

Summary: Nine years ago a fateful case brought together two people to discover the truth behind a fifty year conspiracy. Events changed drastically when one of them discovered a secret that no one was ready for yet. To cover this mistake, the colonist did something that was never supposed to happen. This is the story of those actions and the reaction to them.

Categories: [X Files](#) Characters: Ensemble, Fox Mulder

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Abuse, Angst, AU, Brain-Insane, Dark Themes, m/m, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Coupling: Fox Mulder/Billy Miles May be others later.

Author's Note: I have always wondered what would have happened if Mulder had made it over that hill in the pilot episode.

Spoilers: Like a whole lot of episodes, mainly the pilot.

Warnings: Alien Abductions, Violence, Mulder Torture, angst, Male Pregnancy, human Experimentation.

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Part 1 Stop looking to the past to find a reason to live. Look around, I am sure you will find something or someone. by lopaka tanu

Driving towards the woods outside Bellefleur Oregon, Scully and Mulder argued their plans and hypothesis of what actually happened. Mulder smiled at Scully's disbelieving look. "Do you still have the implant?"

"Yes, but that is it, there is nothing else left after that damned fire. Why?"

He held out his hand. "May I please have it?"

She wondered why, but handed over the implant. Once he had it, he quickly placed it in his jacket pocket. "What is that about, Mulder, do you not trust me with the evidence?"

"It's no that, Scully. I just have a few theories that involve this implant. When the time comes to test them, I want to be the one to do just that."

"What do these theories have to do with those kids, Mulder?" She asked as they pulled off along side the road.

"They all have a common link, they were all at the same party. So far, only two remain. That leads me to believe that either one is responsible, and I am willing to bet that Billy Miles is behind the death of Peggy O'Dell, may b even the others." Mulder spoke as he and Scully climbed out of the car and headed towards the woods.

"Wait, Mulder, how can that possibly be? He is in a coma back at the hospital." Her disbelief clearly resounded as she followed him in to the woods.

"Not if my theories are correct." Ignoring her stunned look, he continued deeper in to the forest. As they walked, the light of the sun completely disappeared from the sky, and the stars peeked through the clouds. All was silent as they neared the area of the supposed abductions.

Vocalizing her boredom, Scully sighed. Mulder turned back to her and motioned for her to follow another path. After she nodded her affirmation, they split up in their different directions. He continued on in to the woods for a bit before stopping. The snapping of branches made him turn to come face to face with Detective Miles, holding a gun on him while Billy walked towards a large hill with a prone figure in his arms. "You knew!" Mulder accused.

Detective Miles shifted his gun slightly but, kept it near him. "I suspected him from the start, but there was not enough evidence. Who ever is controlling him is responsible. I won't let you interfere if it might get me my boy back."

"Whoa, hold on. I am just here to help." Mulder held up his hands as the distraught man aimed his gun at him once more.

"That's what they all say. I won't let you take him in." Anger quickly took hold of the older man as he cocked the gun. Movement off to their right revealed a robotically moving Billy with the body of Teresa Nemman in his arms as he walked over the hill. Mulder started after them but the man reminded him of the gun. "Ah, uh Mr. Mulder. We will wait right here."

"Drop the gun now!" Scully's angry shout distracted the man long enough to allow Mulder to follow them over the hill. "Shit!" She cursed as she and the detective tried to follow them over the hill. A strong wind and blinding light kept them back.

Mulder walked towards the figure in regulation hospital slacks. The young man was looking up, but suddenly his face dropped and focused on the FBI agent. Billy laid Teresa on the ground and stepped towards Mulder. Mulder felt his body compelled forward, to Billy's open, expecting arms. When they touched, his knees gave out on him, and Billy knelt to take his wait.

A bright white light exploded down on them in a cone shape. Gail force winds accompanied the light. Mulder screamed as he felt his body being lifted towards the cold light. This was all wrong, he was not supposed to be here. The strong arms tightened their grip on him, held him like an invalid. Knees and shoulders supported by Billy's arms, he felt like a damsel in distress.

Looking up, he saw the bottom of the triangle shaped craft. Tears formed in his eyes, as he laid back against Billy's shirtless chest. What he had been searching for was about to come true. Fear welled up in him as he saw the iris opening in the bottom of the ship. The Darkness surrounded him as he and Billy were sucked inside. One last thought ran through his head before he blacked out. "Sculllllyyyy!!!"

"Sculllllyyyy!!!"

She heard her name called as she looked on at the scene from a Steven Spielberg movie. Her partner was being abducted. It defied all logic. Suddenly the light was gone and the ship rose a little further above the trees. In a flash, it was gone from sight, and so was everything she had on this case.

Scully looked down in to the clearing, ignoring the grieving man beside her. A figure stirred at the bottom. Quickly she made her way down to the side of Teresa, and checked her vitals. "Are you all right? Can you hear me?"

Teresa nodded slowly as she groggily awoke. "What's... going on?"

"Do you think you can sit up?" When the younger woman nodded, she helped her in to a sitting

position. "What was the last thing you remember before you woke here?" She fought to keep the panic out of her voice. Everything she had been led to believe had been a lie, the one man who had the answers was gone, and she was left with more questions than she started out with.

Teresa looked around her and started to panic. She knew this place, she had seen it many times in her dreams. "We have to get out of here! They will be back soon."

"Wait a minute, who are they?"

"They, the ones who did this to us. We have to go, now before they come back." Teresa was on her feet and trying to run as Dana tried to process what was going on.

"Do you mean aliens?" She had hold of the younger woman's arm as she tried to steady them both.

"Yes!" Her cry, almost a scream, came out louder than she intended. All she cared about was getting out of there before they came back and did to her what they did to the others. "I am leaving with or without you." She started off at a fast jog with Dana at a close second.

By the time they reached the edge of the woods she remembered the detective. "Wait, Detective Miles, we have to go back and get him." She started back in to the woods.

Teresa grabbed her arm. "We can't, there is no time. They are coming, I can feel them! Oh god! They are here!" Her panic rose with each breath.

"Where, I can't see them?" Looking around, she tried to find what ever the girl was talking about.

"They are all around us. I can feel them. Back in the woods." Teresa closed her eyes and felt out with her mind. She sensed the familiar tingle back the way they came. It was getting closer. "They are coming!" Opening her eyes she stared in the area where they had left the detective. The night was washed in the flood lights of the aliens.

A blood curdling scream made Scully's spine shiver. What ever it was, had gotten the detective. Suddenly the light pillar shot through the trees like a runner. It stopped, dead in front of them, just inside of the tree line. A figure appeared from the light and swirling winds.

His muscular frame and face made her freeze in fear. A trimmer of recognition swept over her body. Her eyes widened when he smiled then disappeared in a flash of brilliant light. Too late, Teresa sensed the presence overhead. The light locked on to her. Caught in its trance, she could only watch as it lifted her.

Dana looked at her watch just before the light locked on to them.

8:45 pm.

When she became aware of time again she was still staring at her watch.

9:10 pm.

A shiver of *deja`vu`* hit her hard. The woman beside her was shaking as well, but the light was gone. "Teresa. Teresa. It's okay, we're still here. You are alive. You are safe."

Teresa looked in to the eyes of the Agent. Tears ran down her cheeks as she shook her head no. "We are, but they aren't. They screwed up, you were never supposed to have seen this. Your partner is gone, and he's not coming back."

"What do you mean, what about Mulder?" Her panic started again as she held on to the crying woman.

"He's gone, Agent Scully. They took him instead of me. It wasn't supposed to be that way. He wasn't one of us."

"One of what, what is going on? Damn it, answer me!"

Teresa's body seized and fell to the ground. Dana placed her cell phone in the woman's mouth to prevent her from biting her tongue as her body shook violently. By the time it was over, Teresa was catatonic. She was still in a state of oblivion when the ambulances arrived forty minutes later.

Agent Dana Scully stood in front of the desk watching Chief Blevins and the other men in the room. "Sir, that is all that I saw two nights ago. I can't explain what it was, just that, what ever it was, killed a police detective, left Teresa Nemman in a waking coma, and abducted two other men, including Special Agent Fox Mulder."

Blevins sighed as his cigarette smoking companion started to choke over the mention of the loss of Mulder. "Is that all, Agent Scully?"

"Yes sir."

"Very well, have your report ready on my desk by tomorrow. You can resume your classes..."

"Uh sir, if I may?" Her interruption raised a few eyebrows among the room.

"Go ahead agent."

"I request to remain assigned to the X-files sir."

"Your reason, Ms. Scully?" He leaned forward and clasped his hands in anticipation.

She stood at attention under his watchful gaze. "I think Agent Mulder had the right idea about the case files, even if his motives and reasoning's were obscured. I wish to continue on in his absence."

Blevins leaned back and confirmed with the cigarette smoking man and the other three members of the review committee. When they were through, he spoke again. "Very well, Agent Scully. You have your assignment. You will report to your new boss in the morning, Assistant Director Walter Skinner. On a personal note, I hope this does not turn out to be a mistake that ruins your career, Dana."

She smiled at him. "I'm sure it won't."

"Very well, if there is nothing else, this hearing is adjourned." They rose as one and filed out of the room.

As Scully walked down the hall to the elevators a clear voice called out to her. "Oh Dana, Ms. Scully if I may have a moment with you?" She turned to face the smoker from the meeting room.

"Yes?" She asked tilting her head and raising an eyebrow. This was the first time he had ever said a word aloud, much less to her.

"Off the record, what did you really see out in those woods?" He took a puff from his cigarette as he watched her body language become defensive.

"To be honest, I'm not sure. But what ever it was, it took Mulder, and I will not rest until I find him."

