

## The Missing Link by Xanthe

<http://www.xanthe.org/the-missing-link/>

"I'm sorry, Ms Scully. I did my best, but I'm afraid most of it was just scrambled." Rick shrugged apologetically.

"Damn," she cursed under her breath. "Sorry, Rick, I'm sure you did all you could. What did you manage to save, if anything?"

"Well, we've salvaged some of the email addresses in your address book," he said, smiling ruefully. She noticed the way he emphasised the word "some". "But..."

"How did I know there would be a but?" she groaned.

"But," another apologetic shrug, "we only have the address part so you have no way of knowing who they belong to. Unless you kept a separate note of them that is." He printed her out a hard copy of the email addresses that they had recovered and she gave a deep sigh.

"No. I don't have a record of them anywhere else." There were about 25 or so email addresses, some of which she recognised instantly but most of which were complete gibberish to her. And only 25? That meant she had lost about 70, some personal, some work related.

"Never mind. You can just email people and ask them who they are!" Rick smiled and she nodded. If only it were that simple!

Trust her hard drive to crash straight after she had finished that case on the sex offender who they had finally managed to track using the internet chat rooms where he regularly hung out. God that investigation had been fun! It had been a whole new world to her, lurking in chat rooms for hours on end hoping that "Leanmachine" would show up. Suspiciously, Mulder seemed to know his way around all the most happening sites. Not that she was surprised. She had long been of the opinion that Mulder got his sexual thrills vicariously through technology of one sort or another, whether it was the phone, television or, as she had now found out, the wonderful pornographic world of the internet! The only trouble was that she had downloaded some of the material from the case onto her personal laptop, the one that had crashed, and now she wasn't sure which of these email addresses were people she knew, like her brother, and which were people from the net who she had been investigating. Never mind, Rick was right, she would just have to email and ask them. Cautiously. Scully packed the laptop into its case and lugged it back home to begin her task

Marty@Paranoid.com. That was one of Mulder's. Mind you, Mulder changed his email accounts as often as most people changed their socks, and she had at least 10 different addresses for him somewhere. Or at least she had once. She had spent most of the night sorting through them and it was now, (she peered over the top of her glasses at the time on the screen) 2 a.m. She really ought to go to bed, but she still had this one address to check out. KRJ918@VPW.com. It wasn't a very personal address, and it didn't ring any bells with her whatsoever. She was sure it must be one of those from the sex investigation case, but she supposed she ought to check to find out. She entered it and wondered what to put as the subject. She decided on "Identity???" after some thought then found herself on the message. If it was someone from the sex offender case then she didn't want them knowing who she was. Most of those guys were after one thing and she didn't want anybody getting the wrong idea. Finally she settled on the enigmatic but perfectly honest. <Who are you?> She pressed the send key and yawned, then got up with a yawn and changed into a tee shirt and brushed her teeth ready for bed. She returned to the computer to find that a reply had arrived almost immediately. Definitely one of the guys from the chatroom then, she smiled. Who else would be online at this time of night?

<You emailed me.> The message read in a tone of accusation. <Why don't you tell me who you are?>

That made her smile. There was no clue in the message info but then she didn't give any clues in hers. She had long ago set up her connection box so that it didn't tell people: *Message from Dana Scully*. Instead it gave her account number, just like this mystery person's message. She sat down at the computer and typed.

<Uh-uh. I asked first.> And sent it, waiting for a few minutes until the reply flashed back.

<I'm not playing games. You want something from me then you have to give me something in return. Call it a show of good faith.> Hmm. She thought about it for a moment. Really she should go to bed but this was intriguing her.

<Alright. I found your addy on my computer and I wondered who you were. Nothing sinister. Why won't you tell me?>

The reply was almost instantaneous.

<What is this? I'll show you if you show me? You still haven't answered my question!> She laughed out loud. Must be one of the chat room guys.

<You wouldn't know if I was telling the truth if I did,> she replied. <Haven't you noticed how people's email personas are different to how they are in Real Life?> She thought about her mother with some amusement. She had pestered Dana to introduce her to the joys of the World Wide Web some months ago and now called herself "MaggieMay," and hung out in cyberspace with all sorts of disreputable types, swapping recipes and life stories, and making up a bizarre fantasy about a "gentleman friend" she was seeing. It amused Dana no end.

<True.> The reply came back. <So why ask who I am if you think I'll lie?>

<Alright then. I'll go first.> Actually she rather liked this whole conversation. It was a mystery, exotic, and rather exciting. <I'm...> she thought about it. Of course she didn't even know if this person was a man, but somehow she thought it was. There had been a guarded, slightly aggressive tone to the first couple of emails that seemed masculine to her. <Female. About 6 feet tall. Blonde hair, green eyes, endlessly long legs....> She wondered why she was doing this as she hit the send key. Maybe she had stayed too long in those chat rooms whilst working on that case or maybe she was getting like Mulder and going for the ultimate in safe sex - cybersex!

<Hmmm...you're out of my league, sweetheart. 6 feet tall! Shame I'm five feet nothing in my socks!>

*Oh god, it's Frohike!* <Frohike! Is that you?> she wrote.

<Frohike?!? What's that, some sort of cheese?> Came the reply.

<Cheese! No. I was just testing. You are a guy right?> She typed back. <What do you do?>

<Yes. I'm a guy. I work in radio. In fact, I have my own talkshow.> Intriguing. Dana smiled to herself.

<Talking about what?> She wrote.

<The paranormal, ghosts, poltergeists that sort of stuff.>

Dana was fascinated now. Was he lying? Not necessarily. She tried to remember if she had ever spoken to anyone with their own paranormal talk show. It was possible. His email address could have been on her computer for 18 months or so, in which case it was entirely likely that he was a contact she'd emailed once or twice and then forgotten about. On the other hand it could all be a lie. The paranormal bit was close to home though. She pondered it for a moment. Perhaps it was Mulder, playing games with her. She grinned.

<That sounds spooky,> she wrote.

His reply was deadpan and if it was Mulder he didn't give the game away, ignoring her in-joke. <Enough about me. Your turn to tell. What do you do?>

<Me? I'm a street entertainer,> she wrote, off the top of her head. <I juggle, do fire-eating, that sort of stuff.>

<Really?!? A six feet tall, blonde-haired goddess who hangs around on street corners? Not in my neighborhood - I'd have remembered!>

<Perhaps I should come around sometime. Care to give me the address?>

<Only if you tell me which streets you work on. You show me yours, I'll show you mine, remember?>

Damn. He was very cagey. <What's the matter? You chicken?>

<You kidding? You're 6 feet tall, eat fire, and hang out in cyberspace in the middle of the night. Too right I'm chicken. You might beat me up!>

<You're hanging around in cyberspace too! What's up? Are you an insomniac or what?>

<I've just finished work. It's a late night radio show. How about you? Do you have an excuse for these nocturnal intrusions into my life?>

<I just like to pester innocent men <g>. Are you innocent....?> God, was she flirting with him? If it did turn out to be Mulder this could be embarrassing. She still wasn't convinced it wasn't Frohike either, or maybe one of the other gunmen. One of them was bound to be online at this time of night. The word "geek" didn't begin to describe them.

<I am. Very. I've never had email sex either. Is that where this is going....?>

<Depends. Describe yourself to me again...>

What had gotten into her? Really, she couldn't believe herself, but the truth was that this was the closest she had come to an adventure in a long time and it was a totally safe one. Of course she had to get up and go to work tomorrow, and it was late, but all the same - this was fun! And she liked him, whoever he was. He was clearly intelligent (he could spell) and there was something intoxicating about their conversation, something rather addictive. His reply came back within nanoseconds.

<Thick dark hair...vivid blue eyes, oh and I mentioned I'm a bit on the short side didn't I? Do short guys do anything for you?>

<I love 'em. I find they come up just about level with....>

She felt wicked, like she was doing something naughty. God, Mulder would probably find this tame stuff. He probably would have had them both undressed by now, but she liked this. It was sort of cute, rather than sexy - silly and flirtatious.

<Tease! You stopped just as it was getting interesting!> Came back the reply. <Level with what? Your elbows?>

<Very erotic zones my elbows,> she replied. <You should see them. Honey gold color, very round and big...>

Dana tugged at her tee shirt, fingering her breasts lightly. Really this was rather more of turn on than she would have expected. She wondered if he was as short as he said. Mind you the dark hair and vivid eyes sounded nice.

<Fantastic sounding elbows! Always been an elbow man. Best bits of a girl's body. Other men go for legs and bottoms, but elbows do it for me every time...>

<What would you like to do to my elbows?> she asked, her fingers shaking slightly as she typed.

