

## Puckering Up by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/puckering-up/>

### Story Notes:

Pic courtesy of Wheatgrass

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### AWARDS



Joint Winner of a Wirerim in the Outstanding Short Story category

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"Sir?" Mulder stuck his head around the door to see Skinner working, the broad expanse of his bare head lit by his desk lamp. "Sorry to disturb you, sir, but I just got out of the hospital and, well, you did promise to kick my butt as I recall. So, my butt and I are here to collect."

He gave a goofy grin.

Skinner glanced up, the look of pleasure on his face being swiftly replaced by one of disquiet. He put a finger to his lips, then wrote two words on a piece of paper, and held it up for Mulder to read:

"Office bugged," it said. Mulder's eyes widened, and he nodded quickly to show that he understood.

"You've got a nerve showing up here, Mulder!" Skinner bellowed, beckoning him over to the desk. He wrote, "Good to have you back," and held it up. Mulder nodded.

"I've got a nerve! You're nothing but a pen-pushing bureaucrat who wouldn't do a thing to save my ass," Mulder shouted, taking Skinner's pen, and writing something on the pad.

"Wanted to thank you," he wrote.

Skinner nodded and smiled. "You don't work for me any more, Mulder," he growled. "I don't have to do a thing to save your ass!" He gave the ass in question an admiring glance. Mulder raised an eyebrow, and did a double take. Skinner grinned.

"I came here trying to mend some bridges, but if that's the way you feel, you can just kiss my ass!" Mulder yelled, sticking his ass cheekily in the air, and undulating it invitingly under Skinner's nose. Skinner's lips closed gently on each buttock, as he grasped the other man firmly by the waist, drawing him close.

"Gladly, Fox," he whispered softly into Mulder's ear. "Very, very, gladly..."

THE END

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