging to his every breath. “You are everything to me Scully…” She could see he was struggling to come up with the words to say what he was trying to get out. He should have known already that there were no words. “You are the key.. to me.. to my happiness.” She froze at his pure innocence and outpouring, but before she could speak his arms were wrapped tightly around her, strong and reassuring as always, even now. It set a flurry of sparks off into her body. He leaned in, and when they kissed, it was slow, both of them savoring the moment. Their lips touched, parted, and closed again as they sank into one another. They could kiss forever. His lips were so soft, his cheeks smooth and freshly shaven, his rich musky aftershave completing the sensory overload. His hands were strong yet gentle as he traced them up her back to pull her body up against his. They lost track of time, of everything else, while they kissed. She caught herself smiling like an idiot. She couldn't help it. He made her this way. They were both giddy, almost insane with pleasure. She felt her knees go weak and he took his cue. “Let’s go inside.”

Scully watched from across the room of the gallery as Mulder ordered their wine. The adjective dapper floated through her brain like they had entered one of his 1940s black and white movies. He smiled and winked at her again. “Merry Christmas Scully.” That brought a smile to his face and he looked back at her, his eyes glowing warmth into her chest. “Merry Christmas Scully.”
Dear John, A Love Letter Call to Arms

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

It's 2006. Scully is working at Our Lady of Sorrows, Mulder has encountered his new informant, and things are going well in MSR land. So what is there to write home about?

“Did Skinner ask you to do this? Are you being transferred or are you leaving the FBI? Is this some undercover op? I need something to rationalize in my head how you’re leaving me. It's been four years. Four good years, and now you’re going to walk out that door and never see me again. I don’t get it. I really don’t. You’re going to have to at least try to explain this one to me.” Doggett’s eyes were bloodshot. He was trying to hold it together. The was no rationalization for her to leave the FBI and even worse walk out on their relationship. Everything was going great. They had moved in together and he thought it was a good fit. Was she looking for a ring? They could talk about that. But this? I’m leaving tomorrow, gone from existence, no phone number, no forwarding address? “Monica?”

“I want to tell you John, but I can’t. Not this time.” John watched helplessly as she packed. In less than an hour she would be out of his life forever and he didn’t know what he could do to stop her.

“Do I wait for you?” He asked with a glimmer of hope.

“No, I’m not sure when I’ll be back.” Monica closed the dresser drawer and walked over to Doggett lacing both their hands. “I care about you John. That’s why I have to take this assignment. That’s why I need to do this.” She gave him a peck on the lips and gently caressed the back of his head threading her fingers through his hair. “I wish I could tell you. I need you to trust me. If there was any other way I would do it. I don’t want to leave you.”

Doggett pulled away. “So that’s it. We’re done. You make this decision and I’ve got no say in this.” He squinted his eyes as looking at her now was too painful.

“I want to tell you everything, but I can’t. It’s complicated, but know I’m doing this for you and me.” Monica closed her suitcase and brought it over to the door. Doggett followed her as they kissed goodbye. He gave her a strong rough hug. There was nothing left to say.

Monica with tears in her eyes gave him one last kiss and caressed his stubbly cheek. “John, if you care about me, if you love me, don’t follow me. Don’t ask about me. You need to trust me.”

John was lost. His mind scrambled and could only go back to the root of what he was: factual and structured. With everything that happened it left him with only one question and he posed it to Monica before she stepped beyond the threshold and out of his reality. “Who am I supposed to eat polish sausage with? What do I do with all my plates?”

The question tugged her heart at its seams. “John.” Tears now streamed from her face and with one final hug goodbye she shut the door and drove away.
“Bye Monica.” John whispered. He had been torched from the inside. The house quiet and dead. He knew one day the curse of his x-files assignment would come back to haunt him, but he did not know when and who would come to collect. John was so ripped apart, his body felt as if on a track, his consciousness only following but no longer participating. He walked to the fridge and got out a beer, heading for the couch he sat and turned on NASCAR.

“Scully, you may have more paint on your pants than the wall.”

“I’m having trouble reaching the molding. It might help if you were the one on the ladder.”

“True, but then how do I stare at your ass?” Mulder joked watching Scully as she balanced herself from the second to top rung on her toes reaching for the corner molding. He stepped onto the second rung, the ladder shaking as he did. Gently taking the paintbrush, he steadied her with one hand on her hip while he stretched and easily covered the molding with a thin layer of paint. His warm solid body pressing her into the cold metal of the ladder.

“Better?” He asked as he looked down giving her a squeeze.

Scully looked around the room. The faded baby blue fifties coloring was now a dark gray, the bright white molding making the fresh paint really pop.

“I like it.” he said as he stepped down a rung to meet her lips. He sat the paintbrush on the top of the ladder and pulled her closer balancing them on the ladder. Their kiss deepened, tilting their heads as they changed the angle. Aching pleasure stirred inside Scully. Mulder’s hand wandered to her outer thigh and he broke their kiss letting out a moaning sigh and smiled, sweeping his finger over her nose, turning it white with the paint from her jeans. Scully returned the favor and with all four fingers striped his face Mountain Gray Oasis.

“I guess I deserved that.” he said, stepped off the ladder, and swiftly dipped down and picked her up, his momentum landing them both on their bed, the plastic covering crunching beneath Scully as she bounced squealing against Mulder’s mouth. He hovered his body over her leaning on his elbows, pulled back and their eyes locked like puzzle pieces clicking into place. The air between them turning suddenly serious. Their love and connection had evolved, strong enough to rip open their desires and satisfy the other all through their notorious gaze. She could feel him growing hard through his sweats as he pressed himself between her legs. Her insides convulsed in response. Her body craved his friction and every time he pulsed, her body contracted in return. They stared like this until she felt as though he had entered her consciousness, in control of her body and her mind. Inside her chest her emotions ran wild as he opened up his soul to her through his eyes. Strong and powerful, all she could do was close them simultaneously with him as they entered into another kiss. This time deep, serious, and slow. Their mouths parted, his tongue entwining with hers, exploring while they removed each others clothes.

“You can’t tell me or you won’t tell me.” Doggett paced in Skinner’s office. He no longer reported to Skinner, but he was wearing out his carpet anyway.

“John” Skinner warned.

“I need to know she’s going to be alright.”

Skinner stood from his desk leaning towards Doggett so he could still hear him as he lowered his
“John, I don’t know where she’s going. Her assignment is classified. Above my clearance level. It wasn’t from normal channels.”

“Outside the FBI? CIA?” Doggett was reaching, frustrated and desperate.

“John. If she wanted you to know she would have told you. You’re going to have to trust her.”

Another dead end. Everyone knew something he didn’t. “So that’s it. Monica decides to leave and we just let her.”

“She’ll be fine John. She’s capable.”

Doggett was having a hard time buying any of it. Had they finally gotten to Skinner? “Knowing everything you know, this doesn’t set off any alarms?”

“Let her go.”

Either Skinner was afraid other’s were listening or he knew more than he was letting on, but any other day he was sure Skinner would have been on his side. “Right.” Doggett said nodding his head. There was no use pursuing this further. He would have to find another way.

Caught up in her day, her mind in ten different directions, Scully’s heart saw him before her eyes did and they almost collided walking down the hall. He fit into the backdrop of her job like Waldo in a Norman Rockwell painting if Waldo was six feet of denim, leather, and smoldering scruffiness. “Mr. Adams? You’re here.”

“Am I not supposed to be?” Mulder asked bewildered checking his watch.

“No, I… I’m sorry. There was a lot going on today.” Scully explained flicking her tongue out against her top lip and running the palm of her hand along the top of her head. “We made plans for lunch. Of course. I guess I figured you wouldn’t want to leave the house.”

“I wanted to come see where you work. Is it a bad time?” he said as he looked around, analyzing, taking it all in.

“No, I don’t usually get lunch breaks, but today is a good day for it. I can show you my office.”

Mulder stepped in and by pure body mass alone took over the room. He fingered through her books, admired her well-deserved degrees and accolades hanging on the wall, and paused to examine her paintings “We picked this one out together didn’t we?” he pointed at the painting while his other hand played with the stubble on his chin.

“Yes. You gave it to me. It’s part of the collection.” Scully leaned back in her chair and let him continue his perusal. It was a strange, out-of sorts feeling to have him there, but it wasn’t unwelcomed or suffocating.

He walked over to her side and placed his finger underneath the desk on the pencil drawer. “May I?” His voice low and broken.

Scully nodded, but her heart stood still. Inside was her wallet sized picture of William alongside a picture her mother took of the two of them sitting together, caught in a joyful moment, laughing with their foreheads pressed to the other holding hands. “I know what you’re going to say..” Scully said preparing for a debate, “but it helps me. I’m very proud of them.”
“Keep it locked.” was all he said slamming it closed and walked towards the door. She knew he was aware locks were useless, but she nodded and he returned with his head down, “It’s my fault. Those pictures should be in frames sitting on top of your desk.”

He surveyed the room again with his hands on his hips flailing his leather jacket behind him and a funny expression covered his face, a part painful, part sad, part nostalgic look, “Your life without Fox Mulder.”

“Mulder, I would hardly say..”

“No, no. It’s okay. It’s not bad.” He started nodding, “It’s… Weird. That’s the adjective I would use. The office, the job… in a catholic hospital… it’s all very… Dana.”

“I’m very happy here.” Scully replied defensively.

“I’m sure you are. You found God, go to church on Sundays…”

“I didn’t realize you two were competing over me.”

“We’re not… and we are. I use to take up your time when we worked together… now I have to learn to share.”

“Not something you’re good at?”

“Not when it comes to you.” he smiled. “Oh, I got you a gift for your office.” he said and handed her a heavy box. She placed it on her desk to open it. Underneath the tissue paper was a turquoise glass paperweight. Mulder and his odd gifts. “Thank you. I knew there was something missing. Now I have something to protect my papers from the tornado winds blustering through…..” she teased and placed it by her computer where she could see it every day.

“I passed by a small cafe on my way in here. Let’s head over that way…” Mulder suggested and helped her with her coat as they headed out.

Doggett waited impatiently as his informant jogged passed him repeatedly circling the track. John searched the premises, they had been playing this game for almost an hour. Obviously, they had not been followed, but he let him perform his routine as he watched. John had learned through the years to be patient when it came to the unexplained. Finally, the guy sat down, sweating in his Under Armour attire, he leaned forward so Doggett could examine his neck for skeletal bumps and John did the same for him. They gave each other a single nod and half smile. The rest was all business.

“She’s been chosen for an elite team.” The man explained. “She accepted, so she is safe. Safer than you.”

“What does that mean?” Why do we always have to go through this mumbo jumbo cryptic crap Doggett thought to himself. Everyone is so dramatic.

“It means, it’s safer for her if you walk away. She’s one of them now. She will be protected.”

“Protected from what? From who?” Doggett tried his best to keep his voice down. He had been so far removed from the x-files and this was all too familiar.

“From the truth Agent Mulder ascertained. This is all I can say. I have to go. Until next time John.. stay safe.”
Once again, Doggett was alone with his thoughts. Doggett was an action man, not a philosophical contemplator. He headed to the gun range to blow off steam. There was only one man that he could think of that would fight to find the answers he sought. One man that wouldn’t give up. He was a pain in the ass, but he was a good man to have on your side. Unfortunately, he hadn’t a clue how to get in touch with them. Skinner was the only one that knew and he would never tell. Skinner cared for them too much to betray a confidence. Monica left him on her own accord, she wanted to leave, and it had something to do with the truth Mulder had unearthed. Doggett’s cell phone began vibrating on his hip. He juggled the phone in his hand as he drove. “Doggett”

It was Skinner. “Doggett. Let’s have a drink tonight. Meet me at the regular hangout.” That was all he said and the phone went dead.

What regular hangout? Him and Skinner never hung out. Was he still in the right dimension?

Scully set Mulder’s cup of tea down on the coaster and settled into her chair next to him. They sat in silence enjoying the show the moon and the stars chose to put on behind the backdrop of trees. “Mulder, does John and Monica ever cross your mind?”

“Your partners after me? I try to forget.”

“They did so much for us. Monica and I were so close, and everything she did with William.. Well, I miss them.”

Mulder reached over and laced their fingers. “I’m sure they think of us and feel the same way.”

Scully glanced over to him and then back out into the starry night. “Mulder, why Nick Adams?”

“Why do you think?”

“Because he was in Frankenstein, Godzilla, Mission Mars… Die Monster Die? He played The Rebel? … Maybe that is a good name for you.”

“Actually, it was because he was Elvis’ best friend.”

Scully smiled and nodded taking another sip of hot tea enjoying the tang of the local sourwood honey sweetening it.

Mulder caressed her finger with his thumb before letting go of her hand to reach for his own cup of tea. “So… how close were you and Monica exactly… and did anyone take any pictures?”

Scully looked at him curiously, but she frowned as she realized his implication releasing his hand to give him a shot in the bicep.

“Ow” he played rubbing his arm. “Home movies?”
Boredom

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Last chapter for Monica and Doggett. Scully meets Skinner for lunch. Mulder is hard at work taking over the home office. We've now come to the intro to IWTB.

Skinner fidgeted in the corner booth of a dimly lit bar nursing his scotch. Not wanting to let on to unsuspecting ears, he hoped the clues that he gave Doggett would be enough for him to find him. Doggett, having the same reservations snuck in the back door. He waited until Skinner used the restroom and followed behind. Skinner stepped inside and Doggett locked the door, bent down and checked the stalls. “What’s this about?” Doggett demanded.

“Not here. Meet me at the tennis courts by the high school.” Skinner returned.

Doggett sighed, he was so tired of this bullshit, but he unlocked the door and left. Skinner hung back as to not draw suspicion.

At the school yard he found Doggett pacing. “If you can’t calm down I can’t talk to you.”

“I’m sorry, my nerves are shot. I haven’t exactly been sleeping.” Doggett replied. “Whatta ya got?”

Skinner handed him a small folded paper. “It’s an address. I don’t know who she’s working for now. I don’t know who those men are, but my guess is the highest level, a shadow government.”

Doggett was puzzled. “You don’t… wait… you think she’s... Never. You got the wrong information.”

“For many years John there has been a bifurcation of the government, an unacknowledged separate government with its own deep black budget hidden within our own defense budget. Free to pursue their own national interest, with their own fundraising, free from checks and balances, free from the law itself. An entire covert operations community with its own Air Force and Navy. Within this community are even deeper special access projects. For their own safety, even the president and congress have no knowledge.”

“And you believe that is who she is working for now?”

“I don’t know, but it would explain her sudden need to disappear.”

“How could something like that even exist? Our constitution makes such things illegal. Are you calling Monica a traitor? Never. She wouldn’t… She’s undercover. Tell me she’s performing some black ops… tell me!” Doggett frustrated and desperate shouted and grabbed Skinner by the shirt. Skinner quickly shoved him away, pointing at him. “I’m not the enemy John. I don’t know if she’s trying to infiltrate and expose or if she’s sleeping with the enemy to save us. Whatever the case, she’s on her own now. I can’t help you.” Skinner turned to walk away.
Doggett called him back. “Wait. Hold on a minute. I was told that all this is related to Mulder’s truth. What did Mulder find? What is The Truth?”

Skinner stopped at the sound of Mulder’s name and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. He didn’t bother to turn around. “It’s the date of end times. It’s December... 2012.”

One year later…..

“So how’s he doing?” Skinner asked placing his hand over Scully’s. They were having lunch close to the hospital. A practice they tried to replicate whenever feasible.

“Surprisingly…. He’s okay. I think we’re at a point where we’re both very conscious of our own tendencies and we’re trying hard not to let them affect our relationship.”

“I never underestimated how much of an influence you could have on him.”

Scully nodded and placed her linen napkin in her lap as the waiter stopped to drop off their food. Once he was gone she continued. “Well, he’s still Mulder… but he seems more relaxed… content? He’s adjusted to living at home. He doesn’t go out much. Well.. he goes to the gym… the library… bookstores…”

“All those articles you tell me he saves… do you think he’s preparing for something? Do you think he’s going to act on it?”

Scully took a bite of her salmon and reached for her drink. “No.. he tells me its a hobby…. I think it’s his way of staying current. Mulder’s not going to read a newspaper, catch up on politics, read the funnies, and go to the sports section… he sees behind the lines.”

“You mean between.” Skinner corrected as he bit into his cheesesteak.

“No… I mean he wants to look at what’s behind every article. The truth behind what’s written and he collects them so later he’s able to connect the dots and tell the story. It’s the way his mind works… it’s what he needs to do…. Mulder really is a genius…his mind is an incredible machine that has a need to process.. Translate.. Understand.. Dissect.. And solve. He looks at life with a childlike wonderment, a world of endless mysteries waiting to be solved. Mulder lives in our world, but he sees dimensions we could only dream. At the same time he does all this he is painfully aware that his actions are compulsive and obsessive, but by being so aware he keeps them under control… Anyway… it makes him happy.. And I believe he is.”

“And you?”

Scully put her head down and tried to hide in her food, but Skinner’s stare was unrelenting. She wiped her mouth, placed her hand over his and met his eyes. “I’m happy Walter.” She slowly removed her hand from his and fixed her hair. “We have our moments like anyone, but he’s given me everything I’ve ever asked of him… sometimes more… and our differences are what I love about him.”

Skinner smiled. He had caught Scully on a good day. “How’s your job?”

Scully released the air in her lungs grateful for the change in topic. “I’m really enjoying it. I’m trying my best not to become a workaholic.” Skinner smiled back at her knowingly. “You would be surprised to know I’m actually able to leave my work at the hospital. I make sure I’m not home too
late and when I am home I make sure I’m present for Mulder. The time we have together is precious and I appreciate it. After all, there was always a chance he could have been killed, so to have him with me… Anyway, my days off are for us to share.”

Scully nodded. “Sounds like you’re making it work.”

“We are.” Scully shrugged.

Skinner studied Scully’s face. “Okay, where’s the but?”

Scully paused and comforted her upper lip with her tongue. “I still worry about him locked up all day by himself. I don’t know what kind of toll it could have on his psyche in the long run.”

“Scully, you care so much about Mulder it makes you worry where you don’t need to. You’re both happy. That’s all you need to focus on. If Mulder isn’t happy with his situation you’ll know.”

Doggett had been stalking Monica every chance he had for a year now. Ever since Skinner left him the address. Not able to speak with her, he was a simple voyeur, watching her entering and leaving the building each day, taking pictures of the people she spoke with, license plates, gathering his facts. Mostly he needed to know she was alright. Today, he decided to make his move. From what he could discern travel plans had been made and Monica would be leaving very soon. Picking the lock he took the back stairwell, cracked opened the door to the sixth floor and made his way down the hallway, pausing when he heard voices. He hid in an office until the men passed. Then Monica stepped out. As she walked past the office John grabbed her and pulled her inside.

“John! Why?” Monica’s voice was raised, but she didn’t sound surprised.

“I missed you. I have to know you’re safe.”

“I’m in control John and I am safe. I love you, but I need you to move forward with your life.”

Monica looked passed John and nodded. Before John could turn around two men grabbed him from behind.

Head buzzing, Mulder retreated to the kitchen for coffee. Then back to the study. Standing over last night’s work, he perused the articles for the third time. Spreading them across the desk he noticed the amount of UFO sightings by people on the ground and astronauts, pilots. In addition, there were strange articles on bees that had begun surfacing. He sorted them in categories by phenomena, date and location. Was there a pattern? If he tracked them long enough, would they be predictable? What was being prepared in the skies? Where were they gathering? Was it the aliens, rebels, or ARVs? He started again, now sorting by UFO shapes - cylindrical vs. triangular. He scratched his head as his brain calculated and reimagined. That was it. There were definite patterns. He pulled from his backpack the maps he had gathered from the bookstore, took out colored string from the desk drawer, and with a handful of tacks in one hand and a Sharpie in the other he went to work.

Disoriented and wobbly on his feet, Doggett wrestled to find where he was in his mind. What had he been doing? What was his name?

“What you hear the sound of my voice?” The question came in the form of an impatient snarl.

“Yes.” He said still feeling as if in a cloud. He looked around. He was outside, on cold wet
pavement. A loud boom sounded and Doggett hit the cement. A low flying jet streaked by followed with a rushing wind.

“Are you alright?” The man asked, his voice softer.

“I don’t know.” Doggett replied brushing off his pants as he slowly rose from the ground. His vision slowly coming back into focus. The man was not familiar to him, heavy set with light brown hair.

“Get in the car.” the man ordered. “We have a drive ahead of us and if you’re late reporting in they may get worried that you’re missing.”

Although the man and his words were foreign, Doggett listened and got into the passenger seat of the dark Lincoln Town car that seemingly appeared from thin air.

“Where are we?” Doggett asked in a low scratchy rumble. Not even his own voice sounded familiar to him. He needed a beer.

“Ellen’s Air Base” his driver responded.

Doggett rubbed his face. He couldn’t remember getting here, why they were here or what had occurred. It felt like someone had plucked information directly out of his brain. Like they had chosen what to take and what to keep like folders from a filing cabinet. In what he guessed were the effects of some drug wearing off he pondered if his mind was a filing cabinet, could they insert memories as well. He shook his head. The smoke from his brain needed to clear before he could think that deeply. “Where are we going?”

“Back to our headquarters.”

“Right.” Then he remembered. “We’re FBI.”

The man laughed. “You’re not in the FBI anymore. You work for a division of Homeland Security now. Are you sure you’re feeling okay? Guess that was some shot in the head you took.”

Doggett pinched the bridge of his nose and stared out at the unrecognized landscape. They must have been on some sort of assignment out here. “I’ll be fine. Just got the wind knocked out of me.”

The television screen went black. Scully jumped from the couch spilling her popcorn on the floor. “Did we lose electricity? Did the cable cut out? It had to happen now?”

“The cable didn’t go out.” Mulder replied not moving.

“Mulder, something is wrong with the set…” As she yelled, the credits appeared and eventually the HBO logo.. “I don’t get it. So…. what? Tony Soprano got whacked?”

“No.” Mulder replied with his arms still crossed laying back into the couch. “But I like the way you say whacked.”

“Why else would the screen go black? It was already hinted by the other characters that in the end, you probably don't hear anything, everything just goes black. This scene was foreshadowed in Tony's dream. So Tony’s dead.”

“They weren’t filming from his point of view. It was us. We were the ones.”

“They killed us off?”
“They killed the series. I think Tony coordinated the hit. Lured us into the diner. The Members Only guy at the bar is the one that pulled off the hit. That’s why everything went black. Removed from the Sopranos universe.”

“I don’t like it.” Scully said turning off the television and cleaning the popcorn from the floor. “Either way it’s a choose your own ending. Feels like a copout to me.”

“Why? Endings are irrelevant. Mystery is what drives the human soul. An ending can only disappoint.” Mulder grabbed a handful of popcorn off the couch and popped it into his mouth. “People innately fear endings as a matter of course. It’s a representation of death and a hint at the notion of nothing in the great abyss when reality comes to an end. Of course it’s only your own singular reality. If no one is left to acknowledge your existence, did you even exist at all? You see Scully, there is poetry in questions while only finality exists in answers.” Mulder pontificated.

“This from a man that spends his life searching for answers.” Scully countered.

Mulder smiled. “It’s all in the chase Scully.”

“That may be, but tonight it’s all in the pepperoni. Watching this show always makes me hungry. I’m going to get us a pizza.”

Six Months Later…..

An arm slung haphazardly across one’s chest may be taken for granted by most after years of feeling that same arm around them, but not when it was attached to a woman whose heart beating meant more to you than your own. Most nights Scully slept on her side facing away from him, but on the occasion, she had been known to reach for him in her sleep. This was one of those such occasions. He found himself reveling in the contact, her leg snuggling between his own. All the logic for his happiness was in her touch, her fiery hair, and soul saving smile.

Anxiety crept into his chest as he noticed the time. With his forefinger he played with his beard before selfishly kissing her forehead, her cheek, then her lips. “Morning Mulder.” Scully muttered, her eyes closed, with a smile slowly forming on her face. He turned his own body to face her bringing her closer to him under the comforter. “Mulder, I have to brush my teeth.” she protested. “Mmm. I know. I don’t care.” he countered. “Yeah, Well I..” Before she could finish the alarm began to blare the local news. Mulder hated that alarm, it meant she was leaving him again. The bed was so comfy and cozy and warm. Why couldn’t she ever hit the snooze? So he reached over and hit the snooze for her. She began another weak protest, but it only took one kiss and his hands cascading over her body to convince her she had ten minutes to spare. The alarm the enemy once more.

“Have I ever told you that I’m in love with you?” He asked as he hit the snooze again.

“It’s not going to work this time Mulder. I’ve got an early meeting.” and with that she left his side. After she showered and changed and prepared for her day, she made the long walk back upstairs and kissed him goodbye before leaving. She made it a point to do so, but he couldn't recall when that practice had started. She gave him one last hug and he grabbed her hand letting it slip from his fingers as she pulled away. And just like that he was alone. Alone with his thoughts and the walls. The walls they had painted together with furniture and paintings and sconces they had picked together. A reminder of how much ground they had covered in their few years here.

He wandered around the house for something to occupy his time. It was winter so there were no
vegetables to grow. He wasn’t in the mood for starting the project with the shed or the kitchen. He was just plain bored. Staring into the refrigerator became his new hobby and finally after some careful scrutiny, he grabbed some OJ and retreated to the study. Turning on the flying saucer shaped lamp Scully picked out for him, he drank his OJ and clipped some articles. After an hour, he caught himself staring into space. He busied himself sharpening some pencils only to add them to the ceiling’s collection. He missed Scully badly. She made him whole, gave him purpose, and he might as well put himself in hibernation every day until she returned. Picking up his juice he took another gulp and walked with it into the living room. His bare feet reminding him it was time to clean the floor. Through the window he saw the day was overcast. The air too humid and ground too wet to start painting the porch or do any yard work. He set the bottle on the table, picked up his backpack and left for a hike to retrieve more newspapers from the recycling center. Four hours later, with a filled backpack and a stack under both arms, he retreated back to the house. Locked up tight, he had some disclocks to open and chains to clear. First he had to free his hands. The weight from his of bundles buried them in the snow as he let them fall to the ground. Once the gate was open he gathered the papers, now soaking, and walked through, dragging the gate behind him while juggling his stash. The chains hung open along with the locks as he stared, the newspapers dripping onto his sweats, the icy water penetrating onto his legs. Thinking twice, with a quick “Fuckit”, he decided to forego the ordeal of locking it all back up. What was the point? Let them come. He could use a little excitement in his life anyway. Scully would lock it back when she returned. Struggling into the house he failed to do the same with the front door. An oddity for him, but he rationalized that he was in for a good confrontation these days. More importantly, he now had work to do.
Bearded Fox Mulder and Pedophile Priests Make Strange Bedfellows

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Everything is happy and peaceful in the Mulder and Scully household. Scully is out saving the world's children from various deadly diseases and Mulder is saving newspaper articles. Cue the FBI. If Mulder can just verify that Father Joe is a psychic and help locate a missing agent the FBI promises willful amnesia. Hell, he only supposedly killed a military man, I think that only has a window of 6 years on the statute of limitations... wait... does the military know about this deal? Anyhoo, all those people are dead or got beamed up in the spaceship or are preparing for 2012 or whatever so that was the past. Anyone ready for a mediocre Halloween retelling of a modern day Frankenstein? Wait. What? It was originally released in July? Well, we still love you CC.

Chapter Notes

I enjoyed IWTB as a movie. As MSR, they probably could have done a little better. Okay, a lot better. I don't know that I fully understood what was going on between Mulder and Scully during this movie, but I'm jumping in anyway. To me it was forced tension that was extremely misplaced for the sake of plot. This is Part 1 of this 4 part section. Most of this section is Scully's POV because Mulder's POV is basically, "Scully, I'm trying to save this woman, why are you being so bitchy about it? this was all your idea." I'm not a big fan of the skit where Scully just wants them to go home, doesn't want anything to do with the case, and doesn't believe there is anything supernatural, then.... wait for it... there is something supernatural and she gets sucked in anyway. It's 15 years at this point, it gets kinda old. Even the kiss at the end.... so good... but what was with the camera angle?

Bold and determined, intelligent and forthcoming, willingness to hold herself and others accountable, were only some of the adjectives on Scully’s review. Stellar in all areas with a strong potential for advancement. The exception, a small comment under areas of opportunity, “Tendency to become overly headstrong when faced with opposing points of view by the team.” Everyone in the hospital was aware, if Scully thought she was right, there was no stopping her. Caught up in her day, another boy’s life in her hands, this one closer to her heart than the rest. She was a professional, but even professionals had their weaknesses. The children in the hospital became her children and her mission: to save them all. As Christian was wheeled by his parents down the hallway a lump formed in her throat. For how do you tell someone that medicine had turned their backs and now all they could do was prepare for death? Was his life cut short by the limitations of God or humanity?

While speaking with Christian, Scully turned to see a well-groomed, handsome young man with skin as smooth as the chocolate liquid silk dripping from a strawberry out of a Melting Pot’s fondue.
knots until her FBI training kicked in. Then her face went stone cold. The rehearsed lines Skinner and herself devised came easy. The story simple. Her and Mulder had broken up, she wasn’t working with him and had no ties, no way of finding him. They wouldn’t be able to torture the information out of her. Studying the man’s demeanor she saw desperation. A young FBI agent was missing and they were so lacking in resources they were prepared to look to Fox Mulder for help.

On her way home from work, Scully dialed Skinner to discuss the details and Skinner confirmed Mulder’s exoneration had been approved at the highest level. Mulder was no longer a threat to them or held any significance at all. The previous regime either died of “mysterious” causes or simply left altogether. There would be little danger if he came out of hiding. It was always a risk, but now was probably the safest time. “This may be Mulder’s best chance to get his name cleared. Before you agree make sure it is in writing, you have a copy, and there are no strings. Think about it Dana, if they wanted to find Mulder, they would have. They would have gotten to him through you. How simple would it have been to discover where you work? Track him down. It’s easy enough.”

“I would imagine you’re right.” Scully replied entering the outskirts of DC, the sun setting in front of her behind the clouds temporarily blinding her as they floated along. The entire drive home her mind reeled. Maybe it was what Mulder needed. When they were together he appeared happy enough, but there were small changes. More and more she came home to a cluttered house. It wasn’t bad, but not like before. All the work they had done on the house and the property… he had stopped once they finished the bedroom and the kitchen remained unchanged. Dinner was often not made, although that was partly her fault, but she worried about him, worried that he was now fully emerged in that study. The psychological effects alone in the house all day. Getting him out of his sweats was a chore. About four months ago he had even stopped shaving which she presumed was to aid in his disguise when he left the house. He jokingly blamed it on Movember, but that was a conspiracy in itself. This may be a way to make him feel needed by someone other than her. And if he agreed, he would be free, free to get a job, start a career doing, she didn’t know… anything. Then they could truly settle down, leave the house without fear, maybe even…. If he could be free the possibilities would be endless. Caught in the back of her mind was a nagging that maybe he would get caught up, that he wouldn’t let go, that he was only happiest wallowing in satan’s lair, exposing the evil that men do. She quickly pushed those thoughts away. No. This would be their chance to get him out of permanent isolation and start living more. When she got to the gate, it wasn’t locked or electrified. In fact anyone could easily push through. This was new. Was he giving up? Another change. Proof that isolation was affecting him. Yes, this case would definitely be what he needed and what she needed to focus on her work and not worry about him. When she got in the house, yet another day, he was locked up in the study which she had relinquished. Opening the door, she was a little fearful. He was definitely in a funk. His obsessive personality taking control in a direction she was not liking. Most days she left him in there until he was ready to come out and it had been a couple weeks since she dared to see the inside. It was out of control, but she was avoiding. She opened the door, not knowing what she would find. He was at it like usual, clipping away.

When he inquired, “What’s up Doc?” she tried not to grin, his voice soothing and lifting her spirits by just the sound. She teased him on his slacking of their security measures and as he rambled off witty reporte, she geared up for her proposal. Crossing her arms, she waited patiently for him to shut up. When he finally did and she presented her case, he was not happy at the prospect. His animosity towards his former employer poured from his emotions. The dropping of all charges didn’t seem to factor into his decision. His arrogant armour was bulletproof, but she knew the thought of a young girl that he could possibly save would change his mind if she gave him a minute.

With one final plea, she admitted her concerns for his well-being and he replied using her tired old line of “I’m fine”, but her eyes darted upward to his pencil collection signaling to him that she was calling BS and he knew it. Of course in the end he folded, bursting out of the study, her noble knight in shining virtuosity. He agreed and she breathed in relief, but when he said there was a condition
she exhaled sharply, her accompaniment was not part of her plan. She didn’t want any part of it. The point was to get him out of that study. Figuring this may only take a day or two she agreed. The one thing she knew for certain, she didn’t want him to continue spending his days waiting for the apocalypse.

Off the helicopter and into the FBI headquarters’ elevator, while the escorting agent focused on the numbers above, Scully caressed the “B” button affectionately giving Mulder a sentimental smile. He reached over and ran his finger along hers, pushing it in and illuminating the circle. “Rebel” she mouthed to him and he flashed her his eyebrows before the doors to the fourth floor opened and they returned to their professional stature. Walking out of the elevator was surreal, everything had changed, but was still the same. She exchanged communicative glances with Mulder, he knew as she did, it was their second home, but like they were seeing it in their alternate reality travels. The last time they had set foot in the building it had been flooded with supersoldiers. Anyone could have been an alien, even the president himself. Maybe it even went as far back as J. Edgar. The people walking the hallways were all strange and foreign. Scully noticed Mulder making eye contact with a woman and she saw his expression, like he had seen a ghost. They had just got there and already he was seeing his sister in every woman he encountered. He passed on his confused look to Scully.

They entered the conference room of strangers sitting in the same old chairs they once sat, marking up the same dry erase boards. As Special Agent Whitney delivered the case details, they couldn’t stop their optical communication. History, experience, and the connection deep inside their blood coded their transmissions from the others. Scully asked the questions as they formed in Mulder’s consciousness phrasing them in her unique descriptive ways while Mulder volleyed others that she thought too crass. They still had it. She’d give them psychic connections.

“I’d be on the guy 24/7. I’d be in bed with him kissing his holy ass.” Mulder exclaimed mentoring the junior staff.

The agents exchanged looks and Agent Whitney cleared her throat to relay the uncomfortable news. “Father Joe’s a convicted pedophile.”

Mulder shrugged. “Maybe I’d stay out of bed with him.”

Scully was beyond disgusted and repulsed by the case and meeting their psychic Father Joe. It was unfathomable to her that a pedophile would be granted any type of gift from God. She left the priest’s room thankfully upon request, although it was usually Mulder being called out by psychics for having an overabundance of negativity. While waiting for them to finish, she reviewed the case notes.

Mulder surprised her with a hand at her shoulder eliciting a classic “Jesus Mulder” sending his heart into a flutter. Watching her grilling the priest filled him with pride and gave him a jolt of a kind of excitement he hadn’t experienced in a while. He missed how special it was when they worked together.

Mulder mentioned that it was like old times and it shot her right in the chest, but she brushed it away, she wasn’t going there. She didn’t want old times anymore, as enjoyable as they had been. That was the past. She wanted him, not the x-files. She had finally gotten a semblance of peace. Mulder and her living and creating a home together. Enjoying not having the world’s problems be theirs. Their tour was over. She was done chasing monsters in the dark. He was free now and she was ready to move on… the FBI had now granted her the final wish... Mulder's past to no longer threaten their future.

Curious to see if Father Joe was psychic or fraud, Mulder joined the FBI in taking Father Joe to the scene of the crime. Scully refused to join the party, but she succumbed to Mulder’s solicitation
begrudgingly. The sparkle in his eye was welcoming, but she didn’t want him falling victim to the sickness. “These people need my help.” His words altruistic and earnest, “And I can really use yours”. Ignoring her body language and shaking head, he handed her the file, she never said no when he told her he needed her and the corners of his mouth arrogantly curved upward as the file left his hands. Why did he have to be so irresistible? Just like old times. She left him to have his fun. That was the point after all, to get him out of the funk. Scully tried not to analyze it too deeply as she slept in an empty bed in a quiet house while Mulder went gallivanting around West Virginia. This was the first time in their house that she was forced to sleep without Mulder by her side and she didn’t like it.

Morning...

Back at the hospital with little sleep, she cleared her head and focused on her work. Scully had an insatiable need to save Christian. Was she really any better than Mulder? She understood more than she admitted. Her work obsessions haunted her as much as his did him. Sitting at her desk with tears in her eyes she felt helpless and alone, sad for a child a cruel world had given up on. There didn’t seem to be answers to the child’s misery only a God that didn’t feel it necessary for her to be privy to his grand design. To take a break, she opened the case file she committed to Mulder she would review...

Later that night...

By the time she got home Mulder was already in bed asleep. Trying not to wake him she crept slowly under the covers, but Scully couldn’t sleep. Her thoughts were all on Christian. She tried reading, but that didn’t help much either, her mind had only one track tonight.

“I can feel you thinking” Mulder purred, their auras and connection flowing and intersecting as it did since at least the day they met and probably before that.

“I’m sorry I can’t sleep.” Scully answered looking off into the distance of her mind.

Not being able to help himself to such an obvious lob over the plate, Mulder tried his luck with a little wry flirtation. “Actually, I have a little something for that.”

As he wrapped his arm and leg around her, she felt an immediate comfort, her anxiety dissipating inside his heat. She adjusted into him and he adjusted back until they clicked into their Lego formation. “Just a little something?” Scully flirted back innocuously.

“Thank you.” He smiled, almost blushing. Her compliments affecting him in their usual style.

With a chin on her shoulder and a hand creeping around her hip, his full body was doing its best to soothe her as she told him of her connection to the boy. The tragedy of William hovered over them and Mulder reminded her it was an emptiness they both faced, but could never fill. Sacrificially he instructed her to allow him to curse God and gave her a goodnight kiss. His soft warm lips giving her a jolt of elation while his facial hair irritated her delicate skin. “Scratchy beard.” she mocked jovially.

In response he pulled back grating the bristles against the porcelain of her face forcing a smile to cut through her stresses, pressing his lips one last time into the sensitive crease of her neck.

Scully’s mention of acepromazine found in the autopsy report lifted Mulder from his slumber, but it only took one criticism of his beard for him to leap from the bed and shave it off. If she preferred him without fingernails he’d rip out every one to make her happy.

Scully saw his beard removal as very symbolic. He had hidden himself from the world. This case was freeing him and shaving was a part of removing his mask and shouting that he was back. Just as
Out in a frigid snowy field with the FBI, in the middle of the witching hour, Scully didn’t appreciate Special Agent Whitney getting down and dirty with Mulder’s face. The look she gave Whitney said it all - many of you have come before and they’ll be many after, but Mulder is mine. Now, “Tell me again why we’re out here?”

She watched Mulder speaking with Father Joe. It was like 10 years of her life had rewound. He was going too deep. She wanted him out of the house and wanted life back in him, but not like this. He was getting sucked in, sucked in to a place she no longer desired to tread and he would drag her down with him. She didn’t want him obsessed running crazily into the night wanting to believe everything that fell in his path. She had to pull him out, pull him away. The FBI didn’t really want him and Mulder had no obligation for anything further. She was physically and emotionally exhausted and she wanted them home. Another night without sleep and she had too much going on at her job right now to be up at all hours. Her job that was part of their real life, not this game they were playing.

Mulder didn’t see things quite the way she did. “You’re just like my booking agent now?” He spat out into the cold night air.

“You’re right. This is my fault.” She said pleading with him again to come home with her.

“What do you mean it’s your fault?” He was so caught up he didn’t understand what the problem was. He was attempting to save a woman’s life, solve a crime. What could be wrong?

“For getting you involved in this.”

“No, no. It was the right thing to do Scully.” For he knew without him they never would have gotten this far, they would have given up on Father Joe and finding anyone alive.

And then she said it. She hit below the belt. She didn’t know what else to say to get him to stop. It was the ongoing plight of Fox Mulder. Being dead didn’t stop him from looking for her. “You cannot save her, not now, not ever.” She yelled, now pleading to his psychological mind.

“My sister is dead.” She could see the physical pain in his face from saying it out loud. Instead of following Scully’s request, he yelled for the FBI men back to keep looking.

“What are you doing?” Scully was almost frantic. Her world she had built so carefully the past few years was crumbling and he wasn’t listening. She wanted him back under her control where their lives were safe. She knew how this would end. There were no happy endings underneath the cloak of darkness.

“I’m trying to ignore you.”

As Mulder trudged through the deep snow, flurries still accumulating, he acknowledged that Scully was partially right. As a civilian he was crossing the line, and he did see every woman in distress as someone’s sister, but he had made peace with his sister’s death on that starlit night so many years ago. Was he really any different than John Walsh or the many other people who used their loved ones death to catapult change and good? Sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, that died in tragedy and people that have started foundations so it could never happen to anyone else again. All so their death could have purpose just as their life. For Mulder, his sister’s death was unnecessary. She was caught up in a plot, an innocent used by evildoers to execute their sinister plans. So if her tragedy
meant anything, for her death not to be in vain, he would save others in her name. That was healthy and healing. Scully was wrong. He was honoring his sister by doing so. To make him capable of taking those leaps of faith past where rational people stopped believing.

They found a dead girl under the ice as Father Joe had envisioned and to Mulder that only underscored that his actions were justified. This wasn’t just a missing agent now, but a possible serial case. He walked past Scully with a righteous indignation.

To Scully, it was terror and she felt herself choking under the current as the quicksand pulled her down.

It was in that instance that Scully turned to find Father Joe behind her with the words “Don’t give up.”
Mulderdrama

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

IWTB - Part 2 of 4

Chapter Notes

When analyzing the finer aspects of this movie, neither Mulder nor Scully are completely right or wrong. At this point in the plot, Mulder has fulfilled his side of the bargain with the FBI and is now a free man once again, so that consideration is now off the table. Mulder’s continued pursuit of this case is one of addiction and not to simply solve a crime. Scully is right to do her best to ensure she doesn’t lose him to the dark side. Also, she has a commitment to her career and the patients at that hospital. At the same time, Scully likes her puppy on a leash. She has become accustomed to Mulder staying under her thumb and being as controlled by her as one could control Mulder even though he does it willingly.

As to Mulder’s perspective, he is right to think this crime can’t be solved without him, but he falls too easily into giving his mind, body, and soul to finding the truth and expecting Scully to follow and be at his beck and call. Its classic Mulder, but he has something he never had before as “Classic Mulder”. He has a relationship. One he promised Scully would take forefront over all else and he had been able to balance on that fine line of keeping his promise until now. Scully is calling him on the carpet. Does she have a right to? What is Mulder’s choice?

A breeze blew a snowflake onto the porch and into the glass of amber liquid Scully was currently imbibing. There was hope it might gift her with an hour or two of sleep before she returned to work. The wind had caused a shiver and she tightened the blanket around her, the sky so dark and full of clouds she couldn’t see past the railing. Mulder was miles away. Swept into a whirlwind, in his rightful zone. It was a fool’s dream to believe he could be happy with her alone. All this exposed was her true fear. Salty drops fell down her pale cheeks. The muscles of her chin trembled and she heard the sound of her own tears. Her insides were raw. She shuddered, but this time not from the cold. Her fragile life was turning to sand through her fingers. She should have been thankful for the time she had when the fire in his eyes was only for her. Right now the breaths she took felt shallow with him away, a painful cold inside her bones. Cold longing for the warmth only he created. The weight in her chest grew and her throat locked up. The tears flowing again. Her world transformed to a carousel minus the brass ring. Round and round playing the same old tune. She stifled the tears stinging her face in the frigid air. Did she even know why she was crying? There was nothing she could do about it tonight and tomorrow she had to make a decision concerning Christian. As she made her way into the house and up to bed the stairs creaked out Don’t.Give.Up. The words vague yet penetrating. What had Father Joe meant by that? They were words said by both her and Mulder in the past and for them those words held their own mass and weight. Was he referring to not giving
up on Mulder? On the case? Or on Christian? Spinning the wheel in her mind the arrow landed on Christian.

With almost no sleep and Mulder still out chasing shadows in snowdrifts, Scully rushed into work late for her meeting. There she learned that while she had been distracted with Mulderdrama, the tide had turned against her and they had given Christian the death sentence ready to ship him to hospice. Scully’s steel backbone held her upright and against all odds she made the decision to believe “Don’t give up” was about Christian. It had to be and it was up to her to speak for the boy, to believe that she could be his miracle. In desperation and heeding Father Joe’s words, she retreated back to her office to find a cure. Mulder wasn’t the only one unrelenting and he wasn’t the only one that could make the leap of faith that others couldn’t. She wanted to believe there was an answer out there for herself, for the boy. Caught up in her work she ignored the buzzing of her phone.

Once Scully had the blessing of Christian’s parents, against all other staff’s wishes, she began performing the first of the surgeries. When the operation was complete she retired to the locker room where she could change into clean scrubs and be alone with her thoughts. While taking notes she was interrupted by Mulder’s presence.

“People say I went underground” Mulder chided her as he entered the locker area.

She apologized, telling him she had to keep her focus. Slightly ironic as he was the one that hadn’t come home with her. It was a feeble excuse for not answering the phone although given his history of forgetting how to pick one up maybe she didn’t have that much to apologize for. He asked her what changed her mind about doing the procedure and she only walked away. Not wanting to face his level of scrutiny she kept it to herself for now. Besides, if she said it out loud it might make it true. That she was believing in the words of a man that had betrayed God. Mulder respected her silence; she would tell him when she was ready to gather her courage. Observing his expressions and the wheels turning at the back of his mind, she knew he hadn’t searched her out simply because of concern. He was still wrapped up in the case. She crossed her arms defensively as he gave her the update.

With a love for the mystery and the desire to run with her into the night, flashlights blaring for truth justice and the American way, Mulder looked deep into her eyes. “I need you.” How many times had he told her that? How could she convince him that it was no longer his job to fight the good fight and she didn’t want it to be. She was asking him to let it go. What he had sworn to her that he would do if she asked. His reply was. “It’s not that simple.”

“No, it’s complicated.” She murmured into her locker.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He asked trying not to get agitated.

“Something that I knew that I’ve been afraid of that I haven’t had to face until now.” She turned to look him in the eye. “I’m a doctor Mulder, that’s not my life anymore.”

“I know that.”

“You’re not understanding me, I can’t look into the darkness with you anymore Mulder. I can’t stand what it does to you or to me.”

“I’m fine with it. I’m actually ok. I’m good.”

“I know, that’s what scares me.” Why didn’t he understand? She knew he understood completely that to find a killer you had to become him, live it, let the devil live inside you. She didn’t have that capacity anymore. All she wanted was peace now. Her son was gone. No one to even
acknowledge that she had been a mother; it had left her broken. The demons won and she was walking away. If he insisted on going nine rounds with the devil, he would have to do it alone.

“Well where else would you have me look if you want me to find these women alive?” It was clear Mulder was scraping the bottom trying to understand and failing miserably. His pouting was only adding to the problem.

“I’m asking you to look at yourself.” Couldn’t he see what he was being asked to turn into? He hadn’t been home, hadn’t slept, was completely taken in by the case. There was no room for her or their relationship. Like old times it was the case that took precedence over all - food, sex, sleep.. and worst of all he didn’t even seem to mind.

“Why?” He said as his face scrunched in confusion, looking around the room as if it held answers. “I don’t think I’m the one whose changed.”

“We’re not FBI anymore Mulder. We are two people who come home at night. To a home now. I don’t want that darkness in my home.” That house was a domicile for their love and she would safeguard its dweller and battle to the bitter end to prevent darkness from crossing its threshold. Didn’t he understand he deserted her to live this case? Yes, in their past life that was what they both committed to do. 24/7 they were the x-files, but now she wanted more for herself and she wanted what he promised her: them and only them - together without paranormal interruption.

“Scully, this is who I am, it’s who I’ve always been. It’s who I was before I met you. Its what .. it’s what I do it’s everything I know.”

“Write it down. Put it in a book.” Please see how it has taken over you. Please let it go. Scully begged him with her eyes. He hadn’t been that man in so long and right now she needed the one that had walked away from his own creation so that they could start a family. Yes, that family had included William, but even without a child, hadn’t they built something, created something meaningful, worth finding another part of himself?

“Are you asking me to give up?” Mulder asked knowing what he had committed to her and that if she told him to let it go he would have to. He would hold true to his word, but it would tear him apart to do so.

“No, I can’t tell you to do that Mulder.” Scully managed to get out, with her eyes on the floor she held fast. There was a choice to be made. Happiness or truth. You couldn’t have both when the truth was held in the shade of wicked malevolence. “But I can tell you that I won’t be coming home.”

She had to stay as far away from this case as possible.  She refused to have it take over her life too. Christian was her priority, not performing tasks for the FBI.

Mulder looked away, then up at the ceiling in pain. “Oh, wow. Scully.” He shook his head and let out a heaving sigh. His back was against the wall and all he could think about was there could be several people out there about to die without his help. How could Scully leave him now? How was this the choice she decided to force him to make?

“Mulder I’ve got my own battle to fight.”

“Don’t do this.” he begged. He didn’t want to do it without her and he certainly didn’t want her not coming home tonight, but allowing men to get away with this kind of depravity was not something he could let go.

“Please don’t argue with me.” she warned back.
“Don’t do this now.” he implored her to change her mind. Not when he was so close to catching these men, to saving lives. To have Scully leave his side and there was nothing he could do about it was killing him.

“I don’t know what else to do.” she pleaded back. If she went with him she would be giving up her home, her life, her work. She could not do that. She had always put his world above all else, it was her turn. She would not turn her back on Christian, those women were not hers to save. There was an entire crew out there searching for those killers, but she was all that was left for Christian. Maybe it was a mother’s love she was feeling for him, unprofessional it may have been, but Mulder would have to take a back seat. Not something easy for him as his whole existence with her he had always been driving or shotgun. Even when she had asked him to go into hiding, it was them as a team. This was different. This was her holding the reins on her own life. Their relationship meant too much to her to throw everything they built aside for Mulder’s addiction.

He couldn’t look her in the eye, his tongue trying to console his lips as he went to speak, but there were no words. Instead he could only nod his head. He was dumbfounded. She had never walked away from him before. Not like this. He kept looking over at her, but she had taken the fight right out of him. “Oh, well, good luck then.” he shrugged. His voice so low it was almost a whisper. What else could he say?

“You too” she whispered back as he walked out the door with his tail between his legs. She hated to do this to him. Hated what it meant, but she had to stay away until the case was over. Until he was away from the darkness. What did she really want? She wanted what they had before she brought him this case. She wanted him to storm through that door and take her into his arms, tell her it would all be alright, that he believed in her and she was doing the right thing. They’d become entangled in a kiss, hard and amorous, and while they oscilated, she wanted him to tear off her clothes, throw her against the wall of one of the showers in that locker room and wash away all her doubt and anguish. She wanted him to replace it all with his penetrating love, immersing them in the place only they knew. And when she came home that night, he would have dinner ready in a nice clean house, and later hot tea and a blanket on their porch, holding her as he listened caringly to her day. Giving her hope and guidance to take to work the next day. Falling asleep in his arms after making love for hours. Lying next to him was her favorite place in the world. But that was not in the cards today and right now, it was best. Staying away was the only way to be true to being a doctor and there was no room for their relationship while he was in this mode. The price to pay to release the bounty on his head was greater than she initially anticipated and was growing higher by the day.

Walking back down into the lobby to meet with Christian’s parents the hits kept coming. They had changed their minds about the operation, but before leaving Scully managed to give the mother new hope and told her not to give up now.

Driven by faith in the words of a pedophile priest, she was at her wits end. Was she doing the right thing or was she torturing this poor boy before he knocked on death’s door? If she couldn’t save him, was she sacrificing her career and worst of all leaving Mulder out there without her for nothing? Had he even been referring to Christian? She had to know, what did he mean by “Don’t give up”? When she got to the dorms Father Joe had no answers, even calling Mulder her husband, which a psychic would know he was not. Out of pure frustration she fought with him, Scully shouting at him instead of God. Was she doing the right thing? Was she killing this boy or resurrecting him? She demanded answers, but he had a seizure instead. His response to being spiritually connected to frankenstein.

Mulder was surprised to see Scully at Father Joe’s. It was the last place he thought she would be after her outburst in the hospital locker room. She wouldn’t answer Mulder’s inquiries and he could tell she would rather avoid him. Her walls were erected and in full force. It made him angry. She couldn’t come home to him because apparently she was busy spending the night with Father Joe.
How was this staying away from the case? “Tell me again what you’re doing here?” he shouted back. Why was she driving him crazy?

Scully watched as Mulder left her to ride off with the FBI. The tail lights of the SUV blurred as the snow swirled him out of existence. Her perception of time distorted, everything slowed, the pitch black sky appeared to be closing in on her to swallow her whole.

Had she lost him? Was she wrong to force him to go it alone? It was obvious she had hurt him.

Even if Scully had been wrong about some of the case, she was right that there was only losing when looking into the darkness. Skinner informed her of what happened, that not only was the missing agent dead, but Agent Whitney as well. She knew Mulder would blame himself, knew how hurt he would be, so when she saw him she grabbed his hand in solidarity, consoling him, and he squeezed it back.

“I thought we were winning” he said and her heart reached out to hug his.

“I know you did.” What else could she say? I told you so?

In classic Mulder fashion he refused to give up even after proving Father Joe was most likely not a psychic and refused to stop searching for the other abducted woman even after everyone else already left her for dead. Scully’s emotions were at odds. All the things she admired and loved about him, all the reasons they were together and still alive, were the same things that drove them under to roads better left untraveled. She wasn’t being realistic. He was the whole package, take it or leave it and she wasn’t giving him up.

Scully called after him, “Mulder you think I don’t understand but I do. This stubbornness of yours, its why I fell in love with you.”

Her outpouring fell on deaf ears. She had hurt him worse than she realized. “It’s like you said, That’s why we can’t be together.” His words stung her and she feared he felt abandoned. It wasn’t that she didn’t trust him to respect her wishes, she didn’t trust herself. There was a lure for her too, not to underestimate the temptation to be by his side. It was still obvious he didn’t understand her perspective. If you can’t say no to someone and you can’t be around the evil they’re involved with, what else can you do but stay away? She didn’t have time to run after him to try to clear things up, she had work to do and right now they were distractions to each other. Both steadfast in their resolve, not since her cancer had she left him to his own devices and she had always come through for him. On that rainy night at her mother’s she had warned him this day would come and now she was following through on her promise.

Chapter End Notes

The Unremarkable house had a cameo last week on Riverdale and my heart skipped a beat. In their story it was located on Fox Trot Lane. Aww.
Adventures in Stem Cell Research

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

IWTP Part 3 of 4. Agent Whitney is dead. Pushed from the high floors of a building undergoing construction and Mulder could only watch from above as she plunged to her unsightly demise. The FBI have deserted the case and released Mulder back to civilian life. Scully has successfully completed one of the two operations on Christian. Never able to give up, Mulder heads out in Scully’s car by himself to search for the last woman.

Printed copies of googled stem cell research littered Scully’s desk. She lifted a stack from the paper jungle and tapped it against another stack of folders attempting to return her office to the organized world it once was. While wading through the minefield the key to solving the case came into view. They were using parts of different bodies to meld old loverboy back together and save him from his death sentence of lung cancer. She started up the printer again and it shook, humming, noisily regurgitating the answers in clear black and white. The missing agent may have still been alive after all. When she reached out to Mulder and got his voicemail panic began to cluster like firecrackers in her stomach. She knew he had gone out alone, a snow storm approaching, and no real sense of the enemies capabilities. With each strike of the big hand of the clock the tension grew spreading to her face and limbs, her breathing turning shallow. A primal surge to run into the night and save him overtook logic. She had to find him now. The Agents refused assistance, so she called someone with the balls to make things happen - beloved Skinner.

Scully paced outside the hospital waiting for Skinner to pick her up. She dialed Mulder’s phone again, but no answer. Her heart was racing. She hit send again and again voicemail. Thoughts accelerated inside her head. Was he not answering on purpose or had he taken it too far and was lying dead in a ditch? He had left without a gun or weapon of any kind. She called again and again straight to voicemail. When Skinner finally arrived he told her that he had used his pull to get an APB out on Scully’s car and they had located it. As they drove Scully tried to slow the thoughts in her head so she could breathe, but they persisted. At the scene, when she saw his blood and her overturned car she thought she might black out, her heart jackhammering inside her chest. Skinner tried to comfort her, but they both knew Mulder. And Skinner knew Scully. Knew to use facts and proof to calm her nerves. She was in a panic and overwrought, not having to deal with this in so long. What if something had happened? She couldn’t live without him. Her faith once again rested in Father Joe. Putting together the rest of the pieces he had given her, they located Mulder, only a moment away from losing his head. They found bits and pieces of the others and the woman was there being prepped, but thankfully still had her head on straight. Well, partly. After some handy stitch work by Scully and affectionate man-cuddling by Skinner, all was right with the world once again.

Father Joe died at the same time as his alter boy from lung cancer. Proof that there was a true psychic link - at least in Mulder’s eyes. Mulder, being Mulder, wanted to expose the cover-up by the FBI, and bring justice to the man’s name. He was back clipping his papers when she found him.
But Scully was involved in her own cover-up.

“Why don’t you just tell me what he said to you?” Mulder implored her, but she only shook her head. It was too real to say out loud, but she wasn’t in the practice of keeping her intimate thoughts from him long. She gathered herself and let the words fall out. “He told me, don’t give up. And I didn’t and it saved your life.” Now her emotions were piling on, like she knew they would around him. Her eyes teared as her fears surfaced. “But I’ve put that boy through hell and I have another surgery scheduled for this morning because I believed that God was telling me to through a pedophile priest no less.”

“What if Father Joe’s prayers were answered after all. What if he were forgiven? Because he didn’t give up?”

“Try proving that one Mulder.”

With that hanging in the air Scully left the house before she was late again for work departing with a simple “I’m due at the hospital.”

Mulder followed her outside. “Scully, Why would he say that? Don’t give up. Why would he say such a thing to you?”

“I think it was clearly meant for you Mulder.”

“He didn’t say it to me, he said it to you.” He made his way down the steps until he was within arms length. His words layered with confidence. “If Father Joe were the devil why would he say the opposite of what the devil might say? Maybe that’s the answer, the larger answer.”

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t give up.” He said it allowing the sentence to soak in, interwoven with all possible connotations.

Hearing it come from him made her heart heavy and she felt the full burden on her shoulders. “Please don’t make this any harder than it already is.” At her breaking point, tears now returned to her eyes. Her faith was being tested on all things and to have this boy’s life hanging on that faith, their beliefs, made it even more difficult.

“Okay. Ok.” He said and comforted her pulling her in close so she could rest her head on his chest. Her protector emerged, and cradled her in his arm allowing his hand to lose itself in her hair, his thumb rubbing away the tension.

His whisper was strong and breathing promises back into her, repairing the wounds of the past week. “If you have any doubts, any doubts at all, just call off that surgery this morning and then we’ll get out of here.”

She pulled back to look into his eyes with tears still in hers, wanting to believe what she was hearing. Mulder had been listening and he was ready to take their life back. “Just me and you.”

Sniffling she considered his proposal. It was what they needed. It was hope, it was promise, but it had to come with no strings. She needed her dark wizard to perform his magic. “As far away from the darkness as we can get?”

He smiled. “I’m not sure it works that way. I think maybe the darkness finds you…. and me.”
“I know it does.” She conceded nodding her head in agreement.

“But let it try.”

She looked up at him again. While she had questioned herself, he didn’t have it in him to ever give up, especially when it came to them. How did she allow herself to push him away? Her Mulder was back, her heart bubbled up and suddenly more tears began to form. If only she had a fraction of his determination and will to create a world and not just live in the one given to them. He was an amazing man and it was exactly why she loved him.

His lips reached for hers and she was there to meet him. Their kiss was like another hug, long and caring, caressing the others lips, making their senses come alive. She felt his heart behind every movement of his jaw, the way he tilted his head, all his love for her that he put into it. His bottom lip followed his tongue in the sweetest caress, slow and sensual, comforting and mending. He made her body weak for him as he warmed it. Mulder had the ability to make love to her with the simplicity and innocence of a kiss and the love she had for him flowed from every tissue, every fiber of her existence.

Inevitably they pulled back. It was getting late. She shook her head to convince herself to go and his forehead was there for hers to lean on to give her the extra strength she needed. Once again he was her rock. He pulled her into him again, cradling her head, there for her with whatever it took. She gathered herself and with a pat on his chest pulled away. It was time for her to face the music.

When she returned he was on the couch out of his sweats and in pants and a button down shirt with his legs crossed, heels on the coffee table. “How did it go?” He asked with hopeful eyes. Scully sighed, removing her overcoat, suddenly feeling drained. “The last of the operations went well. We won’t know for some time what effect it will have on his condition.”

Springing from the couch he sounded determined to take her mind away from things for a while. “Put your coat back on. Let’s go out. Restaurant of your choice.” She caught a twinkle in his eye as he smiled.

He took her to an old favorite Italian restaurant of hers. One they hadn’t been to since they left the FBI. It was crowded and not having the pull they once had were forced to wait for a table at the bar. Mulder stood behind the stool as Scully sat crossing her legs in a skirt she hadn’t worn in quite a while. Through the mirror she watched Mulder gracefully order a bottle of wine, his upbringing oozing into his brooding exterior. An onlooker with dark flowing hair and roaming eyes also noticed and gave Mulder a wink and a deviant smile as he observed her brazen exterior.

“Why do you do that?” Scully remarked irritated by the whole situation. Today had been a long day and her fuse was short.

“What? I’ve seen you have just as much appreciation for the male form.” Mulder said standing his ground.

“Yes, but you give the impression that you are available.” Scully explained moistening her lips preparing for a lengthy conversation.

“I do not.”

“Your Special Agent Whitney had a small crush on you and you didn’t exactly thwart her.”

“It was more of an appreciation for my work, but that’s no reason to bunch up the panty hose.” Very sincerely he uttered leaning onto the bar so they were at eye level, “I will work on it.” Mulder held
up his glass and clanged it against hers. “Cheers” He took a drink and turned to lean both elbows against the mahogany chewing on the inside of his cheek as he stared up at the chandelier hovering above. “You and Skinner have been discussing me. What happened to doctor/patient confidentiality?”

“You know I talk to Skinner…” She replied looking into his eyes, catching a flicker of vulnerability.

Mulder looked down at his feet. “Do I need to remind Skinner that you come home to me?”

Scully brushed off his question as nonsense. It was an obvious distraction from her Agent Whitney comment. “He cares about you and he worries just as I do. If your name comes up it’s because we love you. It’s not like I could talk with my girlfriends about you. Walter was all I had.”

Mulder turned to face her. “Well, I’m glad mommy and daddy have by best interest at heart, but I am fine.”

“So you’re not preparing at all for 2012… Looking for signs…”

“Oh, the signs are there.” He finished off his glass and poured another. He was choosing his words carefully. “I will make you a deal. If I agree to do everything in my power to keep the darkness at bay, you agree that if something does come out of 2012 you will be by my side.”

Now it was Scully’s turn to tip back her glass. It seemed like a postponement for another disaster. How would four years change her mind? Then again, it meant four years of peace. At least from what was within Mulder’s control. “And if I don’t agree?”

“The events of 2012 will affect our son and his life. There is nothing I won’t do to keep my son safe. I won’t turn a blind eye.” The creases in his forehead deepened exposing that his stiff demeanor suppressed a deep well of emotions.

Shit. “Your making it impossible to say no.”

They quieted their conversation as a woman closed in on their space. She threw a “Hi.” Mulder’s way and ordered her drink to which Mulder had his usual shy boyish reaction. Scully raised an eyebrow and Mulder held up his index finger to Scully and turned to face the attractive woman. She acknowledged him with an “I’m Michelle” and held out her hand for him to shake. “I noticed you from across the room. It usually costs a man a drink to stare at me like that.”

Mulder avoided eye contact and shook her hand. “I must apologize if I misled you and I will buy you that drink” Mulder answered motioning the bartender. “You see that woman behind me?” He asked Michelle.

She looked over, but seemed confused.

“The one downing that overpriced cabernet with the disdain in her eyes and attitude that goes for miles?” She slowly nodded and looked back at him curiously like she was wondering what she had gotten herself in the middle of.

“Yeah, well, she…” He paused to chew on the inside of his cheek, “is the love of my life.” He slung back some wine and continued, “When I have a problem, a thought to share, when I find something funny.. She is the one I reach for. My soul.. isn’t satisfied unless she’s with me and my heart.. Well, it craves her alone.” He looked back at Scully pleased to see her face redder than her hair. He spoke directly into Scully’s eyes. “And I believe in us more than anything I’ve ever believed in.” He turned back to the woman and pursed his lips. “So…”
The woman picked up her martini as the bartender set it down and smiled laughing through her nose. “...so I’ll take my drink to the other end of the bar.” She looked straight at Scully and toasted, “Congratulations, he’s one of a kind. You’re very lucky.” She looked back at Mulder and smiled. “I’d tell you to have a good night, but after that display, I already know you’re going to.”

Mulder turned back to Scully as the woman walked away. “How was that?”

Scully hid her smile in her glass. “Superfluous and nauseatingly expressive, but yeah that will do.”

Once seated, over pasta and candlelight they failed miserably at allowing the past week to bleed into conversation.

“What will happen when we come to this crossroads again?” Mulder asked broaching the subject once more as he stabbed at his meatball avoiding Scully’s gaze.

“I think it starts with you deciding what it is you want to do with the rest of your life and how you want to spend it.”

Mulder met her eyes. “I need you Scully. I can’t and I won’t be without you.”

“Then you have decisions to make Mulder.” Scully replied trying to remain stoic. She wasn’t backing down. He had promised and he owed it to her to figure his life out.

They ate and drank their wine in silence over dim lighting and soft music until Mulder shared his epiphany. “Maybe I will write that book.”

“You have to find what makes you happy Mulder.” Scully reminded. The last thing she wanted was him miserable because he was doing what he thought she wanted.

“Happy,” he gave her a smirk. “You and William are the only ones to ever make me feel any type of happiness.” He breathed sharply. “I will. I’ll figure out the best way to spend my retirement days. Do you think they saved me my pension? And I remember Skinner once mentioning something about a 401K..”

“I will check into it.” Scully said dabbing her mouth with the linen napkin.

Mulder emptied the bottle into Scully’s glass and motioned the waiter for another.

“Mulder, are you trying to get me drunk? And since when do you drink wine?” Scully brought the glass to her lips letting the velvety liquid envelop her tongue savoring its fruity hints before swallowing it down. Another thing to add to the list of things Mulder was good at - picking out good wine to pair with a meal.

“Since I’ve been finishing off all those bottles you leave around the house.” He tipped his glass towards her before taking a drink himself, not leaving her eyes.

“So, it’s my fault?” She asked feigning innocence.

“No. I need some liquid courage.”

“For?” Now he had her intrigued.

“To ask a question.” Mulder paused pushing his food around with his fork. “How were you able to predict so much of the madness of this past week?”

She didn’t know why, but somehow she was expecting a different type of question from him. What
was he fearing her answer to be? “You believed you were winning. So badly you wanted to believe that. But chasing after the darkness is an endless game of whack-a-mole.”

Mulder snickered into his glass his voice echoing back at him. “Whack-a-mole.”

She could tell the wine was getting to him. He was somewhat adorable when he was toasty. Her brain not firing on all cylinders, she may not have been far behind him. “It’s the infinite loop of good and evil. Our free will mandates the existence of evil, yet there will always be those trying to eradicate it, good never backing away from the fight. You will have your victories, but there is no winning. The course our lives take, it all comes down to choice.” Scully swallowed down her chicken cacciatore. “You said to me at the hospital that it is who you are, but who you are is also a choice, always has been and still is. Right now, this part of you..” She said pointing at him with her fork, “..is also who you are. Not including that you’re the best FBI agent I’ve ever known, and the best friend I’ve ever had.”

“… and what if all the other choices were wrong…” He said softly repeating the words she had said to him what now seemed so long ago.

She felt each syllable in the pit of her stomach and suddenly she was holding back the tears that filled her eyes. That night had meant the world to her and she held it sacred in her heart. “There was only one choice for me Mulder. That’s not something I’ll ever regret.”

He smiled and she reached out her hand, running her thumb across his sharp cheekbone. She loved everything about his face and the mind it so beautifully protected. It was not a surprise so many women pined for him. She leaned forward, and slowly, very lightly sunk into his lips. Just like that she was alive and on fire. His hand slid along her jawline to the back of her neck until his fingers found their way, nesting in her hair. Everything fell away, her concentration on the soft dance of their tongues as they came together. She wanted nothing more than this. God she missed them. They were never good at fighting or staying apart. Although they didn’t want to stop, they separated sharing guilty smiles, their eyes sparkling in the candlelight, both dazed on a drunken high. Public displays of affection were not their norm. Oh, who was she kidding. There wasn’t a hallway or hospital they hadn’t held or stroked some part of the other’s body. Under the table he reached for her hand, squeezing it tight and her heart constricted. An electric glow surged deep in her belly. “We should finish eating our dinner.” She said softly, forcing herself to look away from his eyes and down at her plate.

He sat back in his chair to dig into his spaghetti and meatballs. His expression was sullen. “Scully, why do those that try to come between us, no matter how innocently or accidentally, end up dead?”

The quick change of topic both startled and sobered her. “That, I don’t have an answer to, but there may be something to that theory.”
Chapter Summary

IWTB Part 4 of 4. Chris Carter created this cheese in Season 10. I just put it on crackers and drizzled honey all over it. Next chapter we'll hang out at the beach.

Back home, Mulder stumbled around to Scully’s side of the car. Almost tripping as she stepped out, Scully’s giggles froze in the air as they drunkenly swayed up the porch steps. Mulder stopped short of the door and turned suddenly, and in an overly serious low monotone spoke an inch from her face, his breath a mixture of garlic and wine, their noses practically touching. If he hadn’t had it before, he had his liquid courage now. “I want… what I need you to know…our home..and us..whatever you want to call what we have become… it’s…it is very important to me.” She could feel the radiating heat from his body as he continued. “I cannot and will not live with you sleeping somewhere other than with me... whatever needs to happen… we will work it out… together. I’m in this Scully.. for the long run.”

A burst of lightning crackled inside her chest, branching into her shoulders and down through her stomach as she absorbed what he was attempting to convey. Mulder on any type of high usually meant for an outpouring of affection and emotional revelation towards her, but his tone was different or maybe she was the one in the alcohol soaked dream. “For better or worse?” Scully cautioned him half joking.

“Yes..” He said nodding his head slowly, seriously, playing with her hair. His tongue was thick, but surprisingly coherent exaggerating each annunciation, “For better or worse… to have and to hold.. for richer and very soon poorer if I don’t get a job….”

“In sickness and in health?...” She recited. Her stomach feeling as though it was burning a hole through to her spine. The ground was rocking beneath her feet as the stars began to spin.

“Yes. To love and to honor.. forsaking all others, but forget parting after death… you’re not getting off that easy…."

He smiled at her as the moonlight showered his face and she smiled despite herself. “I thought you didn’t believe in that particular institution.”

“I don’t, but that doesn’t mean I don’t take the vows seriously. In fact, I don’t believe in it because I take it so seriously. The question is.. Do you?” Time slowed between them as the porch continued to spin. Scully closed her eyes and her head felt as if it was floating away. The night was so cold she could no longer feel her fingers or toes, but Mulder was not budging. “Do I?... You mean.. For better or worse?... Mulder...I..” A small voice in the back of her head cried out a warning, but she stifled it with a notion that this experience had changed his perspective. “I do.” Scully had lost the last of her filter. “Mulder, I love you.”

“I love you.” He repeated radiantly. Placing a foot down a step so they were at even height, he slid his fingers to the back of her hair and delicately pulled her up into his lips, his tongue close behind. Her knees went weak as she struggled to stand. The wine buzzing inside her head. They staggered...
inside and she reached for him, her hands going under his jacket feeling the hard muscles of his back as she slowly removed it, placing it on top of hers on the banister. Carefully he took her hand and led her upstairs. When they reached the top they stopped to kiss again as she opened the buttons on his shirt, the light of the fishtank illuminating his sculpted lines. Adjusting her eyes to the dark, they resumed, removing each other’s clothing as the lone sax from the restaurant was continuing to play in the background of her mind. Scully toppled onto the bed, balancing on the edge, unbuckling his pants with clumsy fingers while he struggled to lift her blouse. As she slid down his waistband his cock sprung free and she pleasantly discovered his face wasn’t the only thing he had shaved. She traced her hands along the outline, down to his upper thighs and placed her lips against the stubble, coarse against her soft delicate kisses. He was so hard. So beautifully hard. She took him into her mouth and his hands intertwined with her rosey locks. She withdrew at a snail’s pace, her tongue sliding lazily along the length as she locked onto his eyes, following the curve upward towards its plump perfect head currently teasing his navel. She sloppily kissed the tip and his neck extended back, his eyes screwing shut as his adam’s apple bobbed. Pleasure deep in her belly began as her walls flexed. She smiled. Nothing turned her on more than the sight of the pleasure she gave him. Slowly she engulfed him again while her right hand rested lightly at his base and his mouth fell open in ecstasy. She relaxed her jaw and coaxed him to move, his hips rising up, his cock spearing deep into her throat. Attempting to catch breaths in between thrusts she watched him, delighted at the almost pained expression of desire on his face. “Scully.” He warned as his hand slid to her cheek. That was her cue that he was ready for something more. She closed her mouth around him as she gradually retracted, pressing her tongue hard against him, creating a strong vacuum suction ending with a pop. He swallowed so hard it was audible.

She fell back on the bed and his lips were on her, clumsily leaving kisses on her lips, chest, teasing her nipples, then giving her another slow burning kiss before rotating her onto her stomach. She rested her face in the pillow placing her arms underneath as his wine soaked breath was hot at her ear. “I want you to relax and enjoy this.” His hands started at her neck, tender and pleasing. Moving onto massaging the top of her shoulder following a path down her back, his fingers turning strong and domineering demanding her muscles to relax and her nerve endings to awaken. He paused to give her light kisses down her spine and she felt it in her heart. Back up to her shoulder blades and slowly down again. Squeezing her ass with both palms, there was a short sharp pain as he playfully bit one cheek. She turned to scold him, but he was already at the curve at the back of her knees with his tongue, his hands massaging her thighs. She lost track of him as he transformed himself into kneading fingers and hot soft lips, loosening her muscles while stimulating her emotions. Up from underneath her legs he carefully flipped her over kissing at her abdomen his brooding eyes coaxing her into submission. It was a test of will, patience. To enjoy the now and not want for what’s coming. He slid back to her feet and she could feel him kissing his way back up the inside of her leg, from her ankle up to her knee, then his tongue passed along her inner thigh and she braced for the pleasure and soon he was stroking and massaging between her legs. She knew he was taking it all in. Measuring each response over every pore, memorizing every drop of her, cataloging, and at the same time she felt his spirit, sending his love into her, pure unadulterated affection. He pushed inside her slowly with his tongue, circling, tasting each of her walls as he entered her. It created new sensations, each more powerful than the next. It was all so incredibly intimate. She could feel his tongue, changing shape and texture as it flexed and relaxed. Like he was tasting the angelic sweetness of their existence. He continued, his instincts carrying him, knowing the exact pressure, timing, until the sensation numbed and she no longer felt his tongue but the pulsing growing up deep inside her. She reached for him and clenched her fist in his hair, arching into him. His tongue curled against her front inner wall and she fell back, her head dragging along the sheets as her body writhed. He always did this, beckoning her and when she succumbed to his demands he’d bring her past the limit with complete loss of control of her body, her emotions. Of course she wasn’t alone, he was all too eager and trusting to take the ride with her. White-hot heat poured from his mouth, his fingers, his whole body, forcing her to twist against the mattress. She couldn’t stop herself. Before long, she was
bucking against his face as he flattened his lips and licked her hard and fast. Her heels were tight digging into his back. She closed her eyes and shuddered. He smiled, preparing for round two when his expression dropped. He immediately pulled himself alongside her, sobering as he took her into his arms.

“Scully what is it?”

A wave of immense sadness sprung from her pleasure. Tears streamed from her eyes, she placed a palm to her forehead to steady her brain, “Nothing. I don’t know….maybe too much alcohol.. work.. you. We’ve never been at odds like that before.” Her tears started flowing again. “Mulder, I didn’t come home.”

“Scully..” He said and curled her hand inside his pressing it against his chest. “15 years. 93 million miles to the sun and back and you think this is something we won’t get past? Even with everything going on, even with you keeping your distance, you were still there for me, you still were able to save my life.”

“But..”

“You saved us all.” He dried her tears with his thumb. “Scully, you spent years at the side of someone entrenched in darkness. Why is it surprising that you wouldn’t want to fall back into that world?”

“Mulder, why do you stay with me?” She sniffled.

“Because you see me for who I really am. Not because I’m some savior or father figure… Scully before you.. I had no friends that I trusted completely, no faith that loyalty or love could ever truly exist for me. I was angry at the world for not listening. You connected your life with mine and ever since you’ve shown me that the world is not as empty as I feared it to be. Your shadowlight casted out in absolute darkness. You are the living proof that there is another way. That life can be good. That a man like me could dream of being with someone like you. You pledged your life, offered it up as evidence that I was wrong about my fate. You were determined to save my soul even if it meant you losing yours.”

Single tears leaked down from Scully’s eyes. “Could you forgive me for believing that evil will triumph in the end? That you were wrong for believing otherwise? If you would have died it would have been all the proof I needed that you were the one who was wrong. That everything we’ve ever done was for nothing.”

“Yet here I am.”

“And here you are.”

“Because of you.” He said and squeezed her hand still pressed against his chest. His eyebrows furrowed. “Scully, what is it that you are so afraid of?”

She opened her palm to feel his heart beating. “That you will choose stepping into the darkness over what we have.”

“I’d. I’d never do that.” Now his face carried the worry. He kissed her forehead and she gathered herself. When she looked into his eyes she saw the concern for her feelings, the way he was analyzing her face.

“Scully, that wasn’t the alcohol talking outside... or now. I meant every word of what I said.” She felt his heartbeat quicken under her palm.
“So did I.” She pecked him on the lips and without a word she guided him onto his back and he sat up leaning against the headboard. Tenderly she stroked him as they kissed, straddling him, hovering over his body, her fingers brushing over the delicate skin like a stream flowing over hard flat rock. The scent of his cologne mingled with her own as the tip of his cock teased her, like the rest of Mulder, tender and firm, coaxing her open. Slowly she lowered herself and he moaned as her walls slid down around him. He let the strands of her hair glide through his fingers as he combed them not taking his eyes off of her. “Scully, I want to go slow.”

Leaning forward, with her arms around him in a hug she buried her face in his neck. He held her while their hips moved just enough to feel the other. His fingertips grazed her back, the faintest caress sending chills through her body as she rocked steadily against him. This week had left her drained, exhausted, she wanted to fall asleep right there in his arms with him inside her. He held her against him bringing one hand to the small of her back while the other rested at her shoulder blade. “Let me take your burdens Scully.” he said into her hair. She nodded, tickling her cheek on the hairs of his chest and rocked against him clearing her mind and finding his strength, lifting up to feel his length before letting him slide back inside. “Mulder,” she spoke softly though the waves of pleasure were shaking her voice. “Promise me I won’t lose you. Tell me it will always be like this.” He smiled and met her lips, then looked into her eyes, pressing her hair to her face and resting his forehead against hers. “I promise, I will never leave you and I will always feel this way about you. I want to believe it will always be like this.”

Rocking together slowly, their breath quickened against the others mouth, their lips naturally brushing and reaching for the other. There was no need to rush it. They wanted to stay in this moment. Keep their release bottled up for as long as possible. But when she felt him pulse inside her that was all it took. She ground deep against his hips, and came all over him as he came inside her. Their shutters rattled as the wind blistered outside. Inside, the house was eerily quiet. The only sound breaking the silence was that of their heavy breathing and hearts pounding against the other while they hugged out the struggles of the past week. With closed eyes he pressed his lips to her forehead as she kissed and stroked his chest. He pulled her closer to him and they fell asleep in each others arms. In their dreams he was keeping her warm in Antarctica, she was saving his life in Alaska. He was finding her truths inside the Pentagon, and she was salvaging his beliefs in Puerto Rico. Their hands were locked, confirming reality after a bad mushroom trip. After an infinite cycle of resurrecting the other they reaffirmed their deep connection as the past set the impenetrable foundation. All their concerns swept out to sea inside a buried spaceship. They would make it to that beach where the sun’s rays would scorch a hole through the darkness. In their dreams, they were already there.
With Both Hands Tied Behind My Back

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

We're on vacation on a tropical island and Fox Mulder has his hands cuffed behind his back.

On a self-imposed six-week leave from the hospital, Scully was overjoyed when she learned that Mulder was following through with his promise to go away with her. The location he had picked was perfect right down to the accommodations. They were in a large grass hut out at the end of a long wooden dock surrounded by crystal clear ocean on all sides. From the bed you could see the beach as it stretched out onto turquoise waters. Above there was a skylight to watch the birds during the day and stars at night. It felt like they were the only ones in the world and as a passing cloud revealed the sun it brightened the room casting out the shadows. It was everything he had promised and more.

*  

After spending the day at the beach, they had returned to their room to shower and change and possibly relax before dinner. Mulder showered first while Scully placed a call to her mother. Once Mulder was done, Scully was next to wash off the salt water and briny smell of the ocean. When she walked back into the bedroom, Mulder was sitting with his back against the headboard naked, on top of a downturned bed.

“We’re rather presumptuous Mulder.” Scully commented allowing her eyes to absorb the scenery as she tightened her towel around her breasts.

“Drop the towel.” Mulder slowly commanded.

“Mulderr.” Scully warned.

“Scully, drop the towel.” As he said it his voice softened and a smile tugged at the corner of his lip.

As the soft cotton fell to her feet she stood before him completely naked, watching his cock thicken in response. Her tongue involuntarily moistening her lips. Feeling slightly self-conscious she took a step towards him.

“Don’t move. I just want to look at you.” he stated as his hand slowly pumped his cock taking in her curves. She watched as his skillful hands made it grow and harden, causing her to take deep long breaths.

Did this man truly understand how sexy he was? Scully’s thigh muscles tightened and pressed together to maintain control. “I thought that was mine?”

“It is.” Mulder replied continuing to slowly stroke himself.

“I didn’t give you permission to touch what’s mine.”
“I suppose I’ve crossed the line.” He said defiantly, his eyes blazing blue-gray fire, “Should I be arrested? Taken downtown.”

Oh, it was on. Scully contemplated her next actions as she looked around the room for a suitable restraint. At first she reached for his tie draped over the top of the chair, but decided on his slacks instead grabbing the belt buckle and pulling it from the restraining loops with one long swoosh.

That caused Mulder’s eyebrows to lift as he gulped and paused. “Umm Scully, If I’ve been a bad boy maybe I should get on all fours?”

She didn’t respond, but folded the belt and slapped the leather against her palm making a loud “thwap!” as she slowly approached him. Her voice was low and sultry. “That cock.. belongs to me. So, I dare you. Go ahead Mulder. Touch my cock again.”

He brought his fingers to his lips and slowly licked the tip of his middle finger, then reached down and covered the head, stroking the shaft. He closed his eyes as his abs rippled and his hips rotated forward into his hand. “Mmmm. You are very sexy when you’re aggressive.”

Scully’s demeanor changed as she transformed into her G-woman persona. She snapped her fingers to get his attention. “Stand up. Hands behind your back.”

He complied without further argument, getting up from the bed, placing his hands behind his head and widening his stance, turning his head to look at her. “You know if you really want to get kinky, there’s plenty of goats roaming this island.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” she said as she brought his hands down to his lower back, running the leather across his tight little upturned ass before tightening his belt like cuffs, securing it into the first hole. Now she went to retrieve the terry cloth belt from her robe as he looked on curiously. She tied one end to his leather cuff and the other to the bedpost with a sailor’s knot giving him about three feet of play. Once she had him secured she stepped back to admire her work.

He looked slightly foolish and kind of helpless, but she liked it like that. It was his fault for taunting her. “Face away from the bed Mulder. You have the right to remain silent.”

He turned away from her without a word, but his smirk had electricity coursing through her. She loved him. He was so much fun and he played along with anything. She got on the mattress on her knees and ran her hands over his bare skin, pressing her lips into his back. Her chest brushed against him as she reached around to caress his bulging pecs, pinching at his nipples making them prick. He wiggled the fingers resting just above his ass, reaching for her, coming in contact as she leaned into him. Startled, a rush of pleasure flooded her system and her legs weakened, his fingers hard, warm and familiar between her folds. She took a deep inhale and slapped his ass hard. There was no jiggle, his muscle didn’t even flinch. “I didn’t give you permission to move.” she fired back. A red blotch formed in the shape of her hand and she rubbed the area wondering if she hit him too hard. He didn’t say a word, but he was still smiling as he kept his eyes forward.

She gripped his cock, stroking him firmly, crushing her breasts against his back in the process. He didn’t let out a sound, but his jaw dropped, parting his lips, as he took short rapid breaths. His hands twisted, brushing against her again and he made a fist to steady them. This time she leaned into the contact, lubricating his fingers with the excitement from the friction of his knuckles against her. She felt him throb in her hand. “Don’t get too excited. We’re only getting started.” she reminded him.

She loosened her grip and pressed her clit hard against his knuckles sending a deep contraction spiraling through her. Her forehead was leaning between his shoulder blades as she kissed the smooth freckled skin of his back. She knew what she wanted from him. Her voice softened as she
spoke at his ear. “Mulder, I want you to extend two right fingers.” He bit his bottom lip and his cock twitched as he did as he was told. She ran her hands through his soft thick hair breathing in his natural cologne and mounted his middle and forefinger watching them slowly disappear inside her. “Oh Scully” he groaned, the bulb of his cock growing pink and swollen. His reaction sent shockwaves into her chest. His fingers curved slightly and he used his thumb to make tight, sensitive circles around her clit. Scully swallowed hard. This was like a fantasy she always wanted, but was too unimaginative to dream up. She recalled the first time she had tried this with him after that first person shooter case. How awkward and uncomfortable it all was. How she didn’t know what to say to him or how to play. Now, years later, they were experts with each other’s body and together they grew in knowledge and experience of themselves and each other. It was different now and so much more enjoyable.

His long fingers had her so wet. The flat pads rough against her insides causing her to tremble. She yearned for the release they could give. Her elbows were at his shoulders and her hands knitted through his hair as she glided his slippery fingers in and out of her somehow able to keep her footing on the mattress. The anonymity allowed her to be free and force his fingers to do her bidding. The pleasure was sharp and immediate, she moaned and bore down on him, as a powerful orgasm rushed though her. She sank down and fell to her knees and back on her heels, her hands sliding to his shoulders, finally resting on his ass. When she caught her breath she looked up and Mulder had his eyes closed, his cock as long and rigid as she had ever seen. Softly she asked, “Mulder are you okay?”

It took him a moment before he spoke. “Scully, you don’t know how badly I want to come inside you.”

Her insides pulsed. “Mulder, turn back towards the bed and look at me.” He did as he was told like a good puppy and she kissed one cheek as she stroked the other.

He smiled and she kissed his lips. “I have another birthday present for you Scully.” He tilted his head towards the bedpost. “It’s in the top drawer of the nightstand.”

“Mulder, I thought this vacation was…” nestled inside was a thick black vibrator with a red ribbon tied around its center.

She took it out of the drawer and held it in front of him frowning. She said flatly, “Umm, Mulder, why do I need this? I have you anytime I want.”

“Okay, so it’s a present for me. I want to play voyeur. It’s sanitized and ready to go.”

Scully shook her head. “Mulder… No.”

“It’s something to do together” he interrupted.

“You want me to use this now?”

“Well, I’m kind of tied up” he returned smugly.

She hit the power button and it began to buzz. She played with the buttons selecting the different pulse rates and intensities.

“Scully, you can use that, but there are some hard limits.”

“Such as?”

His volume dropped as his face drew serious. “Nothing is to go inside you but me.”
“So this is a massager for the outside only.” She asked partly relieved as the head on it was huge.

“Yes.” Mulder replied nodding slowly.

“What about my own fingers?” He had her curious now.

“Only me.”

“Is this just for today? Or should I cancel my appointment at the gynecologist?”

“Forever.” He said with loving eyes. “I am yours and everything that is you belongs to me.”

That sent butterflies into Scully’s stomach. “You are a very possessive man Fox Mulder.” She kissed him again and with a raise of her eyebrows and a mischievous smile she pressed in the power button and the vibrator came alive.

Lying down on the bed she stared up at his eyes as she spread her legs. He gave her a nod and she spread them wider running a hand along her inner thigh. Mulder whined in anticipation. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to forget he was there. On contact her nerves swelled and responded. It took her a minute to get used to such powerful sensations, causing involuntary spasms and twitching, as the hard rubber grazed her clit, but once she got the hang of it she was waving it like a pro reenacting in her imagination a session with her and Mulder out of her mental library. She opened her eyes as she felt herself getting close and saw Mulder, still tied with his hands behind his back and hooded eyes, the cotton belt tied to the bedpost taut, his lips parted with the most intense look on his face while violently rubbing his cock against the side of the mattress. He looked pathetic. This man was never above putting himself into embarrassing positions. Scully pressed the power button and the buzzing ceased. “Mulder, you are to stand up straight. You do not have permission to do that.”

Mulder was taking labored breaths, but he straightened up, his entire cock was red with irritation, his large bulging vein visibly throbbing. “Scully, I underestimated how excited you get me. I mean, I was way off.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No. I’ll behave. Please. Please don’t stop.” He wiggled his wrists inside the belt strap and flexed his arms, then stood back at attention, naked and helpless looking like he was sculpted out of clay.

Feeling slightly more courageous Scully kept her eyes open this time, watching Mulder’s body strain for her, watching his eyes agonize over the sight, as he pulled tight on his restraints. She could hear his faintest moans of “Scully, oh Scully”. Her own need took over as her ego shutdown. Her hips swayed gently side to side allowing the toy to tease her folds and she saw Mulder lick his lips. She knew, one grip of his cock and she could make him explode. His body excited her. Lean and long and oh so fuckable. She craved him and she allowed that want to pierce through her and shatter her. Her orgasm came hard and fierce as she grinded into the vibrations, moaning his name. Her eyes locked with his and he moaned with her. His cock jumped and a single line of cum shot out onto the sheets.

Scully powered down and slowed her breathing, shaking her head at Mulder who laughed. “That was new. I’ve never been able to do that before.”

She looked him over. He was still engorged and straining and he spoke as if reading her mind. “Don’t worry, there’s more.” She picked up the vibrator to put it back in the drawer and Mulder shook his head. “Bring it to my lips. I want to taste you.”
She contemplated using it on him, but followed instructions and he inhaled deeply as he kissed it, humming his approval, giving it a single lick removing her juices from the head. “Now for you” he smiled and wiggled a brow. He struggled onto the bed and with a couple swift movements was in a sitting position. “Bring yourself to me. Sit on my face.” he ordered, his eyes now soft and sweet once again. She stood on the bed and as she bounced over, his lips reached for her folds. He kissed her lips like it was her mouth. Sliding his tongue inside like her tongue would be there to greet him. Hot and wet running it along the inside of each fold. His passion causing her legs to quake. He sucked harder and she screamed out just about every expletive in the alphabet.

“Oh yeah Scully,” Mulder hummed into her.

This game was intense and way past her limits, but she wanted more. They were comfortable together, comfortable in a way that they hadn't been with anyone else. If she unleashed Mulder’s perversions, how far would they go? For a second an image flashed, them doing threesomes with blowup dolls watching porn dressed in crotchless chaps role playing with whips and anal beads while she sported a strap on dildo riding him attached to a leash with a ball gag in his mouth. Edibles, flavored oils, wearing each other’s clothes, Where would it end?

Not wanting to give into him just yet, she stepped back and crouched down straddling his legs. She slowly lowered herself and dipped a breast into his mouth. He lapped at it, then pulled the nipple with his teeth, sucking forcefully, making it painfully hard. He released it and went for the other one, massaging it with his tongue, sending lightening up her spine. His hips jerked upward and the head grazed her inner thigh. She immediately rose back up. “If you can’t behave, you’re going to force me to hog tie you.”

He looked at her with puppy dog eyes. “Baa-ram-ewe?”

She couldn’t help but laugh at him. He was so beautifully awful.

He answered her mockingly. His arrogance in full force. “You can do whatever you want and I’ll still find a way to satisfy you.”

“Yes, my possessive arrogant pervert.” She decided he deserved to be disciplined for his hubris. Getting on all fours she lowered her mouth bringing it within an inch of his cock, her warm breath covering the head, she watched it pulse involuntarily as he screwed his eyes shut and stifled a moan. She looked up at his tortured eyes. "How badly do you want my mouth on you Mulder?" He didn't answer, but swallowed hard. She held herself there for several seconds, floating her lips and tongue, moving around, but never quite touching. He took his punishment without moving a millimeter.

Scully lifted herself up enough to return to a straddling position on her knees, hovering just above his cock. The close proximity enlightened their magnetism, her pussy ached answering to his head throbbing beneath it. She needed him, but she wasn't giving him the satisfaction. “Tell me again Mulder, how are you going to be able to satisfy me?”

With his hands still tied tightly, using his legs, Mulder slowly lifted his hips up off the mattress until his head reached her folds. She inhaled sharply at the contact. He rotated his hips, swaying back and forth, teasing her into tingling, mind numbing want. With a sigh of longing she caved, grabbing his cock, plunging the head inside.

His smile grew wide. He bent his knees and pushed with his heels gyrating up into her. Scully screamed from the immediate pleasure, and Mulder slid almost all the way out only to slam his cock violently back into her. She bounced forcefully against his hips and every time she came down he would thrust up delving deeper inside her. Filling her as he grew longer and thicker. Pleasure surging deep within her. It was unimaginable how good he felt forcing her to grab onto his shoulders to
attempt to steady herself, but he only bucked harder. “Oh. Fuck. Me.” she could hardly breathe the waves were coming steadily. “Mulder, you’re so fucking good… uh…. You feel…so fucking good…”

Buried deep inside her like a harpoon he performed a sit-up and brought himself up to his knees his restraints marking his wrists. Instinctively Scully leaned into him and wrapped her legs around his waist falling as he rocked her onto her back, her hips slightly lifted off the ground, her ass bumping against his thighs. Still on his knees he thrusted faster, driving in and out, her sounds encouraging him to pump even harder. Scully opened herself up so he could penetrate her deeper, waves of pleasure coming with every thrust. In a swift motion he lifted her up, speared by his cock, she folded into a sitting position, his erection never leaving her body and he continued to thrust rapidly, his thighs slippery against her own from the wetness that was pouring out of her, her insides pounding on top of jolts of pleasure, sensation taking over, the warm pressure on her clit against his pelvic bone as she rocked forward against him, and he continued to thrust using his hands tied behind him to lift and gain momentum, hammering, as another surge of pleasure coursed through them. His teeth clamped down on her nipple as waves of orgasm rushed over Scully sending every muscle in her body into contractions and convulsions of pleasure. She felt him explode inside her like hot lava erupting from a volcano. She held him tight, her hands combing his hair as he pressed his forehead into her shoulder, he shouted out one long moan, sounding almost pained, turning into screams into her chest, he was steady pulsing and she could feel him still flowing inside her and she wasn’t sure if he’d ever stop, the intensity of his pulsing along with his shortened thrusts caused another wave to hit her and she gritted her teeth and bit down on him digging her nails into his back as it flooded her system. Finally she lightened her grip when their breaths slowed, quickly untying his hands as he rolled to his side. Now free, he immediately pulled her against him, smashing his lips to hers, running his hands over her body, cupping her breast, claiming her flesh, as they enjoyed the heat emanating from their flushed skin. With their bodies entwined he held her for several minutes until they fully recovered. “Holy shit Scully” he said with bated breath. She smiled at him. “Fuck Mulder, I should tie you up more often.”
Chapter Summary

Last chapter is the result of going two years without new x-files material and then watching a 1-minute preview. So now that I've got that out of my system we're back to our regularly scheduled programming. Or did you like it a little grittier?

We're at the closing credits of IWTB and they've rowed their way to the island. Happy New Year everyone! If you need a little escape tonight, I'm here for you.

Securing the oars, Mulder held the wooden boat steady as Scully carefully placed one foot out and then the other, the sand swallowing her toes where they were planted. The water so clear she could see the tiny schools swimming alongside her, the island filled with seemingly unending grains of golden sand. When she looked back from where they had just paddled, the land had been swallowed up by shimmering blue waters that sparkled in the sunlight. “Scully, grab the rope and tie it to that palm tree while I keep her steady.” Mulder called bringing Scully back from her trance. A wave came in and pulled the boat from the sand sending Mulder on his ass. Scully quickly looped and knotted the rope around the prickly trunk of the palm before the boat got away while Mulder retrieved their snorkeling equipment. Leaving the picnic basket behind, they walked hand in hand over to where they could swim by the coral reef. Scully felt herself walking on tiptoes trying to compensate for their height difference, but Mulder didn’t seem to notice. In fact, the only scenery he seemed to be taking in was her. Since yesterday he hadn’t taken his eyes off her, his face bright, and mood cheery. He had her heart skipping and stomach filled with butterflies all morning. Once in the water, Scully’s attention drifted to the bright colored coral below. If she stood perfectly still she could see it come to life. The pure density and variety of living organisms had her mesmerized. After awhile, she didn’t even feel her mouthpiece and with the sun at her back she could almost take a nap. She was drifting lazily, watching starfish float, crabs scuttling about, when an electric eel swam besides her to say hello. Slowly, trying not to panic she kicked her flippered feet over to Mulder passing over a stingray with a wingspan wider than she was tall. Mulder was not alone. He had a group of sharks circling around him, but he looked like he had them hypnotized as he fed the schools of turquoise, red and yellow striped parrot fish swarming around him, eating out of his hand. She realized Mulder would likely stay here until either she pulled him out or the sun sank into the ocean.

They picnicked on the beach among the island’s greenery with flowers of all different colors growing among the scattered bushes. After lunch they hiked around the trails until they came upon a waterfall. The water such a deep blue it reminded Scully of a waving blue velvet curtain, with whipped white satin hemmed to the edges. It thundered down into a pool where the water stilled, sheltered from the sun by the thick foliage above. They stopped for a dip in their newly acquired tropical paradise.

The coolness of the water contrasted with the fire igniting from Mulder as he glided around bringing her into the present. In that perfect moment she could go beyond their past and cease to analyze the future. There was no worry about who they were, what they might become, or what they might never get to be. The island spring had them in a watery embrace where they only existed, nothing more. Scully dove under to escape the dull drag of gravity. She was free, stripped down to bare being. Mulder swam over and took her hand, guiding her towards him. His kiss was soft and sweet.
as he said dryly, “I’d move heaven and hell to keep that smile on your face.” His eyebrows furrowed and she hugged him tight. They glided around like two mermaids, floating on their backs and splashing at one another. He pulled her towards him again and this time she wrapped both legs around his waist and reached up tangling her arms around his strong neck, sliding down into his hard chest, her body lighting up at the contact of his body against her own. Her lips intrinsically melted into his, euphoric warmth blossoming heat deep within her. Their lips moved in perfect sync, as she tasted the cold remnants of their swim intermingling with the push of his tongue against her own. After that was heady bliss, feeling the emotions in his lips, so full of love for her alone. In that closeness, there was peace in their hearts, the chaos of the world failing to find them. It wasn’t just magical, it was soaked in divinity. A cloud passing the island hammered rain down into their solemn oasis. He kissed the droplets from her lips sending tremors along her nerves. His lips smiled against her own. “What?” She inquired as she pulled back into his gentle eyes.

“I don’t know what's beating harder, the rain, the waterfall or my heart..... I really enjoy kissing you Scully.” He said with a seriousness that sent a jolt into her chest. She kissed him deeper, until elation percolated into her veins, until she started to tremble with anticipation. Their kiss was getting deeper and she was letting herself fall, deeper, deeper than all the galaxies that bound them together. All of her dissolving into his lips until there was no visible gap between them. The smooth touch of his body provided the perfect mix of relaxation and tension. The rain tapered off and slowly, tenderly, he brought them back. He kissed her forehead before pressing his against it as they bobbed in the water. He whispered delicately. “I think I saw a deserted hammock near the beach back where our row boat is. How about we walk back, relax, and dry off?”

“I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain.” Scully shifted in the hammock, the thick rope imprinting on her skin. She was tired and sore. Not from paddling over to the island or their hike or morning snorkeling adventure, but from Mulder and his insatiable appetite for her. If she shifted her hips just right she could still feel him inside her yet she wanted more. Her leg casually dropped off the side and her toe dipped into the hot sand as the hammock swayed. A wind blew past and she shivered before it stilled, the fiery sphere in the sky returning her to a warmed state. With the arm that was wrapped around her, Mulder pulled her closer to him, pressing his lips against her temple. “I need you to turn the page.” he instructed and she complied dusting off the few grains of sand that had blown between the pages. There was something romantic and intimate having Mulder read to her. The only other man to do so was her father as a small child. Scully twisted so she could look at him. His sun-kissed body glistening under the shade of the palms in the sticky tropical air. The wind returned to tousle his dark hair somehow making him even more delectable. Reading her mind he let the book fall from his hands, landing on the soft white sand below. His arm came to cover her, caressing her back as his lips tenderly caressed her front. The hammock sank sliding her body into his. She could feel him stirring against her leg and broke their kiss, passing him an evil grin while rotating to look out at the ocean. She stared out at the shallow shore where the sunlight was reflecting off of the sand and reef giving the water its aqua hue. The birds arced above in v formation, soaring above the breeze and into the sky. Pillowy cotton clouds sat above caressed by a prop plane. The breeze blew the last of her tension out of her as frothless waves dropped their shells creating an artistic mosaic when the tide rolled back in.

“It’s beautiful” Mulder commented reading her mind.

“I can’t remember the last time I was this relaxed.” Scully returned.

His hand reached around her throat as his fingers applied pressure by her larynx. “Mulder, what are
“Checking for a pulse. Don’t want you too relaxed.” His body pressed against her as he said it.

“Mulder, tell me a story.” She said as she snuggled back into him. Her head fitting comfortably underneath his chin like it was created for it.

“What, like, the conspiracy behind the Kennedy assassination?” He said and wrapped his arms around her as the hammock swayed.

“How about that night at the baseball field?” Out in the distance Scully watched the birds diving for fish and sunning themselves on the rocks.

“That old story? … Let’s see… I had just left Arthur Dales’ house. His brother that is, and we had just spent the afternoon talking baseball and aliens and it put me in the mood to hit some balls, and… since you’re the biggest ball buster I know I called you up… and I gave you a quick lesson in batting and then you thanked me with a pickup game of tonsil hockey.”

“Did you plan it from the beginning?”

“I don’t think I knew what I was doing. I think it might have started with the ice cream cone that morning.”

“You’re not going to make some phallic reference are you?”

“No. No. I wanted to kiss you then. I mean, I had wanted to for a long time, but that day was very different. I couldn’t get you out of my mind. I didn’t want to go there with you. Our friendship, our partnership, our search… all of it, meant too much to risk. Even now, I wouldn’t touch a hair on your head if it meant we stopped being friends.”

“Mulder.” She reached for his hand allowing its electricity to pulse through her body as she laced it with her’s. “So what pushed you?”

“Well, the thought of us having a child together. I had it set in my mind that because I couldn’t offer you a long term relationship I didn’t have the right to ask anything of you… to cross that line...and of course there was our professional relationship. Well… being asked to be the father of your child sort of blows that rationale out of the water. Then that guy Padgett states out loud what I knew in my heart. That you wanted the same thing. For the first time I saw that being together might actually protect you rather than hurt you and that night the stars gave their blessing and well.. I went with it.”

His words left a warmth in her heart that glowed inside her chest. “And?”

“And I never looked back. Once that dam broke, there was no putting those emotions back inside…” He hugged her and kissed her forehead. “So what was your take on that night?”

Scully hid the devilish look in her eyes, but couldn’t suppress the evil grin. “As you know… I was abducted, and the government put this chip in my neck and apparently they were testing mind control and next thing I remember I woke up in bed with you.”

Mulder’s face turned sour and he pulled away as he pouted. “Just for that Mulder’s Passion Palace is being closed for the night.”

“Is that right..” Scully said taking note that the shoreline, so perfect, appeared to be drawn from an artist’s pencil. “Mulder, you remember the first time we were together after you returned from the great beyond?”
“Of course I do. You were still pregnant with William. That night was special. I mean, every time with you is beyond the realm of conceived reality, but that night...I found a new way to fall in love with you.”

She felt his finger dance along her hip teasing the string of her bikini. His hand slid along the crease of her thigh right where it met her hip and she flushed under her sun-kissed cheeks. “What happened to the palace being closed?”

His fingers delved between her legs pressing against the slick fabric of her bikini. “It seems we’re having a grand re-opening.”

Her body tensed as his lips breezed by the hairs of her neck. He knew that if his lips made contact her resistance would crumble. When he pulled her tight against him, it caused a burst of adrenaline that sobered her. “Mulder, we’re not completely alone on this island. There could be people here. Distant, but around.”

“I’m sure they’re caught up in their own day.” he offered as his warm strong arms fell to her waist. “I want you Scully. So badly I want you.” He murmured against her back, his voice low and sexy as hell.

Adjusting her serong so it covered her lower half, he hooked his finger and pulled at the string of her bikini bottom tickling her as it brushed against the inside of her leg. His hand slid back up, tracing the edges of her folds, then back to her thighs, not quite touching her. His hips ground shamelessly and she involuntarily arched her back into his grind.

With hooded eyes he spoke softly and out of breath. “Scully, this conversation and your body has got me hard as a rock.”

Her belly tightened as he dipped his finger back down tracing her lips again, “At least I’m not alone.”

He pushed gently against her until his fingertip disappeared inside. “Scully, when was the first time you felt this way about me? When was the first time you had this reaction to me?”

“The night of our first kiss… and maybe once or twice before.” She said glancing over her shoulder at him, while she pulled down his bathing suit far enough to expose him to the elements. His reaction made her remember where they were. She sucked in a deep breath trying to calm herself. “Mulder, this is not a good idea.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No.” she said meekly.

She could feel him adjusting himself to get the right angle, his head pulsing against her. The wait was getting unbearable. Once again they were doing something completely stupid and sophomoric, but she couldn’t say no to him. Especially now. She needed him too badly. She needed this Mulder. The one that was hers alone, the one she didn’t have to share with the shadows. God she wanted him. She always wanted him no matter where they were, but dear Lord, she couldn’t even make it back to the hotel.

She cast another worried look around. There was something exciting about being exposed and vulnerable, out in public where they could be spotted any minute. He pushed all the way against her and his cock slid inside in one smooth thrust. She couldn’t help gasping, her body stiffened as he scraped against her walls while he throbbed inside. He pushed in deep, grinding slowly,
purposefully. Letting her feel every inch of his cock before drawing out only to push back in once more. “Scully.. Why are we so crazy?”

She grasped for something, anything to brace herself. She didn’t care about anyone anymore. All she could think about, all she could feel, was him throbbing inside her, the way his hard shaft felt as it pushed up into her, and his heart glowing through his chest and into hers. She started to rock with him, her hands above her head, squeezing the rough ropes of the hammock, pushing down as he thrust up, her mouth falling open as her nerve endings sparked and found their rhythm. Her breath came faster, her heart nearly beating out of her body, not just because of the way he moved, but because of how much he meant to her, how much it meant to be here with him, and what it meant for their relationship. He kept up the pace, even as his fingers circled closer and closer to her clit and his other hand covered her breast and squeezed at her nipple. Maybe it was the ocean breeze or the relaxed stress free atmosphere but their connection was strong today. “Mulder,” She hissed back to him.

“How does it feel to have me buried inside you?” He growled the question into her ear, pushing into her as deep as he could go, filling her completely.

She turned her head to look at him and then closed her eyes as another wave hit. “Oh Fox.”

He breathed out a laugh at the sound of his name, but murmured seriously. “Yeah. I know. I feel it too.”

She felt him throb again inside her and she almost came. “I want to scream so badly, but I know we’ve got to stay quiet” he said out of breath. His voice lost in her hair, as he buried his face against the back of her head, drawing her close against him. “Scully you have to know, everything we do is so special to me. To feel so much for one person.”

She wriggled against him, trying to ease up the pressure. But the pleasure was too much. He pressed his forefinger hard against her clit as he continued, and the sensation made her whole body jerk, an electric shock into her core.

Spots clouded her vision, she bit her lip to keep it shut, to silence the cry that threatened to escape at any second. His breath steady against the nape of her neck, which made all the hair there stand on end. In response, all she could manage was a faint moan, deep in her throat, where she tried to keep it lodged as the pressure built inside her towards a peak. If anyone came by, it would be obvious what they were doing. She tried her best to hold in the cries that tried to force their way out of her. “Mulder.” she panted. “I want to hear you.”

He obeyed, placing his lips to her ear, slowing his slide, placing his hands back at her hips. His moans were soft, but long and exaggerated. Turning his pleasure and emotion into agonizing sound. Quiet high pitched grunts echoed into her eardrum sending a pulse of desire through her entire body. The sounds had her frozen and he stopped along with her, his movements now more of a slither, a tantric dance. Her mouth went dry, but she managed to get out, “Touch me. Mulder, please.”

He continued, his grunts turning to an almost pained moans. He slid from her hip and pressed his fingers ever harder against her clit as he glided in and out and instantly she was coming. She could feel him following her lead holding her tight. All the men that had come before, all the fantasies she had ever had, didn’t hold a candle to him and he knew it. Mulder was sex, he was love, and he was the part of her that filled in the cracks of her weaknesses.

As he pulled out, cleaned himself off as best he could, and tucked himself away she twisted to face him. “Mulder...that night...once I kissed you... I knew.. I never needed more than you.” Mulder pulled her in close. She could see the tears of emotion filling his eyes as she sunk into the warmth of
his side. He held her and they let the sun’s rays blanket their bodies as the palm trees swayed fanning them with a cooler ocean breeze. She stroked his sculpted chest pressing her head against it, relishing in the firm, hard muscle. Nestling closer, she listened for his heartbeat. It was there, thunderous, slowing, but still a rapid pounding. He slid his finger up and down her arm, letting one foot dangle so he could rock them both on the hammock as they dozed. They woke after a bit and noticed that the tide had risen signaling to them that it was time to return back to their hotel among the tourists.
Scully joined Mulder out on their balcony after dinner to watch the ocean play with the moon, twinkling crests in the starlight. Mulder took a drink from his water bottle. "We don’t have to leave here. I could get a job as a bartender, you can tend to the sick and weary islanders."

“I like our home Mulder. I’m not looking to run away from it.” Scully replied and crossed her legs as she sat.

Mulder took a moment to admire the graceful movement and then peered back out at the ocean. “Yeah, it’s grown on me too.” He looked over at Scully. “What’s next for tomorrow? We could do some more snorkeling? Ride jet skis again? Do another tour around town? …. Or we could do nothing, but stare at the beach, drink rum punch, and make use of our spacious accommodations.”

“How about the glass bottom boat? We could take the sunset tour with the dolphins?” Scully suggested and allowed her toe to flirt with his leg.

Her boldness caused him to smile. “Okay. It’s a date.”

Scully rose from her chair and used her fingernails to play with the hair at the top of his head before she left. “I’m going to bed. Long day tomorrow. Especially if it includes rum punch and our spacious accommodations.” She lifted an eyebrow as she said it and his pelvic region tightened from the increase in blood flow it was receiving. After all these years, a meandering eyebrow was still all it took.

Scully woke in the darkness and squinted to see the clock blaring a red 1:38 A.M. She turned and her heart sunk. Mulder was gone. No note, nothing. She looked out the window down at the beach and she could just about make out a shadow figure. It was Mulder, lying on the sand. She sighed, got dressed and headed down the dock towards the beach. Mulder was on his back in a gray t-shirt and boxers with his hands behind his head staring up at the great beyond. “Monitoring the skies Mulder?”

“Couldn’t sleep so I thought I’d come out here and say hello to some old friends.”

Scully crossed her arms. “Mulder, it’s cold out here, let’s go back inside.”

“Come lay with me Scully.”

Scully looked up and down the beach and saw no one, just the tide combing the shore. Conceding, she laid on her back and stared up at the constellations watching over them. The pure depth and vastness accentuating the fragility of the Earth. She felt the strong gentleness of Mulder’s hand lace with her own. “Tell me Mulder. What are we doing out here?”

Mulder thought twice, but he wasn’t going to lie. “I’m talking with my son. If he might be gazing at
the same star, maybe he can hear me.” He squeezed Scully’s hand. “I speak to him every night in one form or another. I use to do the same with my sister. Now it’s more of a prayer than a conversation. Our son is alive. I can feel him Scully.”

“I feel him too. At times.” She realized it had been a mistake to come out here as the conversation was upsetting her in a way she didn’t want to deal with. Getting up, she released his hand, dusting off the sand from her clothes. “I’m going back. I’d prefer if you followed.”

* 

After spending the morning appreciating the view from their bed, Mulder decided it was best they take a break and leave the room. Mulder was weary that Scully was avoiding dealing with her feelings by trying her best to wear down certain parts of his anatomy. He suggested going for a walk and as they headed along the shore they noticed a cruise ship had appeared on the horizon. They watched with the other onlookers as it docked and military police boarded the ship. From the murmurs of the crowd it was obvious there was more going on than overeating and shuffleboard. Mulder walked up to three detectives engrossed in a private huddle.

“Excuse me sir, but you’ll have to get behind the ropes.” said the uniformed officer sporting a machine gun.

“I’m former Special Agent Fox Mulder with the FBI, I was wondering if I could be of some assistance.” Mulder reassured him.

The detective looked him over. The apparent higher ranking officer spoke first. “We are short handed until reinforcements arrive. Get with the deputy, he can look up your credentials.”

Some phone calls and keystrokes later he was back with the detective. “She was stabbed 17 times on a lounge chair by the pool around 4AM. Though there were plenty of people around at the time of the crime, no one was able to provide any clue as to what the perpetrator looked like. Witnesses claim it appeared as though she was stabbed by an invisible man. Her husband was locked in the bedroom all night. No one on this ship claims to know either of them.”

“Mulder, what are you doing?” Scully’s face had the look of uncertainty as she stood by his side listening to the facts presented.

With his hand pressing against her lower lumbar, Mulder led her over to the side of the ship and hovered over her to form their shell so no one could hear their conversation. “Scully, some of these facts are leading me to believe this could be an x-files case. If we can help them out and find the killer, why shouldn’t we?”

Scully laughed in utter disbelief. “Because it’s not our job Mulder. Are we actually going through this again? Here? I need to know why this is so important to you. Why do you crave the darkness?”

“I need purpose Scully. The x-files always gave me that purpose. Everything had meaning back then. I promised you that I’d do everything in my power to keep the darkness at bay, this is my test.”

“Isn’t our home, what we built, purpose enough for you Mulder? Our life together doesn’t give you meaning?”

“Scully, you know it does, but even you have more than that. You have your career. What do I have?”

Scully sighed in defeat. There was no reason to prolong the inevitable. “Mulder you really know how to ruin a perfect vacation.”
“Please don’t pull away…” Mulder begged grasping her hand.

Scully turned. “What would you have me do?”

“Come with me. See where it leads. Help solve this crime. We will get back to that room... and to our home...we can have both... Do I have to say it?”

No, he didn’t have to because she read it all over his face. Don’t give up. “You told me you would take me as far away from the darkness as we could go. What now?”

“Scully, what if the darkness did come after us and found us. Pulled right into port on this cruise ship. Scully, I’m ready to face it. If it wants to follow us, let it, but that doesn’t mean it has to consume us and it doesn’t mean we have to let it get between us.” He placed his hands at her shoulders. “We're in this together. Better or worse... so... Do we run? Or are we going to search for the truth?”

Scully pondered and Mulder patiently watched her gears grind. She looked up at him. “There could be a scientific explanation for this. It could be similar to the case we had when the soldier was killing in plain sight hiding within a person’s blindspot. Or maybe mushrooms or a strain of mold augmenting the senses?”

Mulder slid his hands along the ridge of her shoulders and up her neck until he was cradling her head. He leaned down and softly brushed his lips against hers, enough to send tingles through her body and get high off of his testosterone. He pulled her in for a hug and kissed the top of her head. “I love you” he mumbled into her hair. “Now let’s go take that glass bottom boat ride before the dolphins go in for the night and the sun sets without us.”
Continuation of last chapter's mystery. The two try their hand at juggling solving a case and remaining a couple. Mulder shows Scully the art of voyeurism.

Scully woke to the press of Mulder’s lips at her forehead.

“Hey sleepyhead, I brought you some breakfast.” Mulder’s soft voice played with her heart strings. She reached up and touched his face keeping her eyes closed. She knew every hair on his head, every line on his face, every curve of his nose. “I brought back some yogurt and fruit for you, bacon and eggs for me.”

Some yogurt, papaya and mango later her breath was minty and she was dressed. Not in a bathing suit, but slacks with a casual blouse. Breathing in the salty ocean air, Scully prepared herself to aid in the murder case. She took another breath as she opened the bathroom door, her toes stepping on the soft carpet. A whirlwind force surprised her as Mulder’s hand found her waist and pulled her towards him, his lips seeking hers. His hard muscular legs between her own coaxing her towards the bed. Her hand found his chest and she lightly pushed him away breaking their kiss. Her heart already pounding, “Mulder.” she protested breathlessly. “As much as I want to, and I do want to… I think we should head for the ship, the detective will be waiting…”

He stroked her hair and kissed her again. When she caught her breath she patted his chest. “last night, ever since we started this vacation has been incredible, but Mulder… we can’t keep this up… our bodies need some recovery…”

“I concur. but It’s difficult staying away from you.” Mulder replied, his hands venturing along the curves of her back.

“It’s hard for me too.” Scully admitted.

Mulder smiled. He couldn’t help himself. “Oh, it’s definitely hard for you.”

Scully groaned with a half smile at the sorry excuse for a double entendre, but pressed against his erection despite herself. Her hand drifted down to join her hip and she moaned, “Mmm. Mulder.” How do you turn down that big of an invitation? Her insides pulsed, aching from overuse. Scully backpedaled as Mulder undressed her leading them to the bed. She fell onto the mattress with Mulder following, removing his shirt, climbing on top of her, his body melding into her form. His lips joining hers once again. Fuck it. She’d recover later…

* 

“This is a swingers’ cruise?” Well isn’t this lovely, Scully mused. She was already missing the tropical drink waiting for her at the bar on the beach.

“It’s a singles cruise, but married couples attend and yes, those couples are into an “Open arrangement” The cruise director informed her during their short tour.
Scully faced Mulder. She was not interested in discovering any more of the boat or the lifestyles of 
the dark and deviant. “I’m going to interview some of the passengers. What are you going to do 
Mulder?”

Of course Mulder wasn’t affected by any of it. “I’m going back to the crime scene with Detective 
Farrow. See if there was something we missed.”

*  

“Yes, the woman that was killed and her husband were in here last night. I told that to the detective 
that I had recognized them. There was another man with them and a woman.”

“Another man?”

“Yes, they were all quite affectionate.” The maitre d smiled as she said it, obviously she had enjoyed 
the show. Scully couldn’t help but take in the ambiance of the room. It looked odd with no people or 
music and the bright afternoon sun shining through showing off the evidence of lovers past. The 
room had black vinyl chairs throughout and some red vinyl caged beds. Scully assumed the vinyl 
was for easy cleanup and the thought made her even sicker. There was a catwalk around the 
perimeter also in glass and a raised room with a glass floor and walls. Everything designed for easy 
viewing. The maitre d introduced Scully to Teresa, the last person to see the victim that night.

“Teresa, you were with both the husband and wife the night of the murder. Why did it take you so 
long to come forward?” Scully inquired jotting down some more notes. There was something about 
Teresa that repulsed Scully and attracted her all at the same time. Scully wrote in her notes - vampire 
vibe?

“Nathaniel didn’t want it to get out that we were having an affair.” Teresa said bluntly paying more 
attention to studying a possible chip in her maroon nail polish than Scully’s questioning.

“Because it might cast him in a bad light?”

Teresa looked almost annoyed. “Not as a killer, as a shame to his family. You have a family Agent 
Scully? Mother, father? What would they think if they knew the lifestyle you led in the dark of 
night?”

Scully cleared her throat as the previous night’s recollection of Mulder strapped to the bed crept into 
her head. Yes, mom would be so proud. “I was told there was another, a man?”

“Yes, Cole. He’s um. He’s different.” Teresa looked down at the floor obviously hiding something.

“Different how?”

“Cole is heavy into hallucinogenic drugs. He got Nathaniel hooked. His wife too.”

“LSD?”

“No some type of natural herbs.”

*  

Up in the Captain’s quarters Scully waited for Mulder so they could review their field notes. She
smiled as he stepped in the room and realized this had been the longest they had been apart since their dealings with the FBI. It was nice to have him back. He walked right up to her and kissed her dead on the lips throwing her slightly off balance. She hadn’t expected it, but there was no reason to withhold their affection.

“I interviewed the husband, Nathaniel. They were into some wild stuff.” Mulder said as he sat down across from her.

“Yeah well I spoke with the mistress.” Scully replied pursing her lips knowing that might come as a bit of a shock.

“Really.”

“She said him and his wife were into some kind of hallucinogenic herbs.”

“Ketamine” Mulder added nodding his head. “That’s what Detective Farrow told me they had found in her system.

“Ketamine. They use that as a tranquilizer for animals.”

Mulder laughed. “Again with the animal tranquilizers.”

“Yes, but it has also been used as an anesthetic in wartime until they saw the hallucinogenic side effects. It has been known to be abused by addicts for its near death experiences. Alcohol would only enhance the effects.”

“Are you suggesting the husband went crazy on hallucinogens and killed his wife?”

“No. There’s something else going on here. Hallucinations don’t send invisible men to kill someone.”

Mulder reached for her hand and sandwiched it between his. “So you still believe the man has the powers of invisibility? Because if that’s what you’re saying, we need to head back to the hotel room, my heart is in overdrive.”

Scully pulled her hand away and ignored the comment, flipping through the rest of her notes.

“These drugs couldn’t give anyone the powers of The Flash could they?” Mulder asked in all seriousness.

Scully looked up. “What, like those teenagers that time with the cave? No.”

Mulder hunched in his chair and played with his pencil between his fingers. “You going to be around for the autopsy?”

Scully frowned. “No Mulder. This is our vacation, remember?”

He chuckled. “Okay. We can wait on forensics… Scully, I’ve got an idea. What if we hit the casino tonight, have some fun on the ship?”

Scully’s eyes narrowed. “Mulder, what the people on this ship participate in is not one that I’m willing to try.”

Mulder smiled. “Come on Scully, I never knew you to be such a stick in the mud.” She gave him a look, but said nothing. “I’m kidding. I’ve got a couple quarters we can drop. Let’s get lucky.”
The casino of the ship was loud with ringing bells and lights flashing from every corner. Music blaring from speakers hidden within its walls. Women with high skirts and low cut necklines pranced in high heels carrying trays of liquor and fake smiles. Men in tight black uniforms flirted with female gamblers. Underneath it all Scully felt something haunting. Like the presence of pure evil sitting at every chair. Everyone praying to the devil to cast luck their way. It sent a cold chill up her spine.

“Would you like to try your hand at lady luck?” Mulder asked breaking her concentration. He was wearing a dark black suit to match her own black cocktail attire. They had blended in well with the rest of the passengers on the ship.

“Not particularly.”

“Me neither.” Mulder conceded. “How about we try a couple rolls on the craps table. Maybe that will warm us up.”

Mulder handed Scully the dice and placed some chips on the front line. “You throw.” He instructed her.

“You blow?” She countered holding them out for him. He smiled and without leaving her eyes blew on the dice in her hands.

With a good shake she threw each one hard, the die hitting against the green felt of the backboard. One die landed on four and the other three. The stickman confirmed, “Frontline winner” as he scooped up the dice to sweep it back to Scully for another roll.

“Mulder we won.” Scully exclaimed tugging at his lapels.

“Yes we did.” He said then whispered in her ear, “Play it cool.”

After a few more rolls and a few more wins Scully’s hands were shaking at the thought of the growing stack of chips and Mulder appeared just as nervous. He wasn’t ready to press their luck. Scully collected her chips at his direction “Let’s go.”

They had already made it once around the casino and Scully stopped at the roulette table now buzzing from her vodka and seven and dropped their winnings on black.

Mulder’s eyes grew wide. “Scully, what are you doing?”

“It’s called a bet.”

Mulder held his breath as the ball flew around the wheel. With a couple bounces it landed. “17 Black”

“You’re killing me.” Mulder breathed out in relief and snagged the chips before Scully could protest, took her hand and headed to where they could cash out.

They passed by the club and Scully suggested going in to see if they could develop a lead.

Mulder stared at her incredulously. “Are you sure you want to go in there?”

Scully glared back. “I’m a mature woman Mulder. It’s part of the case. Let’s go.”

The first thing to hit Scully when the door opened was the booming of the base combined with colorful lights strobing into the darkness. As her eyes focused, her brain froze. It was something right out of the movie Eyes Wide Shut. There were people in corners having sex, women being taken
from behind, sitting on laps, pushed up against walls, three and four people on the vinyl beds, people in the glass room above, touching themselves and others as they watched those below writhing and moaning against each other’s flesh. Most of the men were fully clothed in the same suits worn in the casino while the women were scantily dressed, but not completely naked. Hypnotized, like staring at a pile up on the freeway, Scully couldn’t look away until she felt Mulder tug hard at her arm, breaking her trance, squeezing them through a crowd caught up in the actions of a foursome. Afraid to touch anything, Scully tightened her fists and kept her body close to Mulder as he led her up to a catwalk that ran the length of the walls, the railing encasing them in glass away from the happenings down below. She looked across at the others on the opposite side. There was a woman down on her knees as the man receiving looked wantingly at Scully. Scully released an audible gasp truly horrified. “Are you okay?” It was Mulder’s voice drumming in her ear above the music.

“I’m fine Mulder.” She didn’t want him to know how repulsed she was after she was the one that insisted she could handle such depravity. It wasn’t simply the acts that caused the uneasiness in her chest. The whole feel of the club, the music, the alcohol, the deadening look in everyone’s eyes, the carnal empty lust with nothing behind it that made her feel as if she was in satan’s den.

Scully surveyed the room, looking at faces and found Nathaniel’s girlfriend wearing a translucent strapless dress with two other men on one of the vinyl caged beds. Scully drew Mulder’s attention. “She’s over there. Guess she wasn’t too broken up about the murder…. Mulder...you’ve got to be kidding me.” She felt Mulder’s erection against the small of her back as he shielded her from the goings on at either side of them. Mulder spoke unapologetically, “Scully, we’re in a room full of naked women and sex everywhere, what exactly did you expect?”

He analyzed her face and smiled at her expression, rubbing her shoulders. “You’ve got to relax.”

Scully was annoyed. “I don’t understand how this is appealing to anyone. This is where you and I part ways.”

“I don’t know Agent Scully. I seem to recall evidence of you tampering with some of my video collection.”

Scully turned to him in disgust. “This does nothing for me.”

Mulder hesitated. “Do you really want to know what the appeal is for me?”

“Yes. let me into your twisted fantasies.”

“Let’s be clear, I’ve never participated in any group activities, but you’re viewing it from the wrong perspective. Look back over at Teresa.” He said pointing back towards the bed.

“Do I have to?” Scully protested.

“See the man taking her from behind, the other man in front, straddling her, pleasing her.”

“Unfortunately.”

“Okay. I want you to focus on them and just relax. You gotta get past the shock, your own personal taboos. Dance with me.” Mulder put his lips right up against her ear so she could hear his every breath above the steady club music. His hands ran down her hips as he pressed her against him, rocking her to the beat of the music dancing with her from behind. It took the remainder of the song and a couple vodka and cranberries, but she did relax. His gentleness swaying her into a trance forcing her concentration to focus on his body, on his movements. She trusted him. His octave dropped seductively. She could hear the sex as it dripped from his voice. “Imagine you are her.
Imagine those men are there to do whatever you want, and what you want is for them to fill you, hard and fast.” Scully focused on Teresa’s face. She could see her pleasure, her eyes closed with her jaw dropped in ecstasy. Another man approached Teresa and she heard Mulder’s voice, “What do you want him to do to you? Do you want him to touch you? Where?” She watched as if on cue, the man took the woman’s breast into his hand, and as he did, Mulder clutched hers through her dress, catching her off guard, her nipple immediately hard as he built the sensations inside her. Scully hadn’t felt her own arousal, but Mulder knew, he was squeezing, drawing the urges out of her chest and sound left her lips from the combined thrill of pleasure and pain. She went to turn her head to see if anyone was watching them, but his finger was at her chin leading her back.

“Let it take you over. Embrace it. Focus on us and the music. Remember, no matter how many people are here, it’s only me and you.” As he said the last part he allowed his lips to linger at her ear, his face pressed against her, as his other hand slowly moved to her inner thigh, disappearing underneath the bottom of her dress at it flowed around it. She wanted to be completely turned off, she wanted to remain appalled, but Mulder had a power over her she couldn’t control, and she was jarred by her body’s response, to his fingers, his breath, his tongue, and the rest of him, lulling her into compliance. Teresa and the third man were kissing, but her eyes were open, seemingly looking at Scully. Scully sucked in a sharp breath and her mind let go, her eyes transfixed and she was there, on that bed, with nothing but men surrounding her, fucking her, and Mulder was behind her coaxing her, instructing her with his seductive monotone, what to feel, what she wanted them to do. The music thundering, pulsing in her head, her body. Darkness shielding her from watchful eyes. The flat of her palms hit the glass to steady herself, her own body’s pleasure making it difficult to stand as Mulder took her deeper inside his head. Theresa was being taken in the front and behind as she kissed the third man, unzipping his pants and taking out his cock, jerking him off. Mulder whispered, “Do you want her to suck him Scully? You want him to straddle her shoulders so you can watch her take him right down her throat?”

Her insides pulsed. She could almost taste him in her mouth and the word “Yes” released inaudibly from her lips as she throbbed into Mulder’s hand. She watched as the man did as Mulder instructed and Mulder’s fingers slid to rub between her thighs. Her body was throbbing and pounding up into her throat, screaming for Mulder to penetrate her. She reached one hand behind her, kneading his cock through the fabric of his pants. She could feel the shape of it as she rubbed and stroked it, swollen and hard, waiting for her, and it only increased her wanting. Scully was panting, her free palm remained against the glass to steady herself, the position caused her to look over at Teresa again. She had ushered the men away and now a woman dressed in a leather negligee approached and with a kiss, Teresa laid on her back as the woman settled between her thighs. Teresa’s hips rotated against the woman’s mouth tangling her hands in the woman’s long blond hair. Scully closed her eyes and gulped. When she opened them Teresa locked eyes with her, staring up from below as the woman continued to please her, while Mulder strummed his fingers in time with them. Scully came undone, contracting over Mulder’s fingers, Teresa coming at the same time. Mulder knew it, swiftly stimulating her with his hand’s gyrations, prolonging the orgasm until the sensitivity caused her to wriggle away. That was when she finally took a clear look around the catwalk. So many people had joined them up there. Moaning, grunting, and fucking, right there alongside her. White hot humiliation struck into her spine, sobering her like a spotlight and she was immediately filled with disgust.

“Mulder, take me back to the hotel.” she demanded, straightening her dress, infuriated and embarrassed by the situation.

“Are you okay?,” Mulder appeared worried and scared by her abruptness.

“I want to go home.” She insisted again now almost in a panic.
Without another word he whisked her as fast as he could off the ship and back onto the beach heading for the room.

Mulder kept her hand in his, trying to keep up the swift pace of her little legs, but he said nothing. When they reached the room Scully headed right for the shower, letting the water cleanse her body as hot as she could get it without scalding herself. She didn’t feel dirty, she felt…. Violated.

Out of the shower, realizing she hadn’t brought any clothes in the bathroom with her, she walked back into the bedroom to find Mulder at the edge of the bed sitting in the dark. It was obvious he was still worried about her, but the possession she felt in the club had left her as soon as they stepped back onto the beach. She walked up to him, but he didn’t move, lost in thought and concern. Her fingers laced through the strands of hair at his temples and he kissed her palm as she grazed his cheek. Very softly she requested, “Take off your clothes”, her voice lost in the darkness. He removed his suit along with the rest and sat back on the edge of the bed. The room was silent except for the gently lapping of the waves outside. Slowly, she wrapped both legs around him as she sat on his lap, resting her forehead against his while her fingertips played in his soft thick hair. There was a gentleness in his eyes, a love that could move her to tears. The electricity between them collided with the swiftness of his tongue as their lips danced together in the dark under the stars shining through the skylight. Heat coiled inside her as his devotion to her poured from his heart. She slid her hands over his shoulders and down his chest, reveling in the feel of his hot skin against her breasts. Mulder swept them around pinning her to the bed. “I told you we would get back here” he smiled relieved to know she was okay.

“I’m glad we are. I like just the two of us.” she conceded.

“It’s always been my preference.” He smiled greedily and moved down to take her nipple between his teeth, gently sucking while her nails clawed at his back. She felt him solid against her thigh growing harder with each pass. He took her lips again and her hand slid down between them, he gasped against her mouth, his body moving into the motion of her hand. The simple skin on skin, their hot and pulsing connection, she aligned him and he closed his eyes as he sunk inside. It wasn’t until he was completely immersed within her that they opened and his hand came to meet her cheek.

“I’d do anything for you Scully, you must know that.”

“I know Mulder.” she replied.

He looked at her feigning sincerity. “The truth Scully. It’s inside you.”

She laughed at his silliness. “Mulder. Please shut up.”

He smiled again and kissed her, she felt him grow thicker and harder against the plush of her walls as they began to move. Their bodies sliding against the other as they held each other in their arms, their emotions swimming between them, her lips refusing to leave his until her body tightened desperate to release the joy he had built inside her heart, in her soul. They breathed heavy as their bodies let go, pulsing, a sonic wave, a force of nature, as they claimed the other.

As Mulder held her tight under the covers, his arms and legs cloaked around her, he spoke gently into her ear. “I’ll always be right beside you Scully.”

He said it like he had read her thoughts from long ago. A fear of the pain if she ever lost him that had kept her at a distance. Now back in the free world the only thing holding them back was her fear of commitment. Which was absurd, as it was way too late to ever let him go. Her heart was his and she
knew he’d protect it until his last breath.

She gave him a kiss, savoring the feel of his lips, the warmth of his love behind them, then she snuggled into his chest.

His lips rested at the top of her head. “I’m not sure we’re any closer to cracking this case.”

She spoke as her eyes began to close. “I felt it Mulder. The darkness was there like you had said, on that ship, surrounding us… inside me.”

“I’m not following you.”

“That woman, Mulder. Teresa. She was inside my head and she brought the darkness with her.”
Scully will have the Fruity Umbrella Drink with a Side of Mulder

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The Darkness followed them to their remote beach location. It’s on a cruise ship full of singles, swingers, and carnal desires, a dead woman, and an invisible man. The conclusion.

Scully placed a mug of coffee down next to Mulder who was out on their terrace with their view of breathtaking turquoise waters and he was buried in his laptop. “We’ve got some beautiful weather here today,” she said trying to coax his attention.

He looked up and took her cue, closing his laptop and taking the coffee. “There’s a passing shower later on.” He looked down at his coffee. “Scully, I’m sorry if last night…”

“Mulder, something took a hold of us on that ship.”

Walking over to the edge of the balcony, Scully leaned on the railing and drank her coffee, changing the subject, “So what have you been researching Mulder?”

“Ketamine. What do you think about the theory of astral projection?”

“Mulder, astral projection exists scientifically speaking, but it’s not really the soul leaving the body. It’s a hallucination, much like synesthesia, where people see colors when they hear numbers or words. It’s a neurological phenomena, not a paranormal one. At potent doses, ketamine binds opioid receptors in neuroblastoma cells and interacts with muscarinic receptors and voltage-gated calcium channels. That is what abusers are feeling, not a higher consciousness.”

“What about the case we had concerning the quadriplegic soldier? He was using a form of astral projection and psychokinesis. What if the soul was capable of leaving the body and returning and Nathaniel can perform such a phenomena?”

“You’re not suggesting.. Even if that were true… astral projection doesn’t allow for picking up a knife and stabbing someone 17 times.”

“What if the husband found under the influence he could use more of his brain, telekinesis.”

“You’re that convinced it’s the husband?”

“He’s the only one with motive. Jealousy is a strong motive. If his wife was dipping into the well with these women without his knowledge, it may be motive enough.”

Scully took her eyes off the view to cast them on Mulder. “Would that be enough to drive you to kill Mulder?”

“I would kill for you. In a heartbeat.” He looked her dead in the eyes with the most serious expression she’d ever seen on his face and she had seen her share of serious expressions cross that puppy.
“You have.” she answered before turning her back to him and finishing her coffee. “Many times.”

Scully’s phone buzzed and she tapped on the text. “It’s Detective Farrow. Text says he has the results from the drug tests he performed on Teresa, the husband, and the victim. All came back positive for ketamine. Now what?”

“There’s one person we still haven’t spoke with.”

“The dealer?”

Mulder nodded. “I’m going to find him. Maybe he can shed some light on all this.”

“I’m going to meet up with the detective and review the blood work from the drug tests. Maybe there’s something in there,” Scully stated and got up and headed for the shower.

“Hey,” Mulder called to her.

She turned, “What?”

He got up and walked towards her giving her a kiss, his lips moving gracefully against hers, pressing her errant strands of hair against her face with his palm.

The blood rushed so quickly from her brain she felt dizzy. He smiled into her eyes and she kissed him back, running her hand down his chest, feeling the hardness of his muscles. When she pulled away his hooded eyes answered hers hungrily. “You’re not going to leave already are you? It may be raining later, but the sun’s out now. How about you, me and the fishes for the next two hours? Take advantage of the crystal water and the fantastic view.”

She nodded. “I’ll get my suit on.” She glanced back over her shoulder one last time before she left and he returned her seductive smile. Yeah, this was the Mulder she needed.

“So you’re considering the upgraded package?” Cole stated as he handed Mulder a small vile. “You start with two simple drops.”

“Teresa said this could be used for an enhanced sexual experience? What will it do?” Mulder asked as he played with the vile between his fingers, holding it up to the light.

“Have you ever had sex with only your mind? Your consciousness?”

He wanted to tell him yes, it was the truth. Mulder had not only shared sexual experiences with Scully using only their minds, but had shared his consciousness with Scully. The two of them had left their bodies plenty of times, but that wasn’t pertinent to the case. “Sounds like an interesting prospect. Were you on it that night? Did you see her get murdered?”

“What I saw was a dream. You can’t make things move in the physical world. Not that I know of. Not without a body.”

“What did you see Cole?”

Cole’s face changed from easy going to sour as he raised his voice, “I saw people fucking. That was it. It’s like I told the cops. That husband of hers was a jealous man. He’s the one you’re looking for.”

Mulder felt the buzz of his phone and glanced at his hip. He picked it up. “Mulder.”
“Mulder, it’s me. I’ve got a lead.”

“I’ll be right there.”

“It wasn’t the husband. I think it was Teresa,” Scully argued.

Off the ship and at the police station Scully briefed Mulder and Det. Farrow on her current findings. Scully presented her theory, “Using the work energy principle and considering the depth the knife took into the body, we can estimate force. We simulated the stabbing using a slab of pork shoulder. As you can see by the marks here and here, these are mine and those are the Sheriffs. Look at the deeper penetration of the Det’s stab wounds...The mistress did it.”

Mulder shook his head. “Not if it was telekinesis. The stabbing might not be with the same type of force when you’re using only your brain.”

The detective raised his eyebrows.

Scully interrupted, “Since we’ve been here, have you known Teresa to sleep?”

Mulder took a step towards Scully. “Is this your vampire theory? Vampires have been known to catch zzzs.”

“I reviewed the results of the blood test and I noticed a mutation in her PRP gene. She suffers from FFI. It’s an extremely rare disease where the affected develops progressively worsening insomnia. It leads to hallucinations, delirium, dementia, and eventually death. The affected are usually of Italian descent from a small town near Venice. The symptoms usually begin some time later in life. There is no known cure and the affected is usually dead within 18 months of the first symptoms.”

Mulder placed his hand on Scully’s shoulder as their wavelengths converged, “What if the combinations of the ketamine, along with the FFI, and the alcohol creates a perfect cocktail where…”

“.Where she’s able to leave her body, pick up a knife, and stab her lover’s wife,” Scully finished reading his mind more than committing to the theory.

Mulder smiled and affectionately let her name fall off his tongue. “Scully.”

Scully suppressed her smile. “If all this was theoretically true, what is the motive? She’s dying so it wouldn’t be for a future with him…unless..”

Mulder looked at Scully and they nodded in unison. The detective who had been a befuddled bystander looked on curiously. “What?”

Scully spoke first “I’ll make some phone calls.”

“I’ll go with the detective to interview some more passengers,” Mulder offered “Meet you on the ship in a couple hours.”

Inside the ship at the husband Nathaniel’s door, Mulder and Scully gave a warning knock and waited. A looming darkness crept up Scully’s spine causing her to shiver. They heard rustling inside and finally the door creaked open. To their surprise Teresa was on the other end. They gave each other a quick glance, but was interrupted by Teresa surprising Scully with a sensual kiss on the lips. Mulder’s jaw dropped. Teresa smiled at Scully. “It’s good to see you again… up close and
personal.”

Scully slowly pulled away and straightened her posture. “We’re here looking for Nathaniel. Is he available?”

As they stepped into the room Scully gave Mulder a look and a shrug. Mulder furrowed his eyebrows, his eyes narrowing as he pursed his lips, looking at them quizzically, holding up a finger, still wanting to get back to the greeting he just witnessed.

Nathaniel came to the door drying his face with a washcloth. “Can I help you?”

Mulder and Scully exchanged another look as Scully recognized him. He was from the club the previous night. The one Teresa had been laying on top of while she had her way with two other men.

So much for being a bereaved widower.

Mulder scribbled on his notepad and passed it to Scully as they walked in. She opened the note and it read, “It’s Nate. I’ll take the $100 in small bills”.

Scully nodded, but when she looked up, her eyes didn’t leave Teresa’s, “Teresa you’re going to have to come with us. The detective wants to bring you in for questioning.”

“You think I killed her?”

“We know you suffer from FFI from your blood work. I made a couple calls and spoke with the Detective about your personal situation. There’s a highly expensive experimental drug on the market that may just prolong your life… but you don’t have the monetary funds… but Nathaniel does. I’m thinking there was only one problem with your plan…. His wife refused to support you. Given the choice of your life or hers… you chose your own.”

Teresa and Scully were doing a dance with their eyes and Mulder was clearly jealous.“That’s a good theory, but you still have no witnesses, no physical evidence,” Teresa countered.

Scully continued, “The detective has proof that the knife came from your room. Room service reported a knife missing from their inventory. All knives are engraved with numbers so they can be traced. A mandatory procedure required after 9-11. That knife is engraved with a number that leads back to your room.”

Teresa placed her hands on her hips, “I don’t see that holding up in a court of law. So if they have the evidence, why are you here, why not the detectives?”

Mulder raised his hand to bring her attention away from Scully, “Because there’s something else going on with this ship besides a murder and you might be one of the few people to tell us what that is... When you were having those out of body experiences, did you feel a dark presence?”

“Yes” Nathaniel said, interrupting. “While I was under, the people on this ship looked almost zombified, it was like hell was burning in their eyes.”

Just then they were interrupted by the Detective and his crew that cuffed both of the suspects and hauled them away. He thanked Mulder and Scully for their assistance and let them know their stipend would be sent to the bureau.

As they walked out onto the deck of the ship Scully proposed next actions, “Well, Mulder, we can still get into the hotel’s infinity pool before the sun sets. Right about now I could go for a tequila
“Before we leave, I want to check the manifest.”

“What are you looking for?” Scully looked at him curiously as she trailed behind him.

Mulder shrugged. “Maybe nothing.”

Back at the Captain’s quarters, Mulder reviewed the manifest and Scully watched as all the blood ran from his face.

“It’s what I speculated. Katha Underwood is aboard this ship.”

“Who is she Mulder?”

“Monica Reyes once had a case involving Katha’s brother. It brought up the question of whether the notion of evil could be looked at as a disease. We had considered that Katha may have been infected by her brother because upon his death she had attacked Reyes and went berserk. Well, that day I met Katha in the hospital and that was the only other time I’ve felt a presence like the one I’ve felt while aboard this ship. She must have been released if that is indeed the same Katha Underwood. What if this disease has mutated and everyone on this boat is infected?”

“Wouldn’t we have seen more than one murder?”

“In my theory everyone is born with a natural immunity, so people that are infected may only be carriers. It’s only when you become vulnerable that the darkness takes over.”

Scully looked visibly shaken. “I know what I’ve seen, what I felt on that boat. If that’s true, evil is spreading as we speak. Aboard this boat and who knows how many others on the mainland, in the world. What about us? Have we been infected?”

“I don’t know, but we need to get off this ship.”

An hour later Scully was lounging in the infinity pool with her fruity umbrella drink. She stared out at the sun slowly sinking beneath the horizon. Threads of firelight stretched and lingered, staining the sky shades of orange and reds blending into a deep sapphire. After doing a few laps, Mulder joined her on the underwater cement bar stool and found her hand, lacing their fingers as he took the drink she ordered for him off the bar. “This is the way we should end every day,” he mused.

“With what? Murder, soul searching, and evil contagions?”

“I didn’t rewind quite that far. I was thinking more like sunsets, tropical drinks, and you in a bikini.”

Scully looked into his eyes and lightning formed inside her chest. “I enjoy sharing it all with you Mulder.”

Mulder smiled at her and squeezed her hand. “That could be… the mushiest thing you’ve ever said.”

Scully smiled back. “I have my moments.”
You Can Take the Boy out of the Alien...

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Some time has past and we're back at the Unremarkable House. Life is cruising along when you're preparing for the end of the world...

The radio station boasted about being able to give you the world in ten minutes and Scully quickly hit the program button to listen to the top 40. After an hour of D.C. traffic, she had endured the news 8 times and not much had changed. The car rolled to a stop in the middle of the highway for what felt like the thousandth time and Scully leaned her forehead into the top of the steering wheel in frustration whitening the knuckles that had a firm grip at the 10 and 2. This was unbearable even for a Friday afternoon and she was angered because she had actually left work early and was eager to get back to the house and spend the evening with Mulder. She wasn’t going to deny that as engrossed as her day got she still missed him. Missed his input. Missed their banter. The little casework they had done on the island had been enjoyable if you disregard the darkness she had felt on that boat. Scully thought Mulder was wrong. The darkness she had seen wasn’t a disease. This was a living being. If she had to compare it, this was like the dark angel inside of Donnie Pfaster. One she had met before, somewhere in her nightmares and it was coming for her. She wasn’t sure what hallucination Nathaniel might have thought he saw, but she believed that’s exactly what it was, a hallucination. She hadn’t discussed it with Mulder. Didn’t want to. He was quick to dismiss anything close to connections to her religion and what if he did believe her? Then what? What would it mean?

*

After what seemed like forever, she was finally home. Mulder had taken on some side jobs helping detectives on a stipend, but she knew he wasn’t working today. It wasn’t much, but it kept part of his brain occupied and prevented the study from spreading into the living room. To her surprise, he wasn’t in the living room, or the study, or the yard. There was no answer as she called for him and he didn’t answer his cell phone. At the top of the stairs she heard the bed creaking and for a split second an irrational panic shot through her that he might be in there with a woman. She trusted him too much for that. Maybe he was watching a video? As she entered the doorway, panic struck her again. He had one hand at his temple, his muscles flexed tight in the fetal position. As far as she could tell he wasn’t in a conscious state. That’s when she saw the vile on the night table. He had taken the ketamine he had gotten from Cole. But why? It wasn’t until that moment that it hit her. The last time she had seen him like this. He was under the care of that crazy doctor, shaking naked in shock in a motelroom’s bathtub with blood splattered on his shirt and a strange woman’s car sitting in the parking lot. Besides the treatment, he had been injected with ketamine back then too. Was he trying to recall memories again?

