

Sunday by Xanthe



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

Story Notes:

This was written for a Requested challenge to write a "happy Walter" story after a spate of sad ones had been posted, and for the **Smiling Pectoral God** archive. If you like this story then you **must** check out Twisted Sister's wonderful threesome drabbleverse on the **Small Potatoes** site.

Graphic provided by rac

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Skinner opened one eye, squinted at the clock, and groaned. 6:29. He shrugged off the heavy leg that was draped over his thigh, then sleepily disengaged a drowsy red head from his chest, and replaced it on the white pillow, absently smoothing the hair back into place.

"Walter," a voice mumbled in a tone of vague protest.

"Mmmm?"

"It's Sunday."

"What?" Skinner thought about this for a moment, and then his brain made sense of the information. He smiled. "Oh, yeah." He allowed two sets of hands to pull him back down onto the bed. The red head returned to its position on his chest, and the leg resumed its place over his thigh, trapping him. Skinner sighed happily, and closed his eyes again.

Skinner awoke to the smell of coffee, and turned over lazily, to find himself looking into a set of hazel eyes.

"Morning, sugar." Mulder snickered, licking the tip of the other man's nose in a manner that hovered somewhere between irritating and endearing.

"Stop that." Skinner pushed him away, closing his eyes again.

"My sleeping beauty..." Mulder leaned over and kissed him.

"Yuck, morning breath." Skinner squirmed. Mulder held him down and subjected him to another sloppy kiss.

"I just wanted to make sure that you were wide awake." Mulder grinned, lying on top of the big man and kissing him noisily and wetly all over his face, like a puppy.

"Mulder, stop it, ugh...you'll wake Scully up again." Skinner wriggled and finally managed to slide out from underneath his captor. Mulder lay back with a smile.

"Good, now you're up you can go and bring up the coffee," he smirked.

"I always get the coffee." Skinner made a face at him. "Dana puts it on, and I bring it up. Your contribution, as I recall, is merely to drink it."

"Hey, it's a tough job but someone has to do it." Mulder smiled lazily, and rolled over into the space Skinner had vacated, and pressed his face up against Scully's. "Yo, Scully - wake up." He licked her nose. Skinner sighed and rolled his eyes heavenward, pulling on his robe and disappearing down the stairs.

Mulder had reached the noisy, wet kissing stage by the time Skinner returned with the tray of coffees. He deposited it on the night-stand, and slapped Mulder back over to his side of the bed.

"Leave the poor girl alone, for god's sake." Skinner handed him his coffee and Mulder treated him to a halfhearted pout. Skinner plumped up the pillows and arranged himself in the center of the bed, one hand resting on Scully's naked bottom as it poked out from under the sheets.

"You are way too overdressed..." Mulder commented, slipping his hand inside Skinner's robe with a suggestive leer. Skinner took a deep sip of coffee.

"And you, are way too overactive for first thing on a Sunday morning." Skinner retorted, patting Mulder's hand away, and rearranging his robe.

"It's 9:15, Walter. That's not first thing." Mulder complained, resting his head on Skinner's shoulder and drinking his coffee. Skinner shifted his cup into his other hand and put his arm around Mulder, dragging him over so that the younger man's head rested on his chest, and kissed his dark hair. He ran his free hand down Mulder's torso, and lightly circled a nipple, stroking gently. Mulder sighed contentedly.

"If you boys have started without me I'll be very, very angry." Scully's head popped up, and a pair of sleepy blue eyes fixed them with a glare.

"No ma'am!" Skinner moved his hand away guiltily, and returned it to her bottom.

"That's better." She grinned, and turned over, sitting up beside them, yawning loudly. "Make room for me, Mulder." She nudged him over and took up position with her head resting on Skinner's chest as well. "Good thing there's room here for both of us." She smiled, picked up her coffee and took a sip. Skinner finished his and put it down, which left him with two free hands. He settled himself back on the pillows, and ran the fingers of one hand lightly along the side of Mulder's face, while his other hand cupped one of Scully's breasts and gently fingered the nipple.

"Hmmm..." Scully snuggled closer, then sat up, a frown creasing her porcelain skin. "Is it my imagination, or is Walter NOT naked?" she asked Mulder.

"It's not your imagination. The man is wearing a robe," Mulder replied disapprovingly.

"It was cold downstairs!" Skinner protested.

"And where are we now, Walter?" Scully asked sternly.

"Um, upstairs," Skinner answered.

"Exactly." Scully finished her coffee and put the cup on the night-stand, then whisked Mulder's out of his hand and put that on the night-stand as well, ignoring his half hearted protest. She sat up, her red hair tousled, and knelt, naked and delicious, on the bed. "Mulder." She raised an eyebrow at him, and Mulder scurried to kneel beside her, facing Skinner. Both of them fixed the big man with determined stares.

"Hey, what are you...?" Skinner didn't finish the sentence as both his agents launched themselves upon him, and wrestled him out of his robe. He only put up a token protest.

The robe was soon deposited on the floor, and Scully sat on his face as a 'punishment'. Skinner wasn't entirely sure where she got the idea that this constituted a punishment, and enjoyed himself immensely, even more so when Mulder's wet mouth descended on his cock and teased it into life. He groaned, thrusting up, and his tongue disappeared between the folds of Scully's flesh. She stroked his bald head with her fingers, sighing like a contented little cat. He freed his hands from under her thighs, and blindly found her breasts, rubbing the nipples insistently until the little moans she was making became uninhibited sighs of pleasure, and she came. Mulder's equally skillful mouth meanwhile finished off his task on

Skinner's cock and he came with a shout to match Scully's sighs. Then they all fell down on the bed in a sated state of bliss. Except Mulder.

