

Summary: I think mpreg said it all.

Categories: [X Files](#) Characters: Alex Krycek, Dana Scully, Ensemble, Fox Mulder, Skinner/Mulder/Krycek, Walter Skinner

Genres: Gen, Slash

Warnings: Angst, Brain-Insane, Complete, Dark Themes, H/C, m/m/m, Polyamorous, threesome

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 4 Completed: Yes Word count: 19273 Read: 759 Published: 08/02/2011 Updated: 08/02/2011

Story Notes:

Notes: This is for Ursula who asked so nicely for a mpeg story. I want to thank my wonderful beta Bertina, who helped correct all my mistakes and gave insightful suggestions. And thanks also to Lady Midath for her encouragement of my endeavor and all of you who offered help. It means alot to a nervous new writer.

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Chapter 1 by Laura

Three weeks. Three weeks he had been holed up in this pathetic apartment. God, if he just had the energy to do more than just crawl back and forth from the bed to the toilet. He had never been this sick before. The vomiting was leaving him weak as a kitten. But it wasn't safe. He had never stayed in one place too long; it was one of the things that had kept him alive. He needed to leave, move on and find a new bolt hole. That was the new plan he would initiate right after he took a nap.

Assistant Director Walter Skinner sat at his desk going through the numerous reports that had been piling up. He heard a soft knock on the door and Kim poked her head around the corner.

"Sir, Agent Scully and Mulder are waiting to see you," she said.

"Send them in."

"Sir, we finally have a line on Krycek," Scully stated as she and Mulder took their respective seats. Skinner raised an eyebrow for more elaboration.

"My sources have Krycek staying in an apartment on the east side of Arlington," Mulder went on to explain. "He was seen entering the apartment a week ago, but has not been seen exiting. Scully and I are headed down to Arlington to check it out; we thought you might like to be in on this."

Mulder smiled hoping to hide his nervousness. The thought of catching the little rat unawares was intoxicating. Krycek had been giving Mulder information for months, always dangling a new lead and then slinking away.

Except at their last encounter. The exchange had started out with their usual threats and posturing. But then suddenly turned into a heated tumble. The two men ripped at each others clothes. Finally winding up on the floor in a tangle of sweaty limbs vying for control. It ended with two very sated young men falling asleep. That was two months ago.

Skinner watched his two agents. Scully was her natural calm self. Mulder was smiling inanely. Obviously trying to cover up something, but what.

The last time Krycek had shown his face, threatening the use of the palm pilot if Skinner did not follow his instructions, Skinner decided enough was enough. It had been time to take back control of his life. The overconfident triple agent had let his guard slip for a second.

That was all the time Skinner needed. He had tackled Krycek to the floor, pinning Krycek's good arm down and straddling his legs. The boy put up a good fight, but without the use of the palm pilot, he was no match for Skinner.

As Skinner loomed over the younger man struggling beneath him, Skinner had felt his groin tighten and swell. Krycek had felt it too and gave a little buck in response. Krycek smirked having thrown Skinner off guard. Slowly Skinner gave his own grin in return. The smile faded from Krycek's face.

Krycek renewed his struggles, but Skinner had him pinned thoroughly. Holding onto Krycek's arms with one hand, Skinner used his free hand to caress the younger man's face. It was like trying to soothe a wild animal.

Krycek stopped fighting and started to tremble. Skinner leaned down, pressing his weight fully onto Krycek, and captured his lips.

Krycek's mouth opened in a moan, Skinner quickly took advantage of that. Reaching between them, he started to divest the younger man of his jeans.

After Skinner finished making love to the younger man, he rolled him into his arms and fell asleep. That was two months ago.

"Agents," AD Skinner finally said, "Let's go."

The strategy was simple at best. They would go to the the apartment where Krycek was allegedly hiding out with minimal force. Actually just Skinner, Mulder and Scully. The hope was to slip under Krycek's danger radar. The car on the way to Arlington was silent. Each occupant was consumed by their own thoughts of what would happen if they did catch Krycek.

"We are going to have to put Krycek in protective custody," Scully said, finally voicing what she was thinking.

The apartment building should have been condemned years ago. Although there was no doubt that many of the residents would have been homeless without it.

The trio split up. Mulder and Scully taking the stairs and Skinner watching the back.

Deciding that it would be too high to jump and with no fire escape, Skinner made his way inside the building to join the other two. As he reached the top of the stairs he could see Mulder listening at the door. Scully signaled Skinner to their side.

"Sir, we can't hear anyone inside, but a child downstairs confirmed this was Krycek's residence," Scully whispered.

Skinner nodded at Mulder to go ahead.

"Open up! FBI!," Mulder shouted as he pounded on the door. Stepping back he kicked down the door. All three brandishing their weapon entered the apartment. Not seeing anyone, they split up

to search. Each remembering how dangerous Krycek could be.

The apartment was a small one bedroom, so it didn't take long. Scully found him.

"I've got him," she shouted to the others. "In here." Scully nudged the sleeping lump on the bed. No response except a small moan.

"Krycek get up, you're under arrest," Mulder shouted when he entered the bedroom.

"I think he's hurt," Scully said as she neared the bed. "He seems to be passed out."

"Careful Agent Scully," Skinner cautioned keeping his gun pointed at the figure on the bed. Mulder walked to the bed and ripped the covers back. Krycek rolled over and peered out of one eye.

"Shit," was all he said and proceeded to pass out again.

The three FBI agents looked at each other. Mulder shrugged, "Well, I guess that takes care of having to subdue him."

"What are we going to do with him sir?" Scully turned and questioned Skinner. "We need to take him somewhere I can examine him but we cant take him to jail. His life expectancy would be pretty short."

"Let's just get him to the car first and we will figure out something," Skinner answered. "I've got an idea to run by you, but not here, wait 'til we get to the car and on the road."

Mulder reached over and handcuffed Krycek's good arm to the prothesis. Skinner then helped him wrap Krycek in the blanket Mulder had tossed on the floor. Although it would have been easier to carry Krycek together, Skinner decided two free weapons are an advantage he wanted to keep in this situation, so he let Mulder carry Krycek on his shoulder.

When they reached the car, Mulder unceremoniously dumped Krycek in the back seat. Krycek's only response was a low groan. Scully glared at Mulder. "The man maybe our enemy, but he's in our custody now and hurt," Shaking her head, Scully climbed in beside Krycek. "I expect better from you Mulder." Scully wanted to throttle Mulder. Mulder was always reduced to juvenile behavior around Krycek.

Mulder pulled a face at his partner's chastisement, but before he could spit out a proper excuse, Skinner barked, "Just get in the car Agent Mulder."

"Yes sir," Mulder mumbled in reply. Mulder looked over the seat at Krycek. He did look sick. A wave of sympathy came over Mulder despite the anger he felt at Krycek's two month disappearance. He had initially hoped that they had reached a new plateau in their relationship. But after waking from a sex sated sleep to find Krycek gone, the momentary happiness had turned again to bitter feelings of betrayal. Mulder had been fooled again by a pretty face with a tight ass. The image of said tight ass brought a reluctant smile to Mulders face. He may feel used and betrayed by the little slut, but it was the best sex Mulder had in years.

Mulder glanced over at his boss. 'If things had been different,' he thought. No Skinner was the epitome of straightness. 'Incredible body though,' Mulder mused and gave Skinner a wry smile.

"Where are we going sir?" Mulder asked.

"A friend of mine has a small private clinic in Alexandria," Skinner replied. "He owes me a favor and we'll be safe there."

Skinner watched Mulder out of the corner of his eye. He kept his face neutral. Mulder had a great smile, even the small introspective one he now had on his face. Had things been different, perhaps he and Mulder. 'No, don't go there,' Skinner admonished himself. One night of sex with Krycek had brought back to the surface his long buried feelings for Mulder. After the initial fight, Krycek had become sweet and submissive, bringing out all of Skinner's natural protective instincts. Then the ex-agent had disappeared again leaving Skinner angry and regretful of their encounter, no matter how good it was. But Krycek did leave the palm pilot in Skinner's possession strangely enough.

Krycek started moaning again. Sensing he was awake, Scully reached over and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Krycek, tell me what's wrong," Slipping easily into doctor mode Scully asked in a quiet soothing voice.

"Need to throw up, stop the car," Krycek gasped out. "Now."

"Sir, pull over," Scully said. "I don't think he will make it to the clinic."

Skinner quickly pull off the highway, Mulder jumped out of the car and yanked open the back door. Krycek fell out of the car to his knees and proceeded to vomit violently on the side of the road. Mulder reached down to steady him.

"What the hell is wrong with you Krycek?" Mulder asked in a whisper. Krycek didn't look good. He was pale and thin, hardly the dangerous operative Mulder was used too. "Scully?" Mulder looked to his partner who had knelt on the other side of Krycek.

"I don't know Mulder; he's not running a fever or showing any other signs of the flu. We can't even begin to guess until we get him to the clinic and run some tests."

"Is he finished?" Skinner called from the driver's seat. "We don't want to draw any undue attention to ourselves." He was beginning to worry. Krycek was wanted by too many sides. Sitting on the side of the highway was leaving them open, even though up to this point there had been no signs they were being followed. Transporting a wanted felon was dangerous enough; not knowing what was wrong with Krycek compounded the situation.

Scully was having similar thoughts. Krycek's dealings with the aliens and consortium had exposed him to a variety of experimental diseases. For all they knew at this point, he could be infectious. And what if he was? This could easily be a plot to infect the three of them. 'God, I am getting as paranoid as Mulder,' she thought to herself.

Mulder helped Krycek to his feet and back down into the car. Mulder touched the side of Krycek's face in a moment of tenderness. Scully was walking around to the other side of the car so she didn't see Mulder's lapse. Mulder glanced up at the rear view mirror. Skinner was watching. Mulder withdrew his hand and shut the door. Climbing back into the passenger seat, he looked at his superior. Skinner just kept his eyes straight ahead. When Scully closed her door, he pulled back onto the highway.

'What was that all about?' Skinner wondered. He was developing an unpleasant theory he would pursue after they arrived at the clinic.

Mulder wondered how long he could avoid a confrontation with Skinner.

Krycek watched the back of Mulder and Skinner's heads through veiled eyes. He had felt Mulder's touch. Felt the tenderness behind it. He had also caught Skinner watching in the

rearview mirror. Having made a hobby of studying the two men's body language over the years, Krycek could tell they were about to discover each others little secret. Him.

Skinner was a smart astute individual. He would have it figured out eventually, even without Mulder's momentary lapse. Mulder in turn, was noticing Skinner's tense body language and his profiler's mind was starting to churn.

Being in a vulnerable position, Krycek was mapping out a plan to use this to his advantage. After all, above all else, he was a survivor. He had hoped they would never find out about the other. The night he had spent in their respective arms was a night he treasured.

Krycek had been in love with Mulder since he was first assigned to him by Spender. But the circumstances of his assignment left no opportunity to pursue the mutual attraction. Their night was a culmination of years of pent up desire and sexual tension. Mulder would never love him, but for that one moment, he could pretend they were lovers.

His feelings for Skinner grew out of his respect for the older man. At first he perceived Skinner as a fence rider. Slowly, he began to see Skinner's quiet strength and support of Mulder, Scully and the Xfiles. Even with the threat of the nanobytes, Skinner didn't bend over completely. Just enough so it appeared he was following orders.

The night he spent in Skinner's arms was an awaking of sorts. Skinner had rebelled choosing his self respect over the threat of the palm pilot. After he had stopped struggling and gave into Skinner, he had lost himself. Krycek had never felt as safe as those few hours with Skinner. That was why he left the palm pilot. It was the only way he could think of to say thank you.

