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Chapter 1 by Bertie

Mulder woke in the bed he had been sharing with his lover of the past eight weeks, Walter Skinner, and felt truly happy for the first time in years. He heard his lover in the bathroom and sighed in utter contentment. He was not in any hurry to get up. He was just as happy to laze in this bed with this man, on this wonderful sunny Saturday.

Skinner walked in and quirked an eyebrow at Mulder.

"Hey, lazy bones. Up and at 'em."

"Walter, I know I should tell you to fuck off, but I'm feeling just a little too boneless."

"I know we fucked last night, but I didn't think I was that good."

"You're always good, Walter."

Walter bent down and kissed Mulder softly.

"You wanna stay in and spend more time in bed? Fine with me. I like you with this new laid back attitude."

"I'm not laid back, just well laid," Mulder smirked.

"Yeah, and it shows."

Walter's hand ran down and caressed Mulder's stomach. Suddenly Mulder frowned. He rose quickly and looked down at his belly.

"I'm getting fat!"

"You are not getting fat, Mulder. You are just gaining a few pounds from me feeding you more."

"Yeah? Well, when was the last time I ran? Or played basketball? I'm turning into a butterball."

"I like you like this. There is more of you to love."

Mulder snorted.

"Oh, sure, and when I get a beer gut, you're gonna find me just as fuckable?"

"Of course. Sharon gained weight off and on the whole time we were married. I never complained once."

"Hm, and that's supposed to console me?"

Walter shrugged. "Besides, you don't drink beer."

"My Uncle Morty had a beer gut and he never touched the stuff."

"Mulder, you do not have an Uncle Morty."

"How do you know?"

"I know. I work for the FBI."

"Very funny, Walt. So, it was my neighbor's uncle in the eighth grade."

"You spent a lot of time with this neighbor's uncle?"

Mulder looked up at Skinner and smiled.

"What, you think he was teaching me and Pete some things other than how not to live your life?"

"I never said that, Fox."

"Ok. Good."

That was the end of the discussion.

Six weeks later...

"Walter, I am starting to get worried."

"Why?"

"I am getting breasts."

"What?"

Walter came into the bathroom where Mulder was staring at his protruding belly and his chubby pecs. Walter reached over and cupped his left breast.

"Nah, just as I keep telling you, there is just more of you to love."

"Don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't touch me there. I--my nipples are sensitive."

"What?"

"I think I need to see a doctor. I have never had such sensitive nipples before."

"Maybe not this sensitive but..."

"Geez, thanks, big guy. Thanks for the support."

"Support? Do you think you need a bra, Fox?"

"That's not funny."

"Listen. Go ahead and make an appointment. Or would you rather see Dana?"

"No fucking way. Not Dana. Since we started seeing each other, she rarely speaks to me. I really miss her."

"Maybe you should go see her then, Fox. For more than just a checkup, if you know what I mean."

Mulder sighed then nodded.

"OK. She'll probably put me on a diet right away, telling me my hormones are out of whack from too much sugar or something."

At Dr. Dana Scully, MD's office in the Family Medicine Clinic

"Dana, thanks for seeing me on such short notice."

"You know I always have time for you, Fox."

They hugged and Mulder held her a long time, realizing how much he had missed her closeness, her strength, all wrapped up in such a small frame.

"I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too."

She pressed a quick kiss to his cheek, then pulled back and became Dr. Scully.

"So, you are worried about your weight gain?"

"Yeah, among other things."

"What other things?"

"I--my nipples have become very sensitive. More so than normal."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"That could just be hormones from your weight gain. I can get a blood analysis done to find out. Let me check your vitals first."

She checked his weight, blood pressure, temperature, then said, "Your BP is a up a little, but that could be from worry or because of the weight gain. Go down to the lab and have them draw some blood. I will call you with the results when they come in."

"Um, Dana, maybe you can come and visit some time. Walter and I would love to have you."

"I know, Fox, its kind of difficult. I rarely get to see Jenny..."

Mulder sighed. Their child and they rarely spoke of her. He felt like a major heel and a half. When Scully first came to him, almost 2 years ago, and asked him to participate in her attempt at in vitro fertilization with an egg donor and his sperm, he had agreed.

She had not planned for them to start a physical relationship, since it was grounded in sex and releasing tension, she had never expected him to be a father to her child. She wondered if that was what was best for them, after all. It was totally a given that the child would remain hers to take care of. She would quit her job and raise the child, maybe teaching or something, as opposed to her career with the FBI, which did not exactly lend itself to motherhood. He was just the sperm donor and that is what she considered him at first.

When he was abducted, her whole mind was geared toward keeping her unborn child safe. A major part of her also began to think, if and when Mulder returned, that he should have more say in what happened to the child once he or she was born. It was what kept her going throughout the time she was looking for him in Arizona. Then getting a new partner, which she reluctantly accepted to keep up appearances, and having so many near misses, including near-miscarriages and other dangers she faced from sticking with

Mulder's (and now her) work. She only hoped that no one would learn of it too soon, before she had made her own decisions on how her life was going to work.

A part of her had worried that someone, or something, would take their child. She would have nightmares of some alien coming to take her child away. Sometimes she was trussed up on an alien bed and she knew the aliens had taken the fetus; other nightmares involved having Consortium hounds taking her newborn child out of her hands shortly after being given the baby.

She never thought that Mulder would not be there for her when he was found, nor for their unborn child. She knew it was not his fault. The trauma and brutality he experienced had been so much, and he was given a permanent leave, pending investigation. He hadn't even been able to sign any papers until after two weeks of recovery in a private hospital. She shouldn't have expected him to be there for her when he was barely able to be there for himself.

She was outraged when they had put him in a psychiatric ward. Physically he was OK, according to all the tests that were performed on him at her request. He was neither malnourished nor dehydrated. His health was even better than it had been before the abduction, since he was apparently dying beforehand. But her initial lack of contact with him when he was returned, coupled with the fact that he had kept his secret illness away from her was what had helped push a wedge between them. That and other things...

Skinner, at the time, had been a godsend, helping her out in a million subtle yet important ways, making her feel so much better. He'd run the gamut, from keeping the initial secret for her, to giving her back rubs and foot massages. She had wondered at that time if maybe Skinner would be a better choice as the father to her child. But she thought that it was best not to think of such things until Mulder recovered. Skinner was a good friend to them both.

He nodded and interrupted her musings by saying, "You could always bring her with you. She loves her Uncle Walter..."

Scully smiled, remembering the first time Jenny had seen Walter. It was amazing that a baby could fall in love with someone, but the little girl seemed to have fallen in love with Walter at first sight. Jenny always had a smile for him and allowed him to hold her and talk to her, even when her patience with her own mother had run out. Lately, she had started kissing him and Scully often thought to herself that she was an outrageous flirt-just like her father.

"OK, maybe. I will call you when I am free."

He nodded and resigned himself to not getting a hug goodbye, but she surprised him by hugging him.

"I do miss you, you know."

"And I miss you."

Scully nodded. "Try not to worry. Go home and enjoy your remaining convalescence, Fox. If anyone deserves it, you do."

Mulder smiled. "I will."

With that he turned and left.

She sighed and looked at the time. She had just enough time for a short coffee break before her next appointment. A thought occurred to her, and she made a call down to the lab just before pouring herself a fresh cup of coffee.

Mulder lay in bed, sighing his contentment. He didn't quite understand why he felt such overwhelming happiness. It felt totally weird and alien to him, but even the part of him that tended to over analyze everything to death could care less about that.

'If Walter is happy with a fat lover, who am I to argue?' he told himself as he patted his belly.

He sighed again, and then the phone rang, interrupting his blissful state.

"That must be Scully giving me the good news...its not a tumor, just a frickin' reaction to all the weight I've gained,' he thought as rose up from the bed and picked up the phone.

"Skinner residence," he smiled into the phone.

"Mulder, um, there is something I have to tell you..."

"It must be bad, Dana, you didn't even say hello!"

"Sorry, this-I don't know what to say, but there was a mistake done on your tests and...well, I think you need to sit down for this. Are you sitting?"

"I am now." Mulder sat heavily down on the side of the bed.

"Well, um, see, I ordered a lot more tests than just for hormones because I wasn't completely satisfied with the results from your abduction. So, that is why I asked for a urine sample."

"I don't like the way this is heading, Dana. But they say the devil you know is better than, so, please just tell me."

"Well, a lab technician misread your files, she thought she was supposed to run a p-pregnancy test from your urine. She got the files mixed up and well, the thing is, the test results weren't wrong. You're pregnant."

Mulder just breathed calmly into the phone and didn't respond right away. Then, feeling a little sick, he said, "Dana, April 1st was two months ago."

He knew his ex-partner was not one for April Fool's pranks, but he couldn't understand why she would start now.

"This is no joke, Fox. I rechecked the results and then did more testing with the blood still here at the lab. You are the first male to ever become pregnant."

Mulder chuckled into the phone. "Damn, put a man through some shit, Dana! I am sorry that I couldn't be who you wanted me to be when I came back, but don't jerk my chain here-"

"Fox, this has nothing to do with that. I understand you weren't prepared to continue with a relationship that hardly had a chance to grow before you were abducted."

"Dana, I know that, but we did have a much longer relationship before that. But we both decided that I wasn't cut out for parenthood, and now, if this is you're not so subtle way of getting me to play Daddy-

"You are not dealing with the truth, Fox. You are pregnant. The results are not false. I think you need to come in and I will give you an ultrasound."

"You're not joking."

"No, Fox. You really need to be tested. This is a first for me- for anyone, for that matter. I won't reveal this to anyone. I explained to the lab tech that it was a mistake. The urine belonged to another patient. She seemed satisfied with that. You are in no condition to be scrutinized, as I know you would be if anyone found out about this-far more lab rat experiences than you need or deserve right now."

Mulder didn't say anything, so she continued.

"You will need to extend your medical leave. I will give them some phony test results and say you are suffering from a rare condition that stems from your abduction experience."

Mulder sighed. 'Well the fat, lazy side of myself is breathing a sigh of relief, anyway, although I'm sure the rational manly-man part is going to go into screaming hysterics at any moment.'

"How is that going to fly, Scully? They really don't buy the alien abduction story."

"Yes, but the facts of finding you as they did, with Detective Miles, and-well, let's just say that no one has any doubts that someone abducted you. They know it wasn't a suicide attempt, otherwise, why would you be found like the others?"

Mulder nodded, then groaned out loud, "Damn, I don't wanna believe this!"

Scully did her best to console him. "Come on, Mulder. It will be like the final frontier and everything. The first male ever to become pregnant."

Mulder groaned again. "Should I come now?"

Scully looked at her watch and said, "Yes, I have been officially off duty for the past 30 minutes, but I will definitely make an exception in your case."

"Should I tell Walter?"

"I think that you should, but let me give you an ultrasound first before you give 'papa bear' the good news."

Mulder groaned, "Fuck, I don't even want to think about it!"

Scully sighed. "Mulder, I am sorry. Um, we also need to make sure that it is human..."

Mulder didn't respond.

"Mulder?"

No response.

"Are you OK?"

"Dana, if this isn't human, I want to have an abortion."

Scully suddenly pictured a scene from "Aliens" and agreed reluctantly. "All right, Fox. Take a deep breath. You don't need to be overly excited. You may have an even more precarious pregnancy than I did." She heard him take a deep breath. "Good. When do you expect Walter back?"

"He probably won't be in until late. He was having a meeting late this evening and sometimes he doesn't come in until 10 or later."

"Well, come on in and let's get this over with."

"See ya in about 30 minutes."

He hung up the phone.

Mulder couldn't bring himself to rush, no matter how much his brain wanted him to. His body wasn't quite cooperating with his mind at this point.

'I wonder if this really isn't some weird hoax Scully has planned. Maybe Walter is there waiting to give me a surprise party, or something. But for what? We don't exactly celebrate birthdays or anything, so what's the secret?'

He put his hand down to his belly and shook his head. 'I probably am pregnant and by that damn bounty hunter. I never did understand why there was a need for 8 of them! And why so long before showing? Some long gestational period?'

Already his mind was less on the fantastic implausibility of his pregnancy and leaning more towards trying to figure out the truth of the matter. He sighed after putting on a t-shirt and sweat pants, the only items left in the closet that fit; everything else was getting too tight for him.

'Well, here I go.'

He left, not going in the whirlwind that he usually created. More like a light April shower, but he in no way felt refreshed.

Walter dragged his feet as he entered the apartment. He was very tired. He hated late meetings that went on forever. If Fox were off medical leave, then he might have cut his own schedule back. As it was, heHe was the one who insisted that he keep to his usual hectic schedule at work while Mulder was convalescing. Fox had tried several inventive ways to get him to take an annual leave or some sort of extended vacation as they both knew he deserved, but Walter had been unconvinced in the end.

Fox lay on the couch; he was sleeping. He looked so fucking beautiful and Walter felt like uch an ugly troll next to him.

'Time to wake Prince Charming,' he thought before bending down and kissing his sweet prince, his lips curving into a smile at the metaphor as he brushed them lightly against Mulder's.

Mulder woke immediately, blinked up at Walter, confused for a moment, then smiled.

"Hey, they finally let you out of the booby hatch, huh?"

"Yeah, and I think you're right. The FBI is definitely where they house the crazies."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, we ate there."

"Ugh. Sorry about that. Hope it was good take-away, at least."

"Donaldson knows of a good place, so it wasn't too bad."

"Well," Mulder said as he stretched up, "I am hungry...and there is something I have to show you."

"Oh, I am getting a good idea what from here." Walter ogled Mulder's backside as he rose up from the couch, his sweats bunched down, exposing a nice portion of his rear.

Mulder chuckled. "No, it isn't my hind end."

"So, that leaves the front."

With that Skinner grabbed Mulder and twisted him around to see his lover's front, staring particularly at his crotch.

"Well, I don't see anything special from this end..."

Fox laughed. "Okay, smarty, for that you don't get to see it."

"What?"

"Let me eat first."

"What would you like, lover?"

Mulder smiled. "One of your double decker sandwiches."

"Your wish is my command." Walter took a moment to wonder if he should feel silly and embarrassed by the thoughts that went through his mind when he was with his lover, then opted to just go with them.

With that, Walter rushed into the kitchen to prepare his lover a sandwich, suddenly getting a second wind that had more to do with being with Mulder than with just being home..

Mulder wandered into the kitchen a moment later and Walter did not stop what he was doing. He did, however, glance back over his shoulder to see that Mulder had what looked like an x-ray in his hand with a long envelope covering it.

"Did you break a bone, Fox?" He was sure Fox would have told him if he'd injured himself, but he couldn't help the concern in his voice regardless.

"No."

Skinner nodded but Mulder interrupted before he spoke.

"Well, you might flip out when I show you this, so you should be sitting."

"Hmm, maybe you should eat first."

"Good idea."

Mulder laid the envelope on the table, grabbed the sandwich and proceeded to eat it with gusto.

"As much as I enjoy watching you eat, my little butterball, I think I would like..."

Walter reached out to take the sandwich away. Mulder slapped his hand away, "Mph not your

butterball! Anyway, you said you liked me this way!"

Walter smirked at Mulder, "I like you any way I can get you, Fox. I thought you knew that."

"I know that, Walter, but just a second. Lemme finish."

When Mulder finally finished eating what he wanted and left the rest a pitiful mess on the plate, he wiped his hands on a napkin then smiled beguilingly at Walter.

"Fox, I swear..."

"I'm thirsty."

"Tuff titty."

"Ooh! You said the 't' word."

"Mulder..." Walter knew Mulder's silliness came from nervousness, just as he knew just one word, spoken in his most surly timbre, would calm Mulder enough to tell him what the hell was going on, before he got too nervous himself.

"Ok."

Mulder sighed as if the world was weighing down on him. He pulled the envelope closer to himself then opened it up.

"There."

Walter picked it up and saw what looked like a smudge on a fuzzy background.

"And this is supposed to mean what to me?"

"I am not suffering from diabetes or hypertension or even from weight gain, at least not from over eating or anything..."

Walter looked at Mulder expectantly, and with more than a little concern.

"I -"

"You have a tumor?"

"No! Walter, let me finish..."

"You have cancer."

"No tumor, no cancer...I am pregnant, OK. I am going to have either a human/alien hybrid or, Scully thinks it may be your child."

Walter looked down at the ultrasound as if it was the most amazing thing he'd ever seen.

"Mulder, stop pulling my leg. That can't be a child in you...what poor lady did you take this from?"

"I took this ultrasound from Scully..."

"Scully's pregnant?"

"No...I am, you big doof!"

"There's no reason to be hostile, Fox." He was still staring at the ultrasound picture, turning it this way and that in his large hands, and apparently not processing at all.

"Walter, I just told you that you could be the father of a my baby, a medical impossibility, supposedly, not to mention a serious situation for me personally, never mind what the World Weekly News would make of it, and all you can say is, 'there's no reason to be hostile?!'"

"I- it hasn't quite sunk in yet, I think I may be in shock."

After a moment he finally looked at his lover and asked, "So, you went to Scully and ...how did she learn you were pregnant?"

"There was a mix up at the lab. They gave me a pregnancy test using my urine. When it came up positive, the lab tech called Scully to verify the sex of the patient-me. She thought maybe the files were wrong. Scully checked the results, then ran a test using the blood I had in the lab...Needless to say I came up positive for pregnancy. She had to lie to the lab tech and she is keeping a lid on this. She doesn't want to make me into any more of a guinea pig than I already have been."

Walter just stared at Fox as if the end of his nose had started to do a dance.

"Walter, you could be the father of my child...God, I hope you are. It would be the only thing good about what those alien bastards did to me."

Walter still stared at Fox, but now looked like he was staring through Mulder. He didn't trust himself to speak or even think too clearly. He didn't know what to think or act like.

"I have a theory that it may have something to do with the nanocytes that may still inhabit you, plus the oiliens that inhabited me. And who knows what experimentation they did to me during my abduction. Half the time I was semi-conscious at best. I still can't remember large blocks of time."

Skinner nodded and finally said, "Um..."

"That's very helpful, Walter..."

"Sorry, I think I am just trying absorb it. Thoughts are flitting through my mind so fast I can't think clearly right now."

"I know. I still don't want to believe this either."

Skinner quirked a brow at Mulder.

"Well, that's a first."

Mulder sighed. "Yep, and I don't know if that's a good thing or not."

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Chapter 2 by Bertie

Krycek had heard the rumors but couldn't believe it. His Mulder being fat as Santa and staying holed up in Skinner's apartment as if undergoing a secret experiment? He didn't think it possible. He would just have to see for himself.

"If that balding jerk is fucking with Mulder..." he thought, anger sparking in him at the thought of Skinner even being with his Fox. He couldn't see what Mulder saw in the old fart. Sure, he had a

good body but he was ugly as a warthog. He brushed the thoughts of those rippling muscles he had glanced for a short period in that same apartment aside.

Krycek shrugged to himself, having decided that the only thing he could do would be to check on his one time lover personally. He knocked on Skinner's door, waiting for Mulder to answer. After what seemed an eternity, the door opened cautiously.

"Fuck!" came an exclamation from behind the door, but before Mulder could shut the door again, Krycek pushed his leg through the doorway.

"Let me in, Fox," he demanded.

"Get your leg out from the door, Krycek. NOW!" cried Mulder, sounding more desperate than angry.

"I don't think so...I am here to see if you really are as big as a beached whale! That's what I've heard anyway."

"And why is it your business to check on me, Krycek?"

"Ah, c'mon Mulder, surely you haven't forgotten..."

"The quickie in the back of the Chrysler?"

"I don't think Skinner's neighbors would appreciate his lover's relationships aired all over the -"

Mulder sighed heavily and opened the door. Krycek grinned then pushed the door open to stare in shock at Mulder.

Mulder had gained weight. He was also wearing a baggy sweat suit that did little to hide his bulging belly. He looked like shit to Krycek.

"Goddamn, Mulder, when you go to pot you go all out, don't you?"

"Thanks for that, Krycek. Are you satisfied? Will you leave now?" Mulder's hands weren't quite staying on his padded hips, sliding down with the soft material and the soft flesh underneath it.

"What the fuck has Skinner been doing to you to put you in this state, Fox?"

Mulder laughed then shook his head. "Uh uh, Krycek. You got your gander, now go take a swan dive."

Krycek was shaking his head and tut tutting. "If you had hooked up with me after you came back..."

Mulder snorted. "I think I would be long dead by now, Krycek."

"Aw, I think I would have done a sight better than ole baldy any day. What, he couldn't get it up for a frump, SO he decided to make you into one?"

"Out! Now!" growled Mulder, quite tired of Krycek's picking at Skinner.

"What, no kiss?" Krycek puckered up and was about to kiss Mulder when Fox put his hand right over Krycek's face and pushed him toward the door.

Krycek shook his head out from under Mulder's hand.

"Ok, you don't have to ask me twice, Mulder. I'm going, but I will be back."

"Why? What more do you need to see, Krycek? I am with Skinner, I love him...and, and I am staying with him, OK?"

"Whatever floats your boat, Mulder, but I think I will come back-if only to see you in a better outfit than the one you have on..."

Mulder shook his head as he shut the door in Krycek's face.

Krycek stared at the door for a few more minutes then shook his whole body like a retriever coming out of a lake, hoping to shake the image of what he had just seen.

"Something's going on, and it certainly can't be that Mulder has taken up becoming a couch potato as his new obsession," he thought to himself then decided he just would have to find out.

Krycek sauntered over to where he saw his favorite redhead filing some patients records away in a drawer.

"How ya doing, beautiful?"

She nearly dropped the files in her hand and growled, "Krycek! What are you doing here?"

Krycek grinned sweetly at her. "I get that alot, but I am actually not here on a social visit."

Scully shook her head. "Whatever you are here for, forget it."

"Ah, you haven't even let me say what I'm here for and you're already pushing me away. I'm hurt, really hurt." He pouted, knowing that it always worked for Mulder before.

"I could care less, Krycek."

Krycek sighed; knowing this wasn't going to work. "If I have information on a certain former abductee..."

"I don't listen to on-again-off-again former agents as traitorous as you no matter what information they have."

"Very well. I won't disturb you again." With that he walked away like his soul was bruised in some way by their conversation.

Scully shook her head, refusing to believe that Krycek was even a little upset by her refusal to give in to him. Nor did she believe that was the end of Krycek's foray into finding information on Mulder. She knew exactly what the former agent was looking for. She couldn't believe that part of her wanted the little bastard to stay, just so she could look into his eyes a little longer.

"Ugh, I am not that desperate," she groaned to herself.

She called the public safety department and told them to watch out for a certain person fitting Krycek's appearance. She did specify not to stop him, just follow him and let their presence be known whenever he was around. Scully did not want a guilty conscience if one or more public safety officers went missing because they tried to play Super Cop. The information on Mulder, in her mind, was not as important as another person's life.

~*~

Mulder sat on the sofa and sighed, "This is worse than waiting for help in the backwoods of Florida! At least Scully was there to sing to me."

He sighed again and flipped through several more boring channels and then found that Skinner had access to quite a number of Pay per view channels. He grabbed the phone and called in a few shows that were coming up. He smiled then sat back and waited for the next airing of "College Nymphos part 5." He pulled the bowl of party mix in closer proximity to his reach then sighed once more, but this time in contentment.

~*~

Skinner let himself into the apartment, arriving home earlier than usual. His first order of business before starting on the large briefcase of files he had brought home to work on was to check on his 'sweet baboo.' He grinned at the conked out figure on the sofa, with the remote on his belly along with a smattering of crumbs from his snack food. Skinner loved this over-eating Mulder very much. All the talk of eating for two HAD paid off big time.

Walter put the briefcase down AND went in search of the lotion Scully's mother had given to him specifically, and not to Mulder, and brought it back to the couch, then took a moment to take in his sleeping beauty. Skinner thought he had never seen Mulder looking lovelier than he did right then. Not wanting to disturb Mulder's rest, he got on his knees in front of the sleeping figure and proceeded to remove the remote and some of the crumbs as softly and quietly as he could. He wanted desperately to run his hands all over Mulder's body, but held back, wanting to let his angel sleep a little while longer. With a gentle touch, he slowly lifted the shirt material up off of the soft round belly then put the remote on top of it, hoping the weight of the remote would hold the material in place. Looking at the hairs that crept up from Mulder's pants to the slightly protruding belly button, Skinner couldn't hold back any longer. He bent down then lapped his tongue across Mulder's belly button.

"Krycek?!"

Walter pulled away abruptly at the outburst.

"Mulder?"

Mulder looked into Skinner's eyes and groaned.

"Walter, what are you doing?"

"I think I should be asking what you're doing. Why did you call out Krycek's name when I licked your belly?"

"Oh, he was here earlier."

"And you let him in?!" Walter didn't know whether to be angry or frightened at the thought of Krycek's unexpected return into their lives.

"Well, he was...I just...he had his leg in the door," Mulder looked away from those intense brown eyes, feeling exceptionally foolish.

"So now he knows..."

"No, he doesn't, but he does think you are keeping me here for some nefarious purpose, which is

kind of funny in a way."

"Mulder, this is not a laughing matter."

"Do you see me laughing, Walt?"

Walter sighed. He knew when Mulder called him that he was in no mood to play around.

"All right, then Mulder. What should we do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Hell, let him get into trouble all on his own by trying to find out something."

Walter shook his head. "We might as well just tell him, Fox."

"Nah, let him sit and stew over it for awhile. It will help build his character, which he no doubt needs."

Walter looked at Mulder's sleepy face and smiled, suddenly remembering his initial intentions.

"So now do you want to tell me the reason that my licking your belly automatically brought to mind Krycek?"

"Well, he used to do that when we were together."

"Mulder, you told me you were only together once, and that was before he revealed his true nature."

"Well, yes, we were...I just remember that one bit more than anything else. He was awfully good at it."

Walter mulled the words over for a moment. "And what about when I do it?" He hoped he didn't sound as jealous as he felt.

"Walter, you are usually busy elsewhere..." Mulder replied with a grin.

Skinner smiled back. "Oh yeah."

Then he bent and continued his oral exploration of Mulder's belly. In no time, Mulder's hands were caressing Skinner's ears as his lover's mouth enveloped his erection.

~

Krycek wondered what in the world he could do now. Scully seemed to have thwarted his every attempt to look at any files she might have on Mulder. He sighed and knew that he would have to come up with a different tactic. He'd tried charm, he'd tried outright thievery, now he'd have to bring in the big guns-bribery. He would just have to find something to bribe Scully or Mulder with to get what he wanted. The best place to look was the storage files that old Spender had. With nothing better to do, Krycek went on the search for something important to use as a tool in his ongoing investigation.

~

Scully held Jenny close to her; letting the toddler fall asleep in her arms always helped calm her down. If it hadn't been for the help of her mother and sister-in-law, she thought she would have been incapable of handling everything life had thrown at her, especially the loss of Mulder to Skinner. She still couldn't believe that she was jealous of their relationship, but part of her was. She tried to fight it, but looking at Jenny and those beautiful and all too familiar hazel eyes, always made her catch her breath and sigh over her loss. Well, it was Mulder's loss as well, she thought, just a little bitter. But she knew that if his child was normal, she could never hate him or the feelings that he was bound to have once the child came, if there were no complications. She couldn't help but pray that all would go well for him and Skinner. She would never deny what she experienced when Jenny was born to anyone.

Part of her thought this was for the best. Mulder being with someone who could help him deal with this seeming impossibility. If anyone could remain calm in any storm thrown at him, it was Skinner.

Mulder gets to experience everything-even pregnancy, she thought and laughed softly to herself, thinking it would have to be Mulder who would be the first pregnant male. It was so typical of him, in so many ways. Medically, though, she worried, because she knew the complications of abnormal pregnancies. It seemed to be an abdominal pregnancy, but the things she found that were weird were the location and the look of the tissues surrounding the fetus. It was definitely something superhuman or extraterrestrial, though the fetus looked normal. There didn't seem to be the same problems that abdominal pregnancies usually created. Scully had no clue if it was because he was male or because of the reason he was pregnant in the first place, which was still a mystery. It was like the big question mark that was placed in front of the Big Bang Theory. She chuckled to herself over that analogy and smiled when Jenny seemed to gurgle happily in reply to her soft laughter. Jenny seemed to approve her mother's laughing at her silly daddy.

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Chapter 3 by Bertie

Krycek was ticked off. He was sitting in the middle of a ton of paperwork that he had finally found in the bottom of a locked cabinet hidden in the last known residence of the smoking man. Included in the mess of files was everything from Walter Skinner's birth date to CSM's real name. Krycek could not have cared less about the true identity of the black lunged bastard, but he had to begrudgingly give the son-of-a-bitch credit for keeping his records so well organized.

This was one of the good things about leaving the FBI as quickly and easily as he had --no paperwork. "Sometimes the paperwork comes to find you," he told himself bitterly.

"Aha!" he thought when he came across information on Scully, muttering the words aloud without realizing it. "I must be getting warmer. At least with this I can maybe bribe the red head into releasing some info..." A part of his libido woke up at the idea of seeing the short doctor again. "She definitely is aging gracefully, better than a certain former partner of mine," He shook his head remembering the monstrosity that had greeted him at Skinner's apartment.

There, in a mix of boring papers about Skinner's nanocytes and the box scores from a dozen different World Series games, was a reference to having a child...a child that was of good strong Spender stock...Krycek cringed at what he read. He knew he could use this information. He put the paperwork into his duffle bag and was about to shove the rest of it away when something caught his eye. There was a key that he hadn't noticed before hanging up on the side of the cabinet. "The man was slicker than an oilien..." he thought, and then shivered at the memory of the black worms that had infected him. He still had nightmares about it and that missile silo. He quickly grabbed the key and, after determining that there were no locks in the room into which it would fit, he pocketed it. He looked around some more, making sure there was nothing left of any use to him, then left, shaking off the last claustrophobic oilien thoughts and wondering what he now held the key to.

Dana was practically giddy at the thought of having a whole day off. Spending time with little Jenny was so thrilling. Having the busy life of a family practitioner was not always so rewarding when it came to spending time with her family. She sighed wistfully, wondering if some day she would be able to have the complete family she longed for, with a husband and a house of her own. She loved the support her mother and brother had given her but they were not the best substitute for the fuller and richer environment a father could offer to her child. She knew there were plenty of single mothers who didn't even have any family at all to help and she wondered how they managed. She felt thoroughly selfish for wanting more and she wished she could be thankful for what she had. She shut her eyes thinking of what it would have been like to be with Mulder in a house in the suburbs with a cat and a dog...being with him and Jenny together, growing as a family, growing together. She had fantasized of that a lot during her pregnancy and afterwards...Then when Mulder had been returned, her concentration and concerns had been solely on helping Mulder to heal, and she had set aside her domestic dreams. But it had been so hard.if Skinner hadn't been there to help her out-she didn't even want to think of that.

As she shook her head to release her mind from its dark musings there was a knocking on her apartment door. She looked over at Jenny playing with her toys with a mother's instinctive concern before answering the door.

"Out!" she growled out as low and menacingly as she could, hoping not to upset Jenny, even as she wondered if shooting the bastard at the door would distress her child as much as it would relieve her.

"Sorry, my dear, but there is something I must show you."

The velvet voice did nothing to soothe her nerves.

"Krycek, first of all, I am not your dear, and second of all, this is one of the few times I have to be with my child!"

"Jenny won't mind me...I'm good with kids..."

"No--I don't believe you, please get your leg out of the door and go..." Her voice was pleading as she pushed futilely at the door he was holding open, and she sensed Jenny coming over to take a look at the funny man in the door way. "Jenny, go and play--"

She was cut off abruptly when Krycek pushed the door open and swooped Jenny up in his good arm.

"Hey, sweetheart. I'm Uncle Alex and I've come to speak to your mother for a short while..."

Dana just stared in frustration as Alex played house with her child, and did a pretty good job of it too, if Jenny's giggles were any indication. She was horrified with herself when she thought the baby looked good in his arms, and then wondered how she'd look in them herself.

"Shit, I need to get laid!" she growled to herself, angry at her thoughts and afraid for her baby.

"Baby," Jenny called to her baby doll and Krycek bent and picked up the doll and let her hold it.

"Come on, sweetie. I will take you to your playpen," his silky voice was strangely soft and seemed to hold less than it's usual malice as he spoke to Jenny.

He took her over to the playpen and set her in it, distracting her until she was busy playing before leaving her. He suddenly took a handkerchief out of his pocket and sneezed loudly into it once, twice, then put it away and muttered snuffling: "Damn allergies..."

Dana just stared at him as if he had suddenly turned into Jeremiah Smith.

He shrugged, seeming embarrassed. "I seem to be allergic to babies..."

She snorted looking at him incredulously, "I think you are allergic to responsibility!"

He smiled. "Probably, but there really is something here that I have to show you. Something about the paternity of your child and her genetic makeup."

Dana sighed loudly, wondering what he was up to despite the small thawing of her emotions. "Fine...would you like anything? Tea, coffee, a cookie?" She laughed out loud when she said that, realizing that once you became a mom, you never stopped, even when your child wasn't with you.

She motioned him over to the living room where there were toys scattered liberally across the floor, and a plate of cookies on the coffee table. He ignored her offer of a drink, he stepped over the toys, and he moved the plate of cookies aside to spread the papers from his duffle bag onto the table.

"This is something you will be highly interested in, Dana."

Dana put her hands on her hips looking down at the paperwork, ignoring for the moment the familiarity. "And you want to tell me about whatever this is for what? An exchange of information about Mulder?"

He smiled as sweetly as he remembered how to, hoping to sway her. "Well, yes, but then again, I wonder if you could really tell me anything significant." He pulled the key out of his pocket and held it out for her to look at. "I found this in with the files, and I'm wondering if this will get me more information about Mulder than you could provide. We need to know what he was going through, and for what purpose -why the aliens nabbed him, and what effect it's having on him now. I, or possibly, we could find the lock this key fits into and-"

She stared at the key, stunned, and gasped, "Krycek, where did you get that?"

"You recognize it?"

She nodded, but wasn't sure if she should tell the rat bastard any thing more, no matter that his eyes were causing strange flutterings in her stomach that were becoming more and more difficult to ignore.

~~*

Mulder groaned in pain and frustration. He hated that he was bloated and fat and he wanted nothing more than to just sleep all day. How dare Walter not understand him when he said he was too tired to get up and go get the newspaper in the morning? In the past 3 days someone had swiped Skinner's morning paper and, as Walter had been out of town, he had expected to come home and be able to catch up on the news. When he discovered that Mulder hadn't managed to retrieve the paper before the mystery thief could abscond with it, he was upset, maybe more than was warranted. Frankly, Mulder could have cared less about the stupid things.

"If you want the paper that badly, go see Frohike. he keeps them stacked up in his room. I think he has every issue dating all the way back to 1990," Mulder had told him when he complained, trying to sound nonchalant about it and coming off slightly peevish instead. "You could at least kiss me, or am I that repulsive to you now?" he whined to his lover.

"Oh, babe, I am so sorry. I have missed you." He put strong arms around Mulder to emphasize his point. "I just didn't think. You know I like to look at the paper. I couldn't read the New England Herald, it's just not the same as the Washington Post."

Mulder finally got his 'I'm home and I missed you' kiss, and then there was a knock at the door, and Walter went over to answer it. Mulder watched his strong, muscular lover's backside, felt a sudden unexpected rush of lust, and wished he had the energy to sneak over and give it a squeeze. He froze when he heard the neighbor's voice come wafting through the door.

"Mista Skinna, I am so glad to see you safe and sound back from your trip. I have kept your newspapers over at ma place. I hope you don't mind," she lisped thickly.

Mulder was certain the old bat loved to spit on people, which was why she kept that ridiculous heavy southern drawl. He knew for a fact that "Miss Eloise Weatherby" had been married at least three times and moved about ten times more than that all over the states. He had looked into her background with the aide of a certain old friend, namely, Frohike, when he noticed her continually coming by to see Skinner as often as she could, and often with no particular reason at all...

'The damn bitch thinks she can steal Walter away from me. Ha!' He thought. 'I will show her!' For a moment he was surprised by the harsh jealous streak that ripped through him, but then he felt more frustration than envy as he sighed and realized that he didn't even have the strength to get up and prove to the witch how much Skinner was in love with him and no one else. A glance down at his ever increasing bulk, and he added disgust and a little self pity to the stew of his emotions. Having nothing left to wear that felt comfortable, he had simply draped himself in Walter's robe, which was loose even on the larger man. Walter told him it looked great and had given him permission to wear it whenever he wanted, but now, as he ran a hand over his thickening middle, he thought the hunter green terrycloth made him look somehow deformed and slightly amphibious.