"Hey, guys, what about me?" He pouted, glancing pointedly at his erection.

"What about you?" Scully grinned, wriggling up close to Skinner and tucking herself under his arm.

"Yeah," Skinner laughed. "Scully put the coffee on, I brought it up, and you provided sexual favors. Fair exchange." Scully began to giggle, and Skinner roared with laughter, clutching her tightly, and using this as an excuse to bury his face in her breasts.

"Yes. Ha ha." Mulder said sourly, as his bobbing erection slowly started to wilt.

"Aw, poor baby." Skinner pinched Mulder's cheek and got off the bed, padding into the ensuite bathroom and turning on the shower. Scully kissed Mulder sweetly on the lips, and then followed Skinner into the bathroom. Mulder lay on the bed, still pouting.

"Hey, guys!" He called. "Guys!" There was no answer so he finally rolled off the bed and followed on behind.

"It's my turn to soap Scully." Mulder grabbed the soap, and got into the shower.

"Not it isn't." Skinner got in beside him, and pried the soap out of his hand. "It's **my** turn. You did her last time."

"I did not! You did her," Mulder protested, grabbing the soap back.

"No, I did her the last time you were both here, but that was a couple of weeks ago. **Last** Sunday you were out of town, so don't tell me that you didn't soap her all over in that hotel room shower." Skinner snatched it back again.

"Boys! Any more of this and I'll soap myself." Scully got in between them and broke the soap in half. "Here - one of you can do the front, and one of you the back," she said.

"I want the front," both men said instantly.

Scully sighed and rolled her eyes. "What is it with guys and breasts anyway?" She asked. Mulder and Skinner exchanged knowing smiles.

"They're so round..." Mulder took hold of one, and cradled it in his hand.

"And soft..." Skinner took hold of the other one, and dipped his head towards it, licking the nipple and running it under his tongue.

"And pink." Mulder rolled his thumb over her nipple, and she arched her back.

"And when we touch them, it makes you purr," Skinner whispered into her ear.

Scully purred for several minutes, while the men indulged in some breast worship, and then she finally pushed them away, and handed them the soap. Skinner stood behind Scully, soaping her pale shoulders, then moving down to her bottom, and soaping there, running his fingers between her cheeks, making her gasp and squirm. Mulder, meanwhile, was rubbing the soap between her legs, his fingers tangling in her pubic hair. Skinner pressed his wet torso against Scully's buttocks, his hands reaching all the way around to soap Mulder's shoulders, while Scully busied herself with Mulder's stomach and thighs, soaping him with one hand, and rubbing his cock with the other, until he was soon hard again.

"What do you think? Should we put him out of his misery?" Skinner whispered into Scully's ear. She looked up at him with laughing eyes.

"Oh, I think we should." She grinned, the water running down her hair and the side of her face in little rivulets. She put her hands on Mulder's shoulders and swung herself up, pulling him into her and wrapping her legs around his thighs. Mulder groaned, then grabbed her buttocks in his hands, and pushed her up against the wall of the shower. Skinner stood behind them both, and ran his lips down Mulder's back, ending up at his buttocks, and pulling them apart, running his tongue inside the sensitive opening and making Mulder growl and thrash around urgently inside Scully. She threw her head back, and water trickled down her neck, and into Mulder's eyes, then cascaded over Skinner's head in a waterfall that matched their rippling waves of pleasure.

Some twenty minutes later, thoroughly clean and very satisfied, they all tumbled out and wrapped themselves in towels.

"You know, that's what I like about this place." Mulder grinned. "Big fluffy towels, freshly laundered, big fluffy hosts, freshly laundered..." He placed his arms around Skinner and began to pat him dry with his towel.

"Down, boy, and don't call me fluffy!" Skinner laughed, snatching the towel away. "If you start drying me we'll end up needing another shower."

"You have a problem with that?" Mulder pouted.

"Yes - it's getting late. Shit - it's 10.30." Skinner glanced at the bedside clock as they wandered back into the bedroom.

"And it's **Sunday**." Scully said pointedly. She sat down in front of the mirror and began combing her wet hair. "Did you have anything **else** planned for today, Walter?" Her voice had an ominous tone to it. Skinner hesitated, his eyes wandering over to his briefcase, which was sitting by the closet.

"Well..." He glanced nervously at Scully who was frowning, then over to Mulder who was smiling, sweetly.

"Well?" Mulder asked.

"It's just there's this small, tiny amount of paperwork I should do before tomorrow. A teeny, weeny..."

"Walter." Scully turned to face him, her tone of voice rendered none the less terrifying by the fact that she was tiny, naked, and her hair was dripping wet.

"An hour? Half an hour?" He bartered hopefully. Mulder shook his head and mimed cutting his throat with his hand. Skinner winced.

"Walter, Sunday is **our** time. We don't get much time together, and you **promised** that you wouldn't do any work," Scully said fiercely.

"Mulder?" Skinner glanced at the other man in desperation.

"Hey, don't look at me. I'm on Scully's side." Mulder shook his head. "A promise is a promise, Walter. I don't know, six years trying to prove to us that we can trust you, and then to just go and **betray** us like this. It's heartless. What kind of a man are you?" He sniffed dramatically, a wicked glint in his eyes.

"Oh, knock it off!" Skinner growled, stomping around the bedroom, and finding a pair of gray sweat pants and a white tee shirt. "Okay, okay, no paperwork."

