

## Amnesia by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/amnesia/>

### Story Notes:

Pic courtesy of Wheatgrass

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"So you don't remember anything?" The doctor asked, looking from one to the other. They stared at each other, looking for a clue. Then both shook their heads simultaneously.

"Nothing at all. What can you tell us?" The younger one asked eventually.

"That you were discovered in a car in a field, late last night. You were both unconscious but we can't find anything physically wrong with either of you. You seem to be in fine health only..."

"Only we can't remember anything." The older man got up, his body language speaking volumes about the frustration he was feeling. He glanced out of the window, flexing his muscles against the unfamiliar tightness of clothes that weren't his. "What happened to our own clothes?" He asked. This shirt was two sizes too small. They hadn't been able to find anything that fitted him any better than this.

"Well..." the doctor hesitated and blushed slightly.

"Yes?" The younger man leaned forward.

"Well, you weren't actually wearing any. Either of you." The doctor mumbled. "We sort of found you um... in each other's arms. Naked."

The younger man blushed furiously and looked at the older one who took a deep breath and carried on looking steadily out of the window.

"So we're gay?" The younger one mused. "I mean, no offense, you're an attractive guy but somehow I never would have guessed...I mean...oh shit!"

The older man shifted and grunted, still staring out of the window.

"We cannot infer necessarily that you were having...um or well..." The doctor paused, his face now flaming a bright hue of purple. "That is we can't infer anything. We don't have any information at all. No clothes, no I.D. Nothing. Except some cash. In the trunk of the car." He pushed over a pile of dollar bills. "But physically you're both fine. The police are running a check on the car, but they've had a major incident so you're not exactly a priority. We've put all the normal adverts in the papers so it's just a case of wait and see."

"And until then?" The younger one asked.

"Well, we'd like you to come back in every day to check on your condition, for a week or so anyway but apart from that you're free to go."

"Go where?" The younger one looked anxiously at the older man and then back to the doctor.

"We can contact the welfare department, get some temporary housing." The doctor said.

"No." The older man turned back to the room. "We've got some cash. We'll sort ourselves out," he said firmly, as if used to giving orders.

"But..." The younger man looked worried.

"We'll be fine. We must know each other. It's only temporary. Soon our memories will return or else someone will come forward. Someone who knows us. I don't feel like I want our lives paraded around...or the story of how we were found."

"Still in the closet you think?" The younger one said in a taunting tone. "A wife and kiddies somewhere maybe?"

"I don't know." The older man fought down a wave of irritation with his companion. "Had they really been having a fling? This man was so annoying! "But I do know that I'm going to find out."

The room was small, but it was all they could afford. Just the one bed and a couch.

"You can have the bed." The older man waved his hand.

"Maybe we normally sleep together." The younger man grinned mischievously and the

other one grunted sourly and turned away. They had no belongings to unpack so they just sat there for a moment, staring at each other. "Look..." The younger one said. "I don't know about you but I feel uncomfortable about this. I mean I don't even know what to call you."

"Walter..." He said it without thinking and then looked up. "I know my name!" He exclaimed, pleased with himself.

"You're sure? Maybe you were just feeling thirsty!" The other man laughed feeling threatened. He had no idea what his own name might be.

"No. I'm sure. Walter." He ran the name round in his mouth, savoring the sound.

"You don't look like a Walter. You look like a Frank, or a Matthew, or a David." The younger man said. Walter frowned.

"And you look like a smart ass," he growled.

"Don't mind me. I just talk a lot!" The man put his hands up in mock defence. Jeez, this guy was hard work! What had he seen in him? Had they really been having sex together in that car? A shadow passed across his face. Great, so the big guy had a name, a handle, something to go on, but what about him? He got up and paced around the room for something to do.

"Could you stop that?" Walter asked gruffly. "It's kind of distracting."

"I want to be distracted. I wake up in hospital completely clueless and end up in a hotel room with a man I don't know who says his name is Walter and who I may or may not be in a relationship with and who is frankly quite scary and you think I should just lie back and smile about it?"

"I'm sorry. I guess I'm finding this as hard as you are." Walter said. "Look, why don't you make up a name? That might help."

"Could be fun, I suppose. What name do I look like I'd have?" He went and stared at himself in the mirror. "Jason? Paul? Ferdinand?"

"Ferdinand?" Walter queried, frowning.

"Ferdy. Nerdy Ferdy. Perhaps I'm quiet and dull and work in a library."

