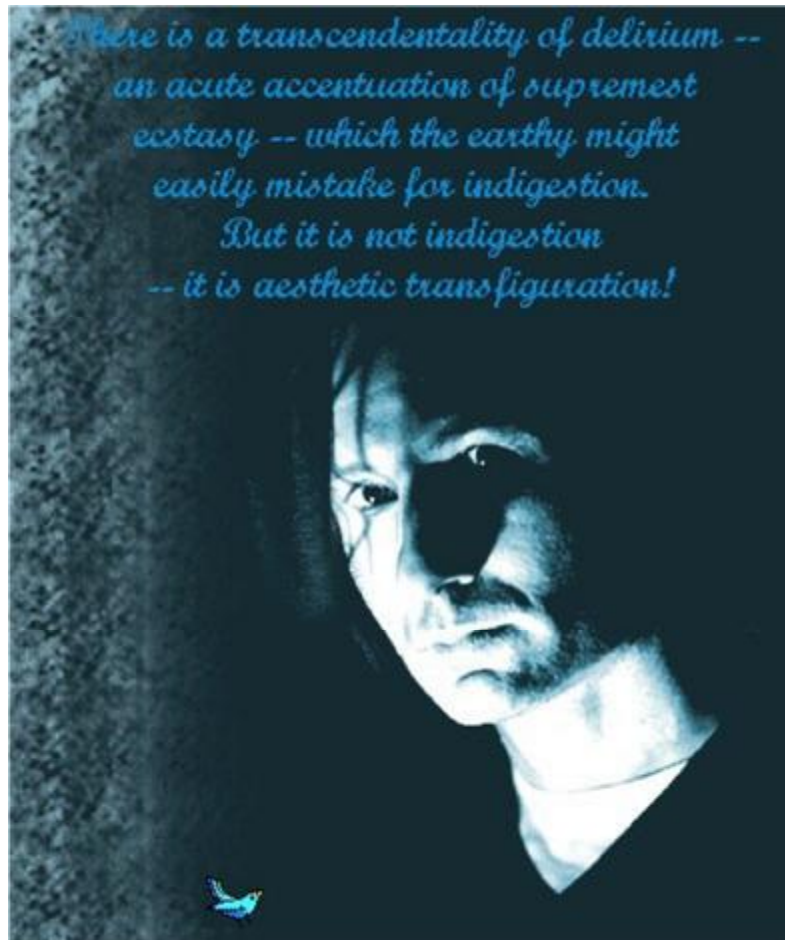


Beautiful Mulder by Xanthe



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Skinner sighed, and ran a shaking hand over his wide forehead, his dark eyes full of agonised distress. He stared at the photograph for several minutes, feeling anguish, fear, and a near fatal twinge of angina, before realising that, yet again, this story wasn't going to be about him, no matter how promisingly it had started.

With a resigned sigh, he handed the photograph over to Mulder.

Mulder buried his face in his hands and tried to stave off the weariness. Another serial killer. Another dead body. That made 73 victims in the last 24 hours alone. And it was all his fault. He looked at the photo of the little girl that Skinner had handed him, and stifled a sob. She was so young and pretty, with her golden curls, and big blue eyes, and now she was dead and it was his fault because he still hadn't caught this serial killer despite working on the case non-stop for every single one of the previous 90 minutes.

"Mulder."

He looked up into Scully's sympathetic blue eyes. He knew what she was thinking - she was thinking about Samantha. She was thinking about how all this was bringing back memories of Samantha's abduction, and how that had all been his fault too. She was thinking about how tragic his life was, and how she wanted to take his gorgeous face between her hands and soothe away his troubles, to kiss his beautiful full lips and make him remember that there was something worth living for. She wanted to take him away, to a church somewhere, and put a ring on his finger, and possibly one around his cock, although that would be later - probably on the honeymoon in Hawaii when she revealed her kinky side. Then she would use him as a sex slave for a couple of years before their happiness was made complete by the birth of their twins - one of each, a boy and a girl.

"It's no use, Scully," he told her, gazing at her helplessly, and knowing it could never be. "Another little girl is dead because of me."

"Mulder..." Skinner began, but Mulder shook his head, unable to bear their sympathetic platitudes.

"It's the truth, Sir. I'm missing something here." Mulder shuffled the photographs of the dead victims, deep in thought.

He noticed, out of the corner of his eye, that Skinner was looking at him, frowning. He knew what the other man was thinking. Skinner wanted to jump over the desk, pull him into a manly embrace, and then plunder his gorgeous pouty lips with his own, in a way that was, well, not quite so manly.