He hmphed and pursed his lips. "See that you don't," puffed his cigarette, "give up that is." Without another word he turned and started off.

"Sir?"

Her word made him pause mid step.

"If I may, what is your interest in Agent Mulder?"

"No, Agent Scully, you may not." Another puff. "Good day, Dana. Remember, I shall be watching you. Be sure that you don't make the same mistakes he did. They can be hazardous to your health." Then he was gone around the corner and out of sight.

Dana puzzled over his words as she went down to her office. Once inside, she sat behind the desk in the large chair and stared at the walls and files papering the office. Sighing she sat back and studied the 'I want to Believe' poster. "Where are you, Fox Mulder. Better yet, who are you?" Setting to work, she turned on the computer and readied it for her report.

In Chief Blevins' office, the Cigarette Smoking Man and the Chief were sitting facing each other over the desk. "What do you think happened?"

He blew out his smoke as he looked at the FBI operative. "The implant. She stated in her initial report that he had it on his person before they split up. I believe they picked up the signal, thus they picked him as well."

"How, I thought it was inactive?"

"So did we." His tone left no room for discussion. "With Agent Mulder gone, fifty years of our work is lost. We must make sure that the others are protected, now more than ever. If the Colonist discover our actions, none of us will survive tomorrow. I leave it up to your capable hands on who we will have replace my son. Just make sure that who ever it is, will not be as fanatical. One Fox Mulder was enough."

As he stood and left, Blevins set about his desk, accessing the computer. When he found the file he wanted he smirked and pressed the comm. button on his desk. "Sharon, get me Agent Alex Krycek on the phone. Tell him I have a new position for him, if he behaves himself."

"Can do, sir." Came the reply as he sat back and placed his hands together in anticipation.

In a shadowed room, twelve men sat in silence as they digested the ramifications of the recent actions of a certain missing agent. "Do you think they know?"

CSM frowned. "No, if they did it would have been us they took, if they even let us live that long. It is simply a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Though I regret the loss of my son, it is acceptable. I still have one more that can carry on my line."

The first elder looked at him. "We all share your sentiments over the loss of a child. However now is not the time to mourn. He was one of the first, with out his continued existence among us, the project is set back severely."

"Then we must simply find another candidate for our research." Second Elder intoned

CSM took a puff. "I do not believe it is that easy, gentlemen. Fox Mulder was more than one of the

first, he was the first and only successful embryo implantation."

Gasps of astonishment rang through out the room.

"What are you saying?" WMM asked in an ominous tone.

"The first hybrid project, we were lead to believe was a failure, actually produced one success. William Mulder tried his best to keep it hidden from us, a sort of insurance policy if we ever decided to turn on him. Unfortunately for him, the Embryo started to deteriorate, and he had to implant it in the womb of his wife Teena Mulder. I wonder what Fox would say if he learned he was conceived in a laboratory with fifty other human alien hybrids. That I, a bounty hunter, and a colonist were his only parents until his *father* implanted him in the womb of a sterilized human female. One of our own first abductees." He smirked as he lit up another cigarette.

"Why?"

"Excuse me?" CSM looked at third elder.

"Why did your DNA survive, but ours was lost? We were led to believe he was special for his unique abilities. Are his abilities why he survived and the rest didn't?"

"On that, I can honestly tell you, no. They are a side effect of his parentage, both human and Colonist."

"Then why does he not resemble them, like the other fifty?" First Elder's curiosity got the better of him. "If you say he is a hybrid from the first project, why has he not shown the characteristics of the Colonists or even our other hybrids?"

"That," puff, "is something you will have to ask them. They took the good doctor who helped create and implant my son in to that woman." His sneer was clear, even in the low lights. "Purity Control indeed."

Snorts of agreement all around.

"I think it is time we brought in Mr. Mulder in for questioning, don't you?"

"Hello!" Mulder called out as he searched the room for any sign of life. He had awoken strapped to a table in the buff. To his right, Billy Miles was in the same position and looking right at him. "How are you?" He tried to make it sound concerned, but sounded more like a programmed response. Billy turned his head away and looked dazedly at the ceiling.

Fox tried to get a reaction out of Billy again but stopped when they came. Six gangly figures, solid gray, and black eyes. Their graceful movements brought three to his table and three to Billy's. When he watched a strained look come over the younger man's face, he looked down to what they were doing to him. A large mechanical arm with a needle was coming down between his legs and entering his scrotum. The cries of the young man were drowned out when a similar needle started entering him in exactly the same position.

Too busy screaming from the pain, he failed to notice the delighted smirk of the same man who had appeared to Dana and Teresa. Beside him, stood four more grays, in their taller forms, watching on as the experiments continued. The bounty hunter looked to one of the grays and cocked his head. The gray nodded slightly, and he walked forward. When he turned to face Fox, the face of his mother smiled down on him. "Don't fight it, you will only make it hurt worse."

"Their fucking scrambling my nuts!"

"They are merely taking a DNA sample."

He shook his head in pain as tears ran down the sides of his face. "It hurts, please make them stop."

"Just a little bit more, and it will all be over. Then you can rest sweetie." She stroked the air off his face as he nuzzled her hand.

He stopped his movements at the smell of her skin. "You aren't my mother."

She continued to stroke his hair. "No, I am not the one who's DNA was used to create you. I merely assumed this shape in order to comfort you. If it helps I will resume my natural form."

Mulder nodded as the Bounty Hunter resurfaced. "Why are you doing this?"

His subtle smirk grew. "Because you are what we have been seeking, Agent Mulder. With a better understanding of your DNA, we will know how to create more hybrids."

"Hybrids? I am not an alien!"

"What ever makes you happy, Agent Mulder." A delighted expression crossed his face as a needle of green liquid came at Mulder's arm. "Brace yourself, this is going to hurt, a lot." It grew even more wicked at the resulting cries of anguish.

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Part 2 The future is coming, are you prepared to fight to survive it? by lopaka tanu
Monday, September 13, 1993.

Hoover Building, Basement.

Four Days Later.

Dana Scully sat at the now cleared desk and sighed. All weekend she had spent cleaning up the mess that was Fox Mulder. She had still yet to find a way to deal with his things, neither of his parents wanted any of it. They had even gone as far as handing her the keys to his place and car saying take care, then closed the door in her face.

With parents like them, it was no wonder Mulder hadn't started to pick off agents from the top of the building with an assault rifle. She shook her head as she looked at the picture of a little girl she had found in the desk. The name read Samantha, Fox's little sister. Another victim of these aliens or so he had said. Who ever they were, they had her partner and she was going to get him back.

A knock at the door broke her from her revelry as she set the picture back in the drawer. "Come in?"

He was young, dark haired, green eyed, and looked like a rat eyeing a piece of cheese.

"Can I help you?" Scully arched an eyebrow as he put out a hand, still standing in the door. "If you are looking for money, try accounting."

"Right." With a conceded swagger he stepped up to her desk and put out his hand. "The name is Alex Krycek, I'm your new partner, and you are?" He asked as he trailed his eyes down her suit.

"Up here. What can I do for you, Agent Krycek?" Her look made him aware of her distaste in him already.

"Uh um, yeah, I am your new partner." Looking away and shrugging seemed like the best option.

"You have already stated this. What can I do for you? If you are here just to waste my time, don't bother. The same also applies to flirting, dating, and generally anything that has nothing to do with our job."

"Ouch, retract the claws, Ms. kitty. I was just admiring your suit, besides, you're not my type."

"Oh!" Raised eyebrow, level three, questioning not only intelligence, but thinking patterns beyond sexual nature.

"Yeah," He scrunched his nose mischievously. "I'm prefer mine tall, muscular and the only dangling thing between their legs."

Both eyebrows, setting, holy shit, didn't see that one coming. "Well, then you are a little late, Mulder is already taken. I am Dr. Dana Scully, this my office until we find Agent Mulder."

"Okay, I can respect that. Until we find Agent Mulder, you and I are partners. Now if we can put away the cutlery," He held out his hand once more. "Alex."

"Dana."

"Pleasure to meet you."

"The same. Now, what can I do for you?"

"You don't give up do you?"

"Not when I am sure I am on to something."

He wiggled his eyebrows. "Confidentially, neither do I, when I'm on something that is."

"Now what?"

"Now I show you what brought me down here, other than our new partnership." He handed her a file that she quickly skimmed through.

"This is the file on missing pilots. The same file I have been fighting records and all of the senior staff to get for three days. How did you get this?" Looking at his face, she looked back at the file. "Forget it, I don't want to know. You know, I bet you and Agent Mulder would have hit it off pretty fast."

Brightening, he leaned against the desk. "Really, what makes you say that?"

"Remind me to show you his video collection sometime." And that is how it started. She nodded as he explained the case and she pointed out a few sources Mulder had pinned out, including a local reporter that specialized in UFOs by the name of Paul Mossinger.

Scully walked through the FBI parking garage to her car after the working day had ended. As she went along, the sound of hills clacking resounded behind her. Just before she reach her car, she twirled and pulled her gun on the old man behind her. "What in hell do you want?"

He smiled at her as he pulled out a piece of paper. "Just to warn you, Ms. Scully. You won't find what you are looking for, not there at least."

Scully looked at the print out of Ellens Air Force Base. "What do you know about what I am

looking for?"

He gave her an enigmatic smile. "More than you do, my dear. Trust me, he's not there, nor any where you can look for that matter."

"Why tell me?"

"Because I like you, and the work you have decided to do coincides with my own goals. They are watching you Agent Scully, be careful who you place your faith." He started to walk away but she called out to him.