"There's no reason why your personality would have changed. You quite clearly aren't either quiet or dull. As for working in a library - who knows? Perhaps you do. Perhaps I do."

"No. You're a foreman in a factory, or a bouncer. Yes, maybe a bouncer." The younger man found himself looking at the other man's muscular body appreciatively. Maybe they had been lovers after all. He could see the attraction.

"Have you settled on the name?" Walter shifted, uncomfortable with the look the other man was giving him.

"How about Butch?"

"Don't be silly. I'm not calling you Butch. Think up something sensible."

"Sensible...we don't know I have a sensible name. Oh alright..." He sighed, noticing that Walter's frown looked ready to erupt again. "Tom?"

"Tom. Yes. Tom will do." Walter nodded. "Short and to the point. And sensible." Unlike you, wacko, he thought to himself. You're clearly not sensible at all.

"Or maybe Dick. Or Harry?"

"Tom." Walter said firmly. "Now come on. Let's go out. I want to buy another shirt - this one is cutting off the circulation in my arms.

"Can we afford a shirt? We have to eat you know." Tom said.

"I'll buy the cheapest shirt I can find. We can pick up some more money from the welfare people tomorrow anyway. Apparently we qualify for emergency bucks because of our unusual circumstances."

"Alright. You're the boss." Tom said. "Or are you? Maybe I am. I mean, just because you're older...maybe we were on a business trip. Maybe I'm the brilliant hot-shot executive and you're my plodding sidekick. Or my accountant. You look like an accountant."

"Do you ever shut up?" Walter asked, grabbing the room key and stuffing it into his jeans pocket.

"Who knows?" Tom mused, following him. "I certainly don't. I mean..." he trailed off with a gulp as Walter turned to give him a cold stare.

They walked around the small town, bought Walter a tee-shirt, had a beer. Tom talked, Walter grunted.

"What do we do with ourselves?" Tom asked, agonised. "I mean, no money, nowhere to go. What on earth are we going to do?"

"I don't know." Walter took a swig of his beer.

"We could talk."

"You haven't stopped talking." Walter pointed out.

"Maybe because I'm nervous. Maybe I'm usually really quiet."

"Maybe."

"Maybe you're usually this cheerful, bubbly guy and you only become this surly when you're really stressed." Tom said.

"Maybe." Walter tried smiling and Tom shook his head.

"Not convincing, Walt," he said.

"I can't be sure..." Walter began, "but I can hazard a guess, that nobody, NOBODY ever calls me Walt."

"Oh lighten up." Tom snapped. "I'm sick of you already and we've only known each other for a day."

"Or all our lives." Walter pointed out. "Come on, let's go. I need to walk."

"Walk?"

"Yes." Walter got up and they went outside. It was dark, the stars were out. They paused, looking up. "It's beautiful," Walter said. "Like a magic map, all lit up, pointing the way to a fairy kingdom."

"So, the hard man has a romantic streak." Tom smiled. "Maybe there are people up there, looking down on us from other planets. Laughing at us maybe," he said.

"Maybe there are." Walter nodded. "Maybe they took us out of our car and wiped our minds just for fun."

"Maybe." Tom grinned. "You know, Walter, maybe we do have some stuff in common after all."

"Let's not go that far." Walter grinned back and slapped a big arm around the other man's shoulders. "Come on. Let's walk."

They walked out of town, Walter setting a brisk pace.

"You think this is normal for you?" Tom complained trailing along behind. "All this exercise?"

"I think walking helps to clear my mind. I like the darkness and the stars and the smell of the open country."

"Maybe we live in the country. Maybe we run a farm together." Tom mused. "That would be nice. You and me, on horseback together, roaming over the range."

"Very romantic." Walter grunted. "You seem keen to put us into these cozy scenarios."

"Why not? You're a good looking guy. Bald, admittedly, but you know I think I could find that a turn on. Definitely good looking."

"So are you." Walter paused and turned. "But I don't know if it would be wise to assume anything based on the circumstances in which we were found. I mean, it's not likely we set off butt naked is it?"

"Who knows?" Tom grinned that mischievous grin again. "Maybe it was a sex game."

"Maybe we were attacked and robbed." Walter pointed out.

"No signs of a struggle." Tom retorted.

"We were unconscious!" Walter protested.

"Maybe the sex between us was so good it blew our brains away!" Tom laughed.

"You're obsessed!" Walter grinned good-naturedly, sitting down on the grass at the top of a small hill, watching the lights of the town beneath them. Tom sat down beside him.