He couldn't chance the consortium using the nanos they had infected him with to hurt the two men he cared most about. Continuing to threaten Skinner had kept him safe for awhile. When he had left the palm pilot with Skinner he had lost his protection. Hopefully Skinner had sent it to the lab to set about trying to rid himself of the nanobytes. Krycek had planned to use the labs findings to cure himself. But that was before he became sick.

Maybe that was why he was sick. The nanos could be the cause. Once they arrived at the clinic, he was sure Scully would set about doing lab work on his blood. That would tell them soon enough. As soon as he found out what was wrong with him, he would have to make his escape.

Setting the two men against each other with the knowledge of their one night stand with him would leave an opening. It wasn't his most brilliant of plans but at the moment it was all he had. Of course he would have to wait until he could stand without assistance. At least his stomach had stopped rolling.

And then there was Scully. In reality she would be the tough one. Scully could not be manipulated. He needed to work on getting around her. Hopefully, something would come to him after a short nap.

"Are you sleeping again, Krycek?" Mulder asked, waking Krycek just as he nodded off.

"Mm tired."

"We're almost there," Skinner stated. "Can you tell us what's wrong with you?"

'Might as well tell them my theory, couldn't make anything worse,' Krycek thought.

"Spender had me infected with the nanobytes. They could be the cause. Not sure, though," Krycek answered before he slipped back to asleep.

They arrived at the clinic and Skinner parked the car around back. Mulder opened the back door and helped Krycek to his feet.

Skinner's friend turned out to be an old marine buddy. Dr. Randy Atkinson served with Skinner in Vietnam. He settled in Alexandria where he opened a free clinic and private research lab. Atkinson was also assisting Walter Skinner in ridding his body of the nanobytes.

Taking one look at Krycek, Atkinson grabbed his other arm and helped Mulder lead him into an exam room.

"Where's he hurt?" the doctor asked Skinner.

Offering her hand, Scully told him about her cursory exam in the car. "He's not injured and he's not running a fever. He's vomiting, but no blood. He's very tired but responsive."

"Randy," Skinner broke in, "He's been injected with nanobytes."

"Well, we better get blood drawn so we can start the lab work. At least that gives us a possible starting point." Dr. Atkinson said. "Dr. Scully, I would welcome your help."

"Whatever you need, Dr. Atkinson."

"Call me Randy." Scully smiled at the doctor. "Dana."

"Shall we begin?" Atkinson said, snapping on gloves and reaching for syringes.

Krycek stretched out on the exam table watching the interaction of the two doctors. His mind whirling with possible scenarios. Their mild flirting could be useful. If they were too busy with each other, they might not pay close attention to him.

After the blood was drawn and the two doctors moved to the lab, Krycek start to initiate his plan to set Mulder and Skinner against each other.

"Agent Mulder, may I speak to you in the hall?" Skinner asked before Krycek had the chance to start. Skinner opened the door and walked into the hall, Mulder following close behind. Krycek could only watch them leave, not daring to say anything else at this point.

Skinner turned to look at Mulder. He wasn't sure how to begin except to jump right in with what he had seen.

"What was that between you and Krycek?"

"Sir, I don't know what you think you saw, but I am sure you were misreading it."

"What I saw, Agent Mulder, was you caressing Krycek's face. There wasn't anything to misread."

"Sir, I was just showing a little compassion. Krycek seemed so young and..."

"Vulnerable? True, but it doesn't explain you caressing his face like a lover."

Mulder sputtered to a halt. He might as well come clean with Skinner.

"Sir, I don't know how to say this except to be blunt. I had sex with Krycek. But it was only one night, two months ago. Until he was spotted, I hadn't heard from him. He was funneling me information. He has been my source for months prior. I don't know what happened. One minute we were yelling at each, the next we were having sex." Mulder was rambling. But Skinner had stopped listening when he had confessed to having sex with Krycek.

Did this mean Mulder was interested in men?

"If I had known," Skinner whispered.

"Know what, sir?"

Skinner looked into Mulder's eyes and made his decision. Reaching behind Mulder's head, Skinner pulled the younger man into his arms. Leaning down, Skinner brushed his lips against Mulder's.

Initially surprised, it took only seconds for Mulder to open his mouth in response to the kiss. Mulder melted into Skinner's arms. Finally breaking the kiss, Walter Skinner smiled bigger than Mulder had ever seen him.

"If I had known that, Agent Mulder."

"Sir, I'm not sure..."

"Walter, I think at this point maybe you should call me Walter." Skinner said.

"Uh, Walter, does this mean you're gay? I mean you were married?"

"I believe the term is bi." Skinner could not help laughing softly at his shocked agent.

Mulder shook off his shock and smiled saying, "Maybe you should call me Mulder."

Pulling Mulder back into his arms, Skinner said, "No, I will call you Fox at least when we're alone." And then proceeded to kiss Mulder thoroughly.

"Our patient is indeed infected with nanobytes," Atkinson stated as he leaned back and rubbed his eyes. "But I can't seem to localize their purpose. With Walt, it was easier to track backwards from the vascular trauma."

Scully turned to look at her colleague. "Aside from the nanobytes, Krycek's blood is showing a high level of hCG." She shook her head, "If he was a woman, I would say he was pregnant. Which would explain the nausea, vomiting and fatigue."

"You don't think it is possible do you? I mean, until I saw them, I wouldn't have believed about the nanobytes."

"Extreme possibilities." Scully was bemused, thinking of Mulder. "I think we should do another blood test and run an ultrasound."

Mulder and Skinner were standing outside the room when they got back. Scully explained their preliminary findings, which amused the two men. Mulder's eyes lit up with the promise of a new xfile.

Skinner smiled at his new soon to be lover. Mulder was in his element. Believing the

unbelievable. But, Krycek pregnant? Even with all he had seen, that was just a little hard to swallow.

"Don't say anything to Krycek until we know for sure. He is suffering from anemia and dehydration due to the vomiting. I don't want to stress him out any more than we have to," Scully said looking directly at her partner.

"Scully, I wouldn't," Mulder started to say, but Scully had already shut the door to Krycek's room.

Krycek was still sleeping when they entered the room. Even after all the sleeping he had done earlier, he didn't rouse when they walked in. That surprised Scully. It showed how truly worn down the man had become.

The two doctors wheeled their patient down to the examine room with the ultrasound. Scully drew some more blood and took it off to the lab. Atkinson began prepping Krycek. When Scully returned, they were ready to begin.

The screen showed what the blood worked had suggested. Krycek was pregnant. Atkinson peered closer to the screen.

"Dana, look at this."

"Twins?"

"Looks that way."

"Oh my god, I wouldn't have believed it was possible."

"By the size and formation, I would guess that our Mr. Krycek was about eight weeks into his first trimester."

"Let's get him back to his room and finish the blood tests."

Krycek woke alone in the examine room. He waited a few moments, wondering where everyone was. It surprised him that they had left him uncuffed and without a guard present. Mulder and Skinner had been gone a long time. And since he was feeling better, he might as well have a look around. Cracking the door open, Krycek glanced around the hallway.

There was Skinner and Mulder engaged in a heated kiss. Mulder hadn't kissed him. Fucked him sure, but hadn't kissed him. And Skinner. Yeah they had kissed. But even from the doorway Krycek could see the passion between the two men. He closed his eyes and retreated back into the room. He was suddenly very tired.

Krycek crawled onto the exam table, rolled over on his side and cried.

Scully and Atkinson found the two men standing in the corridor outside Krycek's room. Atkinson deferred to Scully as they began to explain their findings.

"The nanobytes are altering his body. Not on a large scale, only with the formation of the womb, which is quite extraordinary. The nanobytes are taking care of the fetuses but it is causing a lot of stress on his body. We are trying to correct the anemia and rehydrate him. We are going to keep him on intravenous fluids until he can hold down food on his own."

The two doctors shared a look and Scully let out a deep breath. "We're going in now to break the

news to Krycek. "

Scully laid her hand on Krycek's arm, gently nudging him awake. He still looked tired. Even with all the sleep, he still felt tired. Krycek blinked a few times before he shook off Scully's hand and sat up. He looked at the two doctors, ignoring Skinner and Mulder.

"So what's wrong with me?"

"I don't know any other way to break this to you." Scully began to say.

Mulder broke in bluntly, "You're pregnant Krycek!"

Krycek narrowed a cold look at Mulder then turned back to Scully.

His face passive. As impossible as it seemed, he had seen too many of the consortium's weird experiments to be shocked. He waited silently for Scully to continue.

Thinking Krycek's apathy was due to shock, Scully went on to explain what she and Atkinson had discovered. When she finished she asked if he had any questions.

"How soon can you get rid of it?"

"Alex, there are two fetuses, you're going to have twins."

"How soon can you get rid of 'them'?"

"Alex," Scully started again, using his first name in hopes of easing the man. "We can't terminate the pregnancy. The nanobytes have successfully integrated the womb with your body. It's like a new fully functioning organ that we can't remove without extensive study. We have no way of knowing how badly your body would react to it's removal."

Scully was getting angry. Krycek was sitting there showing no emotion while he asked for an abortion. Her Catholic faith was warring with her scientific reason. She flashed back on the image of Emily's face. Another innocent victim, just like the babies growing inside of Krycek. She refocused her anger solely on the consortium. Krycek was as much a victim as his unborn children. He had lost his right to choose when the consortium decided to experiment on him without his permission. But then the consortium wasn't big on asking permission.

Atkinson was standing back watching everyone. He looked at Dana Scully. They had grown closer throughout the day and he hoped they could continue to get closer. She was a beautiful, passionate woman and he was enjoying working beside her. The anger on her faced did nothing to detract from her beauty, although he was glad it wasn't directed at him.

Walter Skinner was a long time, trusted friend. He had seen Walter and Mulder kissing in the hall and wasn't upset by it. He was just happy for his friend. Not at all taken aback by Skinner's sexual preferences. He had watched his friend withdraw from social contact after Sharon died. Their marriage might have ended, but Walter had loved Sharon, and her death had been hard on him. Now with Mulder, Walter Skinner glowed. It was obvious they were very much in love.

Mulder was beaming like a child at Christmas. Dana had briefed Atkinson a little on the Xfiles and it's purpose. This was probably like Christmas to Mulder. He had real tangible proof of a Xfile in his possession and a man that adored him.

Krycek, on the other hand, Atkinson knew nothing about him except medically. He was surprised the man was so stoic. He was acting as if nothing abnormal was happening.

"How long?"

"The development of the fetuses put you at about eight weeks."

"The consortium infected me four months ago, why did it take so long for the implanted embryos to develop?" Remembering the consortium victims implanted with the alien embryos he had seen in some of the labs for the hybrid project. The fully developed alien bursting from their human hosts. "Are they human?"

"Yes, Alex, the fetuses are human. There is no indications of the alien genome. But, I don't think you're understanding. An embryo wasn't implanted. These fetuses are not like the hybrids we've encountered before. The nanobytes created the fetuses from your own DNA combined with the DNA of another man. The process appears to be somewhat like a cross between the fertilization of an egg and cloning.

"Are they clones?"

"No, there are two distinct DNA patterns in the fetus we tested. We're going to finish the mapping later."

Krycek face flickered a moment, his mind whirling backwards to that night two months ago. 'Could it be possible? Could one of them be the father of these fetuses?' He couldn't bring himself to call them children. It was wrong on so many levels. And here he was pregnant and alone, while Mulder and Skinner were starting a relationship, but one of them might be the father. It would have been funny if it was happening to anyone else but him.

"I would like to take a nap."