'I probably look like a fat bullfrog next to her,' he thought bitterly. 'And a fat pregnant bullfrog at that.'

He sighed and waited until Walter extricated himself from the neighbor's clutches, thanking her profusely, telling her he was very glad she kept them for him, and how kind it was of her. Mulder rolled his eyes as he listened to his lover pour on the charm. 'Yeah, I know, Walter, rub it in some more, why don't you!' He thought unkindly. Rationally, he knew that Walter's courtly act was simply his way of being polite to the old girl, and that his lover's concern for the feelings of others was one of the many things that made him so special to him, but at this point, he really didn't feel like being rational.

When Walter turned around, slightly flushed and smiling, Mulder growled, "Why don't you just go over there and put her out of her misery once and for all, Walter."

"Fox, what are you talking about?"

"I know you want to sleep with her. And she practically takes your clothes off with her eyes."

"Don't be ridiculous, Fox! Aside from the fact that she is at least 10 years older than I am, what would I want with her anyway? And how do you know what she does if you aren't there to see?"

"Because I can tell!" Mulder grumped.

Walter shook his head. "Baby, you just need to relax-"

Mulder staggered up on his spindly legs and 'bopped' Walter on the nose. There was no other

word for it. It wasn't a slap, or a hard right, or anything resembling a boxing move. It was a 'bop.'

"Do not tell me to relax, damn it! I know what I heard just now, and I know what she is like around you all the time, simpering and pouting like some second rate Scarlett. You can't hide that! You like it, I can tell!"

"Mulder, there is nothing to hide." Taking Mulder's hands, Walter tried to ease him back into the new chair that he'd had delivered especially for his pregnant lover, the recliner with the built in massager. He didn't know if it would help, but it most certainly couldn't hurt, and he really wanted only the best for Mulder, physically and mentally, during this incredibly odd and wonderful time.

"Stop placating me, Walter. The way you're defending her, it's almost like you are sleeping with her!"

Skinner couldn't stop the laugh that slipped out of him at the thought of himself in an amorous embrace with the old lady next door, and got bopped in the nose again. Skinner knew this was just Mulder, highly frustrated and emotionally fragile, because the bops were little more than love taps. They actually sent his libido soaring in a way he remembered from chokeholds past.

"Mulder, if you don't stop, I don't think I can be responsible for my actions." The warning was growled, but the smile remained intact, and his eyes darkened in sudden arousal, but Mulder was in the throes of a serious tantrum, and failed to notice.

"Ha! You are an FBI AD, being responsible for your actions and the actions of your subordinates is-"

Mulder's tirade was cut off by a mouthful of Skinner tongue. Mulder melted for just a moment but the minute Skinner's mouth pulled away, he continued again, albeit after a second or two to regain his breath.

"And then there's the fact that every time you see her, you always want to fuck me, Walter! Every time she comes over you are as randy as a goat afterwards! What's that all about?"

"That's because of how jealous you get, it's so hot!"

Mulder laughed. "Yeah, I believe that one. How many times did you tell Mrs. Skinner that?"

Skinner winced. He hated when Fox referred to his ex-wife as Mrs. Skinner. But he realized it was just jealousy, that he was getting over emotional from all the hormones in his body, and chances were it would get worse before it got better... Scully had sat him down the first time the hormones had turned Mulder into a raving shrew and explained in great detail the effects of hormones from pregnancy on normal, healthy women. But on a man, she had warned, and a man with what Mulder had been through, it was definitely going to get worse. Skinner had groaned at the news, but he knew there was little or nothing he could do. It was up to him to keep Mulder as happy and healthy as he could, just thinking about the new life that was a part of both of them currently forming in his lover's body was enough to make him do anything in his power for the man in his life.

"Would you rather we were married, Fox?"

Mulder laughed. "And what? I become Mrs. Skinner?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Fox. I would be Mrs. Mulder, of course." He got a smile for that, and was pleased, but still concerned. "I just wish you weren't so upset or worried. I love you and only you, baby."

Mulder was mollified, but only slightly. He sighed heavily, pressing himself against the strong muscular body still half holding him upright and continued, "I just wish this was all over with and we could go back to normal."

Skinner smiled softly and gave him a gentle kiss on the forehead. "I don't think that will be possible, Fox. You are going to have a baby and we will have to take care of it."

Mulder groaned, not even wanting to contemplate that.

The phone rang and Skinner felt like the bell, able to take a moment away from the minefield that was his lover's emotions right now, saved him.

"Skinner," he answered.

"Sir, may I please speak to Mulder?" Dana's voice was a little tremulous.

"Dana, is everything all right?"

She said automatically, "Everything's fine, Walter. Um, I just need to ask him a question."

"Ok. Here he is." He handed the phone to Mulder who took it anxiously.

"Dana, is Jenny OK?"

"Jenny's fine, Mulder. She's having a ball playing with Krycek."

"What?!" he shrieked, pulling away from Walter's comforting arms.

"Calm down, Mulder. I am sure your neighbors would be grateful. Or at least their dogs will be!"

"Why is Krycek playing with our baby, Dana?" he asked impatiently through his gritted teeth trying to stay calm when all he could feel was the insane urge to beat his former partner to death with the phone he held in a white-knuckled death grip.

"Mulder, he came here with some information from Spender."

"So, why did you let him near Jenny?"

She sighed. "He forced himself in, Mulder. It's not as if I could do much about that."

"You were an FBI agent, Dana. You are also a medical doctor. You could have done something!" He was feeling nauseous and angry and frightened, and thinking 'I will not kill her, I will not kill her, I will not kill her.'

"Listen. This is important. Krycek has a key that looks like it could fit that locked cabinet you found in your mother's house."

"What is he doing with it?"

"I think the more pertinent question would be what was Spender doing with it?"

After a long pause she asked, "Mulder are you still there?"

When Mulder did not respond she continued, "Mulder, Krycek brought information with him as well as this key. Documents that he says claim that you were experimented on as a boy and that whoever did these tests, these experiments, had no idea if it had affected your ability to conceive."

These documents also mention that the only way for you to conceive would be for you to be abducted by the aliens for further study."

Mulder paused. That was the first he heard of that information. As the full implications of what she was saying sank in, he closed his eyes and groped blindly with his free hand. Walter was there, gripping his hand tightly, and he took a deep breath, before asking in a small, tired voice, "Dana, does that mean Jenny really isn't mine?"

Dana sighed. "I don't know. I wish I knew. I want Jenny to be yours, Fox. I don't think I can take learning otherwise, even if it turns out to be the truth. But, if you want...Krycek has this key. Maybe to that cabinet, and maybe to more."

Mulder sucked in his breath. "He wants information doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"About me."

"Yes."

"Shit."

Mulder thought quickly; he could always destroy the cabinet, without ever finding out what was in it. It was iron, though, and would take some doing, but he was sure the Gunmen would help. Even Walter, if it was what he wanted. But was it what he needed? To let it go, to never know for sure? For all he knew there could be something else inside the cabinet. It may house more information that had been kept away from him. He didn't know if he wanted to face it. But he knew that whatever it was inside that cabinet was information about his father-his birth father. He put his forehead onto the phone handle, trying to decide.

"Fox, what's wrong?" asked Skinner, concerned, "What is it?"

Mulder shook his head. He had to be the one to decide this on his own. Just then the baby inside him seemed to move and he gasped, his hand going to his stomach instinctively. He had never felt that before and he was stunned. His legs became wobbly and he nearly fell. Skinner took the phone out of his hand barked gruffly into it, "Dana, he will call you back."

Without further ado, Skinner hung up the phone, then scooped Mulder up and laid him on the couch as if he weighed nothing. Mulder knew he had gained a good 20 pounds at least since the beginning of his pregnancy and he had the stretch marks to prove it, but Walter lifted him with ease, and somehow his lover's strength seemed to soothe him.

"Baby, tell me, are you hungry, thirsty? Are you in pain?" Walter looked worriedly into his eyes and stroked his hair, which helped even more.

Mulder just shook his head. "I think I fully realized that I am carrying a life in my body. I am carrying a child. A child that will be ours, Walter. I don't care who knows about it. I want to be proud of this pregnancy instead of hiding it. I want to shout it out loud and tell the world about it." He felt that quiver in his abdomen again, and he grabbed Walter's other hand and laid it across his stomach. A moment later there was another movement, and Walter stared at him with something akin to wonder. Everything else was forgotten for a moment as they grinned stupidly at one another, and waited for another sign of life. But apparently, whoever was residing inside Mulder had decided the show was over for now, and after another moment or two of warm silence, Mulder continued with what he had been saying.

"I think the next step will have to involve a certain rat we all know and despise being let in on our

little secret. Then we can decide how to go on from there."

"You're talking about Krycek?! Again?! Why is he always popping up at the weirdest and most inconvenient times?"

"He found out that I might not be Jenny's father, Walter."

"Wh-How? And why would you trust him?"

"He has documents from Spender. I am fairly sure it is legitimate-" he snorted, wondering at the word he had just used. "I have a feeling I will finally know who my real father was but I have to tell Krycek about this-" he indicated his stomach. "And then he's willing to deal, once he knows what is going on with me." He shrugged. "Who knows why he's interested, but the bottom line is, he has the key to a locked cabinet that may contain everything I-we-need to know. It may even have information that reveals what is happening to me and how or, at least, why."

Skinner listened patiently the entire time he spoke, but after he finished, he rose from his crouch beside the sofa and growled, "I think I will take care of the rat myself, Fox. It's about time!"

"Walter-wait!"

But Walter had risen and was walking out the door, his keys in hand, before Mulder could finish.

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Chapter 4 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

Notes: Special note to my lovely beta, the Goddess Michele...I changed a little thing...can you tell;)

Mulder rose up from the couch like a sounding whale and hobbled slowly over to the phone, delighted to discover that he could add swollen ankles to his list of "shitty things in Mulder's life today." He quickly dialed Dana's number and told her that Walter was on his way over and was acting completely ape-shit.

Dana scoffed, "What is with you two? I can't leave you alone for one day and without one or both of you suddenly turning into pre- adolescent Neanderthals!"

Mulder gave a long-suffering sigh, as if he'd heard this accusation before, and said, "I don't know, Dana, it may have something to do with a certain person you are currently harboring." He couldn't keep the tinge of sarcasm out of his voice, and Scully reacted to it with uncharacteristic anger.

"Harboring? You act as if it is totally a choice on my part!"

"You could have just told him to fuck off."

"You come here and tell him that," she growled impatiently.

He laughed suddenly. "I'm sorry I am being such an ass, Dana-chock it up to hormones, I guess. I am worried about what Walter will do, though. Maybe you should tell Krycek to leave while he still has one good arm, not to mention a head on his shoulders."

"No, I will not." She knew she was being more stubborn about this than she should have been, but seemed helpless to stop herself. "Let's see if Walter can handle himself in front of me without turning into a complete idiot."

Mulder smiled, knowing immediately who would have the upper hand in any confrontation between his lover and his best friend. In this case, size definitely didn't matter. "I think you have it under control, then."

"You better believe it. Talk to you later."

He hung up the phone and then waddled over to the kitchen to prepare some food for himself and Walter, his mind divided between wondering if Walter would come out of this unscathed, and wondering if there were any more pickles in the cupboard-he had a craving. This last thought made him smile and brush a hand across his thickening waist.

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Walter banged on Dana's door just a few short minutes after Dana had hung up the phone. She opened the door but and immediately declared, not giving him a chance to speak: "If you come in here and upset Jenny, I will murder you."

Walter stared at Dana as if she had turned into a pelican. He, then quickly composed himself and sighed, "I just wanted to tell that little jerk that he had best keep away from Mulder and..."

There was Krycek holding Jenny on his hip.

"Wa-Wa!" Jenny called out to her favorite human being, after Mommy, of course.

"Hey, baby. How are you doing?" Walter's gruff exterior melted in front of the smiling cherub whom he quickly took away from his enemy with surprising gentleness.

"Pwaying with Unca Awex," she lisped.

"Uncle 'Awex', huh?" he glared at Alex but said nothing, merely carried Jenny into the living room to play.

"So, is he here to tell me what's what?" Alex asked Dana.

"I think he wants to tell you to go jump in a lake, but I have a feeling he won't be doing much for awhile except playing with Jenny. She loves the attention, and always sleeps so soundly after he plays with her." As an afterthought, she murmured, "And he loves being with her, almost like a father."

"Well, good, because I think I was about to have a sneezing fit."

"I don't think you're allergic to babies, Alex. I think you're allergic to the baby powder."

"You're probably right, doc," he smiled at her broadly, and she thought she should have been pissed off at the smirk and the words, but instead she found sending her heart racing.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck-' she stopped her mental chastising when she realized that was exactly what she wanted to do with the dark haired, green eyed ex-agent. She usually hated when someone called her 'doc', and she didn't like the way her emotions were warring with one another inside her. 'You are getting soft in your old age!' she rebuked herself silently

Alex turned to watched Walter play with Jenny, while Dana went into the kitchen to get them some iced tea and sandwiches, her inner battle continuing. 'What, now you're going all domestic?!' she screamed at herself. 'Trying to show him how good it can be?!' She was only slightly surprised that her internal monologue had no effect on the tasks before her, which she completed in short order, taking food and drink out to the living room on a tray.

Walter immediately wolfed down a couple of sandwiches while Alex took over playing with Jenny, who didn't seem to mind the switch in playmates at all. She had formed an instant rapport

with the young man, bearing none of the malice that everyone over the age of three seemed to find for Krycek within hours of meeting him, justified or not.

"She's a handful, Dana. Maybe you should let me and-" Walter stopped that thought, looking surreptitiously at Alex.

Then he sighed. "Mulder wants me to just tell him outright, but maybe I can bluff my way out of it."

"Are you going to take A-Krycek to his mother's residence?"

"Whatever for?"

Dana groaned at the lack of communication that had apparently taken place between Fox and Walter, and then patiently explained about the documents and the key. Alex and Jenny ignored the grown-up talk, taking pleasure instead in discovering how many toes the baby had, and just how hard she could pull Krycek's hair.

"Actually, that's perfect. I will take him over to the house, open the cabinet, get the documents out then stuff him in it," he said it so calmly; but Dana could tell he would do it easily, needing only the flimsiest of excuses, or none at all.

"Oh, no you don't. You will either take him over there and treat him with respect or stay here with Jenny while I go with him!" Her voice was low, but Walter recognized the inherent threat in it, and his curiosity was peaked. Before he could question her motives, however, Alex approached the two of them, holding a suddenly very sleepy baby in his arms, shooting Walter an unreadable look, then turning his gaze on Dana and offering her a somehow shy smile, as if to say 'now what do I do with her?'

"C'mon, Jenny. Time for nighty night," Dana said to her child, plucked her easily out of Krycek's grip, taking her to her the bedroom where her crib was.

Alex looked at Walter expectantly, wondering if he was going to start something. The big man waited until Dana was out of the room before he said calmly, "You will not intimidate any of us to get what you want. Got that?"

Alex nodded, knowing to step carefully. He was always impressed by the sheer presence the older man exuded when he entered a room. It wasn't just his height, although he was at least an inch taller, and it wasn't the impressive muscles he kept hidden under those conservative clothes, he just had one of those personalities that entered the room before he did. Alex smiled to himself as Walter shifted uncomfortably under his scrutiny.

"I think we can work something out, Krycek." Walter conceded so quickly that it made Alex nervous, but he didn't interrupt as the older man continued: "Dana mentioned that key you have. If we go together to check it out, then I will reveal to you what you want to know."

"I think I already know, Skinner. I am not a total idiot, despite what Mulder or you might think. The aliens experimented on him. That much is obvious. But I cannot imagine that the grand plan was to turn him into a couch potato."

Skinner smiled enigmatically at Krycek. "I think more will be revealed at the old Mulder residence, Krycek."

Krycek nodded and they were about to leave when Dana stopped them, having gotten Jenny down for her nap with a minimum of fuss, for which she was dimly grateful.

"You two will behave yourselves! This is for the sake of Mulder's health, and I think you both

have his best interests at heart. But-" This last she directed expressly at Walter: "Old habits die hard, and you need to remember what's at stake here."

"Very well, Dana. I will behave myself professionally. But I will only do so unless I am otherwise provoked. That is all I can guarantee."

Dana nodded, expecting nothing less from Walter, and trusting his word. "And you, Alex?" She felt no qualms at demanding the same thing of Krycek, although she might not be as believing of his words.

Alex smiled that pulse-racing smile again, and she suddenly wanted to believe.

Alex loved the fact that Dana was calling him by his first name. "I will behave myself, Dana."

Walter on the other hand was highly disturbed by the way Dana was looking at and talking to Krycek. To him, Scully was the mother of the second greatest love of his life, Jenny, and he did not like her fraternizing with the enemy like she seemed to be doing. But he knew better than to call her on it. At least not right now. That can wait until later, he thought to himself, although, if the truth be told, Krycek had not been his usual rat bastard self since Walter had been there. It almost warranted further thought, but he set it aside, with the rest of the questions in his mind, opting for action now, knowing it was his strong suit, and knowing that it was his way of doing what he hoped was for the best for everyone involved. Until this situation was resolved to his satisfaction, he still had to admit that there was something in Alex's smooth tone, almost like a purr, that sent a chill up his spine. Not fear for himself, but rather a sense of foreboding that eased not at all when he noticed Dana's reaction to Krycek's voice, which held the hint of a promise of more to come. 'That bastard had better not come near Jenny's mother, again,' he thought.

"Come on," he growled. Krycek followed willingly enough.

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Once they had established the fastest route to the Mulder family home, they jumped into their respective vehicles and drove off, with Skinner leading because of his superior knowledge of the route. Walter was glad to take a break from Krycek's presence. He wondered why he felt even more discomfited around the man than usual, and a mental picture of his favorite petite redhead came to him suddenly.

'Yes, Dana's sudden trust in him is frightening.' he thought, but something else nagged at him and he tried hard to put his finger on it.

'Jealousy? Am I jealous of Krycek? Or am I-god! Am I jealous of Dana?'

He quickly admonished himself for even thinking that. He knew he had no reason to be jealous of Dana. 'Sure the guy is cute, there is no doubt about that, but he is no Fox!' he growled to himself. Suddenly a thought came unbidden in his mind of a certain Lieutenant in the Marines that made him wonder about his sexuality for the first time back in those first frightening days of his tour of duty. He'd had black hair and green eyes but hadn't been quite as pretty as Krycek.

'Oh shit!' Now he wondered if being alone with the guy was such a great idea.

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Dana was settling down for the night, curled up in satin pajamas with a cup of tea on the coffee table, wanting to get plenty of sleep tonight, knowing that Jenny would be up early, and wanting to be able to enjoy more quality time with her child without being too tired. Without thinking about it, she started straightening up the files that Krycek had left with her. A single paragraph caught

her eye and distracted her momentarily. It was about Skinner's nanobytes. She knew that the technology that had nearly killed her old supervisor was far in advance of what today's supposedly modern technology was capable of, just as she knew that the technology's intended medical uses would be astounding if ever used properly. She was sorry that it was Skinner who was the unwitting guinea pig on the evil uses of that technology.

She picked up the sheets that were shoved randomly into the files and began to read about it.

~~*

Mulder was wondering what was happening with his lover. Gleeful images of Walter choking Alex Krycek to death competed with equally vivid images of Dana kicking the crap out of both men. At last he gave in to his anxiety. He called Dana's and she quickly picked up.

"Hey, there." She answered brightly after he identified himself. " Did you know that Skinner's nanobytes were intended to establish the first ever 'baby keeper?'"

Her swift introduction of an unknown subject caught him off guard, but just for a moment. "Dana, are you on drugs? Where is Walter?"

"Oh, sorry I was just reading some of these files that Krycek left with me."

"Wonderful, I see that you seem to be getting on swimmingly with the double-crosser."

Dana ignored that comment and told him, "Walter and Alex have gone together to your mother's house."

"So its 'Alex' now, is it? I see."

"Mulder, can we talk about something else? You sound like a broken record."

"Sure. Fine. Whatever. What is this 'baby keeper' thing you are talking about?"

"Well, it seems that in the event of a woman being incapable of conceiving, a fertilized egg could be implanted in the womb and 'guarded' by the nanobytes or 'baby keeper' as its called in these papers."

"Dana, do you think this technology was used on you?"

Dana paused in shock. She hadn't even thought of that, having convinced herself that something had just finally worked and she had become pregnant despite the times she had tried to conceive unsuccessfully with Mulder through artificial insemination. She did not want to believe it was from some alien technology used on her to 'keep good Spender stock' going as she had read at one point.

"Maybe it was, but...I don't...I -Jenny could still be yours, right?" Dana's voice suddenly grew small and nervous, and Mulder sympathized with her fears.

"Dana, I am sure she is mine. She certainly has my stubborn streak."

Dana sighed and giggled a bit. "She also has your eyes, Mulder. They were the thing that made me fall in love with you right off."

Fox grinned. "I always knew you had the hots for me."

"Only in your dreams, G man!"

Fox laughed. "That's the Dana I know and love!"

Dana snorted. "OK. Fine," then suddenly sobered, " but I wonder if this technology is what is keeping you pregnant?"

"You are probably right. I was thinking that Skinner's nanobytes might have had something to do with it. I swear the only time that this would've occurred was when the condom broke. Your lectures on the use of them alone kept us careful."

"Unless they were implanted in you while you were abducted, in which case it would have nothing to do with Walter."

Mulder didn't like the sound of that. "Wouldn't they have shown up on the tests you did on me?"

"Hmm. Unless the technology has become so advanced that the nanobytes are now virtually undetectable by us."

"Dana, I'm shocked. You quit the X-files and now you start sounding like me! It just isn't right."

"I think Reyes and Doggett are excellent investigators, Fox. They are making quite a name for themselves."

"Now you're making me jealous-suddenly I'm itching to go back in the field," Mulder gave a long-suffering sigh.

"Oh no, Mulder, I'm not you."

"Yeah, you are the bionic woman, I forgot."

"I certainly feel like it, what with work, no work, new work and a new child. And I must be superhuman, since Jenny was able to survive all those times while you were gone."

Mulder knew Scully wasn't trying to make him feel guilty, but he let himself anyway. "Hmm...all that. I think I will still stick with my iron man."

Dana giggled. "Good, I think he will be sorely pissed if you brushed him off now considering the fact that you are probably carrying his child."

"I wish we could be sure about that, Dana."

"Well, I guess we won't fully know until after the child is born. But don't borrow worries, Mulder. I do not want you to go through what I did. You stay safely there at Skinner's and hopefully the boys will be back later this evening."

"Well, looks like this tuna casserole will just have to be for me and the baby," Mulder grinned as his stomach growled in response.

"Tuna casserole?" Mulder could actually hear Dana raising an eyebrow. "I am sure Walter will be highly upset at missing that."

"Don't push it. You were doing so well, there."

"Good night, Fox. Jenny 's going to be up in less than six hours, so I have to get my sleep when I can. And remember, no needless worrying!"

"Good night, my sweet Dana." He made exaggerated kissing noises into the receiver, then hung up on her gentle laughter.

Dana snorted once more before hanging up. She did miss their talks and it was nice to be able to laugh again. She had been on edge for far too long, and she knew that a big part of the problem was not having her best friend around so often. As she went about the apartment shutting off lights and locking doors, she vowed to spend more time with Fox, for the sake of both their sanities.

~~~

Walter opened the Mulder house with the keys that Mulder had given him, which he kept on a ring with his own. Alex followed him into the dark house and Walter tried the lights. Some were working, which was handy, although Walter was surprised that the electricity was still on. Probably because Mulder hadn't had time to change anything with the house since he came back.

"Now, what I remember about this iron cabinet that Mrs. Mulder had, is that it was in the dining area, near the china cabinet."

Alex allowed Walter to lead the way. He was getting miffed, watching the big man moving in front of him.. It was down right disturbing how Skinner made him feel hot and bothered and yet cold and angry all at once. He was too much like all the other older big men who had taken from him and never given back. Betraying Skinner before was easy. Knowing that this man was responsible for what was happening to Mulder, though he wondered to what extent now, just pissed him off to no end. Watching the man move about and the muscles rippling across his back and shoulders was disquieting to say the least.

Walter moved the furniture about like it was made of paper, and Alex got even more upset when it didn't exactly turn him green with envy but rather red with desire. 'Think about igloos,' he warned himself. 'Iceland, the president, Mulder-'

That did it. But it also pissed him off all over again as his lust started to fade. The object of his affection for so long now was the object of his disgust. 'That's right,' he thought, 'Skinner's the reason Mulder's as fat as a stuffed turkey on Thanksgiving Day.' Half of his mind warred with the other, and just when he thought the 'Walter's a bastard' side was winning, his thoughts of vengeance were interrupted by the other side: 'Will you take a look at that!' he sent the thought to his eyes, and parts south, when he looked up to see Walter flexing muscles all throughout his body as he pushed the iron cabinet away from the wall to get easier access to it from the rest of the furniture.

His musings were interrupted when Skinner huffed, "There. Now see if that key doesn't fit."

Alex nodded, not wanting to break his hold over his control just now by having his voice betray anything. He bent down and stuck the key in and turned it. It unlocked and they both breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's see what that black-lunged bastard left for Mulder," growled Skinner.

Alex pulled it open with his one good hand and stared into the dark recesses. There, on top of some papers, was a palm pilot.

"Shit! Gimme that!" barked Skinner. But Alex had already reached in before Skinner could take over.

Alex grinned devillishly up at Skinner from his crouched position. Skinner felt like a complete

idiot. He should have known better than to trust a jackal like Krycek.

"Listen, Krycek, you want information, I can give it to you, but please-" He cringed at the petulant fear he heard in his own voice, but, with memories of nanobytes past still fresh in his memories and in his nightmares, he was unable to stop it.

Alex's grin broadened. Skinner made a lunge for it and they struggled. Suddenly Skinner gasped and fell away.

"Fuck, Skinner. I didn't do that, I swear!" Alex didn't know if Skinner could hear him, but he knew he hadn't activated anything, and all his former evil thoughts faded away as the big man fell at his feet, gasping in pain.

Alex manipulated the tiny computer in a way he knew how and suddenly Skinner stopped twitching but he was knocked out cold. He reached for his cell phone and voiced several choice Russian cursewords when he thumbed the on switch; it was dead. He had to get a hold of the lovely red haired doctor.

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Chapter 5 by Bertie

Krycek pulled open Skinner's tie and unbuttoned the top two buttons on his shirt. He knew to do that much... Just then he heard a ringing sound-it was Skinner's cell phone. After a quick and cautious pat down of the other man, Alex found it in the inside pocket of Skinner's jacket.

He flipped open the small cell with his nose and pushed the right button with his thumb.

"Yeah," he breathed.

There was a pause then Mulder growled, "What have you done with Walter?!"

"Calm down, babe. He had a little accident-he's down for the count, but I think he'll be OK. I need to call Scully and-"

"First of all, I am not your babe. And second, don't you dare call her, I will-fuck! She can't come now, Jenny is...Tell me, is he breathing?"

"Yes."

"Did you loosen his tie and open the first two buttons of his shirt?"

"Done."

"What happened?"

"He-er, I just-he knocked himself out."

"He what?!"

"He's out cold, Mulder. I would tell you more if there was more to tell."

"You can tell me how he could have possibly done that to himself!" Mulder huffed.

"Well, he tried to take something from me and, uh, hit the wrong thing."

"You motherfucker, you cold cocked him didn't you?!"

"Mulder, I didn't. I swear. Not this time, anyway...wait a minute; he seems to be coming around.

Gotta run, babe."

With that, Krycek snapped off the phone and looked down at Skinner, who seemed to be breathing easier. The color in his cheeks was returning, and his eyelids were fluttering open. Krycek walked over to the prone body and put his hand down to brush lightly across Skinner's cheek.

"Hey, you feeling better?"

Skinner was shocked at the sound of concern in that silky voice. 'The bastard,' he thought. Skinner shook off Krycek's soft touch, and then slowly pulled himself up, leaning heavily on the wall.

"What do you want from me, Krycek?"

Krycek smirked at him. "More things than heaven and earth, Skinner," he paraphrased enigmatically.

Skinner snorted. "Come on, let's get this over with—you tell me what you want, I'll reluctantly give it to you, and then I'll spend the rest of my days thinking of new and inventive ways to kill you."

Krycek wasn't sure if he was kidding or not, and the grim look on the Skinner's face was nearly foreboding enough to make him reconsider the thoughts he was having. But a quick sweep of his eyes over the other man's body, and he thought *what the hell.*

"Not so fast, Skinner. I think I deserve to learn what's gotten Mulder all worked up over you."

"What are you talking about, Krycek?"

Krycek just smirked and gave him a sultry look, letting his gaze roam deliberately over Skinner's body, slower this time, to make sure that the older man got the point without him having to say a word. Licking his lips sealed the deal.

"You want me to strip?"

Krycek's grin broadened. "Sounds good to me."

Skinner shrugged. A small price to pay to get this night over with, he thought to himself. All he wanted to do was get the information out of the house, get the palm pilot away from the man staring expectantly at him, and get home to his lover. He pulled off his tie and let it fall to the floor.

"Slowly," breathed Krycek, more pleased than he wanted to admit at Skinner's apparent acquiescence.

Walter sighed impatiently, then slowly pulled off his jacket, letting it fall to the floor. Alex had a small smile on his face that grew as each article of clothing was dropped to the floor. When Walter's big hands began opening his shirt, sliding each button through each hole with what looked like deliberate slowness, Alex felt the actions sending nice flutterings to his stomach. He caught himself wondering what those hands would feel like on his cock. 'Shit,' he thought- he was giving himself a hard on just thinking about it.

Walter's naked chest was a remarkable sight, although Krycek found a deep appreciation within himself for the whole torso. He had a sudden overwhelming desire to run his tongue along the man's muscular pectorals and hard abdomen. As his eager gaze continued down Walter's body, he returned to watching Walter's hands, which were hovering at his belt. Krycek looked back up to Skinner's eyes, grinned and nodded his head and the big man unbuckled his belt, pulling it

free from the belt loops, then wrapping the thin strip of leather around one fist.

"Don't get any ideas, Walter," Krycek warned, lifting the palm pilot.

A frustrated frown flashed across Skinner's face, but he dropped the belt, even more reluctant now, unbuttoning then slowly unzipped his pants. The sound sent a shiver down Krycek's spine.

"All of it, Walter."

Skinner's brow creased but he began to pull down his pants. Then, with a sudden bunching of the muscles in his legs and arms, he launched himself directly at the younger man.

Alex laughed silkily and just moved out of the path of the raging bull that was Skinner, and when the enraged man spun to face him again, he waved the palm pilot threateningly. "Uh-uh-uh, Walter. You haven't finished entertaining me."

Skinner felt thoroughly humiliated. His pants were now around his ankles and he had only his boxers on. Krycek was smirking at the black socks peeking over the top of the pants.

"Come on, just a little more, Walter."

Walter glared at Krycek, impotent with rage, then stepped out of his pants. He gave his leg a quick jerk causing a shoe to go flying straight at Krycek and it slapped him hard in the chest. Krycek grunted at the impact, but recovered quickly and smiled. "You gotta do better than that, Walter."

Walter toed off his other shoe then stood still. "Is this enough entertainment for you, Alex?" He was trying to keep the anger out of his voice but it was hard to hide the fact that he was talking through his teeth. Just then a wicked gleam seemed to cross Walter's eyes. Alex tried to figure out what had just inspired the big man.

Walter threw himself at Alex again, but this time, because of the combination of slick linoleum and soft socks, plus the fact that his pants were gone, he slammed into Alex hard.

"Fuck!" grunted Alex. The palm pilot went flying through the air as Skinner landed heavily on top of the younger man.

Skinner began to clamber over Krycek's prone body, struggling to reach the palm pilot before Alex could recover. The younger man's hand gripped Skinner's arm, trying to keep the big guy on top of him. Alex's hand slid up from the beefy arm to grip Skinner's neck. Walter's eyes opened wide when Alex pulled his head down for a wet kiss. That certainly was not what he was expecting. Nor was the sudden jab of a knee to his groin.

Walter groaned and Krycek somehow managed to flip them over. He lay on top of the older man, panting and grinning wickedly down at him.

"This is more like it, Walter."

Walter desperately wanted to smack that grin off Alex's cute face.

~~~

Mulder was highly worried. He tried calling Walter's cell several times and got no answer. On the one hand, he thought he could handle finally telling Krycek the truth about his pregnancy, and save everyone all the trouble they were apparently going to on his behalf. On the other hand, he thought that Skinner might resent him interfering, wanting to handle things in his own stubborn,

ex-mariney bulldoggy way. Why Walter would resent his lover's cooperation in this situation, he didn't really know. Mulder sighed. Skinner was too much of a macho man to let his pregnant boyfriend handle his own affairs, let alone help him with his.. 'Well fuck him!,' he thought, surprised at his own viciousness, but deciding since it was all in his head anyway, just to chock it up to hormonal imbalance, and go with it. 'If he is going to be Mr. Do-it-yourself, then he doesn't need me to rescue his sorry ass!'

Just as he finished the thought, he felt a sudden twinge around his kidneys. He winced, and then his face was suddenly creased with one of those cherubic maternal smiles that would have made angels weep, had there been any there to observe the moment.

"Don't worry, baby. Your other daddy will figure out a way out of the mess he put himself into!" Mulder whispered to his bulging belly, caressing it and cooing softly.

'God, I am such a pussy!' he moaned internally. He knew Dana would have a cow if he ran after his lover now, regardless of the situation. She had expressly told him to stay put. She was very worried about his health and had warned him that under no circumstances was he to call attention to himself in any way. He promised himself that he would go after his stray lover if he wasn't back by midnight-no three AM- 'Damn it, all right, in the morning- if he isn't here, I will waddle my fat lazy ass to my family's house and beat the living shit out of him! Or Krycek! Or both of them!! Or at least call Scully.' He hated himself more than ever at that moment, loathed his inability to decide, to act, to be in control.

