

Warning: array_key_exists() [function.array-key-exists]: The first argument should be either a string or an integer in /home/xanthe/public_html/includes/storyblock.php on line 103

Sweet Dreams by Xanthe



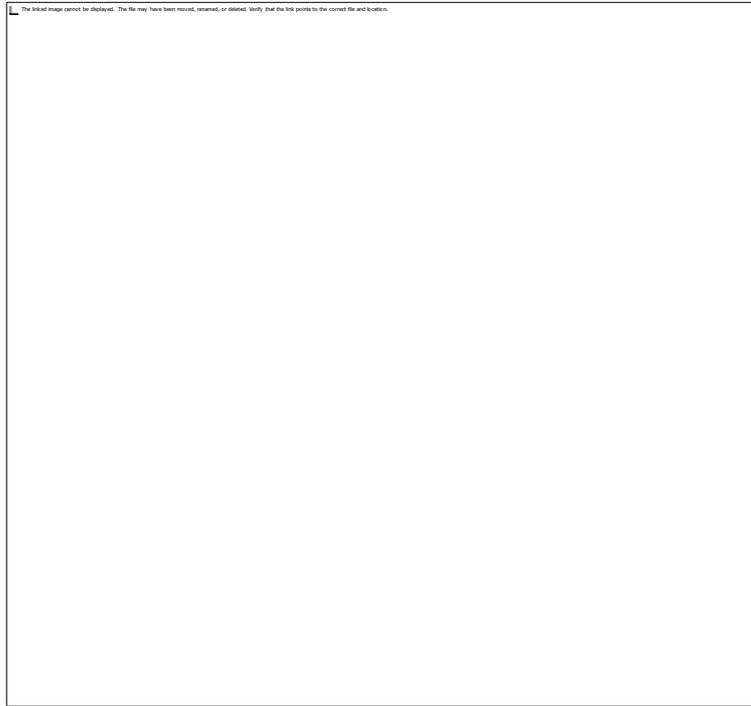
<http://www.xanthe.org/sweet-dreams/>

Story Notes:

Pic by **CDavis**

This story was written in memory of DiAnn on the first anniversary of her passing away. Her stories, which are referred to in this story, can be found **here**. She is much missed and still in my heart and thoughts.

Sweet Dreams by Xanthe



Skinner's eyes snapped open. He always slept with one ear awake, legacy of his time in Vietnam. It had given him an extra sense for noises that were suspicious, so he came to with a start, already reaching for his gun. The sound, whatever it was, had come from the direction of the back yard of his newly acquired townhouse in Georgetown. He was slowly becoming accustomed to the sounds of his new house, but he was sure that this was outside the normal range. He slid soundlessly from the bed, and, holding his gun, walked stealthily towards the window, making no noise. The lessons he had learned in Vietnam had stayed with him all his life, for which he was profoundly glad – he had needed them on more than one occasion since becoming involved in Mulder's crusade.

Skinner pushed aside the edge of the drape, and peered into the garden. He couldn't see anything in the darkness, but he sensed something. The hairs on the back of his neck rose – he knew, without any shadow of a doubt, that someone was out there. Skinner moved swiftly and purposefully out of his bedroom and down the stairs. He was clad only his boxer shorts, but now didn't seem to be a time to worry about his appearance – he was more concerned with catching whatever intruder was lurking in his garden. Still holding his gun, he paused for a moment by the back door. In the silence of the night he could hear a faint creaking. Perturbed, he silently unlocked the back door and then paused for a moment, with his hand on the switch that operated the light in the back yard. He counted to three under his breath, still trying to figure out what the strange creaking was, and then turned on the light and stepped out into the yard at the same time, his gun held high.

The word "freeze" died on his lips as he took in the sight of the startled man seated on the swing in his back yard – a swing that creaked as it swung, a fact he didn't know because he'd

never sat on it. The previous owners of the house had 3 kids, and Skinner hadn't gotten around to removing the large swing from the yard yet – it wasn't exactly a priority after all. He stared at the man on his swing, and the man stared back at him, an embarrassed, and faintly apologetic smile on his lips.

"I like your new house. It suits you. Nice neighborhood. " Mulder, being Mulder, had to act as if it was perfectly normal for him to be sitting on his boss's swing in his back yard at - Skinner checked his watch – ten past three in the morning.