"I wish I knew whether I was a town boy or a country hick," Tom murmured. "I wish I could come up with some little tale about growing up and how I liked to sit outside and watch the stars. I wish..."

"Ssh." Walter smiled at him. "You don't always have to talk. Sometimes silence is nice too."

"It is when you're smiling. I think you're nice really. I think you just pretend to be a mean sour-puss. I think that inside you're all goo and mush."

"And I still think you talk too much." Walter breathed in deeply, smelling the air. Hell, he thought, I may not remember anything, I may be gay with a complicated sex life and a mad lover who can't shut up, but the world is still beautiful.

"What's that?" Tom yelped, pointing. "Something's there, something's moving. This is creepy, Walter, we're a long way from civilisation."

"No, we're a 10 minute walk away." Walter calmed him. "And it's a fox. That's all."

"A fox." Tom peered into the gloom. "I expect you're a country boy. I bet you used to raise foxes or something."

"You don't raise foxes, you..." Walter paused, thinking.

"What?" Tom asked, squinting at him in the darkness.

"You...hunt them? You..." He stared at the other man. "You..." Something was stirring deep

inside his mind, an image, a feeling, a familiarity. "You protect them. You get angry with them and you admire them. You look out for them."

"Hmm. You do all that for one little red creature with a bushy tail and a long snout? You're strange, Walter."

"Yes. Strange." The fox caught their scent and turned to stare at them for a long while, then it slunk off into the bushes. Walter started to shiver.

"You should have bought a sweatshirt not a teeshirt." Tom told him. He put his arm around the other man. "I'll warm you up."

Walter allowed his head to rest against Tom's shoulder as they stared at the lights and the stars. This felt good. Why fight it? Didn't everyone deserve some comfort? Didn't he? Somehow he had the feeling he wasn't very good at allowing himself to be comforted. Hell, he had no idea how he might normally react so why not just go with the flow? He relaxed and Tom smiled.

It was peaceful out here. A man could dream. Tom looked at the stars and dreamed of being happy, out here with someone he loved. Okay, so he was out here with this strange, silent, snappy man, who had revealed unexpected reserves of sweetness and complexity but still. He was sure it was possible that he loved this man. He was sure that he had very good taste in lovers and that Walter was a man of integrity and kindness, a man you could trust your life to. On the other hand, he could be your worst enemy, Tom, he told himself, his mind tripping over the unfamiliar name. Maybe you're both telepathic aliens and you fought each other with your minds, burning each other out and mentally disposing of each other's clothing. No, too far-fetched. Or was it? Walter shifted next to him and yawned.

"Time for bed, big boy?" Tom asked.

"Time for sleep." Walter said pointedly, getting to his feet and putting out a hand to drag Tom up.

"And we were getting so cozy!" Tom protested.

"It's late." Walter turned on his heel and started walking briskly back to the town.

The little room seemed smaller than ever. Walter grabbed a blanket from the bed and put it on the couch. Then he took his jeans off very quickly and slipped under the blanket. Tom stared at him and sighed. He laid himself down on the bed fully clothed and gazed over to where the other man lay. He could just make out the shape of his face, the moonlight gleaming through the meagre curtains and glancing off Walter's bald head.

"I like you, Walter," he said.

"I like you too, Tom." Walter replied.

"I think we were lovers." Tom stared at the ceiling. "I think we knew each other very well. I think we were very comfortable with each other."

"So comfortable we could sit without talking and not feel we had to fill in the gaps?" Walter asked pointedly.

"I think I'm probably good for you." Tom continued. "I think you get stressed out a lot and I calm you down."

"Calm me down? You wind me up!" Walter protested.

"Yeah, that's what I mean. I'm good for you."

"Explain it to me." Walter said patiently.

"You have a high powered job and the people at work piss you off. I'm probably an actor or something and when you get home I make you laugh and take you out of yourself."

"Or you could be a hitchhiker I picked up and we don't even know each other." Walter remarked.

"Oh I know you, Walter. I know you very well." Tom said. "I know I like you. I know I find you attractive."

"Are you trying to seduce me?"

"No. I'm just feeling alone, lost, all at sea. I don't know who I am. Hell, I don't even know my name. I want a friend, Walter and I'm sure you're my friend. I just feel, instinctively that you are. Your bark's worse than your bite. You find me cute really."

"I find you irritating, really."

"That's what you say. It's not what's in your eyes."

"You can't see my eyes."

"No. Normally you wear glasses."

"I do?"

"Yes. See. I know something about you that you don't know."