As if in reply to his bout of self-abuse, the baby kicked again, reminding him in a not-so-subtle way exactly where his priorities should be. His worry for Walter never left him completely, but he forced himself to calm down, for the sake of the child. Walter wasn't made of glass, and he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself. Mulder tried to make himself believe it.

~~~

"So, big guy, are you really big all over?" Krycek asked playfully while rubbing his jean-clad ass against the AD's boxer shorts-clad crotch.

Walter grunted, not wanting to display any signs of frustration or arousal to the grinning jerk.

"I bet you are. Mulder's a definite bottom boy and he likes 'em big."

"What are you planning, Krycek? Because I don't think it would be a good idea."

"I don't think you are in a position to tell me anything," Krycek interrupted smoothly.

Walter tried bucking Krycek off but Alex pulled a small handgun from one of the hidden recesses of his jacket, and Skinner froze immediately.

"Much better."

He stood up from the human cushion that he had been making of Walter and nodded with his head, "Go get those handcuffs out of your pants, Walter. I think our night has just begun."

"Krycek, no. Please, I have to get back to Fox." Walter was trying to be reasonable in this entirely unreasonable situation, and he wondered again, for the millionth time, just what the hell Krycek was up to.

"Why is that, Wally? Your sick experiments on him haven't done enough damage?"

"He hasn't been experimented on since the abduction. At least not by me, Alex. I swear."

Krycek snorted. "Yeah, I believe you, Skinner. Now go and get those cuffs."

Walter rose as dignified as he could from the floor and walked over to his pants. He pulled the cuffs out and sighed, "Listen, I won't fight you, but let me call Fox. Just to reassure him that I'm alright." It was a poor bargaining chip at best, but it was all he had for now.

Krycek shrugged. "OK, but first you have to put those cuffs on."

"How will I be able to phone him, Alex?"

"I will take care of that."

Walter gave in and started cuffing his wrists. He snapped the cold metal over one wrist, but before he could cuff the other one, Krycek stopped him.

"Here, cuff yourself over here, Wally baby." Krycek pointed to the iron cabinet handle. It was welded iron. There was no way Walter could pull that handle off—apparently Alex wasn't taking any chances.

Walter walked over to the cabinet, shoulders slumping in defeat, and leaned down to cuff himself to the handle. He locked the other cuff around his wrist.

"There, now please let me call him."

"Of course. Just have to find the phone."

Walter watched as Krycek put the gun down on the table and went looking for the cell phone.

'He's making it easy for me.' he thought, then went about trying his best to reach the table, to no avail, before Alex came wandering over with a small smile on his face.

"Here ya go, big boy."

Alex put the phone up to Walter's ear after dialing the appropriate number for him.

"Yeah," came a very sleepy, sexy Mulder voice from the phone.

"Fox, I just wanted to let you know that I am all right."

"Alex didn't hit you did he?"

"No. Everything's fine. I will be home shortly. Don't wait up."

"You are not hurt?" Mulder tried to clear the sleep muddle from his head and focus on the conversation—hadn't Krycek said something about Walter being unconscious earlier? His lover sounded okay, though, and just the sound of that familiar growling voice was enough to allay most of his fears.

"No, I'm fine. Get some rest and I'll see you in the morning."

"Ok, I will." His voice was thick with sleep.

"I love you, Fox. Sleep well," Walter replied, doing his best to ignore the presence of Krycek so close by.

"Love you, too."

Krycek pulled the phone away and shut it off.

"What do you want, Krycek? I thought we were here to find information on Scully and Mulder, not take a crash course in Date Rape 101."

"Don't flatter yourself, old man. Information is exactly why we are here. You told me you would explain all about Mulder and you haven't yet. What's going on? If you didn't experiment on him, who did?"

Skinner stared at Krycek for a moment then sighed, "Krycek, you know Mulder was abducted, that he was brought back to life. You know that he was to be an alien. Well, I think they did more than just that."

Krycek shook his head. "Impossible, Walter. The whole point of abducting anyone is to create a new race of alien hybrids. That is exactly what they were going to do to Mulder, but I saved his life."

Walter couldn't believe the audacity of the jerk. "*You* saved his life?"

"Of course. I am no longer a Consortium hound, Walter. I work all on my own."

"How did *you* save Mulder's life?" He didn't bother to try and hide the sarcasm, but Alex ignored it.

"By making you choose. I knew you wouldn't believe a word I said, so I gave you a choice. Simple enough. I knew you would choose Scully's baby." Alex tried for the usual nasty smile, but Walter thought he saw a tinge of sadness in it. "You're so honorable, Walter."

"So, you want me to believe that you saved Mulder's life by hounding me to pull the life support? Why couldn't you just do it, Alex?"

Alex sighed. "I wanted him to get better and I knew he would if you took care of him-saving him was just the first step in cementing your relationship. I certainly couldn't have been there for him. Not at the time, or in the way he needed. But he's different from the others, and that's why I know he has been experimented on since he has been with you. Now, for god's sake, tell me what you have done to him!"

Walter shook his head still practically naked and handcuffed, but feeling far less threatened in the wake of Krycek's speech. "All I did was love him, Alex. That's it. What has happened must have been done during the abduction, unless it was already in place long before he was abducted."

Alex dropped his head in frustration, or resignation-Walter couldn't tell which. Then growled, "What is it? What's wrong with him?"

"He's pregnant, Alex."

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Chapter 6 by Bertie

Mulder's POV:

"Even my semen has become an X-File. I guess it was just a matter of time."

"I'm going to be a mother."

See, even shippers agree: Mulder is an alien hybrid whose sole purpose is to populate the planet;) Link to this series: <http://hometown.aol.com/ranton1013/cover.html>

Krycek stared at Skinner incredulously for a moment, and then began to laugh.

"Oh, man, that's a good one, Walt. Can you tell another? Maybe you'd be making more money on the comedy circuit!"

Skinner stared right back, not laughing, and raised an eyebrow. "I am not lying about this, and it's no laughing matter. Mulder is staying hidden away in my apartment because Scully is afraid for the baby's welfare and she doesn't want Mulder to be a part of some international frenzy over the first ever male pregnancy."

"Mulder is pregnant?" Krycek didn't want to believe it, but Skinner looked so earnest, so honest, and suddenly he was furious. "What the fuck is wrong with your sperm, you sick bastard? It isn't an alien, is it? Is Scully absolutely sure it's a baby and not some tumor??"

Skinner calmly interrupted Krycek's nearly hysterical questions and said, "Scully is fairly certain the child is human and, therefore, more than likely Mulder's and my child."

"You are a sick bastard. You probably put Mulder through some fucking sick experiment to propagate the Skinner line and-and...FUCK!! It's probably that black lunged bastard's last attempt at trying for the perfect son!! You asshole, I knew you were in cahoots with that pervert all along!!"

"If you are referring to Spender Senior, then you are mistaken, Krycek. I thought you would know more about what the Consortium planned for Mulder, not to mention me, since you are the only one left...except for Kersh." Walter didn't know for sure if Kersh was as rotten as CGB Spender had been, but he had his suspicions, and he figured if anyone could confirm them, it would be Krycek.

"Kersh? I have no dealings with him. He seems to have his own agenda these days. As for Old Smokey, he only kept me in line by the skin of his teeth. I am not with the Consortium or any group presently. I am working totally on my own."

Skinner thought he heard a note of pride in Alex's voice, but he might have just been imagining it.

"So you're trying to tell me that the only reason you came to me with that lovely instrument of yours is because you knew that Mulder was incubating an alien life form and you wanted *me* to rescue him? That is more far-fetched than your theory that I want my boyfriend bearing my children. How could I know that it would be possible for Mulder to get pregnant? I'm still processing his return from the dead, not to mention the fact that we're lovers in the first place."

Suddenly Alex sounded less angry, less sure of himself. "I can't figure you out, Skinner. I can never tell if you are one of the good guys or one of the bad."

Skinner snorted. "Sounds exactly like you, Alex. You certainly haven't put yourself in a trustworthy light ever in your dealings with me, or Mulder, or anyone, probably."

Krycek grinned a feral smile, at once charming and dangerous. "Well, that lifestyle's what's kept me living, Skinner."

"Well, I guess the moral of the story is you can't trust a drowning rat, they'll crawl on top of your head at the last minute."

Krycek ignored that dig and said, "Hey, you hungry? I can go out, get us something to eat..."

The sudden shift in subject caught Skinner off guard. "What are you planning, Krycek? I thought I gave you the information you needed. Can I be removed from the iron cuffs now?"

"Hey, we haven't exactly finished looking at what's inside that cabinet, have we? And I haven't

eaten since I don't know when. I can get us something to eat and if you want, we'll dig up the rest of the Mulder family secrets afterwards."

"Can I have these removed?" Skinner demanded again. Krycek just gave him a level stare for a moment, making Walter feel more vulnerable than he wanted to admit. But Alex seemed to have flipped roles again, and was making no threatening gestures.

"When I come back," he promised. "Whatcha want? I think I saw a fast food joint not far from here."

"A burger, I suppose, since you're buying." Walter couldn't keep the sneer out of his voice, but Krycek ignored it. "No fries, though. Fox wants me to keep my blood pressure down..."

"How domestic," growled Krycek, interrupting Skinner. "I will be back shortly."

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Walter manipulated his wrist, trying to accommodate the awkward angle it was in and make it less uncomfortable. He sighed, knowing full well that Fox would be furious at him for staying so long with the Rat boy. He argued with the Mulder in his head: 'It's not as if I could very well do anything. I am chained to a freaking iron cabinet!!'

He knew that would not appease his lately very jealous and borderline hysterical pregnant boyfriend. 'I will be so glad when he has the baby!!' he thought, and then sobered suddenly, thinking about the dangers of Fox's pregnancy and knowing that they would not be out of the woods once the pregnancy came to term. Having a c-section posted its own uncertainties because of the location of the baby, not to mention the fact that the one having it was a male, not a female. He had tried to keep such things out of his mind, but as the time for the supposed 'due date' that Scully had determined for Mulder drew near, Walter felt himself becoming almost irrational with worry, but for Fox's sake, he kept most of his fears to himself.

Before Walter realized it, Krycek had returned with the burgers and put them on the table. He grinned down at his prize and said, "I think I can trust you to eat without too much trouble."

"Gee, thanks, Krycek. You are too kind."

Krycek released Walter from the cuffs and kept a careful eye on Walter as the man rushed towards the table. Krycek took his fries and began eating them slowly, watching Walter wolf down one of the burgers as if he was the most fascinating nature show on TV.

"Did you bring anything to drink?" asked the AD as nicely as he could.

Krycek smiled cherubically and Walter wanted to wallop that smile right off that cute face. Alex reached into his jacket and pulled out a small clear bottle of Russian vodka.

"Only the best, my friend."

Krycek opened the bottle one handed, with a practiced ease that impressed Skinner, drank, and then passed it to Walter. After passing the bottle back and forth for a while, Krycek pulled off his jacket and shirt then took off his prosthetic, as if he were alone, thoroughly unashamed of his body. He began to massage his shoulder and truncated arm. Walter looked at the lovely hairless chest and couldn't stop the thought of running his tongue down that smooth column of neck to the pert pink nipples.

'Fuck,' he thought to himself. 'What's the matter with you?!'

When Krycek wiped his chest of salt sprinkles as he ate more of his fries, Walter began to daydream of licking the salt off. Krycek smirked at Walter and said, "Want some, Walter? Or does Mama Mulder think fried food is bad for her old man?"

Walter glared at Krycek, grabbed a few of the fries and ate them. Krycek just ate along with him then pulled another burger out of the bag and asked, "Wanna share?"

"Hey, yeah, I could eat some more," Walter replied, paying less attention to the food than to Alex's chest.

"Could you do the honors?" asked Alex, suddenly looking just the tiniest bit uncomfortable, which in turn made him look all the more attractive to Skinner.

Walter took the burger and pulled it into two halves.

"Thanks." Alex took a half and began to eat it; mustard leaked out of the loaded hamburger and hit his chest.

Walter couldn't resist. He reached out, pulled Krycek's chair closer to him, then bent and licked the mustard off the younger man's chest. 'No holding back now,' he thought and began to seriously taste all of Alex's flesh, finding salt from the fries sprinkled liberally across the younger man's skin, and lapping at it with relish.

Krycek ran a hand over Walter's bald head, going with the flow, and not protesting as his former boss licked then sucked at his nipples.

He casually ate some more fries then pulled Walter's head up and kissed him, letting the older man taste the grease and salt on his lips. Walter licked the younger man's lips, then thrust his tongue into Alex's willing mouth. Alex joined in, running his tongue along the big guy's and teasing him mercilessly.

Walter pulled away to breathe, "You are so beautiful. I have always wanted to touch you."

Alex smiled. "You're not so bad yourself."

Alex ran his hand up and down Walter's back, loving the feel of the strong muscles and wondering what it would feel like to top Skinner, to have his chest plastered against that broad back. Somehow he doubted that the big strong ex-Marine would allow him to top. He would just have to find out. He let his hand wander down Walter's back then gripped one hard butt cheek and squeezed. Walter continued to tease Alex's nipples and he felt a groan come from the older man as he squeezed again. The young man smiled. 'So the big guy likes ass play...'

Alex brought his hand up and sucked on his index finger then returned to Walter's ass, slipping his wet finger under the boxers and scraping his wet finger across the AD's tight pucker. Walter stopped to moan against Alex's wet nipple, sending shivers down Alex's spine.

When Walter's mouth covered the bulge in his pants, Alex pulled his hand away to grab Walter's neck.

"Oh god, yes!" groaned the younger man, loving the feel of the man's mouth on him. Walter opened Alex's jeans and pulled out the now leaking cock and swallowed it whole. Alex cried out, not believing his luck. The AD could suck cock and he was good! Alex did not know what he did to deserve this, but having such a big, respected, honorable man go down on him was like an aphrodisiac.

In an unprecedented move, Skinner's hands reached under Alex, cupping the sweet mounds of

the younger man's ass, and lifted him straight up and onto the table. Alex was in shock for a second, then groaned as the big man continued to suck him. Skinner's hands pulled down his jeans and underwear, and Alex tried to help, kicking them off, then nearly crying out in frustration when Walter's mouth moved away from his cock. The mouth did not stop, though, it ran a trail down Alex's balls and perineum and then thrust into the pucker between Alex's ass cheeks.

"Oh god, Walter! Fuck me!!"

Walter's eyes looked up into Alex's and the fire in them were almost enough to send Alex into orbit. He thrust his hips in invitation and Walter pushed away for a moment then Alex felt the tip of a leaking cock against his anus and wiggled his ass. Walter groaned and then, without any other prep time, thrust hard inside the young willing body.

Alex groaned, "Yes, do me hard!"

Walter proceeded to do just that, thrusting hard into the willing ass of his former subordinate.

Mulder groaned and looked at the clock blearily. It was 3:08 am and he was up-or rather his bladder was up, compliments of the baby, who was apparently doing the tango on it.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he muttered aloud as he lifted his swollen belly gingerly from the bed, hoping not to fall back on it as he had been doing recently.

"Man, why do I get all the best gigs in the business??" he moaned to himself, his hands immediately going to his back for support.

At least Scully hadn't told him he couldn't leave the bed yet, although she was recommending that he be bed-ridden soon, with his only recourse being to pee in a bottle.

"Oh joy!" he remembered snarling at her. She had just snorted and responded, "At least you won't have to lift your hips like most women do who are bed bound."

"I will if I want to shit though." She didn't argue with him there, just recognized his grouching as late-stage pregnancy blues, and accepted it stoically.

He suddenly turned back to the bed and realized that something was missing-where was the surly lump that usually graced the other side of the bed?

"Damn, damn, damn, damn! They better not have killed each other!!" He sighed and waddled as quickly as he could to the bathroom.

Walter awoke and groaned, looking at the clock. Usually Mulder had to go to the bathroom about this time, and Walter usually woke up to help him. He turned to look at the lump beside him and nearly fell out of the bed. He had forgotten. There lay Alex Krycek, a man he had hated oh, surely, just several hours beforehand, now nude and blissfully asleep after Walter had practically fucked him all night. He wiped his hand over his eyes and groaned. He was not at home but at the Mulder house.

"Vodka has never gotten me this randy before!" he complained to himself. Knowing full well that he couldn't blame the liquor entirely on his libido. He always had a simmering desire to be with the former agent ever since he met Alex the first time.

He wondered what had happened to his glasses and thought that they were probably lost somewhere in the living room when Alex had made him strip. He shook his head to clear the foggy thoughts of Alex's gleeful leer as he stripped, but was unable to erase the thoroughly disturbing thoughts of Alex moaning as he fucked him or gasping as he sucked the younger man's cock.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he groaned softly, unaware that he was mirroring Mulder's behavior almost exactly. He needed to find out what - 'Oh shit! Please oh please!' he thought. He looked in horror at Alex then scrambled quickly off the bed and went in search of the dining room.

Since they had stumbled into the first room they could find, he was a little disoriented; luckily they had left the dining room lights on.

He rushed over to the gaping hole that was the open iron cabinet, and found his glasses on the floor in front of it. He felt irrationally better just putting them on. Then he found his pants and covered himself, and was able to turn his attention to the cabinet. He saw more files there, and pulled them out. He spread the papers out on the table and quickly began to read.

He did not see or hear Alex who bumped into the kitchen to get some water.

"Oh god!" he groaned aloud and then nearly jumped out of his skin when Alex padded up behind him quiet and naked.

"What's up?"

"Damn, Alex! You nearly gave me a heart attack."

"Sorry, what are you reading?"

"I am reading about me--or rather these nanobytes in my blood. It seems that the ultimate goal was to achieve life from these machines, not death. To create a person capable of impregnating anybody whether male or female wouldn't matter, only if he or she had the little buggers in their blood. Gender would cease to be a factor in reproduction. The nanobytes would make everything work, creating sperm or eggs as needed." He stared at Krycek in astonishment. "Don't you get it?? I impregnated you, Krycek."

Krycek laughed at him. "Don't be ridiculous. You are exaggerating...let me see that." Alex grabbed the papers from the table and started to read.

"Wait, wait, wait, Walter. These are only test subjects. This couldn't be accurate."

"Alex, look at the numbers...virtually 100 percent. Chances are you're probably pregnant."

Alex stared at him then started to laugh. He was shaking his head and muttering, "You are wrong, Walter. Dead wrong." Suddenly he stiffened. "Oh fuck, shit...oh god damn..."

He glared at Walter and growled, "You did this on purpose, didn't you?? You seduce me, get me pregnant, trying to get me to be beholden to you. All because of the palm pilot!"

"Alex, how could I have known? This is the first I heard of this. Sure, I thought that I may have impregnated Mulder, but I thought it was because the aliens had affected him in some way. Changed his physiognomy in such a way that our doctors couldn't detect it. I never thought it was from the nanobytes, Alex. Believe me, if I had known, I would have never touched you."

Alex gave him an exasperated look. "You are making me sick, Walter. I am not your date from the prom, you ass!"

He let his head drop into his hand and slowly began to shake it anxiously, then suddenly looked up, relieved, and said, "Scully-she's a doctor, right? She can test me, easy. And if I am," the last said between clenched teeth, "she can abort it. That simple."

"You are going to abort it? Just like that?"

"Walter, what is this? General Hospital? You bet your sweet ass I am!"

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Chapter 7 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

Notes: I love my beta, the Goddess, she can do no wrong!!

Walter shrugged. If Alex wanted to abort the fetus, that was fine with him. He could definitely do without another man impregnated by him, especially a man like Alex Krycek.

"I'm going to take a shower," he told Alex, then left him sitting at the dining room table still sifting through the papers.

Alex bit into a couple of stale, cold fries still on the table from last night and read more, seeing a correlation between Mulder's pregnancy and Scully's. The only problem was that Skinner did not fuck Scully. He shook his head, and thought 'well at least as far as I know...' He smiled at that. 'Walter seems to get around, doesn't he?'

He would have to find out about Skinner's activities just before Mulder was abducted. Maybe he and Scully...Alex frowned a moment, not liking the idea of Scully and Walter getting together. He pushed the thought away, realizing immediately the full potential of the information he was gathering, both real and in his mind. Scully's baby might not be Mulder's child after all. He grinned at that thought and continued to read more about those lovely machines in Skinner's blood.

Mulder woke and noticed that Walter still had not come in. He sighed. 'He better answer the phone!' he thought as he reached over and pulled the phone to him, not wanting to move if not necessary. The baby seemed to be quite restless lately, tiring its host quickly.

A very familiar husky voice answered in an unusually silly tone, "Nanobytes R Us."

"Krycek, where is Walter?! I thought everything was going well? Why hasn't he come home? Or even called?"

"Hey babe, relax. Everything is fine, even that man of yours."

"Krycek, what have you done to my...to Walter?!"

"Hey, I am not staking a claim on him. He's all yours if you want him, Foxy."

"Where IS he?"

"Watch the voice, babe, you're upsetting dogs all over the neighborhood. He's in the shower."

Mulder let out a major sigh of relief, then turned his attention back to the phone.

"Are you trying to make..." he stopped himself from finishing that thought, unsure if Walter had told Alex everything yet.

"Walt finally told me everything, babe. He didn't know, though, that he is the reason you are pregnant, and not the alien's use of you as a host for a new hybrid."

"How is he the reason?"

"Well, seems the nanobytes in the Skinman have given him the means of impregnating anything and everything, from goats to Foxes. Which makes me wonder if he's been screwing livestock lately. Did he ever mention fucking a goat to you?"

"Krycek, shut up!!"

"Now, now, sweetie, I am just letting you know what I know."

Mulder snorted, "Like I would believe you!"

"You don't have to believe me, not if you'd been reading the stuff I've been reading for the past 15 minutes."

Mulder sighed, "OK, Alex, I believe you." He never knew what to expect with Krycek, or how he felt about him. The man was mercurial, going from killer to smart ass to earnest Boy Scout with a suddenness that was down right scary some days. At this point, however, Mulder knew he had no choice but to believe Alex, at least until he had a chance to talk to Walter.

"Knew you had it in you."

"Has he finished his shower yet?" Mulder asked, trying his best to keep his tone calm and reasonable, even though calm and reasonable were hardly what he felt-more like worried and unreasonable, with a side of pre-labor bitchiness thrown in for good measure.

"Just a sec." Mulder heard Alex put the phone down somewhere, probably on the table, and then he heard the sound of what he swore were Alex's bare feet slapping on linoleum.

The Mulder household

Alex walked towards the bathroom and was about to open the door, when Skinner pulled open the door from his side and stood before him wearing only a towel.

Alex whistled. "Looking good, Skinman."

"Don't call me Skinman, Alex!"

Alex snorted. "Your pregnant boyfriend is on the phone and wants to speak to you. For some reason he doesn't quite trust me-who knew?"

Walter chuckled. "Hmm...I wonder why, Alex. Um, you didn't let him know..."

"Give me some credit, Walt. I have no interest in breaking you two up. at least not now." He grinned evilly, giving Walter a saucy little wink.

Walter shook his head then walked over to the phone sitting on the table. He picked it up and his tone was soft when he said, "Hi, Fox. I miss you."

"Walter, I miss you too! You should have come home! What happened?"

Walter sighed, he didn't want to lie to Mulder, but he knew of no way around it.

"Oh, Alex just kept me locked to your mother's iron cabinet all night and..."

Alex pulled the phone out of Walter's hand and growled, "I did no such thing, Mulder, I swear."

"Alex!" barked Walter. "Give me that phone back!"

"We stayed up later than we meant to last night and just decided to stay here," Krycek told Mulder smoothly, trying to ignore the scowl on Walter's face, but getting turned on by it anyway.

"Sure, fine, whatever. Now will you please give the phone back to Walter?"

"Anything for you, babe," Alex purred, and then passed the phone back to Walter.

Walter glared at Alex then dismissed him from thought completely, turning all his attention to the man on the other end of the phone. "I'll be home soon, Fox. Are you feeling OK?"

"I will be much better when you're home, lover," Mulder's voice was suddenly low and breathy. The seductive tone was working though, he thought as he felt his cock stirring under the short towel.

"It won't be long, Mulder, I promise."

"Ok, see you soon."

"Soon, lover."

Alex was rolling his eyes and looking practically nauseous when Walter hung up the phone.

"Could that be any more sappily sweet? The only good thing about it was this." Alex abruptly reached over and caressed Walter's semi hard cock.

"Oh, so you wanna ensure that you really are pregnant before you have Scully check you out?"

Alex laughed. "Oh, that's right, Walter, I forgot. You only do it missionary style. You know, there are other ways to skin a cat, big man."

"So, you are going to teach me?" Walter breathed, moving closer to Alex.

"Oh yeah," replied Alex, kissing Walter passionately, his hand still working diligently under the towel.

Mulder rose from the bed, starving as if he hadn't eaten in days. He waddled down the stairs as slowly as he could, only the gnawing hunger keeping him from simply returning to bed. He finally made it to the kitchen, luckily not losing his balance, his will or control of his bladder.

Once there, he grabbed at whatever was handy to eat that didn't involve anything more complicated than manipulating the refrigerator door or a jar lid. Cereal, milk, some cheese, pickles and what he thought was old tuna fish.

The phone rang just as he was finishing off a huge tuna and pickle sandwich and he rose slowly, not about to rush to get the phone and chance losing everything he'd just eaten by moving too quickly.

"Yeah," he breathed into the phone.

"Mulder, how are you doing? Did Walter ever find the information he wanted at your mother's house?" Scully's usually calm and lovely voice spluttered over the phone, sounding a little worried, and with an edge to it that Mulder recognized from the many times he had left her out of the information loop.

"He hasn't come home yet. But I spoke to him earlier."

Scully didn't miss the concern in his tone, even though she knew he was trying to hide it. "Oh, would you like me to come over?"

Mulder shrugged. "Sure. It's not as if there is a lot for me to do right now. Even if I could do it."

Scully smiled to herself, recognizing Mulder in his self-pity mode.

"Great, Jenny and I will be over shortly."

"Great. See you then."

They hung up and Mulder waddled back to the kitchen, suddenly craving a banana sandwich, when the baby began an impromptu rendition of Riverdance all over his bladder.

"Fuck, can't I even eat without needing to take a leak?" he groaned at his stomach.

~

Mulder waddled out of the bathroom just in time to hear the door opening.

"Walter? Is that you?"

"It's me, Mulder," Scully's voice called out.

Mulder sighed and proceeded to the living room as fast as he could.

"I don't know what's keeping them!" Mulder sounded more worried than angry.

Scully walked over to Mulder and put her hand up to his forehead, an almost automatic response anytime they were together lately. Mulder thought that he should be offended, but couldn't find the energy to do so.

"Can I sit first, Ms. Doctor?"

She just nodded and allowed Mulder to sit slowly down on the lounge chair. Mulder did a double take around the room, noticing that they were short one small person.

"Where's Jenny?"

"My mother came by at the last minute and she is babysitting for me. I thought it best, in case anything happened."

"How is your mom, Scully?"

"She is doing fine, Mulder."

Mulder just nodded, then tactlessly changed the subject as Scully continued checking his vitals. "So when are you and Mr. Krycek getting hitched?"

"What?? Where did you come up with that one?"

"Hey, I am not the one who let him stay over, playing with my child, and who knows what else."

"OK, and that automatically means we are engaged?"

"You should think about marriage, Scully, you aren't getting any younger."

Scully laughed out loud. "Now you sound like my mother!! Besides, what about you and Walter? You could always go to Vermont for the ceremony," she dodged his question quickly, maybe a little too quickly, but opted to think about the rat boy at a later date-much later preferably.

"I wonder how long that will last now there is a Republican president."

"Where is Walter, anyway?" Scully asked, hoping to distract Mulder from any further thoughts he might be having about her and Alex.

"Hopefully on his way home."

"With Krycek?"

"Ooh, longing to see your fiancé, Scully?" Apparently Mulder had no urge to be distracted, wanting to beat the dead horse some more.

"Get over it, Mulder." She warned him in her best 'I'm the rational one here, partner, and you're whistling in the wind again' voice.

Mulder sighed and said, "Yes, Krycek probably is coming with him. They have become very chummy lately, which I do not understand at all." He frowned and Scully realized that he was less jealous than worried.

"Krycek seems to have changed a lot lately, Mulder," she replied, trying to soothe his concerns.

Mulder snorted. "Oh, that's right. You're engaged." Lapsing into his favorite cynical defense mechanism.

Scully threw up her hands in exasperation. "Are you hungry?" She changed the subject in a tone that even Mulder could not miss.

"You going to cook me something?" Eager for any food that was actually prepared and put on a plate.

"Yes, I better, that way it will keep your mouth busy." She smiled sweetly, in the way Mulder usually thought of as Scully's 'prove-I'm-being-a-bitch' way.

"Very funny...how about some -" He stopped when he felt a weird twinge in his gut and a pressure like he had to pee again, but multiplied one hundred fold.

"Mulder??" She dropped down beside the chair and checked his pulse and his forehead again.

"Can a man have contractions??" he asked through gritted teeth.

"Well, in your case, I would have to assume so, yes."

"Oh god!! I am definitely feeling something."

"Is it like constipation?"

"Not even close!"

"I think it is a contraction, Mulder. But it is way too early for you to be having them." She sighed then said, "You will have to lie on a hospital bed. Let me call Frohike."

"Do you want to get the gunmen involved, Dana?"

"Just for the bed, Mulder. They do not have to know about your pregnancy."

"What are you going to tell him, that I am too fat to make it up the stairs to my own bed?" Mulder groaned as another pain tore into his stomach. "OK, call him."

~::~

They had ended up on the floor and sixty-nined each other. Krycek pulled himself up off the floor and leered down at Skinner, who still lay prone on the floor. "Debauched looks really good on you, Walter."

Walter groaned, not realizing he was mimicking his lover at the same time. He pulled himself up and said, "I am getting way too old for this!"

Krycek snorted. "I would agree, but damn, you look good-for your age."

"Gee, thanks." Walter frowned and cast about for his glasses.

"Don't mention it."

Skinner sighed and said, "Let's get out of here. Let me get dressed. I will be so glad to leave, you just don't know."

He winced to himself, remembering the last time Mulder and he were here. Mulder had decided that he wanted Skinner to fuck him in every room in the house. A sort of send off to all the stuff that had happened to him here.

'It was probably at some point during that time that I impregnated Mulder,' Walter thought, 'perfect. Maybe there is something about this house and not the nanobytes at all. Yeah right, wishful thinking on my part!'

He pulled on the same clothes he had worn the day before, finding them scattered all over the living room. Then he went looking for Krycek, who had left the room moments before. Hopefully to get dressed and out of here, Walter suspected.

A metal glint caught his eye and he grabbed it just as Alex reentered the room and lunged for the same item.

"Ha, I am the one who holds the controls now, boy!" And with that he heaved the palm pilot hard against the wall and watched as it shattered, gleefully.

Krycek shook his head. "That was stupid, Skinner. You should have had it tested by those weird friends of Mulder's. That thing might have come in handy!!"

Skinner didn't care, and he smirked. "Well, now we'll never know. Anyway, no way am I going to have one of those things within reach of you ever again!"

Krycek just nodded and grinned at Skinner enigmatically, as if to say he knew where he could get another. Skinner did not like that prospect at all.

"Let's just get the hell out of here!" he growled, grabbing up the papers from the table and making his way toward the door.

"Hey, are you certain you got everything from that cabinet, Skinner?"

Walter did a double take. "I think I did...wanna check?"

Alex sauntered over to the cabinet and pulled it open. "Seems empty."

"Good, I think Fox is going to be irritated with us as it is, with or without this information."

Alex ran his hand up the inside of the cabinet and pulled something out. It was an envelope that had been taped to the top inside of it.

"Hey, it says 'Fox Mulder' on it."

"Give that to me, Alex."

Alex glared at Walter. "Is your name Fox Mulder? I don't think so. I will deliver it to him myself, or not at all."

Walter gave in quickly, just wanting to get home to his lover. "Fine, let's go. The sooner you get checked out by Scully, the sooner you will be out of my hair!"

"Or lack thereof," Alex finished smoothly with a grin.

Walter closed his eyes, devising a hundred ways to kill the annoying young man as he counted to ten, then was able to just shrug his shoulders and walked out of the Mulder house without another word. Alex followed behind him, with the envelope tucked into his jeans' back pocket.

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Chapter 8 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

My Goddess can beat your God any day of the week!!

Skinner was so happy to see his apartment complex that he didn't even notice Krycek's feeble attempts to distract him. Krycek had run his tongue over his lips sensuously a dozen times, ran his hand up his chest on occasion, making sure to tweak his nipples on the way down, and had grabbed his crotch repeatedly. Krycek was so frustrated that when Skinner parked in his spot and was about to unbuckle and leave the car, Krycek grabbed him and thrust his tongue down the AD's throat. Skinner felt suspiciously like the poor sap in that breath mint commercial -the one who gets lip-locked by a cop. He now seriously regretted leaving Krycek's vehicle at the Mulder house. It had a flat tire and they chose not to bother with it.

"Can't you control your hormones a little bit, Krycek? I don't want Mulder to see..." He trailed off for a moment as he brushed the younger man away from him with more effort than he cared to admit. "Actually now is the time for you to leave, you have overstayed your welcome!" he decided abruptly.

Krycek just grinned at Skinner and said, "You seduce me and get me with child and now you just want to abandon me? I will not be ignored, Walter."

Walter's eyebrow rose. "That's the sorriest Glenn Close impression I've ever heard, Alex."

Alex snorted. "Got your attention, though."

Walter sighed then said, "Come on. I need to see how Mulder's doing. And he'll want to see you- after all, he did want you to know the truth."

Scully had just finished helping Mulder onto the hospital bed that Frohike had managed to maneuver into Skinner's apartment, no questions asked, when Skinner and Krycek entered the apartment.

"Dana?" inquired Skinner, surprised and a little concerned at the sight of her struggling with the hospital bed, and Mulder.

"Help me lift this, Walter," she demanded, not noticing Krycek, or the look that Skinner and Mulder exchanged.

"All right," he said, thrusting his keys into his pocket.

He grabbed one end of the hospital bed and Scully said, "On three-1, 2, 3..."

They lifted the bed, and as it snapped into place, Mulder lying on it took on the appearance of a beached whale. His T-shirt had ridden up and his bloated belly was exposed to Krycek's widened eyes.

"Shit!" gasped Alex. "I cannot believe I didn't realize it the first time I saw it."

"Alex, I'm pregnant. I have not been reduced to a thing!" growled Mulder.

"No, man, I meant your belly! You need one of those 'Baby On Board' signs."

Mulder groaned and Walter glowered at Alex, then turned his attention to his lover.

"How are you feeling, baby?" he asked, leaning down and brushing his fingers softly over Mulder's cheek, making him sigh, and offer Walter a small, strained smile.

Dana interrupted before Mulder could speak; "He had premature labor signs. But I think he's fine now. I gave him a tocolytic agent. Hopefully he will stabilize but he'll need to remain bed ridden for a while."

"In English, doctor," Alex asked.

"It means a shot to control labor, Alex," Scully informed him with a scowl.

Walter grabbed Alex's collar and was about to strong-arm him to the balcony when Mulder's voice stopped him.

"Walter, stop. He's just curious. Come over and feel the baby, Alex."

A wave of jealousy washed over Walter. 'No way is Alex going to touch Mulder...' he thought, then immediately felt guilty, thinking that there had already been quite a bit more than just inappropriate touching where Krycek was concerned, so he let up his grip on Alex, and held his tongue as the young man approached the hospital bed warily.

Alex's hand reached out and ran over Mulder's swollen abdomen, a soft touch that seemed a little awed and a little fearful. Something stirred under Mulder's taut skin, and Alex was amazed at the

feeling of life moving/living in a man's belly-in Mulder's of all people.

"Ok, that's enough!" growled Skinner, pulling Alex's hand away from Mulder.

"Haven't had enough of me, huh, Walter?" Alex whispered huskily, egging him on.

"That's it, onto the balcony with you!" With that Skinner propelled Alex to the glass door and pulled it open, strong-arming Alex through it.

Scully ignored them and attended to Mulder, eyeing his pale nervous face with some concern. "Are you all right? Do you need me to stay here? My mother will be home in the next few hours. I could have her keep Jenny."

He smiled gratefully at her. "Stay, please, at least until your mother gets home."

"Ok," she smiled warmly and gave his hand a little squeeze, then glanced over at the balcony. She noticed movement, but couldn't quite see what was going on, so she moved away from Mulder, giving his hand a reassuring pat, and he closed his eyes. She approached the half-open balcony door, peered out, and was shocked to find Alex kissing Walter...and Walter showing no signs of stopping it.

'God damn it!' she growled to herself. 'Men can't keep it in their pants no matter how noble they supposedly are!'

She was about to step out and give Walter a piece of her mind when Walter pulled away from Alex. He said something to Alex that she couldn't hear, then he looked over to the entrance to the apartment and saw her standing there. His expression was as horrified as hers for a moment, then his gaze turned stony and he gestured for her to come out onto the balcony. She did so, almost automatically, while her mind tried to process just what she had seen, and how it was going to affect them all.

With a glance back at Mulder lying on his bed, she stepped out onto the balcony, waiting to speak until she was close enough to the two men that there was no way Mulder would overhear. Then she growled between clenched teeth, "What the hell is going on here? Walter, your pregnant boyfriend is in the next room!!"