"Mulder, what the hell are you doing here?" he snapped ungraciously, going to re-holster his gun and then finding he wasn't wearing anything other than his boxer shorts. That fact didn't seem to be lost on Mulder either, who was gazing at his half-naked boss with a frankly appreciative stare that Skinner found un-nerving.

"Contemplating the stars?" Mulder offered hopefully. "It's a clear night." He gazed up at the sky.

"It's also pretty cold," Skinner told him, shivering in the un-seasonally chilly air. "Mulder... is something wrong?"

His agent was hunched, his lean body nestled into the swing as he moved listlessly, back and forth, his feet scuffing the ground with each forward motion.

"Wrong? No." Mulder gave him a strained smile. "Nothing wrong." He gazed thoughtfully back up at the stars. "Do you believe in messages from beyond the grave, sir?" He asked suddenly. Skinner sighed. If he had known when he woke up that he was going to find Agent Fox Mulder in a contemplative state in his garden then he'd have dressed more warmly for the occasion and brought out coffee and cookies as well. This was clearly going to be a long night.

"Mulder, it's the middle of the night in case you haven't noticed, and I'm not exactly dressed for long philosophical discussions about the afterlife," he snapped, and then immediately regretted his words as a light flared and then died in his agent's eyes. A mask came down over Mulder's face and he nodded, his expression strained.

"You're right, sir. I'm sorry. This is...you must think I've completely lost it. Turning up at your house in the middle of the night like this. I'll leave."

He unfurled his long body and jumped from the swing, landing awkwardly. Skinner put out a hand to steady him and suddenly they were standing very close, and Skinner was profoundly aware that he was barely dressed. Mulder's breath was warm on his cheek, and Mulder's lips were very close to his face. It was...disconcerting. Mulder seemed to be equally discomfited because he drew back, slowly, and bit down hard on his lip.

"Sorry, sir," Mulder whispered again. "I'll leave. I shouldn't have come here." He turned to go.

"Wait." Skinner found himself placing a hand on his agent's arm. "I'm awake now, anyway," he murmured, more grimly than he intended. "Let's go inside and talk about this. If something was important enough to bring you out here to sit in my garden in the middle of the night

then the least I can do is listen."

"I'm not sure I have anything to say." Mulder pursed his full lips and shrugged, his shoulders still hunched.

"That'll be a first," Skinner said, with a broad grin. Mulder stared at him for a moment, and then the corners of his mouth turned up slightly in appreciation of the small joke. He seemed oddly vulnerable and Skinner couldn't help but want to find out what was upsetting him.

"Come on, boy," Skinner growled affectionately, reaching out a hand to grab the back of his agent's neck. "Let's figure out what's going on inside that convoluted brain of yours." Mulder's smile became almost wistful, but he allowed himself to be propelled into the house.

Skinner left his uninvited guest making coffee in the kitchen, while he went back upstairs to pull on some sweatpants and a tee shirt. He returned to find Mulder lost in thought, sitting at his kitchen table in the dark. The younger man jumped as Skinner turned on the lights.

"What is this thing you have with sitting in the dark?" Skinner asked lightly.

"Some things are clearer in the dark," Mulder murmured, lacing his long fingers around his coffee cup as if it were some kind of lifeline. Skinner studied his guest for a moment. Mulder had dark circles under his eyes, testament to a profound lack of sleep that must have been going on for some time. His hair was tousled, as if he had just woken up, and the expression in his eyes was almost haunted.

"What's this about, Fox?" Skinner asked gently, sitting down at the table opposite the troubled young man. Mulder lifted his hazel eyes to his boss, and chewed aimlessly on his lower lip.

"My mother died a year ago this week," he murmured.

"Oh. I'm sorry." Skinner could have kicked himself for forgetting that anniversary.

"No need to be. No reason why anyone but me should remember it. She was my mom after all...and...the thing is...the thing is that I didn't mourn her, sir. Not really." Mulder's fingers shifted around his mug. "We weren't close at the end. She and I didn't really have anything to say to each other because there was only one thing we needed to talk about and she wouldn't talk about it - and I couldn't pretend that it didn't exist between us. So...we just didn't talk at all. But... I always believe she wanted the best for me. I believe it even more now...since she died."

"You talked about messages from beyond the grave," Skinner prompted gently.

"Yes. I...hell, you know me, sir, so I guess this won't shock you...but I think she's been sending me dreams."