<I'd kiss them all over, then I'd lick them, very, very gently, just the tips, the bits right at the end. Then I'd take them in my mouth and suck them, softly at first, then getting more into it, harder, faster, until I have your whole "arm" in my mouth!>

Dana could feel herself getting wet at the very thought of this. His mouth on her body. He was young, she decided, about 24, and a real blabbermouth. Totally uninhibited in bed, and he really did have his own radio show. She was six feet tall, towering over him, her hands rubbing his cute, hard butt, his fingers on her breasts...his mouth roving from nipple to nipple...Her hand went down to her crotch, rubbed lightly, and she moaned. With a sigh, she turned back to the computer and typed in:

<I'd like to do stuff to you. What would you like? I'm more than just a pretty pair of elbows you know!>

She lay back in her chair, toying with her pubic hair, giggling to herself like a teenager. God, if Mulder could see her now.

<I'd like you to kiss me,> he replied. <Somewhere private...>

<Ooh, I can do that, handsome. What are you wearing?>

<Tight leather trousers, skimpy vest. No underwear.>

<No underwear??! You sure are a stud,> she wrote. <Well, Mr Stud, I'd start off by running my hand down those tight leather trousers, checking out what you keep hidden in the pockets... Then I'd sit you down, kneel in front of you and pull your zip down with my teeth. Getting hot, lover?>

<Moan....carry on...I'm waiting....>

<I'd run my tongue inside your trousers...> Scully rubbed her fingers over her nipples furiously as she wrote with one hand. <And kiss you there, just like you asked. Then I'd push you back on the bed (we're in your bedroom right?), sit on top of you, get hold of your hard meat, push you inside me, deep and savage, lover, until you pant for me, scream for me, sweat for me...> There was a little wait until the reply came. Her fingers found the nub of excited flesh between her legs and she fondled it, feeling it swell, imagining the power of being 6 feet tall with this small, gorgeous man pressed between her legs, his throbbing cock thrusting deep inside her.

<I'm yours!> He wrote. <I'm in you, baby, grinding into you with every inch of myself. I'll scream, beg, sweat, quiver, pant for you. Anything you like, goddess! I'll worship you, I'm your man, I'm all yours. You're riding on top of me, your blonde hair all over your shoulders, your breasts are so big and beautiful...my mouth is sucking you and you're hot. Really hot....Can you feel me inside you? Big and hungry? I'm coming, don't hold me back...come with me...>

She did, her fingers bringing herself to a climax at the same time as she imagined his come spurting out all over his computer screen. Shit, she hadn't felt so good in ages. This was almost as good as the real thing.

<Thanks, Sexfiend!> she wrote. <I needed that. It's been a long time. And for a small guy, you sure are a fantastic lover.>

<You too. And hey, I'm big where it counts! Did the earth move?>

<Yeah...Hey look, it's late and I have to work tomorrow. (Sigh!)> She glanced at the clock on her screen. Nearly 3 am now. <What's your name? Why don't we "meet up" again tomorrow night?>

<Sure thing. And you can call me...well "Sexfiend" works for me, Goddess! Looking forward to tomorrow night....>

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Scully woke with a smile on her face as she remembered the previous night. She felt tired and not inclined to drag herself into work, yet curiously energised as well. Was "Sexfiend" still sleeping she wondered, imagining his boyish dark hair spilling out on his pillow, his taut, golden body lying naked between white sheets. Hmmm...On an impulse she picked up her laptop and carried it into work with her.

Mulder was sitting at his desk when she went to his office. Did he ever go home she wondered? That made her blush as she had a mental image of him sitting up all night replying to a strange woman's erotic emails. Was it him? Had he just been toying with her last night? Had he known it was her all along? She sat down at the desk she was using in his office, opened her laptop, and put her glasses on, anxious to call up last night's chat with Sexfiend. Had it really been as good as she remembered? In fact she was a bit disappointed when she re-read it. It had been rather coy and shy - she hadn't even used the word "cock" and neither had he. Euphemistic sex! She thought to herself. Two shy email-sex virgins! But she still liked him. If he had started off with a lot of explicit words she was sure she would have run a mile. As it was it seemed to have built to a gentle climax of its own - and she had enjoyed it.

"What you looking at?" Mulder asked her, getting up and coming over. She exited quickly just as he reached her shoulder, and started peering over it.

"Nothing," she blushed.

"Good. You've got time to help me out with these then." He opened one of his filing cabinets and deposited a huge pile of files on her desk, obscuring her laptop completely.

"Mulder, what are these?" She sighed.

"Files, Scully! And in them is the answer to who, or what, murdered those nurses in Pittsburgh."

"Mulder! They were killed by a man with a knife," she protested. "Not by a mutant with special teeth or any kind of paranormal phenomenon."

"I think you're referring to vampires, Scully and you're wrong." He gave her an infuriating grin. "I have a feeling that we're not looking for a man at all, but someone with extremely long body hair."

"Ugh. What are you talking about, Mulder? Some sort of killer yeti?"

Mulder gave another infuriating grin and picked up his jacket. "Maybe, Scully. Maybe!"

"Where are you going?" She demanded as he made for the door.

"To investigate the missing link," he winked at her. "You let me know what you find, Scully."

"Mulder there are hundreds of files here..." she yelled at his disappearing back and she was treated to a shrug and a nonchalant wave of his hand in reply.

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Scully sighed and pushed back her hair. She had been at this for 3 hours and she was totally bored. If she had to read one more description of werewolves rampaging through small towns she thought she would go mad. An idea occurred to her as she looked at her watch. It was nearly 1 p.m. and worth a try. She was so bored...

She logged on, called up her email. No new messages but she hadn't expected any. She got a thrill of excitement as she wrote the subject: "Sexfiend!"

<Are you there?> she typed. <I'm bored. It's time for lunch and I'm stuck at work. Bored and hungry. If you're there, please email! I need some stimulation here and you sure know how to give it!>

She pressed the send key, then went to get a sandwich, before returning to her desk and immediately logging in again. There were no incoming messages. Damn! She flicked aimlessly through the files for another couple of hours, finding some stuff that Mulder might be interested in, checking on her incoming messages every 10 minutes out of boredom and frustration. Finally, at half past 3, a message!

RE: Sexfiend.

<Bored? Juggling is boring? You surprise me. Have you eaten yet? If not I know a hundred good uses for ice-cream and hot chocolate sauce.> Scully sat back in her chair with a delighted giggle, replying immediately.

<Oh god, that sounds good. And not to eat either,> she wrote back.

<Not to eat?> Came the prompt reply. <What else could we do with it? How about I start...First I'll get the ice-cream out of the freezer, let it thaw out a bit, while I heat the chocolate sauce. Meanwhile, you're undressing. Describe that to me while I'm cooking.>

<Okay. I'm wearing a tight white tee shirt and REALLY tight blue jeans that show off my long, long legs. I'm undoing the belt now, unzipping, inching those jeans down my legs, wriggling my butt in your direction as you stir the chocolate sauce.>

<Yum. What color are your panties?>

<Black satin, handsome! What else! Now, I'm sliding my tee shirt up, tousling my hair, sucking my fingers as I imagine covering them in chocolate sauce...tee shirt's off now - oops! Forgot to say, I'm not wearing a bra. That's the sort of girl I am. I'm standing here half naked, my long blonde hair hanging down. I've got my fingers hooked into my panties now, sliding them down my thighs, along my endless legs.>

<Sauce is burning! I'm coming over to you now, Goddess, I've got ice-cream in one hand, hot chocolate sauce in the other. You're lying down on the couch, (I've covered it in a sheet to keep it clean - little details are important!) I'm leaning over you - close those green eyes, goddess, let me just put a little swirl of ice-cream on those delicious breasts...mmm...really cold...your nipples standing up like points as I suck it off. More down your stomach...play with it as it melts on your hot, hot body! Sticky fingers - lick them clean for me, Goddess...>

<I'm licking! Take one, then two in my mouth, suck those fingers. Cute fingers - artistic and sensitive, right? Slender but manly...Now you're pouring the sauce into my open mouth and I'm lying back. A streak of it falls down my chin, along my neck and you're licking it off, lapping at me with your tongue - behind my ears, down my shoulder...I'm shivering. Now you trail that hot sauce over the cool ice-cream, two sensations...delicious. Take it lower, big boy...>

<Going lower, Goddess, as instructed! What does cold ice-cream and hot sauce feel like between those sassy thighs? My tongue's down there now, licking it up, licking you up...hmm - what's this?! This isn't ice-cream or hot chocolate, Goddess! This is a different sort of sauce altogether....>

<Get that tongue inside me, Sexfiend! Lick me out...> Scully felt as if she was so hot that she would die. She undid the top button of her blouse, then the next, looking guiltily around the office as she did. She shouldn't do this! In the office! Was she really going to? She ran her fingers inside her blouse, lay back in her chair, clenched her thighs tightly together, feeling the pounding of her clit as it longed for relief and stimulation in equal measure. She squirmed, reading his reply, lying back, sighing...

