



Teal Dreams

What can I say? This was inspired by emailing with friends, and an appreciation of teal, and silk, and certain lush, buff, muscular rumps—but since it’s set somewhere in fourth season, when Mulder’s motto could well have been “life’s a bitch and then you die,” it’s not quite as fluffy as I tend to think of it. But it is romantic, and it has as happy an ending as can be expected.

Too many years in too many jungles—concrete, political and other—had trained him: the first tap on his door, and he was reaching for glasses, gun, light, up out of bed before his brain was fully awake. He shivered a little in the comparative cold, the silk of his pajama bottoms clinging to him with scant heat.



Even though it had been weeks, there was no doubt, now that he was awake enough to register the too-familiar knock. Mulder, he thought, half annoyed, half interested; two AM on a Thursday night, it had to be Mulder at his door.

He nearly reached for his robe. Nearly. Sucked his belly in instead, looking down at himself, at the way the teal silk rippled and caressed its way over him as he breathed in hard.

No. No robe. Everything had changed with the arson of the basement office and the closing of The Files. So let Mulder put up or shut up, finally.

Pulling the front door open, the corridor light too bright, eyes narrowing against it.

“Shit—sorry, I wasn’t thinking, I’ll come back in the morning—”

Skinner stepped aside, looked at him.

Something vaguely resembling a smile, embarrassment and confusion and a damn near combustible flicker of gaze grazing down his body, then Mulder’s bland office mask was firmly back in place, and Mulder was stepping forward, all diffidence and arrogance, oil mixing with water.

Unique, Skinner thought, as always. And as always: Thank God for that. “Drink?”

Unexpected, that offer, after so many nocturnal visits conducted as near office meetings. Mulder blinked at him, in that slow, measured way he sometimes had amidst the coiled energy. “You keep good scotch around?”



Skinner girded in the urge to laugh at Mulder's poor-man's Mickey Spillane. "Is there a bad scotch?"

Old joke, but not the old smile.

Haunted eyes, reminding Skinner of other haunted times of his own.

And then he realized, and damned himself for his stupidity. Mulder was a grown man now, but still, it wouldn't get him what he wanted if he reminded Mulder of his father's bane. Skinner put the whiskey bottle back, went into the kitchen, came back with orange juice, ice clinking. Mulder standing where he'd left him, shadowed hazel eyes following Skinner's movement. A nod, from Skinner, and then Mulder took off his coat and sat down.

No jacket under the coat.

And no gun.

A sudden Burroughs-ish image of typewriters and paper, the usual result of Mulder losing a gun.

Skinner looked at where Mulder's gun should be.

Long fingers skimming navy blue wool, white shirt crimpling as Mulder shrugged. "Locked in the bottom drawer in my office." Not a pleasant smile. "Sorry. My *cubicle*."

Skinner drank some orange juice; wished he'd thought to take the vodka into the kitchen first.

Silence, while Skinner sat there drinking plain juice, gnawing at the differences in Mulder, and Mulder sat there swirling ice through orange, thinking God alone knew what.

Two thirty.

Two thirty-five.

Nothing said.

Two forty.

He wasn't Mulder's direct supervisor, not any more.

The Bureau was an equal opportunity employer. Technically speaking, anyway.

Two forty-five.

And this place had been swept by the Lone Gunmen themselves not ten hours ago.

So why the fuck was he sitting here like a maiden aunt?

Because... Because he was big and strong, and he'd sworn he'd never, ever take advantage. Of anyone. And God help him, never mind what his cock was yelling, his brain was telling him he'd be taking advantage if he pushed it tonight, if he didn't wait till Mulder asked, if he grabbed Mulder in this state—hell, Mulder was so fractured he'd

probably let the cigarette smoking bastard fuck him if there was even a pretense of affection involved.

Mulder swirled his glass, the rounded, half-melted edges of the ice barely clinking now.

No cases to discuss, no disasters to mitigate, just...silence.

And every other night, at this point, Mulder would open his mouth and say, I guess I should leave. And Skinner would say nothing, and let him leave.

Every single non-fucking time.

Mulder opened his mouth, and Skinner readied his reply.

"Can I stay?"

"No—" What the fuck? "Yes. Yes, you can stay."

Mulder looking at him, not believing, misery shifting to anger as the assumption of pity took root.

Skinner shrugged, got rid of Mulder's glass. "Habit. You usually say 'I guess I should leave'."

Watching Mulder consider that. Watching the decision being made: truth, lie, or doesn't fucking matter.

Finding himself damn near praying that Mulder would choose, tonight. That's all he needed, for Mulder to choose, this once—

Mulder, leaning closer, mouth touching his, tongue touching his lips, hand touching his chest. Yes.

At last.

"About fucking time," he growled, both hands snaring Mulder's head, holding him firm, keeping him in place as Skinner kissed him, tongue lashing into Mulder's mouth, offering no pity, only hunger. And need. And a long time waiting.

