

The Dare by Xanthe

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It started with a kiss...

"Go on. I dare you." Mulder's hazel eyes were filled with laughter. Scully stared down at the flukeworm with an expression of disgust on her face.

"You cannot be serious!" she snorted.

"It's anaesthetized. What's the problem? Are you chicken?" Mulder sneered. He flashed her his most infuriating smile, and walked off towards the door, making little clucking noises as he went.

"WAIT!" she yelled. Saying the word "chicken" to any member of the Scully family was like waving a red rag at a bull. Scully had mashed Charlie's head against the carpet several times when they were kids for throwing that particular insult at her. "Okay, partner. You asked for it. But you've started something here, so you'd better be able to finish it!"

Mulder turned around, and folded his arms, daring her to do it. Scully gritted her teeth, bent her head down... and stopped, wrinkling up her nose.

"Qwark..." Mulder chirruped, doing his best brooding hen impression.

"Mulder," she wailed, "this thing has spent its life in a sewer. It stinks!"

"Qwark," he repeated infuriatingly, flapping his arms.

Scully closed her eyes, clenched her fists, and sank her lips into the gelatinous flesh, gagging on the appalling stench.

"There!" she stood up, and advanced on her partner.

"Hey, don't hit me!" Mulder put his hands up in mock surrender. "I'm impressed! Look, here's a dollar."

"We'll put it in the pot!" Scully snatched it out of his hands.

"What pot?" Mulder grinned.

"The one we start as of today. Winner takes all, and the name of the game, Spookyboy, is Dare."

<It started with a kiss...> Scully thought mournfully to herself, as she slid a stocking down one smooth, pale thigh. <But I never thought it would come to this...>

It was her own fault. They'd been playing this game for three years now, and the stakes had just gotten higher and higher. There was now over 100 dollars in the pot. But it wasn't a question of the money - it was pure, stubborn pride. Neither of them wanted to be the first to refuse a dare, and lose the game, even though the dares had become more and more outrageous.

<Definitely my fault...> Scully undid her brassiere, and put it on the pile with the rest of her clothing. <If only I hadn't brought in that damn paddle...>

"What's this?" Mulder took the big envelope she handed him.

"Your next dare." Scully grinned broadly, hardly able to contain her amusement. She'd get him on this one. There was no way in hell that he'd dare to do this. He opened the envelope, and pulled out a sleek black paddle, with the legend "Fox William Mulder" emblazoned across it in large red letters.

"A paddle with my name on it?" He raised an eyebrow at her. "Ooh, Scully, I never knew you had a kinky streak! What you gonna do? Spank me with it?" he leered suggestively.

"Me? No!" She giggled hysterically for a few moments, enjoying the dare she had cooked up for him. He sat there, with a bored expression on his face, waiting for her mirth to subside. "In your own time..." he murmured, tapping his fingernails on the desk. "I'll still be here. Waiting."

"Your dare..." she pronounced dramatically "...your dare, should you choose to accept it," her tone made it clear that she thought he wouldn't. "Is to take that paddle into a meeting with Skinner, and give it to him to keep in his desk for the next time you get into trouble."

"What?" Mulder let his cool slip for one brief second. Scully saw his dismay. Gotcha!

"Dare you," she stuck her tongue out at him. "What's the matter, Mulder? Chicken?" She flapped her way around the office, squawking and giggling maniacally at the same time.

"Not at all." Mulder sat there, fingering the paddle for a moment, clearly weighing the consequences. It was the first time either of them had gone so far as to include a superior in their game.

<If he does it, if he dares to do it, then I'm in deep shit. Whatever he chooses for me next will be just as bad. Worse.> She had a brief vision of rappelling down the side of the Hoover Building dressed only in her bra and panties. Mulder was keeping his face deliberately straight, not giving away a thing.

"I accept your dare, madam." He inclined his head towards her, stuffed the paddle back in the envelope, and tucked it into the inside pocket of his jacket.