Scully watched Krycek for a moment and then nodded the others to leave.

"I think he is handling it pretty well," Atkinson stated to the group.

'No, he is not handling it well at all,' Scully thought to herself. Turning back to Atkinson she said, "I want to finish the DNA testing. Let's get some coffee and go back to the lab."

Mulder smiled at Walter Skinner. "Alone at last."

"We should be standing guard. I don't think he is feeling that bad. We don't want to give him a chance to bolt."

"Scully thinks he will sleep through the night. She says his body is exhausted from the morning sickness. The continual vomiting and nausea keeping him from getting proper rest."

"Really, Mulder, as much as I want you here and now, we shouldn't leave him alone."

"We're not leaving him alone. There are no windows in the room and we will be right here."

"Krycek is a sneaky little bastard, we shouldn't underestimate him."

Mulder wrapped his arms around Skinner's neck and began ravishing his lips, cutting off anymore protests.

Skinner let Mulder have the lead for a few moments, then took control. Mulder melted into his arms. Breathless, Mulder pulled back. He looked lustfully into Skinner's eyes.

"Fox, as much as I want you, I don't want our first time on the floor in this hallway."

"There is a nice big sofa in the room behind us, I think it's your buddies office. You think he'd mind"

"Randy might give me a little grief, but under the circumstances, I don't think he'll have a problem with it."

"What about Scully?"

Walter grabbed Mulder's hand and headed into the aforementioned office. "I think Agent Scully will be fine without us."

Mulder walked to the desk and turned on a small lamp as Skinner shut off the overhead light. It wasn't the most romantic setting, but looking at his beautiful new lover, Walter Skinner decided he didn't need traditional trappings.

Mulder could see Walter's eyes filling with passion and lust. His own body was growing exponentially in excitement. Placing his hands on Walter's broad shoulders, Mulder marveled at the thought that this man was now his.

Reaching around Mulder, Skinner wrapped his arms around him and pulled Mulder into full body contact. Their fingers met between their bodies, smoothly removing each other's clothes. The situation should have been awkward and frantic, but the two men were already tuning into each other's thoughts and desires.

Mulder stood naked before his lover, gazing at the incredible and edible body. Taking Walter's hand, he pulled him onto the couch.

They slowly rocked together, creating a sensual friction against their trapped erections. Walter devoured Mulder's mouth. Using his knee, Walter pushed Mulder's long legs apart so he could nestle in as close as possible to the heat generated by the younger man.

Mulder broke the kiss and whispered, "I want you in me."

"Condoms? Lube?"

"In my wallet."

Walter arched an eyebrow to that but didn't stop to question. He grabbed the items and began preparing Mulder. At Walter's first thrust, Mulder was consumed with only thoughts of being filled completely by the other man.

At this point neither man remembered or cared they were in an office or that someone could walk in on them. They should have worried about losing themselves so completely and becoming unaware of what was going on around them. Instead they just held fast to each other through their mutual climax.

Skinner took a deep sated breath and pulled out of his lover. The two men just grinned at each other for a moment.

"Fox, as much as I don't want this to end, we need to get back and check on Krycek." He brushed his lips against Mulder's one last time. "And Fox? I love you."

"I love you too, Walter."

Dana Scully studied the first set of DNA fingerprints. These established the fetuses were indeed part of Krycek. But the fetuses did not share the same second DNA map with each other. 'Two fathers, well actually three.' She mused while studying one of the "father's" VNTR pattern. It looked familiar. She would run it through the data base back at the Hoover the first chance she had.

Scully rubbed her neck, it had been a long day. She felt two strong hands on her shoulders. Scully tipped her head back and smiled up to Randy.

"Thanks."

"No problem, Dana, just relax for a minute."

As she slowly enjoyed the massage, she started thinking about the miracle they were witnessing. And it was a miracle, whether Krycek wanted the babies or not. The technology, however ill-conceived, could answer the prayers of a lot of barren women. 'It could answer my prayers.'

Shaking her head, she stood up.

"Thank you, Randy, but I think we should go check on our patient."

The two doctors ran into Skinner and Mulder storming out of Krycek's room.

"He's gone."

"Damn it, he's in no condition to be moving around. I wanted him on complete bed rest until we got him stabilized," Atkinson said.

"What do you mean stabilized? I thought he was just having morning sickness."

Mulder had started to sprint for the doors. He stopped hearing Walter's question though he could hear the concern in his voice.

"Scully, I thought you said the morning sickness was normal and the IV's were going to help."

"Mulder, there is nothing normal about this pregnancy. Krycek's blood pressure is too high. Even with the IV's it was obvious he was losing weight. The nanobytes were using all his body's resources for the fetuses, leaving nothing for him to draw on for his own health." Scully put a restraining hand on Mulder's arm. "Krycek might have appeared to be unaffected by the news, but his overall condition told a different story."

"Then we need to find him as soon as possible. He couldn't have gotten far, let's get moving," Skinner said, heading for the doors with Mulder and the two doctors following close behind.

Outside the clinic, they found Atkinson's car gone. Mulder smashed his fist into the side of Skinner's car. "Fuck him. We should have handcuffed the bastard."

Putting her hand on Mulder's arm, Scully tried to reason with the angry agent. "Mulder, he had us all fooled. I would of sworn he didn't have the energy to get to the bathroom let alone walk out of the clinic. As tired as he was, he should have slept through the night."

"She's right, Mulder. It's too late, by now he's probably switched cars and directions twice. All we can do now is try and find him again."

"We only found him this time through sheer luck, I don't think we will be getting that lucky again."

"Agent Mulder," Skinner was back as Assistant Director instead of lover, "We were not actively looking for him before. We will head back to the Hoover and start in on our resources. Meanwhile, call the Gunmen and get them on this too."

Softening his tone, he added, "We will find him, Krycek's running scared, but the pregnancy will slow him down. He can't have the babies alone, he will have to find help eventually."

"I know Walter. Don't take this the wrong way, I love you, it's just I'm really worried about him. I know that sounds strange with our history but I can't explain it. But knowing he's out there alone and how sick he is, I..."

"Care about him? I do understand. I care about him too."

It didn't go off at all like he'd planned, but he was, if nothing else, adaptable. While Skinner and Mulder were making love in the room across the hall, he quickly made his escape. Krycek wiped furiously at his eyes. 'Damn hormones.'

He slammed his good fist repeatedly into the steering wheel, trying to refocus his pain. It wasn't working. His heart was broken. He was driving off to god knows where with no money, no gun, pregnant and alone. Pregnant. It was absurd. Men just didn't become pregnant. First the silo, then having his arm cut off in Tunguska, and now this. God, his life sucked.

He didn't deserve either man. How stupid could he be, dreaming a one-night stand fuck would be anything more. He was just a convenient place for them to stick their dicks, just any old port in the storm until they could get together. He hated them.

Idiot. Idiot. Idiot.

The bastards deserved each other. Krycek sniffled, trying to keep the tears at bay. They deserved each other and they had earned their happiness many times over. Mulder and Skinner were both good men. The best.

'And I'm just a rat bastard. A killer. A traitor. What was it Mulder called me?' Krycek laughed hoarsely. 'An invertebrate scum sucker, whose moral dipstick is two drops short of bone dry.'

'Fuck Spender. Fuck the consortium for doing this to me. I don't deserve this.'

It was going to be okay. He was a survivor. He was used to being alone. He would never have Mulder's nor Skinner's love but, the babies? One of them was the father. A little piece of one of the men he loved. Krycek wiped at his eyes again, dropping his hand gently to his abdomen. The storm of emotions calming suddenly.

"I'm not alone anymore, am I, little guys?"

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Chapter 2 by Laura

He was still tired, but the treatments at the clinic had helped the nausea and his appetite was coming back. He still had some stashes to draw money from, so he was not without resources. He had enough hidden away to get him back in the game long enough to hopefully prevent the colonization.

He only had a small window of opportunity to destroy as much of the alien conspiracy as he

could before being pregnant would slow him down significantly.

He needed to get off his ass and quit playing around at this assassin game. It was going nowhere and had been a long time. He had two new someone's growing inside him to think about now. He needed to think about their future and what kind of world he wanted his children to grow up in. Certainly not one threatened or ruled by aliens and those consortium bastards.

His first order of business was to contact Jeremiah Smith and the Resistance. Together he hoped they would launch a more aggressive attack on the colonists and labs. Up until now, the attacks had been small and covert. It was his own fault. He had been too busy covering all angles in order to insure that he, himself, came out on the winning side. There was only one side now.

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Mulder pulled out his cell phone and dialed the Gunmen. He asked them to put all their efforts into finding Krycek. He didn't tell them about the pregnancy, that would come soon enough. He and Skinner helped Scully gather the lab work to take back to the Hoover. They said their goodbyes to Dr. Atkinson, thanked him for his help and headed back to Washington.

It was late, so, Skinner suggested they go home and get started fresh in the morning. As tired as Scully was, she still wanted to check the VNTRs on the FBI data base. Something was scratching at the back of her mind and she knew she wouldn't sleep until she figured it out.

Mulder was also too wired to think about sleep, but he didn't want to go back to the office. Walter was right, nothing would get done tonight. What he really wanted was to go for a run and clear his head.

When they got to the parking lot, Scully said her goodbyes and headed off to the lab. Mulder told Skinner he was going back to his apartment and then for a run. Skinner hesitated a moment, but said nothing, just got back in his car. Mulder paused half way to his own vehicle. This wasn't how he wanted the evening to end. He walked back to Skinner's car and tapped on the window.

As soon as the window opened, Mulder leaned in and kissed Skinner. Mulder asked if there was a park near Skinner's condo he could run in. Walter Skinner smiled at Mulder and told him yes. Mulder climbed back into the passenger seat with a big smile on his face.

On the way to the condo they talked a little more about Krycek and their relationship to him. Mulder tried to explain the roller coaster feelings he had always had about Alex Krycek. Skinner mentioned he also had conflicting feelings for Krycek. Although Krycek was wanted for questioning, they had no real evidence, at least nothing they could prosecute Krycek for.

Two things for sure they both knew, Alex Krycek kept them on their toes and they wanted him back.

After they arrived at the condo, Mulder borrowed a pair of old sweats from Skinner, and went on his run. When he returned, he took a quick shower and joined Skinner in bed. It had been an emotionally exhausting day, they were both tired so they took comfort in just holding each other.

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Back at the lab, Scully found the match for the DNA fingerprint that she thought she recognized. Mulder was the father of one of Alex Krycek's children. She hadn't really been shocked about Skinner and Mulder being together, she had seen the looks they had given each other over the years.

So, she guessed she shouldn't be shocked about Mulder and Krycek. Scully knew there had

been more going on between them when Krycek was Mulder's partner. She had seen Mulder check Krycek out and she had always been a bit suspicious as to why Krycek never fought back when Mulder attacked him. Alex Krycek had hurt them all, but he had also helped them. The help didn't make up for everything, but Dana Scully was willing to forgive. Just maybe not trust completely.

Earlier at the clinic, Scully had heard Skinner's quiet reassurances to Mulder. She had also heard Skinner tell Mulder he cared about Krycek too. Suddenly a curious thought crossed her mind. Punching up Walter Skinner's name in the computer, she retrieved the DNA sample they had on file for him. Comparing it to the second baby's profile, Dana Scully found a perfect match.

Walter Skinner and Fox Mulder. Fox Mulder and Alex Krycek. Skinner and Krycek. It was like a gay soap opera, she chuckled out loud in the empty lab. Looks like everyone was getting some except her. 'Maybe she would give Randy a call in the morning,' Dana Scully mused as she called it a night.

