Weirdoes of Beach City

by poolsidescientist

Summary

Mulder drags Scully to Beach City in order to investigate extraterrestrial phenomena. They did not expect sentient space rocks.

Notes

Disclaimer: I own neither Steven Universe nor do I own the X-Files. Don't sue me.

Extra notes: My first crossover fic and my first Steven Universe fic. We'll see where this goes.
“Mulder, where did you even get this thing?” Special agent Dana Scully asked her partner as the decrepit RV hobbled across the highway. Normally the agents stayed in motels but Mulder had the bright idea to buy an RV so their trip felt ‘more like a vacation’.

“Craigslist Scully, it’s amazing what you can find on the internet. And the price was too good to pass up. The man who sold it to me seemed really eager to get it off his hands,” Mulder answered with a smile. Family road trips were like a boyhood fantasy to him.

“Mulder, if I find a body in here-”

“I’ll trust you to perform an autopsy.” Another shit eating grin from Mulder, bits of sunflower seeds spattering from his mouth as their shells littered the dashboard.

“Cut the crap Mulder, where are we even going?” Scully sighed exasperatedly.

“The one and only Beach City. It’ll be a nice trip to the beach.”

“Just like our nice trips to the forest. Are you sure there’s a real town called Beach City?”

“Absolutely Scully. I have a contact who claims he witnessed an alien shipwreck. I emailed you the link to his blog.”

“I saw it. It looks fake. What kind of spaceship looks like a giant hand? The name of the blog is called ‘Keep Beach City Weird’. I honestly don’t think any of this qualifies as reliable information. Mulder-”

“But what if it is real. What if there’s more than one alien civilization that came to earth? There are at least 12 different x-files based in and around Beach City. And that’s just in the past 5 years. Go back further and there’s even more. Scully, this town could be a hub of extraterrestrial activity!”

“Or it could be home to a number of pathetic, attention seeking weirdoes and we’d be wasting our time and the bureau’s resources by driving out here. I just hope I don’t get bed bugs from this RV,” Scully argued. She couldn’t bring herself to take this trip seriously. There was no official case and no crime had been committed. Skinner was going to have a field day when they got back to Washington.

“Then we really will have a beach vacation Scully. We’re going to have to stop soon, I’m low on seeds.”

“Mulder-” Scully paused as she saw something out of the corner of her eye, “who, or what is that?”

“Where Scully?”

“Just over there, beside the barn.”

Sure enough there was a girl in a blue sundress, no, a blue girl in a blue sundress. If that wasn’t unusual enough she appeared to fly onto the roof of the barn with blue wings that looked as though they could be made of water. Neither Mulder nor Scully could believe their eyes.

“Mulder, if there were any drugs in this RV that are causing us to hallucinate right now-” Mulder drove faster as Scully interrogated him about the integrity of the RV and its former owner.
“This is it Scully, life as we’ve never seen it before. In a barn on the outskirts of a tourist town! I can’t believe it Scully! Water wings! Flying! This alien might even be friendly, she-” Mulder was cut off but the RV crashing into a kiddie pool. Before they knew it both Mulder and Scully were both stuck and soaked. While the crash was not so severe that the air bags deployed, the RV was not going to go anywhere until they found a way to fix it.

As the dust settled, the two agents noticed a figure walking towards them. It appeared to be small and humanoid, clad all in green except for an red bowtie around her neck. She had a stone on her forehead and her hair assumed a rather triangular shape. She made her way up to the window and glared in: “Who are you clods?”. 
Chapter 2

FBI special agent Dana Scully had seen many things in her years assigned to the X-Files. Despite her skepticism, she even came to terms with the existence of extraterrestrial life. But never in her life had she even imagined anything like the suspicious green creature staring in at her. Both Mulder and her watched the creature in stunned silence. She was humanoid, but definitely not human.

“Peridot, what are you doing?” Asked the blue girl as she flew down on wings made of water. Like the green creature, there was no way she was human either.

“Sizing up our new guests. They appear to be human.”

“I would never have guessed,” sighed the blue girl, crossing her arms and rolling her eyes. “Do you think they’re friends of Steven’s?”

“Good question Lapis!” The green creature, Peridot, grinned and stuck her head through Scully’s open window. “ARE YOU FRIENDS OF STEVEN’S????” she yelled.

“I’m sorry who? And who are-” inquired Scully.

“So you’re not human? What planet are you from? How did you get here? Tell me everything.” interrupted Mulder, beaming like a five-year-old child on Christmas morning.

“Hahahehehahahaha,” laughed Peridot, “they almost thought we were human! Hahahehehahahaha.”

“No, we’re actually gems from Homeworld,” Lapis explained, “this planet was supposed to be colonised by gems-”

“But the Crystal Gems chose to live here and fought them off to preserve the existing life on this planet. Lapis got trapped by accident during the war but then she was released and went back to Homeworld. Then I was sent to check on the giant cluster of gem shards in the center of the earth that is an enormous weapon made to destroy the planet and Lapis came too. So did Jasper but that’s a long story. Steven was able to fix the cluster but now we’re stranded on this planet but that’s okay because Yellow Diamond is a huge clod and Homeworld is full of clods. So now we live in this barn.” Peridot had climbed through the window and was practically sitting on Scully’s lap.

“Okaaaaaay.” Scully bit her lip in disbelief. Peridot looked up at her.

“Oh, and who are you?”
“We’re agents Fox Mulder and Dana Scully, we’re from the FBI.” Mulder informed the gems as both agents pulled out their badges.

“What’s an efff-beee-eye?” Peridot narrowed her eyes at the badges.

“We work for the government by investigating cases, usually criminal ones. Our particular division, the X-Files, specialises in phenomenon that would often be deemed as unexplained or paranormal.” Scully put her badge away and unbuckled her seatbelt.

“We’re here in Beach City because we’ve had numerous reports of unexplained and extraterrestrial activity over the past few years. Guess there are aliens here after all.” Mulder tried to pat Peridot’s head which lead to her hissing at him. He recoiled in shock as Scully rolled her eyes.

“So are you guys just going to sit there?” Lapis shook her head at their antics. Within moments Peridot hopped off of Scully’s lap and the three of them exited the RV. It had crashed into the kiddie pool and was in dire need of repairs.

“Either of you know a towing company in the area? We have to get to Beach City and need to fix-” Mulder asked the gems.

“No worries agents! Your primitive earthling technology should be no problem for a Peridot like me. Just sit back and I will have this machine up and running in no time at all!” Peridot ran inside the barn searching for tools. Lapis, Mulder, and Scully walked into the barn.

“I like your style. You guys sure know how to decorate.” Mulder admired the décor.

“You could learn something Mulder, this place is cleaner than yours,” added Scully. In the background a TV was on. “It can’t be…”

“Is that Camp Pining Hearts? I used to love that show! Paulette was my favourite.” Exclaimed Mulder, climbing up to where the television was. Scully and Lapis soon followed.

“Paulette, seriously?” Both Scully and Lapis stared at Mulder with an air of disbelief.

“Oh yeah, she was really the heart of the show.”

“Heart. I’m sure you liked her because of her heart. Wait, Lapis, is this season 3?”

“You bet. So far it’s the best one. I keep hearing the last season is terrible.”

“It wouldn’t be the first show to have a terrible ending. I don’t know much about the last season, I never got that far.”

With that, Scully grimaced, “Oh Mulder, you have no idea…”
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I should be working on grad school applications but I saw the new shorts and the part of ‘Gem Harvest’ so I couldn’t resist.

“Wow, that season finale always gets to me.” Mulder wiped a tear from his eye. Four hours later and Mulder, Scully, and Lapis were still glued to the screen. They had officially finished the third season of ‘Camp Pining Hearts’.

“I wish they didn’t have to end on a cliff-hanger. How hard is it to write a decent ending?” Lapis sighed and flew down from the couch.

“Say Lapis, how do you guys get such good Wi-Fi out here?” Asked Mulder, looking down at his phone.

“Peridot did something… to that thing.” Lapis pointed at what had once been a vacuum cleaned that now zoomed around with what appeared to be a satellite dish attached to it.

“Good luck reselling the RV after she’s done with it,” Scully whispered playfully into Mulder’s ear.

“It works most of the time”. Signed Lapis as smoke wafted from the satellite dish.

“Most of the time, most of the time? What are you talking about Lapis? My creations are magnificent. Despite its lack of advanced technology this planet is fascinating. Organic life really is something to behold! And to think that Homeworld wanted to destroy this entire planet for the sake of the cluster… but I don’t have to listen to those clods anymore. I get to create whatever I want here. So many possibilities.” Peridot marched in, dusting off her bowtie and grinning from ear to ear.

Mulder grinned, “Gotta love aliens Scully,” whispering into her ear. Scully was watching a rustling bush. A rustling, barking bush.

“Arfarfrufufruf,” barked the creature as it ran out of the bush. Despite sounding like a dog, the creature was by no means a dog, or even an animal. It was a pumpkin. A barking pumpkin with a face like a jack-o-lantern, four stumpy legs and a wagging tale of pumpkin vine. It ran towards them and jumped into Scully’s arms.

“Oh, hello.” She petted it gingerly. “You remind me of Queequeg little one.” Scully continued to pet the pumpkin. “It probably smells Dagoo.”

“What are Queequegs and Dagoos. Are they also vegetables?” asked Peridot.

“No, they’re dogs.” Scully smiled. “Queequeg was a dog I used to have but he was eaten by an alligator. Dagoo is also a dog. Mulder claims he belonged to a lizard-man but I got him from a shelter.”

“Where is Dagoo staying Scully?” Inquired Mulder.
“Miller said he’d dog sit. I can show you pictures if you want.” Scully dumped the pumpkin into Lapis’s outstretched arms and pulled out her phone. There were over a hundred pictures of the small terrier.

“He might look cute but don’t be fooled, he keeps trying to eat my fish,” warned Mulder as Scully shot him a dirty look.

“So what’s this…thing named?” Scully went back to petting the pumpkin like a dog.

“He answers to Veggie Head,” replied Lapis, smiling gently. “We grew him ourselves. With a little help from Steven.”

“Steven, you mentioned a Steven earlier. Is this the same one?” Mulder stretched a hand out to pet Veggie Head. He growled and Mulder recoiled.

“That would be him. He bubbled the cluster! Can you believe it? If it weren’t for Steven you guys probably wouldn’t have a planet anymore,” Peridot explained.

“Interesting, where would we meet this Steven?” Asked Mulder

“He lives in Beach city. He’ll probably be there.” Lapis continued to cuddle Veggie Head in her arms.

“Thank you, both of you, we should probably get going Scully.”

“Mulder, we can’t go anywhere until the RV is repaired.” At that, Peridot’s eyes lit up and she smiled delightedly.

“I repaired your transportation vehicle. It’s wonderful, and much improved! You’re gonna love what I did to it!”
“So, what do you think?” Peridot gestured at the redesigned recreational vehicle.

“I think it’ll be easy to find in a parking lot” Mulder replied as he, Scully, and Lapis stared awestruck at Peridot’s handiwork.

The vehicle had been painted black with white stars and galaxies in the background. In the foreground were flying saucers and little green men. The ceiling of the RV had been replaced by a glass sunroof. Extra exhaust pipes came out of the sides, making the back of the vehicle look like a rocket. The tires were larger and the hubcaps had alien faces printed onto them. At the front, the bumper had been polished and spikes were added, they were equal parts frightening and comical. Hanging off the rear-view mirror, were two flying saucers, swinging gently the way fuzzy dice would.

“Okay…” Scully’s day was just getting weirder and weirder.

A puff of smoke wafted out the door as Peridot opened it. “Best part’s inside.” She pointed to the vehicle’s interior. The others followed tentatively.

The steering wheel was still there, as were all the gears and pedals, but the entire dashboard was covered in buttons which resembled that of a spaceship. The seats had been cleaned but otherwise unchanged. The carpet of the RV was removed and the metal floor was polished and emitted a strange green light. The walls were painted black with glow-in-the-dark stars stuck to the ceiling. Strings of tin cans hung around the windows like Christmas lights. Behind a tent flap or red and grey fabric was the back of the vehicle. The floor and ceiling were the same as the rest of the vehicle, and there was a fish tank built into the wall. One bed had been cleaned, and despite the presence of alien-print blankets, looked completely normal. The other one had been removed, replaced by a replica of an amusement park in a glass tank which, on closer inspection, was filled with insects and a few mice.

“This is interesting, umm… what is it?” asked Scully, looking down at the tank.

“It’s a meep morp! Visual music with no purpose other than to be aesthetically pleasing. Or as you humans call it, art,” Peridot explained, “I modeled it based on Funland. It’s the amusement park in Beach City. It reminds me of when I learned about my metal moving abilities! I wanted you to have it.”

“Where did you find the insect and mice for the display?” asked Scully, raising an eyebrow.

“They were living in the seats. I made them a new home.” Scully both cringed and glared at a shrugging Mulder as Peridot said this. A moment of awkward silence followed.

“Wow, thank you for fixing the RV-wait, did you say metal-moving abilities?” Mulder’s face lit up with wonder.

“Sure do!” Peridot conducted the tin cans to ring like bells. “Nobody thought era 2 Peridots had any notable abilities other than their technical aptitude and durability. I guess I’m the exception. Hahahahahaha.”
"Is this an ability unique to you, or would other gems be able to move metal as well?" Mulder was having an exciting day.

"Every gem is different as they were designed for a different purpose. Lapis can move water!" Lapis sprouted her water wings again and flew out of the RV. Mulder, Scully and Peridot soon followed.

"If we found this Steven you were talking about earlier, do you think he would have more information about gems and their...abilities?" Scully couldn't help but ask. After everything she had seen today, Mulder’s Ronaldo contact seemed like the last thing she wanted to deal with.

"Steven would bet happy to help you," answered Lapis. "He helped us through far scarier things."

"It was nice to meet you Lapis and Peridot. Thank you for fixing the RV." Mulder waved at them gems as he and Scully got into the car.

"It was no problem at all. Finally, someone who appreciates my genius." Peridot gave the tin cans a last ring. She and Lapis waved at Mulder as they drove away.

"Well, that was something," Scully noted, staring blankly at a smirking Mulder.

"I can’t wait to get to Beach City," announced Mulder as they rode off into the distance.

Chapter End Notes

In all honesty, I hate writing descriptive stuff but I couldn't not let Peridot have fun with the RV. Thanks for reading!
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I just got off the phone with our contact. He said to meet him at the lighthouse…here.” Mulder pointed to the map on his dashboard.

“Mulder, are you sure you still want to meet up with this guy?” Scully sighed.

“You saw his blog-”

“…”

“I’m still not too convinced about the snake people.”

“No, I meant the aliens Scully. You saw what I did in that barn.” Mulder flicked the dangling UFOs against the rear view mirror. “Peridot and Lapis mentioned the same Crystal Gems as Ronaldo did in his documentary. And Lapis and Peridot were clearly intelligent life forms not of this earth.” Mulder explained, spitting shells of sunflower seeds out the window.

“Okay, I’m willing to admit that there is something unusual going on here. Maybe even extraterrestrial but we don’t have enough evidence to prove where they are coming from and what they want with us-” Scully shot Mulder a dirty look as he interrupted her.

“Which is why meeting this contact is so important Scully, Ronaldo has documented evidence of these aliens, these Crystal Gems. And he is willing to share it with us.”

“Let’s assume, hypothetically, that everything we’ve been told is the truth and the Crystal Gems are aliens that have been living alongside aliens for years. In that case, wouldn’t it be better to go directly to them and ask them what they know? Wouldn’t that be more efficient than chasing after some conspiracy theorist?” An awkward silence followed Scully’s question.

“It’ll give us more people to talk to. An excuse to extend our stay in a beautiful beachside town. Just the two of us.”

“Skinner won’t be happy.”

“Skinner’s never happy. Besides, you always complain I never take you anywhere nice.”

“At least we know the RV has been…” Scully looked around at the tacky décor, “…renovated. Nobody is going to take us seriously in this vehicle.”

“The gunmen would have loved it.” Mulder gave a sad smile. He missed his friends.

“Frohike would have made some terrible joke by now.” Scully rubbed Mulder’s arm to comfort him. “This Ronaldo guy, he reminds you of them.”

“A little.” Scully looked over sympathetically. Suddenly Mulder’s desire to come to Beach City made perfect sense. “I miss so many people. I feel like the world has moved on without me. Friends, co-workers, even enemies. Heck, if Krycek stumbled into the back of the RV I’d almost be happy to see him.” Scully raised an eyebrow. “Okay, there are some people I don’t miss.”

“Missy always loved the beach. So did my mom.” Looking downcast, Scully tucked her hair behind her ears and rubbed her eyes. “I bet William would love the beach too.”
“I like to hope that somewhere, he is enjoying his life. A normal life. A happy one.”

They drove in silence for a good twenty minutes. Both Mulder and Scully stared at the road, at the beach, at the exit signs, at anything but each other. Just the bumps in the road and the rhythm of their breath. It was a beautiful day turning into a beautiful night as the sun began to set over the horizon. They had almost reached their destination. When Scully swallowed her pride and broke the silence.

“Mulder?”

“Yes Scully?”

“You’ve been driving for quite a while.”

“I’m not sure your feet could reach the pedals in this thing.” She shot him a dirty look.

“What I meant was you must be starving, we never got around to eating the lunch I packed and the sun is already setting.”

“Can’t say I’m particularly hungry Scully.” Mulder squinted at the horizon. It was getting difficult to see with the setting sun.

“Mulder, at least have something to drink,” Scully insisted, one hand rummaging around in a cooler for drinks.

“Well Scully, if there’s an iced tea in that cooler it could be love.” Without looking, Scully pulled a can out of the cooler.

“Ha.” She smirked. “I guess it is.” Sure enough, in her now cold and clammy hand, was a can of iced tea.

Chapter End Notes

This is angstier than I anticipated. Thank you for still reading this!
It was already dark by the time Mulder and Scully reached the lighthouse. The waves crashed softly against the rocks in the gentle breeze of the evening. The moon and stars were bright, their reflections shining ethereally on the surface of the water. The silhouette of the lighthouse stood as a beacon in the dark. It was a beautiful night. Scully took a few pictures on her phone to send to her sister-in-law Tara. If her mother were alive, Scully would have sent the pictures to her as well. Maggie Scully was better than her daughter when it came to figuring out modern technology. It was always a source of embarrassment for her.