<I'm licking...you coming yet...? My tongue's pretty athletic...all warm and tickly and...ooh, what's this I've found...hold still, Goddess, this is just about to get a whole lot better....feel that? Feel what I've got under my tongue now? I'm exciting you, teasing you, flicking my tongue, nibbling, and you're getting hotter and hotter, moaning, writhing....writhe, Goddess....writhe!"

Scully felt herself climax, the pounding between her thighs reaching a crescendo and then fading. And she was still fully clothed! This guy was really hot! She pulled herself back to reality and typed in: <Thanks, Sexfiend! That was good. Are you at work? Sorry for dragging you away from mixing tapes or whatever.>

<No problem, Goddess. Nothing at work is anywhere near as interesting as you. Now tell me, since when did street performers have modems? You're a typist right?>

<No, I'm not. Although today I feel pretty much like a goddamn dogsbody. What about you? You said you worked nights but I think you're at work right now, aren't you?>

<Yeah. I don't usually access this account from here but I'm expecting a message - and not from you, Goddess! You were a surprise! So, dogsbody and all round Girl Friday? A woman with your obvious talents? I don't think you're appreciated there, wherever it is you work.>

<I'm not. My colleague has just left me to plough through a load of CRAP and I'm bored. You cheered me up, Sexfiend. Who were you expecting a message from?>

<Just arrived. My mother if you must know.>

Hmm. Dana had a sudden image of a 17 year old boy with acne sitting at his screen. No. He seemed too sophisticated and sure of himself for that. Besides what did it matter what he looked like in real life? In her fantasy life they were Goddess and Sexfiend and it was working for both of them so why worry about his real identity?

<You have a mom? (g) Seems weird. My mom hangs out in cyberspace with some disreputable biker types. She gets into very bad company!>

<Like mother like daughter?!>

<Are you bad company?>

<I hope not...but I think I have more fun in cyberspace than in Real Life. It's easier this way isn't it, Goddess...Oh. Gotta go. I really do have to do some work. Piles of it here for me to wade through - looks like I'll have to stay late now to get it all done. Not that I regret our "conversation" for one moment....! Speak soon, Goddess, PLEEEAASSSEEEEE!>

Scully sighed and turned her attention back to Mulder's files. Nearly 5 p.m. and he still wasn't back. He hadn't phoned in either. He really was a very infuriating man. She buttoned up her blouse again, guiltily rearranged herself, tried not to think about what she had just done here, in the office...yet she couldn't help herself. It had been so good. So uninhibited, so much fun and such a turn on. *Oh god, I'm becoming a pervert*, she berated herself, taking a swig from the bottle of water she kept on the desk. There was a knock at the door and she swivelled round, still feeling guilty. Skinner poked his head round the door and she felt herself blushing again. What did he want? It felt strange seeing someone from Real Life after spending most of the day on her own, and the past hour or so...she clamped down on that thought.

"Can I help you, sir?" She asked.

He looked annoyed. "Yes, Scully. I'm looking for Agent Mulder. Is he around?"

"No, sir. He's out working in the field today."

"In the field?" Skinner enquired. "Doing what exactly?"

"Working on an X file. Something to do with those nurses in Pittsburgh..."

"What?" Skinner exploded. "That isn't an X File, Scully. It's not our jurisdiction either."

"I wondered about that, but Mulder seemed to think it might turn into an X File." She bit her lip. She didn't want to get Mulder into any trouble but she had to say that she agreed with Skinner. It really didn't seem to be an X File.

"I told Mulder I wanted to see him this afternoon. Leave a note for him to contact me will you, Scully. Also I was expecting that report from you - the detailed medical evidence from that sex offender case. Where is it?" He was frowning.

"I didn't realise there was any hurry on that, sir," she murmured.

"So you haven't finished it?" His eyebrows tightened belligerently across his forehead.

"No. I was working on something for Agent Mulder. If it's urgent I'll do the report now," she sighed.

"Please do, Scully. I'd like it on my desk first thing tomorrow. And when, **if**, Agent Mulder gets back, perhaps you could remind him that he owes me a report as well. I don't expect to have to come down here and chase you both up like this." So saying, he turned on his heel and shut the door firmly behind him. Scully made a face at the door. So much for an early night, and she was exhausted after being up so late last night. Not that there was any point telling Skinner that of course.

Mulder didn't come back. Scully started to think that she was living in a surreal make-believe world, trapped in the basement office, just her, her report, and her laptop, not visited by fellow human beings. She was still only two thirds of the way through the report at 9 p.m. when she got up, stretched her aching back, and decided to phone for pizza. It was a relief to jog down to the foyer to pick it up. She smiled at Ray, who was on the front desk.

"Now, now, Agent Scully. You know you're not supposed to do this!" Ray wagged a finger at her as she grabbed the pizza.

"I'm starving, Ray!" She gave him her most charming smile, before running back to the basement with her meal. She stared at her laptop with wishful longing. It couldn't do any harm....*Oh god, am I becoming an addict or what?* she wondered but it was just a bit of fun, wasn't it? She logged on and checked her inbox. Two messages, but neither from Sexfiend. Well she would just have to pester him again.

<You there Sexfiend?> She wrote. <I'm sorry. I won't be demanding this time, promise. I'm just tired, I've hardly seen anyone all day and I'm bored. Please email if you're around!>

She wrote a few more paragraphs of her report, and munched on her pizza, before checking for replies. He was there!

<Hi, Goddess. I'm tired too. Why don't we just chat? I'm not up to anything more imaginative (!) I think I have the email equivalent of a headache!>

<Me too (sigh). But this afternoon was good. I'm still at work and I'm really pissed off about it. Where are you?>

<At work too. What's the matter? Juggling too dull for you?>

<Something like that! No. It's not the work, it's the people. Sometimes I feel a bit taken for granted. I had to cover for my colleague this afternoon and the boss was in a bad mood with him so he took it out on me. Actually **snarled** at me.>

<Life sucks. Next time he's on your back why don't you try imagining him without any clothes on? Petty revenge can be such fun. It's worked for me before now.>

<You are really quite bad you know. What a good idea!> Scully giggled into her laptop. Skinner, butt naked, sitting behind his desk, holding a report...perfect. <You have a difficult boss too, huh?>

<I've had my share in my time. Haven't we all? So - neither your colleague nor your boss appreciate you?! It's not right. I wish I could come over there and knock some sense into the pair of them. I'm your number one fan though, Goddess. I appreciate you.>

Scully found that oddly comforting. <Thank you, Sexfiend. You've really cheered me up. Well, I suppose I should get on with more work.>

<Me too. Nice though this chatting is, I think it could become addictive. I've started logging on every hour to see if you've emailed me! Gotta get a grip! Later????>

<Later!!!!>

Scully logged off. He liked her "conversation" as much as she liked his! This was as close as she had come to romance in a long time. She was tempted to use the resources of the F.B.I. to find out who he was. It wouldn't be that difficult to find out if she really tried but she decided against it. It was nicer this way, having a mystery admirer, and she was sure she'd be disappointed if she met him in Real Life. That would ruin the email fantasy then as well.

With a sigh she returned to her report, finishing it off and taking it upstairs, leaving it on Skinner's secretary's desk. She could see a light on under his door and imagined him sitting stark naked in his office. Giggling to herself she ran off down to the elevator and returned home.

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He didn't come online until nearly 2am.

<Thank god!> She wrote. <I was on the verge of giving up and going to bed.>

<Glad you didn't. Had some stuff to sort out,> he replied.

<You've been working all this time?>

<Yeah. One of those days/nights.>

<Nobody waiting for you at home?> She asked slyly, wondering. Of course he didn't have to tell the truth but still...

<No. Just a cold empty apartment and fantasies about you, Goddess.>

<Ditto. In fact...lifestory time, it's been a long while since there's been anybody for me. The truth is...oh god, I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but the truth is that I've never really had a long term relationship.>

<Really? So your boyfriends haven't appreciated you either? You are one unappreciated lady, Goddess. And you're too nice to be alone as well.>

<So are you. When did you last have someone in your life?>

<It's been a while. Not since my wife died.>

Dana put her hand up to her throat. Poor man. She hadn't expected that. <I'm sorry. Was that long ago? Don't talk about it if you don't want. I'm just feeling lonely, I guess. Not seeing hardly anyone all day can do that to you.>

<I know. Me too. Sometimes I go whole days without seeing very many people and sometimes people keep pestering me every 5 minutes and I wish they'd go away and let me get on with my work. There's never a happy medium is there? Anyway, it was nearly 2 years ago when my wife died. Very sudden. Car accident. Time goes by so quickly doesn't it? It's easy to get used to being alone. There's been nobody since though. I don't have the time or inclination. I suppose I didn't think I was interested until you came crashing into my life last night. That woke me up a bit.>

<It took me by surprise too,> she replied. <I've never done anything like this before. Believe me.>

<I do. Honest. Same goes for me. Whole new experience this hot techno-lust. I should go to bed. I've got a bad day planned for tomorrow.>

<You have a bad day planned!?! Unplan it, Sexfiend! Do something else instead.>

<Can't. Duties, responsibilities, you know, Goddess.>

<Yeah, yeah. Tell me about it. Hey that naked boss thing worked. Like a dream. I've got a meeting with him tomorrow, and that's all I'm gonna think about the whole way through!>

<Bad girl. I like you! More passionate email sex soon?>

<Very soon, Sexfiend....thinking of you!>

Scully had to fight off an urge to log on as soon as she woke up the next day. God, what was wrong with her? She felt nervous at the very thought of logging on to check her messages. Calm down, Dana, she told herself.