"Dreams?" Skinner frowned, watching as Mulder's long fingers picked nervously at some sugar that had spilled on the table.

"Yes. I think they're from her at least. They began a little while after she died, and in the run up to her anniversary they've become more and more...vivid." Mulder gave an anxious little

smile, and his eyes darted in the direction of his boss, as if searching for something. Skinner took a deep breath. There was such yearning in Mulder's eyes! He seemed so intent, as if he needed to find something very badly indeed – and it was Skinner he wanted to find it in.

"Are they disturbing?" Skinner asked, sitting very still, in contrast to Mulder's restless movements.

"Disturbing?" A smile curved on Mulder's lips. "It depends what you mean by disturbing I suppose. The truth is..." He ducked his head. "The truth is that I don't find them disturbing, sir. The truth is... the truth is..." he repeated the phrase over and over, but seemed unwilling to finish the sentence. Skinner put his hand over Mulder's restlessly questing fingers, stilling them.

"Tell me," he insisted.

"The truth is that I find the dreams curiously comforting...even...arousing." Mulder bit on his lip.

"Oh." Skinner stared at his agent, non-plussed.

"I'm not making much sense," Mulder sighed. "They aren't just wet dreams, sir." He smiled apologetically. "They're much, much more. They're like...adventures. Yes...adventures. They're full of drama and excitement and...love."

He leaned back and surveyed his boss for a moment, as if weighing something up, and then took a deep breath and ploughed on.

"You're in them, sir," he said.

Skinner took a deep breath, startled. "I am?" He was intrigued.

"Yes." Mulder bowed his head but not in time to prevent Skinner seeing the flush that had spread out on the younger man's cheeks.

"Mulder." He reached out and put a finger under his agent's chin, then raised Mulder's face until the other man was looking at him. Mulder's hazel eyes were bright with embarrassment – and a curious kind of longing.

"Tell me about the dreams, Mulder," Skinner said gently, but insistently.

Mulder swallowed hard. "That's not easy. They were...very strange. At first I didn't know what to make of them, but later...later I came to the conclusion that they were sent by my mother...and that's kind of embarrassing of and by itself given their content." He gave a little grimace. "But I think she was trying to tell me something. I think that she was trying to give back something to me...after all the silences, and misunderstandings...I think she's been trying to make me see something that's been right before my eyes all this time, but which I never...well...I never..." He trailed off and dropped his gaze again.

"Tell me about the dreams, Mulder," Skinner repeated, in a firmer tone this time. "I think you need to tell me about the dreams, don't you?"

"I'm not sure what your reaction will be," Mulder whispered so softly Skinner almost didn't hear him.

"Well you won't find out unless you tell me." Skinner smiled. Mulder relaxed a little, clearly encouraged by his boss's understanding tone.

"All right...but remember I warned you." Mulder bit on his lip again. "In one I was a cabin boy on a ship. It was a long time ago...and you, you were the Captain of the ship."

"Sounds like fun." Skinner tried to keep his tone as encouraging as possible. This was clearly difficult for Mulder and he was intrigued by what else his troubled young agent had to say. "Were we pirates?" He prompted with a grin. "I've always liked the idea of being a pirate, sailing the high seas and committing acts of dastardly derring do."

Mulder grinned back, startled but also clearly pleased by Skinner's acceptance of the dream.

"Well, yeah, there was a lot of that. And the weird thing is that we kept coming across people I know – Tom Colton, Scully, Scully's mom, and hundreds of others. It's as if everyone was there, in that totally different world...but the most important person was you." He dropped his gaze again and his fingers began sifting through the sugar once more.

"Why was I the most important person?" Skinner prompted gently.

"Because I belonged to you. I was your...uh...cabin boy. You were the captain. We were...close." Mulder's face flamed such a bright red as he spoke that Skinner understood immediately what his agent meant by 'close'. He found his own face flushing as well...and, more surprisingly, a faint stirring in his boxer shorts. The idea of being a pirate captain, with Fox Mulder at his side, as his cabin boy, appealed to him. No, it did more than that...he found it arousing, just as Mulder had admitted he found it arousing.

"What else?" Skinner tried to take a nonchalant sip from his coffee, still too surprised by his reactions to the last dream to analyse what it could mean.

"I was a Prince of the Realm and you were my bodyguard. You were some kind of Knight. We fought against dragons and Cancerman...and you...uh, you..."