When his eyes finally opened she was sitting on a chair in the corner of the room with her legs crossed unsure of the best way to respond. After several minutes he looked over at her, then looked at the time. “You’re home early,” he said groggily running his hand through his bedhead spiking his hair in the process.
“Yes, apparently I missed all the fun. Will you tell me why?” Scully responded sarcastically.

“I rather not,” Mulder replied back getting up from the bed and putting on his t-shirt.

Scully ignored her disappointment in his disappearing abs and continued grilling him. “Does this have something to do with Samantha? Your parents?”

Mulder shook his head. “No. Could we possibly not talk about it?”

“How long has this been going on?”

“Scully, I know you care and you worry, but this is nothing to be concerned about.”

He walked into the bathroom closing the door behind him.

Scully wasn’t sure how to proceed, so she waited.

Mulder left the bathroom and made his way downstairs with Scully following behind him. “Were you attempting astral projection?”

Mulder reached in the fridge for some orange juice, unscrewed the cap and drank from the container. “No. Scully I don’t want to go down this road with you.”

“If I recall, the last time you had ketamine in your system you ended up pointing a gun at me.”

“Those were different circumstances. That doctor was drilling holes in my head and treating me with electric shock,” Mulder countered.

“So what, we’re simply doing drugs now?”

He turned and looked her straight in the eye. “It’s my decision. You’re going to have to trust me.”

Mulder left the house and went into the backyard leaving Scully standing awkwardly in the living room. This time she decided not to follow and instead went upstairs to get out of her work clothes and calm down.

Mulder stood at the back porch looking out at the landscape. He had never meant for Scully to walk in on him and he knew she wouldn’t let up until she knew what he was doing. He really screwed up this time. He felt her presence behind him and he turned.

“Scully, just this one time. Just once. Let it go. Don’t make me get into this with you.”

“So we’ll have secrets now,” Scully spat out emotionally, folding her arms.

“We’ve kept things from each other before when we’ve had our reasons,” Mulder argued weakly turning back to face the trees leaning his hands on the porch railing.

“Not in a very long time Mulder.” He could hear the anger surfacing beneath her words.

He was very quickly losing his argument. All he had left was the truth.

He spoke quietly. “I’m channelling our son.” He turned to look at her reaction.

Scully’s eyes turned red as she angrily chided him, “What you’re experiencing are hallucinations. It’s producing what you want to see and hear. Mulder, it’s not real.”
“It’s not..” Mulder shouted at her then quickly lowered his voice to almost a whisper, “It’s not hallucinations. It’s him.”

As he watched her spiraling a rock formed in his throat. He tried to swallow, but he couldn’t.

Tears were spilling down her cheeks as she cried, “Why are you doing this to me?”

Before he had a chance to respond she was gone and the door was slamming behind her.

In that moment it was like a flash of lightning had struck through Mulder. It had him frozen in place. While he knew she would be against it for his own safety, he hadn’t considered her personal trauma. He had been away when she had gone through the decision and the pain. Not for one second did he dare doubt her judgement, but at the same time, his constant reaching out was making its own statement. She didn’t know about the experiences he had with William while he was away in the desert, but this was tearing at their relationship and it wasn’t like they could seek counseling over this. They would have to find a way to work through it. He put his head down and walked in the house.

Scully was sitting on the couch in tears, turning away from him when she heard him approaching. It hurt his heart to see the pain he had caused her. He sat down next to her and touched her arm, resting his fingers delicately along her tricep. After a minute she placed her hand over his and turned to look into his eyes. He frowned and his eyes glossed over, pulling her in tight. She cried into his chest and he pressed his lips into her hair, allowing the tears to fall from his own eyes….

************

“What is the point of this again?” Scully asked as Shira, their martial arts instructor, tied Mulder and Scully together at the ankle and the thigh.

“It serves a double purpose,” Shira explained, “One is to test and strengthen your coordination as partners and the other is to practice role playing possible scenarios using all the techniques you’ve learned.”

“Just think Scully, it will make us a hit at the county fair,” Mulder offered.

Scully ignored his comment and prepared for their oncoming attacker. Well into their training, in the past weeks they had been tied to chairs, tables, fences, and drain pipes. She even had them locked in various cages as possible prisoners of war. Now, they were being tied to each other. Scully didn’t want to have the need to use any of these simulations, but in the back of her mind she was preparing for whatever events might be bestowed on them in 2012 as much as he was.

The attackers came and Scully ended up being dragged around like a dead weight. Mulder’s legs so much longer than hers, their strengths focused to different parts of their bodies. It was a mess and the longer they practiced it seemed like the worse they got at it. The car ride home was a difficult one as they sat in silence.

“We’ll get better at it,” Mulder reassured her 45 minutes into their ride.

“When have you and I ever not been in harmony?” she asked rhetorically.

*

The Sunday morning sun found its way through their window and Scully opened her eyes to Mulder smiling at her. She raised an eyebrow in return.
“Next week we’re acing the trials Scully.”

Scully rubbed her eyes still half asleep and yawned. “How’s that Mulder?”

“Shira said we need to spend a day tied at the hip.”

“One day is not going to fix all our problems Mulder.”

“No, but it may help”

Scully thought about it, but his eyes were pleading with hers. “Let me at least get dressed first, have some breakfast, and most importantly get on the ground floor.”

*

Later that day in the backyard of the unremarkable house...

“Mulder, we’ve got too many things working against us, between leg length and stride, and domineering personalities…By the end of the day we may wind up in separate houses.”

Scully tripped and stumbled and Mulder bent to catch her before they both hit the ground. “I’m not giving up,” he replied.

Somehow she knew he was going to say that. They had been running around their backyard for what seemed like hours and it sure didn’t seem like they were getting anywhere.

When they concentrated it wasn’t so bad, but as soon as they went to their natural tendencies, they found themselves way off the mark.

“Maybe we should at least attempt to follow Shira’s instructions,” Mulder suggested. Manipulating their bands, they sat facing one another remaining tied at the wrist and ankle. Mulder took her hands and she rested her palms against his. “Shira said we should start by telling each other something we don’t know about the other. Something from childhood maybe?”

Scully studied his eyes and contemplated what she was about to say. “I’m considering a new position in the hospital.”

Mulder’s eyebrows raised in surprise. When was she going to tell him? “Doing..”

“Assisting surgeons. Giving kids what their biology neglected… using the limits of human only DNA.”

Mulder nodded. “Making the world’s children your own,” he added arrogantly.

Scully’s eyes turned to fire, angry that he would even make that connection. Whether he did it knowingly or not, he had just stirred a hurricane. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing. If that’s what you need to do.”

It was a harsh loaded statement and Pandora’s box flew open causing Scully’s voice to rise above their sacred bond. Blood was about to be spilled. Like a cornered soldier, she threw out the grenades, “You think this is about William again. Not everything I do is about William just like not every decision you make is about Samantha..”

“I didn’t say a word.”

“You didn’t have to..”Scully snapped. “because you resent me for giving up our son..” Her words
slicing through the dry air. Mulder sat silent and stunned. “Untie me..” she demanded pulling against
the bands, her face as crimson as her hair.

“No.” Mulder stood bitterly as his fury rose to a boil. Scully struggled against the ties that bound
them as Mulder’s free hand covered her shoulder to hold her steady forcing her to look him in the
eye. “You’re not walking away. Not this time.”
Chapter Summary

This is continued from last chapter. Sometimes when you fight you say things you should have said a long time ago, sometimes it's stuff you don't mean, sometimes it's not even true. I really don't like fighting. Especially these two. The year is 2009...

“I don’t walk away. That’s more your department. Sure you don’t want to lock yourself in the study for a couple weeks?” Scully looked indignantly into his eyes staring him down. Daring him to spar with her, but Mulder didn’t have it in him. There were so many other things they could be doing with this day.

“Is that what you think of me?” he asked. Hurt that she took any of his time alone as a personal affront. Scully didn’t answer the question. Instead they sat in silence and the longer the quiet grew the worse Mulder felt inside. If she blamed him for all of it, that he could bear, but her believing that he would ever think she did the wrong thing by putting William up for adoption...

“Scully.. don’t ever think that for one second I ever questioned your decision.. Not ever…If I’ve ever made you feel otherwise… It’s not true.”

Scully’s eyes softened and he saw all the self-doubt she kept inside. “Mulder, what if it was the wrong decision?”

Mulder shook his head and brought his hand to her cheek. “It was the only decision, Scully.”

“Mulder, how do you know?”

“There was no defeating those super soldiers. At least by placing him in hiding he stood a fighting chance. Even if I was around, there was nothing either of us could have done. They would have gotten to him.”

“Then why are you trying so desperately to contact him that you’re risking your health?”

With his free hand, Mulder ran his hand through his hair and dropped his head. “I was doing it for you. You want to know that he is safe. That’s what I was trying to find out.”

Scully reached for the hand that was tied to hers and gave it a squeeze. Once again they sat in silence until Mulder saw the question rise from Scully’s chest. She bit her bottom lip right before letting the thought free.“Mulder, if the aliens are gone and smoking man is dead, why couldn’t we go look for him?”

Mulder let out a deep breath. “We don’t know for sure that the aliens are gone. We don’t know how successful the rebels or Jeffrey’s team was. We don’t know why the replacements left the FBI. What about the Tunisia funding Jeffrey was receiving? That’s enough evidence to question whether or not all the Syndicate members were turned into BBQ. I don’t believe they were all there that day.”

“So you don’t believe it’s safe yet.” Scully’s whole face dropped.
“We can throw out some feelers to see how dangerous it really is, but before then, do you want to take that chance?”

“No. No, you’re right.” She knew he was right, but that didn’t make the decision any easier. Her eyes welled. “He’s eight Mulder. Eight years gone that we’ll never get back.”

“I know, but our sacrifice is so he can have a life.” He squeezed her hand to hold back his own tears.

Scully let her hand drop and squeezed his knee desperate to lighten the mood. “So Mulder, it’s your turn, what is it that I don’t know about you?”

Mulder thought for a while. Gave the appearance as if he had something to say, but each time he simply shook his head. After a few minutes, Scully’s face soured. “Well, you’re obviously holding back something… or several things… Is it that hard of a choice? I didn’t realize you were such a mystery man.”

Mulder peeled his eyes, his brows slanting upward towards the vertical line appearing between them. “Why don’t you have a ring on your finger?”

Scully shook her head. “Mulder, what are you talking about?”

“You know what I’m talking about. We’re back out in the world, nothing holding us back, yet we are both lacking some considerable bling.”

Scully frowned. “The idea of this exercise is for you to reveal something about yourself.”

“Maybe my big reveal is that I think it’s time to move forward. We’ve finally stopped running. And we’re both working, we have a home...Scully, it’s time to stop holding on to what might be, what could be, that other road, other track, running parallel to this one that every now and then you consider jumping onto… The one that comes with the worry that you could be wasting your life right now…Scully, we’re going to wake up one day and be old, with our whole life behind us, and you’ll still be wondering about that other track.”

The fire returned to her eyes and Scully broke their contact. “Mulder, you’re being ridiculous. You are not the one who gets to accuse people of wasting their life. Your crusade for Samantha was your whole life for too many years. You can’t say there was room for me.”

Mulder’s voice grew as soft as his eyes, “I always had room for you Scully, but I, I understand.”

“Mulder, you need so badly to chase after the truth, you will forego your life for it.”

The crease returned to Mulder’s forehead. He thought what she was implying was quite rich. His words coming out louder than he intended. He rose from his chair. “You’re blaming me? I’ve spent more time waiting for you to come around… to be comfortable with a situation…”

“Mulder, how many times could something have happened between us and you failed to make a move?”

“That’s not what we’re talking about Scully, but if there’s a lack of commitment, it’s not because of me...maybe if you look inside you’ll see that you want more...something else...you think there is some brass ring called the normal life...well, who has the normal life Scully?” Scully rose to meet his gaze and Mulder started walking. Scully followed unknowingly, the bands forgotten. They were walking in a synchronized gait. “What it all comes down to is I’m not good enough for you.” Mulder stopped. “Maybe a life with me isn’t good enough for you. Maybe I agree, but I can’t cut myself, my pride, my personality, into any more pieces.”
Scully swung around to face him, steam rising from every pore. She stepped forward as he moved back. "You think you’ve let go, you’re chopped up in pieces? Is this letting it go? Is this change?" She asked lifting up their bands. "You gave up your career? I gave up my life.. my career, my family..for what? A man clipping newspapers and scanning the internet looking for signs of the apocalypse."

It didn’t matter how much she railed against him. Nothing was going to change his mind. He changed the tempo of her tango and now she was the one taking the steps backwards as he walked towards her. All the while they didn’t stumble, didn’t trip. "And you won’t commit…I can’t change who I am Scully..” He wanted to scoop her up into his arms, to rekindle their connection, but he needed her to make a move.

“And who am I Mulder?” Scully asked stopping their dance.

“Who are you Scully? Who are you? Are you a doctor or a FBI agent? A religious person who puts her faith in God or one of only logic and science? Do you believe in apparitions or are they figments of our imagination? There is a constant battle within your personality and you know why? Because maybe you really do believe there is only one true path. Maybe now you doubt all your decisions and you don’t know what the truth is for yourself, so you keep holding on to the notion that you can still jump into another life. Scully, if this is the wrong path, if I’m the wrong path, you’re running out of time… and if I am the right one, you’re still running out of time….”

He paused to catch his breath and then looked back into her eyes. “I’ve been in love with you my whole life Scully.”

Scully sighed back. “You haven’t known me your whole life Mulder.”

“My entire life, I had an image of the perfect woman. A person I could trust, that was the smartest person I know, someone that believed in me. Someone to walk to the ends of the earth with and find the truths that lay beyond. In the back of my mind I had this picture of what I thought was the perfect one for me and I didn’t even come close..you are all of that and more. Anyone that has ever gotten close to me, I wanted from them what I have in you.”

Scully ran her tongue along her top lip and nodded. “That’s just like you Mulder. As soon as you think you might lose me.. That I might stray too far..Suddenly your emotions come pouring out.”

Mulder felt his last bit of self control snap. He exploded in unrestrained fury.  “If we waited for your emotions to pour out we’d both be dead.”

They stared each other down. It was not fun to fight with someone that knew you better than anyone in the world. Someone whose thoughts and opinions you held dearer to you than your own heart. Mulder forced himself to calm down and swallow his hurt. His voice dropped to barely a whisper, “Scully, I’m here. Say something.”

Scully spoke in the same reverent tones, “Untie me.”

He bent down to untie her ankles and then rose to free her wrists. She looked deep into his eyes and then walked back into the house. When he made his way inside, he heard the engine of her rental and peered through the drapes to watch her disappear down the drive. She was gone and there was nothing he could do but wait for her return.

Mulder was in the study when he heard Scully come home. It was nearly 10:30 at night. Weighing his options he headed for the couch and the television rather than face her in the bedroom. Sometime in the early morning Mulder finally fell asleep and was awakened a couple hours later by the sound
of the front door closing and the car pulling away as Scully left for work. With the house now to
himself, he crept upstairs to take his own shower. At the sink he found a small familiar box sitting
next to the soap dish.

When Scully arrived home that evening she found Mulder sitting on the porch. “I cleaned the
house.” he bragged as she walked up the steps. “Scrubbed until the place shined like the top of the
Chrysler building.”

Scully nodded and leaned against the railing in front of him, the band on her left hand glittering gold
in the sun. He held out his left hand to her and she threaded her hand in his, using her middle finger
to toggle the ring on his own finger. They walked hand in hand, following no clear direction. Mulder
began his ramble, “There’s nothing new in the news. The stock market is in the toilet, the housing
market burst its bubble...Even with all that, it’s like a calm before the storm.”

“You think so...”

“Yeah,”

“Mulder?” Scully asked as they turned towards the backyard, a small smile playing on her lips.

“Now who did all that?” Mulder asked.

A table was set-up outside filled with what looked to be a four course meal, but it was what sat
behind the table that caught her eye. “Mulder, whose car is that?”

Mulder put his arm around her, rubbing her shoulder, and pressed his lips just above her temple.
“That would be ours.”

“Mulder, you can’t afford...”

“Yeah, actually I can. I got a good deal on it and I thought you would look better behind the wheel
of an SUV rather than another beat up old sedan.”

Scully looked up at him. “Mulder, I...”

He shook his head and smiled. “Consider it a Valentine’s Day gift and an early birthday present. I’m
not bringing it back, so you’re stuck with it.” Walking over to the car, he opened the door, opened
the windows and turned on the radio. He offered his hand out bowing his head. Scully took his hand
without a word and they danced together in their own backyard out under the setting sun and
swaying trees, rocking back and forth. She smiled into his eyes, his soulful glow filling her heart. He
sent her out for a spin and she twirled back into his arms as he dipped her. They laughed and she laid
a hand on his chest. He lowered his hands to her back and they slowed their sway. Their lips gently
coming together. Mulder pulled back and smiled, “I hope you’re hungry because I cooked a feast.”

***************

Scully’s phone buzzed in her pocket as she sat behind her office computer. It was about time for her
to take a break anyway. She looked at it and answered. “Mulder, I was wondering when I would get
to hear from you today.”

“Unfortunately this isn’t a ‘hey honey how you doing’ call. I was wondering if you had time to head
on over to the medical examiner’s office in town. I’ve got a body over here you’re going to want to
check out.”

“Mulder, what did we agree on?”
I know, you’re a doctor and a surgeon’s assistant. Got it, but this man has died from a virus of unknown origin. Just come over here and tell me if I’m crazy.”

“You’re crazy. See, no need to hike across town for that.” Scully looked at her watch. “I should be finished within the hour. I’ll meet you there.”

“That’ll work. Oh and Scully?”

“Yes Mulder.”

“Love you.”

Scully blushed. “Love you too.” she said as she rubbed the ring resting on her finger with her thumb. She shook her head as she ended the call and smiled to herself.

*****Medical Examiner’s Office 6:05PM*****

“So, what’s your medical opinion?”

“It was definitely the virus that was the cause of death.” Scully concluded as she studied the slides through the microscope with Mulder literally breathing down her neck causing the tiny hairs there to stand on end. “Have you had any luck identifying it?” Scully asked addressing her question to the pathologist.

“It’s possibly a new strain of tuberculosis. What’s puzzling is this man has not been out of the country and there’s evidence that this virus has been lying dormant in his system for some time. Like it was woven into him waiting for a catalyst to set it off,” the pathologist explained. He excused himself to check on some other specimens.

As soon as he left the room, Scully addressed Mulder. “Strange,” Scully stated, “But not paranormal.”

“No,” Mulder agreed, “But this is.” He set down a tube with an oblong metal object inside.

“Did you have it analyzed?”

Mulder nodded, “Manufactured by our good ol’ buddies in Japan. I should also mention that he castrated himself.”

Scully frowned. “That’s odd. I don’t remember anything in the files about any alien abductees castrating themselves, cult or otherwise.”

“No, and it is possible this was unrelated and his abductions could have occurred long ago, he may have been some of the few experiments that were never destroyed. Or..”

“Or this may be evidence of a rise of a new syndicate.” Scully finished.

“Either way, I’m going to stay on the case, but I think this is enough investigating for now. Tonight I have other plans.” Mulder concluded. “Meet you at home in about two hours?”

Scully nodded. “I’ve got to stop at the store, then I’m headed back.”

***********************

Mulder, as promised, was home a little after eight with flowers and a shy smile. After dinner he rolled out his plan across the coffee table. “This is the map I made of the house. Shira suggested we
go through every possible attack from each entryway. She said the only way to get this down to a
discipline is to role play at least once a month. We can try each scenario and decide on who will do
what, where, and when.”

“You believe they're going to come for that object.”

Mulder nodded. “Tomorrow I'll work on securing firearms.”

Scully patted his inner thigh. “I’m going to bed. Don’t stay up too late.”

Mulder stopped her at the third step on the stairs so they were at equal height, his breath heavy at her
ear, “We didn’t discuss your day. Save any lives today Dr. Scully?”

She leaned back into him and he wrapped his arms around her kissing her ear, “I’ll be assisting my
first surgery in two days on a young girl. I’m prepared, but you always feel a little nervous as things
can go wrong.”

He nuzzled her ear and kissed it again. “I know you, and you’ll do great. You’re still the strongest
person I’ve ever met.” She proceeded up the stairs and Mulder again met her at the bathroom
doorway, this time wearing nothing more than his boxers, watching her as she washed her face. His
head leaned against the molding as he played with the door frame. “What’s wrong Mulder?” she
asked staring into the mirror.

“I was noticing how beautiful you are..”

Scully cast him a doubting look and continued flossing. Rather than try to convince her he was being
sincere, Mulder changed the subject. “You should be really proud of yourself and everything you’re
accomplishing at work, but know, I miss my partner. I think about you all day. It’s like even though
you’re not there, you’re still speaking to me in my head.”

Scully grabbed her toothbrush and applied some toothpaste, “Voices in your head, huh? Sounds like
some early warning signs Mulder.”

With one last gargle she finished off with some mouthwash and turned to face him. “It’s not always
easy for me either. I question myself sometimes and you’re not there to push me out of my comfort
zone.”

“You’re not there to tell me when I’m doing something wrong and to tend to my wounds when I
do,” Mulder concurred.

“I have to stop myself from reaching out to you from time to time,” Scully admitted her heart feeling
the conversation taking a turn.

“All day I walk around like something’s missing.” His eyes and his voice slowed and dropped half an
octave, “I need you Scully.”

Their eyes locked and they stared at each other. Scully felt his heart reaching for hers. Mulder gulped
and his lips parted, breathing from his mouth. That was when she realized that she was doing the
same, their chests rising and falling at the same pace, their eyes dilated as they read the others
thoughts, She took a half step towards him and he lunged for her. Their lips crashed together and he
tore at her clothes lifting them off of her as she braced against the tile wall, his mouth dipped to her
abdomen, sucking the skin at her ribs, her chest, finding her lips again. She felt her knees go weak
and as she slid, he followed her, both of them tumbling to the floor. The cold hard floor tile of the
bathroom scorched her bare back as his warm skin covered her, his hands in her hair, on her breasts,
down her back, grabbing her ass, lifting her up towards him. She was grabbing at whatever part of
him her hands could reach, his chest, his biceps, She wrapped her legs around his waist and arms around his neck pulling up, lifting herself completely off the floor and he drug them out of the bathroom as they ravaged the others mouth, landing them on the hardwood of the bedroom. They rolled together, Mulder clearing a path pushing things out of the way with his arms and legs. Books, tapes, towers of papers came crashing down. Scully’s blood felt like liquid fire, that she might be burnt to a crisp before they hit the bed. She gasped as he drew her earlobe in his mouth, his tongue dancing along the flesh beneath it. “Mulder, Oh God... Mulder, why are we on the floor?”

“I don’t know” He moaned back. His voice rough and breathless, “Just.. don’t… Oh, don’t stop touching me..”

And Scully didn’t. Their were back rolling again, at each other’s mouths, plunging their tongues into the others. Scully rolled on top of him and her hips pushed against his sliding along his length and she held onto his shoulders for dear life as a streak of pleasure shot through her so fast it made her entire body go rigid. Want and need went coursing through her as they rolled and he once again pinned her to the floor. She couldn’t comprehend how any one man could look that attractive or recall when she had realized he had gotten that way. His body, near perfect, his face, his eyes, his cheeks, she couldn’t get enough, never wanted to get enough. Mulder’s hands were on her chest tracing the line down her abs, his fingers slid inside her and her hips tilted forward, all finesse went out the window as soon as he had attacked her against the tile wall. They hadn’t been this desperate for each other since before he had been taken. Mulder lifted them up into a seated position and she reached for his lips and his cock, wrapping her fingers around it, moaning from the intensity of the thought of the pleasure it was about to bring her. Mulder pressed his forehead to hers, his chest was heaving as he panted. He smiled and shook his head slowly against hers in disbelief of how great it was to be with her even now.

He lifted her up and she landed on the bed, he hovered over her and she turned her body around so she could put her mouth on him and he rolled her onto her back, his hands running down her body as she sucked on him, finding her hips and he lifted her up off the bed to his mouth. He was standing, she was suspended, her body against his, upside down, her hands grasping his hips, while his tongue danced inside her folds. He flexed his abs and she licked and sucked every last muscle. She couldn’t help it. Her mouth found his cock again and she groaned her approval. He lifted her into his own mouth and she moaned uncontrollably. He slid her body down his so she could take him into her mouth again, then seconds later lifted her back into his mouth to reclaim what he missed only to slide her back again. Fuck, Scully didn’t even know if she was breathing or if the laws of physics still applied. Her body was screaming to her to be filled, while he devoured her, her muscles demanding their own release as her knees rested near his ears and her hands retained the firm grip at his hips while his own hands supported her weight. Mulder’s cock was so hard, his head incredibly swollen, the length, pulsing, and she knew what that meant. It was going to be a long night. He released her enough for her to crawl back on the bed, and just as he had her on all fours, he held her hips again. She waited as he teased her. She closed her eyes and bit her lip, what was taking him so long? She could feel the throbbing between her legs in her ears. This man had too much will power.

“Do you want me Scully?” he asked and she could feel him at her entrance, tracing it with the head of his cock. Her entire body contracted. She had lost her mind and her patience, “Mulder, I want you more than I want to breathe.”

He was inside her so fast it lunged her forward when his hips smacked against her ass. He was savage and merciless and within a couple minutes she was coming, but she was far from satisfied. She rotated her body around, flipping her legs around him so she could face him. He climbed onto the bed and they were at it again, his mouth covering her lips, deprived from being without, their bodies moving matching the same pace. His hands were buried in her hair, cradling her head, her hands through his hair, her hips twisting upward into his motion, lifting off the bed, riding him from
underneath. He lifted himself up and fell back on his heels still inside her, pulling her up with him. How did he pull off that move so well? He pulled them back, so he could brace his feet on the floor. He knew that position would put added pressure on her clitoris and it did ever. Her hands fisted in his hair and their tongues rolled around the others. He started thrusting up, stabbing into her, pushing her hips down hard as he thrust. Hard, deep, wet, and she threw her head back and moaned louder, the severe lightning bolts of pleasure shooting up through the already intense pulsing. Their moans were now loud screams, Mulder pulled her back into him roughly, throwing them back into a kiss and at the touch of his lips she was contracting all around his cock, her legs sliding wet against his thighs, her arms around his neck, her body stiff, her insides clenching him with all her might. Mulder let out a deep cry against her mouth, with his eyes shut tight, holding her securely against him, engulfed in her pleasure.

Mulder let her slowly slide down his body onto the mattress. He knelt back on the bed and she could see his cock was drenched from her body and a need deep inside her resurfaced. She needed to make him come. She needed to give him everything he gave her. She wanted to drive him insane with pleasure. He entered inside her again and Scully lifted her hips grinding hard into him feeling his entire length inside her, her legs still trembling from a moment ago. She reached for him and smoothed her palms over his chest and down his abs. Her eyes were filled with wonder as they followed her hands’ path. His eyes were following his own fingers as they skimmed across her collarbone, down between her breasts, and over that valley he loved before coming to rest at her waist. Her insides clenching around him. He smiled and bent down to lean his body into hers and kissed her, she moaned into the kiss long and deep, she had no self-control left, her entire body was trembling. Now their movements were slow, their bodies moving to the motion of their kiss, their hearts adoring each other, but soon they got caught up in the sensations, picking up speed, reaching a tumultuous pace and Mulder froze, letting out a high pitched wail into Scully's neck and pumped into her with a furiousness that instantly brought her to another peak, her body jolting and arching up into him as they held one another riding out their feelings.

Mulder rested on her chest while she caressed his head. They were both drained and exhausted. After some minutes he finally stirred and got off the bed holding out his hand. “Come, we need a shower and to change the sheets.”

“Mulder, I’ve got nothing left,” Scully confided. She wasn’t even sure she could walk.

He laughed. “No, honestly, just a shower.”

Once out of the shower Mulder watched from the bed in his charcoal boxers as Scully dried her hair. She went to put one of her silk night shirts on and Mulder stopped her, “Please don’t. I want to sleep with you the way you are right now.”

They got into bed and she wrapped herself up in his arms. “Scully you are so beyond beautiful,” he whispered to her. As he said it, he laced the fingers of their left hands so their rings clinked together. It made him happy. He was very proud of those rings.

He raised her chin so he could look into her eyes to say what he had always failed to in the past, “Thank you Scully.” He saw the question in the movement of her eyebrows and expounded, “For everything you’ve ever done. For trusting in me and honoring the trust I have in you. For our son. For our incredible friendship. I know I hardly say it, maybe never, but I feel it. I feel it every minute of every day.”

Scully touched his face and kissed him. After a few minutes, she left his lips and turned around. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her right up against himself. Mulder pressed his lips to her shoulder and settled his face in her hair. And even though Mulder didn’t think he was tired, that
was just how they stayed until they both fell asleep.
Scully opened her eyes. Her head was resting on Mulder’s bicep, her leg lazily draped across his. He lay on his back breathing heavily though not enough to be considered snoring. Her eyes focused on the delicate skin of his side. His slightly protruding ribs, the soft speckling of freckles on his chest underneath the spatterings of hair. Watching, as his lungs expanded and contracted through his breaths. His abs raised like a shield partially covered by the blanket. She kissed the soft skin in her eyesight, then gave him another kiss in the center of his chest, her eyes focused on his angelic face, her leg lifted to come across his body and her hand dipped below his waistband. His abs crunched and his eyes shot open, “Scully” was his only word. She had already released him from his boxers and his eyes widened as he watched himself disappear inside her. His head fell back on his pillow and his eyes closed as he moaned, “Oh Scully.”

His eyes adored her as she rocked on top of him, touching him, using him to stimulate her. She concentrated on the feel of him inside her, kissing and rubbing against her walls. Her eyes fixated on his body. Her movements were short and purposeful and effective. That familiar rush shot through her and she yelled out in a breathless moan, “Mulder, now.” Mulder took over, thrusting up into her and met her release just as she collapsed on his chest. A few seconds passed before she exclaimed happily out of breath, “Happy birthday to me.” Scully smiled devilishly and rolled off of him back to her side of the bed.

“Is that how it’s going to be?” he asked as he got up to use the bathroom.

Her smile was accompanied by a slight giggle as she nodded her head.

Mulder returned and buried them both under the covers wrapping her in his arms and legs. “Happy Birthday,” he said with his deep throaty morning voice.

“Thank you,” she returned giving him a kiss, the mint from his toothpaste tickling her senses.

“Today, we can do whatever you want, but first we have an appointment at the Air Force Base.”

Scully frowned and started to pout, “but it’s my birthday…”

“Exactly, and I’ve got something special planned.”
“Okay,” she conceded tousling his hair making it spikey. He always looked hotter at the extremes, clean lines or completely disheveled.

They drifted off in an embrace for a good half hour before Mulder hopped out of bed sliding on some boxer briefs and a pair of jeans.

Scully propped up on her elbow and watch in admiration, “Mulder, turn around.”

He turned to face her. “Unbutton that top button and shimmy the waistband on your hips.” Mulder did as he was instructed, his inguinal crease coming into view. A perfect v-line had formed where his lower abs met his hip flexors.

Scully bit her bottom lip and her eyes dilated. “Are you enjoying yourself?” Mulder asked placing his hands at his hips raising his pecs in the process. Scully nodded and her eyebrow raised ever so slightly as she counted a defined eight pack.

Mulder flexed his muscles and Scully shook her head, “No, don’t do that. Natural is better.”

Mulder scratched the back of his head and then returned his hand to his hip, “Are you finished or are there other poses you’re looking to see?”

Scully sat up, “That’ll do. You can get dressed now.” He approached her and placed his hand delicately under her chin leaning down to give her a kiss. He turned to button the button on his jeans and looked over his shoulder to find her staring at his ass, “You can slap it if you like.. it is yours.” He smiled and lifted his arms above his head, bringing them down like he was lifting a straight bar performing a military press, flexing his back muscles for her in the process as he walked away to hunt for a shirt to wear.

****A couple hours later****

Scully rocketed down the runway, Gs pushing her back into the hard seat, her chest feeling the weight of acceleration. She forced her eyes to stay open and reminded herself to breath into the oxygen mask. The bands around her thighs adjusted like blood pressure cuffs inside her G-suit. With the F-16 strapped around her the plane tilted and went straight up, the g force building incredibly as the gear and flaps quickly rose into the plane, causing it to level off at over 300 mph approaching supersonic. Scully heard the pilot speaking into her helmet asking her how she was doing. Her “I’m fine,” echoed back into her ear.

He asked her if she was ready for some aerobatics and she returned a thumbs up. As the plane rocked, twisting and turning in the sky, Scully felt invincible. The plane tilted to the left and she caught a glimpse of Mulder inside his own F-16.

They pulled an upside down maneuver next and Scully looked down at the towns spread beneath her like a living map. She noticed the roads snaked and curved, smoke stacks spewing grayish plumes, the spire of a church and forests over a hill, a lake shimmering sunlight’s reflection and suddenly she felt like the earth was one enormous creature, a living body, all of us part of a system dependent on each other for survival. It was a short-lived thought as the plane flipped rightside up and with a hard right Mulder came back into view. Past Mulder she saw in the distance parachutes littering the sky like confetti, military performing practice rounds. She observed the chaos in their movements as each took their own unique path back down to the earth. The plane once again took them out of view and they rocked back and forth swinging a hard left before leveling off.

“Ready for the last maneuver?” the pilot asked. Scully replied her approval praying not to pass out knowing the last one was a figure eight. The plane dove down to about 5000 feet falling over 350 mph pulling over 7 gs. Then they were upside down and into a roll, then rightside up. They were
back pulling 7gs again and then upside down again now at 15000 feet, then they were into a loop, rolling upside down again, only to pull up to the starting altitude. It was over too soon, yet not soon enough, as exhilarating and thrilling as it sounded when she would explain it to her mother later that day. It was one of the most incredible feelings of her life and once again brought to her by the one and only Fox Mulder.

“Where are we going next?” She asked cautiously now back in the car on solid ground.

“Next we’re going to see your mom. Another surprise.”

Scully was afraid what Mulder had planned, but so far she was impressed. How many people get a chauffeured ride in a F-16 by a U.S. Navy Blue Angel for their birthday? Not much could top that. She took his hand and held it as they made their way to the next destination.

Scully sat impatiently in the car as Mulder went to get her mother. Once on their way, Mulder kept looking at Maggie through the rear view mirror smirking as they made eye contact, but both of them kept quiet.

Which was how it remained until Scully saw the sign, “Mulder, we’re going to the Safari Park? We just got this car Mulder and you’re going to send it through a drive-thru zoo?” Mulder smiled at her and nodded. Scully laughed, “You do understand this is us. The monkeys are going to tear off our mirrors and elephants will probably get beamed on top of our car from spaceships..”

Mulder shifted his hand to rest on her thigh, “It will be okay.” Scully was not convinced.

Once inside the park, the animals were everywhere and knew who had the food. Her mother took out some lettuce from the cooler to hand to her to feed the giraffes. A moose came along to say hello to Mulder. Cheetahs sauntered about in the background as if daring someone to step from their cars. Scully laughed as her mother fed the ostriches rice krispies from a bowl. The monkeys swung in, but thankfully decided to haunt the car in front of them.

*****Dinnertime*****

A waiter came by flaming an saganaki appetizer and Scully wondered what world she had entered. The picture she had of today included them at a small cafe with wrought iron tables and turkey sandwiches with a candle in a twinkie, not F-16s and jungle safaris ending in a restaurant that made her question Mulder’s sanity. All she knew was she better be the one to leave the tip the way the waiter was flinging that miniature flame thrower. Mulder had his arm flung haphazardly around her mother’s chair. Her mother was locked on his infectious glow as he chatted her ear off with Mulder’s version of fun facts scaled down for her mother’s sake. Her mother was also reeling over him calling her “mom” which was probably Maggie’s birthday wish since the day she met him. Their entrees came and Scully was still waiting for the big reveal. This place had five servers to every table, linen tablecloths, a fountain in the middle of the dining room and chandeliers the size of London. Usually, when it came to surprises, Mulder had the subtlety of a drunk elephant, but today he was cool and collective. Even his top button was unbuttoned with his tie opened and hanging down his shoulders draped alongside his lapels. Teasing her with the rare appearance of the tantalizing skin of his pecs. Maybe women really did hit their sexual peak in their 40s and it was simple hormones, but Mulder did something to her that made her feel primal. Like tie him up and blast NIN’s closer and… whew.. she took a gulp of wine. She had to calm herself with her mother on the other side of the table.

By the time dessert came Mulder had convinced Scully’s brain he was indeed being the romantic she knew he could be when he put his mind to it and he seemed to have wooed both Scully women as her mother now had her hand on top of his going on about how proud she was of both of them. It was the first time she had heard that since before she gave up William. Her mother had not forgiven
her for her decisions and she believed she never would. How could she blame her as she may never get to see her grandson again?

Scully was pulled away from herself by Mulder’s arm around her shoulder and a quartet of strings closing in on their table. With a single candle in the middle of a personalized birthday cake he sang with her mother and a few of the waitstaff. She figured she was lucky it didn’t have a 45 stuck in it on display for the world. Scully was never good at attention and this kind was no different. That was unless she was shot up unknowingly with strong drugs. After dinner and many kisses from her mom they headed home to a porch with a setting sun and a cocktail. The day was as close to perfect as they got and then it was interrupted by a phone call. Mulder excused himself and when he returned, his look sent her stomach tumbling. “Scully, I hate to ask this…”

“No you don’t Mulder,” Scully replied shaking her head, “Let me have it.”

“That was the detective. There are more dead bodies.”

Scully finished her drink. She knew she’d need another after this conversation. “With implants?”

Mulder nodded, “At least the ones that were autopsied.”

“How did they die Mulder?” Scully could feel her pulse quicken.

“They were burned alive.”

The way Mulder said it put a fright in her. Was it the rebels? There was only one way to find out and he knew she had hung up her scalpel. Guess she was coming out of retirement.

Mulder patted her knee and she knew he read her mind, “It will wait until the morning. The dead aren’t going anywhere tonight. It’s still your birthday.”

He held his hand out to her and as she took it he stood and she followed. He walked them around to the back and led her to their swing. He laid his body across it, his legs hanging over the arm to control the rocking. He opened his arms to her and she curled up along his body. They always fit so perfectly. “Happy birthday Scully,” he said as they watched bluejays and a robin come to dine by their feeder, “I hope I did good today.”

She lifted herself to rest at his arm and gaze into his eyes, “You did great Mulder,” she smiled. They stared at each other a while, smiling, feeling their connection flow between them. She adored Mulder’s eyes and she loved the way they adored her. They held all his emotions and caring for her in them, and he sent them to her in waves caught by a sea of blues and greens in an overcast sky. Her smile widened, “But this, us, right here, is always my favorite part.”

She closed her eyes and he met her lips. The sun set and the moon rose above the clouds to play with the stars. Scully didn’t notice, her eyes were closed, her jaw flexing against Mulder’s, her body wrapped in his and forsaking the obvious, she couldn’t think of a better way to end the day.
Remote Viewing

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The first section is Scully’s account of William’s remote viewing session with a doctor when he was eight which William wrote about on Ghouli.net. Then Scully & Mulder go to the gym together and continue their training. It’s also time for Mulder's physical.

Unlike her birthday, the following day a cold front had swept in. Possible snow tonight was in the forecast. It was colder than usual inside the morgue and Scully wasn’t sure it wouldn’t snow right there in the middle of her autopsy. The fluorescent lights above crackled and flickered in the dimly lit room, but like the stars in a night’s sky they did little to lift the blackness, obscuring what remained of the corpses preserving their last flickers of humanity. The DOD had not yet come to dispose of the evidence and Mulder and Scully were forced to break in unannounced. Time was pressing. She slid a body off the slab and onto the table, putting it under the spotlight.

The smell of death mingled with Mulder’s aftershave and permeated the frozen air. A black metallic ceiling above and a black tiled floor below highlighted the stainless steel all around compounding the chill. Every footfall echoed, not loudly, but enough to give away Mulder’s position as he paced around taking pictures silently, allowing her to work. After attempting to take fingerprints she performed her y-incision peeling back what was left of the skin of the corpse and cracked the ribs removing the sternum. Scully stopped. Stopped moving, stopped breathing, while her heart sped up. In that suspended moment, a fraction of a second drawn out to infinity, her brain offered an explanation and yet rejected it simultaneously. To anyone else, this was the stuff of science fiction, of horror movies. To Scully, it spoke of the end of the world. Black oil. She gasped, her emotions spiked, then her brain flickered. Fluttered maybe. She saw a silhouette, a small child, a boy, sitting in a chair, his mouth formed the briefest of smiles before he was gone. “William,” Scully breathed out in a whisper.

Mulder cracked a sunflower shell and lifted his head, “Scully?”

She shook her head and answered him, her voice suddenly raspy, “Nothing. I saw something, no, I felt something.. I don’t know.. It was nothing.”

Mulder’s eyebrows creased his forehead in concern and walked up behind her shadowing her frame as his hand laid heavy on her shoulder. He whispered into her ear, “You okay?”

“I’m fine,” she replied. Inside she wanted the vision back and at the same time it frightened her all the way to her bones.

He squeezed her shoulder for reassurance. “What’s your theory?”

“Look at this… black oil. It’s dead.” Scully scooped some of it on her scalpel and it slid off puddling, void of life. She noticed a slight scarring and made an incision between the eyes and picked out another oblong metallic object. She looked up at Mulder, “Why would black oil inhabit abductees?”

Mulder shrugged, “Maybe they were trying to hop the express back to the home planet. Maybe with
the implant they can go undetected. Are you still under the impression this was the work of the rebel aliens?”

Scully shook her head. “I’m not making that assumption. Did you notice anything with the other corpses?”

“Two were castrated.”

The castrations made no sense. “What now?” Scully asked still shaken from what she may or may not have seen or felt.

“Now I go speak to a man that might be able to give me some answers. Let’s get out of here before we have company.”

*

In an abandoned warehouse at an hour only suitable for those out enjoying the nightlife, Mulder and the man he lovingly referred to as Old Spice spoke below the rafters.

“I told you before, I don’t know anything about warring aliens. What you may have been witness to is people exposed to a virus that were then incinerated.”

“Do you believe these people were hybrids? Why did hybrids have implants?” Mulder was trying to put the pieces together, but nothing was adding up.

“What do you believe?” The man asked back and Mulder wondered when the exact moment in time was that he had become a masochist.

“Possibly to track and monitor them for these new sets of tests.” Mulder guessed. “So they could gather the test subjects when they were ready for disposal. That would ensure they didn’t get out into the general populous.”

“Now you’re getting closer.” The old man spoke harshly. He squinted at Mulder through his worn spectacles and tightened his coat as if a wind had blown past.

“We’ve seen test runs spreading the virus through bees. Is this different? Does this mean they haven’t found an answer yet, a perfect hybrid to defend against 2012?”

“They’ll always be looking to build a better machine Mr. Mulder. One that can withstand not just alien, but all invasions.”

“What more do you know?”

“Mr. Mulder, you have to find the answers, without the proof, it’s mere words. Especially if we were to stop them. If not for me, then for my daughter and my grandchildren.”

“Some of them were castrated. Why? Why self-mutilation?”

The man looked surprised, but quickly frowned. “I remember some tests that were done years ago….If they possibly discovered the process for men to produce spermatozoon with attached DNA strands to the y-chromosome…”

Mulder continued the sentence, “the hybrids could be created using natural childbirth and male sex organs. Maybe the abductees suffered complications and castrated themselves to stop it..” Mulder looked pained.
“I can’t speak to all that Mr. Mulder. You need to get your hands on some samples for testing.”

Mulder thanked the man and headed home.

By the time Mulder entered the house he had worked himself up into a fever of excitement. Rambling to Scully about the new information and going off about contaminated water supplies and tainted food and robotic bees. Scully stared at him in fright. “Mulder, you’ve got to calm down. I haven’t got the blood tests back from the lab on that autopsy. Until I do, there’s no point going in a direction that may not exist.”

While Scully slept upstairs, refusing to succumb to paranoia, Mulder ran through the internet researching the concepts of attaching genetic information to Y chromosomes and how it weakens the male to exposure to environmental pollutants such as insecticides, lead and plasticizers that target their brains and hormones.

Early morning Scully found Mulder with a book at his chest sacked out on the couch. She was grateful that he had fallen asleep at all. She leaned down to kiss him goodbye and he smiled as he opened his eyes. “Call me as soon as you get the results,” he called out as she left and she waved her hand back in response. She didn’t want to go down this path or know what any of it meant and she managed to carry out her day without her mind drifting. Before she left for the evening she stopped by the lab and the results were conclusive. The man had indeed contracted the same bizarre strain of Tuberculosis.

She was dreading seeing Mulder. It was that familiar fear of him falling down the rabbit hole.

They were in the living room when Scully finally held up her hand “Mulder, I can’t do this with you. Not tonight.”

She turned and trudged upstairs with the beginnings of a headache.

Mulder didn’t follow, instead he spent some time in the study trying to understand and make the connections. Scully was sleeping when he decided it was best to stop and join her. He slid into bed and heard a, “Glad you could make it.” from the other side. Scully was facing the wall when Mulder wrapped himself around her. She kissed his arm and the hairs stood on end, “So how far did you get?”

“It’s only fragments. Whatever was going on is now cleaned up. Evidence is gone.”

“We knew that was coming.” She replied with a sigh.

He attempted to silence his brain for her sake, but he couldn’t get out of his head that even with all they had done to rid the planet of the alien force, even with the disappearance of the supersoldiers, the experiments were continuing which meant the countdown clicked on. Reluctantly, he allowed her to fall asleep in the arms of his demons, hoping she would awaken in the morning to the man she knew and loved.

********************

Mulder looked up at the gym’s I-beamed ceiling. He was tired of Scully flipping him, but everytime he tried to get the upper hand she somehow was able to send him flying onto his back or sweeping his feet. He was ready to go back to cerebral training. They had been doing brain exercises detecting everything from lying, to terrorism, training yourself to think differently, acknowledging the minute details and the big picture, and understanding how to not fall for patterns and connections that only exist in your mind. Thwap! Scully swept his feet from him again. “Can we tie ourselves together and
practice that roll again? We’re good at that,” Mulder suggested rubbing his ass. Scully smiled and grabbed his thumb, helping him up and Shira suggested they all take a break. Tomorrow they got to play another team bonding exercise, some demented version of truth or dare. Next week wouldn’t be as bad, he got to fight men. They were kinder with the bruises.

“What’s next after our run?” Scully asked already stretching in preparation.

“How about we hit the showers. You murdered me out there today,” Mulder replied in earnest.

Scully looked at her watch, “We need to get back anyway. Time for your yearly.”

Mulder groaned. The last thing he wanted to do tonight was have Scully play doctor on him. It never was the fun kind.

*************

Scully took Mulder’s blood pressure and wrote it down on his chart with the rest of the data, putting away the vials of blood to take to the lab. They were back at their house, Mulder still trusting no one but her as his doctor. Since she worked at the hospital she couldn’t exactly perform this in a regular exam room, but she didn’t mind. At least this way she knew the exact status of his health and she did find it kind of intimate checking up on him. “Okay, drop your pants.” He already had his shirt off and now he removed the rest of his clothing, leaning against the table. She liked that he removed his socks like it was important to not have a stitch of clothing on him.

“Mulder, hold still and cough,” Scully commanded and performed his hernia check trying unsuccessfully to ignore his arousal. It was difficult trying to get him to take his exam seriously, but he soon realized she wasn’t tolerating playfulness today. Well, maybe a little. After all, why let an opportunity go to waste.

“Scully,” Mulder gulped as his eyes focused on on the corner of the ceiling, “Is this part of the exam?”

Scully’s fingers slowed, tracing an infinity sign, her grip loosened, moving effectively, she leaned into his chest her voice dropping an octave, “Everything feels good, I’m almost finished.” She crouched down and wrapped her other hand around his shaft swirling her tongue around the tip unhurriedly, putting on a show for him as he pulled the hair away from her face. Mulder groaned, “Scully, you don’t have to do this, we can go upstairs and.. ahh…Scully.” She had taken him deep into her throat and smiled as his knees weakened, she loved how easily she could make him lose control. Grabbing the tube of lube she greased up her latex covered index finger and without wasting time, worked her way inside to check the condition of his prostate. Mulder groaned louder and closed his eyes both hands squeezing the table tight. Scully bent her finger working it in and out as her mouth worked in tandem. He came in seconds in a howl. Scully rose as she removed her gloves not hiding her pride in her efficiency. Mulder returned the sentiment.

“Have you ever had someone do that to you?” Mulder wondered aloud, still visibly recovering.

“Clinically? No,” Scully remarked dropping her eyes to the chart as she lifted it from the table. She raised her eyebrow, “Or otherwise.” Scully finished marking up his chart, jotting some notes, and asked without looking up, “You?” She thought she knew everything about him, but maybe he still had some skeletons.

Mulder answered surprisingly serious. “I never, and no one besides you has ever… clinical or otherwise. I know this sounds silly, but that has always meant something to me.”
Scully looked in his eyes and smiled, “Well, I think we’re done here..”

“Well, I think it’s only fair I get to return the favor,” Mulder answered leaning on the table looking her over.

Scully’s mouth went dry as she warned, “Mulder…”

*****

The additional lab work Scully had ordered had come back. She looked over the pages in partial disbelief. The man in the morgue may have died of a new TB strain, but his entire immune system had also been decimated. There was also trace amounts of an unidentified toxin and he had suffered some internal effects from poisoning? What was going on? What had these men been exposed to?
Women are More Than The Sum of Their Parts

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Chris Carter, it's time to take a long walk off a short pier.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You wouldn’t understand, you’re not a mother.”

“You don’t have much time left… don’t you want kids?”

“You’re so pretty, you would have such beautiful smart children.”

“You would be such a good mother.”

“Don’t you want to give him a child? You shouldn’t deny him a chance to be a father.”

Scully felt like she had heard it all. The one that hurt the most wasn’t the words, but the looks of self-pity. Like women without children led an empty life. When she experienced these encounters she never addressed them. Her situation was beyond any of their comprehension putting aside it was her own private business. Today, it only affected her because of the calendar on the wall. It was William’s birthday. She had already been in the chapel at the hospital and lit a candle for him. The prayers had been said. All she had left was to believe that he was safe.

During Scully’s lunch hour, Ellen had stopped by the hospital in hopes to share some of her homemade casserole. Scully welcomed the company today with open arms. Ellen, always observant when Scully was bothered by something, inquired and Scully posed the question. When they abducted her and stripped her of her agency, did they take her life’s purpose along with it? If she couldn’t be a mother to her child, and couldn’t bring further life into this world, did her life have meaning?

“You’re asking me if the meaning of my life was to raise kids?” Ellen clarified. She thought about it knowing Scully wanted a truthful answer. “I think part of the purpose of my life was to have kids, but I think the meaning of my life comes from just being a part of the cycle of life. However big or small that contribution is. My meaning comes from the people I affect during my time here including my kids.” Ellen concluded, “I think meaning for everyone is personal. There is no one answer to the meaning of life.”

Later, in the locker room after her last procedure of the day, Scully’s thoughts were still on where her life should be going. Nikki walked in and Scully posed the question to her. Nikki was currently married, without children, although her and her wife were considering adoption. As with everything, with a different person came a different perspective.

“Our purpose is found within our own personal enlightenment of our souls. There is a oneness that connects us all and within that is our meaning in the universe. It’s not limited to our interaction with people. Fame or being included in history books doesn’t give your life more significance. You have
purpose and a relationship with the Earth itself. The animals, plants, trees, air. The animate and inanimate. Your respect and reverence for these hold meaning for you and for them. There’s a greater intelligence, and it’s not all about replication. It is about belonging and having the sense of community, but purpose as part of that whole? That you must look inside to find. It is not our children or any person or thing’s responsibility to give you that.”

Margaret Scully opened her door to find her only living daughter on the other side. The distraught look on her face made her realize quickly that this was not a social visit. She was also painfully aware that today was her grandson’s birthday. Her heart immediately reached out to her and she gave her the tightest hug she could muster. It didn’t matter what was wrong, she only knew she had to help be the solution.

The question her daughter posed to her was one she had not expected, but it didn’t mean she was any less ready with an answer. “Having children brought meaning to my life, it allowed me a perspective I didn’t have before, a joy and a love I never experienced, and drive to see them grow to outshine me. I am blessed to have the opportunity to be alive to experience my grandchildren, but was my purpose of living to bring them into existence? To raise them? If all life is about is creating life, it wouldn’t make much sense would it? I find meaning in the happiness I give to others. Purpose in my charity work, in the relationships I have with God, friends, family, and strangers. Dana, there is meaning in my relationship with myself too. Doing things that satisfy me and make me happy are also my purpose. You can find meaning in rewarding yourself and in your career. It’s not always about others, you are part of God’s plan too. Dana, having children is no insurance against loneliness either. All of my children are grown and on with their lives. Sure you all come and visit, but day to day, I take care of myself and I must find my own meaning within that life. If you feel an emptiness, if you have a need inside you to be a mother, there are other ways to fulfill that need. There are several types of mothers and different ways you can play the role of mother in children’s lives.”

Scully sighed. It was getting late and time to return home to Mulder. “Thanks mom. You gave me a lot to consider. You really did help. Everyone has.”

“Dana, have you and Fox spoke of taking part in a big sister program or mentoring, foster care, or possibly adopting?” her mother suggested.

It was close to nine when Scully returned home. She hadn’t spoken to Mulder all day and he hadn’t called. He would not be alarmed at her late arrival just as she wasn’t surprised by her silent phone. They dealt with it in their own way and they allowed each other the space to do so. When she walked into the house it was dark. She didn’t bother to turn on a light and headed up the stairs instead. An hour later she was in bed, Mulder coming to join her shortly after. Mulder laid across the bed, resting his head at her stomach. “You want to start?” Scully asked.

Mulder stared up at the ceiling like he was gazing into the heavens. “My favorite moment was when he first saw me and started to fuss because he wanted me to hold him. How happy he was in my arms.” Scully ran a comforting hand through Mulder’s hair and he continued, “I remember the 3 a.m. feeding and how he liked to play with my watch. Giving him his first bath. The way he laughed when I’d tickle him and make faces at him.” Mulder took Scully’s hand and laid it across his chest. “Tell me about when he first started to crawl.”

Scully smiled and told him how he had pulled himself bouncing on his knees across the carpet with her mom there tearing up and how he was able to pull himself up on the couch, but quickly fell down, his tiny butt saved by his diaper. Just like his father he refused to give up until he had made his way.
Scully stopped her story. “Mulder, what if we never meet William again or when we do, he has children of his own?” Scully sighed. “My chance to become a mother was lost the day he left my arms.” She squeezed Mulder’s hand, “I’m sorry. All day I’ve been thinking about my purpose in life. How to find meaning in what it’s become.”

Mulder was quiet for a beat and then lifted his head. He scooted himself up alongside her, fluffed up his pillow, and stared into her eyes. “Scully, in 1962, while JFK was on one of his visits to NASA he walked up to one of the janitors and introduced himself. As they were having a conversation he asked that janitor what he did. You know what that janitor told him? He was helping put a man on the moon. Not cleaning toilets or dumping trash. That janitor was as significant to that goal as the astronauts. Knowing that goal motivated him. Gave him something to organize his actions around. That was his contribution to the world and that contribution made a difference in lives of people that were more than just him. All by mopping floors. It’s all how you write your story Scully.” He read her eyes, seeing it wasn’t convincing enough and continued. “Didn’t we find meaning exposing and uncovering the x-files? In the resolution to some of those cases? All the ways you assisted in other cases throughout the bureau and when you were teaching? As a doctor, with everything you’re doing for the lives of those children and their families, isn’t there enough meaning in that, in those relationships? What about all you do for me? The impact you have on my life?”

“Mulder. That’s not what I’m talking about.”

“Scully, think of all the lives you’ve changed in everything you’ve done. Do you still feel there is more? Do you need to find more meaning? Does a child really satisfy that craving? I don’t know Scully, you’re the only one that can answer that for yourself.”

“What about you Mulder?”

“Me? I spent my life trying to piece my family back together. Finding my sister, my parent's divorce. Settling down, having a family wasn’t something I gave much thought. It didn't seem like a choice. You Scully. You gave me that desire. Not just to be part of that with you, but for me, a chance to have a family and a loving home that never existed. I believe one day we will have that and I hold on to that belief. It’s not about purpose or meaning for me. It’s the hope that somewhere and some point I will get to be a father and that is all because of you.”

“When I was growing up, with my careers in medicine and then the FBI, I never really thought about a family much. To me it was all fleeting. Then when I was told I couldn’t have kids, that was when I started to realize how much I wanted that for myself.”

“Look Scully, I don’t want to go down a path because of an emptiness or void we’re trying to fill because of William. That’s not fair to anyone involved. But Scully we’re settled now. Our circumstances are much different than before. If you want to look into adoption, or even going through IVF treatments with donor eggs, we can do that.”

“Is that what you want Mulder?”

“I want whatever family we decide together. We've built a beautiful home already. If that family is just me and you or if it includes more than that. We are in control. Maybe for the first time in our lives.”

Scully kissed his lips and he smiled. She knew as always she had his support no matter what they decided. Not tired, Scully continued to let her mind wander through the universe while Mulder rested near her chest with his arms around her.

“Sing to me Scully.”
Scully rolled her eyes and smiled. “Mulder, why do you make me do this every year?”

“Just sing Scully. Sing me to sleep.”

*

Mulder’s phone buzzed off the nightstand and woke him. He slowly got himself out of bed, picked up his phone and checked the time. 10:37 A.M. Scully had left for work hours ago. The missed call was from Alan, one of his contacts from MUFON. There must be increased activity.

Out of bed and into a coffee shop, Mulder returned the call at the only payphone left in at least the boarding three states.

“This is sector blue,” said the man answering the phone.

Mulder felt like he was back in his friend’s tree fort when he was nine. It was hard to take some of this seriously sometimes. “You contacted me? Do we have confirmed sightings?”

“Better.” Mulder could hear Alan’s excitement over the phone. “Confirmed landing.”

“Where?”

“Multiple ships. New Mexico and Tunisia.”

“Get me those coordinates. I’m on my way.”

Mulder quickly ended the call and dialed Scully’s cell. “You may want to take some days off of work. Looks like we’ll be taking a trip to go look at some sunny beachfront property.”

Chapter End Notes

I apologize, but in an attempt to stay within the walls of cannon certain things unfortunately must be addressed. Being open and honest certain parts of season 11 are troubling to me and I'm not certain how to rectify these issues, but I will try my best. The William storyline had left me questing if I should continue writing Mulder & Scully fanfic at all. Yet here I am and the year 2012 is approaching so these two need to be having a good time.
“What happened to the beachfront I was promised?” Scully asked sarcastically turning up the A/C in the sedan they had rented. Grabbing a scrunchie from the glove compartment she pulled her hair, already curling and frizzing from the desert heat, into a ponytail.

“After I checked out the rates for our flight I decided a nice road trip might be more to your liking,” Mulder returned.

“What are we going to do once we get there? Especially considering what happened last time you encountered a UFO.”

Mulder took his eyes off the road to read Scully’s eyes, “Are you worried about me?”

“Of course I’m on edge. I’m not losing you again,” she stated matter-of-factly.

“Hey,” he said taking her hand, “We’re both going to return home in one piece.”

Scully let go of his hand and sighed, “Two days in this car, I am ready to stretch my legs.”

3 hours later and they were checking into a motel under assumed names, an hour after that they were being stopped by military blocking all roads even close to any military base including Dreamland.

Of course Mulder was not going to give up and after some much needed sleep, equipped with a backpack filled with water and supplies, they dredged out into the desert, disguised as innocent hikers on a day out to explore the caves and hieroglyphics. A lizard scurried past Scully, taking refuge under a large shady rock. Each step she took sunk into the searing sand scalding her boots. For miles there was nothing but the yellowing sand scorched by the malevolent unblinking eye of the sun beating down upon them. Even a wisp of cloud was afraid to pass and soften the harsh rays. Her stepper told her they had a little under three miles to go, but it would be a long hard walk.

Mulder’s cell phone rang and he stopped to answer it and rest at a rock next to an agave cactus. It was Jeffrey Spender with an update from his leads. Mulder listened, wiping off the salty sweat stinging his eyes surprised at the cell phone service out in the desert. Jeffrey crackled into the phone, “I can get one of you inside. There is a big spike in military presence for these meetings so you must be careful. I would suggest Scully attend since she is the scientist and it will draw less suspicion. Besides, you can be recognized too easily. I have a rebel prepared to accompany her.”

Mulder ended the call and Scully drew his attention to a glimmer about one hundred yards out. His radiation meter indicated high levels. With the laser on his penlight he pointed it in that direction and
the light refracted. Quickly, he set up more lasers until the area was covered. Shapes began to emerge from the refracted red disappearing into the violet sea of light left from the setting sun. Mulder was careful not to touch close to any part of the ship, but it was hard to believe his eyes. There wasn’t just one ship, but a fleet settled in for the night.

Back at the motel Mulder was pacing and sputtering so fast Scully couldn’t put the sentences together, so she just laughed, enjoying Mulder bouncing around like Tigger. “Scully, the aliens are going to be at that meeting tomorrow. You are going to meet, not just Bounty Hunters, but the actual aliens that are attempting to colonize this planet. Maybe you’ll meet a grey…”

“I’m sorry you won’t be able to share in the moment,” Scully declared already under the covers.

Mulder stopped mid-pace, “I’d rather you saw them and believed, then have you yet again miss an opportunity.”

“Mulder, did you want to get abducted by them?”

Mulder frowned, “No, I wanted to know the truth of the conspiracy. It would have been nice to come face to face with a grey and have him give me a tour of the ship, but why did I board? There was an involuntary draw that pulled me under. I didn’t volunteer for them to turn me into the human pincushion.”

Mulder paced and talked some more, finally calming down enough to join Scully in bed, but Mulder’s brain remained on fire.

“Mulder?” Scully called to him quietly facing the wall.

“Yeah Scully.”

“How excited are you about tomorrow?”

Mulder smiled, pushed up her silk blouse and began leaving kisses up and down her spine in between his rambling. “Well, the woman of my dreams is about to enter the place of my fantasies… that’s enough to get any man excited.”

Scully turned to face him and he swung his leg around her so it could rest on her hip, his hands already running over bare skin. As she fell to her back, his body rolled on top, gently sinking into hers, her lips meeting his as she stripped him of his clothing...

Early the next morning, Super Soldiers met Scully and her rebel friend at the gate. Once inside, it was quickly apparent that if they were discovered, they would not survive. Super Soldiers covered the vast hangers all dressed in military garb armed with heavy artillery. Scully had little chance to take it all in as everyone attending the conference was ushered into a large windowless hall that had seating to accommodate about 400 people. There was about a quarter of that in attendance. Scully recognized the heads of different countries, members of the CIA, and a couple representatives from the Tunisia area which she believed to be part of the neo-Syndicate Alex Krycek once spoke about. There was a general introduction concerning global warming in relation to flora and fauna, rising water levels, planetary fit, and livable sustainable environments. Scully didn’t understand why such general topics would stir this kind of crowd, but she took her notes and listened intently. The speaker was not one she recognized and he almost seemed to flicker and change shape to the point she was certain he was not of this Earth.

Waiting for Scully, Mulder went into a diner, chatting it up with the waitress about UFO sightings
and who would be in the running for the Superbowl next year. A man in the corner with a newspaper on his third refill of coffee didn’t catch Mulder’s attention, but he asked for the check and rose from the counter as soon as Mulder pulled away.

With nothing left to do, Mulder headed back to the motel. He thought about how far he had come. Suspected UFOs parked in the desert like they were out to get groceries and here he was in a motel room watching what was left of a one run baseball game. Everything riding on Scully. His moment of peace was soon interrupted by the door busting open and gunshots flying around him. Dodging the bullets, halfway under the bed he reached for his gun and squeezed, his bullet penetrating enough of the mystery man’s shin to bring him to the ground with a flutter of expletives.

“Who are you!” Mulder screamed as his large black shoe pressed solidly against the man’s throat.

The man only smiled as blood dripped from the corner of his mouth, the point of Mulder’s shoe forcing his chin to point towards the sky. Mulder bent down and grabbed the man’s gun and released the pressure, keeping his own gun cocked and aimed at the man’s chest.

“I was sent to find out if you were here. There had been some conversation that you had turned up.”

The man replied as he lifted his hands in surrender.

“By whom?”

“Strughold and his associates of course.”

“What do they want?”

“Why don’t you ask them yourself?” the voice coming from the cracked frame where a door once stood. The man had a glock pointed at Mulder’s head and Mulder was forced to reluctantly surrender.

The ride was not smooth and Mulder was jostled around handcuffed and blindfolded. He made an offhand comment to the driver about the considerable lack of customer service, but his two new pals ignored him and stayed silent until they reached their destination.

Once seated, they removed the black mask covering his face and he found himself in a small room. At the opposite side of a table was a man he once met in Russia which he had assumed was long dead. “Why did you bring me here? What is it you need from me?”

“You? They don’t want you,” the Russian laughed with a deep throaty growl, “They already got what they needed from you with your brain surgery. The immunity to the black oil virus. At first we believed that it was natural, but that’s too much of a coincidence. The son of the man looking for the vaccine has the cure inside him the whole time? No, your father did find the antidote and he hid it inside you. You were the key to surviving the 2012 apocalypse.”

“And now?”

“Well, now we have the vaccine, so you are disposable. Ms. Scully, on the other hand, has a child, the first organically grown supersoldier is what I’m being told.”

Mulder tried to be as earnest as he could hoping to end the conversation. “We don’t know where he is or how to locate him. You’ll never find him.”

“We don’t need to Mr. Mulder. The mother will be enough. Now that we know what she is capable of we can have her produce more.”
That caused Mulder’s blood pressure to rise, “Scully would never bring one of your monsters to term.”

The Russian laughed again. “Ahh, but she already has and she won’t be awake to stop us. All it takes is a good medically induced coma. It’s all we’ll need to defeat the colonists.”

“Why bring me here and tell me all this?” Mulder was becoming impatient and he had to figure out a way to get to Scully to warn her that her life was in danger. Did they already know that she was inside?

“To tell you to leave. The aliens cannot know about Scully or her capabilities. If they knew we had the vaccine and the ultimate weapon to defeat them they would hunt her down and kill her. You must protect her in ways that we are not able. She may be the only one to save mankind and bring us life eternal.”

“You’re crazy.”

“On the contrary Mr. Mulder. That chip, her offspring, are the key to it all.”

“You have more chips. I’ve seen them. What’s so special about Scully?”

“She’s the only one to have a child survive with the qualities we need. All other pursuits have been…. less than. We need her for replication.”

* Charlie Scully barged into the unlocked door of his mother’s house. Maggie startled, almost spilled the salad she had been preparing off the counter onto her shiny checkered linoleum. “Charlie, you scared me, what a pleasant surprise.”

“What did you know about dad’s connection with the transportation of Navy ships with biological warfare? Human DNA and RNA material?”

Maggie’s smile fell away, “Charlie, what are you talking about? Have you been taking drugs?”

“Mom, did you have any trouble conceiving? Do you remember receiving any hormone treatments from military doctors during your pregnancy?”

Maggie grabbed both of Charlie’s arms tugging on them for him to sit at the table. “Charlie you have to calm down. You’re talking about a very long time ago.”

Charlie didn’t sit and he didn’t let up. Instead he ran his hands through his hair and continued, “What about the transport of oil tankers overseas?”

Maggie shook her head, her face wracked with worry. It didn’t stop Charlie’s berating. If anything it only hastened it. “What did they do to Dana? What was she subjected to? Why didn’t dad stop them? How could you stand back and do nothing? How could you let them experiment on one of your own children?”

“Charlie you were very young. You don’t understand what was going on at the time. Your dad did everything he could do within his capabilities. It affected our marriage at times, but none of you were ever in danger… including Dana.”

Charlie ran his hand through his hair again and started to pace. “He had clues as to what was going on and he went along with it like a good soldier, got promoted for his duty, like a good soldier… and
“once he was dead, all promises were off the table and Dana was taken.”

“Charlie, I think you have a lot of misinformation.”

“Now I understand mom, understand how you took the news of Dana’s abduction and cancer as well as you did…. It wasn’t all that much of a surprise was it.”

Maggie’s hand came across Charlie’s face, “You need to be careful Charles Scully how you speak to me. I will not take those kind of accusations. You weren’t here. You’re never here. You don’t know what I’ve been through with Dana. Everything you’re implying is false.”

“Right. Well, Dana paid the price for all of us. I know the truth as to why dad didn’t want her joining the FBI, because she was chosen, wasn’t she?”

“Charlie, where is all this coming from? Just say whatever it is you’re implying.” Now Maggie sat down with her head in her hands, her head and heart both pounding. Her second born son was throwing around wild accusations he must know were no way close to being true, but something had led him to these false conclusions. Something had stirred all this up inside him.

Charlie remained standing, leaning both hands on the table and looked his mother dead in the eye. “We allowed your father to have four children, he owed us one. Melissa’s death was an unfortunate accident. A consequence of the hasty….. Dana was the one we chose and just like destiny, she came and she stayed.” These were the words that were told to me mom. What do they mean? What did you and dad do?”

“Charlie, I swear to you, I don’t know who would have told that to you or where you got that from, but I have always done everything in my power to protect you all… including Dana. That you must believe.” Tears fell from Maggie’s eyes not knowing what else would convince her son.

“I know what you’re telling me mom, but I can’t believe it.” Charlie took a quarter from his pocket and laid it on the table. “When you have answers, give me a call.”

Chapter End Notes

Charlie was wrong for going off on his mother like that. Think he’s been exposed to some kind of hallucinogenic gas or something?
A New Destination

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Scully returns with information on 2012. Two brothers pay Mulder a visit. Scully and Mulder end the day on the porch of the UH.

“You’re not going to believe the day I had,” They said in unison as Scully approached the motel room. Mulder was crouched by the door frame with a screwdriver busy repairing the lock on the door as Scully walked inside.

“I believe you owe me a beer,” he smiled as he looked up and closed the door testing its new lock, “So what did you learn? Did you meet a grey?”

“I did not meet any grey aliens, but I did come back with quite a bit of information.” Scully said as she took off her suit jacket. “They put us in a room with other scientists, more like mad scientists. One of the discussions was around the hybridization and replication of Cassandra Spender. Cassandra is alive. She was spared by the Rebels, but has since gone missing. The plan would be for splicing Cassandra with whatever is left of this neo-Syndicate so they and their heirs would be spared. The remaining would either become part of the elite army of super soldiers or drones or set for extinction by the coming plague.”

“So all their plans are still in place,” Mulder said as he sat down on the corner of the bed in defeat. “We had no impact at all.”

“No, Mulder, that’s not true. There is a serious concern over the amount of magnetite covering the Earth’s surface and just beneath the layers. With the new weaponization of magnetite, Jeffrey and his team have them on edge and it has caused damage. In addition, they are still getting hit hard by the Rebels. There are some other concerns about the sustainable environment of the planet and if it is worth colonizing at all given that and their losses.”

“So has the date been moved given these obstacles?”

“No. For whatever reason, it’s set and there is no moving it.”

“So, what now?”

“We need to find Cassandra Spender and protect her. Oh, and Mulder, the Rebels were not trying to kill the black oil in those victims like we thought. It was someone or some thing making it look like them. Just as there are different groups with different belief systems on our planet, there is a chance the colonists do not share political agendas with the one’s inhabiting the bodies of those abductees.”

Mulder nodded, “Sounds like we have a lot of work to do. Tonight, however, I’m going to sit back and enjoy the light show.”

*  

Brilliant pure white lines ascended, blazing in the silent night’s sky of the desert. Together the fleet
moved like one living organism, hanging like ornaments as they hovered. Triangular in shape, dancing and flowing above the hills around circular aircraft. They snaked through the air and disappeared behind trees, the lights shimmered and stretched, one moment the light was a singular thing, a path to heaven, the next moment it was a collection of many, an army made of light marching ever northward. Their flight patterns not like any traditional aircraft, an exhibit of peaceful artistry.

Mulder’s large hands slid over Scully’s shoulders covering them, warming them in the cold desert night. Instinctively, Scully leaned back into his body and gazed upward watching his eyes glow, his face frozen in wonderment, the lights reflecting from his pupils. Feeling her watching him, he redirected his attention. “Ever make out on the hood of a car Scully?” She shook her head. “Good, neither have I.” He took her hand and tugged her towards the car, with a foot on the bumper he hoisted himself on the hood, she chose to do a backwards lift, scooting herself across. The hood still hot from the engine, keeping her back warm while Mulder’s body heated the rest. The lights from the UFO still putting on a fireworks display. It was all a beautiful and peaceful spectacle from the ground. To think such grace could hold such menace. When the final ships circled, Mulder turned his head towards Scully drunk on excitement, “Finally, you can’t deny you’ve seen a UFO.”

Scully knew very well Mulder’s sexual tendencies towards her and the supernatural and she wasn’t surprised when he got that all too familiar look in his eye. He paused and didn’t break their gaze, adding, “I’m happy to be here with you.” His eyes burrowed into her, penetrating her heart, filling it, bursting it inside her chest. The way he looked at her, like she was more beautiful than anything they saw tonight and more important than any conspiracy. They stared into each other, reveling in the tension it created, letting their attraction take over. She had posed the question of life, of purpose, of meaning, but it was him that drove her right to the answer. Much like him, her purpose was of the hunter, exposing iniquities, pursuer of truths. The only repetition in her life would be of her infinite relentlessness to continue, to never turn away, to move towards the fire, the everpresent evil. Scully was never bound by the trappings of living inside the world. Her pursuits in the medical/scientific world gave life and prolonged it, made right what was wrong, and created order of chaos. Her pleasure derived from all of it and from him. From who he was and all he gave to her, from what they became when together. Their meaning was tied to all of it and to each other. Their fight would never end, destined to repeat itself, but there was meaning in that struggle. Good may never overcome this evil, but as long as they existed, as long as ones like them never gave up, there was always a chance. Always a chance to alter the timeline to victory for all that good stood for. The draw of his lips, the intrinsic need of his contact sent an electric shiver down her spine as it pulsed through her. His eyes closed and her body pulsed again. He turned towards her and his arm reached for her, his hand caressing her back, his lips preparing for her contact. Mulder didn’t pull her into him, instead he waited for her and his patience, his willpower, sent a current through her so strong she gasped, her own eyes closing as she absorbed it and she followed her need pressing her body against him. Their eyes closed again and her lips swept across his not quite touching, tentative, and with the low growl of her name he completed their connection. They kissed until they needed air and Scully’s fear of someone spying interrupted them. “Mulder, what if…”

“Scully,” He calmed her with her name, allowing her to search inside him, “there is no who or what… only you.. And me.” His eyes sparkled and she gave him a wide smile exposing her pearly whites. She knew he had no clue what that did to her when he did what he just did, but boy did he do it. His smile grew until it matched hers and she had to kiss him again, pushing herself up by the elbow, the hood of the car letting out a blunk as it concaved to support their combined weight. The ships gone, the stars stayed to paint the sky, a slight breeze bringing in the cool of night. Mulder’s fingers played with the button at the top of Scully’s knit pants, her hips tilting towards his hand
anticipating his next move. Her tongue entering his mouth as his hand slipped inside past her black cotton underwear. His finger curled inside her and her heart beat faster. Everything about him familiar and welcome. Her lips pressing harder against his, his jaw massaged hard against her own as their tongues flexed, sliding, reaching to press against the other. She thought twice of her next move, their rented bed miles away, she untucked his shirt, unburied the zipper tab pulling it down, separating the teeth, his cock already pushing at the waistband of his boxerbriefs. Her hands slip past the bristly hairs to wrap around him, her fingers lightly dancing below.

“Oooo.” Mulder moaned, “Scully, let’s go back to the motel.” She nodded out of breath and he gulped as he semi-fixed himself. At least enough to drive the car. Not that well, but he stayed within the lines. Inside the car, Scully was unbuttoning Mulder’s shirt exposing his chest while his arm snuggled between her breasts as she hugged it, making love to his fingers deep inside her. With closed eyes she inadvertently gnawed at his shoulder. Her own hand down his open pants, the button slapping the top of his thigh. She had worked him out of the boxerbriefs and the only thing not exposing him to every trucker or tall SUV that passed was the bottom of his light blue button down hardly covering her gyrating hand.

Once in the motel parking lot, Mulder barely remembered to set the parking brake before capturing Scully’s lips. Panting, he somehow tore himself away from her long enough to pass her a look to let her know he needed to get out of the car. Disheveled, their clothes loosely attached to them, they shuffled their way to the motel door. Mulder chuckled against her mouth as she fumbled with the key and helped her inside. The door shut behind them with a loud thud. Their sounds keeping awake neighbors and passersby well into the night.

*Two days later back at the UH

Mulder was outside when he heard a familiar voice call his name. He yelled out his location, taking off his work gloves and dusting off his jeans. Jeffrey Spender held out his hand and Mulder shook it, reaching his hand out to Charlie Scully as well. After some small talk Mulder was curious to get down to business. “You guys want a beer? We could sit out on the front porch?”

“That’ll be fine,” Jeffrey replied and the two walked around while Mulder grabbed three bottles from the refrigerator.

While they sat on the porch and drank, Mulder explained to them what the Russian had told him. “He was insistent that I get Scully out of New Mexico immediately. Kept mumbling about how I was to protect her. There are many things I might provide Scully, but she never needed anybody's help when it came to protecting herself. What do you know of the plans for turning Scully into a lab rat incubator?”

Charlie began to explain the information he had obtained. It was very similar to Mulder’s informant. “There are sites doing experiments dating back to 1947. Scientists and doctors there at the time took the samples and information they gathered at the crash sites and experimented on humans with it. They were out to further the science and see what it could do. How they could cure disease, build immunities, and eventually the cure for death itself. The DOD was interested in the technology, building the best aircrafts for war, and the makings of a better soldier, including using the biotechnology to create weapons to use on all enemies.”

“But that was from the crash sites. What about the Project?” Mulder looked at Jeffrey, “that wasn’t started until 1973.”

Jeffrey nodded and told the story for Charlie's sake. “That project was all about colonization and the aliens taking back a planet, the universe, that they claimed was theirs. Our fathers went along with this plan to spare themselves and their bloodline. They were to develop a slave race of human alien
hybrids. My mother was one.”

“Until the Rebels burned them all, or at least most of them,” Mulder concluded, “What role does Scully play in all this, our son?”

“The supersoldiers, specifically the human replacements, were created by the aliens. Drones, that listened to the command of the mother ships and did their bidding. Your son, people suspect, is the human answer to those supersoldiers. The military has many variations of it, but not one that is truly organic or without psychotic breaks. William could potentially have powers and capabilities the elite could only hope to possess, but without the threat of becoming a slave. Think my mother, but with free will. The capabilities to defeat the aliens, defeat all humans, defeat all biological warfare.”

“So did that shot of magnetite that Scully told me you gave him kill the alien virus inside? Is he a normal child or not?” Mulder feared the answers.

“It should have.”

Mulder leaned forward resting his elbows on his knees, his thumbs at his chin, “So, what now? If they can’t have William, they want Scully to conceive another child? Take that child’s blood, the vaccine from Russia and my natural immunities, and survive colonization?”

Jeffrey nodded, “Essentially.”

“What about all this talk of life eternal?” Mulder now sat up and leaned back. These people were insane. All of them.

“My father told you, that chip gives Dana freedom from all diseases, cancers, human ailments and whatever virus the bees are inflicting. There really isn’t much that can kill her. It has the potential for eternal life. So, those that don’t have that technology, want it and those that have it, need her for organic replication.”

Mulder had heard enough. No one was getting their hands on Scully. “Jeffrey, Scully has reason to believe your mother is still alive. That the Rebels spared her, but the aliens need her to create their hybrid slaves.”

“I know my father had her genetic coding. He was going to use it to attempt to create the ultimate hybrid child -that’s what I thought Dr. Parenti and my father did with William. If it’s true that she is alive, we must find her before anyone else. If she is out there, my Rebel allies will help us.”

Charlie took off the military cap on his head to run his fingers through his hair. He looked sad. “Mulder, why did they do this to Dana? Do you really believe it was because of you?”

Mulder looked up at the wood panels covering the ceiling of the porch. He could smell the sweet grass as it blew in the wind. “I did for a long time. Sometimes I still go back to that thought.”

Charlie twirled his hat in his hand. “What if my sister’s exposure to alien DNA wasn’t because of you?”

Mulder scratched his forehead. He felt them falling down yet another rabbit hole. “What did you find Charlie?”

“In Germany, at a U.S. naval base. I found files. Files of my mother and fertility, vitamin treatments. Of Dana, with a date as early as 1979. Dana was exposed to something, but there are notes that go even further back of demonstrated abilities. Maybe it was nothing, but when I asked some of my friends in power they told me that Dana was one of the chosen. She was indeed special. What if you
only affected the timeline Mulder, but the end result was still the same? What if these plans had been in place from long ago? What I’m trying to say is maybe you shouldn’t lay that burden on yourself.”

Mulder nodded. “I understand. I still need proof.” As he said the words he was certain that after all these years, Scully and him were now the same person.

Jeffrey, who had left them to talk, got off of his phone and came back up the porch steps. “I may have an answer to finding my mother. If she is alive, they’re hiding her in a facility in South Carolina.”

Charlie and Jeffrey were gone by the time Scully got home from work. Mulder, still wired from before had been working out and arrived in the living room shirtless to greet Scully, his muscles swollen and still tight beneath his aging skin. Scully didn’t speak with words, instead she dropped her briefcase and embraced Mulder in a kiss. All her passion and intensity forced his mind from Cassandra Spender and hideous experiments to one singular source of thought and pleasure - Scully. He pushed her back up against the dining table and removed the beige linen suit currently clinging to her body. Scully wrapped her arms around him as he lifted her up onto the table, her nails scratching down his back as his finger melted sliding inside her. Scully threw her head back and moaned. Mulder swelled with pride, “You’ve been daydreaming at work again?”

Scully opened one eye before it closed shut, as she absorbed the pleasure, breathlessly, she answered him, “Yes… I had a…rough.. Oh, Mulder….. day..”

“Yes those Mulder days can be a bitch,” he agreed. Scully slammed her lips against him which he took as a good indication to shut up, his second finger sliding inside, her insides dripping with approval.

Mulder kissed down her neck, nestling his face into her skin, his left hand already reacquainting itself with her breast. She gasped in protest when his fingers left her to release himself from his sweats, fighting them down, he palmed his cock. Mulder took a second to admire himself, he liked the way it felt in his hand when it was this hard. Heavy and smooth. And he liked the way it felt when she made it that way. He stroked it once for old times sake looking back into Scully’s eyes as he did, the pleasure flooding into his balls and up into his spine, finding his heart before piercing it. She did this to him. Made him feel this way. He pushed himself in slowly, bit by bit, and when Scully realized how gradual this train was moving she groaned loud and fierce, “Oh, God.” Her hands gripping at his pecs, her thighs quivering. Mulder watched in her eyes their world shrink to the sensation of his cock filling her body in slow motion.

With the last inch he pumped hard, practically lifting the table off its legs, her moans growing higher and more frantic. Two more thrusts and her muscles were pulsing against his cock, sliding and gripping, pulling the orgasm out of him. Mulder fell forward and his forehead bent into her shoulder as he released repeatedly, groaning along with her.

After a minute, he lifted his head while she ran her hands through his hair and he gave her a kiss before standing upright pulling her into him for a hug. “Uh, Scully. Now that you got what you need out of me, I’m going to be useless for the rest of the night.” He bent down and pulled up his sweats, giving her one last kiss before leaving her the bathroom downstairs while he ran to the shower upstairs. When they reconvened, now fresh and clean, Mulder started down the path he knew would definitely be a mood killer.

“Your brother and my brother paid me a visit today.” He opened the door for her as they stepped out onto the porch and handed her a concoction he had made with some whiskey, sour mix, and mint.

“What are they into this time?” Scully groaned taking a gulp.
“Well, you may need a couple more days off from work. This time it looks like we’re heading towards the outskirts of Asheville, NC.” He looked for her reaction before sitting down. “I promise not to take us to Brown Mountain, but if we have time we can take a hike in the Smokies..”

Scully shook her head. “It must be the Oxytocin because I’m not going to fight you on this one. Work has been rough lately and some fresh air might do us both good.”
The cold blue cotton sheet felt good against Mulder’s skin. Tied in knots from tossing and turning, he had left Scully to fend for herself with one lonely pillow. She looked so beautiful sleeping soundly, lying on her side without a stitch of clothing. The crispness of the fitted sheet beneath her acting like a matte backdrop of a painting. He snuck out of bed to brush his teeth and wash his face. Readjusting the covers he climbed back in. Scully stirred.

She reached for him and his heart melted. They could be 90 years old and he’d still be affected by her wanting to reach out for him. He hugged her back and she rested on his chest, her fingers tracing their way around his stomach. They lay in silence, but they were communicating. She pressed her lips above his heart and he tightened his hold on her, sending his lips to the top of her head. It would have been nice to spend the day in bed. They hadn’t done that in a while, but if they had any hope of saving Cassandra, they would have to leave soon.

Scully must have heard his thoughts because she lifted her head and gave him a gentle kiss. When he opened his eyes she was grinning at him and he grinned back, pleasure searing just underneath his skin. He was so in love with her. Everything between them had been going so well lately. There were no fights, no doubts, and no walls. On his back he laid still as Scully made her way on top of him, mounting him, welcoming him inside her. His eyes screwed shut as she began to move. Slow and steady she rocked, squeezing him, releasing inside him soul-bending pleasure.

The complete weight of her body moved on top of him, her breasts sliding against the curled hairs of his chest. His fingers tangled through the silky texture of her hair as it fell around her face, bouncing against his cheek as he pulled her mouth to his. Scully doubled the intensity as she picked up her pace. Her whole body was heating as it glided over his own. Mulder didn’t move a muscle, Scully was rocking hard enough for the both of them and when she had to break away from their kiss he worshipped the look of ecstasy on her face. After what could have been minutes or hours, Mulder began to feel the bliss working through Scully’s body. He felt her getting close and thrust a hand between them, circling her clit with the large flat pads of his fingers. He watched her eyes close and she ceased her movement and that’s when he took over with short forceful strokes reaching up inside her as deep as he could. They were powerless against the onslaught of pleasure that hit like a tidal wave, but it was a powerlessness they enjoyed. Their mouths had fallen open in a silent scream as they locked onto each others eyes. Just as the pressure building became almost unbearable their lips crashed together and their bodies seized as they held each other as tight as they could. Like a dam breaking Mulder came hard, pouring into her as Scully contracted around him. They held each other, simmering in the moment before sharing a smile. Scully rested on Mulder’s chest. “Your heart is pounding Mulder.” Scully observed as her ear pressed against him. “Scully,” Mulder replied braiding their fingers, “My heart has given you all it has, yet you create new love for it to give.” After he said it he realized his words sounded so corny they might be attached to a greeting card, but it was the way he felt.

Scully studied his face looking as if she might cry, “Of the greatest joys of my life Mulder, being the recipient of that love I cherish most.” She closed her eyes and met his lips, and their kissing may have lasted through the day if not for a distant, faint, determined knock.

Scully rolled off of Mulder and the distance it created was like ripping away his own skin. Grumpily, he pulled on clean underwear and jeans and galloped down the stairs to find Jeffrey at the other end of the door. “What took you so long?” he asked as he let himself inside, “Are you packed, yet? We
“Yeah, Scully will be down in a minute. We’re a little late getting up.” Mulder said scratching at the stubble on the side of his neck. “We were enjoying the morning.”

Jeffrey blinked at him, his face expressionless. Mulder lifted his eyebrows. An errand sunray passed the curtains and reflected off Mulder’s ring. Jeffrey nodded as if smacked in the forehead. “Oh.”

“Morning Jeff.” Scully called out from the top of the stairs, fully dressed and pushing an earring through her ear.

Jeffrey waved and helped with the suitcases while Mulder found a shirt from the dryer. Charlie pulled up just as the car was loaded and they all hopped into Scully’s SUV.

Charlie volunteered for the first leg of driving and Jeffrey rode shotgun leaving Scully and Mulder in the back seat. Scully’s hand was covering Mulder’s and every time he glanced her way it was like completing a circuit. A live wire shooting into his chest. Music was playing and Charlie was indulging them with stories of his latest tour around the galaxy. Meanwhile, the looks Scully was sharing with Mulder grew longer and built in intensity. They were making love with their eyes and Mulder’s heart was on a cloud, pure elation streamed from his pores. Scully leaned into him and he took the invitation, meeting her lips halfway. His hand came to cup her just underneath her jaw as his thumb gently brushed her cheek over and over again. Scully’s tongue breached his parted lips and he almost moaned. They were lost in each other and it wasn’t until close to one when Jeffrey glanced back to ask if they wanted to stop for some lunch that they were caught. “Unbelievable,” Jeffrey remarked and Charlie glanced back and laughed, “Ooooh, you are so grounded when mom hears about this.”

Scully pulled away running a finger across her swollen lips to fix herself, blushing red hot from being caught. “Oh, like the time I caught you with Trisha in your fort?”

“How about you?” Mulder chided, “Anybody in the mood for soul food?”

* *

Bellies full and back on the road, Scully was now behind the wheel after Charlie’s remark about making sure her hands were busy. Mulder sat in the back next to Charlie and Jeffrey continued shotgun, handling directions.

A couple more hours into their drive and Jeffrey’s guilt starting getting the best of him. “My poor mother has been alive all this time. How could I have not thought to look for her?”

“The information we had was that she was dead. There was no way to identify the remains. We don’t even know if she is alive Jeff,” Scully said attempting to ease his conscience.

“It may be her clone or a trick. Why haven’t they told you before this?” Mulder added thinking of the many run-ins with his sister that turned out to be false.

“They didn’t tell me. This information came from a source within the DoD. Out of fear of exposure and in an effort to protect me they weren’t able to contact me sooner. Afterall, the penalty for treason is death, but when I confronted them they revealed her location.”

“How did the DoD get a hold of her?” Mulder asked.

“The rebels spared her because she was the proof they needed of the aliens plot. For exposure. Then the DoD approached them with a deal, maybe a trade-off. I don’t know any other specifics. That was
“We are now entering the city of Greer in Spartanburg County.” Charlie recited from the sign. They spotted the facility down a public street out in plain sight. After parking the car, Charlie was the first to the door of the hospital. Scully watched her brother fiddle with the lock and then put his hands up around his eyes like binoculars against the glass to get a better look inside. “The place is empty,” he said to Mulder as he approached. Jeffrey, wasting no time picked up a stone from the nearby bushes and broke a hole in the glass door, unlocking it and bursting inside.

Scully looked at Mulder, and Mulder replied, “Guess he’s breaking.” Mulder pulled the door open and held it for her, “and we’re entering.” They found the place stripped and meticulously cleaned out. It was obvious operations had been performed at one time, equipped with glass observatories and recovery rooms that could have posed as holding cells.

Mulder found Jeffrey at one of the operating tables almost in tears, “They’ll always be one step ahead of us. The only way I’ll find my mother is when it’s too late.”

“Hey,” Mulder said laying a hand on Jeffrey’s back, “We’re not giving up on her. We just started. We’re going to find her.”

Jeffrey stood back up and stepped away from Mulder’s reach. “I’m going to contact my informant. Find out what happened.”

Jeffrey disappeared outside and Mulder went to find Scully, but she had no better luck than anyone else finding any clues where the next destination should be. Back at the car, Jeffrey joined them. “I have to go meet my informant. I have to go alone.”

After driving further north they checked into a motel in Hendersonville, NC. Jeffrey dropped off Charlie, Scully, and Mulder in a bar and grill on Main Street while he went to meet up with his informant.

“What is this informant that Jeff is going to meet and how do we know we can trust them?” Scully asked, her lite Ranch dressing dribbling out the end of her chicken wrap. She looked so cute worried and starving and being Scully. Mulder dabbed the little remnant of dressing from her chin as she listened to Charlie’s answer. She returned her wrap to the plate and took the napkin from Mulder’s hand. “Thank you,” she mumbled avoiding his eyes as to not create an intimate moment in front of her brother.

“How long have you two known each other? Seventeen, eighteen years?” Charlie asked as he bit into his bacon cheeseburger.

Scully nodded. “Something like that.”

“How long have you two been together?”

Scully looked at Mulder. “What, over ten years?” Mulder nodded.

“That’s incredible. Me and my wife, we have a good relationship. Raising the kids, the military, we’ve done a lot together and I don’t get to see her as much as I want to… after years pass your relationship falls into a comfortable groove… workable… dependable… and satisfying. You two, you defy the rules. You spend every day of your lives together. All this time and you still look at each other like you just discovered love, looking to take care of each other at every turn. It’s like… like you two are falling in love… forever… never landing. It’s something.”

Scully blushed and Mulder slid his hand to the back of Scully’s neck gently massaging it. He glanced
up at the television playing above the bar, “What do you think my brother is up to right about now?”

Jeffrey followed another white marker walking the trail he was told out into Pisgah National Forest. His cell phone no longer worked in the dense foliage, and it was at least ten degrees cooler than the hot 92 degrees in Hendersonville. No one knew where he was except for the one he was meeting. He sat down on a fallen tree and waited. A figure appeared out from behind the trees. Long dark hair and gentle eyes. Monica Reyes.

He had first met Monica when he came to “fix” William. Monica had been the one to agree to trust Jeffrey to hide William and now Jeffrey was putting his trust in Monica. Monica had used her channels to reach out to him some time ago promising that she had not sold her soul. Now having someone on the inside might prove to be useful. Maybe Monica’s decision wasn’t as foolish or selfish as it looked from those on the outside.

“Jeffrey.”

“Monica.” Jeffrey echoed, still tense, uncertain that someone hadn’t followed her or if there weren’t soldiers waiting in the thick overgrowth for an ambush.

“I’m sorry. I led you wrong. I’ve located your mother. She’s being kept in the sub-level of a research facility. We’ll have to move fast. I’ll leave the room unlocked.” She handed him a set of keys, “I wasn’t able to obtain the keys for where she is held, but I was able to make keys for this building. I don’t know what’s hidden in this storage room, but I know whatever it is is essential.”

“Are you okay Monica? Are you being treated well?” Jeffrey looked her over. She looked thinner than the last time they met and he could see bags forming under her eyes from lack of sleep.

“Yes. You’d be surprised of the opportunities and conveniences at this level. I’m doing what I believe is best for everyone Jeff. That’s all we can do.”

Jeff could hear the ruckus coming out of the bar and spilling onto the small town street as he approached. The quiet restaurant he left was hosting scaryoke night and when he opened the door he laughed and he couldn’t stop laughing. He hadn’t laughed so hard since he was a child. There was Charlie and Mulder, back to back, screaming into their microphones, butchering “Dream On”, a song which Aerosmith most likely disowned after this. Leaving them in a bar for four hours probably wasn’t the brightest of ideas. Jeff slid into the booth next to a glassy eyed Scully. “They’re too much aren’t they,” Scully mused.

“That’s one way to say it.”

“Did you find what we needed?”

“Yes.” Jeffrey held up the keys. “Tomorrow we unlock another piece of the puzzle.”

After some pestering, Scully finally was able to get Mulder up and out of bed. Pulling him by the hand he followed her into the bathroom as if sleepwalking. She stopped as she reached the sink and Mulder groaned and splashed some water on his face, “What time is it and why is Stomp doing a revival in my head?”

Scully crossed her arms, “Jeffrey will be here soon. There’s some aspirin and a glass by the sink.” Mulder downed the aspirin chasing it with some water. He turned to Scully, “Thanks doc.” He took both her hands and pulled her towards the shower. Nothing seemed to be a deterrent to him lately, not even a roaring hangover. She shook her head, “No. Mulder, Jeff will be here soon.” He ignored her lifting her top off, kissing her neck while he worked off her bra. His lips were like a striker and
she closed her eyes emitting a low hum. She wanted to be with him and she no longer cared what
time it was. He cupped her face and kissed her deeply persuading her towards the bed. Scully sat and
waited while Mulder quickly removed his shirt and shorts. Goosebumps ran up and down Scully’s
arm in anticipation. Her body pulsed and ached as she reached for him and he scooped her up into
his arms…

Jeffrey knocked on Scully and Mulder’s motel door. He would have liked to have left about an hour
ago, but getting everyone else on board wasn’t easy. The door opened and they both stepped out.
Two wet heads from the shower, with flushed skin and a gaze between them that could melt steel.
Jeffrey frowned and herded them towards the car.

Rain pelted against the windshield, Jeffrey adjusting the wipers to full speed. It took another 45
minutes in the pouring rain, but with Charlie’s navigational help, Jeffrey found the address. They
parked the car and Jeffrey looked back to see Mulder, asleep sprawled across the back seat, Scully
between his outstretched legs, asleep on his chest with his arms wrapped around her. Charlie banged
on the window as he got out. “Come on sleepyheads.”

Inside the storage building was old hospital equipment, desks, and other furniture. Nothing of much
interest. There was another room in the back that Charlie located. They pushed away some
equipment and chairs and the other key fit into the lock. They stepped inside. Inside were tanks.
Tanks they had seen before. Scully’s heart sunk as Mulder wiped the residue from the glass to peer
into the eyes of a clone, possible hybrid in embryonic fluid.

“Jeff…. it’s you.” Mulder exclaimed.

“What?” Jeffrey wiped away the dew off another box. He read the chart attached. “These are not me.
They are our father.”

“No.” Scully fumbled through another chart. “They’re harvests. Clones for parts.”

“You think my father is alive?” Jeffrey looked at Scully in fright and anger.

“No.” Mulder said firmly, “He is dead. These must be old. From when he was dying of his brain
disease. We watched him get blown to a million pieces. None of this could put humpty dumpty back
together again.”

Mulder went in the other room and picked up every heavy object he could find. He handed them to
Jeffrey and Charlie and went back to the other room. Fluid and glass spilled onto the concrete floor
as the tanks broke. Every last one. Mulder and Jeffrey wasted no time ripping the tubes from the
clones’ bodies, leaving them to die.

Scully was screaming, “Mulder! Jeffrey!”

Mulder stopped to address her, pointing at the bodies laying on the floor, “These are not people
Scully, they are harvests.”

Jeffrey broke open the last tank, grabbed some of the paperwork and headed towards the door, “We
must go… now.”

Once back in the car, Charlie reviewed the plan, how they would get past the guards, and obtaining
their weapons. He handed out stilettos and wished everyone luck. Scully touched her cross and then
asked Charlie to pray with her.

It was night by the time they had solidified their plan and arrived at the center for reproductive health.
The place was closed and locked up tight. Jeffrey worked on disabling all the cameras, mostly by
breaking them. Charlie and Mulder took out the security guards, knocking them out and tying them up.

Scully followed the blueprints down to the sublevel. It was a maze of corridors, fluorescent lights, and steel doors. There was a yellowing hue that appeared to creep from the corners and out of the light fixtures, pulling at Scully’s energy and causing the hairs at the back of her neck to stand on end. Then she saw the red door and she knew it had to be Cassandra’s. Scully took a breath and opened the door. The place reminded her of a showcase home for the 1950s, equipped with all the latest in technology and appliances. They must have had her living down here for a while. Scully opened what appeared to be the bedroom door and there was Cassandra lying in a bed hooked up to machines in a sleep state. Scully quickly took out the IVs and ripped off the monitors. With a deep squat she was able to roll Cassandra onto her shoulder and started to carry her to a wheelchair. Slowly Cassandra came to, gaining her bearing, until Scully was able to set her down and she was standing by herself. “Dana,” she cried when she finally got her wits about her. Cassandra’s blue eyes glowed and her smile was bright and cheery.

“Cassandra, I need you to help me, we need to get out of here. Can you walk?”

“I can do better than that,” Cassandra said proudly and began to run. Scully smiled and shook her head, chasing after her. She had forgotten how much she missed Cassandra. When they got to the front of the building Mulder, Charlie, and Jeffrey were there to meet them. Scully ran towards Mulder’s eyes, they were full of hope and pride. He had a glow, a glow around him that grew. Grew until it became blinding, devouring his body. Then her face dropped. Something was wrong. Scully stopped. No. Something stopped her. She was frozen in place. Everyone was rooted to the floor. Time was suspended. The front doors flew open and out of the light they came. The bounty hunters.
Out of Scully’s peripheral vision, she saw Cassandra moving. Cassandra’s arms bent and she held her hands beside her temples. Scully felt a burning sensation at the base of her skull as Cassandra’s stare pierced through her. The implant began to throb inside her and all at once she was free of their hold. Reaching into her back pocket she charged a confused bounty hunter and plunged the stiletto into its neck, activating it after she did. Quickly she retracted it and plunged into another using her practiced maneuvers to gain advantage against the untrained, bulky bounty hunters. Meanwhile, Cassandra closed her eyes and in deep concentration brought her hands to the front of her face like she was praying. Light shone from her body and all at once the bounty hunters were airborne, blown backwards by the sheer power of Cassandra’s light. Scully yelled out, “Run!” making her way towards the door. Jeffrey and Charlie still stunned, obeyed her command and took off. They directed her towards the SUV and they all got in.

“Where’s Mulder!?” Scully demanded. He wasn’t in the car or the street.

Ignoring the protests from the others Scully ran back in. Mulder was still there continuing to wrestle with the bounty hunters, stabbing as many as he could grab. Scully joined him, fighting them off, until there was nothing, but green fizzing on the industrial floor. “Mulder, let’s go,” Scully ordered, out of breath, surveying the destruction.

“Did you see what Cassandra did?” Mulder asked as they jogged to the SUV.

“Obviously we have a lot more to learn about Cassandra,” Scully replied tugging on the door handle. They both hopped in the SUV and Charlie sent the accelerator to the floor. Except not in the direction of their motel. In fact, they were headed towards the mountains and away from civilization.

“Charlie, where are you taking us?” Scully asked, her concern growing as the SUV rocked on the dirt road.

“Those bounty hunters came from a ship. We’re going to find that ship.” Charlie said sternly taking the SUV off the path and deeper into the forest heading towards the trees with singed tips.

When they got to the location Charlie felt was close enough, he unloaded equipment to gage the precise area of the ship. Scully watched her brother through the trees, carefully mapping the area. Charlie rose and with his hands on his hips he nodded to himself and reached into his backpack, tossing something into the woods, running back to the SUV. He threw the car into reverse and they took off as explosions echoed out of the forests and into the mountains.

“Charle, what was that?” Scully demanded.

“A magnetite grenade. One grenade can destroy one of the alien’s medium sized ships. Courtesy of the Dana Scully patent.”

“What are you talking about Charlie?”

Jeffrey explained. “All the work you did. You created the correct course of treatments of antivirals to stop the replication of supersoldiers. You were the one to discover the now standardized treatment
for exposure to alien blood. You pioneered the weaponizing of magnetite when you created the liquid tincture. We now understand the correct quantities needed to bring them down and it’s all due to you.

Scully was appalled. “What are you saying?”

“Who needs Einstein when you’ve got Scully,” Mulder chimed in, but Scully was worried. Worried to where all this was leading and to what end. There would always be those out there to build the bigger weapon, until...what? The only answer to survival will be to discard the human part of us all together? What if to survive we would have to become… alien. What of the human race? At the end it begs the question, at what point are we no longer human? Did she begin a trajectory towards eliminating the aliens or creating a new path for evolution?

There wasn’t much conversation on the way back to the motel. Scully got another room with a double bed in it so she and Cassandra could share a room. They planned on talking through the night. What Cassandra told her was a tale she didn’t want to believe. “The aliens, the same ones that burned all those people alive, they took me aboard their ship. I was afraid, but they repeated over and over no harm would come to me. They did tests. Tests to find out exactly what I was. Their tests were not like the other aliens. They did not hurt or make me feel violated. I was free to walk about their ship. Their plans were simple. To create a universe of worlds that governed themselves, to work together to preserve ecosystems to sustain life. The other aliens were not what they had appeared to be. Then I was taken off the ship, I was held somewhere in the Pentagon. I know that much. I was back among the humans, but because of what I am, they couldn’t set me free. The tests were over, the experiments. More operations were performed on me before I was transferred. My ex-husband would come and visit me. Told me he would protect me, that we would rebuild The Project in my name. Told me that my cells, my DNA would be used to create an entire race. Not only to stop all aliens, but all humans. Told me there was a war outside and only the ones with my gifts would survive. That he was the creator and I was the recipe, the main ingredient to create the ultimate weapon and for the chosen, the ultimate armor. I was the savior and that together you, me and my husband would create the ultimate savior. He told me he knew the day he held your life in his hands that you were the one.”

“Me? What do I have to do with anything? I don’t understand Cassandra…”

“You think I do? My husband is a madman and every day he takes another crazy pill. He was dying you know. Brain Cancer. He used me for his treatments, but there are side effects. I think it made him crazier. Maniacal. The man has a god complex.”

Scully smiled at that. It was the ultimate of understatements. “How did you end up here Cassandra?”

“They transferred me to another place close to here. A very nice woman would come and visit me. She would stay with me and we’d have long talks and go on walks. Recently I got transferred to where I was staying when you came and got me. They built an apartment for me there. I was told the apocalypse had come and we would be forced to wait it out.”

“Do you know who had been doing this to you?”

Cassandra made a sour face, “My ex-husband.”

Scully shook her head. “He couldn’t have. He’s dead Cassandra.”

“I’m not sure you understand the capability of my cells,” Cassandra replied.

Cassandra and Scully continued to talk well into the night. Mostly catching Cassandra up on what’s
been going on in the world since she left it and Scully’s life. Scully woke early in the morning and with Cassandra still asleep went to visit Mulder. He opened the door groggily without a t-shirt and only pajama pants. As she walked in and he shut the door he found it difficult not to stare at her legs or the button left discretely unopened at the top of her shirt. It had been a long night without her.

“So what did Cassandra have to tell you?” he asked. His voice as coarse as the overgrowth of hair on his face.

“I’m not sure how much is brainwashing and how much is truth. She wants to talk to you. We can bring her back to the house and she can stay with us until we can figure out a plan.” Scully slowly meandered towards the bed confusing Mulder. Luckily for him, she clarified, slowly unbuttoning her blouse and placing a knee on the bed. “Care to join me?” she asked with a smile.

A few hours, a long drive and one crowded car later they were back at home.

Scully hugged her younger brother goodbye, touching his face and parting with a soft kiss on the cheek. Jeffrey headed back to New Mexico stating that he would be by to pick up his mom in a couple days.

On the porch the three of them sat and talked. Cassandra casting dreamy looks towards Mulder making him blush every time. Mulder asked her the questions he was excited to ask. “What were some of the side effects of the tests Cassandra?”

Cassandra retrieved a pack of cigarettes from her pocket. “Thank you for these,” she said as she unwrapped the pack. “I’ve been dying for a cigarette for I don’t know how long.” Cassandra slowly removed one from the pack and inhaled deeply as she brought it to her nose. The cigarette seesawed between her lips as she lit it. “My injuries heal instantly. I’m never sick. Do you have a pocket knife?” Mulder went in the house and returned with a small swiss army knife. Cassandra took the knife and proceeded to slide it across the skin of her arm. Green blood bubbled just over the surface only for it to quickly dissolve as the cut repaired itself like an imaginary needle sewed her arm.

“I also can read minds. When it first started happening I didn’t know what it was. Like how I knew where agent Mulder lived when I showed up at his house from the hospital so many years ago. I have other powers too like how I was able to break us from the ship’s grasp and I can move objects. I can change my appearance.” Cassandra went into deep concentration and her face appeared younger, than her skin tone lightened. She looked like Scully. Mulder reached out and felt her face. “Is your face really changing or are you projecting the image into my mind?”

“I don’t really know. It sort of happens.”

“Cassandra,” Mulder said delicately, “Your blood is completely green. No red blood remains?”

Cassandra shook her head. “None. But I’m still me.” She smiled and held out her arms, the cigarette between her fingers sending ash onto the porch. “I’m much stronger than I ever was. probably stronger than most men.”

That night, with Cassandra tucked into the guest bedroom, Scully and Mulder discussed the best way to protect Cassandra. “You know Jeff is going to want to take her into the desert with him. Probably turn her into a freedom fighter,” Scully said placing her book on the nightstand and reaching for the hand cream.

Mulder rotated onto his side and wrapped his arm around Scully’s waist. “They’re going to come for her here. It’s only a matter of time.”
“Can she really be protected? We have no true defense against an alien bounty hunter ship. If they want to take her they can. Cassandra appears to be able to protect herself.”

Mulder snuggled against Scully. The discussion of protection made Mulder think of William. He had never told Scully about his run-in with Strughold’s men or his discussion about William. William had never shown any markings of a supersoldier and William’s blood was red. In fact, what he knew of William was he contained two blood types. Not abnormal, only uncommon. Did he believe that Dr. Parenti or others had gotten to Scully? He knew William was not simply human. He had some form of alien DNA whether from his inheritance through Scully or possibly himself or from some type of interference. He had seen through the x-files countless other women being used as incubators. What did it mean for their son? Did it matter? Mulder wished William was with them, but it was a fruitless wish.

When Jeffrey returned, neither Scully nor Mulder put up an argument against Cassandra leaving with him. In fact it was Cassandra that insisted she wanted him to move back to Virginia with her and start a life there. Jeffrey seemed encouraged. Maybe he would finally get a chance to forge a healthy relationship with his mother.

As Scully and Mulder waved goodbye to Jeffrey and Cassandra from their porch, Mulder with his arm around Scully, Scully looked up at Mulder with fear in her eyes. “Mulder, Cassandra had freed me from the alien’s hold through the chip in my neck. I know because I felt it burning, throbbing. The rebels summoned me once. How do I know someone can’t do that again? It can collect my thoughts. Possibly transmit them. What else does this chip do that I have no control and who will use it next?”

“Scully, I don’t know that we’ll ever understand exactly the capabilities of what is in that chip, we can only hope the ones that had the power to use it are dead and gone.”

Scully sat down on one of the porch chairs with the same concerned look still covering her face, “Mulder, this whole time Cassandra was with us I couldn’t help but want, as a scientist, to study her. Bring her to the hospital and perform tests to understand what was done. She is our proof Mulder and our friend, and as a scientist I want to dissect her like some frog.”

They both sat in silence staring at the hummingbirds coming to feed and the fireflies beginning their nightly show.

“Mulder.”

Mulder reached for her hand and gave it a squeeze. “Yeah. I know. It’s time to take another vacation.”
The Big 5-0

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Let's see... we dealt with the Rebels, have hints of a returning syndicate and maybe CGB isn't as dead as we thought, Cassandra is being hunted by the aliens and may have a link to William's alien DNA, the alien colonists themselves seem to be having issues with planet Earth, spaceships seem to be leaving the planet in droves, both the rebels and humans seemed to have done significant damage to the alien fleet and the supersoldiers... they now don't appear to be the threat they once were.. Mulder has taken on preparing himself both mentally and physically to combat the approaching enemy... I guess the only thing left on our mythology checklist is what is to become of the black oil... Have I missed anything? Next chapter we will finally approach D-Day, 12-22-12

Scully was in the hospital at her desk, but her mind had drifted far away. It wasn’t daydreaming and she wasn’t asleep. She was caught in a trance. Her mind was focused on a black shiny triangle buried deep underground. The lights of the ship pounding in cadence with the base of her skull. Cassandra must have awakened something, but what? Was it real or hallucinations? What did it mean?

The lights of the ship glowed bright. One at each corner, the underside illuminating with energy. Did it call her? No, it called Them. Who was Them? Why was this happening? Whose sins was she paying for now?

A voice broke through the vision, invading her mind. It was as clear as if someone was right in front of her. “You chose this Dana and you’d choose it again. Take me to the ship Dana so we may leave your angered atmosphere. The Earth will strike back. It will survive despite the destiny of its inhabitants.”

I’m not going to Arizona Scully thought back.

Call the ship Dana…

I can’t..

Call the ship... The fate of this world needs you to stay on course Starbuck, even if it means leaving Ahab behind….

*

The car hugged the turns like the wheels were glued down. In the straight-a-way Mulder felt the flesh on his face pull from the g-force as he pressed down on the accelerator. He had never felt the need for speed and when Scully told him she had booked some racing lessons at the track on his birthday to keep him occupied while she was at work, he had to feign enthusiasm. Like most things, she knew him slightly better than he knew himself. Despite his initial thoughts, he was having fun, ready to book his stunt driving lesson. Now he wanted to learn it all. How to drift, 90, 180, and 360 degree maneuvers, close proximity driving, extremely confined driving areas, and precise placement
of a car given a specific mark. Speaking to the instructor he learned that they also taught a tactical
driving course as well to the military and law enforcement which included self-defense. Mulder
decided what he wanted for his birthday from Skinner and with a phone call and after putting up
with Skinner’s comments concerning Mulder being an old man, Skinner got him into the course that
only military and law enforcement were allowed.

“Mulder, Chuck had been in my office a short while ago and said he had something he wanted to
discuss with you. I told him I’d relay the message.”

Mulder hung up the phone and dialed Chuck’s number which Chuck picked up on the first ring. It
didn’t take much convincing and Mulder was on his way to Quantico to see Chuck’s new lab.
Chuck greeted him with a grin and an AARP card, welcoming him to the elite group of old people.
Mulder was hoping to get through the day without an “Over the Hill” mug or an “Older than Dirt” t-
shirt. Leave it to Chuck. He wasn’t all that upset for the acknowledgement. Hell, Chuck was all that
was left of his friends, Scully and her mother all that remained of family.

“What am I looking at Chuck?” Mulder asked staring at a screen full of colors.

“An abductee filled with a black oil substance made its way into Quantico and I was able to get a
sample through my machine. Look at these auras. This is only what we can see with the human eye.
The machine is actually detecting triple on the spectrum. These things are ancient. We’re talking
from a whole other time.”

“Another dimension, universe?”

Chuck looked at Mulder like he was crazy, “No. They’re just old aliens. Maybe millions of years.”

“Why the mass exodus now? Are they preparing for 2012?”

“This sample confirms something besides age Mulder. This is a display of pure liquid consciousness.
In its own way, it is proof of a soul.”

* 

Skinner quickly took the check from the waiter before it was within Scully’s reach. “This one’s on
me. You get the next one,” Skinner countered.

“Thank you, but you never let me pick up the check,” Scully said as she smiled.

Skinner took his glasses off and cleaned them with his napkin. “Are you sure you want to do this?
What if this thing is able to harm you in some way?”

Scully had her own reservations, but these voices had been coming to her for some time and she
believed they were not to bring harm. Facing more aliens was not what she wanted, but she also
believed this was the only way she could achieve true peace. Whatever they wanted, they were not
going to stop until she took the step forward. “I need to do this Walter. Besides, what better birthday
present for Mulder than to talk to an alien? Did he take the bait?”

“Hook, line, and sinker,” Skinner replied. “I’ll see you two tonight.”

A couple hours later and the phone rang as expected. Scully picked it up and greeted Mulder. “Have
you decided where you’d like to go to dinner on your birthday?”

Mulder paused. “We may be a little late for dinner. There’s someone I want you to meet. Remember,
it’s my birthday.”
Scully had not given away any clues to Mulder that she was aware of what they were about to encounter, but the truth was, having never conversed with an infected person, she didn’t quite know either. Everything from a captured Bounty Hunter to the re-emergence of the flukeman bounced around her thoughts on the way towards the Capital. With a clearance she was certain they didn’t have, they made their way past security and through a maze of corridors. It made her reflect on exactly how many mazes of corridors they had been inside through the years. When they approached the room that was the subject’s jail cell, Scully noted the thick heavily insulated walls and heavy door. It was part of an asylum, so the extra security was to be expected, but this was unique to all the others.

Mulder spoke first. “Aggelos. She has come as you requested.”

From the shadows a man appeared. He was a couple inches taller than Mulder with plain clothes and a full head of long wavy light brown hair. Scully noticed his eyes, a deep glowing turquoise, almost hypnotizing. He blinked and they turned a solid black. Scully gasped.

“It’s okay,” Mulder reassured her. “He only wants to talk.”

“Until you say something to upset him and he irradiates all three of us,” Scully added, “Or are you tired of your current form and looking for a new body to jump into? Mine isn’t available.”

“It really is you,” the man possessed with alien consciousness confirmed. “You are the one to save us all when the heavens fall.” He bowed his head as if she was some kind of god. “My name is Aggelos. I know you’ve been having visions of the ship. I am the one who has been calling out to you. When you broadcast, others can see. We need you to help us find that ship so we can make it home. The end of times is getting near. If we do not leave soon, we will be infected.”

Scully was annoyed. “Why should I help any of you? Isn’t the plan to kill us all? Didn’t you create us only to keep the bed warm for you to later inhabit the planet? Why leave now? Your global warming propaganda is falling on deaf ears. I would think rising temperatures would suit your kind well.”

“Human exploration from deep within the planet woke us from our slumber. The weaponization of the antivirus and magnetite has served lethal for too many of us already. Searching Mulder’s memories, he himself has infected ships, one as early as 1998 to save your life. There’s a war going on for this planet, but your wars are internal. You’ve taken the knowledge and used it against one another. As a result, all will perish. We have our own enemies within the colonies. Our focus is peace. We have been summoned to another home. One not in constant upheaval. I bid you fair warning, the apocalypse will be made by your own hand.”

“Spare me the lecture. No one is innocent. What is so special about me?” Scully demanded.

“You are much more than any of us. You know that Dana. One day, you will create the future.”

“I don’t believe that. Predicting or creating a future implies a lack of choice. I believe in choice.”

“That’s just it Dana, you have the power to predict all futures. To know which is the most likely outcome. A complex mathematical equation your mind calculates, probabilities, statistical analysis, and translates to pictures within your mind, your dreams. I can explain it to you on a scientific level if it helps.”

Scully shook her head. Mulder and Chuck exchanged looks.

“The time is now. Embrace who you are and stop the denial. If we are to survive. If your race is
going to survive, you need to accept who you are.”

“And how do I know this is not an elaborate setup?”

“You know Dana. You also know if you run away, those visions will find you and will be thrust upon you in the least likely way imaginable.” Aggelos looked at Scully and she felt him studying her memories, her emotions. A tear formed in her right eye. It was violating and terrifying.

“Are you still afraid to believe? No, it’s more than that. You’re afraid if you do believe, he will die.” Aggelos looked over to Mulder.

Scully felt fury overtake her emotions. She pointed a finger at Aggelos. “No matter what anyone believes, I will save him and if destiny tries to catch up, I will save him again. I will not lose him.”

Aggelos looked at her curiously. “Mulder is important to you. He is the other part of you needed to save the world?”

“I’m tired of these mind games Aggelos. What do you need from me?”

“First, I need to leave here.” He looked over at Chuck. “His body should do nicely.”

As Chuck, Mulder, and Scully passed the cards and headed to the car, Scully spoke to Mulder in a low voice, “So this was your chance to speak with an actual alien. Cat got your tongue?”

“You were doing well enough on your own. You seemed to cover all the bases,” Mulder replied.

They drove off to the nearby park and after an hour of making sure no one was following them, proceeded to make their way back home.

Back on their property they found an area in the backyard that was shaded and quiet to assist with their attempt at astral projection.

"Dana," Aggelos tried to assure her, "if you can return me to my ship, it will allow us to return to the Consulate and halt this separatist movement. We can halt 2012 and move on to create the Grand Design." Aggelos, now possessing Chuck’s body, handed her what looked similar to an asthma inhaler.

“It will assist with your journey,” Aggelos explained to Scully’s inquisitive eyes.

Scully was apprehensive and did not want to believe, but she had been pushed to the edge and if she could get them off her planet, anything was worth a try.

Scully took a deep breath as she inhaled the mist into her lungs. Instantly, she felt dizzy. She laid back in the grass and closed her eyes. Blackness swirled behind her eyelids, until they became transparent. Fluffy clouds with a light blue sky appeared before her eyes. Underneath her the grass came alive. The blades felt as if they were lifting her up off the ground. Her whole body felt lighter. She felt the hand of Aggelos grip her own and they propelled, her vision blurred, shapes became sheets and lines of colors until they stopped abruptly. Instantly, Scully saw hills sitting like pillows on the land, friendly on approach, becoming ominous as the sun set until they were lost in a blackness even moonlight could not help. They passed through a forest, with tall towering trees, magnificently majestic, bending to form a trellis at the border of the seen and unseen. Scully had a choice to make, but choosing not to enter seemed like no choice at all, so she broke through. The plush greens turned to dry desolate land. The Arizona desert sun made the air several degrees hotter than where they had previously traveled. Scully listened for signs of life around them, but there were none. What should have been tranquil caused Scully to shiver. The silence was like a graveyard. Scully paused and
concentrated. She looked over at Aggelos who appeared in deep concentration. A whisper broke through the cracks that formed in the red clay they hovered over. Smokey light shined as if from the core of the planet. The Earth moved and trembled. Rising up the ship burst through, sending thunderous rocks into the cavern that had been its coffin. It continued to rise as sand and dirt rained down, lighting the darkness like a star. The ship turned on point as if it was looking at Scully, tilting forward. Aggelos stepped up onto the ship and held his hand up as if to wave goodbye. Scully nodded. Then Aggelos turned, falling to all fours as black oil leaked from every orifice in Chuck’s head. Chuck’s body collapsed, rolled and fell from the ship, disappearing into blackness and then blinding white light overtook her senses and Scully felt herself thrust back and fall, slamming back into her body. She woke to find Chuck still holding her hand, but in a semi-slumber. Mulder staring at them both. Immediately, she felt for a pulse and there was a strong one. Chuck would live another day and Mulder had seen first hand an alien encounter with Scully.

Mulder laid outstretched on the boat’s bench seat, his legs crossed at the ankles and hands behind his head. The boat rocked him gently as the waves stretched upward to meet the top of the hull. He relaxed as the sky took on a violet/pinkish hue, his complete trust and respect in his captain to guide them into uncharted territories.

“How did you know you could do all that?” Mulder asked Scully as she steered them away from an approaching vessel.

Scully met Mulder’s eyes and he could see the exhaustion behind them. “Mulder, I think I did enough soul searching for today. Leave it be.”

He did. The x-file on Scully was closed years ago. Now was a time for faith and acceptance. “Shira has connected me with her Israeli training instructor and he is going to start training us to be marksmen, along with weaponry combat training. I’m hoping to make it to sharpshooter.”

“Mulder, all this training, you don’t think we’re going slightly overboard?”

Mulder gave her a look and she had her answer. Scully navigated them closer to the shoreline where they could see the band and hear the music playing. There they anchored and Scully grabbed two beers and joined Mulder.

“I’m old Scully,” he blurted out as he sat up to give her room.

“It’s only a number Mulder. You’re only as old as you feel.”

Mulder put his arm around Scully and she settled against his chest. “Here’s to peace,” she said clinking their bottles together before taking a swig.

Mulder tipped back his own and continued with his concerns. “I’m not the same man you fell in love with Scully. Are you sure you don’t want to leave me for two twenty five year olds?”

“Hmm.” Scully smiled and took another drink. The band was a good one, the sky was clear and Mulder felt as good as he looked. Whatever ego stroking he was looking for her to do would have to wait for a different song.

“Scully, what do you think about having a staycation next year?”

“You want to spend a week in Virginia?”

“Well, maybe doing things around the house,” Mulder said carefully.

Scully understood where he was going. The date was looming. “When are you planning this
staycation Mulder?”

“I was thinking, I don’t know, maybe at the end of December. Christmastime.”

“This wouldn’t have anything to do with alien invasions and the end of the world would it?”

“Scully, with everything we know, how can we not take precautions? How could we not prepare?”

Scully didn’t answer, but instead wove their fingers together, his hand warming hers. She squeezed his fingers between hers and he pressed his lips to her head.

The band continued in the backdrop and they listened through the song. When the next started Scully added, “Happy Birthday Mulder.”
Scully was in the middle of the three week vacation that she had promised Mulder, although she wouldn’t exactly consider it a vacation. They were preparing weapons and securing possible vaccines. Mulder was on high alert monitoring the web, setting alerts, and DVRing about every news channel for clues. On what appeared to be a nightly basis he rummaged through newspapers and trade magazines, listened across radio waves. During the day they took precautions leaving the house. Mostly they only left for supplies and combat training. Part of Scully felt as if she was simply humoring him and the other part was afraid not to.

The door of the study slowly creaked open as Scully tentatively walked through not knowing what new hell Mulder was constructing or conjuring. “MUFON, NICAP, and the others have reported in,” Mulder rambled, “while they’ve had sightings of UFOs leaving the atmosphere, we have not had any entry citings. The silence is deafening.”

Scully placed a hand on Mulder’s shoulder and reached for a handful of sunflower seeds. It made Mulder smile as she cracked one open. She leaned down and gave a kiss to his smiling face, swiping her tongue into his mouth transferring a seed along with it. He chewed it happily and stood to face her. “I guess I could take a break.”

As he approached Scully held a hand lightly to his chest and backpedaled shaking her head, but smiling, “Mulder, I only came in to check on you. I’ve got mail to go through, clothes to be folded, and I want to make a run to Whole Foods…”

The grin remained as Mulder walked forward backing her from the study, “I think all those can wait, it’s getting dark out and today of all days you don’t need to be leaving…”

Scully fell back on the stairs and Mulder placed his arms on either side, leaning in. Just as he did Scully ducked under his arm and the chase was on. She quickly grabbed the keys and her coat, flung it on, and darted out the front door. Mulder stayed on her heels, swiping a Parka from the chair at the dining table and followed her outside.

Scully powered down the steps and made her way to the driver’s side of the car, but Mulder was too fast, scooping up some snow and with a practiced arc winged Scully, the fresh fallen flakes burst open on impact, showering crystalline fragments, glistening in the twilight. Scully ducked behind the SUV, scrambling to put her gloves on, shoving her hands in the snow, frantically making a stockpile to retaliate with. From the lull in the action, Scully knew Mulder was doing the same. “You’re going to lose this one Mulder!” Scully taunted from behind the tire well.


Mulder sent a barrage her way and Scully took the beating, coming up with a hastily fashioned weapon sitting in her woolen glove, frozen crystals dangling from loose fibers melting through the yarn onto her skin. She was wearing the same face she had when she’d beaten Mulder for the third time in Scrabble, but unlike then, she was prepared to fight dirty. Scully had snowball fights down to a science since she was a little kid fighting her brothers. She would calculate the best size, the best density, just the right velocity and curvature in her throw. There was a nagging voice inside telling her to let him win, that it would be better for his spirits, but she just couldn’t. Snowball fights were
war and her father taught her that wars must be won.

A snowball exploded in the front of Mulder’s parka and he knew it was on: Ducking and covering, building his stash, he kept his head down. The coldness of the snow deep chilled his fingers through his leather gloves to the point where they no longer wished to bend, but cold or not, this was a fight and he didn’t give up - ever.

An icy snowball hit the side of Scully’s car as she hid and another whistled through the air just above her head by the hood. There was a stupid grin plastered on both their faces as the snowballs flew. Scully landed another hit and let out a victory cry and the fight intensified. Then Scully heard the tell-tale crunch of a boot in the snow; the bitterness of the night had made the top like brittle caramel. Mulder had decided to go in for the final attack and released all his missiles. Scully waited until he was out of ammo and then ran out into the open with hers pounding him left and right. A snowball fight in the fading light was how they finished the day. Scully finally took Mulder down crashing her body into his solar plexus. They both burst into a fit of laughter as their breaths rose in white puffs to the grey snow cloud above. Exhausted, they made their way back inside, Scully’s to-do list long forgotten. She made them both hot chocolate with marshmallows, whip cream and a shot of whiskey. Stripped of their cold wet clothes, they wrapped themselves in a blanket while they sipped on the steaming cocoa and watched t.v. Scully glanced over to the window as the snow fell, covering their home in its own fluffy blanket while they remained safe inside. If hell had been unleashed, it had not yet reached them.

Scully placed her empty mug on the coffee table and turned toward Mulder. He smiled into her eyes. Slowly closing his, he kissed her lips softly, longingly. He pulled back and she was still smiling. “The world still didn’t end,” Scully reminded him. “No.. no it didn’t,” he returned.

She leaned into another kiss and Mulder twisted so he could lay down the length of the couch, Scully carrying the blanket with her as she shifted her weight pressing against his growing erection. His lips were smooth and unchapped, coated in chocolatey goodness. Mulder relinquished power to her immediately and Scully melted over him. They removed what little clothing remained clinging to their bodies. The intimacy of their blanket cocoon providing them warmth. Scully aligned him and Mulder slowly pushed his hips upward, sliding inside. They exchanged another smile and their eyes sparkled. Scully felt fulfilled, desire coursing inside her veins, but she was also overcome with unyielding happiness. This was her Mulder. The date had reared its ugly head yet he chose to be with her. Mulder’s tongue pushed into her mouth, brushing against her own before retreating, bringing her rushing into the present. They were intentional with each movement, deliberate, and slow. Exploring each other, wanting to experience every inch of each other. To be with him was such pure enjoyment, unadulterated, genuine caring. They spent the hours kissing and hugging, moving like the tide, fluid and graceful, relishing in the warmth of their hearts. The pleasure inside them coiled as it grew and when Scully came it was like a dam breaking, but it was Mulder that was moaning, “You feel so fucking good Scully.”

Still contracting around him she squeezed him tight inside her sliding another time along his length. “God Mulder, nothing feels as good as you,” she returned breathless.

Mulder rotated inside the blanket so he was on top of her entering inside again, swirling them into another abyss of pleasure. Mulder knew her so well she didn’t know how aliens light years away weren’t awakened by their outcry. Not that she cared. In that moment there wasn’t a single thing that mattered to her more than the pleasure his hard body offered. They were completely lost to the world, caught up in each other. If in the end, all that would remain of the universe was Mulder and Scully etched into eternity, it would be enough.

“I can feel you and I know you feel me,” he said with a compassion that could evoke the end to all
suffering. Mulder caressed her forehead, giving her delicate kisses as he thrust inside her. “I love you Scully,” he said as if a reminder. All at once he closed his eyes tight and arced into her, burying himself inside. Scully felt his heart pouring into hers as he came and Scully broke. Everything faded to black before exploding furiously into color.

Their hearts slowly returned, but they didn’t leave the couch. If anything they snuggled in closer, Mulder making sure the blanket was wrapped tight around them both. He gently kissed her temple and Scully looked over longingly into his eyes and they smiled together. He gave her another tender kiss and pulled her in tighter. In the darkness Mulder felt like a little touch of heaven, warm and cozy. Scully wished she could extend the night just so she could stay close to him for longer, both of them safe, caught in an embrace. His arms wrapped around her brought them peace and gave them hope for the future. In his embrace she believed that there was nothing out there to fear, pure light in darkness. Even if they were a lone star in an otherwise empty sky. Molded around the other, throughout the night they shared their body heat as they shared their hearts. They had never let another close to them like this and Scully knew they never would.

Scully woke to find herself on the couch, still buried in the blanket, the television on a random news station. She got up and headed upstairs, stopping by the study she tested the knob, but it was locked. Worried, she called out to Mulder to ask if he wanted breakfast and he replied with a simple, “No thanks, I’m okay.”

Three days past and Scully had not seen Mulder. She didn’t even know how he was eating, drinking, or going to the bathroom. Their bed upstairs maintained her single occupancy and she spent the days getting supplies and visiting with her mother and some friends.

It was early morning on Christmas Day, when the door to the study finally creaked open and Mulder with dark circles around his eyes and an overgrowth hiding his face stepped out. He smelled awful. Like he had spent a day at a paper mill and then rolled around in week old trash. It was obvious he wasn’t sleeping well if at all. He shuffled over to the refrigerator, opened the door, and took out some OJ, drinking straight from the container.

“What time are you going to church today?” he mumbled wiping his lips with his wrist.

“Mass is at noon,” Scully replied her stomach already feeling as if it was turning inside out. “Then I’m going to my mother’s. She’ll be alone this Christmas. My brother’s aren’t in the country. I know you don’t think it’s safe to leave the house, but I’m taking my chances.”

Mulder nodded finishing what was left of the OJ. He said solemnly, “I’ll be dressed and ready to leave by ten. I know you’ll want to make sure you get a parking space.”

Scully wasn’t certain what to make of Mulder and decided it was best to play the waiting game. At 10AM, as promised, Mulder was at the bottom of the stairs shaved, showered, and in a suit. His hair a little shaggy, but neatly combed. Void of conversation they piled into the car and they were on their way. In church Mulder took Scully’s hand and held it, gripping it tight. He was attentive and even read the scriptures. When mass ended, Mulder shook the priest’s hand and offered a “peace be with you” as they left the church, taking hold of Scully’s hand again as they headed towards the car with her mother.

Scully set the car in drive and dared to broach the subject. “Are you feeling okay Mulder?” she asked quietly.

He put his head down. “Yeah. Scully, I’m fine. Just for today.. For a change...I wanted someone to tell me the answers.”
Scully left it at that. They stayed at Maggie’s through dinner and dessert. Mulder was back to being warm and affectionate. They got home late and made their way upstairs. Putting his suit away Mulder admitted to Scully, “I’m sorry I didn’t get you a present this year. I’m sorry I didn’t decorate the house and a tree.”

Scully put her head down as she folded her clothes. “Mulder, it’s okay.”

Mulder touched her arm and she stopped folding to look up at him. He spoke softly, “No. You don’t understand. I’m sorry for myself. That I missed out on that. That I missed out on the happiness that comes across your face when you see a wrapped present with your name on it.”

Scully’s eyes welled with tears and she fought to keep them at bay. “It hurts Mulder. It hurts when you leave. When you lose yourself searching when I’m here waiting. I need more Mulder. This cannot be my life.”

*

The months drifted by and their days went on as normal. Scully stayed busy at the hospital, bettering and saving children’s lives. She also began performing volunteer work with children. Mulder tapered off working with the detectives. His focus more and more on what was just beyond his grasp. Every night he left the study and they spent their time together, in the present, refusing to let their minds drift to the occurrences of the day. Scully had three days off every week and those three days they always spent together. She felt they had fallen into a good life. They were happy and smiling most of the time. Took vacations and explored new places. It was all very comfortable, maybe even slightly predictable, but she was with him. 2013 had developed into a good year. That was until October rolled around…

It was then, 1013 would come to place a choke hold on her very existence.
October 2013

Scully innocently marked the passing days of the month on her calendar. Later, when she would reflect, she would come to understand it was the true beginning of the end. There was one day in particular she would highlight as the day it all began. The day that would send that snowball rolling down the hill, ever building, aimed at desomating her universe.

What Scully would come to remember most wasn’t what lay in wait inside her precious home, but the trees in their yard camouflaged in winter coats warning of the cold darkness that was to envelop her life. Their desolate forms stood starkly against the snow, almost like charcoal outlines. All their beauty fallen the month before.

It was late into the night when Scully found herself on the path to her house. The frozen snow sparkled and crunched like sugar beneath her boots. Under the dove grey sky everything cast a darker richer hue. She stared up at their house and it transformed her back in time, into an old black and white movie. One of the Alfred Hitchcock or Twilight Zone genre rather than the much preferred romance film.

The crisp night air sent tingles up her spine. The trees’ branches close to the house hung low carrying the burden. With each step the falling snow no longer looked like snow at all, but ash. An aftermath of some great nuclear winter, the end of the world. Scully blinked and the flakes regained their innocence. She trudged up the stairs. Both physically and mentally exhausted, she was ill prepared for what was on the other side of the door. Books laid scattered and open on the coffee table, spilling to the floor. Papers strewn about on the couch where her and Mulder had laid in happiness not too long ago. Mulder appeared as she sat down her bookbag. Round reading glasses covered his eyes, his nose deep into the book he was holding. He had watched the movie Blade Runner about engineered alien replicants sent to colonize nearby planets and it had stirred something inside. He walked over, taking himself away from the book and kissed her hello. Then he started his rant, “What if they wanted us to exterminate these replicants, the super soldiers, what if this was part of their plan… we haven’t prevented the apocalypse, we’ve helped them, Scully, in 1944…”

Scully was frightened. She hadn’t seen him like this in so long. “I don’t want to hear anymore Mulder…” she said stopping his train of thought.

Mulder followed her up the stairs and she turned to face him. Scully was angry. She knew it was probably an overreaction, but she liked their life and he wasn’t taking it away again. The blood drained from her face as she spoke her mind. “I’ve had my own day and to come home to this…”

Mulder scrunched up his face in confusion and shook his head in disagreement. “Scully, this could be the answer. We can stop them before it’s too late..”
Scully was genuinely worried that Mulder had finally reached the point where he needed professional help. She stood on her toes and put a hand to his forehead hoping that by some miracle he was delirious from a cold. He did feel warm to her touch. “Look at you, you’re burning up.”

Mulder backed away from her hand. “Scully, we’re out of time. If we’re going to get a jump on this we need to leave now…”

Scully shook her head and ran her hand through her hair. All she felt was fear and it wasn’t from the truth. “Mulder, listen to yourself. Listen to what you’re saying. The aliens are not coming. The date of invasion has past.”

“You don’t…” he started.

“No,” she said interrupting him again. “I do know that Mulder…”

“But…” His eyes glazed in grayish blue. So desperately wanting to believe. Wanting to save the world. She would not change her stance. There was no proof to the contrary.

“The aliens are gone. The Syndicate is dead. Whatever new group is out there … groups. To find to try to stop, it’s never going to end. But this Mulder. Nothing happened. December 22nd has past… It’s over… Let it go.”

Mulder shook his head again and Scully raised an eyebrow giving him a warning look. “Let… it go.”

“Then it will be too late,” Mulder countered, but he had lost his momentum. Defeated, he took off his reading glasses and put them in his shirt pocket. Two vertical lines formed between his brows and his arms outstretched. Scully fell into his open arms and he gave her a hug. Relief washed over Scully, but it was short lived. He leaned his chin on her head and started in about Hitler. “You know, some believe that the Nazis disappeared so quickly because Hitler is not dead. They discovered a way to colonize space. Found another dimension to lay in wait so they may rise from the dead and take over the planet. That time would be now.”

Scully started to giggle right there in his arms. “What?”

“What?” he repeated sounding almost hurt. It made her laugh harder. She couldn’t stop herself. He backed away, puzzled and unhappy with her possibly making fun of him. She shook her head, but whatever was tickling her kept bubbling to the surface in bursts of deep belly laughs. Scully took a breath to steady herself and calm down. Mulder looked into her eyes and she asked, “Maybe Hitler found Elvis and took him to the other dimension along with the others? Just couldn’t live without the live version of Love Me Tender?” She burst again, but this time he laughed with her.

Their laughing waned and he shook his head trying to explain. “I got a little carried away. I saw a connection and I started researching and it led me to a direction and…”

Scully stopped him, “I know Mulder.”

He slouched and leaned his forehead into her reaching for her lips with his own. She met them, only for him to come back for more. “Why don’t we get ready for bed?” he asked with a wry smile. His previous tangent placed on the back burner.

Scully woke late in the night. Smiling from the previous hours’ activities. When her eyes focused she tilted her head towards Mulder and realized he was awake staring up at the ceiling. A stabbing feeling sunk into her heart and her fingertips went numb. It didn’t take a lot to know his mind was back on the road she wasn’t willing to travel. The time was 3:34 A.M. according to the alarm clock.
Only a couple hours until she had to go to work and she needed to use the bathroom, but she forced herself back to sleep so she didn’t have to deal with the new ideas floating in Mulder’s head.

November, 2013

The night shift at the hospital had thrown off Scully’s sleeping patterns and had thrown Mulder onto the couch. Refusing to sleep in the bed without her, she did not question the blanket stuffed neatly underneath the decorative pillow that reeked of Mulder’s aftershave. What worried her was when she was back on days and he crept downstairs when he thought she had fallen asleep. Mulder was on a trail, but of what she did not know.

*

The front receptionist rang Scully’s office transferring the call. Scully recognized the number immediately. “Walter,” Scully answered happily into the receiver.

“Dana, good morning. It’s busy around here today so I’m just going to cut to the chase. I was wondering if you could meet me for lunch today.”

“What’s this about Walter?”

“I rather not say over the phone.”

Scully knew by his words and his tone something serious was happening. “I can meet you at our normal spot about one.”

*

“He said all that to you?” Scully asked in disbelief at Skinner’s sincere expression.

“Yes. When I told him that the FBI did not view any of it as a viable lead he became irate. He raised his voice and wouldn’t listen. I started to lose my temper. I put it to him frankly.. The FBI wanted nothing to do with him or opening a conspiracy case. I couldn’t get him to calm down. Then he turned on me, said I must be in on it too. He came at me and I was forced to suppress him.”

“Walter, what did you do? How badly is he hurt?”

“He’s fine. I pinned him up against the wall. Held my arm to his throat. I can tell his skills have greatly improved, but I’ve still got height and weight on my side and years of military experience. Plus, I know Mulder and I can predict him.”

“Walter, I’m worried about him. His insomnia is back. Our home office is covered in notes, photos, maps, and newspaper clippings. The only people he’s talking to are the crackpots in those UFO groups. He won’t admit it, but a part of him is back in that basement. He’s trying to hide it, but I know him too well. 2012 affected him worse than I ever could have predicted. I don’t know what to do.”

“You need to confront him Dana. You need to stop him before he does something he’s going to regret.”

*

“Do you believe him or do you believe me?” Mulder replied almost yelling.

“I think something is going on with you and you need to face it.” Scully yelled back standing her
Mulder you’re on fire like I’ve never seen. You’re not sleeping, when was the last time you’ve eaten something besides sunflower seeds? I hardly see you and even when you’re here you’re not here.”

“I’m close Scully. I can feel it.”

“And you might be, but what about us Mulder. What about us?”

The question made his whole demeanor change like he was remembering who he was. Within seconds his body crumpled, his mouth covering her lips. She wanted them so badly to be okay, her need for him forgave his sins and she followed him up the stairs.

December 2013

Scully shifted in bed. She must have kicked off the covers in her sleep and it sent a shiver as a draft crept under her night shirt. Mulder’s hands moved around her middle, warm and strong, squashing out the cold.

“Did you get all the presents wrapped last night?” Mulder growled in her ear.

“Yes, without much help from you,” Scully smiled and arched her back brushing herself against him.

Mulder slid his hand underneath the black silk of her underwear, slowly circling two of his fingers.

“How much time do we have before your mother will be here?”

Scully groaned, “We have a couple hours. Bill will be here later with his wife and the kids.” She twisted her body so she could kiss him, so she could remove his clothes and take advantage of the beautiful Christmas morning inside their warm decorated house. She knew instinctively that the day would be perfect.

January 2014

Away for two weeks at a training seminar, Scully was happy to be home to her own bed. The first smell that hit her as she stepped inside was one of rotting food. The next, the smell of Mulder, unshowered. A distinct bouquet of cedar and defeated sport scent deodorant, with a hint of maple syrup and baby goat. The television was on and some alien documentary was playing interviews of ex-military with blurry faces swearing what they were about to expose would get them killed. That’s where she found Mulder, curled on the couch. That’s where he stayed for three more days. Staring at the television in his own private isolation almost completely unresponsive. On the third day, while eating dinner at the table by herself she heard him say, “There’s so many different experiments and projects, so many sanctions, in so many different parts of the country, the world. We’ll never stop it all.”

That was all he said before walking up the stairs and showering, returning in a new pair of sweats and a clean shirt and lying back down on the couch. Scully finished her meal and did the dishes. Folding the drying towel neatly, she made her way back into the living room. Mulder lifted his head so she could sit down and handed her the remote, resting his head back down on her lap. She changed the channel to watch Mad Men, her hand softly running across his forehead and through his hair. Silent tears made their way onto her leg, but she didn’t speak. Eventually Mulder calmed and fell asleep.

February 2014

In good spirits, Scully arrived home. The hospital staff and some of her patients threw her a big party and she realized she would need Mulder’s help to get all the gifts into the house. She wasn’t as
depressed as she thought she would be turning fifty. Aging, the silent slow killer. “Mulder,” Scully called out opening the door with arms full of packages. Mulder ventured down the stairs and Scully’s heartbeat quickened. He was dressed in a black suit, his hair freshly cut, and a look in his eyes that made her insides throb. He kissed her gently on the cheek and pulled a single red rose from behind his back.

“Mulder, what..”

“Happy Birthday.” He said, his voice low and rough. “Get dressed. I’ve made reservations.”

* 

After dinner, Mulder revealed yet another surprise - tickets to Les Miserables touring from Broadway. On the way home she laid her hand on top of Mulder’s, relishing in the feel of his skin and what it promised.

They reached the house and Mulder put the car in park. Scully threaded their fingers. Her heart was in her throat. “Mulder, I..”

He reached over and hugged her. “Hold that thought. I’ll be right back.” Mulder took off inside the house.

The car was still running, he left it that way so she could stay warm. Every action he made tonight warmed her. She had no clue what he was doing, but she loved the way he made her feel. Finally he was back, smiling like he had been up to something. When they walked inside she started to cry. Their floor was littered with rose petals. Candles of all colors and scents filled the air with tiny arcs of gold. Each candle portraying their own halo as shadows radiated out away from her and Mulder, protecting them between the flicker. She didn’t know what to say or why it made her so emotional, laughing despite herself, a little embarrassed at the display of vulnerability. Without realizing it, Mulder’s erratic behavior was taking a toll on her and now to feel his love again allowed her a release. It also served a distrust that was growing between them. That he would pull away again. What it didn’t change was tonight.

He blew out each candle and led her up the stairs to more candles and rose petals and balloons? What was up with the birthday balloons? Oh well, they were still sweet. He waited. Allowing her to remove his clothing, taking his time removing hers, already making love to her with his eyes. Ushering her onto the bed, he didn’t just kiss her with his lips, but his entire body. He touched her like she was porcelain. The attention he gave her breasts, her legs, he made her feel as though he wanted her more than anything else in the world. He transformed her body into electricity on a current that he controlled. She gave in to the pleasure, wanting- needing, more. He pulled away to grab something from the night stand. It was his gift to her from the islands. Massaging her breast, he sucked on her gently, She closed her eyes and arched into his mouth, He sucked at her nipple and she heard the buzzing. She caressed his cheek and he looked up.

“I only want you inside me Mulder,” She reminded him softly of his request on the island.

He smiled, gently tugging her nipple between his teeth. The vibrator touched her inner thigh, getting her acquainted with the powerful vibrations. By the time the vibrator made its way to the intended destination, he had her whole body wrapped in pleasure and she was coming almost immediately. He kissed his way back up to her lips and massaged her breasts in his hands. He touched her face and gave her a kiss putting her heart in overdrive.

Working his way slowly down her body, his tongue meandered its way between her legs and her world melted away. All his senses were focused on her and it drew from her every emotion she had.
Including her fear of losing him. His tongue grazed her clit and her eyes shut tight. His lips fell deep within her and her brain shut down.

He would have stayed down there all night bringing her to peak after peak. She caught her breath long enough to pull him up to her. She kissed him hard so he wouldn’t see her tears. When she went to touch him he pulled her hand away.

“Tonight is about you,” He tried to explain.

She reached down and touched him, only to discover to her dismay that he was not hard. Their sporadic lovemaking had her feeling neglected, but this had her concerned. For as long as she knew Mulder, half staff was how he spent his day. Around her, it was at her bidding. To experience him like this was wrenching. His eyes revealed he had been keeping this secret from her, but for how long?

She searched his eyes. “What’s happening to us Mulder?”

“Not tonight Scully.” Mulder ran his hand through her hair reading her thoughts, “Not tonight.”

She massaged him slowly as they kissed, sending her emotions to him and he slowly began to respond, growing into her touch.

Sitting up, he gently pulled her hips closer. With her legs at either side of his chest he entered inside her. Turning on their buzzing friend he sent it to her clit, rolling it around as he thrusted inside. After that she was just sensation, screaming his name, begging for him to come with her, and he did, collapsing into her arms.

When Scully shifted to face the wall and fall asleep, Mulder pleaded to her, “Please don’t turn away,” Her heart couldn’t leave him, so that’s where they stayed, if only one more night, wrapped within each other.
Talking to the Moon

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The downward spiral continues...
(I'm definitely going to need a support group after this)

July 2014

“Scully, I need you. This meeting is only the beginning. We have the senate’s attention again.”

Scully walked from the kitchen through the living room onto the porch. Mulder stayed in toe. Scully turned. “Mulder I do not want to get involved. Cassandra was the last for me.”

