

Abducted by Xanthe

Story Notes:

This was written for the Requited zine many moons ago - I just forgot to post it here!

Falling in love with Walter Skinner is like being abducted by aliens.

One minute you're happily going about your day to day business - which largely consists of chewing sunflower seeds in your basement office, swapping witty repartee with your petite red haired partner while uncovering vast global conspiracies or chasing after mutants depending on what kind of day it is, and going home in the evening to watch porn videos alone - and the next moment, boom, your whole life has changed beyond recognition.

For a start you're whisked away to live high up in the sky – you never intended to move into his 17th Floor Crystal City apartment but somehow your own cramped, dark apartment with its stench of reheated two day-old-pizza and decomposing socks, and the company of the VCR, just can't compete with his pristine palace which is an aromatic wonderland of constantly baking bread and permanently percolating coffee, not forgetting the company of the man himself - six feet two inches of the most stunning and pectorally gifted love god.

Then there's the out of this world feeling that being this insanely in love with someone wonderful induces – suddenly you're walking on air, your feet not touching the ground for a second as you live and breathe the joy of being Walter Skinner's lover every hour of every day. You're old enough not to start doodling 'Walter & Fox' with the two names enclosed in a little heart while you're talking on the phone, but not so old that you can stop yourself smiling goofily whenever your reports come back with his signature scrawled on them in his strong hand, usually accompanied by a few terse comments of the variety that used to make you sigh resentfully as you realised you'd have to rewrite half the report, but which now make you sigh dreamily like a love-struck teenager instead.

Finally, if it's not straining the alien abduction theme too far, there's the not insignificant amount of anal probing that's been a feature of your life since you more or less moved in with Walter S Skinner a few months ago... Ah yes...the anal probing...

Fox Mulder smiled happily to himself as he pondered his whole alien abduction/falling in love with Walter Skinner analogy. He was lying lazily in bed, having woken up early – a classic sign of hopeless lovesickness - and he was wondering just how much anal probing was going to happen in the next half an hour. Plenty, if he had his way, which, he had to concede, he usually did. It never ceased to surprise him how very amenable a lover Walter S. Skinner was.

"Hard ass in the office, pussycat in the bedroom," Mulder commented running his hand admiringly over the extremely hard ass lying supine beside him. Its dozing owner shifted, gave what sounded suspiciously like a snort, and then tried to bury his head under the

pillow. Mulder grinned, got hold of the sheet covering them both between thumb and forefinger, and, in one swift motion, whisked it away to reveal said hard ass in all its naked glory.

"How much do I love this ass?" Mulder began, ignoring Skinner's groan of outrage as cold air rushed in and assaulted his warm and previously covered flesh. "Let me count the ways," he grinned, sliding down the bed until his face was level with the object of his adoration, which rose like a pinkly perfect peach, covered in the finest soft, downy hair. It was so beautifully curved as to be almost edible – a fact to which Mulder could attest as he had on many occasions taken a nibble and found it to be eminently delicious. Mulder laid his hands reverently on the sacred object of worship in front of him, gently parted the two pert, plum-shaped cheeks, and inserted a finger into the crease. "I love this ass to the depth..." He grinned, sliding the finger in further, and thus eliciting a moan from his rudely awakened lover, "and breadth..." he wiggled his finger from side to side, and was rewarded when Walter opened his long legs to allow deeper penetration, "...and height..." Mulder lowered his face and licked his lover's taut, tasty buttocks from the swelling of where they met thigh to the firm muscled flat of his lover's back. Skinner let out a sigh. "...My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight. For the ends of Being and ideal Grace-ful buttocks," he continued nonsensically - horribly mangling Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the process. "I love this ass to the level of every day's most quiet need...mmmm..." He covered Skinner's ass in a dozen tiny little kisses, delighting in the feel of the satiny skin beneath his lips. "...By sun and candle-light – remember what we did by candlelight last night, Walter?" He bit down cheekily on one of the golden buttocks, leaving a little red mark in his wake. His lover moaned softly. "I love this ass freely, as men strive for Right: I love this ass purely, as they turn from Praise," he misquoted happily, ignoring his lover's increasingly rhythmic movements against his still inserted finger. "I love this ass with the passion to put it to use..."

"Oh for god's sake!" Skinner exploded, interrupting him. "Love this ass enough to put it out of its misery and stop subjecting it to hideously corrupted love poetry!" he complained.