"We were close again?" Skinner offered sympathetically.

"Yes, but it was more than that. I was...prone to doing wild and outlandish things, risking my life, that kind of thing and you...you...took a stern view of that." Mulder grimaced.

"That sounds somewhat familiar," Skinner commented wryly.

"Yes. Only when I say stern view, I mean...I mean...well...never mind." Mulder flushed again.

"What about the other dreams?" Skinner prompted, deciding the issue about his sternness in the dreams was one that Mulder wasn't able to face up to right now. "I'm presuming there are more?"

"Yes. Uh, in one there was a ghost...he was trying to get you to see that I was your...um...ideal...um...lover." Mulder's face went from bright red to very pale as he said that word.

"I see," Skinner said neutrally, stirring his coffee noisily and unnecessarily as he didn't take sugar.

"And then there was a very long dream about a vampire," Mulder said hastily, trying to cover up the implications of the previous dream. "And another one about an island...but what was important...what I was always left with...is the sense that someone cared about me. Very much. I don't have that in my life, sir. I don't think I even had it while my mother was alive which was why I wonder whether she's trying to contact me after her death, to show me what could be. I think she's been trying to tell me what I could have, if I only opened my eyes and looked. That's why I came here tonight, sir. I had another dream, and when I woke up I felt so alone that I actually wept. I didn't realise what I was missing until I had the dreams. In them you were always there...even when you were angry with me you were there for me. You loved me...and I was crazy about you. I think...I think...I am crazy about you, sir. Here. Now. Outside the dreams."

All this came out in a torrent of words as if Mulder feared that if he thought about what he was saying he wouldn't have the nerve to say it. He couldn't catch Skinner's eye throughout his babbling speech and his fingers nervously shifted across the table, scuttling like spiders.

"Oh shit. I'm talking nonsense. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come here. They were just dreams. Scully would have an explanation. It was nothing more than..." Mulder got up suddenly. "I'm sorry. You have every right to punch me on the jaw and escort me to the door. I'll leave." He threw himself towards the door, and wrenched it open. Skinner found himself acting entirely on impulse as he got up, and ran towards the door, getting there just in time to slam it shut before Mulder could exit through it.

"Not so fast, boy," Skinner found himself saying. Mulder stood there, his shoulders hunched even more desperately than before, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I'm sorry. Oh shit. I basically just propositioned you in your own kitchen. I shouldn't be here. I didn't intend for you to wake up. I just wanted to be near you. To know you were close. That's why I came here tonight. Sitting on your swing was enough. I didn't know you'd wake up. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"Fox." Skinner lifted Mulder's face gently. "It's all right. Hush."

"There's no need to be kind. I should have taken this to a therapist where it belonged but I hate shrinks so much." Mulder babbled. "And now I've fucked up everything...I don't know what the fuck I was thinking..."

"Mulder - I said be quiet." Skinner grabbed the other man by the shoulders and shut him up the one way he knew would work – by pressing his lips over Mulder's and holding him close, his big arms wrapped around Mulder's slender shoulders as he opened the other man's mouth with his lips and pressed his tongue insistently inside. Mulder nestled into him as if he had done this a thousand times before, which maybe he had, in these dreams of his. It was

strange, thought Skinner, in some foggy recess of his brain that wasn't occupied with kissing Mulder, but this felt like the most right thing he'd ever done in his life. Mulder felt right, captured in his arms, the sound of his heart beating against Skinner's chest, his skin supple and smooth beneath Skinner's fingers, his mouth lush and breathtaking against Skinner's own. Skinner pulled him even closer, his questing hands took hold of Mulder's buttocks in a proprietorial way and he knew, somehow, that this was where Mulder belonged, held close against his own body, sheltered in the circle of his arms.

Time stood still. They kissed for what seemed like eternity, and then Skinner finally released his new lover, and gently caressed Mulder's trembling face.

"I told you it would be all right," Skinner said softly, his thumb tracing a trail down the side of Mulder's cheek.

"More than all right." Mulder smiled weakly, but his eyes still wouldn't meet Skinner's.

"There's something else," Skinner guessed, accurately.

"Yes." Mulder's voice was almost inaudible.