“My instincts are telling me we’re on a trail,” He responded running a hand through his hair, leaving a wake of chaos.

Scully’s chin remained high in the air maintaining their eye contact. “To what Mulder? And what about my instincts? They are telling me that Aggelos was the last we will see of the aliens. If I do have some connection to them, then I know they are gone.”

“Scully the DOD had an executive in charge of a secret project tracking UFO traffic. That does not indicate to me that they’re gone.”

“Then why was it shut down in 2012?”

“Because the invasion had begun,” Mulder countered.

“Or because there was nothing left to follow. The aliens had left. Besides, that was for tracking UFOs made by Russia and the Chinese.”

Mulder raised his brows, “So you’re saying they were tracking ARVs?”

Scully gave him a harsh look. “Go with Jeffrey. Do what you need to do. Run for the senate yourself, but leave me out of it. I’ve got enough to do at the hospital.”

Mulder watched as Scully left in her car, deciding not to follow. He thought just maybe this was something they could have done together. Another adventure. His light in an absolute void by his side, guiding his way. His heart sunk. When had they grown so far apart with their priorities?

August 2014

The alarm clock buzzed, shrieking its wake up call. Scully reluctantly turned it off without hitting the snooze and got ready for work. The sheets next to her cold and unwrinkled. No sign that Mulder’s body had ever made its way up the stairs. This did not come as a surprise. The couch was his residence. Not that he didn’t want or intend to sleep with Scully, but Mulder wasn’t sleeping. He was passing out from exhaustion after too many hours of “work”. Scully was fearing he was becoming borderline delusional.
The following day...

A dream woke Scully from a sound sleep. In the dream she had been in surgery, working on a patient and the boy turned his head and opened his eyes. The boy was William. Other men came into the room on her realization and took over beginning their experiments. Hopelessness overwhelmed her. She was frozen; her body heavy, paralyzed.

The dream was too real. The time on the clock glowed 1:34 A.M. The faint sound of Mulder’s familiar breath made her turn to check, but it was him. Facing with his back to her, but definitely him. “Mulder?” She called quietly, but he didn’t respond. Scully turned completely around and snaked an arm around him.

“Mulder, are you okay?” she whispered in his ear, half wanting him to turn and face her, kiss her. She placed her lips to his cheek and felt the wetness of tears. His body trembled. “My life has been a lie Scully. They led me by the nose. He led me by the nose. A pawn in his chess game, at least no more than a rook. My whole life has been me following his trail, down his dark alleys, to rooms that have no entrance or exit. Seeing what they want me to see. Even in death I feel his grip.”

Scully closed her eyes. She was in for another night of torment. She treaded carefully and maintained her soft tone. “Mulder, you’re greatly exaggerating. Yes, we’ve been led down wrong paths before, but we’ve made strides, we’ve made progress, we’ve halted destructive plans. We haven’t lost every battle and we are still alive.”

Mulder didn’t respond. Didn’t move. Scully pressed forward. “Mulder, I think it’s time for another physical. Maybe you need to see a specialist. Maybe you want to discuss some of this with someone. Someone qualified.”

“Who Scully? What professional? And how exactly do I prevent them from committing me as soon as they hear the tale?” Mulder scoffed at her.

“We have to do something Mulder. I think this is about much more than conspiracies, or aliens, or the end of humanity. I think there is something else going on inside you and we need a doctor that understands, that is more capable on this subject. Maybe we should seek counseling. About us.”

Mulder looked at her in pure bewilderment. “Scully, they’ll put me on medication.”

“Mulder,” she said his name delicately, “we haven’t had sex in 6 months. Six months. I recall a time when we couldn’t go six hours.”

Mulder went to speak, but Scully continued, “You’re not eating. I’ve watched you, in pain, for weeks at a time. Then when you believe you’ve recovered, when the feelings pass, you think you’re fine. But Mulder, you’re in a tremendous amount of pain more often than not. Tonight, is no longer the exception. You need help and I don’t know that I can help you.”

“Scully, it’s something I have to get through on my own.”

“I know Mulder.” Her voice dropped to a whisper as she felt her own heart break. “I know.”

September 2014

On a plastic examining room chair sat a child, legs kicking in the air, clearing the floor by several inches as they swung back and forth. Scully was distracted by the red rubber boots on his feet and blue duffle coat. Somehow, the kid reminded Scully of Paddington Bear. Looking closer at the boy she could see that his face had an unhealthy look to it and his eyes were hard open as he stared at nothing on the wall. Scully stopped. The boy's legs weren't swinging in the care-free way she'd first
assumed. Each one was more like a kick, sharp and pointed. Scully crouched down in front of him, letting the boy see her white coat and stethoscope and brushed his blonde bangs from his face.

"Hey there. I'm Doctor Scully. You can call me Dana if you like. What's your name?" The boy became still and was quiet for a moment, sitting further back into the chair.

"Ben," came out almost like an accident, spilling out of his drawn inward lips. His brown eyes lost their harshness, becoming rounder, more glossy. Then all at once his face buckled, his breathing stopped momentarily and tears streamed from his eyes.

Scully embraced the boy and he clung to her. “I will help you. You’re going to be fine. I promise,” she whispered in his ear.

“I just want to be like everyone else,” the boy sniffled back.

Scully looked up at the boy’s mother who was drying her own eyes and ushered her into the hallway. “I can help Ben. The surgery will work for his condition.”

As she said it the mother burst into tears and Scully felt her phone buzzing in the pocket of her scrubs. Scully held the mother, allowing her to express her emotions. “Thank you,” the mother replied.

“Excuse me,” she said to the mother who simply nodded. Scully turned her attention to her phone continuing its incessant buzzing, already on its third round.

Scully answered it. “Scully.”

“Scully. I don’t mean to bother you, but I’ve found a pattern. I need you to look into the hospital files, get information on any outbreaks, reports of patients with weakened immune systems: flu, smallpox or the TB strain we stumbled upon inside those men. They’re no longer using corn or bees as a mode of transport. This is simpler than the black oil virus. It’s something else and you were right, it has a trigger. It could be a type of pesticide, maybe transferred by crop sprayers, chemtrails…”

Pure white heat flooded into Scully’s neck. She balled her hand into a fist until her knuckles blanched, squeezed, and let go. “Mulder,” she said calmly, but on the verge, “I am at work. I am not going to break into the system to look for possible outbreaks triggered by chemtrails, sprinkler systems, or vitamins.” Scully looked up and down the hall to make sure no one had overheard.

“Who said anything about vitamins? You believe it could be triggered by a daily vitamin? That might make sense…”

“No Mulder. I am done. I have patients and I am going back to work.” She looked at her phone. A picture of them together in a joyous moment covered the screen - Mulder making a funny face with his sexy eyes staring into her. Those days felt like a lifetime ago and she half expected the picture to fade away like it never happened. She ended the call hanging up as Mulder was mid tangent.

October 2014

Scully’s heart flew into her throat. Her insides scorched and charred. Opening the door, her eyes refused to believe what they were seeing. There was a woman in her house and her and Mulder were in an embrace. The woman’s eyes were closed inhaling his cologne; the cologne Scully had purchased for him last Christmas. “What in all that is holy…” Scully mumbled under her breath. Then she lost it. “Mulder, what is going on?”
Mulder broke the hug and smiled at Scully. “Scully this, this is Melinda, she’s developed psychic powers since her abduction and her visions have been causing her distress, so she reported it to her local MUFON chapter who searched us out…”

“Mulder, Stop!” Scully screamed as both her hands covered her temples. Unable to even look at him, she stormed up the stairs.

“Not a big fan of psychics,” Mulder explained, slightly embarrassed, addressing the group assembled around the house. He scratched the back of his head. “Guess I’m sleeping in the barn tonight.”

In the bedroom, Scully rummaged through her purse for some aspirin, her head pounding and her hands shaking. She fumbled her compact and it opened, tumbled from her fingers, and crashed to the floor. The mirror shattered into a million glass fragments at her feet. “Just great” she replied to no one. The pieces flashed in the light of the setting sun. As Scully bent to pick up the mess, she felt the mirror reflecting her relationship with Mulder—ready to cut her no matter what direction she took.

Scully heard the front door slam and Mulder trudging up the stairs. Quickly, she walked into the bathroom and closed the door to avoid him; deciding her best avenue was to escape to a shower. Mulder knew of no privacy; knocking on the door and then opening it. “Scully, I’m sorry. She was telling us her experience and I was simply comforting her.”

Scully stuck her head from the shower's spray. “That’s fine Mulder. Next time one of my young attractive male patients needs comforting I’ll be sure to stick my tongue down his throat.”

Mulder chuckled uncomfortably. “I think that’s being a tad dramatic,” he said through the billowing steam, his voice echoing against the tile.

“You didn’t give her a hug, you were holding her…” Scully argued back, but then quickly shook her head as she rinsed off the soap. “That’s not the point. The point is I need it to end and it’s never going to.” With that last sentence she shut off the water.

“Would you like me to stop helping these people Scully?”

Scully opened the curtain and reached for the towel, wrapping it around her. “Right now I need to calm down. Please. I’m going for a ride. I’ll be back later.”

What Scully didn’t tell Mulder was she had dinner plans with her friends from work and she had thought they could go out together, but she didn’t have those types of luxuries anymore. It wasn’t going to stop her tonight. She was going out and she was going to enjoy herself.

November 2014

Scully pulled up to the front of the house. She put the car in park and sat, afraid of what lie in wait. An invisible demon sat heavy on her shoulders and only she could hear the sharpening of its claws. She broke out in a cold sweat. Her face turned pale and her body shook at the mere suggestion that after all these years she could convince herself to leave him.

What else could she do? Where was the other answer? She couldn’t go on like this. Afraid to come home at night. Afraid of the state of his mind or what he had been up to or what darkness he had allowed entrance to their domain. He refused to seek help and she had no fight left in her. She only wanted peace. Unease blossomed within her. There was no avoiding it. She felt like a cow being herded for the slaughterhouse. Only the cow didn't know it's fate, but she did. The only thing she was putting off was the inevitable.

She powered off the car and made her way inside. Dread crept down her spine like a spider leaving a
trail of silk. Mulder approached her as soon as she stepped into the door with his ramblings. Some days he was lost in depression. Others lost on a trail. Yet others in research and data. He talked on, pacing, but all she heard was the distant chugging of an approaching train. Just like any good nightmare it didn't matter where you ran because it kept on coming just the same. The more he spoke, the heavier her feet felt as though set in concrete on the tracks. All she could do was wait for the train to barrel through, destroying their relationship, until it was nothing more than fragments, memories of the times that once were.

At first there was silence. Mulder had stopped speaking. He was waiting for something. Perhaps an answer to a question he posed or perhaps an answer as to her lack of interest. Lack of everything. A misty haze formed upon the horizons of Scully’s mind. That's where she kept everything, in her mind. Her patience for him, her worry and fears, the stress of what time brought. All the problems she held inside her allowing him to run his own course. Until now. She could feel the hard painful lump in the back of her throat as the tears began to form. As she began to break. Slowly her breathing hallowed itself and a small but intense pain struck the top nerve in her head.

Mulder spoke. Something about a syndicate. The numbers 2012. The words “It’s the key to everything.” Scully screamed. Before she knew it there was shouting, coming from her, yet it seemed so distant. Tears streaked her face. Time had fast forward. She couldn't remember the briefest of moments, all she saw were her fists covering her eyes as she crouched in a ball in front of Mulder and all she heard was the sound of her own voice repeating, "I can't take it anymore."

January 2015

Mulder entered the house excitedly setting down his overnight bag. He couldn’t wait to tell Scully about his latest discoveries. A cool mix of adrenaline and dopamine in full force inside his veins.

“Scully!” he called out in a bad Sylvester Stallone imitation. The car wasn’t out front or back so he flipped open his phone and dialed her number. It went to voicemail. He passed through the kitchen and noticed all the dishes done and put away. In the living room there was no mail and the blankets were neatly folded indicating to Mulder that she hadn’t left in a rush or been taken. He took the stairs two at a time with his overnight bag in hand. The bed was made. He put away his toiletries and opened the closet to hang his wrinkled unworn clothes. Scully’s side of the closet was empty. A single hanger dangling. Mulder ignored the lead in his stomach and the fact that his heart beat as if it would rather stop. His brain nothing more than radio fuzz. Now he was in a scramble. Pulling open the drawers of her nightstand, into the bathroom cabinets, the closets. Her stuff was gone. Down the stairs he went. Now he noticed all the things missing from its place. Then he saw it. A note. A Single handwritten piece of paper neatly folded on the kitchen table written four days ago. She had waited two weeks for him, but when he had not returned, she realized that she was the one that must go. Had he really been gone two weeks? She’s probably angry and she’ll get over it in a couple days he rationalized. She always got over it. They had been a team for 22 years. An inseparable couple. He looked at the letter again. He dialed her phone for it to once again go to voicemail.

Everything was gone. With all his might Mulder flung the kitchen chair against the floor, smashing the legs. Throwing the rest of it across the room. This wasn’t a drill. He felt them broken. Like a severed leg. Like a crystal vase falling onto a marble floor, his last shred of normalcy shattered, sliding away forever out of reach. The pieces laying on the floor glittering in the sun. He knew there was no hope in trying to put them back together, so he didn't even try. He just stood there staring at the blank wall "I'm done," he whispered to himself. He had reached his limit of pain he was capable of enduring and now he was just done.

February 2015
Something was jabbing at Mulder’s left rib. Another came as a pounding in the back of his head. Disoriented, his eyes heavy and difficult to open, his hands felt around. He was on the floor. An empty bottle of Jack clinked and spun as his arm bumped it. Another jab was at his side and Mulder moaned and rolled to his back. Finally, he was able to pry open an eye and he saw a woman’s black shoe. “Scully,” he managed to croak out, his voice deep, congested, and raspy.

“Fox, get up.”
Chapter Summary

Mulder gets help when he needs it most. Scully and Mulder celebrate Scully's birthday with an uninvited dinner guest and Mulder becomes part of a Beatles song.

It sounded like Scully, but why was she calling him Fox? He lifted his head and it felt like an anvil was laying on it.

"Fox," the voice repeated, calling him from his daze.

"Yeah, yeah." He raked a hand over his face and pushed himself painfully into a seated position knocking over another empty bottle of whiskey. Propping his arm on his knee for support he was able to hold his head up and squinted upwards following the the owner of the shoe, past her hands resting at her hips, up to disapproving eyes. It was Maggie.

"Fox. Get up. I know she’s gone."

"What time is it?" Mulder grumbled hoarsely. His tongue felt like it was wearing a fur coat.

"2 o’clock. Go take a shower and I’ll help you clean up."

Mulder looked around and the place was trashed. Papers and books strewn about. Furniture knocked over. It looked like the place had been burglarized, but Mulder knew better. This was his doing.

Searching for the truth could be messy. Tossing his life’s work around the living room because it was all meaningless without her, even messier. He squinted back at Maggie, "Excuse the mess. Had a little trouble finding a stapler."

He reached for the couch to help pull himself up and his head pounded and his knees felt weak. The floor came up to greet him and he fell back to a sitting position. "Maybe I’ll stay here a while," he suggested.

Maggie disappeared returning with aspirin and a glass of water. Mulder took it tossing the aspirin down his throat, chasing it with the water.

Staggering, he slowly made it to a wobbly standing position, took maybe four steps, doubled over and threw up landing his hand on the floor. It developed into a fit of coughing. Forcing himself to his feet he stumbled to the kitchen and threw cold water on his face, rinsing his mouth out. Grabbing a roll of paper towels, he intended to clean up the mess, but Maggie was there with a hand at his back. He stared out into the sink, focusing on the bright silver of the faucet so he didn’t puke again. Her hand was burning a hole into him like that of a million suns. Anxiety swarmed in his chest. Scully was gone. She was gone. He started to sob uncontrollably in front of Maggie. The problem - he was sobering up and the pain of being without her was once again overtaking his function.

Mulder broke down, crouching against the cabinet. His fist slamming into the oak of the cabinet door again and again. His sobs got louder and more uncontrollable. He couldn’t stop. It got like this and for the past week since she left the only thing that would stop it was to drink himself senseless and
eventually pass out.

“Get up Fox,” said Maggie. Her voice was stern. Almost cold.

Mulder could only look up at her, falling into a sitting position on the kitchen floor the tears still streaming steadily from his eyes.

Maggie crossed her arms. “Listen to me. You are going to get through this. First you must pull yourself together. Go upstairs and shower and change. I will clean up and make coffee.” Mulder grabbed the roll of paper towels and nodded at Maggie. “I need to clean up my own mess.” Maggie went to argue, but he shook his head. “I’ve been doing it myself all week. I’m a big boy.”

His head pounding all the way up the stairs, but Mulder finally made it to the shower. As the water cascaded over his back a memory flashed so powerful that he had to brace against the shower wall for support. It was of him, washing her hair as she stood with eyes closed, all of her trust in him. The feeling of being inside her with her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, her back planted firmly against the tile wall. Her cries had echoed out of the shower’s mist egging him on, exciting him in a way no other could, with an intensity permeating the fabric of known reality. The tears trickled from his eyes slithering down his body swirling down the drain. Eventually, he finished and went downstairs where Maggie had cleaned up all the food and dishes and had coffee ready.

He poured himself a cup and sat down across from Maggie in one of the three good remaining chairs at the kitchen table. ‘

Maggie’s eyes comforted him in a gentle tide of blues and greens as she spoke in a reassuring voice. “I know you think no one can understand your pain, but I have experienced loss. Nothing replaces the pain of losing a child and when my husband passed away I was convinced it would be the end of my world for me. I had the support of my priest and my friends, but it was all very difficult.”

“I sat..” Mulder said clearing his throat, “With my gun on this table. I picked it up. Held it in my hand and imagined ending my life. Only one thought prevented my finger from squeezing the trigger. A stupid, ridiculous, prophecy. That one day, my son might need me.” He started to cry, “I was so close to squeezing that trigger.”

Maggie squeezed his hand. “I can’t tell you if your son will ever need you, but I need you Fox.”

His mouth rose at the corners and for a brief moment a smile formed on his face. Then tears fell from his eyes. “I can’t take the pain.”

Maggie patted his hand. “You’re going to pack a bag and you’re coming with me. I need the company and you need to get away from all these memories.”

Maggie opened her arms and Mulder hugged her tight. A relief washed over him and for the first time in a week he gave himself hope.

It was 5 o’clock in the afternoon and Mulder was in Maggie’s house under the covers in the guest bedroom. The Valium Maggie had given him quieting his head enough for him to finally feel his exhaustion.

Maggie came in to check on him, sitting on the bed. She ran her hand across his forehead. It reminded him of when Scully would do the same gesture, but this one came with years of knowledge and mothering. “Fox, tonight I want you to stay in this room and cry it out, work it out. Then get some sleep. Give yourself twenty four hours to feel whatever it is you need to go through. But after that, you need to shut it off and find a way to move on.”
Mulder gripped his pillow tighter. The more he tried to hold back, the more he couldn’t. “Twenty years... she is all I know. Every day of my life she has been there. We’ve never gone this long... I’ve never felt this shut out. Scully and I... we had a connection from the minute she walked in my office. I loved her from before I ever laid eyes on her... before I read her thesis... I always had an emptiness... a longing for who I did not know, but we called to each other in the night... and from the moment I read her thoughts on that page I knew, like you know your heart is beating, I knew it was her.” He started to cry, “I know being away from me is what she needs, I know she is better off, but the pain is indescribable.”

“Focus your mind on other things. Remember to breathe. Fox...” Maggie said getting up from the bed, “I know it doesn’t feel like it, but you will get through this.”

With Maggie's help and strict discipline Mulder slowly started to feel like himself again. He was better, but his mind was still not in the right place. On the night of the 23rd he found himself in the hallway of a strange apartment with flowers in his hand and a new haircut. He unbuttoned the top button of his new black shirt, took a nervous breath, and rapped on the door.

A tall thin confident man with light brown hair answered. Mulder thought he must have read the address wrong when he snuck it out of Maggie's purse. “Sorry to bother you, I must have the wrong address. I'm looking for a Dana Scully.”

“This is her apartment. If you want to come in she should be out in a minute,” said the man Mulder was now sure he was going to hate.

Mulder saw red, but faked a smile and entered. Looking the man over he took note of the lack of muscle mass, the uncalloused manicured hands, and slightly pointed ears sticking from his boyish haircut. Mulder estimated he was probably in his early forties.

Scully came from the back bedroom in a cocktail dress and her hair up. Mulder held his breath as his heart stopped, speechless, taken by her beauty. In the almost two months from the time he had last seen her she had somehow doubled in attractiveness.

Scully stopped in her tracks. Her eyes welled, “Mulder,” she let out in a whisper.

“Happy Birthday,” he greeted her with a smile and handed her the flowers, his anger teetering on the edge, “Looks like I’m interrupting.”

Scully took the flowers gratefully and went to put them in water and a vase, “Josh is a doctor at the hospital, he.”

“I had asked Dana out to dinner to celebrate…” Josh finished smiling cluelessly.

“Shut up Howdy Doody, no one asked you anything..” Mulder snapped pointing at him. What the hell was she doing going out with another man? This guy had no clue how close he was to playing Superman out the window.

Mulder needed a drink if he was going to deal with this bullshit. He walked over to the open bottle of Prosecco on the counter and the two unfilled wine glasses. He filled them both halfway while Scully and the doctor exchanged glances. Mulder handed Josh a glass, which he took cautiously. He offered the other to Scully asking, “Aren’t we celebrating?” He looked back and addressed Josh, “I thought this was a celebration?”

“Absolutely,” Josh confirmed still unsure what to make of the situation.

“Yes we are definitely celebrating,” Mulder said to himself holding the bottle in the air. “Cheers!” he
said and tilted the bottle back drinking a good portion of its contents. He put a fist to his mouth as he let out an overly loud burp and nodded, “Good stuff, good stuff.” His fake smile traveling from Josh to Scully. Josh smiled hesitantly and drank from his own glass. Scully set hers down and had a look on her face that was a cross between disappointment and anger.

“So how long have the two of you been working together?” Mulder continued ignoring Scully’s scowl.

“I started at the hospital about six years ago,” Josh answered a little too enthusiastically holding his glass with both hands.

“Six, huh? Yeah, that seems about Scully’s timeline,” Mulder remarked sarcastically taking another huge swig of Prosecco.

Josh finished his glass, “We, uh, we have a reservation... You... your welcome to join us..”

“Mulder, don’t you have plans tonight?” Scully asked eyeing him. “Maybe we could catch up tomorrow?”

Mulder eyed her back, “I think I could free myself up tonight. Anything for you Dr. Scully.” Mulder finished the bottle with one final gulp and they were on their way.

Halfway through his Cabernet Mulder decided to play nice. “So, um, Dr. Spock, where did you go to school?”

“Princeton.”

“Princeton man. Nice. I went to Oxford myself,” Mulder answered. He was having trouble not liking ole Joshy boy. It was obvious he had been innocently caught in the crossfire.

Josh nodded, “Impressive.”

“My mother thought so, my father.. not so much,” Mulder laughed to himself and finished his glass. He went to pour more and after tapping the bottom of the bottle decided it had been good to the last drop. Mulder looked for the waiter and ushered him over with two fingers. He drew his attention back to Josh, “What does it take to get a glass of wine in this place, right?” Mulder laughed again, louder this time slapping Josh on the back and Scully pursed her lips at him. He knew she knew he was goading her and he also knew she knew he was winning. It wasn’t helping his cause any, but somehow, that and the wine took some of the edge off the misery he was in.

The waiter returned with the wine and to take everyone’s order. Scully ordered the NY strip and Mulder snickered. “Sure you don’t want something skewered, perhaps hearts flambe’?”

Scully bit her tongue, but Mulder ordered and then jabbed Scully with his elbow, winking, “You made the right choice, you’ll need that big knife the steak comes with. You stabbed me in the back with the ones from our house.”

“Mulder, your comebacks get worse with alcohol,” Scully said annoyed, “Why don’t we discuss this when you’re sober. Then you can throw whatever you want at me.”

Mulder shook his head, “No Scully, I’m having too much fun tonight,” he said and hiccuped.

Dinner ended without any new scars and Scully handed the ticket to the valet. Mulder stumbled around while Scully apologized to Josh under her breath and he shook his head. “It wasn’t that bad. I’m a, I’m going to go though if that’s ok.”
Scully sighed. “That’s fine. I’m going to have to drive him home anyway, he’s in no condition to drive himself. I’ll see you at work Monday?”

Josh nodded. “Maybe we can do lunch sometime?”

“Maybe.” Scully had only agreed to dinner because she couldn’t bear to spend her birthday alone and her mother was previously occupied with Mulder. While she had not spoken to Mulder, her mother let her know about the new housemate. She had no interest in Josh or anybody. What she needed was time to herself.

Mulder noticed Josh was leaving and cut him off shaking his hand, “Great meeting you. Be careful with Scully,” he whispered but loud enough for her to hear, “she likes to play baseball with your insides and croquet with your balls.”

At this point Scully had surrendered, making her main focus getting Mulder into the car and on his way. With a little help from Scully he managed to wobble into the passenger side of the SUV and Scully strapped him in and drove off. “So where are we headed Mulder? Your house or my mother’s?” Scully asked not hiding her disgust with the whole evening.

“My house? Is that what I got in the separation? You got the car, I got the house?”

“That and apparently custody of my mother.”

“Your mother came to me. Guess she thought maybe after twenty two years I deserved a little more than a Dear John letter.”

Mulder could see the guilt come across her face and Scully’s voice softened. “I could never leave you Mulder, but I couldn’t stay either and when you took off on one of your tangents I wasn’t going to hang around and wait. Can’t you understand that?”

The tone of Scully’s voice tore at Mulder’s heart. All his anger dissipated and he wanted to cry again, he wanted her in his arms. He answered her in the same low voice. “You just disappeared. We could have talked about it.”

“Could we?”

She was right. He hadn’t been listening. He was hell bent and his arrogance was preventing him from caring about anything more than proving he was right. But now he was all ears. Now she was his every breath. “Why can’t we talk about it now?”

Scully shook her head and gripped the steering wheel tighter. “I can’t Mulder. I’m not ready. I need space. I need time. I need just me.”

“You... and Spock.”

Scully gritted her teeth. “Stop calling him that. There is nothing wrong with his ears. We’re nothing more than friends.”

“Yeah, and I know how well you treat your friends. How did you know I was referring to his ears?”

“Uh!” Scully yelled in frustration, “Where am I driving you?”

“Just go back to your place. I’ll call a cab and pick up your mother’s car in the morning.”

The car fell silent and Mulder stared out the window realizing that all of tonight had been a
nightmare. He didn’t know what he was expecting when he had knocked on her door, but it was a mistake. They pulled up to her apartment and made their way inside. Mulder hated being there. Hated that it was filled with nothing of them including memories. The whole situation made him sick.

For the first time that night Mulder looked at Scully. Really looked at her. She looked tired, worn. He allowed their connection entrance inside him and understood she had been going through the same emotions he had, the same kind of pain. It sobered him. The entire night and all his anger from all that had happened fell by the waist side. “I’m sorry I ruined your birthday,” he said with his head down.

Scully shook her head, “I ruined my birthday. I should have called, should have faced you, should have... something…”

“No, you were right, I would have stopped you…”

Scully’s sad eyes reached Mulder’s. “Mulder, it wasn’t easy…”

“I know,” he said in a whisper, opening his arms as an offering and Scully welcomed them pressing herself against him, leaning her head on his chest. Mulder held her tight. He needed her more than she would ever know. It had been the worst two months of his life and that counted being tortured by aliens and dying - all three times. She pulled back and locked their eyes. Mulder leaned in slowly, gently kissing her lips, “Happy Birthday Scully.”

She stood up on her toes and gave him a kiss back, “Thank you.”

Scully’s gaze struck into his heart and went right through him, straight to his groin. His hand came up to caress her face and his lips gently brushed against hers. Their eyes opened, then slowly closed before their lips brushed again. Mulder sighed. “I’m sorry Scully. For all of it. You don’t know how sorry I am.”

Scully reached for him and he met her lips again, she took his hand and pulled him down to the couch. He wasn’t going to pull away and he couldn’t say no. This was exactly what he wanted to be doing from the moment he swiped the address from her mother’s purse and borrowed her mother’s car. Her tongue met his with the lightest caress and he thought about calling Maggie to tell her he wouldn’t be home tonight, but before he could react he found himself on his back, his pants and boxers had been pushed to his thighs, and Scully was on top of him. He didn’t even remember her removing her underwear. Had she been wearing any? Her hands leaned against his chest for support and he gripped the arm of the couch. “Scully slow down,” he begged, but it was out of his control. He braced and she picked up speed, his head tilted back as every muscle in his neck bulged. He had lasted maybe three minutes, but she wasn’t stopping and it didn’t matter how sensitive it was or the mess he had made, she wasn’t going to stop until she was done and all he could do was hold on to whatever hardness was left to make sure it happened. Finally, she tensed and froze, crying his name, telling him how good he felt as he sat up to hold her. He brushed the hair that had fallen into her eyes. “You feel better?,” he asked jokingly.

Scully responded shyly, but sincerely, “Yes.” He gave her another kiss.

“You don’t have to call a cab,” Scully commented coolly getting up from his lap.

He stared at her slightly confused. Leaving was no longer in the plans.

“You can have the couch,” she offered.
Mulder stood up fixing himself and buttoning his pants, “I thought the bed might be slightly more comfortable.”

“Mulder, I...” he didn’t allow her to get the rest out, capturing her lips he backpedaled her to the bedroom while he pulled down the zipper on the back of her dress.

* 

Mulder’s arm lay across Scully. Tears formed in his eyes, he felt her body trembling, she had started to cry too. He kissed the back of her head and let out a comforting, “Shhh,” snuggling closer. Slowly he heard her breathing grow heavy as she drifted off, Mulder following close behind.

When Mulder woke Scully rolled inside his arm to face him and he fixed the hair from her face giving her a kiss. “All the things I should have done differently,” he said as he caressed her face.

With another kiss his heart was falling hard, but Scully cut it short stopping them in their tracks. “Mulder, this doesn’t change anything,” she said and he already could feel the cold blade of her stiletto against his chest. “I can’t go back.”

Mulder opened his eyes. “We can talk about that later,” he said softly. His eyes closed and he leaned in to kiss her and she stopped him again. “Mulder, no. I’m not going back home.”

Mulder pulled back, his stomach on fire. The blade piercing up into his heart. “What do you mean? Scully... we’ll work it out...”

“No Mulder. Not this time. I don’t want to go home.”

“Scully...”

“I don’t want to be involved with another upcoming apocalypse, or invading aliens or UFOs. They sucked the life out of me, put a stranglehold on my very existence and I won’t go back.”

Mulder swallowed hard. There was nothing left to say. Without a future. “Well, I guess we’re done here.” He said shortly and got up out of bed, gathering his clothes he tried his best to keep it together.

“Mulder, you don’t have to leave,” Scully countered, covering herself with the sheet and sitting up.

He paused long enough to answer her. “Oh, yes. Yes I do.” He looked around the strange room and an emptiness grew inside his chest, it's dark limbs stretching out into his veins, choking him slowly. “I gotta go.”

One month later...

The countryside stretched before him like a great quilt of golden, brown and green squares held together by the thick green stitching of the hedgerows. The 526 horsepower Mustang cruised down the country road traveling west. Headed to pick some strawberries, a beautiful woman seated at Mulder’s side.

“Do you like the way it drives?” She asked.

“It’s a very fun car, but what made you buy it?” Mulder said curiously, shifting gears.

Maggie stared out onto the rolling hills dotted with animals, a farmhouse or barn here and there. At that speed the hills appeared to rise and fall like giant waves on a gentle ocean. Maggie explained,
“It’s something I would never buy for myself. I needed a new car and I walked into the dealer. He quickly ushered me to all the old lady cars. Big huge boats or tiny fuel economy cars. There it was on the showroom floor. Waiting for me. Out of curiosity and maybe a little defiance I asked the salesman if I could take it for a test drive. It was divine. I decided I wasn’t getting any younger and I wanted the car, so I bought it.”

“Good choice.”

“It’s funny how life works out. Think of all the great drives we’ll have together now.”

Mulder smiled as he pulled into the parking spot overlooking the strawberry fields, setting the parking break with a satisfying rip. He helped Maggie out of the car and answered, “I look forward to them.”
Alone

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Last chapter until the beginning of Season 10. Here we go. Carter's got the vat of Vaseline ready for me waiting to bend me over his desk. We'll find an enjoyable way through this mess. Even if you really liked the revival, the continuity is going to be hard to wade through. If we got through Season 9, we can get through this. Strap on your snake boots and your hockey mask because we're diving right in...

It was time for Mulder to find his way back to the unremarkable house. To continue his work and live whatever existence was left for him. The Uber driver dropped Mulder at the gate. He had decided to take the long walk by himself. Symbolic of the journey he had started alone, he would trek a path again with the winds blowing hard against him to which he knew not of a goal, but a direction. One he traversed on instincts to uncover the mysteries of an absolute truth he had once caressed before it had floated gracefully and painfully out of sight. A lot went through his mind. All the memories and dreams. This was not the picture he had in his head of his twilight years. Then again, he never figured he would survive that long. The house was quiet, the old creaky wood echoing his every step and movement. He placed his hands on his hips. It was all his now. He had cried and mourned the death of a beautiful marriage, a partnership of undying loyalty as they ambled through madness, but his tears had dried and now it was time to get to work. If they weren’t able to make it a home, he would make it his new headquarters. First item on the list was the desk which he pulled from the study. Then he retrieved his books and research and piled them along the staircase like a bookshelf. There’d be no need to go upstairs any longer. He retrieved the cork boards and hung them on the walls, placing pictures he thought were pertinent, along with clippings. The picture of him and Scully he kept in the office. Some scars were too new, but Samantha’s picture he brought out into the living room. When he was finished he surveyed his progress. The place was neat, the kitchen cleaned and everything put away. The living room perhaps cluttered was still organized. Mulder nodded to himself and opened his laptop, retrieved the roll of tape out of the desk drawer, ripped off a piece and covered the webcam. With a mug of joe by his side, he was ready to begin. Cue the music.

Jeffrey had moved back to Virginia to live a quiet life with his mother. Last Mulder heard of Jeffrey he had met a woman down in Germantown and they had begun dating and it sounded like it might be serious. Jeffrey believed the danger had past, that they had won the war. He kept his eyes peeled and nose to the ground, but his opinion was the internal struggle would always continue. Now that we had the knowledge, the powers that be would never surrender it and the experiments and advancements in technology for warfare and control would always continue.

Charlie had been reassigned by the military. He was now stationed on a base somewhere with his family. He had concurred with Jeffrey’s assessment.

After their last disagreement, Mulder had given up on Skinner. They were on speaking terms, but their relationship had frayed. Besides, Mulder was certain Skinner would take Scully’s side if he ever had to choose.
With a downtick in UFO sightings, Mulder didn’t hear much from his contacts in MUFON and the rest. Even the Rebels seemed to have found a new planet to reside.

None of this slowed his resolve, in fact to him, it was a reason more than ever to keep pushing forward.

*

“I’m glad you’re over that cold mom. If you want I can come by after work,” Dana said into her cell phone while flipping through papers in her office.

“Dana, I feel much better, I’ll see you this weekend,” her mother’s voice sounded stronger than it had last week allowing Scully to shift topics. Scully paused. That gnawing pain in her gut started to form. “Have you seen Mulder?”

“Yes, we went to pick strawberries a couple weeks ago.”

“I’m worried about him mom. Besides his visits with you, is he even leaving the house?”

“He told me he’s still going to the gym, he appears to be working out a lot. He doesn’t eat that much, but I get him to eat a little. I know he goes to the grocery store every Wednesday after his workout. We’re meeting up next week. If you’re that worried Dana, why don’t you call him.”

“It’s not that easy mom.”

“It’s dialing a phone Dana.”

“Talking to him is a painful process for both of us. He wants answers I’m not prepared to give. We need some time.”

Her mother got quiet on the other end and Scully knew she was in for another round of questions. Maggie let out a sigh. “I don’t understand Dana, if you diagnosed him with endogenous depression, a clinical illness, how do you desert him. If he is that sick, how is it okay to leave him there all by himself?”

“I haven’t deserted him mom. I’m here if he needs me.. But at the same time I am getting on with my life. He won’t seek help.. The only one that can pull him out of this is him. Me being there will only prolong his sickness or even worsen it.”

“I don’t know Dana. I know times have changed, but in my day we took our vows seriously. Unless he was abusive or unfaithful, you didn’t leave your husband.”

Scully ran her palm across her hair. “He’s not my husband mom.”

“You exchanged vows didn’t you?”

Now it was Scully’s turn to sigh. “Several times, but never formally, not in a church, not in front of witnesses, not legally. There is no recognized common law in Virginia.”

“God was witness,” her mother returned, “You made a commitment, you had vows, you share one life together. That is a marriage Dana and you abandoned it.”

Scully felt tears forming in her eyes and took another long deep breath. “I love him mom and I love you, but I love me as well. For my own mental health, I needed to step away.”

“So take the time you need Dana, but you can’t just run. One day you must face him. You must fix
this. Whether you can see it clearly at this time or not, take it from your mother, you two belong with each other.”

“I’m not even sure I know what his number is if I do decide to call him. He’s changed it so many times. I don’t know if he’s staying by you or he’s back at the house or somewhere else. He might be hiking the Appalachian Trail for all I know.”

“He’s back home. I’ll give you his number Dana.”

*

Mulder’s cell phone rang and the caller ID told him it was Scully. Usually he let it ring through to voicemail, but this time he picked it up. He didn’t want small talk and he didn’t want to be asked how he was doing, so instead of letting her lead, he jumped right into conversation. One that he controlled.

“The terrorist groups are acting on their plans Scully, beginning with freedom of speech. The Paris attack is only the beginning. Internally we’re becoming a police state. Law enforcement playing God, killing at will with impunity, what’s going on out there?”

“Mulder, you haven’t been answering your phone. I’ve been calling you, I left messages.”

“I’m here now, what’s up doc?”

“It’s time for your yearly physical.”

“When would you like to come over?”

Scully hesitated. “I don’t know if it’s appropriate to do it at the house anymore..”

The tone of Mulder’s voice dropped. “Let’s not play games Scully. Pick a day.”

“I can come over tomorrow if you’re available around 4?”

“It is marked on my calendar, see you then.” Mulder hung up the phone. His stomach was already doing cartwheels. It was hard to see her with so much tension, and so much conflict inside himself. Still, he wanted to see her. He needed her in his life.

*

Scully held the stethoscope to his chest and asked him to breathe. Through the entire exam he didn’t look her in the eye and answered her questions short and sweet in an even tone. She wrote the results on the chart and stuck the needle in his arm to take the four vials of blood. Mulder didn’t even flinch when she stuck him or make a comment on her lack of a gentle touch.

“You’re heart sounds healthy, steady rate, blood pressure is still low, lungs sound good and you have an excellent respiration rate,” Scully noted out loud.

Thorough was the only adjective to describe Scully’s examination of Mulder. She checked his throat, tonsils, teeth, gums, ears, nose, sinuses, eyes, lymph nodes, thyroid and carotid arteries. Then she proceeded with her abdominal exam tapping his abdomen to detect liver size and abdominal fluid. She listened to his bowel sounds through her stethoscope, palpating it for tenderness. She had a genuine fear that she might miss something. Mulder needed to stay healthy because she needed him to. Even if he chose to never speak to her again, she needed him to be out there, healthy and alive. Perhaps doing the very thing she had left him for because even though her heart couldn’t take it,
someone had to carry on.

She continued on assessing his nerves, muscle strength, reflexes, and balance. His mental state had already been concluded, but she noted it on the chart anyway.

Next was dermis and nails. Scully canvassed his skin analyzing every freckle, beauty mark, and mole. Even though his body is covered with them, she loved every last one. Most of them were already committed to memory with the exception of a few new lines and freckles. Everything checked out as normal including his joints.

“You’ll have to stop by the hospital,” Scully concluded as she finished completing the section of his chart, “I’ve scheduled your colonoscopy two weeks from now. Will you be able to make it?”

“Yeah, that’s fine,” Mulder said sounding drained, maybe even defeated.

“Are you okay with me performing a testicular exam?”

“I didn’t know they were still there, I thought you had already ripped them out and fed them to me,” Mulder replied dryly.

“Mulder…”

“Just do what you have to do Doc,” Mulder said in his monotone voice.

She quickly and methodically finished up, trying her best not to get upset at the thought of the difference one year made.

“Okay, I’ve updated your chart,” she said flipping the pages to complete the questionnaire. “Physically, you appear to be fit. I don’t see a need for you to start on any medications blood pressure or otherwise. Are you getting enough sleep?”

“I’m up to 4 or 5 hours.”

“What about alcohol consumption?”

“I’m consuming,” He said, once again the cleverness was there, but it was as dry as her cotton swabs.

“Seriously.”

“I’ve cut down,” he admitted, but his tone let her know she was approaching a line.

Scully’s tongue jutted out nervously to caress her lips as she read the next question, “Are you sexually active and if yes, have you had any sexual encounters without the use of a condom?”

Mulder blinked slowly and gave her a cross reply, “I really don’t see how that’s really any of your concern anymore.”

Scully matched his tenacity. “It’s on the form. I’ve been asking you this question for twenty years.”

“Then you know the answer.”

Scully was reaching her threshold of abuse and she could feel her blood pressure rising. “I don’t know. For all I know you could be fucking someone in our bed.”

“I wouldn’t exactly call it our bed then.”
Scully turned red. She was infuriated and was only being reminded of why they talked to each other so rarely. Packing up her things she spoke purposefully, “Mulder, I’m leaving. I don’t have to take this.”

Mulder began to dress, putting on his boxers and jeans. “Is that your answer to everything now Scully? Going gets tough and there’s Scully’s backside? Why don’t you just shoot me again, it might hurt less.”

Scully turned and shouted, “Mulder, I was here, in this house, waiting for you on the 15th anniversary of the day we decided to go down this path. 14 years in a row we’ve celebrated. You remember the first time? On our six month anniversary you invited me to your apartment for beers and to watch Caddyshack. That was how much it meant to you. Neither of us were ever much for remembering dates, but you never forgot that one. Not once. I waited all night and you never came home. Never called. That was when I left… You, you were already gone.”

Scully picked up her doctor’s bag and bolted from the house with Mulder chasing after her. When she reached the steps he called for her to stop. “Scully wait. We need to finish my chart.”

Scully opened the back door to her SUV and laid her bag inside as Mulder waited. Then she walked back up the steps and folded her arms.

Mulder looked into her eyes. His face showing the pain of the past months. “For twenty one years I’ve only had one sexual partner. In 54 years of life I’ve only had unprotected sex with one woman. Do you know how different it feels when you’re with someone without some piece of latex separating you? To be truly a part of them, mind, soul, and body, to have that kind of trust, and how rare it is to share that only with them?”

Scully felt their gravitational pull, but she remained strong refusing to yield to it. “Yes Mulder. I do and you know that.”

Mulder took a step toward her dissolving their personal space. Gently, he reached for her hand. “Do you know what it’s like for me to have that someone be you? I hold that as something sacred. One more thing we will always share just between us.”

“I have to go,” Scully repeated releasing his hand. Her voice growing stronger and with more tenacity as the words left her. “I’ve enjoyed seeing you Mulder and I’m happy to see you are in good health and it’s always good to talk to you, but it’s not going to change the way I feel. You and I do not work and no amount of trying or hoping or strolls down memory lane are going to change that.”

Now it was Mulder’s turn to cross his arms. The warmth in his eyes was gone, replaced with a cold steel blue. “Well, if you’re going to leave Scully, leave, but I’m here.”

“Goodbye Mulder,” Scully said as she turned and headed back to the car.

Mulder called back, “I’ll see you later Scully.”

He waited until the car drove out of sight before he retreated back to the house. It wasn’t until then that Mulder let himself feel all his pent up animosity. He slammed the door closed and flung the books from the table. It didn’t help and now he had another mess to clean. He needed to go for a run.

Following the fence line Mulder jogged with impressive gate and stamina for a man even decades younger while a kaleidoscope of thoughts ricocheted through his synapses.

*
Mulder found life inside his computer, memorizing and debunking, learning and weeding out the lies. The internet had given rise to new conspiracies, flooding the public and numbing them until everything was deemed a conspiracy, even the truth. There was no one out there listening and everything was a product of a meme or snapchat or immediately uncovered by snopes. Mulder watched as 2012 became a distant memory, the masses subdued soaking in the sea of lies as their brains slowly boiled unaware of the fire beneath. It was all commentary, the truth was out there, but our minds were already hooked to the Matrix. Mulder watched from his screen as the public stood in lines to become drones, lemmings, voluntarily walking off the proverbial cliff while strapped to the latest iphone. Mulder was appalled, but he didn’t steer clear, instead he fed his disgust. His bouts with depression grew, the vines of blackness spreading inside. He didn’t feel like doing much of anything anymore. Somedays his body was going through motions, but he wasn’t participating. Short adventures with Maggie helped bring some sunshine into the shadows of his heart, but even that was short lived. Had his life, his pursuits, all been a lie? Had his work, his world, decayed into irrelevancy?

Three weeks later...

Mulder leaned back in his chair, staring at the pencils sticking from his cork board. A sudden nervous flutter of his heart distracted him from his perusing of the web. His breath grew shallow and it felt like the beginnings of a panic attack. Whenever he felt this way he got the sinking feeling that she felt it too. He picked up his cell intending to dial, but not knowing what to say.

The phone rang in the palm of his hand and for a second he thought maybe he had dialed her number by accident. He picked it up once again not giving her a chance to start.

“Have you seen the reports on all these mass shootings Scully? Several have occured at planned parenthood sites, abortion clinics. It could be trigger happy right to lifers…” Mulder paused catching himself, “but.. You’re not interested in my theory…”

He felt Scully’s smile on the other end of the phone. “It’s good to hear you’re current on the news Mulder. I called because your tests all came back and I wanted you to know that everything looks very good. It appears you are a very healthy man.”

Mulder was enjoying the softness of Scully’s voice. “I try Doc. What about you? You still eating?”

“When they mow the lawn outside the hospital I pick up some grass clippings.”

“Light dressing or are you back to bee pollen?”

Scully laughed. “You’ll never let that one die will you.”

Mulder smiled. “It’s making a comeback.”

“I put it in my yogurt a couple times.”

“I’ve told you where I’d put it.”

“I knew there was a reason to talk to you.” Again he felt her smile as it burned right into his heart and turned it into a bright sun. She missed him and he missed all of it. The banter, the long pauses, the tenderness in her voice that felt like a kiss or a long hug.

“What are your thoughts on the train derailment in Philadelphia?” Mulder asked, “The train had accelerated to over 100 miles an hour before coming off that track.”
“I know. As I watched it unfolding on T.V. it had hints of your escapades with a train.” The octave of her voice had lowered and he heard his own tone drop as well. That familiar pull had started to grow.

Mulder’s voice got deeper, almost melodic. “Yet another time I ran headstrong into the darkness and you saved my life.”

“I got fairly good at it.” Scully said proudly.

He felt that old hint of paranormal foreplay and he couldn’t resist. “You were always good Scully.”

There was a slight pause and she regained some distance, but maintained the warmth in her voice. “Do you have any theories about what they were hiding on that train?”

“I don’t know, but it raised too many flags. Nobody was able to determine any cause other than the train picked up speeds too dangerous for the track. The engineer had nothing to offer.”

“I saw the interview. He was very nervous, like someone might have been coercing him.”

“No eye witnesses and it all got swept under the rug, more than 200 innocent people affected. We would have cracked that case wide open Scully.” There was another pause. Her breathing slowed and he felt her internal conflict grow.

Scully let out a sigh. “Well... I’ve got to prepare for surgery. It’s scheduled in an hour. I’m glad we got a chance to talk today Mulder.”

Mulder played with the tape over the webcam of his laptop preparing to take a leap. “It was a good exchange. If you ever decide to eat something a little higher on the food chain maybe we could do it together?”

“Maybe.” She had answered, but the truth was the next time he would hear from her she would be relaying a message from Skinner.
Life without Mulder is No Life at All

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter is mostly a summary of Season 10 Episode 1. Mulder and Scully are separated. Scully's a doctor and a surgeon's assistant and Mulder is a recluse whose lost his job, his identity, and the woman he loves. A douche named Tad appears to have enough pull in the government to attain Skinner's phone number and request a private meeting with the once famous Fox Mulder. The evil men are out there plotting, and perhaps since 2012 executing their plans.

On a side note, Mulder needs a new key chain. He has way too many "keys to everything", but yes my man Skinner is in the opening credits!
So, did CC make all the tortured and dead peoples lives meaningless in this one sweep of an episode? Ah, so much to clean up.... Mulder was partly delusional in this episode... its all a lie Scully.. us witnessing the syndicate in a hanger to meet with the aliens they conspired with only to get burned to death by faceless aliens was a setup to make us believe... that alien that exploded from that man's body in "The Beginning" that I watched become an alien... it's all a lie I tell ya... A LIE!

There is a rumor that there’s more to life than work, but Scully sometimes wondered if that wasn’t only someone’s theory that the masses clinged to in false hopes. From a child, Scully’s whole world was books and learning. Even playing with her brothers she was soaking up knowledge, practicing skills she might need later on, and gaining understanding. Scully always wanted to find the answers and more importantly, she wanted the road to those answers to be sound and capable of being tested. A foundation that could be relied upon when all else failed. In the half century of life that Scully had lived, that foundation had been rocked to its core on countless occasions. Science kept her grounded even if she soon discovered the knowledge mankind had was merely a thimble compared to the wealth that was yet to be uncovered. That space between known science and absolute truth was her playground. It was where her spirit thrived and her power was born.

The name Walter Skinner muttered by the staff nurse sent the antennas up on Scully’s radar. Walter had not tried to contact her for some time now. They hadn’t met for lunch in two or three months. Work had been grueling at the hospital with so many children slotted for operations. Walter appeared distracted himself, wrapped up in Bureau politics. They made it a point never to talk about work, so when their lives were slowly consumed, it meant for a quiet meal. Today Walter wasn’t reaching out to her, but Mulder. The rift that had grown between Mulder and Skinner was sad, but Scully knew first hand that when Mulder became obsessed, he only bulldozed over people in his way. Skinner and Scully weren’t strangers to becoming Mulder pancakes.

Apprehensive and quite frankly not looking forward to possibly being pulled into another conspiracy laden adventure, Scully reluctantly dialed the phone anyway.

She wasn’t going to lie to herself, she wanted to see Mulder, but as she gazed at the Capitol building in the backdrop of the busy street, the only thought she had was one of capability. Was she properly prepared to reset the clock to a time when they knew how to find the answers as well as the questions? Or was this another whack job sensationalist looking to use them to give his propaganda
merit?

Scully had her doubts on the validity of Tad, and she was positive Mulder’s interest in meeting the man was more about reuniting with his partner than it was about anything alien. Scully was uncertain how she felt about their reunion, but as Mulder stepped onto the sidewalk and the rest of the city receded into a blur her heart beat in double time. He was gorgeous. Aged like fine wine with a rugged scruffiness Clint Eastwood would envy, his mere presence shading her from the sun. His face sporting sunglasses that may have hid his eyes, but not the heat between them. She forgot how alluring he was in a simple jacket and jeans. Her stare was not at him, but into him. Once she recovered from her visceral impulses, her nurturing took over analyzing him, scanning for any possible health or mental issues. His comments were raw, letting her know he remained in pain from her departure. She, on the other hand, was only interested in letting him know she cared and still loved him.

“Uber?” Scully asked.

“Hitchhiked.”

Scully’s eyebrows filled with worry soliciting his reply, “Relax Scully. I’m kidding.”

“I just worry about you, Mulder.”

“Not to worry, Doc. I’m taking good care of myself.”

“It’s good for you to get out of that little house every once in a while.”

“It certainly was good for you,” Mulder snapped back quickly.

Scully decided to be the bigger person and go with honesty. “I’m always happy to see you.”

“And I’m always happy to find a reason.” Their little touch of sweetness left a gaze that only a pompous jackass in a limo would break.

Tad O’Malley. Ugly suit, ugly tie, and an ugly showing of patriotism with the American flag on his lapel. She wasn’t sure what he was trying to prove, but his Jimmy Fallon haircut wasn’t scoring him points in the validity department. Even with all that, he was attractive in his own way. What that way was, Scully was yet to uncover, perhaps because it was so tightly wrapped in his own ego.

It only took Tad calling her Dana once to set Mulder off and to have him frantically trying to roll down a bulletproof window and free himself from the wafting shit regurgitating from O’Malley’s mouth. It was obvious it was all too much for Mulder, from their initial encounter, to the limo, to another man flirting with her in front of him when he no longer had the right to knock his teeth out and send him on his ass.

Scully found herself apologizing for Mulder’s comments of which she was no longer responsible. Or was she? She was the one who had made the phone call to get him there after all. Bad decisions in phrasing led her to the sentence, “For better or worse, we’ve… moved on with our lives.” and Mulder jumped all over it adding, “Yes we have, for better or for worse.”

It was a reminder of the commitment she had made to him and it stung the way he hoped it would. It was official, her good intentions were again torturing her soul. Now it was Scully that wished she could open a window. One in which to jump out of and break her free from the crazy limo of broken dreams.

So after more uncomfortable discourse, Tad’s true intentions finally surfaced. He wanted them to
confirm the validity of a young woman’s claims of abduction, rape, and baby harvesting and to give Mulder the chance to come face to face with a true ARV. Scully didn’t go to see the spaceship, but part of her was sorry she missed the chance to see Mulder’s beautiful face, with that boyish grin of a fantasy finally realized.

Instead she followed Mulder’s wishes and took a sample of Sveta’s blood as Sveta delved into places less traveled in Scully’s mind. Scully was not impressed, she had seen her kind before, the only real question was what was different this time?

Scully’s body felt ragged from the rawness of the day. It crawled just beneath the surface of her skin, gnawing inside her genome. Then Tad walked in and the bugs really started moving.

“Do you miss it at all, the x-files?” Tad asked and Scully remained honest and polite. As she spoke to him she realized that she had a need to talk about her experiences although it wasn’t clear why she chose him.

“As a scientist, it was probably some of the most intense and challenging work I’ve ever done. I’ve never felt so alive.”

“You mean working with Mulder?”

“Possibly one of the most intense and challenging relationships I may ever have and quite honestly the most impossible.” Her passion and detest of Mulder’s need to continue his pursuits bubbling to the surface. Tad wanted to know if Scully was alright with Mulder requesting Sveta’s testing and to ask her out. That last part Scully did not see coming.

That night, as they often do with investigations, Mulder went his way and Scully went hers, working in tandem, only this time it wasn’t their technique as much as it was Mulder wanting to further question Sveta.

Tad woke Scully from a dating slumber she wasn’t aware she was in. When she left Mulder, that part of her shut down. Sex, for her, only existed with Mulder. So when she chose to move in another direction, she left that part of her life behind as well. Now, she was presented with a man that was not a colleague or friend, but someone who viewed her simply as a beautiful woman. It was intriguing and a night of wining and dining wouldn’t hurt anyone. Despite the appearance of that one night in Philadelphia a lifetime ago, it would take more than one date for anyone to see the sight of a bedroom with Dana Scully. Scully was also no dummy. She wanted to find out who Tad really was and what he really wanted out of Mulder. Undercover work was more in Mulder's wheelhouse, but protecting Mulder was always her domain. Impeccable timing interrupted their night before it had begun. Mulder was hysterical, shouting that they’ve been misled, that it was all a lie, no alien conspiracy, their work, the x-files, everything, and then as quickly as the tornado whirled in, Mulder had hung up the phone. A path of destruction already in his wake. Scully finished her date with Tad, but her night was spent in her mind with Mulder and her growing concern.

Next day...

Scully would later discover from Walter’s accounts that first thing in the morning Mulder had traveled back to his roots, the basement. With the exception of pencils stabbing the ceiling like a Stephen King movie, the place had been cleaned out. The files were gone and Skinner claimed he didn’t know where they were, not for 14 years since they had left. Skinner had told her that Mulder was raving, feverishly pacing and demanding the old x-files folders. When he didn’t furnish them Mulder became irate, their feathers ruffled, but Mulder calmed down before one of them did something stupid. “I told him I was looking out for him like I always did. I told Mulder to do something about it. He gave me his number and calmed down. It might not be much, but it’s a start.
More importantly though, you need to make sure he is okay. Right now he’s drunk on theories he hasn’t tasted in probably 14 years. He needs the help only you can give him Dana.”

Compounding her day, Tad decided to put her work on blast.

All afternoon Scully waited for a call from Mulder, but Mulder wasn’t around, he was gallivanting around town screaming how he’d been duped. So of course, by night time he was chilling with his latest deep throat - Old Spice. Old Spice only served to feed his paranoia, being subjected to a single piece of the pie. Mulder reviewed what he knew. That 2012 started it all and that men had been using alien technology against the populous. Old Spice fed his hunger with breadcrumbs, telling him that he was close, and the evil of humanity had used Old Spice as a man of medicine. Mulder left with an arrogance and a certainty that he was on the right track.

The whole day was an endless tsunami. Scully rushed to Mulder's house worrying the whole way, not knowing what else he had gotten himself into. Many months had passed since Scully had been at the doorstep of her home. The house was welcoming and made her a stranger all at the same time. The fight on their porch steps was more of the same. The tidal waves dragged her under, tightened her lungs, Mulder drifting and hurdling in and out of tangible reality. She made sure he understood how much she cared about him, was worried about him. All she heard were words, like he was randomly pulling sentences from a script of their past. “It’s all a lie, you’ve got to trust me.”

Mulder had left her drowning and now he was floating, in pure flames, spouting that it was his life, it was everything, it would be their undoing. He so badly wanted to believe he could save the world and that the good guys stood a chance of winning. Believing Tad of all people had woke him up. It frightened her to her core… She wasn’t going to leave him, her need was back to nurture, to protect, to be his touchstone… and then Sveta appeared at the doorway from inside the house. And of course, she was the key to everything.

It was a pure flashback of many other times. Saving his symbolic sister, the time she came home to him embracing a strange woman, his pursuit into a cold Virginia night on the psychic abilities of a pedophile priest. Scully snapped and retreated to the sanctuary of her car. Staring at a home and a man lost. She shouldn’t have come, this was no longer her scene, but apparently Mulder was having a party. When Tad pulled up, she decided she was going to pull the rug from all of them. They would talk, do their dance, but in the end, there was no proof. Science says - no alien DNA.

Back at the hospital, a rough and tumble night had her unable to resist the draw of her laptop. Part of that pull came from concern for Mulder, and another, her own curiosity. Tad’s show had Sveta denying everything. Then the nurse came with the results and her and Sveta had alien DNA after all.

After her last surgery, she opened her laptop again to find they shut Tad down. What that spelled out to her was that Tad and Mulder were closing in on the truth.

Headed into the parking lot, Scully saw the words of their private battle cry carved into the dirt on her SUV. Mulder came from the pillars of the garage almost delirious with a clear lack of sleep muttering a fantastical theory that would take them years to find out was exactly the truth. “There’s something called the Venus syndrome. It’s a runaway global warming scenario that leads us to the 6th extinction. Those with means will prepare to move off the planet into space, which has already been weaponized, against the poor, huddled masses of humanity, that haven’t been exterminated by the uber-violent fascist elites….. If you believe in that kind of thing”

Scully with bloodshot eyes told him that she, herself, tested positive for alien DNA [Um.. She already knew this-- Did she find something new within the genome?] with a battle cry all her own. “We have to stop these sons a bitches.”
It was in the middle of their story swap that they received the text from Skinner - “Situation Critical. Need ASAP.”

Mulder looked into her eyes with a deep caring that could only come from him, and a question, “Are you ready for this?”

*

FBI Headquarters was dark with the exception of one office. Skinner’s office. Mulder and Scully were in the chairs their butts had not warmed in fourteen years. Well, maybe not the exact same chairs, but Mulder wiggled in them searching for his signature indent anyway.

“I’ve gotten approval from the Deputy Director and the Director. If you accept the position we’re reopening the x-files,” Skinner said gruffly.

“On what grounds sir?”

“According to our debriefing, you’ve got a missing woman with a suggestion of foul play, a website that’s been hacked, and DNA from two different people, one of them our own former agent Scully that contains attached unidentifiable strands. Sounds like an x-file.”

“You were able to convince them on those facts?” Scully asked.

“The missing woman and the DNA was enough. Apparently there’s a growing interest within the government.”

“For X-files? They want two agents assigned to extraordinary phenomena?” Scully couldn’t believe it. All this time and now they wanted them back? Was this related or was there something else stewing in the background?

“Off the record? There are members of congress that have decided it’s in their best interest to put you and Mulder back on the government’s payroll. The why is above my pay grade and clearance, but I’m positive you’ll have me that answer in a couple weeks.”

Mulder stood straightening his jacket. “Is it okay if Scully and I go get a cup of coffee, mull this over before giving you an answer?”

Skinner’s eyebrows scrunched together in confusion, but he replied, “Sure, no problem.”

Mulder took a walk to the bullpen with Scully close behind. He made the coffee and Scully stood next to him waiting for an explanation. “I know in the parking garage you told me you had no choice, but I also know that was an emotional response. I really want you to think about this before we give him an answer.”

The coffee finished percolating and Mulder poured a cup, adding some sweetner and handed it to Scully. He poured himself a cup as well, offering her a seat while he took the corner of one of the desks. “This thing with Tad is a rabbit hole. You know it and I know it. It unlocks doors that lead to other doors and when you get close to the cheese at the end of the maze they remove the cheese and put it in another maze.” Mulder took a sip of his coffee and continued. “You once told me that there is only losing when looking into the darkness. I know you don’t want to start that up again. You’re the other half of this team Scully. I can’t… and I won’t do it without you, but this is different than the times of the past when we were out of the FBI… this will be your job again. You’re a doctor now. Why go back to this? Why go back after all that’s happened to you when you were a part of the x-files? All the opportunity you missed. Why return when I know this is not what you want?”
Scully nursed her coffee and thought about everything Mulder said. It was all true and she didn’t know how they would work now that they were apart. “Mulder, because it’s time, and I need some answers.” Scully looked up into the stormy eyes that held her truth inside them, “I want names. They need to pay for what they did...what they continue to do.” She held onto the last part - because in the past days she had felt more alive with him chasing an x-file than she had in a whole year at the hospital. Because as much as she screamed no, casting light into the darkness with him was where her soul knew she belonged.

Mulder lifted his eyebrows and sighed nodding his head. “Okay. Then let’s give Skinner our answer.”
Back in the Saddle

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

We're at the second episode of Season 10, "Founder's Mutation." This episode breaks my heart in so many different ways. Especially in their dream sequences, both of them living together in the unremarkable house. While it is their personal relationship with William, their own plays in the background. I left the episode alone only tackling the first day back in the office and then the scene after the case is over. Their lack in this episode doesn't make for interesting reading, but at least the chemistry is back with the "Were-monster". Do you think Kyle will eventually learn to take people's heads and go punkin chunkin like William? The evolution of the x-men... and I thought we only imitated Star Wars. There's a cross-over here somewhere....

"You're never just anything to me Scully."

There was a crack in the ceiling of Scully’s apartment that had made its way to the fan, continuing on its semi-straight and narrow path. Scully knew because she had spent the better part of an hour on her couch staring at it. What was she doing? Was the decision to go back to the x-files the right one? Why was she really back? Is this what she wanted? If it was, why had she left Mulder? Did creating distance from Mulder have to do with x-files or did it have more to do with who he became as a result? Will this help his condition or worsen it? What about herself? Was this retreating back into a comfort zone or was this really the direction she wanted her life to take? What about her own romantic interests? Was this permanent until she retired or would she bail again and decide her career would end as a practicing doctor?

She didn’t have the answers to any of it, but there she was, getting ready to head down to the basement with Mulder again. The hospital had been understanding, allowing her to cut her hours, but maintain affiliation. Covering some patients at the hospital and tackling X-files wouldn’t be much different than when she used to work x-files and assist with other cases while working at Quantico.

The morning light seeped through the window hurting Scully’s half opened eyes. Rolling over, she checked the alarm clock. It was after six. With a loud groan she threw back the blankets and rushed into the bathroom beginning her ritual. The only difference between going to the hospital and now was the onslaught of clothes laid across the bed as the indecision grew for what she was going to wear to her first day back. Nervous didn’t begin to describe what she was feeling which was silly. It was everything she was used to and she had her other job to fall back on… but maybe it wasn’t the job at all.. Maybe it was going back to work with Mulder… as ? what exactly? So many years had past since they were partners - Seven years, but they were more than that for fifteen. It wasn’t going to be easy and it wasn’t going to be like trying on an old glove. Needing a jolt of caffeine, she grabbed her purse and dashed outside into the bright morning winter sun.

Without a badge, Scully had to go through the front door like the regular joe and obtain a visitors pass. Getting her ID and updating her background check and other personnel duties took most of the day. One positive thing was they were able to bridge their years for vacation and retirement benefits. No doubt Mulder, like in the old days, would most likely struggle with distancing himself enough to actually take vacation.
More than half the day had gone before Scully finally was able to step into the elevator and follow the lyrics to the Aerosmith song all the way to the basement.

The door was closed when she got there, but she noticed Mulder wasted no time having his name put back on the door. She knocked as she did the first day stepping into that office and opened the door slowly. Mulder was pinning pictures to the corkboard and before she was able to greet him she was almost trampled by a rush of rookies carrying file boxes filled with papers. In fact the office was covered in boxes. Scully didn’t even get a chance to peek inside one when more men came delivering file cabinets and more furniture.

Mulder turned as he grabbed more clippings, feathering his nest. “Morning Scully. Or should I say afternoon. That was a lot to get through HR wasn’t it? I thought it would never end. The only thing they didn’t ask me for was my DNA. Probably because they already have it.”

Scully set down her leather briefcase and Mulder suppressed a smile realizing it was the one he had given her.

“What’s with all the boxes Mulder?”

“They located the x-files. I’m having them bring it all in so we can go through it. If we work through the night we should be done by...” Mulder looked at his watch. “2025.”

“Sir,” the youthful agent said beckoning Mulder, “We’ve run out of counter space.”

“Take some of the metal shelving out of the storage room. You can use that,” Mulder ordered back.

Tearing some clear tape, Mulder took the ripped IWTB poster from his desk and flattened it out, trying to make a repair.

“Where’d you get the poster from?” Scully asked, holding down a corner so he could line up both sides.

“It was lying on the floor when Skinner and I entered the office and I ripped it during my tirade.”

Scully looked puzzled. “Skinner said Doggett was the last one out of the office before it was locked up. He told me Doggett had taken it as a souvenir. A way to remember all the adventures we had.”

Mulder raised his eyebrows. “You think someone left it here knowing I’d come back to the basement?”

He continued his repair job, flipping it over to secure the back. “Mulder, look at the bottom right corner. Those are my initials. Somebody left it for me.”

Sure enough, in tiny handwriting, the initials DKS were printed there, along with love always, MR. Mulder watched attentively as she grabbed a handful of tacks and pinned it to the board. Mulder thought about that. The last people to occupy this office were Reyes and Doggett.... And Scully. The last “believer” was Scully. Doggett was a skeptic and Reyes sometimes floated above the clouds.

Mulder may have been part of the x-files for the first nine years, but Scully had been part for the last nine years until the department was closed. The last two years were without him. It might have had Mulder’s name on the door and the desk, but it was Scully’s office.

Scully turned to face Mulder, “It wouldn’t be the x-files without that poster now would it?” Mulder continued to stare, but didn’t comment. “Something you want to say Mulder?”

“No,” he said and then shook his head like he had just come out of a nap. “No, yeah, we definitely
Scully spent the next couple hours sifting and sorting files with Mulder, but there wasn’t much to discuss and it left them with some uncomfortable silences that were very unlike them.

Figuring that she may just need a break, Scully went upstairs to the computer lab to do some research. Scully had seen the tiny MR scrawled in the back and believed it was most likely from Monica, but when she went to pull her file, it was marked restricted. So she typed in John Doggett. His came up the same. Scully wasn’t going to guess, she was going right to the source.

“Deputy Director Kersh, thank you for seeing me,” Scully said as she closed the door to his office and approached him. “I’m looking for Agents Doggett and Reyes. I was wondering what their current locations and positions are... how I may be able to contact them.”

“You can’t Agent Scully. Monica Reyes has joined the Department of Defense on a high security clearance project and Doggett is also on a similar assignment with Homeland Security. For their own safety, their records have been sealed and identities unknown.” Kersh, who had been signing forms while speaking, looked up. “Is that all Agent Scully?”

Scully felt her cheeks flush and her blood pressure rise. “What happened to you? After all we’ve been through together. After all you’ve seen. Did they finally get to you?”

Kersh put down his pen and brought his hands together as if praying, the tips of his forefingers resting at his lips. He then looked at Scully and set his hands on his desk interlocking his fingers. “Where have you been for the last thirteen years Agent Scully? Where were you when A.D. Skinner and I were winning battles and keeping the FBI afloat? A lot has happened since you’ve been gone. You chose to leave your post and go with Mulder while we were here keeping the bad guys from winning. I went with Skinner and vouched for you and Mulder and the validity of the return of the x-files. So don’t come here questioning me, my motives, or my loyalties.” Kersh picked his pen back up and continued writing, “Do not disappoint me because I can shut you down faster than it was reopened.”

“Yes sir.” Scully said plainly. She did an about face and headed towards the door.

Kersh called back, “Agent Scully. We brought you back to do a job. Please see that it gets done.”

Scully pursed her lips and left. She wasn’t sure what that conversation was about, but she felt the threads of Kersh trying to tell her something without telling her. Kersh, Reyes, and Doggett would be something for the backburner to unravel later. Kersh was right about one thing. She was here to solve cases and she had chosen to do that instead of being a surgeon’s assistant because as much as she felt fulfilled working at the hospital, her heart was in being an agent. Back down in the basement, Mulder had it so the office was covered with files. Rooting around in the past. Why couldn’t they just move forward? Focus on the next x-file to come their way. Their history was too jaded and had left too many scars. The dead deserved to rest. Melissa’s file lay open in one corner and when it caught Scully’s eye she gasped and tears begged to escape her eyes. So many years had gone by and Missy had missed all of it. She recognized Emily’s file on another shelf by the case number. It was embossed within her cranium after the countless months of mulling over her decisions. This was enough torture for one day she thought. The old white clock on the wall read six thirty and Scully was ready to be back in her apartment. Tomorrow it would all still be there waiting for them.

*  

[Post Founder’s Mutation]
It was almost nine thirty at night when the DOD finally said they could be on their way. Mulder stood next to Scully presumably waiting for something. But Scully was uncertain as to what. That uncomfortable silence crept back inside their cracked subconscious bubble.

“Another case in the books. I guess it’s time to call it a night,” Mulder said pursing his lips, delicately chewing the inside of his cheek and placing his hands inside his pockets.

Scully had to do something. They couldn’t continue to work like this. Their chemistry was off, they weren’t acting like themselves, somehow disconnected and distant, like they were possessed by stiff expressionless mannequins with ugly wigs. If it continued, soon they’d be communicating by passing notes across the desk.

“Mulder, you want to get something to eat? I know this great 24 hour diner not too far from here..” Scully suggested.

He nodded, but his expression remained stony, tight. “Yeah, I could go for something.”

Dinner was quiet. Too quiet. Like munching on your salad and annoying yourself quiet. “You want me to take Kyle’s blood sample to the lab?” Scully asked.

“Not the FBI. If anyone gets a whiff of anything, they’ll find out the pistol the DOD is carrying isn’t because they’re happy to see ‘em.”

Scully nodded. “I’ll take it to the hospital.” She looked down at her food and then back at Mulder.

“Mulder, Why did you think Sveta was the key? We already knew that my abduction was done by men, men who worked for the government. We’ve seen enough cases of babies taken before they were born and tampering with alien/human DNA. We knew about Purity Control back in our first year with Dr. Berube and Dr. Secare. Look at all I uncovered of the supersoldier program with Doggett and Reyes, not mentioning what we discovered as far back as 1993 with the Eves. All having red blood and various abilities.”

Mulder locked his gaze with hers. “Unlike you and all the others that we’ve encountered, Sveta’s memory came back. All of it. She knew the faces of the men that did this to her and was ready to name names. All the proof we would ever need was locked inside her brain. Imagine actually having the power to bring some of them to justice. To one day stop it.”

“Mulder, why were you so adamant at the house that there was no conspiracy with aliens, only that of man and then today you were talking about the project like you forgot all we went through with Tad and Sveta?”

“My informant told me he had no knowledge of aliens communicating with anyone. He said that there were crashes and from those sites was where the government gained their knowledge. From men like him and other doctors. Scientists. Then Sveta confirmed the doctor’s reports and everything I knew from your abduction… and I put aside all our other experiences.. Created a bias and I was running.” Mulder looked down at his plate and drank some of his Coke before continuing. “I have my highs and lows. That… was a low day. You had a right to be worried Scully. Imagine what I was like three months ago… six months ago..”

“I remember last year Mulder and you’re right. You’re not yourself yet, but you’re closer.”

Mulder eyebrows formed a peak as he spoke in monotone, “You look incredibly sad Scully. I mean you’re beautiful..”

“Mulder,” Scully blushed.
“but you really look sad and when you talk it’s barely above a whisper, like you’re attending a funeral. Is there something wrong? Something I should know about?”

Scully played with her salad. “No, Mulder. I… I am sad. I don’t know what I was expecting returning to the FBI… or with you… Are you okay Mulder?”

“I told you, I’ve been taking care of myself. Found my own brand of therapy. You were right. There was a lot about myself that I needed to sort out in my head. I mean, like I said before, I have my good moments and my bad, but right now… I’m just sad you’re sad.”

“Mulder, I… sometimes I feel like I don’t know anything anymore. Fifty two years old and I can’t seem to make up my mind about anything. I know I had to make a change…because I felt empty inside… I feel empty inside and I don’t know what to do about it. Don’t know if I’m doing the right thing going back to the FBI, leaving the hospital, and us.. Mulder.. What are we doing? Two weeks ago I was working at the hospital and we hadn’t seen each other in.. I don’t know how long and now we’re back working together..”

“I know,” Mulder sighed, “It’s… surreal. Like a weird dream where everything is upside down and inside out.”

“Mulder, I’m not going to pretend that it doesn’t hurt to look at you and see all that we were and all we’re not going to be. It’s going to take a while. Right now I’m a stranger in my own skin.”

Mulder frowned. “They threw away my projector Scully. First you leave, and then they throw away my projector. If I haven’t gone over the edge yet, I never will..”

Scully waved her credit card at the waitress and addressed Mulder, “You want a ride home?” Mulder analyzed her face. “You want to be alone. No, I’ll just hitchhike.”

Scully passed him a knowing look and they left the booth slowly walking to her car. Mulder, out of habit, matched her stride. He held the door open for her and instinctively took a deep breath inhaling her all too familiar vanilla lavender perfume as she walked outside. His heart skipped a beat. He walked her all the way to the SUV. Before she lifted the door handle she glanced upwards in his direction giving him a quick little smile. If he had blinked he might have missed it. Just a slight upward tug at the corners and a sparkle in her eyes, a small glimpse of pearly whites peeking through her upturned lips. A burst of sunshine filled his chest awakening his aching heart.

Back at the house, alone, Mulder’s thoughts drifted to William. He found himself at the kitchen table daydreaming of what could have been, staring at William’s baby picture. The house felt huge... and quiet. Sending a hand through his hair he spoke to the dead.. Or maybe just himself.

Mulder rested his head on the table, inside the crook of his arms. Twenty three years had past since the day they met. Twenty three years of her being the first thought when he woke and the last when he finally drifted off to sleep. Every waking and subconscious thought included her in some capacity. His life, his family, all of it, had become them. Even their individuality was found inside each other. Why couldn’t they work out their problems? How was her living an hour away going to get them closer?

“This is so stupid,” he mumbled, fighting the tears forming at the corners of his eyes.
Chapter Summary

We're up to "Mulder and Scully Meet the Were-Monster." I can’t fix all the errors in the props department, but I can try. The episode reshuffle gives it that added challenge. We’ll have to use our powers of pretend for the rest.

In this episode we learn that Mulder’s preferred way of dying is naked, walking in the woods, being eaten by a mountain lion, bear, and a gray wolf at the same time. This was my favorite episode of Season 10, but during this rewatch I have to say "Home Again" comes in a real close second. Maybe because Season 11 now exists I am enjoying it more. Just remember, I'm doing it all for you Mulder... I do it all for you!

Mulder & Scully, approaching dangerous suspects without backup since 1993

A night of wild dreams left Scully entering their office with a lively step and their latest case file under her arm. To her surprise, the office was emptier than last week, pictures removed and things arranged and rearranged. The wastebasket filled with discarded files, while others lay on the ground having missed their destination. And Mulder, tossing pencils, desecrating her already desecrated poster. She hoped her face wasn’t pinned somewhere on there.

“Mulder, what are you doing to my poster?” Scully exclaimed, partaking in a little friendly flirting, waving her head around and giving off a very inclusive vibe.

He didn’t want to break the news to her that he had been tossing pencils at it the better part of last week and she only now seemed to notice. It was so much easier and satisfying than the ceiling mishaps of long ago. Besides, he got to practice his ninja skills.

What Scully did discover was Mulder going through much of the same crisis and self and life examination as she was. She decided to indulge his insecurities and listened while observing his jarring change in behavior.

When Scully had visited her mother on Sunday afternoon, Maggie had mentioned that Mulder had come by on Saturday to see her, which Scully could tell was largely contributing to the spring in his step and the almost cartoonish theatrics. This is the effect her mother had on him. Keeping his spirits up while he nosedived into life and career analysis and dissection. Currently he was spewing forth an oral defense as if preparing to go up against the Harvard debate team. Not exactly how she liked to see him, but still marginally better. Two weeks ago he was fighting for her attention with Tad playing government conspiracy Drop the Mic. Then all last week he looked like he had just finished the last verse of Billie Holiday’s version of Stormy Weather. Today he was… happier? Animated?

She took notice of his freshly darkened hair free of silver streaks which she also attributed to his visit, but keeping up one’s appearance was a good sign overall. As long as he wasn’t driving around in a convertible two-seat roadster with a twenty year old attached to his arm, she wasn’t going to bring it up. It did, however, raise questions of her mother’s recent indulgence in a new Mustang.

This last visit her mother was more adamant than she had been in the past about Scully returning to Mulder. Pleading with her to make their relationship a priority and fix the problems together. When
she had left her mother’s house it was with that promise and that when they did, if they did, it would mean forever.

*

[After Mulder returned from the woods and said goodbye to Guy]

Feeling validated, Mulder entered his house with a new found commitment and more importantly belief that the supernatural was all too natural in his neck of the woods. And yes.. He still wanted to believe.

The door creaked open as he entered. The looming silence and blinding darkness that greeted him was always the hardest when he returned. His keys echoed as they hit the table. The cell phone next to join them. Mulder made a mental note to delete the camera app in the morning, grabbed a bottle of water, and flipped on the t.v. to Sports Center. Since he had missed the games he could at least check out the highlights. Sixty minutes later he was headed up the stairs to get out of his suit. A fresh linen scent as he opened the bedroom door reminded him that a comfy bed was patiently waiting. He hadn’t used it since she left, but he knew when she tapped on his tie earlier today where he was spending at least part of the night. Her perfume remained on the pillow and he took a long inhale as he buried his face in its soft feathery satin. Excitement rose in his gut. He glanced over to make sure the towel and lotion were still accompanying the nightstand.

As soon as he closed his eyes his mind went to the sight of her at the animal shelter. The way she shook her head with that debonaire smile and come hither eyes as she tapped gently at his tie. He smiled to himself thinking of her playful grin while she performed the autopsy and the peaceful way she slept in his shirt while he spied on her. His. Shirt. Obviously, Scully’s thieving was not limited to dogs, but what it meant that she had to keep something of his… In his imagination Scully was lifting his shirt off, exposing a hint of her abs, all the while her penetrating gaze remained. All he needed was that smile and those eyes. His fantasy wasn’t close to what Guy described. The phone rang, startling him and he turned onto his back and answered. “Hello,” he said into the receiver attempting to modify his voice as to not give away his indulgences.

“Mulder, it’s me.”

Mulder lifted his head from the pillow. “Scully. Everything alright?”

“Yes.” Scully paused and Mulder waited for the rest. “I was trying to sleep and thinking that you never finished telling me how things went with Guy. I figured you were probably awake so I called... I’m a little disappointed our killer wasn’t a horny lizard man.”

Mulder grinned and pursed his lips. “Well, not to fret. I found Guy again and he transformed in front of my very eyes. He was the real deal Scully and I witnessed it. Eye witnessed it.”

“What made him transform back?”

“We weren’t sure,” Mulder said, his fingers playing in his hair, “but he needed to go into hibernation for like 35 thousand years or something.”

“Mulder, you know that doesn’t make sense.”

He smiled into the phone. “Yeah, I know. Isn’t it great?”

“Yeah, it kinda is,” she smiled back, her voice slow, soft and silky, “So what were you up to when I
called?"

“Pondering our next case,” he said warmly, lowering his hand to rest at his abs. “What about you?”

“Giving my new dog a bath, trying to decide what I’m going to name him.”

“You stole the dog.”

“I adopted him,” Scully corrected in a way that if it was 1995 she might be twirling a phone cord around her finger. “Only I skipped doing the pesky job of completing the paperwork.”

“I think the dog’s name is Daggoo,” Mulder informed her matter-of-factly.

“Daggoo?”

“Yes. Daggoo. It was Guy’s dog. That’s what he named it.”

Mulder waited as Scully called the dog. He listened as she scratched him and gave him treats. “You’re right. It’s Daggoo.”

“I don’t think Guy is going to come looking for him where he’s going. You could probably keep the flea bag.”

Scully paused. “What do you have against dogs Mulder?”

“I don’t have anything against them specifically. It’s difficult to think of you… rubbing and petting something that isn’t attached to me,” he spoke hesitantly and chewed on his bottom lip. It had been a while since he had done anything close to flirting with her. His hand had dropped, his thumb hooked at his waistband while his fingers scratched at the hair beneath.

“So if I came to visit, you would let me bring him into the house?”

Mulder’s tongue ran inside his cheek. Was she intending on visiting? “I guess that might be okay as long as he’s housebroken and doesn’t lick me.” He forgot how easy it was to flirt with her. The pillow sending her scent to greet him as he rolled to his side.

“Mulder, what were you really doing when I called?” Scully asked pointedly.

Sweet Scully. Why I was preparing a mental strip tease before you did very dirty things to me. He took a breath. “I don’t think you want to go there,” he answered.

“I want to go there.”

Mulder lifted his eyebrows shaking his head into the pillow. “I don’t think you do.”

“Mulder, I want to go there.” Scully stopped. “Where is there?”

He smiled and changed the phone to his other ear sliding it between his face and the pillow. His top teeth grazed his bottom lip and his heartbeat picked up the pace. “When you touched me today… well…” He closed his eyes and took a breath. “It moved.”

“What moov… oh.. And.. you were doing something about this?” Scully probed.

Tears quickly filled his eyes, but he fought them off swiping at them with his thumb. He didn’t realize how emotional this was for him. Trying not to let on he joked, “I’m not the only one that’s been down since you left.”
“And me... poking at your chest did the trick?” She asked more clinically than playfully.

“It’s difficult to explain,” he replied running his hand back through his hair, “but at its most basic form, it reminded me of that case we were on out in Pittsfield so many moons ago. You recall those fast moving high school students? The way you stroked my tie and the very memorable drive home...”

“Mulder,” Scully said softly.

“You asked.” His voice lowered and lightning shot through his chest.

“That was a good day,” Scully admitted.

“It was a good year... Well, until I hopped on board the great space coaster.”

It felt invigorating to smile with her and feel their sparks of electricity. He realized she was playing it cool because she didn’t want to give him false hopes or lead him on, but they also hadn’t used this tone with each other in what seemed like an eternity.

“What goes through your mind?” She inquired as she envisioned him in their bed, underneath their covers- in his tight red underwear barely covering anything. Its contents begging for freedom.

“ Mostly our times together... your smile. You smile and your face lights up and it brings the world with it... the way your eyes sparkle... H-how you control my body by a simple stroke of your hand against my arm.”

“Mulder. Where are your hands?”

He pursed his lips and went for it. “Where would you like them to be?”

The phone fell silent other than the faint sound of breathing.

Mulder pushed forward, turning the tables, a fierce sensation pierced into his chest. “So what is your go to image?”

Silence. Then he heard some ruffling on the other end and what sounded like possibly the opening and closing of drawers. When her lips returned to the receiver he noticed her breathing had picked up. When she finally spoke her voice steadied. “You mean the one of Channing Tatum giving me a full body massage?”

Mulder scowled afraid the conversation was dead, but she added, “Then there are times I think of you.. In jeans and no shirt, maybe leaning against the top of a door frame, completely aroused, giving me that look.”

Mulder’s throat went dry. “What look?”

“The one that sends lightning through me. The way your lips slightly part. You approach me, but you don’t touch me. You wait and the waiting, your control, and how aroused you are... just thinking about it.” He heard her take a sharp breath.

“Scully..” His cock throbbed and thickened, straining against his underwear. Mulder was almost out of his mind. There had been moments in the past months he didn’t even know if it would ever work again. He reached for the lotion slathering a generous amount into his trembling hand before wrapping it around his cock. The last time he felt like this... so much time had passed. He pumped gently closing his eyes, his breath quickening as the vision of her wanting him filled his mind.
Scully continued, lost in a zone, “And your hands, they cascade over me, your eyes lock with mine as you gently cup my breast, Then we’re kissing and your other hand slides down between my legs…”

Mulder swallowed hard, he couldn’t believe she was allowing this to happen. “I love the soft skin of your inner thigh..” He pumped slow, sliding his hand on the underside of his shaft, squeezing at the base. “..especially when it brushes against my cheek.”

Scully whimpered and Mulder answered, “My tongue knows how to ease that ache inside you Scully.”

She moaned his name and there was no longer blood going to his brain. On the other side of the phone he could hear his old friend start to buzz and the receiver grew hot beneath his cheek. “... and I can already taste you dripping into my mouth as I fuck you with it.”

His heart was pounding with excitement and partly terrified that she might scold him and hang up the phone. Scully moaned again and the buzzing muffled as she pressed it against herself and it only made him throb harder. She continued, “..and your long slender fingers, they find their way inside me.”

“And you mold to them as they make you writhe and scream, bucking against my mouth, but I won’t let you come. Not until I’m buried deep inside you.”

“Where are we Mulder?” she whispered and he could hear her anticipation and his cock stiffened, harder, throbbing to the beat of his racing pulse as he imagined her grinding against their toy.

“We’re in the office, in the back and the motion of your body against the table is destroying the pictures of those damn ice formations.”

“I can hear others just outside the door, but it feels so good I beg you not to stop,” Scully added. As she said it the muscles in his groin tightened at the sudden surge in pleasure, pleading to contract.

“Oh, Scully. What are you doing to me?” It was a rhetorical question, but she answered it.

“I’m running my hand up and down your…”

He moaned increasing his rhythm. “I can feel your hands Scully, touching me, stroking me.”

“Mulder,” she let out listlessly, “You lift me up and my back leans against the wall, my legs wrap around you..”

Mulder finished the thought struggling to get the words out. “I free myself and tease you, dragging the tip against you, until your beautiful moans reach my ear, and then I slide inside. Can you feel me Scully?”

The vibrator muffled again and he knew she was pressing it harder against her body. “Yes.. you’re so hard and you feel so good.”

“Place your hands on my hips Scully... move me to your pace,” he said gasping, his body vibrating.

Scully was matching him, her high pitched staccato breaths blasting into his ear through the phone. For a few minutes those were their only sounds until he felt the violent pull of her thoughts entering his. Gripping at the vision, their fantasy playing in a shared mind’s eye.
Mulder continued to voice what he was seeing, “We’re moving, in one rhythm, I’m lost inside you.. and your eyes close as your lips reach for mine...” Mulder paused, “Scully, why is Skinner groping my ass?”

“Because you have his secretary in the room watching us...”

He laughed, “Okay... okay.. everyone is on the other side of the door and it’s just me and you...”

“And you kiss me as my arms wrap around your neck”

“And your chest is sliding against mine. Auh, Scully.”

“Mulder, you're so deep.”

“And you’re so wet...”

“Faster Mulder...”

“Yes... faster...” He said with his eyes closed, his hand setting a furious pace.

The pleasure built inside him until it was almost unbearable. He reached for the hand towel and covered the tip. “I can feel you ready Scully, digging your nails into my ass and pulling me as close to you as possible... You feel amazing.....stay with me Scully.”

“Oh. Yes. I.. feh .. Muld...I..uh....ah... Mulder...”

Mulder’s groan was almost a roar. He felt like the contractions would never end. Followed by a wave of overpowering emptiness at the realization that she wasn’t there for him to hold. There was silence and for a minute Mulder wasn’t sure if he hadn’t done something wrong. Then her voice came through, weaker than a moment ago. “This is my fault. I thought this might help... no, I don't know what I was thinking... I shouldn’t have called you.”

A flash of anger rose as his face turned red hot. “Scully, what are you talking about?”

“This isn’t us anymore Mulder and it's not my place to..”

Mulder sent his hand through his hair, clenched his jaw, and he let out an exhaustive sigh, “Scully, we were celebrating successfully closing a case. Can we be happy for five minutes?”

There was silence at the other end.

Mulder let his hand rake over his face and tried to stay calm. “Look, get some sleep, dream of friendly monsters, and your partner will see you in the office in the morning.”

“Okay,” Scully said meekly and the call ended.

Mulder got out of bed to clean up. When he returned he stripped the sheets with the pillowcases and sent them down to the wash. Grumbling, he kicked his feet up on the couch, propped himself up on the throw pillows covering himself with a blanket, powered on the t.v., and fell asleep.

[The following day...]

The light tapping of rain hit the glass of the basement office window while the clock on the wall clicked forward, edging towards nine yet Scully had not made an appearance. Mulder was afraid that last night he may have crossed a line, but he tried his best to keep his mind on other things and away from the negative. Instead he went to work reviewing the rest of the case files, sorting, discarding,
and re-cataloging inside his brain. Always a tiny part of him pondering the remnants of The Syndicate and what those bastards might be up to now.

Butterflies rose in his chest as he heard the clicking of her heels making their way towards the office. He lifted his head and greeted her. One thing he refused to do anymore was hide his feelings. He was beyond that point in his life.

Her face brightened. “Morning Mulder.”

“Or afternoon,” he responded under his breath. He noticed the low buttons on her light tan blouse and the way her chocolate suit complemented her delicate curves. Maybe he could rewind the last thirty seconds of his life and come back with a better greeting. “You slept well?” Mulder asked trying his best not to smirk.

“Very well,” Scully replied back bluntly, taking off her coat and setting her attache on the nearby table. “I was up early and spent a few hours at the hospital.”

Without looking up she asked, “How are you sleeping these days?”

He tilted his head and raised his eyebrows. “Better all the time. Last night I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.”

“Oh.” Scully remarked booting up her laptop.

“Yup, grouting that bathroom tile puts me right to sleep.” Mulder rose from the chair retrieving a tube from underneath the desk and handed it to Scully. “You can't accuse me of forgetting your birthday this year. Anyway, I ruined your poster so I thought it was only right to get you another one.”

“Thank you Mulder, but you still have a couple weeks yet before my birthday.” Scully took the tube and slid out its contents, unraveling the familiar picture that mocked and inspired her through the years. “This means a lot.”

“Where are you going to put it?”

Scully looked around, nodded her head and retrieved a handful of tacks from the drawer. Mulder watched as she walked towards the back of the office and hung it on the short wall so it could be seen through the dividing glass. “You once told me you felt back here was my space so I think it should go over here,” she said glancing over her shoulder and flashing him a splash of sexy.

“I think it’s perfect Scully.” He monotoned, walking up behind her. He came close to placing his hands on her shoulders, but thought better of it and awkwardly dropped them to his sides. Scully turned and they stood within an inch of the other. Between her flushed cheeks and bright eyed gaze he knew she felt their pull as much as he did. Instead of reacting he returned to his desk with a suggestion, “Now all you need is a nameplate…”

*The next day…. It wouldn’t be Philadelphia without a certain degree of confrontation, right?

At a little before 6 A.M. Mulder’s cell rang. “Mulder, it’s me. Skinner called. There is a case that needs our immediate attention. Looks like we have a two and a half hour ride ahead of us. We were requested at a crime scene in Philadelphia.”

“Requested? It’s only been a month since we got the band back together and we’re already getting requests? How did they even know?”

“I guess word travels faster these days Mulder. I’ll be by in about an hour to pick you up. You’ll get
a chance to review the details on the way.”

*

Two hours later they were on their way to Philly and Daggoo was marking his territory at the unremarkable house. As they pulled out of the drive Scully tightened her grip on the steering wheel. “Thank you for letting me leave the dog in the backyard Mulder.”

“If he digs his way out of the fence, I am not responsible,” Mulder warned, already engrossed in the file of the murdered federal employee.

Scully made no comment, grateful he didn’t make a big deal about the dog showing up unannounced with food and toys.

Mulder snapped the file closed and turned his attention to the passing trees. Scratching at the rashed skin of his neck from a rushed shave, he cocked his head towards Scully. “So Scully, while we’re up here, are you sure you don’t want to take some time, visit any old friends? I could rent a car, drive back alone.”

“Mulder, who do I know in Philly?” Scully demanded.

“Well, maybe you’re looking to get another tattoo.” Mulder shot back.

With wide eyes Scully raised her voice, “Are you kidding me? That was twenty years ago.”

“19 years and one week actually,” Mulder sneered. Scully took her eyes off the road to pass him a look. Mulder shrugged it off. “Photographic memory.”

Scully raised a doubtful eyebrow. With an exchange of another glance, she changed the subject. “I really rather go with you and visit the Liberty bell again.”

When she glimpsed again the softness that had returned to his eyes caused her heart to constrict. “Do you think we’re the only ones to ever break into Independence Park?”

“Possibly, but more importantly, we were good at it.” The glow from his smile flowed into her like lava.

“Rebel,” dripped from her lips.

“I love it when you call me that,” he returned warmly.

Scully taunted back, “I know.”
Chapter Summary

The X-Files, Changing the way I hear 50’s music one spooky mutilation at a time. "You’re responsible. If you make the problem, if it was your idea, then you’re responsible. You put it out of sight so that it wouldn’t be your problem, but you’re just as bad as the people that you hate." That's a quote from your x-files Chris Carter. Maybe you should heed your own words.
"Home Again" was a good episode, just so sad the result was the loss of our beloved Margaret Scully. The biggest highlights for me were the Flashlight flirting, displaying their badges after our long hiatus, seeing our x in their flashlights. Tulpas was a subject in Arcadia, but this was a more accurate description/portrayal?
Anyway, back to my two favorite tulpas, Mulder and Scully. They're back to being partners and a very confusing reunion. Next chapter they will finally have the long awaited conversation. And well... sometimes they like to do more than talk...
If anyone needs a hug after this chapter, I'm here for you :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“The obituary is in the paper, I just got off the phone with the funeral home, the flowers should be there on Saturday, I think I’ve contacted all her friends..” Scully read from the to-do list she had made of her mother’s arrangements as she wore down the carpet fibers in the office.

It was a process to try to get her to slow down. Mulder rubbed at his temple from behind his desk calling out, “Scully, Scully…”

Scully looked up, but kept pacing, tapping her pen on the pad. “I don’t know where Charlie and his family are going to stay, Bill’s staying at mom’s house..”

Mulder tilted back in his chair. “Scully,” Mulder shouted then calmed his voice, “Charlie can stay at my house. I will make sure everything is taken care of. Breathe.”

Scully’s arms fell to her sides as tears welled in her eyes, “I never wanted to have to do this Mulder.”

He got up and walked towards her, holding his arms out for her to accept. “I know.”

Her head lay against his hard protective chest. The sound of his heartbeat always there to calm her, his shirt an outlet for her tears.

“How are you holding up?” Scully asked through sniffs.

“I’m the last person you need to be worrying about Scully.” He held her tighter not allowing her to see the worry and pain in his own eyes.

“I know how close you were to my mother.”
“Yeah,” he breathed out with a sullen expression. “Why don’t you go home,” He suggested rubbing her back. “Give me a call later. Let Charlie and anyone else flying in have the house and give me a corner of your couch.”

Scully nodded drying her eyes with her finger so not to smudge her eyeliner. “I’ve got a few things to wrap up in the lab and a report to complete. I’ll call you tonight.”

If Mulder was a betting man, he would have lost this one. Everyone made it through the funeral, keeping their distance, without bloodshed. Mulder hung back while he watched Scully comforting her mom’s friends as they paid their respects to her and her brothers. Scully looked up and made eye contact with Mulder giving him a come hither with a slight head bob. In an attempt to show support he made his way over and Scully introduced him to her relatives and friends from out of town. Each time she did, she called him by his first name. A rarity in itself, but he surmised the intimacy and the formality of the occasion called for it. Maybe it was because it was the name Maggie always used and today he was more Maggie’s Fox than Scully’s Mulder. Strangely enough he found it comforting. Nothing that happened that day made him feel out of place. In fact, everyone treated him like he had been part of the family for the past 25 years. In almost every way, he had.

Scully requested to Bill and Charlie that she be the one to grant mom’s final wish and scatter the ashes into the sea. It is against the Catholic faith to scatter ashes, for the body is considered God’s sacred temple and must be prepared to rise again during the end of days. Therefore, they should be buried in a cemetery or other sacred ground, but on this subject Margaret Scully was adamant. She wanted to be with her husband.

So after the funeral ended, Scully voyaged to the sea with her soulmate by her side to sit on a log on a pebbled beach and say goodbye to the woman loved and cherished so dearly. The conversation to Mulder’s dismay was again centered around William. Mourning bred unanswered questions of those lost and Mulder would endure whatever Scully needed. When she said, with newly formed tears in her eyes that she would be there when he found the answers to the biggest mysteries, it formed a bridge and he could only look at her with faith in his eyes that she would be. It was the very first time she had committed anything to him since she had left and right now, with Maggie no longer there for him, it meant the world. There was nothing for him to do, but allow Scully to go through her lament. It was the longest he had probably ever kept his mouth shut in one day, but he listened intently. She leaned on him both physically and emotionally and he stayed in tact for her, rubbing her shoulder and letting her mourn.

Back at Scully’s apartment emptiness dug its claws inside him. All of it was like a horrible nightmare he couldn’t wake up from. They should have been in their home, together. He hated being in her living room. Hated that he didn’t know where the glasses were in the cabinets or where she kept the remote. The couch was too new, the place too empty and the things of hers that were from the old house made him even more upset that they were set inside this background.

They put the t.v. on and started a marathon dedicated to her mom with two of her favorite movies. “Some like it Hot,” and “Love Story”. Sitting on the other end of the couch, Scully rubbed the quarter that hung around her neck. He wondered why Scully hadn’t noticed it before this as he had seen Maggie wearing it on several occasions and never thought to question. Maybe she had it tucked underneath her shirt or didn’t wear it around Scully so there weren’t any questions she didn’t want to answer.

Tucking her legs up underneath her, Scully asked out of the blue, “When we were on the case this week, what did you ask the eight ball?”

Mulder ran his hand along his jawline trying to recall. “If the Knicks were going to win. It said not
“Likely.”

“Oh. Nothing concerning us? Or you?”

Mulder shook his head, “Nope. Just sports. I don’t leave us to the fates.” Mulder reached for his iced tea, “Scully, through the years, at all of my darkest hours, your mother was there for me. We shared a lot of good times too.”

Scully bridged the space between them and caressed his hand. “She loved you very much Mulder.”

Two lines appeared between Mulder’s brow as he looked at Scully. “In a lot of ways I loved her as much as my own mother. She cared for me and loved me. I never knew that deep a love could exist with a parent.” He trailed off and didn’t complete his thought. Maggie had given him love he wanted to pass on to his child some day. She had taught him so much.

When his thoughts cleared he looked over to find Scully analyzing, attempting to read his mind. “I know this isn’t the ideal situation for you, being here.”

Mulder shook his head. “I don’t want to talk about that tonight. We’re both emotionally and physically drained. It’s probably best we call it a night.” Mulder placed his shirt, tie, and pants on the nearby chair and stretched out on the couch as Scully got up and retrieved a pillow and a blanket. Scully’s eyes didn’t leave him to the point that he was a little uncomfortable now only in boxers and an undershirt. He waited to see what she wanted.

“We didn’t put in the second movie,” she offered.

Mulder punched the pillow, fluffing it up. Unhappy that it was new and not in his house. “You’re welcome to lay here with me Scully. Pop in the other movie. I’m fine.”

Love Story played and Mulder lifted the blanket and she laid inside his cocoon. His eyes closed as he took a deep breath. This is what he missed most. Emotions spilled freely from his heart as they snuggled, because of Maggie, and Scully, and that he was a stranger in a place Scully lived, and because of this unbelievably depressing movie. Scully was crying too. Maybe that’s what they needed to heal. Let the blood flow from the wound until it could scab over. If nothing else, they were able to find comfort in each other tonight.

He woke in the morning to realize that neither of them had stirred and he wanted to keep it that way. Wanted to hold onto her forever. Ridiculous request as his bladder was already demanding attention. Returning from the bathroom Scully reached for his hand beckoning him back to the couch. He did so willingly wrapping her back up in his arms. “I don’t know what I would have done without you Mulder. These past few days, my whole life.”

“Oh, Scully, you would have made it through, I just don’t know if I would have.”

She lifted her head from his chest and into his waiting eyes. “I love you Mulder.”

With a finger he gently set aside her auburn blonde strands. At least that’s what he remembered it saying on the box. “I love you too Scully. Always have. And will never stop.” He wanted her to kiss him, but he waited for her reply. She broke the gaze, looking down at his chest, leaning her fingers against him. “We need to talk.”

Mulder kissed her forehead and pulled her into him. “I know, but not today.”
“When did she revise her will?” Bill demanded.

“About a month ago,” the lawyer informed him. The reading glasses sliding to the end of his nose as he read aloud the large stack of papers. “Dana will receive the IRA benefits, jewelry and estate items are as stated, the grandchildren split what is in savings, and you, Dana, and Charlie split the proceeds from the sale of the house. Fox Mulder is to receive the title to the Mustang.”

“Bill, it’s just a car,” Charlie chimed in narrowing his eyes and fidgeting in the chocolate leather chairs. It was obvious that he was as eager to end this as everyone except Bill.

“A $100,000 car. There’s no fucking way I’m going to let him have it.” Bill gritted out smacking the lawyer’s desk.

“You have no choice Bill,” Scully countered, Mulder could see the tears stabbing at her lids and he could feel his rage start to boil, “It’s what mom wanted.”

Walking out of the lawyers office into the parking lot Bill continued his rant refusing to give in. “I’ll protest the will,” he spouted pointing at Mulder, “You have my whole family fooled don’t you? Even my wife and my mother, but I know what you are and you do too. Destruction and chaos follow you. Go ahead, take the car. It’ll be totalled soon enough.”

Each syllable Bill uttered spread like a wildfire inside Mulder. In the past he had always kept his mouth shut when Bill spewed. When he did answer, it was with a certain respect and understanding of his perspective, but with everything he had been through the past months his patience was on a fraying thread.

“You’re going to shut up Bill because I’m not tolerating you upsetting Scully any further. Your mother just died. If it matters that much to you, Scully can have the car.”

Mulder ducked as Bill’s fist wooshed above his head. Like a linebacker, Mulder buried his shoulder into Bill’s solar plexus taking the air out of his lungs landing him against Scully’s SUV. Bill was scratching at Mulder’s back, trying to grip his jacket to pull over his head as Mulder landed a hard kidney punch, but Charlie dove in to split them up. Bill continued to struggle, but Charlie had him pinned by the neck to the car. “You son of a bitch!” Bill spat waving his finger. Mulder ignored him fixing his jacket. Scully ran to Mulder’s side checking his face, running her hands down his chest. The feeling of her warm hands on him felt so good he let her fawn over him while Bill got in his car to lick his wounds.

Scully laid her hand on Mulder’s cheek. Her soft gently touch melting into him. Mulder decided that signal meant it was time to go home. “I’m going to go back to my house. I’ll catch a ride with Charlie. Will you be alright by yourself?”

“Yeah.” Scully nodded and gave him a hug. He basked in her energy as her face pressed into his chest. With a kiss on the cheek and a thank you for the night before, she left him to spend the night with Charlie’s family until the house was empty once more.

Chapter End Notes

What was the year on the quarter? To me it looked like 1964, but that can’t be right.
The Talk
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

"Babylon". The first time I watched it I liked it. Of course, I wasn't paying much attention to the plot or that the best a 54 year old man could fantasize about was line dancing and eighteen year old scantily clad dancers. I was still on the M & S are back high. It was fun to see Carter try his best to show Mulder in such an embarrassing fashion. Sorry Carter, there is nothing you can do to not make this guy look hot. He was dead for three months, face all zombified, yeah and... still looked hot. Scully still loved him and probably would have kissed him if she wasn't afraid of the smell of rotting puppy breath. Give it up Carter. Upon rewatch, of course I realized how offensive this episode was. The Lumineer's song people either loved it or hated it for being too cotton candy/bubble gum pop, but the lyrics - "I belong with you, you belong with me, you're my sweetheart" That was a leap for Carter. Of course, no kiss and plenty of b.s. abstract dialogue, staring up at the heavens, grasping onto each other with both hands. Why aren't we together? Why? I don't like this chapter, but I know next chapter is better.

Mulder took his focus off of the heavens and back to Scully. Her eyes smiling back at him. Her lips inviting, but he reminded himself that they were not his to kiss anymore. She took that right away from him when his pursuits took precedence over them. As much as he wanted to, he couldn’t promise her it wouldn’t happen again. In fact, it already was. A sickness, no different than any other addiction, consumed him at times, still, those years when Scully was his life, were the best he had ever had. After moments of silence, he continued to walk with her through the yard, her hand remaining snuggled in his own like it had no intention of leaving anytime soon. “So Mulder, you told me when I came by to pick up Daggoo that you wanted to talk. Was philosophy and theology all you had in mind or were there other subjects you were looking to cover?”

Mulder swung their arms. “There are. In a very abstract way, Einstein and Miller reminded me of how we started, believing we were so far apart in our ideals. Respecting each other’s opinion and beliefs while, sometimes vehemently, disagreeing. Only to discover, no matter what path we took, our ending was together.”

Scully covered the top of his hand with hers as she leaned in and let her head lean against his arm as they walked. She raised her head towards him. “We must listen to what’s speaking so we may have the power to save ourselves.”

He stopped and smiled. She had remembered. “Yes, but tonight I will be listening to you speaking.”

“We might be better off listening to the soothing sounds of the seventies,” she quipped.

“You’re kidding and I’m serious.” Mulder sighed. He could hear Daggoo barking in the distance at a squirrel and led her towards the property line. He kicked at the grass as they walked. “Scully, I need to know why you left. The long version because we need to find forgiveness and we need to heal.” He sent his gaze her way. “We need our friendship back Scully.”

“Oh, we’re friends Mulder, but I’ll admit we haven’t been connecting on our usual level.”
Mulder stopped walking and repeated his question. “Why did you leave Scully?” his voice had all the hurt of a year gone by.

“I didn’t know any other way to get you to face your depression.”

“I’m not following you.”

Scully stared up at the sky and he wondered if she was praying for strength. “In a way, I felt as if I was helping to feed it. I believe that deep down you feel responsibility for William. Guilty, for me following you and not staying with the FBI. You look at me as one of your failures, another woman you couldn’t save.”

Mulder fumed. It could be fifty years from now and she would still bring up hints of his sister. As if his whole existence was completely surrounded by her. “Why do you always bring it back to that?”

“I think if you really look hard enough, you’ll find that it is. I get to play your devil’s advocate. I countered your belief that 2012 was going to happen or if everything you ever did was only chasing another lie. You look at me and see your doubts. The two of us living together 24/7, it’s perpetuating the sickness.”

“And we couldn’t have gotten through this together?”

“I was your crutch. You didn’t have to deal with the root cause of any of your actions with me around. I spoke, I protested, I threatened, but you didn’t listen. It was important for both of our mental health that I got out of that house.”

“I’m listening now.”

“And these past six weeks have been incredible with you around. I don’t know how I would have gotten through last week without you, but it’s not solving the problems with our relationship.”

“Why can’t we try. Start right here. Work together to fix this.”

His heart was breaking all over again. Scully grabbed both his hands and sent him her warmth, but the sadness crept in. He was fighting a losing battle. The only thing left was acceptance. “Mulder, I don’t want what our relationship has become and I can’t ask you to change. If you changed, then you would no longer be the man I fell in love with.”

The sun ducked down behind the trees and the winds picked up bringing with it a cloud cover. He let go of one hand and squeezed the other heading back to the house. “What are you looking for Scully?”

“Everything we have when we’re alone, together, in our home, without the world intruding on us. That’s not realistic and I can’t stop the darkness.”

“That you can’t,” Mulder replied as the thunder rolled. “You want to head inside? I’ll make us some tea.”

“Is it all right if I bring the dog in with us? He has been back there all day and I haven’t even said hello.”

Mulder sighed keeping his eye on the dark distant clouds. “Yeah. Bring him in.”
“I deserve to be with someone that puts our relationship before everything else,” Scully preached as she drank her hot tea. The conversation had picked up steam in the house, but any protest against being anything more than friends was brought with great resistance. Listening, the answer was clear and there was no convincing Scully otherwise. The best they could do was be friends. Reality sunk into Mulder, convincing him that she could lead a better life without him.

“I never said you were wrong Scully,” he replied defeated.

“Mulder, this is not just about what I want. What did you find lacking? What needs was I not fulfilling?”

Mulder fought his eyebrows not to raise. There were so many needs she fulfilled, some he didn’t even know existed. He leaned back on the couch and rested his feet on the coffee table. “Scully, I know every nuance of every expression you possess. I can tell your mood by your footsteps, your thoughts by the reflection in your eyes or outtake of breath, but that doesn’t mean there aren’t things we don’t need to talk about. I wish you could find a way to open up, and you’ve opened up tremendously over the years, but there’s a lot remaining bottled up inside you and a lot we should be talking about and we’re not. Your distance creates distance between us. Something as simple as this house. Your apartment was always neat and clean. You can’t enjoy staying in the cluttered mess I create yet you never once said anything about it. That’s just housekeeping. What serious things don’t you talk about?”

Scully placed her empty tea cup on the snack tray and joined his feet on the coffee table. “I don’t want to be second to whatever new development that enters your life. Mulder that was fine when we were simply friends. I don’t want that in my relationships. I also don’t want a one-sided relationship. You ordering me around, demanding instead of asking. Not respecting my religious beliefs. Or do you forget those days?”

He got it. “What happened to the romance?”

Sully reached for his arm. Mulder accepted her consoling. For the first time he really accepted that it was over. Scully must have felt his heart sinking. “You can be very romantic Mulder, when you pay attention, but how can I rely on that?” She patted his hand. “Mulder, what is it that you want?”

Mulder was in full on self-loathing. Blaming himself for inflicting negative karma and an unrealized life onto the woman he loved. “What do I want out of a relationship? A marriage? More than what we have already? I want a direction that we follow together. I want stability. I want you to be able to commit to us and I want to be able to rely on that commitment.”

“I want the same thing.”

Then why were they apart? Mulder thought to himself. His muscles ached from being stationary for so long so he stretched and looked at the time on his wrist. It was past eleven. Time had flown by. “So where does that leave us?”

“You’re not finished with what you’re going through Mulder and I haven’t worked anything out myself. I still need to do my share of self examination. Maybe a relationship isn’t even what I want. Maybe I need to be alone for a while or maybe I don’t want to share a life with someone. Maybe I’m better with everyone at a distance.”

Mulder’s heart couldn’t take anymore. “What are you saying?”

“We need to be friends. And not friends, hoping… one day… maybe it will be more. We need to only be friends Mulder, with the outlook that this is all we’ll ever be. That’s all I can promise.”
Mulder leaned forward. Giving himself one last ray of hope. “And if I choose to wait for you?”

Scully looked away from him and he knew her answer wasn’t going in the direction he wanted it to. “You may wait and we may never get closer than we are right now. Don't get me wrong Mulder, I still want to be close. I want to be your partner and share a journey, but not a romantic one. I don’t expect you to wait. I'm hoping to move on. Which means you’re free to pursue whatever you want, without holding onto a commitment from me..”

Mulder pushed himself to the edge of the cushion shifting his weight to his thighs, his thumbs supporting his chin while his lips rested at his forefingers. His voice dropped, “That won’t stop my detest for every man that lays eyes on you.”

“Even as friends Mulder, we’ve never been good at letting other people enter our circle.”

“No, we haven’t.”

“Maybe it’s time we do.”

Her stiletto had returned, slicing at his insides. “You ever wonder what would have happened if we did things the right way?”

“The right way? Is there a right way?”

“We did everything in secret. Went to work in separate cars, sometimes taking separate planes. Slept in different motel rooms. Left work at different times. Pretending to the public that nothing was going on. What if we weren’t so afraid and I had just asked you out on a date? What if we weren't forced to hide how we felt about each other? How different would things have turned out? Is this really what you want? To end it and find a way to be friends?”

“I want to be sure. Right now I’m not sure of anything. I don’t know what’s going to happen. What you can put your back up against is that I’m always going to be there for you. I want to be your partner and I’ll always be your friend.”

“So friends… and no sex.”

“No sex.”

“And I’m free to date other people. That doesn’t bother you?”

“Yes, it bothers me, doesn’t the thought of me seeing other people bother you?”

Mulder smirked and shook his head. “Oh, you’re not seeing other people. I... that’s just… it’s not happening.”

“Well, I can’t have it both ways and if you meet someone, I’m not going to stand in the way of your chance at happiness.”

“I’m not saying you’re wrong about any of this Scully. Our relationship should be our priority. You deserve so much more than I’m offering you right now. If I’m ever able to wade through all my shit, the very first thing I’m working on is being worthy and deserving of us and that kind of love and commitment from you.”

“Friends?” Scully asked hopefully.

“Always,” Mulder answered softly. “I’ve been angry, resentful of your leaving, but I hear your
reasons and I understand.”

Scully crossed her legs sending her gaze to the floor and for the first time that day actually looked upset, but she simply changed the subject. “What are you going to do with your bonus for stopping the terrorist attack and leading to the capture of those wanted terrorist leaders?”

“Buy a huge t.v. Maybe two or three. What about you?”

“I’m going to put it in the bank for now. Maybe get a new car. They’re building a new apartment complex on the other side of town. They’ll be smart homes. I might put in an application.”

“High tech doesn’t sound like you.”

“We all go through our own mid-life crisis Mulder. You and my mother with that car, maybe mine is in the form of a fancy apartment.”

“Well if you do move, I might not be the best person to ask to drive the moving van.”

“They come fully furnished so I really won’t have to move much, but I understand.”

*  

Lightning struck waking Daggoo. He whined and scurried up the stairs to take up residence under the bed. The noise woke Mulder and his eyes slowly opened to find Scully’s already staring into his. Scully spoke first. “Remember all those late night flights... we used to fall asleep together sitting up in our seats just like this. I’d wake up to you smiling at me.”

“Because you were snoring and drooling.”

Scully huffed out a smile, but quickly became serious. “Are we going to be okay?”

Mulder covered her hand with his holding it firmly. “I’m going to tell you the same thing you told me on New Year’s Eve of the millennium when I asked you that same question-- We’ll be just fine.”

“Actually 2001 was the new millennium according to the Gregorian calendar,” Scully corrected.

A floorboard underneath the couch creaked when Mulder’s lips reached out to Scully’s. She met him halfway. It was a gentle kiss. Followed by a goodbye kiss. Followed by another friendly kiss. Only to be accompanied by an I’m not afraid of letting go Scully so we can find our way back kiss. That was until their tongues got involved. Then he dove deeper, tasting her, getting quickly carried away, taking all he could before she changed her mind. Before she remembered for both of them why they shouldn’t be doing this.

Every feeling she shouldn’t be having came rushing through. Her hands desperately wound around his head. His hands pressing her tightly against him. Trying to gain composure she rained kisses on his face, his eyes, over to his temple, preparing to stop this madness, but it only sent him to a place just underneath her ear. God, she was screwed. Especially when his tongue made its way with his lips down her neck. Reacquainting herself with the feel of his body underneath her fingers, her hands slid to his shoulders trembling at the quickening of his breath. She leaned back to pull away and his lips found the tops of her breasts. His hands came up to cup them and his mouth landed on the exposed cleavage inside. Unbuttoning the next button he kissed her left breast and unhooked the front latch of her bra. He peeled her shirt away from her skin button by button and took her nipple in his mouth. “Mulder,” she gasped several breaths as he sucked one and rolled the other.

Her arm reached down and tugged at the button on his jeans. With his one free hand he got the
button open, sliding up so she could reach the zipper. Wasting no time she dipped her hand down into his pants to its smooth hard contents. The heat escaping along with a fresh soapy scent of a fresh shower. She reached for his lips again and he kissed her hard. His body moving into her hand a simultaneous motion with the movement of his lips against hers. He was rapidly teasing her into a shaking mess.

“Jesus, Mulder,” she breathed into him, he sat up just enough to toss their clothes aside. Bringing the blanket back with him he wrapped them up in it. She held her breath as he dragged his fingers down her body. “Scully” he croaked. The intimacy sprung tears to her eyes. Quickly, she swallowed down those feelings, but that’s when it hit her. She had created distance with a man that had willed her back to life when he could have made the responsible pay, put her seeing her sister before having a digital tape with the answers to everything, traded his sister’s life for her own, and traded his own happiness so she could keep her son safe. Now, she was putting him through this. How do you leave the best part of you? She needed her Mulder back and she didn’t know how else to get it, but all that would have to wait until his tongue finished its promise that it gave to her on the phone two weeks ago -- “Oh, my God, Mulder.”

That’s right Scully, you can call me your god if you want. And with that thought his tongue did exactly what she had needed it to do and as soon as it did he returned to her lips and made his way inside her. Mulder mistakenly opened his eyes and looked down, watching what he was doing to her. Even though it was dark, he could see himself moving inside her. It was too much to handle and he had to look up quickly, catching Scully’s satisfied smile. She was almost laughing at his lack of control, but he didn’t care. He hadn’t had sex in so long and he was savoring the feeling in his heart from being inside her. Scully lifted her hips so they could move in unison and his lips landed on hers again. The woman that put his life before her own to follow him to the ends of the earth, to save his life, to trust him beyond all reason even when he had a gun to her head. Lightning flashed and Mulder heard the refrigerator power down, the house losing electricity as they finished. He snuggled her tight against him underneath the blanket, the rough cloth of the couch not as comfy as his old leather one, but he knew upstairs was off limits. He took the outside end knowing full well Scully’s restlessness might land him on the floor.

When Scully woke she was pressed between the couch and Mulder’s hard body and she was holding him in her hand, kneading him in her sleep with her fingers. Her mind raced and a fluttering started in her chest, but she ignored it and squeezed him lightly, tugging him towards her. He woke as she lay on top of him, just as she slid him inside. He sat up to kiss her as she began to rock, his hand threading through the back of her hair. He leaned his forehead against hers. “I will miss the way your chest presses against my skin. The way your hair tickles my shoulders and the sound of your panting possessing my ear. I will miss it all Scully.”

A bitterness filled her mouth that she couldn’t swallow away. “I will miss it more Mulder. Your gentleness, how completely you fill me, how easily you control my body..”

Mulder locked her eyes and smiled holding her, still buried inside. “Oh yeah, you will miss that.” He kissed her lips rolling his hips up into her and she rocked into him in response.

The afternoon sun broke through the blinds and Mulder brewed some coffee. Eighteen hours and four times under their belt and Scully was still lying on the couch naked. He didn’t ask when she was leaving for fear she may come to her senses. Instead, he let Daggoo out to do his business while he poured a bowl of dog food, changed the water in his dish and headed back to the couch with their coffee. They shuffled through the news and weather and neither of them bothered to get dressed. Cuddling under the blanket, Scully ran a hand over his chest. “What are these marks Mulder?”

“In my hallucination, I was secured to an alien’s examination table. Agent Einstein appeared as a
dominatrix dressed in a leather teddy with a crop. Those were the marks she left on me." Years ago, he might not have told her everything, but he was intrigued himself and besides, what was she doing with Channing Tatum in her dreams?

“That’s interesting. The Agent Einstein part is disturbing, but the marks.. The mind is a very powerful thing. Reminds me of that man that was burned alive by simply believing his apartment was on fire. Scully kissed each of the three marks and leaned her chin on his chest. “I may have left a mark myself on your neck.” She sucked gently and Mulder closed his eyes preparing for another round, but instead there was an all too familiar tap on the inside of his leg and fear gripped at his stomach.

“Mulder, I’m going to have to leave soon,” she said telling herself as much as him.

“Do you really have something that pressing to do today?” He nestled her ear and whispered into it, “Give us one more day.” She touched his face reveling in its scruffiness and kissed him. “We need to rip off the band-aid Mulder.” Mulder nodded sadly and Daggoo jumped on the couch licking his face to console him. Scully laughed and Mulder scowled, Daggoo sending his attack to Scully, Mulder petting his head in satisfaction. It was obvious Daggoo was signalling that he was ready for some exercise.

Mulder caved and took Daggoo for a walk around the property with Scully in the other hand hanging on his arm. This didn’t feel like an ending, but a new beginning. Taking sex off the table would force them to find their common ground, get back to a more meaningful, loving, and powerful partnership. Get back to connecting on an emotional and spiritual level. At least that’s what he kept telling himself. There was a lingering of feeling a bit like a stranger especially to the part of her that had moved on ever so slightly in that tiny apartment of hers. Being friends again wasn’t going to be easy with such an overwhelming need to be close, but they would figure that out together. He stopped in when they reached the backyard and he let Daggoo through the fenced area. Scully latched onto him again and he pulled her into his lips. It was going to be so hard to let go. Pictures of them dancing, running through fields, hills, and dark hallways together, the look in her eyes as he felt their baby kick inside her, whenever she left him to head to an operation at the hospital, and all the many good times, playing in his head. Heading back to the house Mulder suggested, “Why don’t we go to the supermarket, pick up some fresh vegetables and I’ll grill some steaks?”

“Okay, but then I need to head back to my apartment.”

Scully was able to keep her feelings at bay in front of Mulder. It wasn’t until her key made contact with the lock on Sunday morning after their sixth and final go round that she broke down. Pressing her forehead to her door the floodgates fell open, sobbing into it without restraint. Pain and emotions threatening to swallow her whole. She’d been wrong to think she could do this and come out unscathed and unaffected. This was playing with fire while doused in gasoline. All she had was her faith to guide them, so she forced herself back together and after a much needed shower and change of clothes, she left for church to attend Mass and pray.
Mulder knocked on the old familiar white door, its paint blistered from many a sunrise. A muffled call from Scully from somewhere deep in the house gave Mulder the go ahead and he entered. The place was a lot emptier than the last time he had been there and not only from the lack of furniture. He finally located Scully in her mother’s room sitting on the rug, rummaging through some old pictures in boxes and frames cluttering the bed. He leaned against the door frame. “I thought we were packing up stuff, but it appears you’ve done more unpacking than packing.”

“Mulder, come look at some of these pictures,” Scully said as she removed more from an old box.

He bent down and picked up an album thumbing through it. There were pictures of a young Charlie and Bill dressed in baseball uniforms. Charlie had a lightsaber in his hand instead of a baseball bat and he could tell from Bill’s expression that he was born with his charming personality. Then there were pictures of Scully and her sister, Charlie pushing Scully on a backyard swing, pictures at Christmas time, her father holding her as a child in full Navy dress, and some other black and whites of what must have been her grandparents. The next pile held a young and very beautiful Maggie Scully alongside her husband. Several family reunions and gatherings. Thankfully, for Scully’s sake, no one he recognized. “I didn’t realize your hair is so curly Scully,” he remarked.

“I’ve straightened it almost everyday since I was 25 and its lost a lot of its curl through the years, but yeah, those banana curls are mine.”

A flash of Emily went through his mind and another of a beautiful daughter they could have had if only… his mind no longer needed to fill in the rest. There were several photos of her going to the prom. She looked beyond beautiful. Mulder held up the picture to make a smart remark about how much better her night would have been if she had known him, but stopped when his heart sunk. Scully was in tears. “This is what mom kept by her bedside.”

It was a framed picture Maggie had taken of him, Scully, and William, the day before he left for New Mexico. Scully holding William in her arms, Mulder with a hand on Scully’s arm, the other wrapped around William. The smile on their faces reflected a kind of joy he hadn’t felt since that day. There were other framed pictures Scully had taken down from the walls of Charlie and Bill and their families, her parents wedding picture, and one of Mulder and her mother taken during a Thanksgiving holiday.

“Mulder, look at this one,” Scully said handing him the photo, “we were so young.” It was him and Scully with their arms around each other sometime shortly after her abduction. They were in their FBI clothes. Even back then he could see the warmth and meaning Scully had brought to his life shining right in his face.

“A couple doe-eyed kids,” Mulder spouted. “Going through all your mother’s stuff, have you found
anything interesting?”

“What, you mean evidence of gentlemen callers? Or that my dad was in cahoots with Nazi stormtroopers? No.” Scully picked up some books from the stack she had put in a new box. “Some dirty romance novels though. I already boxed up her clothes and other things for donations. She had some jewelry. She kept just about every Christmas and birthday card ever given to her and several gifts we made for her as children, stuff we made in school, report cards. In one box I found marriage and death certificates from generations on my mother’s side. Some love letters my dad wrote to my mom before they were married. A couple of dad’s watches. I’ll give one to Bill and one to Charlie.” Scully shuffled some more stuff around. “A pretty cool coin and stamp collection and my dad’s military service records.”

“I found another picture Scully,” Mulder said holding it up, “This has me, you, William, and your mother in it.”

“Let me see,” she said and took it from his hand, “Ellen must have taken this one.”

“Can I have it?” Mulder asked, hoping she wouldn’t say no. It was his favorite out of the bunch. “That and the one of me and you… and maybe this one of you in a bikini.”

“Take whichever ones you want,” Scully said elbow deep in another box. She pulled out another photo. “Look Mulder. There’s even one of Skinner holding William and one with just you and Skinner.”

“Ellen and your mother were picture happy that day,” Mulder commented. He watched as Scully moved on to some new boxes. “Have you gotten any closer to finding the meaning behind that quarter?”

“Sadly, no,” She said pulling at the necklace and rubbing the coin between her fingers. “Maybe it was one she found and something lucky happened to her. Maybe she won on a slot machine in Atlantic City, or maybe there’s a significance that I’m yet to uncover about the date.”

“It’s not a magic quarter is it? You know the one with the secret compartment where you can hide a dime or penny?”

“No. Not that I can tell.” Scully shrugged. “It’s just one of those things. I guess I’ll never know.”

Mulder reached over and delicately picked up the coin, his fingers leaning into her chest. A sudden need hit him to dip them lower, but he ignored it. “The year means it is 90 percent pure silver. They didn’t start making nickel and copper in quarters until after 1964, so it’s worth anywhere from $3.50 up to one hundred dollars. Coins around your neck could be used to keep someone from being conjured. It counters witchcraft spells…”

Scully picked up her mother’s bible continuing to listen to Mulder educate her on the different uses of silver coins throughout history and flipped to one of the marked pages. They were familiar to her as some of her mother’s favorite parables. One page that was marked had a highlighted section. It was Luke 15:8-10, The Parable of the Lost Coin. “Mulder listen to this. My mother has it highlighted: ‘Or what woman, having ten silver coins,1 if she loses one coin, does not light a lamp and sweep the house and seek diligently until she finds it? 9 And when she has found it, she calls together her friends and neighbors, saying, ‘Rejoice with me, for I have found the coin that I had lost.’ 10 Just so, I tell you, there is joy before the angels of God over one sinner who repents.”

“What do you believe that to mean?” Mulder asked.
“I remember in Catechism learning about this story. It’s a parable Jesus tells about how intent God is to find those that are lost. Sometimes women would wear coins around their neck as a dowry if they were a widow, but I don’t think that is significant with this story. The physician Luke wrote several unique perspectives of Jesus’ teachings that had to do with people that are lost. The lost coin story is about a woman who had ten silver coins and lost one. Those coins were all she had and she went crazy looking for it. To others it held no value, but to her it was everything, it had meaning. She burned all the oil in her lamp searching for it all night, which oil was precious even back then, just to find this coin. She tore the house apart until finally she finds it and then rejoices. The point is that Jesus values all types of sinners because they are His and they hold value no matter what they have done. When someone has value or is precious to them they will do anything to hold onto them and when they are lost they will do anything to save them. It’s about Jesus’ desire to search for what is lost. God’s desire to reclaim lost human beings, and that we need to share in that desire, putting a high value on relationships.” Scully’s whole demeanor changed and she slowed her speech, “Reigniting those relationships that are lost. Think about it Mulder. Luke was a physician. The woman was a widow. A silver coin?” Scully rubbed the coin again between her fingers, excitement rising within her, “Mulder, if this coin is related to that parable, it could symbolize or act as a reminder of the importance and value of mom rekindling her relationship with Charlie and why she mentioned William before she died. In the last conversation I had with my mom before she had her heart attack she made me promise to fix the problems between us. She went on and on about the importance of placing the highest of priorities on our relationship.”

“So you ended it… nice.” Mulder remarked, but when he saw the hurt in her eyes he made light of it, “I’m kidding.”

“Mulder. I’m trying to repair us, but how else can we do it without starting from the beginning? What happened to the commitment we made to each other 16 years ago to be friends above all else?”

Mulder scooted across the floor, pulling her in for a hug, her head fitting neatly underneath his chin. “We are Scully, and we will be.” His lips pressed to her forehead and left it with a kiss. “Hey, I’m dedicated to this… and now that I know one of your mother’s dying wishes was for us to reconcile, it makes it all the more important. I don’t put it past Maggie Scully to haunt me from beyond.”

Scully laughed patting him on the knee. She met his eyes and their noses brushed. His eyes closed and Scully kissed him running her hand up the back of his hair, tangling her fingers within his soft strands. She pulled back just enough for them to open their eyes and she soaked up his warmth. His eyes closed again, her lips pressing to his another time, her tongue reaching for his, flexing against his own. She pulled back a second time. “I don’t think I recall us doing any kissing on the lips when we were simply friends.”

“There was nothing simple about our friendship Scully, but I guess we could go back to making out with each other’s foreheads.”

Scully matched his smile and gave him another slow deep kiss.

“Well,” Scully said removing her lipstick from Mulder with her thumb, “Guess it’s time to get off the floor and finish up.”

“Yeah,” Mulder said staring at her lips. He took a deep cleansing breath when she started to pull away. “What’s left?”

“Well, Some time ago my mom placed colored stickers on the bottoms of all the furniture, knick knacks, and collectibles so we know who she wanted to have what.

Slowly they made their way around the house, boxing up more items, leading them to the basement.
It was there Scully found something most disturbing. Not the collection of guns from her father, or the cans of food stacked in the cellar or even the stack of cash. It was while leafing through the pictures of her father out at sea. There were many of different ships and submarines. Her father had been a Captain or a Commander of several different vessels during his time. The one that caused her heart to stop, was of him, standing with a group of uniformed men, in front of the USS Valor Victory. It didn’t take but a minute for Mulder to read her face and ask what was wrong. Pushing back her usual response of denial she held up the picture. “This ship once contained the building blocks for producing organic super soldiers for the department of defense.”

Mulder shook his head. “Scully, it’s a picture in front of a ship at port. It doesn’t mean he was ever on that ship or was related to it in any way. He just happened to be at the docks when it rolled in.”

Scully let out the breath she was holding. “You’re right. There’s no proof my father would be connected in any way to that ship.” She quickly put it away and flipped through another box.

“We can leave some of this stuff for tomorrow.” Mulder said leaning against the damp cold gray stone of the basement afraid a whole day of this might be causing Scully to be haunted by ghosts that don’t exist.

Scully knitted her brow, a sense of dread flashed across her face. “I’m an orphan now Mulder.”

Mulder’s stomach tightened. He had never contemplated such a thing. “I am too. This isn’t where we break into song is it? I left my drum sticks at home..” He stopped when he saw her face drop. It broke his heart to see her sad even for a moment. There was nothing he could say or do to make anything better.

“Let’s head upstairs.” Mulder said placing a hand at her lumbar, “You’ve done a lot today. I’ll be back to help you tomorrow. Right now, I think we both have earned a drink.”

*  

“Do you remember the first bar we went to together?” Mulder asked handing Scully her mixed drink, and sitting on the barstool next to her. The glow from her smile silencing the quiet conversations swirling around the bar’s dim lighting.

“The day you met Deep Throat? If I recall you were trying to get me drunk in the middle of the day,” she said folding one leg over the other allowing the toe of her sneaker to lightly brush his dark jeans.

Mulder played with his straw mixing the fruity concoction and took a sip. “That’s doubtful. I was only trying to get to know you. See what kind of agent you were. I came to find out, one of the best.”

“I think you were trying to prove to the bartender and the regulars that you knew a live woman.”

“Now that may have been true,” he smiled staring down at the glass watching the liquid inside jump as the bartender laid down the other patrons drinks. “Scully, we... we had good times together.. Didn’t we?”

“What kind of question is that Mulder?”

“The kind you didn’t answer,” Mulder returned his eyes to hers and brought the drink to his lips.

“Yes. Sometimes the work can be frustrating, grueling, and disheartening, but it can also be satisfying, exciting.. “
Mulder nodded pacing his breath. “I meant outside of work.”

“Oh,” Scully let out slowly, “I’m not sure we ever separated the two.”

“That’s what I thought.”

Scully cocked her head back in order to study him. “Where is this coming from Mulder?”

He wasn’t ready to discuss it with her. Hell, he hadn’t reconciled it with himself, but what he saw in those random photos today were lives, a story. How much of their story was written without the tainted black ink reserved for a case file? He quickly lifted his brain from a fog of contemplation. “Random thoughts. Tell me more about that red-headed girl with the curly hair.”
The Evolution of Fox Mulder

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

We're still in that black hole between Season 10 and 11. I'm not going to spend too many chapters living with them separated. I'm already itching for them to get back together, but it does force you to learn to be closer in other ways which can be a good thing. Unless you're Dana Scully staring at Fox Mulder without a shirt on and your little pink friend is not in your pocket. So, in order to get to Season 11 there are some things that must be addressed and number one on the list is making Mulder the man Scully can't keep at arm's length. Mulder is good at playing long ball and he's spiffing himself up before he starts making his moves, but it will sure be entertaining when he does. In this chapter he's just sprinkling foundation because, well, Scully likes sprinkles.

Buzz. Buzz. Mulder’s cell bounced around the passenger seat and onto the floorboards of the Mustang. It didn’t matter. He wasn’t going to answer it anyway. It was Scully calling him to tell him not to go, to be his conscious and rational thought, of which he needed neither at the moment. They already voiced their opinions to each other all day yesterday and he snuck out of his motel room early enough so she couldn’t stop him. What he was doing might be dangerous, but he needed to catch this guy and apparently there wasn’t substantial proof for Scully to stretch her mind into a paranormal realm. The engine roared as his foot laid heavy on the petal, the windshield wipers sliding away the mist that the gusting wind sprayed across it.

*  

“Tell me again how this happened?” Skinner said loudly raising his voice above the constant drumming of rain against the metal room of the motel room.

“I left early this morning, when I got back she was gone.” Mulder’s tone stayed flat as he stated the facts, but Skinner heard the panic around the edges. “The room was ransacked. There was an obvious struggle. I called her and I found her cell phone ringing inside the room.” Mulder typed in Scully’s password and handed Skinner her cell so he could search inside it. “That’s when I called you.”

“Don’t panic. We’ll find her,” Skinner said reassuringly. “The calvary should be coming any minute and we’re still waiting to hear back from the local PD.”

While Mulder further contaminated the crime scene Skinner flipped through Scully’s phone looking for clues. Skinner’s phone rang and he answered. After a minute of listening he responded, “Okay, we’ll be right there.”

He looked up at Mulder who was underneath the bed, the beams of his flashlight peeking out from under the bed skirt. “They found her,” Skinner informed him trying his best to keep his voice steady. “They took her to the hospital, she’s in ICU. They say she lost a lot of blood and they haven’t stabilized her yet.”

Mulder poked his head from underneath the bed, his face whiter than the bedsheets. “Let’s go.”
The hospital was small and being in the rural sparsely populated mountains of Kentucky had little of today’s modern technology. Skinner couldn’t believe these places still existed. Technology seemed to be in every crack of the globe, but this town gleefully alluded it. Mulder paced in front of the doctor, clenching his fist, and raising his voice. They didn’t have access to her records and, therefore, didn’t have documentation that they were permitted to discuss her condition with him. The badge he was flashing wasn’t getting him any further and he didn’t have his power of attorney on him.

Skinner continued to flip through Scully’s phone for clues and noticed the three missed calls to Mulder and then the call hours later to her cell. Mulder hadn’t placed that call until after he was back in the room. Why wouldn’t he pick up when she called and why didn’t he return her call? There was something Mulder wasn’t telling him. Just then he heard Mulder threaten to burn the hospital down and knew it was time to intervene before they restrained him. Maybe being assistant director to the FBI and her boss might give him some pull to get one of them to give him some answers.

“Mulder,” Skinner said as he grasped Mulder’s arm forcing him to look him in the eye. “You’re not helping.”

“I need to see her. She needs me in there,” Mulder yelled pushing against Skinners embrace.

Skinner had witnessed their unique connection and he understood the power of it, but having to bail Mulder from jail wouldn’t help either of their causes. “Calm down and let me see what I can do.”

Mulder huffed away, his eyes crazed and bloodshot, tears threatening at the corners. He was ready to kill himself. The killers had double backed for Scully and he had left her there, vulnerable. If she came out of this alive... The hospital doors retracted and Mulder heard the footsteps of what he assumed was the detective in charge with his men. “Mulder.”

It was the sweetest, most beautiful sound he had ever heard and it was only his name. “Scully,” he breathed out in joy and relief. He sprung from the chair and wrapped his arms around her. The policemen surrounding her passed each other curious looks, but Mulder no longer acknowledged their presence. “Mulder, how did you get here so soon?”

“We got the call from our men at the FBI that you had been taken here. They said you were in ICU in critical condition. That you had lost a lot of blood.”

“It’s one of the women that were taken,” Scully explained. “He broke into the room looking for you, threatening me. After a struggle I was able to restrain him. I couldn’t find my cell so I used his to call it in. With some duress, we were able to obtain the location of the women. The ambulance left with her while we scoured the area making certain there weren’t any more victims.”

“I thought it was you,” he edged out, giving her another hug.

* 

Back at FBI headquarters Skinner excused Scully from his office so he could speak with Mulder alone.

“Mulder, I had a chance to peruse Scully’s phone in the hospital. She called you three times without an answer. Where were you?”

“My phone had fallen out of reach in the car while I was driving.”

“You never returned her call.”

“I was on another lead.”
Sweat beaded along what was once Skinner’s hairline. His face scrunched in the way it only did when he smelled manure. “Cut the crap Mulder. You stranded your partner without backup and put her in harm’s way.” Skinner waved his hand at him in exasperation turning his chair and got up to look out the window. Too many times they had this same argument. He didn’t even want to look at him. “I don’t even know why I’m having this conversation with you. It’s not going to change anything, is it?”

- [Weeks Later]

“Mulder, for a man that majored in behavioral psychology, you sure don’t know much about the female psyche.” Shira pointed out as she corrected Mulder’s form while he sparred with one of the other men Shira was training.

“Well, my sensei, will you please educate me?” Mulder asked, his padded knuckles connecting to the padding on the other man’s face guard.

“We’ve known each other several years now,” Shira said. The other man got up from the mat and Shira nodded goodbye saying something in hebrew. The man replied back, shook Mulder’s hand and headed for the showers. Shira turned her attention back to Mulder. “You agree, I know you and Dana fairly well?”

“Yes,” Mulder answered quickly.

Shira put on her gloves joining Mulder in the ring. She hopped around, throwing a couple punches his way. “I know why she left. You know why she left. No jokes. Why should she come back?”

Mulder blocked her punches then let his arms fall to their sides. “I don’t know. I probably wouldn’t come back if I was her.”

Shira knocked her fists together and urged Mulder to continue fighting. “You’re making this too difficult. The love is already there. She has to believe that being with you equals peace instead of chaos and that you will do whatever it takes to keep it that way. You need to stay in the present and not fall victim to your laptop and television.” Mulder joined her dance and they sparred. Shira continued. “She needs your support and attention, but one act is not going to prove anything. She’s been through that with you many times already. You have to prove you’ve changed your ways. Again and again and again.” With each word she threw another punch into Mulder’s chest until he was forced to defend himself.

“I’m there for her. I’ve always been there for her.”

“It’s not about only being there when the times get tough, it’s about being there every day and you have to decide…” Shira surprised him with a left and then a leg sweep, pinning him to the mat. “It’s either her or the x-files.” She backed off and allowed him to get up and they returned to their dance. “Your work can’t take precedence over your relationship and don’t say it doesn’t. Look who you’re talking to. Put in the time. Put in the work.” This time Mulder stepped into Shira’s punch and was able to knock her off balance and take her down. They both sat on the mat out of breath. “You don’t need to fix your relationship,” Shira said between gasps, “You two have the greatest dynamics I’ve ever seen.” She tapped Mulder’s chest and Mulder stared down to watch her. “Fix yourself. When you’re happy with the result, fight. Fight and don’t ever stop. She will come back, but only on her terms.” She got up and held her hand to help him up, but he shook his head and stood by himself. “Your hand work is just where we need it. Now let’s work on the feet.”

Mulder groaned, but allowed Shira to tie his hands. He had always been athletic and a fast runner, but footwork was not his strong suit. Shira came at him and had him down within the minute. “Dana
is your queen,” she said helping him up. She came at him again, this time from behind, choking him, stabbing at the back of his knee and sending him to the ground. “If you’re going to be a knight for a queen, a knight is there to be her weapon, her shield, but the queen, she still has all the power and can make all the moves. Surrender to that.”

Shira helped him up again.

Mulder smirked. “I love the analogy. Got any more?”

Shira charged again and Mulder timed it and jumped, coming down on her and faking a knockout kick pinning her to the floor with his legs. Both of them out of breath, they sat with their arms around their knees. “You must be unwavering and stand by her side, actually, physically be by her side. If the rain pours down you must be her umbrella and if the wind picks up, the sails on her ship. She determines your course as she is the captain.” Shira smiled. “How was that?”

Mulder snorted and smiled. “You should start your own blog.”

*[Weeks Later]*

The sun was still fighting to stay in the sky when Mulder returned home. The house echoing each step. No matter how much he piled into it, the emptiness remained. He trudged to the fridge and examined its barren oasis as if something interesting might magically appear. Sniffing at the milk, which surprisingly hadn’t expired, he decided to make a dinner out of a box of Honey Bunches of Oats. That was until he spied a box of macaroni and cheese. Score! It was not opened. Grabbing a pot he quickly filled it with water to set it to boil. He shrugged and took the bowl of flakes with him as an appetizer. Butt first he landed on the couch, tapping the remote so he could fly through the nightly news, soaking in the sunshine of killings and robberies, break-ins and breakthroughs in science and technology. The political climate brewing, he felt a dark age creeping upon them. After his hearty mac and cheese it came to his attention that the sun had not yet fallen through the trees, the city had only a few of its lights beginning to twinkle. Thoughts of Scully began to pile into his chest, causing a pain that most nights he had trouble keeping down. Too much time had to pass until his eyes would grow heavy, so he decided the hour was upon him again for Bob to awaken and head out to the coffee shop. Securing his laptop underneath his shoulder, he plugged his earplugs into his phone, shut the lights, and locked the door.

*[Weeks After That]*

The detective shook Mulder’s hand thanking him and Agent Scully for their help in closing their latest case. He handed Scully his card saying, “If you’re ever in the area give me a call.”

Mulder raised his eyebrows and glanced Scully’s way.

“I’m not overstepping…” the detective started, but Mulder finished shaking his head and holding up his hand, “Oh, no, we’re buddies. Go right ahead.”

Scully took the business card and passed Mulder a look. Once Mulder got in the car, Scully started it up. “What was that?”

He gave her a half shoulder shrug. “What? He was polite. Seems like a nice guy. I know how you like broad shoulders.”

Scully nodded condescendingly. Obviously, there was something eating at him. “Are you busy next weekend?” Scully asked tentatively.

“I have plans, but if you need something…”
“No, there’s nothing I need.”

Mulder let his tongue roam around underneath his bottom lip as he considered some options. “Saturday. 8A.M. Meet me at the house.”

*

“So, where are we going Mulder?” Scully asked as they sped off in her mother’s Mustang.

“To get a good workout.”

*

“Are you going to introduce your friend?” a short stocky guy said to Mulder as they approached the job site. Upon seeing Mulder entering the area everyone stopped hammering, sawing, and painting and formed a crowd around him. The scene seemed bizarre to Scully. Where were they and why were all these people gazing at Mulder like he was the second coming?

“Everyone, this is my friend Dana,” Mulder said projecting his voice. “She’s here to help us today and she’s single, which I knew you were wondering, a doctor and FBI agent. So watch yourselves.”

It was then Scully understood Mulder’s plan for them today was to help build a house. Out of the list of to-do items Scully chose to assist painting the interior walls. Gazing through the window as she covered the molding with white semi-gloss. Scully could see Mulder carrying some 2x4s, his arms bulging, his face already tanning in the sun. He was chatting away with another man having a good time as they prepared to construct what would be the garage. Scully clenched her jaw as she dipped her brush back into the can of paint. Mulder was moving on. Living a life she didn’t know existed. Meanwhile, she didn’t feel that she was doing much more than work. If it wasn’t for the FBI, it was taking on patients at the hospital. That’s what she preferred, wasn’t it? Being around people yet being alone, burying herself in work to rationalize happiness.

A tall thin man excused himself, ripping her from her introspection, asking permission to pour some of her paint into a pan. “Let me help you,” Scully replied and held the pan for him as he poured it.

The man caught her staring at Mulder and smiled. “Don’t pay any mind to what Mulder said. Everyone knows your Mulder’s Scully. He knows no one is going to hit on you.”

What did that mean, Mulder’s Scully? How much did they know and why didn’t she know about them? “When did Mulder start helping out here?” She asked keeping her voice steady acting nonchalant.

The thin man leaned his roller against the wall. “You mean you don’t know? Mulder founded this initiative. You could say we’re a combination of an AA meeting and habitat for humanity for abductees. We build and repair homes for people that find themselves down on their luck and deeply affected as a result of their abduction. We offer them a new start and psychological help.”

“Mulder did all this?”

“Yeah,” the man answered surprised, “the program is in its early stages, but the participants have been beyond grateful and even those that help out say the work here is healing. It gives them a place to go, a place to share without judgement. We coach people on the dangers of removing implants and everyone here is willing to believe. We’ve petitioned President Obama for a government grant and some private sectors as well.”

“Trying to undo the harm his father has done,” Scully mumbled staring at Mulder.
“Excuse me ma’am?”

Scully shook her head. “Just talking to myself.”

They continued to paint and chat until Mulder returned requesting her help with a hammer. They stayed there until mid-afternoon when he drove her back to the house so she could feed Daggoo. For an added treat she sprinkled some leftover steak Mulder had in the fridge onto his kibble. It made his tail wag with glee. At least she could bring joy to someone’s life. Mulder joined her outside handing her a glass filled with iced tea. “We still have some daylight to burn. Why don’t we take the mutt to the park for a walk. I’ll bring a blanket and we can listen to the outdoor concert. They do a free summer series. The bands are usually pretty good.”

Daggoo looked reproachfully when Scully snapped on his collar, but he simply sniffed at Mulder. They walked along the concrete path, Mulder’s arm, every so often would find its way around to Scully’s shoulder and each time Daggoo would wag his tail. “It’s good to see you Mulder, getting out, doing good for people,” Scully said as they strolled.

Mulder looked towards the trees watching a squirrel scurry across, while Daggoo pulled at the leash. “How about you? Aren’t you saving the world?”

“What? Working at the hospital every other weekend?”