"What is going on with these men? Why are they being taken from their homes?"

As he walked away, he waved her off. "That is something you will have to find out on your own, but do not go to the base what ever you do."

"Why should I trust what you say?"

"You shouldn't. Remember this, trust no one." Then he simply disappeared in the middle of the garage leaving Scully holding a photocopy of a Ellens Air Force Base at night with three bright lights over head like falling stars. As she traced the stars with her fingers, she jumped when a car horn went off. Who ever he was, he would not stop her from checking out this place, Mulder might just be there if the reports about the strange lights in the sky were correct.

Two Days Later.

Ellens Air Force Base.

Krycek stood under the ship looking up at the massive craft. His eyes were wide as he turned to Scully. "You were right, they are ours."

"Good, now can we get out of here? He said they would be on to us with in a matter of minutes when we were spotted by the planes." She tugged at his arm as he stood with his other hand over his eyes staring up at the large craft that was searching the area for them with spot lights.

"Hold on, take another look. Are you completely sure they are not the same kind that took Mulder?"

Scully looked up again through the trees. She tried to remember what the alien ship looked like, but kept coming back to the same ball of black and white. "I can't tell." Suddenly the spot light shut off, as another locked directly on them. In a flash it came back to her.

She was standing in the middle of the woods looking towards the object as Mulder and Billy were floating up in to the iris of the ship. The hull was so dark it absorbed the star light. Then she realized that she was actually seeing what was on the other side of the ship. It was using a refraction field that redirected the light off its hull. But there was an imperfection, when it moved the star field registered a distortion in their light, sorta like a delay in the system between recording and displaying the stars.

There was a whirring in her ears as the wind ripped through her hair. The lights froze them in place, while her mind screamed out to be let free to save her partner. She felt helpless. This was what Mulder had described with his sister's abduction. In that moment she knew these were the real deal, they were aliens.

The ship's main lights shut off as it rose. As it cleared the top of the trees, the light that held them in place disappeared. Large, it loomed for a few moments more, then shot off in to the night. She

nearly collapsed under the weight of the knowledge, there is life out there. So shocked, she didn't realize that Mulder was gone until she was looking down on Teresa Nemman.

Scully came too as Krycek pulled on her arm. He was saying something about people doing something. People were coming, time to go! Jumping into action, she followed him back through fence and through the fields to their car. Once inside, they flew down the road towards their motel. She knew he was dying to ask, but he would have to wait until she figured it out herself.

In the motel room, she sat on her bed typing in her new lap top about all she knew and remembered from the previous evening. What really went on that night in Bellefleur, she had no idea. But this she did know, what ever took Mulder was not human. The ships she saw hours ago were like them in design, that they were arrow dynamic. But that is where the similarities ended.

She closed her computer when some one knocked on her door. Krycek's face poked through the crack with a smile on it. "Wanna talk about it?"

"There's not really much to talk about."

Taking that as an invitation, he came in and shut the door. "That's not what I saw."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I saw you hesitate and freeze when that light locked on to us. You wanna tell me about that?"

"It was nothing, just a memory."

"About Mulder's abduction?"

She looked him in the eyes where he laid on the edge of the bed looking at her over a pillow. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, it had to do with Mulder's abduction. In fact it was the exact moment he disappeared inside the ship. I remembered every detail of that large vessel. It was as big as this motel in the main section. A large base hung below the ship, that is the only part visible from below through the lights, or so I am told. The rest of the ship filled the night sky."

Krycek whistled as he listened to her. "Sounds like you got a pretty good look at the ship. So, are there really aliens?"

She sighed as she thought on it a moment. "A few days ago I would have looked at you strangely while I dialed security. Then I met Agent Mulder. He changed the way I look at life and the world around us. That night in the woods made me look at a whole lot more than I ever thought possible. Is there life out there, I don't know? It's possible, and if I was to accept the evidence presented to me, I would have to say yes. But every time my mind tries to get a grip on the fact that there might be life out there beyond our understanding and control, it just shuts down. The fact of even less control over our own world alone, is too daunting a feeling. Now, with the very real possibility of aliens abducting us and controlling our lives..." Shuddering, she tried to get a grip. "It's just too much to think about. So it is simpler to say, I don't know, but I want to believe there is. Let's just hope that if there is, it's not like us, because humans as a race, are destructive to the point of annihilation."

He clapped as she finished her little speech. "Very good. Now time to get some sleep. Our flight leaves early tomorrow morning." As he stood to go she grabbed his hand. "Yes?"

"What about you, do you believe there might be aliens out there?"

He smiled as he turned off her light and opened the door. "Nah, the Universe is already too crowded with you strait people as it is. Why look for more? Good night Dana." With that he shut the door leaving her to sit in the dark to think.

"Alone in the dark, that's when they come for you. Not just at night, but when ever you are afraid to face the truth. They can since it, and they will come." With some effort she shook off the ramblings of a missing man. Turning on the television, she sat back to watch an old episode of Lucy as she drifted off to sleep. Not once did she hear the door open, nor the dart gun that fired the tranquilizer in to her, or the military men in uniforms come in and take her from her bed as she slept.

Across the hall Krycek watched from the storage closet. Checking the clip on his gun, he readied to fight them, should they choose to search the closet.

Mulder awoke to the sound of a drill. Looking around, he remembered he was still on the alien ship. In an eight by eight cell, he shared it with two other people at any given time, usually. The other person had been gone a full day, probably dead by now. He had not been fit to be used as a floor mat, much less a test subject. Billy had been taken three hours before. Always at the same time, the young man would go like it was his duty. At least they got to sleep in the same cell, it was hell being constantly cold with no clothes and a metal floor.

They had yet to do any more tests on him, just continue to pump him full of the green substance. He felt like shit up to the moment they injected him with it. Afterwards he would be as high as a kite until the pain hit as it burned through his veins. Then he would be high again.

The aliens told him it was the only thing keeping him in condition to survive. It was sort of like a mineral compound developed to use on abductees, in order to keep them alive while in deep space. No food, no water, just the mineral substitute. He always wondered how they survived for weeks on end with no food or water.

They never spoke of the pain though, it almost felt wrong. Well having any thing pumped in to your body was wrong, but this felt like it was meant for something or someone else. It would be today he would find out why.

The alien he had dubbed Arney, because of his resemblance, was the first to arrive. Arney walked in to the cell with his normal smug look in place. "Congratulations Agent Mulder, you passed the tests. You are not just any hybrid, you are the first, as we suspected for a long time. Tell me, do you happen to remember a Dr. Zerkoff?"

"What does my pediatrician have to do with this? He disappeared when I was eight... You took him."

"Very good. You learn quickly, an excellent trait for a hybrid."

"What does this have to do with me being a hybrid, not that I am saying that I believe you?" His curiosity peeked, he couldn't resist playing Arney's game.

Arney smirked at him. "In do time, Halfbreed."

At that moment, Mulder wanted to scream in rage and knock that smirk off the shifter's face. "Is there any thing you can tell me?"

"Yes."

Pregnant pause. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Stop playing games and tell me."

"What do you wish to know?" Arney was enjoying playing with the human, so very little was known about this breed of hybrid, most were exterminated before they were mentally strong enough to even begin to grasp the concept of what an alien was. Now the last of them not laying in the bottom of a ravine in a train car, was his to interrogate and care for. He planned to enjoy this experience before the tests resumed and he could not play anymore.

Mulder sighed as he pulled his body up to his chin. Billy would be back soon, and he could go back to sleep, as the young man shivered from the experiments, in his arms. "What are you?"

"I am what your people call a shapeshifter, a morph."

"In what relation are you to the grays?"

"Which group?"

"The tall ones."

Arney's face went blank for a moment then his superior smirk returned. "We are their people, they command, we obey. They are the colonists, the ones who control all."

"What of the short ones?"

"They are the lowest of the grays, they do the work that we find distasteful and below us."

"I thought you grays were all alike." Mulder snorted at the look of disgust on the morph's face.

"To say that I am like them is to say you are African. Same species, different race. Their blood is black, they are base life forms. Our blood is green, therefore we are a specialized."

"I don't understand."

"Then I will put it in terms you can. My people come about one of five ways: One, the most basic, you are born from a gray host or as you call them, parent; two, you are created by crossed DNA and Alien DNA, such as yourself; three, born of the black oil, and host body, these are parasitic grays, or the little ones as you call them; four, you simply take over a host body in your oilian form, eventually you will change the host's body to a gray; finally the fifth way, you simply evolve from the oil as it grows in a collective state to form another of my kind."

"Sorta like building a castle out of blocks?"

"Crude, but accurate."

Mulder was thinking on this when something else worrisome popped up. "Why tell me any of this, why not kill me, or experiment on me instead?"

"All in do time, half-breed." Arney stopped talking as the door opened and Billy miles stumbled in. He stepped past the moaning man, and walked out the door.

Mulder caught Billy on his way down to the floor. "I've got you." As he stroked the man's hair, he

wondered why the Shapeshifter was doing this. Why tell him everything he ever wanted to know? The thought of what it might mean terrified him.

Krycek beat the shit out of the reporter as he tried to fight back. "Did you think I would not find out about this?"

"I am sorry, it was an honest mistake."

"Not honest enough." With a last yank, the man screamed as his balls were crushed. "I am going to trade you back for my partner, and then I am never going to see your ass sucking face again, do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir." Crying, Mossinger cupped his injured members as Krycek dragged him angrily out of the motel room.

"I will expect full compensation for all damage done by you military ass holes or my friends will learn what you guys are really doing out here with the top secret tech."

"Yes sir."