Scully's face broke into a smile, and she ran over to him and kissed him.

"On one condition." Skinner ran her wet hair through his fingers. She raised an eyebrow at him. "I get to do hairdryer duty." Skinner grinned. Scully exchanged a long-suffering glance with Mulder.

"All right." They both sighed in unison.

"Although I do think there's something kinky about this hair fetish you've got," Mulder added, sitting beside Scully at the mirror, and waiting patiently while Skinner laid out the comb, hairbrush, and hairdryer with ritualistic precision, and hung a towel over his arm.

"When you lose all your hair, you'll start to appreciate other people's too." Skinner told him, running the comb through Mulder's thick dark locks. He paused for a moment and bent close to inhale the scent. Mulder nudged Scully in the ribs, and she suppressed a giggle.

"Laugh at me all you like," Skinner told them, picking up the hairdryer and blowing warm air over both their naked bodies until they squealed. "Now, who's first? And does anyone want a re-style?"

Skinner experimented with parting Scully's hair on a different side, and slicking Mulder's locks back with gel, but finally he was satisfied with his efforts, and with one final flick of his comb they were allowed to get up. He left his guests to get dressed in the clothes they kept in his spare room, and sauntered off down the stairs, whistling to himself as he went. He retrieved the Sunday paper from outside his front door, and laid it out on the table: science and arts section for Scully, sports section and cartoons for Mulder, and the news and

business section for himself. Then he pottered around in the kitchen, defrosted some blueberries, made the pancake batter, and put on a fresh pot of coffee. A few minutes later Scully appeared in the doorway, dressed in faded blue jeans and a tight black tee shirt. She deposited a minty toothpaste kiss on his cheek, and poured herself a glass of orange juice. Mulder put in an appearance a few minutes later, clad in jeans, timberlands and a loose denim shirt. He deposited a minty kiss on Skinner's other cheek, and peered over his shoulder.

"What's for brunch, Batman?" He asked. Skinner reached behind and grabbed Mulder's butt cheeks pulling him close.

"What do we always have for Sunday brunch, Boy Wonder?" he replied in a long suffering tone.

"A-ha! Holy blueberry pancakes! Of course. I'll go and tell Catwoman." Mulder nibbled on Skinner's earlobe for a moment, and then grabbed the orange juice carton and raised it to his lips.

"Do that and I'll kill you," Skinner warned.

"You and who's army?" Mulder continued raising the carton, one eye on Skinner, a challenge in his laughing hazel eyes. Skinner grabbed up a spatula from the kitchen work surface and advanced menacingly on his subordinate. Mulder paused, carton poised, and Skinner waited, spatula at the ready, flexing his muscles threateningly. Mulder sighed, lowered the carton, and grabbed a glass.

"You know, I'm beginning to believe that rumor about you," he murmured, pouring the orange juice into the glass.

"What rumor?" Skinner asked, returning the spatula to the work surface, and heating some butter in a pan.

"The one about you keeping a paddle in your desk drawer to use on naughty agents." Mulder grinned, sticking his tongue out.

"Oh **that**." Skinner shrugged. "That's not just a rumor," he deadpanned.

"Yeah it is," Mulder said, "because I have to be your naughtiest agent and you've never used it on me yet."

"Hey, I'm pretty naughty too." Scully slipped into the kitchen behind them and took the orange juice, pouring Skinner a glass.

"You are **not**," Mulder exclaimed. "You're a total goody two shoes."

"I am NOT," Scully flared. "I can be as naughty as you when I try."

"Yeah, like name one time you've ever done anything as bad as the stuff I've done," Mulder challenged.

"I think you're both very naughty," Skinner interrupted, putting a big arm around each of them, and kissing their foreheads. "Now get your naughty asses out of here so that I can cook in peace."

Silence reigned for an hour as they munched their way through the pancakes. Skinner wordlessly exchanged the news section for Mulder's sports section, and the business section for Scully's arts section, while Mulder and Scully carried on a low-level bickering about the fact that she thought the cartoons were a poor exchange for the science section. Skinner smiled, benignly, one ear on the argument, the rest of his attention on his paper. Sundays like these were few and far between, but they'd established a kind of ritual, and every time Mulder and Scully weren't off on a case, they came around to his apartment on a Saturday evening, and stayed over all day on Sunday. They always got up late, ate blueberry pancakes, and chilled out for the day. He always cooked brunch, Mulder and Scully always argued over the paper, they all had far too much sex, and he couldn't think of a better way to spend a day.

He finished his pancakes and went over to lay on the couch. Mulder wandered over a few seconds later and sat down on the floor beside him, his nose still buried in the paper, his head resting against Skinner's thigh. Skinner ran his hands through the other man's hair and made a mental note to himself not to use gel on it again. Scully dragged an armchair up to the couch and rested her legs on Skinner's chest, handing him some nail varnish and cotton balls with a meaningful look.

"Electric blue?" He raised a suspicious eyebrow and shook the bottle.

"My toenails are where I express the most sacred truths about my individuality," she told him.

"Nobody can see them!" He protested.

"Exactly," she replied.

Mulder snickered, and she thwapped him across the head. Skinner divided the cotton balls up into neat pieces, and inserted them lovingly between her toes, pausing to kiss each one as he did so.

"No wonder this whole toenail-painting process takes so long," Mulder remarked, glancing up.