Before Scully could get too nostalgic the door to the lighthouse opened. Its occupant watched them suspiciously though his glasses. “Hello,” he whispered.

“Hi,” Mulder answered. “we’re special agents Mulder and Scully from the federal bureau of investigation.” Both agents pulled out their badges. “We talked over the phone, you said you have documented evidence of extraterrestrial life.” Scully sighed at his last statement.

“Come in,” he said, waving at Mulder and Scully to invite them inside. “I have what you’re looking for.” The pair of agents walked into the lighthouse and sat down. “My friend Sadie brought donuts for us but I got hungry and ate them all.” He pointed to an empty donut box.

“That is perfectly fine Mr. Fryman. That is your real name isn’t it?” asked Scully.

“Ronaldo Fryman, 100% human citizen of Beach City.”

“And what do you hope to share with us today?” Scully felt as though she was babysitting a toddler.

“The truth!” Ronaldo exclaimed, much to Mulder’s delight. “There was this space hand, it appeared, and then it exploded on the beach!”

“We saw your footage Mr. Fryman-” Scully added before being quickly interrupted.

“Then you’ll know I’m telling you what really happened. Ask anyone in Beach City. We all saw it.” Ronaldo went to pull something off of a shelf. “I have physical evidence!”

“We believe everything you’ve told us so far Mr. Fryman. There are definitely extraterrestrial entities in and around this town,” said Mulder.

“So, you don’t think I’m crazy?” Scully raised an eyebrow at Ronaldo’s comment.

“No, we do not. But we keep hearing about an organization known as the Crystal Gems as well as a kid named Steven. Do you have any idea who they are or what they want?”

“They were who the spaceship was coming for. All the weird things that were coming to destroy Beach City were actually coming after them. Steven claims that the Crystal Gems had been fighting to save the planet for thousands of years. They claimed that they had been living in the area for longer than Beach City existed. Not even lizard people live for thousands of years so they must be aliens!”
“Does this have anything to do with the cluster or Homeworld?” inquired Mulder.

“Cluster of what?”

“Earlier today our van broke down and was fixed by some other acquaintances of Steven and the Crystal Gems. One of whom mentioned that the earth almost got destroyed by a cluster of some sort but that they were able to stop it and save the planet,” Mulder explained.

“Nooo, I never heard that story. Looks like I’ll have to make another documentary!” Ronaldo’s face lit up with glee. “Anyways, back to my story. “So the spaceship crashed and the Crystal Gems helped to clean up the mess but weird stuff still happens from time to time. I almost thought that they were bad because they were the reason the town keeps getting attacked but without them everything would be boring. I’m glad they’re here in Beach City. It’s a lot easier to run a successful blog when there are aliens in town.”

“I would imagine.” Scully grimaced. “Is there anything else you know about the Crystal gems?”

“Mainly that they’re Stevens family. They keep to themselves most of the time but once they ended a feud between my family’s fry stand and the pizza restaurant next door. That feud was so bad my girlfriend broke up with me for a while,” Tears streamed down Ronaldo’s face, “it was awful” He took a deep breath. “So, is this the first time you federal agents have encountered alien life?”

“Well, actually-“

“Mulder!”

“It all started when my sister was abducted by aliens when I was 12…” Mulder then went on to tell Ronaldo his whole life story and all about the X-Files. After about fifteen minutes Scully couldn’t help but tune out and look out the window. The two of them talked for hours about extraterrestrials and government activities. This Ronaldo character really did resemble Frohike. If only those two could have gotten a chance to meet.

Chapter End Notes

Should I add more X-Files characters to this? Skinner's gonna show up at some point but should do you think it's a good idea to bring in other characters as well?
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Sorry if this took a bit longer than previous chapters. As always, comments and advice are appreciated. Thank you for reading.

It was midnight by the time Mulder had finished telling Ronaldo his entire life story. After a phone call from his frustrated father, Ronaldo had gone home for the night and Mulder and Scully were alone with the RV. They had planned to spend the night parked in front of the lighthouse before driving into town the next day. Throughout the day they would ask around about the Crystal Gems, collect any relevant information, and investigate it or else return to DC. Scully felt the need to remind Mulder that there were no official cases in Beach City but that could wait until morning. For now, they had to figure out what Peridot had done to the RV.

“Hey Scully, what do you think these buttons do?” Mulder and Scully stared at the remains of their dashboard.

“I’m not sure I want t-,” the vehicle rattled as a rocket flew out of the newly installed exhaust pipes and exploded in the sky as a large green firework, “I don’t think we need to know that until the morning Mulder. MULDER??” Scully yelled as her partner continued to press the dashboard’s buttons. This time the floor glowed blue, toilet paper rolls fell from the ceiling, and the fish in the tank did a choreographed dance to the ‘Camp Pining Hearts’ theme.

“Scully, I think these are robot fish.” Mulder said as he inspected the tank.

“Guess I won’t have to feed them when you’re on vacation Mulder.” Scully smirked and went to inspect the bathroom.

It looked innocuous enough. Sink, toilet, small shower, garbage pail. She tested all of the faucets and flushed the toilet. Other than the awkward gurgling noise the toilet made upon flushing and the UFO bathmat, it was the closest thing to a normal room in the RV. Alien or not, Scully concluded that Peridot must have spent a considerable amount of time in a human washroom.

“Mulder, the bathroom, it’s actually alright.” Mulder followed her into the bathroom and looked around.

“Alright? Scully, this is the cleanest bathroom I’ve seen in a long time.”

“And here you are wondering why I don’t come to visit you more often.”

It was at that point that Mulder and Scully decided to wash up and call it a night. After several minutes of searching they found that their suitcase had been stored neatly under the bed. Mulder took his to the bathroom and washed up first. He decided to wear the blue pyjamas that Scully had gotten him three Christmases ago. He hadn’t worn them in ages but they were clean and he hadn’t done laundry for a month.

Once finished, it was Scully’s turn to use the bathroom and he took a moment to appreciate his surroundings. The glow-in-the-dark stars on the walls were arranged in patterns, but unlike any
constellations that could be viewed from earth. Mulder wondered if these were the constellations Peridot and Lapis Lazuli would have been able to see from their home planet, Homeworld, as they called it. Did Homeworld have any relations with the grey aliens that had tried to colonize earth? Were there more alien species that had visited the planet? There could be thousands, if not millions, of aliens living all over the world. Were they friends or foes? Did anyone care? How many civilizations existed in the known universe and was the known universe truly all that existed? Mulder had come to Beach City with questions and now he had even more. He loved Scully and respected Skinner, but couldn’t understand why they spent so much time hung up on protocols when such incredible possibilities were right at their fingertips. Surviving bureaucracy had its merits but questioning the limits of the world around him was what gave his life meaning. Mulder looked up at the ceiling, maybe the Crystal Gems looked up at the stars with the same questions he did. But that was a question for tomorrow.

Scully emerged from the bathroom in black sweatpants and one of his old New York Knicks t-shirts. She rubbed her eyes and sat down beside him. At this, Mulder had a sudden realization as he looked across the room at the Funland replica.

“Scully…”

“Yes Mulder?”

“There’s only one bed.” Scully looked around, looked at the Funland replica, and nodded. She was too tired to argue with anyone.

“I’d rather share a bed with you than with them.” Scully pointed to the insects and mice inside the miniature amusement park. The bed had just enough room for both of them and, in her exhaustion, Scully fell asleep almost immediately. She looked so innocent in her sleep, so peaceful. Mulder often felt as though his presence in her life had robbed her of these things but there she was. As he nodded off to sleep he thought about how he should trust her judgement more than his own insecurities.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was another beautiful morning for Steven Universe. He had gotten up early to watch both the sunrise and the new episode of ‘Crying Breakfast Friends’. It brought tears to his eyes. Just like every other episode of the show. The Crystal Gems were busy today so he decided to go have breakfast at the Big Donut. After that he planned to go to the car wash and play guitar with his dad.

Beach City was its usual morning self. The waves crashed against the sand as the sun shone onto the water. There was not a cloud in the sky. Seagulls hoarded around the garbage cans, fighting for scraps of leftover food as Onion tried to trap them into an improvised cage. Peedee waved at him from the fry stand and Kiki zoomed past him as she ran across the beach. Overall, it was turning into a perfect day.

Steven’s stomach was growling as he turned into the parking lot of the Big Donut. There were a few cars he recognised but also an RV he had never seen before. The RV was painted like the night sky with aliens and flying saucers. Steven thought it looked really cool and couldn’t help but take a picture on his phone to send to Peridot. She would love the design.

Walking into the Big Donut, he could see that it was relatively quiet. Lars and Sadie were behind the counter, and a middle-aged couple stood talking near the coffee pots. Steven had never seen the couple before and, considering that they were wearing suits, he assumed they were from out of town. Other than that, the shop was empty. Lars leaned against the wall and Sadie smiled at him from behind the cash. The donuts looked especially good today. Ever since the Big Donut had started making donuts in house, the store smelled even more amazing and the donuts became more popular. That meant they had to make more donuts, and thus, fresher donuts waiting just for him. Steven looked behind the donut case as though he were staring into paradise itself. Plump Boston creams sat proudly in a neat row, jelly donuts resembled like angelic clouds dusted in icing sugar as raspberry jam dribbled out onto checkered wax paper, fresh apple fritters glistened with glaze that coated every scrumptious nook and cranny, but today, Steven Quartz Universe would stick to the classic. He ordered a chocolate glazed donut with rainbow sprinkles as well as a chocolate milk. He was a growing boy after all. He needed his calcium. Lars scowled as Sadie put together his order. She had just put his food on the counter when a familiar song came on the radio and he couldn’t help but sing along.

I can't help it if I make a scene,
Stepping out of my hot pink limousine.
I'm turning heads, and I'm stopping traffic,
When I pose, they scream, and when I joke, they laugh.

By the end of the first verse Sadie was singing along and even Lars was tapping his foot to the beat of the music.
I've got a pair of eyes that they're getting lost in,
They're hypnotized by the way I'm walking,
I've got them dazzled like a stage magician,
When I point, they look, and when I talk, they listen, well,

By this point in the song both Sadie and Lars were singing their hearts out and the serious-looking couple seemed to be enjoying the music as well.

Everybody needs a friend,
And I've got you and you and you
So many, I can't even name them,
Can you blame me? I'm too famous.

The middle-couple had gotten caught up in the music, singing along as well.

“Shall we dance Scully?” The tall man got up and held out his arm to the petite redhead.

“Mulder, we’re in a donut shop in the middle of nowhere,” the man looked at her like a sad puppy at the dinner table until she caved, “okay, why not.” She took his arm and they danced for the rest of the song.

Haven't you noticed that I'm a star?
I'm coming into view as the world is turning.
Haven't you noticed I've made it this far?

Now, everyone can see me burning.
Now, everyone can see me burning.
Now, everyone can see me burning.

Chapter End Notes

Writing Steven is a lot of fun.
Chapter 9

Everyone was in a good mood as the song ended. Mulder had wolfed down two apple fritters while Scully was content with her fruit and yogurt parfait. The teenaged boy at the front was munching on his donut and the two employees chatted behind the counter. Just another day in small town America.

Just as Mulder and Scully were about to leave the donut shop two men entered. They were both tall, burly, and bald. One of the men was dark-skinned, mustached, and wore a hideous geometric-print shirt. The other man was FBI assistant director Walter Skinner. Wearing shorts and a Hawaiian shirt no less. Both Mulder and Scully were shocked to see him there.

“Assistant director,” Mulder stammered and wiped crumbs off of his shirt, “I did not expect to see you here. What are you doing in Beach City?”

“Harold here is the son of a friend of mine from when I was a marine. I’m in town to visit the family.” Skinner pointed to the man who was currently ordering donuts. “I didn’t expect to see you here agents. Until I saw that RV in the parking lot. No one else would own an RV like that.”

“To be fair to Mulder, it wasn’t that way when he got it. We actually crashed near a barn and as much as I hate to admit it, an alien helped us to repair the damage. That’s not to say it didn’t go a little overboard.”

“So a little green man redesigned your RV for you?” Skinner sighed, he had been down that road before.

“Actually sir, I think it was a she…” Mulder trailed off as Harold came back with the donuts.

“Hey Walter, are these friends of yours?” Harold smiled awkwardly, as only a man who had worked for years in customer service could.

“I work with them. These are the agents Mulder and Scully.”

“The ones you always talk about and are practically your children?”

“Yes. Those agents.” Skinner grimaced. Scully remained poised as Mulder grinned. He was never going to live this down. “Can you believe they expect me to believe they met a little green alien?”

“I sure as hell can believe it. That green triangle-headed alien was one of Steven’s friend. Won a toy off a game I’m sure was rigged.” Skinner’s eyes widened as Harold explained his experience with Peridot. The boy who had just finished his donut walked over and joined the conversation.

“Wait, you guys met Peridot? Is everything okay? If you were at the barn, was Lapis there?” the boy asked. “Oh, hi Mr. Smiley.”

“Hi there Steven. You still owe me some time as Zoltron later this week-”

“Steven, wait,” Mulder rubbed his chin, “you’re Steven Universe?”

“The one and only! That would me!”

“We met your friends Peridot and Lapis. Peridot fixed our recreational vehicle and Lapis watched
‘Camp Pining Hearts’ with us.” Mulder explained. “They told us about an organisation known as the Crystal Gems and mentioned that you were affiliated with them.”

“Yeah, they’re my family. I live with them!”

“We were investigating several X-files worth of unexplained phenomenon that took place in and around Beach City,”

“Are you suggesting, agent Mulder, that the Crystal Gems have been involved in criminal activity?”

“Well, if I had a dollar for every time Steven and his family have broken things around town, I would have enough money to hire more employees for Funland so I don’t have to work seven days a week.” At this, both Skinner and Mr. Smiley laughed hysterically. Neither Scully nor Mulder even knew that Skinner could laugh that much and were slightly disturbed by the prospect.

“So you’re saying we should investigate, sir? As much as I hate to admit it, we do have evidence of extraterrestrial in this town and the surrounding area.” Scully raised her eyebrows.

“Look agents, whatever strange activity occurs in this town, there is no legitimate evidence of wrong doings. To investigate would be a waste of bureau time and resources. However, since it is a Saturday and you have provided your own transportation, there are no rules prohibiting travelling while off duty. Feel free to enjoy your vacation. Beach City is a nice place.” Even sunburned and wearing a Hawaiian shirt, Skinner found a way to be intimidating. Steven especially looked frightened of the FBI’s assistant director.

“So, uh, I was gonna have a barbeque on the beach tonight after Funland closes. You guys are welcome to come if you like,” Mr. Smiley broke the awkward silence, “You can even bring your folks Steven.”

“Really?” Steven’s eyes lit up and Mr. Smiley nodded, “Thank you Mr. Smiley!” Steven answered as he skipped out of the Big Donut.

“Thank you sir, it’s a pleasure to meet the friends of the assistant director.” Scully politely shook both of their hands, as did Mulder. The agents picked up their coffees and left to go back to their RV.

“What made you decide to have a barbeque tonight Harold?” Skinner waited to ask until Steven, Mulder, and Scully were all out of earshot.

“Well Walter, last time I ordered hot dogs for Funland the company messed up my order and sent me 700 by mistake. They have a no return policy so I had to do something. I need the freezer space.”
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I have actual stuff to do but here is the result of my procrastination. As always, I own neither series.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, now what?” Mulder scratched his head in confusion as he and Scully wandered the streets of Beach City. He still had so many unanswered questions, but even he knew there was no case here.

“Now, we really do have a nice trip to the beach.”

“Speaking of the beach, where are we?”

“I don’t know Mulder, I really don’t know,” Scully said as they turned yet another corner. Leaving their lone map of Beach City in the RV had proven to be a mistake. The next few minutes of their wandering was in silence, until they came across a huge sign.

“Hey Scully, how about a nice trip to the amusement park?” Mulder pointed to the sign. ‘Funland’, it read. The amusement park that Mr. Smiley had mentioned and that Steven had once gotten a lifetime ban from.

“It’s about time we had an actual vacation together.” Scully smirked and held his hand as they walked into the park. “ Weiner in Hand,” Scully raised an eyebrow at a hot dog stand near the entrance.

“Sounds like a typical Sunday afternoon.”

“Mulder, there are children present!” Scully glared at him. “When was the last time you even went to one of these places?”

“Scully, you were there. Now how about we go into the hall of mirrors, for old time’s sake.”

“Okay. Fine. But we better not come across anybody’s parasitic twin this time around.”

“Oh Lenny,” Mulder reminisced to their time in Gibsonton, Florda. That case was one for the books.

Overall, the house of mirrors was fairly mundane. The FBI agents enjoyed their distorted figures and the giggles of the other park visitors. Carnival attractions were much more relaxing when not in the pursuit of a murderer.

The roller coasters were somewhat more exciting. The Appalachian, but especially the Thunder Bird Coaster were a welcome boost of adrenaline. They went on them several times each. Roller coasters made Mulder slightly queasy, but it was worth it to see his partner with such a huge smile on her face. Scully had always been a huge fan of them, she had an entire photo album from all the theme parks she had been to with her godson. Her friends Ellen and Trent were both prone to motion sickness so she felt it her personal responsibility to take her godson on whatever theme park ride his heart desired. That kid was an adrenaline junkie. Scully had trained him well.
“Bumper cars?” Offered Scully. Mulder wasn’t about to refuse her.

“Great idea. Finally, a car your size.” With that, Scully shot Mulder her legendary Scully glare. One that had been used to scare generations of Scully men into silence. Mulder was no exception.

Nonetheless, they did have a good time on the bumper cars. Even if Scully crashed into him extra hard ‘by accident’ on several occasions. Mulder felt like a teenager again. This was the most fun he had ever had an amusement park in his life. He suspected it was the company he kept that made it so special.

Once they had gotten off the bumper cars, Mulder saw a glorious sight out of the corner of his eye. In the hands of a child was a bowl of perfectly golden funnel cake, dusted with powdered sugar, strawberries, and whipped cream. Not far behind was the food stand it came from. Lunch.