Mulder was sulking in his office when she arrived.

"Skinner was looking for you," she told him, judging that he was in a bad mood and knowing that information wouldn't cheer him up either.

"He found me. Bastard." Mulder kicked the desk with his foot.

"When did he find you? I was here until 11 last night and you didn't show up and you didn't phone in either, Mulder," she scolded.

"Don't nag me, Scully. I was onto something."

"Really?" She queried skeptically.

"Yes, really. Until Skinner got hold of me and told me to drop it."

"When was this?" She gazed at him sympathetically.

"I don't know. Midnight?" he shrugged. "I came back here and finished off your pizza."

"Ugh. It was stone cold!"

"I didn't care. Anyway, Skinner wants to see us in half an hour. Did you do that report for him?"

"Yes, Mulder, I did the report," she sighed. "Did you?"

"I've been up all night doing it," he grouched.

"That explains why you look such a mess then." She smiled. "Go and shave and wash up before the meeting, Mulder. You know Skinner always looks immaculate - he's bound to be even more cross than he was yesterday if you show up looking like that."

"Nag, nag, nag..." Mulder left the room with a sly grin at her. She threw her plastic coffee cup after him.

Skinner still seemed to be in a bad mood. Scully sighed inwardly. What now? She had done her report, Mulder had done his report, what was the problem? Unappreciated...she told herself, imagining Skinner without his shirt on, his bare arms folded across his naked chest as he sat there, watching them sit down. Hmm...that idea was actually quite arousing. She flushed. This wasn't what Sexfiend had intended when he made his suggestion. God, she really was a pervert, thinking about sex constantly like this.

"Is this everything?" Skinner flicked through both reports. "I want to put this investigation to bed as soon as possible." *To bed...* Scully thought idly of Sexfiend stretched out in her bed, a tub of ice-cream in his hand, and a leer on his small but adorable face.

"Scully?" Skinner was glaring at her.

"Um...yes. I've attached all the relevant data. I'm sorry that I didn't realise it was urgent, sir." She tried a half smile. It didn't work. Skinner just frowned even more.

"Agent Scully, I believe it is usual practice to finish working on one case before starting work on another, unless given orders to the contrary," he berated.

"Yes, sir." She chewed on her lip. This was Mulder's fault. Werewolves and yetis!

"Good. I'm concerned about the methods you used to trap this man. Was it entirely necessary to spend a whole month logging into these...sex chatrooms for several hours a day, Agent Mulder?" Skinner barked his question, and Mulder looked sheepishly innocent.

"It was, sir, yes." He nodded. "I mean we hated it, obviously." He shot a knowing grin at his boss who didn't return it. "But it was the price we had to pay in order to get the information we required."

"Hmm." Skinner didn't look impressed. "Well I'll take your word for it, Mulder. As for this other business, with the nurses, it would appear that you were right, Mulder. It has turned into an X file." Skinner handed Mulder a file and Scully sat there fuming silently. Oh that's nice, Mulder is proved right and gets the case and I don't even get so much as an apology for having my head snapped off yesterday when I was working on it. She knew she was being ridiculous but couldn't help it. She turned her attention to Mulder and tried imagining him naked now. No, that wasn't working at all. It was Skinner she was mad at. Nobody could stay mad at Mulder for long, it was a physical impossibility. Even Skinner couldn't manage it and it was obvious that he tried really hard sometimes. She glared back at Skinner and undressed him mentally...shirt, belt, trousers...underwear... What sort of underwear would he have on? Never mind, whatever it was it had to come off. She nearly made it too, but for his socks - somehow she just couldn't get those socks off. Even when she had him standing in his office totally nude, those socks just stayed on his feet. I'm going mad, Scully thought to herself. Sexfiend is having a bad effect on me. I must tell him so.

But she didn't get a chance as Mulder dragged her off looking for yetis, and bogeymen, and missing links. She trailed after him, imagining what ice-cream and hot chocolate sauce really felt like when lovingly applied to your naked body by a cute, attentive guy who totally appreciated you. Unlike Mulder.

"Scully, wake up!" He tapped her head. "I need an autopsy on the new corpse."

"New corpse?" She frowned.

"Girl who died last night?" He prompted. "Remember?"

"Oh. Yeah."

She took herself off to the mortuary, wondering if Sexfiend had been telling the truth about his wife. Maybe he was making it all up to get her sympathy or something. She still wasn't totally convinced that Sexfiend wasn't Mulder and yet...there was something about the way Sexfiend wrote that was making her more and more sure that he wasn't her partner. She felt that Mulder would have made more wisecracks, maybe been more salacious and uninhibited than Sexfiend had been. He would have pestered her more to find out her identity, joked more about her long legs and blonde hair. She was sure of it. Sexfiend seemed altogether shyer. Shy! She shook her head. This was the guy who had poured hot chocolate sauce over her and licked it all off! But she remembered their conversation last night. He had seemed tired, world-weary, sad and lonely. That had been just how she felt too. She really did feel a connection with this guy.

They crawled back to the office at 3 p.m. to find they had been called to a briefing. Skinner had already started pacing around the room which was full of agents. He glared at their late arrival and Scully sighed. When was this man ever going to lighten up?

"Right, we have a major incident to deal with. A bank raid gone wrong which has now turned into a hostage situation." Skinner ran through the details. Scully didn't see what use she and Mulder would be until Skinner cleared his throat and glanced at them, looking embarrassed. "There have also been reports of some sort of...neanderthal," he muttered resentfully, as if it were all Mulder and Scully's fault. There was some laughter in the room. Skinner quelled it with an angry glance.

"A neanderthal?" Mulder queried. "Working in the bank? Or one of the hostages?" Or the boss, Scully thought to herself. He looked pretty neanderthal right now, his shirt sleeves rolled up to reveal his brawny forearms, padding around the room, snarling.

"Looks like we've found that missing link," she murmured to Mulder who creased up with laughter. Skinner looked most displeased.

"I'm glad you find this funny, Agent Mulder," he rapped out. "Perhaps you could refrain from making jokes during briefings in future, Agent Scully. Unless you'd like to share that particular comment with the rest of us?" He positively glowered at her.

"Um..no, sir. Sorry, sir," she gulped, trying to get those socks off him. No use. She had no problems with his underwear, perverted soul that she was, but the socks resolutely refused to budge. Perhaps he had deformed feet, she thought to herself, gazing at his feet encased in a pair of shiny, immaculate shoes. Was this all the man did in his spare time? Polish his shoes, wash and iron those crisp shirts? Even his belt seemed to glow. It wasn't natural.

The neanderthal turned out to be a giant red herring. At least she thought so. Mulder wasn't so sure. They hung around for 5 hours doing nothing, watching hordes of black-jacketed FBI agents swarm ineffectually around the bank. Skinner strode around, his long coat flapping around his ankles, issuing orders and frowning a lot. Finally it all came to a rather tame conclusion when the man gave himself up and it turned out that he had been disguising himself from security cameras by dressing up as Chewbacca from Star Wars.

"Ludicrous." She shook her head.

"Or is it?" Mulder queried, eyebrows raised.

"Yes it is." Skinner told them both firmly, squashing that particular line of enquiry before Mulder could get the bit between his teeth and run with it.

"I think I'll ask this guy some questions all the same..." Mulder ran off and Scully sighed. She was tired - too many late nights on the trot. Time to go home, have a bath, switch off, log on and....settle back into Sexfiend's tender embrace.

Two hours later she was perched in front of her laptop, her hair wet and dangling into her eyes. She logged on.

Sexfiend had written twice. Once at lunchtime and once again, about 15 minutes ago.

<Speak to me! Please!> Was his last desperate message.

<I'm here,> she wrote.

<Am I glad to hear from you!> Was the immediate reply. <It's been a bad day.>

<You said it would be,> she reminded him.

<Yeah, but this was worse than I expected.>

<Me too,> she replied.

<Boss trouble? Colleague trouble?> He enquired sympathetically.

<Both! Convinced colleague completely deranged. As for boss! I swear I've never seen that man smile. He outdid himself today, positively GROWLING and pacing. Very unnerving. Had a go at me twice. Twice in one day. Good going even by his standards.>

<Perhaps he had a toothache,> was the unexpected reply.