"If a job's worth doing, it's worth doing well," Skinner replied, thwapping him across the head again. Mulder grinned and returned to his paper. Scully wriggled her toes impatiently and then sighed as the first stroke of blue washed across them. "Very..." Skinner paused, surveying his handiwork, "pretty," he finished hastily, catching her expression.

The toenails were nearly dry when the 'phone rang. Mulder rolled over and stretched himself out on his stomach to reach it.

"Yeah. Yeah, it is. Yeah, who wants him?" He asked. Skinner held out his hand and snapped his fingers impatiently. Mulder grinned, and pushed his hand away. "What's it about? Yes he's here, I'm just curious, that's all."

"Mulder!" Skinner hissed.

"Yeah, yeah, okay. I'll get him. Hold on. It's for you." He held out the 'phone for Skinner who snatched it up with a growl.

"Of course it's for me, imbecile. It's my apartment. Yes, Skinner speaking." Skinner sat up, dislodging Scully's feet.

"Who is it?" She mouthed at Mulder.

"Office," Mulder mouthed back.

"Damn!" Scully made a face. She glanced at Skinner who was nodding, and frowning.

"Is it an emergency? Uh-huh, yes, I see...hmmm..."

Scully poked him in the neck with a toe and he batted her away.

"Well, I suppose I could come in and sort it out, yes..." Skinner murmured, and Mulder shook his head furiously. Scully's toe found Skinner's mouth and she patted it with her foot urgently.

"Just say no, Walter," Mulder urged.

"It's just..." Skinner paused and glanced at his companions, who were both nodding at him encouragingly. "I'm kind of busy today...so, as it doesn't sound too urgent, I think I'll take care of it tomorrow. Yes, I know I usually ask to be kept informed about this sort of thing. No, I don't think it's going to blow up into an 'incident'. Yes, please do keep me informed. Thanks." Skinner put down the 'phone and treated his companions to a beaming smile. "I did it! I said no!" He exclaimed proudly.

"Yay!" Mulder got up, and did a little jig.

"We're so proud of you Walter." Scully tugged his tee shirt out from his sweat pants and blew on his navel which was an odd kind of reaction to the news Skinner thought to himself, but he wasn't complaining.

"Let's celebrate!" Mulder threw himself enthusiastically on top of both of them.

"Mulder, you have a one track mind," Skinner complained, submitting to Mulder's kisses with good grace.

"Well why not? Scully's come twice today already so we've got some catching up to do, big guy." Mulder grinned, slipping his hand inside Skinner's sweat pants.

"Scully's a girl, Mulder. Girls get to do the whole multiple orgasm thing, that's one of nature's little jokes on men," Skinner informed him. "Besides, I'm not as young as I was, and with not just one, but **two** insatiable young lovers, I get tired easily."

"Oh yeah, right." Mulder shook his head in disbelief, and Skinner's cock hardened under his firm embrace in direct contradiction to its owner's words. "It's a miracle!" Mulder exclaimed in a shocked tone, grinning slyly. Skinner growled, but before he could reply Scully's lips closed over his, and her tongue thrust in and out of his mouth in time to Mulder's rhythmic caress on his cock. Skinner gave in.

"And to think that you could be spending an afternoon enjoying yourself in the office." Mulder grinned, as they lay in a heap on the couch afterwards. "We all know about your self-sacrificial tendencies, Walter, but to give up your valuable office time in order to be subjected to all this sensory pleasure, well, that's beyond the call of duty. You're a hero."

Skinner reached out a lazy hand to deliver another thwap, but didn't have the energy, and instead he allowed his fingers to be captured in Mulder's mouth, and sucked on.

"Yeah, yeah, just go ahead and laugh at me, but it wasn't easy saying 'no', you know."

"Oh yeah, right. So on one hand you have some urgent **paperwork** to deal with, and on the other you have your two naked, devoted and utterly adorable-if-I-do-say-so-myself, lovers waiting to address themselves to your every sexual whim. That must have been a tough call, Walter," Mulder teased.

"Hmmm," Skinner murmured, then a thought occurred to him. He glanced down at Scully and gestured with his eyes towards the stairs, and she nodded and slipped away. A few minutes later, Skinner disengaged himself from Mulder with a heavy sigh.

"I need to get changed," he murmured, glancing down at his stained sweat pants.

"Oops." Mulder grinned unrepentantly.

Skinner ran up the stairs and into the bedroom, where he found Scully waiting for him expectantly.

"Okay - he was teasing me for being a workaholic, but what do you want to bet that **he** wouldn't think twice about ditching us if something came up?" Skinner asked her, grabbing his cell phone.

Scully's eyes lit up. "We wouldn't see him for dust," she confirmed.

"Let's see if we can't set a little trap for our Fox then," Skinner grinned. He sat down on the side of the bed, and Scully knelt beside him, leaning on his shoulder, giggling. "Ssh." He put a finger over his lips, and punched in Mulder's cellphone number. It rang for some time, and

they could both hear Mulder hopping around downstairs trying to locate it. Finally he answered.

"Mulder."

"Allo." Skinner affected a rasping, wheezy voice, and a guttural and totally unrecognisable, but vaguely Eastern European, accent. "Iz thiz Agent Muldar?"

"Yeah - who is this?"

"A friend," Skinner replied mysteriously. Scully started to shake with suppressed mirth. "I hav some information about ze grays."

"Ze what? I mean **the** what?" Mulder asked on the other end of the line.

"Ze grays," Skinner repeated impatiently. "Ze Reticulan grays. Yes, Mr. Muldar, I am talking about Roswell." Scully gave an incoherent moan against his shoulder. "You want to see proof of ze Roswell aliens, I give it to you. I meet you today."