"Right now, practically anybody could say that." Walter sighed.

"Okay, have it your way. Deny that we have a spark." Tom said grumpily, turning over, his back to the other man.

"There's something..." Walter mused after a long silence. "I don't think I'm the kind of man who talks about this sort of stuff though."

"But you can tonight." Tom told him. "You can because you don't have to be who you are normally. You can be anything you like. And if, when, we regain our memories, it won't matter. It won't matter because you won't have been you and I won't have been me. You can be anything or anyone you want to be tonight. Act completely on instinct, not knowing if it's how you normally act or not."

"I'm scared." Walter confessed. "Anything we might say and do tonight, we could regret big time if we get our memories back."

"Oh how bad can it be?" Tom exclaimed. "I don't think we'll be embarrassed. I reckon we're pretty close. I think we'd just laugh."

"Maybe." Walter closed his eyes and found himself seeing an image of Tom's face, Tom's hair, Tom's sensuous lips. Was this normal for him? Did he normally lust after people like this? Did he find Tom attractive or was Tom putting ideas into his head? Damn it, what had they been doing naked in that car?

"I'm scared." Tom said. "How about you, Walt?"

"Yes." Walter nodded, sure he was not a man who usually admitted to fear. He got up and went over to the bed, sat down beside Tom and placed a hand on the other man's back. Tom turned over and stared up into Walter's eyes, with undisguised longing.

"Just one night, Walter," he whispered. "Or until we get our memories back. We can decide what to do then. But right now, we're all we've got in the whole damn world. That scares me...that scares me so much that I..."

"Oh for god's sake shut up!" Walter leaned forward and kissed the other man's lips, pressing them firmly shut with his own and then opening them again with his tongue, exploring. They paused and came up for breath.

"Wow!" Tom smiled. "Now tell me we don't know each other! There was something there!"

"Yes. There was." Walter had to agree, sure that he should be surprised by the impulsiveness of his actions. Tom reached out a tender hand to caress his neck.

"I mean, like you said, our personalities wouldn't have changed. So either we were involved or we wanted to be and just didn't like to admit it! Either way, there's an attraction."

"Yes." Walter moved his head down again, catching those beautiful lips with his own, biting softly. Tom moaned and wrapped his arms around Walter's back, pulling him down on top of him.

"Condoms." Walter said.

"Don't have any." Tom shrugged. "You move fast, from kissing to condoms in one easy move."

"Well let's face it, we both know where this is going." Walter grinned.

"You look different when you smile. I like you smiley. I think I make you smile a lot." Tom smiled back.

"But..." Walter looked troubled. "We don't know how we like to... that is..."

"It'll be an adventure!" Tom exclaimed. "A journey of discovery. I bet I like adventures."

"I bet I don't!" Walter went back down for another taste of those divine lips.

Tom wriggled beneath the other man, his fingers tugging insistently at the tee shirt. They came up for breath again and Tom peeled the tee shirt off Walter and ran his hands over Walter's chest hair, then pressed his tongue against the other man's nipples. Walter groaned, leaning back, pulling Tom's head closer.

"You like this." Tom smiled, drawing away. Walter reached out and unbuttoned Tom's shirt, smoothing it away from his shoulders. The other man was slender, lighter, than he was, his skin pale and sallow. Walter ran his fingers gently along Tom's chest, and found something on his shoulder.

"What's this?" He peered at it in the darkness. "A scar?"

"Yes." Tom reached up and traced the outline of the old wound. "A bullet wound maybe?"

"Could be." Walter kissed it softly. Tom's hands found the waistband of Walter's boxer shorts and he pushed his hand inside them, spidering his fingers down Walter's stomach.

"Hey..." he stopped. "This is weird. Another bullet wound?" Walter reached down and ran his fingers over his own scarred body, familiar, and yet unfamiliar. "What were we?" Tom looked into Walter's eyes.

"Maybe I was right earlier. Maybe I should have stuck at Butch. You can be my Sundance. We were on the run from the police after pulling off a daring raid, hence the money in the trunk..."

"Not a very successful raid then." Walter grunted, recalling the meagre cash sum the doctor had given him. "Hardly worth bothering with. And then what? The police knock our car off the road, strip us naked and leave us there?"

"Hmm...so maybe we're not the greatest criminal minds of the century. Maybe we're just small fry, holding up little stores in out of the way towns like this one."

"No. I wouldn't break the law." Walter said firmly.

"How do you know that?"

"I just know."

"And would you sleep with guys?" Tom asked. Walter shook his head.