Mulder sighed. Sometimes it was difficult concentrating on his job when he knew that all his colleagues were suffering so much. They all wanted him so badly. He felt terrible. It must hurt them so much, to have all these feelings for him and never be able to express them. It was all his fault. Everything was his fault. If he wasn't so beautiful, with his tall, lanky body, and his thick dark hair, and his mischievous hazel eyes, to say nothing of his gorgeous pouty lips, the cute little mole on the side of his face, and his enormous throbbing trouser snake...It wasn't fair. If he wasn't so beautiful, then they wouldn't suffer with their repressed longings to possess his naked body with their greedy lips, to cover him with whipped cream and lick it all off slowly, to thrust him up against a wall and roughly explore his throbbing trouser snake with their hands and tongues...

"Mulder." Skinner looked sympathetic. "Why don't you take a break, son," he murmured. Mulder nodded. He needed one. He loosened his collar and tie. It was very hot in here.

Mulder went for a swim. He felt awful pulling on his red speedos, knowing how they enflamed the already out-of-control desires that his colleagues had for him, but they were the only pair he had, and anyway, he knew they suited his long, lean limbs, and showed off his full, bulging manhood to perfection.

He slid into the water and began to swim, allowing the cool water to wash away the horror of the case he was working on. He knew that he was looking unshaven, and haggard, and

that people were just longing to comfort and take care of him, and probably feed, bathe, and shave him too, but that couldn't happen. He was alone, which was what he deserved because of not being strong enough to save his sister when he was 12.

Mulder bit down on his lovely lower lip. Samantha - gone. So many children - gone. He mourned for his own lost childhood, and for Scully's lost children, for Emily, and for all innocent victims everywhere, including Queequeg and that call girl who had died after having sex with Skinner, because she had been a victim too. Poor Skinner, who had only been driven into that girl's arms because his longings for Mulder had broken up his sham of a marriage. Poor Sharon, locked in a loveless marriage to a man obsessed with a much, much younger, and almost ethereally beautiful and tragically damaged man. Then there was that strange doglady who he'd had that intense email friendship with - gone. Gone because she loved him too much to risk his life against the hound of hell.

All of them gone. All of them dead because of him. Mulder turned and started another lap, lost in thought, but not so lost in thought that he didn't notice AD Skinner walking alongside the pool. Poor Skinner. Reduced to pretending he had an urgent message for Mulder just so that he could take a look at this beautiful, complicated young man, bowed down by the weight of his troubled life, and yet still so incredibly sexy - clad only in his speedos.

Mulder pulled himself out of the pool. He knew what the Assistant Director was thinking. He was hating himself for being so old, and bald, and myopic, and clearly not attractive enough for this fragile, and yet courageous young agent, with his long, lean swimmer's body, and perfectly taut ass, to notice him. And even though the much older and less attractive bald man was myopic, and had to wear glasses the whole time, Mulder also knew that it was all the Assistant Director could do to keep his failing eyes on Mulder's face, and not devour his body with his gaze, to eat up the sight of the agent's lithely graceful body, and to feast on the vision of his nearly naked flesh.

"Mulder - we have a lead." Skinner told him.

Mulder's wide hazel eyes widened even further, as he took the file Skinner was giving him. He hated causing the other man this much pain. It was obvious that all Skinner wanted to do was place a warm hand on his wet shoulder, and lick away the droplets of water that were even now dripping down his naked shoulders, to circle his cold nipples with a sweep of his warm tongue, to fold Mulder into...

"Excuse me, sir. I need a shower." Mulder made his excuses and fled.

Skinner gazed after him, shook his head sadly, and sighed.

Mulder walked wearily along the corridor to his apartment. It had been a long day, and they were still no nearer to finding the serial killer, whose tally had now gone up to 152 cute, blonde haired, blue eyed little girls, and who had now taken to making phone calls to the FBI taunting Mulder about his failure. Mulder had taken each one of those calls, and listened to the tirades, nodding his head, knowing the killer was right.

Mulder sighed, and drew his gun, feeling glad to be home. He opened his door and charged into his apartment, waving his gun around, then stopped. There was nobody here. Just to be certain, Mulder checked in his closet, and behind the fish tank, but no, Alex hadn't broken in this evening.

Mulder put away his gun, feeling sorry for his former partner. Poor Alex. Consumed with longings for his adversary, wanting nothing more than to break in, and handcuff Mulder to the bed, to pound into the agent's body with his thick, hard cock, to give them both the relief and climax they needed but knew they mustn't have.