Mulder chewed on the inside of his left cheek. “I was thinking about stopping by the hospital, updating our living wills.”

“Is there something specific you were looking to change?” Scully asked as she tugged Daggoo back while he darted the other way, now after a rabbit.

“I’m updating the assets to my will and I figured now would be a good time to review and put a more recent date on my living will. Also, with the updates I need to restate my power of attorney and I’ll need a witness.” Now that they were no longer romantically involved, he wondered how this conversation was going to play out, but he needed to know. Ever since Maggie’s death and now with the incident with Scully almost being hurt, he needed everything on the table.

“I guess I should update mine too.” Scully said softly.

A pinecone crunched under Mulder’s foot. “Scully, you still have power of attorney over my affairs. That’s not going to change.”

“I’ve maintained you as my emergency contact and power of attorney as well,” Scully replied back and placed her hand in his, holding it tight for reassurance.

“Make sure that information is in your phone,” Mulder reminded her thinking of the near miss last month. “There’s another thing weighing on my mind. You’re my primary physician and have all my medical records, but what about you? How would I know if you were having any health issues?”

“It’s okay Mulder. If I so much as have to start taking an additional vitamin you’ll get a call.”

Mulder smiled and landed a kiss on her forehead. This morbid conversation somehow made him happy. “Thank you. I think your mother would have wanted us to keep looking out for each other. Caring for each other.”

“Now, maybe more than ever,” Scully agreed.

They stopped their conversation as they saw a man approaching them walking his dog, a large black
lab, that may have been walking him. He was a tall man, although not quite the height of Mulder. Stocky, but he had considerable arm muscles. Mulder guessed it was probably from restraining his dog as he walked him.

The man stopped to let his lab sniff out Daggoo. Daggoo was unphased by the size of the other dog, giving him a warning growl. The man stared at Mulder and Mulder squinted his eyes waiting for Daggoo or Scully to be on their way.

“Mulder?” The man asked in quasi disbelief. “It is you. You’re Fox Mulder.”

Mulder studied the man in the red Big Bang Theory t-shirt. Gray strands with remnants of the blonde it once was poking out of a blue Nats baseball cap. He reminded him of someone he once knew, but he couldn’t quite place it. The man laughed at his bewilderment and the familiar chuckle snapped Mulder’s photographic memory into place. “Gimble?”

- [That Night]

Mulder’s phone buzzed on his coffee table. He put the television on mute and answered it. “Hey Scully.” His voice was soft and gravelly from dozing.

“Did I wake you?” Scully asked, her voice in the same low sexy tones. At least he thought it was sexy.

“No, just catching up on some late night t.v. I’m getting used to using this DVR. What are you up to?”

“ Took a nice long hot shower and now I’m reading, but I didn’t want to miss our call."

Mulder cradled the phone to his ear like they were cuddling. “Are you all lathered up in that lotion that smells really good?”

“The one that you liked to steal? Yes, as a matter of fact I am.”

Mulder smiled, then pursed his lips, “What are you wearing? Oh, wait, let me guess. Are you in your gray silk pajamas?”

“Maybe.”

“I really tired you out if you’re in those.” He put a hand behind his head and let his mind wander as he turned away from the t.v. and focused on the ceiling. “Are we going commando tonight or are we in the pink cotton?”

“Black lace,” Scully returned. She was killing him.

“Well, if we’re black lace you must have some candles lit.”

“Maybe one or two.”

“Glass of wine?”

“Maybe one or two.” He waited while she took a sip and thought about what it might be like to taste that wine from her lips. It reminded him of some of the things she did to him on the couch he was currently laying on and he had to adjust himself. Scully returned to the phone. “You know, today I saw parts of you I’ve only seen glimpses of in the past.”

“You are welcomed to see any part of me you want Scully. Were they good parts?”
“Yeah, real good parts. That was fun today listening to the bands, getting tacos from the food truck.”

“They make a mean short rib mango taco with that pineapple slaw. My mouth is watering all over again.”

“It was wild running into your high school friend at the park. Did you decide if you’re going to catch up with him next week?”

Mulder chewed on the inside of his cheek. “Yeah, about that… would you be willing to join me? I really don’t want to go alone.”

“Yes, I will be there for you, but you’ll owe me one.”

Mulder smiled. “You got it. Call me tomorrow?”

“I always do.”

Mulder felt the warmth in her voice. She had cleared his brain and his body could finally rest.

“Goodnight Scully.”

“Goodnight Mulder.”
Two Years in the Life

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter covers 2016 and 2017. We end on New Year's Eve leading into 2018. Not the most exciting chapter, but we get our intro into Season 11.

The Mustang pulled into the bowling alley, it's halogen lamps flooding the parking lot with two giant Vs of light. Before Mulder powered off his muscle machine he warned Scully one last time, “Are you sure you're willing to go through with this. It's your last chance to bail.”

“I really don’t see what the big deal is Mulder. We bowl a couple games, say our hellos and goodbyes. I can play the part for one night. You think I don’t understand, but I do. Just wait until my next high school reunion. I'll pay you back.”

They exchanged a smile and Mulder reached into his pocket. “I almost forgot.” He pulled out the familiar box holding their two rings of gold. “With this ring I thee wed.. again,” he pronounced and slid it on her finger. She smiled at him and adjusted it while he put his own ring on. “If I forget to tell you, you look good tonight Scully.”

“Thank you,” she said and he pushed the power button and motioned for her to wait for him. He ran around to the other side of the car and opened the door for her.

“You’re laying it on thick now Mulder,” she remarked, but let her legs do the talking as she got out. They didn’t have to walk far because Gimble was there waiting in his red caravan with his three kids running in circles and his wife screaming at them. “Nice car Mulder, you’re going to have to let me take it for a spin later.”

“Yeah,” Mulder replied wearily.

Gimble must have been fond of t-shirts because tonight he was sporting a black Severus Snape with a maroon cap that had the Hogwarts alumni and 93/4 patches on it. Scully could only guess at what new breed of geekdom Gimble had evolved from. Gimble rounded up his herd and introduced his wife, two daughters and his son. Then they all smiled awkwardly and made their way into the bowling alley.

While Scully slid on the pair of bowling shoes she brought from home for fear of contracting a mutated foot fungus, Gimble chewed her ear off about him and Mulder when they were young.

“So how long have you two been married?”

“Seventeen years”

“Seventeen years and one son. How old is he?”

“Sixteen.” Scully answered his questions short and sweet for fear her and Mulder might get their wires crossed.
“Bet that’s a handful. I don’t know what I’m going to do when those three start driving cars and get ready for college.” Gimble continued and Mulder typed in everyone’s name while Gimble’s wife set the kids up in the arcade.

“I hope you’ve been treating my man Mulder right,” Gimble threw in patting Mulder hard on the shoulder. “He deserves it with what happened with his sister and all.”

Mulder reached across for Scully’s hand and squeezed it tight. “Scully’s created a reality better than anything I could have imagined.”

The game got under way and the pins flew in the air, falling as if afraid of Mulder’s ball. The pinsetter lowered in vain for there was nothing left for it to retrieve. That was Scully’s signal that it was her turn. She approached the lane with a victory hug for Mulder and he paused long enough to plant a kiss on her lips, giving her a tap before walking back. She picked up her ball and gave him a sideways glare, warning him that he was starting to cross their fine line. The ball went down the alley straight enough, but only four of the pins fell. Scully wasn’t used to being bad at anything and her lack of skill was becoming increasingly frustrating.

Disappointed, she turned to wait for her ball and collided with Mulder’s chest. “Will you let me help you a little?” He asked not apologizing for sneaking up on her.

She looked up at him, his cologne and eyes had her hypnotized. In a good way. She ignored the fluttering in her stomach that twenty three years should have quenched by now. “You can try.”

Delicately he held his hands at her hips and crouched so his breath warmed her ear. “Keep your hips facing the pins. Elbow straight. Wrist locked. Focus on the lines in the middle lane. Your hips and left toe are going to guide the ball. You’re going to rotate that wrist to the ten o’clock position right as you’re releasing the ball.

Scully tried to remember everything he was saying, ignoring the hairs standing at the back of her neck. She missed the head pin, but knocked down the others. Mulder nodded happily. He set her up again, lining up her body. She took four steps and released, the last pin falling willfully. Mulder waited with a wider smile and sense of accomplishment, giving her a high and low five, followed by their very old secret handshake.

While the women went to check on the children, Mulder took advantage of the time alone with his old friend. “Gimble, you need to know, through my years at the FBI and what I’ve uncovered from my investigative work.. Your father.. He wasn’t crazy.”

“Thanks. I guess it was always something I kept in the back of my mind too.” The women returned and Gimble drank his beer and changed the subject watching his wife take her turn. “It’s a shame about Phoebe.”

“He was still a little crazy Mulder,” Gimble returned.

“But he was onto something. I think that fire at your house was no accident. I believe now, I know now, he had gotten too close to the truth.”

“Thanks. I guess it was always something I kept in the back of my mind too.” The women returned and Gimble drank his beer and changed the subject watching his wife take her turn. “It’s a shame about Phoebe.”

“What happened?” Mulder asked glancing at Scully who was unphased by the conversation. “It’s been over twenty years since the last time I spoke with her.”

“About ten years ago she got herself caught up in another scandal. This time with royalty. The wife walked in on her and her husband in the bedroom and shot her, two bullets to the chest. Phoebe was still lying in the bed when they found her. The family covered it up and I don’t think the wife ever
did any jail time.”

Mulder looked down at the scoreboard. “I’m sorry that happened.”

“I know,” Gimble agreed. “And I never even got my chance with her. Out of respect for you of course. It wasn’t like she didn’t want me.”

Mulder didn’t return Gimble’s smile. Instead he seemed more concerned with Scully. She looked up at him and waited.

Mulder rose and pointed at Scully. “I’m going to get a beer you want .. ok .. and .. be right back.”

Gimble was confused, Mulder’s mumblings didn’t make much sense to him, but over the past year, Mulder and Scully both realized that talking really wasn’t even necessary anymore. On some cases, they hardly spoke at all. Then there were times Mulder would never shut up.

Mulder returned with Scully at mid conversation with Gimble. He put their hamburgers on the table and handed Scully a beer. “...So I come back from about the tenth autopsy that Mulder planned for me and he’s covered in mud and looked like he had been dragged by a car. Only to find out he had been.” Scully and Gimble both laughed. Scully trying her best to get out the rest of the story. “He was holding on to the bumper of an RV thinking it might slow it down.”

“Are we really telling that story?” Mulder said sounding annoyed. “Did she tell you about the time her jealousy of me possibly spending time with another woman ended with her covered in manure?”

Scully felt her temperature rising. “Maybe I should tell him about saving you from the Bermuda triangle or maybe from the sea creature in Florida?” If he wanted a fight, she was ready.

“You didn’t save me,” Mulder said defensively.

“Oh yeah? What about the zombie apocalypse? I didn’t save you then either?”

“I went all the way to Antarctica to save you.”

What had gotten into him? “You wouldn’t have had to save me if I didn’t get stung by that bee because you made me go back to Texas.”

“Did she tell you she eats bugs?”

“He eats crime scenes,” Scully argued back.

“Whoa, whoa, easy,” Gimble laughed holding out his arms like he was breaking up the fight. “You two really were made for each other.”

Mulder gave Gimble a disgusted look and stormed off towards the locker room. Scully apologized to Gimble and charged after him. “Mulder, I’m sorry, Gimble was telling me his stories and I started telling mine and…” His lips crashed against hers as she turned the corner. Her head hit the back of a locker, the lock digging into her shoulder blade. She didn’t have time to think or react, but her body clung to his like a dryer sheet. She kissed him back, but before she could properly return his affection, he pulled away.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve been wanting to do that all night,” he whispered breathlessly.

“Me too,” she admitted placing her hand at his cheek.

He pulled her hand from his face, threading their fingers. “Let’s go before they send a search party.”
When they returned, Gimble challenged Mulder to a game and Scully watched them bowl mostly admiring Mulder. His confidence and stature, the way he looked to her for praise and approval. One look at that perfect ass moving down the alley and her teeth dug into her bottom lip, having new appreciation for the meaning of the term aging gracefully.

At the end of the night Scully found herself parked outside her former residence staring at the Mustang’s glove compartment not exactly wanting to go back to her apartment. “I guess I should take the ring back,” Mulder said pulling her from herself.

“Yeah, right. Of course.” She removed the ring and he placed it with his own back in the box.

“Thank you for coming with me. Maybe we could go bowling again. Join a league or something.” Scully smiled at the joke. “I guess I should go.”

His hug was polite, patting her on the back. She hugged him back gripping the back of his neck and allowing her hand to slide to his cheek relishing in the roughness of his 5 o’clock shadow.

He searched her eyes. “Remember how it felt to lie in bed together on a Saturday night, what it felt like to wake up to each other on Sunday morning. I’d make breakfast for you...”

“Yes, I remember.” Scully felt the warmth spreading through her chest and her eyes closed as his moved closer.

He kissed her slowly, allowing her to follow his tongue. A surge of heat consumed her, her body overtaken by flames, she couldn’t get enough of his lips, his hands running over her body, she pulled away to catch her breath, to calm the pounding between her legs, her fingers fumbling with the buttons of his shirt, running through her mind was where they might end up, the car was cramped, upstairs still too intimate, the couch again? Kitchen? Maybe simply the floor..

Mulder’s hand stopped her holding hers gently, “Do you want me Scully? Do you want this?”

Her heart beat faster, “Yes.”

He pulled her close and kissed her hard then pulled away. A cocky smile grew wide on his face. “Good. I’ll see you Monday.”

The click of the car handle broke her heart a little, but she guessed she deserved it. This was her doing after all. She waved goodbye as she got in her own car and drove away.

Four months later…

Mulder looked up from his work, watching Scully busily typing away at her desk. “Can you believe Christmas is in a week?”

“The Earth does seem to be rotating faster around the sun.”

“I know you told me you’re not celebrating this year, but you’re welcome to come over and not celebrate with me, or we could go out. be Jewish for the day and eat Chinese food, hang out at the movie theatre. One price for all the movies you want to sit through until your ass goes numb.”

“I was thinking of spending the day praying in church. My brothers are away, my mother’s not here,
there’s no kids to celebrate with…”

“Offer stands.”

“I don’t want to lead you on…”

Mulder banged his hand on top of his desk. “Scully, you’re my best friend, you give me everything, I’m not going to ask for more. If you don’t join me, I’ll spend the day depressed watching It’s a Wonderful Life and you already know how that story goes. At night I’ll be haunted by three ugly ghosts.”

“Okay. It’s a date,” Scully agreed and then corrected herself, “I mean it’s not a date…”

Mulder smiled. “See you then.”

Spring 2017

They walked in unspoken cadence, their flashlights echoing against the silent trees. Scully tapped Mulder’s shoulder and he nodded. She radioed the FBI team to close in. Another terrorist cell exposed. Their unique abilities came in handy uncovering these groups and possibly the only section of the FBI that held them with some esteem. The best part of the endeavor was the bounties they got to collect. They were stockpiling some large sums of serious cash.

Summer 2017

“Scully, are you sure you want to give away your dog? Even I’ve gotten attached to the dumb mutt,” Mulder said petting Daggoo as he sat merrily on the porch wagging his tail.

“There’s a boy at the hospital whose dog died and I know Daggoo would be perfect for him. My new apartment won’t let me have pets, at least not those that are carbon based lifeforms,” Scully said staring out at the grass noting that it needed to be mowed. “The truth is I want him to have a good home. With someone that can play with him all the time and give him lots of exercise. Right now, with the hours I keep he’s alone more than with me and all he’s doing is sleeping all day.”

“Or waiting for the neighbors to die so he can have dinner,” Mulder added. “The sacrifices we make for the x-files is neverending.”

*

“Will I see you this weekend?” The tall woman resembling Olivia Pope asked as she left Skinner’s lips.

“I might have to work late on Friday, but after that I’ll be on the first plane home to you,” Skinner said returning to her lips, kissing her gently.

“Maybe you could transfer, work out of a field office?”

Skinner sighed. He wanted to stay, but there was work to be done. “You know I can’t abandon my position or the x-files. You know how important it is and my position allows me exposure to classified information I could never get out of a field office.” He placed his arms around her and drew her in closer. “I promise you will see me every weekend and when I’m home the kids will have my full attention. We’ll play catch and ride bicycles, we can even go swimming. What if I take everyone on vacation next weekend? How does that sound?”
The woman smiled adoringly. “It sounds perfect. I know your job makes it too dangerous for us to move to D.C. with you, but it doesn’t make me or the kids miss you any less.”

“It’s safer if no one knows of your existence. I don’t want you or the kids to ever have to live through what my subordinates have gone through. I won’t risk it.”

He gave her another kiss, this time it was goodbye. “I love you. I’ll see you Friday night.”

- Warning: Possible Twin Peaks spoilers ahead

“It is a theory that the atomic bomb drew the attention of the aliens and it is why they came to visit, to warn us of our own demise,” Mulder explained to Scully as they sat watching the last scenes of Twin Peaks on his new LED television that was too big for the room, and yet big enough that Tim Allen would grunt in appreciation. He put his feet back up on the coffee table to play with Scully’s already perched there. “Twin Peaks takes a stance that it wasn’t aliens, or wasn’t just aliens, but the atomic bombs actually caused a rip between two worlds or dimensions, allowing for travel between these worlds.”

Scully’s hands covered her face so she could absorb what he was saying. “What happened to the aliens reclaiming the Earth? Wasn’t the theory that this was originally their planet and they came back to colonize and take what was once theirs and we were no more than placeholders, a more primitive version of the alien species? From what we’ve seen with how similar our DNA is and the inscriptions on the alien spacecraft..”

Mulder shrugged and interrupted. “It’s possible they saw what we were doing to the planet and decided it was time to take it back.”

“So did David Lynch just erase all of Seasons 1 & 2 of Twin Peaks?”

“Well, in a way.. What happened still happened and then it didn’t happen.”

“Did it branch off into a new timeline?”

“No, it seemed to have kept the same timeline, but the old one has been overwritten. The information is still there, the history exists, but it’s buried underneath this new story. Layers instead of branches. Like a lotto scratch-off ticket.”

Scully closed her eyes then slowly opened them. Her brain hurt. Eighteen hours later and she still didn’t know what exactly it was she had seen. She knew it was good, but couldn’t exactly identify it as something of this world. “If it’s rewritten, does Dougie still exist?”

Mulder nodded. “Yes, the new improved Cooper version of Dougie.”

“Are Laura and Cooper stuck in an infinite loop?”

That question furrowed Mulder’s eyebrows. “I believe Cooper is trapped in a mobius tape of infinity and him finding Laura in this other world that looks eerily close to our world, was how he wanted to break that loop, but something happened, Cooper for once, seemed lost, confused. Something we’ve never seen from him.

Did Laura break the loop with her scream or send them back into it? All the electricity cut off…”

Mulder shook his head, “I don’t know. I guess it’s what you want to believe.”

“What do you believe Mulder?”
Mulder took her hand and played with her fingers sending her into a trance like state. Who needed transcendental meditation with Mulder around. “I believe Agent Cooper isn’t that far away from us Scully. Always fighting the good fight, standing up against the evil out in the world. As long as he’s out there, as long as we’re out there, we may not win, but evil will never triumph.”

Scully let her head fall casually onto Mulder’s shoulder. “You make us sound like superheroes Mulder.”

That sent Mulder’s eyebrows slanting upwards towards his hairline. “You mean we’re not?”

* 

“I thought for sure you’d be working this Christmas Mulder. Especially with the Anselmo case still unsolved.”

“I don’t work holidays anymore Scully,” Mulder said and tossed a pencil into the poster.

Scully let her hands rest at her hips. “When did this start?”

Mulder sharpened another pencil and twirled it in his hand. “All that time on the road, we shared a lot together, experienced a lot. Now I look back and think maybe that was more of the right way to be. Not passing time glued to a screen and stuck in a basement staring at the same four walls.” He threw another pencil and it landed in the center of the spaceship.

“Mulder…”

“The aliens, spirits, monsters, mutants.. They’ll always be there when you need one, but I don’t want it to become my whole life.”

Scully stood up and drew her gun pointing it at Mulder. “Where’s Mulder? What are you? Some kind of shapeshifter, a pusher?”

Mulder laughed. “Scully put the gun down. Honestly, it’s me. I just had an epiphany, an awakening.”

“How is that Mulder?” she asked suspiciously still keeping him within range.

“Maggie’s death made me realize how much more life there is left that I needed to be living. Time is fleeting. We have to decide what’s important and what we really need to spend our lives doing.”

Scully nodded cautiously, carefully applying the safety and putting the glock back into her holster. “When Mulder comes back, let him know I was looking for him.”

* 

Christmas flew in and out and Mulder had not changed his attitude. Which got Scully suspicious. She found herself parked outside of a coffee shop spying on him. Mulder was chatting with a young barrister. The two of them laughing, Mulder etching closer, leaning on the counter. It was making her ill. Mulder was so charming and handsome, he could easily get a girl half his age and why shouldn’t he? Scully grimaced. Although, she doubted he could be so easily trapped by the fancy of some everyday college girl who spent her days doling out drinks. No, Mulder’s love ran deeper than that even if his appetite didn’t. Which was why her heart rose into her throat when a gorgeous thirty year old with long chestnut hair and dark sunglasses walked into the coffee shop and found herself a bar table near the window. She removed her sunglasses as she crossed her legs and she did it with such grace even Scully felt attracted to her. Mulder approached her and handed her a coffee. They both
looked around like they were afraid someone was spying. Were they looking for her? Their conversation appeared to be serious and Mulder took her hand, holding it across the table. She looked at Mulder adoringly with what Scully could only describe as love in her eyes. Scully couldn’t watch anymore. Her own eyes overflowed and she drove off. Finding the nearest parking lot she darted for the bushes and hurled, practically falling to her knees. Was that woman the reason Mulder had a sudden interest in work/life balance? Had he spent Christmas with her? Would he be kissing her on New Year’s this year? Scully got back in the car and just sat there not having the strength to move. She had been the one that ran away from him. She had been the one to push him away. Scully’s whole life she had been fearful of her own emotions, of vulnerability, and of keeping close those she cared for the most. How would her life play out without him there beside her?

Mulder let go of the woman’s hand. “I’m so sorry to hear about your father. If I was somehow responsible..”

“No,” the woman stopped him. “My father came to you because he wanted the truth to be known. These men used my father to create monsters out of humans. What they have done has to be stopped. They are using alien technology to create a biological weapon, but not in any conventional way. Imagine alien hybrids that could telepathically detonate atoms on command. Imagine the power the department of defense would have over everyone on the planet. All planets. It’s a failure of science and humanity.”

Mulder blinked. What she was saying sounded outrageous even for his standards. He didn’t remember ever seeing any proof of such things. “If there is anything at all I can do.. I understand, my father was murdered by those same men. Shot dead in his own home.”

“Find the truth Agent Mulder. Give meaning to my father’s death. To his murder.”

Old Spice was dead. Left to die in a dark alley for crimes he did not commit. Mulder felt for his daughter that was currently sitting across from him with tears in her eyes. How many more lives would be lost and damaged? Somehow, he would find a way to avenge her father. To avenge them all.

That night Scully dreamt that she had pulled up outside Mulder’s house. It was cold out, thunder rattling in the distance. She knocked at the door, but he didn’t answer. His cell phone went to voicemail. She walked around to the side of the porch and peered in the window. Mulder was inside with his family. His young wife and kids, opening presents underneath a Christmas tree. There was a fire raging strong and they were all happy and smiling. Scully shivered. Her hand held no ring, her womb lay barren. Wrinkles and gray hair reflected back at her in the window. She pulled a woolen shawl tighter around herself. Her unwillingness to accept Mulder, to accept their relationship, to be brave and strong enough to love him, to welcome and feel deserving of their love had left her old and alone. Ice crystals running through her veins, covering her heart, her insides fell void. She turned to leave and a vision of a 16 year old William appeared briefly. She spoke his name aloud and he reached out for her, “mother.” But when she approached him he suddenly and violently transformed into a monstrous form resembling something similar to if alien and the predator had a baby. “You’re a grandma now mother. Why did you desert us?” Monstrously ugly alien babies scurried around him and she screamed herself awake. Then she cried in her empty bed, in her new cold lonely sterile apartment.

* 

“It was nice of you to invite me over Mulder, but if you had somewhere else..”

Mulder held up his hand and stopped her. “I’m not even going to let you finish that sentence. Scully, there is no place I’d rather be than right here in this house, on this couch, with you, reminiscing of a
time 18 years ago and watching the Twilight Zone marathon. This is the apex of all New Year’s Eve parties.”

“They still have the NYE Twilight Zone marathon?”
“Yeah, I mean it’s on SyFy now, but they still have it. I’m going to make popcorn. You want some?”

“Scully nodded and opened her mouth, but Mulder’s voice came out. “Light, without butter. I didn’t forget.”

She smiled and nodded again snuggling into the blanket he had strewn across the top of the couch.

He returned with the popcorn and a couple cans of Pepsi and a bottle of Prosecco on ice.

“Mulder?”

“It’s for New Years. Can’t celebrate without some bubbly.”

Mulder sat down on the couch and looked across from Scully and smiled. “Thank you for coming over.”

“I want to be here Mulder… Is it okay if I lean on you?”

Mulder paused to consider what his heart could handle. “Absolutely,” he answered and held his arm up so she could slide underneath. She leaned her head on his chest and cuddled closer.

Mulder kissed the top of her head while he channel surfed. They had a couple hours to kill before the new year rolled in and he knew of just the movie.
Chapter Summary

This covers the last episode of season 10 and first of season 11 "MS2 & MS3". We're finally here. Now where do we go? Mulder and Scully have now been separated for 2 1/2 years. After six months of barely speaking, they mended their ways during Season 10 and renewed their friendship. During those two years of celibacy they deepened a bond that was already beyond the universe's laws and comprehension. Which is where we meet them again in season 11. Have they evolved into a stage of perpetuating a sustainable romantic relationship? Are they willing to move in that direction? The truth is out there.

Chapter Notes

I decided that MS2 and MS3 are one episode which is extremely problematic. That means they both take place in 2018 and Scully has an SUV transformation. Besides that and her clothes, the vision she has is of a past that never happened. In her visions she’s still working at the hospital at least part time, we see none of that in S11, CGB (named after Chris’ grandfather, so much for that being interesting) is now healed from the explosion in 2002, much more than her vision, Mulder’s personality has done a 180, in the vision he’s back to Mulder 1995 where he’s immature, doesn’t pick up the phone and runs to daddy to wave a gun in his face. In 2018 he’s in full husband mode, by her side, F**k anyone who tries to get between them. He’s not moving unless she says so and even then it’s with some assurance that she’s okay and he learned how to answer a phone. Am I getting hung up on this? No. We’ll do a Chris Carter. Keep the parts of the vision about Mulder getting sick, they need William’s stem cells, and the ARVs will attack them as the world gets overtaken by the Spartan virus. (I can’t begin to explain how funny that is for me when she says The Smoking Man is in Spartanburg, S.C.)

Given the way these two episodes fail to cohesively match up in any way leads me to two conclusions: CC was full of garbage when he said he planned it to be a vision, CC has now lost all shred of giving a crap about this show making any logical sense whatsoever unless you’re discussing science or political agendas.

There’s proof of CGBs lies throughout CGB’s Mulderlogue and even more absurd they took the episode Musings literally instead of Frohike’s pieced together intel. The biggest being the moon landing because it is stated in x-files canon books that the landing did exist. CGB still believes he is the righteous man.

It’s me, Mulder. OMG, the woman does it to me every time. Every. Time. And that one time he says “Scully” on the other side of the phone when he’s pleading with her. If my heart didn’t give out then it never will.
her skull visions forced violently into her brain and surfaced from within. Scully was no stranger to her own psychic and cosmic abilities. She had denied them for so long she was out of eventful ways of explaining them away. These were not those. This was taking control of her from a source that was unmistakably William. The visions, although convoluted, were centered around the apocalypse and Mulder. There was an urgency in them and a warning of Mulder’s impending demise. Scully had three questions hovering over her as the doctor did a final checkup and the police finished their investigation- What direction would her love for Mulder continue to take her? How long would she allow her fears to affect her future? And what role would William now play in their lives?

Battered and bruised both inside and out Scully joined Mulder sitting impatiently on the uncomfortable plastic of the hospital seats waiting for the doctor to finish her exam and sign the release forms. Scully’s hand clung to Mulder’s thigh. His hand covered hers, pulsing his love and caring into her and even with everything she had endured the past couple days, with his touch she never felt stronger. While she was down, Mulder had been the part of her still functional, gathering information and confirming what she already knew - her visions were not wrong. With a focus and intense dedication to a supernatural ability she had yet to fully grasp, she explained to Mulder that the visions were from William. Guiding her, guiding Mulder. William would find them.

“So we, just wait? Do nothing?” Mulder asked subdued. It was obvious he had surrendered himself to her and the situation. He would follow her instructions, trusting her instinctively. Her knight ready and willing to brave the battle, already producing one casualty. Mulder hadn’t thought twice of the assassin’s death. Through the years his patience had worn thin for those out to harm Scully. In a way, she knew he felt he had caused enough harm to her with his own fate and actions. She disagreed, but knew she would have to prove it to him for him to fully believe it.

“We do our work,” she instructed, “the truth still lies in the x-files Mulder.” She could see him agree, absorbing, concerned for her safety and William’s. His expression turned suddenly cold and she saw his blood pressure shoot up as the color returned to his cheeks. When she followed his eyes she saw Skinner swoop in like some medieval dragon and Mulder go on the attack. The last thing she wanted was either Mulder or Skinner to hurt the other and at their age they should have found a different way to release their frustration, but as usual, when Scully got hurt they turned their anger inward and then out towards the other.

“Whose side are you on?” Mulder blurted angrily.

“I said leave it alone Mulder,” Skinner replied as intensely as Mulder, his eyes flashing red.

“What are you hiding?” Mulder yelled, but Skinner was already walking away, leaving the hospital.

Leaving them alone with the exception of an army of the elite force of the police department. The doctor joined them and handed Scully her release forms to give to the woman at checkout. She gave Scully a personal business card to call if she had any further incidents or questions. She reiterated that she would rather Scully stay for observation, but Scully was having none of it. As she headed for checkout, Mulder followed close behind.

“Scully, I really wish you wouldn’t fight me on this,” Mulder started and Scully braced for the onslaught. She didn’t have the energy tonight and she wasn’t certain if she trusted her own body. Mulder’s concerns were founded.

“Mulder, let me go back to my place and get some clothes, a small suitcase..” She interrupted. I’ll meet you at our house.”

Our. He opened his mouth to speak, but the “our” had pierced into his heart and left him momentarily speechless. “I would prefer if you didn’t drive Scully,” he finally got out.
“I’ll have one of the officers drive me to my apartment. Mulder, I’ll be all right.”

He gave her a single nod, his lips so tight their supple pink momentarily hid from her view. Turning to the officers he elected one to be her escort and ordered a couple others to follow behind. Mulder pivoted to address her, his hand finding her cheek. “I’ll be home waiting for you.”

Scully diverted her eyes, haphazardly bobbing her head from the ceiling to the floor and followed the officers to the parking garage.

*

Stepping into the old house, a muffled buzz remained inside her mind like a dream state. The lights of the police cars faded in the distance and Mulder eagerly helped her with her bags.

“I’ve set your things up in the bedroom. I spoke with Kersh and he’s already approved your sick leave. You can call Elsie in HR in the morning and she can email you any necessary paperwork.” Mulder was rambling and Scully felt weak from his energy. His voice fading in and out as he jumped from one room to the next, from the second floor to the first. He paused at the bottom step to look her in the eye. “I’m going into work in the morning to pick up some files and anything else I might need to work from home. I know that you may have the urge to leave, but I’m really begging with you Scully to please wait for my return.”

“I’ll wait Mulder. You have my word.”

“Even if William sends up a bat signal?”

“Yes Mulder.”

Alone, just her and the old house, she found herself bathed in a melancholy she couldn’t shake. She missed being part of a home. She wandered into the kitchen and noticed the unwashed dishes, pulled out the Dawn from underneath the sink and poured a generous amount onto the sponge and squeezed, the suds trickling over onto her hand. It was silly, she knew, but there was something cathartic in washing a dish that Mulder had eaten from and a glass his lips had touched. The dishes had remnants of the different foods and gave clues that he had not only been eating healthier, but alone. Scully wanted to see him happy and would like to think of him moving on, at the same time, it caused a pain inside her she could not move past. Was it right to lean on Mulder this way after she had pushed him away? Who was that woman she saw him with in the coffee shop and was he still seeing her? Why did it matter? There were other things to worry about. Like what was happening to her and would it return? Was she right in waiting for William to come to them?

She straightened up in the living room, but not too much. The disarray was- well- him. Finding the remote stuffed under a cushion, she powered on the t.v. and started flipping channels settling herself on the couch.

A rush of the door opening startled her awake. It was Mulder carrying boxes of files so high only bobbing strands of hair were visible. When he lowered the boxes onto the dining room table he smiled at her like Jimmy Olsen discovering Superman’s real identity. He dashed back out and returned with an elaborate bouquet filled with exotic flowers. “It wouldn’t be me without giving you flowers after a trip to a hospital bed.”

Scully blushed. “Is the vase still..”

“In the top cabinet to the left of the sink.. Yes.”

*
Mulder vigorously rubbed his head dry with a bath towel as he made his way back down to the living room. The smell of acetone overwhelming. That's when his eyes fell on Scully with a cotton ball in one hand and her foot in the other rubbing off her latest shade of beige. “I prefer the red myself,” Mulder remarked letting her know he was there.

“That’s an odd choice considering you can’t see that color.” Scully replied finishing up the last of her toes.

“Couldn’t. Past tense. When I went through my metamorphosis from dead to living, when you cured me of my virus, it had residual effects. One of them was it cured my protanopia and yes, I was able to see you as a natural redhead. The world was brighter than ever. So, during the past sixteen or so years it has become a favorite color of mine.”

Scully smiled at the thought of Mulder having the chance to appreciate her before the hair salon took over her shades. She returned her attention to her foot, but the conversation had her almost painting the couch instead.

“I’m having a little trouble balancing,” she commented, but Mulder was already sitting next to her. With a quick move he had her foot in his hand and her on her back. He stroked her metatarsals gently as he picked from the pallet of colors on the coffee table. “It’s the miniature version of painting a wall, right?”

Scully was far from a foot person, but the man was offering, and her hands were a bit shaky, residual effects from the force of her visions. She also realized it would be a losing argument and she needed to choose her battles wisely.

“No, they changed slightly, evolved. Some of the visions I believe were happening in real time, while others were of a possible future.”

“Possible?”

“Maybe as the original vision changed, other visions started appearing? Some made more sense than others.”

“Score one for futures not set in stone. Do you think you were tapped into alternate realities as well as this one?”

“I don’t know, but I think you’re getting carried away.”

“With the universes or your nails?” Mulder asked finishing the last toe of her right foot and starting on her left.

Scully lifted up her foot and widened her toes to get a better look. “When you retire, nail stylist could be a good career choice.”

* Percolating freshly ground beans saturated the living room with its distinctive aroma. It made Scully smile, reminding her of all the little extras they did for each other when they were sharing their mutual residence. Once her eyes fully regained their vision, she saw the steaming mug on the coffee table waiting for her. Scully had remained on the couch last night and Mulder took the bedroom. When he realized she was awake, he slid in beside her and unscrolled the blueprints of the house like
a sunken treasure map across the coffee table.

“If you’re feeling up to the task, we need to begin planning and practicing for any unexpected visitors. I don’t think the man that attacked you in the hospital was the last of them and I doubt they’re giving up that easy.”

“We’re not going to start tying each other to chairs again, are we?” Scully asked, her eyebrows up and closing in on the other.

Mulder ran his tongue inside his cheek. “We could start upstairs. You never know, we might find ourselves in a position where we’re shackled together in the shower. We’ll have to wiggle our way out with nothing but the friction of our bodies, some conditioner, and a toothbrush.”

Scully looked at him doubtfully. “Let’s start with defending the property, we’ll worry about the shower later.”

*

Auburn hair peeked from behind the couch as Mulder retreated to the first floor looking to reset for another practice round. Scully checked the safety on her gun even though the magazine was missing. “I feel like I should be shouting pew pew with a blaster in my hand.”

“Aww Sculllee, it does my heart good to hear the reference, but you know I’m more of a Trekkie.”

Scully tapped the muzzle of her gun against Mulder’s chest. “Mulder, you know what I mean. Pretty soon we’re going to be wearing tinfoil hats and baying at the moon.”

“We can start that now if you like.” Mulder smiled, but redirected as his comment fell flat. “Okay, why don’t we hit the store and stock up on supplies.”

*

“Scully, if we’re going to go dairy-free can we at least go for the coconut milk and stay away from the soy? I don’t think I’m lacking estrogen in my diet.” Mulder had the refrigerator doors in the dairy isle wide open as he read the backs of the various types of milk.

“Mulder, the phytoestrogens in soy haven’t been proven to have any effect on a man’s sexual health or fertility,” Scully whined and pushed the shopping cart closer to him. She already had protein bars and hemp seeds in the basket, cherries and various vegetables.

Mulder placed the coconut milk carefully in the basket as not to disturb her selections. “Well, I’m not taking my chances. I read the reports of men growing breasts.”

She wanted to ask him if he had a need to increase his sexual fitness, but held back. Her jealousy of an invisible suitor started bringing on delusions. Then again, he did disappear at certain times of the day and she didn’t know where he went and didn’t believe it was her place to ask. Scully had some of her own secrets, some in her prayers while attending church, but mostly at Our Lady of Sorrows hospital where she decided to work even though she was on leave from her government job. It might have been considered moonlighting, but no one at the Bureau had challenged her.

“We could try the bakery’s pumpkin spiced latte cheesecake?” Mulder offered. When he saw Scully’s reaction, the corners of his mouth dropped. “I know, not organic. And you say I’m the one obsessed with conspiracies.”

“Facts about pesticides Mulder are not conspiracies.”
Mulder, threw four jumbo sized bags of sunflower seeds into the cart one armed as if going for a hook shot. “What?” he asked Scully’s knowing expression. “You can never have too many.”

They drifted over to the meat case and Mulder tantalizingly shook a pack of t-bones in Scully’s direction. “How about some grass fed beef? It’s organic.”

Scully tilted her head apologetically. “I’m staying away from beef.”

Mulder sighed and tossed it back. “What about free-range chicken?”

“That will be fine, we can bake a whole one in the oven tonight,” Scully said looking over her options. “Hormone free is misleading. No chickens raised in the U.S. are given hormones artificial or otherwise. Even the antibiotics are given a certain time to leave a chicken’s system if they get sick.” Scully picked up a nice sized whole bird labeled organic hormone-free and no-antibiotics ever and placed it in the cart. Of course you can never be too careful.

They continued to make their way through the store taking turns pushing the cart and grabbing items they thought they might need. Finally they made their way to the checkout line and Mulder picked up the Enquirer and started flipping through the pages. “Does anyone even read this anymore?”

“What happened to the days of the misadventures of bat boy?” Scully mused and Mulder continued the thought. “Doctors autopsy of a ghost, finding the beard of God, discovery of Aladdin’s lamp, alien bibles..”

Scully batted her eyelashes and gave Mulder a devious grin. “It said the aliens worshipped Oprah.”

Mulder set the magazine back down on the rack disgusted and went to work emptying the cart onto the conveyor belt. “Now all you get on the cover is Dick Cheney accused of being an A.I. and world leaders being warned of the alien invasion.”

“Who doesn’t know that?” Scully asked rhetorically playing into Mulder’s frustrations. “Even the Enquirer has become a part of the conspiracy?”

“It has,” Mulder agreed needing to continue his point. “They conspired with Trump. They had all his dirt buried in a vault and that’s where it stayed.”

Scully ran her card through the machine before Mulder had a chance to pay. “Mulder, can we stick to world annihilation plagues and Dyson spheres?” She asked signing the electronic pad.

He placed both his hands at her shoulders and gave it a squeeze before pushing the groceries to the car. “Yeah. Definitely.”

* 

“Scully, what are in these vials in the refrigerator?” Mulder asked as they unpacked. He showed one to Scully who took it from his hand and returned it to the small case in the refrigerator next to the fluid bags filled with the similar substance.

“If there is an upcoming plague, I’ve stockpiled a possible antidote. It was what I had created in my vision. What I was unable to get to you in time.”

Mulder didn’t say much, continuing to unpack the groceries. When it came to her visions or William, Mulder followed unquestionably, the source of unending support.
Scully folded the last of the towels and headed upstairs. It had been some time since Mulder gave her the pleasure of washing his laundry for him. Considering he had been working very hard without her, she figured it might be something he’d appreciate and was absolutely not because she was looking for any female articles of clothing. Her insecurities were growing and she had to consciously bury them to keep them at bay. Even any new items he had added to the house seemed to cause her to wish they could have picked it out together like they always did in the past.

The lip of the basket was digging into her fingers as she reached the top of the stairs and glanced at the glowing fish tank. Scully decided to ride the pain and rotated the basket to her right hip. Balancing it carefully she stretched and reached for the fish food, lifting the top of the tank with a finger and tossing in some flakes. The fish came out of hiding— one from the spaceship, another from the diver, and the last appearing from behind the filter—snatching the flakes as they floated by.

Satisfied that they had their fill and the tips of the fingers of her right hand closing in on a purplish hue on the color wheel, Scully quickly made her way into the bedroom and sat the basket on the bed. She shook her hand to return the blood flow and grabbed some of Mulder’s socks to place in the top drawer only to be startled by Mulder hanging from a removable pull-up bar attached to the bathroom molding. He was dressed in a simple pair of basketball shorts and nothing else. His knees bent to avoid touching the floor. Knowing her eyes were on him, he slowed his rep, allowing each muscle of his abdomen to extend and then bulge as they contracted. It took all her willpower not to send her tongue out to moisten her lips. That was once her man. All of him. From the rolling hills that formed his biceps to his steamy eyes imitating the color of the sky after the first snowfall of the winter. His thighs were thicker than the last time she noticed them, his chest a wide expanse of curved muscle. Scully reached for the bed to steady herself. A small mischievous grin toyed with the corners of his mouth giving away that he was aware she liked what she saw. It wasn’t just the scenery. Mulder radiated raw energy and confidence.

“There’s an old Ramones concert on tonight I want to watch,” Mulder said dropping from the push-up bar. “Back in the day Langly would invite me over and we’d watch it together after he returned from playing D&D. Guess it rubbed off on me. The Ramones. Not D&D.”

Scully came back to earth and replied, “Sure Mulder, that would be fine.” She handed him a towel and watched as he wiped the sweat off his body like a scene from Baywatch. With a sudden intake of breath she stopped herself before she drooled, resisting the urge to sink her teeth into his honey skin. Instead she tossed him an undershirt from the pile, played it cool and diverted her gaze to the dresser where she put away the remaining clothes.

Mulder handled his sweatshirts leaving her to touch his delicates. “I figured we could look through some files and notes I have of possible leads and suggestions for our next case. That is if you think you’re ready to go back out in the field.”

“Mulder, it’s been two weeks and no visions. I’m fine and I’m ready. Besides, I need to get back to my place. I’m sure there’s a stack of bills waiting for me.”

“You could always have them forwarded here,” he said hopefully.

Mulder’s flirtations had returned as a natural part of their comradery, but the look in his eyes abated her doubts. Mulder was serious. After two and a half years, was he inviting her back in or had he moved on? Was she looking too hard into a suggestion that only presumed them to become housemates? With all her visions and all her foresight, one burning question remained - What was to become of their relationship? Were they getting closer or moving on and if they were moving on, what did that look like?
I don't know what it is about the thought of those two shopping that I like so much. I could write a novel of just M&S shopping through the years. That and a Mulder ab appreciation novella.
Chapter Summary

The past two weeks Mulder has been keeping a watchful eye over Scully in their home. Which is where we pick up in “This”. “This” is my favorite episode of Season 11. I like how lighthearted it is and the way it pokes fun at itself while remaining serious enough to continue the mythology. Yeah, that and well, handcuffs. Also, Easter eggs galore. While the Dyson sphere project is pure science fiction and IMO kind of lazy writing, uploading one’s consciousness is a real thing. I don’t quite understand the specifics, but it’s like Barbara Hershey said, it will be you, but it won’t be you. I read the article the episode came from and it’s interesting and explains why you have to be dead for it to be done. Skinner is a person of mistrust because CC is recycling from Season 3 and we don’t know the back half of the conversation because CSM taunted him with a vile, because doesn’t everyone carry around pathogens in their breast pocket? Throw away your swords and lock your doors because the first part of “Plus One” is also included in this chapter. How did Mulder know which room to look in to find Judy? Dark Wizard or more lazy writing? The truth is out there.

Chapter Notes

For any Better Call Saul fans, the Hummel that Jimmy steals is from the same collection as in the commercial and what Mulder picks up in the house in “Wetwired”. I happened to be watching “Wetwired” yesterday and saw the little umbrella guy and didn’t believe it, but yes, it was definitely an Easter egg. Also, CC Mobile? Could it be a Chris Carter reference also? Speaking of our beloved CC, I was able to get an answer through some connections and the conception date for the new baby was 1/17 which means that their birthday has a chance of being shared with Mulder. I was told that everything in the x-files is happening in real time so if they ever do pick back up, that’s how old the baby will be and the episodes dates should coincide with the broadcast dates. It must have been a cold March in D.C. this past winter. It’s September already, who is coordinating Scully’s baby shower?

As his head gently rotated on the cushion Mulder met Scully’s eyes. She had been watching him sleep thinking about how much they had changed over the years. Grown. Evolved. Built upon scars and wreckage time and again. There was so much invested in him. In them. When Scully wasn’t looking something had changed inside Mulder. His priorities and views of life had shifted. So had hers. A life alone, protected, a sanctuary, a place she controlled that was what she craved. Independent and free, but that came with a price. Being with Mulder came with a big price as well, but there were rewards. Being with him these past few weeks made her long for that life with him all the way to her core. Every day that longing grew.
“It took three men to take you down,” Scully said when he yawned.

He flashed his arrogant million dollar smile. “Used to take four.”

Scully faked cheeriness, but she still felt a heaviness in her heart. “The hurt in Walter’s eyes when I told him I didn’t trust him. It broke my heart.”

“We don’t know if we can trust him Scully. Two years ago, right before we reopened the x-files, Skinner looked me in the eye and told me he didn’t know what happened to the case files. Now he has all the answers. For now, we only trust each other.”

“Walter has done so much for me through the years. For us. How could we turn our backs on him?”

“We’re not. We’re just being cautious. He’ll understand. It’s our son we’re protecting.”

Scully shifted her weight until she was on her side facing Mulder, her legs folded up underneath her. “I half expected you to stay awake all night pulling case files, chasing the next trail of breadcrumbs, uncovering more of what the smoking man and this neo-syndicate are plotting.”

Mulder took a deep breath. His eyes looked hopeful, the lines around them heeding his wisdom. His forehead creased with honesty. “When I started out I was looking for my sister and it led me to a larger conspiracy, to aliens and the abuse of their technology, biology. But Scully, my sister’s dead, the aliens are not coming. They threatened my son, they threatened your life. So, if I seem flippant, it is simply that my part in conspiracies is over. You and William - those are the important things in my life. I’m done chasing shadows, being three steps behind… I will wait and they will come to me. You... are my only interest.”

“You knew the vision ended with you dying.”

“At least closing in on my impending doom. Yes, I knew.”

“Yet you ran to South Carolina without a thought.”

“You asked me to.”

“You killed a man, slit his throat.”

“X once told me what it took to find the truth. Said he was once me, naive. Wanted me to stop before it was too late. Said I didn’t have the heart to know what he knew. It took me this long, but I understand what he meant and through the years I’ve become what he warned me about.” He slid in closer until his forehead was almost touching hers as if he was about to tell a dark secret. “I’m willing to be that person and I’m going to be to protect you from all of it like I should have done so many years ago. The bastards aren’t getting away with it this time Scully.”

The shock of his unrelenting devotion sent Scully’s eyes closed and she softly pressed against his chapped lips, his scruffy chin irritating the softness of her own. Her lips parted slightly and his tongue reached in and caressed hers. She bathed in the warmth of it, the way it lit up every part of her insides. Her heart desired the closeness fueled by an unfounded jealousy, envious of what she once had. She pressed harder against his lips, moving against his jaw. This was her dance and he was careful to let her lead. Or maybe he wasn’t reciprocating. She pulled back. “I’m sorry. That was out of line,” she said softly.

His finger took the hair from her eyes so there was nothing obstructing their connection. “Out of all the things that have happened in the past 72 hours, that was the least out of line.”
Scully felt her heart beat faster in her chest. “It is if you’re seeing someone.” She had to look away as she said it afraid of hearing the truth.

Mulder wrinkled his brow. “I’m not.”

A relief washed over her that she was hard pressed to hide. Mulder leaned in slowly, but she met him with her hand at his chest. “We’re friends Mulder.”

“The best,” he replied, but the smirk growing across his face told her the cracks were beginning show.

* 

“So how was it, living in the same house with her for two weeks?” Shira asked as she handed Bob his coffee and sat down in the chair across from him at his favorite window seat.

Mulder peered out the window onto the street. Cars sped by failing to notice their existence. In the distance, the sound of people mowing, perfecting their well-manicured lawns. The sun fought its way through the nearby trees to show its face. It was going to be unusually cold today for D.C. He brought the cup carefully to his lips and took a sip. The coffee was sweet and hot. Just the way he liked it. “It reminded me of a time I want back.”

“Are you looking to get back into a sexual relationship with her?”

Mulder had to blink twice at that question and almost choked on his coffee. “Are you my shrink now too?”

“You really don’t have any friends do you?” Shira shot back. “It’s called conversation. We can talk about sports and the weather instead.”

Mulder let the sweet foam embrace his tongue as he took another slow drink. He enjoyed the way it warmed his throat on the cold January morning. “I’m sorry. Maggie was the one I always talked about those things with. I miss her so much... let’s start over..” Mulder caught a glimpse of the figure of a young woman at the end of the line at the counter. Yeah, it had been some time. Unlike when he was young, he had developed a gift of putting his libido into hibernation mode, but two weeks of watching Scully walk around in innocently suggestive nightwear and tight t-shirts and lower cut button down… Mulder turned his attention back to Shira, “Sex matters, but it doesn’t matter. I just need her in my life. That is the important thing.”

“Well, on the upside, you have a much deeper focus on your training. I really see the results and from what you told me, it all paid for itself with your latest encounter.”

“That it did. It’s forced Scully and I to elaborate what we’re feeling instead of expressing it physically.”

Shira lifted her eyebrows. “Which for you two I know is especially difficult.”

Mulder laughed. “Yes.” Then he got suddenly serious. “But now what we say goes deeper and the emotions, they last longer.”

“You understand this support you are showing her is proving to her how invested your are in the relationship. That support alone has to be bringing you two closer.”

“It’s much different than our first time around as friends, and I feel we’ve secured those parts of us we’ve never addressed before. Scully was right for us to do this, maybe not for all the reasons she
counted on, but I see now that it had to be done.”

Shira laughed.

“What?”

“It has had an affect on you. I can see the difference. You talk with the passion you reserved for only emotional outbursts in the past. So, are you ready to try again?”

“I’m ready to have what I promised her and failed the first time. Yeah, I’m ready.”

Scully sifted through the clothes on the sales rack. Between the money she was making at the hospital, her full-time job, and the bounties she had collected on the terrorist busts, she was doing quite well financially, but no one should turn down a good sale. In the distance she heard a young girl with her mother picking out clothes for her birthday. The girl was fussing about the dress her mother wanted her to try on stomping her little foot and pouting. Scully laughed to herself and the little girl looked up with a big frown. Her brown eyes full of disgust for her mother having drug her away from playing with her dolls. Scully waved at the little girl and the little girl covered her face with the back of her hands being shy, twisting herself side to side as she did it, the white frill of the dress she was wearing slow to follow. Scully played peekaboo back and the girl smiled and then laughed. “No!” she shouted playfully and the mother turned to look and smiled at Scully. “You’ll have to excuse her today, it seems she’s in a mood,” the mother explained.

“She’s fine. Beautiful dress.”

Scully thought she was way past considering raising a child, but every now and again the thought crossed her mind of what could have been if she had chosen differently. If she had not chosen to isolate her own heart. So much discovering through the years of horrific experiments and children not meant to be, but deep down, deep in the deepest part of her existence, still remained the feeling that a soul was waiting to come into being. One that was “meant to be”. Part of her would have liked to have experienced motherhood, but a much bigger part felt as though there was a life that had been cheated because of her actions. Air slowly filled her lung cavities as she worked to clear her mind. On the release of carbon dioxide she moved on. Certainly in the multiverse there was a place all the lost souls existed and she had raised a family. Just not in this one.

When Mulder gave Scully the details of their latest assignment it put a slight spring in her step. It was refreshing to return to professional casework. Their “bread and butter” as Mulder put it. With the fragility of the relationship between the FBI and the government, it was a plus to investigate something absent of political overtones.

As they checked into the St. Rachel Motel at 11:21PM it was becoming obvious that Mulder wasn’t going to leave her slight indiscretion on the couch last week alone. He was quick to say, “We’ll take it” at the proposal of sharing a single room. Being forced to share a motel room while on a case was something they hadn’t contrived since the year 2000, but when the woman offered the pull out sofa, Scully agreed and passed Mulder an annoyed look.

“Just trying to get some shuteye,” Mulder responded, but his face told the story of a man on the prowl.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Scully returned sarcastically attempting to remind him that they were not
crossing the line of friendship. Scully wanted to have sex with Mulder so intensely it kept her up at night, but sex could only get them further away from solving their problems and they were experts at avoidance. Strike that, there was no one better at avoidance than them and she wasn’t getting back on that train.

Mulder peeled his eyes not understanding the animosity. They had just spent two very glorious weeks together in their home. Why would she make a big deal out of sharing a room? That is unless the makeout session they had on the couch last week had left her with the same longing he had. He was ready to start again and he was never good at dropping anything once he picked up the scent. Mulder pulled another sunflower seed from the stash he had stored in his cheek and his eyes wandered to watch Scully’s hips saunter as her ass rose and fell in tight cadence as she walked inside. Yeah, it was time.

*  

“Mulder,” said the voice as it answered the phone.

“Mulder, It’s me. I’ve got a lead on our suspect. Meet me in an hour at the hospital.”

“Daaaad,” she heard the muffled cry through the phone. Then the phone clicked. “Mulder.” This voice slightly deeper and scratchier than the previous one.

“Sorry Mulder. I thought it was you.”

“Scully. Yeah people mistake him for me all the time. What’s wrong?”

“I, uh, I need you to meet me at the hospital in an hour.”

“I’m sorry Scully, my son’s baseball game is tonight. Me and the misses will be headed there. You want to meet at the ball field?”

“No, I don’t want to get in the middle..”

“Come on Scully. Three’s company too.”

“What about tomorrow?”

“Daughter’s recital, then uh, anniversary dinner with the misses, but we can meet up after that..”

“Mulder..”

“Yeah, you’re right. Maybe next week?”

“Next week’s your retirement party..”

“Right. Well, we’ll figure something out.”

Scully opened her eyes. It was a weird dream. Even worse a serial nightmare. She bounced around trying to get comfortable under the cheap starchy sheets of the motel bed. Somehow she had to get back to sleep or she would be the walking dead tomorrow. Heavy footsteps closed in on her and she felt the stare of impending doom. A chill ran up her spine. Scully turned on alert not sure of the sound only to find Mulder lurking over her. He came with news that they found Arkie Seavers dead in his jail cell.

Judy. In Twin Peaks she was the mother of all evil and dodging another barrage of insults and dookie, Scully wasn’t positive she wasn’t. Then Judy said something that caused Scully’s head to
turn. It started by poking fun at her age, but quickly targeted her ovaries. Calling her dried up, not even half a woman. “You can’t hurt me, Judy,” is what Scully said and she wasn’t feeling hurt, but her reoccurring dream came rushing into her consciousness. Mulder, with a family, one she could never give him. That young woman that she had seen him with at the coffee shop played the role of his wife. The one she knew he had left the house to go meet on more than one occasion during the two weeks she was recovering from her visions in their home. The one that was half her age and could realistically make that fantasy a reality. “Nothing hurts like the truth.” Judy’s words came as a supplement of her already growing suspicions. He had said he wasn’t seeing anyone, but how long would that really last?
The Big Bang

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Long chapter so I'll keep this short. Scully is having nightmares and insecurities and looks to Mulder as a source of comfort.

Chapter Notes

Enjoyed this episode, but make no mistake, I hate this storyline. Scully having doubts, insecurities and then jumping into bed with Mulder would not be something I would write if I wasn't trying to stick to canon. They aren't Sam and Diane from Cheers (old school throwback). I do agree with Carter (don't stone me) that Mulder and Scully's friendship and trust is the foundation for everything. The root of their romance is a pure platonic love, so why would Carter attempt to sully that with a cheap hookup? Anyway, after this episode we will be steering this ship into its correct trajectory and Mulder will be intent on getting them back together in their home. If some of this chapter is familiar, I stole parts from my other Season 11 story. Hopefully, I provided a little more sense to Scully's thought process during that convoluted and really poorly written conversation.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scully stared into the mirror of the motel bathroom as she buttoned up her shirt. Some days she would look into a mirror and see a face she wouldn’t trade for anyone else’s. Today she saw lines and age. Someone who couldn’t compete with young tight glowing skin like the women she saw Mulder speaking with. There was a knock at the adjoining door and it tugged at the corners of her mouth. Mulder had returned. The simple sound of his knuckle was comforting. “Just a minute,” she called.

Scully’s questions had Mulder aghast. Concerns about age and looks? Ridiculous insecurities that he never thought he’d hear come out of Dana Katherine Scully’s mouth. Didn’t she understand his heart beat for her stronger than it ever did? What inner turmoil must be brewing for her to bring up such notions? She’d always be beautiful through his eyes and she had aged into the most beautiful woman he had ever met, but beyond that it was his soul that would always be demanding of her companionship. The question threw him off his game so badly, he answered it meekly. “No Scully. You still got it going on. You still got some scoot in your boot.”

Kicking him to the couch for the second night he remained happy just to be close. “Knock three times,” he called out as he retired quoting the old 1970’s Tony Orlando and Dawn song, singing it while he brushed his teeth “...Pull on the string with the note that's attached to my heart, Read how many times I saw you, How in my silence I adored you, only in my dreams did that wall between us come apart, Oh my darling, Knock three times on the ceiling if you want me.” He gave himself one last smile drying his face before leaving the bathroom and thought to himself, just play it cool, she’ll come to me. She always did. He had to have faith in the belief that it was all meant to be.
Scully woke from the motel bed. Not able to sleep she got up to get some water and stumbled into the kitchen. Groggily she took a glass from the cabinet and went to turn the faucet when she realized the motel didn’t have a kitchen. The lights came on and she was in her smart home. How did she get there? Outside the window she could see a mom pushing her kids on the swings in their yard. A boy wrapping his arms around the laughing mother’s neck. A single tear fell from Scully’s cheek. She had missed her son’s life and it was way passed a time when she could carry another. Retreating to the bathroom she glanced up at the mirror. Scully gasped. Her hair was silver. Her face covered in wrinkles and age spots. She examined her hands, but they had turned into shrunken skin hanging on bone. She was old. Really old and according to her refrigerator, her friends were made up of artificial intelligence. Worrying about not being old enough to carry a child? Now she was too old to adopt and besides the building manager Scott, she had no one to eat with. Frantically she picked up the phone to call Mulder, but a woman answered the phone. She thought she had the wrong number, but then Mulder’s familiar voice took over. “Scully, is that you?”

“Yeah, Mulder, something crazy has happened.”

“Scully, I haven’t seen or heard from you in years. Not since the retirement party and that was what? Over twenty years ago.”

“What?”

“Skinner told me that you elapse into bouts of dementia. I should have called Scully. I’m sorry. Hey, if you want me to come pick you up, my kids are coming over for dinner to celebrate the news. I’m going to become a grandfather Scully. Can you believe it?”

“No,” she said staring back into the mirror.

“You should let me pick you up, Judy would love to meet you. After the kids leave we can all sit around and play a round of hangman.”

Scully’s eyes shot open. The night had her blind, but the smell was unmistakably motel sheets and cheap carpet freshener. She looked over at the clock. It was time to head out and over to talk with Judy again while Mulder grilled Judy’s brother. Scully already knew it was going to be a long day.

* 

That night, for the first time in days, Scully had finally fallen into a deep dreamless REM sleep when Mulder scared her awake again. Pins and needles shot through her arms and legs. Her heart beating so fast so suddenly it hurt. “Please, Mulder, you’ve got to quit scaring me like that,” Scully gasped.

“Oh, I’d like to quit,” he returned. Another dead, this time by his own sword. After a quick investigation of the crime scene, Scully found herself back in bed with another restless nightmare.

This time she looked down to find herself pregnant. Close to ten months by the size of it. The door flung open to a bright blinding light. Out of it stepped Mulder. Scully smiled and felt her own glow. “It’s yours Mulder,” she said as she ran her hand across her rounded belly.

Mulder shook his head, confused. “Scully, it can’t be, I mean, I’m married, and we haven’t.. and you’re, you’re..”

“Say it Mulder,” Scully cried, “Too old. I have no one. No child. No family.” Scully heard a cackling in the background. Someone was laughing at her grief, her pain. It grew louder. A silhouette of the smoking man appeared from the shadows. Laughing at her years of complacency.
only now to face the truth. Laughing at the yearnings she never allowed herself and left her without. Scully felt her insides tearing, splitting in two. All the hatred she buried inside, the anger from being used. All her doubts and fears taking physical form. Flames caught the corner of her vision. In the distance, through the window of their old home, she watched the explosions rise from the far off city landscape. Her water broke and an alien came ripping out, bathed in green blood. It fell from her body, splattering, covering the floor. The evil that had torn from her body floated over her bed. Scully knew she was dreaming, but couldn’t wake up. It was coming after her. She forced herself awake and turned in a cold sweat, holding both her hands up to defend herself, but no one was in the room. Not even Mulder.

Scully got up and headed to the fold out couch where Mulder was sleeping. They had to talk and it couldn’t wait until morning. She wanted his protection? Comfort? Safety and security of his arms? No. She wanted him. His belief in her that knew no bounds. His relentlessness to create miracles. And she wasn’t in the mood to share him with anyone.

* Mulder woke with a surprise, the devil at his back being Scully.

“Something about this case is getting under my skin.” Scully stated clearly bothered.

“Well, we’ve had stranger cases Scully,” he replied trying to ease her nerves.

“Can you hold me?” she pleaded and it tugged on his heart strings. He didn’t like to see her vulnerable like this, questioning herself. Her asking him to hold her was not the Scully he knew. He considered it for a moment. Would he be able to be that close to her and not want more? Well, no, but could he keep his desires at bay? Yup, that part would be just like old times. Like putting on that old pair of fuzzy slippers.

“Yeah, I can do that,” he stated and held the sheet open for her and as she climbed in he wrapped his arms around her, closing his eyes as his heart constricted inside his chest. Lately his love for her was like a gaping wound, but as she pressed her back into him, his heart melted mending some of the scars. The vanilla lavender scent of her shampoo, the sweetness of her perfume, the way she always fit perfectly inside his muscular cocoon… he fell in love just as he did the first time, every time.

“What’s going to happen?” Scully asked, pulling Mulder from his state of euphoria.

“What’s going to happen when?”

“When we’re old?”

“What do you mean when?” He snickered.

She gave him an appreciative sigh. “Sooner or later we’re going to retire, are we going to spend time together?” He looked out into the room trying to grasp where she was coming from.

“I’ll come push your wheelchair with my wheelchair,” He said trying to comfort her. Was she asking if he would remain friends with her if she decided to back away again? The question was on the border of absurd and insanity.

“That’s not what I mean.”

Okay. He thought it over. Maybe she was talking about if they’d still do x-files together after they retired? “Oh, I’ll always be around Scully, offering bullet proof theories that your geniuses fail to assail with your inadequate rationality.”
Scully laughed. “Well, I’ll always be around to prove you wrong.”

“Hmph,” he answered and held her closer closing the small gaps between them so there was no longer a distinction between her and him.

“Promise,” she committed and his heart skipped a beat. He didn’t quite understand where this was rooted or where it was going, but vows had to be a positive direction.

“No, but that’s not what I mean.”

“What do you mean,” Mulder needed to get to the bottom of what was troubling her because his heart couldn’t take it. It was begging to release the feelings inside its walls. Still, he was fearful to get his hopes up.

“What if you meet someone.” He shook his head, it hit him hard and he had to lift his head away from her to create distance, and close his eyes. It hurt. He felt the old stiletto pierce his coronary arteries. The blood spilled through his insides, burning and stinging his soul. He shook it off.

“What if you meet someone younger who wants to have kids.” His nerve endings went numb as pins and needles shot into his fingertips. In 25 years he had never wanted another. He had only recently understood that he must remind himself to breathe on his own. Finding a way forward was what kept him living all those days and nights alone. He nodded, “That’s what you mean.” She was in crisis mode he thought to himself. She didn’t know where they were going anymore than he did and the thought of them drifting to separate lives… He shook his head and tightened his lips not knowing quite how to answer, his chest tight and on fire. With his stomach doing jumping jacks he posed the question back to her. “You could do the same, you could meet someone and have kids.”

“Mulder that’s not going to happen. I’m at the end of that journey.”

“Do you want to have more kids?” This conversation was destroying him. They had this conversation already years ago when they were still together. Now she was having regrets?

“Well, I would have liked to have had another one.” His heart jackknifed again in his chest. He could feel his lungs reaching against his ribs, begging for breath. God Scully, he thought to himself. Why bring this up now and why not before? Despite all that was going on inside him, he carried on. What was she looking for him to say? “At the risk of sounding insensitive, what’s stopping you?”

“Besides the fact that the first time was a miracle and besides the fact that I don’t have anyone to have one with even if I could?” Whatever pieces of his heart she had shattered with the last question had now been ground to dust. Did she want him to offer himself to her? Was she having doubts about leaving? Did she not want him to be with anyone else? Did she now want the family he had offered her 18 years ago or the one he offered to give her after he was cleared of all charges in 2008?

He was so uncertain, so fragile from the pain of the past 5 minutes, he didn’t have the strength to put himself out there. So he took the safest route.

“You’re a woman of science.”

Scully breathed out another sigh. “Mulder, sometimes I think the world is going to hell and we’re the only two people that can save it.”

He felt a small relief wash over him. Changing the subject would allow him to recover. That other conversation had them dancing around a subject he was yet to pinpoint and she wouldn’t come right out and say if she wanted more distance to find herself a life while they tried to remain friends or if she wanted to try again with him. Was she feeling that insecure tonight that she needed him to once
again prove his undying devotion to her? To tell her he wanted all that with her now as much as he ever did? He wasn’t prepared to go through all this tonight. The wound was too fresh and he was too emotionally charred.

Changing that subject to discussing their plight was comforting. “The world is going to hell Scully. And the president is working to bring down the FBI along with it.” Conversation was wasted on them he thought to himself. It was mere words. Their communication, their humming was on a deeper level and right now he felt that hum, growing, strong and solid.

“What if we lose our jobs?” she proposed.

“Yeah, then what would we do?” He rubbed his cheek against her and felt her flush. The conversation had taken that turn. Maybe she hadn’t fully realized what moving on and being with other people meant for their relationship. Maybe she wanted to claim back the heart she had branded. The other part of herself she left inside him. Without their jobs, it was still them against the world. He wasn’t certain when it had occurred, but their hearts began beating in unison, their eyelids blinked to the same rhythm and his body craved to be united with its source. He felt her soul lighting up inside his arms...

Scully rotated inside Mulder’s embrace and their eyes locked. Why she hadn’t done that in the first place he would never know because her eyes spoke his truth. Their truth. They were back to themselves at their core. 92.96 million miles to the sun and back, it was them. It would always be them. Saving the planet, the human plight, and saving each other. Take him or leave him, he belonged to her and as independent as two individuals got, they were still not themselves unless they were together.

Her eyes drifted to his lips and she replied, “We’ll think of something.” It was a small move, but his body answered. He smiled tentatively as their eyes locked again. This time he felt the pulse in his groin as it tightened. Her eyes willing his cock to swell. In that moment she was more beautiful than he had ever seen her. She smiled back and the floodgates of his heart gave way. He waited for her to bring her lips to him, and only then did his right arm move to tangle his hand in her hair and allow his lips to move over hers, pushing hard against her own. She returned his need, and his cock surged. He kissed down her neck and then back to her lips. He was so hard he was ready to burst from his skin. “Scully, touch me,” he breathed out and kissed her again, his tongue following so it could connect with her own, tangling and receding only to join again. He felt her hand at his chest, rubbing and scratching, moving down to his abs, until her small hand was at his waistband and somehow his cock grew thicker as she reached for it. Her fingers wrapped around him, dancing along the length. He was throbbing so hard he could feel it in his back, up his spine, in his ears. He broke their kiss as she pumped him carefully and their eyes held. “You feel that Scully? You feel how hard I am?” She squeezed him gently and nodded. The electricity was so powerful between them he almost came right in her hand. He underestimated how badly he really wanted her. “Answer me Scully. I need to hear it.”

“Yes,” she replied keeping hold of his eyes.

“That’s you Scully. That’s how much you turn me on. That’s how beautiful you are, how much my body aches for yours even at 57 years old. The next time you have doubts, you remember how hard you make me, just by the sight of you.”

She closed her eyes and stroked him again, calling his name.

He captured her lips again, more forceful this time, sending an outcry of pleasure into her mouth. After removing his boxers, he worked on her clothes. The black silk of her nightgown brushing the skin between them as it floated to the floor. Tracing her nipples with his fingers, he pinched them
before taking them into his mouth and groaning, “Your body is perfection Scully.”

He kissed his way down her body, not giving her a choice but to comply. He released a lungful of air before inhaling her arousal, pleasure surged through every inch of him, overwhelming and blissful. He wanted this to be a beginning and he wanted to give her a reason to come back. She was hot against his tongue, her body already dripping as he plunged forth. The minutes past as his mouth gently massaged the area between her thighs, expertly licking and sucking the place that he knew like the blood in his veins. Even if all this was only for the smallest sliver of a night, she was going to remember what she left behind.

Her fingers were stroking his face, in his hair, and she began to wriggle and moan and repeat his name. And right as she tightened, he pulled away and sent kisses down her inner thigh. “Ahhh,” Scully cried. Lubricating his fingers with his tongue, he sent them to lovingly stroke her breasts as he continued to tease her with his mouth, finally rewarding her with his tongue once again. He was enjoying himself. She tasted like the sweetest sugar as his tongue swirled around the sensation flowering inside her, and her body tensed again underneath him. Again he denied her and again she cried his name. 45 minutes had past before his fingers came to join his tongue, his lips ever so lightly grazing the area, teasing her into a frenzy. His heart felt every last bit of the pleasure that surged inside her. He allowed her insides to begin their contracting but he didn’t let it last for he flipped her over and spread her legs sliding his cock inside. It was already so wet and she was still pulsating around him as she begged him not to stop. The pleasure was so intense he almost cried. She grasped at the cushions at the head of the sofa as he thrust hard and fast shoving a pillow beneath her stomach to elevate her. His hands were at her hips, and with labored breath he spoke to her between staccato moans, “Scully, right now I have the view of the most gorgeous ass I have ever laid eyes on.” He had never spoken to her like this before, but if that’s what she needed, his job was to fulfill any and all needs. She gave him a long tortured moan and he pumped harder and faster, completely out of breath. He only stopped as he felt her tighten again, ignoring the ringing in his ears. He lifted her up so she was kneeling on the bed with him still inside her. Her back slick against his undershirt, he had one hand holding her up at her breast, the other drenched at her clit and he thrusted hard up into her. The position allowed her perfume to fill his lungs and his breath was at her ear. “Oh, Scully, You're so beautiful,” managed to escape from his lips. She reached her arm backwards to wrap from his lips. She reached her arm backwards to wrap around his neck and he desperately wished he could tell her how much he loved her. With her other hand she clutched his hand at her breast tight as he thrusted harder, the fingers of his right hand continuing their strumming. Her neck craned as her eyes closed tight, yes, she was completely his and he could feel every muscle of her body as he filled it with pleasure. His body sliding against her, wrapped around her as he moved inside. This was what he missed, what he needed. He felt her grow tight around him, numbing pleasure radiating into him. The sounds coming from her made his toes curl and he moaned loudly as he felt the coil of his own orgasm. He pulled out suddenly, twisting her body so she fell onto the bed on her back. He didn’t mean to surprise her like that, but his emotions had got the better of him and he had to face her. He rested on top of her, trying to forestall the inevitable. Her legs wrapped knowingly around him and her hips rose to stroke him against her folds warming his cock. He closed his eyes as the throbbing shot pleasure through his body. When he opened them their eyes locked and he took in her true essence, her energy, her soul. He leaned in as if to kiss her, but stopped so their was the tiniest gap, enough to feel their magnetic pull. When their lips finally met they moaned into the other’s mouth. Mulder wasn’t sure if his heart could survive this. Her tongue delicately slipped against his and he almost lost his sanity. Her tongue did the most amazing things to him. He wasn’t waiting anymore, he reached down between her legs and sunk inside her. He pressed his hips hard against her, wanting to be inside as deep as he could go. He watched her face and waited for it. That look. The way she closed her eyes when he first entered her. This moment, staring into her eyes, caressing her lips, holding her so close, felt like yesterday. There was so much honesty in their connection. Like no time had ever passed that they had been apart. It no longer felt like being in a pullout of a cheap motel room couch, but their bed in their old life.
Mulder took in the sight of her fiery hair falling over her shoulder and swaying back and forth as he moved slowly inside her. He hoped she didn’t notice the way he was smiling, giddy like a boy at his first star trek convention. Her hips moved in time with their experienced rhythm, pausing and changing tempo, keeping the pace. She was the only one that knew him. Every sexual thing that turned him on was inside her head. All she had to do was reach in and pluck it from her memory. Mulder slowed, pushing in hard and deep, but then withdrew excruciatingly slow. It was too slow for her and he knew she wanted more, but he would deny her until he was ready, still savoring the moment. Her hips begged him and she looked in his eyes as she stroked his hair, her voice was just above a whisper, “Mulder, I want you to come inside me.” He smiled despite himself, and picked up the pace, and felt in her eyes her own pleasure take over. He held her tight as she contracted around him and he pulsed inside her as she drained him. They caught their breath together as they hugged each other. Exhaustion followed and he fell to the other side of the bed on his back realizing he had never even removed his undershirt. Scully drifted to sleep while he stared at the ceiling. What did this mean? Would they go back to being a couple? Was she giving them another chance? Would his heart survive? He looked over to her to see her sleeping, brushing her forehead against his own. His brain buzzing with questions and hope, he headed to the bathroom to get a drink and rinse his parched mouth still covered in her essence. His lips were so numb from use he was lucky he wasn’t drooling. As his hand ran across his stubble he realized she may have some beard burn down there in the morning. He laughed at himself in the mirror for his overanalyzing ways and smiled, enjoying the moment. Fox William Mulder and Dana Katherine Scully just had sex. She couldn’t resist him. He knew he still had it after all these years.

His basking didn’t last long for peeking around the shower curtain- his doppelganger.

Chapter End Notes

Happy 25th Anniversary to Mulder and Scully! I've had the marathon on BBC playing in the background this week. I find it difficult with their edits. Having memorized the scripts of most of the episodes, my purest self doesn't like when they make cuts for the sake of more commercials. I was especially perturbed when they cut Bill and Mulder's scene in Redux II. That's one of my favorite scenes you sorry son of a bitch.
Starting Over

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The last scene of "Plus One" and the "Lost Art of Forehead Sweat". Mulder and Scully make the most of their last couple hours in the motel. Their moment of weakness makes Scully skeptical, but Mulder is ready to convince Scully the only place they should be is together.

Chapter Notes

I'm back on my Gilly box. Vince Gilligan and his crew are so into details that this week on Better Call Saul they had a montage of the passage of time and they made sure their clothes represented each passing season. Meanwhile, Mulder and Scully wear winter parkas in what should be 75 degree weather. The contrasts never cease to astound. What I also appreciate is Gilligan's and Peter Gould's determination to not portray characters as dead when they're not, to not try to trick or deceive their fans, and not leave them with some awful cliff hanger. Guess there is a lot to learn of what not to do being a fan of the x-files. On the flip side, they spend that extra time on direction, props, and cinematography which is also a lesson from the x-files. And yes, I saw that October 13th on the case record Vince.

In other news, what is up with James Wong and the song "Morning After"? Not only did he recycle it from the episode, "NLF" to include it in American Horror Story, he even named the episode "The Morning After."

As far as the episode, "Forehead Sweat", I like it better when I watch it from the point of view that Mulder and Scully are guest stars on a t.v. show characterizing their lives. They try to have it move the plot forward, but the implication that the old x-files wasn't as good as we remember just doesn't hold water. They needed to accept that the new episodes didn't hold a candle to the original, but I still appreciate their existence. I'm stepping down off the box now and going to feed the fish. Not too much, don't want to over feed.

With the guilty meeting their demise, the case over, and the Doppelgangers back from whence they came, Mulder and Scully returned to their motel room to pack. Mulder entered the bedroom, quietly closing the door behind him and failing at his attempt to be as casual as possible considering the woman he was trying to be coy with read him like a book. “So I was thinking we could..uh..get a couple hours in before checkout time?”

Scully bowed her head as she packed, placing her clothes in her overnight bag, staring him down through her eyelashes. She knew exactly what he was up to.

Mulder shook his head as he lied, “I’m just talking about getting some shut eye.” Then closed his eyes as not even he believed it.
Scully nodded back. “I’m glad to hear that Mulder.”

His arms flared as his shoulders raised, “Uh, I guess I should hit the hay.”

“Okay,” She replied, her voice creeping up an octave as she suppressed her smile, he was so cute when he was trying to get in her pants.

“But If you need anything, you just call me.”

Scully nodded, “I can’t imagine that I will.” She didn’t break eye contact to enforce that she was indeed serious. She wasn’t certain what last night meant, a moment of weakness or a step in a direction, but until she had time to decide, continuing did not seem like a wise idea.

Mulder’s head tilted back in a reverse nod, the rejection stung, but as he left the room he felt their pull, their connection drawing him, calling, and he decided to play her cat and mouse game. They spoke in a wavelength beyond words, so he leaned quietly against the door and waited. Waited for her like he always did.

She could hear the faint sounds of his television, a little surprised as she had expected him to come back, to try again. Mulder never gave up, yet the door didn’t open. As she finished zipping up her overnight bag the thoughts of last night made her heart and insides ache. After all, being with Mulder was the greatest ride of her life. Maybe it was wrong to be with each other without a clear future or maybe it was more right than ever, but when it came to him, she was weak. And last night made her want a repeat. The memory of him inside her shot through her, she thought, no, she couldn’t imagine, “But then again, it’s not out of the realm of extreme possibility.” She spoke to an empty room, taking bigger steps, hoping to catch him before he drifted off. She swung open the door with her heart pounding, only to find him standing on the other side leaning against the frame. The look on his face sent an ache through her as fireworks exploded inside her chest. Without a word, her hand covered his cheek as she lifted up on her toes to meet his lips. His arms looped around her as he pulled her into the room and slowly they began the process of removing each other’s clothes. He led her to the bed and they exchanged light kisses. She felt somewhat emotionally exposed in front of him, but she could feel inside he was the same way. Last night they had reopened their lines of communication, not just talking, but in a physical way and it was something that only the two of them knew. She and Mulder had hearts that had never been touched by and souls never joined to another. “I never stopped thinking about you Mulder,” she admitted as he laid down in the bed and she fell back into his arms.

“Scully, when I think about last night…,” he took a breath and slowly shook his head, “I’m having trouble thinking about much else.”

Scully rolled on top of him and closed her eyes, touching her lips to his. The electricity it let off almost created light. Sparks flew behind her lids and burned away the doubts. The only wish she had was that they had the time together to start again and get it right.

Her hands covered his chest, her lips hungry against his skin and as they traveled down his body she could feel his heart thundering. His arms dropped down her back as he buried his face in her neck, her body pliable under his touch, pleasure burning inside her. They didn’t speak a word, the years were explanation enough. Instead he kept his arms around her and stared into her eyes reveling in the power of their friendship. Eventually their lips found each other’s again, his head tilting slightly to one side, his mouth parted as his tongue moved against hers in a tangled embrace. He knew how to kiss her, when to deepen that kiss, when to wrap his legs around her and press himself against her so that she could forget everything else in the world. She felt his cock tracing her thighs growing harder as her heart melted. She reached for him and slid him inside. He watched her as she rode. His cock pulsing every time her insides spasmed around it. The hard command of his body sent jolts of desire
straight through her, and she tightened again. He pulled himself into a seated position so they could kiss as she moved with him thrusting up inside her. There were so many things she wanted from him, most she felt no right to ask, and some she knew even miracles couldn’t fix. The pleasure coiled deep within her and she had to break for air. Their eyes locked and in that moment she believed her dark wizard could do anything. His love for her sparked in his eyes as he smiled breathlessly holding their pace. It was his eyes that penetrated her, the way they worshiped her. His eyes brought her to orgasm, the pleasure so great it bordered on painful. She moaned and it only egged him on, pounding faster, forcing another orgasm to build before the other finished washing over her. She held tight to his neck as her full body stroked his cock. Her thighs screamed with fatigue, but she could feel him growing more rigid inside her and she knew he was close. He thrust sharply into her, quick deep pumps that had her bouncing against his thighs, the head burying deeper, reaching into her. The building was intense and she had not even partially recovered from the first. Uncontrollably she burst into his neck, “God Mulder, I’m going to come again.”

Mulder’s full body tightened and he cried out her name. The second one hit and every nerve ending in her body felt as though it had exploded, her muscles clenching and releasing in quick succession as she came hard around him, his own orgasm pumping steadily into her.

Their breaths slowed and she rested her head on his shoulder as he remained inside her, silently he stroked her hair, holding her gingerly.

When he did speak it was just above a whisper, “You know, that didn’t take as long as I thought it would. We could take a quick 30 minute nap, maybe try again?”

She lifted her head and cocked it back so she could look at him. The man was insatiable, but then again with Mulder, so was she. “Maybe.”

* 

In and out. In and out. Mulder was trying his best to remember to breathe. He was trying not to be excited, but he was excited. Elated. Ecstatic. Euphoric. And whatever other “E” words that are synonyms for very very happy. The smile on his face was tiring out his cheek muscles as he slapped the steering wheel with the heel of his palm and let out a victory cry. If he could decipher Scully’s highly technical SUV he would be singing from out of the moonroof.

There was no kiss goodbye or promise to meet up later. Scully simply handed him the keys to her car and gave him a wave and a smile. He wasn’t going to play defense or try to second guess anything. She had sex with him. More than once. Copulation after contemplation. She opened a door and now he was going to tear down the entire wall. Whatever needed to be done, he was going to get them back together.

His phone buzzed and he answered, “Mulder.”

“You haven’t been by the gym in a while, wanted to make sure you weren’t slacking off or murdered in your sleep.” It was Shira and her digs at him were getting her nowhere considering his mood.

“Just away on a case. I was considering our last conversation and I think it’s time for me to execute my plan. I was thinking of starting by sending Scully flowers. What do you think, sunflowers, gardenias, lilies maybe?”

He could hear the exasperated sigh through the phone. “Mulder, what did we discuss? Roses. Red roses. We are not falling back into the friend zone. Hand her the roses and ask her out on a date. Say the actual word date so she doesn’t misinterpret anything. Remember, communication. Your
intentions must leave no wiggle room or chance for confusion.”

“Yeah, I get it. From now on my intentions will be clear. She’ll see how much has changed.”

“Let’s hope. You sound in high spirits.”

Mulder blushed. “I am. It was a good case.”

“And?”

He wanted to tell her. Hey, he wanted to shout it from the rooftops, but it was too special for words. “And, I think I need to do the rest on my own. I guess I’m old fashioned. Not one to kiss and tell. Scully and I are private people. What happens between the two of us stays just between the two of us.”

“And just as I think I’m about to pass out from his tongue he starts flipping me around. I was on all fours, then sitting up, next thing you know I’m on my back. Honestly, Ellen, I don’t know how I’m walking today and that was only from the first time.”

“Dana, I don’t know how you do it. If Rick and I tried any of those things we’d be admitted to intensive care. Just to get Rick to touch me like that I’d have to cover myself in Oreos.”

Scully laughed. “You’re too much Ellen.”

“So, does this mean you’re back together?”

“I. I don’t know. I’m not sure we’re ready and even if we were, if it didn’t work out…”

“Dana, really? What was it, a booty call? We’re not getting any younger. You do not turn someone like him away. He’s a good man, doesn’t cheat, holds a job with a pension, takes care of you, what more are you looking for?”

“I need to be certain things will not change to the way they have been in the past. That he’s the man I fell in love with and not what I left. Otherwise, we’re better off living apart. Together, just different living quarters. It has worked well with us.”

“It works well because there’s no work involved. Put yourself out there. Open your heart Dana. Find someone to grow old with and enjoy life. You’ve been married to the man for a quarter of a century for goodness sake.”

“I’ve known him that long, I wouldn’t.”

“Yeah, and how many men were you with besides him in that time?”

Scully smiled. Ellen may have won that round. Just then she heard a knock at the door and rushed Ellen off the phone.

The delivery man handed Scully a long box and a smile. She signed the tablet and he was off to his next delivery. Greedily and curiously ripping the box open she found no less than one dozen long stem roses and a card. She took a minute to admire them and take in the scent before opening the small card. It read: Dana, Would you do me the honor of accompanying me for a romantic evening? -Fox.

Scully was perplexed by the formal first names, but his sentiment made her heart soften. Were they
ready for another chance? She picked up the phone and dialed his number. His sweet voice played his name in her ears after the second ring.

“I received your package,” she said softly trying not to give too much away. The flutterings in her stomach brought her back twenty years.

“Did you read the card?”

“I did,” she replied. His voice sounded sexier than when she last heard it and she was finding it hard not to think of an excuse to go see him.

“Does that mean you’re considering it?”

“I’m not sure what you’re proposing,” She answered back.

“I want to do those things other people do when they have a fond attraction to one another and want to pursue an avenue where traditionally the man courts the woman.”

Scully ran her tongue over her bottom lip. “Isn’t that non compulsory taking into account our history?”

“Consider us the Benjamin Buttons of relationships.”

Scully scrunched up her nose. She didn’t care for that movie. “Wouldn’t that eventually make us strangers?”

“You’re missing the point. I want to take you out on a date. That means dinner. Maybe a movie. Pick you up at 7:30PM, home by 11:30PM type of a date. I want us to move forward.”

“So you want us to date?”

“Yes. If all goes well, after some time, we go steady. I take you to the prom, try not to knock you up, we get engaged, married, then send out goofy Christmas cards with matching sweaters, share one set of pajamas- I’m guessing you’ll want the bottoms, get his and her coffee mugs, fight over whose turn it is to do the dishes. You know, the good life.”

“You’ve really put some thought behind this.”

“I have, but you haven’t answered me yet.”

There was silence as she contemplated. “We take things slow.”

“Whatever pace we need.”

She thought about the past two years, about their son, about the visions, and about how it didn’t matter the temperature in her house, she still woke up cold without him there. “Okay.”

“Great.” She could hear the excitement building inside him. “I’ve got plans this weekend, but how about after work Monday night I take you out?”

“That would be fine Mulder. I’ll call you Sunday and confirm.”

* 

Frustratingly, Mulder did not answer his phone all day Sunday. When he finally did he didn’t have the same enthusiasm as his initial ask and it made her insecurities creep up as well as the possibility
that while out squatching he may not have been totally alone. Monday, as she arrived for their date, she had found the house in disarray. Files, books and VHS tapes tossed everywhere with Mulder buried within the middle of his obsessions. Scully, on the other hand, had skipped lunch to save some room for dinner which she apparently was being stood up for. Mulder too upset about not finding his missing Twilight Zone episode had forgotten their date and instead decided to stay cooped up in the house to mourn the loss. Scully wasn’t upset, but the situation made her consider that maybe they should stay friends. Maybe their friendship was so great it superseded any chances of them remaining a romantic couple. Or maybe she was just hungry. So she left him in search of nourishment with his gums still flapping like shutters in a hurricane. Then Reggie and his forehead sweat startled her in the parking lot.

The following day...

“Come ‘on, it will be like a date,” Mulder said with eyebrows cocked and his head tilted. His eyes steaming into hers caused an involuntary tightening of her inner thigh muscles. Their feet both propped on opposite sides of the desk having their own private conversation as they rocked in unison. No matter how much they thought they had drifted, their bodies had an uncanny way of staying in sync. She wanted to turn him down and give him a taste of his own bitter medicine, but she was also curious as to what was up with this Reggie guy. “Oh, you mean like the one you promised me and have yet to deliver?” Scully answered and Mulder pouted with a cute little exaggerated frown. She suppressed her smile. “Okay.”

What started with roses and a promise was quickly turning into the same ol’ parlor tricks. Them, in a car, chasing who knows what while the world kept on living. This wasn’t what she signed up for. In fact it was the opposite. They hadn’t even left the parking lot.

“Well, this is romantic,” Scully said sarcastically.

“Isn’t it?” Mulder answered and glanced her way.

“Hmmf,” Scully breathed out in response as she looked back at him from the corner of her eyes. He wasn’t winning any points tonight, but before they could even start bickering, Reggie appeared from around a column and coaxed them out of their car with a finger.

They never quite determined Reggie’s fact from fiction, but at the end of the night Scully found herself sitting on the couch in their home in no rush to return to her apartment. She wanted to remember everything the way it was, but she wasn’t ready to give up on their future either.

“Mulder, I know tonight and everything that happened this week wasn’t completely your fault.”

Mulder looked at her curiously, with his hands resting at his knees inches away from her own. “Yeah?”

“And I wouldn’t be opposed to trying again, having dinner possibly next week? That is if you’re not distracted by Bigfoot or old t.v. shows or some other mystery informant.”

“This week was not the best example of me at my finest hour...” Mulder admitted, his face brightening at the prospect, his eyes dropping to Scully’s lips as he chewed gently on his bottom lip.

Scully allowed herself a moment to get swept away in their pull. Swallowing hard she gathered herself and placed her hand over his, sharing a reassuring smile. “Next week.”
Date Night
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

We’re covering Ghouli, Kitten, and Followers. Mulder continuing his pursuit to find a happily ever after, has grandiose ideas that are unrealistic and he may be setting himself up for failure. So much is being thrown at Scully I’m not sure how she’s handling it all.

Chapter Notes

IMO, Ghouli probably was the best episode of the season, but it’s too emotional for me to truly enjoy it. I like my x-files on repeat and this one is too hard to swallow in the rewatch. The similarities between Carter/Wong’s version of William’s room and Scully finding the pictures and flipping through his missed life and what I envisioned happening (some of that is in my alt. Universe chapters) was a little creepy for me. Also Carter and I both giving William the psychic connection. (I hear Twilight Zone music) Then there’s Kitten. So much could have been done with this episode. Love a Skinner episode, but all he really did was fall in a hole. The best part was the second to last scene when Mulder and Scully have unspoken communication and then Mulder speaks for both of them letting Skinner know they trust him again. Yawn. “Followers” I’m probably too hard on, but it feels too much like a premise that they tried to shoe horn Mulder and Scully in and some of it didn’t fit. BTW, this episode was written before the Black Mirror episode if you’re into trivia and personally I like this episode more than BM’s version. The flirting in this episode was top notch and as contrived as the episode was, the last scene takes hold of my heart and bursts it inside my chest. Sorry it’s been so long between chapters as I was undergoing my third and hopefully final operation. Good news is I have plenty of time to write while I’m recovering.

I was getting my Spotnitz fix watching “Man in the High Castle” and fittingly, he lived in the Unremarkable House. If you haven’t seen it, Season 3 really picks up the pace and is worth the watch. Vince Gilligan was discussing in a new book how when he was writing Mulder and Scully, he was able to tap into their universe and it was no longer him writing the episode, but him listening to them speak and writing down what they said. I have visited that zone. They do exist.

Mulder often wondered if it was the clacking of the heels against the tile, her delicate perfume, or the warm breeze that blew his way that first called his attention whenever she entered the office, but the culmination comforted his soul. “Hey you,” he said with an affectionate smile that she returned, her warm glow permeating his chest. “You were so busy today I wasn’t sure I was going to see you.”

“That’s why I came by... to say goodnight,” was her response as she set her coat down at her desk. His heart sunk a little at the prospect of Monday being the next available time slot to share air space. Since she had moved to the other side of town she might as well have been light years from the house. He couldn’t exactly stop by accidentally unannounced, but then she offered, “It’s Friday
night, are we having dinner together?”

His heart sped up and her eyebrow quivered as if it witnessed the event. “Y-Yes. Definitely,” he stammered. He stood from the desk littered with useless papers he had deemed of importance moments ago.

Scully closed the door of the office as she removed her gloves, slowly tugging at each finger to reveal a freshly manicured hand. She tossed them on top of her coat. Crossing the carpet she propped herself up on his desk corner and crossed her legs. “So have you decided on our next assignment?”

“No,” he said quietly as he approached her. His hand squeezed into a fist to stifle the urge to run it along her pant leg and caress the silky white skin that lay underneath. “Advancements in science and techniques have all but eliminated x-files that do not fall under the supernatural and conspiracies are hardly x-files anymore. It greatly cuts down on our workload.” He lifted his eyes from her legs.

“Anything particular you’re in the mood to eat?”

A flirtatious smile formed across Scully’s face. “Oh, I don’t know, I thought we could stop somewhere on the way back to the house. That is unless you’re willing to drive to my side..” Mulder shook his head. He had made that mistake once with her last apartment and he wasn’t putting himself through that again. That was where she went to not be with him. He had no place and never wanted her to feel comfortable living there. He wanted her home. “You know I won’t do that.” Her eyes darted away from him, but she slowly nodded in understanding.

Mulder became highly aware of Scully’s fingertips slowly tracing his hip bone. “Do you recall a birthday of mine,” she asked and one corner of her mouth turned upwards, “one we celebrated in this office? The only time we celebrated in this office..” Mulder’s hand covered hers, the fabric of his slacks pulling taunt beneath it. Gently he gave her hand a squeeze. “I remember all of it Scully. You know how much that time of my life meant to me..” She braced for the but. “Scully,” He said and his eyes dropped to floor, “I-I want to wait. I know I came on strong before..” He took a breath and for a moment thought he was going to cry. “I wasn’t expecting to say all this here.” He took another breath and Scully turned her hand to join his, and he gathered his nerve. “This is you and me Scully. There’s no time table and if what’s best for you.. and that’s only for you to decide.. if what’s best is separation.. I am satisfied with our friendship, but if.. we discover what’s right is us, living in our home, Scully, dealing with you leaving was the hardest thing I’ve ever done, and I don’t know if I’d live through another break.”

“And attending the prom, sharing nightwear?” Scully reminded him.

“This is it for me Scully.” Mulder let go of her hand and picked up her coat to hand to her. He didn’t want to discuss it any further. “Let’s go hunt down someplace to eat. I saw some documentaries on Netflix I want to watch,” he said reading the expression on her face and shrugged, “or fall asleep to.”

Post Ghouli...

Mulder was pulled awake by a dream. William and Scully laughing and joking with him, inside their home, around the table. Maggie walking from the kitchen with sandwiches for everyone, joining the conversation and smiling. Everything felt right, perfect, and that’s when he realized he wasn’t in his reality. With a jolt his eyes were open, but reality wasn’t so bad. Scully was in their bed beside him. They were fully dressed and had kept to their own sides, but she was there. His son was alive. On the run, but alive and he felt their reunion was only a matter of the passage of time. In his heart he felt he was capable of protecting William and Scully and bringing his family back together. Of fixing that in which he felt responsible for and giving Scully a semblance of what he believed she deserved. If he was the cause, might he not also be the solution?
The sheet pulled gently on Mulder’s arm and he took in with much delight Scully waking and shifting so she could face him. Her smile brought the sun into the room and he closed his eyes to savor the joy in his chest.

“Did you sleep?” Scully asked and he fought the urge to kiss her, smiling instead. With few words he had driven her back to the house. Neither of them wanting to be alone. Both of them finding it hard to digest what had transpired this past week.

“Yeah,” he said in a gruff voice. Mulder propped his head up on his elbow.

“We met our son Mulder.”

Mulder gave her a nod. “We caught a glimpse of his life.”

“He’s running. Scared.”

Mulder felt a surge of energy. “You give me the word and I will find him. Protect him. We can protect him Scully. We can be a family again. Those first two days of his life when we were all together were a lifetime for me.”

He saw the concern growing in her eyes fearing he may do something rash. She replied, “Not yet. He has the ability to reach me if he needs me. Until then, we will continue to wait.”

“What if he gets in over his head,” Mulder offered testing the waters.

Scully lifted her eyebrows. “He’s our son Mulder. He’ll be in over his head.”

“We don’t know what was done to him. What effects it may have had,” Mulder said carefully. “We are the ones that can help him with whatever he’s going through.”

“We must wait Mulder.”

“Okay,” he said softly. She was running this show and he trusted her visions and her intuition. “Okay, but we’re not going into work today.”

“Where are we going?”

“To meet an informant.”

Scully nodded. “I’ll let Skinner know we’re in the field for the day.”

* *

Mulder dropped some change in the meter and led Scully to the coffee shop resting a hand at the small of her back. The muscles underneath her jacket were tense and he looked at her quizzically as he opened the glass door.

“How did you find this informant Mulder?” She asked, her voice shaky.

Mulder furrowed his eyebrows. “My last informant, the doctor, it is his daughter.” Was she jealous? he thought and gave her a half laugh pressing his lips to the side of her head. “She’s not a threat Scully,” he whispered hoping to keep her fire at bay.

Mulder introduced Scully and only then did he really look at his informant as a woman. She had perfect unblemished skin, a thin, but curvy frame, and long silky hair. Maybe Scully had a right to question why he had spent time with this woman, but Mulder was simply looking for answers. Ones that only she alone could possibly provide.
After some small talk and a cappuccino with extra foam, Mulder told her his request.

“I need you to go through your father’s files. Any information on a Dr. Masao Matsumoto would be most helpful. Or any mention of a Project Crossroads.” Mulder looked over at Scully and hesitated before making his next request, but proceeded anyway. “I’m also looking for information on chip implants. Capabilities, technical specifications, activation or control of them.”

The informant nodded, “I’ll see what I come up with.”

Mulder lowered his voice and gave the coffee shop a quick glance for onlookers. “Just be careful. I’m sure the DoD has you in their sights. If you need my help.”

“I will contact you,” she finished and patted the top of Mulder’s hand resting on the table. Scully gave her a tight smile. “It was a pleasure meeting you.”

She nodded and left.

Scully shyly played with her empty cup. “What are you not telling me Mulder? Why are you inquiring about chip implants?”

Mulder squinted as he glanced through the window at the parked cars on the street. “She may uncover something you may want to know.”

“You think there is a connection between my chip and William?”

Mulder pursed his lips and chewed on the inside of his mouth. “I don’t know Scully.”

*

Post Kitten - on the flight home..

“Mulder. Mulder.” Mulder closed his mouth and his tongue stuck to the roof. Scully was supposed to nudge him when he fell asleep with his mouth open on a plane. They would need to have a one on one about that later. “Was I snoring?” he asked trying to get his salivary glands working again.

“No, I was thinking about Walter. What kind of people are we that we could have doubted such a loyal friend?”

“He waited until this year to tell us about the x-files being digitized and he is talking with the CSM. Our doubts weren’t completely unfounded.”

“Walter has always towed the company line Mulder. He’s not going to cross it as easily as you may. Without his position he has no pull, so he can’t do blatant things to jeopardize his job.”

“Like go missing and not show up for work and not call his boss kind of thing?” Mulder glanced down the aisle hoping to find the flight attendant with the beverage cart. “He could have confided in us Scully. This decision of his to let things go unsaid and keeping secrets is not helping his cause.”

“Maybe he’s trying to find proof before leaping to conclusions.”

Mulder turned her way and gave a wry grin. “Isn’t that our job?”

“Mulder.”

Mulder sighed. “I can’t tell you what’s going through Skinner’s mind these days Scully, but he has my trust.” He pursed his lips. “Anyway, I would rather talk about our next date.”
Mulder was getting agitated and their coach accommodations were making his underwear ride up. He wasn’t giving up on his plight to get her back living with him. “I’m taking you out Scully. Tomorrow, you swing by the house and bring a dress because we’re going somewhere nice. I know I’ve been promising this for weeks, but this time we’re not getting interrupted and I’m planning an evening of eating by candlelight, with tablecloths, maybe a piano player...”

“Mulder, I understand what you’re trying to go for, but is that really us?”

“We’ve done similar things in the past,” he countered.

“Things were different back then. I’m not looking to be impressed Mulder.” Scully lifted an eyebrow. “You already impress me.”

Mulder guessed Scully might be right. He probably was setting himself up for failure trying to arrange the perfect date. Maybe they should keep it low key. “So where do you want to go?”

“Somewhere casual where we can wear plain street clothes, not work attire. It might be refreshing. Maybe try one of those new sushi bars?”

Mulder let his head swivel to the side to look into Scully’s eyes. “Sure. I’ll look one up and make reservations, but this is not us just meeting for dinner. This is a new beginning. I want it to be special.”

Scully smiled. “It will be Mulder.”

*

Mulder scrolled through reviews and settled on a place called Forowa. Prices were a little high, but so were the reviews. The last thing he wanted was Scully to come down with food poisoning because he was being cheap. Besides, it was one of those new automated Japanese restaurants which meant no servers to interrupt their intimate conversation and he could save money on the tip. It said reservations were required so he picked a time and made the reservation calling Scully to confirm.

That night...

A path of clothes were strewn about the bedroom and Mulder was in a pair of jeans twisting with his back towards the full length mirror, doing his best to check out his own ass. It was the third pair he had tried on. Why did he care? Scully had seen him in all of them. It didn’t stop him from coordinating his fave gray tee with a new dark hoodie. Looking one last time at his reflection, he ran a comb through his hair, a splash of aftershave on his face and figured he was as ready as he would ever be. Quickly he flipped through his phone. There were no new messages so he read his emails and scanned the news to distract the butterflies in his stomach. He dialed Scully’s number.

“Mulder, I’m running a little late. I’ll have to meet you down there,” was the way she answered.

“I have the car,” Mulder reminded her.

“It’s fine. I’ll take an Uber.”

Mulder’s eyes drifted to the ceiling. This night was already veering from his plan. “Do you want to come by here after?”

“I want to stop by the hospital early in the morning and the forensics team at Quantico requested my
assistance.” Scully paused. “Am I ruining your plans?”

Mulder started pacing. None of it was the what he had pictured in his mind. “I said I’d have you back at your place by 11:30, so we’re in the ballpark.”

Mulder waited impatiently in the car outside the restaurant for Scully. He was already feeling awkward. Should he have brought her something? Should he have put on his big boy pants and went and picked her up at her house?

None of it mattered much now because she had pulled up and was waiting. Mulder stepped out and greeted her opening the heavy glass door of the restaurant as she flashed him a flirtatious grin. Maybe the night wouldn’t be so bad. They stepped over the threshold and cold artificial light with blinding white neon greeted them. Mulder felt like he had stepped inside a broken refrigerator. “So much for dark romantic candlelight,” Mulder mumbled. He surveyed the room and realized they were the only ones there. “Glad I made reservations,” he added.

“Hmm?” Scully asked smiling up at him vibrantaly. He smiled back and shook his head taking her coat and hanging them both on the hooks by the door. Following Scully, they sat by the bar and waited for their menus. The place was eerily quiet and it persuaded him to forego conversation for what they did best - body language. In such a sanitized atmosphere their chemistry was almost tangible and Mulder bathed in it, getting high from it’s contagion as Scully leaned in to pick her items. To his surprise Scully buried herself in her phone after placing the order. Not to make something of it, Mulder did the same, carefully guarding his screen so Scully didn’t realize he was looking at work related stuff on their date. Although, it didn’t stop him from being drawn into her orbit. He could tell Scully was on edge and part of it was probably the fact that he had taken her on the most unromantic date ever, but he kept telling himself to relax and make the most of it.

Their orders finally arrived through a hole in the bar because, why not? That’s it, Mulder thought, they somehow entered inside a giant vending machine. Hopefully not one loaded with explosives.

His tray slid in front of him and there it was - his dinner staring back at him - a giant blobfish. Full lipped, veiny, slimy, big-nosed and all. Not even close to his order. Scully took no time busting a gut at his expense. If her chimes of laughter weren’t the most adorable thing his ears had laid witness to he might have been upset. Instead he followed in on her delight, first checking to make sure it was indeed dead, then posing for what would certainly be a hit with all Scully’s friends. At least it was memorable.

Slowly and tantalizingly Scully teased him with her sushi dropping it into her mouth with the evilest and most kissible, cutest of grins. If her mouth wasn’t so full with sarcasm he might have filled it with his tongue. Instead he gave her a nod, a crooked smile, and a “hmpf” letting her know that if it was going to be like that she’d receive her payback later.

Without a human in sight Mulder made his way to the kitchen where beady red LEDs stared back. Realizing it was a no win situation he made his way back to pay the bill trying to keep it cool in front of Scully. The night was ruined and he decided to end it before fate decided to unleash a hell storm. Scully reached in her pocket to pay and he waved it away at the absurdity, only for his credit card to get lost in the machine. If that wasn’t enough they were almost locked inside, and the worst part was after getting ripped off for dinner and a bogus parking ticket, he didn’t even get a kiss goodbye. As he started the SUV all he could think to himself was- Could the night have gotten any worse?

Hours later he had his answer.

That morning, with no sleep, inside a diner where the only thing robotic was the jukebox….
Mulder browsed through emails to pass the time at the counter when he felt the electrifying caress of Scully’s hand. As he turned her way to gaze into her blue diamonds she swiveled her chair into him. Knowingly, he set down his phone. Caught up in everything that had gone wrong, he had ignored the whole purpose for their night out. He squeezed her hand tight allowing hers to cover his own burrowing into her palm, His thumb caressing hers. Heat filled his chest, and he sat there taking it all in as she rotated into him. With a heavy sigh he let go and let everything unimportant fall away. This right there, in dirty clothes, exhausted from a sleepless night fighting for their lives dodging electronic monsters, on bar stools bolted to the floor, in a greasy spoon diner, was the perfect date.

And Mulder made sure to leave his waitress Shirley a healthy tip.

To Be Continued….
Chapter Summary

This chapter covers the timeline around the episode "Familiar." We've finally reached that place where Scully takes control of her life and makes a decision.

Chapter Notes

As I write this I'm watching "Lore" on Amazon Prime, the episode with Robert Patrick. Glen Morgan is one of the writers. The second episode gives background to "Unrue" and there's mention of foxglove and other tidbits, but it's more a history channel show. As far as they wander, the x-files still lives within. Nod to Annabeth Gish in The Haunting of Hill House.

The waitress paused in front of them to refresh their coffee one last time and take the bill. She smiled as she noticed them holding hands. “Newlyweds?”

Mulder passed Scully a smile and looked up at the waitress. “No um, girlfriend.” He pushed the cash her way. “Keep the change.”

“Thank you,” she returned placing the pen behind her ear, “It’s nice to see two people who can find a reason not to be buried in their phones nowadays.”

Finishing their coffee they swiveled off their seats. Mulder slid his arm around Scully’s shoulder and they headed to the car. When they got to the sidewalk Scully said, “Girlfriend, Mulder?”

“Was that presumptuous?” Mulder asked as he unlocked the doors and opened the passenger side so Scully could get in.

“No, I mean, we’re sort of past that point in our lives of referring to each other as boyfriend and girlfriend.”

Mulder walked around to the driver side and got in starting the car. “Well, what would be better? My Boo? Bae? Breezy? Ball and..” Mulder slowed at the look on her face, but the last word stumbled out anyway in slow motion. “Cha..in?”

Scully appeared only slightly amused. “See and I thought you wanted to keep your balls.”

Mulder’s body stiffened at the thought and slapped both palms on the steering wheel as he stared out the windshield. “So, where to now home dog?” Scully scowled and Mulder returned with, “My compadre?”

Scully covered her face with her hand. “We should consider getting some sleep.”
“Right, but where am I driving you?”

“Well, my homeowners insurance will pay for a hotel room… although it might take some time to find one and the only clothes I have access to right now are at your house. I could stay there until I get organized that is if you’re okay with that?”

Mulder glanced out of the corner of his eye at Scully and breathed slowly in and out of his nose. “Scully, a month has past since you decided to take advantage of our adjoining rooms and I’ve been very clear with what I want while you haven’t said much.” Scully went to speak and he shook his head holding up his hand. “I understand. You need time and I get it. I do. So you tell me, where am I driving you?”

Scully sat quietly staring out the window. She mumbled, “The house.”

“Okay,” Mulder agreed and pulled from the curb.

A few minutes of silence later and Mulder couldn’t stop himself. “So you upgraded from black to pink?”

Scully’s eyebrows scrunched together and she peeled her eyes curiously. Mulder lifted his eyebrows and hers perked upwards in recognition. “Oh, oh that.” Scully looked out the window breaking their gaze. “It broke,” she mumbled.

“Hmm?” he asked intrigued.

“During its last application while we were on the phone..it broke.”

That night had been a good exchange and the image of her getting that carried away made him shift in his seat. “And you found it necessary to run out and find an adequate replacement?”

“You said we were waiting.” Mulder watched her squirm and decided to cut her some slack. “I did notice it was external application only.”

Scully ran her tongue over her bottom lip. “Per our previous arrangement.”

Mulder nodded and held back a smile.

* 

An hour later, Mulder was unlocking the door to the house and ushering Scully in. “I know it’s not the fancy accommodations you’re accustomed to, but I guarantee the fireplace will not explode,” Mulder mused.

Scully rolled her eyes at him. “I will always love this house Mulder.” Her soft tone sent a warmth through his body. In silence they headed to the couch, hit the remote, and fell asleep.

* 

A week later, with more of Scully’s belongings finding its way to the house, Mulder believed this time she may have decided to stay permanently. Even though they occupied separate beds, Mulder downstairs on the couch and Scully up in the bedroom, they made certain to eat together at the table or the couch, and occupy the same vehicle on the way into work. Today, their case led them to Eastwood, Connecticut and the sad mutilation of a young boy.
Scully noted the subtle changes in Mulder living with him the second time around. He didn’t make demands of her time. All of the furniture was moved from the study to the living room so he was no longer shut up by himself. What was most obvious was his obsessions had fallen by the waist side and their alone time together was truly together. Even when the sheriff had challenged her, Mulder was right there defending her. Completely different then the old case of Darren Oswald when he stood back and left her hanging there alone while that sheriff skewered her on her lack of knowledge on lightening. One does tend to mellow with age, but Mulder was truly focused on righting himself and spending the majority of his time on everything important in his life. Of that, Scully had topped the list.

As they headed out of the woods away from the police and to their car Scully acknowledged to Mulder the noticeable change. “Thanks for backing me up out there,” she said carrying the file in her hand and walking with a wide gate as to match his strides.

“Yeah, you’re my homie,” Mulder remarked. Obviously he had failed to settle on a title for them. If he wasn’t so cute about it, she might have regretted opening up the can of worms. She owed him an answer. She owed herself an answer. Scully was doing a lot of praying lately, visiting church more than just Sundays. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to be back with Mulder, but she had to make sure they had corrected what had led them astray to begin with. When she had left Scully had convinced herself there was no chance at reconciliation, but here they were heading in that direction. Was it her choosing or was circumstance pushing them together? Fates or maybe even witchcraft. Scully drifted back into the case. A woman had just burst into flames in front of their eyes and there she was thinking about Mulder. Once again, they had come full circle. Scully acknowledging that it might be the gates of hell, and Mulder conceding that maybe it was the candles.

They pulled up to the house and Mulder shut off the car and got out. He almost made it to the steps when he stopped in the darkness. Looking back and forth he turned around to find Scully still sitting in the SUV. He walked back to the passenger side and tapped on the glass. Scully hit the button and the window quietly slid down. “Mulder, I think I want to go for a drive.”

“Okay,” he replied and tapped on the car with his hand.

“Alone Mulder,” she added and watch his face drop in disappointment. “I won’t be long.”

“Okay,” he repeated and dug into his pocket to hand her the key, “Call if you need me.”

Scully nodded and took the key fob. “I will.” She waited for him to make it inside and then walked around to the drivers side, got in and drove away. She didn’t know where she was headed or why, but she knew she wasn’t ready to go in the house.

Before Scully realized it she had made her way back into the city. She found a deserted spot, parked the car, paid the meter, and walked into the night. The air was brisk and she breathed it in deeply, inhaling the distant, but pungent salty sent of the ocean. It was dark, although the city lights and the street lamps kept an ominous spotlight. The crowds allowed her to blend unseen. Mulder’s actions had burrowed inside her. It was enough to feel his silent heart, his unbreakable devotion to be by her side, but in these last couple months she had succumbed to Mulder. Her whole life she lived guarded, but somewhere along the line Mulder had grown into that shell. Her dark knight racing to fight her fight, believing in her visions, holding it together as she fell apart staring at what she thought was their dead son’s body, washing away her insecurities of a shadow self, and then there was last week. The bullets buzzing through the air, inches from their head Mulder grabbing her, pulling her underneath him, completely covering her with his body.

She trusted him with her life, did she trust him enough to protect it all? The path wound around, following the river and a sharp breeze shivered Scully’s spine as she walked. The winter wind
reminding the spring it had life left. The river was a tar black in the night, much like the sky. Something was bubbling inside her. A product of part Navy brat, part inherited personality, and part the insatiable urge to be free of need and beholden to no one. So many fears when something was not in a box she could control or not in an equation she could explain away. All these years later and her abduction followed her like a dark cloud. She wanted to scream, run, and dissolve into the darkness. Her fear and passiveness had gotten her nowhere. Her feelings for Mulder were never anything she could control. Her abduction and all that resulted afterward, leading to seventeen years without her son. She had prayed a lot through the years, for guidance, for God to act on her behalf, but never for strength. That would be recognizing a softness in the armor. She wasn’t raised to be dependent on anyone, even God. The wind picked up and Scully decided to head back to the car. The door made a solid suction sound as it closed her into the bubble of its aluminum frame. She hit the power button, but she didn’t pull out. She felt like such a failure - for her son and Mulder. William, even without so many after him, was so damaged. And Mulder. When Scully had left, it was with the premise that she would not be back, that there was nothing left to be salvaged.

Almost two hours later Scully returned to the house to find Mulder peacefully sleeping on the couch. She walked over and fixed the blanket, covering him with it. She didn’t even venture a guess as to what was firing through his synapses. Lying there he did look content. That’s how she loved to see him - smiling with at least a hint of enjoyment.

Mulder’s eyes slowly opened and flickered as they focused on her. “Scully,” he said quietly, “I didn’t hear you come in.”

Sitting down by Mulder’s side she went to speak, but tears burned at her eyes, once again her soul on display and with it that frightening feeling had returned. Quickly Mulder’s hand covered her cheek, his thumb swiping away a tear. “Hey,” he said surprised, “those tears are not for me.”

“So much of your life Mulder,” she let out in a gush.

“So much of it has been happy because I’m with you. I mean that. I came alive the day I met you.” Mulder kissed her forehead running his fingers through her hair. The simple gesture calmed her and made her want to climb in next to him. “I made a decision tonight Mulder...” Scully started, but Mulder interrupted her.

“So Scully, this is your home. You stay and you go when you need. It will always be here to come back to. Even if you never come back, I will be here.”

Slowly, the pads of her fingers ran across his stubble. “I want to kiss you,” she breathed barely audible.

Mulder’s hopeful eyes met with her own. “I won’t stop you,” Mulder returned, “Unless you ate a sardine and onion sandwich with garlic dill pickles. Then I might.”

“I’ll have to remember that,” she teased, but Scully was distracted watching the hypnotic rise and fall of Mulder’s chest as his breathing synced up with her own. Scully surveyed every inch of his beautiful face, taking credit for every gray, every line as her fingertips slowly made their way to the back of his hair. Seconds passed. They sat in the darkness, a hand caressing the other. Sharing one breath, their foreheads magnetized in the moment. Scully was lost in Mulder’s mesmerizing stare as the scent of his cologne invaded her senses.

They inched ever closer until their lips could almost form the others words. Scully felt like God had frozen them in time so she could worship every ounce of the man before her. Their connection too strong and perfect for words. The house held its breath in silent anticipation as Mulder’s lips parted ever so slightly. Scully extended her neck to meet them. He tasted minty with coffee overtones,
followed by an orchard of testosterone and will. His tongue carefully touched hers as if considering, taking in their emotions, then kissing her back. “I want to be with you,” she murmured against his lips. The words sounded so disconcerting as she said them, but she needed his consent especially after what he had said in the office. To her surprise he pulled her into him, lying down, bringing her flush against his body and it was instantly arousing. A flurry of memories streaked through her mind as they all converged into this moment. She had felt this feeling before with him. Like they were at the tip of a giant rollercoaster waiting for the first huge plunge.

Mulder had wasted no time peeling off her clothes and sending them to the floor. Shirtless himself her breasts adored the hard press of his chest against them. “I want you on top of me Mulder,” she delicately ordered.

He obeyed, wrapping an arm around her and rotating them so she was underneath, shading them with the blanket from the cold night air. Mulder stared at her in the darkness taking her in. His adoring gaze along her body was intoxicating. “Is this what you want Scully?” he asked searching her eyes.

Yes Mulder, because I’m not running anymore. Scully thought and lifted herself to his ear and whispered, “I want you Mulder. I want us.”

Mulder pulled back, his eyes darkened, his mouth opened as if stunned and aroused simultaneously by her tenacity. In one swift motion he kissed her, folding his arms tightly around her as she gripped at his back. One hand found her hair while the other ran down her spine to her thigh, pushing her up into his growing erection. “Cover me,” she moaned into his mouth. She knew he was hesitant about putting too much weight on her for fear of hurting her, but she wanted all of him, enveloping her, pressing into her. She slid down his plaid bottoms and underwear, using her toes to complete the process as he helped her along. His skin was warm, hard, and smooth. Her hands gliding across the soft hairs of his chest. Mulder slid his hand up to cover her breast and she already knew what was coming. He was going to tease her until she was on the edge and then he would stop, claiming her lips to capture her moans, to absorb her pleasure into his body. She tugged lightly at the back of his hair as he kissed her and he moaned in response. Every bump of his fingerprint traced over every bump inside her and the feeling was exquisite. He stopped kissing her long enough to allow her to catch her ever increasing breath, responding with every movement of his fingers under his watchful eye. “Oh, Scully,” he whispered out in a moan as he slowly removed his dripping fingers, covering her clit with her own lubrication, “No one could ever excite me the way you do.” It made Scully writhe up into him and made him continue with his thumb while he re-entered her with his middle finger, using his forefinger to rub against the top of her wall. “Mulder,” she cried out, her nails digging into the sensitive skin of his bicep and he moaned in response. She reached down to caress his cock, guiding it towards where she was ready for it to reside. Mulder took the hint and removed his fingers, slowly sinking inside her. Scully felt full. whole. alive. Mulder paused as she molded around him.

“Scully,” he said in low monotones stroking her cheek, “I’m glad I never got used to this feeling..of us.. together.”

Caught up in Mulder’s contagious emotion, “I love you Mulder,” spilled from her lips as he held her in his arms, as she swaddled him inside her. Mulder circled his hips, at the same time slowly withdrawing only to return. Pleasure rippled through her and Mulder moaned. “I felt that,” he whispered in her ear and she gripped him harder. ”Did you feel that?” He closed his eyes and his breath hitched, sliding in and out again. He felt so perfect inside her, she wrapped her legs tighter around him, thrusting her hips in time with his. This time when she joined him, body and soul, she wasn’t taking it back.
Scully’s insides started to quiver and Mulder slowed. His lips went to her neck, distracting her, igniting new parts. He saw it in her eyes. He felt how close she was and he knew she wasn’t ready for it to be over. Maintaining their slow pace, Scully squeezed him tightly inside her as he rotated his hips again. They stayed like this, enjoying the other, being connected, staring into one another. Scully lifted her chin, tightly shutting her eyes and the slight indication tipped Mulder to move - really move. In and out. Scully lifted her hips and tensed, holding onto him for life. The build reached its peak and she cried out his name just before her release. She felt him join her as he moaned into her arms. He fell behind her on the couch and she curled up beside him. His legs and arms wrapped around her as he linked their fingers. “We could go upstairs and sleep if you’re more comfortable,” he suggested, but Scully shook her head. Not yet, not tonight. “I’m fine right here.”

Mulder groaned in agreement and snuggled her tighter. Scully took a deep breath and closed her eyes swallowing down her trepidation. She chose to be here in his arms. Not because of circumstances or fate, but because she had made a decision. Come what may, but she wasn’t backing down.
Chapter Summary

This chapter covers "Nothing Lasts Forever". Scully is doing lots of praying and Mulder is enjoying living in the moment. Oh yeah, and then their bond develops a whole new strength on a whole other level. Forget marriage, that's not enough for these two. They profess their faith to each other and become each others god... in a church. Somewhere, deep down, we knew eventually it would lead to this.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mulder sat at his desk in his home reading his email and sipping his coffee knowing at this early morning hour Scully was naked, sleeping, only a few feet away. When she finally wrapped the blanket around herself to head upstairs to dress he tried his best to focus on his work. It had been years since he allowed these feelings to swirl inside him freely. Mulder could hear the creaking of the floorboards from above and played a scenario in his head of what she might be doing. Some minutes later Scully appeared in one of his t-shirts that hovered around her thigh. He watched as she sauntered into the kitchen to retrieve a cup of coffee and refill his cup. Her presence was distracting in the most delightful way, forcing Mulder to close his email. Her decision to wear his shirt to strut around the house in he found alluring. Scully’s legs were short, but shapely and his fingers trembled at the thought of touching them again. To his disappointment he could see the outline of lace indicating she was indeed wearing underwear, but that could be easily rectified. That wasn’t what he was after anyway. At least not this morning. When their eyes locked and he saw her happiness shining back, he found his contentment.

To his pleasant surprise, she chose to lean against the desk inches from his grasp. It caught him off guard and he felt his cheeks warm as her arms wrapped around his neck, her fingers threading in his hair.

“I hope I didn’t wake you. I wanted you to sleep,” he sputtered out. Mulder had to concentrate on his breathing as not to let on what her close presence was doing to him.

She petted his head like he was a cat. “You didn’t wake me.” Scully’s tongue darted out to soothe her lips and Mulder’s tongue flexed in his own mouth in reply.

“Last night was really something,” Scully said playfully.

“It was.” I missed you Scully he thought to himself, but dared not say it aloud. He entertained the notion that she could possibly see the hearts floating up out of his chest.

Scully cupped his face with her hands and planted a gentle kiss. Mulder kissed her back and his body flamed like a match on dry pine. He had never allowed himself to hope, reminding himself what might be best for Scully, but now his heart beat strong of hope and promise. Their kisses deepened and his hand delicately massaged her thigh. The warm silky skin, soft and inviting, she pulled back
before he got lost and he smiled with his eyes still closed taking in her perfume. When he opened
them she was smiling back. “We need to get ready for work,” he reminded himself audibly and she
stood from the desk and patted his chest.

A sullen expression creeped in to haunt Scully’s face. “I’m going to mass this morning before work.”

“I thought that was only on Sundays,” he inquired. This worried Mulder. Why couldn’t she talk to
him and tell him what was on her mind? He tried his best not to let his insecurities get the best of
him, but what was so troubling she didn’t feel comfortable revealing to him?

“It’s a shorter mass during the week, but they still have communion and this way I can give a
morning offering,” Scully explained.

Mulder nodded, not fully understanding, but wanting to.

*

Inside the Cathedral of the Sacraments Church in Washington D.C., while receiving the Eucharist,
Scully’s phone buzzed. Then buzzed again. She dipped a couple fingers into the holy water and after
a proper genuflection answered. “Yes Mulder.”

“Ooooooo. Say that again a little slower and with emphasis.” His voice deepened and slowed,
lowering to almost a whisper. “Like you did last night.”

Scully laughed into the phone much louder than she should have. As corny as it was, she missed this.
She tried her best to sound annoyed. “Mulder, what do you want?”

“You, by my side, investigating this triple murder in the Bronx. I’ve got a whiff of that familiar
bouquet. If we leave now we can be there in four hours. I took the liberty of packing your bag, just
come by and pick me up.”

“I’ll be right there.”

*

Mulder felt exuberant. Yes, that was the word he would use. Scully had taken up residence on the
couch with him, which was cramped, but comfy. She had told him she wanted “us”. Used that word.
The rest of the week had been filled with casual touches at work, long lingering stares, and curious
urges to break into song and that was only Mulder’s side of the equation. Not even some young local
NYC FBI could get Fox Mulder down.

“Look, we know your reputation,” the scrawny punk said. “You come into a case, take over, turn it
upside down.”

Unaffected, Mulder said with a wink and a smile, “No, we like to think we uncover facets that would
otherwise go unnoticed.” The poor kid had no clue.

“Both of the victims have metal dowels impaled through their sternums,” Scully explained trying not
to get hit with the stream of urine Mulder and the young agent were flying in each other’s direction.

“Staked through the heart, you mean,” Mulder corrected exaggerating and overacting as he stood
over the body. “I would have expected the weapon to be made of wood. A combination of the three
types used in Christ’s crucifixion cross - cypress, cedar, and pine. That would imbue it with the holy
properties necessary to defeat evil,” Mulder continued exerting his supernatural prowess lifting his
right lip in emphasis.
Set, point, match Mulder thought as the agents, clearly nervous, left them to create distance.

“You did that on purpose.” Scully said stating the obvious, letting Mulder know she understood it was mostly for her edification.

“You think,” Mulder returned. He enjoyed her calling him out on his antics as much as he loved performing them.

After verbally re-enacting the crime scene and Scully pausing to acknowledge his new set of specs while he acknowledged her new ‘do, they went to find a roachless motel in the area.

As the wheel of the car turned into the parking lot, so did Mulder’s stomach. He didn’t want to spend the night without her, but he also knew the ground they were on had not properly cured yet. To his pleasant surprise Scully asked for only one room and handed him the key like she never proposed otherwise.

The room was clean, but old with a small bathroom and the distinct odor of disinfectant. Mulder hung his shirts in the closet and left the rest to Scully, opening his suitcase on a chair to pick from. Done with his own things, he leaned against the frame of the bathroom watching Scully organize.

“What do you feel like for dinner? I could drive us up to Arthur Avenue for Italian or would you rather go for Jamaican, something Latin American, or maybe Indian?”

Scully finished and approached him, her hands finding his lapel, sliding up the smooth fabric and finally resting to play in his hair. He wrapped his arms around her hips and smiled into her eyes. Too much time had passed since the last time they acted this way. “You pick tonight Mulder.”

* 

A meal in their stomach and they were back in the motel. Scully took a shower while Mulder brushed his teeth and washed his face. They had come a long way from toilet seat covers and cucumber masks. Mulder flicked on the t.v. and stopped it at the Turner Classic Movie station in the middle of a Hitchcock movie marathon. He placed his progressives over his eyes and flipped open his laptop beginning his research into the dark web. When Scully returned from the shower she slid in next to Mulder, her ivory skin glistening as it peaked out of her silk nightwear. Mulder lowered the volume on the t.v. “I can shut it off if you want to read.”

He looked up from his laptop through the top of the black rims and Scully was staring back at him like he was a piece of raw meat. It took all his restraint to not suck on her plump bottom lip as it quivered ever so slightly.

"I don’t want to read Mulder,” Scully said. “Leave the glasses on.”

Scully slowly stripped, forcing Mulder to push his glasses up the bridge of his nose in order to take in every ounce of her beauty. Desire surged through is blood and exploded into his heart. She was magnificent and the way she looked at him- with so much want and caring. Feverishly he removed his own clothes and Scully straddled him, impatiently pushing him onto his back. Oh, Scully, Mulder thought, what are you doing to me.

Mulder woke in the middle of the night to the television playing Village of the Damned. Thankfully, Scully was sleeping peacefully because he had seen that movie before. Twelve women were put under an alien spell and impregnated. Later a couple would come to realize their child was part of the alien race. He grabbed the remote and powered it off. For a few minutes Mulder simply watched Scully sleeping in the moonlight. She must have sensed his adoring gaze and opened her eyes. Without sound he pulled her towards him, wrapping his arms around her and she sunk against his
chest in a tight hug. Her scent invaded Mulder’s lungs and he fell asleep lost, consumed by her.

In the morning Mulder swiftly waded through his task list so he could reunite with Scully and dispel any notion he might have that she was questioning her recent decision. He entered St. Joseph’s Church and noticed Scully near the altar lighting a candle. She looked small in comparison to the large statues lurking in the corners. Since his sister’s disappearance, Mulder and religion didn’t see eye to eye and he was grateful that the walls didn’t shake at his presence. He approached her with what he felt comfortable - humor. “Well, I didn’t burst into flames when I crossed the threshold, so I guess they really do forgive a lot.”

Scully didn’t acknowledge his feeble attempt and instead went right to work. When they were done with their debrief Scully concluded it with, “I’m gonna need some time here. I can meet up with you later or you can wait for me.” He nodded and smiled, patting her on the back gently. He wasn’t going anywhere. Mulder was always content to stand by her side, or if needed, follow a step behind, respecting her need to walk her own walk. So he made his way into the pue and started reading putting his new specs to use.

When Scully was finished he was greeted by her presence as she sat down next to him and told him the story of how she came to believe in God and he told her how he now knew why he wasn’t a Christian. One day he really had to break down and get her a puppy.

“So are you-you praying for another miracle now?” he asked tentatively. Mulder was curious as to what she was praying for, but more than that concerned and if he could help he wanted to.

“I don’t know if I believe in miracles. But I do know the power of faith,” Scully said as she reached in her pocket to retrieve her mother’s coin. “I saw it in my mom and the strength that she received. I could use some of that strength now. I need what you have. You always bear north Mulder… no matter which way or how hard the wind blows against you.”

The strongest person he knew was looking at him as her model of perseverance. He couldn’t think of a bigger compliment, but he wasn’t any closer to answers than she was. “I think all I have,” Mulder explained opening his mind and heart to share with her, “all any of us have, are the results of all the choices that we’ve made. And at the end of the day, we just hope we made the right one.” The faint rumbling of thunder echoed in the background and Mulder feared maybe God was answering after all.

* 

A tracker placed inside the donor heart provided Scully and Mulder with the location they were after. They cracked the case, but not without casualties and not without Scully free falling down the dumbwaiter. Mulder broke the latch and dug Scully out, sifting through ten years of garbage as he did. With an affectionate “You stink,” he held her in his arms. Scully pressed against him and stayed there. The combination of the heat of her body and the sunburst of blue in her eyes made his breath catch in his throat. His love for her rippled through him and flowed into his chest, filling it. He was glad she was safe and even happier she found security in his arms. Her trashy effervescent wafted onto his lapels, but he wouldn’t have it any other way.

In a fresh change of clothes, Scully requested Mulder stop by the church on the way home. He let her off while he parked the car and then walked in to find her lighting more candles. As her latest candle extinguished Scully pondered to Mulder that it was a sign to “turn back, give up, accept your place in the numbing embrace of the status quo.” None of which Mulder ever witnessed Scully choose given the countless chances.

Mulder re-lit the candle stating that he would extend her prayers through his, exposing the little he
knew of the fine art of Catholicism. She explained to him the ways of the land and stated, “But you
don’t believe in God so you’d essentially be talking to yourself.”

“I may not believe in God, but I believe in you, therefore I speak to Him through you,” Mulder
explained giving her a brief lesson in his conditional statements of deductive reasoning.

“Reason and faith in harmony, isn’t that why we’re so good together?” Mulder posed.

“Are we together?” Scully asked rhetorically, not only referring to their recent bouts of indecision in
their relationship, but a question of the bigger picture, as usual their larger quest running parallel to
their micro one. Mulder opened his mouth to answer, her inquiry hitting him like tiny shards of glass,
but Scully suspended his thought and said “You know, I believed I could protect our son, and I
failed. I believed that we could live together and I fled. I gave up on that too.”

Mulder didn’t know what else to say to convince her that their son’s fate had been taken from their
control before he was born. As for them, as much as his love for her was boundless and neverending,
unconditional, he knew she had paid the price of them being together. Mulder confessed all his past
reservations for moving forward with their relationship and their partnership, what it had cost her,
what she had lost and the burden she had bore. Again, as she had many times before, she reassured
him that she did not begrudge him any of those things. It was a sacrifice she was willing to make and
not what she was referring to.

Mulder looked into her soul and renewed his vows, the ones he made in the hallway after his
involuntary brain surgery, the ones he made in that motel room in New Mexico and the ones he
made a thousand times over. She would always be his choice and his choice would always be to
stand right beside her. “Well what are you talking about Scully because I don’t know if any God is
listening, but I am standing right here, and I am listening. Right beside you. I’m all ears. That’s my
choice.”

He watched Scully considering, absorbing what he was re-affirming. Scully slowly surveyed the
church, checking to see who was veering in on their private moment. The world fell deaf and
silenced. In that moment they were alone. Scully leaned into Mulder and whispered her prayer softly
into his ear. Bearing her soul to the only man that had ever seen it, touched it, and shared it with her.
Her words were hot against his ear flowing into his heart and expanding it exponentially. Her prayer
succinct: To find, protect, and form a family with William.

She pulled back and Mulder felt her sharing herself with him, heart and soul, her vulnerability
shining through as she concluded, “That’s not my four year old self looking for a miracle. That’s my
leap of faith forward. And I’d like to do it together,”

He nodded wholeheartedly and replied, “I always wondered how this was gonna end,” re-lighting
their prayer candle.

As they stood in a moment of silence, Mulder grasped that his gap in understanding Scully was
because of his own hesitancy of her choosing him, even now with all other paths overgrown and
hidden by the weeds of age. Scully slid her hand into Mulder’s and his mind focused, his heart
overflowing. “Mulder, I’m ready to go home,” she whispered. He nodded and they left the church
united, holding hands. It was their unconditional bond that sparked it all and it would be that bond
that would lead them to their ever after.

Once in their car Mulder reached for Scully’s hand, caressing it with his thumb. There was nothing
inside him that had any intention of ever letting it go. They didn’t speak much on the way home,
mostly because there was nothing else that needed to be said. Over an hour later the dirt road of their
driveway met their tires and Mulder felt an excitement flow inside him that he forgot existed. As he
walked around the car her hand was waiting and they walked up the steps to their home, the one they built together.

“I didn’t realize how exhausted I am,” Scully muttered as she dragged her tired legs into the house. Mulder was making his way to the couch, when Scully spoke up, “Mulder, I think it’s time we slept together in our bedroom.”

Mulder turned, it was obvious Scully was ready to begin her vows tonight. He quickly put any anxiety to rest. “I want to hold you every night that you’ll let me,” Mulder admitted. He used to believe the reason he always slept so well with her beside him was because she kept the darkness at bay, but with her standing before him now he knew it was the light she shone inside him that extinguished all the monsters. Scully yawned and apologized. It was late and Mulder wanted her to get a good night’s sleep, so he placed a hand at her back and they headed up the stairs.

Chapter End Notes

Prayer candles in the Catholic Church are meant as a prayer offering for someone either living or dead. The candle symbolizes light in the darkness of life especially individual life. Scully was lighting those candles on someone’s behalf. Maybe some of those were for her father, mother, and sister, but I believe it was William’s candle that went out. She told Mulder she failed to protect William and she fled from living with Mulder. So her prayer, which I counted as a quick six beats, would somehow have to reflect that. That's why I leaned towards her prayer being around forming a family and she told Mulder she wanted to do that together with him. If you see Mulder’s reaction and the vulnerability in Scully’s eyes after she says she wants to do it together, she genuinely put herself out there and proposed something much greater than just finding William. Her leap of faith was that she would get them back together and this time she would protect William and she wouldn’t leave Mulder. That’s why Mulder’s response was he always wondered how it was going to end.
The rain pelted the Earth’s drum beat onto Scully’s umbrella as she walked down the steps of headquarters towards the waiting Monica Reyes. The gray sky saturating everything in its path spreading its hue like a contagion, nothing exactly black or white. All caught within the in between space of dreams and reality. This sight is from her visions, calling to her in ways she cannot explain. Scully shivered. The rain cooling the air at least ten degrees off the historic low for early spring, but the crawling of her skin had more to do with proof. The future was here.

Monica kissed Scully’s cheek as she approached, but Scully was too shocked as the vision played out in real time.

“I wish this was under better circumstances, but I wish a lot of things were different than today,” Monica said right on cue.

“You have something to tell me,” Scully said already knowing what that something was.

Monica nodded. “Something you need to know.”

“I looked you up when I went back to the FBI,” Scully said almost as an out of body experience, a spectator of her own life. “They said you had been gone for a decade. That you left in a hurry.”

“I made certain choices. You might not approve or understand, but it made sense to me at the time. The Smoking Man, he had been near death, so badly burned they had to reconstruct his entire face.”

“Why would he summon you?” Scully didn’t understand why he chose Monica. What benefit did she provide him?

“He had an offer to make.”

What is the x-files’ stance on creations from manipulated DNA like Emily, William, the Eves? In the words of CSM - chattel. From the episode, “Eve” Mrs. Reardon started out saying about one of the Eves, "She was my daughter, I had videos of her birth. IVF.” She carried her, bore her, and raised her and then turned around and said at the end of the episode, “All I need to know is she was not my daughter. She never was.” That was all the answers she needed. She was a eugenics experiment, nothing more. I don't really have words for this.
“What did he want Monica?”

“To make a deal with me. One that left me with very little choice.”

“It changed your whole life,” Scully finished. Selling your soul to the devil usually did. Scully had heard enough. It was time to course correct and begin changing the future. “Monica, you left a poster in my office.”

“I wanted you to know, if we had met under different circumstances, that I was still on your side.”

“I need to find my son Monica. Treating people with my own DNA alone may not be the answer. William is the key.”

Monica nodded in agreement. “Everyone is looking for him. I will do my best. Someone we know is working for the Syndicate and if I can get to him, he may be able to alert us if they locate William before we do.”

* 

“Why is this any interest of mine?” Kersh snarled.

“You know who I report to. I don’t think it’s in your interest not to,” Monica returned standing with her arms crossed in front of Kersh’s desk.

Kersh picked up the pen off his desk and twisted it in his fingers like he was rolling smokes. “Last I knew Doggett didn’t even know his own name working over in Homeland Security. Wasn’t that your arrangement?”

“The program was cancelled, um, I mean, he was reassigned. He works for the DOD now.”

“Isn’t that your area?” Kersh asked setting down the pen and intertwining his fingers. Monica was losing patience.

“It’s a different section,” she answered.

“What could he possibly want with a man whose mind’s been erased?”

“That’s above your clearance level,” Monica finished. “Set up the meeting.”

* 

Fine grains of sand under foot. The warmth of the sun’s rays. Rain dropped from a tropical leaf canopy. Mulder and herself intertwined in turquoise waters as rain trickled down their faces. Scully breathed in the incense circling around her. In the darkness she sat inside the guest room they seldom used. It had taken some time and several trips to Craiger, Maryland, a place that even Google Maps had yet to find, but Scully had learned how to lay down her fears and clear her mind. The candle and incense acted as nothing more than a placebo, but it created her needed atmosphere. Scully never planned to summon her memories of her abduction or attempt to harness the power of gifts hidden within. This time her science and her logic were won over by her heart and determination not to runaway and to never give up. Part of that was recognizing Mulder as what he was - a piece of her, that she could lean on and depend on as she did every other part of her body. Part was recognizing who she was, how she fit and the power she wielded. Scully remembered to concentrate on her breathing and let it take her away. The visions came as sharp pointed arrows exploding as they hit her frontal cortex into a plethora of emotions, memories, and futures yet to exist. Now that she had opened herself to the transmission from the universe, tapping it like a keg at a frat party, her brain
flooded with knowledge bridging, forming layers of connective tissue of a chord not yet severed.

“I was told to report here today? I’d appreciate if someone could tell me what this was about,” said a gruff voice with a thick accent and a kind heart beneath.

“You don’t remember ever meeting me do you?” asked Monica.

“No, I’m sorry I don’t,” he said averting his eyes. “I think you would be someone I’d remember.” Time had not been kind and Monica could see he wore his life on his sleeve, but the man she knew was still in there.

“Your superiors believe you were requested to assist with Director Kersh today?”

“Yeah, they said something about him needing my assistance closing an old case file about an incident that occurred while I was working with Homeland Security. When I got to his office, I was led here. So, what’s this about?”

“I’m going to show you some pictures. I need you to tell me if you recognize anything or maybe get a sense of deja vu.”

The man flipped through the pictures shaking his head. When he went through the case files he paused each time, running his finger over his signature. Then he moved onto the next until one caught his eye. “This one. This boy. I-I. I can’t.. Who is he?”

“Do you recall your previous employment prior to Homeland Security?” Monica probed. The picture he had stopped at was his son. Could the deep emotional link possibly trigger his memories?

“I retired from the FBI and before that I was a cop,” he answered.

“Where were you employed during 9-11?”

“I-” the man stopped, stunned. The picture obviously causing him a great deal of pain. “the police department.. Or maybe the FBI?”

“Do you recall what you were doing on that day?”

“I don’t know,” the man said rubbing his forehead.

“You don’t remember where you were? How you discovered the towers had fallen?” Monica asked gently.

“I don’t know,” the man said becoming agitated, pacing, rubbing the back of his neck, then shouting, “I don’t know!”

“Would you like to?”

“Would you like to remember?” This conversation was hurting Monica too. She cared so much for him and to see him so confused, in mental agony, because of her. What she tried to prevent years ago was now here to haunt her. Monica took another picture from the folder. This one was a picture of Scully with her baby that he had taken during William’s christening. “When you look at this picture, do you have any strong feelings? If you knew this woman was in trouble, her child, would you want to help? Be part of that team?” She saw the confusion in his face and she needed to get this over
with. Monica thought of using the new name given to him, but there was only one name she could call him by. “John, if you’re willing, I can help get your lost memories back.”

He looked at her and furrowed his eyebrows. The wind had been taken out of his sails. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he murmured.

“Please John. I need your help. The woman in that picture needs your help….”

His big dark blue eyes stared into her green ones and her heart contracted. “What do you want me to do?” he asked softly.

“I know this will be difficult for you, but I need you to keep your mind open. You will need to undergo hypnosis.”

Doggett shook his head and Monica held up both her hands. “Before you completely discredit me. I’m asking you to try it. The worst that happens is nothing and then we part ways.”

Doggett stood silent processing and then spoke. “I’ll do it, but afterwards you’re going with me to get some polish sausage.”

Monica returned his smile, perplexed. Was he remembering?

*

The light blinked on the direct private line. “Skinner.”

“If you want to save your life, the life of your loved ones, you have to play your part,” the voice hissed on the other end.

“I’m on it, but Agent Scully is no closer to finding her son than she was last week.”

“If the Syndicate gets to him first, your seat at the table will disappear. You need to work quicker Assistant Director,” and with that the connection was severed and Skinner was left listening to the dial tone.

*

“Everything you learned in there must be kept confidential. The question is now, with your new knowledge, will you help me?” Monica asked Doggett.

“But how?” Doggett said standing with more confidence, clean shaven, and dressed in a suit. It made Monica smile. She never realized how much she missed him.

“There’s a certain weapon that your section is attempting to acquire.” She said and handed him the file, opening it, and pointing to a page. “This is the code name. Below it is my phone number. What I need from you is to contact me when or if the weapon is obtained, mode of transport, and location.”

Doggett nodded and closed the file. “When I went under hypnosis, what did you do to me? How did you get my memories back?”

“Does it matter?” Monica rebutted.

Doggett nodded slowly, but she could see he was deep in thought. “Yeah.”

As Monica left the building her phone buzzed. “Reyes.”
“Will he be of use?” CSM demanded.

“Yes, he’s on board,” Monica replied.

*

Scully lurched forward and sunk to her knees in front of the porcelain god. Nausea clawed at her throat. She heaved until only clear liquid came out. She felt weak and frail and needed this feeling to pass. This stomach bug was taking its toll and she couldn’t remember the last time she was even sick. A knock soon came at the other side of the bathroom door. “Scully, please let me in.”

Scully flushed the toilet and slowly pulled herself up to the sink to brush her teeth. “Come in Mulder.”

Mulder opened the door and watched her gargle a swig of mouthwash. “I called Skinner. Told him you were sick and I was working from home today…. Scully this has been off and on for almost a week now. It’s more than food poisoning.”

“I’ve already tested my blood. It must be a virus because it’s not bacterial. All I can do is wait for it to work its way out of my system.”

“Could it have anything to do with your visions returning?”

“I don’t think they’re related, but I don’t know.”

Mulder tightened his lips and nodded. “What can I do to help?”

Scully closed the lid to the toilet and sat down. “Keep looking for our son. I’m too sick to be traveling around the country.”

“All you have to concern yourself with is getting better Scully. I will bring him to you.”

*

An hour later Scully made her way down the stairs. Mulder looked up from his laptop. “Feeling any better?”

“I’m going to the pharmacy to pick up some medication.”

“Sure you don’t want me to go with you?”

“I’ll be fine Mulder. Concentrate on what’s important.”

“Okay…” He tilted his head and ran his tongue along the inside of his lip. “I’d kiss you goodbye, but I don’t want whatever that is.”

Scully smiled, throwing him a two finger kiss as she walked out the door.

*

Two and a half hours later...

Scully’s black SUV rolled up the driveway to her home when Scully’s cell rang with Monica on the other end. Quickly, Scully burst into the house as Monica started to explain the information she received from Doggett. “I just got off the phone with Doggett and he told me the Syndicate has located and contained William...”
“I’ll put you on speakerphone,” Scully interrupted as she approached Mulder who was where she had left him at his desk buried in his laptop.

“Who’s on the phone?” He asked as she pointed her phone at him.

“This is Monica Reyes. I think they’ve got your son, William.”

“Just tell me where he is Monica,” Mulder demanded, his mind starting to race, his heartbeat along for the ride.

“Tennessee, being transported by a private jet. Tail number NGDJG landing in Maryland in two hours.”

“Which airport in Maryland?” Mulder asked preparing to spring to action.

“Braddock ATCA southeast terminal. This may be your last good chance.”

“When you say last good chance, what exactly do you mean?” Mulder returned.

“The person who controls your son, is the person who controls the future,” Monica answered and hurriedly cut the connection as the Smoking Man approached the car.

“Is there word on the boy?” he asked.

“Nothing. Nothing to report,” Monica answered knowing he thought she was still speaking with Doggett.

“Do you have any reason to distrust her?” Mulder asked as soon as the phone cut out.

“He’s not on that plane Mulder,” Scully returned. “I don’t know how I know.. I just know he’s not on that plane.”

“But what if he is on the plane? What-if this is our last good chance?” He asked directing his nod towards the phone.

Scully tried to speak several times shaking her head. How certain was she of her visions? Maybe Mulder was supposed to go there. In her latest, most updated visions Mulder wasn’t sick, he was shot dead on a dock, but not at an airport. “Just come back alive,” Scully finally said.

Mulder furrowed his brow. It was obvious he knew she was keeping something from him, but what could she say? Hey, remember that bleak future I mapped out for you, well, somehow the future is being changed and now in my visions you die at the hands of your father instead of succumbing to a virus? She watched him take half a step towards her, remember she was sick, and nod instead. In one clean motion he picked up his jack and closed the door behind him. It would be okay, Scully convinced herself, if nothing else, he would come back for that kiss.

* 

As if worrying about Mulder, William, and her visions weren’t enough, waves of nausea added to her misery. Scully ran to the bathroom almost missing the toilet before her lunch decided to flee her body. Her brain felt like it was trying to burst out of her skull. It wasn’t over and she bent back over the toilet for another round. Scully heaved until there was nothing left in her gut. Wiping her teary eyes she sunk back into the seated position and waited for the feelings to fade. Slowly she stood and made her way to the sink to clean herself up and replace the sour stench with minty toothpaste. Looking up at the mirror as her hands gripped the sides of the sink, the visions returned. The future
was changing - again. This time William was doing the killing with Mulder lying on a motel carpet gaping in shock. There was blood and human tissue everywhere. Then Mulder was at the dock, getting shot by CSM. Within those visions was something that frightened Scully to her core as she locked eyes with herself in the mirror. There was a sonogram, but not William’s. This was the future and it was followed by a flash of her screaming in pain, giving birth. Violently, it all came together. The nausea, being sick. She was pregnant. And now all she wanted was to find Mulder. She had to get to him in time and save his life and she’d need Skinner’s help.