“Hungry Scully? I think I want a funnel cake. Haven’t had one of those since I was a kid.”

“Not really Mulder, but you look like you could use a snack so go ahead.” Scully waited, sitting on a nearby bench while Mulder ordered for his food. She watched kid after kid walk past with various fairground foods. Even her willpower could only withstand so much temptation. Eventually she stood up and exhaled sharply.

“I’m on vacation,” she said to herself as she bought a stick of cotton candy the size of her head. She regretted nothing.

Chapter End Notes

I've never actually eaten a funnel cake. What are they like?
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

I've finally decided where I'm going with this fic. I think. I'm probably around the halfway up to two thirds point.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Scully, are you sure that’s juice. It looks exactly like alien blood. How can you be sure they didn’t drain that liquid from the neck of an alien bounty hunter?” Mulder reacted to Scully’s obnoxiously green juice she had gotten from Funland’s one and only juice bar.

“Mulder, you eat so few vegetables that you probably couldn’t tell the difference between vegetable juice and alien blood. Besides, woman cannot live on cotton candy alone.” Scully sipped contently. As much as she loved cotton candy, she was a medical doctor and felt hypocritical if she only ate junk food. “Want a sip?” she offered.

“I would rather have the alien blood.”

The FBI agents walked through the row of carnival games as Scully finished her drink. Neither of them felt particularly inclined to play them. Mulder expressed some interest in the alien plush prizes of a ring toss game but remembered Mr. Smiley mentioning that the game was rigged and kept walking. Scully noted Mulder’s interest and made a mental note to ask Mr. Smiley about them before October when Mulder’s birthday rolled around.

Overall, it was an uneventful afternoon. For the most part, they spent it people watching. From the street they could hear the screech of the mayor’s van; ‘mayor Dewey, mayor Dewey’ it played on loop until it drove away. Three teenagers ate corn dogs and drank lemonade next to the teacups ride. A small blond kid rummaged through trash bins, throwing assorted items at seagulls. On the bench next to them a young Indian girl with glasses was reading a book. Ordinary people enjoying an ordinary day. Sometimes it was good to get out of the basement.

“So Scully, what haven’t we done?”

“We’ve never slow danced with bigfoot?” Scully smirked. Mulder blinked in disbelief.

“Would you want to slow dance with bigfoot?” It was a question Mulder never thought he’d ask his partner. Not in this life nor in any other.

“Well, you know, he’s tall and mysterious. It would be worth it to piss off Bill.”

“No offence, but your brother Bill is my least favourite Scully.”

“And you’re his least favourite Mulder.”

“You should have brought Frohike to your family dinners. Make me look like an angel.”

“Until he brings up your video collection.”

“Your mother would have said something at that point.” Mulder noticed Scully staring off into
space after his last comment.

“She cared about you, you know.” Scully stated, rubbing her eyes and pushing her hair behind her ears. “I miss her.” Mulder put his arm around her.

“You should, she was an incredible woman and you loved her.” Scully managed a faint smile as she stood up.

“We haven’t ridden the Ferris Wheel yet. Can’t go to an amusement park without that.”

“Those were Samantha’s favourite. When we were at the top she liked to wave at all the people down below, even if they couldn’t see us.” Mulder grimaced. He had his own grief to work through.

“I guess we all have our ghosts.”

“Spooky.” Scully tugged at his arm and they got in line for the Ferris wheel.

Funland was busy with tourists and Mr. Smiley looked exhausted as he ran around from ride to ride. He wasn’t joking when he said they were understaffed. Despite the dark circles under his eyes he still smiled at the agents as he let them onto the ride.

“You know Mulder Beach City is actually kind of nice. I can understand why Skinner would come back here to visit.”

“It is a nice place to visit, it’s probably a nice place to live too. Forget colonization and government conspiracies Scully, if I were an alien I would come here. Live on the beach. Maybe put up a fence to keep the people out. A little retirement community on a foreign planet.”

“Are you telling me earth is the Florida of planets?”

“Who knows, it could be. Maybe there are aliens everywhere on this planet, but we don’t notice them because they blend in and are using this planet as a vacation resort.”

“Mulder, I think you’ve watched the ‘Men in Black’ trilogy a few too many times.”

“There is no such thing. Those movies are classics.”

Chapter End Notes

I absolutely adore the 'Men in Black' movies. Perhaps one day I'll write something for that fandom.
Chapter Notes

Good news: I got into grad school!!!

Bad news: I'm already overwhelmed. Updates may slow down. We'll have to wait and see.

It was the presence of Steven Universe that kept Mulder and Scully in Funland after their ride on the Ferris Wheel. While Scully had wanted to explore more of the town, Mulder remained curious about the kid. He had never seen a child so nonchalant about aliens. Even Scully couldn’t help but wonder what the Crystal Gems were like.

Hiding behind a corn dog stand, the FBI agents watched Steven approach the Indian girl they had seen earlier reading a book. Mulder and Scully couldn’t help but eavesdrop, they were investigator after all.

“Connie,” said Steven, waving at the girl.

“Steven. I thought you were banned from this place?”

“It’s a long story,” Steven blushed, “so, what made you decide to come to Funland today?”

“Well, I’ve ridden every ride in this amusement park. All except for one. The Appalachian. I’ve noticed that my clothes have been a little short lately, so I thought maybe I was finally tall enough. I’m almost tall enough,” Connie sighed, “maybe in a few months-”

“You’re not tall enough, but we are,” a huge grin spread across Steven’s face, “Stevonnie is tall. They can go on all the rides they want!”

“Steven, you’re a genius!” Connie reached out and hugged him. What happened next was beyond what even Mulder could imagine. The two kids somehow merged into one body, a tall teenager. They had a combination of Steven and Connie’s features, and most confusingly, they had a pink stone instead of a belly button. The FBI agents could not look away. In all their years of working on the X-files, Mulder and Scully had never seen anything like it.

Stevonnie looked pleased with themself while lining up to ride the Appalacian. As they got on the ride, Mulder and Scully argued how to deal with the situation.

“I know what you’re thinking Mulder, but maybe we should just let those kids be. Skinner didn’t seem too keen on us investigating his friend’s hometown. At least when no crime has been committed.”

“But-”

“If the next thing out of your mouth was ‘but aliens Scully’, that’s not a good enough excuse.”

“Scully, we’ve never seen two humans, or otherwise, transform into one. As a medical doctor you must have questions.”
“I’ll admit that I do. But Mulder, do you really want to harass children in an amusement park on a Saturday?”

“It’s not harassment it’s investigation. It’s not like we’re dragging them into the police office for questioning. Besides, there’s nothing against the bureau protocol about chatting with locals.”

“Sure. Fine. Whatever. We’ll wait for them to get off the ride and talk to them.”

Scully was prepared to talk calmly with Stevonnie as they got off the ride, but before she could say or do anything. Mulder chased them like a mad man across the park. He only stopped when they panicked and split back into two people.

“Hi,” Mulder panted, out of breath from chasing the children, “I’m agent Mulder from the FBI and I would like to ask the two of you a few questions.”

“Oh my God Steven, the FBI is here! We just got chased by the FBI,” Connie said anxiously, knowing how disappointed her parents would be in her if she got in trouble with the law.

“Oh yeah, you two were at the Big Donut this morning,” Steven looked at Mulder and Scully and smiled awkwardly, “what kind of questions would you like to ask us?”

“Well,” Mulder crouched down to look the children in the eye, “how did you do that thing where you became one person?”

“Oh, you mean when we fused into Stevonnie?”

“Fused?” Scully raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, a gem can fuse with other gems, and it makes an entirely different gem!” Steven explained.

“I’m sorry, but as a medical doctor I still don’t understand the physiology of it. My name is agent Scully by the way. I want to reassure the two of you that you are not in trouble of any kind. My partner and I investigate unexplained phenomena, but right now we are not technically working on a case.”

“So, we’re not in trouble or anything?” asked Connie, already looking relieved.

“Not at all. But I have to ask, Steven, if you said gems can fuse does that mean that you and Connie are both gems?” inquired Mulder.

“No, Connie’s perfectly human. I’m a Crystal Gem but my dad’s a human too.”

“So you’re an alien-human hybrid?” Scully rolled her eyes at Mulder’s tactless question.

“You know, I never thought of it like that.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Grad school is already making me crazy and I haven't even started yet. Forgive me if this fic ends up more bizarre than anticipated.

“So uh, am I the first alien-human hybrid you’ve met?” Steven scratched his head awkwardly.

“Actually no, you’re not. Not even the first human with alien DNA.” Mulder answered.

“Oh well, I’ll settle for best looking alien-human hybrid then.”

“You are the first human-gem hybrid we’ve encountered,” Scully added.

“That actually makes a lot of sense, gems don’t usually go out of their way to interact with humans. If anything, they tend to avoid them,” informed Steven. By this point, even Scully’s skepticism had gone out the window in terms of the gems being aliens.

“You’re the FBI division that investigates paranormal occurrences, but it sounds like the gems aren’t the only type of aliens you’ve encountered. What else is out there?” Connie inquired. She wanted to know the truth.

“Well-”

“It’s a long story,” Scully interrupted her partner, unsure whether telling teenagers horror stories about government conspiracies was good for their development or not.

“Wait a second, how did you know there was an FBI division that investigates paranormal occurrences.” Mulder asked Connie. Though the existence of the X-files was hardly a secret, it seemed unusual that a 14-year-old would know of such things.

“I didn’t, but there’s this book series I’ve been reading called ‘The Unsolved’ about a pair of FBI agents who investigate a secret society within the government who sold out earth and the human species to an alien species that plan on colonizing the planet.”


“Is it any good?”

“Well, the plot has a lot of problems but the characters are compelling.”

“And the FBI agents are so in love with each other! It’s hard not to fall in love with their love! Even the aliens want them to get married!” Steven sighed lovingly. Oh the schmaltz.

“Where could we get a copy of one of these books?” asked Mulder.

“I’m reading one right now? In this book they’re investigating an alien virus that comes from a meteorite. Dr. Sulder is trying to contain the virus as a biohazard and agent Mucley has teamed up with his nemesis to investigate the source of the virus in Siberia.”
“I can’t wait for the moment where they re-unite, maybe they’ll finally kiss.”

“I wouldn’t get my hopes up Steven, I don’t think they’ll kiss for another three books.”

“Mind letting us look through this book?” asked agent Mulder. Either it was an unlikely coincidence or someone had gotten too close to their life story and decided to find a way to cash in.

“Uh, sure, just don’t lose my spot or spoil anything please.” Connie handed the agents her book. They cringed as they leafed through the pages. Despite the scrambled names of people and locations, the book was a rough estimation of part of their work on the X-files, detailing events from the alien bounty hunters to Scully’s cancer. It wasn’t like the poorly written unpublished novels of the cigarette smoking man, but whoever wrote it clearly had too much information and a sick sense of humour.

“Do you happen to know anything about this,” Scully closed the book to catch a glimpse of the cover, “Alphonse Kirk, the author of these books?”

“Yeah, actually he lives right here in Beach City. He runs the U-Stor storage center, it’s just down the street. He seems a bit odd and mostly keeps to himself. But you know what they say about artists, always eccentric.” Steven took a step back as he noticed the dark look on Mulder’s face.

“I think we passed that place on our way here,” Scully added, Mulder already started walking out of the park. Scully, Steven, and Connie followed him.

It was a tense walk to the U-Stor center. Mulder had a theory, but one that was impossible without supernatural intervention. Something that Beach City had plenty of. He marched up to the entrance of the facility and knocked loudly until someone answered. Predictably, he was right.

“You, miserable scumbag,” growled Mulder as he lunged at the man on the other side of the door.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

If you're still reading this story: you're awesome and I love you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alphonse Kirk was a terrible name. If Alex Krycek knew how long he’d be stuck with it he would have come up with something else. Still, between running a storage center and writing books about his old nemesis, he had appreciated living under the radar for the past 15 or so years. Beach City was dull at times, but not getting beaten up on a regular basis was something he enjoyed about his new life. At least until that fine summer day when Mulder came charging into his office.

“You miserable scumbag,” Mulder growled, half ripping his office door off of its hinges.

“Mulder? What the hell?” Krycek stared at Mulder in disbelief as he dodged Mulder’s attempt to punch him in the face. He was too old for this.

“Skinner blew your brains out,” Mulder shoved him against the wall, “but of course you survived, like the morally-vacant invertebrate you are.” Krycek kicked him in the shin and pushed Mulder off of him.

“Why are you even here?” Krycek asked. Mulder grabbed his leg to knock him over before punching him in the face. “Shouldn’t you be off collecting social security or something?” Mulder punched him in the face again.

“You’re not exactly a spring chicken yourself Krycek.”

“I’m not the one that started this fight. I’m surprised no one has fired you for misconduct Mulder.” At this, Mulder reached for his gun but Krycek managed to grab and throw it out of his reach.

“Since when do you have two arms?”

“Well Mulder, stop using me as a punching bag and I might tell you.”

“Mulder, what is going on in…Krycek? How are you not dead? Steven, are you sure this is the guy who runs this storage center?” Scully raised her eyebrows in shock as she walked into the trashed office. She had aged far better than her partner.

“Yup, that’s Mr. Kirk.” Two kids walked in, Greg’s son and his friend who had once asked him to sign her books.

“Care to explain why you’re not a decomposing corpse right now?” Scully crossed her arms and glared at the two men still fighting each other.

“I made a deal.” Krycek pushed Mulder off of him once again.

“Of course you did.”

“I made a deal with Rose Quartz.”
“You made a deal with my mom?” Steven’s eyes widened at this revelation.

“I was on the run when we first crossed paths. I was passing through Beach City and found some alien artifacts that I thought belonged to the colonizers or the alien bounty hunters. They didn’t, they came from the Homeworld of the gems. Then your mom showed up. I told her and the Crystal Gems everything I knew about the syndicate and their colonization plans, and in return, Rose Quartz helped me fake my death. She had healing tears that saved me from Skinner’s bullets. The arm was just a bonus,” Krycek waved his left arm as he explained, “since then, I’ve just lived here. It’s nice not getting shot at every other day.”

“And here I thought you were rotting in hell right now,” Mulder said in disgust, “but why on earth are you writing books about the X-files?”

“The old smoking geezer wrote stories. The worst, most poorly written stories you could ever imagine. Used to force me to read them. It was torture. After a few years of retirement, I felt like writing a book might not be such a bad idea. I’m not the best writer, I’ll admit it, but nothing I wrote could be nearly as bad as the smoker’s stories.”

“But why did you write about my and Scully’s life, why not write about own pathetic excuse for a life?”

“If it’s a pathetic excuse for a life, who would read it?” Krycek rebutted, “If I told your story before you do, then they’ll remember my version more than yours,” he smirked.

“You sick son of a-”

“What on earth is going on here?” Greg Universe walked into the fiasco of the U-Stor office.

“Dad!” Steven hugged his father, “How did you know to come here?”

“I saw this coming,” Garnet answered, light glistening off her visor as the Crystal Gems stepped out of the van. Scully and Connie walked back into the parking lot to greet them as the two middle-aged men continued to fight like toddlers over the last cookie at snacktime.

Pearl especially watched the situation with disgust. She put a hand on Greg’s shoulder and sighed, “Rose picked a good human.”

Chapter End Notes

This might be the first fight scene I’ve written in ages. Also, is it just me or is Krycek hard to write?
“Wait, are you the Crystal Gems?” Mulder gave Krycek one last shove before joining them in the parking lot.

“You bet we are!” Amethyst grinned and winked at him.

“Your name is Fox William Mulder, you are a federal agent with the FBI. You and your partner, Dr. Dana Katherine Scully, investigate paranormal phenomenon in the X-Files department. You work under assistant director Walter Skinner-“ Garnet explained.

“Can you…read my mind?” Asked an awestruck Mulder.

“Nope, I just talked with your boss. Several times when he came to town. Claims that you give him headaches on a regular basis.” Scully couldn’t help but giggle at Garnet’s accusation. “I’m Garnet by the way.”

“And I’m Amethyst.” She grinned as she pointed to herself.

“Pearl,” the third Crystal Gem introduced herself, “and you two have made quite a mess.”

The U-Stor office looked as though a tornado had passed through it. On his way in, Mulder had broken the door hinges. Inside was an even bigger disaster. The desk had been knocked over and papers were scattered everywhere. The phone and computer had flown across the room. Even the plant had been uprooted, leaving a layer of soil on the floor. The only thing that hadn’t been knocked over was a bookshelf. Krycek leaned against his one standing piece of furniture, a bag of frozen peas against his cheek where Mulder had punched him in the face.

“Are you happy now Mulder?” Krycek glared at Mulder, “I’ve left you alone for fifteen years.”

“You still killed my father, you rat bastard.”

“You didn’t even like your father.”

“You killed a lot of other people too.”

“If it makes you feel better, I haven’t killed anyone for over a decade.”

“Most people don’t kill anyone in their entire lives.” Scully took a few steps back to let the men argue. Steven especially looked horrified by the commotion. It’s not every day you find out that the owner of the town’s storage center, and moderately well-known author used to kill people on a semi-regular basis.

“Is this…normal…for them?” Pearl finally asked Scully. Neither Greg, Steven, nor any of the humans she had interacted with seemed to behave in this manner. She had thought it mainly existed in recorded media. Human rage was bizarre and irrational.

“Don’t get me started, that man,” Scully pointed at Krycek, “has done terrible things while working for terrible people. We thought he was dead for a very long time.”

“Damn, I thought Beach City only had alien criminals.” Greg Universe blinked in shock.

“You’re Steven’s father, are you not?” Scully studied Greg, despite being tan-lined and balding, he bore a strong resemblance to his son in both physicality and temperament.
“Yup, Greg Universe, that’s me. Musician and owner of ‘It’s a Wash’ car wash.” He smiled sheepishly.

“Interesting, we’ve heard that Steven’s mother was an alien. Sorry to ask but were you or she part of any experiments?” Scully inquired, in spite of herself. Homeworld wanted something from earth. How different could they be from the colonists?