"What?" Scully stopped giggling and stared at him. "You're going to do it? You're actually going to go to Skinner and..."

"Yes." Mulder stood up. "In fact we have a meeting with him in about five minutes. Ready, oh Evil Force of the Night?"

"Oh yeah. I'm ready," she grinned. "I wouldn't miss this meeting for the world!"

Scully couldn't concentrate on a thing Skinner said during the meeting. She marveled at how cool Mulder was though. He seemed fully focused, going through the report of their most recent case, taking their boss through the expenses. Finally the meeting was over, and Scully shot Mulder a look of triumph as he rose to go. He wasn't going to do it. He was going to chicken out!

"Qwark..." she whispered under her breath.

He gave her a steady look, then reached into his pocket, and drew out the envelope. Scully's heart stopped.

"I wanted to give you this, sir." Mulder said, handing Skinner the envelope. Skinner looked up questioningly. Then, as Scully's heart started working again and shot straight up into her mouth, he opened it, his big, blunt fingers drawing out the paddle. He examined it for a moment, without saying a word, fingering the letters that spelled Mulder's name. Finally he sat back in his chair, and gazed steadily at Mulder, awaiting an explanation.

"I thought you should keep it in your desk drawer, sir," Mulder said smoothly. "For the next time I disobey your orders or screw up."

"Thank you, Mulder." Skinner's mouth didn't so much as twitch at the corners. "I've been thinking of buying something like this for a long time, so you've saved me the trouble." He opened his desk drawer, and placed the paddle inside with a flourish. "Was there anything else, agents?" he asked, as if surprised to find them still there.

"Uh...no sir..." Mulder said in a choked voice. "We'll be going. Scully?"

"C...coming, Mulder." Scully stuttered.

Skinner raised an eyebrow at her, his expression otherwise completely deadpan.

She wasn't sure how she managed to stumble out of that room without collapsing in hysterics, but Mulder was clearly having the same difficulty. Once they were safely in the corridor, they both collapsed against the wall and laughed until they were so weak they could only cling to each other as they sat slumped on the floor.

"He...was superb..." Scully gasped. "We ought to include him in the game..."

"Did...you...see his face?" Mulder giggled inanely. "He wasn't phased at all! God he ought to win an Oscar for that performance! But now, you, Madam, are in hot water up to your evil little neck." He sat up, fixing her with a stern glare, a cunning glint in his eye. "Just wait and see what I cook up for you next, Dana Katherine Scully!"

Scully wrapped a towel around her lithe body, and knotted it firmly, before venturing out cautiously.

"I hate you, Mulder," she whispered, glancing up at the big clock by the pool. It was late, nearly 10.30 p.m. There wasn't usually anybody around at this time of night, but all the same, it was risky.

"I dare you..." he had grinned, "...to go skinny dipping in the FBI pool."

"What? You want me to swim naked...in public...?" She couldn't believe he'd gone this far. Rappelling down the Hoover building in her underwear seemed like a walk in the park in comparison.

"You got it!" he smirked.

"You aren't serious!" she challenged.

He raised an eyebrow. "Scully, because of you Skinner has a paddle with my name on it in his desk drawer. Now that I've got my butt on the line, I think you should be in the same boat, so to speak!"

"You...you...!" she spat.

"Chicken, Scully?" he laughed, emptying the jug containing the "pot" onto his desk. "Hmm, let's see - \$115. That's a nice chunk of change. I wonder what I'll spend it on..."

"I accept," she said quickly, goaded by his tone.

"I'll want proof," he grinned.

"Mulder, it never ceases to amaze me how much more meticulous you are about getting proof for these dares than you ever are in gathering evidence for an X File," she sniffed.