"Today?" Mulder's voice was hesitant.

"Yes. Zis afternoon. At your apartment. Will you be zere, Mr. Muldar?"

"Uh...that's not convenient, how about tomorrow?" Mulder stalled.

"It haz to be today," Skinner insisted. "Ze information I haf is too valuable to wait. Yes?"

There was a long pause.

"Who are you?" Mulder asked.

"All will be answered zis afternoon," Skinner said firmly. There was another long pause, then a faint sigh.

"All right. I'll be there," Mulder replied. Scully gave a little shriek, and Skinner fell back on the bed, gurgling silently. They exchanged a high five. "What was that?" Mulder asked suspiciously.

"Zat was nothing. I will go now. I will see you later." Skinner sat up again, trying to ignore the squirming red-haired bundle of suppressed mirth on the bed beside him.

"No, wait!" Mulder said. "I'd like to know who you are, can't you give me a name at least?"

"My name?" Skinner glanced at Scully, and waved his free arm around in desperation.

"Yeah - so I know it's you when you turn up at my apartment," Mulder said reasonably.

"Ah, yes. My name iz...my name iz..." Scully waved her arms frantically back at him and they both stared at each other for a moment in a state of panic. "Bob!" Skinner finally declared in a triumphant tone. "Yes, it iz Bob," he confirmed, nodding sagely.

"Well, **Bob**, I think you've just been caught with your pants down," a voice behind him said. Skinner jumped in the air, and Scully let out a startled shriek. Mulder stood there, cellphone in hand. Scully collapsed into another fit of hysterical giggles.

"Bob..." she gasped, pointing. "Reticulans..."

"Yes, very funny, G-woman." Mulder's eyes narrowed, and he turned his attention back to Skinner.

"Gotcha!" Skinner grinned. "Admit it, Mulder, you fell for that one."

"I did not. I knew it was you from the beginning," Mulder retorted, advancing on him.

"No you didn't. You didn't have a clue." Skinner began a strategic retreat, backing away towards the window. Mulder jumped on the bed, and stood there, looking menacing with the extra height advantage this gave him. Scully shrieked again, tears running down her cheeks from laughing too much.

"Wait, Mulder..." Skinner held out a shaky hand, his own body still weak and helpless from too much laughter. "We can talk about this..."

"Too late." Mulder launched himself at Skinner and wrestled the big man to the ground, pinning him face down beneath him and sitting on his legs. He pulled Skinner's sweatpants down, and delivered some juicy slaps to the other man's bare butt while the helpless, hapless Skinner dissolved into peals of low, rumbling, bass giggles.

"Spank him!" Scully exclaimed, tearing herself off the bed and joining in, running her small hands over those lusciously reddened globes.

"Scully!" Skinner protested. "You're supposed to be on my side."

"It's more fun being on Mulder's side right now," Scully retorted disloyally.

"Oh, really, missy! Don't think you're getting away with this either," Mulder said, turning on her and grabbing her up in his arms, wrestling her out of her jeans while she erupted in another set of giggles.

"No, no, Walter, help me..." She begged, as Mulder trapped her on the bed, and delivered a sound swat to her backside.

"Remind me why I should," Skinner grinned, throwing himself down on the bed beside them.

"This was your idea, tell him, it was your idea..." Scully cried, tears of helpless laughter running down her cheeks.

"Was it?" Skinner grinned evilly. "Me? An assistant director of the FBI? A dull, unimaginative bureaucrat? How likely is it that I could possibly come up with a practical joke this wicked?" He wagged his eyebrows at her, and she groaned. "Aw...he's mussed up your pretty hair." Skinner told her, putting his head on one side. "And after I spent all that time drying it this morning too." He shook his head sadly and smiled at her, while Mulder delivered a couple more light swats. Then Mulder bent his head to her warm bottom and kissed it all over.

"We can't stay in all day," Skinner remarked to his companions an hour or so later as they all lay panting on the bed in various stages of undress. "We ought to get out, get some exercise."

"You mean, all this sex doesn't count as exercise?" Scully asked with a lazy yawn, and a long, arching stretch.

"No, it's too much fun," Skinner grinned. "Come on, my hedonistic young playthings, let's get moving."

"Oh god, the AD's back," Mulder moaned. "Put him away again, Batman. You promised to be Walter on our time."

"Batman?" Scully sat up. "Are we going to play the batman game? Ooooh, please. I love dressing Walter up in all that nice black leather."

"Ditto, Catwoman," Skinner grinned, and she mocked a clawed swipe at him. "But we are not going to spend the entire day in this apartment having sex, nice though that is. How about a swim?"

The local pool was half-empty, but even so, all three of them received some admiring glances as they emerged from the changing rooms. Skinner and Mulder were clad in black and red speedos respectively, while Scully was squashed into tight lycra in a shade of electric blue that matched her toenails.

"Way to go, Dana," Skinner whistled appreciatively, and she blushed and pinched his bottom then ran away giggling and jumped into the water. Skinner dived in after her, and grasped her firmly around the waist, administering a loving bite to the back of her neck. Mulder slid gracefully in beside them and set about trying to swim up and down in tedious repetitive lengths.

"What the hell is he doing?" Skinner asked, watching idly as Mulder front crawled past them, and turned.

"Can you believe it? He's actually trying to do something wholesome like swim laps." Scully sighed sadly, shaking her head.

