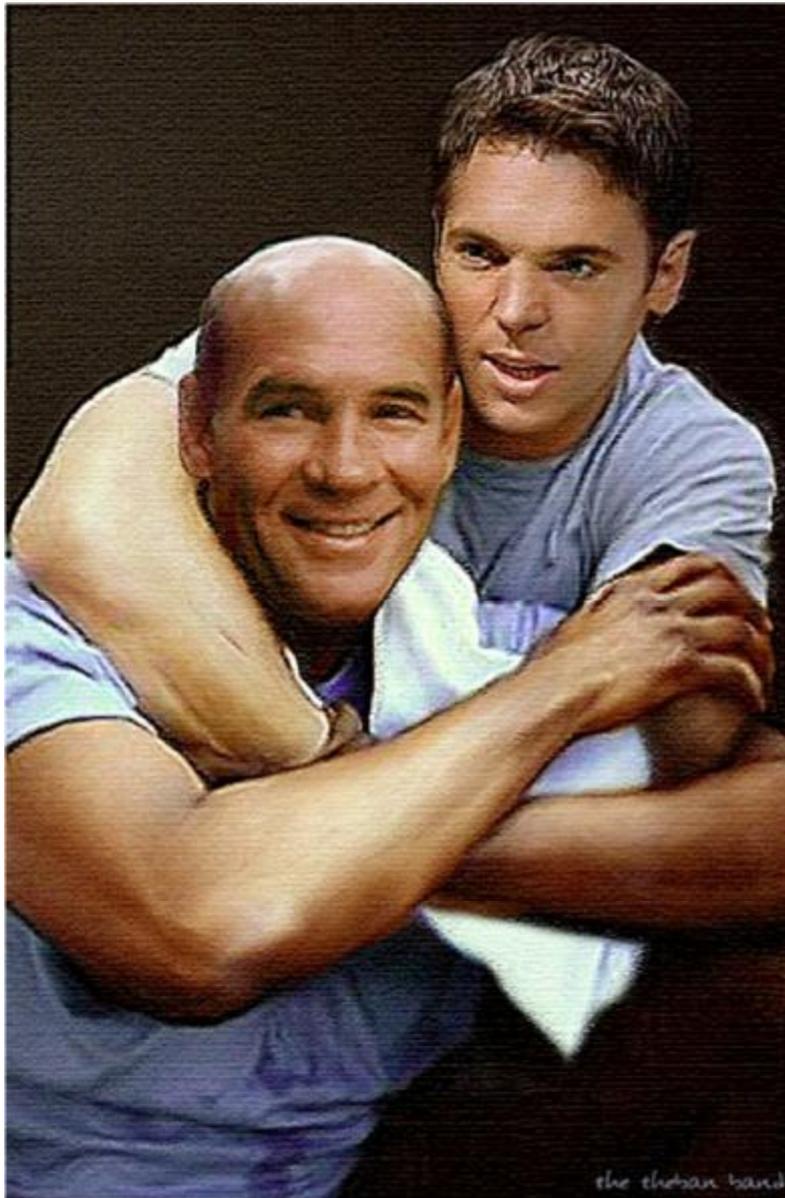


Queer As X- Folk...(or The Dallas Variant) by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/queer-as-x-folk/>

Story Notes:

Beautiful pic as always by **The Theban Band**

When is canon not canon? Well, I'm sure we all remember a certain whole season of the popular soap opera *Dallas*... <G>

DEDICATION: This is for Ursula, Kristen, Lorelei and all the other folks upset about last night's ep.

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Skinner waited, his fingers curling around the trigger of his gun, as he watched his victim plead his case. The other man's eyes were dark, and impassioned, his face covered by a thin film of sweat, but that wasn't enough to make Skinner trust him. He took aim, squeezed...and the bullet exploded from the point of his gun, shattering the silence.

Time slowed down. Skinner watched that bullet take a lifetime to reach its destination. He went with it every inch of the way, his heart and soul embedded in that little morsel of lead. Someone was screaming, his voice hoarse and full of anguish - a voice he barely recognised as his own, and then the bullet smashed into the skull of the man he hated...the man he loved...the man he'd killed...

"NO!"

Skinner sat up in the bed, his chest heaving.

"No! Oh Christ, no," he wept. He could still feel the weight of the gun in his hand, could still smell gunfire, and the sickly stench of blood, could still hear the sound of that bullet as it ripped through beloved flesh.

"Alex," he whispered, remembering it all.

The sound of running water distracted him. He fumbled for his glasses, put them on, then grabbed his gun from the nightstand, and slid out of the bed, his naked body glistening with sweat from his nightmare. He edged towards the en-suite bathroom, kicked the door open cautiously with his foot, and was met by a rising tide of steam that immediately fogged up his glasses. Cursing, he brushed them off his face – and through the moist, hazy atmosphere and his own blurred vision, a figure loomed into sight. Skinner raised his gun.