The pool was deserted. Scully breathed a sigh of relief, and glanced over to the glass door. Mulder stood outside, a huge grin plastered over his face. He made a gesture with his hand and mouthed the word "proof" at her. She frowned at him, and quickly took her towel off and threw herself into the water in one smooth motion. <That will teach him. He can't have seen more than a split second's worth of naked flesh.>

She surfaced, and looked over to the door. The grin on his face had turned into something positively obscene. He put a thumb up, then another one, still smirking. She stuck her tongue out at him, and gestured for him to leave. He nodded, winked, and turned on his heel. Thank god.

Scully swam back to the side, preparing to grab her towel and exit as swiftly as she could, when she heard a noise. Oh shit! Another swimmer had just dived into the pool! She couldn't get out now - whoever it was would see that she was naked as soon as she got out of the water. Panic set in, and Scully clutched the edge, trying to catch a glimpse of the swimmer who glided effortlessly through the water. She made out a sleek dark head, and then a face bobbed into view. Holly! <Well at least it isn't Tom Colton, or...or...Skinner!>

"Hi, Dana." Holly passed by, and turned for another lap. <She probably can't see that I'm naked. It probably looks like I'm wearing a flesh colored swimsuit or something.>

"Hi, Holly." Scully swam away from her, doing a leisurely breaststroke, trying to keep as much of her body as possible beneath the surface. She was acutely aware of the way the water swirled around her breasts. It was strangely arousing. She ducked her head under the water and swam beneath the surface, enjoying the sensation of the rippling water touching and caressing her so intimately. It was liberating. She surfaced, gasping for breath, and found herself face to face with Holly.

"Excuse me for asking, but are you naked, Dana?" Holly asked.

"Uh...yes." It seemed pointless to lie.

"What a great idea. Would you mind if I joined you?"

"Uh...no." Scully said in surprise.

"Great." Holly flashed her a big smile, slipped off her bathing suit, and placed it on the edge of the pool. "I'll be 'it'. I'll give you a ten second head start," Holly giggled.

<Not another game. The last one got me into enough trouble.> Scully sighed as she swam

away.

"Eight, nine, ten...coming after you, Dana!" Holly called. Scully started to laugh, swallowing some water in the process. This was so silly! Holly was an extremely proficient swimmer, and five seconds later, Scully felt a pair of hands grasp her around the waist, and drag her under the water.

"Got you!" Holly grinned when they surfaced. Her hands were still around Scully's waist. Scully hoped they'd stay there. They didn't. They moved up and lightly caressed her breasts.

"Oh god..." she moaned, electrified by the touch. Holly smiled, and wrapped her legs around Scully's body, drawing her close.

"Can I kiss you, Dana?" She asked. Her eyes seemed very big and brown, the sort of eyes you'd want to dive into and drown in.

"Please...do..." Scully whispered, pressing her nipples shamelessly against Holly's, and rubbing her body up and down. Holly's lips had tiny droplets of water on them. She tasted of chlorine, mingled with something warm and spicy. Her lips were soft, and gossamer light. The wetness of her tongue, as she parted Scully's lips, mirrored the wetness of the water as it splashed around them. Holly pushed Scully against the side of the pool, and explored her mouth thoroughly, her legs still wrapped around Scully's body, one of her hands playing with Scully's breasts.

Scully felt a throbbing start between her legs. She assumed Holly felt the same, because as the kiss ended, Holly took hold of her hand, and pressed it down into the dark hair covering her mound.

"Touch me, Dana..." she whispered.

Scully pressed her fingers into Holly's warm body, gently sucking a line of kisses down Holly's slender white neck. She moved her fingers, finding Holly's clit, and rubbing it. It swelled instantly under her caress making Holly moan. Scully moved her head down, and dipped it under the water, taking one of Holly's nipples into her mouth and sucking gently in time to the caress of her other hand. Holly began to whimper. She pushed back from the side of the pool, and they both disappeared under the water together, hitting the bottom for a brief second before rising to the surface. They both gasped for air, legs and arms still entwined.

