

## The Importance of Celebrating Small Milestones by Xanthe

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### Story Notes:

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Skinner came home to the smell of something delicious. The lighting was low, and romantic, and the table was laid for three, with scented candles, flowers in a tiny silver vase, and the white plates with little gold stars on them that Scully had bought for 'special occasions,' which consequently meant they never got used. The apartment was clean and tidy, and there was a roaring fire in the grate.

"What's this?" Skinner glanced around, bemused. Scully ran into the hall, and took his briefcase, closely followed by Mulder, who peeled off the big man's coat. "Did I miss something?" Skinner asked. "It's cold outside, so I know it's definitely not my birthday. Is it your birthday?" he asked Mulder, panic-stricken.

"No." Mulder grinned, and undid his lover's tie.

"It's not yours is it?" Skinner frowned anxiously, as Scully pressed her lips to his cheek, smiling at him.

"No, you know it isn't," Scully giggled, leading him over to the table. "You wouldn't forget our birthdays, Walter."

"Aperitif?" Mulder handed him a small glass of amber liquid. Skinner took it, and sipped.

Scully put her slender arms around his neck, and kissed the top of his head. She smelled nice, hell, even Mulder smelled nice, and they both looked good enough to eat: Scully in a low cut black silk dress, that looked dangerously sexy, and Mulder in tight black jeans, and a red shirt.

"Okay, it's our anniversary?" Skinner ventured.

"Nope." Mulder shook his head.

"It's been a year since we first...you know." Skinner nodded his head in the general direction of the bedroom.

"No!" Scully laughed, kissing him again.

"All right, I give in," Skinner sighed. "What are we celebrating? We're clearly celebrating

something." He looked around again at all the elaborate preparations; the mood lighting, the fire, the baked brie and cranberry sauce waiting for them on the table.

"Walter!" Mulder exclaimed "You don't know? I'm shocked!" He took hold of his lover's hand, and kissed it. "We're celebrating the 40th time you've brought us coffee in bed on a Sunday morning," he grinned.

"What?" Skinner looked up, startled.

"And the 35th time you've painted my toenails for me," Scully balanced a piece of brie on her fork, and put it in his mouth, which was open wide in surprise. It tasted divine.

"The 210th time you've signed one of my 302's when you didn't really want to," Mulder grinned as he poured Skinner some wine, and lightly caressed his lover's fingers with his own.

"The 59th time you've risked your ass to save our lives." Scully's lips followed hot on the heels of the cranberry sauce she fed him.

"The three thousand, seven hundred, and twenty seventh time you've said 'I love you guys'," Mulder stretched casually across the table, and undid his lover's shirt.

"The seven millionth time we've thought it, and forgotten to mention it," Scully whispered, her voice tickling his ear.

"The 48th time you've turned up with the cavalry to pull us out of muddy, hallucinogenic fields,"

"Or in a helicopter, to fly us out of Antarctica,"

"Or on Harley, dressed in tight, shiny black leather...oops, no, that was just my fantasy," Mulder grinned, his long, sensuous fingers snagging one of Skinner's nipples, making the big man sigh.

"In short..." Scully got out of her chair, and ensconced herself on Skinner's lap.

"This is just an excuse for a celebration?" Skinner supplied for her, kissing her beautiful breasts.

"No, no, no!" Mulder grinned, leaning over, and claiming a kiss from Skinner's lips before he could dive back down into Scully's breasts again. "Not an excuse, Walter! We just wanted to celebrate..."

"...the fact that we love you," Scully continued, "and appreciate you,"

"And everything you do for us," Mulder whispered, his hazel eyes bright and sincere in the candlelight.

"You're always the guy waiting at home, while we're out god knows where, chasing monsters, and we know you worry about us. We wanted you to know that we appreciate how hard that is for you," Scully finished, her fingers lightly caressing his scalp.

"Oh," Skinner muttered, going red, and feeling lump rise up in his throat. "Oh well, by all means, let's celebrate then!"

And they did. Several times.

The End.

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