"Walter?" A surprised voice said questioningly.

Skinner felt his knees shake, and he would have fallen over if the body the voice belonged to hadn't swiftly covered the short distance to his side and reached out a steadying hand to keep him upright. The fog cleared...to reveal a tall, naked, beautiful man, his jet black hair wet and glistening, little droplets hanging off the ends and dropping onto his long dark eyelashes, that framed two glowing, concerned green eyes.

"Alex?" Skinner whispered hoarsely, holding onto the other man for dear life. "Alex, is it you? Is it really you?"

"Uh. Yeah." Krycek looked non-plussed. "I live here remember?" His lips brushed Skinner's naked shoulder affectionately. "Hey, big guy. You okay?" His strong fingers dug into Skinner's arm, keeping him upright.

"I'm fine. I think." Skinner gazed at Alex in wonder. He reached out and gently touched his fingertips to the other man's forehead. The memory came back, all too vivid. "I thought...I

thought..." He remembered a gaping wound, and the sound of a bullet from a gun he had fired.

"What did you think, big guy? That you could surprise me in the shower with your big gun? Hold that thought, lover!" Krycek gave a cheeky smile and a lascivious wink. His hand moved lower, stroking Skinner softly, calming him, and then carefully disarming him. He put the gun firmly out of arm's reach.

"Looks like you had another nightmare, Walter," he said gently. "I thought we were over those. Was it 'Nam again?"

"No...it was you. I dreamed I put a bullet through your head," Skinner said, still gazing at Krycek with an expression of total shock on his face.

"Shit. You poor bastard." Krycek pulled him close. Skinner resisted. This man was his sworn enemy. He had infected him with nanocytes, ordered him to do wicked things - to kill Mulder, to destroy Scully's unborn baby...

"Hey." Krycek's fingers were firm as they drew Skinner to him. His wet, naked body smelled so good, and his green eyes were so loving, and full of concern. Skinner's resistance crumbled, and he rested his head shakily on the other man's shoulder. "Hey, Walter," Krycek murmured tenderly. He wrapped his arm around Skinner and nuzzled at his ear lovingly. "You know, I shouldn't say this, but I kind of like it when you're vulnerable after a nightmare. Usually you're so big and strong and in control. It's nice when you just let me hold you," Krycek said affectionately, stroking his fingers up and down Skinner's back. Skinner melted into the embrace. God this felt good.

"We're lovers?" He whispered, stunned that it felt so right.

"Sure. Have been for over a year – ever since that cigarette smoking bastard had me beaten up and tortured for deprogramming those nanocytes he got that clone to plant in your bloodstream," Krycek said, rocking Skinner against his strong chest. "You were kind of grateful. I like you grateful." He gave Skinner a cheeky little wink.

"What about Mulder? He went to Oregon? He got abducted..." Skinner said blearily.

"What are you talking about?" Krycek pushed Skinner away and gazed at him quizzically. "Mulder didn't get abducted. He's fine. As a matter of fact..." Krycek glanced at his watch. "Mulder is going to show up in about an hour for the christening."

"Christening?" Skinner repeated blankly.

"Yeah. Scully's baby. She's being christened today. Mulder and John are coming over here and we're all going to the church together. You and John are the godfathers remember? They're coming back here after because we have the biggest apartment. Scully and Monica are still wallpapering their condo and it's a total mess."

"Scully and Monica?" Skinner repeated helplessly. "Mulder and John? John...Doggett?"

"Yeah John Doggett. Doh!" Krycek gave Skinner a firm kiss on the lips, taking the opportunity to grope his bottom shamelessly. "Boy, that nightmare really did wipe you out, Walter. John is Mulder's boyfriend. Remember?"

"Not really." Skinner frowned. "And Scully's baby? Dare I ask...?" He inquired pathetically, going to sit down on the bed with a profoundly puzzled sigh.

"She and Monica wanted a kid so they asked Mulder to donate sperm. Personally I think my sperm would have made a cuter baby," Alex smirked. "And yours would have been cutest of all, studman, but Scully wanted it to be Mulder for old times sake, after working together on the X Files for so long. Monica wanted Mulder because she thinks that he's a believer in all things new age and wacky, having not woken up to the fact that he thinks she's nuts and only puts up with her because she's John's old partner...is it all coming back to you now, big boy?" Krycek climbed onto the bed beside Skinner, and wrapped his good arm around his lover's neck. He ran his fingers over Skinner's broad chest, tangling them in the wiry curls of hair, and snagging a nipple. Skinner groaned and leaned his head back to rest on his lover's shoulder.

"Tell me one thing," Skinner whispered as Krycek's hand went lower, and fastened around his already swelling cock.