Walter's face fell. "I know Scully and I'm sorry. I will talk to Mulder about this later, on my own time. There is something you need to know, though. Something you need to check out." He looked at Alex nervously, then gave Scully the same worried frown.

By contrast, Alex's grin was positively sunny. "Seems like old Walter boy has been dipping his wick where it don't belong. And that wick is positively lethal."

"What the hell are you talking about, Krycek?"

Krycek winked at her and said, "Ask loverboy here. He's the one with the fertility that would retire a rabbit."

Scully stared at him as if he were insane. Then she looked to Walter and knew from his troubled expression that Alex wasn't lying.

"Those nanobytes are aids to reproduction? I knew it!" She stopped when she finally understood what Alex had said. "Walter, what is wrong with you?!" she cried. "Are you going through some midlife crisis or something??"

"Dana, I know I am not your boss anymore, but really, this isn't any of your business." He tried to

sound authoritative, and surly, and wound up sounding contrite and embarrassed.

"Oh? But you want me to play nursemaid to Alex now?"

"Oh no, Scully, he wants you to play abortionist now," supplied Alex smoothly.

Scully shook her head. "That is very responsible of you, Walter!" she muttered sarcastically.

"Scully, it isn't really my decision."

"Damn straight it isn't!" growled Alex.

Scully looked at Alex in a way he never would have thought she would look at him, with sympathy. "Alex, are you sure you really want to do this?"

"Wait a minute," said Walter, "Aren't we jumping the gun a little bit here? We aren't really certain yet. He has to be tested."

Scully glared at Walter as if he were the last man on earth she would rely on ever again, shook her head, then turned to the younger man with more compassion in her eyes.

"Alex?" she asked softly. Alex didn't know whether to laugh or cry over her tender inquiry.

"He's right, Scully. I need to be tested. And if I am pregnant..." Alex snorted and rolled his eyes. "Then I definitely want the spud removed!"

Scully sighed. "Okay, let's assume you're pregnant until tests prove otherwise. I do not want you to do anything dangerous. Then we can decide what to do. I - I just don't think I want to be the first ever male pregnancy gynecologist and abortionist all in the same year!"

Alex sighed. "Dana, I know you mean well, but really, I am a big boy now, and I think I can make my own decisions...especially regarding something as life-altering as carrying a child!"

"Alex, I am not trying to tell you what to do regarding the pregnancy but you're still going to need to watch yourself."

"Wait a second, Dana, could we at least wait until we have determined if he is pregnant or not?" interrupted Skinner. When both Scully and Krycek gave him the exact same 'Who are you trying to kid?' raised eyebrow treatment, he abruptly changed the subject. "I am going to check on Mulder." And with that he walked back into the apartment, tired of the whole conversation.

"Hey," he murmured to Mulder. "You hungry?"

Mulder smiled. "Of course. I have never been more hungry in my entire life!"

While Skinner went to the kitchen to find his lover something to eat, Dana walked back in with an amazingly docile Alex.

"Mulder, I think I should leave now." She paused by the bed while Alex continued towards the door. Squeezing one of his hands, she added, "You're going to be fine with Walter here. Let me go speak to Walter a moment, and then I will be on my way."

"Ok," he sighed tiredly, feeling unable to question anything at this point.

Dana went to Walter and explained to him what to do if Mulder experienced any contractions.

"You can always page me or call anytime, I'm going to take some of the leave time I have coming so I can be available for Mulder should anything happen sooner than we expect."

Skinner sighed. "Thanks so much, Dana, you have been so helpful throughout all this. We really don't deserve you."

"Walter, at this point, you definitely don't deserve my time, but Mulder does! And now poor Alex!"

'Poor Alex??' Skinner thought, 'impossible.'

Mulder was so beautiful to Alex that he couldn't keep away. What he had seen before as a laughable monstrosity disappeared under the knowledge that Mulder was carrying a child inside of him. But, at the same time, he thought, 'No way in hell will I carry a child for anyone, especially not Skinner!' He moved closer to the bed and noticed Mulder's eyes were closed and he seemed to be in a light doze. A thought occurred to him then: 'Would I carry the child if it were Mulder's?' the thought startled him at first, then made him frown, then made him smile as he reached out and lightly touched Mulder's stomach as he had earlier, trying to be soft so as not to wake the obviously overtired man. Mulder's baby...yes, he would definitely have to think on that one.

"Listen, Dana - I - you are so right. I have made an unbelievable mistake; I admit that to you. But in a short while, you will either determine if he is pregnant, which I hope he isn't or he will be and then you will terminate the pregnancy. Either way, Mulder doesn't need to know this. Especially not now."

"I agree, Walter. Mulder doesn't need to know about this right now. His condition is delicate at best and you need to concentrate on him instead of your own foolishness. Got that?"

Skinner nodded contritely.

"And another thing, if Alex isn't pregnant, don't think that let's you off the hook-you WILL tell Mulder."

Skinner nodded again. "Dana, I know you may find it hard to believe, but I have no intention of letting myself out from my responsibility toward our future together. I'm a firm believer in honesty, I am. It may seem absurd coming from me, but I did learn a thing or two from my first marriage."

Dana's eyebrow rose and she snorted, still angry with the man, but starting to come around. "OK, Walter," she said, "I suppose I'll just have to trust you." Then she walked out.

In the living room she took Alex's hand and said, "Come on, Alex. We have somewhere to go."

Mulder heard them leaving and opened his eyes, surprised to see them leave together. Walter entered into the living room and bent to kiss the surprised look off of Mulder's face.

"I missed you," Walter breathed and Mulder smiled.

In Dana's car, Alex put his hand down on his belly then moved it away quickly, hoping the beautiful doctor hadn't seen it. Dana just smiled to herself, it may be easier than she thought to have Alex keep the baby...

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Chapter 9 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

My beta, the Goddess Michele, is the best in the world!

When they arrived back at Scully's apartment Mrs. Scully was just putting Jenny down. Scully joined her in the bedroom, and helped put the baby to bed.

"She has been so sweet, Dana," whispered her mother, not realizing Dana had a guest with her.

Dana waited until they returned to the living room before introducing her mother to Alex.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Scully," Alex said in a very pleasant burr that Dana was totally taken aback by. Who knew that the double agent could be so pleasant? Alex was seriously charming her, and she thought she should be upset by this, but she wasn't, and it made her wonder.

Mrs. Scully warmed to Alex immediately, which surprised Dana completely. Usually, a strange dangerous-looking man wearing leather in Dana's apartment would upset her mother-not that there'd been all that many strange and dangerous men in her life, but still. Instead, her mother just seemed happy enough to find Dana with a man. Dana snorted to herself, 'She just wants me to find a husband and quickly.' Apparently, legitimizing baby Jenny had taken on a high priority with her mother, and she was scouting for suitable applicants. It also appeared that no one was beyond consideration, not even a one-armed rat.

If her mother noticed her trying to smother a grin, she didn't comment. Instead, she said: "Well, I need to get home, Dana. Nice to have met you, Alex." There was a lilt in her voice that spoke volumes about wanting to leave her daughter alone with her 'man.' Dana chuckled to herself, thinking her mother had finally given up and lowered her expectations completely. At the door, her mother whispered, "Such a handsome, polite young man--you should keep him!"

Dana just shook her head at her mother, gave her a warning look, and thanked her for looking after Jenny. After her mother left, Dana sighed heavily, leaning against the door. Then she turned back to the task at hand.

"Come on, Alex. I need a urine sample and some blood."

"Blood?" Scully was surprised to hear a nervous crack in Alex's voice.

"Yes, I want to see if the nanobytes are in your blood or if they are localized in your body. I could not find evidence of them in Mulder's blood, but I have a feeling they are localized in his abdomen." Her tone took on a clipped professional timbre that was surprisingly sensual, although she probably would have argued the point, if Alex had chose to mention it, which he didn't. He simply stood and looked at her hesitantly, and she added: "Just a moment." She slipped past him, went into the bathroom and came back out a moment later holding a small clear plastic container with a screw on top. "Fill this as much as you can, then I will take your blood."

"And we haven't even kissed yet." Alex smirked, before taking the container and entering the bathroom. Dana ignored his smart-alecky comment, realizing he was just reacting defensively because he was upset over his possible pregnancy.

She went into the kitchen and opened the fridge, thinking of making something quick to eat. She hadn't eaten anything since before she went to visit Mulder. She hoped Alex was hungry as well, then had to shake her head at the oddity of that domestic thought.

After discovering some things in the fridge that she could conceivably turn into a meal, she went to the bathroom with a small plastic bag to put the urine sample in. Alex watched her warily as she took the sample from him, then put on some latex gloves and, using her medical kit, which she kept in a cupboard under the sink, she found the necessary items and prepared for taking a

blood sample. First, she tied Alex's upper arm professionally. She then asked him to clench his fist and swabbed the inside of his arm. After quickly finding a vein, and a needle from her supply, she bent to administer the needle. Alex shut his eyes as she pricked his arm and she smiled. 'The big bad assassin is squeamish when it comes to his own blood?' She was surprised by this, and surprised, too, at how endearing a quality this seemed to be.

When she pulled the needle out, Alex's eyes were still closed. Impulsively she bent down and brushed her mouth over his. His arm immediately shot up and grasped her head and pulled her face closer to his, kissing her more passionately, licking her lips until she let his tongue enter her mouth.

She pulled away after a moment to catch her breath, and sighed, "Alex-you need to put pressure on your antecubital."

"My what?"

"Here." She pointed to where a drop of blood was slowly trickling down his arm.

She took a ball of cotton and pressed it to the little puncture wound on his arm. She then bent his arm up to hold the cotton ball in place. He saw that she was blushing furiously, hectic red spots staining her cheeks and forehead, and he didn't know if it was a reaction to him, or what they had just done. Point of fact, he didn't care. The pinking of her skin, which could be grotesque on a redhead, just made her seem all the more lovely to him.

"You are beautiful," he murmured, pressing his face to her ear and licking her earlobe.

She moaned. "A-alex-maybe we should stop." But she didn't seem interested in stopping.

"Are you sure?" he breathed softly against her ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

"Y-yes, Alex. I- you may be pregnant. I - I think we should take this slowly." Apparently this was a definition of slowly that involved him being the prudent one, as she was running a hand up and down his back, and twisting her head without pulling away.

"Very well." He stepped back from her with obvious effort and regret, and said, "I will call a taxi."

"You don't have to do that, Alex. You can stay here tonight, if you want-oh, and if you don't mind sleeping in the same room as Jenny. You don't snore do you?"

"Well, not so loud that anyone ever complained," he grinned.

"My brother couldn't sleep in the same room with Jenny--he snored too loudly," she admitted to Alex, relaxing a bit and ignoring the suggestive nature of his last statement.

Alex smiled. "I have no problem sleeping in the same room as Jenny. She is as beautiful as her mother."

Dana reined in her thoughts and feelings, knowing they were pretty useless and potentially dangerous at the moment, and stripped off the gloves to wash her hands. Then, taking both the samples, she moved to the door, saying, "Come on, Alex. I just made a salad. You should eat something."

He opened his arm, saw that he was no longer bleeding, and threw the cotton ball away. While he washed his hand, she watched, fascinated that he could wash his one hand quite efficiently. He followed her into the kitchen and let her feed him, and not just in that soup and salad way. He listened to Dana Scully talk about such diverse topics as motherhood and nanotechnology. He

thought that being with the fairer sex would be a nice change.

Mulder was beyond tired of being in the clunky hospital bed in the middle of the living room. Walter had rearranged the living room so he could answer the phone, watch the TV, turn on the VCR, and the stereo anytime he wanted to. Unfortunately, he couldn't switch movies in the VCR. Walter had not bothered to put a movie in before he left for work, and Mulder supposed he should be grateful for this, knowing his lover's penchant for old war movies and westerns. He thought that non-stop Duke flicks and I-love-the-smell-of-napalm-in-the-morning fare might have driven him completely insane. Not that the daytime talk shows were any better, but at least they offered more variety.

They had worked out a plan this morning, that if anything happened he would either ring Walter or Dana up, especially if he began experiencing any more contractions. He had insisted they go about their normal routines to ensure no unwanted eyes would notice any changes in their schedules.

Mulder finally decided he needed company other than Oprah and Jerry, so he called up Scully's apartment and was happy to hear Alex answer the phone. Dana had mentioned earlier that Alex had spent the night at her place.

"Alex, do you want to come over and keep me company?" He tried to sound nonchalant, but Alex could hear something needy in his tone, and he warmed to it.

"Sure thing, baby. I was just waiting on the wrecker service to bring my car up from your mother's house."

"You left your car at the house?"

"Yeah, it had a flat tire."

"Oh. How long do you have to wait?" Patience had never been his virtue, and being confined to a hospital bed with what felt like a watermelon pressing down on him, wasn't helping.

"Should be here any minute, babe."

"Okay... Hey, Alex, thanks for doing this. I am going out of my mind with boredom over here."

"No problem. I miss you." There was a wistful quality in Alex's voice that Mulder had never heard before.

"Hey, are you okay?"

"Yeah, Mulder, I'm fine. I will talk to you soon, all right?"

"Sure, and thanks again." Mulder hung up the phone and stared at it for a moment, considering options that ranged from the Lone Gunmen to dial-a-dream to Domino's. He sighed unhappily, his short respite from boredom over, and reached for the television remote, then flicked on the TV. Some 'cutie-patootie' actor on Rosie held his attention just long enough to numb his higher brain functions, and he felt himself drifting off.

Just before sleep claimed him, he heard the front door open, and he struggled to sit up, not panicking exactly, but a little worried as he called out: "Alex?" nervously, unable to see the door from the angle he was in.

"Hey, it's me." Alex approached the bed with a smile.

Mulder's eyes lit up and Alex thought he'd never seen the man look so beautiful, and he knew he'd never seen Mulder look so pleased, especially at seeing him.

"So, what's on the agenda today, Mulder?" he asked. "What can I do for you?" He threw in a wink and a leer, and discovered that Mulder could blush nearly as well as his partner.

"Could you make me a sandwich?" he asked shyly.

Alex guffawed. "Sure thing, babe."

Just then the phone rang and Mulder picked it up as Alex made his way to the kitchen.

"Skinner residence."

"Hey, baby, it's after noon--are you hungry? I will call Antonio's and..." came the very familiar voice over the phone.

"S'okay, Walter. Alex is here and helping me. He's making something for me."

"Alex? Are you certain about that?" Mulder could picture the tic in Walter's jaw as it clenched, even as he spoke, and he hastened to allay the fears he thought his lover was having.

"Yeah, but don't worry. I doubt I look like anything he wants anyway."

Walter hesitated, then, in a soft tone that held as much threat to Alex as it did concern for Mulder, he said: "Call me if he is too much of a burden. I do not want him to disturb you. You need your rest."

"I can handle it, Walter. I promise. But I'll call if I need anything." He paused a moment, then added softly, "I love you."

"I love you, too." Walter hung up the phone and frowned at it for a second, not sure if he liked the idea of Alex spending time with Mulder. But he was not about to raise a stink; it would arouse suspicion in Mulder. At least someone was with him, someone who knew the situation, and would hopefully act accordingly should any sort of emergency arise. He would just have to trust Alex to protect Mulder in every way, from calling 911 if he had to, and to not drop the bomb about their little peccadillo.

The phone rang again after they had just settled down to eat and watch a movie that Alex had picked out. Mulder sighed heavily and picked it up.

"Skinner residence."

"Mulder, have you heard from Alex?"

"Hey Dana, I'm just fine, thanks for asking. How are you?"

"Oh, sorry, um, I am fine. I need to speak to Alex if he's there, Mulder, it's urgent."

"All right. Far be it from me to keep you two love birds away from each other."

Dana knew Mulder was just teasing her, as was his habit, but she felt like a knife was stabbing

her in the back. Why she felt that way, she had no clue. 'It would be Mulder feeling like that if he knew,' she told herself.

"Hey, pretty lady; something you need to say to me?"

Dana could tell he was just being his usual flippant self but she could hear the underlying tension in his voice, and she suspected he was as anxious about the results of her tests as Walter was, and as she had been.

"Alex, um, before I tell you, please promise me something."

"Dana, I will not tell Mulder how you threw yourself at me last night." She could hear Mulder laugh in the background.

Dana snorted. "You wish." Then she was serious again. "Please promise me that you will wait a bit before deciding anything."

"You don't have to say anything else. You've just told me everything I need to know." He sounded a little shocked, but mostly determined, and not in a good way.

"Alex, please!" she exclaimed. "Promise me you won't do anything rash. I am still working over the test results of your blood and I am very worried about something."

"What?"

"I am afraid that your life may be in danger if you, or I, or anyone else tries to terminate the pregnancy."

"Dana, what are you talking about?" Alex ignored the quizzical look Mulder was giving him over the top of his sandwich.

"The nanobytes may make it difficult for me to terminate the pregnancy." She'd only done some preliminary work, but the results were making her nervous. The life force of the nanobytes, their mindless determination to bring new life into the world, made her worry for Alex, and for Mulder.

"Wh-how can you be certain of that?"

"I am not certain of it, Alex. I just have a feeling." She didn't have all the facts, yet, and she was willing to concede that, but it didn't lessen the nagging concerns she was having.

"Intuition, Dana? That doesn't sound like you at all."

"I - I just don't want to put you at risk unnecessarily."

"Let me make that choice, doctor," Alex replied coldly, trying to ignore the concern he could hear in her voice. He'd always looked out for himself, alone, why should this latest crisis be any different?

"Please promise me you will wait," she begged.

Alex sighed, realizing that he wasn't alone on this, whether he liked it or not, then agreed. "I will wait. If only to see what else you can find out. When you have more facts, you have to tell me, Dana."

"I will, Alex. I promise. Maybe I'm just being paranoid."

Alex didn't reply, so she asked, "See you later?"

"Sure thing, Dana." Alex felt something as he hung up the phone, and it took him a moment to realize that it was relief at not having to face something alone, coupled with an absurd affection for the people who were currently in his life.

Mulder asked, "What was that about?"

"Nothing important."

"She trying to get you to wear a dress?" Mulder joked.

Alex laughed. "Yeah, something like that."

"Well, don't do it. The last time I wore one..."

Alex laughed out loud. "She actually made you wear a dress?"

Mulder blushed. "Well, I sorta had to do it for an assignment."

Alex looked into those bright hazel eyes, then impulsively bent and pressed his lips to Mulder's.

Mulder froze for a second before relaxing and kissing Alex back. It was Alex who pulled away first.

"What was that about?" Mulder murmured.

Alex shrugged. "Felt like it."

"Well, if my boyfriend finds out."

"Don't worry, he won't." And with that Alex bent and kissed Mulder again.

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Chapter 10 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

My beta, the Goddess Michele, is the fairest of them all!

Walter whistled something tuneless but cheery as he walked down the corridor to his apartment. He was going to surprise his lover with some Chinese food and himself. The whistling turned to humming as he worked the lock, and threw open the door. The huge smile of greeting melted off his face in shock when he saw Alex kissing Mulder. Dropping the bag of food, he rushed over and grabbed one of Alex's elfin ears and growled, "What the fuck do you think you are doing, boy?"

"Ow ow ow!" cried Alex, feeling himself suddenly transported back to the third grade, and the ear-pinching claws of one Mrs. Fedorchuk.

"Walter!" gasped Mulder in surprise, wondering if he should be upset that Walter had started going half-cocked before he could explain, or just upset that he'd been caught in the act.

Walter completely ignored Mulder and growled in Alex's ear, "Well?"

"Damn, Walter, I was just passing the time."

"Passing the time? That is the most curious definition of passing the time I ever heard of!"

"Hey, he wasn't exactly complaining!"

Clearly that wasn't what Walter wanted to hear because he frog marched Alex out to the balcony and pressed him against the wall, growling, "I better not see you touch Mulder ever again!"

"Fine, I wont touch the merchandise-got it," huffed Alex. "Sheesh, such a grouch!"

With one final shake for emphasis, Walter let Alex's ear go and Alex surreptitiously rubbed it, looking askance at the older man.

"I should ask the same of you, big guy. Why so rough all of a sudden? It wasn't what you think. I wasn't going to...well, you know." He offered Skinner a look that was somehow defensive, lecherous and a little vulnerable, all at the same time. Walter wasn't in the mood to try and sort out what it meant, however.

"You goddamn better not or I will kill you!" He knew part of his rage came from guilt, and he knew Alex knew it, too.

"Shit, the only person I have fucked is you!"

Walter glared at Alex for a second then said in distinct clear cold terms, "Do not go near Mulder. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, daddy."

Walter let that remark slide and, still angry, though genuinely curious, asked, "What is your problem? Can't keep it in your pants? Me, Mulder, even Scully? Which I personally think is an all new low for you-I don't think you should be doing those things with us, let alone Dana. I don't want Jenny around you."

"Ouch, that hurts! I'll have you know I am very careful with Jenny and I certainly do not do anything inappropriate around her!" Alex was hurt that Walter would think that about him, and he certainly didn't think the older man should have carte blanche to attack him, physically or verbally.

Walter huffed. "Well...maybe not, but I don't think you should stick around too long. After today, maybe you should make yourself scarce!"

"All right, big guy, I know when I'm not wanted," Krycek replied. He stepped around Walter, keeping his ears well out of reach, and walked back into the living room. He found Fox still lying on the bed, staring worriedly at him, and said, "I will come back when Mister Macho isn't around, if you want me to." His voice was uncharacteristically soft, without a trace of its usual sarcasm. "I just wanted to cheer you up, y'know?"

"Sure, Alex. Um, can I have a kiss goodbye?" Mulder deliberately asked that when he saw Walter coming in from the balcony.

"Sure thing, babe." He bent and kissed Mulder sweetly, not with passion but definitely with intent, then turned, smirked at Walter, and left.

When Alex left, Walter rushed over to Mulder and moaned, "Fox, why did you let that thing kiss you?"

"Walter, that 'thing' is a human being who needs some support every once and awhile."

"Support?!"

Mulder sighed. "Walter, I don't know if you noticed, but Alex Krycek is very vulnerable right now."

"What does he have to be vulnerable about?" the older man huffed, suddenly worried about what Alex might have said to Fox.

Mulder shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe he's lonely. Maybe he's feeling left out because I am carrying your child. I just feel it from him."

He grasped Walter's hand and gave him a serious look, and Walter realized this was not something that Alex had set up, but something Mulder really felt.

"Vulnerable, huh? Doesn't sound like Alex at all."

"Hmm, but I wonder why you are so jealous, Walter. It isn't as if you have anything to fear from him. He certainly isn't attracted to me."

"Isn't attracted to you? How could he not be?" Walter murmured, moving closer to his lover.

"Well, I am not my usual sleek self." Mulder smirked, and the words came out lightly, but Walter knew it was a serious issue with his lover.

"No, you're not. You're more beautiful than ever, Fox."

Mulder rolled his eyes. "Yeah, right. I guess anyone who carries your child would look beautiful to you."

"You always look beautiful to me, Fox. I love you so much, baby," he bent and kissed Mulder, thrusting his tongue into Mulder's mouth, trying to show Fox that he really did love him, and always would.

When Mulder pulled away to breathe he sighed. "Okay, I believe you. I think you should watch yourself around Alex, though, not be so rough on him. There is no reason to worry, he just needs to feel wanted."

"Mulder, the guy has some definite problems. The only way he seems to relate to anyone is sexually."

"Hey, maybe that's why he is feeling vulnerable right now. He is starting to relate to others non-sexually and he is very unsure of himself."

Walter sighed. "Ok, Mulder. I will try to be careful around him, but I do not like to see him kissing you! I mean, I don't like to see anyone kissing you but me!"

Mulder shook his head. "Walter, it's not as if kissing at this stage of the game would lead anywhere! Right now, I would love nothing more than for you to climb on up here on top of me, but if you did, I think ol' Walt junior here would kick you off!" He stroked one hand down his distended abdomen, and they both watched it quiver for a moment.

Walter chuckled, seeing the frustration on Mulder's face and feeling sympathetic to it, which in turn caused him to try to reign in his temper and his fears, and be the supportive partner he knew Mulder needed him to be. "I'm sorry for being such a bear, love." He bent and began nuzzling Mulder's neck.

"Maybe I should stay here, that way Krycek won't have to come back." Walter murmured against his lover's neck.

"There's that green eyed monster again, Walter." Mulder held Walter tightly as he spoke. "I want you to go back to work. I am sure Alex will wander back here soon, if he's not skulking out in the hallway already. I'm fine with that, and I want you to be fine with it, too. I will be perfectly safe with him." Before Walter could protest, he added, "And Scully says that I should be fine as long as the contractions are kept in check and, hopefully, I can hold out until next week at the earliest."

"All right, Fox, I trust you." Walter pulled up, then bent to kiss his lover one more time before saying goodbye.

Walter found Alex lurking in the foyer, looking rather put out.

He went over to him and whispered, "Look, Alex. I am sorry for getting so worked up. Mulder needs you to be there with him." He thought he might be seeing some of what Fox mentioned in Alex's eyes, so he did his best to be understanding, and to extend a little trust to this man. If Fox could do it.

Alex nodded. "Fine, Walter. I will certainly go back and be with Mulder." Impulsively, he leaned over and kissed Walter on the cheek, then quickly rushed over to the elevators.

Walter put his hand to his cheek and shook his head, then wandered out of his apartment building to his car in a daze.

Scully was desperately worried about Alex, wondering what she could do to convince the man to not abort the child currently growing inside him. If the way the little buggers were acting up in the lab was any indication, she felt she had good reason to fear for his health, even his life.

Taking all the samples and locking them away in a private freezer, she began to muse on Mulder's nanobytes. She wondered if they would die when the baby was born or go dormant until Mulder was impregnated again, or, and this was the most worrisome thought of all, not remain dormant.

She felt a flutter in her stomach when she thought of Mulder having his baby. "Damn, why are you so upset?" she castigated herself. "Women have babies all the time, and this one will be no different, even if the plumbing's a little off. Besides, it's not like Mulder will be alone-he'll have me, and Walter."

Walter and Mulder were good together...more than good. Scully had to concede that Walter was very good for Mulder. A thought suddenly occurred to her. Maybe she needed to get Walter in the lab to determine exactly where the nanobytes were in his system and if they changed when transferred to the 'female' host.

She went in search of her cell phone to call Walter on his. She dialed the number from memory and waited. Walter answered on the third ring with his usual gruff, "Skinner."

"Hi Walter. I was wondering...no everything's fine...I was just hoping that you could come to my office sometime. Why? Well I wanted to run some tests on you as well." She paused as he listed reasons why he would not be very happy with that right now. "OK, Walter, after the baby is born. Fine. See you later." She sighed and put her phone away. Walter was being difficult and she understood why. She knew Alex was spending time with Mulder lately and that had put Walter on edge.

She was wondering why she was on edge about that too. Yes, she had to admit to herself that it seemed like maybe something might start up between her and Alex, but truthfully, she was glad that things between the two of them were moving slowly. Right now he needed time to think

about what he intended to do regarding the unborn child inside him. She knew he was putting off a decision, trying to ignore the situation in a way, and she was glad she was not a distraction to him. Or was she?

As a physician, she believed abortion should be the mother's decision. As a Catholic, however, it was more of a problem, but she had waged an inner battle with those issues long ago, and understood that as a physician, her ethical duty was to do what was in the best interest of the woman. Since she was in a private practice, issues for or against abortion rarely were raised. It had always upset her that public facilities were always targeted while private doctors rarely had to worry about being attacked by antiabortionists. A person with the right insurance and enough money could abort anytime without ever fearing for her safety or having her rights violated by over-enthusiastic picketers. It did help that most private facilities had their own security while many public facilities did not. Unfortunately, that left some women in desperate need of this sort of medical attention at the mercy of the press, the protestors, and the sometimes less than pristine conditions of public clinics.

She shook her head to clear her thoughts and began to clear her desk, preparing to leave for the day. Doctor Booth knocked on her open door and took a step into the office.

"Hi, Jerry, what can I help you with?"

"Hi, Dana. I was wondering what these files were in the lab. I found them just lying there and they looked rather curious..."

"Oh, uh, they are just something I am looking over as a consultant. Nothing to worry about." She held out her hand and Doctor Booth handed them to her without hesitation. She breathed a sigh of relief. "Thanks for retrieving them for me."

"No problem, you know I always try to find an excuse to see you." He winked then walked out.

"Thank god for the male ego..." she thought, glad he was more concerned about seeing her than looking into her files. Though she was upset that thoughts of a certain young man were keeping her flustered and leaving her files lying around.

Doctor Booth sat down at his desk in his office and picked up the phone, punching in a speed dial number. "Sir, I have some important information you may be interested in..."

Alex was surprised when he came into Dana's apartment. Mrs. Scully was there, looking frustrated.

"Alex, am I so glad to see you!"

"Mrs. Scully, it is always a pleasure..."

"Alex, I need your help: I've been trying to put Jenny down for her nap, but she's being difficult. Dana said she'd be home right away, but she's running late, and I have this appointment, and..." She gave him an imploring look, and, in a softer tone, added, "She's been asking for you."

"Of course, Mrs. Scully..."

Mrs. Scully rushed out, grabbing her purse and barely pausing to say thank you. Alex shrugged his shoulders, and then went in search of his favorite little person.

"Hey Jenny," he whispered as he entered her bedroom. She was sitting up in her crib looking very upset.

"Awex!!" she cried, her hands going out automatically to him.

He picked her up and held her saying, "What's up, baby?"

"I don't wike you going 'way, Awex!"

"I went to see Uncle Fox. He hasn't been feeling well and I wanted to cheer him up."

"He had a boo boo?"

Alex smiled. "Yes, he had a boo boo."

"kay!" she cried then kissed him soundly on the lips.

"Would you like to come take a nap in my room, baby?"

"Wif you?" she asked solemnly.

He nodded, and she nodded right back, her eyes suddenly droopy.

He smiled as her head fell onto his shoulder. He carried her to his room; glad he had taken the prosthesis off earlier. He lay back on the bed, and held the baby to his chest, letting his hand move in tiny circles over her back as her breathing deepened into regular sleep. He could feel her tiny heartbeat next to his own, and he closed his own eyes, relishing the weight of her, the warmth.

Scully entered her apartment a little tired but not in that facing-the-worst-scum-of-humanity way she had been when she came back from an assignment with the FBI.

She called out for her mother, was surprised to get no answer, and then went in search of her Jenny. She was a little concerned that Jenny wasn't in her crib, and she moved a little quicker through the apartment. It was awfully quiet...She noticed that Alex's door was slightly ajar, although no light was visible through the space between the door and the wall. She entered, quietly calling his name, then smiled at the picture before her.

There was Jenny lying right on top of Alex, who was sleeping too, his light snoring apparently soothing the baby.or maybe the other way around. He had pulled the blanket up to cover them both and they looked so comfortable that she decided not to wake them.

She did move closer, though, just to take a look at her baby, then saw how amazingly young Alex looked while he slept. Her hand involuntarily reached out to brush a bit of his hair back from his forehead. His hair had been growing quickly, and she briefly wondered if it might have something to do with the hormones the nanobytes were producing in him.

Having decided that the baby was secure in Alex's one-armed grip, she gave her a tiny kiss on an upturned cheek, then felt Alex stir. She looked into his eyes as they fluttered open and her breath caught at how beautiful they were, even sleep muddled and confused, as they were now. She covered his mouth with her own to stifle a reaction and pressed her finger to her lips as she looked down at Jenny.

His hand left Jenny's back, and crept up and caressed her cheek. She replaced his hand, lightly holding Jenny in place, and gave Alex a tiny, slightly confused smile, then shivered when he surprised her by stroking her neck, then leaving his hand there in a loose but controlled grip that felt delicious. She grinned suddenly at that thought, and he smiled back and pulled her down. She sat on the bed to make it easier for him and he covered her mouth with his own. She moved her body to be more comfortable and found herself lying against his side, sharing a very sweet kiss.

Her head went down to his shoulder and she breathed in his smell as he held her against him.

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Chapter 11 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

Thanks as always goes to the Goddess Michele and to Jessebelle who is my sweet stalkee:) When Scully woke, she felt a warm body next to hers and she automatically snuggled against it. An arm was under her neck and she judiciously pulled it out from under her, knowing that the owner would be grateful. Then she sat up and looked down at the owner of the arm. There was enough light coming in from the window, though the heavy curtains muted it a little, that she was able to see that Krycek was sleeping soundly with Jenny still lying on his chest, his truncated arm wrapped about her. They looked absolutely beautiful, and Scully felt a lump in her throat at how peaceful they looked together, and her vision blurred a little. She did not want to disturb them but just then Jenny's eyes fluttered open. Scully smiled at her and put her finger to her lips. Jenny had just learned what that meant not too long ago and the sweet blonde baby smiled back at her. Scully wanted to grab her and kiss her but instead she slipped out of the bed, moved to the other side and opened her arms. Jenny glanced down at Krycek for a second, then slowly slid off of him, and half leapt into her mother's arms.

Scully kissed Jenny's forehead and crept out of the room. She put her baby into her crib in the nursery, made sure she was holding her stuffed teddy and her bottle, and said, "I will be in Uncle Alex's room, Jenny. Push the button if you need us."

Jenny nodded and smiled at her mother, putting her bottle into her mouth and pressing the teddy to her. Scully took one of the speakers with her as she left the baby in her crib, with the door open and the lights on.

When Scully returned to Alex's room, she put the speaker down on the dresser then pulled off her dress and her underwear and crawled into bed beside him. He reached over and pulled her to him, then opened his eyes and whispered sleepily, "Where's Jenny?"

Scully just smiled and pressed her lips to his forehead.

"What was that for?" he asked, then startled, noticing that she was nude beside him. Without saying another word, he kissed her. She opened her mouth to his questing tongue and moved closer to let her breasts press hard against his chest.

When he pulled away to let them both breathe, she began kissing his ear and neck. He pulled her on top of him awkwardly and she helped, hooking one leg around his body. He then moved her underneath him, lying right on top of her but keeping his weight on his arms. She stared at him, not believing how he could do that without hurting himself, but he kissed the concerned look off her face.

His mouth moved downward, kissing and licking her smooth white skin, loving the way it flushed pink under his attentions. His mouth covered first one breast and then the other, lapping and sucking at her nipples, causing her breath and her pulse to quicken. Her soft sighs were sending messages straight to his cock but he ignored it as he continued to laze her skin, moving down her belly. He licked into the small indentation of her navel, sending a quiver through her that only hardened him further. He looked up at her face to see that her eyes were closed tightly as his

tongue lapped her skin. He let his teeth scrape against the soft swell of her lower abdomen and she moaned, her pelvis thrusting up to meet his mouth.

Scully was overly sensitive, had been even since before Jenny's birth, and she felt like Alex was caressing her insides. It had been way too long since someone had touched her intimately and she felt embarrassed at her reactions to him. 'He will think I am some hot-to-trot slut,' she moaned to herself but as his tongue worked over her pubic hair, she lost all care. 'Damn, he has definitely had experience at this!' That was the last thought she had before his knowing tongue found her clit and she lost all sense and bucked hard against him. She clutched the bed sheets as he rode her thrusting body with his tongue still exploring and tasting her.

Tentatively one of her hands crept up and ran through his hair and she nearly moaned aloud at how sensually soft it felt slipping through her fingers. Then his tongue dipped inside of her and she cried out and did her best not to squeeze her thighs together as her orgasm hit her in a clenching wave. Instead, she tossed her head back and arched her back, letting her body spasm against him.

He looked up at her face and watched as the orgasm ran through her body and he murmured, "Beautiful, just beautiful."

When she was back online she looked down at his very combustible erection and told him, "I want you in me...but we need a condom."

Then she blushed and he felt his heart twist at how lovely she looked, already flushed and mussed from their lovemaking.

He shook his head. "Sorry, if I had a condom, I wouldn't be in the condition I'm in."

She sighed. "I think I can improvise." She rose from the bed and, all things considered, he liked that a lot because he could watch her beautiful lithe body as she walked out. Oh yeah, he would like to have some of her sweet tight ass. But he doubted that she would want him that way.