“Experiments, no way! When I was younger, I played a concert here in Beach City. Rose Quartz was there, the most beautiful women I had ever seen. It was only after that I found out she was an alien. But by then, I had fallen completely in love with her. She was so incredible, she saw possibilities in everything.” Greg reminisced. The expression on his face said it all. This Greg Universe was not part of any sinister plot or project, he had truly loved this alien Rose Quartz.

“So then, what happened with Rose Quartz? Sorry if this is a sensitive issue Mr. Universe.” Steven and Connie looked up at Scully as she spoke, Pearl looked as though she was about to cry.

“Well, she got pregnant and gave birth to Steven. He’s the first half-person half-gem to ever exist, and for some reason, the two of them couldn’t exist at the same time.” Greg put a hand on his son’s shoulder. “I love her. I miss her every day. But Steven’s here and am I’m so lucky to have him as a kid. I wouldn’t change a day of my life.”

“Awww, dad.” Steven blushed as Connie smiled.

In spite of everything, the Universe family and the Crystal Gems had made things work with a kid while she and Mulder were chasing shadows for decades. She felt a twinge of guilt. Looking into the U-Stor office she saw Garnet keeping Mulder and Krycek from ripping out each other’s throat. Scully didn’t quite know what to do about the situation but she had to do something. She pulled out her phone. It was time to call Skinner.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

A short chapter for now. Merry Christmas/Happy Chanukah to those who celebrate!
As always I own 0 characters and am always starving for feedback.

Walter Skinner was not impressed. Here he was, trying to have a nice vacation and catch up with an old friend when he gets called in to break up a fight between two grown men. One of whom he thought he killed and hoped to never see again. Grumbling in disgust, he stepped out of the car and walked towards the fiasco that was the U-Stor office.

“Can someone tell me what happened here?” Skinner looked into the office where Garnet was physically restraining Mulder and Krycek from each other and from doing more damage to the trashed office. Skinner rubbed the bridge of his nose and sighed. “Forget it, I don’t want to know.” Mulder relaxed as soon as he noticed the assistant director’s presence. Krycek squirmed anxiously, watching Skinner’s every move as Skinner then proceeded to stare him down.

“Walter Skinner, assistant director of the FBI, wearing a Hawaiian shirt. I never thought I’d see the day.” Krycek grinned at the irony of the situation.

“Said by a man wearing socks, sandals, and cargo shorts. I killed you, you scum sucking cockroach.” Skinner’s eyes narrowed in disgust.

“You did. Legally I’m still dead. I never bothered you again.”

“You’re bothering me now. Just when I finally get some peace, you emerge from the woodwork.”

“If you’re worried about the nanites I don’t have the remote anymore,” Krycek explained, “Steven’s mom, Rose Quartz, she threw it into the ocean.”

“It’s true, it happened.” Garnet added. Skinner, Mulder, and Scully took a moment to process that revelation.

“That was part of the deal you made with Rose. You gave us everything you had on the colonising aliens, and you promised to leave your old life behind and stay in Beach City,” said Pearl.

“Since when do you keep your promises Krycek?” Mulder asked. He was still angry.

“Since it doesn’t benefit me not to.”

“So, uhhh, now what do we do?” Amethyst cringed at the awkwardness of the situation. Connie, Greg, and Steven continued to watch in silence. This wasn’t their battle to fight.

After several moments of contemplation, a plan was hatched. Mulder smirked and Skinner had a devilish glint in his eye. It appeared, at least in this case, great minds thought alike.

“So Greg, do you still have that storage locker?” Skinner inquired.

“Yeah, uh, I think so. Greg ran his fingers through his remaining hair. He had no idea what was
about to happen and wasn’t sure he wanted to know.

“I’m under the impression that there might be some material in there related to several X-files. Beach City is known for being a hotspot of unexplained phenomena. Do we have your permission to look inside?” Mulder added.

“Sure, don’t see why not. Only thing is, I don’t have the key on me right now.”

“Sorry to bother you Mr. Kirk, but we’re going to need you to open up Mr. Universe’s locker for us.” Mulder demanded. Krycek didn’t know where his former co-workers were going with this, but it made him uncomfortable.

Krycek walked over to the storage locker, unlocked it, and opened the door. It was cleaner than it used to be, but assorted objects still littered the floor. He walked in to get a better look at them. Big mistake. Mulder and Skinner slammed the door shut before he could get out. He could only panic as he heard their footsteps grow lighter as they walked away. He was trapped like a rat in a cage.

“Let me out, let me out,” Krycek pleaded as he pounded at the door to the locker, “this is just like North Dakota all over again! Get me out of here! Let me out! Let me out!”
Happy New Year!!!!!!! I’m going back to school this week so updates may slow down as a result. Same as ever I do not own either television shows and am always thirsting for feedback.

“Was all of that really necessary?” Asked Greg as he led the FBI agents out of Skinner’s car and towards the beach.


“I can’t believe it, I’ve visited Beach City every year for many years and only now did I run into Krycek.” Skinner scowled in disgust.

“Well, for every rat you see there are ten you don’t.” Mulder shrugged as Scully suppressed a giggle.

“So, Mr. Universe, where are we off to now?” Scully asked as both Greg and Steven looked up at her.

“Home.” Steven pointed to the sculpture carved into the cliff under the lighthouse.

“It never stops being beautiful, no matter how many times I come here.” Connie stared in awe at the moss-covered statue. It was a beautiful sculpture of a woman, or rather of a gem. A mask covered the top of her head and her curls were carved into the stone. A gemstone was prominent in the center of her chest. Although only one of her hand remained, it was held generously open. Only ruins of her other five arms remained. Towards her there was a path and then a flight of stairs. In her lap was a house. Steven’s house.

“So, uh, I guess you guys can come in.” Amethyst invited them, gesturing towards the house.

“I’m not so sure, we barely know these people. They seem relatively prone to violent outbursts,” Pearl reminded her fellow gems.

“Nothing we can’t handle.” Garnet smirked and led the way into the house. Greg, Connie, Skinner, Mulder, and Scully followed the Crystal Gems through the door.

“Thank you for your hospitality. You have a wonderful view of the beach from here.”

“You are very welcome agent Scully, you seem to be the most rational of your cohorts,” Pearl deduced before putting water to boil. Greg liked tea and he was an adult human, so she figured that other adult humans would enjoy the beverage as well.

“Yes!” Connie celebrated as she scrolled through her phone, “my beta-reader finished editing my latest chapter AND he’s coming to visit us here in Beach City!”

“Beta-reader?” Scully raised an eyebrow.
“Oh uh, never mind, it’s really not important and—”

“A beta-reader is someone who edits fanfiction. Connie’s a really good writer and is working on a story set in an alternate universe about ‘The Unsolved’ where our beloved protagonists fall into a wormhole and end up on another planet. There, they get a chance to travel across the galaxy as they fall madly in love with each other. It’s a beautiful space romance,” Steven swooned. Connie blushed and looked mortified to the point of wishing she could sink into the couch and disappear.

“Steven, I think maybe we should go upstairs for a bit.”

“Sure Connie, I have an idea for tonight!” Steven followed her up the stairs as the kettle whistled. Pearl poured four cups of tea for the humans. She let them steep several minutes before throwing the four tea bags over to Amethyst.

“Oh yeah, four at a time,” Amethyst bragged.

“Whoa, so can you gems eat anything?” Mulder asked.

“You bet we can. I love to snack, Pearl hates eating, and Garnet is kinda neutral on the topic.”

“As gems, we are not required to eat or sleep in order to maintain our physical forms. However, many of us do enjoy these hobbies,” Garnet explained.

“It can take some getting used to,” added Greg.

“I’ll say.” Skinner grumbled. He resented the fact that no matter what the situation, he always seemed to be the last person to know what was going on.

“So, why set up in Beach City?”

“Technically agent Mulder, we were here long before Beach City existed. People built a town around our temple and we never left.”

“We did have a big fence for a while. It was successful in keeping most of the humans away from us.” Pearl added to Garnet’s explanation.

“A temple, interesting,” Mulder wandered towards the temple gate.

“Look, but don’t touch,” warned Garnet as Mulder poked at the warp pad before sitting on it.

“Be careful with that!” Pearl snapped at the overly-curious FBI agent. Before he could react the warp pad lit up and began to hum. Before anyone could react there was a screech and a flash of light.

“Mulder, MULDER!!!!!!!” Scully yelled as her partner was teleported away by the warp pad.
Chapter 18

Thank you everyone who has left comments and given me ideas thus far! I really appreciate it. I started grad school and hopefully will survive. Wish me luck, I need it. As always I do not own either series and feel welcome to comment if you see fit :)

“That’s not possible.” Garnet stared at the warp pad. She lifted up her visor, revealing her three eyes.

“No human should be able to activate a warp pad, at least not without a warp whistle,” Pearl explained.

“Maybe he’s part gem?” Amethyst suggested.

“Unfortunately, agent Mulder is completely human.” Skinner scowled in disgust. He had lost count of the number of times Mulder had gotten himself into trouble over the course of his career.

“Was he ever abducted by Gems?” Greg asked as the gems glared at him, “What? I speak from personal experience.”

“Not gems, but he was abducted and experimented on by another species of aliens.” Scully grimaced, she couldn’t believe she was saying what she was saying.

“It is possible that another species of alien could have developed similar technology which reacted with the warp pad,” Pearl agreed. It wasn’t like Gems were the only intelligent life form in the galaxy, let alone the entire universe.

“If that’s the case, then where did Mulder go?” Scully took a sip of her tea it was starting to get cold.

“There are several possibilities as to where he could have gone,” Garnet readjusted her visor, “That warp pad is a means of travel between multiple locations. Unless your friend manages to warp himself back, we’ll have to check them all.”

“That’s a lot of places. Sounds like a trip!” Amethyst smirked.

“It might be best if we split up. Pearl, you go with agent Scully. Amethyst, you go with Greg. Mr. Skinner, you’re with me.” Surprisingly, everyone listened to Garnet and they went off through the warp pad.

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“I don’t think he’s here,” Greg followed Amethyst from the warp pad to the fountain. “Rose!” He ran up to what he thought was his lover, only to find her statue. Pink water fell from her eyes like tears. Rose’s healing tears.

“Cannonball!” Amethyst jumped into the fountain, soaking Greg and the surrounding area.
“Rose…” Greg looked up at the crying statue with tears falling from his own eyes. Everything Rose had touched turned out more beautiful than before. He missed her so much.

“Yo Greg, your sunburn’s gone.” Amethyst pointed at him.

Sure enough, his skin was no longer red from his time working outdoors in the sun. It appeared Rose was always there, finding ways to change his life, even now.

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“He’s not here.”

“Where is here?” Skinner wondered out loud. He knew that Mulder and Scully investigated some bizarre cases through the x-files, but what he saw in around him could only be described as out of this world. Maybe even literally.

“Here would be the galaxy warp Mr. Skinner. This place used to be the central transport hub for Gems between planet earth and other Gem-colonised locations throughout the galaxy,” Garnet surveyed the perimeter, “Technically, ‘here’ is in the Atlantic Ocean.”

“I see.” There was something eerie and unnatural about this place. Numerous blue crystalline structures peeked out of the blue of the ocean. The waves crashed steadily against them, but otherwise it was quiet. Some of the warp pads were broken, but they were arranged in a pattern that resembled, of all things, crop circles. Ocean crop circles. Skinner decided then and there that he was never going to tell Mulder about this place.

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“Mulder, Mulder!!!!!!!!!!!” Scully called out, searching for her partner. Her voice echoed throughout the dark, damp canyon.

“I don’t think he’s here. But if he is here he could be anywhere. We’ll continue our search here in Facet Five before heading off to Facet Nine,” said Pearl in a matter-of-factly tone.

“Facets?” Scully raised an eyebrow.

“Ah yes, Facet Five is the Prime Kindergarten and Facet Nine is the Beta Kindergarten.”

“Kindergarten?”

“Right, sorry, I forget you that humans don’t know. A Kindergarten is a place where Gems are created. Incubators drill into the rock,” Pearl pointed to one of the giant bacteriophage-resembling structures, “Inject a Gem, then the Gem incubates and eventually pops out of the ground.”

“So that’s how Gems are born.” Scully looked around, awestruck by the number of holes in the canyon walls.

“More manufacture than born, but yes.” Scully gripped her gun a little tighter than usual as she walked under an incubator.

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Mulder brushed the dirt off his pants as he pulled himself off of the warp pad. He had no idea where he had gone. One minute he was sitting in Steven’s house, the next he had teleported through space to somewhere entirely unfamiliar. He didn’t even know if he was on earth anymore.
Whatever planet he was on, there appeared to be a forest and some sort of rock structure or cave up ahead. He walked towards it, making his way through the trees. As he got closer, Mulder realised that what he saw was neither a cave nor a rock structure, it was a crashed UFO. A broken-down flying saucer to be precise.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Guys, grad school is hard. What have I done to myself? Updates will likely slow down as this story reaches its end. I'd say I'm at least 2/3 done. As always I own neither of these series. I'm eternally grateful for all the feedback I've gotten on this fic and love hearing what you guys have to say.

A flying saucer was a flying saucer, not matter how overgrown it was. The craft in front of him was the picturesque U.F.O. Mulder often daydreamed about. It was a grey, stone-like structure with three legs that held the central disk upright upon landing. At least it used to, whatever civilization had created this ship, they had also forgotten it. A beacon of obsolete alien technology now becoming part of the terrestrial landscape. Exploring the decrepit ruins of the craft was a recipe for disaster, but disaster was the only thing Mulder knew how to cook. He found the nearest entrance and walked straight in.

The flying saucer was as overgrown inside as it was out. Plants grew from cracks in the walls, floor, and ceiling. The interior was dome-like and Mulder’s every step echoed as he walked further in. Before he knew it he was lost somewhere deep within the craft. Kicking a rock against the wall, Mulder examined the corridor he was in, grey stone walls lit up by pink crystals. This was more likely a gem ship than a reticulum ship. He wondered if the two species of aliens had ever encountered one another. He kicked another rock. Bad idea. He heard a screech and a scuttle. Old as this ship was, wasn’t quite as abandoned as it looked.

The screeching grew closer and the scuttling grew into a rumble. Mulder didn’t see anything until drops of corrosive green goop landed next to his shoes. It looked exactly like the blood of the alien bounty hunters he and Scully had often encountered throughout their work on the X-Files. If it had been an alien bounty hunter chasing him through the ship, Mulder would have been long dead. He looked up. The three creatures on the ceiling looked down at him, each of them had one green eye at the center of their acid-dripping jaws. The creatures scuttled down the walls on their many legs towards Mulder. These were no earth creatures, they resembled giant green and black centipedes with earwig-like tails and white puffs of what looked like hair behind long toothy mouths. The aliens approached him, snapping their jaws threateningly. Right now, Mulder would have preferred to deal with the bounty hunters rather than these creatures. He had no idea what he was dealing with.

Mulder reached into his pocket in hopes of finding his phone. No service, he stared at the screen. He had spent his whole life hunting for aliens and now he was about to become their afternoon snack. Snacks, he had an idea. Mulder rooted around the rest of his pockets and pulled out his prized sunflower seeds. He threw them at the creatures. It was a sacrifice he was willing to make.

As he had hoped, the aliens appreciated the snack. The three of them snapped up the seeds in their jaws, eagerly following Mulder like a pack of hungry dogs. He tried to outrun them, but quickly realised it that it was impossible. This was their home. They knew their way around the ship far better than Mulder did. Still, there had to be something he could do to outsmart the beasts.

Mulder still had a slight lead, which he used to make a trail of sunflower seeds until he found a
fork in the road. Sprinting as fast as he could, Mulder threw the remainder of the bag down one path before taking the other. He kept running until he found a hole in the wall to hide in. With bated breath, he listened as the aliens ran down the other path and did not move until he heard that they had gone. No more kicking rocks. Hopefully no more of those creatures either.

He was safe, but he was lost. Mulder followed one of the tunnels far into the belly of the ship until he heard human voices. Human voices that he swore he knew. Otherwise he was hallucinating. He had to be. Approaching the voices, he saw what appeared to be three human forms. He approached them, with more caution than he had the aliens. Until he tripped over a crystal shard and landed with a thud on the floor of the ship.

“If you let in another of those centipede things I swear to God,” grumbled a familiar voice. The three figures turned around, almost in unison. Once again, Mulder was seeing ghosts.
“Mulder!” The Lone Gunmen exclaimed, almost in unison. They were as shocked to see him as he was to see them.

“I had a dream about you…” Mulder scratched his head in bewilderment as he remembered his magical mystery mushroom trip, “how did you survive? Where have you been all these years? I’ve missed you. You’re my favourite of the formerly dead people I’ve seen today. Next thing we know Elvis will show up and start dancing.”

“Glad to hear you haven’t lost your sense of humour Mulder,” Byers smiled as he spoke.

“Favourite formerly dead people, shouldn’t we be the only formerly dead people you’ve seen today?” Frohike raised an eyebrow.

“Apparently Krycek survived being shot in the head and is writing books about my and Scully’s career.”

“Since when do rats have nine lives?”

“Honestly Langly, that is one mystery I have no desire to solve.”

“And how is the enigmatic agent Scully?” asked Frohike.

“She should still be in Beach City. We were working on a case there. A lot has happened between us. We lived together, got married, broke up, and now we’re back together again. She even stole herself another dog,” Mulder explained, sitting down on a large flat boulder, “but where have you been? All these years and you didn’t try to contact me once? What happened? Please tell me you were abducted by aliens?”

“We were,” Langly lamented, “they put us in a zoo.”

“An alien zoo?” Mulder stared at his friends both with a mix of both wonder and disbelief.

“Technically it was a human zoo which was run by aliens.”

“Seriously Byers?”

“Dead serious Mulder.”

“After we faked our deaths we went on the run for a while, about six months. We were hiding out in Korea. It wasn’t supposed to be forever, but one day Byers, Langly, and I hoped a fence that we
shouldn’t have. We thought it was some secret government facility—”

“It was your idea—”

“Shut it Langly.”

“You guys haven’t changed.”