A groan bled into him, and the heat from Mulder's hands bled into him. He withdrew, and nodded, towards the stairs. Was aware of Mulder following him, of Mulder's gaze on his ass—imagined how his ass looked through the sueded softness of the teal silk. Wondered how the silk felt to Mulder, as it slid between palm and ass.

The pallid light from his bedroom added shadows to the hall, and he reached behind, taking Mulder's hand, mocking himself even as he walked hand-in-hand.

For Mulder's comfort, that was his excuse, and he was sticking to it.

He lay down on the bed, used his feet to push the comforter down out of the way, spread himself out on midnight blue sheets pulled taut the way



he'd learned to like, a lifetime ago. Spread his legs, watched as Mulder watched him, as Mulder licked his lips as the teal silk lapped across his groin, shadows pooling and lamplight outlining, the different shades mapping his desire.

"Come here," he said, and Mulder obeyed at once, crawling up onto the bed, mouth going where it was wanted, teal silk darkening and clinging as Mulder sucked him through the cloth.

Revealed, now, his entire length, and the curved weight of his balls beneath, wet silk lingering like a good-bye kiss.

"Take your clothes off," he said, and again, Mulder obeyed, rising from the bed to stand there, taking his clothes off, neither drama nor display, until he stood there, unadorned, laid bare.

"What do you need?" Skinner asked.

"You," Mulder lied.

"Not good enough. What do you need?"

The truth revealed, abrupt as a gun being drawn, chaos storming in Mulder's eyes. "I don't know. I don't fucking know! But you—you're part of it."

Skinner took his glasses off, and spread his arms wide. "Then come here," he said, offering what little he could.

Naked body in his arms, naked eyes meeting his, Mulder sinking down onto him, sinking into his arms, allowing himself to be held. Skinner stroked Mulder's back, and ass, and hair; rubbed himself against Mulder, against the answering flare of desire. It wasn't going to take long, this first time: Skinner abandoned all fantastical notions of taking their time, of making it "special." Not what was needed, not now. He stroked Mulder's hunger, fingered his ass, dipped a fingertip inside the too-tight heat. Hissed intake of breath, and words kissed wetly against his neck: yes, do it, fuck me...

Hips thrusting down against his, mouth licking and biting at his neck, hands twisting his nipples, cock rubbing fiercely against his own. Oh, he'd fuck Mulder all right, but no way were they going to take the time for that right now; no way was he going to indulge himself by taking advantage of Mulder's unthinking need. He rolled Mulder over, and didn't miss the shift in Mulder's body language, the limpid relaxation into submission, the luminous consent in Mulder's eyes.

Hard and fast, this first time, his hands tangling with Mulder's in the silk, until Mulder's hands were on newly bared skin, threading through warm

curls, pressing up under the rising tightness of his balls. He thrust, then, the head of his cock raking the underside of Mulder's, slicking them both, sliding them together, better than any stroke of any hand, the perfect fluidity of soft skin caressing their hard cocks together.

Mulder's mouth was open in a gasp, or a groan, Skinner didn't care which; he filled that mouth with his own tongue, his own gasp, and groan. Kissed Mulder, and kept on kissing him; biting on that lower lip—God, how long had he famined for this?—licking it, biting it again; rubbing his face against Mulder's, feeling the rasp and burn of unshaven cheek against his own, his mind catching fire at the sudden image of that cheek rubbing against his own ass cheeks, Mulder's tongue deep inside his ass. Thrust hard, then, and wrapped Mulder tightly in his arms, hugging him so hard, he could feel Mulder's nipples catching against his own.

Under him, he could feel Mulder's balls move, whispering against his own, and then—there, just there—at the base of his cock, until all he could do was thrust again, and again, until Mulder stiffened, back bowing, mouth opening under his own again, his tongue fucking that mouth, again and again and again, a single promissory note of the real fucking Mulder would get next time.

So slick, so perfectly wet and slick, hot, viscid, better than anything money could buy, Mulder's semen making it all so perfect, until he turned mindless with pleasure, and he thrust, and stroked, and thrust and...

Mulder holding him, now, long-fingered hands gentling up and down his spine, sliding round to his sides, following the interstitial rhythms of his ribs. Nearly ticklish, nearly arousing, the perfect ebbing touch after the perfect orgasm.

After a moment, or ten, he rolled onto his side, and then his back, pulling Mulder with him, arranging them in comfort just in time for sleep's descent.

He woke up knowing. Last night—earlier this morning—he'd fucked Fox Mulder. Had abandoned his protective inhibitions, and gone from simply rubbing off against each other to fucking Mulder, Mulder clinging tightly to him; those whimpering, shuddering sighs, memories etched now in every nerve in his body.

The alarm bleated, and he thumped it. The usual





routine dragged out in front of him, and he contemplated it as he stood at the toilet. It seemed, this morning, the appropriate place to consider the restraints and constraints of a lifetime of old-fashioned Protestant Work Ethic.

His decision was downstairs; either by dint of absence, or lure of presence.

There, by the sliding glass doors, Mulder looking down at the world, at the lives, blinded, blinkered, unknowing lives, scurrying around like so many ants in a pesticide factory.