<What?>

<I've got a toothache and I was probably a mite tetchy today. I'm empathising with your boss here, forgive me. You don't want me to see things his way. I'm on your side, Goddess. He's a bastard. You want me to come and beat him up for you?>

Scully snorted. <He's enormous!> She replied. <And at 5 feet nothing I don't think you'd be a match for him. Oil of cloves.>

<I beg your pardon? Is this a new variant on our sex game? You get to rub oil of cloves into me or something?>

<No, for your teeth. My mom swears by it. Just rub some on.>

<This is the same mom who hangs around with biker types in cyberspace? You want me to take her advice? This is a big leap of faith, Goddess!>

<It's either that or be a brave boy and go to the dentist,> she told him, smiling. Men were such babies!

<I'd gladly go if I could just leave the office for a second,> was his wistful reply.  
<Unfortunately it's been too busy.>

She really wished she knew what it was he did for a living. <You're not really a radio talk show host are you?> She asked.

<No. You're not really a juggler though are you?> he replied.

<No. What do these choices of fantasy career say about ourselves?>

<That I'm a quiet geek with nothing to say for himself, and that you long to walk on the wild side?> He wrote back.

<Oh shit! You're probably right. (Sigh) My job's a bit rational, scientific. I suppose being a street entertainer appealed because it seemed the very opposite of cerebral. And you have trouble making conversation in real life? You're chatty enough in cyberspace.>

<In cyberspace nobody can see you blush <g> I'm good enough with the written word. Real Life has me a bit more tongue-tied. I'm laughing here! Nobody ever, EVER accused me of being chatty in Real Life.>

<Well I did say, a lifetime ago (2 days?!) that a person's email persona is different to how they are in Real Life. It's kind of liberating, don't you think?>

<Yeah. I never get to wear tight leather trousers in R.L.>

<Maybe you should.>

<Maybe you should take up juggling!>

<Maybe. BTW, did you explain to the people you work with that you had toothache?>

<Explain?! No. Why?>

<Because if my boss had a reason for being so surly today (why pick today?) then maybe it wouldn't have had such an effect on my morale. So if you were "tetchy" you could have told your colleagues and then they'd have given you sympathy instead of staying out of your way. Just a thought.>

<Hmm...I'm not in the habit of discussing my teeth in the office. Still, I'll think about it. We've only known each other 2 days and already you're trying to change me!>

<No way, Sexfiend. I like you just the way you are. Just so long as you don't ever get tetchy with me!>

<Promise. Cross my heart, hope to die. Tell me what you're wearing...???!!!!>

<Well...> Dana looked down at her grubby tee shirt and shook her head. <I'm wearing a short skirt and a tight blouse and...wait for it...stockings!>

<Oh dear. Stockings... You're toying with me, Goddess. You know there isn't a man alive who doesn't lust after stockings. I can just see them, all smooth and shiny on your fabulous long legs, just waiting to be peeled down...>

<Wait for it! I want to hear what you're wearing first.>

<Me? I can be dressed in anything you like. Tell me your hottest fantasy!>

<Well...okay, this is perverse.> Scully frowned. <But today I tried that trick, you told me about. You know, imagining the boss naked! Well it worked really well, almost had me laughing out loud, but I had one tiny problem - I just couldn't imagine him without his socks. There he was, sitting stark naked in his office and he was wearing socks! So. Why don't you pretend to be dressed in his nice neat suit, with a tie, sort of formal looking and I'll see if I can get those socks off you.>

<Perverse! That's more than perverse, it's positively depraved! You want me to pretend to be your boss!!!??? I thought you hated him?!>

<No. He's okay. Just terminally grumpy, but quite attractive in a sour sort of way. You don't have to be him (that really would be perverse!), just be wearing something formal, workday like. Okay? I'm nuzzling up to you right now, undoing your tie, slipping it away from your neck, running my fingers along your collar.>

<Feeling hot under that collar. Undo more, Goddess.>

<You're sitting at a desk and I'm perched on your knee. No, wait, I'm straddling you - ooh, that's something pretty hard you've got in your pocket, big boy! Now I'm kissing you, tongues in mouth time! All the way in, sucking your lip...and one of your hands is on my tight blouse, the other is on my leg, running up and down my stockings...>

<My fingers are on that beautiful expanse of thigh between stocking top and somewhere nice and warm and enticing...you're pressing your breasts into my face as I lick at your neck,

undo those buttons on your blouse, bury myself in your body. You're running your fingers through my thick dark hair, kissing me all over, leaving all these little lipstick marks on my face. You're undoing my trousers, and I'm hard, Goddess, rock hard and willing and ready to take you here and now, in my office, on the floor, across the desk! I don't care which.>

<On the desk! You pick me up, all 6 feet of me, and push me onto your desk, scattering all the papers and files and pens with one swipe of your arm. You're leaning down over me, thrusting my skirt up around my waist, and I can feel you digging hard into my thigh. You're climbing on the desk, on top of me, holding me down beneath you, those vivid blue eyes looking into mine.>

<And I'm quivering to get inside you. I'm so hard I can't hold on. I have to have you now. Hope my secretary's gone home, hope I remembered to lock the door. My cock is big and powerful, and your panties are gone. Ripped away, torn off you because I'm desperate here. I've got your hips in my hands, those stockings rubbing against my thighs, all silky smooth. I'm gliding inside you and you're so wet and hot it's like entering into a pool of warm, molten, liquid gold. Your legs are round my waist, your hands scratching my back, pulling me deeper into you. I'm thrusting, you're screaming, pounding on my back...>

<I can feel you deep inside me, like a pistol, ramming me back and forward. I'm eating you up, you're so powerful, so big and hard and strong. I've got you squeezed all tight, thrashing up and down on the hard desk, kicking and screaming and dying from pleasure and you're shaking, you're about to come and so am I...Feel you come inside me, all warm, flooding out of me..>

<And you come so much it's everywhere. All over me, all over you and running down those stocking tops. All over my desk, a flooding pool of glorious creamy come...! Wow....Oh Goddess (moan) I worship you. I really do.>

Scully leaned back, smelling the scent of her own body, feeling the slick wetness between her thighs. Damn she hadn't done this to herself since she was at high school and first began exploring her body. It was wonderful. And he was so good. She liked the images he used - warm, molten, liquid gold!

<Sexfiend...> she leaned, exhausted against the table. <I am beat! That was one hell of a ride. I think I'm in love!>

<Me too, Goddess. And I'm exhausted too. Good thing my secretary went home hours ago. I can hardly believe my office looks so tidy really, after all that thrashing about on the desk.>

<You're still at work? Good god, man! You seem to have been there permanently.>

<It's been hectic recently. Something unexpected came up today. Hopefully things should be quieter soon then I'll fit in that trip to the dentist.>

<You should. Oh shit. Guess what, Sexfiend - look down.>

<What? I'm looking.>

<You're still wearing your socks. I never got them off you.>

<We can save that for another time. I promise you will get to see my feet in all their naked glory.>

<You trying to turn me on again (g)?>

<You bet. It's my main goal in life. Now look, you cheer up, Goddess. Don't let the boss and the mad colleague get you down. Remember I'm here. Bosses are supposed to be full of shit. It's in the job description, I'm sure all the people I supervise hate me too.>

<You have underlings?>

<Underlings???! I've never thought of them that way before. Love to see what they'd make of me if I called them that to their faces. And I have to deal with mad colleagues as well. God, if you could see one of my..."underlings". Totally nuts. I swear either him or me will end up in a mental institution before we're through. Me probably. He'll break me down one of these days with his crap. They're not all insane though. I even quite like one or two of them. (One in particular.)>

<Should I be jealous?>

<No. You know me. I told you, I don't do small talk very well. I wouldn't know what to say to her. It's not appropriate really anyway. And besides, I get the feeling she and Mr Crazy are sort of "involved." She wouldn't look twice at me.>

<Don't be so hard on yourself. And don't work so hard either. And try talking to people more. You might be surprised. Speak soon.>

Scully went to bed with a happy smile on her face. He really was totally cute. How long would this go on before it burned itself out she wondered? Already she felt it was an obsession, a compulsion. Tomorrow she was going to ask him some more personal questions. What he really looked like, how old he was etc etc. In fact, she might even tell him her real name! Yeah, she had a good feeling about this, a really good feeling...

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There was no sign of Mulder when she arrived at work the next day. Instead, she found a hastily scribbled note on her desk.