Krycek tossed the man in the back seat of his car and trussed him up like a turkey. "Now tell me how the fuck to get to the rendezvous coordinates or your balls won't be the only thing you lose tonight." As the man cried out his directions, Krycek frowned at the memory of what just happened.

He had been sitting in his room trying to hack in to the base when Mossinger, the god damned informant came busting in. At the same time he had the personnel files brought online. One look and Alex knew who the reporter really worked for. They had fought with each other for Paul's gun until he had bashed Alex on the skull.

Alex had come around just in time to find his ass about to be violated by the smallest and ugliest dick he had ever seen. Mossinger had lived up to his name after that. Krycek still wanted to beat the hell out of him for attempting to rape him. He was a member of that Cigarette Smoking Bastards group of contracts, this sort of shit did not happen to him!

Now he was on his way to a meeting between the military and the group to retrieve Dana. She just loves trouble, oh well it had been a nice two months since his last good adventure and this woman was proving to be an even greater one than hunting the rebels in New Mexico. And Blevins thought he was going to be the one in trouble with the authorities.

When he arrived at the site, a woman and six men in military uniforms were waiting next to a large military transport. He pulled over to the side of the rock road and opened the back of his car. Quickly he dragged the screaming man out by his member. "Shut up or I might have to get rough."

Mossinger complied as he was led by his balls towards the military people.

Krycek nodded to the team, and smirked as a dazed and confused Scully came out of the transport. "Sanders."

The Military woman nodded in that, looking ahead and acknowledging you, but not really seeing anything military way. "Krycek."

"What have you done to her?" His voice low and menacing to put them on edge.

"The usual for any one who sees what they shouldn't have."

"Mind wipe?"

"Of course."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing."

"Sanders!"

Sanders looked away. "She was examined for future reference."

"I take it she qualified."

"No, she is not the type they are looking for."

"That is good to hear."

"However, should she continue looking, she just might be."

"Don't threaten my partner, Sanders. I will make you all disappear. Believe me, I have the resources, I can do it." As he shouldered the dazed Scully's weight he gave Mossinger one more glare. "Make sure I never see him again, or I will do it anyways."

Sanders nodded and motioned for her men to take Mossinger in to the back of the transport. As they drove away, Krycek watched them with more than a little hostility. Sometimes it was good to be a member of the old bastards personal squad.

Dana moaned a little as her shoulder started to hurt. It was the first thing she became aware of before she realized she was leaning against Krycek in the middle of no where. "What's going on?"

"Case solved, and we are going back to DC."

"Oh."

"Yeah, let's go home."

She didn't have the strength to protest or wonder what had happened since they arrived.

Bill Mulder stood among the darkened room surrounded by the men he swore never to work with again. Nervously, he looked from one face to another until he settled on the most obscure face in the room. The only one who he could not truly make out, he knew from the cherry on the cigarette. "Why have I been brought here?"

"We will ask the questions Mr. Mulder!" Second Elder's voice rang out clear in the still room.

"Why did you lie to us about Fox Mulder?"

"I didn't lie to you about any thing, how can I lie when you didn't ask?"

"You are splitting hairs Mr. Mulder. Whether you lied to us or not is not the point. What matters is that you failed to inform us that an actual hybrid existed since the beginning. A hybrid that now resides in the hands of the Colonists!" First Elder's voice grew deeper in his anger.

"So what? Is this not what you have been working for all these years?"

"Yes it is. Yet once again you missed the point. The Colonists now have their hybrid." He took an extra long hit from his cigarette. "We no longer matter. All of our work, all of that which we have done is now for nothing. With Fox in their hands, they can make as many clones and hybrids as they want."

"No, they can't." Several voices spoke at once as Bill Mulder looked smug.

"Explain yourself immediately!"

He smirked at First Elder as he slicked back his hair. "Fox's DNA is unique for several reasons. First of all, he can not reproduce with a human female, his DNA carries too many chromosomes to produce a living child. Second of all, his DNA is too complex. They can't clone him in any way, shape, or form because the clones always turn out like the others, big black eyes, gray skin, three fingers, you know the drill. The third one is my favorite. Fox is too stubborn to ever be their willing slave. Even if they could create more of him, why would they? What use is an entire planet of slaves who would rather die than be subjugated. Last of all, his alien DNA is dormant, that is the only reason he showed no signs of being a failed hybrid. So basically he is as useless to them as he was to us. They did us a favor by taking him."

"How do you figure, Mr. Mulder?" CSM had two burning at once, making him appear to be a demon with red glowing eyes in the dark.

"That boy was nothing but trouble. From the moment of his implantation in my wife's womb he caused nothing but pain and misery. He would have stopped at nothing to uncover this conspiracy. All of you could have been exposed, or worse, killed by the Rebels because of his meddling.

"Besides, the colonists are unaware of how close we are to a vaccine for the virus. They're looking for a way to create more of Mulder will give us the time we need. Add to that the resources they will spend trying to keep him out of the rebel's hands and we won't have to worry about it ever again."

"You fool, we are no closer than we were twenty years ago when you left. The Russians are further along than we are. As for the resources, they have more than sufficient resources to squash the rebellion, the only reason they have yet to do so, is to keep us on our toes. The threat of being wiped out by an opposing faction is extremely motivating. So I ask you, why should we let you live? We would never have let one such as him be captured if we had been properly informed."

Bill Mulder paled as he looked the others in their faces and saw no remorse, just accusations. "What I did, you all have done in one form or another."

"We do not hide something of this importance from the group!" First Elder's voice cut him like a knife. "If not for Spender, we would not have even been aware of this. But thanks to his investigation in to why Mulder was taken, we can now give the Colonists the person responsible for this and preserve the integrity of the group in their eyes. And trust me, when they discover exactly what they have, there will be hell to pay. Now, I suggest you make sure your affairs are in order, you won't get a second chance."

He lowered his head, and turned to go.

"Do not think we will forget your tireless work for us so easily. If what you say is true about Mulder, they will not kill you. Your knowledge will prove of great value to them in the coming months. No, they will not kill you out right, but simply use you as a guinea pig for one of their

experiments on hybridization. Who knows, with what they will learn from Fox, you could be the first success. Then from you, we all shall be made."

Bill nodded once, then left the room.

CSM took a drag from his cigarette. "He is wrong, you know."

"What do you know?"

He smiled at first elder as he sat back in his chair. "Fox can not reproduce with human females, not because he has too many chromosomes, though he does have more than any other human or hybrid. The Adams were the same way, yet look what happened with them. Twenty-three human females impregnated before we caught and destroyed them. No, what he lacks is the proper motivation to reproduce."

"As they say, he is his father's son." Snickering met the third Elder's joke.

"Yes, he is definitely my son. But unlike me, he will not allow his DNA to be used to create hybrids. With the ignorance of Bill Mulder guiding the Colonists, we are safe in the regards that they will believe that he can not reproduce living children. And let us hope that they never find out." He took another drag from his cigarette. "Now on to the other matter at hand. Who have we chosen to replace Fox in the equivalency program?"

One of the young men from the shadows came forward and set down a stack of folders in front of him and the three elders. "These are the ones selected by the doctors, they who would most likely qualify."

CSM picked up one and flipped through the papers, stopping at the photo. "Are you sure about this one?"

The young man took one look and nodded. "She is the candidate chosen by three of the six doctors involved in the control of this project."

"Very well. She is the one I choose." He sat back as he dropped the open file on the table top.

The Elders looked at each other and nodded one by one. First elder nodded towards CSM. "It is agreed, she will be the one."

He smiled. "Good, now on to how we go about it. Chinese, or Mexican?"

Again the elders looked to each other. "Chinese." As they sat back a television was brought in with a VCR. On the screen the image flipped until it focused on the black and white forms of two women giving birth. The screams from the Chinese woman ended followed by the wails of a baby. A few moments more and the Mexican woman's screams ended with the wails of a baby.

Looking pleased, they turned towards CSM. "It appears your man will have his hands full with the abduction."

"So it seems. He is reliable, and can get the job done."

"Does he still believe we are working for national security?"

CSM smirked. "Yes, I have never met a man more willing to believe that there is a secret spy organization working against terrorism."

"So he has no idea that those he put down for you were actually the rebels?"

"Oh he knows they were rebels, he just doesn't know they were aliens. He believes they were part of a right wing militia. If he ever found out, it's most likely he would have a nervous breakdown on the spot, or at least need to change his underwear." Their laughter filled the room as he smoked his cigarette.

"Speaking of your man, what of him and his partner." The cultured English voice of a Well Manicured Man rang out silencing the others.

First Elder turned to CSM with a questioning look. "Of what does he speak?"

"Simply a close encounter of the Military kind. They saw some airforce tech they shouldn't have and she got taken by them to their base where they performed a simple mind wipe. It was harmless, and she was returned in a matter of hours after her capture. It seems one of their men got careless and attacked mine. He is not expected to recover from his injuries for two reasons. The damage was permanent, and I have ordered his termination." He took one more drag from his cigarette before putting it out. "No one messes with my people unless I tell them to. Besides, we can't have that kind of lapse in judgment among our people. Of course they are making restitutions, and beefing up security as we speak."

"In what way are they repaying the damage?"

"Those involved in the breach have volunteered for a mission to visit our rivals in Tunguska. Seems they have a new serum that is proving effective against the virus."

"Then let them not waste a moment more. Send them as soon as possible."

He smirked as he lit up again. "They are already on their way."

Scully stood in the garage waiting at the preset coordinates the note on her desk had stated. After another five minutes, she decided it was no longer worth waiting for this mysterious man. Just as she was about to leave, he cleared his throat.

