

Deja Vu by Xanthe

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"So - you want a cure for Scully's cancer," Cancerman smiled. "What services are you offering in exchange?"

"I'm a trained combat soldier, skilled in..." Skinner gave a comprehensive list. Cancerman looked unimpressed.

"Anything else?"

"I can clean things." Skinner shuffled his feet, embarrassed. "I did some janitorial work as a student..."

"Well, I'm sure we'll find a use for that. But I was thinking of more personal services..." Cancerman's eyes trailed across Skinner's magnificent torso with an anticipatory gleam.

"So - these 'nanocytes' mean you've got my life in your hands. What do you want from me?" Skinner hissed.

"Well, what can you offer?" Krycek purred.

"Commando skills?"

Krycek shook his head.

"My FBI contacts...?"

"Try again."

"You don't want me to clean any toilets do you?" Skinner's heart sank.

"Maybe later," Krycek smiled. "In the meantime..." he insinuated a finger under Skinner's shirt, and lazily caressed a nipple.

"Mulder? Scully?" Skinner looked up in surprise.

"We've just come back from a visit to a Ratbastard," Mulder grinned. "And bought you your life back."

"Which means..." Scully's blue eyes flashed predatorily.

"Of course." Skinner began to unbutton his shirt. "I'll clean your apartments later..." he sighed.

The End

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