*Scully, HUGE favor. I've had an idea. STALL THE BOSSMAN! If Skinner comes looking for me, you don't know anything, right? Mulder.*

What was he talking about? Scully wondered. She **didn't** know anything. She didn't know anything because he hadn't damn well told her anything and now he wanted her to stall Skinner? Why? And why was Skinner after him again? She sighed and opened her laptop, decided against emailing Sexfiend at 8.30 am. That really would be obsessive and besides she must get down to doing some work. There was still that autopsy report to write up and

submit and a couple of enquiries of her own she wanted to pursue, including an investigation into the strange clumps of hair that she had found clenched in the victim's fist. She phoned the lab running the analysis and frowned as they gave her their report, switching back into scientist mode again after the sexual excesses of her fevered imagination. Curious. She ran the results through her computer, toyed with some theories, wished Mulder was there to run them by. Then, in the middle of the morning, Skinner's secretary buzzed through.

"Is Agent Mulder around?" Kimberley queried. "Assistant Director Skinner would like to see him."

"No. He's not here right now. No, I don't know where he is." Scully bit the top of her pen. Why did Mulder always do this to her?

"Oh. Could you tell him that A.D. Skinner would like a word if he phones in?"

"Yes." Scully put the phone down, wondering if now might not be a good time to get out of the office. But she still had a couple of things she wanted to check out and anyway, she was too old to be running away from the boss like a naughty kid. If Mulder was in trouble he'd just have to sort it out with Skinner himself.

Scully stared at the results in her hand in disbelief and then she made a couple of phone calls. Really this was so bizarre. All thoughts of Sexfiend were dislodged from her mind as she came to her incredulous conclusion. She was just pondering the total madness of it when her phone buzzed.

"Agent Scully?" It was Kimberley.

"Yes."

"Still no sign of Agent Mulder?"

"No," Scully said tersely, still in shock at the results of the tests she had run.

"Could you come and fill the Assistant Director in on where exactly this inquiry is taking you then? He's rather concerned about it."

"Alright," Scully sighed. She hoped Skinner was in a good mood. She had a feeling he wasn't going to like this one bit.

He wasn't in a good mood.

"Agent Scully. I've had a couple of phone calls from our field office. They don't like the way Agent Mulder is investigating this. I was wondering if you could give me some more information." Skinner frowned at her. She frowned back at him. Two could play this game! She couldn't see his feet under the desk but she could imagine those dark socks resolutely encased every pink toe.

"Well, I think I know why the field office don't like what Mulder's doing, but I suspect he's on the right track, sir. I just had these results back from the lab." Scully handed him the rough draft of the report she had been working on. He read it, his finger softly caressing the side of his face. Finally he looked up, scowling. Scully steeled herself.

"So. Let me get this straight, Scully. You're saying that our key suspect for the murders of those nurses is a ...gorilla?"

"I know how it sounds, sir, but yes. The hair that the last girl had clenched in her hands was from a gorilla."

"A gorilla with a knife?" He queried, his face like thunder. "I don't appreciate having my time wasted, Scully."

"Sir, the hospital where those nurses worked was adjacent to a specialist animal research laboratory. I've established that they have been working on a project to teach primates human skills, including how to cut up food using a knife and fork. I have also established that one of the primates involved in the project escaped from the facility 4 days ago. It all ties in."

"Scully, it does no such thing. I have no hard evidence and my main suspect is a chimp. I would have expected something half-baked like this from Mulder but I expect something a damn sight better from you! Now get out there and find me a real suspect before I lose my temper over this whole thing." He slammed his fist down on the desk and Scully glared at him furiously. How dare he doubt her. She was sure that this was the truth of the case whether he liked it or not.

"I'll get you the evidence!" She exclaimed. "But I stand by my report, sir. And frankly I think you should stand by me." She got up and strode angrily to the door.

"Scully," his tone was conciliatory. "I'm sorry," he said. She turned, her hand on the door handle. "I didn't mean to shout like that but this really does seem absurd to me. I need to know that you have exhausted more traditional means of investigation first."

"Alright," she said coldly, stiffly. He was standing, hands on hips, looking at her, a furrow across his forehead.

"Look, I...I didn't mean to go off at you like that," he mumbled.

Scully was surprised. "It's okay." She flashed him a smile and turned the door handle to go.

"I...I'm a bit distracted at the moment."

"Oh?" She looked at him inquiringly, then dropped her gaze to his feet. Nope, still resolutely socked.

"Yes." His eyes followed her gaze down to his feet, perplexed, and she started and blushed, forcing her eyes back to his face. "I'm a little out of sorts. Toothache." He patted his jaw, then winced.

"Oil of cloves," she said automatically, smiling at him and putting out her hand to open the door.

"What?"

"My mother swears by it..." She froze, and her eyes met his. Oh shit. His face was immobile but his eyes were absolutely agonized. They stared at each other for a moment while her hand fumbled frantically at the door, finally managed to open it, and then she fled.

She ran out into the corridor, down the stairs - she couldn't wait for the elevator, down into Mulder's office, past Mulder himself.

"Hey, Scully, I've found the answer to the missing link!" He exclaimed cheerily as he finished typing up his report.

"Yes. I know. It's a gorilla. Here." She thrust her report at him. "You have evidence?"

"Yeah, for once I do! How did you know?"

"Never mind. Just go and convince Skinner will you. He nearly bit my head off."

"Alright. Where are you going?" Mulder looked at her as she hurriedly packed her laptop away, and grabbed her bag.

"Home. To work on my letter of resignation," she told him, running for the door. She had to get out of here! Supposing she ran into Skinner? Oh god, please don't let her run into him, she couldn't face him, she couldn't!

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She ran out of the building, breathing a huge sigh of relief not to find her boss looming up in front of her, blocking the exits. She ran home, not bothering with a car. She couldn't concentrate to drive, it was all she could do to cross the road safely. The journey took her well over an hour but she didn't care. She didn't even notice the time passing. She finally made it to the safety of her apartment, and threw herself in the shower, soaping herself down hard, feeling dirty. You are dirty, girl! she told herself. You're a dirty little slut whose screwed her boss by modem. Oh shit. She allowed the tears to wash down her face along with the water. She could never, ever face him again. She really did have to resign. It was for the best. Calming herself, she pulled on some sweat pants and a sweatshirt, combed out her hair, dried it carefully, then tried to think, slowly, composing herself, taking deep breaths.

Okay. So Sexfiend was Skinner. Say it over and over again to get used to those two words in one sentence. Sexfiend...Skinner...Sexfiend...Skinner. Okay. And she had let him screw her, in cyberspace, several times. Once with ice-cream and hot chocolate sauce, once in his office!

Oh god, in his office...and he had taken her on his desk...Her whole body went bright red as she thought that one through. Every single inch of her heated up until she thought you could toast marshmallows on her skin.

Right. Skinner. Sex. Ice-cream. Office. Oh no...there's worse, it's getting worse...With a flood of agony she remembered the comments she had made about her boss, about undressing him. Okay so he had told her to do that but still. And the socks. The thing with the socks. And she had complained about him so often! What had she called him? "Surly", "growling", "terminally grumpy"?!...oh this was a nightmare. Scully groaned, and got up, deciding that she had no choice but to see just how bad it all was. She went over to her computer and turned it on, pulled up their series of emails, and re-read them one by one, trying to imagine him writing them, him...what? Jerking off....? Oh god. Well of course he must have done. She had masturbated her way through every single sex scene they had shared, so why not him? It was only fair.

She frowned when she reached the bit about his wife. Had his wife died? Why hadn't she known about that? How had he managed to keep that so quiet? She had assumed they'd got divorced - he didn't wear his wedding ring but then he never had. That was why nobody knew he was married in the first place. God, what a secretive man he was! Scully logged into the FBI records database and pulled up some files, found his, read it. Yes, there it was. Sharon Skinner. Killed in a car accident two years ago. Right at the same time as that call girl business. She had died in that accident? And Skinner never told anyone? When did he ever talk about anything personal though? she thought to herself, reading on down, to where he confided that he was useless at small talk. It was a whole different side of him. And this bit - about someone he liked, someone he thought was involved with "Mr Crazy". That had to be Mulder, surely, and was she the woman he secretly liked? Was that possible? It made her feel a bit better about the whole thing. Not much, but a bit.

Just to be on the safe side she made a few phone calls, and told a few desperate lies to get the information she required quickly. Sure enough, the email account [KRJ918@VPW.com](mailto:KRJ918@VPW.com) was registered to the home address of a Walter S. Skinner. If only she'd done that a few days ago, instead of taking Rick's advice and emailing him to find out who he was. And how had his personal email account got onto her laptop in the first place? With a groan she remembered the time, months ago, when she had emailed him some information, and he'd asked her to use this address. She didn't realise she'd stored it - she'd certainly never used it again, had forgotten completely that she had it at all. And now this had happened. Who'd have thought he'd have such a vivid imagination though? And such an attentive lover. Everything she had thrown at him he had thrown back, but nothing too crude, nothing to frighten her away. No "cunts", and "tits", and "fucks", words that she didn't find a turn-on in her personal fantasy world.