"Hello Ms. Scully."

"You're late."

"Sorry, couldn't be helped. Had a little meeting to attend. I hear you saw something you shouldn't." His smile was pleasant as he took in her thoughtful expression.

"I can't remember."

"Ah well. I guess it is better this way. You raised quite a stink over this, you know. They are watching you now more than ever."

"I thought they already were."

"Before, they were just curious. Now you have awakened the beast. Be careful that you do not step on its toes too often or it just might bite you. Good day, Dr. Scully."

She watched him walk away with curiosity. What ever he was talking about, she would find out, no matter how long it took.

Mulder laid against the wall of his cell with the shivering man in his arms. He had come back this time paler than ever. What ever it was they were doing to him, it was costing him more each trip through. Silently, he made a vow, that they would not take him this time.

Billy shuddered as the nightmares caused him to cry out. He awoke screaming as he tried to get free of Mulder. Wide terror filled eyes searched Fox's face as he got a grip on reality. Slowly he calmed down as he recognized the man holding him.

Calmly, Mulder drew him closer. This served to help the younger man breathe easier. The pain lessened as he relaxed in to the embrace. A grateful smile crossed his lips as he looked at Mulder's face. "Thank you."

"You are welcome. Do you know where you are?" Mulder felt a leap of hope surge through him as he looked at Billy's expression filled faced. This was the first time the young man had said a word in the two weeks they had been here.

"No. What is going on?"

"What is the last thing you remember?"

For a moment he seemed to zone out as he focused his mind. "I was at a party, and there were these lights in the sky. My friends and I were totally freaking out. It was the weirdest thing I ever saw. They came through the trees and a bright white one locked on to us. The others started screaming as we floated off the ground. It gets fuzzy after that. I don't remember much about what happened after that, but I do know there was a lot of pain. Cold, it was so cold. They hurt us." Mulder stroked his hair as Billy snuggled closer to the warmth. "We're still here, aren't we?"

He didn't know how to answer the younger man's question with out causing more pain. Figuring the direct approach was better, he told Billy about what had happened since he first received word of the case to the point of their abduction. When he was through, Billy was wrapped around him, shaking with tears and fear.

"Four years, oh god, the others all gone. What is going to happen now?"

"We stick together and try to survive. That is all we can do."

"What about food and water, or may be some clothes even."

Mulder shook his head. "None. They give us a shot a day, this gives our bodies all the nutrition we require. As for water, I don't now how we retain that. Body heat, well you already know about it." He looked away embarrassed as the Billy looked down between their bodies, their legs intertwined, and arms wrapped around each other.

"Oh!" Billy turned three shades of red as he suddenly flushed with heat. "The least they could have done was given us blankets. I mean this is more than a little embarrassing." Continuing to look down, he was surprised when Mulder cleared his throat. "What?"

"Is there a problem?"

"You mean other than the fact I woke up naked wrapped up with a strange guy on an alien ship after four years of being in a coma?"

"Uh yeah."

"I was just thinking."

"What were you thinking about?"

Billy swallowed as he looked away. "Do you think we are going to die here?"

Sighing, Mulder tightened his grip to the point of being painful. "So far, we have been here longer than other abductees. That is unless you count the ones that never come back. I won't lie to you, yeah it's a good possibility we won't be going back in our lifetimes."

He started to whimper as he rested his head in Mulder's neck. "I don't want to die out here, alone."

"You aren't alone. You've got me here with you."

Pulling back, Billy looked up in to Mulder's face. "Do you mean that?"

"Yes, I do." Their faces started to move closer together.

"Promise?"

"Yes."

"Good," he whispered as their lips came within a hair's breath of each other. "I'll hold you to that."

"That's not all I hope." Before either of them knew it, they were kissing passionately. Mulder opened his mouth letting in Billy's tongue as the younger man rolled over on top. Breathing through their noses, they continued to fight for dominance as Mulder rolled over on Billy. The sound of the door opening broke them apart.

In strode the smug looking bounty hunter. As he looked down on them, he gave a wicked grin. "Not yet, Agent Mulder. You are not ready."

Before he could ask why, Mulder suddenly felt his body go limp. He turned to see Billy passing out as well. His last waking memory was of three short Grays gripping him and dragging him out of the room. Then all went black.

Scully sat in the office with her partner looking at the desk. The images of a bright light from a floating object flashed over her mind's eye. More memories came, memories of men in uniforms strapping her to a gurney as they placed a clear substance in her eyes, then the burning pain through out her head as the liquid was absorbed. She was broken out of her revelry as a large balding man came in to the room.

"Agents Scully and Krycek I presume."

"Yes sir."

"I've read your reports and frankly I am amazed neither of you are in a military jail at this moment." He sighed as he rubbed his forehead looking down at their reports. "Says here you were identified sneaking off Ellens Air Base. Why?"

"Well you see, there were these two kids that told us... Ow!" Krycek rubbed the sore spot in his ribs were Scully elbowed him.

"We were trying to investigate the possibility that these were the same craft used in the kidnapping of my former partner, missing Agent Fox Mulder." She pushed her hair off her eye brow as she sat forward. "In order to do so, we had to get closer to the base. It just so happens a couple of teens knew a way on through the fence. Once on the other side of the fence, we saw the planes and realized they were not that used to take Agent Mulder."

"Well seems how the Air Force won't be pressing any charges against you, and the people

upstairs are putting the pressure to have this case closed, I guess that's that." Skinner puffed out his cheeks as he closed the folder. "Now that we are off the record, if you ever do something this stupid again I will have your badges, may be even press charges myself. Is that understood?"

Scully nodded as Krycek looked board.

"Dismissed agents."

As they got up to leave, Scully headed for the door while Krycek winked at Skinner then strutted out of the office. When the door closed, Skinner's pen snapped in half in his hands.

Once out of hearing range of the secretary, Krycek rolled his eyes as Scully slapped him. "Don't you ever stop being an ass?"

"Not if I can help it."

"What's your problem? Ever since we came back you have been doing nothing but ridiculing everything and everyone."

"You were taken by the air force from your motel room and your memory wiped. All they say is you are lucky that they didn't press charges. What about you pressing charges for kidnapping and assault? They had no warrant, and what they did was criminal at best. What?" He growled at her slight smile.

"You, getting all worked up over somebody you just met a week ago."

"Well, what do you expect, you are my partner. I don't take kindly to people who do things to my partner." Groaning at her proud look he turned and walked off.

"See you on Monday, Alex." She called after him as he headed for the elevators.

"Yeah whatever." With a wave behind him he disappeared behind the closing elevator doors.

Groaning, Fox opened his eyes to a scene from his worst nightmare. He was strapped to a metal table with the Grays standing over him. As he watched with horror he realized he was paralyzed but could still feel his body. That was when he noted that his eyes were barely open in a drugged state, and would no longer move. Helpless he watched as he screamed in his own mind. When the scalpel made the first cut, his only visible reaction was a low moan.

One of the Grays looked directly at his eyes as it continued to cut his abdomen open. It tilted its head to the side and blinked then turned back to its work. Tiny cold hands pried open the skin as another Gray used a pair of tongs to remove a squirming, gray slug like creature from a tray. Mulder's eyes opened a little wider as the alien slid the writhing creature through the slit.

His screaming grew more hysterical as he felt the creature move through his body and attach itself to the base of his spine. He went insane from the pain as tendrils pierced his spinal cord and several major organs. Finally one tendril went down into his testies, causing his body to tense from the pain of the penetration. When the movement stopped, he curled on his side clutching the now closed wound.

The Bounty Hunter came out of the shadows to the spot light that shown on the table with his usual look. "Now you are ready, Agent Mulder."

Mulder looked at the alien with blinking black eyes before he curled even closer on himself. He shuddered as the first hints of an alien presence crossed his mind. In a flash of pain the thoughts of countless minds rushed over him. Placing pale hands over his ears, he cried out trying to block

out the voices as the Bounty Hunter stood just out of reach, looking on with an air of bemusement.

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Part 3 Crying over yesterday will not fix tomorrow. by lopaka tanu

Friday, October 3, 1993.

Washington General Hospital.

Room 232.

Krycek smirked up through the breathing mask at Scully. She had been right, but he wasn't about to admit that. Especially not when that prick of a so called friend of hers told him so. That man had gotten what he deserved. 'Men,' he snorted, 'can't live with them, and can't get a good fuck with-out them. Though lately not even that. What the hell was it with being on the X-files that drove every good looking guy to either be abducted, run away screaming, hard assed, or the psychopath you were looking for?'

Victor Eugene Tooms.

He looked like your average animal control guy, cute with a hint of mystic. Who would have thought the guy would try to eat his liver? If he liked him, why didn't he just ask him for a twirl in the sack, not try and eat him. Though that tongue was feeling pretty good, 'yeah, right up to the moment he tried to serve you with onions!'

Pervert!

Then Agent Ass-hole had to gloat over your getting hospitalized. 'May be if you stuck him in the cell with Tooms, he might not laugh so hard. Yeah, see how he likes it. Liver with a side of spare ribs. Ya dumb fuck!'

He started to cough when a laugh tried coming out. That was a mistake. Next time he would wait until the liquid had been completely drained from his lungs. What had that mutant licked him with? It felt like he was drowning.

He was just glad he had been the one old Vicki had been after instead of Dana. She had been suspicious of Tooms, when she went back to check on the trophies she found his silver lighter. Some how Toomy boy had gotten a hold of it. Scully had then rushed to his apartment just in time to save him from ending up French cuisine.

Krycek Tartar.