When she returned with several things in her hands, Alex was stroking his cock, keeping himself erect. She put her supplies down on the bed, grabbed a bottle of massage oil and poured some on her fingers. His wide smile turned into a gasp of shock when her small slick fingers began running up and down his cock. When he was slick to her satisfaction, she took what looked like a surgical glove and opened it just enough to slide his cock in.

"Wh-what are you doing?" he groaned, noticing a few rubber bands on the bed.

She blushed furiously then murmured; "I learned this in medical school."

"I think I would have liked to have gone to your school," he moaned as she pumped him a bit more then, took one of the rubber bands and slid it over his cock like a tight cock ring. "Fuck!" he exclaimed as the added pressure only made him harder.

"What do you think Scully and Krycek are doing, staying in the same apartment? They are libel to kill each other."

Mulder smiled. "I doubt it, I think there are some real feelings going on between those two."

Skinner stared at him as if he were crazy. "Mulder, they hate each other."

"Well you know the old saying."

"I don't wanna hear it!" growled Skinner.

Mulder looked at Skinner curiously. "I thought you would want them to get together, Walter."

"Well, I don't like Alex with Jenny."

"Scully tells me he loves her as if she were his own."

"Well, Jenny is yours, my love. I don't think Alex should be there taking her away from you."

Mulder shook his head. "I love it when you get all protective, Walter, but I think you are very wrong. I think Alex will keep them both here near us. If she married someone else, she might move away. With Alex, she can stay here indefinitely."

Walter choked. "M-marriage? No, not them."

"Why not? Scully is an adult, Walter. No matter how many times you look on her as a substitute daughter."

Walter spluttered defensively, "I do not!"

Mulder laughed. "Yes, you do!" He grinned then commanded, "Come here."

"What? You are very happy Fox. Even though you look like you are about to explode any minute."

Mulder shook his head at that. "I am happy because I know that you love me and that everything will be all right as long as we stay together."

Skinner moved closer to him then bent and kissed Mulder.

"You are so amazing when you are sappy, Mulder."

Mulder snorted and stuck his tongue out at Walter. The older man caught that tongue with his teeth and then sucked on it, causing a moan to escape the younger man. Walter swallowed the sound with his mouth. He was about to move his hand down to caress the swollen belly of his lover when Mulder pulled away. "Oh god, Walter..."

"What is it, Mulder?"

"I - I think it is time."

"Wait, let me get a syringe."

Mulder was shaking his head. "No, no-not another shot. I need to get Scully, get her - NOW!" Walter obeyed quickly, noticing how his lover was holding his belly. He dialed the number quickly, anticipation making him forget that he had put her number on speed dial.

Scully was rocking back and forth on top of Krycek when the phone rang. She ignored it and kept bouncing atop him. Krycek was in such blissful agony; he did not even hear the phone. The impromptu cock ring was keeping him rock hard and keeping him from exploding inside of her. She looked amazing fucking herself on top of him. He never thought she would be so passionate, so delicious. He could watch her like this forever, but his cock was screaming at him.

The pounding in his ears was finally muffled by her squeal of delight when she reached what he was sure was her third orgasm and he was amazed that she still wanted to continue. His cock was letting him know that maybe it was time for something else. His brain kicked in and he hissed through gritted teeth, "Dana, I think the phone--maybe you should answer it."

She was so sexy, sweat dripping off of her, face red and sweaty, her breasts bobbing amazingly in front of him and he just wanted to reach up and suck the sweat off of them. She pouted and he nearly grabbed her to lick her kiss-swollen mouth. She sighed, then rose on shaky thighs, slightly wobbling away to answer the phone.

Alex busied himself with pulling the rubber band off his dick and groaning as his cock exploded the moment the rubber band went flying off of him. The only thought he had before he passed out was he was so glad there was a doctor in the house.

In the next room Scully answered the phone after she calmed herself. It would not do if the person on the other line was someone from her practice and she had to give a medical opinion in a shaky bedroom voice. "Scully," she intoned as calm and serious as she could though her whole body was humming in the best way possible.

"Dana, I think it's time," Walter's voice barked on the other line.

"Time for what, Walter?" Dana asked almost jokingly, glad it wasn't a medical emergency after all.

"Time to get busy and help Mulder deliver a baby, what else?" growled Walter.

"Mulder? He is having contractions?"

"I think so, Dana. Though not the normal kind, I mean, where would he push?"

"Do not let him push whatever you do, Walter. Sedate him, now! There is a box beside the other one. Get one of the vials there and inject him as I showed you, OK?"

"Ok."

Walter seemed way too calm.

"Walter, did you just hear what I said?"

"Yes, get the vial out of the box and sedate Mulder."

"That's right. I should be over there shortly. I - I have to get dressed and will be there in no time, I promise. Remember, he must be sedated before I prep him."

"Right."

"Walter, are you listening? Tell me again what I said."

"Dana, I'm fine, I know to sedate him. Please hurry!"

She was pleased that he'd shown a little emotion at the end of that last statement. "All right, Walter. I will be there shortly. Bye."

She hung up, still shaking her head at how nothing seemed to faze that man. If she had walked in there nude he probably wouldn't have batted an eyelash.

Her body was still humming but she knew she could perform the surgery. It would just take a little longer than normal with just her and Walter there to help.

She walked stiffly to Krycek's bedroom and picked up the dress she had let fall to the floor. She pulled it on without bothering to put on underwear and saw Krycek passed out on the bed. He looked amazingly fuckable like that but she regretfully shook him awake.

"Alex, I have to leave. You have to take care of Jenny. Now!"

Alex looked up at her and was shocked at how different she looked just from pulling on her dress. She looked like she always did, all prim, proper and very much a doctor.

He nodded. "All right. Let me get on my pants." He peeled the sticky mess of the makeshift condom off his soft cock and smiled at Dana who handed him his pants.

The gleam in his eyes made her breath catch in her throat, and she bent and pressed her lips to his. "I have to go. Please feed Jenny, I am sure she is hungry by now."

He nodded again and wanted to tell her that he thought she had been amazing but she was already walking out the door.

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Chapter 12 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

The Goddess Michele deserves major kudos for helping me smooth some rough edges:) Mulder was a trooper, especially with the drugs making him quite malleable-okay, maybe unconscious was a better word, but it had been necessary.

When Scully had arrived, she'd found a panicking Mulder trying hard to breathe and not bear down, and an equally worried Walter, patting Mulder's hand and imploring him to breathe and not bear down. Neither man seemed to be accomplishing anything beyond making the other one crazy, and Scully had waded in without comment, determining that her priority was in giving herself a proper area to work in, with a complacent patient.

Once that was accomplished, Scully was able to work without much fuss. She had strapped Mulder's ankles and wrists down, needing to ensure that he did not make any sudden movements while she performed the procedure. She insisted that Walter would have to stay out of her way, but relented when she saw the worry in his eyes. So she told him that if he wanted to stay, he could keep the sweat off her brow and off of Mulder's as well. Otherwise, it would be best if he left the room so she could have the space she needed.

Walter stayed briefly, but he was so anxious, he began to pace. Dana just glared at him and he sighed, shrugged helplessly, and left the room to pace upstairs instead.

Dana knew what she was doing was potentially dangerous, slightly unsanitary and, medically, she could be committing professional suicide if this ever got out. The only thing she had any confidence in at this point was her own ability as a doctor. Since she had left the FBI, the number of times she had performed this procedure had grown to where she was completely familiar with every step. She took a moment to touch the side of her sleeping partner's face, knowing she had an added incentive to keep this one by the book and running smooth. A shudder through Mulder's abdomen got her back to work.

Walter was pacing in his room, wondering when he should go downstairs, or if he should, or if he even could. He felt like an idiot. He felt faint. He felt like he could leap out of his bedroom window. He didn't know what to do with himself. He froze, frowned, and then began to pace again. A thought filtered into his head. He had been so tense about what was going on with his

lover that he had totally missed the state Scully had been in when she walked into his apartment. She looked like she had been in a boxing match. Her face was flushed, her lips slightly swollen, and a niggling part of his brain said she smelled a little ripe. He wondered briefly, then, with growing suspicion, realized that she hadn't been boxing, just maybe wrestling a little, and he knew whom it had to be with. 'That little prick!' he growled to himself. 'He has taken Dana to bed with him. Well, I will show him!'

Such thoughts were quickly eaten away by worry over the surgery downstairs. He looked at his watch. It couldn't have been more than thirty minutes. He steeled himself and went downstairs, reaching the makeshift surgery room just in time to see Scully removing the baby from Mulder's belly. He felt faint...but the sight of that lovely baby in her hands, all wet and mewling and-he rushed over to the bed. He was shocked when Scully handed the baby to him. He held the baby awkwardly, realizing the umbilical cord was still attached. Scully proceeded to cut the cord, and then clamp the end.

"Well, daddy, why don't you siphon the nasal cavities." She sounded both sweet and absurdly practical as she handed him a funny looking plastic thing. It dawned on him what to do suddenly and he moved the baby to an awaiting basinet lined with a clean blanket. He put the baby in it and began to muck about delicately, thinking somehow that it looked much easier on ER ... Scully sighed heavily, grabbed the instrument out of his hand and in two seconds it was done.

"Put some drops in his eyes, then wash him off, Walter." She returned to her duties of stitching up Mulder...the mother...father. Walter shook his head trying to clear away the fatherhood shock he was feeling, and then found the eye drops. He smiled stupidly into unfocused brown eyes as he squirted first one, then another drop into them, causing the baby to cry out. He rushed to dampen a cloth to wipe his healthy baby boy down. By the time the baby was cleaned off to Daddy Walter's just slightly anal-retentive specifications, Scully had finished sewing Mulder up. The line on his belly was amazingly small, as were the stitches. It looked only a little swollen and pink. Whatever else could be said for or against Dana Scully, she did good work.

She looked faint, so Skinner asked her, "Dana, do you want to sit down...take a breather? Mulder is okay now, right?"

She sighed. "He should be fine, Walter. I think the nanobytes, if anything, will help. Makes me wonder about how they are -" she stopped, knowing it wasn't the time to discuss her desire to find out about the nanobytes in his blood.

"Dana...thank you, from the bottom of my heart. The baby is so beautiful."

She smiled tiredly and he removed the basinet from the sofa and let her lay down on it.

"Walter, see if the baby can nurse." Her soft, sleepy voice infiltrated Skinner's focused thoughts and he jerked his head to look up from his baby to Mulder lying supine with his belly exposed, still completely out of it. He walked over to the bed slowly, uncertain if trying would be a good idea. Skinner knew that Mulder had not wanted him to touch his chest at all while he was pregnant. He had kept whining that his nipples were way too sensitive and it had completely weirded him out whenever Skinner had begun to play and milk had leaked out. "No way. Anyway, its for the baby," he had grouched.

Skinner pulled off the sheet draped over Mulder's chest and looked at the swollen ... breasts. That was the only thing he could call them. 'They look good enough to eat,' Skinner thought then snorted. 'Mulder would kill me...' He looked at the baby and then at the swollen nipple. He lowered the baby and watched as the baby just lay there. He sighed then rubbed the baby's nose against the nipple; the baby sneezed. Walter felt a rush of delight run through him.

"Come on, you're a Skinner. You want to eat hardy!" he softly urged the baby. The baby still lay

inert. 'Shit, what is wrong?' A bright thought illuminated his mind like a cartoon cliché light bulb, and he bent and proceeded to show the baby what to do. Feeling the taut nipple against his tongue sent a shiver of desire down to his groin. 'Fuck,' he knew this was not the route to take, getting turned on by trying to show the baby how to nurse. He wasn't surprised, though. He knew that no matter the situation, or circumstance, Mulder would always give him this, make him feel this way. He returned to the task at hand, and suddenly noticed that the baby's eyes were not focusing. He groaned in frustration then took the nipple in his fingers and rubbed it against the baby's mouth. The baby nuzzled, then began to suckle properly. Walter sighed in relief. His arm was getting tired keeping the baby propped up against Mulder's chest, so he reached with his leg and hauled the chair by the corner to him so he could sit in a more comfortable position. Before long, both baby and daddy were sleeping contentedly.

Alex was having a wonderful time playing with Jennie's one Ken doll, removing the clothes on it, and then removing an arm, while she played with her baby doll. There was a knock at the door, and Alex wondered who could be coming to see Dana in the middle of the afternoon on a Saturday. He looked out the peephole and recognized one of the men instantly.

"Fuck!" he rushed to grab up Jennie, motioning her to be quiet as he grabbed up several things and went to the large window on the far side of Scully's apartment where there was a sill that he and Jennie could hide on while the men searched the apartment.

"Come on, Jenny, your baby wants to go outside and get some fresh air," he spoke softly to Jenny so as not to alarm her as he picked her and her doll up, added the carry case that held all the essentials, and then opened the window and crawled out, keeping Jenny facing the wall. He moved very slowly away from the window along the side of the apartment complex, thankful that this side of the building did not face the entrance but rather the side of an old theater. No one would come down this alleyway, he thought. But then saw movement. He slowly inched away from Scully's side of the building and found another window ledge to perch on. He looked down at it and almost cried out with elation. It was cracked open. With the edge of his shoe, he began to work it open very slowly. Jenny was watching in fascination. When he opened it he sighed in relief and said, "See Jenny, Uncle Alex opened the window."

She looked into Alex's eyes and kissed him soundly. Alex was amazed at her apparent grasp of the grave situation and thought she must be gifted, being the baby of Scully and Mulder.

He set the case down inside the room, wincing slightly when it thumped on the floor below. Then he leaned down to wiggle both of them in awkwardly.

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Chapter 13 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

As always, to the amazing beta, the Goddess Michele

Mulder's eyes fluttered open and he felt heavy weight pressing down on his arm and on his chest. He looked down at the lump on his chest and nearly cried out in wonder upon seeing the most beautiful baby face pressed to his chest. His eyes moved over to the weight on his arm and he discovered a sleeping head just as bald as the baby's resting heavily on him. A wicked gleam appeared in his eyes and he bent and licked that expanse of sensitive skin before him. The body attached to the head squirmed and a low moan issued from a mouth pressed to his arm.

Just then a moving shape that was neither sleeping nor bald came into focus beside him and it was Scully. She looked quite disheveled and he was about to comment when she said quietly, "I'm glad you're awake, Mulder. I think the baby is hungry, and I should check your vitals."

Scully's voice woke Walter up. He groaned and blinked, wondering where his glasses had wound up. Scully put his glasses in his hand, then took Mulder's wrist in a firm grip, checking his

pulse.

Walter rose quickly, went to the kitchen and washed his hands. He found food and coffee and started turning them into something breakfast-like, then wandered back into the living room and watched as Mulder pressed the baby to his swollen breast and let him suckle. He stared in awe and delight, thinking he was such a lucky bastard and then wincing internally, if only slightly, at the knowledge that he had yet to tell Mulder of his peccadillo with a former double-crossing ex-agent. He chided himself internally for even thinking of the rat bastard for even a moment at such a wondrous time.

Mulder lay quietly on the bed, still quite out of it and thinking he could not believe how amazing it felt to have a baby in his arms, a baby that was his and Walter's. It was a miracle and, at the same time, the most ridiculous thing. Two men having babies together...only Fox Mulder would have a baby. He laughed softly, shook his head and the baby stirred and mewed for just a moment before finding the nipple again.

Walter moved over to them and sighed in pure contentment. He felt so peaceful and full of love for the two beings lying in the hospital bed taking up a large portion of his living room. Mulder looked up at him and grinned foolishly. Walter felt the ridiculous urge to go out to the balcony and scream his joy to the world at that moment but instead he bent and kissed Mulder softly. He rested his hand against the side of his lover's face, enjoying the feeling of pure love floating through the contact.

Mulder sighed. "Walter, I think we need another blanket...Junior has just wet this one."

Walter startled for just a bit then looked at the sweet bundle in his lover's arms. "He is not a Junior, Mulder, he's a Kit."

Mulder stared up at Walter in horror. "Don't you dare..."

Walter just ignored him and moved away to look for the bundle of cloth diapers Scully had purchased for them not too long ago, anticipating a moment such as this. He found them in a diaper bag along with other important items such as diaper pins, desitin, baby wipes and powder, a breast pump, and small bottles to hold the breast milk in.

Scully entered the kitchen and saved the sausages from burning while Walter helped clean and diaper his newborn baby. She chewed on a sausage, and then set out all the food on the table. She returned to the amazing scene of domesticated AD and Fox, and would have giggled if they both didn't look so amazingly in love and cute in how cautious they were with the infant.

She walked up to Mulder and smiled down at him and kissed his forehead.

"Kit suits the baby," the horrified look on Mulder's face had her saying, "Don't worry, Mulder, just have Daddy Walter there pay for the therapy bills."

Just then the baby mewed and Walter grinned. "Yep, that's a Kit all right."

Mulder rolled his eyes then pressed the baby back to his chest, letting him nuzzle a bit, then guiding that tiny rosebud mouth back to the nipple.

"Are you hungry?" Dana asked Mulder. He nodded then looked up at her with shiny eyes.

"Thank you so much, Dana. I couldn't have done this without all your help."

Dana smiled. "You are very welcome, Fox."

"Let me get you something to eat, Fox..." Walter quickly prepared a tray in the kitchen for Mulder then brought it back to the living room and set it on the food tray attached to the bed.

Dana stayed a bit longer to make sure Walter remembered to eat as well, and to have something herself, and then she said, "Let me call Alex, I am sure everything's okay, I just want to see how things are going."

They nodded and let her call, their total focus remaining on the baby. She smiled at the happy family picture they made while she dialed her home number. She began to worry when she got a beeping sound, as if the phone was out of service. She sighed then tried her cell phone. A computerized voice told her that the customer she was calling was out of the area, or not in service at this time. Now she seriously began to worry.

"Walter, I think I better go home. The phones are dead. I am not sure..."

Walter just nodded to her, his eyes still focused on Mulder and the baby. Trying to ignore the nagging doubts worming their way into her mind, she smiled and hugged Walter, gave both Mulder and the baby a kiss, then left.

When Scully came to her front door, she was shocked to find it open. She entered and found a federal agent going through her drawers.

"What is the meaning of this? What is going on here?" she demanded to know, not liking the fact that Alex and Jenny did not seem to be around.

"We have permission to search the premises, ma'am," came the impersonal reply that had always infuriated her.

"I can see that." She frowned at the search warrant pasted to her television set. "I was with the Bureau not that long ago."

The agent who'd spoken to her nodded. "We are aware of that, ma'am. You must understand the graveness of the situation. You should just let us do our job."

"What exactly is your job?"

"There is evidence that you have been harboring a fugitive and we've been asked to check it out."

"Harboring a fugitive?"

"One Alex Krycek, wanted for suspicion of murder and other crimes too numerous to mention."

Dana sighed in relief. Clearly Alex would have been taken into custody if he had been home with Jenny, and she was glad he wasn't here, but then she began to panic and wonder what had become of the man, and, more importantly, her child.

"Can I plug my phone back in?" The agent looked at her for a moment then shrugged as if to say "why not?"

She plugged the phone into the wall and immediately called her mother.

"Mom?"

"Dana! I am glad you are home...Alex was worried."

Dana breathed a sigh of relief.

"Do you have Jenny with you?"

"No, Alex still has her. He said he could not risk coming here, but he promised to keep in touch."

More fear gripped Scully and she nearly wailed. She held the phone tightly and said as calmly as she could, "I will be there shortly, mom. I won't be staying at home for awhile."

She hung up the phone, thought about leaving it hooked up, thought better of it, and pulled the plug again. As she turned to leave her violated room, only one cold thought permeated her brain: Alex was on the run...and with her baby.

Mrs. Scully was quite upset by the time her daughter appeared. She grabbed her in a tight embrace, holding on as if her life depended on it.

"Oh, Dana, if I had known Alex had taken off with your baby--"

"Mom, calm down. Alex just panicked because somehow the FBI found out about him staying with me. But it's going to be all right--they won't find any clues to his whereabouts, and--"

"Dana! Are you harboring a fugitive?!"

"No, mom, he is not a fugitive. We-he's just involved in something that is sensitive right now."

"I thought you left such things behind when you went into private practice," her mother admonished gently.

"I did, but there is something that is - I don't have time to explain it all right now, but if Alex calls again, you have to tell him to meet me at the cabin."

"You're going there? Right now?"

"Yes, mom. And be sure to give him clear directions. You know it can be hard to find."

Mrs. Scully sighed. "All right, Dana. I just don't know if I like the idea of you with that man."

"Mom, you were practically throwing me at him the other day! I don't have time for-let me go. I will probably have to leave a false trail so I won't be followed." She hugged her mother once more, then pushed her gently away and said, "Don't worry, mom. Even if Alex wasn't so very good with Jenny, he knows I would kill him if he harmed a hair on her head."

"If you think so, Dana." Her mother looked doubtful, but she trusted her daughter.

"I do. I'll call as soon as I can."

"Okay."

Dana quickly left. She decided it was best not to inform Walter and Fox about what was going on until things were a little clearer, and she had hooked back up with Krycek. Hopefully they were two intelligent men who could handle a newborn without too much trouble, although it felt like disaster looming.

Walter was watching Mulder breast-feed the baby and he was ashamed at how horny it was making him. Mulder looked so beautiful and sexy to him, seeming to glow in that new parent way that until now he would have sworn was just the product of overactive imaginations at Cosmo magazine. He suddenly felt like he wanted to make more babies, and he groaned inwardly, thinking 'is my internal clock ticking or something? I feel like I am in heat!'

Walter wondered if maybe now was the time to let Dana take a sample of his blood for her analysis. Part of him was already silently protesting another round of tests, but the other part realized that something wasn't right because right this second all he wanted to do was climb on top of Mulder and fuck him right into the mattress, even with the baby there. 'I am a sick pervert,' he thought with another internal groan.

To keep his hands busy with something less insane than going into the bathroom and masturbating to images of Mulder spread out like a centerfold, he called Dana. All he got was the shrill beeping noise that sounds when there are problems with the line. He sighed heavily then looked at Mulder for a second, wincing slightly when his cock twitched at just a look.

"Mulder, do you need anything? I thought I would run to the store for a moment..." He tried to keep his eyes away from the vision of his lover.

"Um, maybe some more baby wipes. When you get back I think we should try the breast pump."

Skinner winced again, seeing visions of Mulder's lovely plump breasts in his head. He suddenly felt like Woody Allen being chased by a giant breast in Sleeper.

He rushed out of the apartment and to the store, trying to get his mind off of his beloved, but it was very hard. Every woman with a child or especially the pregnant ones, that he saw, had him thinking of the 'mother' at home, waiting for him...looking amazing with his soft breasts and pert nipples...Walter involuntarily licked his lips and said a fervent prayer to himself that the baby would be asleep when he got home.

He stocked up on juice and vegetables and fruits for Mulder, knowing that it would be best for the baby and he tried his best not to think about how it would effect the milk...he shuddered, thinking of where that milk was coming from. There was no doubt about it. He would have to fuck Mulder when he got home, there was just no way around it...it was so bad it was becoming terminal.

When he was finally in the parking lot of the store, he took out his cell phone and tried Scully's number again. The beeping noise was still sounding. He shrugged and thought he would just have to wait for her to call him. For now, no matter what, he was going to get into Mulder some way, some how...even if it meant with the baby still attached.

He rushed through traffic as best he could and when he was in the safety of the parking garage, he grabbed one of the carts usually left for the older tenants and hauled the surprisingly large amount of groceries that he had bought to his floor. He pushed the cart into the apartment then realized just how loud the cart was, and that he should be quieter, in case Mulder and the baby were sleeping. He turned to look at the bed and ... Mulder was gone! But the baby was safely asleep in the basinet, and he was sure Mulder wouldn't have gone far from his new child, although he wondered where the hell he was.

Calming himself as much as he could, he quietly pushed the cart into the kitchen and began to put the groceries away. When he was finished there was still no sign of Mulder. Instead of panicking, he decided he would remain calm and look for Mulder; maybe he was just in the bedroom, or the bathroom... He went to the bathroom and nearly fell over. There was his lover,

asleep in the tub, his pink nipples poking out of the water. He bent and kissed the slightly open mouth. Mulder snorted awake. "Wha-?"

"Fox, do you know how sexy you are right now?" he murmured against that lush mouth.

"Did you check on the baby?" asked Fox.

"Yes, he is sound asleep in the basinet where you left him."

"Oh, god, I didn't mean to fall asleep-what was I thinking-the baby--"

"Shhh! He's fine; he's a Skinner. A little napping on his own will just do him good."

"But maybe we should..."

"The only thing we should be doing is getting me in that tub with you..."

"Walter, what about the baby...?"

Walter pointed to the baby speaker sitting on top of the toilet tank. "If he makes a sound, we will be able to hear him."

"But..."

"Come on, Mulder...please...I want to be with you so bad...just for a moment." He reached over and grabbed Mulder's hand and put it on the bulge in his pants.

"Damn, Walter! How long have you been like this?"

"Shit, it feels like since before the operation."

Mulder shook his head then grinned. "Well, come on then, let me take care of it right here."

Walter moaned, closing his eyes, so thankful Mulder was in the mood. He opened his trousers and pulled out his already leaking cock. Mulder's head moved forward, his body pressing against the tub, his mouth just about to touch Walter's cock, when he pulled away.

"What-what-what?" cried Walter in consternation, sounding suspiciously like Mrs. Broflosky from South Park.

"What if I get pregnant again?"

"Huh? Mulder, come on, it's in the wrong end..."

"But... we aren't sure exactly how I became pregnant. We never used condoms during oral sex...maybe that is how I became pregnant."

"From the mouth? That is the most foolish thing..." He stopped that thought as he saw the look on Mulder's face.

"Okay...fine, let me get something." He rose on unsteady legs; his cock had wilted just a bit, but was still bouncing painfully when he left the bathroom. He was not about to zip up; it would be way too painful. He went into the bedroom and grabbed the first condom he saw and stroked himself to fullness then pulled the condom on.

He rushed triumphantly back into the bathroom and Mulder was asleep again. He couldn't

believe it. He reached down and ran his hand down the side of Mulder's face, almost wanting to do that with his cock.

"Hey, baby, please...wake up."

Mulder's beautiful hazel eyes finally opened and he grinned sheepishly at Walter. "Come on, stud."

Mulder reached down and pulled the rampant and gloved cock to his slightly open mouth.

The image of Mulder's lush lips opening to take his cock in was embedded in Walter's mind and it was running through it in freeze frame continually as he closed his eyes and his lover began to lick and suck on his cock. One of Mulder's hands wrapped around the base of Walter's cock while the other played with his heavy balls. It had been way too long and he had been so hard for so long that it was no time at all before he was coming into the condom. He sighed in relief then looked down at Mulder.

"Mulder? Are you okay?"

Mulder looked down at the evidence, or lack thereof, of his arousal--he hadn't even gotten hard at all. He shrugged. "It's not you, Walter, I swear. Dana said it may be awhile before my hormones level out and then I will respond better..."

Walter groaned, having looked forward to taking his lover in his mouth. But if they had to wait, then so be it. He just hoped it wouldn't be too long. Then he suddenly wondered if Mulder now had the ability to impregnate men. Maybe that was it. He was going to make sure that Scully tested both him and Mulder...just as soon as they heard from her.

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Chapter 14 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

The Goddess Michele is my copilot, without her this would just be a mangled heap :D Scully drove up to the cabin and immediately noticed another vehicle there. She pulled her gun out of her purse, and was dimly grateful that Mulder and Skinner had both insisted she keep a weapon after she left the FBI. She walked cautiously up to the front door, put her hand on the knob and turned it slowly. There was Krycek with a gun in her face the moment she pulled the door open.

She sighed in relief, but he groaned. "Scully! Fuck! I could have shot you!"

She put her gun into her purse and entered the cabin. "Nice to see you too, Krycek!"

He winced then apologized. "I'm sorry, I'm just a little on edge. Why are the FBI after me again?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. I don't work there anymore-remember?"

His shoulders seemed to droop and then Jenny came running up to greet her. "Mommy, Alex threw up. Is he okay? Check him, Mommy!"

Dana opened her arms for Jenny and the girl fairly leapt into her arms. She kissed her forehead. "Alex is fine, sweetie. He just has a tummy ache. He will be better soon, I promise."

The girl grabbed her mother's hand and lifted it as best she could. Dana put her hand on Alex's forehead at her daughter's insistence and said, "See, he is better, Jenny."

Jenny put her hand on Alex's forehead. "He better!"

Jenny stretched her arms out to Alex and he took her from Dana. His closeness sent her blood racing and she groaned internally at the realization that even when she was ticked off and tired the man could light her fire.

He could sense the change in her mood and he tilted his head down to hers and their lips met softly. He half gasped against her mouth and pressed her to him as best he could with his truncated arm to kiss her more passionately.

"I wanna kiss too!" cried Jenny. They pulled apart to catch their breath and then both of them grinned and kissed the little girl, making her giggle.

"I'm starving. I brought some stuff with me since I didn't know how much was here..." Dana said.

"Mommy...we cooked for you!"

"You did?" she looked past Jenny's head at Alex with one brow up.

"She helped make jell-o and she helped mix things up for me."

Dana smiled then went to look at the feast of green beans, hot dogs and macaroni and cheese. "Oh look, you made Jenny's favorites."

"Alex said this is good for you!" protested Jenny.

"Alex should read up on nutrition," Dana said half under her breath. She put Jenny down and let Alex serve them.

After dinner, Alex and Jenny ate jell-o while watching 101 Dalmatians. Dana did the dishes and then just sat with the two of them, enjoying quietly observing them. Alex appeared to be just as wrapped up in the cartoon as her daughter. Conversely, Dana found herself wrapped up in the man before her. She had a sudden urge to sit in his lap, feed him jell-o and play with his cock. It would have surprised her to know that Alex was not as engrossed in the Disney cartoon as it appeared, and most of his thoughts were centered on laying her out, spreading whipped cream and jell-o all over her and eating her for hours. Neither one of them bothered to explain their flushed cheeks to one another, but they did share a quick and easy smile.

Walter was worried. He had been trying to contact Scully for the past few days, but had been unsuccessful. He looked over at Mulder, who was doing sit-ups while the baby was napping. He had firmed up alarmingly fast in just two days and Walter wanted Scully to check them both out. He hadn't been feeling so hot lately, and he hoped it wasn't some reaction to the nanobytes that he might not be aware of. His worst fears became nightmares in which the nanobytes would give him the capacity to impregnate anyone and then deny him access to his child because of some strange allergic reaction. He had to make sure that this was just a temporary setback.

Mulder said to try Scully's mother. He did and Meg chewed him out for exposing his daughter to a criminal such as Alex. When he finally calmed her down, she told him what had happened. He decided the best thing was to let her vent her frustrations then tell her that all was well. It was all a misunderstanding. Of course he had no clue about any of it since he had not been in contact with the agency since the week Scully said the baby was more than likely due. He had taken extended leave and only kept in touch with Kim once in a while.

Once he hung up with Meg, he called someone he could trust in the Bureau and asked about the warrant for Krycek. The man joked with him a bit, asking how young the girl was he was with and how much trouble he was getting into. Skinner let him joke, trying to keep the desperation out of

his voice when he asked about Krycek and how much, if anything, they had on Scully.

When he learned that the Bureau thought Krycek was pulling an independent medical scam on a local doctor, he was reassured, but still worried that any information they could get from either Krycek or Scully could lead to Mulder and then, ultimately, to himself. He thanked his friend, and then hung up. He knew he had to make a decision and that any decision he made would involve telling Mulder because, of course, he was already involved-even more than he knew. He clenched his fists as he sweated in worry, then took a deep breath and went to face the music.

Mulder was looking sexy with sweat stains making his t-shirt cling to his small breasts. Skinner's cock twitched at the sight. He had wanted to taste Mulder's newest physical additions, play with them, but Mulder had refused, saying it was bad enough with the baby latched on constantly. He said they were very sensitive and he didn't want to get horny while he breast-fed. Walter had pouted for a long while but Mulder had finally satisfied him by jerking him off and kissing him, with those perfect little breasts caressing his chest as he did so. That mollified him, but he still ached to kiss them.

He had to tell Mulder all about Krycek. It was unfair to keep him from the truth now that the baby was delivered safe and sound. What to do about the Bureau was something that needed to be worked out by the both of them together. He just hoped Mulder wouldn't do anything overly emotional, like kick him out of his own home. He felt he deserved it though; he had been acting like a child, and deserved whatever Mulder deemed the best solution.

He sighed then decided it was best just to tell him outright.

"Mulder," he began softly, not wishing to disturb Kit. "Can we go into the kitchen, we need to talk about something important."

Mulder didn't like the look on Walter's face. Something big had happened and he knew he was probably not going to like what his lover was going to tell him.

Once they were sitting at the kitchen table, Walter began, "There is something I must tell you, Fox." Then, without further preamble, he simply blurted it out: "I had sex with Alex when-when we were at your family house..."

Mulder didn't even blink, just swallowed hard and finally asked, "You fucked Krycek?"

"Yes."

"Are you telling me Alex is pregnant?" Mulder asked, his voice tight with more than curiosity about Krycek's condition.

Walter nodded, he looked miserable with guilt, but inside, he actually felt better for finally letting Mulder know.

Mulder shook his head. "Is that why you were so upset about Alex being near me so much? You thought he would make me fuck him?" he growled out in frustration.

Walter sighed. "I was an ass. There is no excuse for my behavior, Fox. If you want me to give myself to the authorities, I will. I don't deserve your understanding or your help. I should just go now and..."

"Walter, no. No you don't, you don't get away with this so easily. If Alex is pregnant, what is he doing with Dana? She could get infected with those nanobytes too!"

"Dana knows about it. She was the one who tested him to see if he was pregnant like you. It was

during her tests that someone in her office must have alerted the authorities, I assume."

Mulder closed his eyes in frustration then opened them to growl, "You are in big trouble, mister, and the one person who you are in trouble with is me! If you think I would just sit back and let you leave Kit and me here alone, you are fooling yourself! If you are going anywhere, you might as well take me too!"

"Mulder, you don't want to go to the Bureau with our baby..."

"No, we are going to get Scully and Krycek together and take care of the mess that's been made!"

Walter stared at Mulder in shock. This was not typical Mulder behavior. But then, childbirth and maternal urges were not exactly standard Mulder behavior either. He nodded. "I will get things ready."

Mulder looked at that pitiful face and swung his fist hard against Walter's nose.

"OW!" Walter cried out, holding his abused nose in one hand.

"That's for not keeping your hands to yourself and not letting me know earlier!"

Walter looked mournfully at Mulder but his lover stood his ground, hands on hips. After he watched Walter leave to gather things he began gathering all the supplies and clothing for the baby. When that was in order, he went in search of his own clothing.

"I've made a suitcase for you, Fox."

"Thanks," growled Mulder in a huff, then snatched the suitcase from Walter and hauled it downstairs.

Walter did not know how long Mulder would be in such an awful mood. He just hoped he wouldn't have to sleep on the couch for the rest of the year, if they were coming back here together. His stomach did a weird samba and he felt nauseous. Whatever he had, he hoped it would go away. All he needed was a stomach flu on top of everything else that was happening.

When Jenny was asleep, Alex came up to Scully and whispered, "I'm sorry..."

She didn't let him continue. She pressed her lips to his and then her body to his. His hand slowly slid down her back to cup the swell of her ass, pressing her to him. He half lifted her and she wrapped her legs around his waist and he carried her to the bed he had been sleeping in. She ground her pelvis against the hard erection she felt against her, and he sighed. Her breasts were heaving as he looked down at her and his one hand caressed her softly. Her breathing grew heavier as his thumb rubbed across a hardened nipple through the fabric of her bra and dress.