"I don't know. I do know that I want to sleep with you though." He pulled the other man's head roughly towards him and kissed him again, passionately. Tom responded, shrugging himself out of his shirt, his hands running up and down Walter's body.

"Naked." Tom said, drawing away. "I want you naked. Now!"

"Are you giving me orders?" Walter asked, grinning sheepishly.

"I sure am. I bet I take charge in the bedroom. I bet that turns you on!"

"You turn me on anyway." Walter quickly divested himself of his remaining clothing and Tom did the same.

"Forget the condoms." Tom said. "We're having an adventure!" Walter felt he should protest, that this was too reckless, but Tom ducked his head down to Walter's lap and found his erect cock and Walter suddenly discovered that he didn't have the will to protest. Tom flicked his tongue over Walter's cock and Walter sighed, leaning back, resting his hands on Tom's head, running his fingers through Tom's thick, dark hair. Tom sucked noisily and Walter groaned, finally pushing the other man off.

"Not yet." Walter hissed.

"I know you. I know every inch of you." Tom said. "I know instinctively what turns you on. We've made love before. Loads of times."

"Okay, Mr. Knowall. Who goes on top then?" Walter asked, running his fingers over Tom's back and down towards Tom's butt.

"We take it in turns. You liked being sucked off best and I think I like being fucked best."

"You only think?"

"Well...I know I want to be fucked now."

Walter pushed him down and rolled him over, inserting his fingers into the other man and rubbing with long slow strokes. Tom groaned. "Oh yeah, Walter. You know me. You know how to turn me on..." he murmured.

"I wish I knew how to turn you off." Walter muttered, putting a big hand over Tom's mouth

and continuing with the caress. Tom opened his mouth and licked at the hand. Walter straddled him roughly and positioned himself over Tom's buttocks.

"You sure about this, Tom?" He asked, spitting on his hand and rubbing the spit up Tom's ass.

"Mmmm." Tom replied. Walter removed his hand from over Tom's mouth so he could speak. "Mmmm." Tom said again.

"I'll take that as a yes then." Walter thrust himself into Tom's waiting body, gasping at the sheer pleasure of that constricting passage against his cock. He rode deeper and deeper into that dark well of sensation, riding Tom, and Tom opened up underneath him, bucking backwards to take more, wincing slightly as Walter moved faster and faster, pushing deep inside him. "You're tight..." Walter murmured. "Are you sure we do this a lot?"

"I...oh...." Tom groaned with pleasure.

"Looks like we've found a way of shutting you up." Walter smiled, his hips moving harder and faster, pulling Tom's shoulders back as he thrust away. He came, sweating, and lay down on top of the other man, trapping him beneath him. Then he withdrew, slowly, reaching round with his hand to find the other man's cock, massaging it gently, moving forwards and inching down with his mouth, finding that hard cock, licking the balls, taking them into his mouth. Tom gasped, grabbing Walter's bald head, feeding his shaft into him until Walter felt like gagging. This wasn't familiar. Did he usually swallow or spit he wondered? He wasn't given a choice as Tom pumped down into the back of his throat and he found himself swallowing, sure he had never tasted anything like this before, wondering at the unfamiliar sensation. Tom lay back down on the bed with a sigh.

"You're good, Walter. You must have given me loads of blow jobs," he murmured, fondling Walter's face, tracing his fingers over his eyes, his nose, his lips.

"I'm not sure." Walter said, getting hold of Tom and pulling him close. Tom lay back in his arms, gurgling contentedly. "You know really, I'm not at all sure..."

Sunlight flooded through the thin drapes and Walter grunted and stirred. He felt a body wrapped around his and opened his eyes, smiling down, remembering the previous night with considerable pleasure. Tom shifted and moved in his arms, then opened his eyes and smiled back. The two stared at each other for a moment, and then Walter leapt ten foot into the air and jumped off the side of the bed.

"Shit!" He said, grabbing a blanket to cover his nakedness.

"Fuck!" Tom stared at him, scrabbling for the sheet and winding it around his torso. "Oh fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!" He buried his head in his hands and then looked up at Walter.

"I could murder you, Mulder." Walter got into his tee shirt and jeans as quickly as he could. "This is all your goddamn fault. 'We'll laugh about this, Walter,' he mimicked. 'We're close,

we've done this so many times.' Shit."

"Hey, don't lay all this on me!" Mulder protested. "You were the one came over here remember."

"Anything to shut you up. You wouldn't let me sleep!"