*Hours later…

“Why are you violating his direct orders, sir?” Scully asked as Skinner drove her to Norfolk to meet up with Mulder. When she initially wanted Skinner’s help she didn’t realize it would be against Kersh’s orders or that she could be putting his career in danger.

“Right now we need to find your son,” Skinner countered.

“But why would you risk your whole career?”

“I think I’ve been pretty clear about that.”

He was clear, at the same time she knew he was working both sides. “Who were you on the phone with outside Kersh’s office? Who was that?”

Scully nodded in a fog, her vision tunneled. “Induced pluripotent stem cells.”

“Yes, but not human cells- alien. The Smoking Man is claiming that he is the father.”

“Is he speaking in the biblical sense or like God is my Father?” Scully asked, but her brain was already miles away. Their miracle was a lie? Another hybrid experiment?

“I didn’t... I didn’t ask.” Beads formed across Skinner’s head and she could see the empathy in his eyes. “William is not a man,” Skinner said with a heavy sigh, “he is a weapon.” He shook his head and looked up at the clouds as if he was absorbing the blame, believing somehow there was a way he could have prevented it. That an agent under his watch and a friend could have been exposed to all of this without his knowledge. “Hearing this about William must come as a shock. I didn’t want to tell you. I wanted you... I wanted you...” Skinner was talking but Scully’s heart was beating in her throat. Her breaths were shallow and she found herself panting for air. The world had been taken out from under her. Suddenly, a Mustang sped by and Scully knew instinctively who it was. “That was Mulder,” she said to Skinner coming out of her haze.

“Hold on..” Skinner said as he floored his underpowered vehicle.
Scully ran out of the sugar factory and made her way to the dock chasing after Mulder and William, William’s words playing over and over in her head. He knew she loved him, knew there was no way they could have protected him, he wanted not to be found and he wanted her to let him go.

Her feet felt like cement blocks as she ran towards the dock, towards her vision. She could already hear Mulder and the Smoking Man arguing in the distance.

“The boy would rather die first now that he knows the truth,” William shouted in Mulder’s avatar.

“That I’m the one who made him? That I’m William’s creator?” CSM said smugly.

Almost in tears William surveyed the water considering, looking up to the sky. “You’d shoot your own firstborn son?” he asked like reading from a script.

“I shot my second-born son once. But I need you to know, Fox, when I gave you life, I never fathomed the moment would come when I would need to end it,” Scully heard CSM say the words, unsure if it was her ears or from the projector playing in her mind’s eye.

“I don’t think you can do it,” she heard Mulder say. But was it Mulder? She saw William as Mulder just moments ago, knew William was seeing the same visions she was and knew he had a death wish.

“Then you don’t know me very well.” Scully heard the shots and saw the vision, the bullet piercing Mulder’s forehead, blood streaming from the wound down his nose and cheek, blood and brain matter following the bullet leaving his brain stem. Her vision tunnelled, the nausea returning, dizzy, her heart stopped, her lungs failed her and her thoughts betrayed her only son: Please God, let it be William and not Mulder.

Relief and joy washed over her body before she recognized why. She heard Mulder’s voice shouting “Hey!” followed by five rounds echoing in the night.

That part was not her vision. She lifted her head in disbelief as Mulder’s eyes changed from hatred to pained sorrow. “He’s gone. He’s gone Scully. He shot him. And he shot me.” Mulder threw his gun into the river in disgust denouncing all the violence and paced in front of her. Scully finally understood. Mulder wasn’t the only weapon dropped into the river that night. CSM’s weapon to destroy the population was out there and his name was William. As much as she loved him, she never got the opportunity to mother him. Nurturing and raising her son was no more than an idea in her head, it wasn’t real. Now he was an adult and they had missed his whole life. William was correct. If she loved him, she needed to do what was best for his life, and let him go.

“Mulder…he.. he wanted us to let him go. He wasn’t meant to be.”

“William was our son,” Mulder said, her words unbelievable to him, not registering. He was their miracle.

“No.”

“Scully, he was our son!” Mulder shouted again in unbearable pain. The loss of his son, the reality of his father..

“No.” She searched his eyes. “William was an experiment, Mulder.”

“What are you talking about?”
“Mulder… he was an idea. Born in a laboratory.”

Even if he was, they knew of those possibilities, but he was still there’s. “But you were his mother,” he argued.

“No, I… I carried him. And I bore him. But I was never a mother to him. I wasn’t. William… William was… a…”

Mulder’s body rocked involuntarily as it tried to prevent his inevitable breakdown. For the first time in his life, his brain had reached sensory overload. His clothes felt like sandpaper and the frost in the air felt like needles on his skin. For seventeen years, every day, he dreamed of the life that he and Scully would one day claim, loved a son that was just out of reach, but never forgotten. Sent his love to him somewhere out in the universe patiently waiting for the day, William would return it. Those dreams shattered along with Scully’s prayers of a family. The puzzle pieces no longer fit. Where was his part in all this? Did he still play a part?

“For so long, I believed. What am I now if I’m not a father?”

“You are a father,” Scully said and Mulder just couldn’t take anymore. His brain was pounding, his heart was broken, and Scully was talking to him like she was possessed by black oil. “What are you talking about?” He asked grasping for a semblance of sanity.

Scully took his hand and placed it on her stomach and started to cry. “That’s impossible,” he said aloud. His mind and emotions couldn’t even process.

“I know. I know it is. It’s more than impossible.”

He looked into her eyes for understanding and the only thing he felt was the pain. The pain of letting William go and so many other things she was experiencing but hadn’t had time to share with him. Then he realized there was a moment she had to have thought it was him that had been shot and fallen off the dock. It was too much and there was so much to say and to think and to understand, but all of that would wait because whatever lay ahead, Scully needed him now. He pulled her against him and she laid her head on his chest. His chin found its natural resting place on the top of her head. Holding her, comforting her. Mulder looked out into the night. Trying to understand, process-anything. Scully closed her eyes as he rocked her in his arms. One around her shoulder, the other at her back. Holding her as close and tight as he could, letting her cry, allowing her to release. He cared about her above all else. The answers he was searching for, the rest, would wait.

Chapter End Notes

Do we want a season 12 from Carter? He could do anything, keep Mulder and Scully apart, have them living separately, have the baby be some other experiment.. I don't know. I'm very ambivalent about it.
So I'm getting ready to write the next chapter and I'm wondering before I go on, what do you all want?
Boy or Girl? What are we naming him/her? Are we shipping Monica and Doggett? Did Monica and/or Skinner survive? What do you want to see or have answered besides the truth of William, and Mulder and Scully receiving the happiness they deserve? How did this baby come to be? Scully's chip? A gift from William? (he created life from a chicken egg - foreshadowing?)
Inquiring minds want to know.
I've got some supernatural encounters and some mythology for them to occupy their time before their child is born and we still have a lot to discover about William and this new baby. We also have an answer for ThisMan and if the Syndicate is really all dead. Hope you stay for the ride.
Chapter Summary

We begin this story out on the dock, Scully crying in Mulder's arms, Reyes has been shot and Skinner is still under the car while CSM and William are floating around the icy waters....

Chapter Notes

William B. Davis confirmed as the writer of "En Ami" that there was never any intention of having anything to imply CSM impregnated Scully. He said that Carter absolutely retconned that for Season 11. In fact, the original script actually had him seducing Scully and having her sleep with him, but Carter and all of us, wouldn't let that happen (but you can't blame a guy for trying). In that episode, the Syndicate's plan was to have her killed, but somewhere along the way CSM fell in love with her and murdered the assassin instead. Or maybe that was CSM's plan all along. Anyway, implying a doctor didn't know she was drugged and tampered with is kind of obscene. She would have at least noticed the place where an IV was inserted... I will stop now. Sorry. My PTSD from Carter flared up on me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scully dried her eyes remaining in the comfort of Mulder’s arms. “Mulder,” she said looking up at him, “Where’s Walter?”

“I never saw him enter the factory.”

“I heard shots, and I haven’t seen him since then,” Scully said as a wave of concern and panic filled her system.

Swiftly, they walked back from the dock and something caught the corner of Scully’s eye. She wasn’t certain if it was a shadow from the floodlights or an actual man, but when she blinked he was gone. Mulder was already on the phone talking to the police by the time they approached the two vehicles. A windshield shattered by bullet holes blinded Scully from the inside, so she looked through the passenger window in disbelief. Blood covered the headrest, the stuffing already sealing up the bullet hole. The back seat had more blood and another bullet hole, but the car was empty. Mulder called her name and she followed his finger pointing towards the front tire. There Skinner’s telltale slacks and black safety shoes poked from under the car. For a second she waited for them to shrivel up like a dream from Oz. Mulder sprung into action surveying the situation and backing the car up to reveal Skinner’s seemingly lifeless body. It made Scully’s heart jump into her throat. Crouching down, a weak pulse beat under her fingers as they pressed against his neck. She was careful not to move him. The ambulance arrived in record time, Scully joining them in the back of the ambulance while Mulder followed in the Mustang.
The paramedics swiftly pulled up to emergency and took Skinner out, Scully trotting alongside of the gurney. Mulder parked the car and ran to catch up. They hurried through the double doors. Once inside, Mulder followed, the clanking wheels of the stretcher and pounding footsteps against the industrial tile guided his way until he was stopped by the manicured hand of one of the staff. His heart sunk into his chest as the stretcher disappeared from view. "You must stay in the waiting room," she said in educated but clipped tones and gestured to the area. Wanting to reserve his ranting for a more necessary cause, he begrudgingly sat in one of the hard plastic chairs. It didn’t take long for him to grow tired of staring at the peeling paint and marked walls and decided to take a walk around the perimeter taking advantage of the anonymity of the cold night sky. He finally found a bench near some flowers where he could bury his head in his hands and allow the nightmares to settle. If he ever needed Mrs. Scully to save him from himself and the darkness threatening to overtake him it was now. He rubbed his eye sockets with the heels of his palms and looked out into the street refusing to believe what he saw. Maggie Scully appeared in front of him. He hadn’t hallucinated, barring his mushroom trip a couple years ago, since 2002. Apparition or not he needed the company.

“I missed you Maggie,” he said as if in a confessional, “Everytime I get into that Mustang I’m reminded of the good times we had. Even after two years, there are days I’m lost without you to straighten me out.” He sighed, his elbows resting at his knees he ran his fingers through his hair, hanging them on his neck. He continued in his low monotone, “In the darkest hour of my depression it was thoughts of my son needing me that saved my life. Tonight, he needed me to save him and I failed. Now he is gone.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure Fox. I haven’t seen him where I am,” Maggie said in the sweet voice he remembered so well. “Fox, it is possible to love him and let him go at the same time.”

Mulder took another long deep intake of air. He considered asking her if there were aliens and puppies in heaven. Maybe she had seen Queequeg. “You’re going to be a grandmother again,” he said instead.

“It’s what you wanted?” she asked delicately.

“I-I don’t know,” he answered.

She smiled. “It will all work out Fox. You will be happy.”

He returned her smile. “Thank you mom.” He reached out to hug her forgetting it was only an apparition and she faded away, his fingers met with only the cold night air. When he returned inside, Scully was there in scrubs waiting for him. She handed him a printout with the results of a blood test and urine analysis.

It confirmed her vision. She was indeed pregnant. He went to speak and his mind went blank. There were too many things unsaid. “This is... unbelievable ..and we just got back together.. And we’re not young..”

Scully bobbed her head slowly and her eyes started to well. He was blowing it. This wasn’t the way he wanted her to remember this moment. He slid his hand into hers. “..but I’m -I’m happy,” Her face went through its emotions, most of all joy and a huge wave of relief washed over him. He bent to catch her arms as they slid around his neck, his own coming to hold her tight. He felt her tears staining his neck, but knew these were not from sadness.

“How’s Skinner?” Mulder asked when they pulled from their embrace.

“He’s in a coma, but his vitals have stabilized. He’s set up in a room. We can go see him if you’re
Mulder nodded and followed her down the hall to the private ward. As they entered through the double doors the entire atmosphere changed. The air had a more perfumed scent and the seats were vinyl instead of plastic. The nurses were unhurried and they moved with a serene purposefulness from room to room on their rounds. In the rooms they passed there were vases of flowers and beautiful framed pieces of art on the walls. In the corridor was a water dispenser and in most rooms could be heard the noise of a television. As nice as it was nothing prepared him for the sight of Skinner in such a compromised position hooked up to countless machines and hoses, tubes, - coming from seemingly every orifice working with purpose to keep him alive. He stayed while Scully got dressed back into civilian clothing and spoke to the new doctors coming onto their shift. When she was ready they made their way to the car and the long drive home.

The distraction of the night had kept Scully from playing scenes over and over in her head, but now in the car with nothing to stare at but scenery, it all started to sink in. She couldn’t help but hear Skinner retelling that night she had spent with the Smoking Man. Skinner had gotten several details wrong and it made her question the validity of all of it. There was no one on the premises, but him and her. She was certain. If she was drugged, even with light anesthesia, she would have known. Something would have shown in her system. If he had done some kind of procedure on her she would have felt it in some way the next day. Spotting, aches, something. It just didn’t make sense. Wouldn’t it have meant she would have been pregnant for about eleven months? At the same time it was so long ago. How could she have allowed herself to make that kind of mistake and now have it call into question so many aspects of her relationship with Mulder. “Mulder, I need to tell you why Skinner was appearing to work with the Smoking Man.”

She spun the tale that Skinner had told as Mulder listened quietly, but the dark tones of Mulder’s expression frightened her. She knew how he felt about that day. How out of character he had reacted. How it took weeks for him to come to terms with it, but his forgiveness and their journey had led to the most beautiful night they had ever spent together. From the moment she had discovered she was pregnant she believed in her heart that it was that night William had been conceived. This new information played with her sanity.

“Scully, I do not want you looking back at the DNA tests,” Mulder said interrupting her thoughts.

“Mulder, I need to know what was done to me… if I was drugged and raped.. If it is true what Skinner said, how much alien DNA does William possess? Or…,” she grimaced, “if William is your brother….” she shook her head in disgust, “I have alien DNA, how much of me is a result of some experiment?”

She could see Mulder’s suppressed anger reddening his face and clenching his fists. “Scully, I looked into William’s eyes and saw myself staring back at me. I was able to track his every move because I knew how I was at his age. Our likes, our dislikes…”

“Mulder, you could never possess the ability to be as cruel as William… maybe that was inherited from..”

“Listen to me Scully. William is my son… made up of our flesh and our blood and I don’t need proof to tell me that and you are not going to start looking for evidence to the contrary. Yes, he was part of an experiment, but we are inside him too.. somewhere.. and.. at the same time.. you are right.. he is no longer a child and we must let him go… and move on… not wait for him. If one day he chooses to seek us out… that door is open.” Mulder swiped at his eyes with his thumb.

“Mulder, William was shot in the head, fell into icy waters.”
“Would that be enough to kill him? You still feel him don’t you?” Mulder asked and Scully didn’t answer.

By the time they had found their way back home, the sun was peeking through the trees and the stars were fading. Mulder cranked the emergency brake once the Mustang stopped. “I don’t know about you, but I’m not tired.”

“I may never sleep again,” Scully remarked.

Mulder patted Scully’s knee delicately. “How about I whip up some eggs, give our baby some nutrients?”

“Can you add toast, bacon and coffee to that order?”

Mulder gave her a weak smile. “Decaf, but yeah, Sounds perfect.”

Behind the facade of an abandoned thermal power plant a man sat in an office, his eyes closed, the thumb and ring finger of his left hand pressed firmly at each temple. Flashes of past dreams invade his consciousness: Mulder and Scully fighting for their lives inside their home as Langley informs them beyond the grave, doppelgangers at a concert as the drum beats on, the basement of the FBI and Mulder failing to connect the dots of a Mandela/Mengele conspiracy, Mulder and Scully at a computer in the sheriff’s office in Mudlick, a 3D printer spraying the air with bullets as Mulder protects Scully with his body, an old woman eating the body and drinking the blood of a young man, William running through a factory, the Smoking Man falling into dark icy water riddled with bullet holes, Mulder and Scully in each other’s arms weeping underneath a night’s sky, Walter Skinner lying in a hospital bed in a coma hooked up to machines. The phone rang and the man quickly woke from his meditation, picked up the phone and his glasses, fumbling with its rims before getting them around both ears. “Yeah.”

“We lost CGB, but Monica Reyes is in our custody.”

“Is she alive?”

“They’re operating on her now.”

“Keep me abreast of new developments,” the man ordered and ended the call.

“Do they have the boy?” a scraggly voice asked as the man it belonged to entered, his cane echoing into the large room.

“No,” The man said and ran a hand through his short chestnut hair, pausing to trace his scar with his finger. “He escaped them all… including Agents Mulder and Scully.”

“Those spearheading the Dyson project have been executed,” the old man informed him.

“I always believed that was a fruitless endeavor,” the man replied. “They failed because they were trying to “catch” the boy. Someone like that can’t be caught. I will set the bait and he will come to me.” The man got up and walked towards the elderly gentleman. He gave him a pat on the back shaking his hand. “I’m sure you will keep things in order here. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a plane to catch.”
“Some no nothing vlogger decides to post fake news about our agents and you believe that is grounds for termination and closing of a division? Since when do we make decisions in a vacuum? The director wants to meet with you immediately. Right now he is answering for your actions with the Attorney General and the Director of National Intelligence. Do you have any idea what this has caused?” The woman’s eyes were a stone cold green as they stared into Kersh’s and they reminded him of two hallow Heineken bottles.

“What should my actions have been? They’re running through multiple states crying the sky is falling. A.D. Skinner has no control over his own agents,” Kersh replied raising his voice and banging his fist on the desk.

“Well, the new spin spreading is that they prevented the coming apocalypse,” The woman said keeping her voice even.

“That’s absurd.”

“But it gives a positive spin for the FBI and the current administration. The headlines are reading that our agents are responsible for taking down terrorist organizations and plots against not only the American people, but plans for world genocide..”

Kersh watched the woman pace, getting aggrivated that her heels might be scarring his new carpet. “Those organizations, you know and I know, operate within the confines of the government and with their blessing.”

The woman leaned on Kersh’s desk and he got a good look at her glossy blood nail polish as her matching lipstick came within centimeters of his face. “Truth is inconsequential. Reality is only relevant for the purpose of forwarding the agenda.” The woman pulled back and continued her pacing only pausing to ask, “Was I wrong in thinking you were on board?”

Kersh’s voice raised again as his stubby finger jabbed at his desk. “Our inability to reign these two in will result in a reality we can’t control. That was the entire purpose of reopening the x-files. To keep them under our control. I told the Director I wanted to stay neutral. I was promised neutrality for my compliance.”

The woman extended her hand, “I need your gun and your shield sir. As of this time you have been suspended until we have completed our investigation. You will be notified when the hearing is set.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Kersh hissed.

The woman was unamused. “Sir, you can leave of your own free will or in cuffs. The choice is yours.”

Mulder wound his legs around Scully sleeping peacefully, looping his arms around her waist pressing his chest into her back. He hugged her tight, but not for her sake, but his. Her arms tightened around his and she brushed his cheek as she turned her head to reach for his kiss. Their plan was to sleep the day away and maybe wake up to realize it had all been a bad dream, but his cell rang moments ago with the news and he didn’t want to wait any longer to tell her -Kersh had been suspended and they were to report to the board for a debriefing - the x-files had been reopened.

Chapter End Notes

I had second thoughts about them wanting to continue working on the x-files, but for
what they will need to be investigating, it makes sense to keep them employed. At least until she has the baby.
Chapter Summary

Changes are announced at the FBI, Mulder and Scully go to the doctor's for the first ultrasound, and they start their first case after the organizational announcements. Skinner is still in a coma and the rest are missing.

“All I’m suggesting is we hear what they have to say,” Scully replied as they cruised to headquarters awaiting their sentence. She warmed her hands on the heat emitting from the vent noticing her poor neglected fingernails and decided it was time for a manicure.

“Who have we been working for all these years Scully?” Mulder fired back as he changed lanes to merge onto the belt. “If they called us in just to fire me or to press charges, this time they’re going to have to produce a body. I’ll do the jail time if I get the pleasure of seeing his rotting corpse.”

“They raked the river Mulder. According to Agent Willmore, they didn’t find any bodies. William’s or your father’s.”

“I expected as much.”

“They did find your gun. Not that it’s salvageable. I imagine they won’t be too happy about that.”

Mulder glanced at Scully before returning his concentration to the road. “If it wasn’t for the cost of diapers I wouldn’t bother to face the panel today.”

“Something tells me you’ll find a way to express your thoughts. Just keep in mind I need my health insurance,” Scully said placing a hand over her belly.

FBI Headquarters 1:32 P.M.

“You’re misunderstanding, Agent Mulder. We’re not holding this hearing to convict either of you for a crime or to reprimand anyone. We’re here to congratulate you. In fact, you and Agent Scully have been granted an award for your efforts and accomplishments in counterterrorism.” A man signaling off to the side caught the speaker’s eye and she acknowledged him with a nod concluding, “I believe it’s time to head to the large conference room. We will be making an announcement shortly.”

* 

Mulder shot Scully a look and Scully returned his inquisitiveness. Stepping into the large conference room they were met with whispers and doubting stares. They found a place in the back row and Mulder pulled out a seat for Scully while he hovered protectively, reading the room before sitting next to her. Once everyone quieted down the HR director walked up to the podium and after some general updates got into what everyone was waiting for. “Given recent events we are forced to make some organizational adjustments. Deputy Director Kersh has accepted a new assignment in Salt Lake City Utah. The Deputy Director’s position has been temporarily placed on hold. We will be posting that sometime early next year. Agent Morales who has been awarded the title of Assistant Director has agreed to oversee A.D. Skinner’s area during his leave of absence. That includes all his
responsibilities including the X-files division.”

Whispers emerged from the crowd and Mulder mumbled under his breath, “I’m not doing background checks or investigating manure. I’ll quit Scully. I’m sure there’s a supermarket that’s in need of a stock boy that would give me health insurance.”

A half smile emerged on Scully’s face, but she stayed quiet, instead pulling out a notepad and jotting down the highlights of the meeting. The image of Mulder as a Walmart greeter had her biting her lip, suppressing an outburst of giggles.

After a brief introduction, A.D. Morales began her own presentation. When she finished, everyone with the exception of her direct reports was excused and she turned her attention to her new subordinates covering the remaining year’s goals, budgets, and plans for the following year including expectations. When the HR manager returned she addressed what she felt was a long time coming.

“Everyone here has the right to work in a harassment free environment.. which includes being free from disrespecting an agent whether it is in jest or not.” The HR manager interrupted and started her Powerpoint on the definitions of harassment and agent decorum in the office and out on the field. Mulder whispered to Scully, “Under these definitions, I think you’ve harassed me every day of my life.”

Scully raised an eyebrow, but kept her lip tight. A.D. Morales concluded, “There will be zero tolerance for such behavior. Specifically around the X-files. This department deserves respect and most of the Bureau treats it as the pun of a joke. Not only is it one of the oldest, but as far as case completion rate, it is one of the best. If someone wants to challenge any part of the work being done, I welcome you to set up a one-on-one appointment where we can discuss the matter. The expectation going forward is for everyone of our agents to act in a professional manner, show support for each other, offer your skills, ask for help. We are a team and our individual actions represent the team. Do we have an understanding?” The crowd of agents silenced transforming into a wave of nodding heads.

“Good. Now let’s get to work.” A.D. Morales closed her file and gave the edge a tap on the podium. She pointed out into the crowd as she spoke into the mic, “Agent Scully, may I speak with you in my office?”

Scully arrived at A.D. Morales’ office with Mulder quietly lurking behind.

“It’s okay Agent Mulder. Agent Scully is perfectly capable of having a conversation with me without your assistance,” Morales said half cajolingly.

Mulder pursed his lips and peeled his eyes. “If this is related to the x-files…”

“Agent Mulder, this does not concern you,” A.D. Morales reiterated, lifting her head with a glare that was not to be questioned.

Mulder mouthed an “O.K.” and told Scully, “I’ll be down in the basement if you need me.”

Scully gave him a nod and went to sit in the chair across from Morales’ desk, but she ushered Scully to a small circular mahogany table in the corner. “I prefer a more intimate setting. I don’t need a desk to create power,” Morales explained. “Since taking over the department I have been reviewing everyone’s file. Yours stands out. Your credentials, experience, and performance. Plus it is very clear you are not shy at standing up when you feel it is necessary.”

Scully crossed her legs, then her arms massaging her own tricep. “Thank you.”
“With the combining of departments it is now too large for one person to oversee and I will need another set of eyes. I’ve been approved for a senior agent and I would like you to test for it.”

Scully diverted her eyes over to the hazed window. Light pierced through its nicotine stained blinds from time long passed. It contrasted with the crisp air in the office. The walls a faint daffodil yellow were adorned with portraits of women in history. Along another wall shelves held recognition of achievements and charity work.

“I’ll allow you some time to think it over,” Morales said cutting through Scully’s observations.

* 

“What did Morales want?” Mulder asked before her leg was inside the basement office. She made him wait until both her feet were resting on his desk making herself comfortable on the chair across from his. “She offered me a promotion. Senior agent. I’ll still be doing x-files case work, but with additional supervisory responsibilities in other areas.”

Mulder leaned his chair in and the palm of his hand landed on the desk’s honey wood with a soft thud. “I think you should take it. It may be a good transition once the baby is born.”

“I’ll be your boss.”

“I think I can handle it and if I can’t well, that’s my problem. We could use the extra pull and the higher clearance level.” Mulder motioned his finger and Scully sat up straight to bring her ear closer to his lips. “We have a date for lunch. A woman from the DoD stopped by here and invited us out. Wants to discuss plans moving forward.”

“Do you know who she is?”

“No. I looked up her credentials and everything checks out. She has a level 5 clearance.”

* 

“I’m sure you’re wondering why I asked you here,” the woman said as they were seated inside a restaurant in the heart of D.C.

“Actually, I was wondering who was taking care of the check,” Mulder commented observing the linen tablecloths and uniformed wait staff.

“The DoD. This is a business lunch Agent Mulder.”

“Did you tell us your name?” Scully cut in flagging down a waiter. Mulder could tell she had flipped her mental hourglass and the sands of time had begun their countdown on this meal.

The woman smiled at Scully warmly. “My name is Alika. You knew my father. You knew him simply as X.”

“X had a family?”

“No, not exactly. He and my mother had a brief relationship. I didn’t really know him. My mother started receiving monthly checks and that’s when she knew he had died. He had always told her it was too dangerous if he left any kind of trail to her.”

“He was the one that named you Alika?”

“Yes. My name represents the protector of the most beautiful truth.”
“So what made you seek us out?” Scully asked.

“You are not popular within the DoD, but you are well-known.” Alika surveyed the room, before speaking. “I know about the tests. The cataloging. The merchandise.”


“Either knowingly or unknowingly, when the President shook up the FBI he dismantled a good portion of the syndicate’s work. The ones in power that they controlled have left or been forced out and the new regime is building an organization that would be of greater benefit to the taxpayers they work for. Not to understate your own work in taking down parts of the Syndicate.” Alika looked over to Mulder with unblinking eyes as if studying his reaction. “We’re undoing the damage Agent Mulder.”

“You can’t undo anything,” Mulder quipped back. “Why now?”

“Kersh was the last that needed to leave in order to push forward.”

“We need to prepare. If we can get a democratic majority in the upcoming election it will cause the upset we need to obtain funding for full investigations of everything.”

“Blow the corruption wide open,” Scully said.

“Where do we fit in?” Mulder asked.

Alika straightened her posture. “Between now and then there is work to be done. We need to gather the proof. The president signed an order granting funds to the military, but that budget has been funneled into what you would refer to as a super soldier program. If we don’t move quickly, by Jan. 2019 it will be too late even with the investigative funding.”

“Yes you are asking us to investigate the Department of Defense?” Scully asked completely taken off guard. She wanted them to investigate the same department she worked for, stand against all the men her father worked for?

“Everything I’m asking of you is in accordance with Assistant Director Morales. She will be assigning you casework that coincides with the goals I’ve outlined for you. I invited you today to introduce myself and the resources I can provide if you should need them. The DoD is not aware of my cooperation with the FBI so we must remain discreet. So, Agent Mulder, will you trust us?”

Mulder looked at Scully and chewed on the inside of his cheek. “I don’t know. Scully, did we stick to the motto trust no one or did we change it to trust everyone again?”

“This all sounds incredible, but you understand if we have our doubts,” Scully said translating Mulder’s thoughts.

“I do, but we will work to eliminate those.”

* 

“I feel like we’re still lost in a dream Scully,” Mulder said when they were in the car and heading back to headquarters.

“You cut the head off of the snake Mulder. What did you expect?”
“Not this. It all sounds good, but the Syndicate is not one person. Another will grow in its place.”

**One Week Later**

The car’s silence had Scully on edge. It was about as normal for them as deserted streets during D.C.’s rush hour. What little conversation they did have seemed shallow. Their usual intellectual banter and comedic rhetoric felt forced. This was the first ultrasound and she was nervous for the results, fearful of outside intervention, and afraid she was having a child Mulder wasn’t thrilled about.

“Mulder, I need you to talk to me,” Scully said breaking the silence.

“I was talking to you. You’re distracted..” Mulder said watching the GPS.

“Mulder, do you really want to raise this child? Did you want children?”

Mulder honked the horn at a car cutting him off and cut his eyes at Scully. “It doesn’t matter. This baby is coming. I’m not upset about it, I told you I’m happy.. I-I’m… concerned. When this child is twelve, I will be seventy. Seventy Scully, and that’s if I live that long. Will I be capable of protecting this child? Will I be too old to have a catch with them? What if my health fails and now there’s me and a child for you to take care of? Do I have the means to support us? Have enough for college, braces, first car, class trip to Europe..? All of it.” Mulder sucked in a deep intake of air. “I have a lot of concerns. I was so much younger when we were trying the first time.”

Her stomach lurched and Scully thought she would puke right there in the car. “So, if we knew there was a possibility of me getting pregnant..”

“We would have discussed it. I wanted a family with you Scully. So many years, I thought of us raising kids in our house, having all those parts of a home I was denied when I was younger after…”

“And now?”

“I accepted that time had passed, so now I have to adjust to the idea again. You, you already had the desire, had given it thought and consideration.”

Scully scoffed at the remark. “Mulder, I said I would have liked to have had another. It was a conversation when I believed the reality had no chance of existing. I’m only three years younger than you and I don’t even know if my body is capable of having this child come to term. The baby’s life will be in danger until it is born and my own life is at risk. What if I don’t make it through the childbirth and you are left alone in this world with a child? Even if everything goes smoothly, will I be healthy enough to raise this child? Will they be healthy? And if they have developmental needs will I be capable at my age? I will be seventy three years old when our child is eighteen and you will be seventy six. That’s only considering our point of view, How is having older parents going to affect this child’s life?”

“Scully, I.” Mulder started as he pulled into the parking spot in the lot in front of the hospital.

“No Mulder,” she said cutting him off. “We’re here and I don’t want to talk about it right now.” She opened the car disgusted. “Let’s get this over with.”

The assistant led them to the exam room and Scully locked herself in the bathroom to change. She didn’t want to be there or anywhere right now. She wanted to crawl under a bed and escape into a black hole and start her life over. Mulder didn’t ask for this. He never asked for anything. She had asked him to be a donor, she had pursued the relationship, had pushed them to live together, and had split them up only to bring them back. Now this. She wanted to cry. She wanted to scream. Instead
she swallowed her thoughts and buried her feelings and sat on the exam table in silence avoiding Mulder’s eyes.

The tech came in to setup the machine and the doctor shook their hands and made small talk. The tension in the atmosphere between her and Mulder was as uncomfortable and thick as the fluke man’s neck. The doctor lubed up the wand and let Scully insert it. Mulder peeled his eyes raising his lip in disgust at the wand entering his sanctuary and Scully felt some of the tension dissipate, suppressing a laugh, biting her lip. The doctor positioned it, searching around and Mulder took Scully’s hand, rubbing his thumb across the webbing. He leaned over and pressed a kiss to her forehead. She squeezed his hand just as the doctor stopped the wand and the picture came into focus. “And there’s your baby,” the doctor said as she smiled. Suddenly the world stopped rotating as the tiny dot on the screen made everything real and made all their fears take a back seat. Scully looked up at Mulder to see him staring at the screen with tears in his eyes.

She squeezed his hand again and pulled it up to her mouth to lay a kiss across his knuckles. He looked down and smiled, squeezing her hand back.

“If you look carefully, you’ll see the tiny heartbeat,” the doctor said as she pointed.

It was proof that life had begun inside her and Scully’s heart gushed, catching Mulder’s gaze she saw his heart blazing through.

“I’ll print off some of the pictures,” The doctor said and left them to enjoy their moment in private.

“We did that Scully,” Mulder said in awe.

“Yes, we did Mulder,” Scully returned with a softness in her tone.

The doctor gave Scully time to get dressed and clean up and met them in her office. “As we discussed, this is not going to be an easy pregnancy and you know the risks, but you, somehow, were able to conceive. Your body knows more than anyone what it’s capable of, but you also need to be prepared for the chance of this baby not making it to term.”

Scully, nodded and Mulder held her hand, but given a change in future’s history, she had already seen in her vision herself giving birth to this child.

They left the appointment with Mulder’s arm firmly planted around Scully. She leaned into him and they gently bumped each other as they walked to the car. Mulder walked her to the passenger side and she turned to face him. His forehead finding hers. “I love you,” he whispered with conviction and securely held his hand over her belly. “And I already love this baby.”

* 

A little after four in the morning Scully’s phone buzzed on the nightstand and Mulder balanced over her body, reaching to grab it. “Mulder.”

“Agent Mulder it’s Morales. There’s a homicide investigation in Jersey I need you two to be a part of. I’ll meet you at headquarters for a short debriefing before you head out.”

Mulder ended the call and felt Scully’s arm wrap around his neck as she tugged him into a kiss. He laughed nervously pulling away, but preferring to stay in bed. “We have to go.”

* 

“When you get there I need you to report to Agent Eric Murphy. He’s leading the Joint Terrorism

“Why are we investigating a homicide? I agreed to come back to the FBI to work for Skinner and to investigate paranormal cases. I have no interest in anything else.”

“Agent Mulder, go on the case. We can discuss the rest afterwards.”

“If you’re attempting to separate me from Scully….”

“Agent Mulder. I’m not going to say it again. Go. You and Agent Scully have a long drive ahead.”

Mulder grumpily stomped out of Morales’ office and made his way to the garage where Scully was waiting in the rental. He got in and they took off with a small screech of the wheels, Scully’s foot a little heavy on the pedal. Mulder complained almost the whole way, Scully actively listening. She had a more positive outlook. When they didn’t like their job anymore, they retired, but with a baby on the way, idle threats to superiors were not the way to go. Then again, she had another career to fall back on.

The crime scene, a drug house, had been raided by the FBI. The dealers prepared and ambushed the agents resulting in several deaths on both sides. Mulder stepped into the apartment building like his shoes might melt on contact. The smell hit him first - a funky, ill-scented perfume of feces, puke and stale sweat mixed with crack smoke and urine. It was slow and penetrating, entering pervasively into his nostrils, overpowering his mind which started to conjure fiery images of corpses rotting in the dark pits of hell. Instinctively he covered his mouth with one hand and staved off Scully with the other. Why were they there and what did this scene have to do with terrorism? As if on cue a tall well-built man in a FBI jacket stepped from the wreckage and introduced himself as Special Agent Murphy head of the Joint Terrorism Task Force. “And you must be Agent Mulder.”

“Yes, and this is Agent Scully,” Mulder finished for him. “I’m a little confused what we’re doing here. It looks like you have everything under control.”

Murphy lowered his voice. “I asked for you because I need your expertise. Walk this way.”

Mulder imitated his Jersey swagger and Scully tapped his arm shaking her head disapprovingly and rolling her eyes. He knew she found it amusing. Murphy unlocked a door and let them step in. The place was covered in graffiti and blacklight paint, the air sour and acrid. Laid out on sheetless mattresses were bodies still dressed with FBI issued bullet proof vests. “I need your help explaining this.”

He unzipped the vest on the nearest corpse and peeled it away from the skin. The skin had clung to the polyester like a Band-aid stuck to grill cheese. “Mulder,” Scully gasped. She knew immediately what it was and what it meant.
Chapter Summary

We're still ramping up to the next phase.

In the basement of the Pentagon, Assistant Director Morales pushed open the heavy steel door previously locked by five solid internal bolts. Alika entered first as their escort, Mulder and Scully after. It shut with a loud bang followed by a suction of air that made Scully flinch. The cool dull fluorescents overhead lit following them down the rows. Scully and Morales' heel clicks and Mulder’s strong footfalls echoed against the cement tiles. The place smelled of old books and metallic dust. It was clear no one had visited in years. Dust had collected everywhere along the rows and rows of shelving holding boxes and files. One area contained nothing but catalogs of index cards, part of the ancient filing system. It was covered in spider webs woven loosely around the shelves. “Guess the DoD cleaning budget doesn’t include secret storage lairs,” Mulder sarcastically observed brushing the falling dust off of his pants.

“This isn’t the only lair collecting cobwebs,” Scully grumbled under her breath gaging Mulder’s reaction.

“I was told you’ve been here before Agent Mulder,” Alika said when they caught back up to her.

Mulder nodded, his eyes following the braided exposed wires in the rafters of the high ceilings. “It’s where I found the cure to Scully’s cancer,” he muttered. “Down there I believe.” He pointed over to a row labeled E1701.

“You may come to find this is also where all your proof has been filed away,” Alika said stopping in the middle of row E1301, pulling out a fiberboard magazine file labeled EVIDENCE 100041 from one of the blue steel shelves. Inside was a clear case, housing clear cylindrical tubes each numbered and containing a metal object. Alika handed it to Morales who passed it along to Scully. She recognized two of them. One from Billy Miles, then Duane Barry’s and who knew how many more abductees. Morales walked another twenty feet and pulled out another magazine file. Jars of preserved fetus’ with alien features floated in each. The sight made Scully sick.

“I’m sure you recognize all of it. Their hubris prevented them from destroying all traces. Now you have access without having to steal dead men’s badges Agent Mulder.” This time Alika and Mulder shared a sly smile.

“I have access to all of this anytime I need?” Mulder asked surprised.

“Well, you will need to be escorted by myself, but yes,” Alika confirmed.

Scully who had been quiet spoke up. “If this new regime is so open to exposing the truth, why is this all still locked away?”

“You understand what happened to the x-files?” Morales asked.

“They were privatized,” Scully answered.
“Exactly. Privatized experimentation on an unknowing public is already happening. Put aside for the moment that the technology is alien, could you imagine if we unleashed these files for public viewing?”

*

Instead of going back the way they came Alika decided to continue their tour through the tunnel to the DoD building. Mulder peeked into the rooms that once held female abductees. Now uniformed men and women sat behind computers inside cubicles. The area where he witnessed alien-human creatures laying on rows of tables now had employees on their lunch break running on treadmills, lifting weights and watching t.v.

An older man got up from one of the tables laughing at the conversation with the group and tossed his trash away. Their presence caught the corner of his eye and deeper creases formed at each side. “Dana, is that you?” His voice came out rough and scraggly.

“John?” Scully asked and outstretched her arms.

Doggett fell into them and hugged her with such a force he lifted her from her feet. “Dana it is so good to see you. You’re more beautiful than ever.”

The comment tightened the buttocks of Morales, Alika, and Mulder, but Scully returned with “You look good yourself John,” running a hand down his lapel and kissing his cheek. Scully turned to face everyone. “This is our former basement buddy, John Doggett.”

John greeted all of them and held his hand to Mulder who shook it reluctantly. He had no problem with John, except for him giving Scully a hard time when he first came to headquarters and Scully’s fondness for him. Not that Mulder was jealous. He didn’t get jealous. That was Scully’s department and he preferred it that way. Against Mulder’s preferences she invited him to lunch and Mulder had to sit through their reminiscing stories he would rather forget. Apparently, Doggett had for a while, but through modern or alien medicinal technology it all came rushing back. Mulder was trying not to be grumpy, but Doggett and Scully’s casual touches were playing his nerves. After telling Doggett their life stories and Doggett filling her in on his Mulder was relieved when they got through William’s story, Monica’s disappearance and she updated him on the status of Skinner. Placing a casual arm around Scully which she confusingly raised her eyebrows at, Mulder cut into their verbal serenade. “Scully forgot to mention we moved back in together. We’re just as snug as two peas in a pod.” He tried to lay a kiss at her temple, but she tilted her head out of reach sending him a look to let him know he was acting crazy.

Doggett pointed a finger towards Mulder and said jokingly, “It’s good to know you haven’t changed a bit.”

Days later...

Scully sneezed heading up the porch steps. The pollen was thick in the air and walking around the many colorful blooms in the park only exacerbated the situation. Usually she wasn’t affected by such things, but her pregnancy was bringing about all sorts of wonderfully new and strange afflictions. She found Mulder where she had left him- behind the computer and he hadn’t moved when she returned to the living room refreshed from her shower. Anytime she saw him camped behind the computer it concerned her.

“Scully, I’ve been reading a Harvard University study that shows a link between having parents of an advanced paternal age and longer life spans. Aging sperm was shown to produce children with longer telomeres.”
“Telomeres are the tips of chromosomes that protect DNA while being copied,” Scully explained walking up to Mulder. He placed an arm around her waist as she stood next to him to get a better view of the article.

“It says it affects not one, but two generations of offspring.”

Scully placed both her hands on the desk and bent over to read from the screen. “I’ve recently read of studies myself determining that children with older fathers have high IQs,” she told Mulder.

Mulder placed his glasses lower on his nose so he could look out the top. “Before this I was reading about kids with older moms having fewer accidental injuries, fewer social and emotional difficulties.”

Scully remained bent over, her elbows leaning on the desk, her face level with Mulder’s. “Have you decided that being older parents may come with benefits?”

“Well, yeah. We’re in a better place financially, with our perspective, with our work, with our relationship…” He stopped and his smile took on a glow that made Scully laugh nervously and ask, “What?”

“You’re beautiful.”

Scully felt herself stiffen. Even after all these years she wasn’t comfortable with compliments. Her eyeline fell to his lips and her tongue involuntarily covered the bottom one then slowly retreated. Mulder looked down at the laptop, breaking their gaze and she straightened up dragging the palm of her hand across the desk. They hadn’t been intimate since the night at the docks or since discovering of her pregnancy. His arms wrapped around her waist and he looked up to her waiting eyes and she understood it was time. Scully pushed his laptop and books out of the way as she scooted on top of it and Mulder rose from his chair with a grin because he knew what she had in mind. The heat from Mulder’s growing erection was warming the area between her thighs and his lips were warming her heart. He drifted to her neck and she tilted it to give him access opening her eyes to push the books further out of the way. She read one of the covers. “Mulder, you bought baby books?”

Mulder kissed his way back up her neck, dropped his hands to the desk, glanced at what was poking from his sweats and looked at Scully with a short exasperated sigh. “No, I had them. From William.”

“You read all these books?” she asked and picked one up leafing through it.

“Every last one. Cover to cover. Now I’m rereading them.” Scully ran a hand delicately through his hair and carefully placed his glasses on top of his head. “I’m not missing anything this time Scully, I’m going to enjoy every part. The doctor’s appointments, building the baby’s room, reading to her every day..”

“The morning sickness…”

“The morning sickness..” Mulder nodded, but Scully had already pushed him out of the way and darted to the downstairs bathroom. She slammed the door closed, but she knew he could hear her through the door. It took a few minutes and lots of toothpaste and mouthwash, but she felt better. Fortunately, he was back at the desk waiting for her return instead of parked behind the door. “Did you say she?” she asked picking up the conversation where they left off.

“Yeah,” he replied watching her every move like a hungry lion as she took her place back on the desk and he wrapped his arms around her. “I have this feeling.. our baby.. i-is a girl.”

“You’re having visions now? I had a flash of an ultrasound during one of my visions, but I couldn’t
“Tell the sex.”

“Not a vision. I just know,” he said pulling her closer to him.

“Then I know it’s true,” she said in low tones.

“I don’t want to miss one part of this,” Mulder repeated in earnest. “And when the baby’s born I want to be there for all of it... and share it all with you.” He tilted his head and read into her eyes. “Which means I may be looking to retire.”

“We’ll do what we need to do Mulder.”

“We always do.” He leaned in for a kiss, but Scully wasn’t finished with the conversation.

“Mulder I have to know how this happened. How and why I’m pregnant. This time, I need to be sure.”

“He was nowhere near you Scully,” Mulder said and gently fixed her strands behind her ear, using a finger to tilt her chin so she joined his gaze.

“He was in the FBI garage when I lost consciousness with my first vision. I was alone for I don’t know how long before you found me.”

“How do you know he was there?”

“That’s where Skinner met him.”

“And you think... What... he could have tampered with something... Just started performing IVF right there in the office... or did something to your chip? Scully, and I understand this is coming from me, but you might be acting slightly paranoid.”

“Mulder... I need to know... Beyond a shadow of a doubt.”

He cupped her face and stroked her cheek with his thumb. Mulder didn’t believe that story Skinner told Scully. He thought CSM was a liar and it was just another way for him to try and put a wedge between them. “All right. We’ll prove how this happened. Beyond a shadow of a doubt.” Mulder looked around the desk, but couldn’t find the sticky note he had written on. He kept looking. “I heard back from Old Spice’s daughter. I took the leads, did some more research and found..” Mulder reached underneath Scully and ripped the sticky note from her ass, handing it to her. “That’s the location of the manufacturing plant. If only we knew of someone who could okay a trip to Japan...”

Scully took the note and lines of worry appeared on her face. “It’s not that I doubt this baby is ours, but Mulder, I have alien DNA. This child is going to be special and I need to understand it so I can be there for her... or him, explain it, and be prepared for what they’ll be going through.”

Scully’s concerns made Mulder need to hug her. “That’s a perfectly logical reason, but I need you to promise me something Scully.” He pulled out of their embrace to look her in the eye and hold her arms, “That you won’t let our looking for the how and the why interfere with the happiness we feel right now.”

“I promise Mulder.”

“No doubts?”

“No doubts.”
“Good,” he said and helped her off the desk, “because I’m taking you and our baby to bed.”

As if on cue, Scully’s cell phone began vibrating on the coffee table making them both jump. Mulder retrieved it and handed it to her to answer. He watched her expressions change as he listened. “Thank you. Let Doggett know and I’ll be right there,” she said as she ended the call. “It’s Skinner. His eyes started to open and they believe he’s coming out of the coma. I’ve got to go.”

“I’ll go with you.”

*  

She didn’t cry like she thought she would. She didn’t fold into Mulder’s arms for comfort. She didn’t even say anything. She just stood there. Listening to her own heartbeat in her ears. Skinner was awake, but he wasn’t speaking and the doctor’s weren’t sure if he had brain damage. She held his hand, but it felt more like one that belonged on a waxed figure than Skinner’s. Nothing seemed real. Or it was all too real. The Skinner they knew and loved and needed time to get to know more of may already have been gone forever. That horrible night was still in her dreams. William had cut his connection to her, but she still felt him. Out there. She supposed after enough time she would stop feeling for him to make sure he was okay and alive or maybe she wouldn’t. But this. She was a doctor. Her life was spent saving people and one of the closest people to her was lying in a bed and she felt helpless.

“Let’s go Mulder,” she said abruptly.

“Okay,” he whispered and with a hand at her back left Skinner’s room. “No Mulder. I mean, let’s go to Japan.”

“Now?”

“Yes. I want to work. I need to find answers. I’m tired of tilting at windmills.”

*  

It took forever to get through security and into the building even with diplomatic papers. Scully’s feet were killing her and her back was sore. The flight seemed shorter and the TSA was kinder than this scrutiny. The faces of security held an unspoken contempt that she was a woman. Mulder’s only concern getting there was for her safety and the baby. Their doctor had assured him that it was safe for her to travel, but he kept a watchful eye all the same. Finally their translator ushered them through and they entered the skyscraper and onto a claustrophobically small elevator. They were in Kyoto Japan and about to meet one of the manufacturer’s of her chip. With access to The Syndicate’s old files it was easy enough to track down. Even easier with the name Mulder. Word had not traveled to Japan about the Mulder’s desertion of the Syndicate.

“I’m very pleased to meet a Mulder,” their guide translated. “We named our latest version after your sister. It is quite remarkable.”

“Who are your customers?”

The Japanese scientist walked with both hands behind his back and paused to face Mulder. “Our customers are scientists Mr. Mulder. We work only to the benefit of humanity. What we make is not for public consumption if that is your concern.”

“Your customers fly around in ARVs?” Scully asked sarcastically not able to hold her tongue any longer.
The scientist said something very short, but powerful in Japanese and the translator left. “Why, exactly are you here Mr. Mulder?” he responded in perfect English and ignored Scully’s question. He acted as though she had not uttered a word.

“I’m here to continue my father’s work.”

“Bill Mulder? I wasn’t aware…”

“My father is Carl Gerhard Busch Spender. Bill Mulder was a guise.” The way Mulder said it sent a shiver up Scully’s spine.

“So, you’re looking to make a purchase then?”

“Yes. We’ll be having new shipments of merchandise coming in since we had some setbacks with our original timeline. You understand how that happens.”

“Oh yes,” said the scientist, clearly Mulder had sparked his curiosity.

“I’m looking to review capabilities on your newest models and possible upgrades to the older ones?”

A young executive appeared as they walked down the hall and the scientist said shortly, “I’m sorry Mr. Mulder. Our time is up.” He handed him his business card. “I’ll be looking forward to your call in the next couple weeks. I will be making a trip to the states and we can go into details then.” And with that they were out on the street.

“Well that was a waste of time,” Scully said disgusted.

“You didn’t think I’d bring you all this way without a plan,” Mulder returned.

Scully gave him a doubting look as they got in the cab.

“All right I don’t have a plan, but we’ll find an answer.”

*

They were back at the motel when Scully’s phone buzzed. “Why doesn’t anyone ever call me?” Mulder remarked while Scully picked up the phone.

“Dana, it’s John. I know you are in Japan, but I’ve been reviewing the notes Monica gave me when we were working together months ago and I found a name. I’ve followed up and I think you need to talk to this guy. His name is Ling Hu and he’s been experimenting with gene editing and dodging the Guangdong provincial health commission. He’s young, but he claims he was Dr. Matsumoto’s apprentice and they were continuing the work Dr. Zama began. He’s met the Smoking Man.”

“John where are you?”

“I’m in Shenzhen, China.”

*

Twenty four hours later Mulder and Scully were in a bed in a hotel room in Shenzhen, China. They had an appointment to meet Doggett in the morning and between the nausea and the jetlag Scully was having difficulty sleeping. Both of them lying on their backs, Mulder had her hand clasped in his, in contact from fingertip to palm. “Scully, I have a request.”

Scully rotated on her side and covered his hand with both of hers as she leaned her chin between his
shoulder and bicep. “I might be amenable,” she said tilting her body into his. “Try me.”

“I know I’m about to ask too much and maybe I don’t have a right… and maybe I’m being totally selfish. Scully, everything that is important to me is right here in this room lying next to me… nothing is worth risking that. We have so much more to do. And I don’t mean x-files, and I don’t mean exposing the truth or solving the world’s problems. I mean with us and the family we created.”

“You don’t want me to do my job?”

“I want us to protect what is most important.”

Scully nodded, her lips rubbing his shoulder. “I’ll, I’ll Keep myself out of the line of fire.”

Scully’s eyes glittered gold as she glided her hand over his hip. “How about you? Do you take requests?”

Mulder shifted to his side his hand running the course of her body as his smile grew. “What do you have in mind?”

Her eyebrows lifted and her eyes drifted south.

He shook his head in agreement. “That’s a good request.”

Years had past since he had visited the Y and his tongue was begging for a workout. They had both been in mourning for so long about so many people and their relationship, and now all of it had found their place. Mulder wasted no time working his way downtown to frenzy the feline. He nuzzled the inside of her thigh, teasing her, and Scully arched into him. Oh, she was eager and this was one of his top three favorite things to do in life. Mulder’s mouth didn’t stop working her center as she writhed against his face, her soft quiet moans making his heart ache. She clenched her thighs around his head and he curved his tongue to stroke her deep and slow. This was the happiest he had been in so long, his heart finally had permission to feel. He was drowning in her taste and it sent off a blinding heat inside him. He pulled back his mental reigns, his mind desperate to control his body. It was time to drive this puppy home. This is your Mulder Almighty Scully and with one bold swipe of my tongue you’re about to play us out.
Moose and Squirrel

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter we catch up with Monica, stop by China, debrief at headquarters, and then I hand the laptop over to Mulder.

Monica seized in panic. Her body instantly alive and animated and in pain. Like from a thousand cuts of a knife her body screamed. Her eyes would not focus on who was talking. Nurses attempted to calm her down and a man of short stature hovered over her. His face was static and voice muffled. “What’s happened to me? Where am I?”

“Monica easy. Easy,” the man kept repeating.

A nurse injected something into her IV and the world slowed. Cold liquid coursed into her veins. “Spen...dur.” She tried to get the words out, but they floated away before she could grab hold of the thought. The room was a cold white of painted cinder block. “Where am I?” Monica managed to say as her heartbeat slowed.

“You’re in New Mexico. You were shot. Your implant saved you. We took the information from the chip to reprogram your cells and with some crispr cas9 editing you will make a full recovery.”

“Where’s the Smoking Man? Where’s Spender?” Monica demanded trying to move, the pain too great.

“We don’t know, but he is most likely alive.”

“Where’s William?”

“William is safe. He will find his way.”

“But the planet’s immunity has already been compromised.”

“Relax. There’s time. For now we need you to concentrate on healing.”

Mulder and Scully were in China, but they weren’t enjoying any of the beautiful landscape or delicious foods. Instead they were in a cramped office with a man that didn’t look much older than William from a lead originated from Monica and Doggett of all people. The tour of the facility was very similar to others they had visited. Sick patients locked in rooms, a children’s wing and pregnant women were also being treated. The truth was out there and the pandemic had begun. How many hybrids and versions of hybrids existed? Was alien DNA the true future of mankind? At what point are we no longer human?

Mulder thought about Scully and their baby. They would both possess alien DNA. When he was out chasing after spaceships, aliens, and hybrids, he never imagined he would be married to one. Then again, he wouldn’t have been surprised if someone told him he would be. Mulder drifted back into
the conversation and given the way Scully was looking at him he should have been paying better attention. “What is your relation to Dr. Matsumoto? Doggett told me you worked together. Were you ten years old at the time?” Scully asked with the attitude that put the starch in Mulder’s shorts.

Ling snickered and explained. “Something like that. I was one of Dr. Matsumoto’s test subjects. Now I specialize in gene editing.”

“You were part of the testing and now you perform tests on others?” Scully said and her mental jaw dropped while her real one tightened.

“No! They come to me for help. They come and go as they please.”

“Why are the doors locked?” Scully countered.

“From the inside. For their protection. They can open them at will. All testing is approved by the patient.” Analyzing the man’s reaction he could tell he was earnest in his attempts to convince Scully.

“But you’re splicing alien DNA with their own? They’re being given a virus not from this planet.”

The papers ruffled on his desk as Ling’s fingers shook. “In some instances. Not all. It all depends on the needs of the individual.” It absolutely amazed Mulder how easily the scientist admitted to his use of alien science. Was that the new world? Alien as the accepted treatment?

“Who funds the operation?” Scully continued to grill.

“We’re funded through a grant by Praise, Strughold, and associates.”

*

Scully asked as they made their way from the tight hallways to the lobby. “Mulder?”

When they were younger when she would say his name like that, like a question, it made his stomach tighten. It had fear behind it asking him his point of view knowing he was already running in a direction leaving her to follow or stay behind. Now he loved the way she said it. Waiting to listen intently, searching for guidance, wanting to discuss the route they would travel together. Music. Plus she noticed how quiet he had been in the office.

“They may unknowingly be responsible for the atomic bomb,” he answered.

“That’s a bold statement Mulder. This man isn’t trying to create hybrids or experiment. He’s attempting to cure diseases, repair afflictions, prevent sickness. Isn’t that the purpose of medicine?”

“There were pregnant mothers in there. Edited embryos. Not from the DoD, but the private sector and not to be destroyed when a project was complete, but to live out in society. This is being performed without regulation to change the human genome into whatever they choose. To create Frakensteins, supersoldiers, a new superior race..” Mulder chewed on the inside of his cheek, then added quietly, “more humans as weapons.” His eyebrows lifted as his face pushed forward. Scully got the point. “That naive kid might think he’s doing good, but the letterhead said Strughold.”

She pushed open the glass door leading into the street as a man was walking in. It was seventy degrees outside yet the man wore black leather gloves. He was Caucasian, of obvious American descent. Scully surprised Mulder when she said to the man, “Excuse me, have we met before?”

The angel faced young man fixed the light brown hair from his face and recognition flashed into his
green eyes. “Yes. I’m Kevin and you’re the police officer I met when I was little.”

“Yes. We’re FBI. Kevin. I’m sorry, you look so familiar, but I can’t place it.”

Kevin carefully removed his gloves, holding his palms up to reveal his stigmata wounds to Scully. Mulder saw the shock and fright in Scully’s eyes, but she hid it well in her demeanor. “Kevin, you were only a young boy when you went through that ordeal. I’m so glad you got the chance to become a man.” Scully looked up at the blanched walls and simple modern decor. “You work here?”

“Yes. I’m a cyber security engineer and penetration tester specialist.”

“Sounds like a fun job,” Mulder smirked rocking on his toes.

“Mulder, do you ever not have visions of penises dancing in your head?” Scully muttered and Mulder answered her in a nervous cough. Kevin meanwhile was busy fishing through his faux suede satchel hunting for a business card and handed it to Scully. “When you need to get in touch with me,” Kevin said. “I know you will.”

Scully took the card and examined it. “Are you based out of China or the U.S.?”

“I still live in the U.S. with my husband, but my work has me traveling about fifty percent of the time. It’s better than my last job. Too many trips to Russia during the cold winter months.”

“Russia?”

“Yeah, I worked for a Russian security company - Purlieu Services. Ever heard of it?”

“Yes, we’ve had dealings,” Scully answered and gave Mulder a knowing look.

“Then Mr. Praise recruited me. It’s a friendlier atmosphere here and less travel means more time with my family.”

Scully gripped the business card and carefully placed it in her wallet. She gave Kevin a hug. “I’ll be in touch.”

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking Mulder?” Scully asked as they headed back to their rental car.

“Yeah, but this time you’re wearing the Kwa dress.”

“While we’re here you should pick up a Zhongshan suit. I think it would look good on you,” Scully said as she stepped down from the sidewalk into the street letting his other comment sit. “No, actually I was referring to the Praise Kevin spoke of. Do you think it’s Gibson? and what is his relation to Strughold?”

Mulder didn’t have time to answer because just as they turned down the street a whistle of bullets greeted them. Running along an old cracked puddled road, no time to reach the car they took cover in a narrow alleyway. More bullets ricocheted off trash cans and fire escapes, marring brick. Quickly, Mulder tried the outer doors to the apartment looking for a way in. Women hanging clothes screamed from above. Finally, he got lucky and a door opened. He forcibly pushed Scully inside shutting the door closed behind them. When he got his bearing he noticed a woman in the apartment and Scully flashing her badge. Their glances met and the woman didn’t flinch or utter a word instead headed for the bedroom only to retrieve a shotgun of her own. Mulder gave her a nod and found the main corridor, locking them into the apartment with a loud bang of the door. He made slow and deliberate moves down the dead hallway. A man appeared from the stairwell and shouted, “Hey!” giving chase to Mulder while his comrades followed close behind. Mulder ran to the other end of the hallway and
seized the door before the man could fire his automatic. He leaned his full weight on the door as the men heaved and cursed in Russian in their attempt to open it on the other side. Pistol shots rang in the air and Mulder could see through the small window of the door what he recognized as the Chinese paramilitary police. There was a struggle that lasted at least ten minutes with men bleeding and death on both sides. More bullets came and marked the door shooting clean holes right through it. Mulder held tight to his post as the police bound the remaining men. Police speaking their native Chinese while the other group shouted in Russian. Once the hallway quieted Mulder sank down, keeping a grip on the knob and allowing his back to slide down the door’s dirty rot. His heart racing. The police never looked for Mulder, instead carting off the Russians to get their stories. Someone must have reported the disturbance in the alleyway and there were enough people around to do so, but Mulder didn’t stick around for answers. With the coast clear he yelled Scully’s name until she finally surfaced from the apartment. “Why did you do that?” Scully demanded.

“Scully, we have no weapons. I was protecting our interests.”

“So, you leave me in a stranger’s apartment?”

“I came back for you,” he argued. “I had to distract them. I won’t let them harm you.”

Scully crossed her arms, but didn’t respond. He would trade her life for his and with the baby the stakes were only higher.

“Who were they?” she finally asked when they were almost at the airport.

“Russians. How they found us in China I don’t know, but they may be a little upset since William and I killed off their friends.”

*

Back at headquarters...

“Did this travel you approved fall under the Legat program or the Legal Attache’ program?” Morales asked.

“It falls under the Legal Attache’. I’ve documented our liaison in China,” Scully said pointing to the name as they sat at Morales’ intimate conference table.

“And Japan?”

“We obtained written permission from the authority of the Department of State, chief of mission at the United States embassy at the pleasure of the ambassador and Japan’s government. We were hardly there long enough to sneeze and most of the time was spent getting through their security procedures.”

“Your hold up in Japan and why you were so abruptly dismissed is because that building is under the protection of Parlieu services. They were probably the ones who chased you in China. Given the new improved relations between Japan and Russia your presence did not serve either parties. Besides, you did not meet with the area FBI because if you did you would know that when you stepped into that building you also stepped on the toes of the CIA. This is not a glowing start to your new position Agent Scully. Remember, you are the one in charge, not Agent Mulder.”

“How does anyone have any authority over anything? I need to tiptoe around private organizations, concern myself with relations between countries, and ask permission of the CIA, not to mention we’ve outsourced the FBI so I need to debrief my liaison in every country I travel? How do cases ever get closed?”
“I could always assign you more cases on witchcraft or doppelganger sightings,” Morales answered sarcastically, then quickly transformed to business. “I must be brought up to speed on any changes to the security climate. If you have proof that this scientist is performing unsanctioned gene editing it must be reported to the Chinese government.”

Scully sat silent. It wasn’t clear who they could trust. Whose interests were the FBI serving? What other private agencies had their hand in the till?

*  

“Am I with Fox Mantle tonight?” Scully asked as Mulder parked the car in front of the baseball field.

“Nope. Plain old Fox Mulder,” Mulder said and ran around to her side of the car to grab it before she had it completely open. He was acting strange. He had been acting strange since they got back from China.

“Mulder, I thought we were here for batting practice. Where’s the bat and the balls? And I still don’t see any nicely wrapped presents.”

“We are very impatient,” Mulder playfully reprimanded, taking her hand and leading her to home plate. The air smelled of dandelions and freshly mowed grass. Even the dirt smelled familiar, recently raked, reminding her of being there so many years ago.

Mulder flipped on the floodlights illuminating the field, shutting off the outside world, and revealing an automatic pitching machine. He handed her the bat leaning against the fence.

“Do you remember how to swing?”

Scully nodded although she was uncertain if she would actually make contact. She missed the first couple, but started to get the hang of the speed and got under a few. When she looked over to Mulder he was beaming with pride.

“I think the balls would go farther if we hit them together,” Scully suggested as she swung, and Mulder didn’t have to be asked twice. It was a warm night, but Mulder’s arms around her flamed her soul. They played and laughed until the baseballs ran out. “Scully, I think you’ve got the first round of retrieving.”

“Are you kidding?” she asked, but he shook his head. Begrudgingly, she made her way around the field. “Mulder, there’s something written on these balls.” The words appeared to be written with a sharpie covering the entire surface area. The first one read *I love how you challenge me at every step*. Another read, *I love the way you look at me when you think I’m crazy*. Yet another read, *I love that you trust my instincts when every pore screams not to*.

Unable to resist she read another and it said, *I love the way you love me*. The last she picked up read, *I love how much we believe in each other*. Scully’s heart was pounding. Where was he going with all this?

Mulder called out, “Scully, you forgot one” and pointed to a ball about a foot from where he was standing.

Scully nodded and pursed her lips, placing the ball she had in her hand into the machine. *Okay, I’ll play* she thought to herself and met him at home plate, bending down to pick up the ball. It read, *I want my life lived with you*.

Standing within a meter of him, Mulder’s eyes glossed as she lifted her head and met his gaze. She
let the ball roll from her fingers and he smiled nervously with his hands in the back pockets of his jeans, digging with his right foot at the dirt in front of the plate. He stopped to give her his full attention. “I’ve missed opportunities in the past to ask you this because of my own bad judgment.” He met with her eyes. "Before we were bringing a child into this world and even before you were pregnant with William.” He took her hand in his left and looked like he was on the verge of crying. Scully tensed. Her eyes bulged as her eyebrows attempted to merge. What was GOING ON?

“Scully,” he started, his right hand clenching at his side, his volume rising to match the passion he put behind it. "What you give to me.... the joy, the happiness.. the strong, intense… everything - could only be felt with you." His body bent towards her and head moved closer to her with the stress placed on each sentence. His eyes following her movements. "There is nothing…. without you Scully.” His head tilted up as if dreaming and his focus lifted towards the sky, "-and when I close my eyes my mind goes straight to visions of us. I open them and my first reaction is to search for you.” His voice lowered, but his intensity remained and he spoke into her eyes once again. "You're in every waking thought and as much as I shied away, my heart would always bring me back. Right here. Next to you.”

“Mulder,” she breathed in a whisper, her heart constricting, her stomach in knots.

“I can’t take back all that’s happened or even change it and there are so many things you deserve that I never gave you, but I can give you a moment only about us. With a ceremony acknowledging what we have and a re-dedication of our lives to it. And I can give you a day celebrating our joined life going forward.”

Mulder took a deep breath and Scully noticed his hands beginning to shake. Her heart leapt into her throat. "and it would mean everything to me to have the honor to call you my wife.”

Mulder took the ring box from his right pocket and made his way down on one knee, cracking and popping as it bent, irritating scar tissue as it supported his weight at home plate. “Dana Katherine Scully, will you marry me?”

Dana Mulder. If that thought hadn't sent her running... Not that she had to change her name. They didn’t need marriage, didn’t need a ceremony or a piece of paper or fancy nothingness or people to witness. She knew the only meaning was what they decided to put behind it, but she understood why and she understood that they needed to give each other what neither of them had before - simplicity. peace. prolonged happiness. Some color inside the lines.

Scully didn’t realize how much time had past as these thoughts ran through her head until Mulder said, “Scully, my knees aren’t getting any younger.”

A tear ran down her face at the relief, the anxiety, and the honesty that she wanted this as much as he did and much more than she let herself feel. Then she really started to break down which made tears spill from him, and she let out a breathy laugh and said, “Yes Fox William Mulder, I will marry you.”

He pushed the ring onto her finger and flinched as he made his way back up. The ring was blinding with a fairly large center diamond and more diamonds on either side and surrounding it.

“Mulder..it’s.. it’s beautiful. Stunning. This.. this might be too much.”

“No. It’s exactly the correct amount of much.” He put his arm around her and pointed out all the intricacies in the ring. “I wasn’t going to go with a diamond, but I love the classics. The big one in the center is ours. The accent stone on the left is from my mother’s engagement ring, the one on the right is from your mother’s. The smaller stones are your grandmother’s and so is the band, now an antique - your mother had given it to me and I know she is very happy right now.
Scully looked up at the sky. “All of them.. in the starlight.”

He held her for the moment in silence, sending kisses to her head. She caught the biggest grin spread across his face as he nuzzled into her causing her to hug him tighter. As they packed everything up Scully took in the sky one last time. The stars were bright above them, the skyline of the city off in the distance, and the faintest smell of the ocean in the breeze tickling her nose. Bending down to pick up the last of the balls she asked, “Not that it wasn’t perfect, but why did you pick here?”

“I’ve thought about this day a lot through the years and even more these past weeks. I thought of bringing you to a beautiful beach or landscape, mountain top, maybe somewhere at the end of a perfect date, but I wanted to bring you somewhere that was special to us. I thought about going back to maybe a place of a certain case or the forensics lab, or even the parking garage of the Watergate.” Mulder pressed the button on the key-fob and the trunk closed as he got into the car waiting for Scully to join him. “Then I thought it shouldn’t be somewhere that reminded us of work, it should be somewhere more personal.. So I thought of maybe bringing you to the haunted house where we spent our Christmas together or the psychiatric ward where you proved you were my one in five billion or the hospital room where I told you I loved you for the first time,” He took a breath tracing the start button with his finger. “or the hallway of my old apartment of our almost first kiss.” He looked at Scully. “Then there was our home. Simple, meaningful, but in the end I decided this should be it.. home plate.. under the stars.”

Scully took his hand and lightly kissed his knuckle. “What’s next?”

At first Mulder appeared to be contemplating the existential meaning behind her words, but then he answered, “Isn’t the usual thing to call up all our friends, make a social media announcement?”

“Mulder, almost everyone that mattered to us is dead.”

“We can go to the bar we went to the last time we came here?”

The place was crowded when they got there and Mulder kept her close. They sat down in a booth next to a long empty table towards the back with a “reserved” plaque in the middle. “What are we drinking?”

“Seltzer for me, but go ahead and have what you want.”

Instead of heading to the bar Mulder ducked to the side by the restroom where Scully’s friends Ellen and Kathy were waiting. “We’re ready when you are,” Mulder told them.

Ellen gave him a thumbs up and replied, “Congratulations.”

Mulder returned with the drinks, excitement building inside him. Scully’s eyes lit up as one by one all her friends entered the area and congratulated her wanting to see her ring, doting on her. It was everything he wanted for Scully. Chuck and Danny showed their face, Doggett, even Layla Harrison. There were gifts and balloons, drinks flowing, and most of all laughter. Lots of it. “So what do you think Scully?” Mulder asked handing her another virgin drink as they stood by the head of the table, Scully leaving a circle of friends to talk to him.

“I’m thinking, what would you have done if I said no?”

“Then this would have been a party for your new promotion,” Mulder said without missing a beat. “So how does it feel having our personal life so public? I know it feels strange to me. Slightly uncomfortable.”

Scully sat her drink on the table. “I feel very proud Fox Mulder,” She returned and wrapped her arms
around his neck giving a quick peck on the lips. “Thank you for all of this.”

*

The last of the presents in the house, Mulder locked up for the night. It had been a good party and now he was alone with his bride to be. Scully was standing by the couch sifting through mail when he took her left hand forcing her to put down the bills to face him.

“Your finger makes that ring look beautiful,” Mulder smiled as he adored it on her, caressing her fingers with his thumb. Tears burned at his eyes from the feelings bubbling out of his soul. She had come back to him full force. He looked deep inside her and said, “I choose to be with you Scully… always.”

Scully didn’t say a word, but through her eyes he felt the warmth of her love. She lowered her arm and threaded her fingers with his, leading him up the stairs. Anticipating the future to come, his nerves were on edge. When they got to the bedroom Scully slid his suit jacket down his shoulders, removing it, and setting it on the back of the chair. He could feel the pressure along the back of his neck as she stripped him of his tie. Unbuttoning his shirt came next and he helped her with his pants, his abs clenching as she worked at the button. Both of them were quiet, their eyes taking each other in. Tugging her pants down her legs, she lifted her knees to remove the rest and he busied himself removing her blouse, her bra strap fell to her elbow and his lips ran over the small dents they made in her shoulder. He kissed them lightly, making his way to her neck. He felt her sucking right below his ear and soon they were side by side with their mouths fused together, and not a stitch of clothing between them. Mulder's hand slid over her breast, down her stomach, and between her legs. The slickness of his fingers against her insides told him Scully was waiting for him and it affirmed that he never wanted anyone or anything as much as he always ached for her. Scully threaded her fingers through the back of his hair and caressed his cheek. The heat from her called to him, drawing him in and he pushed inside her slowly, but completely. His eyes fell shut in complete ecstasy as a warmth flooded his system. He felt her emotions unguarded, the sensations she was drawing from him. His heart was on fire as it beat out of his chest. Lightning charged underneath his hand and he felt the electricity bolt through her, the pads of his fingers passing over the soft skin of her breast. A moan escaped from her lips and their souls embraced. He started slow and sweet and tender, their current flowing in and out. Their minds transformed binding their consciousness and Scully gripped at his hips, urging him on until her hips rose up and began to set a pace, brutal and hot and amazing. High pitch whimpers escaped through her parted lips and his mouth was on hers again, cutting them off. They grasped at each other like the first time, like every time. She was curled around him in every way. Enveloping him, her legs surrounding his waist, her arms encircling his neck. All wrapped tight around him like some exquisite vise. And Mulder was buried inside her, burrowing further, wanting to be closer, needing to be deeper. Scully’s hands found his and they folded together. Mulder brought them joined, up over her head. Their foreheads touched. Every pant, every breath mixing with his. Her hips moved along with his like the flow of the ocean. Back and forth. Together. Their eyes locked. “God, Mulder . . . Please, don’t ever stop.” Mulder was drowning in her. He could barely draw a breath. But somehow he ground out, “I won’t. I’ll never stop. I’ll never stop feeling for you Scully, never stop loving you, never stop giving you everything I have.” Their world passed through him, visions of every time she cared for him, resurrected him, pulled him from the depths of his own hell, and his eyes burned. Every time he dialed she was always on the other end, every time she teased him, surprised him, awed him with her brilliance. Another wave of pleasure passed through him... he worshiped her, loved her, his life was only her... the smiles he got to put on her face, the life she brought to his existence... it was all there... and now he would be her talisman and her warrior, and she would guide them into forever. The pleasure and intensity built inside them to a fever pitch. He felt her as she came. Every scorching wet inch of her tightened around him and every molecule reached out to vibrate with his. And it was so good... so intense he felt the tears threaten again to break free from his eyes, he wanted to weep from the pleasure. He buried his face in her
neck, inhaling her, devouring her. And then he was coming with her—within her. A pulsing stream with each thrust. Sweet electricity raced through him as he let out with all his feeling behind it: “Scully... I love you so much.” After several moments, their bodies stilled. The only sounds in the room their rapid breaths. Then Scully whispered, “Mulder? Are you all right?” He lifted his head and found her beautiful eyes looking at him with concern. Her hand cupped his cheek gently. “You’re shaking.”

He felt his tears returning and this time he couldn’t hold back. He never thought he would have these feelings again, the sanctity of their bond, of them together walking through eternity flashlights in hand illuminating the shadows. He gazed into her sparkling skies, “I’m engaged to my best friend and she is pregnant with our baby. And all I see is happiness and the sky isn’t falling and the earth isn’t imploding.”

Scully blamed the tears shedding from her eyes on her hormones, but he had her on the ropes. Mulder pressed his forehead to hers and his hands cupped her cheeks as they laid together.

“I’m so happy I can’t stop crying,” Scully said explaining her own leaking eyes.

“I think those are words to a song,” Mulder replied.

“I know the last time we were in this situation -a baby, a future together.. It all went to hell.” Scully locked their gaze and placed her hand on his face to stroke the dark bristles on his cheek with her thumb. “Not this time Mulder. This time I won’t let it. The universe is not going to stand in our way anymore.”

“Well, if anyone can take on the universe and win, it would be you.”

Scully gave him a crooked smile and kissed him once more before rotating so he could wrap around her. “I want to keep our same wedding bands,” she said as she examined her ring for the hundredth time that night.

“The ones from Arcadia? But they’re just plain bands of gold. I mean, they’re 14 karat and solid, but are you sure? You don’t want a new style? One that won’t get our fingers ripped off, maybe even tattoos?”

“They’re ours.”

Mulder snuggled closer and kissed her temple. “We’ve only been engaged a few hours, we’ve got time to decide.”

“We do?”

“Well, I figured we’d wait until after the baby was born and you’re back in fighting shape..” Mulder cut off his sentence when Scully lifted her head and gave him a look that told him to tread lightly. “I mean, we can do it beforehand..” Her look was making him uneasy. “You’ve got to help me out here Scully.”

Her eyes softened and she settled back down using his arm as a pillow, pulling his other arm tighter around her. “We can do it after. I was imagining something small, intimate, maybe on a beach, both of us in white..”

“We’re not having a small wedding Scully.”

“No?”
“After everything we’ve been through to get to where we are now? We’re going big. Whatever your dream wedding would be, we’re doing it. I’ll just have to get my hands on some more bounties. More terrorists will have to be arrested.”

Scully yawned, clasping Mulder’s hand tighter, snuggling further into their cocoon. “You wore me out Mulder.” She kissed his hand. “Mulder, Kevin might be able to help us get hold of the specifications of the implants. We could ask him if he would be willing to be an informant.” Mulder didn’t comment. “Mulder?” Scully listened as Mulder’s breathing deepened and slowed into a melodic pattern. Scully whispered, “Goodnight my fiance’... my husband-to-be... my Mulder.”
Chapter Summary

With a wedding to plan and a baby to get ready for, Mulder and Scully are quite busy these days. They know in their hearts that the baby is 100% theirs, but if that's true, how was a 54 year old barren woman able to conceive? They believe that the answer must lie in the implant nestled inside Scully's neck. Meanwhile, Doggett gets a visit from some unruly visitors.

“Jeffrey,” Mulder said giving him a firm pat on the back and a handshake. They were on a sidewalk in front of an old abandoned building in the heart of Detroit. Mulder squinted up at the faded nameplate of what was once an automotive manufacturing plant. “This is the place?”

“Yeah, it’s a front. The testing rooms are underground. The railroad passes right through here. It’s where they get their patients and supplies.”

“You’re part of this?” Mulder asked as they stepped into the building over dirt, steel, and broken glass towards the elevator shaft.

“It’s like I said, membership has its privileges. I used the Spender name and it got me through the door. They assumed my father put me here to oversee operations. Now with you able to locate the chip manufacturer we are closer than ever.”

“To what exactly Jeffrey?”

The elevator doors opened exposing a luxurious hospital that resembled more of a hotel with statues and plush couches.

Jeffrey walked by unamused. “How do we beat our father at his own game if we can’t repair our cells the same way he can? That he can kill us with a simple virus? With access to the implants, we now have a fighting chance.”

Mulder held up a hand to create distance. “I think you’re making a lot of assumptions Jeff. I told you I unloaded my clip into him. I want nothing to do with your war. Besides, exposure can change you.”

“That’s not what happened with Dana,” Jeffrey argued back. “Mulder, think about it. What’s going to happen when your kid is twenty years old and you’re pushing eighty. Are you willing to leave Scully alone in this world for what might be equal to another human lifetime?”

They proceeded to Jeffrey’s new office as clean and sparkling as the old one. He must have gotten those traits from his mother’s side. Mulder concluded, “Until Scully gets the specs, we still don’t know if longevity is related to that chip or anything.”

Jeffrey took his seat behind his desk while Mulder sat opposite him. Jeffrey directed his questions to Mulder. “You have no intention of using it on yourself do you? Then why, why be a part of this?”
“I need answers. For Scully and our child. We need to know. Is that why you’re doing this Jeff? Eternal life?”

“No. Sure, I want my health and my charming good looks returned, but my focus is on battling against these forces. Without the technology..”

“Didn’t you learn from our last fight? You’re battling with a weapon I know you cannot control.”

“What choices are there? I’m doing what I think is right.”

“So was our father.” Mulder reminded him. “You’re continuing to accept funding through Strughold?”

“For years they have yet to reveal any bad intentions.”

“Or their faces.” Mulder glanced at his watch. “Our supplier will be here soon.”

*  

Another successful procedure completed, but Walter was yet to make any significant progress. Scully wasn’t giving up by a long shot, but she also knew she was running out of time. After washing up and changing her scrubs she headed back to the recovery room to check on him. His hand was cool and clammy in her own as his eyes fluttered open. The edges of his mouth tilted upward and eyes brightened as he looked her way, but he was yet to speak or show real movement. With two fingers on her cross she closed her eyes and prayed for his recovery. As though her prayers spoke to him, he squeezed her hand just as she said, “Amen.”

She squeezed his hand back and he squeezed it again. “Walter?”

She could feel the movement of his fingers inside her hand. It was almost as if her prayers were being answered, but who was listening?  

*  

Scully stepped into the basement office after another grueling meeting. One would think she would be happy with her new position, but the mindless political drama left a taste in her mouth that no amount of Listerine was going to wash away. She had enough of discussing budgets and goals and an onslaught of hypothetical nonsense to justify the Bureau’s existence in the ever increasing facade referred to as the United States government. With mid year reviews bouncing around her cranium, all thoughts came to an abrupt halt with the palm of Mulder’s hand.

“Careful where you point that thing, you could blind someone,” Mulder said as he dropped his hand away from his eyes and pointed at her ring.

She held it up to him and smiled, wriggling her fingers and dropping her attache’ by his desk. “I haven’t worn rings in so long…. and it’s rather heavy.” Scully complained flirtatiously. “I really love this ring Mulder.”

“I love what it means,” he said in his throaty growl and her heart skipped a beat. Mulder’s eyes darkened as he leaned his knuckles against the hard oak desk. It was close enough for Scully to smell his cologne mixed with the warmth of his skin calling to her just beneath his cotton blend. He stared for a minute and in that time she felt the links between them tighten.

“Did you tell them?” he asked and an eyebrow quivered.
Scully looked away and nodded her head slowly. “Yes. I told Morales and Human Resources.” She felt her eyes start to well. This pregnancy had made her so emotional it seemed she was always on the verge. She smiled at Mulder as she held her tears. “I guess we can start telling people.” Mulder returned such a warm smile she cracked and let the tears stream down her face. “My mom,” she started, but before she completed the sentence she felt his arms and body cocoon around her, his voice calming her with a “shhh”. His large hand palmed the back of her head and she sunk into the crook of his shoulder. “I know. I miss her too.”

Scully backed out of Mulder’s embrace and dried her eyes. “I can’t believe I’m crying at work.”

“Hey, hey. I don’t want to hear that. We’ve both been through a lot. I watch you spend every morning sick to your stomach and yet you pull yourself together and work all day without missing a beat. I’ve seen how hard this pregnancy is on you. So cry when you’ve got to cry because we’re going to be doing a lot of smiling very soon.”

“We are,” she sniffled in agreement.

“Yes,” he continued, “We’ll get deep crows feet and laugh lines. Our cheeks will ache we’ll be smiling so much.”

With a heavy sigh and a smile she added, “I’ve got to get back to the meeting.”

Mulder ran his hand down her back. “Every time your emotions start getting the best of you, remember, tonight, we open the envelope the doctor gave us.”

* * *

The directions Kevin had given Scully were confusing and when she finally found the place it reminded her of somewhere The Lone Gunman would have done business. As soon as she arrived she noticed that Kevin wasn’t himself. There was a nervousness that didn’t belong to him. He was fidgeting, chewing at his nails, tapping his foot. He gestured her to sit down as he typed away at his keyboard. He was surrounded by monitors with wires connected to computer towers underneath the desk. The wires reminded Scully of arms of a spider. A flash of a vision caught Scully off guard and she had to blink it away - It had reminded her of.. Ghouli? But why? She put a hand to her head. “William?” she whispered in a call to him. What was he up to?

Kevin paid no attention to her momentary lapse, transfixed on the computer. The sinking feeling in her stomach lingered. He was about to give her the answers to her own body. Last time she checked that wasn’t on any computer engineer’s resume.

Kevin finished up and handed Scully the flash drive. “I tapped into the servers. It wasn’t hard. They were still using my old firewalls. You’re going to need someone to encrypt it, but I think it has on there what you were asking for.”

“Thank you,” Scully said and pocketed the drive. “Kevin, may I ask when the markings returned?”

Kevin fidgeted some more. His voice changed an octave and reminded her more of the boy she remembered. “Early January of this year. That’s when I knew… soon you would come back into my life.”

“And you believe that you were meant to find me the information on the implant?” Scully asked delicately.

“No… I mean I think this is only the beginning.” Kevin’s eyes widened. “Armageddon has begun.”
“You ready?” Mulder asked as soon as Scully opened the door.

“Can I get out of my work clothes, maybe go to the bathroom first?” Scully said, but increased her gait as she made her way up the stairs.

When she headed back down, Mulder was gripping the manilla envelope with much anticipation. She couldn’t help but laugh at his pure excitement. “I know we can’t open a bottle of champagne, but should I light candles or something?” he asked.

“No Mulder, let’s just open the envelope. You still believe it will be a girl?”

“I do, but I only need it to be healthy. Boy, Girl, or any combination thereof.”

Scully settled on the couch next to him and he put his arm around her. “Should we both pull it open like a wishbone?”

Scully laughed. “Just open it Mulder.”

Carefully, Mulder tore it open and pulled out the paper inside. He studied it. Nodded his head and carefully folded it and placed it back into the envelope.

“Mulder!” Scully exclaimed grabbing it from him, but he quickly wrapped his arms around her, rocking into her, pressing his forehead to hers he said with a smile, “It’s a girl.”

Scully’s smile grew with his as she repeated. “It’s a girl. Our daughter, Mulder.” She pressed her lips to his and his hand went over her belly. Mulder slid from the couch onto the floor so he could speak into her small baby bump. “I love you my baby girl.” He planted a kiss on her belly and looked up at her with a deepness that rocked at her core. “I just love both of you so much,” He added and hugged at her waist while she ran her fingers through his hair. “Mulder, I got the information from Kevin. The drive is over on the table. It’s encrypted, but Chuck agreed to help me with that.”

Mulder lifted his head to look up at her. “Jeffrey and I met with the supplier. We ordered a new shipment.”

“Who are receiving these implants?” Scully asked as Mulder returned to sit next to her on the couch.

“Prearranged from a list. Handpicked by the Smoking Man it appears. The plan is to not interfere until we understand more.”

“Maybe, with the drive, we could use it to help Skinner?”

“I don’t think we should Scully.”

“Mulder, why not?”

“Skinner never gave us consent. Especially not to tamper with his DNA.”

Scully felt as though she was being hit with another brick wall, another dead end. “Nothing I’m doing is working Mulder. He could die or worse. Remain in the state he’s in.”

“If we place an implant in Skinner, then we’re doing exactly what the Smoking Man wanted. Then we’re no better than any of them.” Mulder shook his head. “Your science. That is all we have and it’s enough. It has to be.” Mulder played with her fingers resting on the couch. Was he the only one who saw the consequences? “We’ve seen how the introduction of alien DNA changes people,” he
reminded her.

“Not the implants.”

“I think if you really consider that, I think that statement is false.”

Mulder rose to his feet not wanting to argue after just finding out another beautiful piece of their future. “We can discuss it later. I’ve got a lot to get started on. If you care to join me. We’ve got a nursery to build.”

*

Doggett remained agile in his increasing age, but his movement was far too slow. Four pairs of rough hands seized him. Doggett’s right shot out and with a little gurgle, one of the men staggered backward to crumple onto the living room floor. Another, leaping like a panther, landed on Doggett’s back. Dropping abruptly, Doggett rolled out from under their grasp and shook himself free, but as he rose his head butted into the stomach of some fat clown with a gun pointed at his chest.

After hours in a car and on a plane blindfolded and tied, Doggett was told to walk. The air smelled wet and chemical. Their footfalls echoes inside corridors. Doggett paid attention, counting steps, recording noises, staying focused. When the blindfold was finally removed he found himself inside a dressed up bedroom in various shades of tan. Monica was lying on what could only be described as a hospital bed with machines and nurses at her will. She was wrapped and bandaged fairly well, but not enough that he couldn’t recognize her. It was obvious she had taken a pretty bad shot to the head. “John?” she asked in the weakened state.

“Monica,” he returned, his heart swelling as anger formed his fists.

He turned as he heard a man enter dressed too casual with too small a frame to be another thug. “What did you do to Monica?”

“We saved her life. I wouldn’t harm her John. After everything she has done and sacrificed.. I owe her so much.”

“Well what’s with the blindfolds and the guys from Wrestlemania escorting me here?” Doggett looked the man over. “Who are you?”

“We’ve met before when I was a child. My name is Gibson. Gibson Praise. I’m sorry for my men. I couldn’t risk exposing our location. If a conversation is spoken, someone is always listening.” It was then Doggett realized that Gibson was speaking, but he wasn’t moving his lips. The conversation was occurring inside Doggett’s head. “Monica would have died if I hadn’t taken her here,” Gibson continued. “Right now nanos are working to quickly repair her system. Reprogramming her cells to heal themselves and form new ones. The best thing for her now is to be home with someone to care for her. That someone should be you.”

“Wait a second. You’re handing Monica over to me? Just like that?” He looked at Monica whose eyes had fallen closed again. “What do I do? How can I take care of her? I’m not a nurse and I’ve got work..”

“You know how to take care of her John. I’ll provide a nurse to assist you, but the next stage of her healing should occur in a warmer environment. I’m sure you have many questions for me John, but right now we need to concentrate on Monica’s health.”

*
“Mulder I’m really not hungry,” Scully protested as Mulder continued to dice up some cooked chicken breast to scatter along the top of their salads. “And definitely not for salad.”

“The doctor said you needed to gain weight and I agree. You’re all baby and not enough Scully. You need nutrients and this is a good way to start,” He held up his butcher knife exposing the large pit he had neatly removed from an avocado.

As he diced the rest of the cucumber he leaned his knuckle a little too close to the blade and nicked it, quickly sucking it into his mouth and heading to the sink to clean the cut. Red poured from his fresh wound and Scully took his hand to inspect it closing her hand around it and applying pressure while lifting it above his heart. “Keep the pressure on while I go find a bandaid.” She quickly ran to the medicine cabinet, but when she returned Mulder was holding his finger out for her to see. “My cuts gone. It’s healed.”

“How?” she asked confused. The knuckle showed no signs of the skin even being pierced.

“I don’t know,” Mulder said studying his finger and bending it. “I was gushing blood one minute and then you applied pressure. When you left I went to see if I needed stitches and the cut was gone. Healed. Look, they’re no signs of even a puncture.”

“That’s odd,” Scully observed. A fright shuddered up her spine as Mulder slowly rotated his head and looked at her sideways with a cautionary stare. Scully gulped out the question again. “How?”
Scully reads the files concerning her implant, Mulder paints the nursery, and after the ultrasound we all go out for donuts. The first section of the chapter is from the bullpen. It's cheesy and corny and they're high on caffeine, but then again it is 2018.

During a couple of my earlier chapters in my other stories I speak about Mulder placing items in this orange Nike box. Then when he leaves Scully during the first episode of season 9 or in the chapter "The Last 48 Pt. 2" he gives her this shoebox to open when she misses him. Well, the first time I wrote that chapter she opened this box and found this letter. In the final draft I had her write a letter to him with a photo. So I forgot all about the shoebox and the letter. Well, today Scully finds that shoebox.

“I can’t even,” Mia sighed as she leaned against her cubicle watching Scully make her way to the elevator. “Goals.”

Harper poured herself a cup of coffee and caught Mia’s sightline. “The woman is in her fifties,” she shrugged. “Just sayin’.”

“Spooky Mulder must have one hell of an alien probe to keep Agent Scully around,” Logan said joining the conversation gathering around the coffee pot with his “adulting” mug in hand.

“Hell yeah,” Harper said in her almost permanent duckface that made you wonder if it froze that way from ten years ago. “I’ve noticed the bulge in his slacks and the swol through those tees. I’m ready for abduction.”

“I’d let the silver Fox in my den,” Noah said as his coffee mug dangled from his left finger while his right hand held his left up by the elbow.

Charlotte walked by with her normal attitude and shade waving her finger. “This convo, totally NSFW. Morales is not to be tested.”

“Good job Debbie Downer. Go in the corner and play with your badge,” Grayson quickly retorted and Charlotte huffed away. He addressed the crowd he towered over as he poured himself a cup. “How the hell does a woman with an AARP membership get pregnant?”

“Wonder Woman,” Mia answered before taking a sip holding her mug with two hands while looking up at the others.
“She is as sexy as Gal Gadot and she did fall down a 4 story shaft and live,” Harper reminded them.

“I’ve got a four story shaft she can fall down on,” Grayson commented back.

“As if,” Harper said disgusted.

“I’d believe she was a god,” Mia said gaging the crowd’s response to her announcement. “Well I would.”

“Scully’s heels alone, snatching wigs off left and right,” Noah agreed.

“Did it ever occur to any of you that maybe she used donor eggs?” Logan asked joining the conversation.

“Still a little sus, but she is slaying fifty,” stated Wells and slapped Logan on the back, both of them sharing knowing grins.

“All y’all can forget it. Mulder’s her OTP,” Noah said dreamily.

“Be that, but Scully was steppin’ out,” returned Wells pointing at Noah.

“My money is on Skinner for the new one,” Logan nodded with his eyebrows in the air.

“I don’t know, I hear Mulder is the one always manhandling Skinner,” Mia added.

“Now you trippin’,” Wells laughed holding his fist up to his mouth to catch the coffee wanting to shoot out.

“Watch out Logan. Mulder is Chuck Norris with Jackie Chan moves driving his Shelby like Diesel,” Riley said waving his karate chopping hands, looking more like Kevin Hart than anything previously mentioned. He quickly straightened up and so did the rest as Mulder entered the area. All eyes went to Mulder as he fixed himself some coffee and Riley held his closed fist out which Mulder returned with a quick bump and furrowed brow. “GOAT,” Riley recognized.

Mulder slowly nodded his head and smiled suspiciously, walking away staring at each of them as he left. And they think I’m spooky Mulder thought to himself. When he reached the basement, he said to Scully, “I was just called a goat by the new recruits. Are they saying I need to cut my hair or do I need to take another shower or something?”

“Are you sure they didn’t mean G.O.A.T. - greatest of all time?” Scully suggested.

“Well, they were addressing me, so sounds right.”

“I’m sure the bullpen is a buzz this morning,” Scully said referring to her pregnancy announcement to HR. She knew that wouldn’t be something kept under wraps.

“Are you doubting our decision?” Mulder asked softly.

“No. Our baby is safe Mulder. There’s no reason for anyone to have interest in our child and even if they tried.. William will protect her.”

“How do you know?” Mulder asked.

“If I reached out, he would come and they know that. That knowledge alone will keep our baby safe.”
“William is dangerous Scully.”

“Not to me,” Scully reminded him.

* 

Scully analyzed and re-analyzed the information on the drive Kevin had given her. Chuck had done well and it was worth having his three huge rescue mutts slobbering all over her. It was different actually reading the words. Now it was real. The implant, all these years was recording- her thoughts, her memories. Containing some kind of solid state hard drive that broadcast its information on request. Recording the neurological information to and from the central nervous system. There were no tears at this revelation only rage. The Smoking Man knew. He didn’t need someone to spy on her or Mulder. She had been supplying him with all the information he needed. That was how he knew to meet them at the pier and her visions. He had been downloading all of it through her chip. Using what? Stolen cell towers? Satellites? Which meant that if he had been downloading through borrowed waves someone else could have hijacked the signal. Then anyone could have known everything. Purlieu Services or Strughold or some other agency.

There were lines and lines of data on using it as a homing beacon, cataloging, memory control, and manipulation of the body it possessed. It wasn’t all detrimental though. It worked in conjunction with her cells, communicating, coding and recoding her DNA to repair or fight invading organisms. It explained the pace of her aging and how she was free from sickness and her organs had the ability to repair themselves. The archives had data of women given the implant in their eighties and nineties as far back as the early 1970’s and they were still alive and in phenomenal health. She understood how it protected her. For her it answered a lot of questions, provided some closure, and she finally knew the science behind it. Where it failed was to explain how she had become pregnant. While her reproductive system may have repaired itself and the chip slowing her aging may have elongated her reproductive window, it did not explain how she was able to produce eggs or how she hadn’t gotten pregnant sooner.

“Did you find what you were searching for or did it open more doors?” Mulder asked entering the room.

“My implant needs to be reprogrammed. I’m endangering you and our child by having it. The Smoking Man was able to track me, to spy on me, to record my memories. All these years, I was his greatest weapon.”

She could see the fire ignite behind Mulder’s eyes. “I’ll give Jeffrey a call.”

* 

Hours later Mulder had her an answer. “He said your chip cannot be modified, but he can fit you with a new one. One that is not trackable or traceable. He said it’s everything you need and nothing you don’t and you get to review all specs beforehand.”

“When?”

“He said he can do it without putting you to sleep and with a simple local so it won’t in any way endanger the baby. So, whenever you’re ready.”

* 

The following week...

“What about the information that is currently in the chip? Do they know about the baby?” Scully
asked Jeffrey after the procedure was complete and she was fitted with her new implant.

“No one has downloaded since your memories of Mulder getting shot,” Jeffrey said reviewing her old chip’s information on a non-connected hard drive.

“But I also had visions of me having the baby, the ultrasound-- What if he saw them?” Scully asked suddenly filled with panic.

“When did you have those specific visions?” Jeffrey asked busy typing away.

“The day William was shot, the day everything happened.”

Jeffrey shook his head. “Then no, there were no downloads on that day. He took your previous visions. Your visions of the baby did not get transmitted. You can rely on that Dana.”

*

When Scully got home from her procedure she called for Mulder, but only heard muffled voices. She headed upstairs to the new location for the nursery and found her brother Charlie, Mulder, and a painter admiring their work. Scully had been having difficulty determining what color to decide for the nursery, but, somehow, they had worked in every color she had picked. Greenish-gray walls, like thick foliage reached up to blend into a blue-gray ceiling with white swirling fluffy clouds. Orange and yellow hues in one corner designated a rising sun. The center of the ceiling was a deep blue revealing sparkling silver stars.

Scully choked back tears covering her mouth with both hands. “It’s beautiful.”

“Not to be concerned Charlie, the waterworks are becoming a daily occurrence,” Mulder joked.

“Charlie?” Scully asked. Coming out of the shock of the newly painted room, she turned her attention towards him.

“Hey sis.”

“This is a surprise,” Scully said as she hugged her younger brother and kissed his cheek. “You okay? Your wife, the kids?”

“Everyone is doing great and I hear you are too,” he said pulling at her ring finger. “Congratulations. Twice. I never thought you’d agree to it and I better be invited to the wedding.”

“Of course you are,” Scully said suddenly feeling shy. “How’s everything with your work?”

“Right as rain. The threat has remained low. At least for the foreseeable future. I’m back with the military stationed in the states… Mulder told me you met William and he decided not to stay. I’m sure he’ll be back. You know kids his age. He needs time to find himself.” Scully nodded and Charlie shifted nervously. “So, what do you think of Little Kit’s room? Do you like it?”

“Yes, it’s… Little Kit? With a ‘t’?” Scully asked.

“Yeah Kit. Kind of like junior,” Charlie said rubbing her belly. “Our little baby Fox… Oh, I forgot, you must meet the artist.”

Charlie backed away and the painter finished cleaning his brushes to greet her. He was dressed in white overalls held onto his body by a single strap splattered with so many colors of paint if could have posed for a canvas. He scratched at his goatee only slightly thicker than his scruffy beard as he
studied her. There was something about him that reminded her a little of Mulder. A well-groomed head of hair and carefully planned attire, but at the same time not giving a fuck. A large cross hung on a gold chain around his neck nestled into the dark chest hair exposed by the rebellion of his top button. Tuxedo shoes made his outfit complete and eclectic, but not eccentric. He cleaned his hands on a towel he swung over his shoulder and shook her hand. “This is Eldin,” Charlie introduced.

“You are a woman of taste. It was worth the trip.” Eldin’s only comment as he framed her with his thumbs.

Scully smiled. “How did all this come to be? What made you choose this design?”

Charlie answered first. “Mulder had called me up to tell me about the little kit and I asked if there was anything I could do to help and, well, Eldin has helped me out on more than one painting emergency, so I flew over and made it happen.”

Eldin answered her second question. “I took the best elements of your property, the colors you picked, and incorporated some fractal art - assigning a fractal equation to random numbers, then a color to each fractal based on how far and how fast they move away from the central point of the grid… and voila… I hear you’re a scientist.. If I may, I have some ideas for that hallway.”

Scully locked eyes with Mulder. She knew this was all his doing and she didn’t know or understand how she could be capable of falling in love with him every day in a new way for over twenty years, but it happened.

“What do you think of an area rug?” Mulder asked stepping into the conversation.

“There’s some stuff in the attic from my mother’s from when I was a little girl that I think might fit perfectly for this room,” Scully suggested, but didn’t take her eyes off of his.

“I’d like that,” Mulder answered and smiled. Scully’s chest burned from his intensity. Mulder spoke, but didn’t break their connection. “Why don’t we all go out to eat. Celebrate the new room. My treat.” As he left the room he took her hand. Walking side by side he whispered. “I was worried painting without you. I’m really glad you like it.”

* 

After dinner Mulder nestled behind his laptop and Scully ventured into the attic in search of items for the baby’s room. They had a lot of junk to sift through and as she made her way deeper, she accidentally kicked open a bright orange Nike box and some papers fell out along with a nerf ball rolling across the floor. She sat down on the floorboards and sifted through it curiously.

There were pictures of the two of them in various FBI garb. The forensic photographer obviously enjoyed capturing the two of them on film, most of all her and apparently shared these shots with Mulder.. Or he took them for Mulder. Sweet and/or creepy. There was a photograph of their alligator when they were trying to catch a glimpse of Big Blue, beer bottle caps she recognized by the brand from their six month anniversary after Mulder failed at his three wishes, the champagne cork from the Millenium, a wine cork, a pencil sharpened to the nub, his hospital band from his stay at the psych ward, a tea bag wrapper, a cassette tape of metal music gifted to enjoy if only they were that high. Then there were brochures from the liberty bell at independence hall, the Smithsonian, a mall directory from where Tooms met his demise, movie tickets, a folded bullet hole ridden target, a coaster from a diner, a restaurant bib, that nerf ball must have been from their quarantine..

Scully paused at a used bullet and inspected it curiously. On the flat end was a heart etched into it. Was it the one she shot him with? There was also an empty vial labeled monkey pee that made her
laugh. On the very bottom was an old green tree air freshener and when she flipped it over, in Mulder’s scribbled handwriting were the words ‘could be love’. She smiled and took a breath. Her whole life would have been different if she only had gone with her gut instinct and bought him the iced tea. “Yeah,” she said out loud. She highly doubted it. The last items in the box were two Oregon airline tickets. The date was clear. He had kept the tickets from their first flight together. But how? Why? Did he care for her that much that early? Did he have that much forethought or maybe it had cluttered his room and decided one day to start collecting them in that box?

She carefully opened the papers which she discovered were a handwritten letter a few pages long. Front and back. She read the first line:

‘As I write this you are sleeping next to me and William is sleeping soundly in his crib.’

Scully remembered this box. It was the one Mulder had given her before he left for a year. She remembered him saying that “if it ever got too much, to open it, they were in there.” It had been such an emotional time, but that was years of collecting. She wasn’t sure if she should read further, but at the same time.. She wanted to know. She read on.

‘My happiness runs out in mere hours and I will leave you with the faith that we have made the right decision. All those times your heart beat next to mine, our breaths mingled, our eyes embraced, I never once believed I would be the one to walk away. This will break me Scully, but I also know eventually you will piece me back.

I guess I should write something mushy about adoring the sweetness of your perfume or the way your hair curls when it gets wet from being in the rain, or how your lip quivers when I take something too far, but when I get down to the bare bones of what I love about you it’s that you’re tough, brilliant, qualified in everything you do, and underneath your encased shell is an ocean of unpredictability and surprises over a sky of loyalty and an unending capacity for love. You refuse to believe your eyes without proof, but will pursue a liver eating mutant or unknown pathogen without fear and still know your bomber planes or otherworldly practices. Scully, you have saved me at every turn, sometimes with a single touch and for that I am forever grateful, and what you have given me: a partner, a son, a family to one day come home to- I will never give up on that Scully. No matter what this journey or our future brings, you always have me and that you can put your back up against. What you must know Scully, believe inside your heart, you and I, together, are a universal invariant. The link that binds our souls is more than I ever could have imagined yet everything I ever dreamed. No words I could ever write would be adequate to express my feelings, but just maybe, those souvenirs fading to dust in this box can remind you of different times and how much I care. I guess it all comes down to hope of someday being a family again, another chance to be a partner and a father. I’m leaving with the memory of you in my heart, your touch on my arm, your voice saying my name. What will get me through all those nights alone will be having you and our son to live for.’

Damn you Mulder she thought with fresh tears staining the pages. Twice in one day. With the box under her arm she made her way downstairs and interrupted him, now back at the computer busily typing away. He rotated his chair as she placed the box on the desk. “I forgot about that shoebox,” he said meekly.

“I haven’t opened it before today,” Scully said softly.

Mulder looked away clearly uncomfortable running his finger over the keys. It was obvious he never intended to discuss the matter. “Guess I’m a sentimental fool.”

“Or a serial killer.”

He huffed out a laugh in agreement and shrugged it off. Before he could speak she interrupted him.
“You were true to your word. You never gave up on us Mulder.”

“Yeah, and look where it got us.”

She placed his hand on her belly. “Look where it got us,” she repeated.

His eyes smiled and he gave her hand a squeeze. “I overheard Charlie telling you he wanted to meet with you tomorrow- talk about why him and your mother were estranged- I think you should go.”

The reasons didn’t matter to her, but if it was something Charlie needed to get off of his chest for closure, she was willing to listen. “I will. I’ll go.”

Scully’s eyes drifted to the monitor. “What are you doing Mulder?” Something had caught her eye and she rotated the screen. “Are you applying to schools?”

“What? Yeah, I was just..” Mulder stammered.

“Already?”

“They have a long waiting list.”

“I don’t recall discussing this.”

“It’s only an application. We can discuss it if we get accepted.”

“Mulder,” Scully said deciding to let it slide for now. She was still focused on the box and the letter and the nursery. “I was thinking of taking a hot shower.”

“Ohkay,” Mulder answered and resumed typing at the keyboard.

“I can’t quite reach my back anymore. I might need some assistance,” Scully said, her voice sweetening and her cheeks getting warm as she fought the edges of her mouth not to rise.

“I’ll help in a minute,” Mulder mumbled focused on his screen. Scully sighed loudly and made her way up the stairs. Mulder’s typing slowed as their conversation replayed in his head. He paused, slammed his laptop shut and bounded up the stairs taking them three at a time...

* *

The hot sun glared down on Jackson’s body drying the salt water from his skin. He combed his wet knotted dark hair with his fingers. San Diego was his current location. Drawn to it without knowing why. He had made the trek across country with a combination of hitchhiking and convincing the guy at a junkyard to sell him a car. Still living off newly acquired lottery winnings he landed a cash job washing dishes at a nearby greasy spoon. If he could figure out how to end his life he would. There was no reason for his existence that he could determine and his bio-mother’s voice repeated in his head as she spoke to the man that wanted to help him, carrying an expression of hurt that mirrored his own feelings.

At least they made the right decision. The best thing they could do was keep away from him. Only misery and pain followed everyone he touched. A war waged inside him and at the moment he wasn’t certain which side would win. He felt the monster hungry, needy. What if one day he wasn’t able to squelch that need? Was the monster eating him alive? Prowling the deep abyss of his soul, waiting for his time to surface? How much of him was not of this world? What if there came a day when he decided his alien nature was the right path and humans were weak and undeserving. What then? He rubbed his face and sat up. Too much thinking. Why could he never turn his brain off and
have peace?

“Your father has the same problem and almost as self-deprecating,” a voice rang in his head.

“Where are you?” Jackson asked turning his head left and right taken off-guard.

“I’m leaning against the railing of the boardwalk behind you.”

Jackson turned and saw a short man with light brown hair, a scar running the course of his head.

Brushing the sand off his skin, Jackson put on his clothes and shoes and made his way to meet him.

“So, who are you and how did you find me?” Jackson peered at him weerily. “Wait.. I know you. I see you in my dreams, in the background of visions. Who are you?”

“Gibson. I found you because I wanted to. I also have access to the most high powered satellite equipment you could imagine. We can find almost anyone and watch them walking down the street from anywhere.”

“You work with my father?”

“Your creator? He has associates, but no one works with him. I know him very well, after all, he put this scar on my head,” Gibson said tracing it with his finger. “But no, I would not collaborate with that monster.”

“How are you speaking to me telepathically? Are you an alien?” Jackson asked as they walked down the boardwalk. He didn’t know if he could trust him or what powers he had, but he was pretty sure he could take him if he needed to.

“No. I’m human. Although, that telepathic sonar you use won’t work on me. Remember, I’m reading your mind.” Gibson looked at where the sun was hanging in the sky. “I know you want answers and I can provide you with some. I know you want to meet others like you so you don’t feel so alone. Trust me, I understand, and if you still want to end your life.. Well, we can accommodate that too.”

“I know where I come from. I know about the tests, the experiments, about Project Crossroads. I’ve met my creator and the woman who gave birth to me. The human part of my DNA.”

“That’s only a small part of the whole. Come with me and I’ll give you a reason to live. You will need to accept yourself completely as William. Jackson is dead. The death certificate clearly states suicide.”

William followed Gibson to his hotel room and a laptop. The room was an upscale suite dressed in heavy gold trimmed curtains and a vaulted ceiling. Mind reading must pay much better than predicting the future. “We’ll start at the beginning,” Gibson sent to him cutting off his thoughts. “Aliens inhabited this planet millions of years before man. We could begin your quest as far as ancient civilizations.. The beginning or evolution of man, but your particular story starts with the Nazis I’m afraid. They were the first of the present day countries to decide to monopolise on their access to alien spacecraft and specimens. The U.S. would come later and were perhaps just as ruthless. Go ahead and read for yourself.”

The articles Gibson showed him on the laptop were fascinating. A part of the web William had never found. Addresses much deeper than any dark corner. At first as he read the articles and accounts it just seemed like a garbage dump, the kind of stuff people laughed at as being ridiculous, but at the same time he was fascinated. He read every page Gibson would let him absorb, hundreds of pages. What if it were true?
The first of the essays began on July 1st in 1935 with a secret cabal known as the Ahnenerbe (meaning: inherited from the forefathers) whose leaders included Heinrich Himmler, who had an intense fascination with the occult, the leader of the SS Herman Wirth obsessed with finding the lost city of Atlantis, and Richard Walther Darré, an agriculturalist. The Nazi shadow organization funded numerous expeditions and archeological digs all over the world - Germany, Greece, Poland, Iceland, Romania, Croatia, Africa, Russia, Tibet, and many more. They delved into the remote areas of the world searching for lost arcane runes, ancient artifacts, relics or ruins, mystical texts, magical items, weird curiosities, bizarre paranormal locations, and strange supernatural artifacts of all kinds. Any proof or evidence of creating the “perfect race.”

They recruited Strughold to lead a “scientific division” for developing “weapons.” One of the divisions included a agricultural/horticultural division. Some of the goals of the divisions were the creation of psychic assassins who could kill with their minds, using astral projection to spy on the enemy, astrology to help plan strategies, the use of magic spells as weapons, and the divination of the future, among other various such projects. All in the name of “science”. William scoffed at that. Sounded more like Indiana Jones than history, but he had read similar books and knew there was something to these essays and accounts. No matter, it was creepy, but it didn’t end there. Strughold actively sought to develop top secret new technologies based on ancient lost or forbidden knowledge, mystical texts, alien technologies, and their own secret research. The group was heavily involved with various areas of pseudoscience, including finding crashed UFOS. Utilizing alien technology for numerous weapons programs. All of this research and experimentation were performed using human test subjects, Jews taken from the concentration camps. The Nazis, and many in power fervently believed in these numerous quests and projects, pouring a great deal of money, manpower, and resources into them making this enigmatic organization one of the most powerful in the world.

Eventually the interests steered towards the newly acquired stolen texts of the Russian supersoldier program. They were looking to replicate and extend the research from there. Along with Germany’s alliance with Japan they began to recruit scientists and share knowledge. The genetics experiments were now extending across the globe. With the end of WWII, Americans, provided safe havens for German and Japanese scientists in exchange for their scientific knowledge creating their own hybrid programs.

What they had not counted on was the aliens returning with plans of their own. All of this leading up to Gibson’s private drive. Files translated from their original encryption from files that an Alex Krycek once had possession of and sold to the highest bidder. Files that Strughold had purchased back and allowed Gibson access. William perused these files with equal fervor. He navigated through the history of the project, the leaders, their loved ones, his namesake Bill Mulder, the merchandise, the vaccines against them, and Dana Katherine Scully. There were more on the tests performed on her and other women, extracted ova, and he started to understand how special Dana Scully really was. There was more on corn, hybrid crops, viruses, drones, pollination, and vaccines.

Whether the project disbanded or not, the experiments to find a perfect soldier, a perfect human, never stopped. There was no escaping history, the blood money, or the consistent use of unwilling humans as subjects. William wasn’t sure if knowing the truth made it better or worse.

“Was the original intention of my creation as a hybrid to assist colonization? Or was I supposed to be a weapon to defeat the aliens? Was I made simply to enable my creator to rise to power and take his throne as god to the new human race that survived the apocalypse? How is this not the most fucked up thing in the fucking universe?” William asked Gibson.

“Why does it matter? You’re here - existing. You decide your fate. I’m giving you a chance. I can teach you how to control your abilities. I can teach you patience and more informative decision
making. Or you can go your own way. If you come with me, you will not be alone. I have many others like you. Some from Project Crossroads and others from different satellite experiments. The choice is yours William.”

“You’re offering me everything I ever wanted.” William only hesitated for a moment. “I’m going.”

*  

“Scully look, she’s following my hand,” Mulder said excitedly moving his hand around as the doctor performed the ultrasound around him.

The doctor slowly slid the probe to the other side. “The baby is responding well. I’ll have some nice images for you to take home.”

“I think she’s giving me a high five,” said Mulder hovering over Scully, poking at her belly and distracting the doctor.

“Mulder, please let the doctor do her job,” Scully pleaded. Mulder’s excitement was not contagious this morning. That was until he moved to the other side of the room and Scully felt the baby move.

“Mulder, keep talking and walk back towards the machine,” Scully instructed.

Mulder walked while he talked reciting the morning news and Scully felt the baby move again. The doctor picked up the slight movement on the ultrasound. “She’s responding to the sound of your voice. Have you been talking to her a lot?”

“Every night,” they both said in unison and the doctor smiled. Mulder spoke to the baby so much Scully thought he may be talking to the baby more than her.

Everything healthy and normal the doctor put away the equipment while Mulder returned his hand to Scully’s belly. The baby kicked almost in response and Mulder felt it underneath his palm and started to glow.

“Are you hungry?” Scully inquired as soon as they got in the car.

“What do you want?” Mulder said laying a hand on her knee and giving it a gentle massage.

“Donuts?”

The donut place was crowded and Scully insisted on not waiting in the car so there they stood in a seemingly endless line. Mulder softly kneading her shoulders behind her while she took her time deciding what kind she wanted. Jelly? Yes definitely jelly. No, they don’t put enough inside. Maybe chocolate covered with sprinkles. She rubbed her lower back with her right hand. The standing was getting a little much. Almost in time with her pain, Mulder’s arms came from behind underneath her arms and around her waist and gently lifted her tummy up off her hips, his hands interlocking underneath it forming a sling for the baby to rest. It was instant relief. “Mulder,” she whispered in approval. Mulder leaned over enough for his scruffiness to bristle her cheek then soothed it with a kiss. “Better?” he asked softly in her ear.

She looked up into his eyes and he closed them to press his lips to her forehead. Her heart bled pleasure. She decided she definitely wanted the Boston cream.

Chapter End Notes
I've completed the outline to the mythology and I have a definitive ending that I think most of you will like. It will take some time to get there so this story will not be ending soon.
World Tour

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

This chapter concerns Scully and her DNA.

Mulder’s bare knuckles beat against the old faded wooden door. The last time Mulder reached out to its owner there was a fire at a Zeus genetics lab and Mulder was hell bent to prove whether his son was a creation of man or a miracle. Convinced those answers never completely surfaced he pushed it out of his mind. The door swung open. “Fox Mulder.”

“John Doggett,” Mulder gritted back. He already regretted his decision to come.

Doggett looked him over. “What brings you here Fox.”

Mulder dug his hands into his jean pockets. “I never thanked you for trying to help us find our son. I wanted to do it in person.”

Doggett slid to the side and held out an arm. “Why don’t you come on in. Grab a beer.”

Mulder stepped in. Doggett’s house was very basic. Beige everywhere. The most money he had spent decorating was on his leather couch. There were fresh flowers arranged in a glass salad dressing container turned into a makeshift vase on the coffee table. Mulder found that rather odd, but said nothing as he sat down. Doggett returned and handed him a beer.

“John, you’re still with the DOD?”

“Yeah, I plan on retiring soon. I’ve got my years in, but for now I’m enjoying my job.”

Mulder waited until John sat down and got comfortable before he announced why he was really there. “You remember when Scully was pregnant the firsts time? Did, she.. Was she kind of.. I missed the first part of her first pregnancy and I guess I’m not sure what’s normal.”

Doggett turned to look Mulder in the eye and he could tell Doggett was concerned. “She was very sick. Almost the whole time and she was back and forth to the hospital all the time with complications.”

“What about the um.. mood swings. Did she have lots of those? I just don’t know what’s normal and what’s, well, insane.”

Doggett laughed and slid the length of his forefinger over his top lip. “Fox, I’m not about to talk about another man’s wife and well, frankly, I’m afraid of Dana kicking my ass, but I could tell you about my first wife and maybe give you some suggestions.”

“Never take advice about a woman from a man.” Mulder jumped. He didn’t even know someone else had been in the house. He flung his head around and there was Monica Reyes standing in the doorway. She looked weak and her head was bandaged, but she was alive.
“You’re killing him. If you take him off life support now you might as well start making the funeral arrangements,” Scully argued.

“This is coming from the family. It has already been decided,” the doctor explained keeping an even tone.

“Where is the family and why can’t I speak with them?” Scully felt her blood pressure rising. Walter Skinner was about to take his final breaths and they wouldn’t even let her talk to the ones making the arrangements.

“The family wishes to remain private. I’ll give you some time with him. I’ve got rounds and other patients, but at the end of the day I will call the family in and support will be removed.” The doctor left and Scully was alone with Skinner. She held his hand and started to cry. She didn’t want it to end like this. Not like this. His fingers twitched, but there were no definitive signs of progress. A hand on his chest, his heart beating underneath, she prayed. Images of good times floated inside her head. It was time to say goodbye. She squeezed his hand and pressed her lips to his forehead.

“You’re a good man Walter and you deserved so much more trust than we gave you. You sacrificed your life and never got your answers. May your soul find its peace in heaven.” Squeezing his hand one last time she let go. As she turned to walk out she heard him mumble. She turned back.

“Walter?” The monitors showed everything steady, but then his pulse picked up. “Dana.” His voice raspy and low.

“Walter. Oh my God.”

* 

“Mulder,” the baby monitor crackled and Mulder picked his head up off the throw pillow on the couch rubbing his eyes. He turned the display to see Scully in bed, most likely dreaming, but decided to check on her anyway. By the time he made his way up the stairs she was in the bathroom. Mulder called through the door, “You need something? Heating pad, shoulder rub, fuzzy socks?”

Scully opened the door and made her way back to the bed rubbing lotion into her hands. “No, I’m all right. Did I call out for you in my sleep again?”

“It’s fine.”

“Mulder, you don’t have to sleep on the couch. I’m sure there’s a way for me to get comfortable and leave room for you.”

“The couch is comfortable. You’ve got the a.c. cranked so high in this room it’s like sleeping in the arctic. Besides, I’ve got the monitor so it’s like being next to you except I get to turn the volume down when you start to snore.”

“I don’t enjoy having hot flashes anymore than you enjoy dealing with them.”

Mulder saw the way she was looking at him through her lashes. No matter what he said it was going to end wrong, but he forged ahead, albeit quieter. “I know. I’ve got the mini fridge stocked if you get thirsty.” He handed her a water. “If you have a craving,” he continued very proud of his ingenuity, opening the top dresser drawer, “I have chocolates with various filling, peanut butter, ranch dressing, a variety of chips and doodles.” He opened another deeper drawer. “We’ve got jar foods here if there is a chance you want pickles or olives. And of course you can call any time and I will search the globe for anything else. Oh.. and if you have any other cravings,” he opened another drawer and
pulled out a fancy black box, handing it to Scully. She opened it greedily and held up a replica of her small hot pink friend.

“No GPS or bluetooth so you have to work the buttons manually,” Mulder explained trying to curtail the enjoyment he knew he would get from it. “Our positions are getting somewhat limited and I need you happy.” Mulder pointed to the box. “And it’s waterproof if we want to use it in the shower.” He snapped his finger and pointed in the air. “Which reminds me,” he said running around the room and removing another box from under the bed. “I bought you a foot spa. I know how much your feet and ankles hurt after work and well…”

“It’s not even my birthday..” Scully said and he wasn’t sure if she was being sarcastic or genuine. It was an earnest attempt to make her happy. She had been so sick these months that when the cravings started he was grateful to see her keep it down. Even the doctor was concerned at the poor amount of weight she had gained. Scully yawned.

“Get some sleep,” he said and pulled the blanket up to her chin as she snuggled in underneath it.

“Please stay,” she pleaded as he turned to head back downstairs. This was a dangerous prospect. Two nights ago they had attempted sharing the bed and he was awakened by her fist landing solidly on his bicep. He had done something awful to her in her dream and the result was a quarter sized bruise in reality.

“Okay,” he conceded and got in the bed. Both of them flat on their backs, he closed his eyes and held her hand. When he opened them it was morning and he swore he could see his breath even though the outside temperature was nearly seventy degrees. He turned to reach for Scully, but all that was left was some cheese cracker crumbs and a couple empty wrappers. At least she was eating.

* 

“I never put to rest Melissa’s murder. Couldn’t get over her death,” Charlie admitted to Scully as they sat on the terrace of a new cafe in town drinking coffee.

Scully’s heart was heavy. All these years and she took complete responsibility. The day had played over in her mind so many times, but she could go down every path, play every scenario, and it wouldn’t change that her sister was dead. “Charlie, I found her killer decades ago.”

“Who? Some random faceless assassin? He was following orders,” Charlie argued.

“So what did you uncover?” Scully relented.

“I never got very far until about 3 or 4 years ago. Central Intelligence requested some GIs for assistance. We went undercover to protect the U.S. intelligence spies. They were tracking men selling secrets. Your name came up as part of those secrets. I was never able to gain access and those involved were executed before they could provide answers to anyone. I inquired to superiors if your life was in danger and I was told your abduction and Melissa had been payment on that debt. What debt, right? They said something about our father owing a debt for them allowing him to have his children.”

“And this led you down another path. Charlie I know how this ends, someone dies.”

Charlie ignored her. “I found files in a U.S. Naval base in Germany that led me to believe somehow our mother was involved with a secret program, but the name of that program and what it entailed has continued to elude me.”

“How exactly could you be led to believe that Charlie?”
“I didn’t get enough to piece anything together exactly, but you were being watched way before joining the FBI and even before the infamous Project.”

Scully’s stomach knotted. “Get to the point Charlie.”

Charlie leaned in and tapped his fist on the table. “I confronted our mother and she denied everything, but something in her denial.. I think she knew something. We fought and I walked out, told her I didn’t want to speak to her until she told me the truth. We never spoke again.”

“Charlie that’s awful.”

“I know,” Charlie said shaking his head, “I mean what was she hiding that she couldn’t tell me?”

“No, I mean it’s awful that you would dare confront our mother about nonsense and then not resolve it making her last dying wish to ask for you.” Rage filled her system. Scully waved down the waitress. “I really have nothing more to say to you Charlie.”

“Dana, the answer is there in Germany, I know it. They wouldn’t give me access, but with your clearance level... I need you to go and find the answers.”

“To what?” Scully said staring him down.

“To who we are... and you can start by sampling my DNA.”

* 

“Skinner’s responsive?” Mulder asked Scully after getting off the phone with Morales. It confused him that she didn’t tell him the other night. The last update Scully had given him was that they were going to remove life support. Like a contagion, the fear in Scully’s eyes flowered in his own gut even before she answered him.

“Not just responsive. Healed. Like nothing ever happened,” she answered, the fear remaining.

“How?”

Scully picked up Mulder’s nameplate from the desk to fidget with it so she didn’t have to look him in the eye. “I don’t know. Know one knows.” Mulder knew and so did she.

It’s not to be feared Scully, he thought to himself yet his own stomach still turned.

“I was in his room praying..”

“And you touched him, made contact,” Mulder finished anxious to know the details.

“Yes, but..”

Mulder stood from behind the desk to invade her personal space. He needed to be closer. “You don’t see the connection? The other day I cut my finger and you touched it and I was healed. Now you touch Skinner and he’s back to perfect health?”

“Not perfect health,” she corrected, “but, Mulder, it was a coincidence.”

“We don’t believe in coincidences Scully,” he said gently, trying his best to soften her fears and at the same time pushing her forward. He laid his hand on her shoulder and inched closer.

“You’re saying I now have the power of healing?” she said as her eyebrow lifted.
“I’m saying someone does.” He searched her eyes, his finger grazing her temple, carrying along with it a strand of her hair. With his eyes he comforted her begging her not to shut him out. She didn’t.

“Mulder.”

He broke from their connection, taking the pressure off and she followed him. “You have a better theory?” he asked.

Scully’s jaw tightened. “Charlie’s DNA tests came back positive.. for alien DNA. He gave me swabs of his children.. And they were also positive. Not to the extent of my DNA, but there was a presence.”

“Which means it becomes genetic,” Mulder said processing the new information, “which means..”

“Our little kit could have alien DNA.”

Mulder smiled at her calling the baby kit. All these years the hate of his name hadn’t diminished, but to have a daughter, a little female mini him running around. “Does that make you my Vixen?”

“Can you be serious?”

“I am being serious. Look, Scully. If you want answers we need to take the trip now.”

“Charlie’s friend in Germany made a special request through the FBI. He’s a historian and archaeologist and he’s discovered artifacts that he’s insisting he needs my forensic help with. Charlie has no clearance, but I do and with the FBI backing…”

“We’re on the next flight to Germany,” Mulder finished.

*

In Germany, they met up with Sebastian, Charlie’s historian friend, a tall heavy set brood with a jolly laugh and a ramble that could go for miles. He arranged a car that took them to an old factory depot. There he was waiting and led them down a winding staircase, through a slimy moss ridden tunnel to a recently discovered basement previously hidden by five feet of brick.

Not wasting time, Sebastian showed Scully a table with various newly acquired artifacts and delicately he opened the thick volumes of a dark brown leather book that lay on the table, dry and cracked with age. “This is what Charlie wanted you to witness.”

The pages within it were brittle, but intact and the original stitching barely held the binding together.

Meanwhile, Mulder was examining the bare cinder block walls walking around tapping at the concrete.

“Agent Mulder, I can assure you we’ve already examined the walls for further caverns and found nothing.” Mulder ignored him running his finger along the grout, rolling the debris between his thumb and pointer, taking a whiff.

Sebastian had already moved on, and with a penlight highlighted a name. “Charlie believes that these names belong to your grandfather and grandmother.”

“Yes, those are their names, but what is this?”

“Have you ever heard of the Lebensborn program?”
This caught Mulder’s attention. “The secret registered association led by the Nazi SS? They were breeding humans in an attempt to grow what they believed to be a “pure” race.”

“Breeding?” Scully asked her tongue consoling her upper lip.

Sebastian explained. “Single women would apply. Some already pregnant, others to have children with the soldiers or other “pure” men. Both mother and father had to pass a racial purity test. The children were born in secret.”

“I thought the pure had Blonde hair and blue eyes and were of German descent. My grandparents were a mixed Irish, their children all had dark hair.”

“The program was expanded later to include non-German mothers. Himmler was known to have “recruited” some 10,000 children from Norway. It was an attempt to increase the German/Nordic population.

“The program was terminated in 1945,” Mulder reminded him.

“Yes, but this book is documenting an offset of that program that continued in Norway. This book contains a list of Nordic males and females with qualified pure blood.”

“You’re trying to tell me I have ancestors from Norway?”

“Have you ever heard of the Tuatha De Danann?”

Scully looked over at Mulder, but he stayed silent. She didn’t like where this was headed. Sebastian attempted to further explain. “There was a large group of Nordics that had migrated to Ireland with distinctive red hair and blue eyes. If the Nazis recruited your grandparents into this breeding program it is likely they were searching these Nordic genes meaning your mother was born a “pure blood.”

“Why would my grandparents voluntarily apply to such a program?”

“To guarantee that the child was properly cared for and safe under the Nazi’s regime. They would be part of the elite. Their children would be protected and lead a life of royalty.”

“So the Nazis believed my grandparents had the blood of the Tuatha De Danaan?”

“Most likely. They were believed to be a race of godlike creatures gifted with supernatural powers like immortality, telekinesis and telepathy, even soothsayers. Once they landed in Ireland, they supposedly ruled for over four thousand years.”

“And as a historian you believe in this?” Scully countered.

“No, but the Nazis’ did. The Nazis believed in an alien race that had come to this planet and ruled it long before humans until a race of humans evolved naturally to rise up and resist the aliens driving them underground. It was Hitler that decided it was the Aryan race.”

Mulder, growing uninterested in their conversation, stepped through another excavated wall. The opening, narrow at first, quickly widened, uncovering a hidden lab where severely decayed bodies lay on cold steel examination tables. On closer inspection Mulder noted their uniforms, recognizing them as Soviet troops in differing stages of dissection. He pulled away the uniform of one of the soldiers decomposed to the point of almost bare bones, but these bones were enhanced with some sort of steel prosthesis. The others also had bones replaced and one even had metal ribs. “Scully come look at this.”
Mulder picked up a broken angle iron and struck the arm of the skeleton splintering the bone, breaking it in two. Scully heard the bang and ran into the area, opening her mouth to chide him when her eyes grew wide. A metallic substance was bleeding from where the bone marrow would be, stacking like magnetized filings, constructing a new limb, grafting the metal to bone.

“I don’t think it has the ability to completely repair,” Mulder said to calm Scully. “This is only the early stages.”

“I see you found the other room Agent Mulder,” Sebastian said as he joined them. “Those are the Soviet bodies, but the corpses in the corner are Nazis. The Ahnenerbe planned to resurrect and clone them at a later time. The intention was to resurge the Nazis to rise and conquer again. We also found pages of notes on the reviving of animals and humans through some... enigmatic means.” Mulder wasn’t paying attention, transfixed on the transforming body, he drew his gun and shot. The head of the corpse exploded and the metal filings fell to the floor. Scully instinctively pulled out her own gun from its holster and Sebastian placed a hand at his chest.

Mulder looked at Sebastian. “With zombies, you always aim for the head.”

“It showed signs of life?” Scully asked.

“No, but I wasn’t taking chances.” Mulder asked Sebastian, “You requested us personally to identify what? Certainly not names in a book and not some old stolen soviet relics.” Mulder pointed to the paintings and statues against the wall.

“Right,” Sebastian agreed with a nod. “For that we will need to head to the forensics lab.”

Another long drive and they were at the lab, Sebastian excitedly updating Scully hovered over preserved brains. Scully seemed equally enthralled. The smell of eggs in the morning made her sick, but brains and formaldehyde weren’t a problem. Mulder’s stomach wasn’t as generous, so he did his best to concentrate on Sebastian. “These were unearthed at different locations,” Sebastian said. “We believe they are related to the Ahnenerbe, but we have some dated as late as the 1970’s. We’re looking for you to possibly shed some light on our discovery.”

Scully lowered her procedure mask continuing to poke at the brains. “Considering the types of medical procedures performed and the part of the brain they were focused on, I’d most likely hypothesize they were attempting to alter intellect and not for the better.”

“There was a fairly well documented project on zombifying living test subjects,” Sebastian added.

“That maybe true for this one, but these three were infected,” Scully peered under the microscope at the other samples and the lab reports. “From the looks of it, this is something very similar to what I’ve seen before - an engineered virus. These men were infected with a parasite. If you believe they were attempting zombification, to reduce a human being to its very base primal functions, a parasite could make sense. There are known parasites in nature that alter the brain chemistry and the behavior of their host.”

Mulder locked eyes with Scully. “They were making drones Scully.”

“You’ve seen this in practice Agent Mulder?” Sebastian inquired.

Mulder recalled the young Samantha clones tending the corn fields with some young Aryan boys. He wondered what became of any of it, what became of them. “A long time ago,” Mulder mumbled. “But yes.”
Mulder was laying on the bed of the hotel room, his nose buried in his phone, his glasses pressed firmly to his face. “Mulder, since when does the FBI approve such lavish accommodations?” Scully asked returning from the bathroom in a nightgown.

“Since you are signing my reimbursement forms,” Mulder said looking up long enough to catch her scowl. “You’re six and a half months pregnant Scully. I’m not having you stay in a bedbug motel in a foreign country having to share a bathroom with multiple strangers.”

“Well, this bathroom is large enough to house a small family.”

“I know you like them big,” Mulder returned and Scully lifted an eyebrow.

“There’s a seat in the shower,” she called, her voice echoing out to him.

He nodded and continued reading. Scully, meanwhile, laid out her clothes for the next day.

“I’ve been reading up on the Tuatha De Danann. Very interesting. Did you know they came to Ireland on metal ships. The later accounts specify from the sea, but there is a theory they were alien ships.”

“Aliens Mulder? With red hair and blue eyes landing only in Ireland to mate with the barbaric natives?”

Mulder took off his glasses to rest the arm on his plump bottom lip. “Why do my thoughts sound crazy coming from your mouth? Although, that would be a good plot for a porn.” Mulder put down his glasses and his phone. “We’re not taking the trip to Norway are we?”

“No. Ireland. Charlie did some research and found our great aunt. My grandmother’s sister. He contacted her.”

“She’s still alive?”

“104 years young,” Scully said putting away her suitcase. “We always knew of her but because she stayed in Ireland and we were always traveling with the military, we never got a chance to meet her.”

“So you believe there’s something to this?”

“No, but I want to know what relations my family had with the Nazis. Why they would volunteer for such a program and what they might have been exposed to.”

“You can’t deny Charlie and his children’s DNA results.”

“Charlie is part of the military and consorted with the Rebels. We don’t know what he’s done. They may have supplied him with a vaccine.”

“What about Bill?”

“Bill? Bill’s not going to know anything about this. We don’t need to stir that pot.”

Scully let her body fall into a seating position on the bed and she let out a heavy sigh.

“Scully, it’s only an old Irish myth. Gingers have always been enchanting, which is where it originates and you know as well as I do that the Nazi agenda was more about loyalty and submission than any truth.”

“It’s not that.”
“Then what?”

She rubbed her swollen belly. “I can’t get comfortable no matter how I lay down, I’m always tired and I feel incredibly unattractive. To make matters worse, I can’t even shave my own legs.”

Mulder knew better than to comment on her looks or correct her about them. He had made that mistake before. Instead he got up off the bed and held out his hand. “Let’s rectify this situation.”

Scully allowed him to help her up, but then quickly shooed his hand away. “Mulder, you’re suffocating me. I know we’re having a baby together, but this is my body. There needs to be some kind of boundaries.”

Mulder nodded, a little bruised from her lashing. “I don’t know how…” his shoulders dropped and his eyebrows slanted towards each other. “I don’t know… anything. Last week I actually asked Doggett for advice.”

Scully smiled at him and her eyes deepened to a glossy cobalt. She took his hand and gave his arm a tug. “Come on.”

“Where we going?”

“You wanted to shave my legs didn’t you?”

Carefully, Mulder slid the blade along the length of Scully’s leg from the ankle to the knee taking the shaving cream with it. The path it left reminded him of mowing tall grass. With the exception of some sparse light blonde strands, Scully’s legs didn’t hold much hair, but he continued dutifully. He shook the blade underneath the tub water and continued while Scully sat on the chair in the shower observing his work. “Now that we know it’s going to be a girl, we should probably start discussing baby names,” Scully said adjusting the towel wrapped around her covering her upper body. “I know I named the first, but this time around..”

Mulder looked up. “It’s different,” he completed. “I want to name her Margaret. After your mother.”

Scully tilted her head back and leaned against the tile of the shower. “I was certain you were going to say Samantha.”

Mulder dipped the razor again. “That name comes with a lot of baggage. This baby is a new beginning. I don’t want her having to carry the load of my sister. Your mother, on the other hand, represents to me, all the good that has happened in my life. Your return from your coma, recovery from cancer, and getting me through all the toughest parts of my life. She invited me into your family and convinced me I always belonged there. All the holidays we spent, the visits. I want to say my daughter’s name and only think of happiness and love.”

“Yeah, but I’m not sure I want to call my daughter Maggie.”

“You’ve got some names in mind?”

“Well, a female fox..”

Mulder shook his head. “I don’t want my daughter named after me. Please don’t do that to her.”

“We could call her Xen, like the second half of Vixen, a female fox..”

“And “X”, like the x-files.” Mulder looked at her disapprovingly, adding some fresh hot water into the tub. “No, Scully.”
“Well, what then?”

He ran his hand over the satin finish left on her skin, admiring his work. His hand finding it’s resting place on her thigh, he kissed her knee. “We’ll think of something.”
Mulder and Scully are in Ireland visiting Scully's Great Aunt Danny to learn about her Grandma Katherine, from her mother's side of the family. Short chapter to lead into next week.

“Scully, get up, we’ve got to go,” Mulder said as he tossed his clothes into his suitcase, checking the drawers to see if he missed anything.

“Mulder, please,” Scully mumbled with her eyes closed, “We can experiment with the chocolate fountain and the ironing board later.”

Mulder paused for a moment and then shook his head. “No, Scully. Sebastian called. We’ve gotta move. The site was raided last night. They’re destroying evidence.”

That got her attention. “They? What They?” she asked.

“I don’t know, but we’ve got to move.”

“Where are we going?” Scully yawned, stretching her arms.

“Airport. They won’t risk the publicity of killing us in an airport.”

*  

“Alisabeth or beth maybe?” Mulder asked scanning a book of baby names while he ate the roll on his inflight meal.

Scully shrugged. She was too uncomfortable to think. The air was stifling and she was tired of sitting. Her ankles looked like two balloons and using the airplane bathroom was not an experience she wanted to repeat. The only relief would be if she could get some sleep.

“Abby?” Mulder asked.

“Maybe... no.”

“Annabelle?”

Scully shook her head. “No.”

“April?”

Scully shrugged. “Maybe.” She watched as the flight attendant took their trays.

“Mulder, if it’s okay, I’m going to shut my eyes, maybe try to take a nap.”

Mulder placed the book in the pouch and leaned back. He put his earbuds in and scrolled through the
playlists. Scully covered his hand and he turned his head to look in her eyes. His thumb caressed her hand. “How you feeling?”

“I’ve been better, but mostly just uncomfortable. Is it okay if I lean on you?”

“I was counting on it.”

Mulder lifted the arm rest between them and put his arm around her as she found comfort in the crook of his arm. Scully felt him run his lips against her hair and it warmed her chest. Her eyes suddenly heavy, she drifted them closed. Mulder’s warm complex sweet woody scent drowning out the nauseating airplane’s, the faint music from Mulder’s buds serenading her, while his heartbeat lulled her the rest of the way.

Scully’s great Aunt Daniélín suggested they meet at her frequented pub down a cobblestone street in the quieter side of town away from the tourists. Aunt Daniélín’s voice sounded strong over the phone and as Mulder held the door open, Scully had direct sight of her, already sitting at a window table and waving them over. They made their way down the long spacious room passed the polished mahogany and walnut bar running along the length of it. The illumination from the flames of the open fire bounced off the dimly lit interior and flagstone floors leaving shadows in its wake. At only half capacity, the patrons ignored them as they made their way towards the back, consumed in their own conversations and laughter.

“How did you know it was us?” Scully asked as she wrapped her arms around the delicate small frame of her aunt.

“No one in Ireland would dress like that,” Aunt Daniélín said smiling at her own comment. “And also you had told me you were pregnant and your husband was a foot taller than you.”

“He’s not…” Mulder shook his head at her and she didn’t finish.

He held out her chair and took the window seat so Scully could have more room on the end.

Aunt Daniélín drew forth her gold spectacles and deliberately scanned Scully’s indignant features, while she spoke aloud her observations, “You are more of a Scully, but I see enough of your mother in there to claim you as our own.”

Scully took in her aunt’s face at the same time. The lines so pronounced it was hard to tell what she must have looked like as a young woman. The exception was her eyes glowing with all the power of the Celtic Sea. All of her personality and secrets, all there to read in those creases.

The bartender if on cue came around the bar to set a glass of water in front of Scully, a tall glass of dark foamy beer in front of Mulder, and a china pot and cup in front of Scully’s aunt accompanied with a tiny jug of milk. “How are we doing on this lovely day Danny, looking as beautiful as ever,” the bartender crooned.

“Very well.”

“We have friends with us today.”

“My great niece. All the way from the States.” Aunt Daniélín’s face took on a look of delight as the man spoke.

The bartender nodded towards Scully with a wide smile. He appeared around the same age as
Scully, tall, with a strong build. It was obvious he never met a stranger in his life.

“Hope you enjoy your visit,” the bartender said. “Don’t let Danny get you in trouble.”

Mulder drank the beer he didn’t order with curious gratification while Scully and Danny swapped stories and filled each other in on the missing years.

“Katherine was a spitfire and her hair was along for the ride,” Danny heartily laughed tipping back her silver head, her eyes beginning to gloss over. It was obvious to Scully there was more than milk and tea in her cup.

“Everything was so uncertain back then,” Danny continued. “There was fear even after we were told Hitler was dead and the Americans had stormed Germany. Who knew what would rise to power. Your grandmother wanted to have children with your grandfather and she knew the only way to guarantee their safety was in the program. They promised the children would have the most advanced in healthcare and education. They were guaranteed high positions in government and they were guaranteed not to be part of the tests. People feared the concentration camps, they feared being slaughtered in the streets by a firing squad, but most of all they feared the tests. There are fates worse than death.”

Danny took a good slurp of tea and leaned across the table locking eyes with Scully. “She applied, tested, and was chosen. Your grandfather was a high ranking official in our military, not part of the German army, but respected and they fell in love at first sight. There was some tension for a time, not knowing who she would end up with. The applicants weren’t permitted to choose their mates, but with his pull and luck they ended up together. She loved him very much. And he loved her too. More than the world itself.”

Scully excused herself to go to the bathroom. It was getting late and she was experiencing extreme jetlag. When she returned she came right out and asked her aunt if she was familiar with the myth of the Tuatha De Danann.

“I’ve read the print. The SS had a different version. Theoretical science. Darwinism. Survival of the fittest against aliens coming to reclaim a planet that was never there’s to begin with. The Germans had some wild ideas.” Danny looked down at her cup and when she looked back up blue flames sparked inside her eyes.

“The legend tells of vivid creatures, a deabhal djowl, rising from the underworld. Anams possessing and controlling ones body. Either blackening ones soul or hatching from a host much like a cocoon of a caterpillar, but what emerged were ferocious monsters with long talons that could cut through a person destroying hundreds before burying themselves in hot springs.”

“Did some develop immunity to possession?”

“No. Legend has it that they defeated the demons with their faith in God and for their faith God granted them gifts. Their strong faith kept them from being possessed and their gifts allowed them to create weapons using only their mind, move objects and communicate with all living things. Their psychic abilities were used to predict the demons every move. Their long life and healing prowess allowed them to endure the attack and eventually they forced the entities back into the ground to resume their slumber until the seven trumpets sounded and the ultimate fight of good and evil began.”

“What made my grandmother believe we were descents?” Scully asked.

“Belief assumes a faith in an unknown, but your grandmother used facts. Both of us and your great
grandmother were very attuned with the spiritual world. It was not a surprise when she passed their tests with flying colors.”

“Did my mother ever become part of the program?”

“It was disbanded before she reached twelve years of age so she was too young to have been a participant.”

Aunt Danny reached out to take Scully’s hand. “Your grandmother was brave to do what she did. If her DNA came back with a Jewish ancestry or any number of others she could have been carted off to the camps. Katherine always felt inside her a calling for something greater. Anyone who knew her knew she was meant for more. This was her way.”

Scully nodded then dropped her eyebrows. “DNA testing? That can’t be.”

“My dear, they were testing DNA in the early 1900’s. We just didn’t know about it.”

They chatted some more about family and good times. Mulder remained quiet absorbing it all. Later her granddaughter came to pick her up and Scully noticed the resemblance to her cousin almost immediately. She actually looked more like Missy than anyone. By the time they got back to the hotel it was late and Scully’s back was tight and her feet were aching.

Mulder already was making connections with her aunt’s story and black oil.

“When I think of oil I hardly think of Ireland,” Scully commented arranging and rearranging the pillows never getting close to comfortable. The only way she was able to sleep was sitting up and even that wasn’t working.

Mulder held up his phone for her to read. “There is oil. Billions of gallons of it. Deep underneath Ireland. Waiting. Companies are already in talks with the government on whether or not to drill.”

Staring at Scully he must have understood and put down the phone. “I can read that some other time.” He shifted closer to her and turned on the t.v.

“What about Anastasia?” Scully asked leaning her head on his shoulder.

Mulder tilted his head towards her. “It’s a pretty name, but they might make fun of her in school and call her Anastasia Beaverhousen.”

Scully was so caught off guard she snorted. “I don’t think that’s something we need to fear.”

Mulder looked caringly into her eyes. She could tell he was concerned about her, but they continued their name game. “Barbara? Brittany?”


He smiled. “Ok, ok.” His eyes drifted to the ceiling. “Carrie?”

“Really, Mulder. You don’t see anything, anything at all wrong with the name Carrie? Our daughter?”

Mulder’s cheeks rose to meet his eyes as they formed half moons. “My vote is still for Margaret... What about Melissa, after your sister?”

“Yeah,” Scully said softly. “That would be an honorable tribute.”
“Scully?”

“Yeah?”

“No, Scully. We could name her after you. After all the Scully women.”

Scully laughed, but Mulder was serious. Out of all the outlandish ideas. “Is she joining a gang Mulder? What pray tell would be her full name?”

“Sculder Morticia Mulder,” Mulder said proudly.

He had to be putting her on. “The altitude is getting to you,” Scully snapped.

Mulder gave her a half-laugh and nudged her with his shoulder. “Tomorrow, if you’re feeling up to it, let’s roam the countryside and act like tourists.”

Scully bobbed her head in agreement. The lush trees and shrubs and thick grass in the country provided a multitude of brilliant greens, each more beautiful than the next, but the greenish gray with melted gold that gazed into her was the only one that sent a shudder through her each time. “I think it’s a plan,” she returned.

He skimmed a finger across her jaw and her heart rolled over in her chest. Her hand ran slowly down his arm. His eyes were wild and beautiful, his lips warm and tender pressing into her cheek. “It’s been a long day, you need some sleep,” he reprimanded. As he eased back, she found his mouth with her own. He was hesitant at first, but soon his lips sunk into her kiss. The heat inside her spread and stabbed at her chest causing her lips to curve against his. Her eyes fluttered open as he pulled back. She could feel the passion he held in his eyes. “I think we should save this until tomorrow,” he said softly.

Knowing he was right, Scully slowly got up and headed to the bathroom. When she returned he was still sitting up watching t.v., a fort of pillows behind his back. Mulder opened his arms and waved his fingers towards her. “Watch some t.v. with me Scully.” Wearily she accommodated nestling between his legs, her back at his abs, her head against his chest. They locked hands and Mulder rested his left hand at her thigh gently kissing the shell of her ear.
Chapter Summary

Long chapter to make up for last week's. Mulder and Scully find themselves at a closed Air Force Base only for Scully to be led underground once again into her family's past. Then... well.. you'll have to read it to find out the rest.