"You are so beautiful," he murmured, his delicious burr sending shivers down her spine, and a spike of desire to her groin. He slowly pulled off his t-shirt and, as she watched him strip for her, she opened up the front of her dress. He looked down at her small breasts and licked his lips, wanting to taste her. He bent and sucked hard on one breast, teasing the soft flesh with teeth and tongue until she was pulling on his ears to go elsewhere. He finally moved on and lapped down her stomach, opening the buttons nimbly with one hand. He tickled her bellybutton with his tongue and she giggled and shook her head. He smiled up at her, his eyes blazing green with passion.

Her heart did a flip in her chest and she spread her legs invitingly. He continued to move down

until his mouth reached the elastic waistband of her underwear. He pulled the underwear down and she wondered at his ability to hold himself up on his truncated arm as he did that. Once off, he looked at her spread out before him and then bent his head down to lap at her labia and then across her clit. She moaned then heaved in ecstasy when he began to suck. Her hands caressed and pinched her nipples as he sucked her, sending her desire spiraling.

His hand came up to slowly insert two fingers into her vagina. She was pulsing in orgasm as he finger fucked her. He wanted to feel her pulse around his cock when she came like this. She reached down to a small pocket in her dress and pulled out a condom and smiled at him, sweat plastering her hair to her face. She opened the package, and then sat up to roll the condom on his cock. He bit his lip as she slowly pumped his cock; Dana enjoyed the strained look on his face as he barely held himself back from coming in her hand. She then leaned back against the headboard and let him sit between her open thighs. He slowly entered her. She braced herself then bucked her hips, encouraging him on. He groaned, "Dana, I can't last if you keep doing that."

She smiled wickedly at him, but kept her hips still. When he was fully inside of her, he wrapped his arms about her waist. She bent her head back and her lovely breasts were thrust into his face. He nuzzled them as he rocked in and out of her. Her hands went back to brace herself as she let him lean against her, bucking his hips against her. She moaned as his teeth grazed over a sensitive nipple and he thrust hard into her. Her inner thighs were quivering. She wanted desperately to fuck herself on his cock. He saw the question in her fiery blue eyes and he nodded his head in consent. He kept still then as she bucked her hips into him, pressing herself closer to him. She wrapped her calves around his back and he tilted downward so she could buck more easily. He kissed between her breasts and she rammed her hips against his. He grunted, then sighed, "Oh...Dana..." A couple of hard thrusts later, he was shuddering and filling the condom.

She braced herself on one hand as she caressed her clit until he could feel her clenching around him in orgasm again. He watched her body quiver and clench in ecstasy and thought that she looked her most beautiful like that, fully abandoning all control as pleasure washed over her. She fell back and he half lay on her, still inside of her. After a few moments of silly grins and gasping breaths, he pulled out slowly, and then held the end of the condom on his softening cock. He staggered into the bathroom to clean himself up. She lay immobile but only for a moment and he was a little surprised and a lot pleased to find her running a hand over her sensitized flesh when he returned. He watched her with lust filled eyes. He didn't think he could be wanting more, but watching her hand cup her sex sent a jolt through him.

"No more, Dana, please."

She just smiled and opened her arms for him. He lay beside her and nuzzled her neck as she ran her hand down his smooth back. He reached down and grabbed the blanket half fallen to the floor and covered their cooling bodies.

Once on the road, Mulder's mood seemed to cool off a bit. He kept busy with Kit and did his best to ignore Walter and his guilty looks. Walter bit his lip, trying to keep from sighing. He was just glad Mulder seemed more relaxed and less upset.

They stopped at a Wal-Mart to buy some supplies before heading out in the direction of the Scully cabin. Mulder did his best not to look like the 'mother' of the group, but he had a feeling he wasn't successful in that. He just took it in stride. He had bound a wrap over his breasts so they wouldn't be so obvious and was also wearing one of Skinner's sweatshirts that helped hide them as well.

While waiting at the check out, Walter stared at Mulder with such adoration that the former agent

knew everyone could tell they were together. He rolled his eyes and tried his best to act like it was normal for two grown men with a baby to stand so closely to each other in the Wal-Mart check out lane. Walter seemed thoroughly oblivious to anything outside of Mulder.

By the time they were through the check-out, had paid their bill, and had all their bags in the cart, Mulder wanted to shove Walter very hard from him. The man had been practically breathing down his neck the entire time.

When they got to the car, Mulder growled, "Personal space, Walter! I feel like I'm in a windstorm, the way you're panting all over me!"

"Oh, sorry, Fox--I just--"

Mulder saw the forlorn look on Walter's face and felt like an ass. He sighed then moved closer to the big man and kissed him.

An older woman, just getting into her car, honked her horn at them and cried out, "There are children here!"

They just ignored the batty woman and continued to kiss, Kit comfortably nestled between them. When they pulled away to breathe, Mulder whispered against Walter's lips, "Mmmm, I missed that. But you are not forgiven that easily."

Walter nodded his head and grinned, then kissed his lover once more before putting the groceries in the trunk of his car, and then they were headed down the freeway to the cabin.

About five miles from the cabin, Mulder groaned. "Walter, we have to make a pit stop."

Walter looked over at Mulder. "What?"

"Kit has to be cleaned up. He's a mess, and there is no room in the car."

Walter sighed. "Maybe there's an abandoned shack somewhere."

Conveniently enough, there was. Just around the bend was a little hut kitty-corner to the main road. A small dirt trail led to it. Walter just managed to get his car on the track that led to the hut without losing the transmission, or his lunch, as the car jolted over the ruts in the road.

"You think this is safe enough?" Walter asked as he parked.

"You're coming with me to find out!" insisted Mulder.

Walter nodded. "Of course I am. I'm not about to let the roof cave in on you and the baby."

Mulder smiled, feeling good for the first time since Walter had confessed to him. He just hoped that the warm fuzzy feeling he was getting wasn't some mewling femmy thing about having 'his man' check out any possible danger for him. He watched as Walter got out of the car and entered through the only door of the small structure.

He was about to open the door and call to Walter when his lover appeared at the door again. Mulder wanted to run to him and kiss him, but the nausea that rose in his belly at the mere idea, held him back.

Walter nodded his head toward Mulder. "It's fine, though I am glad it's not raining."

Mulder wished he hadn't said that. He just knew that did not bode well. He sighed, opened his

door and took the baby in his arms, slung the large carryall with all the baby supplies in it over his shoulder, and then walked over to the hut.

Walter opened the door for Mulder then picked up a knocked over table so Fox could lay the baby down to change him. He helped take the baby supplies out for his lover and then set about trying to not get in the way as Fox changed the baby quickly.

Fox watched the man he loved look around like he was surveying a quarry then laughed. "What are you doing?"

"Hmm? Nothing, just looking at the structure of this hut. Except for the roof, it isn't that bad."

"And you are interested because?"

Walter just shrugged his shoulders. "No reason. Just thought it was nice work."

The baby started to cry and Mulder picked him up with a groan. His breasts were leaking.

"Walter, if you want to be useful, take Kit and hold him while I take my shirt off."

Walter's eyes lit up and Mulder wanted to smack him.

"Sure thing, lover."

"None of that! I am going to feed the baby, and then we are heading to the Scully cabin!"

"Yes, sir!" Walter stood up straight as if standing at military-style attention. Mulder sighed and handed the baby to his life-sized GI Joe.

Walter watched Mulder unwrap the cloth binding his breasts and licked his lips when his lover's breasts bobbed into view. His hands shook as he passed the baby back to Mulder. It took all his will power to keep from reaching out and caressing one of the swollen breasts just under his hand.

Mulder pressed the baby to one while the other was still leaking. Walter couldn't take it any longer. Without saying a word, he bent and licked the few drops of milk that had leaked out of the other nipple.

"Walter!" groaned Mulder, not liking it for just a second, and then he felt his cock stir as Walter began to suck. "Fuck!" As his lover suckled his breast, he was torn between desire and feeling downright shameful at displaying said desire in front of his child. "Walter!" he moaned in mortification.

Walter's hands ran down Mulder's back, pressing himself against his lover's body. Mulder could not mistake the truncheon rubbing against his thigh.

"Walter, what are you trying to do to me?"

Walter finally pulled off of the nipple with a satisfied smacking noise and grinned. "Will be back in just a sec."

The big man scurried out of the hut as if he wasn't six feet two and 200 pounds. He came back moments later with a blanket, some lube and some condoms.

"And what do you plan to do with all that?"

Walter lifted a brow. "I plan to seduce my lover, that's what."

Damn, damn, damn. There was no way he could refuse his AD in alpha mode. His cock twitched in agreement.

"Kit's not-" He looked down and saw that his baby was already asleep, drunk off of his milk. There was nothing stopping them now.

He put the baby down in the makeshift basinet of the diaper bag and carried it over to the blanket rolled out onto the floor.

Walter pulled him down onto the blanket and kissed his breath away. Mulder moaned when Walter's mouth trailed down to lick and nibble on his neck and just under his ear. He was responding to his lover as if they hadn't been together in ages. The fact that his cock seemed to be more fully awake than ever before, helped.

He shook his head and whimpered when Walter lapped at his nipples. They were still very sensitive, so Walter moved down to tickle his navel with his tongue, and then worked his way down to his pants.

Walter slowly opened his button and fly then licked at every inch of exposed skin, making the younger man shiver with want by the time he had pulled the jeans open and slid them down the long legs. The tent in the BVDs was a pleasant site for both of them, although it felt decidedly less pleasant when Walter pulled out the source of the tent and gave it a nice hard jerk. Mulder gasped. "Stop teasing me!"

Walter chuckled then reached over and grabbed a condom and tore it open with his teeth. He rolled it down Mulder's long cock then laved the head for just a moment. In one quick motion, the whole length was down his throat and Mulder cried out. It had been way too long. Walter pulled away the moment he felt that his lover was going to cum. Then he let go of the rigid cock completely.

"Wha-?" Mulder managed to gasp. Then noticed Walter standing up. He watched as the big man turned his back to him then pulled down his pants, showing a very nice ass covered in white. Mulder began to wonder if his lover was going to give him a strip tease. The older man pulled his underwear off, then reached down to take the lube in hand. Mulder groaned when 2 slick fingers reached around and began to slide up and down the older man's ass. His cock was definitely very happy now. He certainly hadn't fucked Walter in quite some time and was definitely looking forward to it.

He didn't know how long he could just idly watch the older man prepare himself, but he managed to keep himself from exploding just as Walter pulled away three fingers from thrusting in and out of the tight opening. When the older man turned to face him, Mulder wanted to suck on the hard cock that presented itself, but his cock was much more happier when the other man, instead, sat fully down on him.

Mulder moaned and watched in amazement as the big body shimmied atop him, trying to keep his bulk off him. When Mulder thrust his hips upward, Walter groaned. "Damn, Fox, give a guy a break, it's been awhile."

Mulder snorted. "Mister sensitive, huh?"

Skinner sighed. "Ok, I admit. I should let you fuck me more often." And with that he squeezed his anal muscles tightly until the younger man squeaked.

"Oh, God, Walt-"

The big man was sliding up and down his cock more easily now, and it was easier for him to bend forward to lap at a nipple, making Mulder cry out again. He smirked down at the flushed face of his lover and thought about how he loved how beautiful the younger man looked all hot and bothered by his actions. He slowly rose and fell, impaling himself and shivering whenever Mulder's long cock slid over his prostate.

"I think I could get used to this," he breathed in such a sexy deep voice, that Mulder could feel it vibrate in his balls.

"Mmmm," Mulder managed before he came inside the condom. He reached up and grasped Walter's bobbing cock and began to pump it. Those long slender fingers drove Walter over the edge in no time and he groaned out loud before he came all over Mulder's belly.

Walter slumped down onto Mulder's chest, but kept his weight firmly on his thighs and knees, so as not to crush his lover. A pert nipple was right there at his nose, so he nudged it gently and Mulder sighed.

"You are way too obsessed with my breasts!"

"I can't help it. They are so pretty."

"Pretty? I have pretty breasts?"

"Yep," Walter mumbled, before sliding carefully off of Mulder's receding erection, and then stealing a kiss on one rosy and leaking nipple.

"Damn, Kit must be up. My nipples know it before I do."

Walter glanced over to the baby and smiled. "Yep, I will get him."

"Good, before he realizes he is fully awake, sees something he shouldn't, and we have to start a separate savings account to pay for the therapy."

Once Kit was settled on Fox, nursing away, Walter went in search of baby wipes to clean himself and Mulder off. He patted Mulder's cock lightly and said, "Yeah, I think I like to ride this monster."

Fox nearly choked with laughter and nodded his head. "Oh, yeah, my monster will come out to play again, Walter, and it's an E-ticket-all the rides are free!"

Walter laughed, then turned serious and leaned in for a kiss. "I love you so much, Fox. I was an idiot..."

Fox shook his head. "No, don't. It's way too late for apologies. You have another child on the way, Daddy. And you are going to take responsibility for it!"

Walter nodded. "I know. I want to. I just don't know whether Alex will want me to."

Mulder shrugged. "We'll find out when we get there."

Walter didn't say anything; just hoped Alex or Dana wouldn't kill him for telling Fox so soon.

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Chapter 15 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

The Goddess Michele is the one I lean on when I can't make a sentence right no matter how hard I try:)

When they arrived at the cabin the sun had already been down for quite some time and all the lights in the cabin were off.

"Let's be quiet, Walt. I don't want to disturb them. Especially Jenny."

Walter agreed and he cut the engine off. He got out of the car quickly, then moved silently around to the passenger side and helped Mulder and the baby out. He grabbed just one bag and carried it to the front door. It was locked, which was good for the ones inside but not so good for the three outside.

"Let me try something." Walter pulled out a key and opened the door. Mulder looked at him curiously but Walter just pushed him inside then softly closed the door after bringing the bag inside. He showed the key to Mulder who was delighted, although a little surprised to see that his lover owned a skeleton key. Then he fumbled around the room until he came upon a small lamp. Switching it on gave them more light than had been coming from the security light out front, although the room stayed quite dim.

They both looked about and thought it looked like quite a good cabin, sturdily built, but obviously a single residence that would become quite crowded with the Skinner family taking up residence as well. Just then they heard a movement from one of the rooms and Alex peaked out of the bedroom. When he recognized the two men and a baby currently standing in the living room, he visibly relaxed and opened the bedroom door more fully.

He went to them and, keeping his voice low, said, "You scared the shit out of me. Good thing Dana is a heavy sleeper." He suddenly realized what he had just said, and blushed slightly. To cover it he said, "How the hell did you get in, by the way?"

"Skeleton key."

Alex nodded then noticed they were looking at him expectantly, so he decided, "I think the sofa has a bed. Let me check."

It did. Alex brought Walter a thick padded sheet to cover the bare mattress, then a top sheet and a comforter, along with two pillows.

"Do you need anything else? We are pretty well stocked here."

"No, we're fine for now, Alex, thank you," Mulder replied. Alex nodded and wondered if he should say anything more. Then he finally asked, "What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Oh, um...maybe we should wait until tomorrow." Alex thought it was the cutest thing-Walter Skinner blushing.

"Okay, have a good night." He left them to it and went back to his room and shut the door softly. Dana had woken a bit and whispered sleepily, "What is it?"

"Walter and Fox have come. They said they will explain tomorrow," Alex told her. Dana nodded but looked worried. He pressed her to him and kissed the furrowed brow. "Sleep now, my Dana."

Dana sighed, loving the feel of him. She kissed his chest then snuggled closer and drifted back to sleep.

Fox put the baby in a makeshift basinet, then lay the baby-bed between himself and Walter. That was not what Walter wanted but relented with only a sigh, realizing it was the best he could hope

for tonight. He kissed his fingers and pressed them to the baby's brow, then to Fox's lips, and then he turned the light out.

"Walter, if I break my neck trying to get to the bathroom..."

Walter sighed again and turned the lamp back on. He put his head under the pillow and slowly and fitfully went to sleep. He was woken a few hours later by the baby crying. Mulder took the baby and checked him, discovered he was still dry, so he put him against his breast. But the baby still cried. He held him and rocked him then began to sing quietly to him. Walter decided he seriously needed to invest in some earplugs. Soon the baby slept again and Mulder put the baby back in the basinet. After a while the parents drifted off to sleep again, too.

Jenny woke and rushed into the living room to see the baby staring at her. She grinned and went over to inspect him a little closer, totally ignoring the adult lumps beside the baby. She climbed right on top of Walter, making sure to poke him hard in the belly, and she giggled when her Uncle Walter grunted, groaned and swore under his breath as he was rudely awakened by a four year old. She turned to see the pained expression on her uncle's face and kissed him.

"Baby!" She pointed to Kit.

He smiled, unable to stay angry at her for using him as her own personal climbing device. "Yes, that is Kit. My and Uncle Fox's baby."

"My baby!" she cried.

Walter sighed. "You want to hold him, Jenny?"

She nodded vigorously and he took Kit out of the basinet and let Jenny think she was holding the baby while keeping his hands under him as well. Jenny started singing to the baby and Walter grinned. He liked her singing way more than Mulder's. The baby seemed to like it, too, and he let the girl sing and coo to him, while she pressed sloppy kisses to his forehead, his nose and his cheeks. When the baby began to cry, Mulder stirred, groaning.

"What a way to wake up in the morning," he grumbled then smiled, seeing Jenny holding the baby.

"Hey, Jenny. May I have Kit? He is hungry."

"Can I feed him?" Jenny asked.

"Um, he has to have special food that only I can give him, Jenny."

She was about to pout then saw the stains on Mulder's shirt. Her eyes went big as saucers and she asked, "Uncle Fox, you are Kit's mommy?"

Mulder groaned inwardly at the deadly accuracy of four-year old tactlessness, then nodded. "Yes, Jenny and I have to feed him."

Jenny smiled then moved over to the other side of the bed with both Walter and Mulder's help. She watched in amazement as Mulder opened his shirt and let the baby take a nipple. She smiled with easy acceptance at Mulder and then at Walter, who moved the baby bed to the floor, then took Jenny into the crook of his arm, and slung the other one around his lover.

Just then Dana entered into the living room and saw the unusual but domestic tableau in front of

her. 'Just wonderful. I wonder how many therapy bills I will have to pay...' she thought.

"Good morning. Did you have a pleasant sleep?"

"Tolerably pleasant," half grumbled Walter.

Dana nodded then said, "Come on, sweetheart. We have to get ready for breakfast."

She took Jenny's hand and led her down from the bed and into the bathroom.

"Man, if this gets anymore domestic, I think I will scream," mumbled Mulder halfheartedly.

Walter chuckled, tightened his grip on the younger man, and pressed his lips to Mulder's. Just then Alex entered the living room, unnoticed, and watched as the two men in his life who meant the most to him kissed. He thought such a sight would send a jolt to his cock but instead it seemed to clench his heart and he nearly gasped at the sensation. He didn't know who the heart clench was for-Fox or Walter, but it seemed to be for both. He shook himself self-consciously, then shuffled to the kitchen quickly, gruffly saying, "Good morning."

Walter and Fox hadn't registered it, still kissing deeply, until Jenny came into the living room again and giggled. They pulled apart, flushed and embarrassed. Dana smiled and said, "Come on, Jenny, let's go help Uncle Alex in the kitchen."

"Walter, hold your son," said Mulder, "I really, really need to clean myself--I feel like I have been sleeping in a swamp all week."

Walter nodded and took the baby, now drunk with Fox's milk, and let him sleep on his stomach. Once Fox was in the shower, he felt refreshed and renewed. When he walked back in the living room with just a towel about his hips, he saw his lover's head pushed back against the sofa, asleep. He smiled and bent to kiss him awake.

"Showers free, Walter."

Walter smiled at him with a contented sigh.. "I will take a bath with Kit," he volunteered.

Fox sighed. "That's why I love you so much, lover."

He kissed Walter then moved out of his way to allow him access to the bathroom. He pulled the towel off and was about to grab some underwear from the suitcase Walter had brought in last night when Alex re-entered the room. The younger man's eyes were riveted on Mulder's nude body. When Alex saw those pink rosy nipples atop small breasts, he nearly fainted. This sight definitely had his cock twitching automatically. Mulder just turned around to pull on his underwear, totally realizing he was not the same shape as other men in all places. He grabbed a t-shirt and pulled it on over his head quickly then turned to Alex, looking at him questioningly.

"Oh, um...breakfast is ready."

Mulder could tell Alex was not really interested in food at the moment. He smiled slightly and asked, "What's on the menu?"

Alex had to bite the inside of his cheek before answering, "Sausage and eggs and pancakes." That really wasn't what he wanted to say, and the sudden lecherous glint in his eyes gave him away. Mulder moved closer to Alex and was about to lift the front part of the bed up when Krycek bent and covered his mouth with his own. He nearly cried out in ecstasy as Mulder responded by kissing him back.

Just then Walter came back into the living room, a towel wrapped around his waist, and the baby in small towel in his arms. He stood and stared for a moment then growled dangerously, "What the fuck are you doing to my lover, Alex?"

Alex pulled away from Mulder's soft embrace and sighed in resignation. Before he could say anything Mulder retorted, "He was kissing me, Walter, and in case you didn't notice, I was returning the kiss!"

Walter shook his head. "Yeah, I noticed that, Mulder." He put the baby in Mulder's arms. Kit was fully ignoring all the surrounding drama and silently peeing in the towel he was wrapped in. Walter then grabbed Alex and kissed him deeply, trying to wipe away Mulder's taste from Alex's lips. "He is mine, Alex," he growled finally.

Alex licked his lips but only said, "Breakfast is ready." Then he abruptly turned and left the room.

Walter stared at his lover forlornly but Mulder ignored him in favor of cooing and whispering to Kit as he rocked the baby to sleep. He saw that part of the bed was lifted, so he finished lifting it and turning it back into a sofa. Mulder sat pointedly on the sofa and Walter sighed. "Do you love Alex, Mulder?"

"I should be asking you that question, Daddy!" Mulder ground out softly.

Walter sighed. "I know, baby. It was my fault. I agree, but if you kiss him, does that make it better?"

"We had a very short but torrid affair, Walter and it's sometimes hard to get over those." Mulder glowered at Walter, trying to drive his point home.

"Are you telling me you think I will leave you for Alex? Is that what this is about?"

Mulder shook his head. "No, Walter, this isn't just about you, or just about Alex. We are here to learn what is the proper course for all of us to take since we seem to all be in such a bind. That is what this is all about."

Walter sighed, realizing Mulder was right. Dead right. He nodded. "You're right, baby, but it drives me insane when I see you with him."

Mulder glared at him. "And the fact you did it behind my back is any better?!"

"No, no it wasn't better, and it wasn't fair. It was crude and obnoxious and very wrong of me to go behind your back like I did, Fox. I know you're not going to forgive me any time soon, if at all. I can only try-I mean I will try to curb my jealousy when you are with Alex." He winced when he said that and Mulder nearly melted right then. It was a big concession on Walter's part and he knew it. But he wasn't about to give him an inch, at least just yet.

"Let's eat." Mulder put the baby in the makeshift basinet and carried it into the kitchen with Walter trailing behind him.

Breakfast went by fairly quickly as all of them tried to smooth things out by steering clear of any controversial topics. They all seemed to agree silently to wait until after breakfast to talk about why they were here. Dana knew something had happened in the living room earlier but had chosen not to ask about it. She could always ask Alex later if she really needed to know.

When they moved back into the living room after breakfast, Jenny went to play in her room and

the adults decided now was as good a time as any to discuss a few things.

After a few tense moments of silence, Walter started. "Uh, I learned about what they are doing, Alex. They aren't after you for any of your prior possible involvements but because they think you are running a scam on your doctor. Dana, you aren't under suspicion yet, but I am sure they will soon be looking into why you have a man such as Alex living with you. He is your patient and that alone is suspicious behavior." He sighed, and then continued, "Mulder and I decided it would be best if we came to you to work out what is the best possible solution to this." He paused, then added quietly, "I-I told Mulder about my indiscretion with Alex."

Alex and Dana looked stunned. Dana spoke first, "Mulder, I know you feel we betrayed you by not letting you know about what happened, but we all decided it would be best to wait until after the baby was born."

Mulder nodded. "So, Alex really is pregnant?"

Dana nodded. "Yes."

Mulder sighed but didn't say anything. Walter continued. "I thought I should be the one to turn myself in because I am the one with the original nanos, so I thought that was the best solution to all of this. Mulder didn't want me to, though, and he is right. It would leave the baby and him without any protection. Since all of this involves you both, as well as us, we decided it best to come to you to see what, if any, possible alternatives there are."

Alex spoke up then. "I could disappear again. I think that would be-"

Walter shook his head. "Not in your condition, Alex. You have my baby and I will not jeopardize that by letting you leave."

"Walter, your paternal rights are hardly the issue here, but I agree. Alex, you shouldn't leave. You are in no condition to leave, and I need to ensure against any possible problems that may arise. None happened in Mulder's case, but it may not be that way with you," Dana interjected.

Alex sighed. "If you give yourself up, we all might as well give ourselves up, Walter."

Walter looked into Alex's beautiful green eyes, and never had he seen such sincerity in them as at that moment.

"Is that really what you want to do? Give in?" Walter asked Dana.

"The only thing I can think of, Walter, is if we do give in, we would have to demand that I be the one to administer medically to all of you. I have been a doctor to all of you at some point, and right now I have the most experience with the nanos. I think that the powers that decide our fate would have to concede at least that fact."

Mulder nodded. "But do you really want us subjected to governmental authority, Dana?"

Dana shook her head. "Of course not, but what other alternative is there?"

Walter sighed. "If we do decide to give in to the authorities, I may be able to negotiate something."

"Walter, will you stop trying to martyr yourself! I will not allow you to give yourself up if we can't be together at least," Mulder growled, angry at Walter's cowed behavior.

Walter turned to Mulder. "I am not talking about sacrificing myself or anyone, baby. I am talking

about a possible solution to giving the federal government total authority over our lives."

"Do you mean negotiating a special laboratory for all of us to be held? We would be no more than test subjects, Walter."

"No, that isn't what I was thinking of. I have some friends who may help us find a way where, not only would the charges be dropped against Alex and any suspicions against Dana disappear, but we could control our environment fully. Maybe only allow outside authority periodically or something like that. Some sort of set up that would be less restrictive. But I would have to do some digging and have to pull in some favors from friends I haven't spoken to in years."

They all looked at him expectantly. He sighed. "Let me think on this some more. If we do this, we have to all be in agreement, and we have to have a set plan. It shouldn't be decided just yet. We should have some time before -"

Just then a police vehicle drove into their driveway. "Fuck," Alex sped into the bedroom. Walter went after him. Dana walked calmly to the door and opened it, looking out as the policeman walked up to the cabin's porch.

"Good morning, ma'am. You are Dana Scully?"

"Yes."

"You haven't seen any suspicious characters around your cabin, have you?"

"No, officer, I haven't. I would let you know if I had."

The man nodded and then looked pointedly at Mulder, asking indirectly about him.

"This is a friend of mine. We are babysitting for a neighbor."

The policeman smiled. "Very neighborly of you, Ms. Scully. I will leave you to it then."

When the man got into his vehicle and left, Dana sighed in relief.

"They're keeping tabs on you, Dana. I wonder how long it'll be before they realize who I am."

Dana shook her head. "Maybe they won't suspect anything, Mulder, but you can never tell."

Walter watched with his arms folded around his waist as Alex looked like he was about to open up the back window and leave.

"You are not going anywhere Alex," he growled.

Alex paused his frantic pacing and glared at Walter. "Yes, daddy!" he replied sarcastically, but Walter understood where Alex was coming from, and he responded in the only way he knew would work with the younger man right now.

Walter grabbed Alex and pressed their bodies together. Alex thought he was going to head butt him, and he struggled briefly, then froze when Walter bent and kissed him thickly instead. Alex didn't respond, but only for a moment and then he melted, feeling the cock twitch under the towel Walter still wore. If the big guy knew just how sexy he looked and just how weak in the knees he made Alex with just one kiss, he probably would have dressed. Alex was glad that he could easily slip his hand in and caress Walter's cock, which twitched again, eager to feel his hand.

Walter's hand pulled Alex harder against him, as he thrust his tongue inside the younger man's mouth, tasting every bit of him.

They did not hear the door open nor the tiny gasp of surprise, followed by a soft knowing titter. They were well into groping and kissing each other, and only registered someone else in the room when a condom was produced for them.

"I suggest you use that, boys, if you plan to even masturbate each other. Those nanos are getting smarter and I wouldn't put it past them to pass through a person's hand spattered with seminal fluid."

They broke apart and gazed in shock at Scully.

"Dana-I-I..."

Dana shook her head then kissed Alex softly. "You have a connection to Walter, Alex. I understand that. You are having his child."

"Dana...you aren't joking...the nanos can infiltrate the skin???" Walter asked frantically.

Dana smirked at Walter. "Do you want to be tested, Walter? I'm sure I have the equipment..."

"Yes, please! I have been worried lately. I hadn't said anything, what with Fox and all, but I have been feeling nauseous in the mornings. It's an odd thing, because usually by the afternoon I am fine."

Dana laughed.

"What? What's so funny? What did I say?"

Alex shook his head. "Walter, you dodo, you just described morning sickness! Sounds like you're pregnant, too."

"But-but-but-but..." Skinner sounded like an old outboard motor, and both Dana and Alex grinned at his discomfiture.

"Walter..."

"We have been careful! I can't be..."

"You look so cute like that, Walter..." Alex snickered.

Walter ignored Alex by asking Dana, "Are you absolutely sure I am pregnant?"

"No. To be sure I would have to run a pregnancy test."

Walter lifted up one strong arm. "Then test me!"

Dana looked pointedly at the bulge still tenting the towel wrapped tightly around his hips. He saw the direction her eyes were travelling and blushed furiously.

"I think that needs to be taken care of first." Then she paused and smiled. "Hey, you could always kill two birds with one stone: I think I may have just the very cup for it too!"

Walter groaned. "Damn, Dana!"

"I can leave the room...I am sure Alex can help you..."

Alex looked at Dana curiously. She whispered to him, "Don't worry. I trust you."

Alex moaned then pressed Dana to him and kissed her. Those words were the best thing anyone had ever said to him. His hand reached down and cupped her ass, pulling her to him. Walter was slowly going to creep away when Dana reached over and pulled him towards them. Pulling away from Alex's lips she pressed her mouth to Walter's. The older man stood stunned for a moment then kissed those lips that almost rivaled Mulder's in pouting. She tasted heavenly and Walter thrust his tongue deep into her sweet mouth.

Alex, not to be left out, was pulling open her blouse and soon his mouth covered one pert nipple. She moaned into Walter's mouth, her hand clenching tightly to one broad shoulder.

Alex's hand began pulling off her blouse when she stopped him moving away from both men, looking flushed and sweaty and terribly appealing. "I think we have forgotten someone."

Both men looked at her curiously, but with sudden dawning awareness. She straightened her disheveled state, then left the room. They knew what she was going to do, approved wholeheartedly of the plan, then looked back at one another, and Walter pulled Alex to him, kissing those soft swollen lips with anticipatory lust.

Dana went to Mulder, who was playing with Jenny in her room. "It's time for a nap, sweetie," she told her daughter. "Kit can sleep with you, too."

She put the bassinet that Kit was sleeping in right next to Jenny's bed as Jenny crawled under the covers. Then Dana kissed Jenny and Jenny kissed Kit, and both children giggled.

"Sweet dreams, baby," Dana whispered.

Mulder looked at Dana curiously but followed her willingly enough when she took his hand and walked out of the room, stopping briefly to turn on the baby monitor.

When they shut the door, Mulder frowned at Dana. She had fire in her eyes and he'd never seen her like that before. She stood on her toes, wrapped her arms around his shoulders, and kissed him soundly. He pulled away.

"Dana?"

She only smiled at him mysteriously, and then pulled him along to her bedroom.

Mulder stared in disbelief at the scene: Walter and Alex were lying on top of a pile of pillows and blankets on the floor. Walter's hard body was rubbing all over Alex's, and they were kissing passionately. Mulder glanced back at Dana, looking for an explanation.

She just began pulling off her clothing and Mulder's eyes widened in shock and instant arousal. He'd had more than one fantasy involving his partner stripping for him and actually watching her do it was like a dream come true. They had been together before, but not in such a sexually charged setting.

When she was completely nude, Dana turned her attention to Mulder's clothes. The shirt went first, and she smiled at him when she saw his pretty breasts displayed for her. She pressed her face between them and nuzzled softly, then took a nipple in her mouth and suckled, making him gasp. He went instantly hard and felt suddenly like he was participating in a lesbian porn movie. He grinned evilly and ran a hand over her breast, caressing while she suckled him thinking that Frohike would have a stroke seeing this. He pulled Dana's face up to meet his mouth and

pressed his breasts against hers. He moaned into her mouth as his nipples caressed hers. She looked into his eyes and smiled, seeing his eyes glazed over and half closed with lust.

"Come on," she whispered huskily, "let's join our lovers."

They turned to see that Walter and Alex had carried on without them, and were now giving each other head. Dana was pleased to note that they were both wearing condoms. She found an unused condom, opened it and grasped Mulder's cock, gloving it as efficiently as she did everything, and he responded to the unspoken authority in her movements, his cock twitching in her hand.

Just then they heard Walter's voice, "Fox?"

Mulder looked over at Walter grinning at him as Alex continued to devour his cock, and then Dana was pushing him towards the two men. Walter was pulling him down, running his hands over his breasts and kissing him hungrily. Alex pulled off of the older man and watched as the two men played with each other. Dana watched as well, enjoying the sight of the two men together, as well as Alex's reaction to it, and she congratulated herself silently on her reading of the situation with the four of them, and her decision to act on all of the unspoken emotions that had been running through all of them.

Alex couldn't wait any longer. He moved over and took Mulder's cock in his mouth. It had been quite awhile since he had touched Mulder in such an intimate way, but as his hand snaked around to play with Mulder's ass and he sucked harder on his cock, he realized that you never really forget how.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah..." Mulder managed as Alex expertly worked him.

Scully, not wanting to be left out, noticed that there was still one hard cock currently unattended, so she took the opportunity to slip her legs over Skinner's hip and slowly seat herself there, letting Walter's thick cock slide deep inside her. He moaned around Mulder's nipple at the sensation of her hot body enveloping him, and his hands pulled harder on Alex's cock. A moment later, he had let up on Alex's erection in favor of grasping Dana's hips to help her ride him. He rose up and pulled her down for a kiss as she rocked back and forth. She was almost out of her mind with lust as the combination of the feel of fucking Walter, her former boss, while seeing and hearing Mulder and Alex go at it overwhelmed her senses, and she cried out and moved faster.

Mulder pulled out of Alex's mouth and bent down to kiss him. Alex's sweetness, combined with the taste of himself, burst into his mouth and he went wild. His tongue worked all over Alex's gums and teeth, sucking on his tongue until Alex pulled away with a wet smacking sound to stare at the lovely breasts currently brushing up against his chest. His hand moved up to cup one, and Mulder sighed. Then he pushed Alex down onto his back and nipped and sucked on his pink nipples. Alex giggled when a breast leaked onto his belly.

"I think you need to be taken care of." With that he twisted their bodies around until his mouth could reach Mulder's chest easily, and he suckled on the leaking breast.

Mulder's fingers clenched in Alex's hair, pressing him to his chest. "Oh, god, Alex..." he moaned.

Without further ado, Alex eased himself down on Mulder's erection, paused to adjust to the sensation, then moved up and down, finding a comfortable pace. He leaned over and was able to kiss Dana once before Mulder pulled him back for more of his own.

Walter, grateful that Mulder had pulled Alex away, reached up and began to suck on one of Dana's nipples. The doctor ran her hand over his sweaty pate and then held on to his ears. He began to moan against her nipple then groaned, "Oh, I am going to cum..."

Dana grinned down at Walter losing it. She began to clench her vaginal muscles, sending the older man up and over the top, and he came with a yell, then fell back, pulling her down atop him. He thrust into her once more and then lay still. She bent and kissed the exhausted man, smiling as she realized he was still wearing his glasses, although they had been knocked askew by the force of his orgasm. She looked over at Alex and saw that he was riding Mulder as enthusiastically as she had been doing with Walter just a moment before, and as she watched she saw her former partner cry out and come, clenching the blankets. Alex bent and kissed the swollen lips of his former lover then pulled off, wincing as Mulder's long cock slipped out of him.

Dana rose on shaky legs and moved over to Alex. She whispered, "We outlasted these old farts, didn't we?"

Alex giggled softly then nodded. "I love you, Dana."

She put her forehead to his and smiled. "I love you too, stud."