"Tell me." Skinner's hands were firm on Mulder's shoulders, as he held the younger man up, squeezing to encourage him to talk at the same time. "Come on, it can't be any harder than what you've already told me and that was all right wasn't it?" Skinner smiled, and leaned in for another kiss on Mulder's soft lips, this one gentle and encouraging.

"Yes. But..." Mulder shook beneath Skinner's hands.

"Fox, look at me. You're mine now," Skinner told him firmly, slipping into this role as if it was one he had been waiting for all his life. "You can't hide anything from me," he said sternly. "I won't allow it."

That seemed to steady Mulder. He looked up, and swallowed hard. "In my dreams, you weren't just my lover. You also punished me. Frequently." Mulder gave a little grimace.

Skinner gazed at him incredulously. "You mean..." He had an image of a naked Mulder, stretched out over his knee, or over a desk, or a bed, or even, surprisingly, a horse, awaiting punishment, and his cock swelled at the thought. He could imagine the feel of his agent's buttocks under his firm hand, could see them change from palest white to a rosy hued red in tone...and he found it almost unbearably arousing, and again, so right.

"Yeah." Mulder grimaced again. "It hurt. A lot," he mumbled. "But somehow... I don't know, it was necessary. It was part of the glue that held our love together, that made us so complete, so perfect for each other. I didn't always appreciate that at the time, but it was true. The ghost dream... I didn't tell you everything... the reason we were so perfect for each other was because the ghost could see I was, uh..." his face flushed again. "Submissive. Sexually submissive, and you were the perfect complement to that – you were sexually dominant..." Mulder swallowed hard. "In the others... well, you just seemed to like spanking me to be honest. Personally, I didn't think it was always justified but..."

"I think," Skinner interrupted him, "that I will decide what is justified and what isn't from

now on. Yes?"

The shaking shoulders beneath his fingers began to still, and Mulder looked up at him, the expression of shock and need being replaced by one of peace and contentment – and just the merest hint of rebellion.

"I..." He began and then he smiled, a little dreamily. "Yes, sir," he murmured.

"Good." Skinner felt as if the universe had just clicked into place. Whether it was because of Mrs. Mulder sending dreams to her son, or whether it was just Mulder's own subconscious telling him what he needed, what they both needed, he didn't know. He did know that while he should have been surprised by the night's events, he somehow wasn't. This was meant to be. It was good, and right, and true. He had by his side a brilliant, irrepressible, beautiful young lover who was his by right, and by destiny. Skinner wasn't sure that he believed in past and future lives, but he did know that if he did believe in them that Mulder was in every single one of his, just as they had been together in all Mulder's dreams.

"Come with me." He put his arm around Mulder's shoulder and escorted the younger man up the stairs to his bedroom. When they got there, he circled Mulder as if he was prey, taking in the other man's long limbed body and nervous hazel eyes. Skinner closed in, and ran his hands over Mulder as if becoming re-acquainted with a much-cherished possession after a long period apart from it. Mulder shivered under his touch, clearly aroused, his hard cock poking through his jeans in a way that Skinner knew had to be painful. "Take your clothes off, boy," Skinner whispered. Mulder's eyes flashed for a moment with both longing and rebellion. He was, quite literally, living out his wildest dreams but it was as if he couldn't quite believe it. "Now...boy," Skinner repeated. "Cabin boy," he said, in a low tone, husky with sexual need. Mulder didn't hesitate this time. He stripped off his jeans, sweater, briefs, socks and shoes and then stood naked and nervous before Skinner.

"My boy." Skinner ran his hands over the deliciously pale flesh, squeezing here and there, cupping a buttock in his hand and kneading it imperiously, tweaking a nipple between thumb and forefinger, making Mulder groan. "I think," Skinner said hoarsely, "that a little punishment is in order first, don't you? This bottom is a little too pale for my tastes. I'll want to keep it at a more rosy hue than this."

Mulder's eyes widened. "But, sir...I've done nothing..."

"It pleases me, boy," Skinner interrupted him firmly. "We must start as we mean to go on, after all, and a fresh start is exactly what you need. How many sleepless nights have you had lately?"

"Too many." Mulder hung his head. "Every time I go to bed I have the dreams. I can't go back to sleep after one of them. I'm too psyched up."