Alex knew that Mulder could never willingly have sex with him, because of having killed his father, but Mulder didn't blame Alex for that. His father had died because of him. His work had placed his father in danger, and it wasn't Alex's fault that he'd had to kill him. Mulder just viewed him as the one who'd pulled the trigger really. He didn't hold any grudges. At least not where sex was concerned.

Mulder wiped away a tear, wishing Alex **had** broken in to his apartment for rough sex tonight. Not that Mulder really deserved any rough sex, because of not solving the case, and because of being so complicated, and fucked up, and beautiful. It wouldn't be right for him to have rough BDSM sex, to be held tight and whipped until he screamed, because he'd undoubtedly enjoy it too much, viewing it as just punishment for all his sins, and it wasn't right for him to enjoy anything.

Mulder sat in his dark, empty apartment, feeling fragile and damaged, despite his courage and beauty. He heard a car pull up outside, and looked up, hopefully. It was probably Skinner. The big man would have been driven to come here to comfort his agent after the trauma of today's events. Mulder would find succour and rest for just a few weary hours, lying his head against the big man's chest, and allowing the Assistant Director's mouth to rove over his nipples. He would arch his back, and Skinner would smile, and call him a "slut", and tell him how amazingly responsive his body was, and then they would both come. Together. At the same time.

Several minutes passed, and no dark shadow fell across his doorway. He didn't hear the rough, growling tones of a big man consumed by a need and desire which only twinkling hazel eyes, and full pouting lips could satisfy. Mulder sighed. It was obvious that the practically octogenarian Assistant Director was alone in his apartment, drinking endless shots of whisky in an attempt to forget his forbidden passion for his very much younger, and infinitely more beautiful, troubled, gifted and exasperating agent.

Mulder made a phone call to Diana Fowley, knowing that it would be okay for him to have sex with her because she would undoubtedly betray him, and then he could feel miserable and angsty about how he had trusted her with his beautiful, lean young runner's body, and then been let down. Again. Unfortunately she wasn't in. Mulder left a message on her answering machine, turned some music on, and listened mournfully to his favourite song:

"I'm only happy when it rains..." the singer crooned.

Mulder put a video in his machine and sat back and unzipped his trousers, watching as the people on the film had sex. He felt sad because he knew that Scully was sitting alone in her apartment with only some old photographs of Emily and Melissa for company, and that Krycek was probably lying in a gutter somewhere, with blood running down the side of his face, because that was the only thing that would have stopped him from being here tonight to have rough sex with his brilliant, but damaged hazel-eyed former partner.

"I'm only happy when it pours..." The music reached a climax, and so did Mulder.

Meanwhile - over at Crystal City...

Diana Fowley knocked on Skinner's door, and was surprised when it was opened by Dana Scully.

"Diana!" Scully shrieked, launching herself into the other woman's arms, and kissing her soundly.

"Dana!" Diana returned her kiss with some enthusiasm. Scully helped Diana out of her coat, and then threw it over the banisters, knowing Skinner hated it when she did that, and hoping to be spanked for it later.

Diana waved at Marita, Kim and Holly, blew a kiss at CSM and A.D. Kersh, and then went back for another wet smooch with Scully.

"Girls! Don't start without us." A wicked voice said from the couch.

"Alex!" Diana ran over to the couch, and kissed the dark haired man seated there excitedly. "You're looking well, and is that a new arm I see?"

"Yeah. Custom made." Krycek held the arm up for her admiring glance. "Look." He flipped off the hand of the prosthetic, and Diana laughed in delight to see what he had stored inside. "It doubles up as a condom and lube dispenser, fully stocked." Alex smirked. "The big guy's already given it a full inspection. He was worried the cuffs wouldn't fit, but I think I managed to put his mind at rest on **that** score." He licked his lips sensuously, and Diana shivered in anticipation.

"Where is he?" Diana glanced around the apartment.

"Making the coffee." Krycek pinched her bottom. "You're looking well, sexpot." He grinned.

"I am." Diana laughed, slapping his hand away.

"Diana!" Skinner walked into the room carrying a tray. He was wearing faded blue jeans and an open necked red shirt revealing his tanned chest covered in little curls of hair, and he was completely barefoot. Diana's heart flipped and missed a beat, then started racing again, too

fast. Skinner deposited the tray on the coffee table, swung her up in his big arms, and kissed her hungrily.