She pulled away to lie between the two passed out men and motioned for him to lay atop her. She spread her legs to give him access and a moan of renewed desire slipped past his lips as he gazed down at her beautiful, sweaty, reeking-of-sex body on display before him. Her nipples were hard and begging to be touched and her whole frame was quivering from sensual overload. She gasped when he nipped at one breast, then took the nipple in his mouth as he slowly eased into her vagina. Her body was hot and slick with sweat and he quickly found a steady rhythm as he strained for release. She pulled his face up to hers and kissed his swollen lips. He kissed his way down to her neck then nibbled on an ear. She sighed, wrapping her feet around Alex's thighs as he pounded into her, and thanked whatever god there might be for the men in her life.

Mulder, feeling a need to clean himself before checking on Kit, watched mesmerized as Alex's ass moved up and down atop his former partner. He grinned at the irony of the situation, then pulled the used condom off of himself and threw it away. He looked over at Walter and saw that the man was still out of it. He found a washcloth in the bathroom, wetted it, and carried it back just as Dana bit into Alex's shoulder to muffle her cries as he came within her.

'Much better than any fucking porn any day,' he thought then took a moment to clean Walter up as well as himself. The older man simply groaned in his sleep but didn't wake.

Mulder pulled on a t-shirt and looked in to see Kit still sleeping, but starting to make muzzy waking noises that Mulder knew were a precursor to some pretty heavy duty "feed me" yelling. It wouldn't do for Kit to cry, so he bent down and picked him up. Just as he did, he felt his nipples react and he sighed. He lifted up his shirt for the suddenly wide-awake Kit to nuzzle, dimly grateful that Kit hadn't had the chance to cry Jenny awake or distract the other adults.

He went back to the living room and sat on the sofa, adjusting the baby for optimum feeding, then sat back with a sigh, waiting for the baby to have its fill.

Jenny woke shortly afterward and came out of her room. When she saw Mulder practically naked, it didn't seem to faze her. She simply stated, "Unca Fox, you need some pants."

"Can you get me some Jenny? There in that bag." He pointed, trying not to expose himself any further, or drop the baby, and Jenny reached in and pulled out a pair of sweat pants. They were Walter's but they would do. She set the pants on his lap and he smiled at her.

"Kit is eating?" she asked, curious.

Mulder nodded.

"I hungry too. I go get Mommy."

"Um, Jenny, Alex and your mommy are taking a nap now. They should be out soon."

"Oh okay." She sat watching them and reached over to play with the breast pump sitting on the table beside the sofa.

"What is this?" she asked and Mulder thought he had never been so glad to see Dana Scully as he was at that moment, as she came out of the bedroom, tugging at her clothes.

"Hey sweetie. You hungry?" Dana asked Jenny, a little mussed but amazingly beautiful to Mulder nevertheless.

Jenny nodded. Dana smiled. "Come on, let me fix you something."

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Chapter 16 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

The Goddess Michele helps me in such amazing ways that are impossible to list.

Warnings: Some het interaction

Mulder's stomach was rumbling, so he rose, taking his pants with him into the bedroom, the baby still attached to one nipple. He nudged Walter until the big guy was grumbling and muttering himself awake.

"Wha-?"

"Little help here, hon? I need to get my sweats on." He asked, giving the father of his baby a demanding look, almost daring him to say no.

"Sure, honey." Walter groaned as he rose and murmured, "I'm getting far too old for this..." When he was upright and looking mighty sexy to one former FBI agent, he said, "Hey, these are mine!"

"Jenny picked them out for me. You want to argue with her?"

Walter grinned. "She was thinking of me..."

Mulder rolled his eyes. Jenny had her Uncle Walter wrapped around her little finger. He moved Kit over to the other breast while lifting one leg and then the other to step into the sweatpants. Walter teased his cock a little before standing up. Mulder's groaning "Stop..." did not deter the older man from latching on to the free nipple and suckling.

"Walter S. Skinner, how long has it been since you've been weaned?" grumped Mulder, though the tone of his voice betrayed the fact that he really loved the feel of his lover's mouth on him.

The older man just continued to suckle. Seeing Alex rising up from under the covers, Mulder implored him with his eyes. Alex just shook his head and said, "That's your problem, lover boy," then he tossed a saucy grin at Mulder and sauntered into the bathroom to shower.

"This is just not right," Mulder whined, and was not completely unhappy when there was no change in anyone's actions.

Finally Kit drifted off to sleep and the baby's 'mother' pulled himself away from the oafish man who refused to leave him alone.

"Come on, Walter. Scully's fixing something."

After lunch Mulder let Scully take the baby while he took a shower. Walter came in at one point to slip in behind him and wash his back and finger him, making Mulder moan in pleasure and wish they could just fuck without condoms. Instead, they had to be content with jerking each other off, losing themselves in each other's eyes and kissing passionately until the water became cool. They kissed some more as they were drying off. Alex was looking at them as they left the bathroom, towels around their waists. He had a devious glint in his eyes, one of those patented "I want to fuck YOU both against the wall" looks. Mulder leered at him in return and it was all the invitation Alex needed. He jumped up and thrust his tongue between those beautiful lips, tasting as much of the former agent as he could. Then he did the same to Walter who had taken the opportunity presented to him to grab his rear and press him close.

Scully coughed loudly. "Uh hum, gentleman, there are young ladies present wishing to watch Winnie the Pooh."

Jenny giggled and said, "Mommy, they want to be kissed too."

Dana smiled at her amazing little girl and gave her a big smooch then said, "You're right, sweetie. Let's watch Pooh bear."

"Hey, I wanna watch too," said an overgrown child/former agent, sitting down in his toweled condition and smiling at the two girls he loved most in the world before turning his attention to the cartoon. Kit was sound asleep in a stroller which Dana had used to rock him to sleep.

Alex whispered in Walter's ear, "Guess that leaves you and me to do the adult thing." He grabbed Walter's hand and pulled him toward the bedroom.

Alex had Walter pinned to the bed in a flash and was sucking on the big man's neck when he whispered, "Oh, by the way, congratulations, you're pregnant."

Walter gasped, "What!"

"Dana did a quick urine test already and it was positive. She will do a blood test when she can. Meanwhile, I will be careful with you in your condition..."

Walter groaned, pushing Alex's questing hand away from him. "Damn, Alex. What a way to ruin a mood!"

Alex snorted. "Hey, at least I won't be alone with all the changes a person goes through. Welcome to the pregnant male blues, Walter baby."

Walter put his hands over his face and Alex sighed melodramatically. "Now to try and determine who the father is..."

"What!?" Walter screamed between his hands, not really blocking the sound as much as he would like. "I have only been with you, Alex...Oh god, it could be your child--it must be!"

Alex nodded. Walter shook his head. "Just wonderful. Here I was, trying to gloss over the grave error of sleeping with you, and now I have more evidence than I care to admit right before me."

Alex pulled away, hurt. Walter looked at the younger man and sighed when he saw the hurt in the younger man's face. "That came out wrong, Alex. I don't regret being with you. I just regret the fact that it hurt Mulder."

The younger man simply nodded and pressed his head to Walter's chest. The older man's right hand went wandering down the t-shirt Alex was wearing and played with first one, then the other

nipple, loving the sounds his actions produced. The orchestrated little opera of sighs, whimpers and moans boosted his libido until Alex yelped and exclaimed: "Damn, my nipples are way too sensitive now."

"Mm, just right for playing with then," Walter joked.

Alex started to argue, then changed his mind and sighed in contentment, letting Walter's fingers turn him on fiercely. He turned to capture the older man's mouth with his own.

"I want to be in you," rasped Alex when he pulled away to catch his breath.

"Wear two condoms then. No way am I risking twins!" growled the AD.

Alex smiled then scrambled off his lover to grab the condoms and some lube. When he returned, Walter was kneeling, his shoulders touching the mattress, and his rear up for maximum access. The big man looked amazingly vulnerable, and the sight sent a jolt of pleasure through Alex's body.

"God, Walter, you look fucking gorgeous this way."

Walter snorted. "Stop buttering me up and get me ready!"

Alex grinned. "Yes, sir."

Alex industriously squirted a generous amount of lube onto Walter's lower back. He tossed the tube away and pulled two condoms on quickly with his one hand. As his shaft thickened and lengthened, he began running it over Walter's lube covered ass. He used his hand to spread the lube as well, while running his cock up and down the slickening groove. Walter moaned, the sweet caresses of Alex's hard cock against his anus felt delicious. The older man groaned aloud when, after slicking his cock well, Alex proceeded to slowly push into the opening.

Alex murmured against the trembling back of the AD, "I'll take this nice and slowly."

Moving so slowly, breaching and slicking the passage with every push inward, Alex was doing his best not to just ram deeply into the tight hot hole opening slowly for his cock. It was so erotic and exhausting that the younger man was trembling and sweat covered them both from the slow, sensual fuck. Alex was gripping Walter so tightly, trying to stay upright with his slick hand against hot sweaty flesh.

Just then the door opened and a female voice tittered. "Good thing I have Kit instead of Jenny."

Walter groaned, trying to bury his head into the pillow, feeling thoroughly embarrassed as if Scully were there to give him a prostate exam.

"Don't worry. I'm not staying. Just wanted to know what you wanted for dinner." She moved closer though and was thoroughly enjoying the view of her lover deeply embedded in Walter's ass.

"God, I think the sculptors were wrong about making just one man standing alone as the standard for classical statues. It would have been more beautiful if they showed two men having sex..." she giggled as they both squirmed under her onslaught.

She kissed Alex's panting mouth with her own then whispered, "I'm going...but ride 'em cowboy."

Alex snickered and said, "Butt ride..."

She rolled her eyes then walked out, holding the sleeping baby in her arms.

Despite the distraction, or maybe because of it, both men remained aroused and quickly resumed their slow torturous fucking until Walter decided he'd had enough teasing so he thrust back greedily, forcing Alex to thoroughly bottom out against him. The hairs on the younger man's legs tickled against his sweaty skin.

"Fuck me already, Alex," he growled. Alex groaned, wanting to do just that but he had to pause or he would shoot right then and there, but he wasn't ready to end his tease just yet. He held his breath for a moment then slowly began to rock in and out of the now loosened hole. Both men were so enraptured in what they were doing, locked into the amazing feel of their combined motion, that they didn't hear Mulder wander into the room and stare at them in sudden captive rapture. He had never seen a more sensuous sight. He delighted in the view mutely for a few moments, then gave his presence away when he murmured, "Yeah, that's it, Alex. Fuck that tight ass."

Alex looked over at Mulder, who began slowly stripping himself down all the while keeping up a continual commentary on the proceedings. Walter finally grumbled, "Who are you? Bob Costas? Shut up and let him fuck me!"

Alex snickered and then plowed hard into that tight ass just as Mulder had suggested, causing the big man to groan as Alex scraped his prostate.

Mulder ran a hand down Alex's sweat slickened back, then moaned as he felt the younger man buck into Walter. The former agent then ran his hands down Walter's sweat covered side, loving the play of hard muscles and the vibrations that ran down his arms and straight to his cock with each slam into the older man from Alex.

"Oh, God, this is better than baseball any day! I think..." Walter grabbed Mulder, pulling him flat against him and thrusting his tongue down his lover's throat to shut him up. Mulder swallowed the moans that erupted from Walter's mouth as Alex powered into him faster and faster. Walter cupped one of Mulder's small breasts in his hand and continued to probe that sensuous mouth with his tongue even as Alex's cock probed his asshole. A thumb caressed over a sensitive nipple causing Mulder to moan into Skinner's mouth.

Alex reached around, his body lying fully against Walter's, and grasped the man's big cock, pulling on it though his hand was very slick and he could barely keep his grip. His hips were still thrusting into the big man...but more languidly. Walter bent down and suckled on a nipple just as his cock erupted, spewing all over the bed, his belly and Mulder. The muscles within him milked Alex's cock, sending the younger man over the edge with a cry of satisfaction as he drove into the AD with a few more thrusts, and then came into the condom.

"Damn, that was good!" Alex pronounced breathlessly, bending his head to kiss the big man's back a few times before pulling out and away.

Walter groaned and stretched out flat beside Mulder, feeling decidedly worn out. Alex snickered at him. "Did I wear you out, old man?"

When Walter didn't say anything, Alex became worried. He leaned forward and kissed his lover's mouth and whispered, "Hey, you okay?"

Walter nodded. "Yeah, just overtired, I guess."

Mulder, though he was about to burst at the seams, looked at his lover in alarm. "Walter?"

The AD sighed. "Alex, can I be alone with Mulder for a moment?"

Alex nodded, curious, but willing to give the man his space. He got up with a groan and

wandered away to take a shower.

"What is it?" Mulder immediately demanded.

"I don't know how to---I'm pregnant, Mulder."

"What? But we have been so careful!"

"Not when I was giving you head...remember?"

Mulder nodded. "Damn, sometimes I wished I was proven wrong sometimes."

"You don't want me to have this baby?"

"Oh, god, Walter. That isn't it. But we just had Kit!"

Walter nodded. "I know."

"What? There's more...?" Mulder asked, sensing Walter WAS holding something back from him.

The AD nodded. "It could be Alex's..."

Mulder let out a breath that he didn't even realize he was holding. "Just wonderful!" he muttered

"Baby, I-"

Mulder pulled away, his cock thoroughly flaccid now. He covered his face with his hands, and Walter felt like shit. He'd blown it, and he knew it.

"Please, Mulder, don't turn away from me. I am about to go through the same thing you did! I need you now, more than ever!"

His lover wouldn't face him for the longest time and then, at long last, he sighed. "You're right, Walter. It could just as easily be mine as his... dammit! I feel like a teenager learning the consequences of not using protection!"

Walter snorted. "Yeah, and I'm beginning to feel like that unwed teenage mother you see in all those high school documentaries."

Mulder giggled, picturing his lover in an afterschool special: "Walter Skinner, portrait of a teenage runaway". He turned to Walter and put his hand on the big man's stomach, then bent closer to speak directly at Walter's navel. His breath on the older man's skin made Skinner shiver. "Hello in there. I feel sorry for you. You're going to be raised by two odd men and have only Auntie Dana to go to for help!"

Walter tipped up Mulder's face, saw tear-filled eyes and pulled him close for a kiss. "I love you, Fox Mulder."

It had been quite some time since he'd heard those words from Walter. Mulder let the kiss become more passionate, opening his mouth to let Walter in. When large fingers began to play with his breast, he shifted to lie down on the bed, giving his lover full access to his body.

"Oh god, baby, you are so beautiful!" Walter pressed his face between Mulder's breasts and nuzzled while his hands ran up and down his lover's sides, scoring lightly with his nails and sending shivers through the former agent. Mulder's hands ran over Walter's bald pate, idly playing with the fringe of his close cropped hair at the back of his skull. Walter had never

admitted it, but he loved when Mulder played with his head and hair.

Walter moved downward, tasting every bit of skin from Mulder's chest to just below his navel, ignoring the one thing that longed to be touched. Finding a condom, he quickly applied it to his lover's aching member then smiled down at the frustrated beauty writhing below him. "Walter, please!" Mulder moaned, aching for his lover's touch.

The older man took pity on his lover and immediately descended on the tumescent cock, licking up from the base all the way to the top, then sucking that into his mouth like a lollipop which caused Mulder to gasp aloud. The sounds the younger man began emitting only served to notch up Walter's libido up further, and he sucked in the sides of his mouth, taking his lover's cock deeper down his throat.

"Oh, Walter, yes!" Walter knew his lover would look so hot and sexy right now, but he kept his eyes closed, enjoying bringing Mulder off too much to bother opening his eyes. The sounds alone were sending his pulse racing and his cock jumping.

He felt Mulder's movements growing more erratic, and he pulled off abruptly, finally opening his eyes and looking up at his lover's sweaty hot face. Mulder's pouty lips were red and puffy from his kisses and his brow was wrinkled in frustration.

"I don't think you have ever looked more beautiful than you do right now, my love. Just before I take you..." Without further ado, Walter grabbed another condom, rolled it on his cock, then found the lube and slicked himself.

"Ready for me?"

Mulder nodded. "Fuck me, Walter."

Walter bit back a moan of desire at the sound, half wish-half order, and then slowly prepared his lover. He watched closely the way his lover's face reflected the pleasure of him doing this, then moved back to watch himself as he entered into the loosened entrance.

"You always feel so good around me, Mulder," he whispered huskily as he popped past the ring of muscle, and then, with a thrust of his hips, slid all the way in. He bent down and kissed those swollen lips and began to fuck Mulder's mouth with his tongue the way he would soon fuck his lover's ass. The rumbling sound from Mulder was an erotic message to his tongue and the pleasure pulsed all the way down to his cock which jerked inside its tight sheath.

"Come on, Walter. Do me," challenged Mulder, his hands reaching up to hold the bed frame tightly. "Hard!"

How could he resist that? He braced himself above his lover and canted his hips, then began to rock in and out of the tight heat, slowly at first, then ever faster. Mulder was making this purring sound that was driving him nuts. He could never get enough of his sweet lover. He reached down and took his lover's throbbing cock in hand, still slick from his saliva, and began to jerk him off to his thrusts.

"Oh god!" Mulder's fingers tightened on the bedframe, arching his back, loving the feel of that thick cock scrubbing his prostate over and over as Walter thrust in and out of him. "Uhhnnngha!" cried Mulder, suddenly tensing, then jerking spasmodically as he spurted inside the condom. Walter stilled his movements and lovingly waited, simply stroking his lover's side and milking the last of Mulder's orgasm from him. He slowly resumed pounding into the clenching ass, wanting his love making to last as long as it could. Mulder was gasping with each thrust, loving the slow sensual fuck he was getting. Walter bent down and began suckling on a nipple. Mulder closed his eyes, relishing the closeness his lover felt from tasting him. He suddenly realized that his

breast milk could be tainted with nanos. He hoped it wasn't the case, but he would have Scully check it out later. His distracted thoughts barely lasted a fraction of a heartbeat, and then his attention was back on his lover, and the movements of the older man.

Mulder felt Skinner speeding up as his lover got closer and closer to completion. Without warning, Walter tensed and bellowed out his release, gripping tightly to Mulder's hips. He bore the brunt of the large man falling atop him without complaint, and held him close, loving the feel of being so close and connected to the other man.

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Chapter 17 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

Thanks to Laurie and Chad for wonderful betas and suggestions!

Dana shook her head, looking at the shameful faces of Mulder and Skinner.

"You two are pathetic!" she griped as she pumped Mulder's breast with a breast pump and then took the bottle away. They had been worried his breast milk contained nanos that could impregnate another. She seemed to have conveniently forgotten her own mouth suckling on the plump nipples.

"I'm sure it's harmless," she tried to reassure them then brought it to her makeshift lab in the laundry room and started her examination of the breast milk. Mulder and Walter looked sheepishly at each other and shrugged.

Walter had returned to work for two days, preparing himself to go on an extended vacation in 3 and a-half months, knowing he would be showing too much after that. Kersh wasn't happy one bit, but he knew that Walter could easily retire on the number of years of service he had under his belt, and decided not to question AD Skinner's vacation.

Walter had returned to the cabin to find that he couldn't leave the youngsters alone for five minutes. They had been found draped over each other in an exhausted heap by the AD returning from a bad two days alone without his lover and child. Apparently it took his calming presence to keep them from pawing each other for five minutes. Walter was severely feeling his age.

They were all settling down to sleep in their separate beds when Walter asked Dana to check Mulder out, since he definitely didn't want to find himself impregnated again just because he had a thing for Mulder's breast milk.

Suffice it to say, Dana came out of the makeshift lab and grumbled, "The nanos are different in the breast milk. Their function seems to be to make the milk safe and nutritious for the baby. So I do not think they would be harmful to adults since they are probably passed safely through a baby's digestive tract."

They stared at her until she sighed then took a stool sample from Kit to test it out. She went back to the makeshift lab and tested her theory. She came back, very tired and gave a big thumb's up.

"Do not tempt me with offering your own stool sample, Walter," she growled menacingly.

So they left her to return to her lover who was waiting for her in their bed with Jenny asleep in her room.

They went to bed, Walter tired from the past two days of dagger eye glints from Kersh. He snuggled against Mulder's warm body and lapped at a leaking nipple, ignoring similar looks from his lover as he did so.

Alex woke, feeling the soft warm body of Dana beside him still sleeping. He smiled, stretched his legs and let his feet shake, his toes curling under, then rose to go see about breakfast. He knew Dana had stayed up late taking care of Mulder and Walter.

Arms slid around his waist and a warm voice whispered in his ear, "You were amazing last night, Alex."

He shivered as he turned his face to be kissed by Mulder. Dana had walked in on them making out in the bedroom and slowly inserted herself in their lovemaking.

"Let me help you with the eggs." Mulder took over, letting Alex stir the grits while he fried the eggs and sausage.

Dana came stumbling in from the bathroom, still looking a bit tired.

"Mulder, let me take over, you're leaking."

Mulder groaned down at himself, realizing Kit must be awake. Sometimes that baby was so enigmatic. He wouldn't cry even though he was hungry. Mulder sometimes judged Kit's hunger by his leaking breasts.

He went in search of his baby, picked him up from the crib they finally had set up for him in their bedroom and fed him while Walter rose then rushed to the bathroom.

Walter staggered in from the bathroom and grumbled, "How much longer do I have to put up with this terrible morning sickness, Dana?"

"How long has it been?"

"Shit, about 5 weeks or so."

"Hmm, your morning sickness is lasting much longer than Mulder's. I think I should do an ultrasound soon."

"Why so soon? Doesn't the average woman's morning sickness last about 3 or 4 months?"

"Yes, normally, but Mulder's didn't last long and hardly had signs of it at all. I just want to test out something..." She stopped when she saw the look Walter shot her. "Ok, I just want to rule out multiple births."

Skinner gaped and almost whimpered but Dana shook her head. "I just mean there might be more than one fetus there, Walter...you are a bit larger than Mulder was."

Walter shook his head. "Dana, I am a larger man than Mulder."

"Yes, that's good for you because even if you show a bit, it will be hard to tell if it's just you or if you are carrying a child, Walter."

Walter nodded then groaned. "I could be carrying more than one baby?"

Dana nodded. "Won't know until the sonogram, Walter. I will go with you to the lab on Monday and we can do it right there. No waiting for results."

"Good."

Mulder had listened and was curious about one thing. "If he is pregnant with twins...is it possible

that they are fraternal twins?"

Dana looked at Mulder. "You mean that they could have different fathers?"

Mulder nodded.

"Yes, there could very well be one by you and one by Alex."

Alex stopped what he was doing then cried, "Oh great, I'll be a daddy and a mommy!" Jenny chose that moment to come into the kitchen and looked curiously at Alex. "You daddy an' mommy?"

"Um, I'm just an uncle to you, Jenny," he said, smiling, distracting her by tickling her belly. She giggled then asked for cereal. The adults looked vastly relieved.

Walter felt such a dweeb lying on the hospital bed waiting on Scully to grease up his belly. He also felt very anxious. If he had two babies...he would want to beat the first man he saw. Though he knew it wasn't Alex's or Mulder's fault.

Dana appeared suddenly and lifted up his shirt and pulled open his belt. He leered and she snorted. "Hey, it's against my prime directive, Captain."

Walter smiled, liking being compared to Captain Kirk.

"Too bad Riker isn't here to hold your hand," she teased and he sighed, realizing she would be thinking of the bald captain.

She warmed the jelly up in her hand then spread it over a good portion of his abdomen, uncertain where the nanos would be housing the fetus or fetuses. She took one of the imaging scanners and methodically began running it over his jellified skin.

After a few moments she smiled, "Ah, see..." She pointed to a fuzzy image on the monitor. He didn't but he took her word for it. "So, just one?"

She smiled. "Just a second, mother to be."

He frowned as her hands worked over his belly. "Aaah! Congratulations, you are going to be the proud mother of TWO babies!"

His face crumbled and she comforted him. "Come on, Walter. The next thing is finding out who the father is...but that will have to wait until after they are born."

He groaned. "Just lovely."

She bent and kissed his nose. He fluttered his lashes and said, "Why, I thought that went against your prime directive, Doctor."

She smiled. "I do look like Beverly Crusher a bit...."

"I was thinking more Bones...."

She bopped him one.

"Let's get you cleaned up so we can tell the daddy...or daddies."

He growled in frustration.

Mulder greeted them when they returned. He held Kit in his arms and said to Walter, "We missed you."

Walter pulled his lover and child to him and kissed first Mulder then Kit, wrapping his arms about the wide shoulders of his lover.

"Ahem, I missed you too, Mulder..." She winked at him.

"Why Dana Katherine Scully!" He grinned, then moved to her and bent down low to kiss her.

Walter cleared his throat as the kiss seemed to linger just a bit longer than he wanted.

"Where's Alex?"

"He's playing with Jenny in the woods," Mulder told him after moving from his embrace of Dana.

"Which direction?" asked Dana, wanting to go play with them both. Maybe Alex would agree to some adults only play later on, she mused to herself.

"They should be in that direction. They found a tree house earlier."

She smiled and left Walter to tell Mulder of the results of the ultrasound.

"So? Are you carrying two, Walter?"

Walter frowned. "Yes."

He wasn't thrilled at all, but knew he couldn't do anything about it. He was pro choice, but no way would he abort the lives growing in his belly, even if they were to become hazardous to his health.

They walked back into the cabin to lay Kit in his bassinet.

After lying in the bed for a bit just holding each other, Walter pulled Mulder's face up to his and kissed him.

"See, now I can experience all the joys of motherhood that you did."

Mulder looked incredulously at his lover. "Yeah, right."

Walter smiled, sighed then held his lover.

Dana found Alex and Jenny playing hide-and-seek. She found Alex easily enough but Jenny was a little harder to see. Just then she saw a bit of brown hair just beside a fallen log and she smiled and moved closer to it as quietly as she could. Then she pounced.

"Mommy!" shrieked Jenny in part fright and part joy. "You found me!"

Jenny jumped into Dana's arms and she laughed as the girl giggled. Alex went up to them and held them with a big grin on his face.

Just then Alex held his stomach and winced. Dana quickly asked, "What's wrong, Alex?"

He shook his head. "Nothing...I'm fine. Just overdid it a little today."

Dana didn't like it at all.

"Come on, I think we've had enough fun for the day."

"But Mommy..."

"Alex isn't feeling well, Jenny. Let's go see if we can make him feel better, OK?"

Jenny nodded, looking sorrowfully at Alex whose head was lying on her mother's shoulder.

"Less go!" Jenny prompted, now worried that her best friend wasn't feeling good at all.

Once inside, Dana took Alex's temperature, checked his pulse, then decided to check his blood.

She looked at a sample of Alex's blood under the microscope then sighed.

"I think I know what the problem is."

Mulder wandered in from the bedroom and overheard that.

"What problem?"

"Alex's nanos aren't acting right."

"What?"

"I think he may need to be, um, restocked?"

"Restocked? How do I have that happen?" Alex asked, puzzled.

"Well, I guess I could just draw blood from Walter and inject it into you...or you could have unprotected sex with Walter...."

Alex grinned widely. Mulder sat with a frown on his face. "Unfair. I have to wear condoms while loverboy here gets to go bareback?"

"If he doesn't want his body to reject the fetus...."

"What, I could lose my baby?" Alex interrupted, suddenly highly upset at the prospect.

"Yes. That's why you need to...."

Alex jumped up from the sofa and charged into the bedroom to proposition Walter then and there. Mulder wandered in after him to watch.

Dana shook her head, glad she had let Jenny go to her room to play with her dolls. She sighed and decided it was time to make supper.

Walter was taking a light nap when suddenly he had 190 pounds of one armed man in his arms.

"Alex?"

He was answered with a mouth sucking on his tongue and a hand going straight for the gold--or rather his groin. The fumbling of fingers found his zipper and soon his cock was up and out and then down Alex's throat before Walter could stop him.

"Alex, don't! You could get the nanos."

He noticed a presence near the bed and looked up. Mulder was staring down at him as if he desired a tub of popcorn.

"Mulder?" asked Walter as best he could while Alex was sucking his brain out through his dick.

Walter looked down at his own overheated crotch then looked back at Mulder with a question in his eyes.

"Scully told him he could either do it the hard way or do it the easy way-he chose the easy way," answered Mulder enigmatically.

Walter rolled his eyes from more than just the sensations of Alex's throat swallowing his cock. He would beat Mulder senseless later; right now Alex was whipping him senseless with his tongue. His hands went up and ran through Alex's hair, loving the silky feel of the texture in his fingers.

Mulder reached down and pinched one of Walter's nipples, hard.

"Ow!" cried Walter, though when the pain went away it left a dull throbbing that zoomed down to his cock, making it jump in Alex's mouth.

Alex began to hum and Walter groaned loudly. Just then he felt a dry finger work its way down to the back of his balls, rubbing incessantly.

Walter whimpered and Mulder grinned. "That's it. Ride that bronco good."

When Mulder moved closer, Walter grabbed a leg and squeezed it in warning.

"Ok, ok!" gasped Mulder, getting a clue.

He watched as Alex did his best to bring Walter off, but could tell he was also making sure he didn't get off too quickly. Mulder was panting along with Walter as the big guy ran his fingers through Alex's short black hair, then held onto his ears as his hips pumped forward. Alex swallowed several times.

"Oh god, Alex! That's sooo good!"

Walter glared at Mulder for the outburst but he was too caught up in the action to care. Mulder was mesmerized by Walter's cock sliding in and out of those pink lips. He moved a bit closer to get a better view when Walter grasped his cock through his pants and jerked. Mulder groaned.

Just then Scully came in and dragged Mulder away by the ear. Walter would have to kiss her for that as Alex swallowed his cock a few more times then pressed just right under his cockhead while Alex's finger teased his perineum. Walter groaned then came inside that hot wet mouth.

Walter fell back onto the bed to regain his equilibrium while he wondered vaguely what brought this on. He was far too languid to care overly.

Alex licked his lips clean then looked down at his lover like the cat who ate the canary then kissed Walter.

"What?"

"You just made me feel so much better, Walter. The nanos apparently need replenishing once in awhile," Alex husked.

Walter pulled the ex-assassin's head down and kissed him then they lay together while Walter stroked Alex's erect cock until he came in his hand.

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Chapter 18 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

Thanks to Mich and Chad for wonderful betas and suggestions!

It had been three months since Walter learned he was pregnant. He had just started his extended vacation from work, after having spent the majority of his time at the office trying to dissuade the Bureau from seeking Alex. He was surprised one day to find a memo saying that all further investigation into Alex Krycek would cease. When Walter told this to everyone, Dana noticed Alex's pensive look and she growled, "Oh, no--You aren't going anywhere, Mister!"

"Dana, it could be vitally important to find out why they decided to stop the investigation."

"No!"

Alex pouted briefly, but didn't say anything more.

Walter's belly still didn't really show when he was dressed, but Alex was a mess: he bitched continuously, had swollen ankles, sore nipples and he was beginning to develop pretty breasts. Alex hated them but Dana, trying to cheer him up, said she'd always wanted a chick with a dick. That didn't help matters at all, especially when Walter and Mulder heard that, they laughed their asses off.

They all stared in shock when Alex ran from the room at the comment, tears clearly falling down his face and his bottom lip quivering.

Jenny, who had seemed oblivious to all the adult talk, ran after Alex shaking her finger at the rest of them. Dana gasped, realizing she was being badly influenced by the men in her life. She sighed.

"I better go try to comfort him...."

"Why? He's an adult, if he can't take a joke...."

"Walter Sergei Skinner! I don't want to hear any more smart talk from you! You're the reason he's knocked up in the first place!" she scolded, glaring at the older man fiercely before leaving the room.

Mulder was breast-feeding during this exchange and Walter thought he looked especially beautiful.

"Was I so wrong?" he asked the love of his life.

"Yes, but you're right also. Alex is an adult and should be able to handle some good natured

teasing. Seems the hormones in his body are reacting differently with him than they did with me. I think he may have more female hormones and the nanos are trying to work with them." He cast a doubtful look at the door that Alex and Dana had disappeared through. "Doesn't seem they're succeeding very well."

"Shit, I hope I don't get so emotional!"

Mulder snorted. "You've been too ill to have any other emotion. I wonder if maybe you need a dosage of nanos to control --"

"No fucking way!" Walter cut him off in mid-thought. "I refuse to have more nanos put in me! If I have to be sick for the rest of the pregnancy then so be it!"

Mulder didn't respond, concentrating more on trying to get Kit to fall asleep than on his lover's childish hysterics. Walter watched the two people in his life that he loved more than his own, and he sighed. He knew he was being overly emotional over the health of the lives he was carrying in his body. Babies who were going to be a part of his and Mulder's life and he realized he was wrong to overreact. Maybe he did need to get a new dosage of--he couldn't even think it.

"I love you and Kit more than anything else in the world, even my own life, baby, but I can't even think about having more of that shit put in me!"

Mulder removed one hand from under Kit and pulled Walter to him. He kissed him softly.

"You don't have to, Walter, but you may want Dana to check you out--find out if you're OK, maybe your hormone levels aren't acting right."

Walter sighed. "All right, I'll have Dana check me out tomorrow."

Dana found Jenny hugging and kissing Alex over and over as he lay sprawled on the bed, his arm around the little girl.

"Mommy! You hurt Awex!" Jenny accused as she pulled out of Alex's arms and stood glaring at her mother.

"I know, and I'm going to apologize--Alex, I was wrong to say that about you. I love you and I don't think you're a chick with a --" She stopped, looking pointedly at Jenny. "Go play in your room, Jenny. I need to speak to Alex alone."

Jenny put her hands on her hips. "Kiss first!"

Dana smiled then bent and kissed Jenny. "Now, Awex!"

Dana looked at Alex whose eyes were still red but he didn't look averse to a kiss. She bent and kissed him softly then more passionately. Alex moaned in her mouth and pulled her closer. When Dana pulled away to tell Jenny to leave, her daughter had vacated the room already.

She turned back to Alex and said, "I'm sorry, my love. It was wrong of me to say that to you. There is no excuse for my behavior."

Alex nodded as if weighing the sincerity of her words, and when he replied, his tone was equally formal but warm. "I forgive you, Dana. I love you and know that wasn't something you'd say, normally. I think having three men in your life who can have children is probably wearing you out. Maybe you should go back to your practice."

"I would love to do that, Alex, but I can't. I've already called several people and I've been writing a letter of resignation to the board members. I explained it was a family emergency and there was nothing I could do. I have too much to do here with you and Walter. I don't want to chance something happening to either one of you."

Alex bottom lip trembled. "You didn't talk to me first?"

Dana sighed. "Alex, I've lived alone a long time. When Jenny was born, it made me more independent minded than ever. I had to take care of everything on my own. But I promise you, I will work on including you in all my decisions from now on. I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Alex grinned in delight and pulled Dana down to him and kissed her. Dana pulled away to kiss Alex's chin before saying, "Jenny has really grown since you've been around, Alex. She left without me even asking her."

"She told me earlier that she wanted us to kiss and hug so we can lay on top of each other."

Dana's eyes bugged out. "What? Where did she get that?"

"I think from TV."

Dana shook her head. "I think we should keep her away from the TV for a while--say until she graduates from college."

Alex laughed, then, still smiling, asked: "Dana, will you marry me?"

Dana's eyes widened. She certainly hadn't been expecting her over-emotional, not to mention six-months-pregnant boyfriend to pop the question.

"I know I have the hormones of a teenage mother, but I love you and I can't imagine living my life without you," he continued.

It didn't take more than a moment for Scully to grin hugely and reply, "Oh, Alex! Yes, I will be your wife."

Alex whooped and pulled her to him.

"What the hell are they doing in there?" asked Mulder, hearing Alex's whoop.

"Maybe she found 'that' spot..." Walter trailed off.

"She might have," Mulder said it so nonchalantly, that Walter was immediately relieved he didn't have to explain how he knew about Alex's 'spot.'

"May I find your 'spot', Mulder?" Walter's voice was low and sexy.

Mulder grinned. "Let me put Kit to bed then I'm all yours."

Walter was very glad that his daily nausea usually tapered off by three in the afternoon and he would feel good at least until the next morning. He waited patiently while Mulder laid Kit in the basket and then he helped Mulder open the sofa bed. He grinned as Mulder lay back on the bed, a sexy, lopsided smile on his face. Walter groaned. "That always makes me so horny, baby."

Just then Walter put his hand over his mouth. "Oh god, Mulder--" He ran to the bathroom and slammed the door behind him. Violent retching sounds came from behind the bathroom door. Mulder chose not to be hurt by it and looked over at Kit.

"He loves me, Kit, I know he does."

Walter came back looking sheepish, water from the sink still sparkling on his chin and lips. He asked, "Did I ruin it completely?"

Mulder shook his head. "Never. I'll always want you, Walter."

Walter groaned and lay down beside his lover. "Have I told you lately that you're the love of my life?"

Mulder smiled and shook his head. "Not in the last five minutes, but I love hearing it just the same."

They kissed and Mulder pulled Walter on top of him, wanting to be careful of the lives growing inside of the older man.

"You're what?!"

"We're engaged." Dana grinned widely, holding on to a stiff-with-tension Alex. He wasn't certain how the other men would react to the news.

"Can we have breakfast now?" Mulder whined.

Dana sighed. "Such romantic souls!"

She got up and turned to the stove to fix breakfast.

"Congratulations, Alex. She is a good woman and I know you will do right by her." Alex smiled; glad Walter had decided to act more cordially towards him since last night.

Amusement tinged his words when Mulder smirked and said, "So, should we get hitched, Walter?"