The next day, Scully asked to have a meeting with Skinner. She requested Mulder's presence also but didn't tell her partner why. Mulder tried to weasel her into telling him what it was about, but she told him to wait.

In Skinner's office Scully sat down with the files laying primly in her lap. This was a very serious situation, but she was having a hard time keeping a smile from showing. Mulder had always been the one to deliver the outrageous findings and theories, while she was always the voice of reason. Dana Scully was delighted in turning the tables on Mulder.

Scully delicately cleared her throat and began:

"Mulder, AD Skinner," trying for as much decorum as she could muster. "I ran the two father's DNA fingerprints through the FBI computer. I have two perfect matches."

"Don't keep us in suspense Scully," Mulder said, gesturing for her to continue. "Tell us who the proud fathers are."

Dana Scully couldn't help the broad smile that broke on her face.

"Mulder, your father number one." Turning to look straight into Skinner's eyes she said, "And you're father number two."

The men just stared at Scully, waiting to hear the punch line. Mulder sat back in his chair and shook his head in denial. Skinner didn't know what to say or do.

"If this is a joke, Agent Scully, its not funny," Skinner finally said, growing tired of Scully's smirk.

"Of course it's not a joke, Walter, we should have figured it out sooner." Mulder broke in excitedly, the profiler's mind that earned him the label 'Spooky' finally kicking in.

"Two months ago we both had sex with Krycek." He cast a quick look at Scully. "So, unless Alex was having sex with a lot of other men with all his free time between assassinations and subterfuge. It would have to be us."

"Congratulations, Walter. We're dads."

Skinner drew a deep breath. He was going to be a father. He and Sharon had tried for years to have a child with no luck, now he was going to be a father but he had no idea where the father-to-be was.

He was determined to find Krycek no matter where he was hiding.

But they didn't find him. For all appearances, Alex Krycek had dropped off the planet. Except, files suddenly started showing up, encrypted data tapes would arrive in anonymous envelopes addressed to Mulder, Scully and Skinner. Each bit of information going directly to the person who could do the most good with it.

The consortium was crumbling. Documents outlining the collaboration, the experiments and the colonization projects were giving Mulder the proof he had needed for so long. Moles were being flushed out of not only the FBI but in the CIA, NSA and all levels of the government. The president appointed a special task force to deal with the influx of information and the resulting aftermath.

Reports of the activities of the Resistance reached Mulder through the Lone Gunmen. The hybrid and cloning labs were being burned to the ground. A vaccination against the Oilens had been perfected and had already been covertly administered to the populace through various methods. UFO sightings increased suddenly and then stopped all together. The Oilens had packed their bags and left. Trickle reports continued for a while until what appeared to be the last of the labs was destroyed.

During all the chaos, Mulder and Skinner had bought a house together. A house large enough for three men and two children. They hadn't given up hope of finding Alex. It had been seven months since they had last seen him, but they knew in their hearts he was alive and it seemed that he was the only reason they had won the war.

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Dr. Randy Atkinson was closing up for the night, it had been a long day and he was anxious to get home to Dana. The two had continued the research on the nanobytes together, Scully met with him as frequently as she could, almost every minute of her off duty time. Not the usual courtship, but it had worked for them.

The nanobytes they studied from Krycek's blood sample were different from those in Walter Skinner's. The nanos Skinner was infected with had to be destroyed, the nanos in Krycek were temporary. The Lone Gunmen were able to create new nanobytes from the samples found in Krycek's blood.

Scully and Atkinson used the new nanotechnology to create temporary wombs in other host bodies.

Experimenting on lab rats, irony not lost on Scully, revealed that the nanobytes were flushed out with the placenta in the female hosts. In the males, the nanos were removed with the womb by caesarean if performed before labor set in. They discovered that if the male rat was allowed to go into labor, the nanobytes would already be dissolved.

Apparently, labor was the indicator to the nanos they were no longer needed, leaving the male host with a womb with no exit, except surgery which would have to be performed as soon as the host went into labor. The longer the father was in labor, the more risk to both father and child.

They also discovered that each pregnancy was a one shot deal. None of the rats could give birth twice.

Heedless to Atkinson's protests of unethical medical practice, Scully had infected herself. He was worried. They had only brought rats to pregnancy and with Krycek missing, there wasn't enough data to safely infect a human host, especially not the woman he had fallen in love with.



Scully stubbornly refused to listen. For once she was doing something for herself.

Dana Scully was now carrying Atkinson's child. She had resigned from the FBI after the smoke had cleared. Scully had joined him in his practice, but refused to marry him until after the baby was born.

As Atkinson was about to set the alarm, he felt a gun pressed against his neck. A voice hissed for him to go back inside. Atkinson obeyed and locked the door. The gunman pushed him into one of the exam rooms, the gun never moving from beneath his jaw.

This was a bad situation. He knew when he didn't make it home soon, Dana would start calling him. If he didn't answer the phone, she would come down to the clinic.

"If you want drugs, I will get them for you," he told the gunman. "Just don't shoot me, okay?"

As fine a FBI agent Dana had been, he didn't want to risk his lover and mother of his child facing off a crazed addict.

"I don't want drugs," the gunman gasped out before he doubled over in pain.

This freed Atkinson from the gunman's grip. He turned around to see Alex Krycek on his knees in pain and very pregnant.

Atkinson reached down to steady the man.

"My God, Alex, Mulder and Skinner having been searching the ends of the earth for you. Where have you been?"

"Doesn't matter. I need your help, not theirs. Don't need them," Alex ground out through clenched teeth.

"How long have you been in labor? Are your contractions pretty close together?"

"I have been in pain for around six hours, I didn't know where else to go." Alex was breathing hard but he hadn't dropped the gun despite the pain. "You're going to have to deliver the babies."

"Alex, you have to have a caesarean, I can't perform that kind of surgery alone." Kneeling beside the suffering man, Atkinson tried to reason with Krycek.

"Let me call Dana, she can assist me."

"No! You're going to do this alone. I don't want Scully involved."

"I have to put you under anesthesia to perform the surgery. Someone needs to watch your vitals while I operate."

"No! I don't need anesthesia. Just deliver the babies."

"The pain would be too much for your body to handle, you could go into shock. That would put you and the babies at risk."

"Don't worry about the pain, doc." Krycek smiled grimly. "I had my arm cut off without anesthesia, this pain isn't any worse than that."

"Then think of the children you're giving birth to. I'm not comfortable with this..."

"It's not about your comfort, now it is, doc?" Krycek broke in. The pain really was very intense but he was determined not to lose control. He was worried about the babies, but knew the doctor would put them first if they became distressed.

Atkinson shook his head. He could tell Krycek was in a lot more pain than he was letting on. He decided to try a different approach.

"Alex, I can give you a regional anesthetic. An epidural block will lessen the pain without knocking you out. It works like the shot a dentist gives to numb a tooth."

Krycek thought on this a moment and nodded his okay. He didn't really trust Atkinson, but the pain was making it hard for him to concentrate.

"The epidural can cause your blood pressure to drop, which may slow the babies' heart rate. I'm going to start you on an IV for fluids before I administer the medicine." Atkinson reached into the pocket of his lab coat to retrieve his stethoscope and found his cell phone there as well.

As nonchalantly as he could, he pressed the speed dial for Scully. He left the phone in his pocket, hopefully when Dana picked up, she would be able to hear what was going on.

Atkinson helped Krycek change into a surgical gown, all the time speaking of what was involved with a caesarean. As he continued speaking, Atkinson helped Krycek lie down on the table, he then hooked up the IV.

Krycek doubled over from the pain again, and Atkinson knew he had very little time left. "Relax, Alex." Atkinson said. "I am going to give you the epidural now and that should help numb the pain." He prayed Scully had answered the phone and heard the conversation. He administered the epidural and watched as Krycek relaxed with relief from the pain.

'Dana, get here,' Atkinson thought. 'I can only stall so long.'

Dana Scully reached for her cell phone. The caller ID said it was Randy, but when she answered, no one was on the line. She listened for a moment, trying to make out what the voice she could hear was saying. Scully could hear Randy's voice describing a caesarean procedure to someone. When she heard Atkinson say 'Alex', she hung up the phone and ran out the door.

Scully called Mulder as she raced for the clinic. The clinic had no current patients with the name Alex, so unless a stranger named Alex, who needed a caesarean had suddenly appeared, it looked like there was a chance that Alex Krycek had come back after all.

"It's me, Mulder," Scully said when Mulder answered his cell phone. "Get to the clinic immediately, I think Krycek's back. I am headed there now. Can you tell Walter?"

"Alex? Alex is at the clinic? Is he all right?"

"Mulder, I don't know. Randy left his cell phone on, and I only caught part of a conversation. I really don't have time to talk. Just get to the clinic as soon as you can."

"I'm walking out the door. Thanks Scully. I will call Walter, he is working late." Mulder hung up his phone and grabbed a coat.

Walter Skinner was unlocking his car when his cell phone rang. When he saw Mulder's name, he smiled. They had formed a deep bond over the last several months. Mulder added so much joy to his former lonely life. They were both very happy, but they both felt like something, or in this case, someone was needed to complete their lives.

Skinner answered the phone to an already talking Mulder. Skinner could make out something about the clinic. He could only assume Mulder meant Atkinson's clinic... and then he heard the magic word "Alex".

After all the years of reading Mulder's reports and then living together, Skinner had become quite good at deciphering Mulder speak. He told Mulder to calm down and he would meet him at the clinic.

Scully pulled in to the darkened parking lot of the clinic. She unlocked the door and quietly stepped inside. Scully could see a light on in the back so she headed that way. She didn't call out, for fear that if it was indeed Krycek and if he heard her, he would try and bolt.

Slipping open the door, Scully peered inside. Atkinson was bent over a very pregnant patient. She couldn't quite make out who it was, but the patient appeared to be unconscious.

"Randy," she whispered, trying to draw his attention.

Atkinson turned his head around. He smiled at Scully and waved her in. "I'm glad you're here, Dana. I was worried you didn't get my call."

"Very clever way of you sending a message, how is he doing?" She looked down into Krycek's face. He was unconscious, but his face was screwing up in pain. "Is he not responding to the epidural?"

"The epidural gave him a small amount of pain relief, he has started showing increased signs of distress and then passed out. I'm monitoring him and the babies, but right now the babies are not showing any signs of distress."

"Now that you're here, I'm going to give Alex a general anesthetic, we don't want him panicking if the epidural stops numbing the pain completely. Can you get prepped, Dana? We need to start immediately."

"Mulder and Walter are on their way." Scully stated.

"We can't wait any longer." As if on cue, the machine monitoring the three patients hearts sang out a loud beeping tone.

"The babies' heart rates are getting dangerously low, we need to get them delivered." Atkinson administered the general anesthetic and Scully quickly prepped.

She joined Atkinson, who was outlining where the incision was going to be made. Atkinson slowly made the incision down Krycek's abdomen and they began removing the babies from the womb.

Mulder and Skinner arrived at the clinic and shouted for Scully.

"In here, but go into the prep room and scrub up, we need your help."

The two expectant fathers hurriedly washed themselves and each put on a set of surgical scrubs. As soon as they entered the room, Scully handed Skinner a writhing, mewling baby.

"Congratulations, it's a girl! Now take her over and wash her up." Scully rushed back to the operating table. Atkinson had just finished pulling the second baby out.

The baby squirmed for a moment and then let out a wail. Atkinson passed the baby to Scully who then handed the new baby boy to Mulder.

"Congratulations, it's a boy! Follow Walter and clean your son up. We need to finish closing Krycek."

Mulder carried the little boy over to Walter. They were both beaming at each other, not saying a word, just marveling at the new lives they held in their arms.