"Anything, big guy," Krycek replied, licking Skinner's ear.

"Are we all gay?" Skinner asked. "I mean...all of us?"

"Sure." Krycek grinned, his hand pumping Skinner's cock enthusiastically.

Skinner felt the unmistakable nudge of the other man's hard cock pressing into his own back.

"Even..." Skinner shuddered. "Kersh?" he asked.

"Oh no. Not the bad guys or the unattractive people," Krycek laughed. "This is Slash Fantasy Land, Walter. Kersh and the Morley man are only occasionally gay here and it's more of a rape thing than a gay thing to be honest. Slash Fantasy Land is run by a band of kindly women who love us very much and just want us to be happy – eventually. Sometimes we have to suffer a bit first, of course," he grinned, "but this is a place where things are written the way they **should** be." He frowned, a trace of worry creasing his forehead. "You know, Walter, Mulder has a theory that those nightmares that have been troubling you of late have been echoes from some weird alternate universe where people's personalities change every five minutes, continuity is a joke, and the characters are all repressed and asexual... I mean...imagine a world where you and I would be even remotely able to keep our hands off each other! Crazy!" He shook his dark head, laughing at the very thought.

"I get to sleep with you?" Skinner closed his eyes, and arched his back as Krycek pumped his cock perilously close to climax.

"Oh yeah. Day and night. Any time, any place, anywhere. The bedroom, the bathroom, the kitchen – you used smooth peanut butter on me as a lube once. We get it on a lot in your office, and we're kind of fond of parking lots and airplane toilets too. Sometimes we go to our local leather bar, but we're mainly outdoorsy guys, who like riding on horseback naked, so you'll often find us in a cabin in the woods, near a big blue lake where we take frequent naked dips in between wild love making. In fact..." Krycek put his head on one side and considered the matter thoughtfully. "Basically, we're really horny - and we sometimes get really kinky too. For example, this particular author really likes it when you're submissive and vulnerable, so in a minute I'm going to throw you over my knee and make you forget all about your nightmares by administering a sound and very erotic spanking to your cute ass."

"You are?" Skinner murmured, vaguely wondering why that sounded so good.

"Sure. You love being spanked. It makes you go all tingly. Come on, big boy." Krycek slid down to sit on the side of the bed, and patted his knee.

Skinner looked at the other man, last night's vivid dream rapidly becoming a fading memory – thank god. He shuddered as he recalled that bullet slicing into his lover's skull.

"Forget about it, Walter," Alex said softly. "We're safe here. Now get over my knee, bad boy, because when I'm done tanning your ass I'm going to fuck you into next week to prove to you that there is no way in hell that you are ever going to put a bullet through my brain."

Skinner glanced at Krycek's cock, to find it already erect and ready for action. He had a sudden image of opening his mouth and swallowing that beautiful cock down whole, of lying on his back, his legs akimbo, while his lover slowly entered that magnificent cock into his waiting body, of being held in Alex's arms as his lover pounded into him until they screamed out their mutual climax...

"Oh god," Skinner whispered weakly.

"I love you, Walter Skinner. It's as simple as that," Krycek crooned to him. "Now c'mere!" He pulled Skinner close, and kissed his lips soundly and thoroughly, opening his lover's mouth and pushing his tongue insistently inside. Skinner moaned, and placed his own big arms around Krycek's slender, pale body, his large hands caressing every inch of the taut, smooth skin.

"I love you too, Alex," Skinner said as he drew back.

He upturned himself eagerly over his lover's knee, surprised how familiar it felt. Maybe he did remember this after all. Krycek caressed his ass firmly and affectionately, making Skinner's already rock hard cock even harder, and then he began to gently tap Skinner's bottom, the taps slowly becoming slaps, and then real spanks, until Skinner was squirming and wriggling and thrusting his rigid cock between his lover's accommodating knees. Alex stopped spanking just as it was becoming too much, and Skinner gasped as a cool, lubed finger entered between his ass cheeks. Oh god this felt good! Another finger joined it, and Skinner bucked up against them. The warm glow of his buttocks and the feel of Krycek's

fingers in his ass turned him on so much that he was beyond coherent thought. He groaned when Alex removed his fingers.

Krycek laughed and slapped his ass affectionately. "Time to put something better in their place, lover boy!" He said cheerfully. He helped Skinner up, rolled him over onto the bed, parted his legs, and then slid his hard cock between Skinner's ass cheeks. Skinner nearly jumped off the bed in ecstasy. He wrapped his legs around his lover's back and pulled him into his body. Alex thrust forward willingly, and they ended up nose to nose, gazing into each other's eyes. Skinner gazed at his lover in wonder. Alex's green orbs were full of laughing, loving joy.

"Alex...this Slash Fantasy Land," Skinner said slowly, caressing his lover's back with his fingers. "Can I stay here forever?"

The End

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