"Tonight you'll sleep," Skinner predicted with the utmost confidence. "You'll sleep in my arms, with your red ass warming the bed. I promise you that you'll sleep like a baby. Come here." He sat down on the side of the bed, pulled Mulder by the wrist and neatly flipped him over his knee. Mulder's legs scissored frantically for a moment, and then were still. Skinner gazed at the pristine white bottom in front of him as if it were a feast to be consumed – slowly, like a gourmand, taking his time, savouring each morsel. He stroked the bottom

gently, and Mulder moaned and leaned into him. Skinner could fill the younger man's cock hard against his thigh. "I'm going to punish you, cabin boy, so you come to understand who you belong to, and the kind of penalty you'll pay for disobedience. Do you understand me?" The press of Mulder's cock against his thigh and the other man's low groan convinced him that Mulder did understand. "Good." Skinner smiled, and then brought his hand down sharply on Mulder's bottom. His lover bounced a little, startled.

"Shit!" Mulder screeched. "It doesn't hurt in my dreams!" He confessed.

"Well it hurts in real life, but there are compensations," Skinner said, a grin in his voice. He raised his hand again and brought it down once more on Mulder's white flesh, delighting in the smacking sound it made and the fiery imprint it left on Mulder's bottom. "I'll have to keep this bottom well spanked, I think," he mused out loud. "A bottom such as this should be spanked daily, kept constantly warm as a reminder of who you belong to and what the penalties are for disobedience." He punctuated his words with a flurry of hard spanks and Mulder moaned and twisted and writhed under his fingers. The sight and sounds of this were all so arousing that Skinner was lost in the sensory delight of it. It was the first spanking he had ever given, and yet he felt as if he had been doing it all his life. He spanked his new young lover until Mulder was crying incoherently, and then he helped the other man onto the bed and stood, surveying the sight appreciatively. Mulder was stretched out, the pale skin of his back and thighs at odds with the bright red of his bottom. His tousled hair made him look much younger than his years and he was gazing longingly over his shoulder at his boss, and lover, his hazel eyes bright with need and expectation.

Skinner grinned. He stripped off quickly and efficiently, enjoying the way Mulder's pupils dilated as he feasted on the sight of Skinner's impressive erect penis. Skinner got onto the bed and pulled Mulder into his arms. The younger man came eagerly, longingly, and surrendered himself completely to the kiss that his dominant lover bestowed on his lush lips, parting them so that Skinner could gain access to his mouth and accepting his tongue willingly. As they kissed, Skinner held Mulder close, and his hands closed around Mulder's buttocks. He cupped them, squeezing hard and enjoying Mulder's moan of pain mingled with pleasure. When the kiss was over, he explored every inch of Mulder's body with his hands and tongue, noting any scars and blemishes, and kissing each one.

"You belong to me now," he said hoarsely as he caressed.

"I always have," was Mulder's reply, shrouded in moans of pure need. Skinner found condoms and lubricant in his nightstand, and placed his lover on his stomach.

"Time to prove it," Skinner whispered, sliding one lubed finger into Mulder's ass. Mulder opened his legs wider to make the penetration deeper and soon Skinner was using two and then three fingers, and then it was time to move things up a gear. He pulled a condom onto his straining cock, and parted Mulder's glowing red buttocks, enjoying the warmth of them under his hands. His cock slipped home easily, as if it had always belonged inside Mulder's waiting body and soon Skinner was rhythmically thrusting into his young lover, his hands firm and steadying on Mulder's body. Only when he had enjoyed his own climax did he reach underneath Mulder and bring release to the younger man's straining cock. Then they both sank down, exhausted, onto the bed.

Skinner pulled Mulder into his arms and held him close.

"Was that as good as in your dreams?" He asked.

"It was better. Much, much better," Mulder replied his eyes hazy with post-orgasmic pleasure.

"You'll never be alone again," Skinner whispered, his mouth nuzzling Mulder's sweaty dark hair. "You're where you belong now."

"Yes. Thank you." Mulder nestled against Skinner's furred chest, his mouth nuzzling the big man's nipples.

Skinner smiled as Mulder's movements slowed to nothing and the younger man's eyes began to droop and then closed. He was tired himself – but happier than he had ever been in his life. It had been a surprising night, and yet somehow not surprising at all. He felt as all was well with the world and everything was exactly as it should be. He kissed his lover's forehead and Mulder stirred against him.

"G'night...Captain," Mulder whispered sleepily into Skinner's chest.

Skinner dropped another kiss onto his lover's face. "Good night," he replied. "And sweet dreams... Cabin Boy."

The End

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