It was 9:30 at night and Mulder was lying on the couch. His head on what was left of Scully’s lap actively singing to the baby, while the baby felt like she was dancing inside Scully. This had become Mulder’s nightly ritual. Reading to the baby and ending it with a serenade. Scully’s cell phone rang. Morales wanted her and Mulder in her office immediately. She had something delicate to discuss that wasn’t appropriate over an open line. The last thing Scully wanted to do was leave the couch, but the tone in Morales’ voice made butterflies start to hatch. Something was terribly wrong.

Headquarters was dark with the exception of Morales’ office. Just walking in the office door, Morales’ face read she was hesitant to speak. She paced and rubbed her hands as she told Scully the facts as she knew them. Her brother Charlie had disappeared. Last seen on Montauk Long Island performing an unsanctioned investigation into old CIA research titled Project Rainbow.

“Project Rainbow concerned cloaking U.S. Air Force ships from enemy radar,” Mulder said educating the room.

“Is my brother working with the CIA?” Scully asked, cutting Mulder off before he went into his dialogue.

“The CIA isn’t divulging that information.”

“How did this become a case for the FBI?” Mulder asked making it too obvious he was spying on Morales’ desk.

Morales turned over her file and shot Mulder a warning look. “That is a closed Air Force Base, turned over to the public to be used as a park, but several teenagers have reported sightings of children inside a hazardous, toxic, restricted area riding bikes and climbing structures. These children are identified as not living in the bordering neighborhoods which poses the question of where they might have come from. In addition to locating your brother, we need you to investigate these claims. If children were abducted and taken there we may have unintentionally located a serial killer’s hideout. National Guard and other military units conduct legitimate training exercises on the property so be sure to let your presence be known.”

* 

“I miss the days of breaking and entering Scully,” Mulder said as he showed the ununiformed guard at the gate his and Scully’s badge.

“It wasn’t that long ago Mulder.”

“One of the rumors of this base, while operational, was about the creation of an interstellar wormhole
that could be used for interdimensional travel.”

“I’m sure my clearance level doesn’t grant us access to traveling through wormholes,” Scully said getting out of the car surveying the area.

Mulder kept on. “There are reports in 1983 an alien monster accidentally escaped from an alternate dimension into ours through that wormhole destroying almost everything before they were able to contain and kill it.” Placing his hand at the small of her back he opened the door.

"Mulder, in order for that to be even slightly believable, that would mean they would have had the knowledge of how to create and control a black hole and have two wormholes countering each other in order to maintain a stable enough environment for an object not to dematerialize completely upon entry. And what about the psychological effects?"

Mulder closed the door behind them. "Scully, can you at least wait until we get home before you talk dirty to me." They approached the main desk and Mulder handed the woman behind it their passes for verification.

They quickly learned no one was interested in showing them much more than what was on the surface denying any knowledge of anything underground. They were permitted to be escorted around the restricted area with proper masks, but there was nothing to see. Only cemented structures and deserted flat ground. Scully understood Mulder was antsy, already wandering and being herded by their guide. Before she knew it they were back in the car. The guide disappeared inside the main building and Scully waited for Mulder to tell her how they were breaking into the building hidden behind the trees and brush that Mulder had subtly pointed out to her while on the tour. It took him all of 97 seconds to say, “We’re breaking into that building.”

Scully touched her protruding belly and gave it a pat. Might as well get used to your father now. They were going on an adventure.

*

Inside the underground building that did not exist, Scully stood on the other end of a steel door listening to the banging coming from Mulder falling through the ceiling onto what sounded like a pyramid of kitchen pots. She breathed out a sigh of relief when she heard him curse. Some more banging and cursing and Mulder’s cry of “Scully” came muffled from the other side.

“Mulder?” Scully cried back. “Open the door.”

“It’s a handprint identification lock on this side. I’m not getting this open.”

Scully touched the door, not liking having to sit this one out. “I guess I’m waiting for you out here.”

“What?” he cried although distorted.

“I’ll wait for you,” Scully yelled back. She turned away from the door and nearly bumped into the man standing behind her. He was an elderly man who looked like he had never been happy a day in his life, with a cane and sparse silver hairs shooting from his freckled scalp.

“Dana, I think you’ve come far enough,” his voice hoarse from years of abuse.

“How exactly do you know my name?” Scully smarted, her hand separating her baby from the man.

“I know a great deal about you Dana and I know that right now you are headed down a very dangerous path.”
Not wanting to give away Mulder’s location she walked towards the man. “Do you know where my brother is?”

The old man ignored her question. “You shouldn’t have removed that chip in your neck. We were protecting you.”

“I don’t need your protection,” Scully snapped. The time of the Syndicate controlling her life was over. “You were spying on me.”

“At one time, you were part of this project,” the old man said holding his hand out as if to reminisce.

“Testing Einstein’s unified field theory? The project to make ships invisible to radar?” Maybe the man was senile.

“No, your psychic abilities. You were part of the first elder’s plan. You were to aid the department of defense.”

“I don’t remember you saying your name. Your real name.”

“Strughold,” the man said leaning heavily on his cane like he might fall over. He glanced at his watch. “You need to leave this place. It is dangerous to you and your unborn baby.”

“Why is it a concern of yours?”

“Because you’re important if we are to survive.” Scully must not have looked very convinced since he added, “It will be better if I show you.”

Scully followed Strughold into an ancient elevator that looked more like a dumbwaiter than anything people should be traveling in. It was claustrophobic, maybe one meter by one meter. Scully was forced to lean against the steel wall as Strughold continued its operation. The weight of the gun on her hip gave her confidence she could defend herself if this led to a trap. The elevator clanged and sputtered as it scraped it’s way down, leaving a distinct smell of limestone, hot sand, and ash in its wake. Scully counted four levels before the doors thankfully opened up into a modern looking hallway. With a limp and leaning on his cane, Strughold continued down the corridor until they came to his name etched in a gold plated bar screwed to the door. It revealed a large office with a media center that stretched from floor to ceiling equipped with VCRs, disc players, DVDs, monitors, projectors, and more. He slid open a door and pulled forward an old reel to reel. Retrieving from his cabinets a large film canister he prepped the film and started the projector.

“How were we able to travel so far into the earth on Long Island? We should have hit nothing but sand after a couple of feet and then the Atlantic Ocean soon after that.”

“Montauk has the unique benefit of being supported by solid bedrock. These labs and offices extend beneath the whole town,” he explained as he focused the lens.

Old naval ships appeared on the wall in silent black and white. The film was faded, but she could still make out the pictures. A card labeled Test 1 interrupted the ships on the water with a bad cut followed by a knob being turned by a pale white hand. The knob was indicating radio frequencies. Another rough edit and military men cowered, holding their heads, sinking to the ground while others simply stared into space and others appeared not to be affected at all. A card labeled Test 2 filled the lens and again they filmed another knob. A light flashed bright and glowed. Even though it was filmed in black and white the blue hue came through the film and flashed again brighter. The camera cut to an observation room and uniformed officers stared at televisions. One of them was unmistakable. It was her father standing adjacent and speaking with a member of the syndicate. She
recognized him as well. He had first appeared to her at the leper colony and showed her the train car where the tests had been performed on her.

“What are you showing me?”

“I know you’ve heard of the Philadelphia experiment. Your father was part of several of the many offsets. Project Phoenix II, the SAGE experiments. These tests I’m showing you were part of Project Gusto.”

“What were they testing?”

“It started with sonar cloaking, but this is about enhancing psychic abilities in naval submarine soldiers. The purpose to plant ideas in enemy minds, anticipate attacks, and gain other advantages over the enemy. These particular tests took place at a naval base in San Francisco.” He walked over to his cabinet and pulled another film containing children sitting in a room as orderlies prepped them for something.

“My father tested this on children?” Scully asked in disbelief. “Civilians?”

“No, don’t be foolish.” Strughold said sounding almost angry. “This was a separate test conducted in this particular facility.”

“Was I involved in this?” she asked, her voice strong masking her fears.

“Not exactly.”

The film went on to show a group of children seated in a room hooked up to wires plugged to their heads and others going to a machine similar to an EEG. There they sat in a circle. There was a skip in the film and now the center of the room contained a dark mass, swirling like leaves in a fall breeze.

“What are they doing? What is that? Telekinesis?”

“That, would be matter manipulation.”

Scully watched the film for several minutes without much change. The picture was blurred and when the camera was finally able to focus an automatic weapon lay on the ground. A uniformed man entered and picked up the gun and fired it into the ceiling, but the gun failed to discharge and melted like it was part of a Dali painting.

“What am I staring at?”

“Those were extremely gifted children specifically trained for this experiment. They were hooked up via psychotronic equipment to computers which converted the waveforms of their thoughts to digital computer code. The computers then relayed the waveforms to high-powered EM/RF transmitters which broadcast thought, mind and consciousness-altering signals. The results are as you witnessed - materialization, at varying levels of stability and solidity, of objects visualized by the psychics whose thoughts were then broadcast, as well as teleportation effects. They manipulated energy, transforming nuclei, changing compounds and composition.”

“To create physical weapons using only their mind,” Scully finished.

“Precisely.”

Suddenly the pieces fit. “You’re holding my brother because of me. So I would come here and you could show me this. What is it that you wanted me to take away from these films?”
“You are very presumptuous… you have yet to explore your own talents Dana. This is just an example.”

“And my father?” Scully’s voice sharpened at the edges. “Was he part of the Syndicate’s Project?”

“No. He was aligned with the department of defense and warfare, not part of our arrangement if that is a concern of yours. He had no input on the first elder’s decision to involve you. In fact, he did everything in his power to persuade you otherwise.”

They were still monitoring her even without the implant. This was centered around the trip they had taken a couple months ago. “You know what I uncovered in Ireland.”

“We planned on you discovering eventually. Your mother was a true blood. The first elder did not interfere with your father’s desire to marry your mother, but everything comes with a price.”

“And the price was his silence and participation.”

“Everyone performs better with motivation. Not being part of the ultimate Project, he did not have to face the same tragedy we did. We sacrificed our family members.”

“So did he.”

“He was long gone by then.” Strughold walked towards her until he was within inches. She could smell the undeniable scent of Drakkar Noir and rotted teeth.

“Dana, there will always be an enemy. The project and the tests must continue. We have reason to believe you can create things just as those boys did. You are very unique. With your specific DNA and proper exposure and practice you may have control down to protons and neutrons. Using telekinesis you can manipulate them to form.. Well the possibilities could be endless.”

“You think I’m a human 3-D printer?”

“Good analogy. You are, after all, a 54 year old pregnant woman,” Stughold countered.”

The statement hit Scully like being smacked with a rubber mallet. She tilted her head so her ear was leaning into his words. “Are you implying I willed my child into existence?”

“You manipulated your body to created an egg inside your ovaries, matured it and released it.”

Scully felt the heat grow from her neck. “You know how impossible that sounds? That would mean I would have had to know the exact time of my ovulation of this one healthy egg and then we would have had to... exactly at that time.. It’s too improbable.”

“Not if your ovulation was stimulated by the presence of the chemicals in the ejaculate,” Strughold said coolly as if he was speaking of the fertilization of plants.

“Right.” Scully was unconvinced. Unknowingly she comforted her belly.

While they had been talking a young man dressed in simple khakis and a salmon button down shirt entered the room. The thermometer and the hand lens in his breast pocket the only clues that he was most likely a scientist. He tapped Strughold’s shoulder and Strughold turned and frowned. He turned back to Scully. “This is Khal. He is a top scientist for Homeland Security.” Khal looked at Scully with a gritted smile, his eyes reminding Scully of the color of trunks of tall forest trees. His skin was entrancing, smooth and glowing, like a calm dark sea at midnight. He had a sturdy-build, broad faced and high-bone cheeks. Definitely military. Under his camouflage cap nestled dense but yielding
curls, like a million tight cords of a cobra prepared to strike if provoked.

“I was unaware the military re-opened the base,” Scully remarked.

“Formally, no,” Khal said. “Only levels 3 and 4.”

Bored with Khal, Scully addressed Strughold again. “You believe this baby has alien DNA.” Strughold exchanged glances with Kahl. Khal answered. “On the contrary. We believe that to be highly unlikely. After puberty your child may display mild psychic potential inherited from the mother. Ironically, there is nothing alien about your condition.”

“What do you want from me?” Scully said growing impatient.

Strughold fielded this one. “We will release your brother on the premise he ends his investigation. We cannot risk exposure of this facility.”

Khal added, “After the child is born, you must return. As a teacher. There are children here that need your guidance.”

“You think I’m going to assist forwarding your agenda? You’re out of your mind.”

“Everyone here enters voluntarily and we think you will change your mind when you realize the big picture. And that we have your son.”

“I would know if you had my son,” Scully said confidently.

Strughold waved at Khal and he swiftly retreated. “I think we’ve spoken enough.” There was more, but his thought was interrupted by Mulder’s screams. “Scuuuullleeehhhh! Scullllee!”

Gunshots exploded down the hallway and Scully shrieked back, “Muuulderrrr!” She wasted no time grabbing the handle of the door with one hand and her Glock in the other. Mulder ran by at full stride with her brother in toe, both of them firing behind them. Mulder stopped as he saw her and her brother crashed into him, both of them plunging to the floor. “Scully, you okay?” Mulder shouted pushing Charlie off of him as uniformed men ran towards them.

Scully held up her gun in surrender at the officers. “We’re leaving,” she said.

“Not with him,” returned the officer pointing at Charlie.

Mulder drew his weapon. “We’re not leaving him here.”

“He is in violation of federal law.”

“You’re choice,” Mulder warned, but Charlie wasn’t waiting around. He charged the men unable to defend both Charlie’s attack and Mulder’s threat. Mulder quickly pulled out the handcuffs from their belts and sandwiched them together lifting their radios and phones. “Let’s go,” Mulder commanded and the three of them made their way back up the elevator. When the doors opened Charlie fired without pretense, slicing a bullet into an unsuspecting officer. The officer howled and fell to one knee, blood gurgling from the wound staining his moss colored pants. Scully kept moving and Mulder pushed his way through to put his body in front of her to protect her from anymore oncoming attacks. They hurried to the parking lot and into the rental. Mulder floored it, sending the arm of the guard shack splintering as the guards shot carelessly at the Chevy failing to land a single bullet.

*
Back from the airport, after stopping at headquarters for a debrief, Mulder and Scully made their way back to home sweet home. What Scully saw as the car’s tires flung dust and pebbles onto the SUVs newly washed exterior was a parking lot’s worth of cars in their yard.

“Mulder, who do all these cars belong to? What’s going on?”

“I thought we discussed this. I told you I was hosting the MUFON group meeting tonight. Are you sure pregnancy brain isn’t a real thing?”

She knew he was pushing buttons. “Mulder, a MUFON meeting at my house.. that I would have remembered.”

Mulder shut the car off and they headed up the porch steps with Scully still protesting. She was ready for bed and hungry and well, the combination of Mulder innocently resting his hand on her leg for the duration of the ride and the vibrations of the car’s upgraded sound system made Scully want him to join her. Mulder fit the keys into the lock and Scully tugged at his arm, the palm of her right hand massaging his chest. “Mulder, maybe you can politely ask our guests to leave and we could.. Maybe.. I don’t know.. Go to bed early?” She drew her lips inward and sent a sparkle to her baby blues. This gave Mulder pause and Scully jumped on the chance, reaching up on her toes and locked her lips gently with his. She expertly pressed her teeth into the swell of his lower lip, sucking on it gently, producing a considerable groan from Mulder and his eyes closed, kissing her harder, more passionately. After a few delicious minutes she reluctantly pulled from his kiss, the moisture from his lips lingering on her own, her eyes searching his until pleasure jolted and branched out from her chest. Mulder’s eyes fell away from hers towards the boards on the porch. “Going straight to bed is going to be a little difficult.”

“Yeah, but I’m sure you can think of something to say to…” Scully’s voice trailed off as Mulder swung open the door. People standing in wait were on the other end with pink balloons and streamers everywhere. Monica Reyes was front and center yelling “Surprise!” with the rest of the crowd. Scully walked smiling and blushing into her open arms giving her a hug and a kiss. That was the cue and everyone else crowded around to greet her. Her eyes landed on Mulder's, his height allowing her to find them in the sea of well wishers. He shrugged and smiled. Doggett interrupted their communication slapping Mulder on the shoulder and whispering something to him. They walked over to Scully. “Doggett and I are going to find a bar for a while so you can enjoy your baby shower without male interference.”

“Mulder, it’s not only for women anymore. You guys can stay.”

Mulder scratched the back of his head. “Yeah, so, see you in a few hours.” He gave a short kiss on the forehead and left.

*

Doggett took a long swig of beer tipping the end of the bottle without moving his head. His eyes fixated on the screen broadcasting the NASCAR Gander Outdoors Truck Series. Mulder, on the other hand was watching the Dodgers play the Brewers downing a Jack and Coke. NASCAR went to commercial and Doggett’s attention wandered to the Dodger game. “You think the Dodgers will make it to the World Series?”

“I think you’ll see them against Boston.”

“They’ll take it?”

“I don’t know. Boston has been strong this year.”
Doggett reached into his wallet and pulled out a lottery ticket comparing it to the numbers scrolling across the bottom of the screen. “Mega millions is up to 548 million. If I win, I’m retiring. At least as much as the x-files will let me… Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in!” Doggett quoted with his best Michael Corleone impression.

Mulder rolled his eyes.

“What’s your problem? I’m trying here.”

Mulder finished his drink and raised and lowered his finger. The bartender nodded. “Look, you and Scully are friends. It doesn’t bother me, but it doesn’t mean we have to.”

“Nothing romantic ever transpired between me and Dana. I care about her very much, but I’m not a threat.”

“That never factored into it.”

“So what is it?”

Mulder lifted his shoulders and shook his head. “It’s me. I-I don’t know.”

He traced the rim of his glass with his finger before lifting it up and drinking from it. “I’m trying my best to be what she deserves, what this baby needs.” Mulder paused and squinted at Doggett then swirled more of the liquid psychology passed his lips. “I’m not the same guy.”

“I never said you were Mulder.”

Mulder finished his glass and waved the bartender down again. He ordered another round for him and Doggett. When they got their drinks Mulder held his up and looked Doggett in the eye. “Cheers.” Doggett clinked his glass with his beer bottle and returned the sentiment.

“Happy birthday to me. In a few hours I’ll be fifty seven.”

“You’re barking up the wrong tree Mulder. I’m older than you.”

“Yeah, but you won’t be collecting social security while teaching your kid how to ride a bike.”

“No, but you don’t need to do it all alone.”

“Fine. You’ve got the 3AM diaper changing.”

“Accept the help.” Doggett finished his beer. “When was the last time you went out with the guys? I’ve got some connections, how about next week we take a road trip, go see a football game.”

“I guess I could use the break and I know Scully would love to hear we’re getting along. Okay, for Scully’s sake.”

Doggett held out his credit card and paid the tab. He got up off the bar stool and laid a hand on Mulder’s shoulder. “Come on birthday boy. Let’s go crash a party.”

* 

Mulder and Doggett made their way back to the house. All of the cars were gone and the house’s chimney was puffing quietly like the house itself had to have a smoke break. Inside, Scully and Monica were at the dining table already filling out thank you cards sorting who gave Scully what. A paper hat filled with bows and ribbons topped Scully’s head. There was evidence of games and
diapers piled everywhere. The walls still echoing the giggles and gossiping of the past hours. Whatever had happened here, Mulder was not sorry he missed it. Making his way to the kitchen he opened the fridge and tossed Doggett a beer, retrieving a bottle of water for himself. “Find us something to watch,” he called to Doggett. “I want to clean up the kitchen while I still have the energy.” Doggett nodded and flipped around the channels. When Mulder returned to the living room the couch was filled with Monica, Scully, and Doggett forcing Mulder to take the chair.

“So Monica, have you visited Skinner yet?” Mulder asked pointedly.

“I’ve been hesitant. I didn’t want to upset him.” Monica replied a little too flippant for Mulder’s liking.

“Yeah, running someone over might do that to a person and Skinner holds grudges,” Mulder shot back sarcastically.

Scully scowled. “How much have you had to drink Mulder?”

“Not enough.”

“It’s all right Dana. He’s entitled to his feelings. It was not my intention to hit him. The Smoking Man took control of the pedal and the wheel.”

“Is that right. And the false lead about William that almost got me killed?”

“Hey, Mulder, give her a break. She’s still in recovery,” Doggett said coming to her defense.

Of course, Mulder thought, and Skinner’s fighting for his life. “I know she is and that’s why I didn’t bring it up the first time.”

“Mulder enough,” Scully glared.

“Has the FBI said they would be filing charges against you?” Mulder asked, but Scully had taken the wind from his sails.

“The investigation is not complete. I don’t know.” Monica put her head down.

“Mulder,” Scully said dripping disappointment.

Mulder decided to drop it. He got his point across. “How’s the booty?” he asked instead, directing his attention to Scully’s glare. She raised an eyebrow. Mulder expounded, “The gifts. I meant the gifts.”

Scully’s face softened. “We got some really nice stuff for the baby.”

“Anyone come up with any names you might like?”

Scully went through her list. “Lily, Willow, Harper, Olivia, Lexi, Celestial. Christina is starting to grow on me. We could call her Chris.”

“Hmph,” Mulder answered.

“Have you made any wedding plans yet?” Monica asked cheerfully now that Mulder was done berating her.

“Not yet,” Scully said comforting her belly.

“We will soon,” Mulder added passing Scully another communicative glance.
“Who’s up for a game of cards?” Doggett suggested.

Leaning his hands on his knees, Mulder got up. “I’ll get the chips. Scully, where’s the deck?”

* 

Later that night,

Mulder dried his face on the towel and took a long hard look in the mirror. Happy birthday to me he thought. What a difference a year makes. Last year he had spent the night alone with old memories and his VCR tapes. This year Scully was not only back in their home, but nine months pregnant with an engagement ring on her finger. Scully interrupted his pause for contemplation with a hand at his back.

“You need to use the bathroom?” he asked putting away his toothbrush.

“No, wanted you to know I’m headed for bed.” He passed her a smile through the bathroom mirror. Scully had been giving him signs all day, but he couldn’t keep down the concern of anything that could end up being detrimental to her. He threw the towel down and flipped off the bathroom light.

“You trust Monica? You think everything she’s saying is truthful?” he asked as he joined Scully in bed, taking his rightful place as the big spoon. Scully was on her side propping different parts of her body with pillows. Most of the time lately she slept sitting up on the couch for comfort so tonight was a special treat.

“She has reasons Mulder. Whether they’re what we would find acceptable doesn’t mean they’re not truthful. Tonight was not the night to open up wounds or question loyalties.”

“We need to be careful,” Mulder reminded, and she hugged his arm as it covered her. “You never fully explained what happened down in those underground offices in Montauk.”

“Mulder, do we have to have a discussion about this now?”

Mulder almost laughed. Her mind was riding one track tonight. “Are you sure it’s safe?” Mulder asked tentatively.

“I’m fine Mulder.”

“Hmm.” Mulder agreed she was indeed fine. His hand skimming her bottom, noticing that she was sans underwear underneath her nightgown. “Maybe it’ll help send you into labor,” Mulder suggested.

“Mulder, that’s a wive’s tale. There’s no hard scientific evidence that it works.”

“I’ve got some hard evidence,” he said and cringed. Scully tilted her head back, turning it to catch his eyes. “Yeah, I can do better,” he replied.

He cradled her as best he could allowing the warmth of her body to heat him up. His lips drifted along her neck, careful to trace every line with his tongue, pausing only to suck on it as her eyes fell shut. “You’re beautiful Scully,” he whispered. His hands kept him busy dancing along her thigh. Her center was soaking. More evidence she had been waiting for him. He proceeded carefully, nervous to push too hard, but she was so wet he easily nestled inside. Lava flowed around him, squeezing and massaging him, stroking him with her body, licking him from the inside as she pushed back into him moaning her acceptance.
“Please Mulder. Faster.”

He wanted to go faster. His hips wanted to buck hard and fast, but he refused to relent to his desires. Tonight she would have to settle for some California long strokin’. “Find us Scully,” he whispered, encouraging her in ragged breath. “I can do this all night if I have to.”

His hand dropped between her legs. With two fingers he made deep grinding circles. Her insides clenched around him and her breath picked up. She moved against his hips. “Scully, I love you,” he moaned into her ear, leaving it with a kiss, trailing them along her shoulders. He receded his cock only enough to be inside about three inches. From experience, he knew exactly how far to pull out to line himself up and angle enough to press deep into her far inside wall.

“Mulder,” she gasped gripping the back of his head, pulling at his hair. They fell into a rhythm, Mulder losing himself to become one with her, reaching out with his right hand to hold hers. His left circling, timed with each thrust. He throbbed pleasure, his heart pumping hot emotion. The more excited she got the smoother and faster his slide.

His eyes shut tight, his brain shut off. “Ah,” his moans crescendoed as his neck extended back and he squeezed their interlocked hands. Scully echoed an octave higher. She tightened and he let go of her hand, delicately sliding his across her breast, plump and full, recognizing how tender they must be. Wrapped around Scully, with closed eyes, two fingers dutifully working between her legs, the other gently around her breast anticipating as he repeatedly pumped into her, his whole body beginning to throb.

“Mulder.” She reached back and pulled tight on his hair and her body pulsed around him. He squeezed and tugged at her nipple mixing pleasure and pain, producing increased contractions, she cried his name again, allowing his body to release.

He held her tight as he spooned her, waiting for her to calm, for her breathing to slow. He covered her with kisses, on her neck, shoulders, cheek, temple. “You okay?” he whispered when she stilled. She didn’t answer, already asleep. He closed his eyes to join her.

“Mulder, Mulder.” At 4:07 A.M. Scully was steadily shaking his arm. He opened his eyes to find her standing over him with an unmistakable look on her face. He jolted upright. “It’s time?”

Scully nodded holding her belly with one hand. “We need to go.”
Chapter Summary

There were no lights in the sky to find the way, no three wise lone gunmen bringing gifts, or crowds of superior soldiers to bear witness. All the Russians had already settled in for the winter and there were no sinister plotting geriatric squads or even a cigarette within 50 miles. The mother would come to lay in an ordinary hospital bed on a 13th of October that failed to even fall on a Friday. And on this unremarkable day, as dawn showed its face, as the sun and moon shared one space, a child was born and Mulder and Scully, the revelers of truth, were now mom and dad.

Mulder loaded up the car while Scully called her doctor and alerted her to their imminent arrival. Before leaving, she double checked that they had everything she needed including the car seat. All of this happening under the dark night's sky in between contractions. Once piled into the car, Scully pulled up the GPS screen, tapped "hospital" under the saved directions and noticed out of the corner of her eye Mulder's hands shaking as he fumbled around the car- checking his pockets, repeatedly picking up and putting down the center console.

"Mulder, what’s wrong?"

"I can’t find the damn key,” he said and took a handful of keys out of his jacket pocket and proceeded to attempt to start an imaginary ignition switch with one. Scully delicately laid her hand on top of his. “Mulder, honey. Push the button.”

Heat rushed his cheeks as he pursed his lips, nodded his head and started the car. Scully tugged at his bicep. “Mulder look at me.”

He turned his head and they locked eyes. She ran a hand through his hair. “Deep breaths Mulder. We got this.”

He lifted his brows and smiled, leaning over to press his forehead to hers, he closed his eyes. Scully lovingly stroked his nose with her own and extended her lips giving him two short kisses. He straightened up and let out a deep breath. “Thank you.”

She sent a finger to stroke the hair above his ear.

“Better?”

He nodded, landing another quick peck on her lips. “Yes.”

Scully stiffened. “Good. Now drive me to the fucking hospital.”

Obeying most traffic laws Mulder calmed, that is until Scully grabbed the “Oh, Shit” handle and screamed. The engine roared and Mulder’s foot drove the pedal to the floor, horns from oncoming cars blared, tires screeched and Scully yelled, “Mulder, they are contractions! I’m not having the baby yet. My water’s not broken. You’re going to get us killed just so we can wait for hours in a hospital room. Slow. the. fuck. DOWN!”
Through the hospital doors Mulder stuttered and stammered at the receptionist’s questions, getting agitated until he finally started raising his voice to get Scully into a room.

Forced to interrupt, Scully gave her the information. “Last contraction was 52 seconds now at 3 minutes 47 seconds apart. I called ahead and the room should be prepped.”

“I believe there’s an error in our computer. It says you were born in ‘64.”

“That’s correct,” Scully said, her cheeks taking on a rosy glow.

“Ma’am. You don’t look a day over 38.”

“Thank you, but no. It’s correct,” Scully repeated.

Mulder agreed with the receptionist. He hadn’t noticed it before, but there were no sign of bags under her eyes, her skin had pulled tight, the lines on her face had dimmed, and she had a glow that made her radiate. It couldn’t be, but she looked younger than when she was in labor with William.

“Is there anything you need immediately?” the receptionist asked.

“I’m fine for now,” Scully answered, “but he might need a sedative.”

Mulder lifted a lip to snarl, but Monica’s presence caught his attention. “Who called Mark Harmon and Ice-T?”

Monica placed a hand at her hip. “Relax Mulder, we’re only here for security.”

“That does not make me feel secure,” Mulder shot back.

Scully let out a scream and Mulder grabbed a wheelchair focusing his efforts back on her. “We’ll have to shelve this for later Grace and Frankie, we’ve got a baby that wants to meet us.”

The nurse set Scully up in the bed while Mulder stood around feeling helpless and pacing. Eventually the doctor came in to check on them. “How much time we got Doc?” Mulder asked and the doctor peeked at the clock on the wall while using her fingers to check for dilation. “Probably two, closer to three more hours.”

“Three hours? I thought you would say thirty minutes.”

The doctor shook her head and smiled. “It’s about an hour a centimeter and we need to get to ten.”

The doctor and the nurse left them to wait and Mulder flipped through the channels stopping at a Harry Potter Marathon. Mulder felt Scully’s distress and came over to gently rub her back. “Want to go over the relaxation techniques?”

“Yeah,” she said, “It might help.”

Mulder stood silent as she went through another contraction timing it out. At Scully’s request he documented data, hard facts, feelings, and thoughts into the diary she created. She wanted to document the day, create a narrative for each other and to one day share with their child. As much as William was left with few answers, she wanted this child to have them all.

Mulder sat down on the vinyl chair, his eyes on Scully as if the simple act of watching might bring her a semblance of relief. Eventually she dozed and with nothing left to do but wait, Mulder’s mind wandered into the places he rather it not ventured. It forced him to face his nerves and the creeping concerns that had been lurking for weeks. During this whole process, anything could happen, and
he had no control over any of it. A mere bystander. What if she died, the baby died, or the baby wasn’t healthy? He laid his head in his hands to steady it. When that didn’t work he went downstairs and wandered. Monica was in the waiting room and he found Doggett in the cafeteria. Not wanting to start a conversation he kept walking. The only place without people was the hospital chapel room. So he sat in the pew. Sat and asked the universe, perhaps the God of his god, for protection over his family. If nothing else, he prayed on her behalf. He was desperate to do something to help and there was nothing physical for him to do, so he turned inward and then out to the heavens, and it had helped. Somehow it made him more centered, an inner peace among the turmoil, and lifted his spirits, made him feel like he had done something.

As he went to leave he noticed a visitor’s book on a short podium. It held prayers and meditations, short details of lives - a first-time father-to-be, help before an operation, the speedy recovery of a loved one. The bravery and courage exhibited by these people helped Mulder. When he returned to the room Scully was awake.

They took another walk around the hospital hallways, Mulder assisting as best he could. When they returned to the room Mulder flipped through his phone reading the latest news stories. A gene editing story caught his eye. The Chinese government had arrested Scientist Ling Hu, Dr. Matsumoto’s apprentice, charging him with bribery and corruption. Charges that could lead to the death penalty in China. Once again, they had gotten too close to the truth. Mulder remembered Ling mentioning Dr. Zama. He wondered if CSM had hidden Zama’s famous notes in the Pentagon, possibly containing more clues about William. He would have to get back down there and search.

The nurse interrupted his daydreaming and he lowered the television that was currently broadcasting Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince so she could check Scully’s dilation.

“We’re at 9 3/4 inches,” she announced. “Time to head to the birthing room.”

Mulder beamed. “That’s a sign Scully.”

“That what? We should enroll her at Hogwarts?”

The nurse left to call the ward assistants and Scully took the moment to reach for Mulder’s hand. He held hers tight and wiped the droplets of pain from her forehead. He left it with a kiss and one more on her lips.

“This is it,” He said, his voice low, almost a whisper.

Scully looked over his face and squeezed his hand, squinting as if reading an eye chart of his inner thoughts, “Hey. We need you Mulder,” She pumped and rocked his hand again. “I need you.”

It was another thirty minutes before Mulder was dressed in scrubs, Scully was fully dilated, and it was time for her to start pushing. Watching the first signs peak from the baby’s new exit had Mulder slowly morphing into Kermit the Frog. The amniotic sac was yet to break and the sight was nothing he could even describe. Scully called his name as his breakfast decided it wanted to find a new home. He held her hand and kissed it and his stomach settled back down. With one finger she beckoned him and he leaned in to listen. She smacked him hard across the face leaving a sting on his cheek.

“Man up Mulder,” she said and he swore he saw her eyes glow red. Scully was right. She was doing all the work, going through all the pain. The least he could do was keep it together and he thought he was until the doctor pulled out a massive torture device and went to place it inside her.

“Mulder, it doesn’t help me when your eyes pop out of your head.”
“No. No Scully, it’s not you. I’ve seen that thing on American Horror Story.”

“We are using it to assist breaking the sac. This is completely normal,” the doctor reassured him remaining professional.

The device wasn’t even partially in when Scully arched her back, kicked the doctor, and screamed, “I can’t take anymore. Get the fuck out of me.”

The doctor lifted herself from the tile and laughed, “I’ve never had a woman tell me that before.”

The tension lifted as Mulder cracked up, even Scully started laughing. The doctor sterilized and put the device away. “Let’s wait a few minutes, maybe the sac will break on its own.”

Before the doctor returned, Scully gave another primal yell and the doctor beckoned Mulder towards her feet. “I need you to help keep this leg in position,” she instructed.

Mulder grabbed her foot and her calf. “How do we know when she’s crown.. Oh dear Lord..”

Just as he got out the last word, the sac broke and the fluid trickled to the floor and spurted in the air, hitting Mulder, catching his left eye, hooking into his mouth. The earthy smell of the amniotic fluid and other pieces of who knows what hit him next. It was raw, animalistic and reminded him of something familiar. His baby girl smelled similar to beef jerky. Which wasn’t too bad. They had traveled to the ends of the Earth, seen beings from otherworldly places and dimensions, witnessed countless extraordinary phenomena, but never had Mulder ever witnessed anything before like the squished face of his yellow coneheaded baby stuck between Scully’s legs. Nothing could have prepared him to have his baby girl open her eyes and stare at him, still attached to the umbilical cord, not breathing. His mind reminded him that she was still getting all her oxygen through the cord, but his instincts had him petrified. “Push!” he yelled, wanting to get the baby out as quickly as possible.

“Don’t Push!” the doctor commanded.

“No, don’t push!” Mulder repeated.

“We need to let some of the fluid drain and the vaginal tissue needs time to stretch so it doesn’t tear,” the doctor explained.

Mulder was kicking himself. He had panicked and told Scully something he shouldn’t. Taking a breath, he stepped away. He needed something else to do besides wait, so he picked up Scully’s journal and started writing just as she had asked him to. He wrote down numbers, wrote everything they had experienced so far, his rollercoaster emotions and then he described his overwhelming feeling of appreciation for Scully and the pride that their baby was able to navigate this brave new world to successfully reach freedom. Scully already looked tired, in pain, and sort of nervous herself, but he held up the journal and she smiled weakly. Yes Scully, our baby has her head sticking out of your vagina and I’m over here writing a novel as requested. A few more lines about how beautiful Scully looked and how strong she was and he put down the book and clasped her hand in both of his, encouraging her and telling her what an incredible job she was doing.

Then it was time to push again. Mulder took his position and Scully beared down. The doctor stopped her again. A hand had appeared and the doctor needed to do some manipulation. Without thinking Mulder reached out to touch it and the baby grabbed hold of his thumb, her arm stretched and she was able to wriggle her leading shoulder into position. The unbearable anticipation had Mulder breaking out into a sweat right down to his eyeballs, his mind racing. In one final push her lungs compressed, forcing the last of the liquid out, creating a vacuum, forcing her to take her first breath, kickstarting the rhythm of her life. All at once she squeezed and tugged at his thumb and
popped out like she was on a water slide landing on the hospital table. Mulder had already witnessed
William shortly after he was born, his head like a hot dog, the purple flesh, the pink and yellow spots
covered in a mixture of blood and creamy white so he had an idea of what to expect.

This baby was no different and she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Her breathing
soon gave way to a scream and Mulder squeezed back the little hand still attached to his thumb. “It’s
all right. I’m here,” he said, his voice calm and strong and the baby stilled. The doctor scooping her
up with the nurses to give her a quick check and clean her up before laying her on Scully’s abdomen.
When the baby screamed, the entire weight of the world came off Mulder’s shoulders. She was here
and fine because Scully was the most amazing person in the entire world. Bringing out all of nature
inside a room filled with the electronic beeps and buzzing of cold modern technology. Steel resolve
replaced Mulder's bones and a new wave of pride and protector washed over him. Mulder was
certain he was forever changed by the touch of her hand and the look of her eyes upon him and he
knew from that day forward his emotions would only run deep. Like the Grinch that Stole Christmas,
astoundingly, his heart grew three sizes that day.

It took looking in Scully’s eyes, the smile on her face holding their new family to finally break
Mulder. His face scrunched up so hard he looked more like a blobfish than any human iteration. The
ugly cry was not a stranger to Mulder, but he was flat out bawling. Water leaked like a sieve out of
the slits that were left of his eyes. The creases formed so deep they resembled mountain ranges. His
top lip curled and the corners tugged down to the floor as saliva dripped from the back of his teeth.
Sobbing breaths pounded his chest and burned his throat. His fists came up to block the view, the
heels of his hands failing to seal the broken dam. This wasn’t just crying, he was a snot-nosed, chest
heaving blubbery mess. A volcano of emotion brought on by the overwhelming relief that Scully and
the baby were safe, and the reality that he was not just a father, but a daddy.

He turned and finished his cry in the corner away from the nurses, away from Scully. When he was
able to gather enough of himself to take normal breaths he joined Scully’s side. Despite all the pain,
fear and uncertainty, Scully was holding her baby like she had never felt a thing. A mix of adrenaline
and relief, she had discovered the world’s greatest pain reliever. Mulder never had as much respect
for another person as he did for Scully at that moment. He would never forget what she did or how
she was on that day.

“Mulder, you want to help latch her onto my breast?” Scully asked and he thought it was the greatest
question in the world. He helped position the baby and cautiously brought her head up to it
nervously checking with Scully making certain he has doing it correctly. Scully using her incredible
teaching skills placed her hand over his to help him properly squeeze the breast. He guided Scully’s
nipple towards the baby’s mouth while lifting her head and amazingly, she devoured it, latching
firmly and as quickly as that, his baby girl was having her first meal.

Once they settled back into their room, Mulder snuck outside to pass the good news to Monica and
Doggett. He even accepted a hug from Monica and pat on the back from Doggett.

While they went to meet the baby, Mulder took a moment in the hallway. In his vulnerable state a
need came over him that he hadn’t felt since he was a boy. He wanted his mother. His father. Right
there, in that instance, he missed them both terribly. They were grandparents and they’d never get the
chance to know. Never know what became of him and Scully. They would be proud and maybe not
so broken. Mulder blinked back tears, not about to cry again, he made his way back inside.

“Hey Muldah,” Doggett said greeting him with a hug and another hard pat on the back. “I’ve got to
hand it to ya, you and Scully make pretty babies.”

Mulder gave him a weak smile. The day was starting to catch up to him. On the other hand, Monica
and Scully were hardly stopping to breathe they were talking so fast. Monica had a million questions and Scully was happily fielding them all still hopped on adrenaline and oxytocin. The nurse carried the baby to the nursery so Scully could rest for a short while and Mulder asked Doggett to go with the nurse and not let the baby out of his sight - no shots, no IV, no blood. Monica left to take a post outside the nursery. Mulder missed his daughter as soon as she left the room. He didn’t want the baby to leave him, but given Scully’s age the doctor recommended she rest. Now it was just him and Scully alone and it seemed eerily quiet. He pulled up the chair and covered Scully’s hand with his, leaning his arms on the bed.

“Congratulations daddy,” Scully smiled.

“Back atcha mommy,” Mulder returned. He laid his head gently next to her and she let go of his hand and rested hers in his hair, giving it a pat, lovingly stroking it.

"Happy Birthday Mulder," Scully said softly. There was no further conversation. They didn't need words. A few minutes later Mulder’s breathing deepened changing to a hardly detectable snore. The rhythm of his breath sending Scully to sleep.

The nurses came and went. Returning the baby to be breastfed, monitoring Scully, taking blood, helping her to the bathroom. Mulder slept through all of it. Scully didn’t try to wake him, he’d be sleepless soon enough.

A kink in his back woke him first. He opened his eyes and he was on the couch, not sure when he had moved there. Disoriented he sat up. His hair stubborn to maintain it’s frantic place as he attempted to comb it with his hand. An instant glow filled his chest at the sight of his daughter’s return to rest at Scully’s abdomen as she greedily had dinner. He walked over to sit on the bed using his index to caress his daughter’s tummy. He leaned back on his elbow and kissed Scully’s shoulder stroking the baby’s head.

“Mulder, there’s not enough room for all of us,” Scully said as he managed to swing both legs onto the bed, his large frame covering most of it as his butt hung off the edge and his feet dangled out the end.

Mulder opened his mouth to speak, but quickly turned his head when he heard someone at the door. A tall pale figure emerged from the hallway dressed in a hospital gown. The reflection off his bald head is what first tipped Mulder off. “Skinner,” Mulder acknowledged cheerfully. Skinner shuffled inside the room leading with his IV stand, the wheels scraping across the floor.

“I was on the phone with Morales and she told me Scully was here,” Skinner explained. His voice weak, but clear. “I wanted to come see for myself.”

The baby gurgled and Scully laid her lips to her forehead. “That’s your Uncle Walter. He’s come to meet you.”

Skinner took a good look at the baby and smiled, “She looks just like you Mulder.”

“Was it the full mane that gave it away?” Mulder asked.

“That and something in her eyes,” Skinner said. Cautiously he asked, “Is she..”

“She’s a healthy human child Walter. That I’m certain,” Scully finished.


“A lot,” Mulder and Scully returned in unison.
“We got engaged Walter. We were able to overcome.. Well, everything.”

“And the baby?”

“That’s a little harder to explain...”

Mulder could see the anguish in Scully’s eyes and he interrupted, “Do you know what happened to you Skinner?”

Walter pulled up the chair next to the bed and winced as he sat. “Morales explained to me that I was hit by a car. Slowly, I came to remember that Reyes was the one that hit me. She’s been working with the Smoking Man.”

“Yeah, well, Reyes is back. Seems you planted a slug in her skull, but thanks to modern alien technology she has the pleasure of continuing her existence.”

“What does she have to say for herself?”

“Not much yet,” Mulder answered. “Her alliances have yet to be established.”

*

Hours later they were able to return home with one additional passenger. Mulder looked like a lost soul following Scully around the house.

“Would you like to give the baby her first bath?” Scully asked searching Mulder’s fearful eyes.

“Yes, but I’ll need your help.”

“I’ll show you Mulder. It’s the first time so we’re only going to use a washcloth. When the umbilical cord stump is gone we can worry about water in the basin. First we need to turn up the heat. We need to get the bathroom to a comfortable 75 degrees, and I have to find the camera. This is too priceless to rely on a cell phone camera.”

After some meticulous instructions, Scully stood back to observe. She wanted him to experience all that he had missed the first time around. He was nervous and tentative, but he was a natural. His daughter gazed into his eyes and she became his world. At first she squirmed a bit, but as she became accustomed to the feeling of the washcloth she steadied. He trickled small droplets of water on her tummy testing her reaction to the new sensation. Then he placed his nose underneath her foot, playing and laughing and she seemed to smile as he kissed her heel. Her eyes widened, when he slowly passed his finger around her face, trying to follow. Scully steadily snapped her pictures loading up her SD card. When she was clean, he wrapped her up in her blanket and Scully took over to put on a diaper.

*

The next day Charlie appeared at their doorstep bright and early with his wife ready to meet the little one.

“Have you decided on a name for Kit?” Charlie asked holding her in his arms.

Scully passed Mulder a look. “Not yet, but we’re closer.”

“My wife and I.. we’ve decided to take some days off. We’re going to stay here in Washington for a couple weeks. We have first hand experience on how rough it is and we want to be here.”

That night...

Carefully, Scully laid the baby in her crib and joined Mulder in their bed. She snuggled underneath his arm, her hand feeling his heartbeat as it rested on his chest.

“I was thinking,” she said delicately, “Maybe we should name the baby after my mother, and there are lots of nicknames besides Maggie… and possibly a middle name of Katherine, after my grandmother. We may never uncover the complete truth, but I believe we might have my grandmother and the sacrifices and bravery she exhibited to thank for our daughter.” Scully elongated her neck and turned her head upward to look at Mulder.

“Margaret Katherine,” Mulder said placing his right hand over Scully’s on his chest. He called out, “What do you think ‘M’?”

The baby made a sound that wasn’t a cry, but not exactly a coo, more of a gurgle. “I don’t think she has any objections,” Mulder concluded.

Two and a half weeks later...

“aaaaAAAh!” the baby shrieked. Mulder pulled the blanket up over his head as he tossed and turned on the couch. The back door slammed as Monica bounced the baby in her arms and headed away from the living room. Taking shifts only worked when you could actually get sleep. The sounds of footfalls on the steps made Mulder peek his head up from the covers. It was Scully.

Mulder offered, “I made you a veggie fruit smoothie. It’s in the fridge.”

“I found it a couple hours ago,” Scully said fixing her robe. “Thank you. Monica has the baby?” Mulder nodded and Scully asked “Where’d she go?”

“Towards the back,” Mulder answered. “Charlie still upstairs?”

“As far as I know.”

“When are we getting our house back?”

“Everyone should be out by the end of the week,” Scully said as she patted the top of the couch. “Jeffrey said he was stopping by today.”

“And the fun continues,” Mulder smarted as he put his hands behind his head.

Scully messed his hair and smiled as she yawned. “The house will be ours soon enough. Enjoy the company.”

“I think I’m getting sentimental in my old age.” He said and performed a full situp, pulling himself up to his knees so he could lean his chest against the backrest of the couch.

Scully took a step towards him, her fingers playing with his, stroking them as they rested on the top of the cushion. “I don’t know, you’re sort of morphing into a curmudgeon.”

“Ouch. And here I was about to reveal something heartfelt.”

“My apologies,” Scully said leaning on the couch, her chin rising slightly, “Continue.”

“I know it’s going to be a lot of work without everyone and while I do appreciate it, I’m looking forward to spending time with just the three of us. I-I miss you.”
Scully lowered her head and met his gaze, “Mulder.” His lips parted ever so slightly and he gave her
the look that stole her breath and enticed her soul. She leaned in and as his eyes closed her lips settled
into his. She felt his body loosen and hands support her head. She relented as he held her tighter, her
mouth pressing harder and harder against his own, her fingers tracing the lines on his strong muscular
back. The front door creaked and opened followed by a distinctive groan. Monica was caught mid-
sentence with the baby in one arm. Mulder pulled away from Scully’s mouth to look towards the
entryway. A sneer grew on his lips that extended to his eyes, slowly being replaced by a dull hatred.
“Bill.”
Dinner with the Family

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

The baby is here and Mulder and Scully get to deal with the ever revolving door of people excited to meet her.

Chapter Notes

The name for their daughter doesn't matter much to me, so if ever Carter decides to grace us with one I will change it.

“Mulder,” Bill acknowledged setting down his bags. Scully greeted him, giving him a kiss on the cheek and taking his bags to the room in the back, attempting to extinguish the fuse. When Bill extended his hand to Mulder, Scully was hopeful, but then Bill said, “When Charlie called to tell me the baby was born I figured I better come soon before you changed your mind about her too.”

Charlie quickly intervened putting his body in between the two of them and placing a hand at Bill’s arm. “What are you doing Bill? Come, meet your niece.”

Monica approached him with the baby and he carefully took her in his arms.

Bill’s demeanor transformed instantly, his normal stiff exterior loosening as he held her. “She’s beautiful. She.. she looks a lot like both of you. Even her eyes.. She’s got that shit hazel of Mulder’s mixed with our family’s blue and it created the most beautiful turquoise coloring.” He looked up. “What’s her name?”

Scully rested at Mulder’s arm and he placed it around her. “We named her after our mom and grandmother. Margaret Katherine.”

Monica piped up, “I think it’s a perfect name. Katherine means pure and Margaret means light in Persian. Mulder and Scully together created from an empty darkness, pure light.” Scully’s face brightened towards Monica.

“Wouldn’t her name be Katherine Margaret then?” Bill rudely asked.

“Well, unlike English most languages put the adjective after the noun they’re describing,” Monica returned and Scully could read from her face that she appreciated Bill with as much gusto as Mulder. She decided to intervene.

“Monica, don’t bother explaining to him. He’s just being argumentative. He’s been this way his whole life.

“Anybody home?” they heard Jeffrey ask as he opened the door.
“Jeff,” Mulder nodded, “Bill, this is my brother Jeffreу. Jeff this is Scully’s brother Bill.”

“Can I?” Jeffrey asked after passing him a cursory greeting and nodding towards the baby. Bill carefully transferred her into Jeffrey’s arms. Jeffrey made a funny face and the baby appeared to smile back. He looked up at Mulder and Jeff’s eyes began to well.

“Oh, God, it’s genetic,” Bill huffed. “Pansy ass.”

“What did you call me?” Jeff asked spinning around. “You think a man showing emotion is somehow a negative trait? Dana I’m sorry, but your brother needs an education.”

“What I need is a little air,” Bill finished and stomped out onto the back porch.

That was how it began and it didn’t get much better, but somehow Scully miraculously was able to subdue Bill enough to put up with him for the couple days he spent there. Time flew, or maybe Mulder had somehow lapsed himself into a waking coma between taking care of the baby, putting up with the revolving door of visitors, and no sleep. Monica remained an enigma and he kept close tabs on her. It was odd for Scully to trust someone so unconditionallу and it caught him off guard. More peculiar allowing her to take care of their child, but he trusted her instincts as much as she had come to trust his. It hadn’t stopped Mulder from monitoring her phone calls and her laptop or snooping in her room. In the timeless words of Deep Throat - Keep your friends close, but keep your enemies closer.

Scully slowly blinked awake to Mulder spooning tightly behind her. His soft murmurings into her ear had stirred her. In a soft tone he apologized, “I’m sorry Scully. I know you want to sleep longer, but I just put the baby down. Please Scully wake up.”

“I’m awake,” Scully growled, her voice husky from the morning.

He planted a kiss in her hair. “Before the rest of the house wakes up I thought we’d have breakfast.”

Scully protested in a groan, flinging the covers over her head. Mulder laughed at her response, a carefree happy sound as he tiptoed down the steps to retrieve her breakfast - a fruit salad he had made with assorted melon, oranges, grapes and such, with eggs and coffee. He smiled as he ate with her, even jovially feeding her a grape. It was the most time they had alone for some time and his tenderness and ostentatious gaze caused a tiny bubble of elation to rise inside her. She knew as well as he did. Today marked the day the doctor had told her it was safe to resume all regularly scheduled activities. “Tonight Mulder,” she promised in a whisper.

Mulder discarded their finished dishes placing them by the door and requested her presence in the bathroom. She threw him an arched brow, but didn’t argue, she really wasn’t in the mood. Stripped of their clothes, they stepped inside the shower and innately spoke with smiles instead of words. The last time she allowed him this luxury was during her pregnancy, but this was much different. Mulder washed her as he washed himself, as though a mere extension. He even shampooed their hair at the same time, lathering his then hers. It was strange to have him tend to her this way. Usually her gut reaction caused her to push him away, an instant repulsion, but she knew it was his preference and today she would grant him the extravagance. It was the least she could do after how incredibly he took care of her and their child these past weeks. She felt Mulder’s gaze deep in her chest as he massaged her body with the suds- Identical to the look when he was deep inside of her. All those many years that look had petrified her, but these days she basked in it’s omnipresent glow. Even now providing an intensity almost more than she could bear.

She took over when he was finished, lathering her underarms and legs, bending under the shower’s hard spray to shave them. There was no intimacy lost on them. It was a quick shower, but the chance
to share any type of exchange with him did her heart good. They towelled dry before he insisted on rubbing nearly every inch of her with lotion. He lingered when he reached her chest and Scully savored his touch, but her hands closed around his wrists when she felt her insides clench. Mulder smirked, lifting her hand to his nose. “I love the way this smells. Like you.” His hand caressed her face and her eyes drew heavy as his need was overtaking her body, but it shown to be short lived when she heard the baby cry and quickly scurried off to change her and give her breakfast.

With the baby drifting off to sleep, she left her in Monica’s care and began preparing their Thanksgiving feast. Every year was melancholy without her mother around. The Scully family shrinking towards the roots while its branches stretched onward and outward.

Meanwhile, she was curious to hear what Mulder was saying to Morales in the office. They had been on the phone for almost an hour and Morales didn’t have the fondness for Mulder that Skinner did. Skinner. Jeffrey was picking him up from his apartment today finally home from the hospital, but continuing his rehabilitation. Would Skinner be weary with Monica here?

A couple hours later and the sound of conversation filled the old house as everyone started to arrive. Their home toasty from the oven running all day and the fire Mulder had built in the hearth in the back. The television blared the football game and Doggett played the dual role of bartender and sports announcer. Scully was in the kitchen slicing up vegetables when she felt Mulder press against her back, wrapping his arms around her carefully, just under her breasts.

“I missed you,” he said in a harsh whisper as he buried his face in her neck.

Heat suffused her cheeks in a rush, a shiver of pure pleasure rocked her body and she found herself naturally drawn to his statuesque frame. He casually pressed his groin against her, and she had no doubts as to what he was thinking about. “They can see us from the other room,” Scully reminded coolly pretending her body wasn’t smoldering like hot coals at his touch.

“We could sneak upstairs and eat, use each others bodies as plates?”

Scully lifted her head his way to pass him a dubious glare. “I’d like to think we’ve developed some self control in our later years.”

He dropped his arms in defeat, but his right hand still managed to linger at her hip. “You need help?”

“Tara and Charlie are helping me and Monica and Trish are with the baby,” Scully said as she set the last of the casserole dishes into the oven.

“He made me go back in there with Bill and Doggett.”

She met his pleas with compassion. “We’ll be eating soon.”

“Fine.” He pointed a finger her way before giving a tap to her forehead with his lips and retreating, “tonight. You and me kid.”

Monica and Tara set the baby in her pack-n-play near the couch and helped set the table. Mulder entered the kitchen to bring out the turkey and Scully noticed his shit-eating grin. “What now?” she asked almost fearing his answer.

“I bought something for you.”

“Oh, no.”

Mulder held up a replica of the current sweater he was wearing. The bottom half was black, the top
gray, and across the border the red and green of holly. At least it didn’t have snowmen, santas, and reindeer. “You want us to wear matching sweaters?”

Mulder nodded with his tight lipped grin. She held her arms up in surrender and he took it as an invitation to slide it over her head, but the look on his face as he stared at her in utter thrill and amusement told her that there was more in store. She lifted her eyebrows for him to continue.

Then it happened. Mulder giggled. The cutest, sweetest boyish sound she had ever heard. “I got one for M.”

He held it up and she knew it was impossible not to fall in love with him every day of her life. “Well, what are you waiting for? Go put it on her.” And with that he darted out of the room like she had just told him he could open up Christmas presents.

The meal went over fairly smooth considering half the people there didn’t care much for each other. Even Bill managed a compliment about how well everything had been prepared. Scully got up to retrieve the dessert and Charlie went in the kitchen to help. He returned with a pie and the can of whip cream in an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

“If you’re going to laugh like that Charlie, you’ve got to tell us what’s so funny,” Jeffrey commented.

“Bill, you remember the Thanksgiving mom burnt the biscuits and the smoke alarm went off…?”

“And she ended up feeding the cavalary?” Bill finished. “Yeah, mom knew no strangers.”

“That was the same Thanksgiving she cooked those awful cheesy broccoli potatoes in the microwave..” Charlie continued.

“And the steam caused the door to fly open when Charlie walked passed it,” Scully chimed in.

All three Scullys smiled at each other before bursting out, “Bill, come quick, I nuked Charlie!”

That made Scully roll, Bill belted out deep belly laughs and Charlie was crying he was laughing so hard. The rest of the table laughed as if it was a contagion.

Charlie got suddenly serious. “Yup, that was the year Aunt Debbie accidentally shot Aunt Clara in the face with a spray of whipped cream.”

Scully dried her eyes trying to recover. “OMG Charlie. That ended in a full scale food fight.”

Charlie nodded tipping the cap of the whipped cream. “Yup.” In one fluid motion he lifted the can, partially covered the tip and let the cream fly right into Bill’s face. Bill shot up in a flash, his face crimson, shouting at Charlie. “You. Are a dead man.” and with that he scooped up a handful of apple pie flinging it in the air, catching Charlie’s cheek and chest. Everyone at the table froze in shock, but it didn’t take but a moment and Scully grabbing a slice of blueberry pie to cover Bill with to get everyone in on the action. The room filled with the thunder of chairs scraping against the hardwood floor as they all rose to their feet, a volcano of food erupting in the air. Mulder kicked back his chair and crouched behind the table throwing clusters of whatever he could get his hands on aiming for the head-level. Skinner, feeling his oats, grabbed a piece of chocolate cake, turning it icing side out and smeared it all over Monica’s face. Surprised, her mouth dropped and with two fingers wiped the bits from her eyes and took off only to return with the ranch dressing and turn Skinner’s head into a liquid snow covered hill. Cassandra burst out laughing and tossed the meringue at Jeffrey, but he had his sights on Mulder, hurling leftover biscuits his way. Doggett lifted Monica away from Skinner with one arm, the other reaching for the icy Jello to stuff down the front of her
red silk blouse. “I’m gonna get you Doggett!” Monica screamed and chased him into the back rooms. Charlie and Scully continued to pelt Bill with whatever scraps they could find until Mulder stood and laid his hands at Scully’s shoulders. “This place looks like a prison riot,” Mulder smirked and ducked in unison with Scully as more cake flew their way. He laughed and they exchanged a moment, his hands purposefully moving along her stomach and Scully stilled at the change in tempo. Mulder took hold of her hips as they got back to their feet and he straightened behind her body. The motion brought her attention to the erection flush against the small of her back, and she had to stifle a gasp. She tried her best to act normal, but had no idea if she succeeded. Thinking quickly she filled two handfuls of whatever she could grab- chocolate, blueberry, jello, peach cobbler, and twirled, catching Mulder off guard, with one finger she pulled away his jeans and waistband from his lower abs and dropped her concoction inside, patting it with a smile. Scully was already covered head to toe in bits of every color of food imaginable, her hair dripping with icing, her face covered in cream.

Mulder nodded his head and tightened his grin. “I’m going to clean up. You’ll come with me, won’t you?”

His question had overtones, but he didn’t give her time to form an answer, with a hand hard at her elbow he led her into the back office and closed the door with his heel. Before she could blink his tongue swept into her mouth begging her for more. Trapped in his orbit, the elusive quality of self-control slipped away and she only struggled for a moment before she was lost, softening against his body. Scully’s hands clawed helplessly at his sweater, her bones aching for the pressure of his body on top of her. She craved the feel of his skin. Mulder’s hand fistled in her hair, the other going to her lower back to crush her against him. He was the one to finally pull back with a smile, pieces of whipped cream and pie clinging to his nose, forehead, and cheek as they transferred from her face to his. “You look good enough to eat,” he said dryly. With one hand he shrugged out of his sweater, the other undoing his button-fly. The zipper lowered and the visual of his long pulsing erection covered in dripping chocolate, cream, and fruit compote sent her to her knees. Her insides throbbed as it slid against her tongue. Sweet and hot, cool and gooey. She filled her throat with all of it sucking it down like a hard thick milkshake. Lapping at it like a Popsicle on a hot summer’s day. Scully had a mind to eat every morsel of food on his body, but she couldn’t stand the wait. Mulder let out a groan low and hoarse and gripped her hair roughly almost to the point of pain. Scully tugged at his hips with both hands, pulling him in closer, bottoming out, blueberry filling trickling out the corners onto her chest, her tongue circling to capture what was left clung to his length. She lifted her eyes to see his down to mere slits. He dipped his finger onto her cheek to pull out a dollop of coconut custard, sucking on his finger seductively. That made her giggle and run her tongue along his shaft for spite. “I missed a spot.”

Mulder looked pained. “Scully, we need to hurry, they’re going to figure out we’re in here.”

They locked eyes and Scully continued her ministrations, bobbing her head up and down, the last of the chocolate coating her lips. It took him under two minutes to finish, moaning as she swallowed the last of it.

In one quick swoop, Mulder lifted Scully up onto the credenza as he undressed her, moving down her body with sweet torturous kisses along every inch. Licking and biting every crumb of food along the way. His mouth incredibly and deliberately soft as he rained kisses across her ribs and around her navel, seeming to focus on absolutely every inch of her torso, stroking pudding and sweet fillings, hot and cold against it before soothing and cleaning it with his tongue. He was torturing her systematically, moving back up her body and kissing along her shoulder tops and down her arm. Mulder’s lips were so sensual it made her writhe. Sucking on her fingers for long agonizing seconds, scooping the cream and chocolate from between them. It felt exquisite, but she wanted to scream from the need. Instead he gave her opposite arm, wrist, and hand the same treatment. She felt on the edge just from that and the sight of him crawling around her on their small credenza. His erection was back, clearly outlined through his navy boxers. Scully sucked in a breath as he nuzzled the
underside of each breast licking away apple pie and kissing while she squirmed. It was torment of the most delicious kind, discovering that he had enough skill to draw exquisite pleasure from even the most innocent parts of her body. He had her panting simply paying special attention to the dimples of her knees. “Mulder,” she gasped, “Remember, we have company.”

He licked his way up to her breasts, drawing on a nipple until she was ready just from that nearly painful pressure. He gave equal attention to it’s twin before burying his face into her core. Scully screamed at the rush of pleasure, Mulder scraping the last of the coconut cream and peach cobbler from her body. Her noises lit a fire in him because there were no more idle caresses, with his hands at her thighs lifting her into position he hardened his tongue, curling it at the end, plunging it into her, as his lips did their own magic. Earnestly he moved, and his diligent caring brought her there within seconds. Mulder refused to slow, spinning her away from nirvana, then bringing her back for another orgasm like her nerves were the ivories of a piano’s keyboard.

With some care on Mulder’s part, Scully was back on her feet, albeit with a little wobble. They shared an intense glare as her chest filled with warmth. Slowly she drifted from his spell and noticed his face. Around his mouth was stained and lips were swollen. If Mulder smiled any wider he could have auditioned for the Joker.

“How we getting out of this one?” Scully asked, her clothes a food soaked cluster. Mulder tossed her his sweater and carefully opened the door a crack. “Looks like they started cleaning up. Let’s make a run for the bedroom.”

Several minutes later, aftershocks still coursing through their bodies, Mulder and Scully returned to the crowd. Mostly everything was clean. Bill and Charley handling most of the cleanup.

“Where’s Monica and Doggett?” Scully asked picking up the baby.

“They disappeared a little after you,” Skinner answered still dripping with food. “Mulder, you have a shirt I can borrow?”

This brought another grin to Mulder’s already irresistible face. “Actually, I’ve got t-shirts for everyone. We’re taking a group picture. I want something for M to remember her first Thanksgiving with all her aunts and uncles.”

Scully didn’t know how he managed to get everyone together, even Bill, but there they were in red Griswold t-shirts, hair still dripping from showers and sporting a collection of Mulder’s board shorts posing for a group family photo.

With the dishes washed, everyone heading to their houses or to bed, feeding time over and the baby happily sleeping, Scully snuck downstairs to find Mulder. At the first creek in the stairs Scully caught sight of Mulder minimizing some screen on his laptop, spinning around and looking up. “Hey you,” he said in the way that sent lightning through her chest. “I think we’re the only ones left standing.”

“It does seem everyone has retired for the night,” Scully followed up and gently placed an arm around him.

“Doggett and Reyes appeared to have a good time tonight,” Mulder said casually.

“Yeah, Monica was giving me some looks like she wanted to talk and fill me in, but we didn’t have any time alone. I’m sure I’ll get all caught up in the morning.”

“The baby’s sleeping?”

“Soundly. Finally.” Scully’s tongue comforted her bottom lip. “So, what were you looking at on the
computer?” She swallowed hard, suppressing some hatching butterflies as she asked, fearing he brought work home. Concerned it had something to do with Morales’ conversation on the phone earlier.

“Really nothing. Random,” he said feigning innocence.

“Can I look then?”

Mulder rolled his eyes. “I prefer you didn’t, but I don’t think you’ll let it go…” He rotated the laptop towards her. “Just don’t-don’t fight with me. I’m too tired and I haven’t the will left.”

That really had her butterflies flapping, now she needed to know. She maximized the screen and realized she was completely off base. “You’re watching porn? Are you kidding me?”

“I don’t want to fight,” he said surrendering as he got up and headed to the couch. “I’m sorry. I guess..”

“Your needs have been ignored,” Scully said cutting him off.

His eyes softened as he looked her way. “You make me insatiable Scully. I need to have control. These first couple times need to be gentle. The doctor was pretty clear.”

Scully didn’t answer, instead she pushed the screen share button and sent the video to the t.v. overriding Mulder’s History Channel. Mulder turned and shot her a surprised look. “Scully, what.. This house is full of people..”

“That are asleep.. And we’ve never watched one of these together.” Scully’s lips turned into a sensually evil grin.

“I never really thought...” Mulder began.

“Let’s not think,” Scully finished opening the desk drawer and retrieving his small bottle of lotion and clean washcloth.

She sat down next to Mulder as the women on the video removed their clothes while two men eagerly waited. Scully placed an earpod in her ear, the other in Mulder’s redirecting the audio. All four were moaning, deeply enthralled.

Mulder shot her another confused smile, his eyebrows slanted down. Scully didn’t answer instead rotating his head back towards the t.v. with a forefinger at his chin.

Mulder relaxed and focused on the t.v. and Scully kissed him on the cheek resting her head on his shoulder as they watched together. Her right hand fingers slowly tiptoed across his jeans until they were resting on his leg. Scully reached across with a single finger stroking at the zipper.

“What if somebody walks in?” Mulder asked without removing his eyes from the screen. The women, finished with each other were now working on the men.

“No one is coming. At least no one not on this couch.”

Mulder wet his lips and smiled. It was one thing for him to say something like that. It was quite another when she did it.

With both hands she uncovered his growing erection, shimmying him free, reaching for the lotion to drench her hands. She squeezed gently, coating the head and with long perfect strokes she matched
the woman’s moan bellowing in Scully’s ear making her ache.

Mulder closed his eyes and took a deep harsh breath. When he opened them he looked straight at Scully with a hard stony expression filled with need. “Scully.” It sent a shockwave through her and she instinctively stroked him faster, both hands in motion.

He leaned into her with a kiss, slow and sensual worshiping her mouth pushing his hips into the grip of her hand as she laid back and allowed him to climb on top of her. He wiped the lotion off himself with the towel while she slid her silk pants and underwear off one leg to allow him access. They were both fully clothed when he entered her, even his jeans were only pushed down far enough from him to position himself out of the top of his boxers. Something about his body pressing against her silk sliding it along her skin, the desperation of needing each other even if it meant keeping their clothes on, the ability for anyone to walk in, Scully felt it all completely arousing. Their foreheads nearly touching, he held himself over her working in slow smooth motion. The gentlest he had ever been and unbelievably sensual. They continued like this even after he pulled his lips away, consciously, he made the effort to keep his eyes on her the whole time. It was exquisitely gratifying to watch his face as his emotions and pleasure swept over him, his piercing stare intensified on her. It gave her an extraordinary feeling, being on the receiving end of such a stare. It made her feel more important than life to him. It was a brief, but profound moment and completely intoxicating. It brought her over the crest, and he arched deeply inside her as he followed, continuing to lock onto her eyes prolonging the feeling with small gentle thrusts.

“The first time I saw that stare Mulder, I knew I was never going to let you look at anyone else that way again,” Scully admitted feeling slightly territorial.

“Who said I ever had before you?” Mulder challenged. His eyes softening into a loving gaze as his heartbeat slowed. “Sleep with me Scully. Stay with me on the couch and I promise I won’t let you sleep through the baby’s cry,” his expression almost pained.

She closed her eyes, nodding lightly. He had caught her in a weak moment. “Okay.” He kissed her cheek in the most innocent of ways. “Thank you.” He carefully pulled out and her body already missed him, then performed a pushup, lifting himself off the couch and heading to the bathroom. When he returned he slid in alongside her with a goofy playful grin.

“What?” she asked reluctantly.

Mulder sang in his Elvis voice, “Oh let me be,” his lip properly lifted as if attached to a fishing hook, “your teddybear”

Laughter bubbled from Scully at his corny ridiculousness and Mulder covered her with his body rocking into her, attacking her neck with his lips. She folded into him, giggling helplessly, quickly transforming into squeals. He nuzzled against her ear, pinning her down beneath him, holding her wrists as she poked at his ribs. “Tell me you like Elvis,” he laughingly insisted. “Say, you like him.”

“I hate Elvis.” Bill’s voice boomed from the stairs. “You’re going to wake your child, or have you forgotten you didn’t give this one away.”

Mulder sat back on his heels stunned to silence while Scully worked her way into a seated position and raged, “Bill, one more outburst and you won’t be welcomed back. You’re crossing a line.”

“You know Dana, in all the years, not once have I ever walked in on you with a man. Not even holding hands. Except him. Every time I turn around you’re in a compromising position with him in one way or another. What is it that he has over you?”
Scully could tell by Mulder’s reaction he was eating up that statement. She relaxed herself between his thighs using his knees as armrests.

“Bill come sit down,” she said as she motioned him to the couch.

“I would rather we spoke alone.”

Scully flailed her arms exasperated. “You need to finally get it through your skull Bill. There is no me without Mulder. Did it ever cross your mind that maybe without Mulder, I’d never have kids at all. Everyone is always under the assumption that without Mulder I walk away with a perfect married life with children and a successful career, but I’ve seen the future Bill, I’ve seen the possibilities. The existence of alternate universes does not guarantee that your life is better in another timeline.”

Bill held up his hand. “I don’t even want you to explain what that means.”

“Bill,” Scully said holding his hand realizing what had been stroking itself inside that hand only a short time ago making a sadistic bliss creep its way up her spine. “It means that I am living the best possible life right here and now. Mulder and I are getting married. He is part of this family. That will become a reality and you must accept it because I need you to be the one to give me away.”

“To him?” Bill shook his head. “Now I understand, you really are out of your mind.”

“Bill,” Scully said. “Please.”

He nodded in retreat. “Okay.” He patted her hand again. “You really love this guy? Does he make you happy?”

“Bill, it’s been twenty five years.” Scully met his eyes. “It’s not going to change. Yes, I love him.”

Mulder snaked his arms around her waist hugging her so her back pressed against his hard chest. Bill nodded again and rose from the couch. “Okay.”

Mulder left them to talk and walked out onto the porch staring out at the stars. The wind rustled the bushes drawing his attention. A shadow figure appeared and stepped from the unseen and into the light.

“Wil.. Jackson?” Mulder whispered out into the breeze.

Williams hands sunk deep into both pockets of his hoodie. Draped over his head the thin cotton didn’t do much to shield his face from the wind. Expressionless he monotoned, “I know I have a sister. I’ve come to meet her.”
The Boy is Mine

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

We're in November of 2018 and William has returned demanding to meet his sister.

Mulder flipped off the porch light and galloped down the steps hiding them both in the shadows. “We’re not alone. I have company.”

“I want to see my sister,” William said calmly unaffected.

Mulder ran a hand over his mouth as his brain revved. Finally he said, “You’ll be putting her in danger and that can’t happen.”

“I don’t want to hurt her,” William replied as his eyes exposed to Mulder a glimmer of Scully. “She’s my sister.”

“Your mother has only started to heal.”

William didn’t speak, running his forefinger above his brow. The cicadas screamed in the trees masking the deafening silence.

“We could meet somewhere. Talk first,” Mulder suggested. Even with everything he knew, the urge to embrace his only son was incredible.

William shook his head impatiently. “No, I’m not coming back.”

Mulder turned his head at the creak from the screen door. His eyes squinted as they adjusted to the porch light. “Mulder? What are you doing out here in the dark?” It was Jeffrey.

Mulder looked back for William, but he had already disappeared. “Jackson, it’s all right,” Mulder called out into the night. “You can trust him. He’s my brother.”

William materialized as quickly as he had dematerialized.

“William? Is that really you?” Jeffrey smiled and pulled him into a big bear hug, patting his back. “You’re so tall. Last time I saw you I was holding you in my arms.”

“Now I see the resemblance,” William muttered. He pulled back cautiously and pointed at Jeffrey’s face. “Those scars. I recognize them. You were subjected to the tests.”

“Yes, by my father. Your..” Jeffrey stopped.

While they had their exchange Mulder was busy noticing the changes in William. His hair was cut short, disheveled and spiked towards the front. His appearance no longer resembled Jack White’s doppelganger. He wondered if he had changed his appearance for Scully. “How have you been Jackson?” Mulder asked.

“It hasn’t been all bad.” William mumbled and refocused as if something called to him. Without a
word he abruptly walked over to the porch slowly transforming into Mulder.


William ignored him walking inside and almost reached the top of the staircase when Mulder tackled him. He was startled and it paused him momentarily. “This is not the way,” Mulder argued.

“You know what I’m capable of old man. You can’t stop me,” William hissed, but made no attempt to push Mulder away.

“I do, but you have no idea what I’m capable of, especially when it comes to your mother.”

“William,” Scully said in a gasp watching the two men struggle.

“You can’t keep her from me.” Williams eyes went wild with a barely contained anger.

Mulder’s vision blurred as pain burst inside his brain like lightning striking a transformer. William broke free from Mulder’s now withering grasp, his smile mocking Mulder. It didn’t last long. M took one look at her father and wailed and William stumbled, falling to the floor, his eyes white globes as he seized, his hands at both ears.

“Mulder! William!” Scully screamed, but so did the baby. Her face red and puffy, her arms flailing, legs kicking with all their might.

The pain gone as quickly as it came Mulder hurried to his feet and scooped her up in his arms. She stopped almost instantly, the apples of her rosy cheeks lifting her face. “M, it’s okay. I’m okay,” Mulder said and William stopped his seizing, rubbing his face with one hand and using the other to rise up from the floor.

“I only wanted to meet my sister,” William insisted.

Mulder flashed him a look, but Scully was quick to intervene. “Mulder, you’re overreacting.”

“You weren’t in that motel room,” Mulder returned.

“But I saw it,” Scully reminded him. “Darkness will not enter my home.” With that Mulder caved, but kept M tight to his chest. She snuggled underneath his chin and sucked her thumb. He trusted Scully’s instincts.

“Where have you been William?” Scully asked gently.

“I came across a man. He introduced me to others.”

“Are you happy?”

William nodded taking a hesitant step closer. “I’m doing okay.”

Tears formed in Scully’s eyes and they ripped at Mulder’s chest. He had never wanted to see those tears again.

Scully wrapped her arms around William, her hands flat against his back. He let her tears soak his shirt. “How did you find us?” she said hoarsely at barely a whisper.

“You gave your business card to my friend’s mother. I took it from there.” His eyes closed at her affection and he allowed himself to lightly return her embrace.
“What’s the commotion?” Bill asked as he reached the top of the stairs with Jeffrey tailing behind. Scully released William and dried her eyes.

Mulder with M still in his arms put a hand to Bill’s chest then quickly shut the door. “It’s our son Bill. It’s William.”

Bill stammered but the words didn’t come. What Mulder saw in his eyes looked like genuine concern. “How’s Dana handling it?”

“To be honest, I don’t know.” Mulder shook his head and looked passed Bill watching a goldfish swim towards the surface to eat a few flakes. He looked back towards Bill. “Let’s give her some time.”

Mulder returned to the bedroom only to set M in her crib and pacify Scully that he had the situation handled. He led Bill and Jeffrey back down the stairs. He wanted to stay with Scully and William, but corralling these hooligans seemed to be the optimum post. After some excruciatingly slow minutes passed, Bill asked him to go check on Scully and he wasted no time darting up the stairs. The door swung open and there was William with the baby in his arms, Scully smiling from ear to ear happy tears pushing the sad ones out of her eyes, bleeding his heart then filling it up like always. M had her fingers hooked in William’s bottom lip as he morphed his appearance to puff out his cheeks and extend his lips. “You like Mr. Potato head?” he said to M.

Mulder chuckled and his eyes had an exchange with Scully’s. “Don’t scare her Jackson.”

William looked up. “You can call me William. I don’t mind. I know that was my name.”

“Your mother named you after my father,” Mulder explained through the lump in his throat.

“Gibson has told me a lot about my mother,” William’s eyes softened Scully’s brilliant blue shining inside them. “...and you.”

“Gibson Praise?” Mulder asked surprised.

William nodded. “He has a home for us. He helps us to understand about our abilities and taught us control.”

“How did you find Gibson? How do you know him?” Mulder probed.

“He found me.”

“The baby turned her head as she listened to Mulder’s voice and reached for him. He held out his arms and took her from William. William buried his hands into the pockets of his jeans. “I need to go.”

Scully begged, holding his arm, “William please. Don’t run. It’s late. At least stay the night.”

Mulder watched as the coldness clouded into William’s eyes. “It might feel like we know each other, but we don’t.”

“Stay the night. We’ll get to know each other.” Scully interlaced her fingers with William’s. “I want you to meet your family.”

William nervously played with his hair, following Scully with Mulder close behind taking up the rear.
By the time they were downstairs, Charlie had joined them with his wife and Bill’s. All quietly waiting. Scully handled the introductions.

“Jeffrey is Mulder’s half-brother. They have different mothers, but the same father.”

William swallowed hard and asked delicately, “Are Jeffrey and Mulder my brothers?” Mulder watched the question torture and terrorize Scully’s insides, but all he saw was red. The anger and hate boiling so fast for a monster that continued to hurt his beloved Scully. He tasted blood.

“I don’t know,” Scully confided. It brought several puzzled faces from the peanut gallery perched on her sofa.

Scully ignored them and continued. “Cassandra is Jeffrey’s mother. Bill my older brother is sitting next to her and his wife Tara. Next is my younger brother Charlie and his wife Trish. Walter Skinner is our boss, a friend… and your Godfather. And… where’s Monica?”

“She said she’d be back in the morning. I believe she went with Doggett,” Charlie chimed in, winking at Mulder. What was going on with Reyes and Doggett?

“Okay, well everyone, this is..”

“I’m William,” he said waving haphazardly.

Scully watched the simultaneous release of their mandibles as everyone sat stunned. Even if Bill had prepared them, the shock of reality did not. William clearly had not expect the night to go this way, nervously swiping at his hair, chewing at the inside of his cheek. A big warm familiar hand pressed into the nape of Scully’s neck, surprising her, gently brushing aside her short hair to settle there possessively. “He’s our son Scully,” Mulder commanded softly into her ear, his warm breath making her want to believe. William stood long and lean, his clothing sagging on the lanky frame, but his broad shoulders kept them upright. From the back he could almost pass for Mulder and his new haircut aided the fact. They had similar coloring, turbulent eyes, but his looks were less refined. Mulder’s hard stiff lines and deep defining features gave him ageless style. William’s were brooding, but plain, almost bland compared to Mulder. Scully shuddered pushing her clinical mind away from the possible root of their similarities. Mulder draped his arms around her, but she was already turning as he moved, burying her face in his chest, gripping her arms around his ribs, holding to him tight.

“Don’t,” she murmured into his hard body and he tightened his hold unable to ignore her request. Hard facts were all that could cure the ache of her heart and her mind and Mulder insisted she not go there and her fears helped satisfy that request.

Bill gave Mulder a jarred tilt of the head to signal him that William may have reached his limit. “It’s been a long day, why don’t we call it a night,” Mulder concluded and everyone agreed making their way slowly back to their respective bedrooms.

William stood there with his head down, looking lost. Mulder walked over. “Want to come sit with me on the porch?”

“I should probably take off..” William squinted back.

Mulder sighed. “Jackson. I know this is hard. I know all these people act like they know you and you haven’t a clue who they are, but please.. you chose to come here. If you leave you’re only going to break your mother’s heart all over again.”

William gave him a single nod, but stood silent. Mulder walked to the refrigerator and stuck his head in. His heart clenched. He didn’t even know what William liked to drink. “Looks like the choices are
orange juice, iced tea, or water. I think I might have some soda left from Thanksgiving.”

“Iced tea is fine,” William called back. He crossed his arms nervously browsing around Mulder’s desk, at the books Mulder had, the baseball bat, the basketball. When he got to Samantha’s picture he paused.

“That’s my sister,” Mulder said holding the two glasses of tea.

“Samantha,” William said slowly. “I’ve met her.”

“If you met her Jackson, you’ve met a version of her. A hybrid. It’s not her. That Samantha is dead.” Jackson didn’t reply, but looked unconvinced.


“Has Gibson given you any of the answers that you were searching for?”

“Some. Maybe given me more questions than answers.”

Mulder huffed out a laugh able to relate leaning his elbows on his knees. “That is usually what happens when you’re searching for the truth.”

“Do you believe I’m..” William looked disgusted. “Your brother?”

Mulder sucked in his lips, biting at the lower one, trying to search his brain for something that might provide him any comfort at all. Mulder let out a deep sigh. “Jackson, I know you can’t understand what I’m about to say and maybe one day you will or maybe you won’t, but the most important thing to remember when you question our connection is that I love you. I loved you before you were born, I loved you as I held you in my arms, as I spoke to you with my heart for all those years until we met and your mother loves you deeply and that makes me love you all the more. I want the best for you. I need you to be safe and I need you to know.. No matter what.. You are my son and nothing could ever make me stop loving you.”

William took a long drink of his iced tea. “What do you know of my existence? Of what I am.”

“I know of people’s ideas, of what they believe you are.” Mulder looked up at the moon shaded by a passing cloud. “You are a man Jackson, you decide what and who you are.”

William ran a hand through his hair and leaned a foot up on the porch railing. “I want to know my biological mother, but I don’t want to give her more pain.”

Mulder met his eyes. “We take things slow Jackson. Day by day.”

“The others. Like me. We can protect all of you from anything if you’re afraid I’ve been followed,” William added.

“These others. Gibson coordinated your meeting?”

“Yeah, Gibson is a regular Professor Charles Xavier.”

Mulder chuckled and relaxed leaning back in his chair. “You still see your girlfriends?”

“No,” William replied solemnly.
Mulder could see it was a sore subject so he kept it light. “Got any good new prospects over in the x-
mansion?”

William blushed and Mulder pressed on. “Is she hot?”

For the first time Mulder saw William loosen up, the stress leave his body, he even threw an arm
around the back of a chair. William talked to him as if in a dream, a smile tugging at his cheeks.
“She’s beautiful. Long flowing dark hair, eyes that make your heart race.”

Mulder nodded and smirked. “Nice rack and tight ass, huh?”

William laughed hard at the remark. “Your wife know you talk like that?”

Mulder played with the ice cubes in his glass. “Scully and I haven’t exchanged formal vows yet, but
yeah, there isn’t much of me left that Scully doesn’t know. We’re at the point I go to her to find out
about myself.” Him and William exchanged a shy glance.

William rocked his chair, the front two legs lifting from the porch. “Why do you call her by her last
name?”

“If I called her baby she’d knock me unconscious,” Mulder laughed raising his eyebrows. He
shrugged, “Every so often she allows me to slip in a honey.” Mulder finished his iced tea and set his
glass down. “So what’s her name?”

“Molly,” William said dreamily.

Mulder nodded and smiled taking in the moment, savoring their father-son interaction, his heart
almost bursting.

William tilted his head. “Her brother, Kyle, is probably my best friend, which can make things
awkward at times.”

They fell into a comfortable silence staring out at the night, the twinkling lights of the city in the
distant landscape.

“Why did you come here Jackson?” Mulder asked gently. “Besides, to meet your sister.”

Now it was William’s turn to sigh. “Kyle’s father. He’s dead now, but we believe his home office
might hold some answers.”

“And you want us to help get you in there?” Mulder shook his head. “Jackson, if I go in there with a
court order, it will be gone before the ink is dry on the paper.”

“But you could talk to Kyle’s mother. Get her to show you what she found. We don’t know what it
means, but my mother would know. She could look at it for us.”

“I see where you’re going.” Mulder felt completely drained. He yawned. “You don’t get much sleep
do you?”

“Not really. My brain won’t stop.”

“You want to head back in? Will you be here in the morning? If you are we can say hello to Kyle’s
mother,” Mulder said with a loose grin.

“I’ll be here.”
M was fussing and whatever attempts Scully made to quiet her were not working. It wasn’t until Mulder returned and took her into his arms did she quiet down and drift back to sleep. “You and William have been talking all night,” Scully commented as he got into bed.

“He asked for our help. He’s searching for answers, and he believes he’s found some, but he needs you to interpret the material. We could leave the baby with Monica, go for a drive.”

“Mulder, this will be the first time away from her.”

“If Doggett’s here too, she’ll be safe,” Mulder said attempting to ease any concerns as they both climbed into bed.

Mulder covered her with his arms. “He’s back,” Scully squeaked out in a whisper.

“He’s in our house.” Mulder brushed the hair from her face. “Scully, he.. He wants us.. He needs you to help him. He believes he found one of the doctors who took the results from Project Crossroads into the private sector. The doctor is dead, but his wife found information in her house.” He searched her eyes. “Scully if you don’t want to open these doors..”

“No. No, Mulder. I’ll go with him. It’s important for him to know.” He watched her intently, and she felt him fall into the tarnished depths inside herself, testing the mortar that he had used to mend the cracks and shattered pieces. The days of shying away long past, she held her vulnerability in her eyes. When he was satisfied she brought her ear to his chest and listened to his heart pound out his love and concern for her against his ribs. His electric fingers coursed through her hair shimmering the bronzed red copper in its wake. Her arms crossed tightly beneath her chest, her knees not far behind. She felt the weight of his cheek draping her forehead as it came to rest. His arms and legs covered her body forming into her outer barrier. He could no longer protect her from the truth or of what was to come.
Chapter Summary

William has returned and he's still looking for answers to his origins, Monica and Doggett have yet to talk about what happened Thanksgiving, and the baby is unphased by it all.

I want to thank MonikaFileFan for the beta work and MS31X129 for the help finding my mistakes in the previous chapters. I'm still working through them all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Mulder shielded M from the hot water running into the tub. The two of them had been sitting in the bath so long, the water had grown tepid. He re-adjusted his bathing suit as it kept riding up and wanting to float towards the surface. M was unphased as she slid around within Mulder’s grasp like a slippery seal, her tiny legs splashing out baby bath scented bubbles. She was more concerned with the rubber ducky in the surgeon scrubs. Fixated on it as it bobbed against the waterfall created from the water barreling from the faucet.

If Scully was awake she would be listing her concerns: washing the baby in the tub, having her immersed in water so long, stripping her of good bacteria... But Scully was asleep and he and M were having fun with a fleet of rubber duckys and battleships. Water flitted into the air landing on his chest and face. M was splashing and giggling with her mother’s smile and daddy’s need to provoke. Her slicked back baby fine hair now rinsed clean of the night’s breast milk residue had reminded him of the image of Scully fresh from her morning shower.

Mulder smirked and slid back, lifting her up and dunking his own head under water, rising up like old Nessy from the deep. M clapped and went into immediate hysterics, batting her wet lashes as she begged for a repeat.

Mulder realized he was pushing his luck when he noticed the deep wrinkles setting into both him and M’s fingers and carefully reached for a towel, sacrificing his own warmth for the sake of M. All wrapped up in a baby burrito she snuggled into his right arm beneath his heart while he finished draining the tub and balancing his way out. He snuck past Scully well into REM and went in hunt for breakfast.

The refrigerator loaded with leftovers, but not much else, he grabbed a breakfast bar and started the coffee. “I think your bottle’s just about ready,” Mulder said to the hungry woman in his arms. A quick glance at the temp and two drops of Scully’s pumped breast milk on his wrist and they were headed towards the living room.

“Brmmmbr,” Mulder rumbled flying the bottle around like a jet plane until M laughed. Holding it to her full pink lips, she latched on sucking with all her might already reaching to hold the bottle by herself. It wasn’t a breast, but she didn’t appear to mind. Carefully, he propped up on the couch, his lips pressing against her head, the wisps of hairs against his lips were the softest he had ever felt.
Euphoria flooded through him and he bathed in it. She was the most perfect, most beautiful person in the world. How in all his chaos and perilous life was he able to have such a gift? He didn’t dwell as it brought on emotions that sent tears to his eyes and this morning was too carefree for all that.

“Does someone need breakfast?” Scully asked as she came down the steps.

“We have been bathed and fed,” Mulder answered puckering his lips as she leaned down for a kiss. “Coffee is made. Come sit with us.”

Scully returned with her mug, turned on the news, and set her coffee on the table as Mulder opened his left arm for her to settle in. She stretched out beside him. Under his right arm, Scully under his left, both resting at his chest. A door rattled opened and Scully lifted her head. Jackson shuffled out barefoot, but dressed in jeans and a black t-shirt. His short hair spiked and scattered from the night.

“If you want some coffee it’s waiting in the kitchen,” Mulder informed him. “Mugs are in the cabinet next to the sink.”

Jackson nodded and yawned, stretching as he walked. When he returned, Scully patted the couch and Mulder urged him. “Take a seat.”

Jackson looked hesitant, but sat, his bare feet resting on the coffee table. Scully gasped and smiled. “Mulder look at William’s feet.”

Mulder lifted his head and glanced at Jackson’s feet. Jackson shrugged and looked puzzled, but Mulder understood. He wiggled his own toes propped on the coffee table. Their big toes were identical. “What do you think Jackson? Do we match?”

Jackson slid his foot alongside Mulder’s. Both similar in size and almost mirror images. Jackson drank his coffee and shrugged again. “Doesn’t really prove much.”

They shared a look before watching the news and then the weather. The forecast was for a sunny day, winds at 10 mph, passing clouds later. Jackson got up to use the bathroom and Mulder felt Scully’s eyes upon him. “Yes?” he asked.

Scully laughed. “Mulder you have this look on your face. I wish I had my phone with me to get a picture.”

“My family was on this couch Scully. I have my two women in my arms, my son only a cushion away. I’ve never been happier.”

“Mulder, you shouldn’t get your hopes up about today...”

“I’m not. It doesn’t matter. Whatever we find... My family is here, in our house, in my arms, and I’m happy.”

Jackson returned from the bathroom with his hair slicked back. “I’ve got some stuff to do today. I’m going to have to go.”

“Will you be back later?” Scully asked tentatively. “Everyone should be out of the house by then. I could make dinner.”

“Okay,” he agreed meekly.

She smiled, relieved. “Okay. We’ll see you then.”
Four hours later as she and Mulder made their way up the cracked steps to Kyle and Molly’s mother’s house, the weight of Scully’s gun laid heavy at her hip, but not as heavy as M laid on her mind. Somehow she remembered it being easier when she was forced to leave William. Maybe because of the trust she had in her mother or maybe because it wasn’t much of a choice.

With a quick flip of their badges and they were inside, Mulder monopolizing the conversation, Scully remaining in a fog of thought. There was a brightness to Mrs. Goldman since they last met. With makeup and her hair done, a flowery sundress lightly brushing her ankles, she could have passed for at least ten years younger.

They followed her through the house. Two years living in her old house and almost all signs of her husband had been removed. Statues and paintings replaced with pictures of her and her children, brown and beige furniture and walls now sporting vibrant yellows and blues. The exception, a locked office in the back. Her face darkened as she unlocked the door with the key shoved deep in her pocket. Scully empathized, almost all her past had been kept behind locked doors. Nervously, Mrs. Goldman revealed a walk-in chamber behind a faux wall.

“This is what he had been keeping from me all those years,” Mrs. Goldman professed. “My poor children paying for the decisions I made, the man I married.” She opened a drawer from one of the storage cabinets against the wall and pulled out a handwritten book. “I don’t understand these writings. In fact, some of it isn’t even English, looks like Chinese, but my kids deserve answers. I deserve an answer. Please.”

Scully flipped through the pages. There were scribblings and drawings, notes in the margins in various different handwriting. Japanese was the actual language in most of the main journal. Another notebook pulled from the shelves was handed to Scully. She piled them all into the SUV. Very politely she said her goodbyes but her mind was already studying pages and thinking of how best to test the vials already well past expiration. She did her best to hide her shaking hands from Mulder. The answers were close.

“John, shouldn’t we at least talk about the other night?” Monica asked as she watched him holding up stuffed animals and teething rings re-enacting some type of redneck Shakespeare to get a smile from the baby.

“Is there really anything to talk about?” John replied keeping his eyes on M as she laughed and kicked in her swing. “We got caught up in the moment and… Well... we had a good time.”

“I think it was more than that.. And I think you do too.”

Doggett gave the baby one of the stuffed animals and she gripped it tight, her swing on autopilot continuing to rock. He straightened and turned to face Monica. “Monica, I already gave you my heart once and you left.” John shook his head as he spoke, his eyes unable to meet hers. “I’m too old for games.” This time he forced himself to look her in the eye, his heart beating in double time. “We take it one day at a time. I need to learn how to trust you again.” The creases grew around his lips as they lifted up into his cheeks, “but it was nice and, yeah, we can try.”

“John, that’s all I’m asking,” Monica returned, her arms snaking around his neck as he laughed bashfully hugging her back.
Like someone flicking a switch, the house darkened, the last rays of the sun saying goodnight as they crossed into the forest. Empty, now that everyone not living there had vacated, Mulder left it to Scully and made use of their porch. He sifted mindlessly through his playlist and tried not to think about what she might be uncovering. The roar of a motorcycle could be heard even through Mulder’s airpods and soon Jackson appeared up the drive on a Harley.

“Softail Street Bob, isn’t it?” Mulder asked putting away his phone and removing the pods from his ears.

“Yeah, pretty lit, huh?” Jackson returned as he removed his helmet.

“That engine is the Milwaukee eight 107?”

“Yeah,” Jackson replied proudly and took Scully’s chair next to Mulder scraping it against the old pine of the porch floor.

“I like nights like this,” Mulder said admiringly, “all the stars out, calm, comfortable, easy.”

“I can give you more stars.” Jackson didn’t even finish the sentence and the stars appeared to glow and burn, multiplying across the sky. “Or if you rather dusk return.” Images of color painted the horizon, a rainbow of shades bouncing off the moon.

“You’ve got a lot of talent Jackson. Artistic,” Mulder clarified. “But my desires are for the truth, as ugly or unimpressive as it might be.” Mulder squinted his half moons at Jackson and Jackson chewed on the inside of his mouth changing Mulder’s perception back to the natural night’s sky.

“You can stop calling me Jackson,” he squinted back. “I haven’t felt like Jackson since I fell into the water the night I was shot. I’m going to try being William for a while. See how that pans out.”

“Okay,” Mulder answered in a low tone.

“Did you know of my abilities when you gave me up?” William asked as he sucked in his bottom lip to console it with his tongue.

“We knew you were special William. We didn’t know the exact details. They were after you. They had split me and your mother up and we, we couldn’t win.” Mulder leaned forward on his chair.

“Your mother did what she needed to do to protect you. Imagine men with your abilities coming after her. Did she have a choice?”

“No. Probably not,” William agreed, mimicking Mulder’s stance, staring down at the ants crawling around moving some sticks. “Living with Gibson, I got to meet a lot of people from all parts of the world. There was this one woman. We got very close very fast. She helped me through a lot these past months.” William toyed with the ants with his foot, causing them to scurry. “Her name is Samantha.”

Mulder could feel his blood pressure rising. He tried his best to keep his voice steady. “I’m sorry William. I told you, that is not my sister. I’ve run into numerous Samantha’s over the years. Her blood most likely runs green.”

“No. no she doesn’t have alien DNA.”

“How old is she?”

“Thirties.”
“Yeah. It’s like I said William, it’s not her.”

“She knows she’s a human clone. One of her doctors told her. She was cloned shortly after the first Samantha died. I-I just thought you should know she’s out there.”

“That doesn’t matter to me,” he said adamantly. “I know what they did to my sister and I know what she went through for them. The pain, the torture, the fear. I was abducted also almost nineteen years ago. I was experimented on and tortured on one of those ships. They did that to my sister when she was only a little girl for years until she died. I don’t need to know or meet someone to be reminded of that.”

Just then Scully opened the screen door interrupting their conversation. “I’ve compiled some data and read through the beginning of these notes and I will need to cross reference this with information in the Pentagon in order to conclude anything substantial.”

“So it’s useless,” William said sending a hand through his hair.

“No,” Scully corrected. “It’s inconclusive. I’ll know more tomorrow.”

-----

It was Saturday, the 24th of November, and Mulder was pacing and M was watching him from her walker. “Scully?” He said her name as if the answer to his question might signify the end of the world. Maybe it would. The expression on her face was all he needed to know. “Scully just tell me.”

She reached out for him and he brought her in tight. He felt her crumbling in his arms. It was then he made a promise to himself. If he ever came across that cigarette smoking son of a bitch again he wasn’t going to simply kill him, he was going to keep him alive long enough to torture him in every way anyone had ever been tortured and a few new ways in between. He would beg for his life to end, and this time he would stay dead. She pulled back locking their gaze. “What did he do Scully?”

She didn’t speak, instead sat at the table like her legs weren’t able to hold her up any longer. “Is William here?”

“No. He left a short while ago. He doesn’t sit still.” Mulder’s brow furrowed. “Tell me Scully.”

Single tears fell from Scully’s eyes. “From what the smoking man stored in the Pentagon and from the journals- William was not created by a spermatozoon fertilizing an egg.” Scully massaged her forehead pressing her index against her temple. “He was constructed. My cells, my DNA was taken from me and reprogrammed to act as stem cells. Using a DNA virus they were able to insert the genes...” Scully broke again and Mulder covered her hand that lay against the table. “What are you saying, Scully?”

“They used the same process with the alien DNA. What Cassandra told us now makes sense. Cassandra was the building blocks they needed. They used her alien DNA and grafted it onto the human genome of the cells, reprogramming them to behave like embryonic stem cells, and created William. What Dr. Goldman was injecting into his wife, into those unsuspecting mothers, were these retroviruses carrying this grafted DNA. The results are so varied because eventually they can form tumors and other abnormalities because they cannot predict the effects the reverse transcription performed by the viral protein will have when the virus’ genome inserts itself into the host genome,” she explained, slower now. “The difference was with William, his genome was hand picked in a laboratory, not haphazardly injected into an already growing fetus. They used a DNA virus with William, not a retrovirus. His cells replicated using a DNA-dependent DNA polymerase verse using ribonucleic acid in a retrovirus and a bacterium transfer. Cassandra’s DNA had the link they needed,
and my DNA, my cells, already had the programming with the traits they wanted out of their superhuman.”

“So, William was not from a fertilized ovum or any embryonic cells. He was from reprogrammed cells? Like cells from your cheek or skin?”

“Yes.”

“But if all that’s true, how could he share any DNA with me at all?”

“He wouldn’t. That’s why I need William. The truth is encoded within his DNA.” Scully withdrew her hand only to rest it on top of Mulder’s squeezing his tight. “If this is true... I was right... I’m not his mother.”

Chapter End Notes

I plan to have the next chapter finished to post Tuesday so we don't go too long without resolution.
I've finally started using my Tumblr account! Now I just need followers. I've been putting up some original stuff and I'll be starting a rewatch soon and posting additional before and after scenes to go along with it along with commentary. Follow me and I'll follow you back.
Chapter Summary

What facts do we know about William coming into existence from canon? Not much. The word of a notorious liar and William, from his visions, determining that CSM is somehow his father? Creator? It is all very purposefully done to obfuscate the truth. What did adding that nurse to the story in En Ami add to any of it? Why was she put there? Why use that scene at all when you had Dr. Parenti and his known attempts at alien hybridization and his access to Scully? No, this was a man who is so egotistical and maniacal that he wanted to make sure that you knew, "I made this."

I put as much science and facts behind the reasoning as I could. As with the previous chapters of this fic, it's all based on real life scenarios. So here we go, the truth about William. Maybe you'll let me know what you think. I'd be interested to hear it.

Next chapters, we're closing in on baby's first Christmas, getting back to work, a little more Monica and Doggett and Monica's truth, we have some mythology playing somewhere, and, oh, yeah, a wedding to plan.

27 November 2018

The past three days Scully had seen no sign of William, but today he was pacing behind her fully dressed in his Mulder illusion, and doing a fine job of acting like him.

“It’s been 72 hours, why don’t we have the results?” William demanded hovering over her, rattling her already ragged nerves. After lots of begging from him and caving from her, they used Mulder’s ID to get himself in the door and into the lab at Quantico.

“These are them. I still have to interpret the findings.”

Scully snapped each analysis into their clip on the wall. Cassandra, Mulder, William, and herself. She felt raw, numb, piecing together a part of her life she would rather forget. If she had left it to him, Mulder would never have asked her to go down this path, but William wanted to know. It was his right to have answers; never asking to be born, never wanting this to be his life.

Scully seized the opportunity to do what they most lacked - talk.

“I’m glad you found your new friends William,” Scully said casting him a darting gaze, gauging his willingness to entertain the conversation.

William scraped a hand through his hair and fidgeted with the instruments laid out on the table. Scully could tell he wasn’t accustomed to discussing his feelings. William paced, his head tilted towards the ground and he kicked at the floor with his heel as he leaned against the wall. “Being alone wasn’t always bad. Sometimes, it was the only way I knew I was human. It pushed me. Pushed me to break the isolation. Get past the loneliness.”

Scully crossed her arms, rubbing at her tricep. He looked uncomfortable, but he was trying. It made her insides quiver with hope. With an incisor digging into her bottom lip she pushed on. “You
haven’t told me anything about your parents.”

William walked over to the microscope and peered through. “They were good people. Took care of me as much as they knew how. My life wasn’t all bad. There were good times.”

Scully nodded, but avoided eye contact, pausing long enough to examine his face. She took a cautious step towards him. “You loved them. You can say it William. You are allowed your feelings. Have you even mourned?”

William straightened shaking his head. His eyes dulled and his voice went flat and monotoned. “I-I don’t think about it.”

Scully pressed a hand to his back. It was the first genuine contact they had been granted in seventeen years. Honest and real. Seventeen years of emotions, longing, worry. Everything she held inside was now flooding into him and his own turmoil released, and he folded into her arms, expelling the tears and the pain into her lab coat as his head leaned at the top of her shoulder. Her eyes closed and she felt almost weightless. William stood over a full foot taller than her, but he still fit within her grasp. Her fingers snaked through his hair cupping his head like she did when he was a baby. Too many years. He cried into her neck and held her tighter, to the point that she wasn’t sure her bones wouldn’t crack, but she embraced all of it, the release, the tears, him reaching out to her for comfort and love.

She had to remind herself that if anyone walked by they would see, her and what looked like Mulder in an emotional embrace. With two hands at his shoulders she steadied him, her palms finding his cheeks and drying his eyes with her thumbs. He smiled warmly in Mulder’s avatar, but all she saw was William. The years may have aged his body, growing and maturing, but inside his brilliant blue eyes was the boy born from her flesh. “Let’s decode the results together,” she suggested before she lost her composure.

Squinting through her glasses Scully read the results. “Well, the first thing that jumps out- you have two distinct genomes. It could be part of your alien DNA not able to attach properly.. Well, now this is interesting...” Scully went through the paperwork and pointed at the values. “This strand.. You see how this matches? It is an obvious link. Your link to Cassandra is undeniable. You have her alien DNA.. but interestingly, I don’t see evidence of that on this strand. Yet, your junk DNA is turned on even on this strand.”


“Watch your mouth,” Scully said pointing at him. “You’re not related to her. It’s a lot to explain.”

As Scully spoke she sifted through the papers. Something caught her eye and she stilled. Astonished. “Your junk DNA, is coded.. It’s a direct match to mine. I can see the indicators of a grafting on this strand, but the one that matches mine does not contain indicators.”

William stood beside her and followed her fingers as she pointed and posted each section on the wall, jotting notes as she went. He nodded and frowned. Wrinkled his brow and scratched at his head, she wasn’t certain of his actual understanding. She decided to continue anyway. “Now if you look at Mulder’s DNA.. the percentages are too low.” A lump gathered in Scully’s throat as her chest grew tight. “You two are not a match.” She took a breath and spoke as though she had just been stabbed. “He’s not your father.”

They stood in silence staring at it as though it might change something. Scully picked up the next set and slid it into the long clip beside the first. It was puzzling, but the results were very clear. “If you
look at this report, your DNA and Mulder’s... This is a high percentage. Very interesting. William, Mulder is the father of this genome.”

“What does that mean? I don’t get anything you’re saying.” William spun around in frustration, his hands in his hair. Scully tried her best to explain.

“You’re a chimera William. Made up of several genotypes. DNA code for creating more than one individual.”

“I already know I’m a hybrid.”

“Yes, but what I’m looking at.. The only way this is possible is if I had more than one zygote inside of me during my pregnancy.” Scully walked over to the results posted at the beginning of the wall. “This,” she said pointing at William’s paper deciding to not even touch on percentages with him, “This is one of your complete DNA strands. It would be considered a match for myself and Cassandra with repaired or missing nucleotides from a third.”

“I-I don’t understand,” William said fixing his hair.

“You have DNA working independently from the other. Some chimeras might have two different eye colors or blood types. Organs that normally wouldn’t be able to survive inside a body are able to within these conditions.”

“How did this happen?” William asked, his eyes wide, his arms falling to his side.

“It’s been known to occur with fraternal twins. The fusion of the two usually happen at the blastocyst or zygote stages. It results in the development of an organism with intermingled cell lines.”

“How come I didn’t find this out before? Why didn’t you know about it?”

“That information wouldn’t be detectable in a paternity test. You only have one blood type, so with most exams doctors wouldn't question it.”

“What about the other doctors? With the tests?”

“Well, it’s like you said, they already knew you were an alien/human hybrid, so under that assumption they may have concluded it was intentionally part of your makeup.. Your design...”

“So which am I?”

“Which is your dominant DNA? It depends on a lot of factors, the fittest genes will win out, environment also plays a role…” Scully stopped mid sentence. Through the frosted glass she could see men standing on the other side. They were pressing their luck staying in the lab for such a long time. “William, I think it’s time to leave.”

William glanced at the clock. “Yeah, we better get going.”

Scully had observed that William often appeared to be in a rush to flee, head off somewhere. She assumed his new girlfriend had something to do with it, but she also didn’t want him to think he wasn’t wanted. The whole situation must have been quite uncomfortable for him. Scully narrowed her eyes and cocked her head to the side, her words cautiously selected. “I know you want to live with your friends, but our door is always open.”

He nodded in agreement, but didn’t answer, distracted by a text on his phone. They made their way out without incident and headed into the car. William rubbed at the back of his neck as they walked.
His forehead wrinkled. “Mulder’s kinda old to be some little baby’s dad.”

Scully let out a heavy breath. “We both are, but if this was the only way, I’ll never regret for a second that it happened. I guess I just wish I knew how it happened.”

William kicked a rock down the sidewalk and pulled at his jacket. “When we had that connection, the visions of the future, could you, could you feel it was me?”

Scully lifted her chin. The sky was clear, the sun warming the cold November day. She grasped his sweaty hand. “I knew.”

He squinted her way. “What did you feel? From me..”

Scully let their arms naturally sway and he returned her smile. “I felt your fears, your terror, stress, frustration, anger.”

William's blue eyes connected with her own and they paused as they reached the car. “I felt you too. Your fears, your frustrations, and what you really wanted. I felt you love me, I know you wanted to raise me.”

Scully tightened her lip. “That’s past us William, but we can have something now, something special. When you’re ready, we can move forward.”

They got in the car and Scully started it up. William put his head in his hands then slapped at the dash. “I’m fucked up. Sometimes I hate myself. I feel like I give misery and pain to everyone I care about, but when I thought… when I felt how much you loved someone you didn’t even know and how much it hurt you..”

Scully was shocked. “That one vision, it had that affect on you?”

“It did. It wasn’t just that is was a bleak future, but you.. And Mulder. How desperate you were to save him. I had other visions. The inside of your house, you and him on the run from some Russian dudes and you two kicking some serious ass.. but I saw and I felt it through your eyes, how you looked at him and I saw the way he looked at you and all the pain I caused..” William’s chin started to quiver, his voice cracking, he ran a finger across his temple, “I felt like I could fix it.. I wanted to give.. wanted to give, something I knew my abilities were capable of. Something good out of all my fucked up destructive bullshit.. I wanted to give my mother a gift.”

“William, I’m not understanding you.”

“I’m the reason you were able… to get pregnant.”

Scully slammed on the brakes and pulled the car over, one tire running up on the curb flattening the grass in its wake. The car behind them screeching and honking. Scully opened her fingers wide on the steering wheel and let out a slow outtake of breath. “William.. You didn’t… “create” M…”

Williams face crumbled in repulsion. “Ew, no. That’s fucked up. No. The best way I can describe it is like the chickens at my dad’s farm.”

Scully blinked repeatedly and raised her brow.

William giggled and the brief release made him almost glow. “It is .” He held up a hand to give him a minute because Scully started to break and he was already in a fit of laughter. “Here me out. Here me out. When it was cold in the winter time and the sun started setting early the chickens would stop laying and my dad would get upset. Selling eggs was how we paid the electric bill. So, one night I
snuck into the hen house. And well, let’s just say the next day my dad was real happy and we well, the lights stayed on. So every now and then, when the chickens would stop laying I’d pay them a visit…” William looked down at the glovebox and played with the buttons. “Maybe I kind of did the same with you.. but you and Mulder, well.. You two did the rest. Which now that you’re making me think about it.. is kinda gross.”

It was a lot to take in. Scully’s mind scrambled. Her son responsible for the birth of his sister? Then it occurred to her. “William, these eggs.. were they normal eggs..? Or were they..”

“No. no,” William shook his head. “I know what you’re thinking. The hens laid their own eggs, I just helped them along. Maybe I was able to get them to release an egg laying hormone or something. I didn’t create the egg. It was an everyday, ordinary egg.”

“So you’re saying you did that to me.. Gave my body the ability to produce an ova?”

William shrugged. “With you it was a little bit easier. You have a microchip in the back of your neck.. So…”

Scully involuntarily rubbed the back of her neck. “How would you know about that?”

“I felt it. Felt it when you were in that MRI machine. Felt it when it was screaming out 'Find Him'. ” William tugged at his lip and directed his attention out the window. “I did something I shouldn’t have, didn’t I?”

Scully went to speak, but her words fell short. “I think it’s time to go home, but there is something I’d like you to do for me and that means we’ll be stopping at the store on the way back.”

*  

It might have been the middle of the day, but the weather was that perfect temp between too cold for bugs, but just warm enough to let the fresh air in and nap on the couch in a sweatshirt. That was exactly what Mulder was doing with M snoring curled up at his chest. The creaking of the screen door startled him awake and with a couple blinks he was able to saturate his eyeballs enough to see again. “So?” he asked tentatively.

William took a step to the side of Scully revealing the baseball glove on his left hand and the ball nestled inside. “I was wondering if you felt like having a catch.”

The smile on Mulder’s face showed off his full set of pearls. “I’ll get my glove,” he nodded handing M to Scully and picking his glove out from under his desk.

--------

“He said all that to you?” Mulder asked as Scully put her book away and snuggled into his arms, the curves of her back corresponding with the swell of his chest and contour of his abs. “Yes and in a way maybe it makes sense.”

“How do you feel about that?”

She pressed further into his warm body allowing it to lull her with blissful peace. “Relieved that I know the how and the why. About M, about William.”

“Is William ours Scully?” Mulder asked and she heard the tremor in his voice, his breath shallow, and felt his heart beating hard at her back.
She shoved a hand underneath the pillow, resting her face on the soft gray linen and stared blankly out at their bedroom wall. “Our miracle, our William is in there somewhere Mulder. Our gift from God intervening in the devil’s plans.”

His lips heated her cheek, before his chin rested at her shoulder. “How much of him is ours?”

Her jaw clenched. It was like they were bargaining with the devil’s angels. False hope for a fake truth was a place she refused to take him. She kept her hypothesis realistic and within what she believed in her soul to be factual. “Given what we know, my theory, is that alien baby, like the others, probably wouldn’t have lived very long on its own. The experiment most likely died and William, with your inherited immunity to the alien virus, the black oil, was able to absorb it without having the experiment harm him.”

“So in a similar way to when I had that entity strapped to my pineal gland years ago, William has this thing connected to him.”

“Yes, but given that William has your DNA and William and the experiment share my DNA, he’s able to tolerate it much better -he has had seizures similar to myself, similar to what you experienced when you first encountered that increased brain activity, but instead of slipping into a coma his body chemistry is more capable of handling it.”

Mulder’s hand found hers, gently stroking the length of her fingers. “Do you believe my father used some of that entity he removed from me? Some of my DNA?”

“If he did, there’s no test we can compile that would show that.” Scully twisted so she could meet his eyes. “He may have.”

Mulder gazed into her eyes, his tongue consoling his lips with a cautious hope. Scully felt a flutter deep in her belly, anticipating his words and willingness to believe. “But he’s my son, and you are his mother.”

“Yes Mulder.” His body melted around her as he closed his eyes and pressed his lips to hers, embracing her hand with his own, while his thumb toggled her engagement ring affectionately.

He pulled back, biting the inside of his lip and wrinkling his brow. “Do you believe anyone else knows what he is… that he is not just my father’s creation… an experiment. But that he is our true son?”

Scully brushed the hair at his temple and cupped his face. “If my visions told me anything. That is a truth only we know.”

Mulder’s eyes danced as his cheeks rose. “Today, I had a catch with my son.”

Scully basked in his glow. “You did. Next you better talk to him about the birds and the bees and the monkey babies Mulder because he seems awfully serious with Molly.”

“I will,” he said with a laugh and an eye roll.

“I also know what today is Mulder. I know it’s the anniversary of the day Samantha was taken.”

“Yeah,” Mulder agreed playing in her hair and finally settling back into their gaze, “but this year didn’t hit as hard. Samantha has been at peace for so many years and perhaps, somewhere, she knows, tonight, so is her brother.”
A Striptease, Handcuffs, and the DoD

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Last chapter we obtained scientific proof that William was conceived through sexual intercourse between our beloved Mulder and Scully. Scully's ability to release an egg was described in Ch. 35. Yes, they are the parents of a living breathing William. Unfortunately, Scully was also injected with a lab experiment that attached itself and has become part of Jackson. Separate, but a part. Also, we learned that Jackson may have had something to do with the creation of our beautiful baby, who is 100% human. A lot to digest, but right now, the baby is sleeping and Mulder and Scully have the house to themselves...

“Scully, you don’t think he had a vision or felt something when we... were ‘um.. in that motel...’”

Scully suppressed her urge to laugh. Mulder looked like he had found the fear of God and bitten into an over ripened plum simultaneously. “No, Mulder. He didn’t imply any of that. We did not traumatize the poor boy.”

That elicited a sigh of relief as he skimmed a finger along the sensitive skin of her arm prickling the flesh. “So he, uh, can’t hack into you right now can he?”

Scully’s lashes fluttered, masking a touch of embarrassment. “Mulder.”

Mulder bit at his upper lip as his eyes floated upwards in contemplation. “Well, the way I see it. This is the first time we are alone, William is at his house, M is asleep.”

Scully shot him a weary look and turned away from him leaving the bed. “Where are you going?” he asked bewildered.

“Mulder, I have work tomorrow. I’m going downstairs for some water then I’ll be back up and I’m going to sleep.” Her voice trailed after her as she made her way down the hall.

Mulder hopped out of bed and followed. “So go in late..”

Scully stopped at the bottom of the stairs and tilted her head up scornfully. “So we’ve decided to officially toss our careers in the trash?”

“Mine circled that wastebasket decades ago. I’m not saying that.. entirely,” he argued back galloping down the stairs to catch up to her. “You could go in later if you wanted. You’re technically still on maternity leave.”

Scully took a long deep breath and opened the refrigerator door, retrieving a bottle of water, attempting to ignore him and keep what little sanity she had left. Out of the corner of her eye she caught Mulder, parting his lips, his tongue coming out of hiding to caress the top one while he noticeably checked out her ass.

“You’re just going to stand.. in the middle of the kitchen.. like that?” Scully asked as she closed the
refrigerator door much harder than she anticipated.

“Like what?” The words came out innocently enough, but he dared not repress his smile.

Scully pointed her water bottle at him. “Aroused..” she said, twisting off the cap and taking a swig.

Mulder scoffed. “Scully, I’m not aroused. It looks like that all the time.”

The phone rang before Scully could respond. She walked over to the desk and answered it, but her eyes never left Mulders’. “Scully,” she said into her cell. Morales’ formal voice greeted her on the other end. Before she went in tomorrow Morales wanted to update her on the latest. That time was now.

Mulder, on the other hand, was preforming a strip tease. With one hand he peeled off his shirt revealing his unapologetic frame. “Uh-huh,” Scully answered Morales, but her attention was being drawn as growing tendrils of pleasure swelled the area between her thighs responding to Mulder running his tongue across his teeth and around his mouth with his ostentatious gaze. Oh, Mulder. Oh, sweet, sexy, pain in the ass, God she wanted to fuck him Mulder. “Excuse me?” she asked into the phone, heat rising up the surface of her neck as Mulder slowly rotated his hips. Her eyes closed to ignore him and pay attention to Morales. Morales repeated last month’s results and the quarter’s key indicators. “So we’re on track to beat our goals,” Scully concluded daringly opening her eyes again for a peek.

Mulder seductively pushed down his sweats, lifting one leg to tug at the bottom, losing his balance, and hopping around to recover. He shimmied his shoulders and pretended it was part of his dance, but it only made it worse. Trying her best not to break, Scully put a hand over her mouth. “Okay,” Scully answered to Morales. Then Morales said something that gave her pause. There had been inquiries into Monica Reyes by Mulder. Also, an update on relations with Purlieu Services and Mulder avoiding prosecution. “I see,” Scully answered, her cheeks pinkened and she gritted her teeth. “Yeah, I’ll be in late, probably about one o’clock. The call ended and Scully made her way to the beautiful man standing before her in his underwear posed like superman with an erection hard enough to drill a hole in a tree.

“Mulder,” she said starting off her inquisition taking a step towards him and tapping the cell phone against the palm of her hand. “Why were you asking A.D. Morales to perform an investigation into Monica?”

He flung his head back and closed his eyes. “You had Monica taking care of our daughter.” He lifted his head to return her glare. “I trust your instincts and your visions Scully, but I needed proof. You taught me that.”

He was attempting to diffuse the situation. Not this time buddy. “I understand, but I trust Monica and you should trust that.”

“That’s not fair Scully, this is our daughter.” He walked towards the kitchen then turned on his heel. “Remind me to set the table for two more tomorrow in case Casper and Satan join us for dinner.”

Scully knew he was alluding to her inconsistent bouts with suspension of belief. She was not amused. Mulder headed towards the stairs. Scully followed.

“Where are you going Mulder? Jumping on a white horse to save a woman trapped in a well?”

He took one step onto the stairs, lifted his finger, tightened his lip, and spouted, “I don’t know, was she cast down there by a possessively jealous redhead?”
Scully huffed away, heading back to the kitchen. She should have known it wouldn’t stop there. He was again behind her and when she turned they practically collided. “Tell me because I can’t keep track, is there a scientific basis for spontaneous combustion? Because I see some smoke rising from you Scully,” he breathed down at her.

The close proximity of so much of his bare skin made her body quiver. Dopamine mixed with adrenaline. “You want to see spontaneous combustion Mulder? Let me catch another woman touching you.” She kept her voice even, but she was unnerved.

Mulder’s eyebrows shifted and his guard lowered. “Scully, we’re going to be married. You’re the only one that gets to touch me and the last man to lay an unwelcomed hand on you got his throat slit by me.”

“The last woman you touched got torched by an ARV. Coincidence?” she crossed her arms and tilted an eyebrow towards him.

“No coincidence Scully. You’re just that bad ass.” As he said it he took a step towards her closing the little distance between them so they were nose to nose. Well, forehead to chin.

She held back her smile as she tilted her chin towards his smug face. “Samuel L. Jackson and I got it tattooed on our wallets.”

“That is so hot,” was the last thing he said before their mouths engaged. In spite of herself, she melted, melding her body as close to his as she could get. He backed her up against the counter, His hands cupped her ass and lifted her onto the only small bit of empty space available.

He tried his best to remove her blue satin nightshirt, but the buttons refused to cooperate. It got stuck somewhere at the bend in her arm before he gave up and ripped it off completely. It was old anyway.

Mindful of their tenderness and sensitivity he carefully stroked her breasts, grazing over each nipple. She explored his mouth with her tongue and his bare torso with her deprived hands. All that honey skin right underneath her fingertips. In the past months she had watched Mulder’s already impressive chest swell attractively, achingly so.

They had slowed their kisses, Scully merely skimming his soft luscious lips as she ran a hand across his pec and commented, “Mulder, you’ve been lifting more.”

Mulder’s arrogant smile returned, but with something hidden behind his eyes. “I need to stay strong to protect M and I plan to be around for you and M for a long, long time.” Mulder shrugged. “Besides, I needed a release being you and I could not take part in our regularly scheduled workouts.”

“There’s always a chip implant Mulder.”

“That’s not a consideration Scully.”

Scully’s gaze moved lower over his well-defined abs and down to the boxer-briefs hanging low on his hips. She traced the skin just above the waistband where it dipped into a sharply defined V. His erection grew as she continued, bulging out and above the band, grossly stretching the cotton fabric. Mulder took a few ragged breaths and between one intake and the next he had lifted her off the counter, landing her softly on her back onto the kitchen table. She wriggled as he pulled the clothing off her lower half. With both hands on her hips he tugged her close and pulled down his underwear palming his erection with a harsh groan. “Scully I hope you’re ready because I can’t wait any longer.”
It took only a quick nod of approval and Mulder thrust into her so quick she barely had time to prepare. He was so long and thick and with her body only recently recovered from childbirth, even being so wet, it still bordered pain, but she yearned for him. The feel of him inside her. The expression of love in his eyes that she felt deep in her chest. Like she was purpose. She yearned for him to look that way. She needed to physically feel the love they shared that was deeper than they both could bear and yet they did.

“Has it always felt this good Scully?” he breathed on the down stroke.

“It has, in some ways it is better now,” she said, speaking from her heart, but the position was getting to her. “Mulder, this table is a little rough on my back.”

He pulled her to the table’s edge and onto him, her legs hooking at his hips. She gasped as she took in the rest of him, almost like his cock alone was carrying the burden. She tightened her legs to slide a few inches off of him and let her weight take him back inside her. Her sore insides quivered, but she rose up eagerly to feel him rub against them again. She closed her eyes as she smiled and gripped his shoulder tight. “You feel so good.”

“Scully,” he moaned caringly, pulling out as she rose and plunging back in as she settled again.

“Nothing feels as good as when you’re inside me Mulder,” she answered, her voice thick and soft.

She continued, lifting off and back on, up and down, along his body until a deep sound tore from his throat and she forgot about the soreness, pleasure pulsed through her entire body and built at her core. Mulder’s gaze was steadfast as he paused their rhythm. “Nothing in my life Scully, has ever been as right as being inside you.” Their emotional verbal exchange had Scully’s heart beating incredibly fast. Her inner muscles clenching him increasingly tighter.

“Take me upstairs Mulder,” she ordered, itching to pay his body the attention it deserved.

He carefully carried her, bouncing her on his cock, up the stairs and towards the bedroom. Scully wanted to call him out on showing off his new prowess and physique, but Scully was in such a blur of sensation, her mind froze. The movement with each step produced the longest, hardest strokes she had ever felt. “Mulder, those lunges,” she tried to get out. He growled his gratefulness in return. His eyelids heavy while he watched her succumb. When he reached the top of the steps and entered the hallway his thrusts became more pronounced. He stopped to catch his breath.

“Mulder, don’t-don’t take it easy on me.”

Mulder leaned her back, transferring some of her weight to his thigh and balancing with a hand at the banister. His eyes smiled at her need. “What if we did it right here in the hallway? Give the fish a cheap thrill?”

Scully raised a flirtatious eyebrow and upturned lip, daring him to proceed.

Taking her challenge, he pinned her, supported by the wall, his chest up against her breasts so hard she didn’t know how she was breathing. Mulder thrusted quickly, blasting ragged breaths into her ear. His abs pounding against her. They were in perfect tandem. Mulder moaned and Scully moaned, he grunted, she grunted, his jaw tightened and she tightened.

“Mulder, come with me.” His body obeyed her rough request exploding inside her as she dug into his shoulders and let the waves take her.

He carried her into the bedroom and laid her softly on the bed, joining her. Laying on their sides, he studied her naked form for long minutes; his intense eyes drinking her in. The heat clicked on
keeping the chill from the air. He interlaced their fingers resting at her thigh. “I’m ready for us to be married Scully.”

“As am I,” she returned even though the thought felt a tad unnatural.

“You’re still going to work tomorrow.”

“Mulder,” she answered wishing he would give in to the fact she wanted to get back.

He must have sensed her tension because he changed the subject. “I want to pay a visit to Gibson Praise.”

“I will make time for it.”

“I’ll wait for you.”

Scully looked over at the baby monitor display. M remained sound asleep.

“What’s next?” he asked with a wink already knowing her contemplation for the night to continue.

Scully had an idea. Something a little out of the ordinary. She left him curious and naked in the bedroom and when she returned she set his FBI issued handcuffs on the bed besides him. Standard issue. He smiled and wiggled his brow. “For what crimes am I being punished?”

“Tonight, it’s my turn,” she answered.

He shook his head indignantly. “I won’t do it.”

“What if that’s what I want?”

He performed a sit-up and wrapped an arm around his knee. “To what? Act out some strange fantasy that will only drudge up the likes of all the men that have held you against their will? I will not be another man stealing control from your life.”

She heard him, but, “I have complete trust in you Mulder. You’re thinking too much into this.”

“And you’re not considering all the facts Agent Scully,” Mulder glared back.

“And what are you going to do about it?” Scully challenged.

She watched his gears grind and reluctantly he motioned for her to place her wrists in front and snapped the cold metal onto them. Locking with a click. Her breathing had already quickened. Her nerves heightened. He guided her arms above her head and took a step back. Examining her body. She sucked in a breath to flatten her stomach, slightly arching her back to give her breasts the best possible showing.

He ran a finger down her side and she curled up in laughed. “Stop. Mulder. Do not tickle me.”

Mulder shook his head and smirked. “Oh no, Agent Scully. That’s not how this works. It’s my turn. You’re in my care.”

He walked over to the nightstand and opened the drawer. Scully was thinking he might be searching for the vibrator or some other toy, but he only retrieved the massage oil. She wasn’t in the mood for a massage, but she was willing to try. No sooner did she close her eyes, Mulder instructed, “Eyes open Agent Scully. I want your undivided attention.” He stood over her and almost absentmindedly coated his cock in oil, stroking it lightly, gently swiping his tantalizing fingers around the tip, while his eyes
took in the show, sinking his teeth deep into his bottom lip, until he was long and hard again. “Your body is absolute perfection,” he said, his voice rough and thick. He picked up the oil bottle again, squeezed it, and let it land all over Scully’s swollen chest. She sucked in a breath at the coolness, but did her best to remain still. His hands followed to reclaim her breasts, rubbing the oil into her chest, cupping each one, pressing lightly, pinching them at the nipple.

Not knowing his next move, he surprised her by straddling her rib cage; his erection settling in the valley of her chest; his hands pushing her breasts around his cock. He thrust gently between them. The lavender scent of the oil filling the room. Scully gasped. Something about it wildly turned her on. “There isn’t an inch of your body that I don’t desire Scully,” he said straining his vocal chords.

Scully released her tongue and swiped as the head of his cock reached her lips. He groaned loudly. Each thrust she took the head into her mouth and lapped her tongue against its frenulum. His thrusts deepened, her breast bone taking the hard punishment; his balls rubbing coarsely against her diaphragm. Her eyes ran over his body, drinking in his hard flesh; his muscles working as he moved, abs flexing, arms bulging as he held her breasts in position for his cock. “I love your body Mulder.”

He paused showering her with a look of heat and appreciation. “That’s good because it belongs to you and tonight, yours is mine Scully.”

“It’s been yours from day one Mulder,” she softly declared.

Mulder leaned forward, his hips sliding down her body so he could kiss her. She cherished when his body covered hers. Never lost within, more part of a natural state of being, “Agent Scully. You are crafty. You give me control of your body, while you maintain control of my heart.”

Their eyes made a fiery exchange. “You want to touch me Scully,” Mulder remarked as if reading her mind.

“Yes I do Mulder.”

He tilted his head than shook it defiantly. “Hmm... Not yet.”

And just like that he was traveling down her body, tossing her legs over his shoulders, and burying his face between her thighs. The pleasure was sharp and sudden and uncontrollable. His tongue warm and wet, soft and thorough, every stroke, long and perfect. She lowered her arms to rest her hands in his hair only for him to correct her and force her to raise them up again. “Mulder,” she cried out on the verge, but he only stopped. She growled out her disapproval.

Ignoring her protests he sat up, caressing his erection between her folds and over her clit until his cock glistened from her excitement. He studied her for long minutes, his intense eyes drinking her in. It had always been an intoxicating feeling to put that look in his eyes.

Gingerly, he turned her onto her side and got into the bed directly behind her, his eyes refusing to leave her chest. Even after all the attention he just gave them they needed his touch so badly. She unconsciously arched her back a little, her shoulders retreating. Her nipples pebbled and tightened as he stroked hard and heavy along her tailbone. “Are you willing to follow my instructions Agent Scully?,” he murmured hotly into her neck.

“Your scent has always driven me crazy,” he added distracted, “Even when it’s masked with other unpleasantries.” He ground desperately against her back. His hands finally covering her breasts, and she moaned, arching back further. He kneaded them firmly and her eyes fell closed. “Scully please, stay with me,” he begged, and she obeyed, meeting his intense eyes in the mirror above their dresser.
“Spread your legs for me,” he pleaded, his breath short. They shifted apart on the command, as though her body and his mouth had some sort of agreement now that she was cuffed and under his control.

One hand stayed kneading her breast, and pricking at her nipple while the other ran along her ribs, down her abdomen, and straight between her legs. They shut instinctively against the invasion. “Open them Scully,” he moaned out the request against her ear kissing tenderly at her cheek, and they did, willingly.

“I’m going to pleasure every inch of you Scully.”

Mulder very rarely spoke like this to her, always at her goading, but when he did, the aching need that dripped from his lips made her need to return his requests.

“Scully, head up, against my shoulder,” he commanded while his index and middle finger teased her entrance. He sucked in a breath as he pushed his finger into her slowly, and groaned out another “Scully.” Mulder’s fingers were big, long, delicately masculine, and so talented. Out of every encounter she had ever had in her lifetime, he was the only one to ever touch her with more skill than she knew how to touch herself. He worked his fingers all the way in and began to stroke. His thumb never stopped circling her clit, and his other hand still kneaded her breast with consummate skill. Unlike with his work, in the bedroom Mulder was one hell of a multi-tasker. As he stroked, his cock brushed against her back with increasing pressure. He hit a spot inside her and she cried out, grinding against him. “Yes, Scully,” he panted roughly in her ear, his eyes fixated on the mirror where he had a clear view of what he was doing to her and her reactions. “Now,” was all he whimpered and her orgasm erupted swiftly and powerfully. Mulder moaned as he watched, catching her gaze in the mirror. They were both panting heavily when she came back down, Mulder shifting his fingers out of her. He locked their eyes in the reflection as he meticulously licked and sucked his fingers clean.

“You are a dark wizard Mulder,” she said into his eyes swallowing hard.

Taking hold of the chain of the cuffs he tugged her arms back forcing her to twist so they could kiss. “You’re spoiling me tonight Scully,” he smiled. “Thank you.”

He pulled her arms forward so he could suck and kiss the back of her neck, working his way down to her shoulder blades and finally circling his tongue at the small of her back.


He slithered his body around her until they were again face to face, his hands reclaiming her breasts. “I don’t know what it is tonight, maybe because they’re so much fuller from nursing, but I can’t get enough.” His smile was so innocent and playful. “I want to kiss you Mulder,” she found herself blurtting out.

His eyes met hers gently. “I want to kiss you too Scully, but not on the mouth. Not yet.” He reached for the washcloth and placed it between her teeth. “I don’t want you waking the baby,” he explained, returning his hands firmly at each breast, squeezing them back to life as he sunk back down and into her with his mouth. He pulled away to run his hands along her thighs, almost analyzing them. Spreading them further and further apart so he could stare into their center admiringly. His hands slid back up as his mouth fell back down. Around and around went his tongue and Scully squirmed and screamed, the heavy cuffs digging into her wrists as she strained against them. Mulder stopped and reached above her head and tugged the cuffs down so her hands rested at his head. “It’s okay. Grip my hair,” he instructed. Finally, she had permission to touch him. Her hands stroked through it hungrily. Perfect strands, soft as silk, smooth and thick. She took in all the different shades of brown
and wisps of gray. Men paid a fortune for hair not half as beautiful or thick as Mulders’. Her mind went blank, her head suddenly falling back. The shocking wash of sensation from his accomplished tongue had her peaking again. Her last thought rescinded, multi-tasker or not, his core talent was single-minded purpose.

He continued to nuzzle her, even when she stilled after the powerful aftershocks subsided. She felt his head pulling back, and looked down at him. He rested his face on her thigh, his lips puffy and swollen. “One more,” he proclaimed gluttonly, diving in for another meal. Scully moaned helplessly into the rough cotton cloth when she came, as quickly and severely as the last. Convinced Mulder held the title for being the only man in the world to push her buttons as he pleased. Good and bad. After the tremors subsided Mulder still continued, finishing with light kisses along her delicate flesh.

He slid back up alongside her and held her cuffed hands, now resting at her waist. She fell into the emotions in his eyes and found herself naturally stroking him as he glided smoothly along her palms. He joined her lips and made love to them as passionately as he had every other part of her body, as deeply as the devotion he held for her in his eyes. Without warning he jerked at the chains on the cuffs, lifting her hands off of him, pressed them above her head and into the mattress, her wrists screaming against her restraints. Mulder had Scully pinned. Between the handcuffs chafing her wrists, his knees at her thighs, and his entire body leaning into her, she couldn’t move or twist. He secured the cloth again in her mouth and entered her with one hard, brutal, swift motion. Tugging harder at the chain on her wrists, she cried out in shock.

“Fuck you are wet,” he blurted out as he glided. Mulder didn’t stop and he didn’t leave her eyes, thrusting fast and hard, setting an inexhaustible pace that had his sweat dripping down onto her in sweet desirable trails. That initial shock was quickly replaced by the purest honest pleasure, and any emptiness she ever had filled, bursting with a wash of sensations. She couldn’t keep back the aching moans that escaped her throat, the exquisite feeling of being both dominated and freed by Mulder. He watched her the entire time with those intensely loving spring colored eyes. The intimacy of that extra contact was almost too much. He pulled out almost completely and let out a harsh cry before he slid back in. If he had ever held back in the past, tonight he made up for it, pounding her into the mattress until she thought they might break the entire bed.

His moans staccatoed and when he shouted her name it worked as a trigger and she released, Mulder buried himself as she felt tremors wrack him, his neck arcing from the intense pleasure.

As the waves began to subside he looked at her with a sated realization. “We need to pick a date because I don’t want to wait much longer to be Mr. Dana Scully,” he mused.

She smiled back. “Yes, and I will be Mrs. Fox Mulder.” Mulder kissed her passionately, desperately, then quickly released her wrists. He pulled her against him, skin to skin, kissing her mouth again, as though he would never stop. “Thank you,” he told her quietly again, before returning to her lips.

Eventually they fell asleep, Scully waking in the early hours to take care of M. When she returned Mulder was lying on his back sleeping peacefully, the covers kicked off hours before. She watched him sleep for a long time. It fascinated her to watch his mind at rest, as it happened so seldom in the past. Mulder was angelic in his sleep, with no tension in his face- beautiful even in darkness. She could have watched him sleep until daybreak, but her own eyes had grown heavy.

When she woke a couple hours later he remained sleeping and he looked.. he looked… like hers. Her hungry fingers found their way across his abs, running down them like they were skiing mountain slopes. She knew he had been going to the gym, sometimes hours at a time, but it took focus and eating right and so many more things than just lifting weights. She watched her fingers wander down his body, going straight to his groin, zealously caressing his nocturnal penile
“Scully.” Her name rumbled from his vocal chords in a low enticing growl. “Easy on the clutch…” He hummed. “I had forgotten the advantages of waking up in a bed.” With one hand he wrapped his arm around her and gripped her waist rolling her onto him. Without further ado, she mounted him, ignoring his contemptuous grin wide enough to shine his full set of teeth her way. By now the sun had lifted enough to reach the window and Scully had a clear view as she rode him like the thoroughbred he was. She stroked the hard, hot skin of his abdomen. It was all corded muscle. It made her own muscles contract. Mulder ground up into her, grunting, and taking hold of her waist. She gripped at his biceps for balance. They were far bigger and more muscular than even a short six weeks ago. Her rocking was now a more pronounced bouncing. Mulder deep inside her, scraping along her walls. Damn he turned her on. Mulder took her hand and kissed it. “I love you.”

“What? yes, Mulder. Me too,” she replied distracted by the drooling effect his body had on her. He tugged gently at her wrists and she fell forward into his firm embrace. They kissed as she rocked into the groove of his hips that she fit so perfectly inside. The pull of his heart, the hard push of his body undid her and she watched as he followed her, lifting her for several fast strokes before locking their eyes in one intense moment.

“You could always stay,” he offered one last time, softly stroking her back as her chin rested at his hard chest. “I mean what if M wakes up and wants a lullaby from Mommy, the closest I can get is shoving spoons down the garbage disposal and even then it might be too melodic.”

Before she could chide him, he pulled her up into his smiling lips and gave her a tender kiss, her body liquefying into his hard hot planes. She rested against his forehead. “Mulder, I could spend the rest of the day in bed with you, but I want to get to work today. As it is I’ll be lucky to get there by one.”

Mulder returned her pleading with another kiss. “Five more minutes?”

Scully sighed in defeat. “Okay, five more minutes.”

*  

“After Monica left the FBI she was continuing to be paid by a department within the DoD,” Morales explained as they sat at her round table in her office.

“So her story pans out, she was undercover,” Scully said with a sense of relief.

“Not necessarily. It only proves she was being employed by the DoD, whether she was black ops or shadow government…. You’ll need to ask her more questions.”

“And Purlieu Services?”

“As I told you before Agent Scully, both Purlieu Services and the DoD have restrained from pressing charges against Agent Mulder. He can’t be charged for killing people that don’t exist.”

“What about their access to our files?”

“There are files we have been required to release for public consumption, but part of the restructure and budgeting included the creation of an IT department. Our files have been returned.”

“What was the cost of obtaining sole possession of the files again?”

“The DoD agreed that the most successful path forward is for us to work in collaboration, so they
assisted in their acquisition.”

“What did they give up?”

“A person. Someone that dropped out of the mainstream twenty-five years ago. Someone you may recall from an old case file.”

“Who?”
Chapter Summary

We're closing in on Christmas of 2018. Mulder and Scully have decided to take a trip to New Mexico with the baby and visit Gibson.

“Brad Wilczek.”

“The computer genius? The one that built that central operating system that transformed into a killing machine? The same operating system that killed Jerry, one of my old violent crimes partners?” Mulder asked in complete disbelief. He had long forgotten that name.

“One in the same,” Scully answered him.

“I can only imagine the fate they’ve bestowed on him.” Mulder readjusted his seatbelt and turned on the tiny fan above him. Suddenly the plane felt very claustrophobic. Luckily there were clear skies from D.C. to New Mexico so they shouldn’t expect a delay.

“We need to locate that backup server Mulder,” Scully said and Mulder read her worried expression. He knew she was thinking of Langly and who knows how many others, and their bits of stolen consciousness.

“By now they probably have backups for their backups,” Mulder returned pessimistically. “But yes. We will.” He gave a polite nod to the flight attendant as she handed him their snacks.

Just when Mulder thought he could close his eyes, another flight attendant approached carrying a car seat. “Since there’s empty seats, you can set her in here. Give your arms a rest,” the flight attendant explained courteously.

Scully fixed M in the seat while M pulled at Scully’s chain. M started to fuss, but Mulder wiggled his fingers at her and had her bright blue-green eyes mesmerized in an instant. M laughed at her father, cheerfulness bursting from a light within, the sweet sound unblemished by the pain bore by her parents. Nothing gave Mulder greater joy than that laugh—exactly like her mother’s.

Scully got M fastened and playing with her doll, but grimaced as she shifted back towards Mulder.

Mulder lifted his head. “You still sore?” His tone dripping with concern as he asked the question against her ear, leaving it with a kiss.

“A little. We were very enthusiastic the other day.” Mulder just loved the look on her face by that remark. That upturned tug at her lips melted his heart and ignited his soul.

He also gave it right back. “I guess I got carried away, well, actually I carried you away.”

Scully’s cheeks heated as the smile crepted into her eyes. “It was worth it.”

Mulder shared her shy smile. “Well, if it helps any, I’m a little tender too.”
Scully’s eyes drifted to his groin while her eyebrows lifted and tongue drug across the inside of her cheek. Mulder nodded. “Someone tried to wear the skin off.”

Scully reached for the hand that once reassured her she would never walk this earth alone. He folded his fingers around hers and she rested her head on his shoulder.

Mulder’s lips pressed against her hair. “How about, when we get home, I start by taking your clothes off..”

“I’m listening..” Scully said and lifted her head to look in his eyes before resting back down at his chest. His heart skipped a beat and he continued.

“.and I run you a nice hot bath..”

“.I like how this is going..”

He lifted the arm rest so they had nothing left to separate her body from his and continued, “.with a full body massage..”

“. even my feet?”

“Oh, especially your feet, but that’s just the appetizer, because then I’m going to light candles..”

“Mulder..”

He nodded his head, his lips and chin brushing her hair. “Yup, bath bomb, maybe some rose petals, turn on soft music..”

“Hmmm.”

“Oh, yes, and then I’m going to take the baby and leave you alone to read your book..”

Scully picked her head back up to look him in the eyes again. She looked simply ravishing to him. “Mulder..”

He wished she would just say his name all day. “Yes.”

“Will you marry me?”

All these years and she still was able to wrap him around her finger. The look they were sharing was scorching and caused Mulder to run his tongue underneath his lip before he answered. “Why yes, Dana Scully. Yes I will marry you.”

Scully snuggled back against his chest up under his chin as he placed his arm around her. “And we thought you wouldn’t make a good husband,” she said sweetly.

“I’m getting there.”

Scully played with their fingers as they intertwined. “I’ve been thinking about our rings Mulder.”

“You’re going to let me cover you in diamonds?”

“I want tattoos.”

Mulder wasn’t crazy about the idea, but he knew that not being able to be buried in a Jewish cemetery wouldn’t make a good argument. In the end, the sentiment behind it won him over.
“You’re already etched into my heart and soul Scully, I guess marking it on my skin would only make sense. Can we still get rings?”

“Yes, Mulder, we’ll get matching rings.” Something about the conversation really brought it home for him. He would have always guessed that the subject of marriage would be difficult between them, but it wasn’t. It just wasn’t and he loved talking about it. With a longing glare he pulled her closer, kissing her way too passionately for an airplane.

“You Scully, are the best part of me,” he murmured against her mouth, then kissed her again. His hands stayed firmly at her back, but his mouth was positively salacious. Scully knew the flight attendant would be headed back their way, but she also couldn’t keep from responding. She tried to stifle a small moan as his tongue stroked into her mouth and her hands came up to grasp his rock-hard shoulders. He repeated the motion and her insides ached, lightning strobed inside her chest. This time as his tongue swept in she sucked on it phallically. That made him pull back, giving her a hot but censorious look.

“You started it,” she returned amorously.

Their minds on each other, they didn’t pay attention to the second flight attendant heading from the galley down the aisle. As she approached Mulder quickly lowered his tray table to block her view of his conspicuous erection. The flight attendant grinned wickedly and bent to whisper in Mulder’s ear, but loud enough that Scully could hear. “Fox Mulder?”

“Yeah, do I know you?” Mulder asked anxiously flashing Scully a look that she recognized. It made her squint his way. Was he afraid of her finding out something?

“Well, not personally,” the flight attendant said softly returning Scully a condescending smile that she did not appreciate. “Years ago you flew my route frequently.” Her cheeks reddened. “We used to call you the “extra” terrestrial.”

That made Mulder blush too. “Now that you mention it, I think I do remember.”

The flight attendant crouched down and got in closer to Mulder as she winked and whispered, “You know, if you two needed to use the lavatory, I could keep an eye on the baby…”

“N-No-No, thank you,” Mulder stuttered. “We’re fine.”

The flight attendant stood slowly, with another flirtatious grin and twist of her hips. “Well, if you need anything, just hit the button.”

As soon as the flight attendant passed, Scully sent fluttering eyelashes his way, imitating the flight attendant’s shameless flirting, but he shrugged them off and changed the subject sneaking his hand back to interlace with hers. “When we get on the ground I want to stop at the souvenir store.”

“You’re going to get M a Baby’s First Christmas alien spaceship aren’t you.”

“Santa is piloting it and Rudolph is guiding,” he whined as if it was making his argument more convincing.

Scully didn’t have the heart to argue with his puppy dog eyes. “Okay. We’ll go.”

* 

Mulder and Scully hiked through the New Mexico brush to higher elevation; M bundled up, sleeping soundly against her father’s chest inside his tactical baby carrier. A pack strapped to his back filled
with everything from diapers and bottles to jackets and water filtration. It made him wonder if they had actually left anything back at the motel. Scully, on the other hand, carried a light pack and walked ahead, her nose buried in their map, the one not found in a gas station or Google. The road snaked around red clay hills littered with large rocks and boulders. It was a cool sixty-three degrees out, but between the sun beating down and the dry stale air, it made it hard to breathe as they made the climb.

Around another bend and behind some faux overgrowth that actually masked a gate, Scully found the entrance to Gibson’s facilities. It was so well hidden, she almost missed it even with the detailed directions. The entrance had been built into the muddy brown and red rock of a cliff, the stone guarding the entrance was jagged and uneven, arranged in such a way, that it would be difficult for passersby to spot. They stepped inside and were immediately enveloped in blackness. Mulder covered M’s head and pressed his lips to her for reassurance. Blind, Scully followed the damp wall of the cave with her hands. All of a sudden, flaming torches sparked to life, lighting up the tunnel ahead and bathing the entire cavern in a flickering orange glow.

“I never realized Gibson had such a fondness for Indiana Jones,” Mulder commented dryly as a chill went down his spine at the sudden drop in temperature, his vision confined to small stuttering circles cast by the torches. As they made their way, the jagged teeth of stone descended from the shadows above. A little farther down a solid steel door came into view with clear video cameras hunched in the corner on either side. Mulder waved at the lens and opened the door. Scully stepped inside.

They had entered what looked like a lobby to a hotel with couches and paintings hung on cinder block covered walls. A tall desk stood at the far end with a directory posted in black and white letters on the wall describing what was located on each floor and room. On top of the desk was a button that simply said, “Ring for assistance,” but that was not what caught Mulder’s eye. “Hey Scully, come look at this,” he called trying to reel her in.

There was another button. This one was red and underneath it stated, “Mulder and Scully press here.”

“Do you think it’s safe to press it?” Scully asked and Mulder gave her a half shrug and pushed it in. “Guess we’ll find out who are enemies are,” Mulder said as his eyes followed the high arched ceilings.

While they waited for what they did not know, they took a seat on a couple chairs scattered about and watched as the lobby came to life. People of all ages, some with obvious physical ailments and deformities, while others looked like they were on a college campus. Every last one of them had smiles on their faces and lots to discuss with everyone else. Their clothes and shoes appeared new and with the latest trends as far as Mulder knew of them.