He shuddered. Tooms had shown up at his apartment with a dozen red roses and a puppy dog look asking to be forgiven for disappearing on the investigation. 'I should have listened to her, that man was creepy from the moment she discovered him in the vent shaft.'

He had smirked and opened the door a little to let in the suspect. Turning to go get a drink, he had been tackled and turned over as Tooms ripped open his shirt. Being kinky, he thought it was just foreplay. Even the small nips at his skin had felt good, until lethargy set in and Tooms had bit in to his abdomen like a ripe apple. Eugene was half way to his liver when Dana put a bullet in his leg. That woman wouldn't kill a mutant if she could capture it alive. He was the perfect specimen.

So Keycek would never admit that Dana had been right about the freak. It was a matter of principal. If your partner is being devoured by a monster, you don't ask it to stop nicely and shoot in leg as last resort. You empty your clip in to the fucking thing! But she had saved his life, and they had solved the case. Coltan would be transferred, demoted, and suspended with out pay for

six weeks for his actions. 'Big whoop, I am still stuck in this god damned hospital for two weeks, then another eight of physical therapy! Bastard should have been used as a food source for the mutant. I mean Tooms has to eat too.'

Resentment filled his mind as his eyes drifted shut. May be he would have dreams of a certain abducted and him making love while they watched Tom Coltan get eaten by Tooms. Or may be with all the drugs, he might dream up Eugene his own cooking show, *Cooking with Julia Child's Liver*. Now there was a nightmare.

Dana watched as her partner drifted off to sleep. She didn't have the heart to tell him what Eugene was attempting with him. That he wasn't trying to eat him, Tom Coltan had been the fifth victim. They still weren't sure exactly what Tooms had done, but one thing was for sure, Alex was never going to be the same. She looked down at the stitches that lined his once tone abs. The doctors had to leave them exposed because of their location and the chance of further complication.

They had removed a good portion of the sac Eugene had laid inside him next to his liver, but there was no telling what they couldn't get at would do to him. Asexual reproduction, really quite remarkable. Krycek would have literally been eaten from the inside out once the creature had hatched. Dana couldn't stop the shudder from spreading through out her body. If only that dead idiot hadn't recalled her stake-out. Oh well he wasn't here to face his mistakes, for that she could take some consolation. And he was supposed to have been her friend too.

The beeping of a heart monitor was all that could be heard in the room as she too drifted off to sleep.

Upon waking, Mulder gasped for air. It hurt for him to breathe, but his body was screaming for him to try. His next sensations were that of being cold, almost frozen. They were doing something to him, his skin itched from the effects. As he tried to scratch, a pair of warm hands grabbed his wrists, forcing him to stop.

"You will only make it worse, give it time to heal."

Mulder focused on the voice, used it as an anchor to center his mind. When his thoughts cleared, he opened his eyes to stare off in the darkness. There was barely enough light to make out the movement of the person in the room with him, holding him. After several aborted attempts, he was finally able to speak. "Where..."

"Back in the cell, with me." Strong arms pulled him closer at a gentle pace. "What is the last thing you remember?"

"Pain... grays... they... put! something in ma... ma.. me!" Mulder spat out the last word with fear, and shivered as he felt the presence in his mind move like a great wave.

"Where?"

Grabbing the one of the hands, he trailed it down to the sore area above his navel. "Hurts." The hand massaged the sensitive area slowly as the voice made shushing noises. Letting himself relax, he fought the painful aches and sores. "How long?"

"I'm not sure, about a month I think. They brought you back about two weeks later, it has been two weeks after that. Since then you have been in a coma, but the muscle dude said you would come out of it very soon. Guess he knows what he was talking about."

Mulder nodded. "Should... one of them."

"He's an alien too? Oh man, that just sucks. We really are alone out here aren't we?"

In the dim light, Mulder could make out the pale skin on the back of his hand as he patted the young man's arm. Snuggling closer in to the warm body, he tried not to think about the future, just sleep. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen, no matter what he had to say about it. At least if he gave in, he might get some of the answers he had sought for so long. Then may be his death might not be in vain, for he knew there was no going back to Earth alive, or Human.

Saturday, November 20, 1993.

Washington General.

11:30 pm

"I told you, I don't need a damned wheel chair." Krycek growled at the nurse as she tried to force him to sit in the chair.

"Really, Mr. Krycek, there is no need to act like an animal about this." She grabbed his shoulder and started to push him down. "Don't make me sedate you."

"I'll show you an animal!" Just as he opened his mouth to bite her hand, a smaller hand cuffed him. "Ow, bitch!"

"Nice to see your mood has improved." Scully yanked him by the ear, down in to the wheel chair. "They tell me you are being unreasonable, why is that?"

"I don't need a wheel chair!"

"It is standard hospital procedure, besides you still see the late Agent Coltan at times, do you not?" She noted his reaction with a clinical attitude. "I thought so. You are lucky they are letting you go in to my custody as it is."

"If your bedside manner is anything like your gentle touch, Dr. Mingele, I would rather spend more time with nurse ratchet over there." He flipped off the huffing nurse as she left the room. "What makes you think that I need your help anyways? I'll have you know that I am not just any wet behind the ears newby."

"That's right, you are my wet behind the ears newby. Now shut up and play nice or you will go to be with-out dessert."

"Is that a promise?"

After a quick snort, she cuffed him again, and spun the wheel chair around to leave the room. "I thought you said I wasn't your type."

"Hey, I'm flexible."

"Nice try, Krycek, but I'm not buying it. When I get you home, I will have my sister Melissa bring a couple things over from my apartment for us to work on. She is the only one that has the codes to the security system and knows where to look."

Alex turned his head to face her as they continued down the hall way. "Your apartment? What

would be at your apartment that we would work on that needs so much security?"

She paused for a moment. "You don't remember?"

"Remember what?"

"I told you three weeks ago about Tom, do you remember that?"

"I.. uh something about his liver and Vicki getting acquainted. It's kinda fuzzy, so go on about this." They turned down the corridor into the patient drop off bay. When she laid a hand on his shoulder, he looked at her again. "What?"

"Not here, wait until we are in the car and secure."

Krycek frowned at her hurriedly whispered words. Something was not right here, and he needed to find out what had gone wrong. As she purposefully strode through the bay, he searched his memory for what she was talking about. All that came to him was something about a missing person or people. There was something about her being concerned with his safety and their continued work on the X-files.

Before he knew it, they were across the parking lot and getting in the car. Something occurred to him as she slammed his door, locking him in, this was against hospital procedure. She should not have been there checking him out, with-out the attending physician. His thoughts were interrupted as she jumped in the driver's side door, and backed out over the wheel chair.

"What in hell are you doing?"

"Buckle up, Krycek, we are going for a ride." She smirked at his wide eyed stare. "Hold on, this is going to be rough!"

"What in fuck is wrong with you?" He gripped the arm rests as she peeled out of the parking lot nearly running over the security guards. "Are you on something?"

"They were after you, next."

"Who is they, Dana?"

She shook her head as they flew down the road through stop signs and traffic lights. "I don't know who, he just said you were next. He had been right about the others, I couldn't ignore his warnings anymore."

"Whoa, slow down, what others?" Raising his voice in anger, he tried to express how pissed off he was feeling with-out getting violent. "Just what in hell have you been keeping from me?"

"I can't tell you all of it, but there are people, dangerous people, who are working for something we can't discuss."

"And why not?"

"Because we don't know anything about them! There are men in our own government that work outside the system for their own agenda." Watching the road, she tried to express things with her right hand. "They have been around for a very long time and want to make sure they are around for a lot longer. Any threat to that continued existence is eliminated. As of yesterday, you became a threat."

"What could I possibly be a threat too?"

"I don't know. He said you know things, things that they are wanting to cover up." A pause. "What do you know about a group of men killed in New Mexico six months ago?"

"Nothing!"

Scully stopped the car in the middle of the dead intersection. "Tell me the truth, Alex! What did you do to those men?"

"Nothing, I..." He stopped as she pulled a gun on him.

"I need someone I can trust. The X-files are gone, shut down by Chief McGrath."

"Why, what happened, would you tell me what in hell is going on?" His confusion made her take a deep breath and slam her palm against the wheel. "Please, Dana, tell me."

"It started after you went into the hospital. A man showed up at your place, said he was looking for you." She saw his usual smirk, but held up her hand to warn him off. "He was the same man that placed me on the X-files, through Chief Blevins. Apparently that Cigarette smoking bastard hadn't heard of your condition."

Krycek paled as she spoke. "Go on."

"He said if, IF, you got out, that you were to report directly to him. He had something for you to do. What did he have for you to do? Don't lie to me, I already know you work for this man, outside the system."

"Don't, Dana."

"Then I can't trust you."

He pierced her with his green eyes. "Yes, you can. If what you are trying to tell me, is what I think, then you can trust me now more than ever. It is just too much to say right now, your life could be in danger if I tell you what all I know." Alex refused to look at her when her hand rested on his knee.

"It already is. I put my neck on the line just to get you away from those men." When he seemed to be swayed a little by her argument, she continued. "There are things I know, that I can't tell you. They aren't my secrets to tell. But what I can tell you is that man you are working for is not who he seems. Whatever you did for him was no ordinary mission. Those men in New Mexico that you killed, they weren't men!"

His head whipped around to face her. "Had did you know I killed them?"

"That wasn't in question, I want to know what exactly you did to them that caused their reactions."

"What reactions? You apparently know all about what I did."

"No, there has to be something you are not telling me. He said you would know. So think, what is it that you know that I don't?"

"What happened to the bodies?"

"That's just it, there are no bodies, they disintegrated."