"Well we'll soon put a stop to **that**." Skinner took a deep breath and ducked under the water, swimming close to the bottom until he had Mulder's red speedos in view above him. Then he changed direction and pushed himself up, sliding a hand around Mulder's waist. Mulder thrashed around for a moment, and then ducked beneath the surface and tucked his legs around the other man's waist, holding him there. Several long seconds later, they both emerged, gasping for air.

"Bastard!" Mulder spat.

"Language, Robin." Skinner grinned infuriatingly, glancing around them.

"I can't believe that we were thrown out of the pool." Skinner shook his head mournfully, as they emerged into the fading daylight.

"Poor baby. Never had so much as a speeding ticket before and now he's known as a pool bully," Mulder clucked, putting a sympathetic arm around Skinner's shoulder. "How does it feel to be a fully fledged bad boy, Walter?"

"Lousy," Skinner sighed melodramatically.

"Well, the sign did say no running, no diving and no petting," Mulder pointed out, "and we did do all three. Scully, why are you limping?" He turned around and gazed quizzically at their small partner who was lagging behind.

"I stubbed my toe getting out of the pool." She pulled a face.

"I think someone just wants a piggy back ride." Mulder grinned, taking Skinner's swimming bag. Skinner smiled, and Scully jumped up on his back delightedly. He threaded his arms through her legs and she wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed his bald head.

"Banned," Skinner said mournfully as they walked. "Banned from the local pool."

"Well, you did look pretty scary, Walter," Scully told him, nuzzling his ear lobe. "I mean, without your glasses, and with your physique, and of course the tattoo doesn't help."

"**You** have a tattoo!" He protested.

"Yes, but mine's hidden. Yours is a lovely tattoo, don't get me wrong," Scully fingered the tattoo through Skinner's sweater, "but a fiercely staring eagle on a burly upper arm can send out an intimidating message."

"It was the mascot of our battalion," he sighed.

"I like that. It's kind of romantic." Scully kissed his head again.

"I was stoned on my ass when I got it done," Skinner admitted, shame-faced. "My mom was furious when she saw it. It was 6 months before I dared take off my sweater at home. You never did tell us why you got your tattoo done, Dana."

"Yeah - what **is** the story behind that?" Mulder asked with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"That's not important," Scully said loftily. "What is important, is that two of us have tattoos and one of us," she glared meaningfully at Mulder, "doesn't."

"She's right, Mulder." Skinner nodded.

Mulder mulled it over for a moment. "Okay," he said at last. "In fact, the more I think about it, the more I like it. I'll do it! What kind of tattoo do you think I should get?"

"How about 'Property of DKS and WSS'?" Scully suggested innocently.

"In your dreams, Catwoman." Mulder slapped her bottom.

"Oh it's obvious what he has must have. A little fox with a long, nosy snout," Skinner grinned.

"On his cute ass." Scully clapped her hands delightedly on Skinner's head.

"A fox? I want to look threatening too. There's nothing threatening about a fox," Mulder snorted.

"Oh, they have their moments," Skinner remarked knowingly, "and you'd look silly with a scorpion, or one of those knives dripping blood."

"Or barbed wire," Scully added.

"All right. A fox it is then, but I'm not having it on my ass. I'm not stupid - you just want to make it painful for me to sit down for the next few days, Catwoman."

"There are easier ways of doing that, Mulder," Scully smirked. "I was merely thinking of all that swimming you do. If it's on your ass nobody but us," she patted Skinner's head, "will be able to see it."

"She's got a point, Mulder."

"All right." Mulder grinned and did an excited little jig. "I'll have it done on the side of my ass though. I don't want to spend the next couple of days perched on a pile of cushions."

The tattoo was very pretty, and Mulder didn't make too much fuss, much to everybody's surprise. They emerged into the cool night air, and after an emergency stop for some chocolate (Scully said it was an emergency anyway) they returned to Skinner's apartment. The two men threw themselves down on the couch with several cans of beer and turned on

the television to watch the game, while Scully snuggled down into the armchair with a book and the chocolate. After an hour she glanced up, bored.

"Anyone want to fool around?" She asked.

"Ssh!" Mulder waved his hand at her.

"He's cute," Scully pointed. "The one with the curly hair and big thighs. Ooh, the dark one's nice too, lovely buns."

"Scully." Skinner fixed her with a reproving stare. "We do not watch sports merely to comment on, and lust after, the physical attributes of the players."

"Don't we?" Scully asked innocently. "Oh. I must have been missing the point all these years then."

"Ssh." Mulder waved his hand at her again. Scully sighed, and got up, going to the bedroom. She took off all her clothes and returned to the lounge, then walked purposefully in front of the screen and sat down, stretching out her lithe, white body on the rug.

"Scully!" Mulder waved his hand at her again. "Move your head! I can't see. What the hell are you doing anyway?"

"Just proving something scientifically. Sadly." Scully got up and retired to the bedroom in a sulk. <Honestly, not just one but **two** gorgeous guys around the place, and all they can think of is some silly game where men chase a stupid ball around. It's insulting.>

She pulled on a robe, and sat in the armchair, thumbing through one of Mulder's porno magazines for a good laugh. "Ridiculous." She held the magazine upside down and squinted at it. "Plainly impossible," she murmured. There was a knock on the door, and she glanced up. Skinner's face appeared around the side of the door, an expression of abject apology creasing his blunt features.

"Scully, we're sorry," he said.

"It's no use. I'm upset." She continued flicking through the magazine, wondering what sort of penance she could exact from them both while they were in this mood of contrition.

"We're really, really sorry." Mulder followed Skinner into the room.