Scully lay down on the couch, staring at the ceiling. What now? What the hell did she do now? She remembered the look of absolute horror on his face when she had said "oil of cloves." She had egged him on to explain himself. "Tell them you have toothache!" she mimicked herself bitterly. Oh god, I'm in a total mess and I can't even tell anyone, she sighed. There was nobody she could call about this. She could just imagine what Mulder would make of it (when he had stopped rolling around on the floor laughing), and her

mother! Well you just couldn't tell your mother you'd had email sex with your boss. It wasn't in their conversational vocabulary. So, she was stuck with it, left to deal with it alone. Suddenly she missed Sexfiend. He would have said something nice.

<Life sucks. You want me to beat him up for you? I'm on your side, Goddess....>

If only that were true. Scully went back to her computer, still logged in to the FBI database. She logged out of there, went into her emails. There was something in her inbox. She accessed it with a dull feeling of resignation in her heart. Probably something silly from Mulder, or more of those lab results. Oh shit. **His** account number. <RE: Goddess,> the subject said. With quaking fingers she accessed the message.

<You were right. You really aren't appreciated, Goddess. Crazy colleague just backed up everything you told me, with evidence. I've beaten the boss up for you REAL BAD. :-( We really, really need to sort this out. Please email back.

Sexfiend.

PS Went to dentist. Feeling a lot less tetchy. Promise.>

Scully's heart missed a beat. That was definitely not what she had expected in a million years. Maybe she didn't need to resign after all. But what should she reply?

<Don't know what to say. Suspect we've already said far too much. Thanks for supportive email though. I wasn't sure whether to throw myself out of the window or resign. What now????!  
Goddess.>

A few seconds later a reply arrived.

<Well. One of two things. I have to say I've enjoyed the past couple of days, and I suppose we've both seen sides to each other that we didn't realise existed. Sorry you see me as a permanent bear with a sore head. Probably my fault. ANYWAY, I'd like a chance to convince you I'm more than that. I'm surprised to find I don't want to lose this communication we had going. I like you, Goddess. However, it's your call. If I don't hear from you this evening, I'll delete your messages and your email address from my computer, and I promise you'll never need to be embarrassed by this. I won't mention it. Ever. And I'd expect the same discretion from you of course. But...well, you know my R.L. address. Let's just say I'll have the ice-cream and hot chocolate sauce waiting...Have to send this quickly before I lose my nerve.

Sexfiend>

Scully stared at the message, shocked. He didn't mean it did he? Could he? Well of course she couldn't take him up on that second option. It was absurd. She just didn't see him that way. Did she? She remembered when she had been mentally undressing him, finding it arousing. And he did have a wonderful physique, and hadn't she been half way to falling in love with Sexfiend before finding out who he was? But still! Skinner!? Her boss! God, what would Mulder say? Who cares, she thought, who cares what anybody said. He had a side to

him, which he had revealed in his emails, that she really liked and he wanted her. When had anyone really wanted her like he did? And he was very attractive.

Scully went to her bedroom and opened the wardrobe. What should she wear? Not stockings, that was for sure. What a cliché! Jeans? Oh god, what? Was she going to sleep with him? Did she want to? YES, a voice told her. Just go. Forget about changing, just get over there before he thinks you're not coming. It had been two hours since his email. He probably did think she wasn't going over there. She jogged there in her sweatpants, sure she looked a mess. He probably wouldn't even want her looking like this. She stood outside his apartment block for an hour. It was nearly 11 now. Looking up, she pinpointed his apartment, saw the light go out. He thought she wasn't coming! Well, maybe that was for the best. She turned around and started to walk home, then got a sudden fit of bravery, and turned back again - and hesitated. God, who ever thought email sex was safe? It was completely nerve-racking. Enough to kill you. She forced herself into the elevator, along to his apartment, knocked on the door before she could change her mind, then got an attack of nerves and started to run off back down the corridor.

"Scully?" She heard his voice and stopped, frozen.

"Hi." She shrugged, turning, seeing him framed in the doorway to his apartment. "I got cold feet," she explained.

"I could warm them up," he suggested. He was dressed in a black sweater, and a pair of tight brown jeans, big black lace-up boots on his feet.

"I don't know." She shivered, shrugging.

"Come on in. It's cold out." He held the door open, and she tiptoed past him.

"We..um..should talk," she murmured. "I want you to know that I didn't do any of this on purpose. I really did lose all my addresses. The computer guy who fixed my hard drive said I should just email people to find out who they were. I could have made a few phone calls, but there were a lot of them and this just seemed easier and ..." He was staring at her. She ran out of steam.

"I believe you," he shrugged. "Nobody who saw the expression on your face when you stood in my office earlier could help but believe you."

"**My** face!" She shook her head. "You should have seen yours!"

"I know." He stood too close, his hand hesitatingly reaching out to touch her shoulder. She swallowed nervously. Did she want this?

"Will you stay?" He asked.

"I'm kind of hungry..." she murmured.

"Ice-cream?" He raised an eyebrow.

"On a first date?" She grinned, and he smiled back.

"Tell you what." He took her hand, led her over to the couch, sat her down. "As a gesture of good faith, why don't I show you something?"

"What?" She asked, feeling faintly alarmed.

"Something you have an unhealthy obsession with." He grinned. "And there, see, I do smile."

"Yeah..right...now you mustn't quote me stuff or I'll die of embarrassment!" she grinned back.

"Okay. Now watch." He sat down beside her, undid his boots, and slid them off his feet. "Ready?" He asked.

"Yeah...." For what? She wondered. Then she laughed out loud as he slowly, sensuously, removed one sock and then the other, to reveal two rather nice, honey-colored, only slightly hairy feet.

"There." He held his long legs up for her inspection and wriggled his toes. "See, easy. Now of course if I'd known you were sitting in those meetings undressing me..."

"Stop it! You told me to do that! It never would have occurred to me otherwise," she giggled, suddenly feeling a lot more relaxed. "And by the way, you are a funny looking 5 feet nothing."

"You're a funny looking 6 feet tall," he laughed, gathering her up in his arms, and kissing her firmly but gently on the forehead. "Shall we see if the reality is as good as the fantasy, Goddess?"

"You know, I don't think that's a bad idea at all, Sexfiend."

She allowed him to sweep her up into his warm embrace, ran her fingers over his bald head.

"So much for thick, dark hair and vivid blue eyes..." She gazed into his deep brown eyes.

"Well I was counting on blonde tresses, and something altogether longer in the leg department," he told her with another of those strange grins that looked unfamiliar and out of place on him. "Not that I am at all disappointed with the reality, believe you me." He ran his hand along her leg, tucked it into her sweatpants, obscuring her abdomen completely with his big palm.

"Neither am I!" She giggled. "I mean there's a place for small and boyish, but I think I'd opt for big and muscular any old day."

She fell silent as his face came closer to hers - she could smell his aftershave, and the clean scent of him. She wanted him! She closed her eyes as he kissed her, opened her mouth,

allowed him in. Oh, this was delicious! She wriggled underneath him, freeing her arms from his embrace, pulling him down on top of her.

"Shall we save the ice-cream for another time...?" he murmured.

"Oh yeah..." Another time? She could barely get her head around this happening once!

Boy, he was big. He hadn't been this damn heavy in their fantasy world. She felt herself being suffocated by an expanse of enormous shoulder. "You have got to get undressed..." she whispered. "I need to see if you look anything like I imagined."

"Anything you say, Goddess." He sat up, his big thighs straddling her and she stroked his butt as he tore his sweater off over his head to reveal a hard muscular chest, covered in a fine fuzz of hair. "How am I doing?" he grinned, flicking off his glasses and putting them on the coffee table.

"Pretty good so far, handsome!" She laughed delightedly, her fingers moving round to the front of his jeans, undoing them urgently. She could feel his fingers on her hair, stroking her cheek. Something very promising was bulging inside these jeans. She tugged them down, sat up against his thighs, pushed down his briefs and freed his straining erection. "Now this is definitely not what I expected," she grinned, pressing her lips to his broad, hard cock, taking it in her mouth. He sighed, and now his fingers were running down her back, pulling her sweater up, somehow finding her breasts. She hadn't worn a bra. After her shower the last thing she had expected was that she would go running out for a mad sex session with her boss. She moaned, and leaned into his questing fingers, still sucking him. His hands blazed flames of aroused fire through her body as her nipples hardened, aching at his touch. He stroked them gently, simultaneously, his fingertips scratching lightly at them making her gasp. She pulled back from his cock and lay down, allowing him to wrench her sweater off and press his mouth against her breasts, teasing her nipples with his tongue and teeth, biting softly, then with more urgency until she was writhing. His big hands quickly pushed down her sweatpants and panties.

"Not black satin," he murmured reprovingly.

"Well you're not in tight leather," she scolded back. He grinned delightedly.