“No we haven’t,” Byers glanced over at his cohorts, “anyways, there was this giant blue woman crying. And she had what appeared to be a spaceship. So we went inside to investigate it. Before we knew it we ended up stowaways, trapped on her ship as it travelled through space. Luckily, the ship eventually docked so we ran outside.”

“Turned out we ended up on some alien space station that held a human zoo. The aliens thought we were escapees so they locked us in it. We were stuck there for years.”

“You know Langly, it actually wasn’t too bad.”

“Byers is right, it was peaceful and there were plenty of pretty ladies.”

“Guys, we were literally in a zoo.”

“You’re just mad you didn’t get choosened—”

“Okay, I get the zoo part. But how did you escape? And what were the aliens like?”

“They were called Gems. There were a bunch of different kinds, species I think, but all part of one civilization. Anyways, one day there was a technical problem with the lake so they brought some technicians, Peridots if I remember correctly, to fix it. They opened the doors and the three of us ran out and grabbed the nearest spaceship. I navigated while Langly and Frohike piloted us back to earth.”

“When was this?” asked Mulder. More than slightly horrified at the gunmen’s story.

“Not long ago, maybe a month. Langly here crash landed in a nearby town and we’ve been staying there ever since,” Frohike explained.

“It’s nice there. There’s a bar in town that makes a mean mojito. We heard rumours from the townspeople of an overgrown spacecraft and decided to make a weekend trip about it. So here we are.” Langly pulled out a knapsack as evidence.

“It’s nice to back on earth,” sighed Byers.

“It really is. Mulder, we missed you so much,” Frohike confessed on the verge of tears as they all pulled into a group up. Mulder was on the verge of tears himself, it felt so good to have his friends back.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone else find the human zoo concept terrifying? Also, for some reason I find the Lone Gumen weirdly difficult to write.
“You sure about this Steven?” Connie asked nervously, following Steven into the overgrown spacecraft.

“No, but I have a hunch,” Steven answered, rustling open a bag of Chaaaps chips.

“Ketchup flavour, I thought they only sold those in Canada?”

“I have my sources.” Steven winked.

Sure enough, Steven and Connie heard the pitter-patter of multiple tiny feet scuttling towards then. Connie considered pulling out her sword, but judging by Steven’s behaviour he had been here before and knew who, or what they would be dealing with. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves. A large, ominous shadow lurked around the corner.

The shadow belonged to an interesting creature. It didn’t quite resemble the corrupted gems Connie had seen before, but it didn’t seem to be suffering either. Whatever state the creature was in, it seemed comfortable. The gem-like creature greatly resembled a centipede with the pincers of an earwig, the mane of a lion, the jaws of an eel, and the eye of a cyclops. It snapped its jaws, spewing corrosive green gunk all over the floor of the ship. It whimpered longingly at Steven, not unlike an excited dog would. Whatever this creature was, it was happy to see Steven.

“Centi!!!!!!!!!!!!” Steven hugged it with enthusiasm. “I missed you girl,” he tossed her a chip, “I brought your favourite!!”

“Wait, is she a Gem?”

“Yeah, she was corrupted but then was sad because she was lost and missed her crew. The Crystal Gems and I helped her find her ship!” Centi screeched in approval.

“That’s great! But how is this going to help us find the FBI agent?”

“By asking, of course,” Steven tossed the Gem another chip. “So Centi, get any visitors recently?” Centi nodded and pointed down the hallway as Steven handed her another chip, “Lead the way!”

Centi scuttled enthusiastically through the spaceship, only stopping to snap up sunflower seeds off the floor.

“Steven look,” Connie pointed to the floor, “these sunflower seeds are fresh. And Gems don’t need to eat so there’s no reason for them to seek out food. It looks like we’re not the only humans here Steven, I think your hunch might be right.”

The dropped sunflower seeds kept them going for quite a long time. Whoever had dropped them had likely gotten lost in the bowels of the ship. Still, it made for an easier path to follow. Just a
very long but straightforward walk. Until they came to a fork in the road. On one side, a torn-up bag was littered against the wall. On the other, not a single sunflower seed, not even a shell. Centi stopped walking and turned to Steven.

“Do you know which way your latest visitor went?” Steven asked. Centi shook her head but accepted a handful of chips from him. “I guess this is where she lost him Connie,” Steven sighed.

“Hmmm… Centi, did you follow the sunflower seeds?” she nodded, “if that’s the case and she lost him…he must have gone that way.”

“The path without the sunflower seeds, I see. I guess all we can do now is follow this tunnel and see where it leads.”

It was a long dark tunnel that wound through the ship. It was quiet. Until it wasn’t. Connie and Steven heard agent Mulder’s familiar voice, along with three other voices that they didn’t recognise. Judging by the tone of the conversation, they were on good terms with the FBI agent. Centi whimpered at them, more faces that she had clearly seen before.

“It’s back!” The short man jumped up at the sight of the creature.

“Relax, she’s friendly,” Steven reassured the men, “I’m Steven and this is Connie.”

“Hi,” the bearded man waved at them, “My name is Byers, and these are my associates Langly and Frohike. I’d tell you how we got here but I doubt you’ll believe us, it’s a long story.”

“Apparently my friends here ended up in a human zoo,” Mulder lamented.

“Didn’t your dad end up in one of those for a while?”

“Yeah, the Crystal Gems and I went to rescue him.”

“Crystal Gems?” The blonde man, Langly, raised an eyebrow.

“It’s a long story. I can tell you about it on the way back to the warp pad if you want. If you want to come back to Beach City with us,” offered Steven. Everyone looked eager to go back.

“So what do you say fellas, ready to rejoin human civilization?” Mulder grinned.

The Lone Gunmen could not nod fast enough.

Chapter End Notes

I still think it's weird that America doesn't have ketchup chips, like, it's literally ketchupland over there. I wish mustard-flavoured chips were a thing.
How C.G.B. Spender had yet to die of lung cancer was a question Monica Reyes wasn’t even sure she wanted an answer to. While initially a genuine threat, over the years he had become more of a cartoon villain than anything else. So long as she kept him wallowing in self-pity he was ineffectual, and more importantly, too distracted to try and look for Scully and Mulder’s son. While the miserable old chimney was convinced that Reyes accepted to work for him in order to survive the apocalypse he planned to create, the truth was that she knew where William was and would keep him safe from his deplorable grandfather. At any cost.

The cost was a steep one, Reyes thought to herself as she lit a cigarette and placed in the hole in his throat. Faithful servant indeed. She played the part perfectly. The old man inhales, pleased with himself. No matter how many times he failed to destroy the human race, he always tried again. Each plan more ridiculous than the last. But here he was, contacting a sentient alien rock to discuss the destruction of planet earth.

The smoking man’s last plan was, unsurprisingly, unsuccessful. Tampering with vaccines and misusing reticulum technology that they didn’t understand was a plan doomed to fail. All they had done was cause an expensive mess that benefitted neither the planet or anything on it. It was only when Spender’s people were looking through the wreckage that they found another alien communication device. With much effort, they were able to get it to work. So now here she was, waiting for him to contact these aliens. Gems, they called themselves. Governed by a diamond authority.

Reyes turned on the communicator. It floated above their heads, and grew into a yellow-tinged screen. From the screen, a woman looked down at them. Her hands were crossed behind her back and she looked irritated.

“This is the yellow diamond control center,” she stated, not a trace of emotion in her voice.

“Yes, this is C.G.B. Spender, here to talk about the future of planet earth.” His enthusiasm chilled Reyes to the bone. There was no way this could end well.

“Planet earth, yes, Pink Diamond’s former colony. Nothing about that concerns you earthling,” she answered smugly.

“Pearl,” demanded a voice from off screen.

“Yes my diamond.”

“Are these the earthlings?”
“I believe so.”

“More earthlings, let’s get this over with.” The voice sighed in frustration. A large yellow hand adjusted the screen and the owner of the voice glared at Reyes and the smoking man. She had pointy hair, an unusually long neck, and was entirely yellow from head to toe. Reyes had never seen anything like her. “Very well, what exactly do you want.” She narrowed her eyes, her pupils were not round but diamond shape. Yellow diamond indeed.

“I want what you want.” Reyes lit another cigarette for him as he spoke.

“You say that as though you pitiful organic lifeforms have anything in common with gemkind. What could I possibly want to do with you?

The smoking man exhaled smoke from the hole in his neck. “I want to watch this world burn.”

Chapter End Notes

I have never watched seasons 8 and 9 of the X-Files so I have no idea what Reyes is like. If she is out of character please let me know how to fix this.
Chapter Notes

Can’t believe it’s been two weeks! Sorry guys, grad school has been crazy and I got really into Crazy Ex-Girlfriend which is a fantastic show that you should totally watch (but only if you're 13+). I own none of these series but am always grateful for feedback.

“Civilization, here we come!” Mulder announced as he and the gunmen followed Steven and Connie back through the warp pad into Steven’s living room.

“Mulder?!” Scully and Skinner both sighed with relief as he walked towards them.

Noticing the Lone Gunmen, Scully couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow, “Byers, Langly, Frohike, you’re alive? Where were you?”

“Human zoo kept by the Homeworld Gems,” Langly answered with a grimace.

“Always a pleasure to see you again Agent Scully.” Frohike kissed her hand.

“Sorry for startling you, but it’s good to be back.” Byers nodded and smiled gently. “I know it sound unbelievable the concept of a human zoo—”

“At this point in the day, a human zoo tended by aliens is as believable as anything else we’ve seen.” Skinner grumbled, sounding like a grumpy dad having to pick his children up from preschool.

“So... who are these guys?” Amethyst stared at the gunmen.

“My old friends: Byers, Langly, and Frohike. They used to run a newspaper known as ‘The Lone Gunmen’,” Mulder explained.

“So that’s why you stopped production,” Garnet adjusted her visor, “I used to read that.”

“Oh yes, THAT newsletter. Well, we haven’t introduced ourselves yet. I’m Pearl, these are Garnet and Amethyst,” Pearl pointed to her fellow Crystal Gems, “and we’ve rebel Gems who have been defending the earth from Homeworld for thousands of years.” She looked over at Greg, “And this is Greg, Steven’s father.”

“Hey guys, nice to meet you.” Greg waved cheerfully.

For a few minutes, it was peaceful in the house. Greg and Langly discussed music, Amethyst laughed at Frohike’s terrible jokes, Pearl and Byers chatted peacefully in the kitchen, and Skinner and Garnet sat in peaceful silence on the couch. Connie and Steven shared a bad of ketchup chips as Mulder told Scully about his adventures in the abandoned spacecraft where he found the gunmen and Centipeetles. He could tell she was tired as she didn’t even question his theories or experiences in the ship. Mulder yawned. Now that he thought about it, an afternoon nap could do them both some good. It had been an eventful day and they still had Mr. Smiley’s barbeque later that night.
Mulder’s wandering thoughts were interrupted with a bang and a roar.

“What on earth is that?” Skinner furrowed his brows with the very last of his disbelief.

“Is that a-” Scully blinked as she turned around to stare at the beast.

“Lion!!!!” Steven ran over to hug the beast. It was a lion all right, a large male. It also happened to be entirely pink and display incredibly non-lion-like behavior. The cat seemed to be relatively tame.

“Hey Lion,” Connie scratched him behind the ear, “haven’t seen you in a while.” He appeared pleased with the attention.

“Steven, you have a pet Lion?” Asked Mulder.

“He’s not really mine, definitely not a pet. More of an occasional companion.”

“So you have a pet Lion, that you named Lion?” that last shred of disbelief was now gone from Skinner’s face, replaced with a grudging sense of acceptance of the surrounding absurdity.

“He seems to like it.”

“Kinda reminds me of Queequeg.” Scully whispered into Mulder’s ear before going up to pet the cat. He took an immediate liking to her.

After a moment of confused silence, Connie’s phone dinged. “Oh, my pen-pal is here. I promised to show him around the town,” she waved at them, “see you tonight.” She gave Lion one last pat on the head as she left.

“I have to go too,” Skinner looked at his watch, “I promised Harold I’d help him set up.” He excused himself politely, carefully stepping around Lion on his way out.

“Can’t believe it’s almost mid-afternoon.” Mulder yawned.

“Maybe we should go back to your RV and take a nap?” Scully suggested.

“Mulder, you got yourself an RV?” Langly shook his head and rubbed his eyes.

“It’s…interesting.”

“Come on Scully, it’s grown on you. Would you like to come see it?”

“Maybe after, it might be nice to explore this town.” Byers suggested and Frohike nodded.

“I would be happy to show you around,” Greg offered and the Lone Gunmen agreed.

So they did. All non-Crystal Gems had vacated the beach house within fifteen minutes and Mulder and Scully were on their way back to the RV. A gentle breeze had drifted in and the waves rolled against the sandy beach. Beautiful as it was, Mulder and Scully were too tired to contemplate anything other than a nap. And nap they did.
Chapter 24

Grad school has kept me mighty busy but it's study break now so by the end of this weekend I will present to you not one but two chapters if all goes well. Please note that this chapter gets a little NSFW towards the end. As always I own neither series and always appreciate feedback.

“You know, I never thought I would be happy to see this tacky RV.” Scully rubbed her eyes in exhaustion as she approached the vehicle. The décor was starting to grow on her.

“I bet there are things in here we haven’t discovered yet,” Mulder pondered as he opened the door. The cool interior of the RV was a welcome change from the sweltering heat of the day.

“Mulder, the only think I want to discover right now is the back of my eyelids.” Scully stretched herself out on the one bed as Mulder peered out through the blinds.

“Hey Scully,” Mulder grinned, Scully could tell that he was getting an idea of something she likely wanted no part of.

“Yes Mulder?” Scully looked up at her partner. One of these days his enthusiasm was going to get the best of him.

“I think I’m going to go for a swim. Want to join me?” offered Mulder.

“Actually I think I need to stay here and unwind for a bit. It’s been an interesting day, to say the least.” Nonetheless, Scully took a second to peek at the water. While it truly was a beautiful day, Scully was exhausted and needed time to process everything she had witnessed over the past twenty-four hours. In that window of time, she had seen more evidence of alien life than she had in her entire time investigating the x-files. Scully felt that she deserved at least a nap. She adjusted the pillows under her head and curled into a comfortable position.

“Alright Scully, you relax. I’m going to go enjoy the beach.” Mulder wrapped her up in the alien-print blanket and left her to her nap. As a chronic insomniac, he loved watching her sleep. Regardless of the horrors they had seen throughout their career, Scully always looked peaceful in her sleep. Mulder hoped nothing would ever take that sense of peace and comfort away from her. He loved nothing more than seeing his partner happy. Even if it was only in her dreams.

All good things must come to an end. Unfortunately for Scully, that also included her nap. She stretched out under the very comfortable blanket in her now uncomfortable suit. Since she wasn’t technically investigating the town anymore, she had no reason to dress professionally for the rest of the weekend. Even Skinner had been wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Rummaging through her bag, she pulled out a cool linen shirt and her favourite (and only) pair of shorts. After changing into them she looked for her one pair of sandals. She felt cooler, relaxed.

Scully lied back on the bed and looked up at the glow-in-the-dark stars Peridot had tacked onto the
ceiling of the RV. This was turning out to be one of the weirdest trips Scully had ever been on. Weird enough to rival that town in Texas where Mulder claimed all the inhabitants were vampires. At least she hadn’t been drugged yet, and the pizza restaurant in this town appeared to be run by normal human beings. She made a mental note to herself to eat there at some point before she and Mulder left town.

In her younger years, Scully would have been frustrated by this weekend. A non-existent case in a bizarre small town with no worthwhile conclusions to be drawn. To a point, it still frustrated her to be dragged across the country, but after all these years she had grown to appreciate the experience. People were people and though rarely as paranormal as Beach City, cases still needed to be investigated. Mulder was open minded as they come but had a tendency to lose his head. Her logic kept them accountable, many times it kept them alive. When push came to shove, they were a team.

“Of all the mysteries of the universe, here is one I thought I would never see. Special Agent Dana Scully is wearing shorts.” Mulder walked, dripping wet into the RV.

“It’s well within the range of possibility,” Scully smirked. She looked down at her partner’s choice of attire. “Red speedo, I didn’t know you still owned that.”

“I guess that’s one more mystery we know the answer to,” Mulder rubbed her arm with his hand, after all these years he still gave her goosebumps. She shut the door behind them, a little hands-on time with her partner wouldn’t hurt anyone.
“Are you sure you want to go down there?” Peedee Fryman held the camera and sighed. Ever since last week’s storm, his brother Ronaldo insisted that there was some sort of creature that had washed into the sewers. Ronaldo was determined to investigate but Peedee was less than enthusiastic. Even if there really was some bizarre monster lurking down there, he wanted nothing to do with it. Peedee served snacks, he had no intention of becoming one.

“Oh course, no mere sewer can keep me from the truth. Now come down.”

“I’m not climbing into a sewer for your stupid blog Ronaldo!” Peedee yelled at his brother. Not that this would dissuade Ronaldo by any means. Luckily for him Steven was walking by.

“Hey Peedee, whatcha up to?” Steven asked.

“Trying to convince my brother to stay out of the sewers. He said there was something down there.”

“Hey Steven,” Ronaldo greeted him from the sewer, “I saw some sort of creature down here after last week’s storm. I think it might be an lizard man! Or an alien!”


“Be my guest.” Peedee handed Steven his camera. Ronaldo’s delusions were now Steven’s problems for the afternoon. Steven held the down the manhole where Ronaldo was standing and started filming as soon as he was ready.

“Hey everybody, it’s Ronaldo and welcome back to ‘Keep Beach City Weird’. Today, we go on the hunt for the Beach City Sewer Thing! It was just last week that a something strange drifted into our city during a storm. I saw it with my very own eyes! It’s here, and now I the daring Ronaldo Fryman have come to uncover the truth about what lurks here, in the deep.”

Steven climbed partway down the manhole and focused on the water. It was brown, stinky, and full of garbage. At some point they would have to organise a beach clean-up. Out of the corner of his eye he saw bubbling in the water and zoomed in. They were not alone in the sewer. The bubbling came closer until they could get a good view of what the Beach City Sewer Thing actually was.

“Oh my God, what is that thing?” Peedee recoiled in disgust as he looked down at the creature.

“It looks like a worm, but also a dude. A worm-dude,” offered Ronaldo.