Mulder felt Gibson’s presence before he actually laid eyes on the man. The invasion into his mind almost immediately followed, leaving Mulder with a dull ache. Gibson shook Mulder’s hand and smiled, then tossed Scully a few knowing glances. Were they communicating with only telepathy? Gibson looked different- taller, but still short, his hair grown out except for his scar, he wore no glasses so Mulder assumed he had on contacts, he wore a suit, but still managed to look a little disheveled without a tie and his shirt loosely tucked in.

“Congratulations Mulder on your daughter and reacquainting with your son,” was how Gibson started the conversation. “Also on your engagement.”

Gibson turned to Scully and laughed in his old boyish chuckle, “My condolences Dana.”
Before Mulder rebutted, Gibson led them back to his office, a huge area, professionally laid out, with pictures of his wife and kids throughout. It made Mulder’s heart full to think Gibson actually got his chance to lead the life he wanted.

M began squirming as he sat down, deciding she had enough of the carrier and wanted mommy. Scully took her into her arms and Mulder, without thinking, kissed Scully on the lips and shared a smile.

“I’m glad you managed to make your way here. It’s been such a long time. When William told me that you had made plans to see me I was thrilled,” Gibson interrupted.

“We’ve got a lot of catching up to do and I’ve got a lot of questions for you Gibson as I’m sure you’ve already attained,” Scully said observing his mind reading abilities, “but let’s get down to it. Who is the new enemy and how is William connected? Why is your name tied up with Strughold and what do you know about Monica? And what exactly is this place?”

“You’re right. You have a lot of questions. And I’ll answer what I can.” Gibson pushed a finger against the area between his eyes as if he was adjusting imaginary glasses. “Dana, please excuse me, but you look stunning. I mean you look so much more beautiful than I remember. The years have been gracious to you.”

Scully blushed and Mulder pursed his lips. “So you were explaining Gibson?” Mulder asked trying to move things along.

“This facility and the dormitories over in D.C. are designed to act as schools and also a place for people that feel isolated by their differences, to find family. We are all very protective of one another and acknowledge our mental and emotional struggles without judgement.” He paused and seemed to be processing something about Scully. Mulder understood he was reading her mind. “I started this idea shortly after you went on the run. I searched for William wanting him to know he was not alone. Knowing that he couldn’t be changed no matter the vaccine or the parents.” Gibson played with a pen at his desk. “I’m not saying you made the wrong decision. I went into hiding too, but I, personally, needed to find him.”

“We understand Gibson,” Scully said reaching for Mulder’s hand.

“What I found was a treasure trove of people who had been abused and transformed. My advantage of knowing who I was and where they came from allowed me to learn for myself how to harness the abilities they were given. The cost of running this type of facility is expensive and I was drawing the attention of the DoD. That’s when I was approached by Strughold.”

“How is that possible?” Scully interrupted. “He must be over one hundred years old.”

“He is,” Gibson confirmed. “That chip in your neck is powerful.”

“So you’re part of The Syndicate now?” Mulder asked.

“No. I’m keeping my enemies close. We have an arrangement. We offer him protection and he, in return, provides us with the funds we need.”

“It can’t be that simple,” Mulder argued.

“He has lots of enemies.”

“And Monica, where does she fit into this?” Scully asked passing Mulder a glance.
Mulder had been sitting in silence not knowing how exactly to respond. Scully did the talking for him. “Kevin. He works for you?”

Gibson smiled. “Kevin. The boy you believe God needs you to protect. Yeah, he works for me. I stole him away from the devil. Dana, Kevin tattooed scriptures into his DNA.”


“He says he wrote the Biblical genetic code into the DNA of a virus.

Scully looked over to explain it to Mulder. “There’s a technique known as recombinant adeno-associated virus.”

“Right, well the DNA containing this verse translated into the language of Jesus was injected as a protein without the viral vector.” Gibson leaned back in his chair and linked his fingers. “As to the why, he said that someday you will come to know its importance.”

Mulder sighed. He knew where this was headed and they still had more ground to cover. “I think maybe we did enough catching up on business for now. I want to say hello to your wife. I’m sure she misses me.”

Gibson returned Mulder’s sarcasm. “Strangely enough, she does.”

“And I’d like to meet your kids. Both in here and at home,” Scully added.

“That’s a good place to start,” Gibson said then turned to Mulder again. “If you like, I can invite Samantha.”

Mulder tightened his jaw. “You’re referring to the clone William told me about. I’m not interested.”

“She’s become very close to your son. Maybe another type of mother. Definitely an aunt.”

Mulder’s face turned red and his hands flexed against the arms of the chair. “Why are we pushing this issue?”

Gibson leaned forward. “Because Mulder, she has children.”

Mulder slapped the chair arm. “That’s impossible. Human clones don’t have the capacity to reproduce. Especially not ones made over thirty years ago.”

Gibson nodded in agreement, but spoke just as passionately at Mulder gearing up to fight. “You’re right, but I was there when she gave birth and those kids she has are human and one of them looks an awful lot like you. I think it’s worth investigating.” Gibson sat back as his muscles visibly relaxed. His voice lowered as a smile re-appeared on his face. “Dana is eager to meet the kids at our facility, some of which are friends of your sons, and I don’t know about you, but I could go for a chilly dog and some pizza.”
The Hunt

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

It's past New Year's and we're in the year 2019. Everyone is back at work.

I'm going to leave you with this before you read this chapter: I need you to trust me.

“Mulder, are you feeling okay?”

Mulder looked up from the case file he held between his fingers and tasted the wet salt coating his dry lips. He squinted at Scully and rubbed his face, unknowingly saturated with tears. Skinner looked from across the table at them both in confusion, yet said nothing. “Scully, can I speak to you out in the hall?” Mulder asked hoping to discourage Skinner from commenting. She nodded and Mulder added, “Excuse us Skinner.”

As soon as they were out of earshot of Skinner’s assistant, Mulder addressed Scully’s concerned glare. “I don’t want to be here Scully.”

“Mulder, what do you mean?” she asked softly placing her hands at her hips.

“I don’t want to leave M with Monica every day and in a couple months when Monica is back at work I don’t want her in daycare.”

Scully searched his eyes and waited.

“I gotta go,” Mulder said with a pained tone and headed towards the elevator.

“Mu...” was all she got out. He heard her shout, “What do I tell Skinner?” as the elevator doors closed.

Mulder didn’t know. All he knew was he had to get home. He had missed all of William’s life and he didn’t want to miss a second of M’s and right now he was missing hours that would soon turn into days, months, years.

Within two hours he had her back in his arms, cooing and kicking in jagged motion. The regurgitated breast milk that landed on his shirt an hour after that made him laugh and he even managed not to gag as he changed her diaper. Even when she fret and cried, he found it so cute he almost cried along with her. Her hands barely able to rise above her head she squeezed at his nose warming him with a sunshine never existing before in his world.

Scully arrived home at a normal hour to find Mulder on the floor, with the coffee table pushed aside, and him and M sprawled out having tummy time on the play mat. Mulder waving a toy at M as she followed with her eyes. Scully stopped and smiled. Mulder looked up. “Her neck muscles are definitely strengthening.”

Scully removed her long winter coat and put down her attache. “I told Skinner you weren’t feeling well. Mulder. What happened today?”
“I didn’t want to spend the day in the FBI building,” Mulder replied and squinted in her direction giving M the toy back while he stood. “We were sitting in his office and all I could think of was how useless and meaningless sitting there discussing a ten year old casefile was. It could wait another day. M will soon be grown.”

“So what now? You don’t have enough years in to retire.”

“I don’t know, I take it day by day.” He walked over to his desk and picked up a pencil sending it flying into the bullseye of Kersh’s head.

“And what about the x-files?”

Mulder skewered a nostril with his next toss. “You have your new job to fall back on. With Skinner back, I’m sure him and Morales will have more than enough work to keep you busy.”

“Is that what this is about? I told you that taking this new job..”

Mulder shook his head. “No. It’s not that at all. My heart… it belongs to something else now.” He bent down and lifted M up into his arms and walked onto the back porch settling in on the new chair swing he built. The yard was peaceful and the winter had been a mild one compared to years past allowing the grass to stay mostly green and some of the birds to stay on. He wasn’t certain what the future held or if he was really through with the FBI, but he didn’t feel ready to go back. Scully joined him a short while later with her hair lifted and much more casual attire. She rocked the swing as she sat. M’s head wobbled slightly underneath his supporting hand, acknowledging her mother’s presence only to calm and close her eyes again. M’s hand slid naturally, curling around her daddy’s finger and Mulder felt her soft breath at his chest reminding him all over again that she held his heart and everything else.

When M drifted, Mulder carefully lifted his hand off of her and wove his fingers with Scully’s. They sat in silence as Mulder took over the rocking and Scully rested at his shoulder, looking out into the forest, listening to the night come alive.

Two months later…

“How was your Christmas?” Monica asked excitedly through the receiver of Scully’s cell phone.

“We decided not to travel with the baby and spent the baby’s first Christmas at our home, just the three of us.”

“William didn’t visit?”

“No,” Scully answered. She could here the disappointment in her own voice. “He’s still getting to know us and he wanted to be with his friends and his girlfriend. This was his first Christmas without his mom and dad. Being with us might have made it harder. I stopped by his place and left him a Christmas card with a letter reminding him what he means to me. And a snowglobe. One I think he’ll appreciate.”

“He’ll come around. I know he will.” Monica said with sincerity. “Has Mulder gone back to work yet?”

“No. He is insisting on being a stay at home dad for a little while and I’m not going to fight him about it. Skinner approved the leave and we’re able to pay the bills so.. He gets to be daddy. How could anyone deny him that after all that’s happened?”

“After all that’s been done to him,” Monica added.
Scully wasn’t looking to rehash it. “How are you doing Monica?”

Monica sighed. “Every day a little better. I’ve started back with the DoD. Got my own apartment. John and I are taking it slow. He’s over at the DoD too so we have lunch together on most days and work together occasionally. They gave Skinner his job back?”

“Yes, in fact they’ve posted Kersh’s director’s job and he applied.”

“How could they not give it to Skinner?” Monica commented sounding annoyed.

“I don’t know. Such is the world of politics.”

“You should apply for that assistant director’s position.”

Scully almost laughed. From the most unwanted to senior level? “I wasn’t considering it.”

“Why not? The hours will be less. No more traveling. I really think you should.”

“Maybe I will.”

Two weeks after that...

Mulder warmed the milk and blended up some organic foods prepared by mommy. Making baby food from scratch was time consuming, but M was busy playing on her bouncy chair, throwing her toys for her father to go fetch. Without realizing it Mulder was humming. The tune familiar enough, from one of M’s favorite shows. Maybe he should talk to more people old enough to tie their own shoes.

Mulder swung a flannel burp cloth over his shoulder and headed out to M with his hands full, a bottle in one hand, a bowl full of some nutritious concoction in the other with a baby spoon thrown in.

The floor rumbled as he stepped into the living room. An earthquake? The walls began to shake, table jumping, pictures rattled and glasses vibrated across their surface. Blinding strobes of pure white changing to steady rays casted long shadows into the room and over M. The only thought in Mulder’s mind was for M to be safe. At first, it didn’t calculate, the noise like extended thunder only worse because the vibrations were coming from everywhere. His brain went fuzzy and he felt paralyzed and then reality blinked. Mulder canvassed the room with his eyes and crumbled to the floor like his insides had iced then shattered. His limbs failed him and he screamed. M was gone. The ancient watch on his wrist that he got teased about, displayed an earlier time than the one on his cell. Lost time. When he gained enough momentum, he dialed the phone.

“Monica Reyes.”

“Monica, this is Mulder. They took M. I need you here now. Get Doggett, I’ll call Charlie and Jeffrey. I’m heading into work. Scully needs to hear it from me.” His voice was shaky and the words did not come easy.

“Mulder, who took M? What’s going on?”

“Just meet me at the house in two hours.” Mulder didn’t care if he was making sense of not, but he had to get to Scully.

In record time Mulder made it to headquarters, he turned the corner of the hallway and he saw Scully- her head buried in a folder, calm and rational. His gut wrenched. She wore her happiness on
her sleeve and peace in her eyes. He was about to end it all. Again, his past destroying their lives.
Begrudging him or not, it all fell on him. Scully gave him a warm smile as she met his gaze.
“Decided to work today? Who’s watching the baby?”

Mulder’s body bathed in a cold sweat as his mouth opened, but all that escaped was his trembling
breath. The ache in his heart compounded as it beat against the hard bone of his ribs. A droning echo
sounded in his ears and the earth slowed, then faded to black.

Minutes later the world opened up again through the curtains of his eyelids. Scully was gently
slapping his cheek with her face full of concern for him. “Mulder, thank God. What are you feeling?
Your symptoms?”

Suddenly his mind burst into clarity. Time wasted. “Scully, I need to speak to you down in the
basement. Now.” Mulder catapulted to his feet and grabbed her wrist leading her to the elevator.

The doors closed and Scully spouted, “Mulder, you need to go to the hospital. I don’t know why
you fainted, but you need to be examined.”

“Scully.. God..” He couldn’t look her in the eyes so he kept his focus on the numbers. It took all his
might not to burst into tears. It didn’t work. He took a sharp inhale as his face folded and scrunched,
his hand coming up to shield his eyes.

“Mulder, what?” she asked quickly her eyes darting.

Mulder breathed in and let it out. “M was taken. They took her Scully.”


Mulder gasped for breath through his tears. “She was abducted. Right in front of me. I lost time.
There was a flash of light, my eyesight shimmered, and then…. She was gone.”

He surrounded Scully with his full frame intending to comfort her, but she was still frowning. She
pulled back. “Mulder, she didn’t just disappear. We need to find her.”

The cold tone sobered him. “I’ve assembled a team to meet at our house.”

“Did you tell Skinner?”

“I don’t know that the FBI needs to be involved yet.”

“What about Gibson? And William?”

“Not yet.”

By the time they got back to the house a considerable crowd had gathered and Mulder, with Scully’s
strength, buried his feelings and fears and started the investigative team in a direction while Scully
headed the supernatural division with Gibson who was facetimeing her from the Strughold jet. Times
had changed.

“You’re telling me there’s a way to amplify the transmission?” Scully asked Gibson as she stood in
the tall grass of her front lawn.

“Yes, to reach a longer distance and higher frequency. When I get there we can also try telescoping
where we can see her visions if she is transmitting.”

Scully ended the call and stepped back into the house looking across their living room to Mulder and
caught his eye. He winked, reigniting her confidence and her resolve warding off the panic fighting it’s way to the surface. No doubts, she reminded herself. Soon, they would need to contact the FBI and tell Skinner.

Around two in the morning Scully felt the warm overpowering hand of Mulder’s stroke her hair and she shuddered under his touch. Mulder appeared injured from the inside, but he lifted his face muscles enough to form a half-smile. “I’m going to take you to get something to eat,” he told her, his voice sounding raw.

“I-”

“I know,” he tilted his head ever so slightly and gently slid his hand to stroke her back coming to rest at her waist. She shifted automatically until his hand found its home at the small of her back. Almost in a trance she allowed him to lead her to the car and let him drive to their 24-hour diner.

She ordered a salad that she was doing more pushing around her plate than anything else. Mulder was drinking coffee and staring into space. She dared to ask, “What could they be doing to her Mulder?”

“I don’t know, but they’re not going to harm her.”

“How do you know? What are they feeding her? She needs my milk.”

“Scully..”

“We’ve got to get back. William can find her. With my help I know he can.”
Searching
Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

If you are reading this than it means you haven't given up faith in me - Thank you!
Although, rerouting Carter's hatemail to my address was probably a little much.
Anyway, Mulder's taken off the cover of the Mustang and the search has begun.

Huge thanks to MS31X129 for being my beta, your ideas, and keeping me focused!
Thanks also to Monkafilefan for all your help with the last two chapters!

Doggett entered the Mulder residence solemnly, just as Mulder was hanging up the phone with MUFON. “Any luck?” Doggett asked. Mulder shook his head and got up from behind his desk, plugging another tack into the map.

“I’ve called everyone I could think of that might have tracked unidentified objects, but none have been sighted in the area,” Mulder said playing with the tack, pressing it harder and harder into the wall not wanting to let go. “Where’s Scully?”

“She went with Gibson and William back to Gibson’s lab in D.C. They decided to try working in groups to magnify their abilities.” Doggett reached for Mulder’s shoulder. “You need some sleep Mulder, you can’t go on like this.”

Mulder shrugged away Doggett’s hand and turned, leaning on the desk with both hands. The time read 10:13 A.M. on the clock. Still under twenty-four hours since she first disappeared, but they had no leads and no sleep. Silence hung in the air. Then in one quick motion Mulder shoved the papers from his desk and lifted it off the ground, tossing it back down with a loud bang. Again and again and again. Relief came in the strain of his muscles and the hard knock of solid wood, oak against pine. He yelled, straining his vocal cords, “I have nothing! No leads, nothing.” He pointed at Doggett and stared him down with the wild eyes of a wolf, as if he might strike him. He wanted to. “This is my fault,” he hissed through his gritted teeth. “Mine.”

Doggett followed him to the kitchen and Mulder stopped before opening the refrigerator wishing he could get him to leave. “Doggett, can’t you find a squirrel to chase?”

Doggett rested his hands on his hips. “Remember Fox, I went through this with my son.”

Mulder didn’t respond, closed the refrigerator door and headed to the couch where he began burrowing through the dark web. He released a heavy sigh when Doggett sat down next to him. Very quickly he was losing his patience.

“Mulder, tell me again everything you remember. Every detail.”

“Doggett, seeing evil or using sibling telepathy isn’t going to bring her back. They. Took. Her.”

“Then let me do my job. Help me find who they are.”
Mulder sighed again and slapped the laptop closed, refusing to make eye contact. “I was preparing the baby’s lunch and as I stepped into the living room, I felt paralyzed. There were bright lights, time loss, a flicker, and she was gone.” Mulder swallowed hard to clear the lump in his throat, but to no avail. “It’s my sister all over again.”

“Is it?”

“What do mean?”

“Maybe it was only made to look like an abduction.”

Mulder shook his head and frowned fighting the war with his tears. “M is gone. Someone took her.”

Doggett pushed harder. “You said you couldn’t move, from fright, shock, an outer force?”

“Are you asking if I was too stunned to move? You can do better than that Doggett.”

Doggett ignored his condescending tone. “There were bright lights. From above or shooting directly into your sight line?”

“I was blinded by them Doggett.”

“Work with me,” Doggett pleaded and took notes reviewing previous ones and jotting more notes in the margins of his tiny pad. “You saw a flicker?”

Mulder squinted trying hard to remember. “Yeah, like a, not a flash or a wave, like an invisible cloaking or man, maybe? A crack in my perception.”

“A shift? Like an invisible sheet?”

“Yeah. I guess. Maybe. Why?” Mulder leaned forward, his elbows digging into his knees as if Doggett may have sparked something.

“Did that happen with Samantha?”

“I don’t remember. It was a long time ago. It’s been so many years it wouldn’t be surprising if their technology has changed. We’re wasting time Doggett. Time M doesn’t have.”

Doggett rose from the couch and crouched down on the playmat where M was last seen, feeling around with his hands. He then walked over to the walls and ran his hands over them as well. Mulder shook his head. “What are you looking for?”

“I remember a case you had where a man walked through walls. I was just testing the structure to make sure it wasn’t compromised.” Doggett turned and Mulder was already up, his jacket on and grabbing his keys.

“What are you going?”

“To find some answers.”

He hated doing this with people he had to explain himself to. He missed The Lone Gunman and Scully was following her own path.

*  

“Gibson this isn’t working.” Scully’s eyeballs hurt. An inextinguishable fireball would be the best
description of her brain and she was so tired her bones ached. She hadn’t stopped long enough to allow the possibilities to break her.

Gibson pounded his thoughts into her ear. “I found William, I will find your daughter. I need you to let go and open your mind. It will help me if I can use you to magnify the signal.”

Scully tried, but everything seemed blocked.

“Maybe we should take a break,” Gibson suggested.

Scully tucked her hair behind her ear with a shaky finger and called Mulder’s number. As she listened to the ringing she almost dreaded him answering, the disappointment that would be in his voice when he realized they weren’t any closer. “Mulder, it’s me.”

“Hey, Scully.”

The sound of her name already giving her comfort, coming as if a beacon from the other end of the receiver. She allowed herself to feel in his care and uttered her deepest thoughts not even reserved for herself. “Mulder how could we have been so foolish to think she was safe? We let our guard down. How did we allow ourselves to feel so carefree during the delivery and in the hospital? What if it started then? What did we do?”

His words were breathy and stern, but she could feel them coated in his caring. “I won’t let you talk like that. We will find her. That’s our only focus. Have you developed any leads at all?”

Scully ran her hand against her forehead. “No, but we haven’t given up. Where are you?”

“I’m at the abductee community housing complex.”

“Your housing and treatment initiative? Where the abductees go to find homes, jobs, and psychological care? What are you doing there?”

“I’m interviewing abductees. Trying to find clues.”

Scully shook her head. “Mulder, the answers aren’t there.”

“At least I’m out pounding pavement. Sitting around the office playing with a Ouija board isn’t going to bring her back.”

His voice was wracked with bitterness and resentment. She knew he would never admit it, maybe even to himself, but Scully saw in Mulder’s eyes the irrational pangs of jealousy at Gibson’s uncanny ability of controlling William, keeping him calm and focused. He wasn’t completely comfortable that there was a connection within their family that Gibson got to be a part of and he couldn't. “It’s all we have right now,” she heard herself say knowing it wasn’t enough.

“Dammit Scully, she’s four months old. Even if you were able to contact her, she can’t tell you anything. I need you here.”

“And I need you.” The crack in her voice made Mulder pause. It made him remember how she went through this when he was abducted all those years ago. He understood. “Okay. I’ll be there within the hour.”

Mulder opened the door to the conference room they were now in and was met with Scully’s bloodshot eyes. The group wasn’t holding hands in a seance, but they might as well have been. She got up to greet him and her fingers gently caressed his bicep. He felt her electrical pulse.
“So, anything?” he asked, his voice raw with emotion.

“No.”

“What’s with the toy?”

“It’s her favorite one and it was the one she was holding at the time. There’s a chance she left some psychic residue,” Scully answered gently.

“Hmph.” Mulder lifted it from the table to examine it as if it might hold a clue. A sharp pain pierced the frontal lobe of his brain like a spike, his eyesight fuzzed and his mind glitched. When he finally focused the room appeared duller. Scully was speaking and people were gathering around him, but their voices were nothing but a distant strange echo. Like a hollowed out piece of reality inside a paper towel roll. He took a step forward and felt… lighter. Then he heard M cry, muffled by distance -that familiar wail she reserved only for him. “M!” he cried out, but his words were lost in the vacuum, disintegrating as they weaved in and out of the delicate fabric of reality. A single tear hit his cheek.

“I will find you M,” he cried in vain. “I’m here.”

Another jolt and he was flat on is back on the floor. Scully stood over him and everyone else was on their feet surrounding him at a distance. William looked a little frightened. Even Gibson’s mouth gaped open, his expression showing confusion and worry.

“Mulder,” Scully called frantically slapping his cheek repeatedly.

“Ow, Scully. I’m okay. I- lack of sleep I guess. Nothing a coffee and a donut won’t cure.” She went to protest, but he held up his hand and slowly got to his feet. He looked at his watch and then at the time on his phone. Time loss. Again. This time two and a half minutes.

Monica interrupted Mulder’s thought when she entered the conference room handing him a short stack of papers to peruse. “As you expected Agent Mulder, we found no trace evidence. No one entered or left your house. Have we ruled out self teleportation?”

“Monica, where were you yesterday?” Mulder asked cutting her off at the quick.

“At work.”

Mulder nodded, but chewed on the inside of his cheek. “You had the knowledge and the means to know exactly when and where M would be.”

“Mulder, we are not going to turn on each other. We need to keep focused,” Scully reminded him.

“Fine.” Mulder turned to Gibson. “Then I want a meeting with Strughold.”

The time on the clock of the Nav system read 7:35PM when Mulder pulled the Mustang into the parking garage of the office building in NYC. Gibson had given him the address and told him the meeting had been arranged. One look at that old creased face and Mulder would have rather pulled his gun than a chair, but he sat down anyway. The office was not completely unfamiliar to him. The last time he had visited though, there was no large intricate mahogany desk or rich riveted cushioned chairs or even blinds on the large windows overlooking the city. Still, the place had the same feel of impending doom and disgust.

“I did not take your daughter Agent Mulder,” Strughold said as he huffed out his big wide nose.
"But you know who did," Mulder shot back letting him know he was no longer naive or innocent.

"No. But I’m very interested in who did," Strughold said calmly with his natural air of leadership. "We share a common enemy Agent Mulder."

"Yeah, I saw the Dyson Sphere project."

"You believe that’s really what’s going on over there? You believe building a Dyson Sphere isn’t a preposterous idea?"

"Whether I do or not, I saw the plans on their computers, on the walls."

"After all these years, haven’t you caught on by now? They show you what they want you to see."

"So if not that, then what? What are they doing with all that uploaded consciousness?"

"What do they really want from your son?"

"It’s not the key to eternal life?" Mulder asked actually wanting the answer. He found it amusing how the will to power was not to be shared.

"Possibly, but there’s more." Strughold gripped tightly at the edge of the chair whitening his yellowed withered knuckles. "Years ago I caught intel that the rebels got their hands on a multi-dimensional transporter. Do you have any knowledge of such a thing?"

Mulder wasn’t here to play twenty questions. Time was slipping. "What are your plans in all this Strughold? I see you already found the fountain of youth, even if it did turn you into a cabbage patch doll. Now you want… what? What do you hope to achieve with Gibson and his band of merry mutants?"

Strughold looked amused as he grimaced. "We’re all mutants Agent Mulder. Just some farther along than others. My interest in Gibson is the research, to bask in the fruit of The Syndicates’ labor and my hard work. As long as I’m on their side I’m protected and wasn’t that the goal all along? For our specific genomes to prosper? I’m an old man, and you’re not far from. We all got what we wanted in the end, didn’t we?"

Mulder had enough and his trigger finger was twitching. This man was a leader that had made the decision to abduct his sister. That made the decision to create clones and hybrids with her DNA. Responsible for stealing her life from her, for her torture, and her death. "Where is my child?"

"I met with you to let you know I am no longer an enemy."

Mulder held his tongue and his twitchy finger, gave him a nod and walked out, leaving him sitting there with his cane propped up at his chair. He was done talking and wasting time. Every avenue was a dead end.

Back in the Mustang, he called Scully’s phone. When it went to voicemail he tried Doggett’s. He answered his cell on the second ring and was all too eager to hear his debrief. Mulder even opened up to him about his experience in the conference room and his fainting spell.

Doggett listened intently until Mulder had finished and then asked him heedfully, “Mulder, have you considered the possibility that what you’re experiencing when you hear M calling you, that she might not be here at all? Hear me out. What you described to me is awfully reminiscent of something I went through myself. When I unintentionally entered another dimension.”
“Doggett, I’m not…” Mulder shouted, but quickly lowered his tone. “My daughter is not in those casefiles. Stop comparing this to anything we’ve experienced before. This is about my daughter.”

“But what if.. She is trying to contact you?”

It worried Mulder that this nonsense was coming from Doggett. At the same time, it made him take it seriously. “But Scully’s the one with the psychic connection,” he countered.

“Yes, but you’re her father.”

Mulder hung up the phone. He just didn’t want to hear anymore. All paths led to a dead end.

On his way back to D.C., not quite out of the New York city limits, Mulder had an epiphany. What if Doggett was right? What was Strughold really doing out in Montauk that day Scully ran into him on the closed military base?”

Mulder sent the brake pedal to the floor and spun the car around. It would take him about two and a half hours in the opposite direction, but he was headed to Montauk.

It was well past eleven when he got there. The porch and street lamps had come alive in the adjacent community, but inside the houses were dark. It took him a minute to get his bearings and decide if he wanted to attempt to traverse the fence and hide from the cameras or go through the front gate with a hope and a prayer. Maybe he hadn’t thought it completely through. The whole drive his mind had been on M being hooked up to some torture device or on a cold steel table. Even if they were doing nothing else but holding her hostage, she was without them. Without him. He blinked back tears and snuck in the base the old fashioned way - stowing away in an equipment truck. Hey, better than hiding in a laundry bin. The truck rattled and hummed as it shook its way past the barracks and onto the loading docks. Mulder stayed low and ducked out of site as the truck backed in, using the dock’s curtain as a shield. Back down in the lab Scully and himself once visited, he easily made his way into the old rickety elevator. There were no guards, no locks. Everything felt deserted. Down the corridor he went with flashlight in hand. The computers and machines were covered in dust or cloaked in sheets. Panic rose up inside him considering he had no avenues left to travel. There had to be something. Finally he found the old machine that supposedly once housed a multidimensional transporter. Mulder scrambled looking for clues, a way to turn it on or some proof it had been used in the last decade. Could he have been wrong?

Just as he was about to leave and relinquish all hope, his flashlight beam fragmented over the floorboard and caught Mulder’s eye. He ran the spotlight along the crack and his curiosity sent him down on one knee to press his fingers between the open space. It didn’t budge. He looked along the green formica of the tables and ran his beam underneath followed by his hand. Whatever he was looking for had to be in there. There had to be a way into whatever was in that floor. He ripped open the metal cabinets, but they had long been emptied. Finally, along the bottom shelf of a back cupboard he found an old rusty lever and with some muscle and a little luck he pushed it down and the wooden door popped open like a latch to the hood of a car. Down a flight of stairs, kicking a ton of dust in the air he found himself standing on an observation deck with stadium seating. “Wonder what’s the main attraction,” Mulder mumbled to himself. He found the light switch, but there was no toggle. “I doubt google will work here.”

He waved his hand and the lights came alive, revealing a huge stage, podium to one side, viewing monitors and a huge tunnel with a massive opening within the rock. There, he could see machines built into the walls curving and bowing against the tunnel. He took the stairway down, his shoes echoing against the aluminum steps in the large cavern. He didn’t bother using the metal handrail supported by glass walls exposing the rock formations. On the main stage, everything was clean, sanitary compared to the previous rooms. Mulder walked into the tunnel, switching on the fine tuned
LED lamp of his flashlight. An emptiness filled the shadows without his partner’s countering beam to help guide him. The tunnel felt endless, but when he got there what he encountered covering the mica schist of metamorphic rock was unbelievably horrendous. The light reflecting off the surface of what came into view wasn’t alien or human. In fact, it probably didn’t register as any description at all. This wasn’t the answer, it was far worse. Mulder ran, up the stairs to the observation deck, then up the other steps to the main room, closed the entrance and hopped the next freight out. A man stepped from the shadows as Mulder left, taking a deep intake of his vape. He pulled out his cell from his black coat. "Yeah. We had a visitor tonight."

Huffing, his muscles screaming from the buildup of lactic acid, Mulder slipped into the Mustang and sped away, off of Long Island, out of NY and back down to D.C.

At a little after six in the morning, with the sun barely peeking its head, Mulder maneuvered up his gravel driveway and made his way into the house. An unfamiliar creek in the floorboards froze him in place. A stunning young woman with hair the color of flame and eyes matching the sea of the Greek Isles stood before him. He drew his gun.

She held up a hand in surrender. “Please, don’t be frightened. My name is Mulder. I am your daughter.”
Across the Universe Where Strangers Meet

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Mulder stood in his living room staring at what appeared to be his daughter fully grown. Was it really her?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Margaret? Please, don’t tell me I’ve missed your life too,” Mulder let out in a desperate plea. “I can’t.. I won’t accept that.”

“I’m not Margaret. My name is Sam,” she said as she fidgeted, checking the time, then watching the door.

Mulder shook his head and lines appeared between his brow. It was too incredible. “I- I don’t understand.”

Sam smiled and for a second a vision of Scully, young and vibrant entering into his office 27 years ago flashed before his eyes. “I know, but you will,” she reassured him in a way that reminded him of his own mother before the tragic events that would set his fate in motion.

“I need to call Scully,” Mulder said taking a step towards his desk, but Sam stopped him.

“There’s no need. She will arrive shortly. She forgot a file she deems important here and has left already to retrieve it.”

“How..” Mulder started, but wasn’t able to finish when Scully burst through the door.

She looked up at the woman standing with Mulder as she removed her coat and put down her briefcase. “Am I interrupting something? I forgot a file here and I was just coming back..”

“.. to get it.” Mulder finished slowly.

Scully stopped and took a long hard look at the young woman with short bright auburn locks. “Mulder, what’s going on?”

“I don’t know, but I think we’re about to find out.”

The young woman put her hands together. “The short answer is I have your daughter. She’s safe. You must know it was absolutely necessary for me to come here and taking your daughter was the only way, but rest assured, she will be returned as soon as I’ve finished my mission.”

“Which is? Who are you?” Scully asked frantically.

“I’m your daughter in an alternate timeline.”

“Why weren’t you occupying Margaret’s space when you arrived? I watched her disappear and I
“I haven’t seen you,” Mulder asked.

“You experienced time loss. Your mind was not processing information. I came through and immediately left the house. I was looking for something, hoping to find it on my own, but unfortunately, I am forced to get you involved.”

“How come you’re so much older than our daughter?” Mulder persisted, leaning against his desk with the palms of his hands.

Sam darted a nervous tongue across her lips. “It is 2019 in my timeline, but I was born much earlier than her. Soon after you both experienced tragic events you made the decision to consummate your relationship.” Sam turned to Scully. “You were under the impression that you were barren, but that was not the case and I was the result.”

“Tragic events?” Scully asked tentatively.

“You both died. You were in a coma shortly after your abduction. Dad died in a train car buried beneath the ground at his own father’s hand months later. Both of you survived death through the power of each other’s beliefs.”

Sam observed their optic link and continued. “Even death can’t break your tether and the power it contains is so great you can even regenerate life. Your love for each other is stronger than anything paranormal, even the afterlife. Dad gave up all his answers, the Truth, turned over the digital tape and all the knowledge about the Syndicate, just so you might have a chance to see your sister. Your sister, my aunt, didn’t make it and during your time of grieving, you had a conversation about death, how fleeting time is, how close you come time and again to losing each other and something unique happened. The improbable. You both let your guards down enough to stop your brains from calculating consequences and allowed emotions to seep through your walls. The result, was me. You’ll be celebrating your 22nd wedding anniversary this year.” Sam smiled crossing her arms allowing them time to absorb her statements. “My name is Melissa Samantha Mulder. I go by the name Sam.”

Mulder smiled at her and Sam teared up. “Dad,” she whispered and hugged him tight, cupped his face and stroked his cheek. “You look good.”

It made Mulder chuckle. “I hope in your timeline I haven’t lost my waistline or my mane. I don’t look like Frohike do I?”

“Where is our daughter?” Scully asked cutting him off.

“She’s occupying the space in my timeline. It’s the only way I could cleanly cross-over. I assure you she will come back to you with the same cohesion as when she left.”

“The same cohesion?” Scully repeated, her freckles fading into the heat surfacing from beneath her skin. “And how can you be certain of that? Why would you risk my daughter’s life?”

“You will perform a health check when she returns and you will find right down to the molecular level, she is in tact. My uncle Charlie’s machine is most effective, but I don’t have much time left. There are only short windows when the frequencies of our worlds sync.”

“The bright lights, the vibrations in the house..” Mulder said as if a question.

“Excess energy creating tremors and solar flares from the exchange,” Sam answered, then ran a hand through her hair. “In my timeline we are post apocalyptic. 2012 happened. The aliens invaded, but all did not go as planned and they were unable to colonize as well as they had hoped thanks to my
father’s work. Their reinforcements arrived from underground. 2 million years from the past. They were waiting, in a type of frozen animation, hibernative state when the aliens called upon them. The first wave was a success so they planned another request for reinforcements and others, civilians you might call them, waiting until colonization took place, evolving. Only this time their request was intercepted and they were followed. Another rebel alien race and two others in ARVs stowed along for the ride- William and myself.”

“William- our son?” Scully asked. “He wasn’t given up for adoption?”

“No.. why would you put him up for adoption?” Sam questioned, thoroughly confused.

Scully shook her head and Mulder knew she didn’t want to get into it. “Go on. How does this connect with our timeline?”

Sam explained. “When the aliens or Colonists, first arrived on our planet in the 40’s they traveled using a process enabling them to achieve velocities faster than the speed of light.”

Scully added to the conversation her work on Einstein’s theory, “When traveling faster than the speed of light time appears to bend and large distances are now shortened, sometimes close enough that they can connect.”

“Correct,” Sam nodded. “It’s a little more complicated than traveling through a single wormhole in order to arrive on the other side in one piece, but you get the gist. Only, if time twists as it bends…”

“It’s possible to jump universes,” Mulder finished.

“Yes and while attempting to stop them that is exactly what happened and we all ended up two million years in the past, but, accidentally, in your universe.”

“That’s the black oil,” Mulder said looking over to Scully.

“Black… oil?”

Sam looked confused so Scully explained, “A dark liquid alien parasite with sentient capabilities.”

Sam nodded. “Yes. Both rebels and colonists. Only instead of burying themselves in the ground in a hibernative state and waiting for 2012 in their timeline, they’ve jumped into yours.”


Mulder expounded on Scully’s question. “Extreme heat and gravity would render the trip lethal for any organism. How were you not pulled apart by your atoms?”

Sam had a look of recognition. “The properties of a compound created by a Dr. Lisa Ionelli made it possible and Uncle Charlie’s fringe machine allowed Uncle Charlie to cross universes to find us, and bring us back home.”

“Why come back? For your ARVs?” Mulder asked.

Sam’s eyes darted from Mulder to Scully and Sam started to fidget, wringing her hands then running one through her hair. “No one else besides William knows I’ve crossed. Time is not linear, but a snapshot. I got a glimpse of your snapshot. I watched my father die in this timeline and I could not live knowing in any universe that I would grow up without you.” Sam’s voice cracked and tears came to her eyes. “With the knowledge on those ships, you will live. Your future has not been written. You must know that your timeline is the root timeline, the heart from which all others spread.
You can still sew different patterns inside this snapshot. When William and Mom see the future, what is actually going on inside their brain are complex mathematical equations that they are unconsciously calculating. The largest probabilities are then translated through their pineal gland into pictures, visions, but your choices are still your own.”

“And the carvings on the ships?” Scully asked.

“They have power.. And meaning..,” Sam answered. “They are the history of the Earth and God and they can create life.”

Sam glanced nervously at the digital clock on Mulder’s desk. “It’s time for me to go.”

She gave Scully a hug and a kiss on the cheek which Scully returned shedding a tear.

Mulder didn’t know why she was so emotional, but he found himself tearing as well when Sam came to wrap her arms around him.

Sam pulled away from Mulder only enough to look him in the eye. “Your sacrifices are not without merit. Don’t doubt yourself dad and please don’t carry a guilt for a world that was never meant to exist. I will caution you. William is not completely stable. He has strong forces fighting within him. He will face challenges and he will need your support. Do not forget the prophecy. Someday I hope Maggie will lead the army to defeat the invaders and William, with his mother’s help, will eradicate the viruses and with yours, the humans who seek to destroy the rest of us.”

She let go of Mulder and waved goodbye to them both. As the light flared and blazed and began to dissolve, spinning into a vortex, her body appearing to split into cubular forms, Mulder saw her throw him out a final kiss with her hand and heard her say, “I love you daddy.”

The next sound he heard was Scully’s voice. “Maggie!”

Maggie had returned, crawling on the floor as if she never left, laughing and giggling, not missing a beat.

Scully quickly scooped her up into her arms and held her tight, tears falling from Scully's eyes. Mulder wrapped an arm around Scully and M, sending his lips to M’s forehead. “I love you my little girl,” he said as Scully transferred her to him. He lifted her with both hands so he could gaze into her teal eyes. “You had me scared to death.”

M laughed some more and reached for his nose. He bent his arms and blew into her soft little tummy which only produced more squeals, begging him for a repeat.

When M settled down Mulder gave her back to Scully, M reaching out for her love. “None of us have really eaten. What do you say, I fix you a sandwich and she grabs the right, I grab the left?”

Scully raised an eyebrow then positioned her and M on the couch and M quickly rooted for her mother’s milk. “Mulder, what if that is why William was spared from the ship out in the Canadian woods?”

Mulder didn't answer, simply lifting is eyebrows at the possibilities.

“Well, how else would you explain it?” Scully challenged him, taking a drink of water and folding her arms.

“The structure of that ship contained some type of cognitive ability, nano tecnology. I don’t know. I wasn’t around for either of those phenomenons. That was all you Agent Scully.”
“Mulder, we have to take this seriously.”

“Scully, both ships are no longer at their original resting place. I don’t think calling out, “Hey, shippy, shippy” is going to make them suddenly appear.

“It starts with William,” Scully returned sternly.

“Only if he’s willing to go on your hunt for the Starship Enterprise and Marvin the Martian’s cruiser.” Mulder knew she wasn’t going to let it go and his cheap shots only appeared to be inflaming her. He headed into the kitchen and fixed some grilled chicken and a salad using the vegetables from the garden he replanted.

They waited until M drifted off to dreamland to sit at the table and eat. Mulder shoveled the food into his mouth, not realizing how hungry he had gotten. He never thought a simple salad with two day old chicken sprinkled on it could taste so good.

A solid five minutes passed before he looked from his plate to see Scully smiling at him, holding in a laugh, enjoying the humor in his aggressive consumption of nutrients.

“Mulder,” she started delicately and the mere sound made his stomach clench. “This time we were lucky and Margaret wasn’t harmed, but we need to be careful. We can’t ever put our guard down. Even with William around.”

“Scully, because of the conspiracy I lost- not only my sister, but my parents- my entire family. I searched for something that could not be recovered, but what we have, my family now, nothing and no one will ever take that from me. I will spend the rest of my life keeping my family together.”

Mulder took a deep breath. It was time to tell her of yesterday’s expedition. “Last night, I went back to the Montauk base after meeting with Stughold. Scully, I think Strughold is right. They’re not trying to duplicate the Dyson Sphere from Star Trek: The Next Generation. In fact, I think what they’re contemplating is far worse.” Mulder paused to see if Scully was prepared to hear what he had to tell her. “They’ve been trying to reach another universe, to duplicate Charlie’s fringe box. Why, I’m not certain, but whatever they’re doing hasn’t been very successful.”

“Mulder, what is it? What did you find?” Her voice quaked with trepidation.

“They’ve been sending… subjects… through. There were pieces of bodies, sliced, by the machine, some returned in… these shapes,” Mulder tried to imitate what he saw with his hands, but shook his head. There wasn’t any way to form words for what he saw. “They must have started with animals, but they came back melded to cars, walls … Others badly burned by radiation to the point they didn’t resemble anything human. They may have even used hybrids to try to send them through to see if they could survive the molecular destabilization. Scully, what they did…” Mulder’s voice trailed off as he stared down at the table and played with his fork. Scully didn't need to know anymore.

He finished off his bowl of salad and when he came up for air continued, “Sam was from another timeline. If we believe that those spaceships in Canada and Africa were from that universe than they were never meant to land here. They were introduced here unnaturally, as were the multiple mutations in the black oil. In our timeline, 2012, the invasion, all of it, didn’t happen.”

Scully put down her fork. “Unnaturally or not, the one thing I know for sure is that in all of my visions and in what Sam told us, you… you don’t survive.”

Mulder covered Scully’s hand over his before she could lift up her fork. “Maybe that’s what should happen. Who knows how many lives might be affected or changed if we decide to play God? I will
not be like my fathers. I will not sacrifice others. Besides Scully, I don’t believe the future is written and neither do you.”

“I know, but Mulder..”

“I think it’s best if we step away for now. We’re too close to this. We can’t allow are feelings to cloud our judgement.”

Scully rotated her hand inside his, his strong palm both smooth and rough, providing her comfort. She embraced its warmth and held it tight. “The time we spent apart may have had reason, but if we hadn’t made our way back to each other, if I wasn’t able to.. to find the strength to make that choice.. Margaret wouldn’t be here. We wouldn't be here.” His electric gaze held her heart and his lips tried their best to convince her all that mattered was the present. They did a good job of it too. She reached for them again as he started to pull away and he kissed her once more, deeply, his tongue slipped between her lips, probing her mouth, tasting the delicate mix of need and salad dressing. Scully slowly removed herself with a disappointed groan from Mulder. “I will not lose you again Mulder.”

“I know Scully,” he assured her in his richest of monotone tucking her hair behind her ear, his eyes joining with the deepest part of her soul. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Scully stroked the apple of his cheek as she cupped his surprisingly smooth face. She breathed in his woody herbaceous cologne. “Mulder, when did you shave?”

“Oh,” he said feeling his cheek with the back of his hand. “I did it while you were feeding M. I don’t want my face to irritate her skin when I’m holding her,” he smiled bashfully. “She likes to play with it.”

Scully returned his warmth with a smile of her own. “I like to play with it too.”

Chapter End Notes

Some facts about this chapter: I tried my best to use the x-files canon rules for multidimensional (4D) and time (Synchrony) travel. I also did my best to attempt to understand Quantum physics and how they may be applied in this scenario. The Montauk project which I refer to in several chapters, you can read up on and all the supposed tested phenomena on interdimensional travel that occurred there. Living on Long Island I can tell you that this now closed base has a lot of suspicious activity that still goes on behind doors no one seems to have the keys to. Of course Stranger Things is based on this project and the accusations of what went on there in the 80s, but The X-Files have referred to its existence long before that. I took some inspiration for this story from Spotnitz’s The Man in the High Castle (Amazon Prime and it is Excellent!). I leave Easter Eggs in almost every chapter I write, from references to books, movies, songs, t.v. shows, philosophy, even nods to other people’s fics that I enjoy and/or admire. Last chapter I think has 3 or 4 song references alone. Next chapter Monica Reyes will come to the forefront and Scully gets a little jealous...
Tale of Two Dads

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Their daughter, Maggie, is back and Mulder and Scully are back at work. Well, whatever you call work for Mulder. Mulder goes to visit his son with Monica and gets more than he bargained for. Meanwhile, Skinner has some surprising news...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

March 6, 2019

The clock on her cell read 5:56 A.M. when Scully turned off the 6 A.M. alarm. Maggie would be five months old in a week and sleeping through the night finally became more than a distant dream. Mulder, on the other hand, did not share his daughter’s habits. Lately, his sleep was littered with nightmares and incoherent mumbling. In fact, Mulder hadn’t slept soundly since his daughter’s abduction.

Scully tenderly skimmed her hand along his abdomen. “Mulder,” she called, in cautious tones. “You’re having another nightmare.”

“Wha..” he started as his eyes opened. The tears that had collected dripping from his lashes. “Scully, I..” he covered his face with his hands rubbing away the sleep. “They’re only dreams. It will stop.”

“Mulder, I think..”

“Scully, it’s not depression,” Mulder said attempting to reassure her, sending one hand behind his head and covering her hand with the other one. He gave it a gentle squeeze and Scully felt her emotions well inside her chest.

“This is how it starts,” Scully pleaded with him, treading carefully. “I’m concerned and I’m not sure how I feel about you around Margaret in that state.” She needed him to understand it was an important consideration.

“That’s not what I’m going through,” Mulder started to argue and then sighed in resignation, “but your concerns are valid.” He turned on his side to face her keeping a grasp on her hand, bringing her fingers to his lips. “I’ll be careful and if it overwhelms me.. Scully, I would never expose her to that,” he reassured her with his eyes more than his words.

“Are you ever going to return to work?”

“In five or six years…” he smiled into her gaze.

“Doggett’s niece will be here at 8 o’clock to watch Margaret for us,” she reminded him.
“Another Doggett,” he grumbled and Scully met his eyes. She was searching and he allowed her intrusion.

“Something’s bothering you besides Maggie,” she said aloud as she concluded her analysis.

Mulder felt a rush of embarrassment. “I found a gray hair.”

Scully looked up at his hairline and ran her fingers through the thick strands. He softened at her touch. “You should be grateful Mulder. Your hair remained thick and full. You’re upset over a few grays? I mean, Mulder, I have more gray hairs than you do.”

“No there.” He gestured with his eyes, dropping them south.

“I see two or three on your chest, but..”

“Lower,” he instructed as his tongue nervously swiped at his back teeth.

“Oh... well, Mulder… you are almost sixty..”

Mulder lowered the waistband of his boxer briefs. “Scully, look at my skin, it’s thinner than it used to be and I’m bruising easier.” He pulled at the skin covering the muscles of his lower abdomen by his v “Look.”

He could tell she was suppressing a smile. “Mulder, I understand. Last week I officially became a senior citizen. Now, both of us can get discounts at the movie theatre.”

Scully’s fingernails scratching along his abs caused him to pull her in close. He suppressed a groan as he buried his lips in her neck and felt his erection pressing into her thigh. A concern burrowed it’s way into his consciousness. He mumbled against the delicate skin behind her ear, “What happens if I can’t... will you still love me?”

He felt her hand grip him tighter and her heart skipped a beat against his own. “If you stay healthy and exercise you should be able to perform well into your seventies.” He felt her soft lips gliding along his shoulder. A shiver ran up his spine and his pelvic muscles tightened. “And don’t let depression go untreated.”

Mulder bit at the ridge of her ear and she gasped, digging into his shoulders with her manicured tips. He found her hips and ground against the soft warm area between them, growling into her ear before swiping at it with his tongue, “That’s not something you’ll ever have to worry about Scully, I’ll always have some part of my body hard enough to pleasure you with.”

She pushed him back to give him a daunting look.

“I missed your birthday,” he said and narrowed his eyes apologetically.

“We had a lot going on Mulder and besides, I really didn’t feel like celebrating this year.”

He pressed his lips to her forehead and her body snuggled inside his arms. Time passed too quickly this morning. He sent one last kiss to her auburn locks. “We only got about ten minutes left before we have to get ready for work. I’ll make our lunches, you make M’s and I’ll meet you in the car.”

FBI Headquarters - 9:03 A.M. - Skinner’s Office
Mulder’s eyes followed the fly buzzing around the room like a cat staring at a laser dot.

“I’ve got some news for you two,” Skinner proceeded and Mulder noticed the corners of his mouth edge up in a smile. It made him uneasy, but not as much as the fly about to die. He waved his hand in front of his face attempting to catch it like he was Mr. Miyagi from Karate Kid. Damn, missed. The warmth of Scully’s hand pressed into his thigh. Okay, I’ll pay attention he shot back into her gaze.

“Kersh’s Deputy Director’s position has been filled,” Skinner’s voice boomed, “By me.”

“Walter, that’s incredible,” Scully said as she got up to congratulate him.

Mulder rose and held out his hand, giving him a warm smile. “How?” Mulder asked, knowing how only a year ago he had told them that would never be a possibility given his allegiance.

“The new regime looks at my past a little differently than previous years.”

Mulder ran his tongue inside his cheek. “Point one for our team.” He looked away as Skinner and Scully embraced, unable to keep them out of the corner of his eye, chewing on his lip as her chest crushed against Skinner’s abdomen. All right kids, break it up before he decides to run for president, Mulder thought.

Slam! Mulder’s palm landed squarely on Skinner’s desk. The dead fly clinging to his palm, his lips sucked in and brows tilted as he wiped the remains from his hand with a tissue he grabbed atop Skinner’s desk. Scully pulled away from Skinner and returned to Mulder’s side with a look that told him she wasn’t appreciating his antics. Now Scully, we both know that’s not necessarily true.

Skinner handed Mulder a file off his desk. “We’ve opened a new case, it’s a joint investigation with the Department of Defense concerning your discoveries in Montauk. Considering what you’ve potentially uncovered could affect us on a global scale, we’ll need to have both the DoD and the FBI actively engaged. At this time we’re keeping this off the CIA’s radar. It’s critical that we maintain open dialogue.”

“Monica Reyes?” Mulder protested, “You want me to open up a case with Monica Reyes? And what about Scully?”

“Scully will be joining you later. First I need her for another assignment.”

Mulder exchanged a glance with Scully to let her know he would comply. There was nothing about this day that hadn’t convinced him to officially retire and go home to his daughter.

* 

“Monica,” Mulder greeted her coolly as she entered into the rental car.

“I’m looking forward to working with you Agent Mulder,” Monica replied cheerfully ignoring his brooding. “We should make the most of this time. Get to know each other better. Maybe you could even grow to like me again.”

Mulder peeled his eyes at her. “Monica, you teamed up with my father.”

“I did what had to be done. You and Dana were on the run. There was no one left to protect anyone. The entire FBI, the government had been infiltrated. The end of the world was here, with no vaccine in our possession, no weapon to use to battle the super soldiers.”
Monica stared down at her hands as she wrung them. “The Smoking Man came to me with a deal.”

“Yes, but why you and what did you provide him?” Mulder sneered thinking of Diana and her betrayal. Although her intentions in the end were altruistic, the sting of all those years lingered.

Monica explained. “The alien colonists were releasing the super soldiers, the Syndicate was dead. He needed someone to go out and do the work for him while he was recovering and it had to be someone they would never expect. I was his perfect candidate.”

Monica swiped at her watered eyes. “John could never know so I hid him the best way I knew how. Yes, we lost those years of our life together and I’m desperately trying to make up for it.”

“He deserved better,” Mulder commented solemnly.

“I didn’t have a lot of time to make decisions or react. I know you would have never agreed to my actions and I take responsibility, but I was truly trying to do what was best for everyone. I was trying to save the world, at the very least those that were closest to me. I have family too Mulder.”

Mulder nodded and pursed his lips, tightening his grip on the wheel. “You’re right. I would never agree.”

“Before I left, Gibson and I devised a plan. Reading my thoughts, he understood everything the Smoking Man had said. From behind the scenes we had a chance to infiltrate. Our only chance. He befriended Strughold and I took on the Smoking Man. The plan was to protect William. They had not given up looking for him. The idea was if we could get our hands on the vaccine, get the hybrids on our side, we stood a fighting chance.”

“We’re here,” Mulder said, cutting her short as he entered the parking garage. The complex in D.C. was in no way similar to the caves out in New Mexico. These were towers, massive apartment structures, with the Gibson-Strughold name clearly displayed. Mulder parked the rental in a space, and after a perusal of their credentials and scrutinizing questions, were let in.

“I’m going to go visit my son,” Mulder told Monica. “You want to come along or are you going to meet up with Gibson?”

"I’ll come,” Monica said and Mulder felt the clear indication that Scully had asked her to do just that.

Mulder sent a couple knocks to the door of William’s apartment and turned the knob. "Jack you..”

Molly blushed first as William dismounted and leaned back into the couch. Their clothes were a bit disheveled, but luckily nothing had been removed. "What the.." William said defensively, taken off-guard.

"William, I'm sorry. The door was open.." Mulder tried to explain.


Mulder stepped inside and Monica followed. Mulder surveyed the place, making his assessment of William, unable to resist. The room was functional yet warm. A mantle against the wall was where he imagined William put his keys. On the coffee table sat an empty pizza box. Under the small dining table hid an opened case of beer. His fridge-freezer probably held meals for one and the heaping laundry basket in the far corner most likely had more clothes in it than his closet. Clearly he knew one end of a vacuum cleaner from the other by the look of his laminate floors. Modern prints and posters covered the walls and a small photo of his folks, another one of what must have been Samantha’s clone, and one of Maggie’s baby pictures decorated a side table. The walls were off-
white, but who really painted a rental?

William turned, smiling shyly, not a look Mulder had seen on his face before. He couldn’t help but smile back, he had just told Mulder all he needed to know. He welcomed the intrusion, as much as he had protested. More photographs covered another wall. From movies, and space, one a picture of the constellation Cassiopeia. Did that constellation speak to him? A photo of Molly and him were on that wall. Looked like they had possibly been at a fair when it was taken. That’s where he found a 5x7 of himself, Maggie, and Scully from the photography session William had failed to attend.

William's furniture was rustic and dark, sprinkled liberally with vibrant cushions. Scully would be able to appreciate that. Mulder took note of the tables in easy reach of every seat. Sultry music played low from bluetooth speakers and the scent of sage in the air filled Mulder’s nostrils. William had made himself a comfy little home.

Mulder turned his attention back to William and said softly, “Your mother has been worried about you. You haven't called or visited in a while.” He traced a line on the floor with the toe of his shoe. “I worry about you too.”

"I've been busy,” William said shortly.

“I get that, but we do want to see you. Your sister wants to see you.” Mulder ran a finger along a side table. The boy dusted too. “The door is always open,” he added.

He noticed William squirm and realized it was probably not a conversation to have in front of Molly or Monica. "Maybe we could talk in the bedroom,” Mulder suggested.

William led him into his room, bouncing on the bed as he grabbed a baseball from the night stand. He tossed it in the air while Mulder spoke.

“Molly's grown into a beautiful woman,” Mulder commented as he sat down next to William.

William rolled his eyes and fell backwards onto the bed.

“I hope you're smart enough to use protection.” Mulder looked back to see a pillow atop William’s face as if he might be trying to smother himself.

“If you must know, Molly is on the pill,” came William’s muffled voice from underneath the imitation down.

“William, birth control is not just the women's responsibility. I always made sure I had protected sex even in committed relationships.”

William slid the pillow enough to peak from underneath. “Even with my mother?”

Mulder’s eyes glazed over. “Your mother was very very different and at that time we were hoping for a miracle.”

“And the second time..” William returned.

Mulder picked up the pillow and jokingly smacked him with it. “That's why you cover up. This way there are no surprises.” They shared a chuckle and Mulder added, “I know there's not as much feeling with one on and if you take after me it's probably constricting, but..”

William buried his head back under the pillow. “I think I finally figured out what kills me.”
Mulder didn’t shy away from William’s embarrassment. “Given you’ve had multiple partners you should get tested. Your mother can be your primary care physician. She’s been mine since I met her…”

“Okay, ok,” William groaned in pain, tossing the pillow aside and sitting up. “I got it.” He sent a hand through his hair. “Boy, did I get it.”

Mulder let out a few throaty chuckles and changed the subject. “I was thinking next week we could go get you a legitimate driver’s license. I can arrange some government issued documents. You’d have to decide on a name..” Mulder caught the baseball William had tossed in the air. “I’ll take you out to eat, maybe see a ball game.”

William’s blue eyes flamed and flared as they stared into Mulder’s mossy ones. “I know what you’re doing. I know you’re trying to make up for all those lost years, but you can’t.”

William nervously pushed back his hair from his face. “My dad was a good dad. I don’t need you to replace him.”

Mulder gingerly rested a hand on his shoulder. “I’m not trying to, but I want to get to know you. I want to be part of your life. William, you are my son and I love you and that’s not going to change. And I will tell you that over and over again until you believe.”

William swiped at his temples before anything could fall. Red streaks formed along his cheeks. “I know what you’re saying, but…. You act like we’re BFFs and we… we’re not.” William raised his head and looked back at Mulder. “I don’t know you.”

“And your mother?” Mulder could hear his voice crack as he fought back tears.

“Different. We’ve been inside each other’s heads… and… it’s different.” William’s hand played in his hair as he shifted on the bed. “I know what you mean to my mother. I feel it inside her, but I-I guess I need to decide what you mean to me.”

Mulder fought through the lump in his throat and the vice around his heart. There was no cure for the torment and pain of the past. “Jackson we will do this on your time. Just… please don’t push us away.”

Mulder rose from the bed and looked towards the desk along the far wall; the conversation too heavy for his heart. A noise startled him. Monica stood at the threshold. He brushed her arm as he passed, headed to the kitchen to get some water.

“You need to lighten up on your father,” Monica said sternly holding nothing back. “You’re right when you say you don’t know who he is, but you need to figure that out.”

Jackson made a face and cut her an attitude. “Gibson told me.”

“There are things Gibson doesn’t know.” Monica stood in front of William so he was forced to look up at her. “Your father is so much more than a man whose sister was abducted as a child. He’s intelligent and caring. He’s a brilliant profiler.”

“He’s Spooky Mulder,” William finished, not sounding too impressed.

“How dare you,” Monica frowned. "Your father should wear that name as a badge of honor. It was cast upon him by envious people who were afraid to look into the shadows your father embraced. He sees something that others don’t. He’s a great man and he earned respect. Yours and mine. He would give his life to save any one of us and he’d give it all in a heartbeat to make your mother happy. To
If you don’t understand that, you need to. Your father missed your birth because he wanted to protect you and your mother. He entrusted only Doggett and myself with the location.” Monica rested a hand at her hip. “Can you even imagine what it felt like for him to hold you for the last time when he barely had held you at all? He left, not because he wanted to, but because it was the only way to protect you from the threats.”

William remained silent, the balls of his hand rubbing his eyes. Monica sat down next to him and continued, dropping her volume and slowing her cadence. “Look how he is with your sister. That man would do anything for her happiness. It’s not his fault your grandfather was a sick, sick man.”

Monica continued while Mulder took the opportunity to talk with Molly on the couch in the living room. He rested back into the soft cushions of the gray microfiber while Molly smiled politely, in her red sundress, her hands folded neatly in front of her.

“Molly, I want you to know I think you’re a great young woman and I’m glad you and William... Um..” Mulder fumbled. “Do you read minds or just transmit like your brother? Does that work when... um..” Mulder laughed at his own line of questioning as Molly looked at him, petrified. “Riiight.”

Molly’s voice was similar to that of a cartoon mouse when she spoke, but there was an underlying strength that resonated. “Don’t take it personal. His dad gave him a dog when he was a kid and we saw this puppy in the window of the rescue and he went all batshit saying it looked just like that dog. I mean he had a total meltdown.” Molly shrugged and rolled her eyes. “So he’s in a mood. I think it’s not just the dog, I think it made him really miss his dad. Since I’ve known him he’s been trying hard to deal with his parent’s death, but sometimes it overwhelms him. Ya know?”

To Be Continued this Sunday, look for it on ao3...

Chapter End Notes

This is probably the longest I’ve gone in three years without writing this fic, but I’ve been caught up writing Chimera with MonicaFileFan for the past five months. I hope you give it a chance. It gives a little more depth into William/Jackson and his complicated personality.

Got a question about this fic or anything else for me? I take anons if you don't want to use your handle on Tumblr or inbox me here or at my gmail!

Has anybody missed me? I love hearing from you even if it is only an anon leaving a smiley face :(
By the time Mulder reached the gates of his house he was beat. He felt like his son had shredded his soul. The house felt empty when he entered. In fact, the house was empty. Where was Scully?

A single Post-It lay on the entranceway table glowing yellow as he peeled it from the glass of the small vial. He picked it up wondering in the back of his mind if he had done something wrong. It brought back the painful memory of the last letter she addressed to him the day she left. He almost didn’t open it.

In her neatly scripted handwriting was written:

I wondered if I was crazy to follow you all the way to the Oregon woods, lost in time and your communicative gaze.

Mulder gave a gentle smirk. “I did not gaze at you Agent Scully,” he said to the empty house.

Hoping it wasn’t still the dirt from between Billy Miles’ toes, Mulder reluctantly held the vial up to the light, shook it, and let out a held breath. Only sand. He surmised from their vacation in the islands.

Another yellow note caught his eye on the coffee table, this time attached to what he discovered was an old National Enquirer.

I was terrified to believe, wanting to keep you at bay, yet driven to prove our pursuits were worth your devotion. Taken by your passion, I let you in.

Something had gotten into Scully tonight and he knew it wasn’t his birthday. He followed the trail to another sticky note. This time clinging to a bottle of Prosecco from the year 2000.

I looked at you as my partner, then my friend, until I realized how much more we had become.

What was this? Maybe after his proposal she had decided this was their preferred method for expressing themselves. He smiled to himself and swallowed down the affect it was having inside his chest. Another Post-It found its way to the mantle attached to a picture of them with Maggie.

And by faith in your conviction, I found the courage to believe. And what I got in return.. Adventure, romance, a home filled with the strength of our love, and foundation, for the
improbable to flourish.

The back door opened as he leaned his hand against it and there Scully lay, on a blanket, in the backyard. Candles glowing from the spots she chose along the grass. A basket of food at one corner, a bucket of ice and glasses off to the side.

Mulder pushed the bottle down into the ice and picked a spot next to her. He kicked off his shoes and crossed his legs at the ankles, leaning back on his hands, tilting his head her way.

Scully smiled, “Happy Anniversary.”

“We seem to have a lot of these,” he said, entranced by the glimmer of the light reflecting off her eyes like the moon off of the ocean.

“Yes, but this one is slightly different. Twenty-seven years ago today I chose to enter your basement office.”

“Twenty seven years. Is that right? That is something to celebrate.” He tried his best to subdue his smile. It wasn’t everyday he got romanced by his partner. His insides felt liquified and fragile. “That means, twenty seven years ago my eyes got to see what my heart already knew.”

Scully’s eyes fluttered shut as her lips reached for his, providing him with that heated sexual rush he willfully desired. Their tongues danced, his mouth hard against hers as it moved. He threaded his hand through her hair just to feel the silky strawberry strands between his fingers, to cradle the brain that held his soulmates consciousness. His other hand intertwined with hers and he brought it to his heart. Breaking their kiss, he pressed his forehead to hers. “Looking back now, you should have turned down the assignment.”

“You gave me a son and a daughter, and a life worthy of living. You gave me you.”

Mulder opened his mouth as if to speak, but Scully added, “I love you Fox William Mulder. I love you with every part of me. Together, we form a life, complete. That’s what we’re celebrating tonight Mulder. Me and You. Because for 27 years, that’s what it has been about. Me and you.”

Scully’s eyes were reaching inside him, searching for his reassurance and acceptance. Taken off guard, he wanted to return the grandeur, but her words, potent and powerful, eloquent and honest, had worked his heart to the point of losing control.

“And everyone else thinks it’s about aliens,” he grinned and leaned in to kiss her, her lips parted and she tilted her head. Scully’s tongue teased him and Mulder felt electrified. The only time he ever felt this alive, this connected, was with Scully and being with her connected him with all of creation- the pain, the beauty and the joy. His heart bled its warmth to his limbs. The woman who was strength embodied, still needed him after all these years.

Mulder’s arms flexed around her as they kissed, pulling her against him. Their kisses were deep and then easy, arousing and soothing simultaneously. Scully let go of his hand to stroke hers over his hard muscled chest. It made him kiss her even slower, deeper. She wrapped her legs around him. His entire body trembled and ached, wanting her, needing to fill her in the most intimate way possible.

She stopped kissing him to look up with heavy lidded eyes. He answered her gaze with a question laced in sarcasm. “Right here? Under the stars, in front of all of God’s blessed creatures?”

Her gaze didn’t waver, and the vulnerability inside them made his groin ache. He whipped off his tie and in the time it took him to shrug off his shirt, Scully was naked. He lowered his head and took a nipple into his mouth: kissing, sucking, nibbling while his hands were busy removing his remaining
clothes.

With nothing to separate them, Mulder was able to give her his undivided consideration. Her rosy nipple disappeared between his plump cushiony lips and he imbibed with a deep suction; a drop of white dribbling into the crease of his mouth and down his chin. Scully’s back arched, the thick head of his cock brushing her folds. A small, breathless cry broke from her throat and he twisted just enough to deny her. As torturous as it might have been to wait, he was enjoying other parts of her body that deserved attention. And her skin—soft, toned, and silky, draped over a bone structure money couldn’t buy. It spoke of their life together—the joy, the torment, the pain, and the pleasure. Their love seeped from every pore. He worked his way down methodically, over her scars, teasing around her belly button, licking the curve above her hips, until his face buried between her thighs and she was moaning his name, pulling at his hair. Mulder tasted and breathed in every part of her, sweet and savory, inside and out, certain that it mimicked the heavens Scully believed in.

He slid up beside her, rolling on top as they shared short kisses. He aligned himself and entered inside. His cock indulging in the warm decadent honey that coated it; her luscious taste lingering on his tongue from moments before.

He pumped with controlled thrusts, as her mouth explored his throat. She sucked at the fragile receptive flesh and Mulder moaned.

It made her arms and legs curl tighter around him. His hands under her, gripping her ass, lifting her to meet every thrust. At first he was slow, lingering, enjoying every sensation as he pushed in and pulled out. Eventually, their breaths began to come faster, their hearts hammering in rhythm with each other, and slow wasn’t enough. He pounded into her, and whatever control he had left, fled, unmourned. The woman beneath him, more important than his own lungs, tightened around him and he came as a consequence, his passionate devotion spilling into her.

*  

After a moment to recover they decided to eat. What she prepared had been magnificent and they enjoyed it under the stars serenaded by crickets, untarnished by pesky bugs, sharing a bottle of wine, tasting if from their glasses as well as the others’ lips.

“How did the day go with Monica?” Scully asked placing their empty dishes and utensils back in the basket.

Mulder took a deep inhale. “Maybe you were right.”

“Excuse me?” Scully stopped to listen.

“She was there for me today… with William, and it made me remember who Monica really is.”

Scully smiled deviously and picked up her wine glass, slowly sipping at its contents. “Say that part again about me being right.”

Mulder bit the inside of his cheek as he pursed his lips. “What kind of devilish woman are you?”

Scully didn’t respond, finishing her glass and resting next to him, using his chest and part of his bicep as a pillow. After a beat, she asked, “Did you and Monica uncover anything at Gibson’s?”

“Nothing we didn’t already know,” Mulder said looking up at the clear night, watching the stars’ musical vibrations. “I could stay out here all night.”

“We could sleep out here.”
Mulder considered it for only a moment. “Scully, our backs won’t make it. Besides, Doggett will be back with M at eleven.”

She gave him a squeeze. “Then maybe just hold me a little longer?”

“That I can do,” he said sending his lips to her head.

* 

“Agent Mulder, these new recruits are getting younger all the time,” Logan said pointing at M snuggled inside the baby carrier at Mulder’s chest.”

Mulder gave a smirk, nodding his head as he poured his coffee into his _Galaxy’s Greatest Dad_ coffee mug. “Considering your age, I’d say she’s almost ready,” Mulder smarted back.

Mia came over with her arms open and before he released a protest, baby noises spewed from her lips. She was googoo gaaing all around him and M started cooing, _at her_, not _with_ her. He knew that condescending giggle anywhere.

Harper noticed the scene and had to add her two cents. “OMG! She’s beautiful. She has the best qualities of the both of you! And her eyes, they look like the Caribbean! Can I hold her?”

“I’d rather you wash your hands..” Mulder said, but she was already pulling her free from the straps. Now more agents appeared and Mulder felt claustrophobic, almost panicky, irrationally wanting to protect M from the onslaught of women. “Maybe if we pass around a Purell?” Mulder suggested.

Noah took the baby from Mia’s arms, cradling her carefully. “I think she likes me,” Noah remarked. “She has the cutest button nose.”

“Luckily she has Scully’s nose,” Mulder commented taking M back into his own arms, Mia on one side of him and Charlotte on the other. Charlotte gently brushed his bicep and Mia sent her index out to stroke the bridge of his nose. “There’s nothing wrong with your nose Agent Mulder, it’s a work of art.” Mulder smiled shyly.

In the distance, a rumble could be heard, followed by the loud clearing of someone’s throat. The sound made Mulder’s balls draw up inside his body. The path cleared like Moses parting the red sea and Scully’s agitated frame came into focus. “We’re late for a meeting Mulder,” were the only words thrown from her lips, but it was enough. Mulder let out a nervous laugh and followed as sheepishly as one could follow a woman a whole foot shorter than him.

“Scully, I..” Mulder started in his defense, but Scully cut him off. “Mulder, what is M doing here? How did you even get her inside?”

“She didn’t want me to leave and I wouldn’t leave her,” he said trying to make Scully understand. Work would never be put before his daughter. He would never be either of his fathers.

“I have work to do Mulder..”

“I will take care of her Scully. Her diapers, her feedings. Do what you need to do.”

Mulder lived up to his word until noon, when he decided to take M out in her stroller for a walk and some lunch. He found a deli with good pastrami and a park bench overlooking the water, and fed them both.

When their bellies were full, he decided to walk passed the Rescue, Molly had mentioned. As soon
as the doggies came into view, M clapped with excitement.

“Which one M? Is it that one?” Mulder asked as he pointed towards a Mastiff, crossing his fingers that they weren’t bringing home that beast. He doubted it would even fit in the Mustang.

“No, dada,” M said and laughed, her hands enthusiastically hitting her face.

“M, you said dada,” Mulder grinned wildly, surprised, but ecstatic. A woman entered and he looked at her proudly. “She said dada.”

The woman smiled at him but kept walking. Mulder knew that a baby’s first words usually weren’t spoken until closer to a year old, but he also knew what a remarkable young lady he was holding in his arms.

“Who loves you M?” Mulder said as he lifted her in the air and blew her kisses.

“DADA!” she shrieked before it transformed to laughter, her lips curling, exposing red toothless gums. Her soft scarlet hairs wisping as he raised her up again and gently sent her back down to lean at his chest, her head molding to the curve underneath his chin.

With M balancing in one arm, he pointed at another cage. “What about that doggy, M?”

She simply shook her head and cooed, burying her face in his neck, tugging at the back of his hair.

He smiled, his heart bursting like a case of firecrackers. Everything she did he found completely adorable and irresistible. He gave her his thumb to wrap her chubby fingers around and she tried, unsuccessfully, to get it into her mouth.

Mulder watched M’s eyes grow wide. She pointed excitedly. There, sitting in a cage in the corner, was the perfect dog. As soon as his eyes caught a glimpse, he knew it was the one Molly had been referring to. “Good job M,” he said sending his lips to her warm temple, pretending he did not just sniff her head. He so loved the scent of her head. Did he have to go back to work?

* 

“Monica gave me a rundown of your conversations with Gibson,” Skinner said as he reviewed Mulder’s report. “Given the amount of heat on this and who we are investigating, it is in our best interest to uncover a direction quickly otherwise I’ll be forced to close this case.”

“Did someone rub the wrong side of your head this morning?” Mulder returned, peeling his eyes as he leaned in.

“Mulder, I’m being told you brought your daughter to work today. You need to authorize that through me.”

Mulder looked over at Scully shrugging and lifting her brow. “You ratted me out to Skinner,” Mulder concluded and then turned to Skinner. “Have they decided on your replacement?”

Skinner gave a quick glance at Scully who crossed her legs and folded her hands neatly in her lap. “There’s testing and interviews to be conducted first,” Skinner replied.

He lifted his wired rims in order to rub his eyes. “We need to keep focused. Get me something I can file into a report.” Skinner pushed his glasses back up his nose.

Mulder and Scully rose to leave and Skinner stopped them. “So, can you bring Maggie up here?
Spend some time with her Uncle Walter?"

*

The driveway crackled as the tires of the Mustang crunched down on it. Scully’s SUV already perched in its spot signifying her arrival. It made Mulder’s heart pick up an extra beat. What if he got the wrong dog? What if she didn’t like the dog? Of course she’ll like the dog. The bigger question was, will he?

Mulder had a towel down beneath the kennel he used to transport the puppy home, but it wasn’t enough to satisfy his concerns over ruining his leather seats. Carefully, he snapped the leash into the collar as the dog squirmed about. He tried to pull it out of the crate, but the puppy wouldn’t budge, so finally he just picked him up. The puppy’s back legs sprung outwards and his tongue went wild, licking at Mulder’s arm. Finally, he got all four paws on the ground and made a tiny yellow river in the dirt. The tiny dog was exceptionally pleased with himself and jumped around, sticking his nose in the grass and snorting, pulling a stick planted firmly in the ground, testing the length of the leash. Mulder, losing patience, scooped him up and headed inside.

He wasn’t sure how best to surprise her with it and when he discovered the living room empty he went in search, the puppy under his right arm looking on curiously with him.

“Mulder, what?” He heard from somewhere above his head. He turned to find Scully bounding down the steps. “Mulder, you got a dog!!?” In seemingly no time the puppy pounced into Scully’s arms furiously licking at whatever piece of her he could get.

Mulder already had his reservations on his decision. “Happy Anniversary/late birthday Scully,” he returned. “I know how much you want a dog, and all the years you’ve missed Queequeg, and how, until now, it wasn’t very realistic. So, this afternoon, M and I decided to visit the rescue. William had said he had a dog like this one as a child and.. Well, what do you think?”

“Mulder,” she said and ran a thumb over his cheek giving him a strong kiss on the lips, the puppy licking underneath his chin. *It started already*, he thought.

“Oh,” he said, “I almost forgot.” He pulled a curled up magazine with a ribbon wrapped around it from his back pocket. “This is also for you.”

Scully frowned. “You subscribed me to AARP magazine? You shouldn’t have. Really. You shouldn’t have.”

Setting it on the coffee table and letting the puppy down to run and explore she asked, “I thought you didn’t like dogs?”

”A person can change. Jackson had a dog and I think he’s missing his family and since his apartment won’t let him keep a dog, I thought maybe he could have one here. Another reason to come and visit.” Mulder sat on the couch and rubbed at the dog’s head as it leaped at Mulder’s feet, pulling at his shoelace. “The woman at the shelter also said he would make a good therapy dog. For me.”

Scully smiled at him warmly. “What kind of dog is he?”

“He looks like he has some Collie in him. I think I see a little retriever, or terrier, part Benji.”

“Benji? Is that a recognized breed of the AKC?”

Mulder’s ringtone interrupted their conversation and he quickly answered as not to wake up M. It
was Doggett. “Mulder, I may have found the proof you and Monica are searching for. We have a body. I sent my niece over to watch Maggie. You better bring Agent Scully, she’s going to want to tear into this guy. He’s got extra arms. And, well, he sort of looks reptilian.” Mulder could hear muffled voices from the other end, then Doggett returned. “You guys have to come down here quick, it’s alive!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if I confused you with my addition of a Chapter Index. It's going to take me some time, but I want to put in some descriptions and make stuff easier to find if you're looking.
Puppy Love

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Their daughter M (Margaret), came down with a cold, forcing Mulder to stay home for the day with Scully's new puppy. Let the adventure begin...

Chapter Notes

This chapter was inspired by a prompt in the last Easter exchange and is dedicated to Aweburn Phoenix. It's not the original Queequeg, but it was as close as I could get.

Many thanks to Ms31x129 for the beta!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Doggett has, in his possession, an alien reptilian with four arms. Can you see the foam forming at my mouth?" Mulder asked Scully as she returned from the second floor.
“You might want to hold off on the frothy discharge, Mulder,” Scully said taking the last step onto the first floor and tilting her chin in his direction. “Margaret isn’t feeling well.”

Mulder’s face paled. “Is she okay?”

“Yes. She’s going to be fine. I gave her a very thorough exam. She has a cold, Mulder. A common cold.” Scully let out a breath of relief and smiled. “Like any normal human child.”

“I’ll stay home with her,” Mulder volunteered. “They need you Scully. Go. Do the autopsy. You be our eyes and ears. Email me your pictures and findings and I’ll work from here.”

Scully set her hand at his chest, stroking it, her fingernails scratching at his shirt. She glanced up at him, shaded by her long lashes. “You know I don’t enjoy going on cases without you.”

Mulder leaned into their bubble. “Scully, I don’t enjoy breathing without you.” His low growl made her smile as it warmed her insides. He planted a small kiss on her lips. “Call me.”

“Don’t forget to fill Margaret’s prescription,” Scully reminded him. She stopped and threw him another smile, stating her overwhelming realization. “You got me a puppy.”

“I know you’ve wanted one for a long time…” Mulder said in a soft monotone, “and.. maybe, I did feel at least partially responsible for Queequeg’s untimely demise.”

“Mulder..”

“Do you know what you want to name him?”

“Queequeg.”

Mulder lifted a brow and his hand, extending his pointer finger skyward. “You want to name another dog Queequeg?”

Scully nodded, pulling her lips in and raising her eyebrows.

“So, Q2?” Mulder asked with a pained look.

“Something like that,” Scully returned.

The door no sooner closed than M started crying. “I got this,” Mulder said to himself as he swung around the bannister and dashed up the stairs.

With a bottle in her mouth, happily sucking away, Mulder fastened M tightly into the carseat. She reached for her Dr. Curious George doll and he picked it up off the seat to hand to her. She clutched it tightly and snuggled it, while Mulder placed the female Dr. Who doll on the other side. The pup eagerly leapt from Mulder’s arms onto the passenger seat as Mulder lifted him, and with everyone strapped in, he put the car in drive and headed off.

The SUV rolled up to the pharmacy drive-through window and Mulder pushed the button and sent the window down. “I’m here to pick up a prescription for Mulder. Dr. Scully called it in.”

The woman at the window gave him a polite smile. “For a Margaret Mulder?”

“That’s correct.”

The woman ran his credit card and passed over a small white paper bag. Mulder inspected it to make sure the milligrams and frequency were the same as Scully described. The puppy saw it’s
opportunity and sprung, all four paws pouncing at once. The bag tore as he got his needle teeth into it, covering Mulder’s hand with slobber in the process.

“Get off!” Mulder cried, pushing him away.

“You should really have him in a car harness for his safety,” the woman behind the window admonished.

“Is it alright if I give him a treat?” she offered.

“Yeah,” Mulder grumbled, reaching for the bottle of medicine that had rolled under his seat.

The woman held up a small gravy bone and it caught Queequeg’s attention in an instant. His tail wasn’t just wagging, it was rotating like a helicopter blade. Reaching for the treat, he stepped onto Mulder’s lap, a paw slipping past Bob, crushing his nuts. “Dammit!” Mulder screamed as the puppy greedily took the treat from the lady ignoring Mulder’s cry. He pushed the puppy back into the passenger seat, waved at the lady whose jaw had dropped at his exclamation, sent the window back up, and drove away mumbling some expletives under his breath. M only laughed, kicking her little feet and waving her hands from her car seat in the back. Mulder quickly glanced over his shoulder. “Oh, you think that’s funny, huh?”

A tiny string of bubbly dribble fell onto her “I love Daddy more” shirt as she laughed again.

Mulder grumbled and squeezed at the steering wheel in response, only soothed by the distant smell of rich tomato sauce and melting cheese over baked bread. Deciding he didn’t want to add cooking to his daily chores for the day, he followed his nose and stopped at the pizza place.

While waiting for his order, a pet shop caught Mulder’s eye. Figuring he could acquire a car harness for the pup, he wandered inside. The variety of straps, leashes, and collars was dizzying, rivaling the seedy sex shop him and Scully once visited in Columbia Heights. He continued to peruse the aisle while Queequeg, secured on his leash, checked out the squeaky toys. “Dada,” M cooed slapping at his face.

“What is it M?” Mulder asked with a chuckle. He followed her finger leading to Queequeg with a bright pink piggy toy tucked firmly in his mouth, his tail steadily wagging. He crunched down and it squeaked. “Guess I’m adding that to the shopping list,” Mulder replied.

Soon enough, they were back at the house. Deciding it would be a good idea to get the puppy to do his business before he made a bathroom of the rug, Mulder placed him carefully on the grass. He hoped Queequeg would get the idea and empty his bladder, but he only sat there and stared at him.

“Come ‘on,” Mulder coaxed the puppy bouncing M in her carrier. “Do your thing.” The puppy sniffed and circled and sniffed and circled, dug at the grass, but no luck. The little pup became preoccupied with a stick planted firmly in the dirt, gripping it in its jaws, tugging at it furiously. The sound of a nearby squirrel distracted him again and he sent his ears and his nose upwards to investigate. Mulder had to get his attention recentered on the task.

He looked around as if somebody might be spying, then called over to Queequeg, “Hey, Pup, over here.” The dog looked at him with a tilted head, paused, then sprang towards him, bouncing and landing at his feet. With one hand Mulder unzipped his fly, and carefully reached in to unravel himself, watering the nearby azalea.

The puppy watched on with a focused eye. When Mulder finished the puppy sniffed, lifted his leg, and peed in the same spot.
“Yes! Good boy!” Mulder shouted, proud of himself and the pup. All it took was a little ingenuity. Taking care of a dog was easy.

Inside, he set the pizza on the stove and went to heat some milk for M. His cell rang and he picked it up. The name Scully appeared on the screen. “Hey Doc,” he rumbled into the speaker.

“Is everyone still alive?” Scully responded.

“Yes, mommy. Got the medicine and I’m in the process of making lunch. What happened to the mutant reptile?”

“By the time I got there he was dead. Again.”

“What did you find with the autopsy?”

“There’s a clear disruption of atoms. It’s like three separate objects were selectively torn apart at the molecular level only to be haphazardly strewn together, both biological and inanimate.

“Did you get back the lab results from the reptilian samples?”

“Yes.” There was a pause and he could feel the knot in Scully’s stomach right through the phone. “It’s silicone based Mulder. Not originating from Earth. Intermingled with an infected human host.”

“Infected with what?” he asked, keeping an eye on M crawling around on the rug.

“Black oil.”

Mulder sniffed at the air. He smelled… something burning? His eyes widened as slowly he turned to witness plumes of smoke billowing from the cardboard of the pizza box that had clearly caught fire; the puppy jumping, trying his best to get to the box, turning the dials on the stove in the process. “Ah, Scully, I uh, will talk to you later.” Mulder ended the call, sending the phone into his back pocket. Running to the kitchen, he scooped up the pup; cradling him like a football in one arm, shut the stove, and watched, as the pizza box glided to the floor.

Mulder stomped at the flames, but slipped on his own zealousness. “Shit!” He exclaimed as the box and his feet came out from under him and his ass crashed into the linoleum floor, cushioned only by his cell. The puppy landed on all fours, happily pulling out an unburnt slice of pizza. M crawled in to join them, patting her father on the head. “Dada,” she smiled and giggled, her chubby cheeks melting his heart.

Mulder reached for her bottle and she plunged it between her plump cupid’s arrow lips, sucking away gleefully. *If you can’t beat ’em, join ’em,* Mulder thought, making himself comfortable on the kitchen floor, flipping open the pizza box and grabbing a slice for himself.

The three of them munched away happily, enjoying their picnic. *Scully would have been mortified,* Mulder considered as he pinched the cheese between his fingers and brought it up to his mouth. At least the pizza was good. And hot. He turned his head towards the puppy, busily licking at his second slice. Queequeg sent his eyes towards Mulder and Mulder stroked his furry head.

The cell vibrated inside his pocket against his right butt cheek and Mulder answered it once again. “Mulder, It’s me. When you ended the call so suddenly and didn’t call back, I was afraid something had happened.”

“Nothing to worry about Scully, I’ve got everything under control. We’re just sitting around having lunch.”
There was a pause on the other end, but she must have accepted his answer because she continued. “Bill called. He mentioned that he wasn’t going to be back in the states until October. He said that if I want him to be at our wedding, we would have to postpone it until then.”

Mulder tightened his grip, blanching his knuckles. “Scully, please say we’re not moving the wedding date because of your brother.”

“Mulder, Bill is supposed to be giving me away,” Scully said in a stern voice.

“Well, why can’t Skinner do it, or Charlie?” Mulder got up and paced into the living room.

Scully breathed a heavy sigh into the phone. “We don’t have to discuss this now. Bill did ask how you were doing.”

“How I was doing? Are you sure that’s what he said?” Mulder sidearmed a pencil across the room, landing it squarely on the spaceship of his IWTB poster.

“Well, he wanted to know if you had another breakdown or if I had come to my senses, but you have to read between the lines.”

“What did you tell him?”

“That you were doing well and we adopted a puppy and you were currently taking care of our daughter and watching the dog.”

Mulder gritted his teeth. “And he said?”

“That he was proud of you staying home and supporting my work while ensuring M and the new puppy are well cared for.”

Mulder tossed another pencil. This one bounced off and landed on the pile of yellow no. 2s scattered along the floor. “How about without the translation.”

“It might have been a sexist remark, wondering if after we got married, if you would still wear the panties. He also told me to prepare myself, that the dog might wind up being consumed by bigfoot.”

Mulder rammed a pencil into the sharpener, then launched it into the poster. “Scully, I’m not rearranging my wedding for this man.”

“You would be doing it for me,” Scully said and Mulder heard the office door and Doggett call her name. “I’m going to have to call you back,” was the last thing Scully said before ending the call.

Returning his cell to his pocket, Mulder looked into the kitchen from the living room at the disaster of pizza sauce and cardboard soot that littered the kitchen. He promptly got to work on the floor and rid the kitchen of evidence while M and the puppy took their nap in the living room. M snored quietly in her swing while the puppy lay curled up underneath. Exhausted, Mulder took his glass of water and headed to the couch to join them. As soon as he sat down the puppy had his front paws on the couch whining, jumping, unable to get high enough to pull himself up. Mulder appreciated the little pup’s unwillingness to give up and lifted him the rest of the way. Queequeg licked his cheek as an offering of thanks, then rested his head at the dead center of Mulder’s chest, warming Mulder’s heart, his hand gently petting the mutt. The nap didn’t last long, as he was awakened by M’s screams. From the odor wafting from her diaper, he was pretty sure she needed to be changed.

M happily gurgled and cooed as Mulder tickled her belly and cleaned her up. As messy and disgusting as it seemed, he never minded changing her. One of the many things on his list he didn’t
have the opportunity to do enough with William. He kissed her nose and accidentally knocked a clean folded diaper off the table, but Queequeg was there, leaping to catch it in the air and fled. Mulder took M and followed. The puppy stumbled down the steps, rolling the rest of the way. Mulder gasped, terrified he was responsible for yet another furry departure. Luckily, the pup was only stunned, shaking his head violently, ripping the diaper to shreds, running away with the remnants. Mulder picked up the trail and ripped the last piece from his mouth before it was digested. Trudging back up the stairs, he finished dressing M when his cell went off again.

This time a simple text appeared: **Don’t forget to give M her medicine. 😘❤️**

**Mission Complete. XOX 😞 - Mulder typed back.**

He ran a hand through his darkened locks. Where was the medicine? He picked up M and dashed out to the car and there, on the passenger seat, sat the bottle of red liquid. Back in the house, he found M’s baby spoon and with a little circling of the airplane and some impressive sound effects, M had gulped it down. With a deep breath Mulder headed back out into the living room. The puppy was there quietly chewing away on his Air Jordan’s. Mulder steamed. He pulled it from the puppy’s grasp, but the puppy wanted to play and pulled back with the shoelace snug tightly in his jaws. Mulder laughed at the puppy’s tenacity. He released the shoe, only to return with one of Scully’s heels, waving it at the puppy as a trade. Queequeg stopped, raising his head with a tilt, then continued to gnaw on an eyelet. Mulder waved the stiletto, hovering it around his nose. Queequeg looked unamused. *Of course the dog would prefer his shoes to Scully’s,* Mulder thought exhaling like a bull at a Matador.

Mulder had one last trick up his sleeve. Reaching in his front pocket he pulled out a dog biscuit. He held it in front of the dog’s snout and the dog stopped chewing, focusing on the beefy smelling treat. With a wave of his hand, Mulder made it disappear, grabbing the shoe and gritting his teeth. “One for the human,” he acknowledged.

M clapped and Mulder held both fingers at either side of her nose, letting the biscuit drop into his other hand. He held it up for M to see. That made her burst into a fit of giggles, bringing rosy color to her cheeks. “Yeah, your mom likes that trick too,” Mulder replied as he gave the eager puppy his reward.

M yawned, sleep tugging at her lids, and Mulder realized the medicine probably had made her drowsy. He stretched out on the couch, flipping on the t.v., but keeping the volume on low as she made herself comfortable on his chest. She flung an arm around Mulder’s neck and a leg over a pec, her foot gently sliding against his diaphragm. Sticking her thumb firmly into her mouth, she closed her eyes, her breath settling into a steady rhythm against his neck. The puppy hopped at a cushion. This time pulling himself onto the couch; scratched and spun, finally picking a spot, using Mulder’s cotton wrapped feet as a bed. Mulder slowly and gently kicked him off, but the puppy only snuggled in tighter until Mulder accepted the weight of the warm belly resting on top of his feet. Mulder suppressed the tug he felt at the corners of his mouth.

Two hours later, another text buzzed his phone, waking him: **Forgot wet clothes in wash. Please take the towels out and transfer clothes to dryer. 😎 Be home soon.**

He pressed a hand along his rumbling stomach. The eggs he ate for breakfast must have decided they no longer wanted to share the space with his pizza. M secured in her walker, Mulder pulled her over to the first floor bathroom, so he could watch her and take care of his churning intestines. The dog came in to visit while Mulder sat at the porcelain throne. The dog just sat there staring, occasionally panting, revealing his large pink puppy tongue.
“I don’t perform well under pressure,” Mulder remarked staring back at the dog, but he only blinked a reply and licked his snout.

“I bet Scully wished my tongue was long enough to do that,” Mulder smirked. He reached for the toilet paper, but the puppy was faster, tugging at the last part of the roll. The cardboard center spun empty on the holder, as the mutt sent the white tissue out of the room like a long streamer, waving in the wind he created by his pure glee. Mulder leaned forward to snag him and tripped on the pants restraining his ankles. He fell, his hands bracing him before his face hit the wood. Pulling his pants up to his thighs and holding them with one hand, he placed one foot in front of the other and ran after the pup. If he didn’t hate dogs before, he sure hated them now. He yanked the toilet paper waving in the air and collected the pieces as they broke off. When he had enough to finish the job he returned to the bathroom.

His cell buzzed again: On my way

That reminded Mulder that he never put Scully’s clothes in the dryer. Shit. He grabbed a basket and went to the washing machine, the puppy closing in at his heels. Quickly, he tossed the towels in the basket and transferred the clothes, then headed to the bedroom. M was cooing and conversing passionately with herself, bouncing around the living room in her walker when Mulder passed. The dog galloped by and greeted him in the room.

“Not this time,” Mulder said and picked up the puppy, putting him on the bed. He folded the towels and hung them in the bathroom like Scully had showed him. The dog came prancing in with a tube of lipstick sticking out of his mouth.

“What the..” Mulder took it from the pup, but the damage had been done. “I never liked that shade on her anyway,” he said throwing what was left of it in the trash. As he walked out of the bathroom, his eyes were drawn to the yellow ring on the bedspread.

“The dog peed on the bed,” he grumbled to himself, “and on my side.” Hastily, he flung off the bedsheets, hightailing it down the steps to the washing machine, shoving it in, powering it on, and filling the dispenser with soap. He could hear Scully reprimanding him inside his head for not using the measuring cap. He sprinkled in some smelly whatever the hell, and pressed what looked like a play button, the machine coming alive with a loud spray of water. That’s when he heard the car on the gravel driveway. “Shit.”

He ran back to the living room and picked up M who was happily playing in her walker, fitting round pegs into round holes; picked up a book off the coffee table and sat with her on the couch just as Scully walked through the door.

Mulder read aloud to M at the random page, “I will have no man in my boat,” said Starbuck, “who is not afraid of a whale.” By this, he seemed to mean, not only that the most reliable and useful courage was that which arises from the fair estimation of the encountered peril, but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward.”

“Moby Dick, Mulder?” Scully asked as she set down her briefcase.

“Thought maybe I’d continue the tradition,” he said placing the book on the end table. How was your day?”

Scully settled her tired bones on the couch next to Mulder, her hand resting near his knee. “Doggett said the last words that reptilian thing spoke before losing consciousness were “CERN LHC”

Mulder narrowed his eyes, his index finger tapping at his lips. “That’s an acronym for Conseil
Europeen pour la Recherche Nucleaire, a French organization founded to establish a world-class fundamental physics research organization. There are theories that they are conducting experiments with the world’s largest energy particle accelerator. It’s located under Switzerland and France, housed in a 17 mile tunnel 575 feet below ground.”

Just as Scully parted her lips to answer, Queequeg 2 pranced into the room, a bra strap in his mouth, the cup over his ears, partially covering his eyes; his snout highlighted with Ruby Woo lipstick. “Mulder,” Scully said and waited for him to lift his head. “When did Queequeg 2 start dressing like RuPaul?”

Chapter End Notes

What are we naming the dog? Another name from Moby Dick?

If you write fic and are on Tumblr, tag me in your fics and I will gladly reblog.

CultureisDarkBeer is now on Twitter so you can tag me there for a retweet.
Bedtime Stories

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Last chapter we mentioned a reptilian alien. We will actually explore where this dude came from in the next few chapters and possibly some answers. Monica and Doggett will get to share part of this chapter, William asks Scully about Mulder, and Mulder is enjoying all of the perks of fatherhood. Scully was promoted to senior Agent some months back and is now preparing herself for the test to interview for the Assistant Director job Skinner left vacated when he took over Kersh’s job as Deputy Director. Where’s Kersh? Oh, we gave him the assignment Scully had in Fight the Future, but never transferred to, a few chapters back.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to kyouryokusenshi! I know you love your Monica and Doggett!

Thank you MS31X129 for your beta work!

[FBI Headquarters - Tuesday, 9:32 A.M.]

“Mulder, what are you doing?” Scully asked, tossing a file onto his desk.

“I’m watching the puppy with the new cam I installed. M can now say hi to me whenever she wants,” Mulder replied, distracted by the new toy. He flapped his fingers at his screen. “Look, she’s waving at me now.”

Scully walked around with her arms folded. There was M, on the lap of Doggett’s niece waving at them. Scully leaned into the screen and Mulder put his arm around her. They both waved at M. “Mulder, this is great, but we’ve got a meeting to get to. M is in very capable hands.”

“I know she is,” Mulder said smiling, blowing M a kiss. “Mommy and daddy will see you later honey,” he called to her before severing the computer connection. Scully squeezed his hand and reminded him, “We’re late.”

* 

Skinner sat down at the head of the conference room table as they arrived. Morales took her seat besides him. Mulder and Scully took their regular chairs, leaving Doggett, Reyes, and Alika across from them with their backs against the wall.

A man no older than thirty-five sat at the other end; his sports coat soaked clean through with nerves.
Skinner started the conversation. “Forgive us for the delay, Steven.”

“Yessir, thank you,” the man said nervously. “I’m grateful to you for granting me this meeting. I do feel it is of the utmost importance.”

“I’m sure you do,” Morales answered. “You must have powerful friends to be granted a hearing with a department that officially doesn’t even exist.”

“Yes, yes ma’am,” he stuttered.

“You were part of the military, worked for the DoD?” Doggett asked.

“It was a long time ago.”

“It is clearly a long time ago as you would recall the military does not take kindly to civilian demands,” Monica added.

The man played with his tie and pulled at his suit. Whatever his line of work, he wasn’t accustomed to his current attire. “With all due respect, I wanted the ear of the President.”

“I can assure you, this committee is as close as you’re ever going to get to the President.” Skinner said with a finality to his tone that always made the hairs on the back of Scully’s neck stand on end.

“Deputy Director, the past several years I’ve been conducting research and I’ve come to the conclusion that the U.S. quite possibly the entire world, is being overrun by aliens.” Steven leaned forward in this chair to rest his elbows on the table as he folded his hands in front of him.

Alika peeled her eyes. “And by aliens, you mean..”

“Extraterrestrial. We have to act and we have to act now before it’s too late,” Steven said as his eyes grew wide.

“You actually sound frightened,” Doggett commented.

“I’m scared to death,” he admitted.

Scully looked over at Mulder, who had remained silent, but she could tell he was measuring the room and taking some mental notes. She pressed her bare leg against the soft warmth of his slacks and felt his gastrocnemius muscle flex in return. It sent a blaze into her heart and he winked at her in acknowledgement.

Meanwhile, Steven’s trembling hand pushed a torn 8.5 x 11 sheet of paper across the table. “I printed this from my phone, so it is not optimum quality.”

Skinner examined the paper, showing no reaction. He passed it to Mulder. It was their dead reptilian, only he had friends. The background too dark to clearly determine, Scully thought she recognized the outlines of several trees.

“Do you remember the location?” Mulder asked Steven.

“Yes. There is a lot of traffic around there on Wednesday nights. It must be when they conduct their tests. Tomorrow would be the optimal day if you were to investigate. That is if you believe me.”

“Let’s just say, I want to believe.” Mulder look up at Doggett. “Scully is busy, and I know Skinner and Morales would rather I take backup. What do you think about me and you checking this out tomorrow night?”
Doggett gave Mulder a tight smile. “Agent Mulder, am I finally growing on you?”

“Like a cutaneous fungi, Agent Doggett.” Mulder looked back at Scully and widened his lips, already curled from his previous smart remark. She wanted to go, but the assistant director’s exam date was fast approaching and Scully wasn’t one to take a test unprepared.

Mulder’s lips looked so tantalizing as he gazed at her, she almost leaned in and kissed him before realizing where they were. Instead, she frowned playfully. Mulder tilted towards her and whispered into the shell of her ear, “If you study hard tonight, I’ll let you do that thing you like later.”

Scully gripped the inside of Mulder’s thigh and he massaged her bare knee, the table blocking the view of their hands from the others. The thrill of anticipation snaked into her core as his fingers made tiny circles higher and higher along her leg. Mulder’s eyes hooded as he stared into hers and Skinner cleared his throat. Scully felt her cheek’s heat knowing he had caught on to their electric transference.

[John Doggett Residence - Tuesday, 9:35 P.M.]

John was the most admirable man Monica had ever known, and his willingness to give their relationship another chance only made her feel closer to him. After work, he had asked her to join him for dinner, but this wasn’t a stop at the local bar. They had dined with candle light and linen napkins. A place he must have reserved weeks in advance. Now they sat on his bed, side by side, when she should have been in the guest room. That was where she had been spending her nights during her recovery and even as they worked through their divide, but tonight, the look in his eyes told her he was ready for the next step.

John locked into Monica’s gaze, bringing her back into the moment. “I like when you’re happy, Monica.”

A smile dipped from his lips when he dropped his line of sight to her mouth, leaning in to kiss her. Monica melted into him, slipping her arms around his neck.

His tongue brushed the closed seam of her lips in silent question, and she opened for him. He dragged her closer, and she rested her fingertips on his chiseled jaw just to feel the muscles work there. This wasn’t the passionate, fire-catching kiss they had when they first reunited. This one convinced her that perhaps this growing bond between them wasn’t a mistake. That maybe this was exactly where she belonged. It took their entire journey to fully appreciate the path their relationship had taken, but it had led them both here.

A heaviness evaporated from her shoulders as he held her. It disappeared completely when he brushed his finger down her cheek. He pulled back the covers on the bed and sat, slowly, pulling her into his lap until she straddled him. Monica could feel his taut erection growing between her legs, but he only gave her a simple sweet kiss. Then he secured the blanket around her shoulders and relaxed back, pulling her with him, hugging her, resting his chin against her shoulder and held her in a way that mended some of the many scars. Her eyes burned with emotion, but she blinked hard so she wouldn’t cry in front of him. Those tears were leftover from the time her decisions had kept them apart and she didn’t want them to interfere with what was happening between them now. The past months had been amazing, each moment making her feel more alive. John was almost too understanding, his only request was to keep looking forward and not dwell in a past they couldn’t change.
He rubbed her back in gentle circles and whispered, “Please stay.”

She knew he wasn’t just talking about tonight. It hinted at something more permanent, and she wanted to start living a life with the man that defended her, supported her, and still wanted to love her even after all they had been through. “Okay,” she said as she inhaled his clean, crisp scent and nuzzled his neck affectionately, smiling against his skin.

[Mulder Residence - Tuesday, 9:35 P.M.]

Three consecutive chirping barks from the puppy rang in Scully’s ear. “Coming!” she shouted towards the door as she palmed her glock. Peering out the window she saw a familiar face and it made hers form a brilliant grin. “William,” she said as she opened the door.

William’s shoulders hunched over as he made his way to the living room. His footsteps light and timid. Scully could only imagine what might be going through his mind. He sat down on the couch and she offered him a drink while he pet the bouncing puppy scratching to get up into his lap so he could lick his face. “Iced tea or O.J. if you have it,” he called into the kitchen.

Scully stifled her delight at William’s choice in beverages. She retrieved the glass and he drank it as if out in the middle of the desert.

“When did you get a dog?” William asked. “I saw one just like this one last week at the shelter. I almost took it home, even though we can’t have dogs. It reminds me of my old dog Max.”

“Mulder got it for me as a part anniversary, part birthday gift, but I believe he picked that particular dog because you wanted him.”

“Really?” William asked, bewildered, swiping at his lips with the back of his hand. “When will Mulder be home?”

“Not for a while, he’s working late doing research. He told me you were upset last time you spoke.”

William passed his thumb over the condensation dripping from the glass. “Monica said I should ask you about Mulder. That you had answers.”

Scully sat down next to him and chose her next words carefully. “Well, Mulder has been my partner for 27 years. What started out as a business partnership quickly grew into a partnership of trust, then friendship, devotion, and after some time, we allowed our romantic feelings to enter in as well. There’s no one alive I trust more than him, but even more I trust in him.”

“It must be difficult to trust in someone they call Spooky.”

Scully crossed her arms defensively. It upset her that Mulder’s legacy could be so easily criticized, and a name, derived from a bully, could still do so much damage. “If you believe chasing after the truth is spooky then you’re as bad as they are. They feared your father. Feared his determination, his passion, his relentlessness, his skill, and they feared the Truth.”

She observed as William shifted uneasily and sent a nervous hand through his hair. She waited for him to return to her eyes. “Mulder led a revolution. If he would have been sacrificed, he would have been a martyr. There are still those out there that admire him and have taken on his crusade. Your father, even today, is ready to sacrifice his life for his cause, and for his friends. For us, he would
sacrifice it all.” She felt what she was saying so deep inside her heart, she started to become emotional. William didn’t know how lucky he was to have a father that incredible.

“How did all this happen? His sister told me.. I mean, her clone,” William clarified, “told me about the conspiracy, the deal they made, the colonists. But how did Mulder uncover all that?”

“He came across a file of unanswered cases and the more he read, the more it called to him. Your father is an extraordinary man, an expert profiler and his abilities allowed him certain allowances others would have been denied.”

“You talk like you have him on some pedestal,” William said rolling his eyes.

“He built that pedestal on the backs of the dead, from the blood and tears of the ones we care about. I admire him for that.”

William examined his sneakers, lifting a foot, only to drop it a moment later. “Why did he leave us when I was born? Did you give me up because of him? Did he even want me?”

“William,” Scully said palming his soft conditioned hair. “Of course he wanted you. Your father had his childhood ripped from him at the age of twelve. He didn’t just lose his eight year old sister, he lost his family. His parents divorced. His mother fell apart and never recovered or forgave his father or your grandfather. Mulder ended up living with his father and their relationship was racked with misunderstandings.”

“Did his father know he wasn’t his biological son?”

Scully took William’s hand and interlocked their fingers. “I don’t know, but I think he had his suspicions. I think he loved Mulder, but at times took it out on him. Maybe even held it against him, possibly subconsciously, for being the one they didn’t choose to abduct. I think Mulder internalized that resentment to mean they should have saved Samantha from being taken and that helped fuel his quest. At the same time, Mulder’s father had his own internal struggles. I believe he loved Mulder, but he had a deadline, and a planet he wanted to save and that took him away. It made him distant. Mulder spent his adult life trying to put his family back together. So did he want you? Yes, he wanted you. Does he love you? Absolutely. Without a doubt; with a love you can’t measure and you are so lucky to have him. You are the family he never had, but always held in his heart. His biological father stole from him, not only his parents and his sister, but you as well. So when you think he doesn’t understand what it’s like to grow up knowing one father and discovering another later...” She squeezed his hand tighter and allowed him time to fully digest what she attempted to convey. Mulder had endured so much. “He understands much more than you think.”

Scully noticed how William’s bright blue eyes had begun to shine. “He is giving you space and time because he loves you, but don’t mistake his intentions, it’s eating him alive inside. He is a master at internalization and he does it to be strong for us. When you let him in, you’ll grow to love and admire him as much as I do. You are part of his dream William. God, the look on his face the first time he held you in his arms.. You were his world. You and I. And you still are, along with me and Maggie. He wants you home William. We all do. Please, give him a chance. If not for yourself, than for me.”

“That’s just it. I do...” Scully could see the tears forming at William’s eyes as blotchy red marks formed over his cheeks. When he spoke again, his voice cracked as he struggled to get the words out. “I don’t know him.. but.. I feel closer to him than I do my own dad. I loved my dad and Mulder comes out of nowhere and so easily takes his place. It’s not fair. My dad spent his life teaching me and raising me like his own.”
“You were his own, William, and Mulder’s not taking your dad’s place in your heart. He would never want that; he only wants that piece that is for him. Is that what you think of me? That I’m looking to take the place of your mom?”

“No,” William said emphatically, shaking his head. “I hear your thoughts inside me. You’ve always been there; and now, I’m discovering, that he has too. I’ve buried him so deep, because of what I was afraid of. I guess.”

[John Doggett’s Residence - Wednesday 5:23 PM]

“I don’t want to be kept at a distance,” Doggett said to Monica as they stood face to face in his living room.

“What do you want John?”

“All of you Monica. The good, the bad, all of it.”

Crossing her arms over her chest Monica asked, “I’m a vegetarian now. Could you live with that?”

The tension faded from John’s rigid profile. “You’re pushing it, but we’ll find a way to get through it.” He gave her that sexy crooked grin he’d been sharing with her more and more lately. Faint dimples bracketed his sensual lips, taking years off his face. He glanced at the time. “I guess I should head over to Mulder’s.”

“Or..” she said with a waggle of her eyebrows. “He could wait a little longer.”

She sauntered into the bedroom and he followed, stopping at the door frame to rest his hands on either side.

Slowly, she pulled her sweater over her head and draped it on the foot board, her eyes desiring to never leave his. She adored the way he looked at her, as if she was the most beautiful creature he’d ever laid eyes on. He made her feel like a goddess at times. With a wicked grin, she shimmied out of her shoes and jeans, arching her back as she unclasped her bra, her silk panties the last to go. Then she locked one arm around the bedpost, poking out her hip so he could enjoy all her curves. John’s hungry eyes raked down her body, pausing for certain highlights. He blinked slowly and lifted that rolling dark gaze back to her. His shy crooked smile returned.

Anticipation tingled her spine as she parted her lips and whispered, “Aren’t you going to join me John?”

In an instant he was in front of her, he linked their hands and moved his lips against hers. Monica arched her back against the bed post, desperate to be closer to him. After another moment he released her hand, tore off his shirt, undid his pants, and smiled as he took her hand and guided them to the bed.

He made a low deep growl as he pulled the backs of her knees up to his hips and glided into her. His head hovering just above her ear, it fell to her shoulder when his base hit her clit. “God, you feel good,” he gritted out.

He eased back and then shoved into her again, and again. Faster, as the pressure of blinding pleasure expanded in her middle. Monica hugged him desperately, sinking her nails into his back because he
was slamming into her hard now, and she was close. “John,” she moaned, tossing her head back, exposing her neck. He hugged her waist tight, pulled her against him as he stayed as deep as possible, pumping into her. He let out a needy sound as he kissed her neck, “John!” she cried as the first pulse of orgasm exploded through her.

He reared his hips back and then rocked against her again. Over and over, his shaft swelled and pulsed as he emptied himself into her. Their heaving chests matched in rhythm. She gripped the back of his hair tightly, unwilling to let him go just yet. Her breath ragged, from how intense and amazing that had been, and when John pulled back and lifted his gaze to hers, his eyes had softened.

“Are you okay?” he murmured, concern flashing across his face while she shook inside his arms. Monica smiled, unable to find her voice yet, she nodded.

John fixed the sheets, covering them, pulled her tightly against his chest, and let his lips linger on top of her hair.

She clung to him and pressed a soft kiss against his chest. “I love you, John,” she whispered. The words felt so right on her lips it made her smile.

“Monica?” he said, his voice a mere rasp.

“Yes?” she asked as sleep tugged at her body.

He lowered his head and whispered in her ear. “I’ve got something to tell you, Monica.”

The tone of his voice made her stomach burn. “It’s okay John, you can tell me.”

He kissed her gently, a slight smile on his lips as he did. And when he eased back, he brushed his knuckles against her cheek and whispered, “I love you, too.”

[Wednesday, 6:51 PM]

In her walker, M angrily bumped her mother’s foot. “Margaret, it is not seven yet. He’ll call,” Scully said, taking off her reading glasses so she could rub her fatigued eyes. She closed both text books and got up from the dining room table. Her laptop hummed before falling into sleep mode. A bathroom break and an orange from the fruit bowl later, the clock had made its way to seven. Scully didn’t know what Mulder and Doggett were in the middle of, but she was afraid he might not realize the time, or maybe he was dodging bullets or being held against his will.

The shrill of the house phone broke through her doubts. Maggie banged happily against her seat.

“You think it’s daddy?” Scully asked her.

“Dada!” Maggie shrieked.

Scully answered, “Mulder residence.”

“I like the sound of that,” he said, the soothing deep tones of his growl forming the heat inside their cocoon.

“I did that for you,” Scully returned flirtatiously, noting her own deeper octave from her thickening vocal chords. Scully massaged the aching muscles at the back of her neck. “Have you and Doggett
“We’re getting ready to leave now.” Mulder’s voice lowered. “He was late getting here and I think it might have had something to do with things going really well with him and Monica. The guy was singing.”

Scully pivoted towards Maggie whose bottom lip was jutting outward in full on pout position. “There’s someone here waiting, impatiently, for you to read to her.”

“Tonight we’re reading The Very Hungry Caterpillar,” Mulder reminded her. “I left it on my desk. Tell me when you’re ready.”

Scully retrieved the book, getting M out of her walker and onto the couch. M was already prying the book from her mother’s hands as Scully set the phone to speaker.

“We’re ready daddy.” Scully said into the speaker. M smiled and rocked on her mother’s lap as her daddy read and her mother turned the pages.

At that very moment, Scully forgave Mulder for every time he had ever failed to call her or pick up the phone. She pressed her lips to the auburn locks sprouting from M’s adorable little head, M smiling from ear to ear because her daddy was there for her every night at seven, to read her a bedtime story.
Monica startled awake. She blinked rapidly, her heart galloping against her sternum. She had fallen asleep on the couch, and the television now had a frozen screen, asking if she wanted to continue watching the show. She exhaled and stretched, then smiled as she felt John’s hand wrapped around her neck, settling back in. He must have fallen asleep as well. *Fallen asleep*. She frowned at the window near the door. The moon had hardly moved from its position in the sky. Her blood chilled to ice. John had gone with Mulder to investigate and that’s how she had found herself on the couch. He was not the one lying behind her. Panting shallowly in fear, she forced her gaze down to the arm draped over her chest. It was bigger than John’s, not as tanned from the sun, and heavier.

“Did you really believe we wouldn’t come for you?” She recognized that razored accent. It was the Bounty Hunter. His warm breath made her want to retch. She lay there, too afraid to breathe, too afraid to move, her palms going damp with sweat. Her struggling was of no consequence when he sat up and pressed his weight onto her, slipping his meaty hand around her larynx.

Monica fought like a wild panther, but the Bounty Hunter was twice her size and he was straddling her now, *both* hands wrapped around her throat, his eyes as black as the abyss. Monica thrashed and bucked, gasping for air, but The Bounty Hunter’s eyes were empty. They were soulless.

“I knew you were here all along,” he growled out. “Who do you think has been watching you play house with that pathetic excuse for a living creature? I was going to let you live, Monica.” His voice echoed with the hollowness of another world. “If you would’ve come back, I’d have let you live.”

“You don’t scare me,” she managed to choke out.
Monica wasn’t ready to succumb to the darkness without telling John goodbye; without explaining she had tried to be stronger for him.

“You’ll die alone now. No people, no friends. They’ll find your body long after you’ve gone cold and Doggett can’t raise you from the dead.”

Alone. She wasn’t alone and the man she needed was in D.C., not far from this house. She squeezed her eyes closed. Gibson! Help me! Please, Gibson!

Sparks zipped this way and that behind her eyelids as she sucked desperately for air. The thumbs of the Bounty Hunter firm against her trachea. She ignored the pain, even though every cell in her body screamed for oxygen, and concentrated. Gibson! Hear me. I need you.

This was it. The end. The darkness had reached across two worlds and swallowed her whole. At least her last moments had been with John and they were happy. How sad would it have been if she was still under the Smoking Man’s grasp?

Suddenly, the front of Doggett’s house exploded inward, and when she opened her eyes, sheet-rock, siding, insulation, and glass, blasted above the Bounty Hunter. His face was red with hate and exertion, but as he looked up, fear flashed in his eyes. And then he was gone. There was no weight pressing her down, no hands crushing her neck. There was just the beautiful breath of oxygen she dragged into her lungs, and then pain, shooting through her limbs, from hitting the wood floor.

William and Kyle were on either side of her, their eyes bulging, darting at the wall. Molly was there too, also staring into the wall. A moment of confusion took Monica. Where had the Bounty Hunter gone? Molly reached into the hole and yanked something massive out of it. The Bounty Hunter fell to his knees, liquid emerald painting his neck and arms. Monica winced away from the sight of TBH’s throat, which had been badly torn. William and his friends were so much faster and more lethal than she had realized.

“Monica, are you okay?” Gibson asked from outside. She tried to say yes, but couldn’t get her voice box to work yet, so she nodded instead. Swallowing hard, she wheezed out, “Gibson, you’re here.” Gibson stepped over the rubble. When he helped her upright, his hand was strong and firm under her elbow.

William was still staring down TBH, his chest heaving, his ocean eyes churning with hatred. He turned to Gibson, “I should kill him for what he’s done.”

The Bounty Hunter reared back as if he’d been slapped. His eyes were so dark, as if there was only pupil, as if they had dilated completely.

After that there were no more words, but she could tell they were all still communicating. William took one last look her way and then locked eyes with the Bounty Hunter. Who knew what vision he was casting into that alien’s head. TBH looked terrified, his eyes wide, his mouth hanging open like he was mid-scream. She’d never seen fear on any Bounty Hunter’s face until tonight.

“How did you get here so fast?” Monica asked.

“You’re part of us now, Monica,” Kyle answered. “We will always be here and we will always protect you.”

William, still fixated on the Bounty Hunter, crossed his arms over his “The Who” t-shirt, puffing out his biceps and chest with the motion. TBH shook uncontrollably and looked at him like a terrified field mouse in the shadow of an owl. When his eyes finally landed on her, he screamed a high
pitched, horrified sound and fell to his knees with his hands at his head. William let up and she was
certain if he didn’t, TBH would have been dead.

“You will go back and tell them,” William screamed as he got increasingly more passionate, “They
will leave her alone!”

The Bounty Hunter held his head, raising it to look up at William. “You don’t belong with them
Jackson. You are one of us. You were meant to lead, not run and hide. You are the one to lead us to
salvation. Your ship is calling.”

William frowned in confusion. “My ship?”

“Yes. The aliens left you your ship, so you can return. There you can train to lead the colonists and
take your rightful place. This planet no longer holds interest to us, but there are others yet to conquer.
It’s time for you to meet your other biological parent.”

“You need to go now!” Gibson shouted and TBH said no more, leaving John’s house and driving
away.

Gibson stared into William’s eyes and Monica could tell they were discussing something mentally.
“It might be attached to my DNA, but it is not me!” William roared, punching his fist into the couch
and running.

“John’s house is destroyed,” Monica said as she took note of the rubble.

“We will fix it Monica. We can heal as fast as we destroy,” Molly assured her.

“You’re sure you’re okay?” Gibson asked again and Monica nodded. He hugged her tightly, her
face pressing against his shoulder. “I heard you call, but I was afraid we were too late.”

[3 miles north of the SM-1 Nuclear Reactor at Fort Belvoir, 1:23 A.M.]

Extraneous light cut through the thick forest, painting green stripes over Doggett’s face until it
resembled a Scorpion W2 military pattern. Mulder and Doggett were approaching the coordinates
that Steven had laid out for them and the hairs on Mulder’s arms were standing on end. He felt it in
the thick humid Virginia night air. They were closing in on something significant.

“It’s called the SM-1 because it’s stationary, medium power, and the first of its design,” Mulder
explained as he huffed up the hill, educating Doggett on the nuclear plant not far from their current
location. “It was one of Eisenhower’s “atoms for peace” initiative. It provided energy for military
places not “on the grid” for electric energy.”

They had been hiking a good eight miles in the woods and over some rough terrain. Mulder could
see the strain on Doggett’s face. He wasn’t thrilled with all the exercise. Doggett gave Mulder a
thumbs up and Mulder continued. “It’s one of six DoD reactors that were commissioned from 1957-
1976.”

Mulder stopped to give Doggett a break. He was already gasping for breath with his hands at his
knees. Mulder retrieved Doggett’s water bottle and handed it to him, opening his own. Just then, he
catched a glimpse of the dome of the reactor in the far off clearing. “That containment shell was
painted as an eight ball for a while,” Mulder informed him.
“I thought this place was shut down in 1973?” Doggett panted back.

“It was, I don’t know what anyone would be doing there now. They began the decommissioning this year and it is set to begin a five year process of taking the entire building to landfill.”

“They didn’t want to convert it to non-military use or into a museum?” Doggett pulled himself up over some rocks, using the leverage of a nearby tree root. He took a moment to re-tie his shoe laces and Mulder surmised Doggett’s heart was probably still recovering from the hill.

“Those proposals were all rejected for unknown reasons.” Mulder’s voice slowed as he was distracted by sudden movement. He retrieved two sets of binoculars from his backpack and handed one to John. “Four o’clock.”

“Mulder, those electrical cables look about twenty feet in diameter. This may not be aliens, but something is definitely happening here.”

Mulder took note of the giant electrical cables being hauled in by heavy equipment. There were tankers, flatbeds, and other mobile vehicles for nuclear energy transport. There was enough containment vehicles and mobile nuclear plants to supply energy to at least half the country or maybe the entire country. Why all of this at a decommissioned site? Where is all this nuclear energy going to come from?

Military men in full combat attire with various size weaponry were unloaded from Humvees, as they took their places surrounding the large cable.

Rising from his crouching position Mulder prepared to slide and traverse the ravine, but his plans were halted by Doggett’s hand planted securely on his shoulder. “You’re not going down there Mulder.”

“Watch me,” Mulder replied. He almost laughed at the notion that Doggett thought he could stop him.

“You’re not endangering your life. You have a daughter and a son that need you. There are sacrifices you must make and one of them is no longer being able to run headstrong into danger.”

A flash of anger spiked Mulder’s blood pressure because he knew Doggett was right. That didn’t mean they couldn’t stay a safe distance and still uncover what was going on. Mulder secured his backpack and started hiking again. “Let’s cross the bridge. We can get a better view.”

*  

Over the suspension bridge his fingers flexed around the rotting steel bars. Desiccated old and dying metal flaked off, staining his palms a burnt orange. Mulder normally had no fear of heights, but between the rickety cables and the rough gurgling water below waiting to swallow him whole, his nerves were overtaking his rationale. Had fear or nerves entered his mind when he traveled to Antarctica in order to save Scully? He had pushed both his body and mind to the extreme. Climbing into the craft, his palms encountered all kinds of cold, moist, and slippery surfaces. At any moment he could have fell to his death, yet he did not recall fear for himself, only her. He remembered struggling to hold on at times, with only the knowledge that if he didn’t succeed ... he had been Scully’s only hope. This, thankfully, was not the same desperate situation.
Then the bridge started to shake. Violently. Twisting and bending, like the Tacoma Narrows had before it collapsed. Rocks and trees ripped from their homes, caught in the vortex; rising high into the air, at least fifty feet above them. A white beam cracked the sky and expanded, causing a transitory blindness. As if someone had a neon crayon drawing brilliant waves of color from the lake, reality shimmered and stretched, the ripple growing then receding in constant movement, The tankers and cables being absorbed into the ripple.

Mulder squinted through his binoculars. What could only be described as a reptilian army materialized from the charcoal light within the tear of reality; their bodies a smooth column of armored muscle. Doggett pulled out his camera and started snapping photographs and Mulder decided to do the same, attaching his telescopic lens to his DLR. The reptilians were on the attack. They appeared to be yawning, their large black mouths opening to reveal fangs, squirting a cloudy liquid into the air. Their eyes swiveled and a chill went up Mulder’s spine as one seemed to lock onto his direction. Their backbones snaked as they marched from side to side, their tails flicking, creating their own wind. Large nostrils poked from their almost gator like snouts, their arms carrying laser or photon type equipment. That was all Mulder could make out before the area erupted in a fiery blaze, cracking the air as loud as thunder, reverberating in Mulder’s ears and ringing far out into the forest. Sparks flew and the reptilians were blown back in almost awkward cartwheels. The air heavy with the smell of gunpowder and lead as every bullet ripped into something, either flesh or tree sap, driving the reptilians back into the hole in the atmosphere, until they finally retreated. Moments passed before the firing stopped and left clouds of smoke as thick as Scully’s horrid pea soup. The kind she made him eat to get Maggie to eat her vegetables. Him and Doggett could only watch as the tankers pushed forward, disappearing inside the tear as others returned with what, Mulder could only imagine.

[Unremarkable House - Thursday, 5:43 A.M.]

Scully held an index finger to her lips as Mulder approached. In silence, he wrapped his large hand around her delicate digit, gently pulling it away from her mouth as he replaced it with his lips.

“What did you find?” Scully asked in whispers as he receded.

Mulder shook his head and replied in low tones. “I’m not really in the mood to discuss work.”

Scully flashed a suggestive grin. “What are you in the mood for?”

“Using your mother’s day gift,” Mulder replied, his arms resting themselves at her hips as his hands danced a waltz with the small of her back.

“Should I get my bathing suit?” she teased.

Mulder squinted as he raised his brow. “Not necessary.”

He took her hand and led her to the back porch where the new hot tub awaited.

The pungent odor of chlorine filled the air as he started the jets.

It made him laugh how quickly Scully had stripped and made herself comfortable, anxiously waiting for her hydro massage. The heated water moved over his skin like a witches’ potion as he stepped in, removing the aches and stress of his hike and all he had witnessed, replacing it with a meditative peace.
Scully floated towards him as he sat back against the jets. The lustrous silk of her legs passing over his weightless hairs, straddling him, snaking her arms around the area his tie kept warm for her.

Mulder succumbed to the pride and awe seeping from his seams, the origin of his paradise was nestling his erection and pressing her soft bobbing chest against his hard pecs. Her fingers, like angel’s wings, danced in his hair. Lost was his gaze in her shimmering sapphires, tugging at his heart, influencing the tides of his mind. How many times had he traveled to the ends of the earth just to reunite with them.

Steam rose from the water, encasing them in a curtain and she kissed away droplets that landed on the apple of his cheek. The hills of her cleavage submerged then reappeared under the bubbling spray of rolling water. He was mesmerized. No matter where the truth led them, all the beauty of the universe could still be found encapsulated in this one extraordinary human.

Clouds passed to cover the moon cloaking them in darkness. With every breath, rich vanilla lavender scent crept into his lungs, bringing back memories and stirring his new ones. His hands bathed in the sleekness of her skin as it gracefully drifted in and out of his grasp; while her hands brushed and fondled, cuddle and clutched, seemingly, everywhere- Along his shins, thighs, abs, over his back, chest; emphasizing to him that he was desired.

"Do you approve of your Mother's Day gift," Mulder asked, knowing how important that day had been for her. The first one she ever got to properly celebrate. William had even visited, if only for a short while, with a card and a snowglobe that she now kept predominantly on the mantle.

"Much more romantic than staking out a parking lot," Scully beamed back. She wasn't going to allow him to live that down.

Scully slithered around and waves of pleasure lit up his front, the high pressure of the jets hit his back and neck. A contrast of soothing excitement. Each delicate kiss provoked his nerve endings to tingle, but there was a raw intensity just below the surface, one their bond created, that he loved even more.

Like a horse on a bit, Mulder’s fingers dug into the flesh of her hips. “Scully,” he whispered, a desperate need rising in his voice, as her fingernails, the match for his soul, scratched at his inner thighs, deliciously tormenting, drastically changing the tempo of the mood.

Her lips moved over his, her tongue bringing with it the fire branching from between her legs, tracing the imprint she left inside him. In it’s retreat she took away the pain left in sleepless nights, reminding him that even if everything lost was never found, he had found everything in her.

“Touch me,” she whispered into his ear, scraping her teeth along its shell.

He moaned into her neck, his hands roving over her like an iron. With a flip of her hips he rotated her in the water, her ass snuggling nicely against him, his cock resting impatiently between the dimples of her lower back, sparking desire to rain down his spine. Between her legs, his fingers rubbed and rotated just above her clit. Several seconds passed and Scully tightened a hand around his wrist.

“No?” he whispered curiously against her cheek, his lips not willing to leave her skin, continuing to suck gently at her pulse point.

“It doesn’t want to cooperate,” she answered almost shyly.

“You’re mind is distracted,” he returned, and stared out at the reappearance of the moon, the refraction of light in the water sparkling like stars around them. “Relax. Let the bubbles take you
“away,” he suggested, sounding like an old soap commercial.

“Let that magic wand of yours continue to massage my back?” she asked with her right eyebrow, tilting her head towards him, in that delightfully sexy way.

“Mmhmm,” he replied, hugging her, pressing himself into her, enjoying the visual.

She snuggled deeper against him, warming his heart. He brushed her soaking strands away from her face, as droplets fell from his hands, leaving tiny kisses along her temple. He tasted the lust and love and divinity from her pores.

“You’re going to ace this test Scully. You know your stuff and if you want I can ask you questions, we can review it again, but you got this.” Mulder’s hand fell back under the water to palm her breast as she relaxed into him, slowly working it into a deep tissue massage. “And if you freeze, then drop that number 2 pencil and walk back down to the basement with me. Become a teacher, a surgeon, just keep being you. You are making this important, but they need you more than you need them. You are Dana Katherine Scully and you already have success. You have your children, you have all the children you’ve saved, cases you’ve cracked, people you’ve loved, scholarly achievements, all your accolades, and you have me- possibly the greatest accomplishment of all.”

Scully nodded in submission and Mulder scooped handfuls of hot soothing water to rub the tension from her shoulders, watching the pine trees bend in the distance, the wind coming to cool them from an unforgiving night.

“Mulder, you haven’t slept yet,” Scully observed.

Mulder leaned his nose just above her ear and spoke low and deep. “I’ll take a nap with M later. Right now I’m content to be here, in the moment, with you.”

Even though the water of the hot tub was warm, Scully’s body made his swelter. Mulder worked her legs, her inner thighs, until he felt her grind against him, only then did his hands return to stroke lightly at her elegant folds. “Do you still ache for me, Scully?” he asked. He didn’t say it to be sexy. He genuinely wanted to know. Was it still as good as last year, last month?”

Scully closed her eyes. “I do Mulder. I ache to hear your voice when you’re not around, to have your lips against mine, your body... I ache for you to bury yourself inside me,” Scully said, tracing along his outer thigh.

Scully softly rotated, cupping his face. Her soft lips brushed his, teasing, at first, making his cock throb so hard between her thighs he could feel the pulse of her swollen folds against it. Pleasure churned inside his balls as her nails smoothly raked over them again and again, alternating with a feather touch and a light squeeze as they bounced like jellyfish in the agitated bubbles. She ground her clit hard along his erection and he knew if she put just enough pressure, at the right speed, they could both come just like that. She was working her jaw against his, picking up the tempo, her hips sliding, almost bucking, so effectively that his started to match hers. A moan escaped in his bated breath as his hand traveled to her breast, his thumb dragging against the swollen bud of her nipple; his other hand gliding over the curves of her waist. He loved the silken feel of the skin there. Scully moaned into his mouth and the intense pleasure Mulder felt from it made him groan in return. Her right hand dropped to cover his heart and lightning spread out to meet with what was already resonating from his groin. She pulled away slightly, still leaving wet kisses, her eyes hooded, connecting with his soul.

“How?” Mulder asked as he smiled.
Scully didn’t speak, instead she drug her clit faster along his length; the visual he had of each movement, sexy as hell. Her hands clamped down on his shoulders and she panted against his ear, “I just pictured you with your head between my thighs devouring me like a cherry pie. Works every time.”

He groaned in response, Her hand traveling up the back of his neck, grasped his hair tight. Her moans coming steadily now over the roar of the hot tub motor.

Mulder swallowed so hard he could feel the bob of his own Adam’s apple. “For me it’s any of the many intelligent things you say. I will always be madly in lust of your brain. Your body is the double shot of caramel and fudge on an ice cream sundae.”

“The mushrooms and pepperoni on an extra cheese pizza?” Scully said smugly, slowing her pace, but increasing the pressure.

“It’s all that and kung pao chicken.” He moaned at her persistence, grateful for the playful banter, the tingling sensation that had started to accumulate deep in his balls was beginning to subside, the night wouldn’t be ending prematurely.

Maybe now was a good time to tell her. His voice dropped low as his tone took a serious note. “I heard what you said to William. The puppy cam was on and I was in the office. I didn’t mean to spy..”

“I’m happy you did..” she said, slowing her grind. “Now, you know.” Scully traced her fingers against his bicep, then floated away, everything remaining under the water except for her toes and her beautiful, pink tipped snow-covered hills. Her arms rose to grab hold of either side of the hot tub and lift her body further out of the water. Her stomach, creamy and beautiful, etched by the angels, rose into view. Enough to nibble on all day.

Mulder stood, dripping from each individually carved muscle, the morning air cool without the sun to heat it, he draped a hand around his exposed cock, keeping it warm more than anything. Luckily, Scully spent no time wrapping her long muscular shaped legs around him. His smooth flesh pressed against her warm seam and with one fluid thrust his cock was toastey and happy to be home.

He dipped them back down into the steaming water, covering them to their chest. Studying her face, he brought his mouth onto hers and every few seconds, he found himself whispering the occasional “I love you”, and increasing the tempo until he heard her soft moan in his ear and his name on her lips. No other sound or word was better than when she said his name. It caused every inward stroke to become harder, every snap of his hips faster, and his full lips to turn at their corners. Mulder’s body shook, he was trying so hard to keep it under control. Her hips joined his, and they rocked in unison, up and down, in and out. He found himself moaning with her with every stroke. The pressure and need to come, teetering his fortitude.

An explosion of sound rang in his ear, “Oh my God, Mulder, you feel so good,”

“Oh, yes, Scully” and on cue, he picked up speed, his thrusts harder and faster as she awakened every nerve ending inside him.

Her contractions around him came so violently he could feel each muscle sucking him in. He watched the sensations transform her face— her head tilting to the side, her eyes rolling closed, her curvaceous lips parting- it was still the most beautiful thing he’d ever bear witness, and then he exploded, “Ah,” he shouted before a sharp suction of breath, clinging to Scully tight enough to leave a mark, the pounding of his orgasm reaching into his brain, drumming in his ears.
He joined her eyes in awe before crashing his lips against hers, kissing her with reverence, with the blood of his soul. They basked in the other as their breathing slowed, the world seeping back in.

Her hand caressed his face before settling at his chest. “I’m going to have to leave,” Scully said apologetically. He could feel the tension creeping back into her muscles. “Take the exam.”

Mulder released a hard sigh. “And I need to get to sleep.” He looked around and realized they had no towels. “It’s going to be cold. We’ll have to make a run for it.”

* 

The day became a slight blur of napping and taking care of a baby and a puppy, both too intelligent for their own good. With two full bellies, he was able to get them both to sleep and find a little time for himself to finally absorb what he had seen the previous night. Understand what it all meant. He found his peace and contemplation on the front porch in his favorite chair.

Some time later he was interrupted by the sound of the crunching of earth and twigs. He squinted out into the night as a form took shape. “William,” he acknowledged.

Not certain what to make of the visit, he asked, “What brings you here tonight?”

William didn’t join him, instead choosing to sit on the top step of the porch. “I don’t know. Just kind of started walking and wound up here. You sit out here a lot?”

Mulder got up from his chair and joined William at the top of the porch steps. “It helps me think. Look into the night to be reminded of how precarious our existence; patterns that seem so fixed yet they are ever-changing, carrying with them untold realms.”

William scratched his head. “You ever think about the other worlds out there? How we don’t exactly fit on this planet and maybe, quite possibly, we’re the visitors? That maybe it’s not just me that has an alien inside?”

Mulder rested his elbows on his knees. “Yes. I’ve come across evidence that lends itself to that theory. Gibson, could be seen as proof of that theory.”

William held his hand up to the night as if to feel its life force. “When it’s cloudy too long I miss the stars. They’ve always been there for me. It’s like, they speak to me.”

Mulder’s heart warmed. “Some nights, I listen, as if maybe the dead might be speaking from the glowing orbs and pin-pricks in the sky, leaving their messages to those left behind.”

William sighed and leaned back on his hands. “You knew that dog reminded me of the one I had when I was little.”

“I did. Molly told me. Your mother’s life has been many sacrifices and this is one of the ways I want to start bringing her stability. I thought maybe it could be for you too. Possibly, another reason to visit.”

A wail came through the baby monitor and Mulder looked at the screen. “Your sister’s awake. Want to come inside while I change her?”
“She can’t be any shittier than my day,” William mumbled as he followed Mulder inside.

William let gravity take him horizontal onto his parent’s bed while Mulder tended to M. “The Nats are playing the Yankees next week. We could go,” William suggested.

M squirmed and kicked as Mulder struggled with the adhesive of the new diaper, finally securing her. He wanted to hug William, yell in excitement, but instead played it cool. “You tell me when and I’ll get the tickets. I’ve still got some connections. I might be able to get us box seats.”

“I’ll need to buy a new glove,” William said solemnly, and Mulder realized his must have been left at his parent’s house. Mulder fixed M’s onesie and carried her to William on the bed. William propped himself up and took her, hooking his hands under her arms so she could bounce, bobbing and swaying to unheard music.

“Willee!” M cried, sloppily clapping her hands.

Mulder rummaged through the closet, sending shirts and boxes onto the floor while M played her favorite brother/sister game, trying to see how many fingers she could wedge into Jackson’s mouth. Her fingers were cold and her nails sharp against the sensitive flesh of Jackson’s cheek. He let her do it mainly because it made her smile and when her eyes turned to shiny turquoise pebbles, it ignited a joy inside him he had never known he needed to feel. All the bouncing and hand swallowing must have tired her because she settled into his lap; staring at him in awe and love. She captured his mind in the most calming of ways, similar to the soft waves at the beach. William felt himself making a wish, or possibly a prayer, that life kept her as whole and genuine as she was in that very moment and didn’t dredge upon her what bestowed the rest of them.

This was the first time he really studied her face. Freckles had begun to scatter around the bridge of her nose into her cheeks. Her nose a perfect button, her round chin smooth and ivory curving in the most beautiful of ways. When she opened her mouth to laugh he noticed a white nub of a tooth and three others showing their bumpy heads. M seemed genuinely sweet with just the right touch of shyness that forced an unexpected warmth to rush inside William. They communicated inwardly, inside the purity of M’s gaze. Not of the supernatural, but that of DNA, a commonality and light within, one they found in each other.

M burrowed underneath his chin, curling up on top of his chest. “You notice M’s tooth?” William asked Mulder.

Mulder returned with an old mitt, a tight rubberband wrapped around it, an old scuffed baseball hidden inside. He held it up for William to see. “This is my favorite glove from when I was in high school. It’s yours if you want it. Might need a little oil, but you won’t find a better cowhide.”

“Thanks,” William said shyly.

Mulder poked a pinky between M’s soft puffy lips, feeling around her gums. She bit down accordingly and Mulder felt her little knives poking into his skin. “She has teeth! Does Scully know?” Mulder exclaimed.

“I-I don’t know.”

Mulder pulled out his phone and pulled back M’s lip snapping a picture of her gum. She frowned in disgust and slapped Mulder drunkenly in the face. “No, daddy.”

“Sorry,” he responded. He typed into his phone:

M grew a tooth and I saw it first. 😊😊😊
Mulder set his phone back on the charging mat, replacing it with the remote. “You ever watch Project Blue Book?”

“No,” William answered, fixing the pillow so M could sleep on his chest while he watched.

“It’s sort of a rough documentary, a combination of Arthur Dales and my life in the early days of the X-Files. I’ll tell you the real story as we watch.”

William hugged M, his thumb stroking her head. “How do you deal with knowing who your real father is? I mean, my grandfather... I’d call him the next Hitler, but he’s far worse than that.”

Mulder sat beside William on the bed. “William, just because he peed in our gene pool doesn’t mean it has to determine our fate.”

William nodded. “So what’s it really like, being in the FBI..”

* 

Two and a half hours later, Scully quietly reached the top of the stairs expecting for M to be in her crib with Mulder asleep beside her. She knew Mulder never slept upstairs by himself. What she witnessed as she got to the door frame sent tears to her eyes. Mulder and William were asleep with M between them. She was hugging her brother; William’s head had fallen from his pillow and was resting on part of Mulder’s shoulder; the puppy curled in a ball at their feet. Not wanting to damage their Rockwell painting, she silently got ready for bed, finally creeping in on William’s side. She put her arm around him and sent a kiss to his temple. He stirred and she intertwined their fingers and hugged him tight. He squeezed her hand in return.

Hours later, Mulder’s eyes fluttered open. William, Scully, and Maggie all remained asleep, cuddled up in a weave of arms and legs. It was difficult to fathom how he achieved all this by haphazardly opening a file cabinet thirty years ago marked with a letter recklessly assigned to it. How following the beckoning of those files inside led a woman who rewrote the very theories of Einstein, to find the purpose, and bring legitimacy, culminating into the greatest gift he could have ever received- the family currently residing underneath this one roof, currently hogging the blankets on his bed. That is scientific fact, and it made him smile.

Mulder carefully navigated downstairs to take a shower and make coffee. William’s sleepover inspired Mulder to cook. As suspected, the wafting aroma of bacon awakened his sleeping Scully and after setting M in her crib, crept down to investigate.

“And what do we owe this treat, Mulder?” Scully asked, a greasy slice of bacon quietly sizzling between her teeth, freshly swiped from the paper towel covered plate Mulder had placed it on.

Mulder leaned in as if to kiss her, but ripped off a piece of bacon from her fingers with his teeth instead. “Hey,” Scully cried back flirtatiously. “Get your own.”

He held it out between his teeth as a tease, but Scully bit and he willingly nudged it into her mouth with his tongue. She pulled away with a kiss.

“Everything is better with bacon,” Mulder smarted.

“You still haven’t told me what you and Doggett found out there.”

Mulder turned the bacon in the skillet. “They’re transporting energy, from a type of wormhole, into this world.”
"For what? And why? Why would they need to obtain energy from another world?"

"I don’t know, but the inhabitants were not happy about it."

"Was it our military?"

"If not, they’re involved."

Mulder took a carton of eggs out of the fridge and with a touch of milk, began to scramble them. Scully hugged him from behind, resting her head on his chest and sending lightning into his heart.

"I’m guessing you and William had a good conversation last night,” she said quietly.

Mulder lowered the heat and poured the eggs into the other pan. He transferred the rest of the bacon to the plate and popped some bread into the toaster. “He invited me to go with him to a Yankees’s game.”

“Yankees?”

“Well, the Nats, they’re playing the Yankees.”

“When? Will we be home? We have the engagement retreat.”

Mulder paused with the spatula in his hand. “I don’t know. I haven’t thought of that.”

Scully reached into her back pocket and flipped open her phone, checking the Nats’ schedule. “Mulder, they’re playing Father’s Day. He wants to take you to a baseball game for Father’s day.”

Diffused amber light from the rising sun fought its way through the smoke of a covetously lit cigarette in a distant location. The Bounty Hunter entered. “Our plans have been thwarted by Gibson Praise. Monica lives.”

Eyes of the palest watery blue, set in bloodshot and yellowed sclera leered out angrily at him. “Gibson Praise? How could Gibson stop you?”

“Jackson, your son, he also lives,” the Bounty Hunter replied with a steady eye.

“He’s found Gibson and Monica.” his decrepit lips paused to draw in a breath of nicotine and release it’s poison. “Good. Then we shall find him.” Bloody red cross stitches climbed crookedly from his chest, changing form as he spoke, marking each hole made from the bullets of Fox Mulder. “It’s time to execute the final stage of The Project.”
Baseball, the Beach, Asparagus, and a Leather Holster

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer

Chapter Summary

Season 13 - William takes Mulder to a baseball game for Father's Day, then they take their first family vacation together at a beach in North Carolina. Mulder entertains Scully's fetish and the news is starting to show signs of the coming apocalypse.

Chapter Notes

I know it's been a few weeks since I've written so I've made it up with a nice long chapter. I had to call on MS31x129 to assist writing some of the paragraphs for me and some beta work to help get me back into the swing. Meanwhile, I've been researching and doing some deep dives into episodes to send the mythology to a hopefully satisfying conclusion.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Father's Day - 2019

A bright and sunny Sunday afternoon at the ballpark, Mulder handed William a Ben’s hotdog, the official hotdog of the Nats, covered and dripping with their famous chili. Both donning their Yankees caps, they looked only slightly out of place on the visitor’s side of the dugout. “Good, right?” Mulder mumbled as he chewed and William nodded with his mouth full.

Suddenly, it dawned on Mulder, he had never asked William, “What position do you play?”

“I played third mostly, some centerfield,” he answered in between bites.

“Really,” Mulder said, “I’m a right fielder myself.”

“Nice,” William returned, glancing at the ground, pushing away some trash with his foot. A home run brought everyone to their feet and when they sat back down William said what was on his mind. “I, uh, I-I have another surprise. He lifted out his wallet and handed it to Mulder. “Open it.”

“William I don’t need anything, you’ve done enough,” he said as he unfolded the wallet.

“I got my driver’s license. Go ahead, take it out,” William urged.

Mulder pushed the card from it’s window and held it at arm’s length so he could see it better. Frustrated, he reached for his glasses in his breast pocket. The name on his license: William F. Mulder.

“You’ve changed your name? William, I-I don’t know what to say.. I mean.. What about your
“It’s the name I wanted. Jackson,” William paused, squinting out at the ballfield. Mulder tried to read him, but he wasn’t certain his state of mind. “Jackson died with his parents, at their home. That’s not me anymore.” William looked back at Mulder. “My father, he had a lot of brothers, who had sons—someone should carry our name.” He swallowed hard. “I want that to be me.”

“What about your mother? Have you considered her name? It was the one that was given to you at birth.”

“You mean the name Scully? I- Mulder is the name I chose.” William waited for the last pitch of the inning, the batter grounding out to first. “It’s the one I want,” he repeated more adamantly.

Mulder laid a hand at William’s back, feeling his eyes burn. He breathed in deeply so as not to cry in front of a stadium filled with the opposing team. “That- this means a lot.” It was all he could get out. A foul ball flew their way. In the blink of an eye, William’s quick reflexes snagged it. An instant souvenir.

“Nice catch,” Mulder said, mussing his hair.

“Thanks, Dad,” William returned, not quite able to look him in the eye. Mulder pulled William’s head into his chest and kissed the top- Mulder’s eyelids, along with his heart, filled to the brim.

Thankfully, the Yankees pulled it out in the top of the ninth with a three-run homer and they both walked out with pride. Back in the car, Mulder let William pick out a tune from his phone. “You know, me and your mother’s first kiss was on a baseball field. I brought her back there last year to propose.”

“Gave her a diamond on a diamond,” William quipped.

“Yeah, guess I did,” Mulder agreed. “If you want, maybe we all go there as a family. I could rent out the automatic pitching machine again.”

“Yeah, I’d like that,” William nodded. “Dad?,” he said for the second time, “I had fun.”

Mulder sucked in his lips, his eyes squinting as his eyebrows tilted downwards, while he fought off the intense urge to ugly cry right there in the car in front of his son. “I did too.”

* 

Back at the office, another grueling week, Mulder popped-in upstairs to check on Scully. Her new assistant made him wait, claiming she was in a meeting. “Do you know who I am?” he asked disgusted, but the assistant only shook her head, so he pulled out his badge. “Remember the name, you’ll be using it soon.. When it’s attached to hers,” he chided, pointing at the door.

“And do your homework. I’m under the letter X.” He nodded and jutted his lip out before opening it. The assistant wrote a note, but didn’t acknowledge him further.

Scully’s new office was slightly larger than Skinner’s, equipped with the same large desk and long conference table. The big difference being the pictures on the wall of her office were of more attractive people, more intelligent, and all women. Including: Alaska P. Davidson, the first female
FBI Agent, Sylvia Elizabeth Mathis, the first black female FBI Agent, and the notorious RBG. Center stage was Amy Hess, the first woman to head the science branch of the FBI.

“Good afternoon, Assistant Director,” Mulder beamed, but his smile dropped when he noticed her turn her laptop away from him. “Keeping high level secrets already?”

“No, I was watching Netflix. This is the first time I’ve gotten a chance to take a break all day,” Scully answered, unamused.

“You’re not watching...,” he walked over, turned the laptop and his jaw dropped. “What is up with you and this guy?”

“It’s an interesting show,” Scully said defensively.

“You’re attracted to him,” Mulder said, putting his hands on his hips and raising his eyebrows. He couldn’t believe after all these years his jealousy extended to an imaginary character on television.