"God knows where that fantasy came from." He licked up her neck and ended up kissing her, exploring her mouth. She lay there, just savoring the feel of his tongue. She couldn't believe that she was in such close quarters with Assistant Director Skinner of all people. It was absurd, wonderful...totally arousing. And boy, could he kiss. She felt herself moaning, pressing her body against his like a wanton little cat on heat. He drew back, picked her up in his big arms, lifted her off the limiting confines of the couch and deposited her on the floor, rolling down on top of her, kicking off the last of his clothing as he joined her there, in front of the fire. "The floor," he murmured. "After all, we've done the couch, we've done the bedroom..."

"And we've done your office!" she murmured wickedly.

"Bad little Goddess!" His eyes glinted mischievously. "I'll never be able to sit at my desk again without remembering your stockinged thighs wrapped around me..." He leaned over her, one massive arm tucked under her head, bending down to deposit several little kisses on her face and neck. His other hand stroked her outer thigh, ran itself all the way down to her knee and back up again, over and over again. "God I want you..." He muttered, his hands becoming more urgent, pushing her thighs open with his leg, grinding his knee up between her legs making her gasp. She guided him towards her, her hands gripping his large, erect penis, glorying in the width of him, the sheer power of him, opening her legs wide to receive him.

"No...we've done missionary..." He gave a grin that she would never have guessed he possessed, a grin of totally wicked sexual abandon. "Get on your hands and knees," he growled. She gave a gurgle of sheer delight, both at his tone and the suggestion, doing as he said, feeling his large hands on her thighs and buttocks, then his fingers thrusting inside her, finding her clit, exciting it, making her moan.

"Now..." she gasped pathetically, totally at his mercy. He removed his fingers, and she felt the hard tip of his cock against her entrance before he moved smoothly into her. She backed up against him, forcing him deep inside her, crying out with the feel of him so totally invading and occupying her. His hands moved round from her thighs to finger her breasts, then travelled back over her flesh towards her hips again, seizing them in order to press himself more deeply inside her body.

"Faster, harder..." she panted as he pounded into her. She could hardly breathe from the sheer magnitude of him within her, the total power and force of his body against hers. His thrusting reached a crescendo of pleasure that made her whimper, and she could feel herself transported on wave after wave of orgasm. She felt him hold her up, his large hands, pressed against her sweaty flesh as she lost all control of her body. And she could feel, as if from some distance, that he had come as well, his breathing rasping in ecstasy. He lowered her gently to the floor, withdrawing from her, and she flung herself onto her back, still panting. He threw himself down beside her, wrapping her up in his arms, kissing her hair.

"Did the earth move...?" He asked, still breathless.

"What earth? I'm not even on the same planet," she murmured, taking his big hands in her small ones, running her fingers over his. They lay there for a long while, sated by their exertions, warm and happy. She loved the feel of his chest hair against her bare skin, his hard, muscular, golden body against her pale, soft flesh. "Tell you what, Sexfiend..." she murmured

"What?" He nuzzled at her shoulder.

"Next time I'll wear those stockings if you'll get yourself a pair of tight leather trousers." She could hear him snort, his tongue licking at the sweat on her neck.

"It's a deal," he murmured. "Just don't wear them if you have a meeting with me in my office. I couldn't be held responsible for the consequences."

"Yeah right. And don't you prowl around the Hoover Building in all that tight black leather. I wouldn't be the only girl throwing herself at your feet if you did."

"I don't prowl!" he protested. "And incidentally I don't snarl either. I'm not terminally grumpy and I don't..."

"Shut up." She pressed her lips against his, feeling a shiver of delight at being able to say those words to her boss with such impunity.

"And being called "attractive in a sour kind of way" doesn't do much for my ego either..." he continued when she had finished.

"I said shut up!" She giggled, sitting on top of him, straddling his waist and staring down into his eyes. "Anyway I've revised my opinion on that. What about - attractive in a furry sort of way?" She ran her fingers through his chest hair, giggling again. "How does that sound?"

"I don't have to listen to you. You're just an underling!" He exclaimed, grabbing her round the waist and pulling her down so that she was lying on top of him, kissing her firmly, tenderly on the lips, rolling her over onto her back, imprisoning her underneath him.

"I am now!" She gasped, pounding on his shoulder to be released. "And I am not involved with Mr. Crazy incidentally. Never have been. And now, I suspect, never will be."

"Good." He kissed her again, relaxing his firm grip on her, stroking her gently.

"Paranormal talkshow host?" She asked slyly.

"I spend too much time with deranged underlings." He shrugged. "And anyway, street entertainer? What possible excuse can you have for that?" He raised an incredulous eyebrow. She had seen this expression before, at work, but it took her breath away to see it here, in this context, and on a naked man.

"None, sir." she laughed.

He made a face. "Call me Sexfiend. Now that really does work wonders for my ego, to say nothing of my libido."

She ran her fingers over his bald head and sighed with the unexpected pleasure of it.

"I will, Sexfiend," she whispered. "Just as long as you call me Goddess..."

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They made love twice more before the night was through. Scully was impressed by his stamina but then again it had been a long time since either of them had indulged in such sensual pleasures and they did seem to be very compatible. He was such a sensitive, imaginative, attentive lover, but after their emails she wouldn't have expected anything less.

Finally he lifted her up off the floor, and swept her upstairs to his bedroom, cradling her in his arms until they both fell asleep.

She woke at 6 a.m. and slipped out of the bed, got dressed and deposited a kiss on his sleeping face before taking herself off home to shower and get changed into suitable workday clothes.

She felt as if she was walking on air as she floated into the office. Mulder was still sitting where she had left him, his feet on the desk, chewing his way through a packet of sunflower seeds.

"I thought you'd resigned," he commented with a grin.

"Changed my mind."

"You might want to unchange it," Mulder smirked. "I don't know what you said to Skinner yesterday but he was in a VERY strange mood when I saw him. If I was you I'd get that draft report typed up nice and neat and on his desk a.s.a.p."

"Good idea." Scully smiled and opened her laptop.

"How did you manage to upset him like that incidentally?" Mulder enquired.

"By suggesting the murderer was a gorilla," Scully told him. "And also, I think he had toothache."

"He told you that?" Mulder asked incredulously.

"Yes." She smiled dreamily, opening the file that held her draft report.

"Hmmm." Mulder frowned at her. "Did you get that stuff I emailed you? You might want to put it in your report. More test results from the lab that arrived after you left last night. I tried to call you but your phone was permanently engaged."

"I was on-line." She smiled apologetically. "I'll download it now." She logged on and retrieved the data and then saw the other message.

<Goddess, where did you go???? I was going to make you breakfast. Ice-cream tastes sooooo good first thing. You haven't run out on me forever have you???>

<No way,> she replied, smiling to herself surreptitiously. <But I couldn't show up for work in sweatpants now could I? And I didn't want to be late. I have this report to write and you know how GRUMPY the boss gets when a report is late....>

<Minx! So you got changed? What are you wearing...??!!>

<Well...> Scully leaned back and thought about it, a salacious smile hovering on her lips. Mulder stared at her.

"You feeling alright, Scully?" he asked.

"I'm fine," she replied dreamily.

"Great. I'm going to investigate something then."

"What?" She asked as he headed for the door. "What are you investigating?"

"I'll let you know if it turns out interesting. See you this afternoon." He winked at her, and disappeared. Scully sighed. He always did this. She turned her attention back to her computer.

<Well...I've got on a silk blouse which is ever so slightly see-through...> She leaned back in her chair and undid the top button of her blouse, sighing. The door opened suddenly, and she sat up guiltily. Skinner was standing there, looking every inch the surly boss.

"Scully where's Mulder?" He asked her, frowning. She froze - wasn't he online at the moment? What was he doing here?

"He's gone off somewhere, sir," she mumbled, unsure what to say to him in their work environment, wondering if he was setting the tone for how they should conduct their relationship at work.

"Hmm...what are you doing?" She was so startled by his manner that she had to fight down a very real and absurd impulse to hide what she was up to by exiting from her email program as he strode across the room and looked over her shoulder at the screen. "Wasting bureau time on sex chat, Agent Scully?" He asked incredulously, standing behind her, leaning over her, putting one hand on either side of hers on the desk, trapping her in her chair and breathing heavily against her neck.

"I'm an addict, sir..." she sighed, leaning back into him.

"Do you have a key to this office, Scully?" He inhaled the scent of her hair deeply.

"I do, yes...." She picked it up and twirled it around her finger.

"And Agent Mulder isn't expected back in the next hour or so?"

"No, sir." She could feel his hot breath against her bare skin and found herself becoming instantly aroused.

"Good...after all we've done my apartment, we've done my bedroom, we've done my office...I think it's time you hosted our next little adventure don't you, Goddess?" He twirled her chair around, and kissed her passionately on the mouth.

"Whatever you say, Sexfiend..." she murmured when they both came up for air. "After all, you're the boss..."

**THE END**

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