“Uh, hi worm-dude.” Steven waved awkwardly as he focused the camera on its face. Worm-dude was an accurate description for…whatever it was. It had clammy, white, wrinkled skin and no hair.
or even ears to speak of. Despite having a human-like form, had sunken-in fluorescent green eyes and the mouth like a tapeworm’s scolex, round and with hooks instead of teeth. Steven Quartz Universe, for all his travels across the universe, had never seen anything even remotely like this before.

“Hey there, are you an alien?” asked Ronaldo. The worm-dude only gurgled in response. It swam towards them and both Steven and Ronaldo ran out of the sewer as fast as they possibly could. “So do you think the Beach City Sewer Thing is an alien?”

“I don’t know Ronaldo. I don’t think it’s a Gem, not even a corrupted one, and have no idea how to talk to it. I think I’m gonna call Pearl. She might know what to do.” Steven handed Peedee back his camera and went off to phone her.

“So yes,” Ronaldo spoke into the camera, “the Beach City Sewer Thing indeed exists. You sir,” Ronaldo pointed to a passerby who unbeknownst to him was FBI Assistant Director Walter Skinner, “What are your thoughts on the Beach City Sewer Thing?” Ronaldo pointed down the sewer to where the worm-dude glared up at them menacingly.

Skinner rubbed his temples and sighed, vaguely remembering a very similar X-File from over two decades ago. This kid was a regular Mulder in training. “I don’t want to think about it,” Skinner answered bluntly. He was on vacation after all.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long, your local overworked graduate student is trying her best. I own neither series but always love feedback.

“Scully, get over here. You gotta see this!” Mulder called to her. Waving her over enthusiastically as she was putting her shirt back on. The linen shirt was a very cool, comfortable, and a good investment. Scully made a mental note to herself to buy more when they went on sale.

“What is it Mulder?” She asked, leaning over as she watched him cackle at his phone. It had better not be another poorly produced fake UFO video like the kind he always emailed to her. The only thing worse than those videos were the comments attached. Youtube was not a place inhabited by intelligent life forms.

“Scully, you’re not gonna believe this!” By this point Scully’s curiosity had gotten the best of her so she agreed to watch the video with him.

Mulder played the newest video on Ronaldo’s ‘Keep Beach City Weird’ blog. It opened with him and a boy who must have been his little brother rambling on about the ‘Beach City Sewer Thing’.

“No way, it can’t be.” Just when Scully thought she had run out of disbelief, Beach City had drained out of her that last drop she didn’t even know she had left. The gurgling face of Flukeman glared at her from the other side of Mulder’s phone, to a soundtrack of terrified teenagers.

“Worm-dude, he just called Flukeman worm-dude. Kids these days…” Mulder rolled his eyes in mock disgust.

“Wow, Ronaldo just asked him if he was an alien. Mulder, this kid is basically you. Might as well just hand him the keys to the basement now and call it a day,” Scully teased, elbowing her partner jokingly in the arm before looking back at the screen. “Oh, no, poor Skinner.”

“Did you see the look Skinner gave Ronaldo, I’ve never noticed him give anyone that look before.”

“Mulder, he gives you that look at least once a week.”

“He does not.” Scully raised an eyebrow at her partner. “There is something about this town though, everything is coming back to us. Dead people, memories, everything. All our memories, Skinner is here, Krycek, the Gunmen, and now Flukeman. What else is waiting for us here?”

“I don’t know Mulder. I don’t know if I’d be surprised if Eugene Victor Tooms swam out of the ocean and danced the Macarena,” Scully sighed, “The only thing I know is whatever happens here, I’m not alone.” She reached for Mulder’s hand. “And neither are you.”

Mulder smiled and looked into her eyes before his eyes darted back to his phone. Skinner had texted him, wondering where he and Scully were and if they were coming to Harold’s barbeque. He texted his boss, telling him they were on his way.

“You know Mulder, somehow I don’t think this is going to be a peaceful evening.”
“How do you know?”

“Woman’s intuition,” Scully winked, “Nothing with us is ever peaceful.”

“Well then Scully, let’s make it a memorable one,” Mulder suggested. They put their shoes on and headed towards the beach and whatever chaos awaited them at dinner...
Connie was pacing nervously by the time Steven got to the parking lot of his father’s car wash. Today was the day she finally got to meet her favourite beta-reader of her ‘The Unknown’ fanfictions in person. He knew she had been looking forward to meeting this guy in person, but for some reason she seemed anxious.

“You okay Connie?” He asked.

“Yeah, I’m just a little nervous. I’ve never met anyone from the internet before. This could be really stupid. My parents will kill me if anything bad happens. How do I know this guy isn’t a serial killer?” Connie worried.

Normally meeting anyone she wrote fanfiction for or with on the internet was out of the question. But cropcircles_1013 was different, he was a fifteen-year-old boy from Ohio who loved ‘The Unsolved’ and wanted to be a veterinarian when he grew up. His family was coming to Beach City because his mom’s old drama teacher Mr. Frowny had moved there to be with his boyfriend. Connie made a point of verifying that Mr. Frowny was indeed a real person, with the boyfriend in question being none other than Mr. Smiley. Connie made sure to ask Mr. Frowny if the story checked out, and he did indeed teach drama in Ohio several years back. If cropcircles_1013 was going to be in town anyways he might as well come and visit her and Steven. There was a good chance he was exactly who he said he was. But there was always that small chance he wasn’t.

“I guess you hope for the best,” Steven shrugged his shoulders, “this guy sounds cool, I want to meet him too. Besides, I’m here and dad is inside cleaning up the car wash. Even Lion is nearby.” He pointed over to the nearby pickup truck, the trunk of which Lion had fashioned into a bed for himself.

“You’re right Steven. He’s probably a normal guy, if a little obsessed with cryptozoology. And we all love the same books. Think we should tell him that Alphonse Kirk is actually the real-life version of agent Mucley’s nemesis and the people agents Mucley and Sulder were based on are actually visiting here in Beach City?”

“Wait, you mean ‘The Unsolved’ is based on a true story? No way!” Both Steven and Connie were startled by the interruption and turned around, “Wait, so you must be stevonnieswordandshield.” The boy grinned, running his fingers through his auburn hair.

“Yeah, it’s a joint fandom account but I do most of the writing,” Connie explained.

“She’s awesome at it!”

“Just to make sure, you’re cropcircles_1013 right?” Connie asked, just to verify that she and Steven were indeed talking to the right person.
“Yup, that’s me. I promise I’m not a serial killer. Actually my parents are going down to the beach for a barbeque. My mom’s old drama teacher’s boyfriend decided to host one and apparently everyone is invited. We should go before they run out of food. Not sure about you guys but I’m starving, all I’ve had since breakfast was half a bagel and a bag of sunflower seeds.” Steven’s stomach growled at the mention of food, especially since Centipeetle and her crew had eaten all his Chaaps chips. He could use a meal.

“Yeah, I could definitely eat. After dinner we’d be happy to show you around town if you’d like. Lots of great things to see here in Beach City!” Steven offered as they started walking towards the beach.

“Sounds great, I haven’t been on a vacation in ages! Can’t wait to see the ocean and the town. My parents and I came in last night and the sky was so clear. I wish I had brought my telescope. There are so many more stars to see out here! Actually, wait, I don’t even know your names. Sorry about that, I can’t believe I’m only realising this now. Hope you don’t mind me asking but what are they?”

“That’s okay, I guess we forgot to introduce ourselves too. I’m Connie and this is Steven. What about you?” Connie asked as she finally introduced the two of them to their new friend.

“I’m William,” the boy smiled, “William Van der Kamp.”
Grad school is killing me but I am procrastinating. I had four projects last week and three due this week. If there are any aliens reading this please abduct me, and return me a week later with my work completed. As usual I own nothing. And as usual, I love feedback :)

There was nothing quite like a Beach City sunset. Bright orange streaks of light reached across the sky against a gradient of colours from the pink to yellow to the red that stretched across the horizon. The waves rolled gently towards the beach, reflecting the radiant colours of the sky as they lapped the shore. Mulder and Scully walked hand in hand along the soft sand of the beach. The breeze was starting to pick up and it was no longer sweltering heat. Scully could taste the salt in the air, it felt like home to her. The kind of home she was happy to share with her partner.

“You know, I always used to run along the beach as a kid. It was hard, moving around so much back then but wherever we went, there was always the ocean. The ocean and the sky, no matter where my dad was stationed, they would always be there, waiting for me,” Scully reminisced.

Mulder grinned, “Now I’m imagining little Scully running across the beach. Well, slightly littler Scully-” Scully nudged him and gave him a dirty look. “Small but mighty Scully. Did your siblings share your love of watching the ocean as a kid? I’m having a hard time imagining Bill Jr. as anything other than a cranky old man who hates my guts.”

At this, Scully couldn’t help but chuckle. “He was a kid once too Mulder. Followed my dad around a lot, worshipped him. So did I. The ocean was a big part of my dad’s life, so by spending time with it, it was like spending time with him. It made me feel safe,” Scully explained, “I would sneak out and watch the sunset. I liked watching the stars come out.”

“The truth comes out. How many UFOs did you see?”

“Shut up Mulder! I was trying to learn the constellations. I still know them by heart. All eighty-eight of them. I loved math too, I think that might have been what drew me into studying physics in the first place,” Scully’s voice trailed off as she looked up at the sky. The last feathers of pink light graced the horizon and the stars were beginning to come out, “How about you Mulder, what did you see when you looked up at the stars as a kid?”

“Well Scully, before Samantha’s abduction I didn’t think about it too much. But after she was taken I looked up at the stars every night wondering where she had gone. The sky was so huge and full of stars she could have been anywhere. And in the end, in a sense, she became starlight.”

“I guess we both found our answers in the stars. Chasing shadows until they lead us to the light.”

“They lead me to the truth, and they lead me to you. I can never thank them enough.” Mulder wrapped an arm around Scully’s shoulder. It was starting to get cold.

“I guess our journey has lead us to a good place, at least for now,” Scully looked up into her partner’s eyes.
“So, are you two going to bloody kiss or what?” Mulder and Scully turned around to see a tall, sad-looking British man grilling hot dogs with Mr. Smiley.

“See, this is what I have to live with,” grumbled Skinner, holding a beer and sitting comfortably in a folding beach chair. Mr. Smiley’s barbeque was in full swing, and it looked like the majority of the town had come down to enjoy it. Along with the hot dogs, there was a table full of salad and side dishes, and another one loaded with desserts. Mulder could practically hear his stomach growl.

“Looks like you finally made it!” Mr. Smiley grinned, I want you to meet my wonderful partner, Mr. Quentin Frowny,” both men waved as Mr. Frowny leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. Somewhere in the background, someone was strumming a guitar to a familiar tune. It was Greg Universe playing Elvis Presley’s ‘Can’t Help Falling in Love’. A favourite of Mulder’s, he asked Scully to dance and she agreed. It had been years since they had danced together twice in one day. As they held each other, the whole world seemed to fall away. Unbeknownst to them, an unidentified flying object was hurtling from space towards Beach City…
“Pull over Monica, something definitely happened here.” The smoking man pointed towards the U-Stor as Reyes pulled into the parking lot. Driving in a hot car with that chain-smoking demon all the way to Beach City was testing even her patience. She was thankful to finally have a chance to get out of the car.

“It looks like there was a break-in. At the very least there must have been some sort of fight.” Reyes examined the damage to the office. The door had been ripped off its hinges and nearly every piece of furniture had been thrown around. The computer and phone had been smashed, and papers were scattered across the floor. A layer of soil from a broken plant pot revealed two sets of footprints, they were large and Reyes supposed they were probably male. Only a bookshelf appeared undamaged, and beside it was a thawing bag of peas surrounded by a pool of water.

“Do you think our friend Yellow Diamond was here?” Asked the smoking man, peaking his head out of the car window. Reyes resisted the urge to roll her eyes. She highly doubted that this alien entity was friends with anyone on earth. She would have to find a way to warn Scully as soon as she got a chance.

“No, I don’t see any signs of alien activity. If I had to guess someone got into a fight with one of the employees here.”

“But where are they? Where is the owner?”

“I don’t know…” Reyes paused for a minute. It seemed as though no one was around, but after listening carefully she noticed a banging from one the storage lockers. She picked up a set of keys from the desk, whoever had lost whatever fight had taken place in the office must have gotten locked into a storage locker. “I’ll be back. I think someone got trapped in a storage locker,” Reyes explained as she headed towards the noise. She found the locker in question and unlocked it, judging by how bent out of shape the door was, whoever was in there was desperate to get out. It was hard to lift the door by herself. She almost dropped it when she saw what, or rather who, had been locked inside. Once again the universe was full of surprises, or so she thought as she stared at a middle-aged, dilapidated, but very much alive Alex Krycek.

“Agent Reyes?” He looked at her in disbelief as he scuttled out of the storage locker. Reyes wished she had a gun on her.

“Not agent anymore,” she lamented, glaring at him suspiciously. That cockroach had more lives than a cat.

“You smell like cigarette smoke, looks like you have my old job.” He smirked.
“Cut the crap Krycek, how on earth did you get here? Skinner killed you.”

“Skinner was the one to shove me in this locker, he and Mulder both.”

“Mulder is here?”

“Him, Scully, and Skinner. All three of them are here on vacation.” Krycek grimaced at the thought. Playing dead had been the one good decision he had made in his adult life. “But if you’re here, I’m guessing old cancerman is too, which means I need to get out of here.”

“It won’t matter, he made another deal with aliens, and not the reticulums this time, Homeworld gems or something.”

“Homeworld gems, that black-lunged bastard’s gone senile! They’ve wanted to destroy this planet for thousands of years!”

“You know about the Gems Krycek?” Reyes was almost surprised. Almost.

“The only reason I’m not in a box in the ground is because I made a deal with the Crystal Gems, they’re the only reason we still have a planet. I need to warn them!”

“Of course you do. It’s not like you have any motivation to run away somewhere and never be held accountable for any of the terrible things you’ve done to people!” Reyes whispered angrily so that the smoking man would not hear their conversation. Either way she was surrounded by horrible men.

“I just want to survive. The Crystal Gems can make that happen.” He raised his arms, both of them. Whatever technology the Gems had was so powerful, even a rat bastard like Krycek wouldn’t mess with it. In spite of herself, Reyes nodded at him and he ran off into the night.

“Find anyone?” The smoking man asked Reyes as she made her way back to the car.

“Yeah, some angry biker didn’t want to pay the storage fee and locked one of the employees into his storage locker.”

“So no extraterrestrial activity here Monica.”

“No, just terrible people.” She turned her key into the ignition. They were off to the beach.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

Whoa, can't believe there are now 30 chapters of this fic. Special thanks to everyone who has read, left kudos, bookmarked, commented on, and subscribed. You are all wonderful people and I am very grateful! I still don't own either series and welcome feedback in all of its forms.

“Wow…that is a big raccoon.” Connie looked down at William’s phone, impressed by the spherical nature of the raccoon in the image. Despite being trapped in a dumpster behind an all-you can eat buffet, the animal looked thoroughly satisfied with its life choices.

“You have a lot of pictures of animals on here,” Steven observed as William showed them yet another one, this time featuring an alligator sunbathing in front of a motel.

“Yeah, my parents and I went to Florida last summer and it was amazing! I’m still a bit bummed though, I couldn’t get any good pictures of Mothman. Didn’t see him at all but I know he’s out there, waiting,” William lamented. Connie couldn’t help but giggle. “Whoa, what is that?” he pointed at the sky where Lapis was holding onto a terrified Peridot as they flew in to greet them, both looking concerned. Lapis swooped in so fast that she dropped Peridot before she could land properly.

“Sorry Peridot,” Lapis cringed as Peridot lifted her head out of the triangular indent it had left in the road.

“Crystal clods,” Peridot grumbled, “and who are you?” she pointed at William as he took a picture of the two of them.

“Hi, I’m William, I’m friends with Connie and Steven. We met on the internet because of a book series and now I’m visiting town with my parents.” He introduced himself apprehensively to the two ladies. They seemed a bit strange to him, the shorter one was green with a disproportionally large head, and the taller wings had been flying on wings made out of water. Maybe there was more to Beach City than he had initially anticipated.

“Steven, you never told us your friend was coming to town.”

“Yeah, he chose a terrible time to come.” Peridot pointed to the sky. Though still a considerable distance away, what looked like a shooting star seemed to be coming towards them.

“Sweet, a U.F.O.!” William took a video of what to him was an unidentified flying object. But Peridot and Lapis knew better. “I’ve always wanted to meet an alien,” he grinned, not unlike the F.B.I. agent Mulder who they had met yesterday.

“Well, I’m Peridot and this is Lapis. I guess we would fit under the human definition of alien since we are not of this earth. Not that it matters be YELLOW DIAMOND IS COMING!!!!” yelled Peridot, “she probably wants to activate the cluster which will result in the destruction of planet earth and everything on it.”
“We looked through your telescope Steven, it’s her ship and it’s coming this way,” Lapis explained. “Where are Amethyst, Garnet, and Pearl?”

“They should be at the beach. Mr. Smiley is hosting a party there, we were just on our way over,” Steven’s stomach growled at the thought. With any luck there were enough hot dogs to go around.

“Peridot, Lapis, Yellow Diamond, Amethyst, Garnet, Pearl…rocks! You must be some form of extraterrestrial rock creatures!” William deduced.

“He’s not wrong,” argued Connie, “Technically they’re Gems. The Crystal Gems are the ones defending the planet, the Homeworld Gems are the ones who want to destroy it.”

“So it’s like how in ‘The Unsolved’ where there are the colonising aliens fighting the rebel ones over whether or not they should exploit the planet?”

“Yeah, it’s a bit like that except that the Crystal Gems live on this planet and rarely interact with humans.”

“Cool. But Connie, there must be more to the story than that.”

“There is, we’ll explain it on the way to the beach.”

As such, the five of them walked towards the party. Not noticing in the slightest as a man ran frantically past them and not long after him, a smoke-filled car drove by.
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long break between chapters, been very busy and I have obnoxious houseguests. I figure this story would take place before the latest Steven bomb. Might extend this story into a series once it ends and add a bunch of little stories. Thoughts? Ideas? Advice? All welcome. Also I still don't own either series. Thank you for reading.