Mulder not looking at him, shoulders so tense and pale above the borrowed silk. Too loose, on those slim hips, the teal pleating into shadows and light, curving sweetly over the scant swell of ass, the sharp line down the center leading up to the dimpled small of the back, thence to the sweeping line of the spine cradled by the swath of muscles, the story of last night punctuated by finger-shaped bruises and notated by scratches.

"I know what I want," Mulder said, hoarse and hollow.

Skinner walked closer.

"I want to stop." Pause, as if waiting for the usual platitudes and buck-you-up encouragement. Voice slipping softly into the silence. "I don't want to fight them any more. I don't want to clean up the office, get Scully her own damned desk down there—I don't even want her down there, I want her upstairs, with the real agents, having a real career, a future. I want..."

Skinner came closer, listening to the words, seeing the truth clenched in Mulder's back.

"I want to admit defeat. They beat me. They destroyed everything, they gave me Samantha just so I'd know she doesn't want me, they took Scully."

Touching Mulder's back now, hands moving up to curl over the tips of shoulders, stepping closer until the hair on his chest touched Mulder's skin.

"She's not the same anymore. She..." Deep breath, audible swallow, Mulder leaning back into Skinner's strength. "She hates me now. Or maybe not hate, maybe just...contempt. As if she loves me because her fucking God says I'm the cross she has to bear."

Mulder's skin so soft under his lips, the delicate nape fuzzed with fine hair and the salt of sweat, from last night.

Mulder's voice dropping not to a whisper, but to a husky murmur that vibrated through Mulder's back, into Skinner's chest, contrapuntal to his heartbeat.

"They used me. They played me for a fool and I fell for it, I *wanted* to fall for it. 'I want to believe,'" sneer cutting at Skinner's ears. "I stuffed an apple in my mouth and served myself up on a silver fucking platter."

Not his place to talk Mulder round; not his place, not his decision, he reminded himself, nipping Mulder's shoulder to keep his own words stoppered.

"I don't want to try again. Try again for what? To get what I always get, a fistful of smoke and a bellyful of failure? They *won*. Why can't I just admit that, why can't I just let them win? Who could blame me for giving in?"

Any number of people, but it was Mulder's life. Mulder's choice. Skinner wrapped his arms around Mulder, pulled him back, took more of his weight. Held him, supported him, and kissed him—not for sex.

"I want..."

Tension growing fraught, Mulder restless in his arms, needing one more push, one more excuse. "Tell me."

"I want...to disappear. To sink into obscurity, just another G-man who catches the sick psycho bad guys and makes it easier for regular people to sleep at night."

Nothing else, for a long moment, Mulder beginning to move against him, disappearing into the haze of sex. Tempting, as Mulder always was. But it could wait: he could wait. "All of it, Mulder."

Hands grabbing his own, holding on too tight, and of course, never tight enough. Skinner kissed the side of Mulder's averted face, felt the heat of a blush against his lips.

"I want to settle down. White picket fence, golden retriever, the whole nine fucking yards."

"Children?"

Whisper of a grin. "Not unless there's something you haven't told me, Walter."

Truth begets truth. "There's a hell of a lot I haven't told you."

"Yeah, I know, but unless it involves transsexuality or alien-induced additions to your reproductive talents, none of it matters."

Mulder, knowing him, and even so, trusting him enough: filing the serial numbers off a gun. Offering up his most secret dreams. For him. "White picket fence?"

"And a golden retriever."

"Make it a German shepherd and you've got a deal."





Laughter, as if at a joke. Hope, in the hazel eyes, in case it was a promise.

Mulder turning in his embrace, kissing him, whispering to him: “Can I stay?”

Frighteningly easy to actually say the words, to this man at least. “For as long as you like.”

“Yeah?”

Drawing it out, letting the sound linger like a caress. “Yeah.”

Mulder, sprawled out on the rumpled, crumpled blue sheets, teal silk pooling and rippling over rising flesh, Mulder’s fingers so pale against the silk, a small, widening circle spreading irregularly from the tip of Mulder’s cock as Mulder stroked himself through Skinner’s pajamas. Mulder, smiling at him, delight and hope nearly drowning the dregs of fear still haunting those eyes. Mulder, snorting inelegantly, as Skinner—Walter S. Skinner, Assistant Director, despot and fire and brimstone rule-book thumper—called in sick.

Mulder, all yielding strength, under him, around him, holding him and being held by him, staying. For as long as Mulder wanted to, he had promised. For as long as Mulder could admit defeat, he knew. Not long, no matter what Mulder might believe—what Mulder might hope—right now, but for a little while. Before the next case. Before the next victim. Before the next piece of the puzzle was dangled, carrot on a stick Mulder would use to beat himself.

White picket fence, the whole nine yards, Skinner thought, holding Mulder tight enough to draw a protest, slackening his grip only reluctantly, giving and taking kisses offered like golden tear-drops of hope.

But he could still see it in Mulder’s eyes, and he knew the truth as surely as Mulder did: white picket fences become weathered and broken, and in their nightmare reality, dreams would fade long before the dawn.