Scully checked Krycek's vitals and increased the IV drip. Atkinson cleaned the incision and closed Krycek up.

They gave each other a satisfied smile. Scully turned and walked over to Mulder, Skinner and the twins. She touched each of the babies. She told the new fathers Krycek would be okay, his blood pressure had dropped due to blood loss, but they had him stabilized.

"Alex will be coming out from under the anesthesia, I imagine he will want to see the babies right away, but let's take them next door to give him a little peace and quiet. We will leave the monitor on him, it will alert us to any problems."

Scully took each of the small infants and gently washed them again, then wrapped them in some blankets she had found then handed them back to the anxiously awaiting fathers.

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Alex Krycek slowly became conscious in a quiet room. The only sound was a monitor, beeping out the rhythm of his heart. He sat up and turned off the machine and then pulled the IV from his arm. Krycek tilted his head listening for voices. He heard murmuring from the adjacent room.

Stealthily as he could manage, still feeling a bit disoriented, he moved next to the slightly ajar door. Peeking in, he could see Atkinson with his arm wrapped around Dana Scully. They were smiling and talking to Walter Skinner and Mulder.

He walked into the room, but didn't say a word. Krycek's eyes were completely focused on Skinner, Mulder and his children.

Atkinson asked how he was feeling, Krycek just shrugged, his eyes never straying from the image before him. Mulder and Skinner were smiling and cooing at the infants. They both looked up at him and smiled.

A boy and a girl, if he were to judge based on the pink and blue blankets.

Skinner said something about sitting down, but Krycek was only hearing his own heartbeat. Mulder asked if he wanted to hold the babies. He slowly sat down, still aching from the surgery, and reached for the infant in Mulder's arms.

He took the tiny bundle and held the boy close to his chest. As he turned to reach for the girl infant, he realized that even with the prosthesis, he would never be able to hold both children properly at the same time.

His children. He had fought hard to make the world safe from alien colonists and the consortium for these two precious children alone. He looked over at the baby girl Skinner was still holding, it overwhelmed him to think of these two children as his. His to protect, care for and love. And he loved them with all his heart.

"When can we take Alex and the babies home?" Mulder asked Scully.

Lost in his own thoughts, it took Alex a moment to register what Mulder had asked Scully, but

Krycek didn't hear Mulder include him.

Fear gripped Krycek's heart. This was the reason he hadn't wanted Mulder or Skinner involved.

They were going to take his children from him.

All the color drained from Krycek's face. He handed the little boy back to Mulder. He hung his head and whispered, "I know I've hurt you both, all of you. I know you hate me." Tears had started to fall down Alex's face. He wasn't used to begging, but he would beg for his children. "Please don't take my babies, they're all I have."

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Chapter 3 by Laura

Mulder cast a quick pleading look to Scully. After years of being partners, Scully had no problem reading Mulder. She scooped the infant from Mulder's arms, freeing him to go to Alex. Mulder dropped to his knees in front of the distraught younger man. Alex didn't look up. His breathing had become very shallow and the only visible movement was his fingers digging into his thigh.

Mulder grasped Alex's hand in his own. "No, Alex. No, I meant you and the babies. Walter and I want all three of you to come home with us."

"Alex? Look at me." Mulder gently cupped Alex's face and lifted his chin, but Krycek kept his eyes down. "We bought a big house, you're going to love it. It has enough room for all five of us. The twins will have their own room when they get older and it has a big back yard so we can get a dog if you want. What do you say, Alex? You and the babies want to come home with us?"

"Home?" A barely audible voice asked.

"Yes, Alex, home, with us." Mulder gathered Alex to his chest and rocked him gently. Mulder looked up at Walter with tears falling down his cheeks. Skinner's warm brown eyes were also filled with tears.

Atkinson reached over and Skinner placed the baby girl into Atkinson's arms. Skinner knelt down on Krycek's other side, embraced both of the younger men, and repeated Mulder's affirmation, "Yes, Alex, home."

Dana Scully didn't try to hide her own tears; she looked over at her lover. Atkinson was smiling and swaying in a soothing motion for the little girl he held. Atkinson was not at all uncomfortable with the emotional scene unfolding before them. Scully knew if she weren't already in love with Randy, she would have fell in love at that moment.

Atkinson met Scully's eyes and gave her a blinding smile. Dana was still in her surgical scrubs, her hair had fallen out of her impromptu ponytail and tears had marred her makeup. He thought she never looked more beautiful.

The baby girl in Atkinson's arms gave a little kick and snuffle, and then started to whimper. He bounced her a moment, then announced, "Alex, I think your daughter is hungry."

Alex finally lifted his eyes from where they had been focused on the floor. He looked questionably at Atkinson and then at Scully.

"Hungry?"

"Alex, there's something we didn't get a chance to cover." Scully took a deep breath; this was going to be hard. "Alex, you need to breast feed the twins."

"B-breast feed?" Alex looked like he was about to pass out. Mulder's and Skinner's mouths were

doing imitation of goldfish bookends.

Scully decided it might be best if she talked to Krycek alone to explain what he needed to do.

"Gentlemen, could you step outside. Randy, would you hand Alex his daughter and go with Walter and Mulder?"

Skinner and Mulder both placed a kiss on Alex's temple and obediently followed Scully's orders. Mulder whispered just loud enough for Scully to hear, "I think she likes being the boss."

She grinned at her old partner. "Like you really want to explain this to Krycek." Mulder shook his head and hurried after Skinner.

Atkinson gave Scully a quick kiss on the cheek as he passed, whispering good luck. He was glad she was taking up the task.

Dana Scully studied Alex for a moment then gestured for him to get back in the chair. It was going to be hard explaining breast feeding to a man, so she just plowed ahead.

"Alex, although the nanos are no longer in your body, the increased level of hormones they caused, is enough for you to produce milk and to nurse your children. We didn't have the time to study the long term effects, but we do know the hormone level will drop, and until it does, it is best for you to breast feed the babies."

"B-but I don't have..." Alex's eyes flickered to Scully's chest.

"No, but you do have nipples. And actually, Alex, you do have breasts."

"I-I don't know what to do." Alex looked down at his daughter, who had instinctively started searching his chest for a nipple.

"Your daughter knows what she wants." Scully leaned over and tugged the surgical gown Krycek still wore down off his shoulder. Alex lifted the baby girl's face to his nipple and she didn't need any more assistance. She latched onto the offered nipple and began suckling.

Alex turned and looked at Scully. His eyes had grown enormous on his face. Scully sat down next to him. She cradled the baby boy into Krycek's prosthetic arm and guided the infant's mouth to Krycek's other nipple.

The little boy needed more prompting, so Scully gently squeezed Alex's nipple until a dribble of milk appeared. She ran her finger over the tiny lips until she felt a response. Scully once again guided the baby's mouth to the nipple. She held his head with one hand and squeezed Alex's nipple again. The baby caught Alex's nipple in his mouth and started nursing.

Scully looked at Krycek with a satisfied smile and found Alex's face had turned bright crimson. They stared at each other, then Scully reached over and drew Alex's head to hers. She rested his head against hers for a few moments and softly said, "Nursing is a natural and beautiful thing, Alex. You don't need to be embarrassed."

She watched as the blush faded from Krycek's face and a blissful expression took its place.

"Alex? Do you want to know who the fathers are?"

"F-fathers?"

Scully found it both cute and endearing that Alex was not being articulate enough to mutter more

than a few words at a time. In all the years she had know and dealt with the ex-triple agent, Scully never expected to see this side of him or that he even had such a side.

"Do you want to know which baby is Mulder's and which is Walter's?" She said thinking a different approach would help. It didn't.

"F-Fox and W-Walter are the f-fathers?"

Dana Scully just shook her head. 'What we have here is a failure to communicate', she thought in her best imitation of Strother Martin.'

"Alex, when you were here before, we ran DNA tests on the fetuses to determine their parentage. Remember? We had determined the babies were indeed yours, but you disappeared before we had the rest of the results. The secondary DNA test showed that Mulder is the father of one of the babies and Walter is the other father."

She paused to let Krycek think about it. "We will have to run another test to determine which baby belongs to whom."

"It doesn't m-matter." Alex whispered.

"What do you mean, it doesn't matter?"

"L-love them both, it doesn't matter who their fathers are."

Dana Scully felt her heart turn to mush. Any last doubts she might have harbored about Krycek faded.

"Do you want me to let Walter and Mulder back in?"

"No, I-I don't want them to see this." Krycek gestured downward with his head. "Besides, I think they are finished."

The babies were finished, so Scully picked up the little boy and demonstrated how to burp when necessary. While she patted the infant's back and she guided Alex in patting the little girl's back, she asked, "What about names?"

"Names?"

'Oh, great. Back to monosyllabic communication.' Scully let out a sigh. "Alex, we can't keep calling them 'baby boy' and 'baby girl'. Have you thought about names?"

"Mulder and Skinner."

"Mulder and Skinner?" Great now he has me doing it, she thought.

"T-they should name the twins." Krycek to a deep breath. "I want them to name the babies."

"Okay," Scully reached over and tugged the gown back on Krycek's shoulder. "I'll go get them." She walked over, opened the door and waved the three men in the hall to come back into the room.

Atkinson had explained to Mulder and Skinner about the nursing, but they still didn't understand why they were ordered to leave the room. Mulder went over and sat down by Krycek, Skinner sat on the other side. Scully placed the little boy into Skinner's awaiting arms.

She cleared her throat to get their attention. "Alex, do you want to tell them?"

"Tell us what?" Mulder asked Scully. Alex had once again hung his head, refusing to look at anyone.

"Alex wants you and Walter to name the babies."

Mulder leaned into Alex with his arm around his shoulder and placed his hand on the baby girl's sleeping head. "I guess we need to find out which baby is mine and which is Walter's." He sent a reassuring smile to Skinner.

"It d-doesn't matter," Alex spoke his first words since the men had re-entered the room, but he didn't raise his head from where it rested against his chest.

"What doesn't matter, Alex?" Skinner was worried. This wasn't the cocky man he was used too. Alex seemed to be slipping further into himself and away from them. Skinner looked to Scully for an answer, when Krycek remained quiet.

"It doesn't matter to Alex who the individual fathers are," Scully voiced cracked a little.

Skinner's eyes welled up with tears. He looked at Mulder and at Alex holding their daughter and finally back at their son in his arms. "Alex is right. It doesn't matter."

Mulder pulled Krycek into an embrace, careful not to put pressure on the little girl, and kissed the top of Alex's head. "It doesn't matter."

"Well, what does matter is Alex and the twins need to be in the hospital." Atkinson decided to get everyone moving. "Under the circumstance, I realize that is not an option, but our clinic is not equipped for over night patients."

"Randy, is right. I think we should take Alex and the babies to your house," Scully looked meaningfully at Mulder. "We can stay the night and monitor them," volunteering before they could ask. "Alex will probably be more comfortable at home and he needs to get some rest to help his body recover from the c-section."

"Alex? Are you ready to go home?" Mulder asked. Krycek merely nodded.

Scully took the baby from Alex and started for the door. "Walter stay and help Mulder get Alex into some scrubs, his clothes are dirty, we can wash them at the house. Randy, I think we have some carseats in the storage room for emergencies, take the little girl from Walter and let him help Mulder get Alex dressed." Scully was in charge again.

Mulder retrieved a set of clean scrubs from the prep room, they would have to settle for Alex's leather jacket and boots for extra warmth. Alex was still sitting and staring at the floor. Mulder looked to Walter for help, Skinner shrugged and reached for Krycek's arm to help him stand.