Holly gave Scully a wicked grin. "I have an idea," she murmured, taking a deep breath and then diving under the water, pushing Scully's legs apart with her hands. Scully gave out a gasp of sheer pleasure as she felt the other woman's warm tongue caress her. The cold of the water, and the contrasting warmth of Holly's mouth took her breath away. She stroked Holly's cloud of wet dark hair as it spiralled out around her head, caressing Scully's inner thighs. Finally, Holly came up for air, a grin on her face.

"Nice?" she asked.

"Oh god, yes. Nice!" Scully replied.

Holly's lips pressed against her own for a moment, and then her fingers pressed into Scully's body, finding the already swollen clit and rubbing it into an even greater state of sensation. Scully leaned back in the water, groaning, and Holly's mouth found her breasts, sucking and nibbling until Scully orgasmed with a squeal of pleasure. Holly lay on her back and took Scully in her arms, holding her as they floated in the water.

"That was..." Scully was glad Holly was holding her up. All her muscles had turned to jello, and she could still see shooting stars whizzing across the surface of the water.

"Ssh." Holly nuzzled the side of Scully's face. "You're so beautiful, Dana. I've wanted to do that for a very long time."

"You have?" Scully could feel Holly's warm, round breasts against her back.

"Oh yes." Holly moved her hand down so that it covered Scully's mound, gently parting and caressing the hair. "I didn't know that you felt the same way. You're such a dark horse, Dana. And so daring! Lying in wait for me here in the nude! Talk about throwing yourself at a girl!"

"You come here every night at this time?" The light dawned in Scully's mind, pushing aside more physical sensations.

"You know I do," Holly nuzzled Scully's neck. "We don't have long though. Skinner will be here in ten minutes."

"He swims this late? It's nearly eleven." Scully allowed her head to relax onto Holly's shoulder, and stared at the ceiling with a sense of total peace as they drifted around the pool.

"He used to swim earlier in the evening, but he attracted a circle of admirers who came to stare at him in his skimpy black speedos and it scared him off," Holly giggled, nibbling Scully's wet hair. "So now he comes along every night at 11p.m. on the dot, so that he can swim in peace."

"Oh." Scully felt that she was in serious danger of falling asleep. "Holly...I haven't..." she started guiltily, realizing that she hadn't brought Holly to orgasm.

"That's all right, Dana. I didn't have any plans for the rest of the night. You could come back to my place," Holly offered.

"That would be...lovely," Scully smiled. "Race you!" She tore herself out of Holly's grasp and swam energetically for the side, nearly making it when Holly caught up with her and claimed another sweet, wet kiss. Scully got out of the pool slowly, wriggling her bottom enticingly at Holly who was on the step below. Holly giggled and slapped her soundly on both butt cheeks. Scully grabbed her towel, and wrapped them both up in it, kissing the water from

Holly's thick dark eyelashes.

"We can share the towel can't we?" she whispered.

"And the shower!" Holly grinned.

"And the changing cubicle..." Scully added mischievously.

"So how was your swim?" Mulder leered at her the next morning.

"Out of this world." Scully closed her eyes dreamily, remembering the several long hours she had spent in Holly's bedroom, in Holly's shower, in Holly's kitchen, on Holly's kitchen table, in front of Holly's log fire, on Holly's couch.

"Well, I admit I didn't think you'd go through with it." Mulder put his dollar in the jar with a rueful sigh. "What's next, Fiendish Inventor of Dastardly Dares?"

"Well..." Scully smiled softly to herself. "I liked last night's dare so much, that I think I'd like you to experience it too, Mulder."

"That's not very original," Mulder frowned.

"I'm giving it an original twist," she grinned. "You have to take your swim, in the nude, at eleven p.m. precisely. What do you say?"

"Hmm. Eleven p.m.?" Mulder considered that. "You wouldn't have a nasty shock in store for me, would you now, Dana Kate?"

"Not a shock, Mulder," Scully purred. "If my experience was anything to go by, it's more likely to turn into a very nice surprise... "

THE END.

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