“Sarah!!” Doug Maheswaran pulled his high school friend into a hug. It felt like just yesterday that the two of them acted in the school plays together. While they had kept in touch over the phone, he hadn’t seen his friend for 10 years since she moved to Ohio with her husband and son.

“Doug, it’s so good to see you!!” Sarah Van der Kamp couldn’t help but grin. Her old drama teacher had returned to Beach City so of course she had to convince her family to go on vacation there. Not that it was too hard to do; her husband Jake loved the ocean and of course her son William was interested as soon as she mentioned all the unexplained phenomena that happened in the town. Kid was obsessed with the paranormal, despite being adopted he was as stubborn as anyone else in the family. At his age, Sarah knew the words to just about every musical ever written. “How are you, how’s your daughter, it’s Carly right?”

“Actually it’s Connie,” Doug corrected her.

“Sorry, I can’t believe it’s been that long. I haven’t seen her since she was a toddler,” Sarah apologised sheepishly, “Wow, I am terrible at keeping in touch.”

“Can’t say I’m much better at it Sarah. I’m doing well though, been working as a security guard is a bit dull but my family more than makes up for it! Priyanka’s always busy at the hospital and Connie is amazing. She’s always going on some sort of adventure or other. How about you?”

“I’m good, been pretty busy myself. Sharing a clinic with four other physiotherapists so I don’t live at the hospital anymore, I don’t know how Priyanka does it. Jake is happy tax season is over and Will is great. And a teenager eating us out of house and home. How is he already 15? He’s so tall.”

“I don’t know, time goes by so fast,” Doug reminisced, “I feel old, I tried tap dancing two days ago and my back still hurts.”

“Tell me about it Doug, my hair is going gray. Still, look around, we’ve done well for a bunch of Beach City theater nerds.”

“You know what, we did,” Doug looked around at the beach. Priyanka was chatting away happily with a short, red-haired lady. Jake, Sarah’s husband, was drinking beer with Steven’s dad and a tall bald man in a Hawaiian shirt. Mr. Frowny and Mr. Smiley were still grilling hot dogs, occasionally stealing a kiss when they thought no one was looking. Connie had yet to join them but she and Steven were off to meet some pen-pal of hers. It seemed as though all of Beach City had come out to the beach. Even if he didn’t know most of the people in town Connie did, and judging by all the stories she told him, most of them were wonderful.
“Hey, is that a shooting star?” Sarah pointed to the flash of light in the sky. It had been there for a while and seemed to be getting bigger. Something about it made her uncomfortable, “if I didn’t know better I’d say it was a U.F.O.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if it was, probably something to do with the Crystal Gems.”

“Crystal Gems?”

“Connie’s best friend’s mother’s side of the family. They’re the survivors of an interplanetary war who fought to save the planet from being demolished by their home planet.”

“I’m sorry, what?” Sarah had no idea how to make sense of what Doug had just told her. Sure Will was interested in aliens but she had never really entertained the possibility of them being real and coming to earth. That was for late night movies on the science fiction channel.

“Sarah I know I sound crazy but-“

“Run!” A thin woman with a long nose and stone in her forehead raced towards the beach.

“Everyone get off the beach! You are in immediate danger. Run as far as you can!” A tall, red woman with sunglasses announced to the crowd. Along with the thin one, a short, purple woman was with them, dragging a pink cannon with her. People began to run, Priyanka grabbed Doug’s shoulder.

“Where’s Connie?” she asked, panicking.

“I…I don’t know…I thought she was with Steven?”

“I don’t know where Will is either.” Jake looked up, horrified at the approaching flash of light in the sky. They ran as fast as they could to the other end of the beach.

“Oh no…” Sarah caught a glimpse of the bright light of the U.F.O. as it crashed into the sand.
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, went on vacation for a week. Thank you for your patience! Still figuring out how I'm going to wrap up this story and I always appreciate feedback :)

Greg Universe was generally not a worrier. Sure, sometimes things happened that were frustrating or inconvenient, but that was all part of life. Even spending time in a human zoo on a gem spaceship wasn’t an entirely bad experience. Nonetheless, Greg couldn’t help but feel a little, or more than a little, anxious as yet another gem crashed her ship into the beach. Everyone except for the FBI agents, Connie’s parents and their friends, and the Crystal Gems had fled for the town. Mr. Maheswaran’s friends were especially worried.

“Will, Will, has anybody seen my son?”

“Is your son this boy Mrs.?” Garnet handed the woman her phone, which featured a picture of a tall auburn-haired boy who was with Steven Connie, Lapis, and Peridot. They appeared to be on their way to the barn.

“Van der Kamp, yes, that’s him that’s Will!” She breathed a sigh of relief. As did her husband and the Maheswarans.

“Your son should be safe,” Garnet reassured them. While Greg himself felt reassured now that he knew where Steven was, he couldn’t help but notice the FBI agents looking at each other resentfully, almost guiltily.

“So you two,” Mulder asked, “you’re the Van der Kamps and you have a son named William?”

“Yeah, that would be us. I’m Jake and this is Sarah,” Mr. Van der Kamp introduced them to the FBI agents, “Although technically he’s adopted. Great kid, a bit obsessed with cryptozoology if anything, but he’s our son in all but genetics.” He was interrupted by his wife’s laughter.

“Jake, look at these two,” Sarah pointed to Mulder and Scully, “they look so much like Will.” Scully sighed, she looked as though she had seen a ghost.

“I had a son,” she confessed, “but I had to give him up. Mulder, my partner and I are FBI agents and we specialise in cases involving the paranormal. We ended up digging into what turned out to be a massive government conspiracy and were on the run for a very long time,” she broke into tears as she spoke, Mulder held her up despite the fact that he was crying as much as she was, “we just wanted him to have a chance, to have a normal life.”

“He’s a good kid. So far I think we’ve all had good lives,” Sarah Van der Kamp smiled at Scully and handed her a tissue.

“Ummm guys, hate to break up the family reunion, but Yellow Diamond’s going to come out of there any minute now.” Amethyst pointed to the spacecraft.

“How do you know if that’s Yellow Diamond? Could we be dealing with another Jasper instead?” Greg asked.
“That friend you locked in a storage locker got out and told us that Yellow Diamond was coming to earth. Something about a black-lunged bastard wanting to help her destroy the earth.” Pearl shrugged.

“You mean the smoking man is here?” Mulder shouted angrily.

“Shhh not so loud or Yellow Diamond will start looking for us. And who’s the smoking man?” Asked Amethyst.

“It’s a long story-” Scully was about to explain but was interrupted by the door of the spaceship opening. Out walked a small yellow gem, she had impeccable posture and smug look on her face.

“Is that Yellow Diamond?” whispered Mulder, out of curiosity as much as concern.

“No. That would be Yellow Pearl,” Garnet replied.

“So is there more than one Pearl or is Pearl just a common gem name?”

“It’s a rank Agent Mulder, a type of Gem. Us Pearls are made to be servants to other, more important Gems,” Pearl clarified. Even if Mulder didn’t notice, Greg could see that her Homeworld rank was still a touchy subject for Pearl. “Each gem type has a different function on Homeworld. Some Gems are considered to be more valuable than others based on this function. The Diamonds are like Gods, and to disobey them means being destroyed, shattered. There was no room for anything except obedience in Homeworld. That’s why Rose Quartz started the Crystal Gems, she believed that all Gems, that all life had value. That’s why I followed her, that’s why I l-” Pearl was interrupted by the lumbering footsteps of Yellow Diamond as she walked out of her ship. While she looked menacing on the spacecraft where he had been put in the human zoo, Greg found her even more terrifying as she set foot on his own planet.

Amidst the entrance of Yellow Diamond, a car parked hastily behind them. It left a trail of cigarette smoke wafting out of the window. Agent Mulder pulled out his gun and ran towards the car, with agent Scully following closely behind him. They were not happy, and Greg figured he was about to meet this infamous smoking man.
Chapter 33
Chapter Notes

Hi, just wanted to say that I own neither of these series and that constructive criticism/all forms of feedback are more than welcome!

There was nothing more satisfying than smoking a cigarette to celebrate the end of the world. C. G. B. Spender inhaled slowly as he inhaled the smoke through his trachea. Everything was going according to plan, even Monica seemed to have calmed down. Despite his age and fragility, he exited the car in confident steps. If one alien species failed to bring about the apocalypse surely this one, with superior linguistic and technological skills, could surpass them and succeed. All these years of being ridiculed, but here he would emerge victorious. The man who ended humanity. Even though his own species would likely die out, he looked forward being feared throughout the galaxy.

Looking around at the beach he saw a number of familiar faces. Mulder and Scully, the two lovebirds held on each other as though their lives depended on it, as though it would make a difference in the end. Love made no difference, only noteworthy as fleeting moments of disappointment in an otherwise miserable existence. FBI assistant director Walter Skinner was also present among the beachgoers. He looked at Spender with as much disgust as ever. Unexpected was the fact that he was sunburnt and wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Even curmudgeons FBI assistant directors took directors it seemed. The best vacations of the smoking man took in his life involved lakehouses and Mulder’s mother. Poor Bill Mulder, thinking he was the true father of his children, the smoking man chuckled at the memory. But that was all in the past, and here he was facing the glorious future.

“Hello Yellow Diamond,” he greeted the alien, “what a pleasure it is to see you here on earth.” She was taller than he expected.

“There is no pleasure on this lousy planet,” she grumbled, “it’s eradication will be no loss to gemkind.”

“So glad that we have a chance to work together on this. If you are in need of any, shall we say, ideas on how to destroy human life I have several suggestions.” At that, Yellow Diamond’s smaller companion, her Pearl if he was not mistaken, started to laugh. Yellow Diamond herself looked unimpressed.

“That won’t be necessary human.” At this, the smoking man frowned, the reticulums were never this arrogant.

“That means you have a plan.” Somehow everyone on the beach was silently watching him. He had expected at least Mulder to have lost his temper by now. Perhaps he, and everyone else was in awe of Yellow Diamond and her spacecraft. What were the odds of there having been another crashed UFO in recent history on this same beach? The smoking man thought it unlikely.

“My plan is to get the cluster and to get off this planet. I sent a Peridot to investigate but she ended up turning on me.”
“I’m so happy I get to work with you on this. Of all the people on this planet, it was I that supported you. Please remember that.” Yellow Diamond seemed upset at his words, she stood up to her full height and glared angrily down at him.

“I am a Diamond who has ruled over numerous planets for thousands of years. If you think that I’m going to work with one pathetic little human, you had better think again.”

“Well that’s not fair!” Spender protesting, infuriating the Diamond even more. She then proceeded to reach out and pick him up. The smoking man tried to squirm and escape from her grip but to no avail.

“You humans are pathetic.” Yellow Diamond declared, throwing the smoking man into the nearest sewer. So much for cooperation. He hated being wet and feeling helpless, now he was experiencing both.

“Monica, Monica, help! Get me out of here!” He protested. Sewer, he had been thrown in a sewer. Wonderful. Spender struggled and managed to get a gasp of air. There was no way the situation could get worse, or so he told himself for an instant before hearing gurgling from further down. Not only was he stuck in a sewer but he was not alone. The gurgling got louder and louder until the smoking man was faced with a creature that could only be described as an X-File. In fact, he recognised the creature as an unholy combination between a human and a fluke-worm that he read about in one of the earlier files. Whatever the creature was, it sunk its fangs into him and dragged him deep into the sewer system of Beach City. Monica never came.
Hey sorry for the delay, my computer broke down. Thanks for sticking with me! As you know I own neither Steven Universe nor the X-Files and am always a fan of feedback!!

Monica Reyes could not help but smile as she took a deep breath of smoke-free air. For the first time in a very long time she felt free. Wherever the Cigarette Smoking man was, he was no longer her problem anymore. She had kept Scully and Mulder's son away from him for nearly fifteen years. While she wasn't entirely certain he was safe, she knew that he was at least away from Yellow Diamond and her Pearl. His adoptive parents were watching everything unfold with Mulder and Scully from the edge of the beach. They had no idea that she had kept an eye on William for all these years but she had. Even if they hated her for everything, she had done everything in her power to protect them and that was enough for her.

"You there," Yellow Diamond pointed at her in an accusatory manner, "You're his associate. What do you have to say for yourself."

"I say that he was not the finest example of humanity. There are better people, kinder people, people who work very hard to do good for our species and for our planet," Reyes answered. She was nervous, but after years of lying to protect others she felt no desire to feign cynicism and despair in order to save her own skin. Reyes took a deep breath. Looking up into the night sky she saw another unidentified flying object that appeared to be hurtling towards earth. Maybe even towards Beach City. If nothing else she could buy the city some time before Yellow Diamond destroyed it.

"Monica!" Scully called out to her. Over the years she had missed her friend. But Dana Scully was here, badass and beautiful as ever. She and her partner had saved the world. Reyes smiled at her, a friendly smile, not a grinch-like smirk that often graced Spender's ancient features.

"It's good to see you Dana, and you too Mulder. And is that assistant director Skinner wearing a Hawaiian shirt?" Reyes glanced over at her former boss.

"I'm on vacation." Skinner grumbled, regretting his choice of attire.

"So these humans, they are your true associates."

"They're my friends. The people that I trust and care about." Reyes declared, looking straight at Yellow Diamond. Both her and her Pearl were as smug as the Cigarette Smoking man. A smugness that Reyes had lost all patience for.

"Humans, so primitive. Don't you agree Pearl?"

"Absolutely my diamond."

"Good. This world and its inhabitants, they will not be missed. Once we activate the cluster they will be no more." She crossed her arms.
"What gives you the authority to say that? To have power over an entire planet? Don't you care about the species that inhabit the earth? And what this planet means to them? We humans, we live on this planet. We love this planet. And people are flawed but people are good."

"Authority? Are you questioning my authority human?" Yellow Diamond's eyes narrowed, "I am a diamond which makes me THE authority. You humans are like fleas on a rock, pesky and insignificant! We Gems, we have no room for flaws, not like you pitiful organic life forms. This makes us fit to rule the galaxy! The universe!" Yellow Diamond reached out to grab Reyes as she had C.G.B. Spender, but was interrupted by a short purple woman.

"Ummm guys, it looks like we have another visitor," she announced as a blue spaceship landed on the beach.
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

Hey, sorry this took so long. Trying to figure out the best way to end this fic. Thank you for your continued patience with me and with this story :)

His office was a mess, hostile aliens had landed on the beach, and his head still hurt from being used as Mulder’s personal punching bag. Overall, Alex Krycek was having a terrible day. Sitting on a far corner of the beach, he couldn’t help but watch the commotion. There was something extremely satisfying about watching his old chain-smoking boss be humiliated in front of him by powerful aliens, the likes of which even the syndicate had never seen before. Reyes seemed happy too now that she was finally able to breathe in some clean air. By now she would have probably figured out that he had kept his promise for once and warned the Crystal Gems about the incoming diamond. Not being blown up by invading aliens was always in his best interest. Based on how Rose Quartz had described them, Krycek was happy going his entire life without interacting directly with the diamond authority. Nonetheless, he watched from a distance, just close enough that he could still hear them, as another gem emerged from the newly arrived blue ship.

“Yellow, what are you doing?” The tall blue lady asked her associate, considering how she spoke to Yellow Diamond as an equal, she had to be a diamond as well. A pearl followed her, doodling a screen in front of her.

“What needed to be done long ago. Destroyed this planet for good,” said Yellow Diamond.

“Pink Diamond would never forgive us if we did that. This was her planet!!”

“Pink Diamond is dead. Shattered by one of her own soldiers.”

“I’m sorry,” Krycek felt a sudden, indescribable sadness as Blue Diamond started to cry, he noted that both of Blue Pearl and Yellow Pearl started crying as well. His instincts told him that now would be a good time to run away but he was so tired that he ignored them. It had been a long time since he had seen aliens try and destroy the planet, albeit not long enough.

“You have to let go Blue, the only thing of value in this primitive planet is the cluster inside of it. It’s time we let it out,” Yellow Diamond announced, despite her commanding manner she did make an effort to comfort her friend. If the diamonds had a weak spot, it was each other. Krycek did not know, nor did he have any desire to find out what the cluster was or what the diamonds planned to do with it.

“The cluster was an experiment Yellow, we both know it. It’s not a Gem set with a purpose as soon as it pops out of the ground, it’s an abomination that should not exist. I don’t think we can control it,” Blue Diamond reasoned.

“We are diamonds! There is no way we could possibly be destroyed by some mindless weapon. The cluster is our weapon, built to expand our empire. Pink wanted to use this planet to build great things. What could be greater than building a powerful weapon, forged in the core of this planet? If any primitive life form decides to defy our authority, we can now destroy not only them, but the planet they call their home. Yes, this will send a message to the rest of the universe: that the
diamond authority is the only authority!” Yellow Diamond gloated and Krycek decided now would be a good time to make a run for it.

“Maybe someday Yellow, but not yet. We don’t know enough about this cluster to use it properly yet, even your Peridot defected. This weapon it must be...managed. We need to give it time. When the cluster is ready, it will be ready, and I’m not ready to destroy this planet. At least not yet. I need time, we all need time,” Blue Diamond continued to cry.

“Fine Blue, we’ll go. For now I suppose. We can discuss tactics on how to best use the cluster once we’re back on Homeworld. If you’re so attached to this planet go ahead and take another human for the zoo.” Yellow Diamond declared ominously as she and her pearl headed back into her ship. Those words terrified him, and unfortunately they turned out to be the last words that Alex Krycek ever heard on planet earth. Seconds later, an enormous blue hand scooped him up and carried him onto a spaceship headed for Homeworld. He truly was having a terrible day.
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading! As usual I own none of the characters and as usual I always enjoy feedback :)

All Walter Skinner wanted was a damn vacation. Just a peaceful weekend with his friends in Beach City. Instead, he was greeted with alien visitors hell-bent on destroying the planet he happened to live on. Skinner had felt powerful as they had argued amongst themselves about earth and it’s future. Watching both ships fly back out into space was a relief. It took an alien to deal with another alien, or so it appeared. Aliens, he had spent far too much of his day surrounded by aliens. He was starting to sound like Mulder and it terrified him. At least by the looks of it he would no longer have to deal with Krycek or the smoking man. Two people Skinner was certain that no one would miss.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the cooler Harold had been keeping the drinks in and went over to it to root for a beer. While it had tipped over and was filled with sand, the cans were still cold so Skinner wiped the sand off of one, opened it, and took a sip. If he closed his eyes he could almost pretend it was a peaceful evening.