Krycek made no move to get dressed on his own and didn't protest when Mulder lifted his leg to pull the pants on. Mulder tugged the pants up Alex's lean hips, he noticed that Alex was still thin despite the pregnancy, but there was a little more fullness to his body.

It wasn't the appropriate time, but Mulder couldn't help thinking about the round buttocks he had briefly touched while pulling on the scrubs. The surgical scrubs did nothing to dampen Mulder's appreciation. The pants clearly defined the full round cheeks, and Mulder wanted to reach out and take a handful.

Walter Skinner was reading Mulder's mind again and Mulder felt Skinner's disapproving eyes

watching him. When Mulder looked up, he could see Skinner's own appreciation of the sight before him, but Skinner was shaking his head no. Clearly, Skinner thought the time was inappropriate as well.

Scully and Atkinson returned just as Mulder finished pulling the top over Alex's head. Atkinson had retrieved Krycek's jacket and boots from the other room and Mulder put them on Alex.

When the twins were wrapped in blankets and snug in their carseats, the group headed for the parking lot. They decided to take two cars and that Scully would ride with the new family and Atkinson would follow in his car.

While Mulder and Scully were strapping the carseats in the back of Skinner's sedan, Skinner asked Atkinson about Krycek's silence. Atkinson didn't feel he was qualified to make a diagnosis on Alex's mental condition, but suggested it was just emotional shock and exhaustion.

Krycek did look and act exhausted. Skinner guided him into the back beside the babies. Alex immediately fell asleep, his head dropping over against the window. Mulder turned sideways in the passenger seat and watched as Scully fussed with the twins.

"Samantha," Skinner announced out of the blue, when no one responded, he continued. "For our daughter. I would like to name her Samantha." He looked over at Mulder. "If that is okay with you, Fox."

"I would like that a lot, it's perfect, thank you Walter." There was a soft sleepy "Samantha" murmured from Alex in agreement.

"What about our son?" Mulder asked adjusting the blanket on the little boy. "I have always liked the name Michael."

"I like it, Michael it is."

Alex didn't seem to wake up, but he made another small murmur, they took as agreement.

Skinner pulled into the driveway of their darkened house. He hurried to open the front door and turn on the porch light. Mulder and Scully had unbuckled the carseats, leaving him to awaken the still sleeping Krycek. Skinner lightly prodded Alex's shoulder.

"Wake up, Alex. We're home." Krycek mumbled something but didn't wake up. Left with no other choice, Walter gently picked the sleeping younger man up and carried him into the house.

"I'm going to put Alex in the guest room next to ours, Fox, the one with the cribs. Would you and Scully bring the twins?"

"Sure, come on Scully, let's get Samantha and Michael settled in."

"So, you decided on some names." Atkinson walked in behind Skinner and shut the door.

"Randy, follow us up stairs and make yourself useful." Scully gave her lover a big grin. "Yes, the twins are now Michael and Samantha."

Skinner set Alex on the bed, while Mulder and Scully put the twins in their cribs. Scully was impressed with the amount of baby items the two men had obtained, she hadn't bought this much stuff herself, yet. Skinner was pulling the blanket back, to situate Alex, when Scully stopped him.

"Walter, do you or Fox have some sleepwear you could put Alex in, something more comfortable? Plus, when it's time to feed the twins, the scrub top will be hard for him to remove."

"Walter, you start undressing Alex and I'll get a set of pajamas," Mulder volunteered, he was already headed next door to their room.

"Do we even own pajamas?" Skinner muttered. He was having trouble removing the top, due to Krycek's prosthesis. "Scully why didn't you remove his arm before surgery?"

"There wasn't anytime. Go ahead and remove it now."

Skinner reached under the shirt and started unstrapping the arm, Krycek started stirring awake. "What ya doing?"

"Hey there, sleepyhead, I thought you would be more comfortable without your prosthesis. Is that okay?"

"Okay."

"Look who's awake. How you feeling, Alex?" Mulder had entered the room carrying a pair of red flannel pajamas that he handed to Skinner. "I found these in the back of your sock drawer, Walter. Still in the package."

Skinner gave Mulder a smirk. "Never needed them."

Mulder took the other side of Alex and helped Skinner dress him. Scully and Atkinson looked on with amusement, all three men were focused on each other. Krycek's face was turning the color of the pajamas.

"Where's Samantha and Michael? Where are we?" Alex looked around searching for the babies.

"We're home, Alex, the twins are right over there." Mulder pointed to the cribs. "Are you okay with the names we picked?"

"Yes. Can I see them?"

"Of course." Skinner put his arm around Alex's waist and helped him stand. He guided the young man to the cribs.

Samantha and Michael were both still sleeping. Scully had turned on each of the monitors in the cribs, she stepped back and allowed Krycek to stand next to the cribs.

Alex didn't say anything, but touched each child as if reassure himself they were breathing. Mulder joined Krycek and Skinner at the cribs. "They're beautiful."

"Very beautiful." Skinner kissed Alex's temple and then leaned over to give Mulder a kiss. "Let's get Alex here back in bed."

They escorted Alex back to the bed, and tucked him in. He was asleep immediately. Scully did one last quick check of the incision, readjusted the blanket and waved the men out the door.

Downstairs, Mulder made coffee and sandwiches. They had all adjourned to the kitchen and were sitting at the table. Scully amused herself watching Mulder hustle around the kitchen. She had never imagined her old partner could be so domestic after visiting his apartment. 'Must be Walter's influence.'

"How is Alex doing, Scully?" Mulder was sincerely concerned, but he also wanted to end Scully's enjoyment of his domestic skills. He placed the sandwiches on the table and poured coffee for

everyone. Mulder leaned against the counter and waited for Scully's answer.

"The incision appears to be healing fine, we should get Alex to walk around a little more in the morning after a good nights sleep. Of course, we will have to wake him in couple of hours to feed the twins again."

"What about how withdrawn he is? Randy suggested it was only emotional shock and exhaustion." Skinner asked.

"Yeah, why is Alex being so quiet?" Mulder sat down in the chair next to his lover.

"Mulder, Alex has never been very talkative, except when he was trying to persuade or manipulate one of us. You're the psychologist, you tell us what you think is going on." Scully was surprised Mulder was being so 'un-Spooky', maybe he was too close to the situation.

"Mulder, Walter, think about it a minute. Alex Krycek just gave birth to twins that by itself is an emotional shock and exhausting. On top of that, he thought he had no friends, no family and was all alone. And from what little he did say, he thought we were going to take the babies from him, it appears he feels worthless and undeserving."

Mulder started to object, but Scully cut him off. "I am not saying this is true, only what I observed. A new mother, in this case a new father, can sometimes become depressed after giving birth, usually if the parent has had a lot of stress during the pregnancy and birth. I think we can all agree that this describes Alex's pregnancy."

"So you think Alex has 'postpartum depression'?" Skinner was taken back, the birth and Alex's return was a joyous moment for him, he didn't understand why Alex would be depressed.

"The hormonal changes could have caused chemical changes in the brain as well. The mood swings, the trouble concentrating are both good indicators of postpartum, but should go away in a few days. But, gentlemen, you should keep a close eye on Alex, you know he will say he is fine, when in fact he isn't and if he is experiencing postpartum depression, it needs to be addressed before it gets out of hand."

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Mulder crawled into bed and draped himself over Walter. He ran his fingers through his lover's chest hairs, absently trying to make crop circles.

"Walter?"

"Unhuh."

"Do you think Scully is right and Alex is suffering from postpartum depression?"

"I think, whether it is postpartum or not, we're going to have to be very careful handling Alex at this stage." Skinner rubbed his hand up and down Mulder's back. "Alex, well he's a survivor, we both know that, but as a survivor, he'll adapt to any situation to get what he wants."

"You think Alex is faking the depression? Do you think he's manipulating us?"

"No, no one is that good of an actor, plus I don't think he would try and fool us with the innocent act again. But I do think, maybe, Alex might be thinking he has to accept living here with us in order to keep the babies. It shocked me when he thought we were going to take the twins from him."

"So you don't think Alex wants to be with us, as our lover, I mean?"

"Fox, I don't know what Alex is really thinking. This is all just guessing based on our past. Alex is too quick on his feet for his own good sometimes." Skinner nudged Mulder's chin up to face him. "He slept with both of us, then disappeared. We find him, he runs and now he suddenly is accepting a place in our home? It doesn't quite add up the way it should."

"Walter, what if he doesn't want to share our bed?"

Skinner hugged the younger man tightly to his chest. "Then he still has a home, no matter what. We need to make sure he understands, his place in our home has no bearing on whether or not he wants a sexual relationship with us."

Fox rolled over onto his back and draped his forearm across his eyes. "God, Walter, I know this sounds egotistical, but I didn't even consider Alex might not want us."

Skinner raised up and leaned over Mulder. Mulder had lost so much in his life, Skinner was determined he wouldn't lose anyone else. He planned to do everything in his power to not let that happen.

"The war is over, Alex has come in from the cold and into our home. We have Samantha and Michael to raise with him, we just need to be patient." Skinner leaned down and planted a quick kiss. "We love Alex and my heart tells me Alex loves us. It just may take some time to make him believe it himself."

Skinner captured Mulder's mouth with his own again, Mulder broke the passionate kiss and whispered, "Walter, don't start something you might not want to finish with all of our guests."

"Oh, I can finish this, you just have to keep quiet."

"I can do that," Mulder pulled Skinner down on top of him in a full body embrace. Skinner reached one hand over to the nightstand, finding and retrieving the lube without ever breaking contact with Mulder's lips.

He prepared his lover, slowly teasing Mulder open. Skinner then rolled Mulder over and spooned up against him. The older man gently entered his lover and began thrusting. Mulder turned his face over his shoulder and the two men kissed.

Skinner slipped his hand over Mulder's hip and down to his groin. He grasped the fully engorged penis and began pumping Mulder in the same sensual rhythm of his thrusts. Mulder climaxed bringing Skinner to orgasm seconds later. The two lovers remained embraced as they fell asleep.

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Alex opened his eyes and looked around the dimly lit room, his eyes quickly adjusting to the soft lights illuminating the cribs. He heard a small whimper from inside one of the cribs.

'That must be why I woke up' He eased out of bed, still sore from the c-section and walked over to the crying infant. Samantha was awake and fussing, but Michael was still sound asleep.

"Hi, Sammy, are you hungry? Is that why you're awake?" Alex cooed at his daughter and picked her up. The little girl immediately started to nuzzle his chest, answering his question the only way she could.

"I wonder where they put my arm, this is kind of awkward." Left with no other choice, he put Samantha back in her crib and unbuttoned the pajama top. Samantha had started to fuss again,

but Alex quickly scooped her back up one-armed.

The little girl needed no more encouragement, her tiny lips found Alex's nipple and she began nursing.

"Samantha, you and Michael are going to love living here, I haven't seen all of the house yet, but your daddy Fox says it big and has a big yard. Maybe we can get a puppy or a kitten. Would you like that?"

"Oh, Samantha, I've done so many bad things in my life, I've hurt a lot of people, but especially your daddy Fox and daddy Walter. I don't deserve it, but they say I can stay here with you and your brother, make this my home too. I promise you, I'm going to try real hard to be what your other daddies want, and maybe they won't send me away."

"Are you finished, Samantha? I think Michael is waking up for his turn."

Alex put the Samantha back in her crib and picked up Michael. Alex couldn't figure out how to hold the baby to his other nipple without the prosthesis, so he sat on the bed and settled Michael next to him. Rolling onto his side and pulling a pillow over his truncated arm and created a makeshift cradle.