"We're so sorry that we'll even do that thing you asked us to do ages ago," Skinner added.

"You will?" Scully looked up, her eyes bright. "The thing I told you about when we were discussing our secret fantasies? The thing you said you'd die rather than do?"

"Yes." Skinner poked Mulder in the ribs. "We'll do it. Won't we, Mulder?"

"Yes," Mulder sighed.

"All of it?" Scully raised an eyebrow.

"All of it," Skinner said firmly.

"Even the dancing bit?" Scully pressed.

Mulder raised his eyes heavenward. "We're guys, Scully," he complained. Skinner placed his hand on the back of Mulder's neck and squeezed. "But yes," Mulder added hastily. "We'll do the dancing thing."

"By candlelight?" She asked.

"Of course." Skinner kept a very tight hold on the back of Mulder's neck. Mulder made a low, moaning sound.

"Without laughing," Scully insisted.

"Without laughing," Skinner nodded. "I'll tread on his toe if he so much as snickers, Scully."

"Good. And then you'll..." She gestured to the bed.

"Yes." Skinner nodded.

"Oh yeah." Mulder grinned. "We don't mind that bit at all."

"I can watch? The whole thing?" Scully's eyes were bright with glee.

"All of it." Skinner nodded again. "Um, do you have a, uh, preference, Dana?" He blushed a shade of bright tomato red.

"Preference?" She repeated, frowning.

"Yeah. Who's on top, who's underneath? Positions?" Mulder grinned, much more at ease with that concept than his burly lover.

"Ah. Hmmm. Let's think. I want it to be all soft and loving - lots of kisses and foreplay," Scully instructed. "And as Mulder's just had that nice tattoo done, I think he should go on top, so I can see it in all its glory. I want you," she got up and threw her arms around Skinner, "to be on your back. And I don't want **you**," she threw her arms around Mulder and kissed him, "to make him come. I want to finish him off myself when you're through."

Skinner's face was now a shade of agonised purple.

"She's quite a gal." Mulder shook his head fondly. "Hey, what's the matter, big guy? We're going to put on a show for our little lady. What could be nicer?"

"I think there's something very strange about a man who thinks dancing is more perverse than putting on a sex display," Skinner commented stiffly.

Mulder grinned. "Come on, big guy. Our lady's waiting. I promise I'll be gentle with you," he teased. Skinner grabbed him in a headlock, and Scully cleared her throat.

"Boys! Is this soft and loving?" She admonished, getting up and sorting through their 'upstairs' CD collection until she found the one she wanted. "Ah, perfect." She grinned, holding it up.

"Oh shit. It isn't the damned 'Self-righteous Brothers' is it?" Mulder groaned. "This is your fault for buying her the video of *Ghost* for her last birthday, Walter," he hissed at Skinner.

"She loves that film, and anyway, this is **her** fantasy, Mulder, so she can choose whatever music she wants to go with it," Skinner retorted.

"So, the only question is," Mulder grinned wickedly, "which one of us is going to be Patrick Swayze, and which one's going to be Demi Moore?"

"You can be Demi. You have the hair for it." Skinner smirked. Mulder pouted but his reply was cut off as Scully clapped her hands and sent them off to get all the candles they could lay their hands on. They returned with a considerable supply, most of which they'd found in the bathroom as Scully was prone to taking candlelit baths. She set the candles out around the room, and then she went around lighting each one, before taking off her robe, and seating herself back in the armchair. The candlelight rendered the room mysterious and shadows flickered across Scully's white flesh. She noted, with some satisfaction, that both Mulder and Skinner seemed to have larger than normal bulges in their pants.

"Ready, boys?" she asked. "Oops! Hang on!" She ran to the night-stand, breasts jiggling in a way that both the men seemed to appreciate, and found condoms and lube, which she left out ready for them, then she hopped back to the armchair and settled herself back down again. She turned the music on, and the strains of "Unchained Melody" began to float mournfully across the room.

Skinner held out his hand, and, after only a momentary hesitation, Mulder took it. Skinner swung him close, and placed his arms around the other man, his hands gently caressing his back, then moving down to his buttocks. Mulder laid his head on Skinner's shoulder, and kissed his cheek. Scully sighed.

Oh, my love, my darling, I've hungered for your touch... The words lilted across the room, and Mulder lifted his face to Skinner's, and their mouths met in a kiss. Skinner moved his hand up into Mulder's hair, and ran his fingers through it lightly as they danced, his other hand still caressing Mulder's butt. Mulder nuzzled his way along the side of Skinner's jaw, and ended up at his mouth for another kiss, as they both swayed in time to the music. Mulder's hand slipped down the back of Skinner's pants and softly stroked his bare ass, and both men kissed again, deeply this time. When the kiss was over, Skinner's lips trailed down Mulder's throat, and sucked lightly, his body thrusting against the other man's as Mulder's fingers dipped between his buttocks. Mulder looked into Skinner's eyes, and the other man looked back, his expression loving, and they danced, slowly, and tenderly for the remainder of the song.

As the melody drew to a close, Mulder broke away, and held out his hand to Skinner, drawing him over to the bed. He pulled Skinner's tee shirt over the other man's head, and drew him close again, pushing him down on the bed, and snaking over, to lie on top of him, his tongue flicking at Skinner's nipples. Skinner rolled Mulder over, and undid the other man's denim shirt, then reached in to caress his torso. Slowly, sensuously, they undressed each other. In her armchair, Scully leaned back, and idly stroked the hair between her legs, her eyes transfixed by the sight of her beautiful men making love to each other.