"You don't think your ass is worthy of love poetry?" Mulder asked, his head on one side in mock-contemplation as he considered his lover's comment. "Walter, if you could see it as I do you would be proclaiming odes and sonnets to it all day. It is sublime, a work of art. It is the Michelangelo of asses, more beautiful even than David's own alabaster bottom. It is an ass of such beauty as grown men would fall over themselves to worship at its altar and give their lives to suck on its sweet flesh for just one second. Consider, if you will, its rolling hills, and curving plains, its soft under-curve and oh-so-caressable mountainous regions, it's deep dark crevasse, wherein lie the mysteries that this tongue alone dares unravel ..." So saying he removed his finger and sank his tongue into the small bud of flesh instead. Skinner gave what sounded suspiciously like a mewling sound in the back of his throat. Mulder grinned, and emerged from the deep, dark crevasse he had been mapping.

"There, see - a pussycat, just as I said," he grinned, sitting up.

"Tiger," Skinner corrected dangerously, and then he pounced. Mulder found himself slung onto the bed, pinned down by a large body and thoroughly kissed. The rhythmic movement

of his lover's thighs against his own made it clear that Skinner was sporting a magnificent erection. Mulder lay back contentedly, opening his legs wide.

"Well, if you want to do all the work, oh feline one, that's fine by me," he purred as Skinner expertly inserted lubed fingers into his ass. "I had you all prepared and was going to do all the pushing but if you want to puff and heave on top of me then be my guest."

"You make it sound like a session down the saltmines, and not the exquisite pleasure of sinking yourself into..." Skinner sighed as he removed his fingers and replaced them with his cock.

"Into?" Mulder stretched his arms up, laid his hands on Skinner's shoulders, and caressed the golden skin. Skinner's face had now gone a beautifully glowing shade of pink, and his eyes had that concentrated look they always had whenever he set his mind to anything – love-making included. Mulder gasped from sheer pleasure as Skinner sank himself all the way home inside his lover's body. "Into?" Mulder prompted again. "I'm waiting."

"Into you!" Skinner replied to his question. "And don't look at me like that. We're not all blessed with the **gift**," he stressed the word sarcastically "for mangling some of the world's most famous love poetry first thing in the morning so you'll get nothing more exotic from me by way of descriptions at..." He glanced at the clock on the nightstand, "Six a.m. on a Monday morning."

He moved his hips a fraction and Mulder gave a hiss of pleasure.

"Ah, so we've found something that shuts you up, have we?" Skinner grinned, and rotated his hips again just as Mulder was about to throw back a witty riposte. He gave a low moan instead, and wrapped his legs firmly around his lover's torso, pulling him even further into his body. "What's the matter poetry-boy? No sparkling reply? No witty rhyming couplet?" He bounced his hips slowly back, and then thrust forward fast in one quick movement that took Mulder's breath away. "No jaunty little doggerel that will pithily sum up the situation of me kneeling here with my cock up your ass?" He repeated the bouncing movement only with more speed this time, sending a shockwave of the most exquisite pleasure through Mulder's body.

"No...fair..." Mulder gasped, sweat breaking out all over his body. Skinner looked like a magnificent lion, straddling him, his muscles rippling under his skin as he sank himself repeatedly into Mulder's waiting, willing body, picking up speed now until they were both beyond coherent speech. Mulder removed one of his hands from Skinner's shoulder and grabbed his own hard cock, and then they were two beings moving as one, intent both on their own pleasure and that of their partner. Mulder grinned up delightedly as he felt Skinner shudder his climax deep inside his own body. His lover's face was thrown back, and he looked like a magnificent jungle beast, calling out at his moment of release. Mulder was dimly aware of his own body exploding, and his hand being covered in wet, sticky fluid and then they both sank back down on the bed again, sated by the morning's activity.

"Oh god," Skinner murmured, reaching out to brush the hair from Mulder's eyes. He

bestowed a tender kiss on his lover's mouth which Mulder responded to hungrily, greedily. Mulder had never known a love affair like this one, or that sex could be so good, and, after a cautious start to their relationship, he now found himself thinking about sex more than he thought about alien conspiracies – which was saying something. That thought brought him back to his original analogy and he smiled as Skinner withdrew gently from his body.

"Anal probing," he murmured lazily. "Lots of it." He smiled at his lover's look of surprise, stole a little kiss from Skinner's stubbled cheek, rolled off the bed and stretched languidly. "Just like being abducted by aliens," he murmured to his bemused lover with a nod of satisfaction. "Hurry up, Walter. You'll be late for work."

He gave his post-coitally exhausted lover a cheery smile, and ran to be the first in the bathroom. His reflection peered back at him from the mirror and he frowned, and squinted. His lips were swollen from kisses, his eyes shone with a lustre that was almost otherworldly, and his entire body seemed to have a glow about it. Mulder stared at himself, transfixed. He looked so different – so...happy.

"Who are you and what have you done to Fox Mulder?" he mused, shaking his head. He thought of his lover, lying spreadeagled on the bed in all his magnificent glory, and gave a softly musing smile. "Abducted," he murmured. "But not by aliens..."

By love.

The End

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