That was how Scully found them, she had set her watch alarm to wake her after two hours, thinking the babies would be hungry again. She had slipped out of bed and went to Alex's room. Scully smiled at the young man on the bed nursing his son.

"How are you feeling, Alex?"

"Hi, Scully. Samantha woke me crying to be fed. It was okay to nurse her, wasn't it?"

"Babies usually set their own schedule and I guess theirs was ahead of what I thought it would be."

"I'm sorry if Sammy's crying woke you."

"Don't worry, she didn't wake me, my watch alarm did. But I am surprised I didn't hear her over the baby monitor."

"She didn't really cry, just sort of whimpered."

"And you heard her?"

Alex shrugged, he didn't know why Samantha's small noise woke him.

"It's okay, Alex, you're just instinctively knowing when they want fed. You probably felt Samantha's need more than heard it."

"What about...when they need...changed?"

"Mulder and I changed them when we first settled them in. I'll check Samantha and then Michael when he is finished."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, but it's no big deal. I understand it will take time to learn to change a diaper one handed, although you have managed feeding alright."

"No, that's not what I meant. I mean, I do thank you for, you know, changing them, but I meant thank you for everything. Helping deliver them, showing me how to nurse them and just, you know, everything."

"Alex, you're welcome."

Scully shook her head and reached over to brush a lock of hair off Alex's forehead. Michael had finished nursing, so she picked him up and carried him back to his crib.

When she had turned back around, Alex had buried his face in his pillow. Scully sat on the bed beside him. "Alex, it's okay."

"N-no, it's not okay. You hate me. Why are you being so nice? And not just to Sammy and Michael, but to me, everyone's least favorite rat bastard."

"Alex? Look at me." Scully waited for the younger man to turn over. She put her arms around him and made him face her.

"If anyone had asked me a year ago what you deserved, my answer would probably have been jail and, at times, I would have suggested a bullet. But that's changed."

"Why?"

"A lot of reasons. I guess first of all, Mulder and Skinner love you, so you can't be all bad."

"T-they love me?"

"I would have thought they would have told you by now. While you were gone, you were first and foremost on their minds. Not only because of the babies, but worried about you and the danger you were in."

"I can take care of myself," Alex stated from where his head was resting in Scully's lap.

"They know that, but it didn't stop them from worrying. Another reason, is without you, I wouldn't be carrying a child."

"You're pregnant? I thought after the abduction, you couldn't bear children."

"I couldn't, until we were able to duplicate the nanobots you were infected with. Now I'm pregnant with Randy's baby." Scully wiped her eyes to prevent her tears from spilling. "Alex, I can't forget everything you've done, we can't erase the past, but me being able to have a child, goes a long way in balancing the scale."

"Do you think Mulder and Skinner will ever really forgive me?" Alex had started to drift off to sleep. Scully lifted his head from her lap and moved him onto the pillow, a soft snore told her the movement didn't wake him. She got off the bed and leaned over and kissed his cheek.

"They already have, you just have to forgive yourself."

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Chapter 4 by Laura

Fox Mulder rolled over and patted the bed beside him, automatically seeking out his lover. The spot normally occupied by Walter had already grown cold in his absence. Mulder sat up and listened to the tell tale sounds from downstairs in the kitchen. Walter was making breakfast and from the wonderful smells, it was French toast and bacon. Not the usual Skinner-Mulder fare, but it was a special occasion and they did have guests.

Mulder stretched languidly a moment and then headed for the bath attached to the bedroom, he would shower later but he couldn't face the world without brushing his teeth first. Mulder finished brushing and then pulled on a t-shirt and a pair of jeans and headed for the stairs. He paused outside the guestroom Alex and the twins were in.

'I wonder if Alex is up?' Mulder quietly turned the knob and cracked the door open.

Alex was sitting on the bed and the twins were lying on the bed between Alex and Scully. She was talking to Alex in hushed tones but Krycek looked up when he heard the door and gave Mulder a shy smile then ducked his head afterwards. Scully smiled at her ex-partner whose head was still the only thing visible from behind the door.

"Good Morning, Mulder. Alex and I were just about to take Samantha and Michael downstairs. Walter and Randy set up the bassinets in the kitchen earlier so we could all have breakfast together." Scully scooped up Michael and handed him to Mulder, then picked up Samantha.

"Alex, do you want to get dressed first?" Mulder took in Alex's appearance. He still looked tired and hadn't changed out of the pajamas they had dressed him in the night before. Alex wasn't wearing his prosthesis and the pajamas were too big. Alex looked sweetly ruffled and impossibly young.

Alex gave a small nod. Mulder had hoped Alex would be more talkative this morning, but it appeared nothing had changed. He was still uncommunicative, and wouldn't meet Mulder's eyes.

"There are some sweats and t-shirts in the bottom drawer of the dresser. You get changed while Scully and I will take the twins down."

As Alex started to get off the bed, his abdomen screamed in protest. He couldn't hide the grimace of pain that crossed his face.

"Do you need help getting dressed?" Mulder didn't fail to see Alex wince in pain. Alex shook his head and walked gingerly towards the bathroom, he was determined not to be so dependent now that his head was no longer fuzzy from the drugs the doctors had given him the night before.

"Alex, call one of us, if you need help getting down the stairs. Okay?"

"Okay."

Mulder waited until he heard Alex's quiet reply before he closed the door and joined Scully at the top of the stairs.

"How is he this morning Scully?"

"He's sore, which is normal after a c-section. Don't expect much out of him today, Alex has been up and down feeding and checking on the twins all night, he'll probably nap most of the day."

"I wasn't expecting anything, but I was hoping for a little more communication. At least more than nods and one word answers. We have a lot to talk about and it's hard when Alex is as communicative as a rock."

"Mulder, that's not fair. This has been an overwhelming ordeal, both on Alex's body and mind. You and Walter need to be patient and not push."

Scully let out an exasperated sigh. Mulder was not known for his patience and he always pushed, no matter the consequences. She had hoped her constant reassurances to Alex would help ease his nervousness, but if Mulder started pushing, Scully feared Alex would withdraw

even further inside himself.

The two strolled into the kitchen and put the twins in their bassinets. Mulder leaned in and gave each baby a kiss, then walked over and hugged Walter from behind. Skinner was standing at the stove scrambling some eggs. He paused from the food preparation to kiss his younger lover.

"Morning. Fox."

"Good Morning. I missed waking up with you."

"I thought you might want to sleep in a little besides, with this crowd, I needed a little head start on breakfast. Where's Alex?"

"He's getting dressed, I'm sure he'll be down in a minute."

"Is he okay getting down the stairs by himself?"

"Scully told him to call one of us if he needs help." Mulder snagged a piece of bacon and was munching happily as he poured himself a cup of coffee. Mulder leaned on the counter and watched his sexy older lover busy at the stove.

Skinner was dressed in a pair of tight faded jeans, a personal favorite of Mulder's, and a blue knit polo. He looked nothing like the stern Assistant Director and, although Mulder loved Walter in a suit, this was his favorite look next to naked.

"You think Alex will ask for help?" Skinner gave Mulder a pointed look, obviously he didn't think Alex would ask.

"Why wouldn't he? Oh, right." Mulder set his coffee down on the counter and grabbed another piece of bacon. "I'll go help him"

Alex had paused half way down the stairs. The jarring of his body as he made each step down caused more pain in his incision than he had thought it would, and he wanted his damn arm back. It wasn't in the bedroom and neither Scully nor Mulder had offered to return it. Krycek felt naked and vulnerable without it.

'Maybe you should just ask for it,' a rational little voice whispered, but Alex ignored it, in favor of brooding.

"Need help?"

Alex flinched at the unexpected voice from the bottom of the stairs. He hadn't heard Mulder approach and it made him realized his assassin's senses were off. He hoped it was temporary and maybe just lingering effects from the drugs the night before. That coupled with his missing arm made him feel even more vulnerable.

He was too worn down and weary to try and convince Mulder that he was doing fine on his own. The fact he was hardly moving and breathing harshly proved he wasn't fine.

"Yes." Alex responded timidly.

Mulder walked up the stairs and put his arm around Alex's waist, careful of the incision. Alex's body tensed slightly and then he relaxed, leaning in and accepting Mulder's support.

Krycek made a small attempt to move out of the embrace when they reached the bottom of the stairs, but Mulder wouldn't let go.

Mulder escorted Alex to the kitchen table. Walter had finished placing the breakfast out and Scully was busy pouring everyone coffee and juice. Mulder seated Alex in the chair next to the twins.

Alex eyed his plate filled with French toast, eggs and bacon. Scully was pouring him a glass of milk instead of coffee. He wanted coffee, he hated milk, unless it was steamed and frothed in his coffee.

Alex didn't want to voice his displeasure, he was afraid to appear ungrateful, so he turned sideways in his chair to fuss with the twins.

"Alex? Are you not hungry?"

"You need to eat."

"Alex, you need to keep up your strength for Samantha and Michael."

"If you don't like what I've fixed, I can fix you anything you want."

'God, would they all just shut up and leave me alone.' Alex didn't know how much more he could take before he snapped. He knew they were just concerned, but it felt like he was suffocating and spiraling out of control.

If one more person told him to eat, he was going to scream or put a butter knife to their throat.

Scully watched as Alex's back tensed more and more as they each spoke. She couldn't believe after warning Mulder not to push, she was doing it herself.

Scully raised a warning hand to the others for quiet.

"Alex?"

"Can I have my arm?" Alex voice was subdued but carried a hint of anger. He hadn't turned back to the table, so he missed their astonished faces.

Mulder didn't say a word, but went and retrieved Alex's prosthesis. He returned to the same tense scene he had left.

"Here."

"Thank you." Alex set the arm across his lap and he turned to face the table. He didn't need the arm to eat, but finally having it back in his possession helped his disposition.

Alex picked up his fork and began eating the French toast but ignored the eggs and bacon. He stopped eating to take a sip of juice and pushed the glass of milk away when he set the juice back down.

The rest of the table had remained quiet, except for the sounds of glasses and cups being set down and utensils hitting plates.

"Breakfast was delicious, thank you," Alex softly announced. He had finished the French toast and juice, clearly not planning to eat anymore.

Mulder thought he was going to get dizzy from the whirlwind of emotions Alex had displayed. He glanced over to Scully as if she held the answer to everything.

Scully just shrugged. Mulder and Skinner had gotten a good taste of how Alex would be for a few more days,.....moody as hell.

Scully finished her own plate and thanked Chef Skinner. She and Randy would return in the evening to check on Alex and the twins, but they did have a clinic to run and it was getting late.

She gave Alex her cell phone number and extracted his promise to call her if he had questions or needed to talk.

Mulder bristled a little; Alex needed to be talking to him or Walter, not Scully, that was going to have to change.

But for the next few weeks nothing changed.

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Mulder was tired of being patient, and he had been patient. In fact, for Mulder, it had been a marathon of patience and he had reached the finish line.

It had been over three weeks since the twins were born, and Alex was still hiding out in the guestroom, only coming downstairs to eat in virtual silence. Alex hadn't initiated any conversations, just answering their questions, mostly with a nod, shake or shrug.

Skinner had asked about Krycek's activities while he was pregnant. Alex answered with the efficiency he had shown on his reports back when he was in the FBI.

Alex recounted his meetings with Jeremiah Smith and the Resistance and their decision to escalate their efforts to stop the invasion. Mulder pointed out, Alex had put himself and the babies at risk. Krycek insisted that he had been in no real danger, because Smith was a healer. Skinner countered with the fact Smith wasn't always with Alex.

Krycek explained his need to handle the operations his own way, like he had always done; stating Mulder's and Skinner's way would have slowed him down. He emphasized his plan was to stop the Oiliens and finish destroying the consortium before the babies were born.