"You touched me first!"

"You kept on an on about us having a relationship! You put ideas into my head!"

"You only bought that tee shirt because you knew it showed off your muscles!"

"I...what? That's ridiculous!"

"You were being all cute and vulnerable, leaning your head on my shoulder! You said nice things about foxes!"

"It wasn't a seduction! I didn't know your name was Fox! You didn't know your name was Fox!"

"I have never, ever, ever in my whole life, been with a man before." Mulder sat down weakly.

"Neither have I! Don't make out that I was the only one who knew what to do last night."

"Well you certainly didn't need any guidance."

"Neither did you. All that 'I know instinctively what turns you on' crap."

"I was right though."

"You were...we were...not ourselves." Skinner finished feebly, sitting down on the couch.

"Or maybe we were." Mulder shook his head blankly, astonished by himself.

"What?" Skinner said crossly.

"You said that amnesia wouldn't affect our basic personalities. You were the one who said it."

"In a different context! I didn't mean we were gay."

"No, but maybe we were attracted to each other and were fighting it. Losing our normal identities just let the attraction come out. There was nothing to stop it any more." Mulder said thoughtfully. "Its just a theory. I'm hypothising here!"

"It's crap. I would never have started this." Skinner insisted firmly.

"Under normal circumstances, neither would I."

"Yes, but even last night. If you hadn't gone on and on about us being close and liking each other, it would never have occurred to me." Skinner's face was a picture of irritation.

"I was scared! I was lonely. I didn't know who I was! All I knew was how I felt and that I wanted you to hold me. There was no Fox Mulder telling me that this was a bad idea. No normal, everyday voice holding me back."

"Isn't that typical! You can't control yourself as usual, even with amnesia, so I end up getting into this! I hate you, Mulder."

"No you fancy me, Walter. Sir. The plain truth is that at our most basic, taking away all the trappings of ourselves that stop us doing stuff like this, we are attracted to each other. There is no other explanation."

"I won't...I can't believe it." Walter lay back on the couch, closing his eyes as Mulder got up and shuffled himself into his clothes. "This musn't go beyond this room, Mulder. We must try to forget it ever happened."

"Great. The best sex I have in years and it has to be with my boss." Mulder finished dressing and ran his fingers through his hair in agitation.

"The best sex...?" Walter turned around and stared at him. "Was it? Really?"

"Yeah. Really. There's something about not knowing who you are that makes you lose all your inhibitions. And you're a good lover."

"That is not a compliment I ever wanted to hear from you."

"No. But all the same. Perhaps we're being too hasty here." Mulder went over to the drapes and pulled them wide open, seating himself down on the coffee table, in front of the couch, his knees almost touching Skinner's.

"Hasty?" Skinner looked into the other man's hazel eyes.

"Maybe we need to explore this further..." Mulder mused, one of his knees moving until it touched Skinner's leg. Skinner stared at him.

"No, Mulder. Keep away. You're crazy. You're insane."

"We've already done it once. What's the point in being shy now?" Mulder asked, leaning forwards.

"Because now we know who we are! There's no excuse. No. We are going to get up, get out

of here and pretend this never happened. In here, there was Tom and Walter, and out there is Mulder and Skinner, and you never call me Walter again and I never call you Tom. Okay?"

Mulder sighed and leaned back.

"Your trouble is that you never open yourself to extreme possibilities," he muttered.

"And your trouble is that you do...were we abducted by aliens?" Skinner said suddenly. "I mean, one minute we're driving on an open road...the next, we're waking up in hospital stark naked and we've lost 12 hours."

"An abduction experience?" Mulder got up. "Is this the most amazing day of my life or what? I finally get abducted and I get to have amazing sex with my boss? I've died and gone to heaven."

"I've died and gone to hell." Skinner commented grumpily.

"Oh come on, Walt." Mulder grinned. "We both had a ball last night and you know it. You want to forget about it fine, but I'm treasuring it up for cold, lonely nights alone. I'm going to replay that baby over and over again..."

"You're disgusting."

"You're wonderful." Mulder pushed Skinner back against the couch and kissed him roughly, then drew back and went to the door. "Well come on then. Back to reality. Sir," he said, making a face. Skinner followed him to the door.

"It never happened." He stopped and grabbed Mulder's head, looking long and hard into the other man's hazel eyes.

Mulder nodded. "Goodbye, Walt," he smiled. Skinner shook his head ruefully, still able to taste the other man on his lips.

"Goodbye, Tom," he said softly.

THE END.

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