"That's not possible! It was just a bullet to the back of the head!"

"Where at exactly?"

"The base of the skull, he said to hit them at the base of the skull and make sure I was not in breathing range as they were working with a deadly germ. He told me they were Rebels against the government."

Scully started to laugh as she laid her forehead against the steering wheel. "You really are gullible, Alex."

"Just what in hell does that mean, what in hell is going on?"

"Later, I will get you back to your place, there we can go over what we know." With a deep sigh, she put the car back in gear, and drove on down the road.

Alex tried several more times to get her to speak, but she cut him off with either a gesture or a warning word. After the fifteenth time, he finally sat back in his seat to sulk, and groan when he twisted the still sore muscles.

CSM picked up the phone, answering after a puff of his cigarette. "Have you located him?"

"She has yet to be found, apparently she is very good at losing the tail."

"Did she secure the package as we hoped?"

An amused chuckle came over the phone. "Better. She signed him out as his new doctor, apparently she had them shaking in their boots over there."

"What about the Rebels?"

"Two are dead, a third has still yet to be found, but it is only a matter of time."

"See that you don't fail me, Mr. Cardinal, you are already a call away from being sent to the Reapers." He set the phone down as the man on the other line started to apologize. As CSM took a final drag from his cigarette, a throat cleared behind him.

"What on your man?"

"Apparently the industrious Ms. Scully was there to pull his careless ass from the proverbial fire, yet again. This time we were lucky to have her on our side, there are very few of Krycek's skill out there these days. At least those that are Human."

A grunt of agreement. "If you allow this Ms. Scully to continue as she is, you may end up regretting your decision."

"Do not worry on this, it has been taken care of."

"Oh, you mean the closing of the X-files?"

CSM sat forward as he started to cough hard. "What is this?"

"So you didn't order McGrath to shut them down?" Deep Throat smiled as he scratched his forehead. "It looks as if many of your people are doing things they shouldn't be. Shall I deal with this?"

"No! I wish to deal with him personally. The Elders want us to eliminate these Rebels, you make sure that it happens."

"And what of our English friend?"

"When he decides to show up, tell him there is still the little problem of Fox Mulder's replacement to worry about." Standing, he lit up another Morley. "As for now, I have a man's life to ruin, and a bitch of a problem that is going to take a little finesse in the paper department to resolve. Make sure that you take care of your end of things." He left the lounge with a cloud of smoke following not far behind.

Deep Throat started to chuckle at CSM's words. "It will be my pleasure." He pulled out a cell phone and punched in a series of numbers then placed it to his ear. "Yes, Ms. Scully, it seems you are back in business, good luck on your next case..."

"Will you now tell me what is going on?" Krycek growled as they entered his apartment.

"It is not so easily explained, Alex." Scully sighed as she helped him settle down in to a chair. "There is a lot you don't know, and a lot that I know is only speculation at this point. What Mulder was trying to uncover was only a portion of what he thought might be going on."

"Then start with why it involves me."

His words made her groan inwardly as she walked back to his kitchen area and get something to drink from a bottle of Vodka in the fridge. When she returned, she forced it in his hand. "Drink this, it will make what I am about to tell you easier to understand."

"I don't want to, I prefer to be sober when I learn something that changes the world as I know it."

"Fine, have it your way! Those men you killed in New Mexico weren't Human, the reason there were no bodies is because they disintegrated in to a green acidic compound that has no bases on this world."

"Are you saying I killed aliens?"

"No, there is no way to tell that with-out further evidence. Either they were aliens, your bullets contained this acid, or something poured it on them, it is unclear. What is clear is that they were not entirely Human. The samples I was given tested on Human tissue like Ammonium Chloride."

He held up a hand to stop her speaking. "Hold up, go back, you were given? Who is your source of these materials?"

"As I said, certain things I can not reveal, nor will I at this time. Suffice to say that he is on our side for the moment and I intend to use him as much as he uses me." She sighed when he gave her a motion to keep going. "As I was saying, the substance tested like Ammonium Chloride which causes irritation of the skin around the orifices if in the same atmosphere as you breathe. It can prove fatal in some cases if exposed to sufficient amounts. But if what I am lead to believe is true, these men had it in their bodies, as their blood."

"Then that would mean I killed a group of aliens."

"Correct. Whatever these men are, they are now after you and all those in the project set up to exterminate their operatives in New Mexico. You are not safe until we find out what was going

on, and put a stop to it. That is why I am having my sister bring the materials to us instead of retrieving them myself. It is less conspicuous that way." When she was finished speaking, she stopped her pacing and looked at his amused features. "What is it, Krycek?"

"I just find it funny how old Smokey got me to start a war by spouting a tune out his ass while waving a flag in front of my face." His sour expression changed to surprise when she sat on the coffee table in front of him.

"You didn't start anything except this back lash. This war, or whatever it is, was started a long time ago. That is what Agent Mulder gave his life for three months ago, to uncover this conspiracy in our own government." Her words stopped when he froze mid motion. "What is it, did you remember something?"

"No, it is you. How long have you believed he was dead?"

"Who?"

"Agent Mulder. You just said he gave his life for the cause. How long have you believed?"

Scully started to deny it, but caught herself. Looking away, she couldn't face the truth. Did she believe it? She had said it, but did she believe it? "No, I don't believe it. I can't."

"Why not, what is so special about him? You knew him a total of five days, and yet you are already on a crusade to bring him back. What kind of man inspires such fanaticism in a skeptic such as yourself?"

"A half crazed lunatic who was on a search for his sister, that is the kind of man he was." Her mind started to reel at the possibilities.

"If he was so crazy, why are you suddenly risking your neck for another stranger for the exact same thing he was willing to do?" Sitting forward, he grasped her hands in his own. "How can you be so ready to believe in extraterrestrials when three months ago you were ready to sign off on a case report to have a wacko committed?"

Scully jerked her hands back as she stood. "You don't know! You haven't seen the things I have. Do you know why they shut the X-files down?"

A shake no.

"I was sent a report by my source. It spoke of a crashed UFO in Townsend, Wisconsin that the U.S. Space Surveillance Center had monitored. A military convoy was immediately dispatched to the area, but not before it killed a sheriff's deputy and injured several firemen with acute radiation poisoning. I went there to investigate, against the expressed orders of our superiors and viewed the wreckage. There was something there, I saw it before they arrested me. While in custody, a man named Max Fenig spoke to me. His people had tracked the UFO to the crash site. A site which is now labeled a toxic waste spill.

"When I got word from Chief McGrath that he was going to shut down the project if I didn't return, I told him to do what he thought best. He said the X-files were closed. I told him to go to hell, and hung up. After I was released for unknown reasons, Max took me back to his travel trailer and played for me a recording of the deputy's call for fire fighters. I went to investigate his wife, but she had already been told to keep quiet about his death. Next on my list was the Doctor who treated the firefighters, he told me about the radiation burns, and while he did, several soldiers were rushed in and I was drafted to work with him on saving their lives.

"After this, I went back to seek out Max. He had done much to help my investigation, but when I

arrived, he was gone. I tracked a blood trail from his vehicle to a ware house near by. Inside I saw him and tried to get him to remain calm. He kept spouting stuff about aliens and them coming for him. I didn't believe him until suddenly a blue light enveloped him and that was the last I remembered until ten minutes later the military busted in like Nazi Storm Troopers.

"This time when I was taken into custody, my source showed his hand by getting me released. He gave me a list of people that were being actively hunted by the same people you had helped kill a few of, and a sample of the green substance that was used to dissolve the body. Told me about the list and the alleged alien blood, said I had better hurry, you were on the bottom of the list, but that didn't mean I had all the time in the world to stop them. That was two days ago. Since then nine of the twelve people on that list were killed in the same way you said. The FBI believe we have a serial killer on our hands, a man of many disguises, it seems he has the ability to assume many faces, and doesn't care who sees him kill."

By now she was pulling on the back of her hair, undoing the bun. "They said one security guard at a law firm downtown shot him. The entire office had to be evacuated as his body produced the same green blood where hit. Samples there matched the ones I was given. That is what finally convinced me to save your sorry ass. I was going to let him get you when I learned you were part of the same group that nearly cost a sane man his freedom and eventually his life.

"But that is not what convinced me. One of the security camera pictures showed a man with a very distinct profile. A profile I have only seen once in all my life. The night Agent Mulder was abducted. I don't know what the hell is going on, but the same people who took him, are also after you. You wanted a connection, there is your connection."

"And do you have any proof of any of this?"

"Yes, damn it! If Melissa would just show up..." A loud knock on the door broke her pacing. Rushing over to it, she spoke as she flung it open. "Finally, Melissa, where in hell have you... been?" Her small body flew backwards with the force of the hit.

"What the fuck?" Krycek stood up, gun pulled from the table in front of him and trained on the door way. "Who the fuck is there?"

A large figure stepped in through the open doorway. His face obscured by scars over his eyes, mouth and nose. With a slow arrogant stride, he made his way from the door way to Alex, a metal weapon that looked suspiciously like a socket wrench, raised at the ready.

"Well lookie what we have here, if it isn't Frankenstein's ugly monster. You know, you really shouldna oughtta done that, Opie!"

The Rebel tilted his head a bit, but suddenly lunged forward grabbing at the base of his neck.

Scully jumped over the body, barefoot as one of her heels was now in the back of the alien's neck. She didn't wait for Krycek to take in the details, just grabbed his arm and dragged him from the apartment, coughing the entire time. "I will never complain about wearing heels again!"

Alex was laughing as they raced down the stairs of his building. "Scully, I never knew you had it in you."