"Jeez, I needed that." He smacked his lips together. "What a day!"

"More Mulderangst?" Krycek put his head on one side sympathetically.

"Yeah. You know what he's like." Skinner winced dramatically.

Everybody started chattering at once, exchanging news and gossip. Finally Skinner got up, and clapped his hands.

"Silence, folks. I want to take a couple of minutes to welcome a new member to our club. You all know Diana. She does a tough job, being universally hated, and deserves a little extra-curricular R&R."

"Welcome, Diana!" Everyone chorused.

"Diana - it's been 7 years since I started these little orgies." Skinner smiled at her. "And since then, I've encouraged all my friends and colleagues to come along, have some fun, chill out, enjoy themselves a little."

"Or a lot!" Someone hollered.

"Right, you know the score. Clothes off, everyone. Let the orgy commence!" Skinner announced.

"You first, big guy. Show us your pecs!" One of the girls screamed.

Skinner blushed, and began to unbutton his shirt teasingly, to the accompaniment of a wolf whistle chorus led by Krycek, with CSM using Kim's bottom as a drum.

Some time later, Diana lay in Skinner's arms amid an abandoned throng of sated bodies.

"I've been meaning to ask..." she murmured to nobody in particular. "Where's Mulder? Don't you invite him to these parties?"

Skinner groaned, and Krycek laughed out loud. "No point, sweetheart." He grinned.

"Why?" Diana sat up and looked at him.

"He's F-R-I-G-I-D." Alex mouthed. Diana looked shocked.

"It's true." Scully told her with a sigh.

"Tell her, Dana. She might as well know the truth." Skinner said.

"Well, we've all **tried**." Scully began. "To be honest, we felt a bit sorry for him being on the outside of our little sex club, so Walter suggested that we all tried to tempt him in. So, on the first case we did together, I ran half naked into his room, and asked him to look at my bottom."

"My god! What did he do?" Diana asked.

"He, uh, looked at my bottom!" Scully replied. "That was it. Just looked. I thought he was just playing hard to get but I've got **some** pride, so I waited for him to make the next move. And waited. And waited. It was hopeless. Not so much as one kiss in 6 years, unless you count alternate universes in the 1930's, which I don't really."

"That's terrible." Diana sighed. "What about the rest of you? Did anybody else try?"

"Oh yeah." Krycek sniggered. "All the chemistry between him and me, all that sexual tension masquerading as hostility. I engineered so many damn meetings between us, made puppy dog eyes at him for years, and finally gave in, and went for the obvious."

"What did you do?" Diana asked breathlessly.

"Broke into his apartment, knocked him to the floor, and kissed him." Krycek grinned.

"And?" Diana prompted.

"Nothing. Zilch." Krycek shrugged. "Not so much as a blow job. Frigid. Walt - you tell the girl."

"I'm afraid it's true." Skinner sighed. "I had him by the neck in the hallway, my erection pressing into his butt in a, uh, none too obvious manner, but what did I get? Nothing. Just like Alex here. He makes eyes at me, engineers all these BDSM fantasy scenarios between us - over desks, slanging matches in my office, you know the kind of stuff - but when push comes to shove, he's just not interested in taking it any further. I did try to spank him once but he burst into tears after the first tap so I gave up after that."

"So he doesn't have amazingly sensitive nipples?" Diana asked, disappointed.

"God no! He doesn't let anyone **touch** his nipples." Scully laughed.

"And he doesn't insist on having sex in public places?" Diana wanted to know.

"Oh hell, no!" Skinner's body was suffused with silent mirth. "God, he doesn't even have sex in **private** places, let alone in public."

"What about his truly wicked sexual imagination?"

"We've never seen sight nor sound of it." Krycek shook his head sadly.

"We think that...uh, Mulder hasn't really grasped the concept of sex involving more than one person." Scully volunteered. "He's so self obsessed that he really hasn't figured out that everybody else but him is having a good time and he's missing out on it. We do feel very sorry for him, but he's beyond help."

"Oh well. His loss." Diana shrugged, snuggling up to Skinner's big furry chest. Scully licked the big man's naked scalp with her little pink tongue.

"Enough about Mulder." Krycek wriggled over to drape himself on top the Assistant Director. "We have a better time without him, anyway, don't we, sexy?" He purred to the big man.

Skinner glanced down at the naked bodies clustered around him adoringly, stroking and fawning over him, and grinned.

"Oh yeah!" He laughed, realising that this story **had** been about him after all. "We sure do!"

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