Mulder argued it would have been easier with their help, but Alex pointed out they had their hands full with all the files and information he had sent them. Mulder insisted that Alex should have included them. Alex stood his ground against their barrage of questions, but never once looked directly in their eyes.

Not long after, the two older men had decided enough was enough and it was time for Alex to move from the nursery to their bed.

Krycek had been willing enough, responding to their touches appropriately, but without the expected passion. Alex had lain submissively face down on Skinner and Mulder's big bed, spreading his legs and offering himself.

Walter and Mulder thought it had felt too much like having a whore in their bed, just someone doing a job for rent, not someone who truly wanted to be there. Walter had stomped out and went downstairs for a drink, Mulder went into the bathroom and slammed the door. Neither man bothered to confront Alex or tell him why they were mad.

Alex didn't move from his position for a long time. He knew he had messed up, but he wasn't sure how. Despite Scully's assurances that the two men loved him, they had not said anything when they approached him for sex.

Alex had been willing to have sex with Mulder and Skinner, but he wasn't willing to fool himself that it was anything more. At least until he knew they did indeed love him. Alex didn't need hearts and flowers, but he at least wanted to hear the words.

Neither Walter nor Mulder had given him a clue whether the invitation to join them was permanent or if he was just extra spice for one night.

Heartbroken at their rejection, he went back to his room and started talking to the twins. Alex poured his heart out to the infants, he couldn't call Scully about it, she would just tell him to talk to Walter and Fox. He told the babies how much he loved Fox and Walter, how much he wanted to please them and be the kind of man they could love.

Mulder and Skinner had both returned to their bedroom and overheard Alex's husky voice tell the babies that he would do anything to make their other fathers let him stay.

Mulder had looked at Walter, his face showing his anguish at Alex's words. Skinner embraced his lover, assuring him they would try harder to show Alex he belonged with them.

His patience worn thin, and armed with Alex's own words he had overheard, Mulder decided it was time to force Alex to talk about their situation.

"What can we do, Alex? Tell us. Walter and I have bent over backwards to make you feel welcome here and yet you still don't talk to us. You flinch every time we try to touch you. You talk to Scully, and hell, you even talk to Samantha and Michael, but not us."

"Fox."

"Don't, Walter. I'm tired of being patient."

"Are you using us again, Alex? Is this all just an act? Is our home a convenient place to keep our children? Would you even be here if it not for the twins?" Mulder knew he was being irrational and cruel, but he needed to force Krycek into a confrontation.

"No," Alex whispered, he was shaking his head in denial but he still wouldn't look Mulder in the eye.

"No what? No you're not using us? No you don't want to be here? What is it Alex? What do you want?"

Alex was visibly trembling, his hand clenching and unclenching. He couldn't tell them, he couldn't let that last wall down and expose himself to the hurt.

Alex shook his head in denial, but the dam inside was breaking. "Hell, Mulder, I'm still staying in the nursery with the twins, you haven't even bothered to give me my own room. You keep saying 'our home', yours and Skinner's, I don't really have a place here."

"Oh, Alex, that's not true." Mulder interrupted in a soft loving tone.

Alex raised his head defiantly to deny Mulder's words and to finally face Mulder's anger head on.

But Mulder's face only showed a deep sadness Alex had only seen once before, when Scully was dying in the hospital after her first abduction. Not even when Mulder's father was murdered had Mulder seemed this grief stricken.

Alex's emotional wall crumbled faced with Mulder's desolate eyes. He leaped onto Mulder,

wrapping his arm around Mulder's neck and kissing him like his very life dependent on it.

This was what he wanted. What he had always wanted, from the first time he offered his hand to Mulder when he was assigned as his partner. This was what he had wanted the night before Weikamp, but settled for just kissing Mulder's cheek. What he had wanted, but not gotten, the night they had sex.

Mulder staggered back into the wall from the force of Alex's aggressive kiss, but started responding immediately. Mulder wrapped his arms around Krycek's waist and lifted him further into his embrace.

Alex deepened the kiss and clung desperately to Mulder. Mulder needed to breath and it felt like Alex was trying to crawl inside of him. Mulder moved his hand up to Krycek's shoulders and tried to break the kiss and calm him down.

Walter moved in behind Alex and replaced Mulder's hands on Alex's waist. Skinner gently tugged Alex away from Mulder, causing Alex to whimper at the loss. The loss was short lived however when Walter turned him around and Skinner covered Alex's lips with his own.

Kissing Mulder had been like finally capturing the brass ring, but Walter's kiss was like coming home.

Alex felt a warmth spread through his body and melt the last of the fear griping his heart. He loved these two men, each filling a part of him that had always been empty.

Walter moved his hands to Alex's face and ended the kiss. He forced Alex's face up and he looked into Alex's eyes and saw them completely unguarded and open for the first time.

"Is this really what you want Alex?"

Alex nodded.

"Say it, Alex." Mulder had moved in closer behind Alex and trapped the younger man between Walter and himself.

"Y-yes. W-what I've always wanted. I-I love you. B-both of you."

Walter captured Alex's lips again and Mulder buried his face in Alex's soft hair and nuzzled his neck. Skinner wrapped his arms around both younger men, leaving no space between them. Alex had finally admitted his true feelings, not just what they wanted to hear nor what he thought they wanted to hear.

Alex could feel Walter's heartbeat against his chest, they were pressed so close, and could feel Mulder's breath in his ear as Mulder whispered, "Alex, I love you."

It was all too much to absorb, Alex felt his legs weaken and give out, but he didn't fall. He was firmly sandwiched between the two men and they would never let him fall again.

Skinner broke the kiss and laid his head on Alex's shoulder whispering, "I love you, Alex Krycek."

The three men stood holding on to each other, no one willing to let go first.

"Please." Alex's voice broke through the silence.

"Please what, baby?"

"M-make love to me."

"Always." Mulder and Skinner replied simultaneously huge grins plastered on their handsome faces.

Walter loosened his embrace of the two younger men, but kept a supporting arm around Alex's waist. Mulder leaned in and gave each man a quick kiss.

"I'll lock the doors. Walter, why don't you help Alex upstairs?"

"What about Samantha and Michael?"

"Alex, you fed them less than an hour ago, they should sleep for a little while. Besides, we have a baby monitor on our night stand."

"Then..."

"Yes, we overheard you talking to the twins. We didn't mean to eavesdrop, and only heard part of what you were saying. It was an accident and we made sure you had privacy after that."

"What did you hear?"

"That you would do whatever it takes to stay."

"Do you think? Do you still think I'm using you?" Alex pulled away from Walter, his eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

Walter grabbed hold of Alex's hand and pulled him back into his arms. He gently started rubbing small circles on the younger man's back and cooing softly. Scully was right, they weren't communicating their feelings enough.

"Baby, we didn't know what to think. You weren't talking to us and we, well we thought we had made it clear we wanted you, but I guess we forgot to tell you the most important thing. That we love you."

Skinner nudged Alex towards the staircase, he purposely took it slow, both for Alex's sake and because he wanted to wait for Fox, so they could all go upstairs together.

Alex was about to make love with Walter and Fox and he felt as nervous as he did the first time he had sex. He stopped just inside the bedroom, staring at the bed and remembering the last disastrous time.

He felt hands slip across his shoulders and down into his shirt caressing his chest. Alex couldn't stop his moan of pleasure. The hands lightly caressed his nipples causing his whole body to convulse.

Mulder placed his hands over Walter's and increased the pressure on Alex's nipples, causing Alex to let loose another moan. As Walter slowly removed Alex's shirt, Mulder decided to take a nibble. Alex's nipples were warm and slightly hard and very sensitive, no doubt from the nursing.

"Stop Fox, that's for the twins."

"They need to learn to share, best to start early." A cuff to the back of his head from Walter did stop him.

Alex felt like one giant over sensitized nerve, both men's touch sending fire through his veins. He didn't realize he was undressed, until he found himself lying on his back staring up at Walter and Fox's faces.

"How do you want us, Alex?" Walter was running his big hands up and down Alex's thighs, while Fox was nibbling his neck.

"I want you both." Alex whimpering and trembling from head to foot, coherent speech was becoming a thing of the past.

"Baby, you have us, just tell us what you want." Mulder nuzzled into Alex's ear.

"You and Walter, at the same time." Alex's back arched off the bed as Walter ran his fingertips along his groin. "Please. In me."

Walter's hands stilled their exploration. Surely Alex couldn't mean what it sounded like. "Shh, I don't think any of us are ready for that." He started caressing Alex's stomach, trying to calm him down. "Why don't we let Fox go first? Would that be okay?"

"W-would you hold me then?"

Skinner stretched out along side the younger man and reached over to roll Alex face down on top of his broad chest. Hooking his legs around Alex's, he shifted him up slightly, letting their hardened cocks settle in between them.

Moving in behind Alex, Mulder started kneading the soft white ass presented to him. Walter reached over and retrieved condoms and lube from the nightstand, handing them to Mulder, then capturing Alex's lips again.

Mulder gently prepared his younger lover; Alex was as tight as Mulder remembered. He rolled on the condom and slowly began to penetrate Alex's anus, pausing only when Alex tensed and continuing when he felt him relax and adjust.

He took his time, caressing Alex's passage with gentle thrusts. Mulder could feel Alex's body tense with his oncoming climax, he wanted to make it last but he had waited so long for this moment.

With each stroke from Mulder, Alex's cock caressed Walter's, creating a delicious friction.

Alex reared his head back and moaned, his cum pulsing out over Walter's chest. The look of pure ecstasy on Alex's face spurred Walter into his own orgasm.

Mulder lasted only a few more thrusts, it felt as if Alex was milking him dry. He collapsed across Alex and Skinner, unable to move momentarily.

"Fox, get up, I love you, but you're not going to use me and Alex for a mattress."

"Mmmm." Mulder rolled over, taking Alex with him. It took him a second to realize Alex had passed out. He grinned at Walter. "I am so good." Then he proceeded to fall asleep.

Walter lay awake, watching his two young lovers. As he dropped off to sleep, he felt Alex press his nose into his neck and give a little contented snuffle. Walter reached down and interlaced his fingers with Mulder's and then placed their hands on Alex's hip.

Alex snuggled into Walter's chest, breathing in the warm musky smell. A little cry sounded over the baby monitor, Samantha was awake first, as usual, wanting to be fed. Alex carefully tried to

slip out of Walter's arms, but Fox was nestled up behind him and he had nowhere to go.

Left with no other choice, he gently shook Walter's shoulder, trying to wake him.

"Walter, I need to get up. The twins are hungry." Skinner just tightened his embrace, not really waking up.

"Walter, wake up. I want to go feed Samantha and Michael."

Skinner's eyes blinked open. Two huge, green eyes were staring him in the face and it finally registered what Alex was whispering. Walter rolled the younger man across the top of him and shifted Alex to the edge of the bed.

"Do you need any help?"

"No, I can handle it." Alex was already on his feet when he noticed Walter's disappointed expression. He had kept feeding the babies privately due to his own embarrassment, but he realized now, it was denying Walter and Fox of a part of their babies' lives.

"But, I would like your company."

Walter beamed up at Alex, then nodded his head over at Fox, who had started to inch toward Walter in Alex's absence. With Alex's okay, Walter shook Fox awake.

"Fox, come on. Alex wants us to help feed the twins."

"What?"

Alex snickered, "Maybe we should let Fox get his beauty sleep."

"No way, I wouldn't miss this for the world." Fox Mulder scrambled off the bed and trailed happily behind the other two, ready to greet his children as a whole family for the first time.

THE END

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