Looking over at his subordinates, he saw Reyes hugging Scully and crying while Mulder inspected the part of the beach where the spaceships had landed. His old friends, the Lone Gunmen had just arrived at the beach and went to examine it with them. Harold and Quentyn chatted with Greg and the remaining people on the beach as they dug their party supplies out of the sand. The Crystal Gems were helping them out and Skinner figured he should make himself useful as well. He took another sip of his drink as he dug sand out of cooler. He was a little too far away from everyone to be able talk to them without yelling, but he was just close enough to them that he was able to eavesdrop. After years of trying to manage Mulder and being dragged around and blackmailed by the Syndicate, F.B.I assistant director Walter Skinner knew a thing or two about eavesdropping. He smiled to himself as everyone crowded around Greg who was checking his phone.

“I just got a text from Steven, he said that he’s at the barn with Connie, Will, Lapis, and Peridot. They’re watching ‘Camp Pining Hearts. Hmmm that’s weird,” Greg Universe cringed for an instant, causing Will and Connie’s parents to panic.

“Is everything alright?” asked Dr. Maheswaran.

“Yeah, apparently Will is a Paulette fan. Interesting. I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone who likes that character.” Mulder turned red in the face. Skinner was certain he saw a film with the actress who played Paulette’s face on the cover in the basement office. It was part of the video collection that Mulder claimed wasn’t his. Hopefully Will had better cinematic tastes than his father.

“So everyone is safe, alive, and well?” Mr. Van der Kamp asked, still anxious about the well-being of her son and his friends.

“Yeah, to be honest I’m really surprised that we didn’t have to do anything. This isn’t my first run in with the diamonds but if they had decided to fight us, I’m not sure we would have won,” Greg confessed.
“We wouldn’t have stood a chance. We got very, very lucky this time.” Garnet adjusted her visor, she tried to appear nonchalant but even her hands were shaking a little.

“Okay, but what is the cluster?” Mulder asked.

“The cluster is a geo-weapon composed of millions of shards of shattered gems currently incubating in the core of the earth. Once released, the cluster will break out, instantly destroying the earth and would be used as a superweapon by the Diamond Authority in order to destroy unruly planets,” Pearl explained. Skinner counted his blessings that only the Cigarette Smoking Man and not the entire Syndicate had come in contact with the Homeworld Gems. Otherwise the planet would have been toast.

“Right now Steven has it bubbled, it’s trapped inside the earth and can’t escape. So don’t worry, unless someone goes down there and un-bubbles it we’re safe for now,” Amethyst tried to reassure everyone, “Anyone want to go the barn and catch up on Camp Pining Hearts?” she asked, attempting to lighten the mood.

“That might be nice,” a slow smile spread across Mrs. Van der Kamp’s face, “It’s agents Mulder and Scully right?” she asked, looking at them.

“Yes,” Mulder answered as Scully nodded.

“Would you like to meet Will?” FBI agents or not, they were both on the verge of tears.
Thank you for your patience!! Life has been super hectic and I’m so sorry for taking this long to write this. Note that I own neither fandom and always love feedback. Hope you enjoy it :)

“You okay Scully?” Mulder’s question broke the long silence in the back of Greg Universe’s van. Scully watched the fields they were driving through as though she was hypnotised by them, desperately trying to distance herself from some of her darker thoughts.

“I don’t, I don’t know. Are you?” Scully continued to stare out the window as they drove towards the barn. The barn where they would finally get to meet their long-lost son. Scully looked nervous and Mulder couldn’t blame her. He was excited, but he also felt guilty. He suspected that his partner felt a similar slurry of mixed emotion. Scully sighed, and spoke again, “I bet the Van der Kamps are great parents.”

“Jake Van der Kamp is probably a better dad than I would have been. But you would have been an amazing mother Scully.” Mulder’s hands shook, but he made a point to reach out and stroke her arm.

“You don’t know that Mulder,” Scully turned around to talk to him. She had tears in her eyes. Soon enough, his eyes started watering up too. He reached out and held her in his arms. They both started sobbing. William was real and he was happy, even if it was without them. It’s what they had hoped for, but now it was a physical reality. A flesh and blood person they were about to encounter. It was beautiful, but it also hurt. Scully was just about ready to collapse and Mulder wasn’t far behind. They were exhausted from the events of the day and were no longer able to contain their emotions. Neither of them noticed that Greg had pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the van.

“Water?” Greg offered each FBI agent a bottle. Mulder guzzled it while Scully took slow, small sips. It was grounding. It felt good.

“Thank you,” Scully answered. Mulder nodded and forced a smile.

“If you need to take a moment to breathe, that’s perfectly okay. I can’t even imagine what you must be going through. I miss Rose every day but if anything happened to Steven...I honestly don’t know what I would do. So many times I’ve almost lost him. I trust him, he’s a good kid, but he’s still my kid and I love him. You both clearly love your son, and you did what was best for him even if it was the hardest decision you’ve ever had to make.” Greg smiled, and wiped a few tears from his own eyes.

“You’re right Mr. Universe, but it still hurts. Logically I should be happy that Will’s okay, but he’s lived his whole life without me and he’s fine. Most of me is satisfied with that, but there’s so much time that was lost and memories that Mulder and I will never be able to have with him. I just… I feel so selfish even saying that out loud.”

“You’re not selfish Scully, I was the one who brought all the danger into your life with the X-Files.
It’s my fault we never got to raise our son.”

“But don’t you see? If it weren’t for the X-Files you wouldn’t have a song, you wouldn’t even be having this conversation to begin with. Your whole time together is what made you who you are. I don’t know much about your lives, although I would love to hear about them at some point, but your choices are what shaped your lives into what they are today. You had a son, and because of the choices you made he’s living a safe and happy life. The Van der Kamps are great people, and Will is lucky to have two sets of parents who love him. Isn’t that incredible?”

“Yeah, it kind of is Scully.”

“I would never have thought about it that way Mulder.”

“Clearly, the two of you, you’ve been together for a very long time and you need each other. You’re a team. Whatever happens with Will, or with anything else in your life you will get through it together.” Greg reached out and gave Mulder and Scully a warm and sweaty, but genuinely comforting hug before putting his seatbelt back on as they continued towards the barn.

“Alright Scully,” Mulder reached out and held his partner’s hand, “let’s go meet our son.” Scully could only smile.
Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is taking so long, planning out the rest of the story. After this there will be two more chapters to go but I may expand it into a series and occasionally write small stories in the crossover universe. Thank you for your patience and hope you enjoy :)

It was the middle of the night. Dew was collecting on the grass as a cool breeze ruffled the surrounding fields. Looking up as they got out of Greg Universe’s van, Mulder and Scully could see the soft glow of the milky way above their heads. It brought them back to their early days as partners. Scully especially remembered all the times Mulder had dragged her out into the middle of nowhere hunting for aliens or some other bizarre cryptid. So often she had forgotten to look up and see the beauty in the world around her. She missed that about physics, logically and scientifically taking apart the concepts that held together the universe. Everything that lead them to who and where they were in that precise moment. Right now that happened to be staring at the silhouette of the barn where she would finally get a chance to meet her son.

Even in darkness, the barn was an eyesore. It was bizarre and cluttered and yet somehow comforting in the same way Mulder’s office was. The lights were on and they could hear talking from inside, as well as the theme music for ‘Camp Pining Hearts’. A familiar figure ran towards them. Veggie Head’s gently yipping echoed through the night and soon enough the pumpkin caught up with them and leaped into Scully’s arms.

“What, a lizard-man? Do you have pictures?” William’s eyes lit up. He was definitely Mulder’s son.

“Of the dog yes, but there is no such thing as a lizard-man. We have no evidence of the dog’s former caregiver being anything other than human. We investigated this.”

“Cool. Wait, you’re FBI agents Fox Mulder and Dana Scully. I’ve read about you on the internet. Is it true that ‘The Unsolved’ is based on your lives?”

“We haven’t read the books. How many are there and what happens?” asked Mulder.

“‘There’s eight. At the end of the last book agents Mucley and Sulder defeat the evil alien conspiracy and have a baby together and lived happily ever after.”

“Wow Scully, even Krycek realised that we’re soulmates,” Mulder laughed awkwardly.
“Wait, who? What?” William raised an eyebrow. He had Scully’s eyebrows.

“We’ll explain later. Just know that life isn’t always as simple as the stories you read. Sometimes it’s hard to make the best choice for everyone, and sometimes questions have no right answers. Scully and I have learned this lesson many times over.”

“I know, and I know who you are. Your old boss, Skinner, he explained everything. My parents told me I was adopted years ago and we always joked that I was secretly an alien. I guess this as close as it gets.” Scully sighed at her son’s words, both from relief and exhaustion.

“We’re just glad you’re okay Will,” she wiped a tear from her eye, “that you have a good family. A good life. After you were born we lived on the run for a very long time. We didn’t want that for you. We wanted you to be safe, and happy, and we couldn’t give you that at the time and the Van der Kamps did. I’m so glad they did.” Aliens, monsters, government conspiracies, everything they had done had brought them here, together, and for the first time since her son was an infant, Scully hugged William. Seconds later, Mulder joined in and they felt complete. It wasn’t forced or awkward, just a quiet family moment under the stars.
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long, work has been bothersome and school is about to start up. I honestly can't believe this fic is ending, it kind of feels like a part of me now. I may not own either series but am thankful for them and thankful for you, the reader. Please feel free to leave comments. Now here is the penultimate chapter of 'Weirdoes of Beach City'.

“Seeds?” Mulder offered as Peridot repaired the television. As soon as Lapis mentioned ‘Camp Pining Hearts’, William, Connie and Steven got enthusiastic about the show. Peridot was thrilled to have company to watch it with. So enthusiastic in fact, that Will had tripped over the television and broken it. Much to the chagrin of Lapis and Peridot. Connie was there with her parents, as was Will. Steven brought Garnet, Amethyst, and Pearl with him and Greg was chasing after Veggie Head. Mulder and Scully had known none of these people and Gems for more than 48 hours. And yet, somehow they felt like long-lost family. Mulder couldn’t help but smile as Peridot hissed and tore up the barn looking for an extra extension cord.

“Wait, you mean sunflower seeds?” Will’s eyes lit up.

“The best ones, fresh from the gas station.” Mulder poured sunflower seeds into his son’s outstretched hand.

“So that’s where he gets it from,” Jake Van der Kamp watched Will happily munching away. “I’ve always hate sunflower seeds. And so does Sarah.”

“I had an unfortunate incident in 10th grade involving sunflower seeds and Doug’s cousin’s moonshine.” she grimaced. Dr. Maheswaran raised an eyebrow at her husband.

“You never told me about that one mom,” said Will, with a mouth full of seeds.

“It’s a long story.”

“So, uh, who is your favourite ‘Camp Pining Hearts’ character?” Asked Greg, desperate to break the tension.

“Oh no, here we go,” Lapis sighed and shook her head. Veggie Head yipped.

“Obviously Percy is the best character. He has an impressive combination of raw strength, endurance, and problem solving ability. The only problem is his feelings for Paulette, who happens to be a useless character with no redeeming qualities. Percy would be far better off with Pierre.” Peridot explained as she pulled out several pieces of paper and waved her arms frantically.

“What Paulette is not useless, she is emotionally intelligent!” William argued, as Mulder shook his head.

“No more than Phil or Penelope, who also have other useful skills. Like Phil’s shelter making ability, or Penelope’s knack for orienteering.” Sarah Van der Kamp countered.
“Exactly,” Scully agreed, rolling her eyes at Mulder, who was pouting and trying to give her puppy dog eyes.

“If anything Pamela’s the best at manipulating people,” everyone raised an eyebrow at Connie, except for Garnet who gave her a thumbs up.

“The snarky medic who was always reading?” Mulder asked, “I barely noticed her even though she was in every episode.”

“Exactly. She knew that Percy was the yellow team’s strongest player. So she used his crush on Paulette, her teammate to slow him down. This caused turmoil for the yellow team and allowed Pierre to win the physical challenges for the blue team. Meanwhile, she took care of the intellectual ones,” Connie explained as everyone’s eyes lit up.

“Whoa, no way…” Amethyst Scratched her head.

“That is a brilliant strategy,” agreed Pearl.

“So that’s why the blue team one. Everyone was so surprised when it happened but we see Pam suggesting things to people. She was even reading ‘Art of War’ at one point. Wow Connie, how could I miss that?”

“I missed it the first time I watched the show too dad, but then I read the fan theories and now it all makes sense.” Connie told her dad. Everyone nodded, and it was quiet for a moment. At least until they heard a large bang, followed by several smaller popping noises.

“Would anybody like popcorn?” Lapis asked. Peridot wheeled in a misshapen metal contraption that smelled vaguely of margarine.

“Made fresh in my newly made corn-popper. This is model 453 and it makes what you earthlings would consider perfect popcorn!” The popcorn machine filled metal bowls of popcorn which Peridot distributed to her Amethyst, as well as her human guests.

“What happened to models 1 through 452?” Scully could not help but raise an eyebrow. Peridot laughed nervously.

“It’s best not to talk about those,” Lapis mentioned with a grimace.

“But it’s true, this corn-popper makes the popcorn outside of Funland!” Steven reassured his family and friends.

“That’s true, this is excellent popcorn.” Greg dug in happily and the others soon followed his lead. The ‘Camp Pining Hearts’ theme played and the television was ready. And so they watched the entire fourth season of ‘Camp Pining Hearts’ together in a barn. The first show Mulder and Scully had watched with their son since he was an infant.
It's over isn't it? Yes it is. As previously mentioned I own neither of these series and am always down for feedback. Please see below for more notes.

“See Scully, what did I tell you? There really are aliens in Beach City!” Mulder celebrated as he and Scully packed up the RV.

“Yep, there definitely are,” answered Scully, as she watched Lapis roll her eyes as Peridot chased one of her Meep Morps around the front of the barn. There was something familiar about their dynamic.

“Agent Mulder! Agent Scully!” William ran towards them. While Steven, Connie and her family, and the Crystal Gems had gone home, the Van der Kamps were only now going back to Beach City.

“Looks like he inherited your boyish enthusiasm,” Scully whispered in Mulder’s ear. He kissed her on the cheek in return.

“It was nice to meet you. I had so many questions, I still do,” Will confessed.

“We know whole parent thing is confusing, agent Scully and I are really sorry about that.”

“It is, but lots of things are confusing: like physics, international trade agreements, and politicians who don’t believe in climate change. Steven has three moms and a dad, I don’t see why I can’t have two of each?” Will handed them a piece of paper. “Here are my phone number, my other parents’ phone numbers, all of our emails, my twitter, and my blog. Don’t tell my other parents about the blog.”

“Is there a reason that we shouldn’t?” Scully raised an eyebrow.

“Nooooo,” he said suspiciously, “it’s just boring and dumb. I gave you guys phone numbers too, in case you’re too old for email.”

“We’re vintage,” Mulder joked as Will rolled his eyes. Two dads meant twice the amount of dad jokes.

“Anyways, dad’s been wanting to visit DC since forever so maybe we’ll come visit at some point,” Will suggested as the Van der Kamps honked at will to get back to them. Mulder handed them two business cards: one of his and one of Scully’s.

“You’re welcome in the basement anytime.” Mulder winked. Scully couldn’t help but to roll her eyes. Both father and son had the same questionable sense of humour.

“Have a safe trip!” Scully said, as both agents waved at their son. All of the Van der Kamps smiled and waved as the drove away from the barn.
“I guess you guys are going too.” Lapis flew over as Peridot chased after her, somewhat disheveled after her battles with the Meep Morp.

“It was really nice to meet you. That human recreation vehicle is some of my finest work but if you ever want an upgrade I would be more than happy to help!” Peridot suggested enthusiastically. “Thanks.” Scully grimaced. At least they didn’t get bed bugs. Of all the things that had happened over the course of the weekend, she was grateful that she didn’t have to perform any autopsies.

“Thank you for everything, we will definitely be back!” Mulder declared as they got into the RV. Although functional it was still tacky.

“Goodbye, have a safe trip,” Lapis said as they waved goodbye, Peridot jumping up and down so that the FBI agents would be able to see her from the RV. Soon enough, Mulder and Scully were on the road back to DC, the barn but a speck behind them.

“So that was an adventure.” Mulder looked as happy as a kid waking up on Christmas to a mountain of presents.

“Yes Mulder, it most certainly was. Say, what do you plan on doing with the RV? You’re not keeping it, are you?” Scully asked, with an air of concern.

“I was going to give it to the Gunmen. They need a new headquarters.” Mulder poked at the fuzzy flying saucers hanging from the rearview mirror. “And besides, I think this place is just their style.”

“That’s...actually the best use of this monstrosity that I could think of.”

“Yeah, but we’ll have to show it to Skinner first, just to see the look on his face,” they both laughed at the mental image.

“Oh, and speaking of Skinner, he said to leave Beach City events as they are and not to file any reports on them. I hope you’re not too disappointed Mulder.”

“Making friends with aliens and not having to fill out any paperwork about it afterwards. In what world is that considered disappointing? It was a nice vacation.” Mulder reached out to Scully and held her hand.

“It was,” Scully answered. A slow smile crossed her face, lighting it up as the sunrise lit up the morning sky, “a nice trip to the beach”.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my gosh thank you for reading!!!!!!!!! Every single one of you who read, left kudos, bookmarked this fic, left comments, and subscribed are amazing. This is the biggest thing I've ever written on this site and is one of my first fanfictions. When I first started this fic I was lost and depressed and throughout the year I got into grad school in a program I love, am doing really well so far, got a bursary, got a summer job, finished that and am now back for another semester of grad school. It's been an adventure and I would love to hear from you. All and any comments and suggestions are more than welcome so please drop by and say something. Thanks again for everything!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!