Finally, Mulder pushed Skinner onto his back, and sat astride the other man's chest, allowing Skinner to take his cock into his mouth, and tease it into a full erection. Then he moved back down the other man's body and pushed his lubed fingers into his anus, rubbing until Skinner arched his back, in pleasure. Removing his fingers he returned to Skinner's head, and dipped his face down for a full, deep kiss.

"Ready, big guy?" he whispered. Skinner nodded, and caressed Mulder's hair, drawing him back for another kiss and then releasing him. Mulder returned to his former position between Skinner's legs, and stopped to fondle the other man's cock until he was hard. Then he took Skinner's buttocks in both his hands and parted them, nudging his cock into the entrance, and pushing slowly. Skinner made a noise like a low growl, and pulled Mulder more fiercely into him, and soon Mulder was moving rhythmically, sweat trickling down his back. Scully watched his bottom moving back and forward, the small red fox that was tattooed on it seeming to change shape and move as it was caught in the flickering candlelight. Skinner began to make little whimpering noises, which she knew from experience meant that his prostate was sending jolts of pleasure through his body. Her hand went down to her clit, and she found that it was already swollen and throbbing. She watched as Mulder put his head back and called out, his hands caressing Skinner's thighs the whole time, stroking and soothing. Skinner's body arched to meet Mulder's final thrust, sweat pouring off him, his cock hard and ready, waiting for release. Mulder came with a wild, hoarse shout, and he locked one of his hands with Skinner's.

Scully didn't hesitate. She ran over to the bed, and kissed both men, wiped Mulder's sweaty locks from his forehead, and gently caressed Skinner's chest. As Mulder withdrew, she took her place where he had been, lowering herself onto Skinner's waiting cock. Mulder knelt behind her, his arms around her, his fingers toying with her breasts as she slid up and down on Skinner's cock. She was so wet that he kept slipping out of her, so Mulder held him in place with one hand, while his other continued playing with Scully's nipples. She bent down and kissed Skinner, and his hands grabbed her buttocks, his fingers sliding inside her. She gasped at the stimulation her body was receiving, and came in a huge shuddering wave, her come flooding down the inside of her legs and over Skinner's thighs.

"Way to go, Scully," Mulder whistled admiringly. It was a good thing he was there, Scully thought to herself, because her whole body seemed to have been turned into jello, and Mulder's strong arms held her up. A few seconds later, Skinner gave one last thrust, and came too. All three of them fell down on top of each other in a tangle of sweaty limbs. They lay there for a long while, just panting, and then Skinner pulled both his agents up against his chest, and held them while their sweat cooled on their skins, and their breathing returned to normal.

"I love you," he murmured.

"Ditto." Scully kissed the side of his chest.

Mulder grinned at her. "Double ditto," he said, taking her hand and kissing the fingers.

They ordered a take-out and ate it in the bath, and then flopped back into bed. Skinner smiled as he took up his place in the middle. He watched while Mulder pranced naked around the room, looking for some book he'd lost and needed for work the following day. Scully emerged from the bathroom, brushing her teeth, and handed Mulder the book.

"It was under a pile of your clothes," she told him. He grinned his thanks, and licked some toothpaste from her chin. She batted him away. Skinner wondered what he'd done with himself before these two beautiful people had entered his life in such a wonderful way. He loved their Sundays together. Tomorrow morning, Scully would put on her sensible suit and become serious and scientific. Mulder would find some weird case that would mean him presenting his boss with a hastily prepared 302, which they would have their usual argument about. Meanwhile he would sit in his office and make high level decisions that could affect the lives of a great many people. Yet here, now, they were just three people who made each other happy - an oasis of comfort in a desert of a Real Life that was often hard, confusing and difficult.

Mulder jumped into bed beside Skinner, and rolled over onto his side, his face pressed against the big man's chest. Scully sat on the side of the bed and set the alarm clock, before neatly arranging herself on her stomach, her head angled to one side, looking at them both. Skinner slid down under the sheets on his back, and lightly caressed Scully's bottom with one hand, and Mulder's thigh with the other. They lay there for a moment in the darkness, listening to each other breathe.

"D'you remember that day we lived over and over again?" Mulder whispered in the silence.

"Mmmm." Scully replied, burying her face in her pillow.

"The one with the bank robbery?" Skinner asked.

"Yeah. The déjà vu one. We lived it over and over again until what was supposed to happen, happened."

"That's what you said in your report, anyway," Skinner commented in a tone that implied that he wasn't entirely convinced about that.

"That's right. There was a bomb and bullets, it was a depressing kind of day," Mulder said.

"Yeah." Scully's warm breath tickled Skinner's neck.

"Well, I think that if I could choose a day to live over again, I'd like to choose this one," Mulder whispered. "If there's one day I'd like to be trapped in, this is it."

Skinner and Scully were silent for a moment, and then Skinner turned his head and dropped a kiss onto Mulder's forehead.

"Me too, Boy Wonder," he murmured.

"And me." Scully's hand tip-toed over Skinner's chest and touched Mulder's arm. "Me too, Mulder." Skinner felt her lips press against his shoulder. He smiled.

Skinner sat up, disoriented. He glanced around, his brain fuzzy, and caught sight of the alarm clock. 6:29.

"Walter," a voice murmured in a tone of vague protest.

"Mmmm?"

"It's Sunday."

"What? Oh, yeah." Skinner lay back down, and the lanky body next to him became suffused by a sudden fit of giggles.

"Gotcha, **Bob**."

THE END.

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