Scully shrugged, bobbing her head up and down. “In an odd.. Sort of 1960’s kind of way. He reminds me of you.”

Mulder bent down to take a closer look than back over to Scully. “I’m not so sure.”

“I mean, maybe if you cut your hair short, wore that vintage style suit, tight plaid pants.. And that holster.. Yeah, definitely the holster.”

Mulder pointed at her. “You’re getting off on this.”

Scully slammed her laptop closed so hard it made Mulder flinch. “Why did you come up here again?”

His eyes grew wide as he lifted his chin. “Oh, to let you know I confirmed our reservations and we will be heading to the beach tomorrow as planned.”

“Thank you,” Scully replied. “Anything else?”

Mulder held his wrist behind his back and rocked to the balls of his feet. “No, that’s it. Meet you in the parking garage in one hour?”

Scully checked the time. “I’ll be there.”

Mulder paused at the door before leaving. “Oh, and Scully, I know you took my alien massager when you switched offices and I know it’s currently hiding in that bottom desk drawer. How about you take it easier on him when that... man is on the screen?”

Scully rolled up a blank sheet of paper and playfully tossed it at him. Mulder watched as it rolled to his feet. Scully crossed her arms. “Get out Mulder.”

Mulder glanced at the nameplate on the door on his way out. It read, Assistant Director on top, and beneath it, Dana K. Scully. Mulder slapped a sticky note besides it and gave it a nod. “Better.”

Scully squinted to read it. It had a little hyphen and one word: Mulder.

One Week Later…
“How fantastic would it be to one day discover that all life in creation stems from a single genesis?” Scully asked with her nose in a book.

“Or how boring,” Mulder said, pushing the sand around with his toes. He leaned back in his beach chair and reached for his fruity Pina Colada as the waves crept over his golden arches. It was nice to take a few days off and make their way down to the coast of North Carolina. What wasn’t as pleasant was Scully dropping work subjects into his afternoon mid-summer’s day dream. “What are you reading?”

“Romance.”

Mulder set his sunglasses on top of his head, his thick dark locks holding them in place. “From the Origin of Life to Epigenetics,” Mulder read aloud. “That’s romance?”

“Biology is romantic,” Scully returned defensively.

“Are we back to the aliens as gods theory this week?”

“More of an Adam and Eve theory with a single point of origin for life in the universe. Sort of coincides with the Big Bang Theory. Considering our own discoveries it heeds plausibility. You don’t agree?”

With a swift jerk of his neck his sunglasses slid down to the bridge of his nose and he closed his eyes. “We’re on vacation Scully,” he moaned back.

“That reminds me,” Scully said, sifting through her bag and retrieving her cell. She brought up her email and handed it to Mulder with the article opened. “More power outages. Large grids.”

Mulder scrolled through. “Another transformer explosion similar to the one last December in NY. Turned the entire NY skyline blue. People were convinced it was an alien invasion. These power surges are occurring all along the Northeast. Something is generating a need for a tremendous amount of power and I think it’s related to what Doggett and I witnessed. But why?”

“I don’t know, but read the next article in my inbox. Another virus outbreak.”

“Military families again?” Mulder asked.

“No, this time it’s a school.”

“A test?” Now she had peaked his interest. Was this the signs in her visions that they had feared?

“Possibly, but the usual cleanup and spread of disinformation does not seem to be apparent. When we get back, this may be our next case.” Mulder smiled at that. Scully might get a promotion all the way to being voted President of the United States and she’d still be searching out cases with him. Mulder put his hands behind his head and stretched out on the brightly colored beach chair. Ah, the signs of true love. His eyes drifted over to his daughter busy playing with her little red plastic shovel, patting down her castle tower she made. Mulder noticed she had been very quiet, focusing on her lines in the sand.

It felt a little like deja vu, except that wasn’t something Mulder really experienced. Blurry bright sunlight slowly played in a projector in his mind. A vision he had long ago of a young boy building his own sandcastle. He thought about the road not taken and looked down at his little girl carrying his wife-to-be’s bright smile, and his heart skipped; his gaze following William on the beach, hand in
hand with his girlfriend; the young man’s face holding a stubbornness that filled him with pride. He tilted his head back towards Scully; he could almost feel the twinkle in his own eye, the boyish grin of his life recharged.

“What?” she asked with a smile, her eyes joining his welcoming connection.

He blinked only once. “I love you,” he answered, although the phrase seemed incommensurate with the feelings pumping from his heart.

Her eyes closed at his devout utterance, parting his lips with her own so their tongues might frolic intertwined.

When they finally receded, Mulder asked, “You going to stay bundled up all day?” The question referred to her translucent tunic she currently adorned, keeping her sheltered from the sun’s harmful rays. “Or you could join me for a dip?” The suggestion coming as Molly and William approached. “Looks like you guys are having a good time,” Mulder smirked as he motioned to William about the lipstick smudged across his lips… and his neck. Those two needed an ice bath and Mulder knew how to give them one. “William, could you watch M while I ride a wave?”

William nodded, sitting down in the now vacant chair, Molly joining M in the sand to assist with her castle. Mulder wasted no time cooling off diving head first into the trough of a wave. His hair flitting spears of salted droplets as he shook it side to side, finally pushing it off his forehead. He dove back in, going deep enough to avoid the wave crests, bobbing as each one passed, observing the shoreline and Scully carefully removing her clothing, revealing a drool worthy bikini. The woman was hot and making him hotter. Mulder dunked himself again.

Scully lifted herself from the chair, her eyes not leaving Mulder. “William, you okay with M while I join your father?”

“Sure, no problem,” William replied, but the balls of Scully’s feet already had made their way across the hot sand and tiny broken shells, to the water.

Mulder took the next wave in to greet her and stood. His bare chest a shade darker than when they began their vacation, but looking just as carved. His small pink nipples prickling and jutting out perfectly for Scully to run her tongue across.

Her gaze drew to the sunshine below his waistline. The briny sea soaking his navy blue hawaiin shorts, weighing them down, causing his protruding erection to bare the burden. The shorts stuck to it perfectly as the crown had raised itself proudly outward, past the elastic band, the soaked cloth sticking and highlighting the curves from what was thick enough to identify as the trunk of a tree, or a baby elephant.

Scully bit at her lip. Not able to grasp the subject at hand in front of everyone’s ogling eyes, she settled for his cobblestone abs. Clasping her at her rib cage, they floated out to sea together. Scully treaded, then wrapped her legs firmly around his hips, his erection caressing her ass as she cradled herself in the hammock it created with his bathing suit.

“Scully, our children our mere feet away.”

“So make sure they don’t notice,” she replied back with fire and ice.

Scully maneuvered herself so he was firmly between her legs now, the heat from his cock warming her clit, making it throb. Mulder shot her a warning, but managed to shimmy himself through the hole of his bathing suit. She watched him look back at the kids before returning his gaze to her and
giving a nod. His hand dropped under the water and grazed her bikini. She whispered in his ear, “There’s no need or time for that.”

Two of his fingers tugged at the elastic along the left side of her inner thigh. As the wave receded, he lifted them above it, exposing them for only a moment, and quickly thrust inside as the wave returned. A snug fit, his lips forming a silent O as he felt her undeniable lubrication assist. Quietly, they stayed below sea level from the shoulders down. Mulder smiled and growled an approval. She kissed it away. He gave another quick look over Scully’s shoulder and began their motion with the ocean. Tightly packed inside her, a complete fullness, worsened by her body swelling as she felt him push and slide against her walls. “Mulder,” she whispered the sound expressing the pleasure so heightened, it teetered on the brink of pain. They were far enough from other’s view, the tide carrying them out, only saved by Mulder’s height.

“Scully,” he groaned back, rotating his hips. The root grinding so hard against her folds it sparked a flame like a striker. She continued to ride him, willingly harpooned as the waves crashed around them, shielding their bodies, cloaking them in deep cool salty waters that stung at Scully’s lips.

“I’m so close,” Mulder moaned.

“I’m closer,” Scully cried as her nails marked his back, her insides pumping fiercely, pushing against him harder than the current. He bit into the crook of her neck and closed his eyes, his body pumping with a fury, taking his ability to move. He pressed his cheek to hers and they danced a little longer before fixing themselves and returning their bathing suits to respectable attire.

Holding hands, they returned to Molly and William, M having had enough of the sand, crawled into William’s lap to nap in the shade of the tree.

Mulder knelt in the sand, him and Molly completing M’s castle. Eventually M’s lids opened with a flutter, smiling, watching Daddy and Molly working diligently. She crawled over to join. Scully’s eyes drifted to William’s.

“What’s wrong?”

He shook his head breaking from the spell. “I’m fine. Got a little too much sun.”

“Mulder enjoyed the baseball game you took him to for Father’s Day last weekend. You make him proud William.”

William nodded his head, but Scully saw a smile poke through.

Just then, M let out a loud squeal and crawled off towards the water. Mulder jogged a few steps and quickly scooped his daughter up, blowing a raspberry on her tummy. M kicked her legs, giggling, her hands fisted in Mulder’s hair when Scully caught up to them. He lowered M and braced her one-armed against his chest, his other outstretched waiting for Scully. Together, hands entwined they walked toward the waters edge.

He lowered her gently when they reached the surf. Her tiny toes sinking into the wet sand, confused at her first time. Not quite able to stand on her own, but too stubborn to stay in Mulder’s arms, she gripped his finger tight with one hand, the other cutting off the circulation on Scully’s. They held her hands above her head as she delicately waddled.

With more confidence, she stomped around in the puddles, Scully crouching behind her to catch her should she fall, her daddy above her to help her stay on her feet. A wave rolled in, tickling her toes.
and massaging her legs. She squealed at the sensation. Her giggling almost constant as she flicked her feet splashing with glee.

Mulder smiled. He had successfully formed a bond with William and now seeing the joy on M's face - he had truly become a father. The crashing white foam along the shoreline shifted his gaze and he spied something sprouting from the sand.

"Just a sec, Scully, I'll be right back," Mulder muttered, already walking towards it.

He sloshed his way through the waves, M's eyes followed her father until her mother drew her attention.

"Where's daddy going? Huh?" Scully asked M, kissing her daughter's cheek, turning her so she could watch Mulder. Already jogging back, Mulder held in his right hand - was that what she thought it was?

It was. Mulder knelt, M reached out, her fingers flexing and releasing, wanting the conch shell her daddy had pilfered from the sea. She grunted with frustration when her daddy handed it to her mother.

"Look what Daddy found for you, Maggie." Scully gently held M's arms immobile and placed the shell up to her tiny ear. M's eyes were wide and her lips pursed uttering "Ooo," in wonder.

A shadow engulfed them blocking out the sun, distracting Mulder and Scully. They turned their heads. William stood above, cell in hand, with Molly beside him. He shrugged, "For the family photo album. My, um, my parents were big on pictures."

M possessing the shell, offered it to her brother, "Wi, wi."

William handed his cell to Molly and knelt on one knee, taking the shell from M. He held it to his own ear, smiling when M clapped enthusiastically.

Molly who had every right to be envious of the family before her, wasn't. She raised William's cell and with a tap, she added one more photo.

Retrieving his cell from Molly, William surprised her, changing it to selfie mode. Then he snapped one of the two of them, with Mulder and Scully photo bombing in the background.

Two hours later...

“gen, Dada, gen,” M cried, pulling at her life jacket as they came out of a curve and splashed into the pool.

William busily snapped away. “I got a good one this time,” William said showing Mulder the two of them raising their hands as they fell feet first into the pool. Mulder gave William a thumbs up and lifted M before she floated away. She laughed and giggled squeezing his neck tight.

“Scully. Scully, Did you see us?” Mulder asked as he approached.

“Yes, Mulder, very good,” Scully replied with shaded eyes, tipping her head back, floating along on the inner tube in the lazy river.
Mulder carried M down the steps into the water, waiting for her mother to pass. Grabbing Scully’s tube, he settled M into her arms and found a large round donut for himself to float along in, holding Scully’s ankle to keep them together.

William snapped another shot of them before joining, him and Molly squeezing into a double tube.

Later that night...

“The reservation is under Mulder,” Scully said to the hostess.

Molly bounced M at her hip while they waited for their table to be ready, while William made funny faces at both of them. M squealed at William as she contentedly played with the new shell and sea glass necklace around Molly’s neck. The one William had picked out for her with Mulder’s help. Earlier, William and Scully had snorted at Mulder blushing like a teenager when Molly kissed his cheek to thank him.

“Thank you again Mr. Mulder for helping Will pick it out,” she whispered loud enough for everyone to hear. “He doesn’t have the best of taste… well except for picking me.”

“Hey!” William good naturedly replied. “I have good taste. Don’t I, Mother?”

Scully shook her head, “Sorry, I’m not getting in the middle of that one. Everyone ready to get some dinner?” Scully stood and rooted around in M’s bag of goodies, making sure she had a jar of organic vegetables and other food.

Mulder peered over her shoulder holding M, “So what’s on the ‘let’s try a new vegetable’ menu tonight Scully?”

Scully passed him her don’t fuck with me look. “Your favorite Mulder, organic pureed asparagus.”

There was no hiding Mulder’s distaste for asparagus. Not only the flavor, but the smell. His college roommate, August, loved to eat the stuff. Using the restroom after he ate that rubbish was awful, and left him gagging, wishing he had a gas mask.

He was positive M wouldn’t like it and tried to appeal to the scientist in Scully. “Scully, isn’t asparagus hard to digest for adults, let alone babies? M’s only 9 months old.”

Rolling her eyes, Scully turned to face Mulder and took Maggie into her arms. “Mulder, 8-10 months is a standard age for introducing asparagus. It’s actually cut with potatoes to make it easier. We need to keep introducing various vegetables and fruits into her diet.” Scully poked her finger into Mulder’s chest, “And you need to try and get more too, Mulder.”

Pureed asparagus and potatoes? That didn’t sound any more palatable to Mulder, and his face scrunched up in disgust. Everyone laughed when M tried to imitate her father, clapping and laughing along with the adults. Mulder leaned down and rubbed his nose against hers, causing more giggles.

Molly offered to carry M, and William automatically carried the diaper bag, and that’s what others saw as they stood in line. Young looking grandparents, son and daughter-in-law, and an adorable grandchild. The other diners were slightly shocked when M spying the unusual sea glass and crystal boho style chandeliers, began patting Mulder’s shoulder and calling him Dada, pointing up. Molly transferred M into Mulder’s arms.
“Dada, Dada … ook..”

Mulder took her hand and kissed it. “Pretty aren’t they M.”

M nodded before laying her head on Mulder’s shoulder, she continued to pat his chest, “Pwitty.” The Mulder entourage was soon seated, M with her Monsters Inc. bib on, in a high chair between Scully and him.

Mulder groaned, hearing the pop of the lid, the smell hitting him and making him grimace even after all these years. Asparagus, great.

Everyone placed their orders and Mulder watched in bemusement as Scully attempted to get M to try a bite of Asparagus - Potato mix. She tried the airplane, the choo-choo, and riding the horse into the barn. M just shook her head and moved away everytime the spoon got close.

“Maggie, just one bite for mommy.”

“No, mama.” Scully squinted her eyes in exasperation, looking right at Mulder. “This is your fault you know. Maggie saw you making faces and now she won’t try it. I think she gets that stubbornness from you.”

William and Molly laughed at Scully taking Mulder to task, waving the spoon with goopy green baby food on it as she did. Mulder opened his mouth to speak, Scully saw her chance and with a whooshing sound, sent the spoon right into Mulder’s mouth.

Mulder gulped, turned greener than the Asparagus, stood and sprinted for the men’s room. The entire table’s mouths dropped open in surprise except for M who let out a wail. Scully immediately scooped M out of the high chair and into her lap, attempting to soothe her repeated sobs of “Dada”.

Chagrined, Scully looked at William. “I always thought Mulder was exaggerating - everytime I mentioned asparagus he would make a face.” Scully sighed, “William, do you mind checking on your father?”

“Sure.”

M’s cries slowly subsided to hitching breaths, her arms outstretched the minute she saw Mulder and William making their way back to the table. “Dada!” she yelled. Mulder gently took her from Scully’s lap and kissed her tear stained cheek.

“Mulder, I’m sorry, I…” Scully began, but M interrupted, waving her hand at her mother. “Mama no, no.”

Mulder laughed and bent down to give Scully a kiss on the cheek. “It’s okay, Scully. No harm no foul. If that bite hadn’t been mixed with potatoes there might have been a different outcome.”

Mulder sat down and put M back in her high chair. He even managed to get M to try a few bites of the asparagus. Everyone chuckled as she rolled it around in her mouth like a wine connoisseur, but when Mulder tried to give her a 4th bite, she made her opinion known, sticking out her plant colored tongue.

“Yuck.”

Mulder met Scully’s eyes over their daughter’s head, and Scully sighed. “Okay, she doesn’t like asparagus.” Scully turned and dug into the diaper bag - with a flourish she pulled out another jar of baby food. “I know she likes sweet potatoes.”
After an enjoyable meal, their attention turned to the band. The lights on the small dance floor dimmed as the music slowed. Molly pulled William up and led him to the dance floor. Mulder and Scully smiled at them fondly. Mulder’s arm draped around Scully and she leaned into him, M sitting on Scully’s lap watching her brother and listening to the music.

M leaned forward and peered at her father, patting the table as she did. “Dada?” she asked and pointed at William and Molly. Mulder stood and lifted M into his arms.

“It seems I’ve been asked to dance, Scully. I must obey.”

Scully wasted no time getting her cell phone out and snapping some photos and video of Mulder’s dreamy expression as he swayed with M in his arms. She could hear the audible sighs from around the room, their eyes all on Mulder. It sent a fire up her spine. She watched as her soon-to-be husband traversed the floor back to her side, motioning herself to the floor. Without missing a beat, Scully joined M in his arms, each of them at either side of his chest. With one arm around Mulder’s waist and the other at M’s back, Scully swelled with pride, love, tenderness - so many emotions, engulfing her, because of him - her Mulder.

After another song, Molly gave William a not so subtle shoulder bump and William proceeded to give an exaggerated yawn, “Oh… Hey, there’s a movie Molly and I wanted to watch, we could take Mags back up with us.”

With a wink, Molly accepted M into her arms, Mulder returning the gesture with an appreciative grin. Scully and Mulder watched the three depart and then with a tug of his hand, Scully led Mulder back out onto the dance floor. The band played a slow sensual chord and Mulder held Scully close in his arms. She let him lead, and like a dream it felt like pure magic. A heavy violin added a thread of melancholy, then emotion. Mulder pressed his lips against her and whispered in her ear, “You made my life, Scully, because despite your fears, despite all odds, and all the lack of proof, you believed.”

With barely a breath between them, their bodies moved in unison, instinctively knowing how to be one. Scully spoke into his eyes, “And you made mine, Mulder, because no matter the storm raining down or how deeply lost in the weeds we got, you never gave up.”

They stared longingly into the other’s eyes as they moved, but they could have been blind, it came so natural. Their souls, their bodies, never forgot. Scully didn’t even hear the music anymore when she buried her face in his neck, his hand moving slowly along her back. She could feel his heart pounding, his hands trembling. The song crooned to an end just as his hands came up to touch her face, their mouths centimeters apart and their eyes, drowning in each other.

The lights came up and the crowd began to sashay to the new upbeat tune, but they remained frozen. “How about we go for a walk,” Scully suggested, her voice blending in with the noise. Mulder didn’t move. He just kept looking at her. Finally he spoke, “It’s a nice night, let’s walk along the beach.” With everything they could pull together, they broke their gaze and walked off the dance floor, weaving in and out of the moving couples, nearly getting knocked over by a particularly ambitious one, until they made it past the hostess and kept going. All the way down the sandy path Mulder rested his arm around Scully’s shoulder, pressing soft kisses at the top of her head. They strolled along the shimmering waters, leaving footprints in sync along the shoreline. The ocean lapping to their rhythm as the full moon cast it’s glow from up above. Underneath the pier and out of earshot they paused to kiss. Mulder’s mouth sweet and supple, like plump ripe fruit, moving against her own. Her hands roamed his chest and his ventured down below her back while she sucked on his velvet tongue. He moaned softly and her body quivered. She melted into his arms nestling underneath his chin.
Back at home, M slept soundly, Scully softly creeping down the wooden steps to spend the remainder of the evening with Mulder. Tomorrow, they would return to work, starting a new case together, investigating all the mysterious outbreaks. Tonight, it was only them. As she reached the last step, Mulder came into view. His hair, she noticed first, short, buzzed on the sides, fading slowly into a longer, spikier top, equipped with squared off sideburns. “Mulder, did you cut your hair?” Scully inquired softly.

He swiveled in his seat, turning to face her. She gasped. He had on a crisp white button down dress shirt, tight plaid slacks. His tie, apparently from his pre-Scully wardrobe approval days, but that wasn’t what made her insides clench- He was wearing the leather gun holster.

She bit at her bottom lip and grinned. He was dressed as Sam Hodiak from Aquarius. For her. He remembered. And he was jealous. “Hodiak, you’re a bad bad man sneaking into my house like this. My husband isn’t even home.”

Mulder sent his tongue inside his cheek and it sent a chill up Scully’s spine. “I’ve done wrong Dana and now I want to suffer for my sins. I’ve been lusting over another man’s wife.”

Scully approached the corner of his desk, leaning on it with outstretched fingers, her nail’s grazing the surface. “You’re right Hodiak. You need a punishment that fits the crime.”

Like a snake shedding its skin, Scully peeled off her soft peach blouse. Then paused. “Mr. Hodiak, there is more to my body than my chest.”

“Believe me, I know, it’s just,” Mulder replied in earnest, “that black lace, the way it lifts… Scully.” He sounded almost surprised, pulling his eyes to hers.

“You smell good Sam,” Scully remarked and sent a hand across the top of his hair.

“I stole your husband’s best cologne.”

Scully breathed in deeper. “It smells warm, exciting, dangerous. Yes, that’s my husband.”

Mulder eased back in his chair, “Should I be concerned?”

Scully traced the sinewy muscle of his arm with the pad of her index finger. “Very, because you’re exciting the hell out of me,” she answered, her eyes almost searing his skin watching him roll up the white sleeves of his shirt exposing his tanned muscled forearms. The light hairs bristled, making her want to soothe them with her tongue.

Mulder was no longer smiling, his gaze, now intent. “We both know where this is headed… Dana.”

Scully passed her tongue between her lips. Her thighs tightened as her body ached uncontrollably. “I’m going to need you to spread your legs wider Sam.”

Mulder leisurely complied, the bulging in his pants almost ripping them at the seams. The material stretching and puckering, begging for forgiveness.

Scully struggled to keep her composure. The man wasn’t even completely aroused. She continued to undress, her eyes fixating on the cobra growing inside his slacks preparing to strike.
Before she shimmied down her matching black panties, Mulder stopped her. “Leave the heels and the bra.”

That produced a smile she couldn’t avoid. “Hodiak has some kink inside him.”

Mulder nodded, the entire time reeling her towards the flat planes of his body, until his rough palm glided along her curvaceous leg and she was straddling him. She found herself panting as he brushed his lips across hers. Mulder tasted of coffee and an underlying sweetness. His tongue wet and slick, dark and sexy with a hint of forbidden as it rubbed against her own. Mulder shifted her closer to him and Scully gasped at the contact, the heat of his erection mingling with her own heat, only his boxers and slacks separating them.

Carried away, their mouths parted wider, tongues caressing over and over with need to taste the other. Mulder groaned into Scully’s moans, they were acting desperate, like something could interrupt them at any moment.

Scully gripped at his wide shoulders as a wave of intense pleasure crashed through her. Her mindless craving for him grew and the ache it elicited demanded her folds to clutch tighter at the harsh fabric over his covered erection.

Her fingers tugged at the holster digging into the flesh of his shoulders and he gripped her ass hard, driving her insane. Her fingers dropped to massage his sculpted forearms, biceps, shoulders, wrinkling his freshly ironed shirt. “Mulder,” she moaned into his mouth, unknotting his tie as she played with it.

“The name is Hodiak,” Mulder corrected her against her lips.

The palm of her hand brushed along the prickly hairs of his face as she pulled back. Even his rebellious stubble made her ache. “Only Mulder can make me feel like this. And only Mulder feels like this,” she said tilting her hips hard into his erection, her nipples brushing against his strong chest - the pleasure excruciatingly sweet.

Moaning, she reluctantly tore free. They stared at each other’s mouths gasping for breath as she unbuttoned his shirt. Mulder responded, bracketing her hips, drawing her closer to his form. He kissed her softly, then sucked at her bottom lip, tugging on it, eliciting a groan deep in her throat.

“Your lips Scully.”

Scully felt the devil inside creeping at the corners of her mouth. “Is that what you want? Hodiak?”

“Please, Dana.”

Her name sounded so hot in Hodiak’s cocky, throaty dominance. Scully slipped his tie from his neck, carefully using it to bind him to the chair by his wrists.

“Is it too tight?” she asked.

“No.” His eyes darkened with the heated anticipation she needed.

Scully worked at his pants next, loosening them while Mulder lifted. She got his boxers and pants down to his thighs when she heard a ripping sound.

“They’re old,” he shrugged.

Scully glanced down at the tower that had emerged from his lap as she kneeled.
“That grin of yours is dangerous,” he remarked. She could hear the trembling in his vocal chords as she toyed with his resolve.

Scully joined his shimmering green pools as her tongue slowly extended from her mouth and licked along his shaft. His hips flexed as he groaned loudly. She covered him with her lips, sucking on him zealously, listening to his breaths deepen and moans extend, the sounds leaving his perfectly plump lips, causing fire to spread through her veins.

“I want more Scullly. I want you,” Mulder said, his face pained.

That was all she needed. She released him from his tie and straddled him again, her legs spread wide by the breadth of his body. She kissed him again and again until their lips fused to entwine their tongues. Her body rubbed all over his, her clit throbbing with each strike against his cock, his fingers digging deep into the flesh of her ass encouraging her further. Her hands found his hair again as their pace ignited, his hand lifting to caress a breast. Scully rocked harder.

The tease of their body to body grind was overwhelming. Scully hovered above him and waited. His fist came underneath to steady his cock as her walls slid silkenly around it. They held each other for a moment, appreciating the feeling of being home again. Then his hands dropped lower and took her lips and slowly rolled his hips, working her in complete adoration, wanting to feel the energy, the way they connect. Locked in an eye opening moment, she grabbed onto his holster and rocked faster; he thrusted harder, quicker. She held onto those leather straps until they marked her hands. The chair beneath them creaking as it bounced and scraped against the wood floor. His scent flooded her nostrils. The sweat of their bodies bled together on his ribbed white tank as they smacked and jerked up and down. The transcendence of their hearts augmenting their rhythm, feeding the pleasure of Mulder stroking her insides in an orchestra of spiritual and corporeal need to melt into singularity.

Scully came with a soft cry, her walls squeezing around him. She felt him clench her body to his as her milking motions raged against his cock. He held her tighter as she felt his hot breath over her ear and he groaned into it. He drove in as deep as he could go, pressing into her soul as he released a final deep throaty yell and came with her, his muscles severely pumping, emptying into her, prolonging their pleasure.

Scully wiped the sweat dripping from his forehead and gave him a loving kiss, his eyes had a new sheen to them when she pulled away. Mulder hadn’t pulled out and she knew he wasn’t ready to leave her yet, but the baby’s cry reminded her that they had probably gotten carried away.

“I’ll take care of her,” Scully said, uneager to separate them.

The next sound came from the front door. The rattling of keys into the lock. Thank God they had locked the front door. Mulder’s eyes grew wide and she sprung off his lap, grabbing her clothes and darting up the stairs, while he did the best he could to cover himself, pulling up his ripped slacks and buttoning his shirt.

“Back from Molly’s?” Mulder asked, using the dampness of his forehead to fix his hair.

“Yeah,” William said looking at him strangely. “You, uh, working out in slacks?”

“Oh,” Mulder said, “I-I was doing a wash and I was just wearing these old clothes.”

William lifted his eyebrows at the holster. “Okay. I, uh, I don’t want to know.” William set down his backpack. “Have you ever experienced seizures?”

“Several in my lifetime. Some brought on by drugs I took, others from a supernatural source. Why?”
“Just curious. I’m still wondering why I’m able to send visions to my mother, but not to you,” William said sounding disappointed.

Mulder walked over to towels sitting in the laundry basket on the floor and proceeded to fold them as if feeling guilty for lying and needing to make it at least partly true. “I’ve had many bouts of irregular brain activity. Even as a child. I had undiagnosed seizures. Very sporadically, but they occurred. Up until the age of twelve.” Mulder paused. “Now that I think about it, they stopped happening after Samantha was abducted.”

“She was abducted into an alien spacecraft?”

Mulder tilted his head. “We never found definitive proof. I’ve been exposed to alien technology - different ships, radiation, black oil, several times in the course of my life. Now that I’m reflecting on it I’m certain they’ve all had effects in different ways on my brain - my temporal lobe especially. Before my abduction, I was in a Russian prison camp where they were using humans as test subjects and they injected me with a weak vaccine. Then they injected me with the black oil virus. It lay dormant in my system until I was exposed to some cosmic radiation and a rubbing. It awakened the virus and essentially turned me into a hybrid for a time. I was able to read minds, feel emotions. I had visions and eventually I believe I may have evolved more abilities.”

“My grandfather took that from you and it aided in his creation of me.”

Mulder frowned. “Did Gibson tell you this?”

William nodded.

“As after my abduction my irregular brain activity ceased, but I still have visions - spirits or walk-ins, connections with the dead or dying, I don’t know how or why. Maybe it didn’t all stop, maybe our technology doesn’t detect it or I haven’t been given the correct test. What has always stayed with me is my instincts and my uncanny ability to make connections, especially when it comes to my son.” William smiled at that and they shared a moment. Mulder stepped closer to him and placed his hand at his bicep. “William, where is this coming from?”

“I’m having visions again,” he mumbled. “I haven’t shared these with my mother. I don’t want her to worry, but if they get as severe as last time, I may not be able prevent it.”
Chapter End Notes

This chapter is dedicated to my friend Season4mulder that sent me two pics - one of DD in Aquarius and the other of 3 pairs of legs in the sand - a man, woman, and child. Hope you enjoyed. I do take requests.
Various seemingly unrelated events are happening across the country. Is there a connection? Has the invasion and/or re-colonization begun? If it has, what group is responsible? Or has the number multiplied?

Following in X-Files tradition, everything in this chapter is ripped from today's issues and headlines. Some you may relate.

I've got MSR happening between the craziness and the wedding is a go for Halloween. I'm writing several other fics at the moment, but I can never forget my heart, right here, with all of you.

Scully busily chatted away to Mulder about how good Skinner was with M and how proud she was of William for signing up for college courses. Mulder wasn’t paying attention. He was focused on the three televisions mounted on each wall in the large diner. All three on news channels. One reporting that a man opened fire on a community center after building a weapon and posting it on Facebook. Another with the headline concerning the Bubonic Plague surfacing in Denver, Colorado. The last, finishing up a story about a new strain of mosquito virus in Massachusetts and beginning a report on twenty-one new measles cases reported in the U.S.- the worst outbreak since 1992. These weren’t isolated stories, Mulder saw a connection. This was the beginning, or the end. He motioned the waitress for the check.
Unhappy with his current assignment, the young man in his mid-thirties grumpily inhaled on his vape before sending it back into his breast pocket. There was a keen understanding that he had to be the one to supervise the operation. No one else could be trusted handling the vials or getting them back into the country. Only he understood as the elders did that this was an act of preservation, a necessary evil to balance the equally pernicious actions of humanity. Sure, there would be victims caught in the crossfire, but there was no time to stand on moral high ground. He was young and he had a family to protect. They needed to survive the extinction so they might start again. God had The Great Flood, they had this.

The Hazard suit made it hard to breath and the air in the building strangled him- thick with the scent of blood. Looking over at the cots, glowing bloodshot eyes stared back. A shiver rocked his spine. In another corner, bodies littered the floor. Some rigid and jerking, convulsions he imagined. Blood streamed from their noses and other orifices staining their clothes. Those would need to be incinerated tonight.

The examiner carried over a stool and set it down next to him to draw from the first merch on the cot. Carefully, he unrolled his mat to place the vials and syringes. The examiner drew blood from each one. Suddenly, a woman jerked and thrashed, the needle fell up and out of her arm, end over end, landing at his ankle, hanging as it pulled at his skin just above his sock line. Before he even checked, he knew the agent had entered his blood stream.

FBI Headquarters - Basement

As a little girl, Scully would make friendship bracelets out of colorful thread. She recalled going to the yarn store with her mother, excited to pick out new colors and different textures. Mulder’s newest Scatter Diagram reminded her of those thin colored pieces of yarn. Only he wasn’t making a bracelet, he was looking for links and an origin.

It had been a while since Scully had ventured down in the basement. Since starting her new assignment, Mulder was the one always visiting her at the new office. That and maybe in the back of her mind she had concerns that the bullpen might start to chatter. Even though Mulder had been given authority to work independently and report directly to Skinner, she didn’t ever want to deal with accusations of nepotism. Scully moistened her bottom lip and raised her eyebrows. In three months, Mulder, would be family. Of course, she always felt that way in her heart, her mother had always said that he was already, but now it would be written by law. That fact, did not generate fear, it produced relief. The new newspaper clipping wallpaper was a different matter.

“Hey Boss, I was afraid you had forgotten what the “B” stood for in the elevator,” Mulder said connecting two more tacks on his board and taping another printout to a free space on the wall.

Scully leaned against the door frame and crossed her arms. “You’ve been busy.”

“I have,” Mulder said finishing up hanging the last of his articles, taking the last from the printer and holding it out to her. “Doesn’t mean I haven’t missed you.”

Without answering, Scully took the paper from his hand ignoring the urge to kiss him.

Mulder took another step towards her, close enough for her to notice the touch of sandalwood in his
“Learn anything from meeting with your informant?” he asked.

“It was suggested to me to open up a casefile on the missing military nurses aiding in Central Africa,” Scully answered, keeping their close proximity.

“And?”

“I filed a 302 form this morning.” Scully lifted her bottom lip and her brows. She knew he wasn’t expecting her to be so trusting or to be using her instincts over having sufficient proof of an X-file. What he didn’t know was her informant’s name was Amina Ngebe, a professor of biology. They had met out in Africa when she had taken a giant leap of faith, desperate to find answers to cure Mulder of the entity that had inhabited his body. Being out there and all they encountered, they built a trust and shared a commonality in spirituality and science. Scully noticed Mulder’s changed expression at her announcement. “What?”

“Assistant Director Dana Scully, meeting with informants, tracking conspiracies, approving a 302 request for an x-file..” He reached out, palming her waist. “Very sexy.”

Her hands naturally rested on his chest and his smile washed over her like a warm fall breeze. “Have you decided who you’re assigning the case to? I’m assuming you’ll be delegating casework.” He pulled her in closer, Scully’s lips inches from his, bathing in his warm hazel glow.

“I think it would be good for me to keep my skills honed out in the field. It’s been a while since we’ve been out on a case together,” she replied.

“Call Aunt Monica and see if she can watch M, but we’ll have to leave in the afternoon. I have something to do with William in the morning.”

Following Morning

The boughs of the cemetery entrance twisted like contorted bones writhing in a silent scream. William led the way with the map in his hand that the sexton had given him to locate his parent’s plot. Not able to even attend their funeral, this was the first time he had visited their graves and he had asked Mulder to go with him. Mulder agreed, even purchasing some flowers they picked out to go on the grave. If only being within proximity of their bones might give William some type of closure. So they ventured out on this warm summer’s day to where the earth welcomed back her own, to locate the cold stones marking their dwelling place. The dew from the grass stained William’s knees as he bent covering the grave in bright blooms, tears swelling at the height of his raw emotion. Mulder empathized with the pain of a loved one committed to the soil as his family’s funerals had seared it into his own memory.

Mulder had always liked being in a cemetery, even before Phoebe Green tarnished it. He liked to visit the old crooked, crumbling gravestones that people had long ignored, leaving a single flower upon each one. Time seemed to stand still there, wind unmoving, birds quieting their song. Amid the long departed you could contemplate without being disturbed. The sorrow of mourners that made him believe maybe the dead wouldn’t be so inevitably forgotten.

William had spoken freely to Mulder about his parents the entire way. Filling Mulder in on the good times and the bad.
William stood up and joined Mulder as they stared at the graves. “Mom,” William said as he rubbed his hand along the top of the stone. “Dad,” he continued solemnly, “this is Mulder. He’s my bio dad and you guys would have really liked him. I really like him.” William smirked. “I guess for once, I finally got lucky.”

As they headed back to the car, William asked, “Maybe one day, you’ll introduce me to your father?”

“Absolutely. Why don’t we head over to Arlington Cemetery. I actually have a couple other graves I’d like you’d to see and I can tell you all about them.”

“Do you believe in the afterlife?” William asked as Mulder tossed him the keys. William jaw dropped enough for his lips to part. “You’re going to let me drive the Stang?”

Mulder gave him a nod. “As long as you don’t drive like your mother.”

William’s eyes lifted with the biggest grin as he got behind the driver’s seat.

“As for the afterlife,” Mulder answered, “I’d like to leave that for you to decide and have your own thoughts. I know that at times I’ve found tranquility in a sense of connection to those that have passed on. I’d like to think they speak to us every day and we carry them with us. That we learn from them.”

In the mid-morning, under a cloudless sky, the air fragrant with pine-needles, Mulder and his son continued their journey to walk amongst the bones of their ancestors and dear friends, those that followed them and at times, carried them on their shoulders.

Pan American Health Organization, Canada

“These are the names of the seven nurses that died treating patients of the outbreak,” said the short stocky man with a thick Quebec accent. “And this is a copy of their file including family names and addresses.”

Calling ahead, Scully found the reception of the records keeper exceptionally friendly and cooperative. Bringing up the email the man sent, she perused the file. “Thank you for all your help.”

“If you need any further assistance, I left my personal cell number,” the man smiled bashfully. Scully wished she was wearing a wedding ring now and not in a couple months. Although, she wasn’t certain if that would help or not and by the look on his face, Mulder was enjoying yet another man crushing on her.

They said polite goodbyes and left the offices. Mulder’s hand locking into place at her lower lumbar as they marched down the steps to their rental. “Two of the families of these nurses live in the neighboring towns. We can start there,” he concluded.

The Following Morning, Canada, in a quality motel room charged with Scully’s card.
Pulled from the very last memory of a dream, silky lips and sandpaper cheeks frolicked across her flesh. Scully rotated in his arms and with a soft tender grunt he pushed himself inside. The sleep had not left her body, yet she was shuddering and gasping in pleasure from the lustrous cock that had entered it. This, had to be, her favorite way to wake up.

“Morning,” he rasped, his face just over hers, his bare chest brushing against her hard sensitive nipples. Scully studied his eyes, her fingers threading into his silky smooth hair. In those intense hazel eyes she saw a warmth. They had work to do today, interviews to conduct, a world that needed them. But first, she needed this… needed him.

Mulder was the sweetest sensation she had ever felt. The purest of enjoyment was being pressed into his warm body while he moved inside her. Need swirled as he rocked her with long tender strokes. She wanted him touching her everywhere.

Gasping at the pleasure of him dragging out and burying back in, she reveled as he reached the end of himself and her; again and again she felt him knocking on heaven’s door. The feelings built to their apex in the most delectable orgasm, but Mulder kept going, driving into her without pause, working her towards another pinnacle with a heavy breath and a shit-eating grin.

She was still coming down from one high when he was building her into another. Scully cried Mulder’s name coming again despite how improbable. She cupped his cheek and watched with covetous eyes as he pounded out his own release long moments later.

Their eyes stayed locked as Mulder hovered over her, staying buried deep while he stared into her existence. It was a silent standoff and he broke first.

“I hope after all these years you truly understand what an anomaly you are for me Scully. On the surface I know it appears I open myself up to everyone that comes along and I am immediately trusting, but Scully I have always been guarded, in every relationship, but with you. Only you pull me from my depths, only with you have I ever had true intimacy. And now, these past years, you brought me back to life. With you, I’m a real person.”

“I do know, Mulder,” she whispered, following his beautifully tarnished eyes. “I understand exactly. I know because I am the same.”

“I know you are, it’s part of our connection.” Mulder passed her a desperate kind of look. “I’m begging you Scully, wherever our marriage leads us, please don’t withdraw, not even the slightest.”

It stung that she had created a world where Mulder had fears of her reactions. Her eyes and voice were steady. “I won’t, Mulder. I promise that to you. I love you.”

His face went a little slack, as though the words were still a shock to him. She blamed herself for that too. “I love you, Scully.”

They held each other a little longer, until the golden yoke in the sky sent a ray to breach the gap in the drapes of the motel and beckon them to start their day.

Still Canada

“That was the name of our mother, but she passed away years ago. No one else in our family has the name Gertrude.” Scully smiled at the elderly woman that had answered the door. She had been quite
cordial allowing them into her home and insisting on making tea for them as they ate her baked cookies. Mulder reached for a third and Scully gave him an eye. He pouted his lip and she sighed in acquiescence. They would have to work it off later with some extra laps. Even though she loved Mulder and would be attracted to him no matter what he looked like, she wasn’t about to let that chiseled ass and that stone wall of a stomach get flabby prematurely. “Gertrude was part of the military?” Scully followed up to the woman.

“Oh, yes, for forty years. She stayed on and turned it into a career.”

“Was she ever stationed in Africa?”

“She had been sent there for a few years before retirement. That was right before she was brought back to the United States. She had been placed at a desk job until retirement because they suspected the onset of dementia.”

“Did she die from those complications?”

“No, she had a heart attack at 92, but while she was in Africa something had spooked her. She came back talking of patients being infected with alien viruses and spaceships buried in oceans.” The woman wrung her hands together and started to rock to comfort herself. “Very disturbing, but eventually she recovered and the memories of what went on there, whatever they were had faded. In fact, she didn’t recall being in Africa at all. Her therapist said she had probably suppressed her memories because of all the death and disease she had witnessed. Used it to protect herself from being emotionally affected by it. I was thankful to have my mother back.”

Scully mumbled to Mulder once they were in the rental car, “We need to go through the list, but something tells me all seven of these names are relatives that were already previously deceased. We’ve seen this before Mulder. What are they hiding?”

“Could be anything. The World Health Organization and the Environmental Protection Agency are both partly staffed by former employees of the corporations they are supposed to be governing. But,” Mulder said as he maneuvered the car to the far lane and prepared to make a left. “Now that we know they are purposefully attempting to obfuscate..”

“.we follow the breadcrumbs,” Scully finished as they exchanged a smile.

FBI Headquarters

Twenty-four hours later, Scully once again stepped into Mulder’s office. The wallpaper of articles had gotten thicker since the last twenty-four hours. She knew he had been busy last night while she slept. He had stayed in bed with the light on, the puppy at his feet, M between them reading the book back to Daddy that he had read to her earlier that night, in her own garbled baby language, mimicking his inflections. With two pillows, he sat propped up, wearing his black frame reading glasses that made him look both distinguished and Indiana Jones sexy while he scrolled away at his laptop.

“Redecorating again Mulder?” It made her happy just to be down in the basement. The musty smell of an archive of x-files, the lack of fresh air, the rotting food Mulder never finished.

“Whatever outbreaks are occurring are still a matter of public record and I’ve already gathered some data listening to the local news of the area where her mother was stationed. I think the question we
need to be asking ourselves, is why.”

Besides the mention of Africa from the woman whose mother had been deceased twice according to the government and the W.H.O., her informant had also stated that she had just returned from Africa. She had been sent there to retrieve samples from an outbreak. Scully stared up at the different articles on the walls. “Take me through it.”

Mulder smirked. He was happy to oblige. “What if there was a way to create a contagion with a controlled spread? To be able to pick and choose the infected? If certain people had their immunities decimated…”

“Or they contained a gene that made them susceptible..” Scully added. “But to what purpose?”

Mulder pointed to an enlarged map of Central Africa, tracing the river system. “They’re creating borders. A controlled outbreak. I’m certain of it.”

“More testing?”

“No, harvesting. They harvest the virus there and import it into the country to later use as a bioweapon.”

Mulder’s colorful yarn drew her attention once again. “What are you tracking Mulder? What do the points have in common?”

“These blue points are homeless areas where diseases have recently become prevalent.” He paused to face Scully. “Leprosy Scully. The red is an area related to gun violence. Green is tracking the measles outbreak.”

“Measles?”

Mulder nodded. “Worst outbreak since 1992 and growing.”

He became more animated as he went. “Brown is domestic wildlife deaths. Dogs being killed by green algae, prairie dogs by fleas, vast reduction in bee populations. Mosquitos are also spreading viruses. Those appeared to have originated in Massachusetts. You can follow those cases with the yellow string. The bubonic plague surfaced in Colorado. That I’m tracking in orange.”

“How are they related Mulder?”

“You spoke of the Spartan Virus in your visions, decimated immune systems. I believe the testing phase is over and the execution of his plan started and these are the execution sites.”

Scully remembered sitting with her sister at the kitchen table as a girl diligently working on the Paint-By-Number kits they’d gotten for Easter or Christmas. She had been systematic even then perfect numerical order and carefully staying within the lines of the painting. Not Melissa she used random colors and never stayed with the lines and yet her creations were beautiful.

Mulder had somehow made connections of seemingly random events, creating a cohesive and logical order in color. Scully looked from the map to Mulder, admiring how uniquely his mind worked. The hairs on the back of Scully’s neck stood on end, fearing he was right.

Undisclosed location, somewhere in South Carolina
“I’ve gotten confirmation. They have begun.”

“Will we be operational in time?”

“The first cluster is in successful orbit and powered. The second cluster may not be ready. We will be forced to colonize in waves.”

“Were you able to hack his consciousness? Do they have the boy?”

“He hasn’t been transmitting, but it’s only a matter of when. They will not be successful without him.”

Office of the Assistant Director, Dr. Dana K. Scully

Scully furiously sent her scarlet strands behind her ear. She didn’t know exactly how much longer she could hold her temper. “My issue is not vaccines. My child has received vaccines already. My issue is that I am a doctor, I don’t need someone else giving my daughter an injection and definitely not one that I don’t have access to screen to make certain it contains only what it claims.”

“Dr. Scully, the vaccines are harmless and without them, your child will not be allowed to enter a public school.”

“Why can’t I screen it prior to her receiving the vaccine?”

“Dr. Scully, you work for the government, certainly you trust us. This vaccine is not only to guarantee the health of your child, but the world.”

“Can you email me the studies indicating that each strain of the vaccine is safe? I also want to review the test results including long term and short term tracking of any common genetic differences of children that have had certain reactions or compromised immune systems.”

“I can’t relinquish that data to you Dr. Scully.”

“The reports of reactions to the vaccine are a matter of public record and certainly with my clearance level you can send that over to me.”

“I’m afraid that is not the case.”

“Who are the manufacturers and what is their liability?”

“They have been exempted from all liability.”

“Who are the manufacturers of the vaccines? Rouche?”

“I cannot disclose that information Dr. Scully.”

“I have read the cases of children falling into epileptic shock. Are their immune systems being compromised?”

“Dr. Scully these vaccines are safe.”
“If you do not allow me to screen them, my child will not receive them.”

“Then I’m afraid your child will not be able to attend public school.”
Last week I was sent a picture and asked to incorporate it into a fic. In addition, by another reader, I was given a very unorthodox prompt in the xfpornbattle. The battle being over, I decided what better way to challenge myself then to incorporate it into my next chapter.
Mulderschick left me a request and a question in Rooted- Will there be any fics regarding M's 1st birthday since it's October. She also requested fluff and explicit romance. The answer is yes to all. Next chapter will include M's first birthday, then one more chapter of the usual storyline with some surprises, which will lead to Halloween and the wedding which, since it falls conveniently on a Thursday, I will post on Halloween. We're living in real time.
Photographs are the conduits to memories, the ones that are not fantastic enough or traumatic enough to leave a permanent mark on their own. Although, Scully’s recollections are quite the opposite of the celluloid stills they were perusing. She had learned over the years, unless she visited her picture albums from time to time, they would fade; and with them, the very best of everyone who had blessed her life. It was in quieter moments when she needed those memories to stay with her, needed them to soothe her when darker times threatened to erase all traces of the people she held dear. They were the evidence of the beautiful souls of her past and the son and daughter of their future.

Scully leaned back against Mulder’s chest, his legs alongside hers, his hands helping her hold and turn the pages.

His warm, soft lips pressed into her cheek. “That pom-pom is as big as her head,” Mulder remarked. “Doggett bought her that hat when we were in the city. It was cold and he was concerned she was
losing too much body heat. Anyway, you’re the one that felt it necessary to have her wear it in the house, Mulder.”

“We had been outside and every time I went to remove it she started to cry. Scully women and their strange affection for John Doggett.” Mulder smiled and looked down playfully at her before Scully could rebuff his answer.

“She loved that elephant,” Mulder continued, his hot breath at her ear, his nose tickling the outer shell, his finger pointing to the picture of M cuddled, cocooned by the plush animal.

Scully recalled finding it inside her mother’s old trunk. During the final days of her mother’s life, she had sewn and stuffed it, purchased as a kit from the local craft store. Her mother no longer had young grandchildren, so she didn’t know if it was an act of senility, a leap of faith, or perhaps something made for charity. Whatever the case, when Scully rediscovered it and placed it in M’s bassinet, M immediately claimed it like the soft handmade heirloom had been meant for her without question. For many months it was M’s pillow and what she hugged as she napped.

Scully had taken that picture after walking in the door from a hard day at the office. Mulder asleep on the floor, in deep REM, M curled inside her elephant laying on her side. Normally, she would have scolded Mulder for not making certain M slept on her back, but not that day. Instead, with a click of the phone she immortalized the image.

For a moment, lying there with Mulder on their bed she could have sworn a hazy image of her mother ingrained itself in the snapshot, curled up beside M. Blinking twice, the hologram dissipated. Perhaps a trick of the light.

Mulder hugged her with gentle arms, still giving her the space to breathe, but strong enough to feel everything they were - body, brain and soul. His hug stronger than anything she’d ever known, as if holding her wasn’t quite enough, he had to feel every ounce that he pressed into, every ounce that was her. It awakened inside that which sometimes fell dormant, making her alive again. Scully never thwarted a chance to have his arms wrapped around her. In their universe, it was her gold, her food and pure rain... it was the expression of their connection, their love and commitment that made everything else possible.

Scully tilted her head and Mulder’s lips were there to greet her. Soft, full, and tender, she couldn’t help but reach for more, her arms tangling around his strong, thick neck, the photobook sliding off the bed and onto the floor. In an instant she was arched up into his broad chest, pausing to moan at the contact of Mulder’s heat against her own, before she drew back into his lips. With every push of her tongue against his, her body trembled.

The following day...

Even with Mulder’s tall stature, the impact he made on the water in the pool hardly caused a wave as he dove in. At times, Mulder felt he could swim forever, dive forever. In this underwater world he had no age, aches, pains, or battle scars. There was something about the motion of it that had always been natural for him. He’d always need the air and the sunlight, to feel the saline pool water wash over his skin, but time didn’t stand still on terra firma. In hidden realms, there were times Mulder wanted to give up, be pulled and saved from the struggle, to spend his days with his family. Then he’d remember who he was and keep going. His arms continuing their stroke, his legs unrelenting their kick, refusing to tread, instead creating his own tide.

Mulder paused at the pool’s tiled edge when a folded newspaper caught his eye. Did anyone besides him even read papers anymore? He hadn’t noticed it before and hadn’t seen anyone come in or out. Could someone have come in and left in the time he had swam beneath the depths to reach the other
Mulder pulled himself out of the water with a quick push from his palms, water droplets rolling down rippled skin following the line of each expertly carved muscle, cut from years of weights and necessity; a curtain of water followed his tight red speedo that he kept more for Scully’s sake than his own. Even in his younger years Mulder’s voluptuous form made the front and tight end of that nylon mold into his deliciously obscene characteristics.

The newspaper crinkled in his hands, the moisture from the tips causing the ink to bleed, but the intent was clear:

Circled in black, a small article about cell tower energy pulses and more updates from manufacturers and apps causing processing speeds to slow. A seemingly innocuous story, but it triggered a conversation from Mulder’s memory.

He had been seated at the end of a long table facing an aged female member of the Syndicate:

“Our world is a progression of one life being replaced by another over and over. This is what’s really meant by evolution. And this series of replacements isn’t about this is black and this white, this is male and this female, this is rich, and this poor, this is chaos, and this..”

“Control.”

“Now that you understand that, what you really need to know is this. Life on this earth, all human life, most animal life is about to be crushed. Burned to the ground. The computer simulator down the hall is necessary for our evolution as a species...

...We can upload a mind now through any smartphone. No one’s even aware we’re doing it. We can take a piece of your mind any time you make a call. Painless.”

“Painless except you die.”

He wasn’t sure why his brain had made that connection, but he believed. Mulder reached for his shorts crumpled in a ball on the blue and white striped chair and pulled his cell from the pocket. He thought twice and decided to get dressed instead. Lunch hour was over.

*  

With damp hair, Mulder barged into Scully’s office. On a conference call, she held up a finger, but her lips held a smile he returned. He made himself comfortable on the Mahogany leather sofa that matched her desk, and waited.

“You have something for me, Mulder?” Scully asked when the conference call ended.

“Scully, have you ever had any visions that included the Dyson sphere? Included any of The Syndicate’s plans?”

“Just the ship. Mulder, what is it?”

“Last year, when the Syndicate confronted me with their plans, they mentioned downloading consciousness with the use of a smartphone. At the gym, someone left me this…” Mulder pulled out the newspaper article and handed it to Scully. “What if these cell tower surges and cell phone updates are related. What if they are doing exactly what she proposed. Uploading. What if that is how they knew about William. Monica said that no one knew that Son of a Bitch’s plans except him and her. Then suddenly everyone knew everything. Maybe because they were able to upload your
visions into their mainframe. You had told me that your vision had started with a ringing phone.”

“The seizure began while watching Tad O’Malley on your laptop.”

“Understandable.”

“In my vision, the phone rang, but I don’t know if it ever rang or if I ever picked it up in reality. I had collapsed onto the floor.”

Mulder paused. “Maybe it wasn’t you. Maybe they were uploading from William’s consciousness. From his cell.” Mulder paced as he pinched his lip. “Scully, what if this was a setup from the start? Planting seeds to get O’Malley to contact us, get us back together to hunt down the Smoking Man and get their hands on William?”

Scully gave him a warning look that he was teetering on insanity and he could see that familiar expression - half knowing he may be right, half fearing it. Next her mind would frantically search for scientific facts to calm her anxieties. Age and experience, perhaps a dash of respect for her partner, caused the next sentence to leave her mouth. “We’ve seen cases, proof, that it’s not improbable, crop sprayers laced in chemicals, aiding in making the mind more malleable for the transfer..”

Mulder’s heart clenched and warmed the insides of his chest. “My soon-to-be Mrs. Mulder is taking her upcoming role seriously.”

As expected, Scully rolled her eyes, but Mulder hadn’t noticed, preoccupied by the vibration of his cell phone.

“Mulder,” he spoke into his phone.

“Mulder, it’s Monica. We’ve got a location. We’ll meet you in the garage.”

Mulder ended the call and addressed Scully. “Monica traced the cell signals back to what we believe could be the new mainframe.”

Fwapp! Scully shut her laptop and pushed out her chair; her eyes blazed. “I’m going with you.”

* 

Tic tac toe. That’s what the beams of four flashlights reminded Scully of as they crossed and bounced in the darkness of the hanger. Her daughter was currently mastering the bean bag version and had quite an arm on her. Obviously, taking after her mother. They were in Houston, the location Mulder had noted, owned by a private contractor for NASA started in 1996. The rafters creaked and it put Scully on alert. With a tilt of Mulder’s head, Scully followed him, hunched to avoid detection, to the back offices, but the offices were bare. Monica and Doggett scavenging on the other side of the building, deactivated the video surveillance.

After rustling through the desk drawers, Mulder highlighted a black file cabinet against the wall. “Do you have my skeleton key?” Mulder asked patting down his pockets and searching through his wallet.

Scully pulled it from her back pocket and handed it to him. “Thanks,” he replied and got to work.

“Is this a preview of marriage Mulder? Asking me where you put your glock, misplacing your flashlight?”

“No different than the years of me asking for my files,” Mulder remarked and the look they
exchanged felt like a kiss on her lips.

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” Scully replied with a softness in her tone and shifted away from his gaze.

Mulder rocked his flashlight in her direction, “Remember that vibrating cock ring you bought me as a gag gift for my fiftieth? One more remark like that and I may never be in the mood to use it.”

“You haven’t been in the mood for 10 years.”

“Eight and 11/12ths. Don’t age me before my time.”

“You’re a fine wine, Mulder.”

“Scully, Mulder,” Monica called out in a whisper into their coms. “We found something in the conference room.”

A couple long strides for Mulder and a bunch of short ones for Scully and they found Doggett and Reyes. Doggett had touched enough buttons to bring up a digital slideshow with pictures of Dyson clusters, as if the sphere was too impractical.

“Scully, look at this,” Mulder motioned, his flashlight illuminating the wall. It was a photograph of a much younger and alive Mr. Y speaking at the podium in the underground tunnels that Mulder had found out in Montauk. “Mr. Y is part of the wormhole project.”

Scully exchanged thoughts with him in the lock of their gaze. If Mr. Y was part of the interdimensional travel project, how did that fit with Dyson spheres or Dyson clusters in space?

Mulder turned to Doggett. “How much power would you estimate is needed to sustain one of those spheres?”

Doggett’s eyebrows shrunk together. “Well, currently, the only known source of that type of power would be a star or remnants of a star. All the theories I’ve ever heard were using the sun.”

“What if what we witnessed coming out of that wormhole at Fort Belfleur was the Dyson Project? What if their plan wasn’t to use the power from our sun, but to take it from an alternate source?”

“Use the wormhole to extract it from the other universe?” Doggett returned. “I would imagine, theoretically, it could be possible.”

Scully wrapped her fingers around Mulder’s bicep to feel the familiar thump of his pulse and reassuring strength. “But Mulder, even if that were possible, they would be playing with theoretical physics, they could inadvertently destroy the complete fabric of reality.”

“It’s possible.” Mulder dialed his phone. “Gibson, it’s Mulder. I’m going to need a favor.”

Later that night...

Scully placed her book on the night table and with one raise of the eyebrow, Mulder knew to start ridding himself of clothing. Scully straddled him, hot and ready in his lap, stroking his erection, her body pressed to his as she sucked at his neck. Out of the corner of his eye M stirred in her crib. Mulder gripped Scully’s hips. “Scully, M can hear us. We should move to the couch or something.”

“Mulder, William is downstairs, the sound carries in the living room to his room. Besides, she’s a heavy sleeper.”
“Scully, I…”

Scully ignored him, sliding down around him, forcing his focus on her - her breasts bouncing as she rode, her hair almost glowing as it swayed… He looked over and there was M, standing up from her crib laughing at him, drool dripping onto her onesy as she shook her rattle.

“Ahh!” Mulder screamed, his heart racing. It took him a moment to catch his breath as every nerve ending in his body felt like they had been cut by razor blades. Thank the Creator, it was only a dream.

He stroked at his chest and felt his tie, and with an intake of breath, smelled his cologne. He glanced at his reflection in the mirror above the dresser. He was in a tux. What the… then his eyebrows lifted. Scully stood at the doorway in a sleek silk white wedding dress.

He could feel himself thicken underneath the sheets. One more check of the room, but there was no one there, but them. “You look beautiful, Mrs. Fox Mulder.”

“You appear quite debonaire yourself, Mr. Dana Scully,” Scully returned.

“That’s Mr. Dana Katherine Scully to you,” Mulder replied.

Every sultry step towards him bared more of her leg. How long was that slit? Hazel eyes tracked from her pale pink painted toes to the top of her thigh. “Mulder…” she whispered as she reached up, releasing the clasp at the base of her neck. She drew her arms through the bodice; with a little push the diaphanous dress fell to the ground in a cloud of mist, shimmering like dragonfly wings.

Scully climbed onto the bed, standing on the mattress. He viewed the complete lack of anything underneath her lace. She rotated around and slowly sank down on him, reverse cowgirl style. His hands stroked her neck, drifting down her spine as he bent her over, staying inside her he thrusted, pushing her forward until he was on his knees gripping her ass hard, making her moans louder. Her tight core sucked at him demanding him to come. Wanting, needing to see her face, to join with the intimacy of her eyes, he withdrew. She rotated to her back and he propped up the pillows. Almost purring, she stroked herself waiting for his re-entry and he didn’t waste time. He drove in hard and Scully moaned. He needed skin. Frustrated with the buttons and zippers, he ripped it from her flesh. Finally, her body bare to him, he guided her leg over so she was on her side, squeezing him even tighter, his pulse thrumming in his cock. He moved with quick amenable thrusts. Scully held for dear life to the side of the headboard, drumming it against the wall. “Mulder, God you’re so hard.” He agreed, ready to explode he pounded harder, one arm against the headboard attempting to steady it, but it only knocked harder.

Suddenly, he heard M in the distance. “Daddy, what are you building?”

“T’ll be down in a minute M.” Mulder was too hard to stop, Scully too wet and ready, almost there..

“Daddy, is that you? Are you building a treehouse?”

“In a minute,” Mulder called back breathlessly, torn between his two women.

“Oh, daddy harder, don’t stop,” Scully cried.

“Uh,” Mulder groaned, he looked behind him at the doorway to see M standing there, clinging to her doll.

“Daddy, can I play too?” M asked, and Mulder froze, falling out of Scully, grabbing at the sheet, and sitting against the bedpost. Luckily she had not noticed their lack of clothing.
“Hey Honey, we… we’re… I was… we were wrestling and I was winning and mommy was cheering me on?”

Mulder was mortified, still hard, but sexual feelings no longer flowed to any part of his body. Scully, on the other hand, seemed undisturbed, her hand traveling up the inside of his thigh underneath the sheets. He pushed her hand away and set it on her lap, but she held his hand fast. “Honey, why don’t you go play with your toys, I’ll be there in a minute and we can play fort,” Mulder suggested.

Mulder could feel Scully repositioning his hand. Her juices hot and wet as his fingers passed against her. They coated his fingers while he worked her diligently, trying to satisfy both his women. “Okay, honey?”

M nodded and clutched her dolly with a smile as she skipped away. As soon as she was out of earshot Mulder clutched Scully’s hair tight enough to make her wince. “That was very naughty, Scully.”

He slid inside her and pumped relentlessly, needing to finish, to please her. He felt Scully’s orgasm shatter around him and he opened his eyes to see M’s face. “Daddy, why are you doing that to mommy?”

Mulder woke in a pool of sweat, screaming. He jumped from the bed and jutted into the bathroom splashing cold water on his face. “Mulder?!? You okay?” he heard Scully call.

“Yeah, just getting ready to meet up with Gibson,” he hollared back. This recurring nightmare had to end. This was not a tale he wanted to tell on a therapist’s couch.

*  

“You requested this meeting Mr. Mulder, I’m an old man, I don’t have time to waste,” Strughold said as he limped along with his cane.

Mulder gave him a single nod. “They are accessing wormholes- on Long Island, at Fort Belfleur. It’s for energy, isn’t it? Sucking the power out of one dimension to power their Dyson sphere. That’s why you were there that day. To witness for yourself what they had created.”

“You’re very astute Mr. Mulder and seldom overestimated,” the old man retorted in his thick German accent. “They need to be stopped and we’ll need all our children for the task. We must gather them accordingly.”

“You’ve noticed the news. The Smoking Man’s plan, CGB, someone has reinstated it and the final execution of the Project has begun.”

The man’s yellowed eyes joined Mulders, his face tightened in anger. “Then we must use William to save us all.”

*  

As Mulder put his key in the lock he could already hear the dog flying back into the house through the doggy door in the back. Sure enough, the door pushed open and there he was, leaping up in the air at the three of them, tail wagging like a helicopter blade. “Alright, alright,” Scully said. “He’s probably hungry, I’ll fix him something to eat. She transferred M over to Mulder’s arms, her head nestled comfortably into his neck, still clinging to her Minion fleece blanket.

Mulder carefully walked up the stairs and laid her down in her crib on her back. Less than a minute passed before M was screaming. He picked her up and foolishly thought he could send her to sleep
with a bath and Scully feeding her, but still she fussed. M was not the type to wind down slowly. Everything she did was with maximum effort. She ran, played, hollered, with no limits to her energy.

After a ten minute window shattering fit, she finally went limp, crashing. It was all she could do to cooperate with a quick tooth-brushing. Mulder only read the first two lines of that night's story before she was dreaming with the fairies. He couldn't love that girl more if he tried, but lately, she was either wide open or crashing, and nothing in-between.

He stared at her for long minutes, his forefinger softly stroking her cheek, fixing her fiery curl behind her ear. M snuggled tighter underneath her blanket, her thumb missing her mouth at the first attempt, then finally upon entry, sucked hardly. A peace washed over Mulder. He no longer desired to be selfish and he didn't feel guilty depriving himself. It was a battle he was prepared to lose. The only thing that made him happy was the smile of three very important human/hybrids.

On his way down the stairs, Scully stopped him with a manicured hand to his chest. “I was thinking maybe we could retire early?”

The slight movement of Scully’s forefinger made him understand what she was hinting at. “Scully, it’s been a long day. Would you be hurt if I took a rain check?”

He could see by the look on her face she was taken aback. They only needed a few digits to count the amount of times Mulder had ever turned her away, but his dreams were haunting him and he needed to set his head right first.

“Of course,” Scully replied. “I’ll make us some tea.”

The front door opened as Mulder made his way to the couch. “Hey William, your mother and I are sitting down to watch a movie, care to join?”

“Sure,” he shrugged. “I’ll make the popcorn.”

“Oh. William,” Mulder started.

“I know,” William called back, “Mom wants a bowl with no butter.”

Scully’s fun had always been in dissecting and analyzing plot and characterization, bemoaning casting errors. Personally, Mulder’s entertainment wasn’t in analysis, but the joy of being sucked into a story; riding the crest of a literary or cinematic wave to the climax before unwinding and returning to reality. Tonight, Scully was engrossed, barely noticing the popcorn that had failed to make it to her slacked mouth. They were enjoying William’s pick of Marvel’s End Game. Every time the suspense built, Mulder would feel Scully’s body go rigid, her hand finding his.

Nestled in his usual chair, cosy with a blanket and the dog, a scattering of stray popcorn gathered outside William’s bowl. William had the volume on the surround turned up so loud the windows were vibrating. The next scene was maximum intensity- loud, bright, fast, shocking, Scully pushed back against the couch, eyes opened wide, and squeezed Mulder’s hand. William’s eyes were transfixed to the flickering screen. Mulder grinned at his family and reached for another handful of popcorn.
Mulder and Scully's Baby girl, Maggie "M" turns one.
baby days were over. The last baby days she would ever experience. How far Scully had come from those pregnancy days when she didn’t know if she still had the stamina and strength to raise a child, questioning her own aging abilities.

That day, her head in her hands, she cried behind the closed door of their bathroom. Big ugly sobs escaped her throat as she tried to make sense of things. How did she think she could be a mom? As she leaned against the toilet, battling another round of morning sickness, the cold bathroom wall tile at her back, it hit her. She was going to have a baby. What on earth were they thinking? Before she could wallow further, the door opened and Mulder was hovering above her with concern draped across his face. He knelt down to help bring her to a standing position. Scully buried her face in his shoulder.

“I don’t know if I can do this. We aren’t prepared at all,” she sobbed. He took her hand silently, leading her into the living room so they could sit together.

“Scully, I have concerns and fears as much as you do, but we’re two intelligent people. We can figure everything out.” He held her tighter. “It’s us Scully. And we.. we can do anything. You, especially.”

Scully placed a hand at her swollen belly, on the life growing inside her, and knew despite any fears, there was nothing Mulder wouldn’t do to protect his family. His courage gave her the strength to believe somehow it would work out.

Snoring quietly, Scully gently placed Maggie into her crib before heading to the bathroom. The flick of the light switch was a welcome sound in the sea of silence. She splashed cool water on her face and opened the medicine cabinet to retrieve a new toothbrush and started brushing vigorously. She stopped at the sight of her shirt and the dam behind her eyes threatened to break again. There would be no more milk stained shirts. Her baby was growing up.

“Hey,” Mulder half whispered, breaking her thoughts as he poked his head in and looked at her in the mirror. “Where should I tell them to put the bouncy house?”

Scully snickered. “Mulder, she’s only one.”

“It’s my birthday too,” Mulder pouted and tilted his head, taking in her features, reading her eyes. “We’re doing well Scully, raising a tiny you and me combo, and that is momentous. It should be a big celebration.”

“It’s not that,” Scully said, “I mean, not just that. We’re really going to make it this time Mulder.”

They were getting married in less than three weeks. Was she having cold feet? The look on Mulder’s face turned to disbelief. “Of course we are Scully. It is different. I’m different. Our separation.. It made us better.. Closer.. At least it made me better.. I no longer see it as a negative, it was necessary..”

“Were we separated, Mulder?” Scully asked rhetorically, looking at him intensely, seeing his bewilderment. “During that time, together we grew, practiced patience and compassion, and now we pause before reacting, listen before responding, calm yet firm dissent..”

“Acknowledging the positive moments, accepting the negative ones,” Mulder continued for her.

“We’re teaching our children healthy communication, strong teamwork,” Scully returned.

“So they grow up to stack office furniture like decent adults,” Mulder finished with a crack of a smile.
“Essentially.”

Mulder paused on his way through the bedroom to stare into the crib, M’s lips parted no more than a centimeter; he was set at peace with the steady rise and fall of M’s little body and in awe of her beautiful presence. His heart felt as though it could explode. Tomorrow, M was one. He still couldn’t believe it, but she would always be his baby girl. Even when she didn’t need him to cuddle to sleep or his comfort at night. Soon, she’d be chasing after her brother and then her dreams. She’ll be doing her own things, but he would always be her biggest cheerleader, her endless supporter. Every day forward, long after he had left his body, he would love and cherish her still.

“You give us so much love and joy, you made us a family,” he whispered to M. “I knew something was missing, but I didn’t know it was you that I needed to fill that space.” He never knew he had so much more love to share outside of Scully, until her and her brother taught him the infinite ability of his heart to grow.

He felt Scully’s touch in his palm and gently squeezed her hand.

**********

10/13/19 - Mulder and Baby Maggie’s Birthday

In the words of Charlie Brown, good grief, Scully had a lot of work to do.

So many things to get ready before everyone started to arrive, but first, she jogged. There were several activities that could wait on the back burner, but exercise could not. It wasn’t six months ago, she couldn’t even make it to the mailbox, abhorring the feeling of her butt bouncing behind her and her boobs practically slapping her in the chin.

Finally, in the last couple weeks, she was slowly claiming it all back, slowly allowing it to mold back into place; her muscles and energy returning. Slowly. Too slowly. Still, she didn’t give up. Maintaining the daily discipline. Lacing up her shoes, ignoring the post-baby weight that felt like a donut around her belly button, she grabbed the leash of Queequeg 2 and took off.

******

A dark Subaru Outback rolled onto the gravel drive. Mulder took in a deep intake of air.

It was a mixed bag churning in his stomach with anger rising up his spine. He saw her dark curls through the windshield, her children bouncing in the backseat. A red-haired man sitting in the passenger seat with a blank stare. He recognized his likeness as well. She said something to the children, exchanged glances with her husband, then stepped out.

“Guess Mulders have a thing for redheads. Even the copies,” Mulder said to her once she was in earshot.

“William invited me,” she said quickly. “He said you had agreed.”

“Yes, we discussed it,” Mulder replied dryly. “Whatever my opinion of your existence, you mean a lot to my son.” Seeing her in the grown version of his sister’s body, one she herself never got a chance to transform into, made him as sick as every time he ran into one. “Your children and husband can catch up with William while we talk inside. Scully went for a run.”

As if on cue, William opened the screen door and Mulder ushered the woman in. “Can I offer you some iced tea?” Mulder asked as she sat down at the dining room table and he retrieved the pitcher and glasses.
“Let’s start from the beginning,” Mulder said, passing a full glass of tea to the woman bearing Samantha’s features. This would be harder than he had previously anticipated. Taking a sip from his glass, he sat down across from her. “Who is your father, creator, whatever you call him?”

“My father’s associates referred to him as Spender.”

“CGB?”

“Yes.”

“Who were your parents?”

“I lived with foster parents, but he always came to visit me. He was good to me, Fox.”

Mulder bit his tongue and curled his lip. “Why? Why did he create you?”

“How it was explained to me, years after Samantha died, they used her DNA to create more of us. To use for the testing she failed to complete.”

“You’ve been tested on?”

“Yes.”

“The tests didn’t make you barren?”

“Yes, I am barren.”

“I can’t help but notice you have three children.”

“IVF through myself and my husband.”

“And they just let you go? Released you? I find that difficult, considering their history of wanting to leave no trace.”

“I’m not a hybrid Fox. I bleed red. I am a direct clone of your sister.”

“That may be, but you’re not my sister. You’re here because of my son. Understand, it’s very difficult for me to look at you knowing all you represent. So, forgive me that I’m not dusting off the welcome mat.”

“In time Fox, you’ll come to understand.”

“I’ve heard that before too.”

***********

9:42am

“Can I offer some assistance?” Mulder asked, not certain what exactly he as signing up for.

M was standing by the closet door on her tippy toes, then plopping down onto the floor, only for Scully to lift her back up into a standing position for M to plop down again. M thought it was some type of game, but Scully was focused.

“I’m trying to mark her height on the closet door frame,” Sculley explained in a huff, sending the back of her hand across her forehead.
Mulder squatted on the floor and lifted M back to her feet. “Go ahead and mark it,” Mulder instructed.

“Thank you,” Scully said, marking the light gray paint with a pencil and releasing a breath.

Mulder understood Scully wanted everything to be perfect today and filled with positive memories. He had planned accordingly. “I have a surprise for you, Scully. It’s in the backyard.”

Scully followed him outside to what could only be described as a sprig shooting from the ground. “It’s a Japanese Lilac tree. Every year we take a picture of M standing next to the tree. As time passes, they both will grow strong and healthy.”

*********

10:00am

“Dana?”

“Yes, Molly.”

“Would you like me to take Maggie for you or is there anything I can do to help?”

“Oh that would be wonderful. I’d appreciate it. There’s still so much to get done.”

Scully looked down at Maggie, who was at the moment contentedly hand feeding Q2 his dog food one piece at a time. She’d take a nugget, walk a step or 2 and sit down, her little diaper cushioning the blow. Q2 would pad over and gently take the food from her hand. She’d smile, giggle, hug the dog and then stand back up and do the same thing again.

“Maggie? Do you want to go with Molly? She’s going outside.”

Maggie laughed and toddled past Molly, heading for the living room. She’d almost made her escape from the kitchen, when Mulder popped in and scooped her into his arms. He put his lips right at the juncture of her neck and shoulder and blew several raspberries - Maggie erupted into a combination of shrieking giggles and ‘Da-Da’s’!

Mulder stopped and nuzzled her nose with his. “And where were you escaping to M? Huh?” M thought her daddy endlessly funny and patted his cheeks, she gave him a sloppy kiss before pointing at the door.


Mulder smiled at Molly and passed M into her arms. “Okay M, have fun outside with Molly.” Molly made it out onto the porch, the door still in her hands when M yelled, “Coo! Coo!”

Mulder and Scully exchanged a glance and a laugh as Q2 ran past the two of them, heeding M’s command. As soon as the dog was on the porch with them, Molly let the screen door swing shut. Mulder walked into the kitchen and embraced Scully from behind, resting his chin on the top of her head.

They both watched Molly walk past the window, “I think she’s special, Scully. She’s so good with M.” Scully sighed, nodded her agreement, and leaned back into Mulder for a moment before tilting her head and kissing his jawline. Mulder bent his head and took her lips in a drugging kiss.

Warily, Scully pulled from his lips and nuzzled back inside the crook of his neck, staring back out
the window. “She’s one, Mulder.”

“Hard to believe,” he said, holding her tighter.

“I remember you screaming in excitement every time she rolled over.”

“It wasn’t a girly scream,” he said defensively.

“No, it wasn’t a girly scream.”

Mulder chuckled. “I still remember the first time she ever laughed. That is now my favorite sound in life. The second, of course, is the sound of you moaning my name.”

“Mulder,” Scully warned.

Mulder pressed his lips to her forehead. “Yeah. She’s got a set of lungs on her too. She knows what she wants.”

“Remember when I first started nursing her and you read up on all those books?”

Mulder nodded. “I am now very well versed on milk supply, nursing positions, latching, pumping. I should teach a class.”

“She’s been a lot of places for a one year old.”

“We’ve taken her to the zoo, the aquarium,” Mulder said off the top of his head.

“Music class,” Scully added.

Mulder’s eyes shimmered. “I learned how to see the world through her perspective and now everything is new and amazing.”

“I still hold my breath, anticipating a possible fall, every time she pulls herself up.”

“I learned how to breathe again,” Mulder commented.

“She’s eating solid foods now.”

“And I now know almost every nutritional fact about almost every food to make her grow up strong and healthy.”

Scully sighed. “She’s started crawling, walking, and now nothing will get in her way.”

M was ahead of the curve. Accomplishing more than the average for a one year old. “She’s so smart,” Mulder replied.

“We showed her the ocean,” Scully reminded him.

“And she wobbled straight into it, fearless.”

“And with purpose.”

“The heart of a lion.”

Scully walked away from the window and headed towards the living room. “It’s okay, Mulder. We’ve got many more years of learning together. She’ll learn of life and we’ll learn to support every step.”
“She changed us forever,” Mulder replied and squeezed Scully’s hand. “We did it Scully. We survived the first year.”

10:40am

The Mulder property was filled with fun for all ages, and it was a wonderful day, hovering around 80 degrees, a weather singularity for the season. A large red and yellow bounce house castle - with a giant monkey reclining on the top, towered front and center and already had Charlie’s grandchildren and Samantha’s children jumping around inside.

Inflatables dotted the lawn - kiddie swimming pools were set up as ball pits, one with soft stuffed versions for the babies. Palm trees and a monkey family dotted the area. A few others were finishing setting up a fun racing course, with brightly painted tires, safety cones, and other obstacles.

A prop style photo booth with painted backdrops- one with monkey’s faces cut out, one with just balloons- stood beside the house. Adults and kids alike would be sticking their heads through the holes or pretending to hold the balloons for some memory book pictures. One of William’s friends was busy setting up his DJ equipment on the porch. Some of William’s other friends would be handing out balloons later.

William stood with hands on his hips, surveying the layout. Even if his little sister didn’t remember this day - he would. Someday, he knew she would ask him to tell her a story about her first birthday, and he would watch her eyes light up with his tale.

Smoke billowed from the back yard as John Dogget and Gibson fired up the custom grill John had especially made up for tailgating. There was no mistaking it, all covered in Nascar decals. Gibson had good naturedly donned a chef’s apron, with ‘Grill Assistant’ on the front. Doggett’s apron had ‘Grill Master King’ on it - he was holding out another one with ‘Grill Master’s Woman’ printed in bright red letters and Monica was shaking her head no.

A truck pulled up and someone yelled, “Ice delivery!”

With the obstacle course complete, William and his friends started over towards the truck. William stopped when he heard his name. “Will-ee, Will-ee…” Maggie called. Molly smiled as she followed Maggie, stumbling towards him, holding a small handful of flowers. He squatted when she reached him, “What do you have Mags? Flowers?”

Maggie proudly lifted the flower to his own nose and William obliged with an overly dramatic sniff. “Mmm, they smell pretty.”

Maggie pointed to the house, “Mama pwitty.” Fairly fluent in Maggie speak, William knew what she meant. “Yes Mags, she’ll love the pretty flowers. Why don’t you give them to her now?”

Maggie laughed and reached one arm up to give her brother a hug and a wet kiss on the cheek, “Wuv you, Will-eee.” Maggie took Molly’s outstretched hand.

William stood and swallowed the lump in his throat as he watched them walk towards the house. “I love you too, Mags,” he whispered, before jogging over to help unload the ice with the rest of his friends.

**********

11:00am
“Ma-Ma!” Maggie yelled and tottered into the kitchen.

“Mama! Lo-ook - pwitty!” She shoved the flowers at Scully enthusiastically. Scully knelt, glanced at Mulder and took them, “Oh, they’re beautiful Maggie. Thank you.” Scully started to stand, but Maggie called out, “Kiss!” and puckered her tiny mouth with outstretched arms. Mulder and Molly chuckled at her irresistible charm.

“How could I forget?” Scully kissed her daughter, who clapped happily. “Mulder, would you mind taking Maggie upstairs so I can get her cleaned up and into her party dress? And Molly do you mind grabbing a couple others and finish setting up the tables?”

“Oh course not, Dana.” Molly left the room as Mulder scooped up his daughter. “Let’s go upstairs M!” Mulder said and gave Scully a wink and a smile before leaving the room.

“You’re getting so big,” Mulder said as he finished changing M’s diaper and lifting her back into his arms. “You’re getting so big,” Mulder repeated solemnly as it seeped into his brain. M threw her arms around Mulder, forcing him back to the present, and gave him a kiss. He hugged her in return and sent his lips to her forehead.

“I’d like to think we both grew, huh M? You taught me probably more than I taught you.” He pressed his lips to her again, feeling the angelic softness of the wisps of her hair and warmth of her skin. “You’re part of my biggest worries and greatest happiness. I love you more than life, M.”

Just as Scully returned upstairs and entered her empty bedroom, she heard giggling, noises and a soft, “Go ahead M, give it to mommy.”

Turning, she spied Mulder peeping his head into the doorway, Maggie in one arm, the two of them carefully balancing a box. “Here, Mama.”

Taking the box, Scully laid it down next to Maggie’s dress on the bed and removed the lid. Inside was a new dress, picked out especially for Scully by Maggie and Mulder. The one they had seen together in the store, but Scully felt was too expensive to purchase. Perfect for the day, it was sage green with small flowers, the same shade of pink as the skirt of Maggie’s dress. Scully gasped, “It’s beautiful… but Mulder it’s your birthday - yours and Maggie’s. You shouldn’t be giving me gifts.”

Mulder slid an arm around her waist and kissed her temple, “It is my gift. I get to watch you look beautiful wearing it.” Maggie wiggled, wanting to get down. Mulder set her by her mother and gave her a wink. “I’ll be outside waiting to see my two lovely ladies in their party dresses.”

************

11:25am

Standing in front of the mirror, Scully had just finished dressing Maggie and sliding her own new dress over her head when she heard music. Maggie had crawled to the corner of the room and discovered Mulder’s cassette player with Mulder’s old tapes. ‘Don’t Rock the Boat’ was about halfway through the song. Scully smiled, remembering the last time she’d heard it - Kroner, Kansas and a school gymnasium.

If Mulder had asked her to dance that day, she might have been willing.

The call of “Mama?” brought her from her reverie. Scully felt Maggie tug at her hem and looked down at her daughter, now in her birthday dress, with her arms up-stretched and hands clenching. “Mama - dance.”
Eyes misting, Scully took Maggie’s hands and they danced around the room. Lifting her daughter into her arms near the end of the song, Scully dipped her a few times eliciting full belly laughs. When the song ended she nuzzled Maggie’s soft cheek with her lips and then a quick kiss. “Let’s go show daddy our dresses,” Scully said, before leaving the room.

Scully heard the tape player click off automatically as they exited. Another fleeting thought of Kroner, Kansas passed through her mind. Maybe she should’ve asked Mulder to dance - odds are he would have accepted.

**********

12:00pm

The party in full swing, William had brought the older kids into the house; and at their plea, shut off the lights, pulled the shades, and used his talents to darken the room. The children helped him build blanket tents and a pillow fort, then gathered around.

He crawled inside the tent and lit up his mom’s flashlight, placing it beneath his chin, allowing his abilities to exaggerate his appearance and make his eyes’ hollow.

His voice went hauntingly deep.

“Many years ago, there was a 10 year old girl who lived in this very house, but none of her friends would visit her because they believed a ghost lived here. The little girl was curious about the ghost, but nobody would tell her anything about it or the history of the house. Back then, the house was scary and some nights worse than others. One night when she was in her room reading, the lights suddenly went out. She thought the lightbulb died, but she didn’t want to bother her mother who was already sleeping, by asking for a new one. So she placed her book down and tried to fall asleep, but heard a quiet knocking on the window next to her bed. She saw the reflection of a boy her age in the window pane.”

William created a faint knock in the ears of the children, and placed an image of a small boy on the glass of a nearby window. One of the little boys listening gasped and pointed.

William continued. “The girl left her bed and crept over to the lightswitch. She flicked it on and the light came on. She looked at her feet to see a red wet stain pooling by her toes. It wasn’t blood, but pink, like paint.” As William spoke he made the floor grow pink and the walls shades of violet.

“The girl scratched at the purple wall of her room and behind the purple paint was a pink layer, the same dark shade that had been on the floor.” William held the image of a girl behind him by Mulder’s desk quietly scratching, turning purple paint to pink.

“The girl ran from her room to her parent’s room. She screamed,” William shouted and had the image begin to scream and so did all the children.

“But no sound came out.” He made the room silent.

William pointed to the ceiling. “The attic door was right above her staircase, really high, only her dad could reach. Hanging from it was a rope. The girl ran back to her room and there was a body on her bed. She grabbed her cell and took a pic. She wanted proof. She wanted to know if it was real or her imagination. She grabbed her cell and ran to get her mother.” William brightened the room back, letting the sun back in and removing the images from the children’s minds.

One of the little girls yelled out, “What was on the girl’s phone?”
“It’s not on the girl’s phone,” William replied. “It’s on yours.”

The little girl lifted the phone from her pocket and all the other children gathered around crying, “let me see.”

William projected an image into the picture gallery of the girl’s phone and as the girl scrolled, she saw a picture of a boy, with a red mark around his neck, and pink paint all over his torn clothes. The little girl screamed and dropped her phone.

“Who is that?” she demanded to William and William screamed with a scary mask for a face, “He’s back!”

Just as all the children released blood curdling screams and darted for the door, Scully stopped them on the way into the house holding M. “William! Can’t we tell stories more suitable for young children?”

William walked over to Scully and tickled Maggie’s tummy, once again lighting the flashlight under his chin. “A woman gardening dug up a hairy toe. She brought it into the house and put it in a jar. When she goes to bed that night, she hears the wind moaning and groaning, “Where is my Hair-r-r-y T-o-o-oe?” She creeps further under the covers as the house creaks and cracks and she hears, “Where is my Hair-r-r-y To-o-e?” William’s voice grew more menacing, his eyes haunting. He leaped towards M, grabbing her big toe and yelled “You’ve got it!”

M let out a scream and laughed and laughed. “Gen Willie, Gen.”

William laughed. Scully was not as amused. “William, can you go help your father in the yard, please? And try not to scare any more children,” she called after him.

Charlie’s grandson, Scully’s great-nephew, gasped and pointed at the window. Scully looked over, but saw nothing. “What was it Liam?”

“There was a tiny drone, flying outside the window.”

Scully walked over to the window and pushed it open, sticking at first, then sliding open with a firm click. Poking her head outside, she thoroughly inspected. There was nothing. “It was probably an insect,” she answered her great-nephew.

To Be Continued, Sunday... 10/13/19
“Who is Dad talking to?” William asked his godfather, Skinner. On the other side of the yard stood Mulder, with a man in his late 30s. What must have been the man’s son, was sitting on his shoulders, pulling his hair and drumming on his head.

Skinner nodded. “That is Steve Wallenburg, Jr. Him and Mulder formed a bond way before Mulder ever worked for me, but one day, over a couple beers, Mulder opened up and shared the story. His father and Mulder worked on a case together for the FBI. During a standoff with a perp, Steve’s dad was shot and killed and your dad took it personally. Felt if he hadn’t been following protocol and
shot the perp when he had him in his line of fire, his dad would still be alive today. Mulder sat on the
sidelines for years watching Steve’s son grow, keeping in touch with his mother. Eventually, Steve
noticed Mulder always in the stands at his games and practices and other activities and asked his
mother about it. He approached Mulder and they formed a relationship. Mulder became his big
brother. Now grown and married with children himself, he wants his son to know Mulder the way he
did.”


**********

Craaaaaaack! The drone splintered as it made contact with the aluminum bat Monica swung like she
was still in high school. Carefully, she picked up all the pieces and headed off to find Kevin.
Technically savvy in drones and nano machines, he’d be able to tell if it was friend or foe.

**********

Heading towards the grill to score a burger, a familiar earworm attempted to burrow inside Mulder’s
head. It made his stomach sour and his brain ache, his face uncontrollably twitch. Mulder gritted his
teeth. “Baby Shark,” he muttered underneath his breath. He detested that song. The only thing that
could make him hate it more was if Barney sang it while the Wiggles played the instruments and the
Teletubbies danced.

Scully held up a hand as Mulder approached. “I know, but that’s what the children wanted the DJ to
play.”

“Scully, it’s a conspiracy,” Mulder demanded. “It forms a cognitive itch, a mental mosquito bite that
forces the listener to need to solve the incongruity which causes you to need to think about the
offending song. Then you try to suppress the thought, but in order to suppress it you have to
remember the thought you’re trying to suppress. It’s classic ironic process theory. The final phrase of
the song rests on a dominant chord, the G chord in the key of C, signaling continuation, making your
brain long to continue to reach a more satisfying end.”

Mulder looked over at all the little kids wiggling and jumping, dancing the Baby Shark. His own
daughter clapping and jerking her arms. “And the dance is only facilitating in burrowing the song
deeper into your brain,” Mulder said, continuing his detest.

“And how is this different than any other repetitive, simple song?” Scully asked, her hands firmly
planted at her hips.

“If they could create a way to train a child’s brain to become distracted, to not be able to focus on
anything in that moment, but a chant, a melody. What’s stopping them from turning the population
into zombies in an instant. There is no origin to this song. The writer is unknown. Makes you
question its true intent.”

Scully moistened her upper lip. “Are you sure you haven’t been speaking with Byer’s ghost again?
Afraid of being tracked by $20 bills Mulder?”

“I thought you didn’t believe in ghosts,” Mulder mumbled, distracted. “I know how to stop this.”

Mulder signaled to the DJ to cut the music and the DJ removed the microphone from around his neck
and handed it to Mulder. Mulder walked to the top of the porch and lifted the ‘Curious George and
the Birthday Surprise’ book from the table.

All eyes went to Mulder, the children stopped dancing and settled down, finding a seat, and Mulder
began, “This is George. He was a good little monkey and always very curious. Today is a special
day, the man with the yellow hat told George at breakfast. I have a surprise planned and lots to do to
get ready. You can help me by staying out of trouble. George was happy to help.”

Scully’s heart skipped a beat. Mulder’s inflections and tones weaved in and out of the octaves like a
ribbon waving in the wind. His voice smooth, although not quite as refined as when he used it on
her. That tone, followed the hunger in his eyes, knowing his chord’s vibrations made her insides
pulse and mouth go dry.

She glanced over to her right, to see Monica walking alongside her, the two women standing about
15 feet away from the porch steps. “Maggie is developing quickly,” Monica commented.

“In what way?” Scully asked.

“I mean, her motor skills are way ahead of the curve, her vocabulary is growing every day..”

“She’s not that ahead of the curve, Monica. There are other human children in her age bracket at the
same developmental stage,” Scully replied defensively.

“I wasn’t implying in any way that she’s... Dana, your daughter is going to do great things.”

Scully turned to Monica and smiled. “I’m sorry, I was being defensive.”

Mulder continued to read, Maggie making her way to his lap, the other children gathering in close.
When Mulder finally reached “The End,” it was met by groans, several “again!”s and a “please read
us another story Uncle Mulder.”

William looked around dramatically and proclaimed, “I think it’s time for… A WATER BALLOON
FIGHT!” All the bigger children cheered and ran, the air filling with laughter and screams, and the
sound of splashing and bursting balloons.

Kyle asked William, “So, are there rules? Because some of the kids aren’t using their hands.”

“Oh, shit,” William exclaimed, observing the obvious use of telekinesis.

**********

“So, what is it?” Monica asked Kevin.

Kevin frowned. “It’s not your everyday drone. It’s got some odd features. I was able to trace the
signal back to somewhere near Spartanburg, South Carolina.”

“No,” Monica gasped. “It must be someone else. Someone must have stepped forward, decided to
continue the work.”

“I was able to read the microchip. This was its last transmission.” Kevin opened an app on his phone
and showed it to Monica. “You can see here... this thing sprayed something onto our group.”

Monica felt the blood leave her face. “I think I know what that is. There must be some residue I can
send to the lab. It was targeting the gifted ones.” Monica watched the video as the strange yellow
tinted pollen-like mist lightly dusted Gibson’s crew.

*******

“Dad?” William asked, approaching Mulder who was chatting with the new FBI recruits, trying to
get them to understand the delicate balance of asking the questions no one asks and not letting the
answers cloud your vision to the truth.

He stopped at the sound of his name. The one that still rung new to him and one that he would never take for granted. “Yes, William.”

“You got a minute?” William was fidgeting, his eyes darting back and forth.

Mulder stepped aside out of earshot. “What’s wrong?”

“I-I wanted to give you your birthday present.” He handed him a cubed object wrapped in plain cobalt blue colored paper. Mulder looked at it curiously. It had some weight to it. He carefully unwrapped the gift to find an old dirty baseball encased in a ball case. Holding it up to the light he saw that it was signed… by Josh Exley from The Greys.

“Where did you ever find this?” Mulder asked, looking at William in astonishment.

“A man by the name of Arthur Dales. He said he was the great-grandson of Arthur Dales. Said if he ever ran into a Mulder to give him this baseball he found in his attic. Tell him it was from his brother. Also, he said you better have married that red-head that saved your life by now or you weren’t as smart as you let on.”

3:00pm

With Maggie at her hip, Scully made the last of the rounds meeting and greeting. Then she visited Charlie’s sons, who were filling fancy balloons from large helium tanks and pumping up others to transform into different hats and shapes of animals.

Leyla Harrison stood beside Scully watching Maggie smile and laugh with glee as she handed each balloon out. “She’s a special little girl Agent Scu- I mean Director Scully.”

Scully smiled, “No need for formality Leyla, you can call me Dana, and thank you, we think she’s special too.”

Just then, Maggie passed a red balloon to a little girl, the ribbon slipping through her tiny fingers and floated out of reach. Her face wrinkled and reddened, her dam about to burst when Maggie looked up at the balloon and it halted its path, then slowly drifted back down. Maggie grabbed the ribbon and handed it to the child.

Leyla’s lips separated as her jaw dropped. “Did that balloon just…”

Mulder, picked up on Scully’s signal and was already striding towards Maggie when Scully called out, “Mulder, it’s time for the cake, take Maggie?”

Scully touched Leyla’s shoulder. “I’m sure it was just a bad seal on the balloon, plus the direction of the wind. C’mon and have some cake.”

Maggie sat beside Mulder on a booster seat, patting on the table to her own beat when a pink frosted Curious George cake with a big number one shaped candle appeared in front of Maggie. Scully lit Maggie’s candle and said, “Don’t touch Maggie - hot.”

Maggie didn’t, instead clapping along as everyone sang to her.

“Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday dear Maggie, Happy Birthday to
“Ok Maggie blow out your candle,” Scully said and puckered her lips in demonstration. Maggie leaned forward and with a little help from Mulder and Scully, blew out her candle.

“Wanna help daddy blow out his candles, Maggie?” Scully asked, unbuckling Maggie’s safety harness and transferring her to Mulder’s lap. Maggie clapped in excitement.

Family and friends joined for another round of Happy Birthday- this time for Mulder. He heard a few Fox’s thrown in and grimaced in his head, but it was his daughter’s version while sitting on his lap that he cherished the most. Mulder’s eyes tingled and he blinked the encroaching wetness away. All of this he had missed with his son.

“Haa … Pee … daaay ... youuu ...Haa ... Pee … Da-DA!” Maggie laughed and clapped, smiling at everyone.

The song ended and with just a little help from his daughter, he extinguished his numbers 5 and 8.

Mulder and Scully had requested in lieu of gifts that either a donation to St. Jade’s Children’s research hospital be made or an adoption at the local animal shelter.

Even with all the donations, there were still several brightly wrapped presents and cards.

With the party winding down, most had said their good-byes, Scully thought it would be a good idea to open presents now.

Skinner and his wife gave Maggie a toddler sized rocking chair Skinner had built himself. During his recovery, he started tinkering in his wood shop as therapy to work his muscles and get his movement back. It brought back fond memories of him and his grandfather from when he was young. Scully had given him a hug when he set the tiny wooden rocker down. It reminded her of the one her own father made for her. She ran her finger over the branded letters of Maggie’s name.

Monica gifted Maggie a crystal butterfly prism to hang in her window. Scully let it twirl from the string and her daughters eyes lit up watching the rainbow drops landing and shimmering everywhere.

Monica handed Mulder his gift - a box with the same logo. “Don’t worry, I didn’t get you a butterfly.” Inside was a crystal fox, the detail was so intricate Mulder almost thought he could see the animals fur blowing in the breeze. Holding it aloft, the sun hit it and the same bursts of rainbows appeared. Maggie was enchanted all over again. “Oooohhh.”

John carried over a medium size box with a tag reading: Maggie and Mulder. Scully held M while Mulder opened the package. Inside were two Nascar themed bicycle helmets. One black with lime green letters and “Big M” across the back, the other a hot pink child sized helmet with lime green and “Little M” printed on the back.

“I know Dana said you had started riding as part of your exercise regimen. I figured you’d be taking Maggie….” Mulder wished Doggett would shut up and not blow his cover, but - no such luck - he continued on. “....along in that new toddler bike trailer you bought last week. That thing’s a beaut.”

“What new bike trailer?” Scully asked.

Mulder hung his head knowing the jig was up and shrugged his shoulders.

“You didn’t tell her?” Doggett asked, realizing he’d inadvertently let the proverbial cat out of the bag, the question hanging in the air.
Scully leaned over toward Mulder and hummed in his ear, “We’ll discuss this later.”

Samantha’s youngest children walked forward hesitantly, handing Maggie a flat package wrapped in pale yellow paper, with a small stuffed giraffe that’s name tag read ‘Sophie.’ Maggie squealed with delight and hugged the giraffe tight. Mulder’s feelings towards the clone of his sister was one thing, but the children, he knew, were innocent.

“I think she likes it. Did you help pick it out?” Mulder asked, his voice a soothing rumble. The youngest little girl hid behind her older sister, but smiled and nodded shyly. Mulder shook the package. “M? You have another gift from Jenna and Miri. Do you want to open it now?”

Maggie was preoccupied with her giraffe, when the older, 6 year old, Jenna, asked her, “Um, Maggie - I could hold it while you open your gift?”

Maggie held the toy out and Jenna took it carefully. Both girls came a little closer as Maggie, with a little help from her daddy, ripped the paper. Inside were 2 books - from the Pop-Up Peekaboo series - ‘Sophie & Happy Birthday Sophie!’

“Dada!” Maggie pointed to the giraffe on the cover of the books and then to the stuffed one Jenna had passed to her sister 3 year old Miri, short for Mirabelle. Samantha stood behind her girls and Scully laid a calming hand on Mulder’s back and thanked them for the gift.

“It’s a subscription service, you’ll get one book in the mail, bi-weekly, for a year. William told me how much you and your daughter enjoy reading.” Maggie squirmed until Mulder helped her slide off his lap and to her mother. Jenna and Miri crept closer to Mulder, Miri took his hand and played with it, comparing sizes.

Miri touched Mulder’s face, giggling when she felt the coarse bristle of his 5 o’clock shadow. “I like the way you read. You make funny faces.”

“I like the way you read too,” Jenna agreed and turned to her mother. “Mommy? Can we come back?” Samantha hesitated speaking, Jenna turned to Mulder again. “May we come back again someday? Would you read us another story?”

Scully rubbed his back with a soothing force. She knew how difficult this was for him. Part of her knew this - family - was something he’d been denied through circumstance and also denied himself from the guilt he carried within. Mulder cleared his throat and made an exaggerated face, “I make funny faces? You mean like this?” Both girls giggled, Maggie had moved between the two girls and joined in the laughter.

Scully watched Samantha give Mulder a small smile and mouth the words thank you. When she turned to William she noticed, much like herself, he too had been holding his breath.

After everyone had left, William and Molly finished setting up Maggie’s gift in her room. Maggie’s eyes were as big as saucers as she crawled inside the pink tent and knelt on the pink plush blanket inside; gently touching the led stars hanging all around. It was magical, like a fairytale. “I think she likes it. It’s a lovely gift you two,” Scully said, hugging them both.

“Thanks. We’re going to be heading out, see you later,” William said, addressing his mother.

Dressed in her striped footed pajamas, Maggie grabbed one of her new Sophie books and Mulder’s hand. Scully laughed as he knelt and crawled into Maggie’s star tent. His long muscled body in stark contrast to the small tent of delicate mesh and silk. It was definitely sexy. Scully snapped a photo for the memory album.
10:00pm

M slept soundly on Mulder’s chest, relying entirely on him for support, the weight of that thought may have threatened to smash him in the past, but not anymore. He rubbed her tiny back and took a deep breath. He was so much more confident now that they would all spend countless days—Laughing, dancing, singing, and exploring the world. Together.

He carefully crawled from the pink princess castle tent and crept down the hall and then the stairs. Purposefully, he balanced his weight on the boards that wouldn’t creak. Scully was at his desk, busy doing work. She paused when she saw him approaching. “I’m almost done here. Maggie asleep?”

“For now.”

“Molly and William went out with Kyle and their friends.”

“I was thinking maybe next week we can take a trip to the Smithsonian.”

“Mulder, we’ve been there possibly hundreds of times..” Scully started.

“I want all of us to go. Everything feels new now that we are all together, and I want to experience it again, as a family.”

Scully flashed him one of the most intense, heart-stopping gazes he had ever felt and replied, “That’s beautiful Mulder. Okay, I’ll make plans.”
She stood and snaked her arms around his neck. Butterfly wings flapped inside his stomach. “Happy Birthday, Mulder,” she said with evocatively sweet adoration and kissed him with a rough tenderness only she possessed. He returned her kiss, and they found themselves smiling at each other like fools. “Let’s go upstairs,” Scully said softly as she leaned back in his arms.

The suggestion made him uneasy, given his recurring nightmares of his children catching them in the act. If he thought about it for too long the guilt of not being with them might cause the thickening in his pants to wane and he desperately needed to be with Scully. They had both been depriving themselves. Perhaps she was feeling that same guilt when they did something for just the two of them. Like their lives should only be lived as a group. That was not realistic or fair to any of them.

Besides, part of his new role as Scully’s husband would be to keep her happy and satisfied. At least the aspects of her life he could assist with. He grinned at his own thoughts and then at Scully. “It’s a warm night. Why don’t we walk.”

Scully passed him a strange look, but hung on his arm, lacing their hands as they stepped outside.

Mulder inhaled the night air, enjoying the fullness in his lungs, the crisp chilly edge only October brought. “I know you told me last night was the last time you were going to breastfeed M…” Mulder began, “but you also mentioned there are no hard and fast rules. You mostly feed her at night - after M’s bathed and ready for bed. Scully what if M’s not ready?”

“Mulder…”

“Just hear me out, please. I’ve been reading some studies, and yes, some parenting blogs. Almost all of them recommend a gradual reduction of sessions… maybe that’s the best way. They suggest removing 1 day per week and substituting a new bedtime ritual in place of each session …”

Mulder trailed off seeing the crease between Scully’s eyebrows. Their slow walk had come to a halt. “I know you will do what’s best, what’s right…. Scully can you honestly say, you are ready to give it up?”

“No,” she whispered, as Mulder cupped her cheek, stroking it with his thumb. Hoping to soothe her doubts.

“There’s your answer then, Scully. She’s our - our last child. Let’s let our feelings and her signals lead us.” Mulder felt the corners of his mouth lift. “Besides … following the rules has never been my thing.”

Gazing upwards, she smiled softly and he felt their pull before she looped her arm around his waist. He rested his hand at her shoulder and they resumed their walk.

Mulder stared at the ground, watching as their hips fell into their familiar grind. “It’s good to take a breath,” he said to Scully. “Have some you and me time. These next two weeks are going to be insane.”

“It’s a lot to balance,” she agreed. “So many things to have in order, to plan. From work to our wedding. Our wedding, Mulder. What the hell are we thinking?”

“I’m thinking I’m the luckiest guy in the world,” he said slipping off his shoes and stepping into the bouncy house. He jumped a couple times before waving Scully in, helping her navigate the inflated rubber terrain. “You, on the other hand, most likely need professional help.”

Scully returned to his arms with a couple bounces and he gripped her firmly. “Forget all those flowers and caterers, photographers. We should have the wedding right here.”
“In an inflatable trampoline?” Scully asked in a tone of disbelief.

“Why not?” Mulder replied wondering if she knew his suggestion was in jest.

“Maybe a good place for the honeymoon?” Scully returned with a flirtatious grin. Her willingness to play made his chest grow warm.

“First dance?” Mulder asked, closing his hand over hers, taking a couple steps to sway them back and forth. Somehow, he misstep and lost his balance, sending himself to the floor with Scully on top. They bounced and laughed. Scully infecting Mulder with her giggling. Mulder rolled on top of her, suddenly, intensely aroused, selfishly grinding his erection into her. Both fully clothed, Mulder savored in the tease of heat between them. He ravished her mouth, showing little finesse, gripping her hips, grinding against her, wanting to be as savage as possible out in the open, as if testing the fates.

Scully was having none of that and slowed him down with the gentle caress of fingers through his hair. She rolled them back over so she could straddle him and he watched as she removed her clothing before stripping him of his own. Impaling herself on him almost forcefully, she surprised him with how ready she was without foreplay. She didn’t move once she seated herself on top, looking at him with her heart in her eyes. He loved those eyes so very much.

“Your eyes were the first thing I noticed about you,” he found himself saying. “You and I are two halves of a whole- we’ve been that way all along. I think part of the reason I never said it out loud was that you would only think it was insanity, but I knew, I knew right away."

She shuddered and clenched around him, never breaking eye contact. “Somewhere inside me, I know you did Mulder. And it wasn’t insanity. It was brilliance.” She leaned a hand on his chest, covering his heart. “I saw it too. Saw the other half of my soul, in you.”

Mulder rocked and pulled himself out slowly, only to push even slower back inside. A rush of pleasure filled his cock, flooding into his lower back and up his spine, settling inside his chest.

Scully groaned and rocked against him, still locked in his gaze.

“Oh, Scully,” he moaned, and there was a world of praise in his voice, knowing only she could undo him like that. His eyes closed tighter as pure pleasure at that thought sent another coarse wave through his body.

He slid his hand between them, moving his thumb in soft circles over her clit, circling his hips to match, feeling his length push against her plush soaked walls, creating an intoxicating grind.

Scully cupped his face before running her hungry fingers over his shoulders. She moaned and arched as she stroked his chest.

With a small circle of his hips and her gentle grind, they brought each other there, his thumb brushing her bud, his golden skin sparking underneath the palm of her hand, never breaking the lock of their gaze. It was a gentle wave of sensations, both emotional and physical.

Mulder entwined his body with Scully’s, sharing lingering touches and tender looks. Scully’s gaze particularly warm, matching the evening breeze. “That was beautiful,” she told him, glancing down at their joined hands.

“It may be the closest I ever get to heaven,” Mulder returned. He followed Scully’s eyeline as she took in his features. He loved the way she appreciated him. His favorite was when she glared and blushed. To know she could have those feelings for him made every early morning workout
worthwhile. Scully must have been reading his thoughts because she kissed him just then. Like she owned him. He loved that kiss and that ownership.

Mulder sat up to reclote himself and rip his skin from the harsh red rubbery plastic. Scully, eager to point out that his ass cheeks were now a dark pink, along with his elbows and shoulder blades. He knew she liked anytime there was evidence. She loved leaving her mark on him.

As they wobbled unsteadily to stand, Scully motioned up at the ceiling. “Mulder, is it just me or are the walls caving in?”

“I don’t hear the motor running. It must be deflating,” he remarked.

They tried to scramble, but the roof folded over and then caved in, burying and separating them in a rubble of heavy netting and plastic. They were trapped.

At first the feeling akin to cellophane over his nose and mouth. His memory flashed to a place he previously had no memory of - trapped in his coffin six feet under. A ghost hypodermic needle pierced his heart and unloaded ice water into every limb. Paralyzed, in his mind’s projector, he was strapped to the cold metal of the spaceship, the constant whir of the apathetic machines performing their tests.

“Scullllleeyy!! Sculllleeyy!!” When he didn’t hear her respond, his heart skipped a beat. His ribs heaving as if bound by ropes as he strained to inflate his lungs. His head a carousel of fears spinning out of control in his chest and suddenly he was out in the cornfields of Texas again. He screamed louder, her name ringing through the night. “Scullaaayyy!! Scullaayyy!!”

“Over here,” came her pissed off mousy mutterings, catapulting him into the present. He sifted his way to the sound and finally located her.

“How are we going to get out of here?”

Then she heard William’s call in the distance. “Mother!? Mother, you out there?”

“How do you guys get yourself into these situations?” William laughed, shaking his head.

Mulder leaned back on his elbows. “I’ve got an old episode of Cops on video cassette that might explain a little...”
Mulder Residence

October 23, 2019

“The history of the bachelor or stag party, is thought to have originated in ancient Sparta around 5th century BC with a traditional dinner, where soldiers would toast each other on the eve of a friend’s wedding,” Mulder said, his gaze never leaving Scully's.

“Are you getting to a point, Mulder?” Scully asked and handed him the thumb drive of their latest files.

He inserted it into his laptop to print onto physical paper so it might reside in his cabinet with the rest of the archives. “My point is - it’s a right of passage and by not partaking, it could be denying a chance to take part in an ancient tradition.”

“I never told you not to have one.” Scully tilted her head to the side considering, “In fact, Monica said her and Ellen were planning something for me.”

“You?”

Scully frowned. “Yes, Mulder. What’s so difficult to believe that they would be throwing me a bachelorette party?”

“Nothing. No, have fun. What do you do at one of those? Play with Tupperware and exchange recipes? Talk about the best laundry detergents?”

Scully brought a hand to her hip. “Yes, Mulder, that’s exactly what you do.”

Mulder pulled the paper from the printer and thumbed through the file in search of the letter L. He spoke without lifting his head, focused at the task at hand. “Good, because that’s what I’m going to be picturing while I’m out trying to have a good time without you.”

Mulder Residence

One week later….

“I don’t want to do this,” Mulder said, with an arm behind his head, staring up at the ceiling wondering what he could have been thinking last week. The only thing he wanted was to spend the night sifting through Netflix, not finding anything to watch, and falling asleep scrolling through random news articles on his phone. He had no desire to leave the house, and even less to converse with humans.

“You were so excited last week,” Scully continued while she stripped from her clothes. Why go to a stripclub when you’ve got Scully? A stripclub. That was probably on the agenda. Some woman
named Candace, probably spraying bubble gum pink on the last 5 inches or so of her naturally curly blonde hair and clipping it up in a messy ponytail right as they spoke. A future Nuclear Physicist that needed the money to pay her way through college, but that night she’d be donning her stage persona and Candace would disappear and Candie, no Cotton Candie, would materialize. Sweet as spun sugar, whose body would melt in your mouth if you got a taste.

“Was I?” Mulder asked when he returned from his daydream, ignoring the twitching of his cock at the sight of Scully’s naked porcelain form in front of him.

“They’ll all be here shortly. You’re going Mulder and I have to get ready,” Scully concluded and headed to the shower.

Mulder folded his hands across his stomach and closed his eyes, his back on the mattress, his feet still planted on the floor. He listened to the water beat against the tiled floor of the shower and the slide of the curtain. He gave her four minutes before he removed his clothes and walked into the bathroom.

“Mulder?” Scully called from the puffs of steam. “What are you doing?” she asked as he stepped into the shower.

He lathered the bodywash in his hands as he squirted it from the bottle. “Thought I should get clean before heading out,” he said, sliding his soapy hands over his golden skin, over his chiseled chest, his rippled abs, down to his thighs and between his legs.

“People will be here soon,” Scully replied through gritted teeth.

Mulder had already dropped to his knees, washing away the soap before pulling her into his mouth and running his tongue up and inside her folds.

“Mulder,” she gasped, protesting, “we don’t have time,” but it was half-hearted, her fingers already pressing into his scalp, running through his hair. She should have considered that before strutting around naked in front of him, teasing him with possibilities, her eyes giving him permission to proceed with his desires.

Mulder glanced up to find her watching him, her eyes feverish. He thought he might come just from her reaction alone, her high-pitched moan, the way her hips jutted forward pushing herself harder against his mouth. “Mulder, you’ve got to stop. I can’t...”

He didn’t give her time to finish the sentence, standing up and lifting her from the floor entirely, pressing her back against the tiled shower wall.

Taking his finger he pushed through the soapy trail dripping down her body. “Mulder... oh God, that’s amazing.”

His fingers continued until her knees buckled and her breath hitched.

Palming his rigid length, she guided him to her entrance and he withdrew his hand, covering hers as his mouth pressed to her damp neck. Hot streams of water beat over them, streaking their face, soaking their hair. Knowing she was ready, Mulder lifted her legs higher around his waist and pushed inside her. “Oh,Scully,” he groaned, pulling out and pressing back in, faster and harder than before, sliding her against the shower wall.

The pleasure of being inside her was so sharp it almost hurt, but he knew it was a mutual exchange. He felt the goose bumps draw from her flesh and heard the seemingly helpless cries from her throat. “Mulder, I’m close,” she gasped and with two more thrusts he could feel her insides clamp around him and it overwhelmed him with need. He started hammering into her, prolonging the rippling of
her around him until their bodies tensed and all he felt was pleasure pumping from him into her. A groan low in his throat vibrated against her neck, as he sunk his teeth harder against her skin.

Scully’s face buried into his chest as she clung to him. Without a word, with great care, he set her down. They took turns soaping each other and rinsing off with grins and glances that were downright predatory.

They stepped from the shower and dried off, not bothering to cover up in front of the other. “How much longer until we get to do this again?” Mulder asked, resting his palm at the curve of her cheek, his thumb brushing her lip, holding it there, as he struggled to find his words. It had hit him. The next time would be different. The next time, they’d be married. What he felt in that moment was so vast, so deep, it would take all night and he still couldn’t describe it all. “This time tomorrow, Scully..”

Continuing their visual communication, he watched Scully grow wide-eyed, as if ready to dive into a stormy sea. “..And it will still be about us Mulder, you and me.”

Mulder leaned down as his eyes fell closed, brushing his lips with hers. “What it’s always been, now and forever..” he whispered against her mouth. Scully smiled and they sealed their words with a kiss, as a promise of their lives going forward.

October 30, 2019
6:00pm

A loud horn started ‘meeping’ out two shaves and a haircut. Mulder walked over and peeked out the bedroom window. Parked in front of the house was the 1964 Lime green VW Bus Gibson convinced the unsuspecting man at the junkyard to sell him at a very reasonable cost. William and Molly’s friends had remodeled and covered it in painted peace signs and brightly colored flowers. It looked ready for a trip to Woodstock.

As he galloped down the stairs, Mulder heard the creak of the door and Scully’s voice. “Charles Scully! Enough! … MULDER! Your ride is here!”

“No need to shout, Scully.” Mulder commented as he stepped out on the porch beside her.

“Let’s get a move on Mulder!” Someone inside the bus yelled out, followed by another shout of “We’re going to be late!”

“Shut it Bill!” Charlie yelled back. “Let’s go - FOX! Revelry awaits!”

Whooping, pounding and more honking rang through the air. “All right!” Mulder yelled back and Scully laughed as she watched Mulder jog down the steps and sharing one final gaze, enter the bus.

Gibson, volunteering for designated driver, took control of the wheel as Charlie cracked open his cooler of goodies at the back. He tossed a beer Doggett’s way before handing the others out, then started serving the hard stuff.

“Where we headed?” Mulder asked, ripping off the beer tab and placing it carefully in his pocket. That would be his way of monitoring his alcoholic intake. He was too old with too high an insurance deductible to get sick tonight.
“First stop is Fedex Field. We have tickets to the Redskins / Cowboys game.” Doggett took a swig of beer and continued, “We have Jeffrey’s connections to thank for that.”

“We’re going to watch some Dallas cheerleaders!” Charlie added, clinking shot glasses with Jeff before tossing it back.

Dallas cheerleaders? Mulder smirked. There would be no mushrooms on his pizza tonight.

Mulder was nursing his 2nd beer when William made his way over to the seat beside him.

“Did you know cheerleading used to be all male?” Mulder asked and William shook his head. “Princeton University started it all in the late 1870’s. The Princeton Cheer was yelled from the stands by the students.”

Bill snorted and took a long chug of beer. “I forgot it would be trivia night.”

Ignoring his uncle, William looked at his father. “How do you remember all those random facts?”

Mulder tapped his temple with his finger, “Eidetic memory.”

William nodded and reached into his pocket, pulling from it his own shiny beer tab. He passed it from finger to finger over each knuckle. Mulder pulled out his own tab and they shared a chuckle. Simultaneously, they spoke, “Scully.” “Mom.”

“Saddle up men we have arrived!” Charlie shouted, exiting the bus, Mulder tossing his almost full beer into the trash. He couldn’t take it into the stadium anyway.

Mulder Residence
7:30pm

Scully opened up her gift and raised her eyebrows. “Just what I need. An edible dildo.”

“It vibrates,” Ellen pointed out helpfully.

“Yes, I see... and that’s... better?” Scully set it on the pile of other edible arrangements including body paint, oils, and panties.

“Who’s watching your daughter tonight? She’s so precious,” asked one of the many friends Scully had from her work at the hospital. Many of them in attendance.

“Molly volunteered to watch her for the evening. I don’t think she was comfortable with what everyone had planned and being my son’s girlfriend - well she’s a sweet girl.”

“Nonsense,” Ellen said as she finished off her margarita and got up to make another pitcher. “This is a very tame party.”

Just then a knock came at the door and Monica opened it. Two men, one dressed as a cowboy, and the other a fireman tipped their hats and introduced themselves. “Dana, I think the entertainment’s here.”

“Now it’s a party,” Cassandra grinned, rocking her foot that had crossed over her other leg, sipping
at her margarita.

The Crown and Crow
10:30pm

As Gibson parked the bus, a black lettered sign highlighted in gold came into view. Mulder recognized the familiar bar with the new name. He almost groaned out loud. This bar had been frequented by himself on a few occasions. Last one off the bus, right behind his son, Mulder observed their crowd. Skinner looked a little glassy eyed, Charlie was already stumbling. How many had they had? Bill was smiling, voluntarily, without hiding a grimace or trying to shift the pole buried up his ass. They were all feeling no pain.

“Aww-riiight! It's Kraok-kee night!” Charlie exclaimed with a single clap.

William and Mulder exchanged glances and a shrug, following the rest of the group in. Charlie was still rambling, “Hey, Heeeyyy - Biill. ‘Member thaat song?”

Sidling up to the bar with William, Mulder ordered two beers. The bartender, a woman with silvered blond hair was searching her memory at the same time she was getting the order out of the cooler.

Mulder could hear Bill and Charlie belting out their first tune when the Bartender returned, setting the beer bottles on the counter. She stared at them curiously for a moment. “You’ve been here before. I never forget a pretty face.”

A wry grin graced Mulder’s face. “Yeah - I was kind of afraid of that. Would you mind if we kept the caps?” She shrugged at the request, “Sure.” Mulder handed one to William and in unison dropped them into their shirt pockets.

Skinner, Gibson, and Jeffrey got a table and ordered drinks and appetizers while Doggett, joined Mulder and William at the bar, cringing at the singing coming from the stage. Bill and Charlie, with an arm draped over the other’s shoulder, rocking to and fro, belted out their own ear shuddering rendition of what one could only discern was an imitation of Sonny and Cher.

“They shay we're young an we don know, we woen't find out unt-til-ill-ill we grow..”

“Welllll I don't know if all that true, ’cause you got me, and bro-o-o I got you.”

“Bro.”

“I got you Brrroo, I got you Brroo.”

“My old granddad would have said it sounds like someone’s spanking the pussy,” Doggett mumbled. Mulder laughed and took a swig of beer looking over at William who had a finger to his ear and a pained expression.

Unfortunately, this was only the beginning. The brothers had moved on to one of the longest country songs ever - the ‘live’ version of ‘Friends in Low Places’.

“Blaaammee it alll on my roootts. I’s showed up in b,boots aanndnd…”

Doggett shook his head, chugged the remainder in his bottle and said, “Jesus God. I’m going to the
William and Mulder watched a lively game of darts between Gibson, Skinner, and Jeffrey, until Doggett returned. John tapped his hand at the bar and asked, “Hey Will, game of pool?”

“Uh,” William looked at his father and Mulder gave a nod of approval. “Go ahead.”

Another song had started and Bill and Charlie were still hogging the stage, this time with a spirited version of “The Winner Takes it All.”

Finally, someone decided to relieve the crowd of its misery and took over the mic. Charlie, with some help from Bill, slouched on a chair next to Jeffrey and Skinner who were chalking up their sticks preparing for their own game of pool. Jeffrey nodded, letting Bill know he would watch him.

“I always hated you,” Bill said, clearly intoxicated, as he pulled up a stool next to Mulder.

Mulder side-eyed Bill and tipped his beer, allowing the last of it to trickle down his throat, figuring he would need every last drop. “I never held that against you.”

Bill turned to face Mulder squarely, leaning an elbow on the bar and pointing. “You see Mulder, here’s the thing, she’s my sister and I’ve always wanted what was best for my sister and when I look at you.. Always in trouble with the government, getting mixed up in these conspiracies, not trusting the clearance level system or that some things are not meant for the public to know.. I just didn’t see what she did. I knew your career would never go anywhere, that you were constantly exposing my sister to dangers that would result in little answers and an even smaller control of the outcome even if you could possibly be right.”

“You believe in the possibility of me being right?” Mulder tapped the bar with his pointer signaling the bartender. She nodded.

“I’m drunk Mulder.”

No shit Sherlock, Mulder thought and took a deep cleansing breath. The bartender set his drink down on the coaster and he spun the beer cap she handed him. “I lost my sister when I was very young, Bill, but I understand the need to protect her. What lengths I went to try to save my own sister.”

Bill forged ahead, not even acknowledging Mulder’s admission. “Yeah, so as time went on and I got to know you, I really didn’t like you any better. My sister wanted a career, wanted a family, and the way I see it, you took that all away from her.”

Mulder tightened his lip and nodded. “I guess you would see it that way.”

Bill rolled his tongue along his bottom teeth and rotated his stool back to the bar to look at Mulder through the reflection. “I know it was of her own free will that she made the decisions she made with her life, but if you weren’t around… if you hadn’t pushed her and been someone she had to save…”

Now Bill was starting to crawl beneath his skin. “Wait a second, Bill..”

“No. You wait Mulder. You wait,” Bill ushered the bartender to serve them a couple beers and slapped his credit card on the bar. “After all these years, what I’ve seen, and my mother, God rest her soul, pounded into my head, how much Dana cares for you and how much you care for her and, well, I’m always going to be protective of my sister, but now, she has her career, she has her family… and.. She’s… happy… with you, what I’m trying to say is, you have my blessing to marry my sister.”
Mulder took a long swig of beer. Pausing to listen to see if he could feel a breeze coming from hell freezing over from their location. “Your blessing means a lot to Scully, that will make her very happy to know that… Scully being happy, makes me very happy.”

Bill reached his arm over as if he was going to hug Mulder, but stopped just shy, resolving to give him a pat on the back instead, holding his hand there to rub his shoulder and give it a squeeze. “Of course, if you hurt my sister, I will be forced to lay you out on your ass.”

Mulder pursed his lips as he smiled, chewing on his cheek and holding his tongue. Bill would always be Bill.

Mulder Residence
10:45pm

“When did you masturbate last?” Tara, Charlie’s wife, asked Monica as she read from the game card and took another bite of the mysterious edibles everyone had been indulging in.

“Would that be by myself or in front of John?” Monica giggled and her phone beeped. As if on cue, John had texted her a picture of Mulder surrounded by the Dallas Cheerleaders. She was glad they were having a good time. Secretly, she sent back a pic of the two strippers dancing around a very amused Scully. They weren’t the only ones.

Cassandra picked out another card. “Ooooh. This question’s definitely for Dana. Who has more orgasms in bed, you or your husband?” Cassandra smiled and blinked rapidly Scully’s way.

“Uh, maybe we could pick another card,” Scully suggested, but Cassandra shook her head maintaining her friendly, but evil grin. Scully lifted her eyebrows and moistened her lips. “Then I guess I’d have to say that would be me.” That produced some “ooo”s from the peanut gallery.

Ellen picked next. “I’m directing this one to my best friend. Okay Dana, what is the first thing he said or did to make you think he was the one?”

“When was the first time I knew Mulder was the one?” Scully thought about meeting him down in the basement, the way he opened up to her in the motel room on their first case, all the times their minds met, all their respectful disagreements and heated arguments, the frustration, the fear, her cancer and how he was there for her, her cure and the lengths he went for her, his unwillingness to give up when she wanted a child, his willingness to walk away from his entire life to save her and their son, his silent supportiveness through the time they were apart, his open arms when she was ready to take their leap of faith…. The list went on..

The answer, riddled with complexities, could be summed up rather succinctly. “The moment he opened his heart and allowed me to see his true self. I guess it was from the start, that night in the motel room, knowing I could trust him, the strength of our newborn friendship, our willingness to share, the respect for one another. It took years before I was able to set aside my fears and accept the possibilities, let romantic feelings into my heart. Then years before we decided to take that step.”

Scully heard her own voice, soft and dreamy, but as always there was a slight undercurrent of sadness. Nothing for them had been easy after they had crossed over that threshold.

“You shared a motel room on your first case?” Ellen asked and the room filled with FBI and hospital friends seemed to shrink as they leaned in awaiting the answer.
“No, we talked. I mean, we did much more than talk, we shared, but not like that, nothing physical, well, we embraced, but nothing beyond that,” Scully stammered to explain.

“You’re not asking the right questions Ellen. Was clothing removed?” Another woman asked.

“No. I mean, I didn’t have clothes on when I got there, I mean I had on a robe and underwear… Maybe we should play a different game?” Scully gave Monica the eye and she nodded.

“How did she do on the groom test?” Tara asked.

Monica’s jaw dropped. “You’re not going to believe this.. Or maybe.. You will. She got them all right. All twenty questions, she matched Mulder’s answers. Did you guys cheat?”


“Well how did Mulder do with the bride test?” Another woman asked.

Monica shook her head. “This is remarkable. He got every one correct as well. They matched every question.”

The Crown and Crow

11:30pm

Mulder felt the buzz of his phone and knew instinctively it must be Scully. He checked the text. There were two words: Miss You

Mulder hid his phone under the bar as he typed: I knew you would crack first. A bachelor party is about giving closure to an old life and preparing to celebrate a new. There was no life before you, Scully, and we’ve spent too much of our lives apart. I want to come home.

He held his phone in his hand and waited for her answer. Finally a buzz: Enjoy tonight. Soon enough tomorrow will be upon us.

His heart ached as he dropped his phone into his jacket breast pocket. Jingling his caps and tabs, he counted six. It was time to leave. He nodded towards Skinner, who crossed the room to meet him. “Having a good time Mulder?”

“I am,” Mulder said.

“But you’re ready to go,” Skinner replied, reading his body language. As much as they had yet to learn about each other with the simple things, they knew each other like family on all other levels. “Next stop is my house. We can wind down over there. Scully gave us copies of your favorite movies. Told me to make you some popcorn. Extra butter.”

“Why are Scully and I putting ourselves through this?” Mulder asked almost rhetorically.

“The way I see it Mulder, you and Scully have been married for decades. Tomorrow is more of a renewing of vows and a chance for everyone to celebrate your union. You’re not getting cold feet are you? Because I’ll knock you out and drag you there myself...”
“No, no cold feet. I’m just looking forward to kissing the bride and taking her home.” Mulder ran a hand through his hair. “It’s hard to believe we’re doing something so… so..”

“Within societal norms?” Skinner asked, looking down at Mulder.

“Yeah, something like that.”

Skinner’s house, 3:30am

Snores rang out like locomotives as Mulder turned up the volume of Skinner’s 80 inch 4k monster, attempting to drown them out. Charlie was passed out on one recliner and Bill on another. Skinner had retired to his own bed, Gibson had dropped everyone off and him and William went back to Gibson's house and Jeffrey was sharing the couch with Mulder.

The movie was playing, but Mulder’s mind had drifted to Scully. He was considering all the times he thought he had lost her, the abduction, their nice trip through the forest, her cancer, her disappearance with the smoking man, the time she was shot, the many times she was held against her will, when she had been threatened with a transfer, the closures of the xfiles, all of it, and even with all he put her through, his improbable theories… she stayed, she persevered and she never left his side. He felt the emotions burn at his eyelids.

“Tomorrow will be hectic, and there’s always the question of it being Halloween and all, and it’s the two of you, but it will all fall into place,” Jeffrey reassured him. "The darkness will stay at bay. You two deserve that Mulder. We earned that much. All the sacrifice, the blood, sweat, and tears..”

“I hear they’re making a comeback,” Mulder smarted. “Yeah, for Scully’s sake, it needs to be.”
In deep Introspection, Scully stared into her reflection. Her mind had silenced to listen to her boisterous heart. On the sink, next to the soap dispenser sat a card with a letter. Chuckling at first, tears burned as the words tucked inside unraveled:

Dear Scully,

As I write this I’m a little stunned we’re going through with it. At the same time, I’m glad that’s what we decided. When I met you, I had already lost my entire world and the new one I had created filled me with singular purpose.

But then there you were, and with one longing glance, I was home. I reached out and made the connection, that first day, just the two of us, I still recall every conversation, and the feelings they gave.

You didn’t know it, but that day you saved me. From that day, inseparable, and though not married in the widely understood definition of the term, we were one. The years, what we strived and embraced for, took their toll, the truth eclipsed by the search, and yet you kept pouring love into the abyss of my heart until I was strong enough to build the cradle to hold it.

You were the only thing I could ever count on in my life to be real. The world was once small, as if darkness could find us no matter where we traveled, now everything has opened up and come alive and I’m standing here with you on a mountain of promise and light. Now our work is raising a family, loving our children without bounds, and as we look at one another, with tired eyes, at the end of the day, from this day forward, I will proudly, call you my wife.

So, I promise to love you without reservation, comfort you in times of distress, encourage you to achieve all of your goals, laugh with you and cry with you, grow with you in mind and spirit, as I did before and always will. You are my life, my love, and my partner, forever the other half of my soul.
See you at the altar,

Your partner in life,

Fox Mulder

Mulder could hear the creaking of Scully's footsteps above as he crept through the door. Fearing they might run into each other he treaded lightly. As he lifted his forgotten tux from his desk chair he saw the card perched on the kitchen table in the other room. He paused to read the letter nestled inside:

Dear Mulder,

Before we walk down the aisle, before the vows and the cake and our first dance, I want to remind you how proud I am to know you, to stand here by your side, to be the one that shares your life. I’ve always been proud to love you, to hold your love for me, to experience life beside you. I am proud that you are the one that shares my smiles, that I let see my tears, to allow you to give me courage and share your beliefs. I am proud to be part of you, part of who you are.

Tomorrow we embark on yet another voyage, one we have already started, but now continue in context. Back in the beginning, we had nothing in common other than a will to reveal the truth and do what was right. I was the one looking to make a difference, heal the wounded, I knew the resources we needed were beyond what we had, but you pushed forward, balancing intellect and emotion, using my own need for proof and use of scientific logic. We buried ourselves in work, but I could never pull my head out to see the details of our lives.

Every step I took had to tangibly take me closer to the overall goal, to be helping, reducing pain, spreading understanding, but you could walk in the opposite direction for as long as it took on instinct. We never played chess, we were always on the same side, I'm not saying that we always agreed, but we never lost respect for the other. I’d never have achieved what I did alone, and neither would you. My life’s journey would never have been satisfying, feeling you out there, my soul whispering in the wind in a language only yours could truly hear. It took me years, and great pain, but I have learned that our togetherness means peace. There is no sacrifice being with you because your heart and my heart, your spirit and my spirit, holds no difference.

I’m looking forward Mulder, to the honor, the pleasure, and the journey of being married to you.
Forever yours,

Dana
Mulder and Scully get Married

Chapter by CultureisDarkBeer, Kyouryokusenshi

Chapter Summary

The special day has arrived!

I want to give a very warm and heartfelt thank you to kyouryokusenshi for being the guest co-writer for this chapter. It turned out more beautiful than I dreamt.

If you haven't read the previous chapter, it's the cards with notes Mulder and Scully left each other before the wedding. You may want to check it out.

For anyone reading this fic for the first time: their baby daughter's name is Maggie or M, as her father calls her, Cassandra is back, Ellen, Scully’s best friend from Jersey Devil is in the wedding party, Shira is a recurring character in this fic that Mulder trained with to learn different fighting skills, William(Jackson) returned with a refreshing new attitude and a girlfriend, Molly, and you might recall her from Founder's Mutation.

That's really all there is to get caught up on, so take a seat and we'll get on with the ceremony.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes
Throughout most of her life, Dana Scully would not be labeled as a traditionalist. However, when she was a young girl, she always dreamt of being escorted down the aisle by her father in his dress whites. At the church entrance, he would kiss her forehead and he wouldn't cry; he was too stoic for that. He would call her Starbuck and my princess, and then pull the blusher veil over her face before escorting her to the faceless husband at the end of the aisle. She would wear the dress her mother had worn at her wedding, simple, but absolutely gorgeous at the same time, with its gold sequins and framed neckline. When she was younger, being the devout Catholic she was, she envisioned getting married in a church. Since meeting Mulder, and having cohabitated for over a decade, and not having one, but two children outside of wedlock, she opted for a less conventional route. A Halloween wedding, it was so…them. So… Spooky, as Mulder kindly put it. Fitting for this couple that constantly deviated from the norm.

After some considerable thought, they chose a spot nestled on Virginia Beach, a short three-hour drive from home. Thankfully, obtaining a beach permit for the ceremony hadn’t been too difficult and an indoor reception was to follow. Mulder had made a Virginia Is For Lovers quip at the suggestion, but the relief was evident in his features that he would not have to marry in a church, though at this point, he didn’t care where they exchanged vows, he was ready to commit Until Death Do Us Part in front of all their family and friends.

Scully took a deep breath and counted, forcing her body to relax. She was nervous, very nervous,
possibly even skittish, but much less so than she thought she would be, for this would be one of the 
most important days of her life aside from William and M’s births. She felt a pang of melancholy at 
the thought of her mother missing her big day. She had always been her and Mulder’s biggest 
supporter; their biggest champion.Palming the quarter necklace in her hand, she sent up a silent 
prayer that her mother would be a witness from above.

“Deep breaths, Dana,” Cassandra said gently.

There was so much joy in Monica, Ellen, and Cassandra’s eyes as they helped her get ready in the 
bridal suite; so much barely suppressed excitement. It made Scully emotional, made her want to bawl 
like a baby, and she had just sat through Monica’s painstakingly elaborate makeup process. Not to 
mention, her goal for the day was not to lose it in front of their wedding guests.

“I could use one of those whale songs right about now, Monica,” Scully laughed nervously while 
simultaneously causing Monica to erupt in a fit of laughter.

“I have some ocean sounds music in the car, you might be in luck.” It was a much-needed reprieve 
as the women in the room laughed in unison.

Monica smiled, admiring her handiwork on Scully’s face. She became empathetic, almost as if 
reading her mind. “Alright, alright. If you guys make her mess up her make-up right now I’ll cry,” 
Monica said, her tone laced with pure affection.

Monica looked stunning, in a bodycon seafoam colored dress that made the green flecks in her 
brown eyes stand out even more.

An opening and closing of the door to the room got their attention.

“Dana, you look beautiful,” Shira, Mulder’s long time trainer, told Scully as she entered the room. 
“You should know that I’ve been put on guard duty by your bridegroom. He said that if you tried to 
run, that I’d get to tackle you, and may I remind you, I led the Israeli militia, so you might not want 
to test me.”

That made Scully laugh, and relieved some of the tension, as it was meant to; Scully grateful for the 
distraction. It wasn’t that she had doubts, she was sure of their relationship, but it was just the actual 
marrriage part that got her nerves on edge. Maybe they should have eloped. She thought back to their 
escape from the darkness to the Carribean, how she herself had contemplated asking Mulder then 
and there. The temptation had been so real, so strong, yet something held her back. Perhaps she 
knew what was to come. She knew now, with impunity, that Mulder was it, as they would always 
find their way back to one another, in this life and the next.

The wedding list had more people on it than she would have thought in the past. Despite all they had 
lost, there were so many people she valued in her life now. Her heart was no longer an unopened 
box inside another box, each layer slowly opening up after another. It was full and complete and she 
suddenly she couldn’t imagine a life without Mulder in it. Sure, she could have married a brain 
surgeon, been Kersh’s boss and had the whole white picket fence, but that life never excited her. It 
didn’t give her the same thrill as the life she chose chasing monsters in the dark and endless pursuits 
of the truth. Mulder fought through her seemingly endless barriers and while she challenged him, he 
grounded her. He taught her how to believe, no matter how impossible and to never give up. She 
was incomplete without him.

“You ready?” Monica asked as she retrieved the garment bag that contained her mother’s wedding 
gown- the something borrowed.
“Yeah, as ready as I ever will be.” Scully had a quick peek in the mirror at her curled updo. Her long strawberry locks curled and neatly folded into a sophisticated updo as a single strand fell loosely to the side.

Monica helped Scully into the gown, as Cassandra and Ellen worked to smooth out any wrinkles, ensuring Scully fit into the dress just like a glove.

The dress was a pale cream A-Line with gold, threaded lace as beaded and crystal sequins detailed the hem. She’d had the dress altered slightly to fit her petite frame. Removed were the billowing sleeves that marked an era of the past, and in its place, a high collared lace neckline that perfectly accentuated her cleavage within. The hem falling loosely to the ground, the silk flaring out around her hips just slightly as a simple train trailed behind.

The women began to file from the room, giving Scully encouraging looks before they left. Scully followed, looking out the window of the 2nd story building to see the guests taking their seats before the altar. She smiled as she spotted William holding M in her somewhat matching cream dress, completed by a headband with pink florals. In the baby’s grasp, assisted by William, was a basket carrying white rose petals he helped her drop along the aisle. It was time.

---Meanwhile---

Standing in front of a mirror and straightening his tie for the 10th time, the word marriage and all it entailed scrolled through Mulder’s mind. Today was the day. Scully would become his wife. He would become her husband.

Nothing would change between them except they’d now have an official document and matching rings on their left hands. And yet everything would…. they would be married. “For better or for worse,” his own words echoed through his mind.

Mulder methodically stroked the key chain in his pocket, the one Leyla lent to him, the one he had originally given to Scully, his own something borrowed. No one gets there alone and they certainly had their share of help and guidance along the way. Nestled next to it was a folded torn paper from the FBI archives. On one side contained his hand-written vows. On the other, the 1 U.S. Code § 7, “the word “marriage” means only a legal union between one man and one woman as husband and wife. Fourteenth Amendment requires all states to grant same-sex marriages and recognize same-sex marriages granted in other states. Amendment: The U.S. Constitution nor the constitution of any state shall be construed to require that marriage or the legal incidents of marriage be conferred upon any other union. Neither the United States nor any State shall recognize or grant to any unmarried person the legal rights or status of a spouse.”

Apparent to anyone that knew him, Mulder didn’t concern himself with rules, even though he had started out his FBI career following the rules and adhering to the codes. That was until John Barnett. Then with the discovery of the X-Files, unconventional investigative techniques were the only pathway to success. But that particular code he’d ripped from its rightful place because of that last line. Scully and himself deserved to be recognized, and have the legal rights and benefits one has as the status of spouse. This was his reminder. He gave his talisman a final stroke when his heart heard a familiar call.

“Dada … Dada....”
Mulder smiled as the sound of none other than M, drew him from his thoughts. He knew she missed him reading to her last night and he missed their nightly ritual as well. With tiny footsteps, the doorknob jiggled. “Wait a second Mags,” came William’s muffled voice from the other side of the door. After a knock by William and what sounded like a tiny palm slapping on the wood, Mulder opened the door.

He looked down to see M holding her arms up, “DADA!” Mulder reached down and picked her up. Patting his cheeks, she stared at his face and smiled before giving him a wet kiss. M sighed in contentment and laid her head on his shoulder. Her tiny nose snuggled into his neck and she played with the tie he’d just fixed.

William leaned against the door jam as a soft, relaxed expression graced his face. He’d been thinking a lot about his past and how it shaped him. Both the good and the bad. The present was ever-evolving, and there were still many questions, about so much; but seeing his sister with his father, maybe it wasn’t impossible. Perhaps someday he would have that too.

William turned toward Molly, who’d quietly joined in. She took his hand and leaned against his arm. “Dad has her. Do you want to take a walk?”

Molly nodded and William offered a small smile and thumbs up to Mulder. “Good luck. I’ll kill you if you make a break for it.”

Mulder chuckled. “I wouldn’t dream of it.”

After William and Molly left, Mulder set M on the dresser in front of him. Father and daughter made faces at each other in the mirror, smiling and laughing. Mulder nuzzled her neck, making her giggle harder. He breathed in her scent, the innocence of babyganics vanilla citrus, before pulling away.

He sighed as M’s big teal blues stared straight back at him. “Mommy and daddy are getting married today. You might not understand what that means now, but you will someday.”

“Mama!” she gushed suddenly.

“Yeah, that’s right, Pumpkin… we’ll be seeing your mama very soon.”

-----

As Scully exited the bridal suite with her veil clipped into her updo, she was met by Bill, who despite his otherwise reserved and tough exterior, smiled at the sight of her. “You look so beautiful, Dana. Mom and Dad would be proud,” he offered.

She smiled brightly at him, surprised at his sudden shift in demeanor, as joy and pride were mirrored in his gaze. “Thanks, Bill.”

Bill gave her a quick peck on the cheek as they waited for the chords to proceed. Scully took a breath as Bill offered her his arm. Together, they walked slowly down the flower-lined aisle to the beat of Canon in D with the sun at their backs. Bill synched his movements with hers instinctively from years of military acumen. The flower garlands that adorned the rows of chairs matched Scully’s bouquet filled with a mix of violet lilies, lavender roses, and small white calla lilies. In the distance the wind blew, the scent of salt, crisp in the air.
Her heart thudded in her chest as the audience turned towards her, and that’s when she met Mulder’s nervous gaze. She was certain that it would have been her undoing when she looked into those hazel depths. He looked at her as if no one else could have possibly existed at that moment, his attention reserved for her and her alone.

As she returned his gaze, they spoke in the silent language that was impossible to decode to anyone but them. He smiled knowingly as she got closer and she rewarded him with a grin. To Mulder’s right, under the archway, stood Skinner, William as he held M, Doggett, Jefferey, and Charlie. She turned to the left to see Monica, Tara, Cassandra, Ellen, and Molly who offered her a sheepish smile.

The sound of the ocean waves could be heard crashing against the shore as the chords came to a sudden halt, marking the end of their journey to the altar. It had just occurred to her that the minister was standing beside Mulder as Bill placed a kiss on Scully’s cheek before offering her hand to Mulder.

Bill and Mulder nodded at one another in a mutual understanding before Bill took a seat in the front pew. Scully hadn’t realized she was crying until Mulder reached out to catch the tears that were falling. The moment was overwhelming, yet she could hear M babbling in William’s arms and a sudden high pitched “MAMA!” that caused both the wedding party and audience to erupt into laughter.

Scully stole a glance at her son and daughter and smiled as the tears continued to fall. The wind was insistent as it tugged and nearly forced her veil from her hair.

The audience was quiet once again as the minister began his speech, but Scully and Mulder were so immersed in each other’s world that all external sounds seemed to be drowned out. As Mulder held her hands in his, he seemed to get lost in the eyes that matched the ocean around them. His eyes went from her face to the quarter she wore around her neck and the wind seemed to pick up with haste at that moment.

It wasn’t until the minister prompted them to read the vows they had prepared for one another that they both snapped back to reality.

“Scully, you have always been my constant and my touchstone. My one in five billion… or whatever it is these days. My light in the darkness that’s always seemed to find you and me, as much it may continue to try, I am choosing you, for better or for worse,” Mulder’s voice started to break as tears fell freely down Scully’s cheeks. “You had me from the moment you first walked into my office twenty-six years ago and now you’ll have all of me, forever.”

Mulder's love was a beautiful thing, always perfectly suited to her needs, and so unselfish in its ways. It wasn’t just his words that made her a believer, but his actions that truly convinced her they were made for one another. Hearing his love verbalized in this manner was almost foreign to her ears as they almost always communicated wordlessly.

“I once said that the best relationships, the ones that last, are frequently the ones that are rooted in friendship. That one day you look at the person and see something more than you did the night before, like a switch has been flicked somewhere. And the person who was just a friend is suddenly the only person you can ever imagine yourself with.”

Scully paused a moment as Mulder regarded her with a grin, yet his eyes betrayed his emotions.

“That person is you, Mulder. It always has been… even in the moments of most extreme duress and uncertainty, your stubbornness never fails to remind me why I fell in love with you. That’s why I
followed you and why I would do it all over again. I don’t want to be married to a brain surgeon or to be Kersh’s boss. I want to be with you, Mulder. For better or for worse.”

Her voice was as steady as she could make it for her own part. Tears ran silently down her cheeks for a lot of it, but Mulder held it together for the most part. That is, right until the end, when the minister was reciting a small part Mulder decided to add. It was a quote from Benediction of the Apaches:

"Now you will feel no rain, for each of you will be shelter to the other. Now you will feel no cold, for each of you will be warmth to the other. Now there is no more loneliness for you."

Mulder's love was a beautiful thing, always perfectly suited to her needs, and so unselfish in its ways. It wasn’t his words that made her a believer, but his actions that truly convinced her they were made for one another.

They could hear the gasps and awe coming from the audience. William and even Skinner were sniffling. M giggled. Scully turned to see Monica turn into a sobbing mess.

Mulder’s gaze never wavered from hers, even as they filled with tears, the tears swiftly overflowing, running down his cheeks before the minister had even finished the line. Scully reached up and softly wiped them away with her hands. It was only fair. He had been quietly drying her tears since they met.

"For each of you will be a companion to the other. Now you are two bodies, but there is only one life before you."

There were a few more lines, but she barely heard them as she watched Mulder's trembling lips form the words, "I love you".

Scully passed her bouquet to Monica as they moved to light the unity candle, their two candles symbolic of the merging of their two lifetimes. It was almost comical because they'd been sharing their lives as one for over twenty years. Scully laughed as the candle struggled to stay lit, yet the small flame was relentless just like their determination and commitment to each other, come what may.

As the moments passed, they were finding it more and more difficult to keep their hands off of one another. They stared into each other’s eyes, suddenly desperate to make it official. Seeing Mulder in his tux did things to Scully that she couldn’t even begin to explain.

After they exchanged rings, which William had provided to them, they waited eagerly for the final part.

“By the power vested in me, by the American Marriage Ministries and the state of Virginia, I now pronounce you… Husband and Wife!”

Both Scully and Mulder dove for one another in a flurry of motion, not standing for another single moment apart, hungry with love and desire for one another. As their lips met, Mulder wrapped his arms around Scully and lifted her off her feet, pulling her deeper into the kiss as they heard the sheer amount of cheers and applause from the audience.

Scully pulled away breathlessly, her hands still on Mulder’s face, but only just for a moment as she muttered into his ear. “I love you.”

“Not as much as I love you,” Mulder said in a throaty whisper.
Scully's hands gripped his shoulders as his eyes laughed into hers. "We did it," he said, softly, his voice filled with quiet wonder. Tears unknowingly streamed down both their faces as they moved in for another kiss, this time not holding back as they explored the taste of the other, but only for a moment before they realized they were in front of all their family and friends.

They could hear whistles accompanied by “kiss her harder” and even the familiar groans from Bill Scully and Walter Skinner. M’s shrieks of excitement stood out amongst them all.

When they broke away again, Mulder reached for Scully’s hand, ready to walk down the path into forever.

Chapter End Notes

Reception to Follow....

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!