"It is required to know things when becoming an agent, but after being kidnapped by those soldiers, I figured it best to learn something stronger. While you were in the hospital, I took a self defense and survival course at Quantico."

"Not only beautiful, but deadly too. If I wasn't already interested, I would be now."

"Keep it in your pants and keep up!" She cracked a smile as he laughed again. When they reached the entrance, they ran right into the arms of a smiling old man. "What..." She fell limp as his hand touched her shoulder.

The WMM clapped Krycek on the shoulder in the same manner. "Congratulations, Agent Krycek, you will be amply rewarded for your participation in both the removal of our enemy, and the acquiring of our next test subject for a very important experiment."

Alex was about to say something, but three men came in and lifted Scully's limp body to carry outside. "Glad to be of service." Blankly, he looked around the parking lot at the three unmarked black vans, the six black cars of the same configuration, and armed men. "It was really nothing."

"I'm sure it wasn't, but I'm gonna have to ask you to come with me. We need to debrief you on a few things, and inform you on some others. You have no idea how big a service not only to your country, but the whole world you have performed. But all that will change soon." As he put an arm around Krycek's shoulder, his smile got bigger. "Welcome to the big leagues, my boy." It was the last thing Krycek remembered.

"Wake up, Agent Mulder." The harsh voice, was followed by a slap to the face. "I said get up."

"No, you said wake up, Agent Mulder."

"You think yourself amusing. Do not continue."

Mulder opened his eyes as he tried to sit up in the cold metal room. There was no one besides him and Arney. "Where is Billy?"

"He is being taken care of, it is of none of your concern. If you perform well today, he will be returned and you may resume your nightly fornication."

He glared at the shapeshifter through black eyes. "Bite me, Arney."

"What you do on your own time, is not a concern of mine. Focus on the object, now." Though his voice never left a calm manner, the tone changed from teasing to anger.

"Fine!" Mulder let his mind go blank as the alien presence filled his mind. There were voices speaking in his mind as he laid his hands upon the black disk.

"What are they saying, Agent Mulder?"

"How should I know, do I look like I speak Klingon?" A pain stung the back of his mind. "Ow, shit! Stop that!"

"Then pay attention."

"Shove it... ow fuck!"

"Don't tempt me, Agent Mulder. You are to be trained how to use the communication device in two Earth days time or else the termination of your mate will be reinstated."

Mulder's eyes opened a crack to reveal his deadly glare. "He is a boy, he is the only Human contact I have since we left Earth, not my mate. Get that through your thick skull or whatever organ you use to think with."

"Neither of you were completely Human when you left Earth. Now continue your efforts to use the device." Arney's hand shoved Mulder's head forward until the device was pressed against his forehead. "Think, Agent Mulder, and it will react."

After grumbling for a bit longer, Mulder allowed his mind to drift towards the countless voices. As they grew louder, he emerged himself in the waves of their thoughts. 'So many,' he thought, and the masses responded in small ripples at first as others searched out the disturbance in the communications.

Two of them locked on to him, and sent out an inquiring probe. He felt himself drawback from their touch, but something from the dark mass of alien consciousness inside the sac they had placed inside him, reached out. It wanted to communicate, to feel those familiar to it. The consciousnesses of those reaching out latched on to those few tendrils that escaped Mulder's control and sent a greeting to him.

It was then that it was him they were speaking to, that the mass was actually a part of him, not a separate entity. His revulsion of this sent the others in to a whirl of anger. More joined those two that had contacted him and sent out mental feelers of their own. This overwhelmed his mind and fear soon took control of his actions. With all his strength he lashed out at all the mental tendrils, causing them to back off and scatter, some to even disappear completely.

He awoke blinking as he scuttled back from the disk. When he was against the wall, he wrapped his arms around his knees and placed his head in his arms.

"You have done well, Agent Mulder. They inform you are to receive a few hours rest for now, we will begin again after your nightly joining with your mate."

Mulder only shook as Arney walked out of the chamber. The cell door opened again and Billy staggered in. As soon as it closed, he fell to his knees and crawled over to Mulder. Mulder shook off the hand that touched his shoulder and skittered closer to the wall. "No, don't... don't! No more! Stay back... stay! Stay! No, no more! Stay..." All the while he fought at unseen presences.

"Mulder, it is me. Mulder." Billy tried again to reach for him, but jerked back when his hand was struck against the wall. "What did he do to you?" When Mulder shook his head no, Billy settled back on his haunches. "The disk again?"

Mulder nodded as a part of him recognized the words not being heard in his head. "They... want to... hurt me, hurt me, hurt me.... it hurts. Can't keep them quiet." He looked at Billy pleadingly. "Help keep them silent. Tell them shush, no more talking, must make them silent." Grabbing the younger man's hands, he placed them on his temples. "They speak here. Must silence them. Won't shut up!"

Billy pulled his hands free and cupped Mulder's face. "Focus on me. Open your eyes and focus on me. We can get through this, we have before. Focus on me!" When Mulder's eyes kept darting from one point to another, never landing on one thing, he brought their faces close. "If you can't focus on my face, then focus on this." Then pushed his lips against the older man's quivering ones, forcing him to respond physically to the stimulus. After a few moments, Mulder pushed him flat on his back and began to ravage his mouth.

In another room on the ship, two humans, a four Bounty Hunters, and Gray watched. Arney walked in his usual suit. The four Bounty Hunters turned to face him acknowledging him. One of the Humans impatiently watched as the six aliens exchanged words in a language he didn't understand.

"What does this mean?"

"It means nothing, Mr. Mulder."

"But he used the Touch Stone." He tried to protest that his assumptions were correct.

"It means nothing, any exposed to what your kind know as the black oil, can respond to the Touch Stone. The point is for him to learn to control it."

"The others turn catatonic after contact, he has not."

"Nor has his companion. But that symbolizes an immunity to its effects, not the ability to control. That he does not remember these encounters with the Boy shows his lack of control. If he does not remember this encounter, then his next use of the Touch Stone shall be his last. And then you will take his place." Arney's smirk lit up his stone features as they continued to watch Fox and Billy.

Scully awoke in the driver's seat of her car, hands on the wheel. Groggily she looked around her, trying to guess her location. Something was weird inside, yet she felt fine. Her mind was registering that she should be remembering, but it kept coming back blank. Then a thought occurred to her. "Alex, Agent Krycek? Are you here?"

She turned around to look at the other seats of her car. In the back was Melissa and Krycek wrapped in each other's arms. That was when she knew something had gone wrong. "Wake up! Both of you, get up!"

"Wha..." Melissa sat up, rubbing her eyes with one hand and yawning. She stopped when something underneath her moved. "Where is my other hand?"

"Somebody's been sticking their hand down my pants too." Alex growled when he opened his eyes. "And look she still is!"

After yanking her hand back, Melissa rubbed it on Krycek's bare chest. "Musta been some dream, you pervert!"

"Yeah, I dreamed Dopey from the seven dwarfs kept trying to put his hand down my pants!"

"You wish, creep. What are we doing here?"

"Well if you would get your bone crushing weight off me, I could find out where we are." He struggled underneath her hips to emphasize his point.

"Oh yeah, like I need a big strong man to see what is going on..."

"Children, please! Can we try to focus here?" Dana's voice broke them apart faster than a bucket of cold water. "Thank you, now what is the last thing you remember before waking up in the back of my car wrapped around each other like teen agers? And before you say it, I know she is not your type Krycek. That is what tipped me off something is seriously wrong."

"Well thank goodness some women keep their heads about them."

"Krycek, don't start with her! Melissa, seems how you are the one more likely to get to the point, you go first." She clamped a hand over Krycek's knee and squeezed the soft spot behind the joint when he tried to speak out.

"Damn woman doctor!"

"Melissa..."

"I was on the way to your place to retrieve the documents you wanted, something was following me so I pulled down a side street, and pulled out my gun. That is the last thing I remember. What about the two of you?"

"I was going to answer the door..."

"She was going to answer the door..." They looked at each other and nodded at the same time. Krycek looked away as he slammed his hand against the back of her seat in anger.

"What am I missing here?"

Scully sighed as Krycek refused to meet her eyes. "They got us. Whatever they wanted from us, they got it. I bet all our evidence is gone, I have nothing, again. Damn it!" Ignoring the confused looks from her sister, she turned back around in her seat and started the car. Driving down the road, she centered her location to be a few blocks from her apartment.

Once she arrived, she rushed up the stairs to the second floor and entered the open apartment door. Inside she took in the sight of the destroyed mess that used to be her possessions and fell to her knees. Tears came to her eyes as she tried to breathe properly. "All...gone, all of it... gone.. poof... gone."

Melissa was at her side before she knew what was happening. "What is gone, Dana?"

"The X-files, my proof, everything I had been working on. All of it is gone." She gripped her sister close to her.

Krycek weakly kicked at the remains of the books and the shelf. "Not all of it, there seems to be a message on your machine." Before she could say anything, he pushed play. As he listened, he stood up and rubbed at the sore area on the back of his neck.

"Yes, Ms. Scully, it seems you are back in business, good luck on your next case. I have done what I said I would, remember our agreement, trust no one. There seems to be more than one way to skin a cat, and they found another. Be careful, and you take real good care of that partner of yours, he may be handy in the future, you never know. Before your last mission, I told you things come at a price, this, Ms. Scully, was theirs.

"If you wish to know what happened to this Mr. McGrath, I suggest you turn on your local news source. It should be all over them by now. This may be our last communications for a while, it has taken me much influence to keep you and yours alive. But do not think this is good bye, merely another phase in our relationship. So until next time, my dear Ms. Scully, tata."

Beep!

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