Walter noticed Mulder's slight smile and shrugged. "Think we can move to Vermont any time soon?"

Mulder shook his head. "It would be a shotgun wedding, Walter."

Walter sighed, more concerned about his insides than a possible wedding. He hoped he could eat breakfast today without having to rush to the bathroom.

"Dana, do you think Walter may need more nanos since he's been so ill for so long?"

Dana turned from the stove and looked at Walter. "I'll check your hormone levels, Walter. See if that's the cause. I would think a mild case of hyperemesis would be controlled by the nanos. It could be that your nanos are working overtime because you are carrying two fetuses."

Walter sighed with relief. That seemed far better than adding more nanos to his body. After they ate, Walter was very relieved that he didn't immediately lose all the food, so he felt much better

about having Dana draw blood from him.

They went to her makeshift lab and she told him, "I'll be resigning from the clinic on the first, Walter, but I will ask to use the facilities there from time to time. I'll have to be given permission and be very discreet about what I do there."

"I would think Mulder's friends could help you find a good lab if you're worried about discretion."

She nodded. "I'll give that some thought." She held up the vial of murky red liquid. "All done. I will run this over to the lab later this afternoon." She kissed his cheek.

Her face was close to his and she smelled wonderful. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Sorry," he murmured against her mouth, "just had a barbaric but justifiable urge to feel like a man."

She smiled. "Hmm, I think I wouldn't mind being your sounding board."

They kissed again softly then pulled away and smiled warmly at one another.

Alex gingerly lay on the sofa, his feet propped up. Mulder put Kit in the basket and began to massage Alex's big sore feet. Alex moaned.

"Oh, damn, yes! Thanks so much!"

Mulder smiled. "I know exactly what you're going through but my ankles rarely got a chance to swell up the way Dana kept me bed bound. You're lucky you get to move around."

"Thank goodness for small mercies," Alex murmured, his eyes closed.

Mulder's hands caressed from the swollen ankles upward to the hairy calves. Alex purred. As Mulder continued, Alex murmured,

"If you go a little higher, I'll make it worth your while."

Mulder looked into the heavy-lidded, dreamy green eyes. A hint of humor played along Alex's pretty lips.

"Why, Alex, I thought you were a taken man. You sure Dana wouldn't mind me fucking her fianc?"

"I'm not married yet, Fox." The purr ran straight to Mulder's cock which throbbed in his pants.

Mulder inched his hands closer and closer to the bulge in Alex's shorts.

"Touch me, Fox--please," Alex begged.

"How can I refuse?" responded Mulder, feeling his own cock desperately wanting to get into the action too. One finger slid up the length of Alex's erect cock.

Alex leaned back and sighed. He was so distracted by Mulder's touch that he wasn't bothered when Mulder asked him to take off his shirt.

Mulder licked his lips, seeing Alex's small breasts displayed for him. He leaned his head down and ran his hair over them, nuzzling between them. When his mouth latched on to one nipple, Alex cried out,

"Fuck! My nipples have never been so sensitive!" Mulder continued to lave and suck on one of the hyper-sensitive protuberances. "Oh, god, I think I could come just from you sucking them!" Alex pulled on Mulder's ears. "Kiss me, Fox."

Mulder reluctantly lifted his head and captured that sweet mouth with his own. Alex snagged the back of Mulder's shirt and pulled it off. Then he pulled Mulder down atop him and moaned as their breasts slid over each other. Alex's eyes rolled to the back of his head-- the sensation was incredible. He and Mulder were practically acting out their own lesbian fantasy. This thought made him laugh out loud, but did nothing to dim his ardor, and the chuckle faded to a groan as their mouths found each other and their hands mapped their bodies as if exploring new territory.

Walter and Dana opened the door to the cabin. They had just returned from shopping, and had taken Jenny with them. Now the little girl put her hands to her mouth, then held them up to Dana. Her Mommy pulled her up into her arms and whispered, "What is it, Jenny?"

"Daddy and Awex -." She pointed to the living room.

Walter looked at his favorite little girl curiously, and then rushed into the living room to see Fox and Alex making love on the couch. He backed away before either man noticed he was even there, getting aroused the sight of them.

He returned to Dana and Jenny and sighed.

"They're just loving each other, Jenny."

Dana's eyes bugged out. Jenny had somehow 'seen' what had been taking place without being in the room. She blushed furiously, wondering if Jenny had been able to 'see' her and Alex when-

"Oh, god!" she moaned to Walter.

Walter shook his head and said, "Not now. Take her to her room and play with her. I'll get the groceries."

Dana nodded and went down the hall, hoping Jenny didn't see what Alex and Fox were doing on the couch.

Walter returned to the living room and watched as Alex and Fox came in each other's arms, their mouths glued together. He waited a few moments before he went over and tapped them both lightly on the head.

"Wha-?" they both complained. They were both still too fuck-stupid to be overly upset by it.

"Our little Jenny has finally shown an ability, Mulder. She saw her Daddy and Alex making love to each other on the couch."

"Jenny watched us? I thought she was with you?" Mulder asked curiously. Finally awake from his stupor.

Walter shook his head. "Jenny was with her favorite Uncle Walter and her Mommy, but she 'saw'

what you two were doing just the same. Right through the closed front door."

Mulder eyes widened. "She has telepathy?"

Walter shrugged. "I don't know the right term. She just knew what you two were doing."

Alex groaned. "Poor Jenny. I hope she doesn't think I was doing something wrong with Fox."

Walter shook his head. "No, I explained to her you two were just loving each other."

Alex sighed in relief.

"Looks like we won't be the only ones being tested, Alex."

Mulder stood up and shook his head emphatically.

"No! I will not subject my daughter to the same things they did to me, Walter!"

"Baby, she needs to be tested. Here's a thought--maybe you could do the testing--"

Mulder put his hands to his face and groaned. "I'll have to think about it."

He rushed into the bathroom to hide from the suggestion.

Walter sighed. "He knows she will have to be tested at some point."

Alex nodded then raised himself from the couch, his breasts bouncing slightly.

"You looked very good, lying there thoroughly debauched."

Alex smirked then wiggled his ass. Walter grabbed Alex and kissed him hard, then let him go.

"Get cleaned up, Alex. We need to bring the groceries in."

Alex nodded and joined Mulder in the bathroom. Walter went out to the suburban to bring in the first few bags.

While they were eating, Dana, having already fed Jenny, took her to her room to put her to bed. Once they were out of the room, Walter brought up the subject of having Jenny tested.

"Walter!" Mulder pouted, wishing his lover hadn't brought the subject up again.

"Mulder?" Dana interjected after she had re-entered the room. "I know you don't like the idea of testing, but Jenny seems open to it."

Mulder's eyes widened. "You talked to her about it?"

"Yes. That's why I spent so much time with her earlier. I was asking her about how long she had been able to see things."

"Dana, I wish you'd consulted with me..."

Dana scoffed. "I couldn't do that, not with your cock inside my fianc!"

Alex blushed. "Dana, I'm sorry if I hurt you--"

Dana shook her head. "It's has nothing to do with you, Alex. It has to do with Mulder and me, since we are Jenny's parents. We have to decide what's right for our child." She sighed. "I didn't test her, Mulder. All I did was ask if it would be OK if one of us asked her about what she can 'see'. I only asked her after she had explained that she had been able to see all of us at one time being intimate with each other. That's how she knew about lying on top of each other."

Mulder gasped. "What?"

"It seems our daughter is very aware when we become intimate." She shrugged.

Mulder laughed softly and shook his head.

"Hey, don't look at me; she's your daughter, Mulder."

Mulder grinned, obviously proud, then paused. "Do you think she knows about the nanos?"

"I didn't ask her but I suspect she may."

Mulder sighed. "All right. If anyone tests her it will be me; but I will want you to be there, Dana. Maybe you can help me with some medical questions."

"OK, Mulder."

Alex and Walter left in the SUV on a fishing trip to give Mulder and Dana time to test their daughter. Alex was relieved he had a chance to leave the cabin. Dana and Walter had kept him cooped up for too long.

Mulder and Dana played with their daughter, to keep her distracted from the fact that Walter and Alex were gone, and that they would soon be enjoying more than just a carefree afternoon. Jenny seemed oblivious to their nervousness. After some time had passed, Mulder set out a deck of cards, shuffled them, and then picked out three of them.

"Jenny, do you know what cards I'm holding?"

Jenny looked at him and shook her head. He sighed. He asked, "Do you know what I'm thinking?"

She shook her head. Her hands went immediately to the rest of the cards and she studied them a moment before she pulled out the Queen of Hearts.

"Mommy," she stated matter of factly.

Then she pulled out the King of Hearts. "Daddy."

He watched, wondering if she was going to do something special.

She pulled out the Jack of Clubs. "Awex."

Then the King of Spades. "Unca Water."

She then placed the king on top of the jack. "Unca Water wuvs Awex."

Dana gasped. "Jenny, are Uncle Walter and Alex loving each other?"

Jenny nodded.

"Damn!" Dana glared at Mulder for cursing in front of Jenny.

"You can see Walter and Alex together? Aren't they fishing?"

Jenny shook her head. "They stopped. Awex kissed Water then they wuved."

Mulder shook his head. "What is it, Dana?"

"Do you think it has to do with the nanos?" Dana asked Mulder.

"Jenny, what did you see before you saw Alex kissing Walter?"

Jenny shrugged. "Sumfin..."

"Something inside Alex and Walter?"

Jenny nodded then looked down at the cards. She grabbed Walter's card and set it away from Alex's.

"Sumfin here," she touched Walter's card, her finger on the King of Spades' chest, "tickles sumfin here." She pointed to Alex's card, her finger on the Jack of Clubs' chest.

Dana's eyes widened. "That's the nanos! They must be sending signals to each other from our bodies!"

Mulder nodded. "I - I just don't know what that means, Dana, except that she can somehow sense when the nanos are excited." He grinned.

Dana groaned. "Jenny shouldn't stay here. I'm going to take her to mother's..."

"Dana--"

"No, Mulder, she shouldn't be here in this sexually charged atmosphere. She doesn't understand it fully and, frankly, I don't think you're 'enlightened' view of sex is healthy for someone so young."

Mulder looked hurt. "Dana, I haven't said a word to her."

Dana frowned. "I know, but you don't have to, Mulder. None of us have to say a thing. She can see it herself. And if the nanos are causing us to do a little more ... well ..." She blushed, not wanting to say too much in front of Jenny.

Mulder sighed. He knew she was right. "Have you checked her for nanos, Dana?"

She shook her head. "No, and I was hoping I wouldn't have to, but it looks like I will."

Jenny's eyes widened, knowing they were talking about her, but not understanding what all the fuss was about.

"Come on, sweetie; let's go to the laundry room."

Dana took her little girl's hand and they left Mulder contemplating what Jenny's abilities meant. If she could see the nanos reacting, maybe it was because her nanos were different in some way.

He was very curious exactly what way the nanos were different. Had they 'evolved' in Jenny? Why would she need to know about the activities of other nanos? The only thought that made any sense was that she would know in a sense what was going on around her - know when nano infected people were close by. Maybe as she became older her ability would improve to include more than just sexual activity when the nanos were the most active. As the far fetched notion of Jenny becoming a nano detector superhero took on grandiose proportions in his mind, he decided that maybe they would just have to wait and see how her ability improved over the years.

He sighed. He hated the fact his sweet little girl could still be a victim of experimentation if her talents were ever revealed. Nanotechnology would become far more prevalent as she matured. He wished that she could become an obscure medical technologist in a lab somewhere and never have to be under any organization's watchful eyes like he had been.

"Mulder, take Jenny to the swing Walter built for her. I need to study the nanos a bit longer. I think I will try a few things then compare them to Walter's."

Mulder nodded. He was glad to have a distraction from his more morose thoughts. Mulder picked up Kit in his basket and Jenny smiled. She always liked to play with Kit.

As they walked out of the cabin, Walter and Alex drove up. Jenny ran to the SUV and clapped her hands at seeing them.

"Kisses!" she squealed, lifting her arms to Walter.

Walter bent to pick her up and kissed her soundly. "How's my sweet little angel?"

"Good! Daddy's going to take me swinging."

"He is? May I come too?"

She giggled. "Yes!"

Walter lifted his brows at Mulder who nodded his head. Walter sighed. "Dana's checking her out?"

Mulder nodded. "It may take awhile but she'll probably still want to take Jenny to her mother's."

"Maybe it's for the best," interjected Alex.

Mulder pouted. Walter pulled his lover to him and kissed the pout off his face. "Come on. Let's have some fun with her before Dana steals her away."

They all walked to the swing, knowing Dana needed her space while she worked.

After a long sweaty, fun-filled afternoon of swinging, singing, playing hide-and-seek and playing helicopter, they all went inside, starving.

"I think I'll make some stew," Walter announced, not wanting to bother Dana with their evening meal.

Alex brought Dana some tea that he knew she liked as she worked. He watched her working

before disturbing her. Dana looked so beautiful to her fianc with her glasses on, her hair pulled back behind her ears and her total focus on what she was doing. He sighed, thoroughly in love.

Dana looked up and smiled at the tea in his hand. "For me? You're so wonderful will you marry me?"

Alex grinned. "Always, beautiful."

They kissed before she took the tea, sipped it, then went back to work. He watched her for a few more minutes then returned to the kitchen.

They had just finished eating; Jenny had gone to her room to play with her dolls, when Dana emerged from the laundry room. All eyes were on her when she sighed and said,

"Well, I know I'm going to have to study this more fully. I think taking Jenny to my mother's will be a good idea. I can be closer to the labs at work to study the nanos more in depth. On the surface, they machines are different. They seem to function differently in her body than an adult's. I don't know what that means except that I need more time to study them."

Mulder pouted but didn't object. Alex suddenly looked worried. "Uh, Dana, you're staying there as well?"

"Well, until I have a better understanding of Jenny's nanos, I think I should remain there. I'll call you every day to see how things are going and if you have any problems, let me know. I'll get here as soon as I can."

Alex moved closer to Dana and kissed her softly. "I'll miss you every minute your gone, Dana."

Mulder rolled his eyes but Walter thought the love Alex and Dana felt for each other was wonderful. He smiled at them.

"You want to leave soon?"

Dana sighed. She looked away from Alex and nodded at Walter. "Yes, no time like the present."

"Eat something first, I left you a plate," Walter suggested.

She agreed and ate while the men in her life helped clean up. Afterwards, Alex held Dana while Walter went to get a few things ready for her.

Mulder fed Kit then looked at Dana and Alex with sadness and a tinge of regret in his eyes. Walter returned to see that look and decided he would have to talk to his lover when no one else was around.

They watched as Dana and Jenny left in the SUV, leaving her car there for them to pick up supplies and whatever they needed.

"You love them so much, Alex, I can see it," said Walter.

Alex nodded. "Never thought I could ever have a real family, Walter."

Mulder clapped Alex on the back. "Don't be so down, Alex. You have me and Walt to keep you

company."

Alex smiled. He grabbed Mulder to him and hugged him. "Thanks, Fox, that means a lot to me."

Mulder shrugged his shoulders. "Hey, Alex, I know what you're going through."

Unbeknownst to them, someone hidden in the woods on the opposite side of the house was taking pictures of them using a telephoto camera. When Mulder, Alex and Walter entered the cabin, the man moved away and called his boss.

"Sir, I have the photos. Will be there in two hours." He listened for a moment and then replied, "Yes, sir. There is something distinctly odd about them. When we develop the film, we should be able to tell." He listened for another moment then clicked off his cell phone.

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Chapter 19 by Bertie

Author's Notes:

Thanks so much to Mich for her fabulous beta! And thanks to Ursula for helping me with ideas. Walter was upset. Mulder was weaning his baby from nursing and his breasts were shrinking while Walter's own breasts had grown in size. Alex salivated every time Walter took off his shirt, and Walter didn't appreciate Alex's desire to run his face against his chest. Mulder wasn't any better.

"They look as good as Jade Blue Afterglow's," smirked Mulder.

"Who?"

"Uh, never mind." Mulder blushed.

Walter didn't appreciate being compared to one of the porn stars on Mulder's numerous videos. He had no problem however with the increase in sexual activity between all three men in the cabin since Scully and Jenny had left. He realized he should feel a bit guilty over that fact, but he couldn't bring himself to feel bad about it.

Mulder stared at the man standing in the doorway watching him hold Kit in his arms. He was glad Kit was used to formula now. His breasts had shrunk to normal and he was no longer lactating. He realized this man wasn't here for a good reason.

"May I help you?" Mulder began, knowing he wouldn't like whatever the tall, dark man would say.

"Come with me," the man said menacingly. His overcoat opened and Mulder saw a gun holstered there.

Mulder hated the thought of going with the gruff man, but he could see no other choice. He certainly didn't want to risk Walter's life, or Alex's, if he could avoid it. He would have rather left Kit behind as well, but it was too late. The man clearly was in a hurry.

Mulder was terrified that he was being taken to CSM or any other member of the Consortium.

He thought wistfully of Alex and Walter in their bed, making love, while he was being taken away without their knowledge. He worried about what they would do, and knew they would be frantic when they realized he was gone. Alex would probably panic and Walter would have to sit on him to keep from leaving.

Mulder sat, miserable, while Kit slept peacefully in his arms, wetting his diaper. He was glad he'd had the diaper bag in his hand when the armed block of wood knocked on the cabin door, and at the same time disappointed that there was no way to figure out where they were headed. They were in back of a van with tinted windows on all sides and the front was blocked from view.

Mulder was given a blindfold once they reached their destination, so he couldn't see where in the city they were. He held tight to Kit while being led by a beefy hand on his shoulder. The blindfold was taken off inside a building that looked like it had been standing a good long while. Mulder was led into a smoke filled office and there, underneath the miasma, was the nicotine stained creep himself. Mulder frowned at him and pulled the baby tighter into his arms, as if he could shelter him from the very air itself.

"Now that you have me here, I would appreciate you telling me what you want so I can say no and leave your noxious presence."

"Now, now, Mulder. I understand your desire to protect your baby's health." Mulder watched as CSM tapped out his cigarette and stood. "Come with me."

"No way." Mulder didn't raise his voice, just emphasized his words.

"We're just moving to another room with less smoke."

Mulder nearly gasped in shock at the thought of compassion from this, his sworn enemy, but followed the tall man out of the office anyway. When they moved out into the hall, the older man was very careful to keep his distance from them. When they entered another office with windows that lightened the atmosphere in the room, he asked if he could hold Kit.

"Why should I trust you with my baby?"

The old man smiled. "That is the very reason I'm letting you keep your baby, Mulder."

Mulder growled, 'no', and held Kit closer to him.

"Now, Mulder, I just want a chance to hold my grandson."

"What?! You are NOT my father, you bastard!"

"I could run a DNA test for you, Mulder, but your DNA has been altered since you were a child."

Mulder stumbled back and sat heavily into a chair. He already suspected as much, this was the first time he'd been told flat out that this was the case.

"No way would I ever let you do to Kit what you did to me or Samantha!"

"Mulder, be reasonable. Samantha wasn't my child. She would never have been taken if she had been."

Mulder wanted to cry but no way would he show his fear and pain to this evil bastard.

"J-just tell me what you want. Kit will wake up soon and I should feed him." Mulder hated the resigned tone in his voice.

"Of course, my dear boy. I don't want to keep you too long. I just wanted to offer you refuge."

"Refuge?" Kit squirmed as Mulder's voice rose. "As if I would trust your idea of refuge!"

"The Scully cabin is all very well for staying in temporarily, but you must know you can't remain there forever. Not with more babies on the way."

Mulder whimpered, hating himself for showing any sort of weakness to the man. The asshole was right. They would have to leave. They weren't safe where they were. But he didn't know where they could turn to....

"Mulder, you must know that I want what's best for you and your babies. No way would I want what happened to you to happen to them."

Mulder laughed bitterly. "You expect me to believe you?"

"No, but then I'm not offering you much of a choice. You can choose to stay where you are, of course, but I can't protect you for much longer." Spender's voice was as calm as ever, but somehow, that just made what he was saying that much worse.

"You're telling me you are the reason we haven't been found out?"

"Of course. It wouldn't have taken much to figure it out. You decide, Mulder. Do you want your children raised by the government where there are no protections against corruption or infiltration or would you rather your children be raised by yourself and your 'family' within a well protected environment?"

"A well protected environment that you control."

"Absolutely. I would never trust your care in someone else's hands, Mulder."

Mulder sat pensively for a moment then said, "I will have to talk to everyone else first, I'm not about to make such a decision on my own."

"Very well, I will give you one day; beyond that, I can't guarantee your safety."

"May I call them to let them know I'm alright?"

"Yes."

Mulder rose to take the cell phone Spender held out to him. Spender opened his hands for Kit. Mulder reluctantly let Spender hold Kit as he dialed Skinner's cell phone. He watched, frowning, as Spender smiled down at Kit. The little brat seemed very comfortable there in his 'granddaddy's' arms, and a part of Mulder suddenly felt a little sick at the thought.

"Skinner." The sound of his lover's voice filled Mulder with relief, and made him a little homesick at the same time.

"Walter, I just wanted to let you know I'm alright and will be home soon."

"Baby! We were so worried about you! You have Kit, right?"

"Yes, I have him. I was just visiting someone. We can talk about it when I return."

"Shit, I don't like the sound of that. I've had to tie Alex down. It wasn't easy." As if to emphasize the point, Mulder could suddenly hear a muffled voice in the background.

"I'll see you soon. I love you." Mulder blushed, trying not to look at Spender with Kit.

"We love you, too. Bye."

Mulder handed the phone back to Spender who returned Kit to him.

"He is a beauty, Mulder. Do you think I want the same for him that you went through? Not at all. I want him knowing who his father is and who his grandfather is."

Mulder frowned. He wanted to scream and shout at the old fart, but not with Kit in his arms.

"May I leave now?"

"I don't see why not. The sooner you talk to your uh, 'partners', the sooner I will see my grandchild again."

Mulder bit the inside of his mouth to keep from retorting. Spender was clearly megalomaniacal but Mulder wasn't about to fight with him. All Mulder wanted to do was return to the cabin and cry in Walter's arms.

During the long drive back, Mulder was frightened to find himself believing that Spender was the safer bet. The only problem would be convincing his lovers of that.

Mulder realized that Spender hadn't mentioned Scully. Maybe the old guy had forgotten her, but he doubted it. The old man was probably including Scully as one of his lovers.

Damn, Scully will hate me forever, he thought. He rocked Kit to sleep again after feeding and changing Kit's diaper, finding the actions soothing even as he was fighting against the rocking of the van. He would do anything to keep his baby safe. If that meant making a deal with the devil, then he had no choice but to accept.

Mulder rehearsed what he was going to say to his lovers. He really had no idea what to do but be direct, and hope they understood.

"Is this a joke, Mulder?" growled Walter.

"I wish it were. I don't think we have a choice here, Walter. Besides, wouldn't you rather our family be in a safe environment rather than in the three ring circus our life would be in if the government ever got a hold of us?"

Alex had remained too quiet and they both turned to look at him.

"No, Alex," Mulder said, reading the emotions on his lover's expressive face. "We won't run; at least not until after the babies are born."

"Fox, I don't trust that motherfucker!"

"And you think I do?"

Neither could argue that point.

"We have to agree to terms, Mulder." Krycek still seemed against it, but his voice held a resigned tone; he knew Mulder was right.

"I know. I don't want that bastard thinking he can blackmail us easily, but at the moment we have no choice. I could run, but I would rather be with you."

"Why?" asked Alex, upset.

"Because I love you, damn it! We're a family. I'd rather be together as a family than ripped apart by Spender's games."

The only thing they eventually agreed on was that staying together as a family under Spender's 'protection' was temporarily better than being in a government lab or one controlled by the Consortium.

They argued all points from the time Mulder stepped into the cabin until the next day when the same gruff man knocked on the door. At some point, Scully had phoned to get updated on Mulder, and then she started arguing as well.

Mulder took the initiative and told the man at the door that they would go with him. The man let them take all that they could but said that he'd been advised to tell them that everything they needed would be provided for them by his boss.

Mulder glared at the old man behind his large desk. He hated this and he knew if it weren't for Walter, Alex would have bolted long ago.

"You want me to what?!" Mulder was surprised that the older man had restrained from lighting up a cigarette in front of his grandchild.

"If you want to keep your lovers together, I suggest you impregnate them...unless you want to become pregnant yourself."

Mulder sighed, he knew the old man obviously could tell Alex and Walter were pregnant and he knew the asshole just wanted Mulder to admit it. "Don't play games with me! You can see that I've already had a baby and both my lovers *are* pregnant!"

The nicotine-stained man grinned. "Very good! I knew you had it in you! I was afraid that you were too, what's the word I'm looking for? Ah, 'swishy', to impregnate anyone."

Mulder wanted to rip the old man's throat out.

"Do not worry, Fox. You will all live in luxury. You think I would keep you in a government run facility? Never. For you, only the best."

As if the man thought that would make it better. And in fact, Mulder didn't believe him, but he felt he had no choice. He would still have to see it to believe it. Even a golden cage is still a cage, he thought.

"But we will be watched over and not allowed to leave."

"Not completely accurate, my boy. I know you will want your space. I can understand that. Since I know that Dana's child is 'talented', they will be brought there as well."

Mulder was furious. "No! Leave them out of it!"

His alleged father just smiled. "I always loved your passionate anger, son. It's the reason I'm taking care of you instead of the Consortium elders. They wanted to keep you locked up in a

government run lab and experiment on you and your lovers. So you see, I have your best interest at heart. I want to see my grandchildren grow up in a suitable environment. Smithers had the right idea by keeping his family close, though it cost him his life. I, on the other hand, have a place set up where you won't be contacted by anyone that I don't allow."

Mulder groaned and put his hands over his face. He stood there like that for long moments and then swiped a hand over wet eyes and said, "Let me speak to Walter and Alex. Alone."

"Absolutely, Fox. You may use my office. I will give you fair warning, though, there is nothing of value to you in this office."

They waited until he was gone and then Mulder turned to his lovers and sighed. "You hate this, I know. I think, though, we have no choice at the moment."

"Baby, are you sure you can trust him?" Walter asked him, looking exasperated, but his tone was full of loyalty to Mulder.

"No, of course not, Walter, but what are we supposed to do?"

Alex looked like he knew what he'd like to do, and it didn't involve staying in one place a second longer. Mulder had to dissuade him somehow.

"Alex, no, I refuse to allow you to run. At least we'll be together."

"Mulder, he's threatened me before. I think he's getting off on the fact I'm pregnant by his *virile* son. I mean, I really don't care what he believes, but--I--I will stay with you, Mulder, Walter. You're right. At this point we don't have much choice." Krycek had been most persuaded by Mulder's talk of wanting to keep their family together. Whether he wanted to admit it or not, he was a part of a family that he wanted to stay with for the rest of his life. If it meant they would suffer hardships along the way...well, that's what he always thought family was anyway--folks who stuck together through good times and bad. Certainly not the family that sold their children to be raised by Consortium assholes as his own mother and father had.

The look in Alex's eyes made Mulder want to weep and hold him, so he did.

They were taken in the back of the same windowless van later that evening. They had been fed, allowed to take care of Kit and were surprisingly well taken care of themselves.

After a long drive, the van stopped for good and the door was slid open. All they noticed was that they were in some form of enclosed parking lot or deck. They were shuffled through it quickly and none had been able to see anything remotely significant about the surrounding area. It was too dark beyond the brightly lit parking deck.

In the elevator, blindfolds were placed over their eyes and then they were led for a good while, maybe five minutes or more, Mulder thought. After the elevator ride, they were guided down a hallway, and through a doorway that Mulder could sense above him, even if he couldn't see it. The sound of a door closing came from behind them, and then silence.

They took off their blindfolds and looked around. The unit was like a spacious apartment or condo. It was even larger than Walter's old condo had been.

Alex sighed. "Been in one of these before, not as big, but..." He walked off.

"Where're you going?" Mulder wondered.

"To take a leak. Relax, Mulder. Obviously none of us are going anywhere anytime soon."

They both watched him leave the room and walk to a door down a hall on the opposite side of the living room. Kit fussed so Mulder went in search of his bottle.

"Mulder, damn, you know Alex isn't going to stand for this. He's going to try to escape."

Mulder fed Kit the bottle and Walter admired Mulder's skill at handling their child so lovingly.

"This place is probably as locked up as Fort Knox. He isn't going anywhere, like he said."

Walter sighed.

"Here, you feed Kit," said Mulder, "I'm going to check on Alex."

Walter sighed again. He knew better than to argue with Mulder. The man felt guilty enough as if it was his fault they were found out by Spender. His feet were tired and his back was killing him. He began to appreciate first hand what it felt like for women to wear those over the shoulder bras. They were killing him. He was too embarrassed to go to the store in a gown so he had begged Scully to buy him a few bras. He was too large for the 26Bs she wore, and in fact, was fast becoming a C cup. On top of that, he was reduced to wearing slippers all the time because regular shoes hurt his feet. What amazed him was that his sexual appetite hadn't reduced at all. He was hornier than hell and hated the fact he had to beg his lovers to have sex with him. Usually he wore them out.

Walter seriously envied Mulder's lean body now. It had always been a source of pride to be a stronger and bigger man than his genius subordinate. Now it was a source of humiliation.

He noticed Kit looking up at him with adoring eyes and sighed. This was the reason he was suffering and he decided it was worth it.

Mulder went into the bathroom. Alex was on the toilet with his maternity pants around his feet and his overly large shirt hiked up. Normally, that sight would have made him laugh, but for some odd reason, it was sexy as hell.

Alex glared at him. "Do you mind? I need to shit!"

"No, I don't mind. You're shitting for two now." He grinned widely and realized that was a mistake. Alex was bending down and grabbing the first thing to hand...a roll of toilet paper. He wasn't going to wipe his ass with it either. Mulder did the only thing he could do. Still grinning, he backed out of the room before Alex could inflict embarrassed wrath on him.

He went back to Walter and sighed, "He's doing OK💎."

"Mulder, let him take a leak in peace."

Mulder nodded, understanding the wisdom in that but for some odd reason, Skinner's words made him feel left out at the same time.

Mulder looked around, grateful that there was a complete kitchen available. One of the facilities 'maintenance' men said someone would bring them food and other necessities every week. He

didn't trust this, but he really felt he had no other choice. He could go public, but that would mean being experimented on and possibly losing his child, a thought which terrified him. He wasn't about to lose the one thing he loved more than he loved Walter. He knew they had little chance of survival if they went on the run now, with their limited resources and he also knew he was being uncharacteristically selfish. He wanted to be there when Walter had their babies. He even wanted to be there for Alex, though the child was Walter's. He was beginning to realize that he was in a family now, something he never really felt a part of, especially after Samantha was taken.

Alex looked upset when he returned from the restroom. Mulder went over and offered to rub his feet. That seemed to do the trick because he flopped down on the sofa and laid down, letting Mulder take his feet in his lap.

"Alex, I know you hate this. Do you think I just went along willingly?" He paused then sighed. "OK, I admit, I did. But you know I had no other choice. We can't run, not like we are."

Alex snorted. "You could run, Mulder. You're not about to have a baby pried open from your belly in a matter of weeks."

"No, I couldn't run. I'm just as much a part of this family as any of us. They'll bring Scully to us and then we'll all be together. Isn't it better to be here than out there where you're always constantly looking over your shoulder?"

Alex frowned. Mulder could tell he was contemplating which would be better. Mulder knew that no matter what he felt, this was the safest bet. At least for now. Mulder let him have his silence, and didn't interrupt his musings. When he looked up after a while, he saw that Alex had drifted off to sleep. He slowly lifted Alex's swollen feet from his lap and rose, then bent down to kiss Alex softly on the forehead before going to see his baby.

After a few days, Scully came to see them.

Mulder asked immediately, "Has that bastard taken you too?"

"No, Mulder. He actually only just contacted me today. Jenny is with her grandmother and I will be allowed to return to them tomorrow. I asked to stay the night."

"Well, go ahead, start on me. Might as well, I've had it from Walter and Alex, now it's your turn."

"Mulder, actually at first I was upset. I didn't think you were thinking rationally. But now I see this is the safest way. We can't do anything until Walter and Alex have their babies. Until then, this **is** where they should be. Spender told me he would give me free reign to set up the equipment I need to perform the C-sections when the time comes. I will bring the equipment over in a week or so. Spender is allowing me to stay with my mother so as not to draw attention to me since I will be going back and forth from here and my place for the next few weeks."

He nodded, seeing her eyes wander over to Alex before looking over at Walter. He gave her an understanding smile, and she immediately went to Alex and checked him out then moved on to Walter.

"I think you should take it easy the next few weeks," she told him. "You're not as young as Alex and I think it would be best for your health and that of your babies."

Walter sighed heavily.

"Well, it's not as if I can do much anyway."

Dana nodded, knowing how to deal with a frustrated, pregnant older man amazingly enough.

Alex had left the living room and she found him in the dining room eating a sandwich at the table.

"How have you been?" she asked cautiously. She'd missed her lover terribly.

He put down the sandwich and held his arms out to her. She walked into his arms without hesitation and he held her tightly.

"I've missed you and Jenny so much, Dana."

"Jenny and I want to be with you, Alex."

She looked down at him and he lifted his face to kiss her. She couldn't believe that she was turned on by her lover's large pregnant belly, but she was.

Dana went to check on where the others were- Mulder was busy with the baby and Walter was watching them. She returned to grab Alex's hand and pulled him into one of the rooms.

They kissed deeply, showing their love for one another and how much they missed each other. When they pulled apart, Alex grinned at her and lay down on the bed as she stripped for him. He'd never seen anyone as beautiful and sexy as Dana when she was hot for him. She had some incredibly sensual moves that had him hard in seconds, tenting the large maternity pants he was wearing.

"You're so beautiful, Dana. I want you...."

She smiled down at him and grabbed a condom from her purse, opening it quickly.

"Planned this, huh?" His eyes twinkled merrily at her.

He was so sexy to her that she was trembling for him. Her words came out in a soft moan of desire. "I've wanted to feel you inside me, Alex, every night."

He returned the needful sound as she pulled down his pants and slipped on the condom in one smooth move. In no time, she was standing over him; her lean small body was like a siren call to him. She ran her hand down her body slowly, caressing a nipple, teasing her navel then playing in her pubic hair.

He was mesmerized by her hand but couldn't help but notice that her eyes remained on his.

"I love you, Dana," he choked out, lust effecting his voice.

She ran a finger over her clit and he groaned.

"Please," he begged.

She licked her lips and he licked his unconsciously. She bent her knees and slowly lowered herself while she reached down to grasp the rigid flesh and hold it tight as she continued downward.

Alex's mouth was slack and he didn't notice he was drooling as she fully sat upon his cock. He wished he could grasp her hips but he doubted he could reach them.

Dana saw the dilemma and said, "Raise your hands, Alex."

He lifted them and she grasped them, using them to help lever herself up and back down.

"Oh, god, you feel so good, Dana. I love you so much."

She wished she could bend down and kiss him but she managed to gasp out, "Love you, too."

Her inner thighs were trembling when she was close, but she was determined that he come first. She clenched her vaginal muscles, making him groan and try to lift his hips as he came inside the condom. She rode him until he slowly wilted inside her then pulled off, holding the condom tightly.

She threw the condom away then returned to the bed. She smiled down at the exhausted man in the bed. She kissed him softly as she lied down beside him. She took his hand and laid it on her pubic bone. Then slowly rubbed his hand over her sensitized flesh. She panted, feeling the pleasure rise in her belly, then, without protest from him, she rubbed her clit hard with one of his calloused fingers and cried out as she came, clenching her thighs together.

"God, I think my hand just had an orgasm," he told her with a smile.

She giggled then kissed him once more before drifting into a pleasant nap.

Dana woke and rose to wash up quietly, then went to see Mulder and Walter. They were in another bedroom, watching TV and keeping an eye on Kit.

"I think I wore him out, guys."

Mulder grinned. "Hot stuff, Dana."

She grinned back. "I think staying here wouldn't be too bad, Mulder. Jenny and the babies will have lots of love and affection. I don't want Jenny to grow up on the run. Does that make me selfish?"

"No, it doesn't, Dana. It's the very reason I agreed to this in the first place. Nothing is safe completely, though. I don't know how much longer Spender can protect us. Or what his real agenda is. But for now, this is how it has to be."

"I'm sorry I wasn't able to come up with an alternative soon enough, Mulder." Skinner hugged his lover tightly.

"I know, Walter, but you would have risked placing your friends in jeopardy as well."

Walter sighed. "I feel so fucking useless lately!"

"You're not useless, Walter! You're carrying Spender's grandchildren, that fact alone places you higher in his estimation than you ever were before," Mulder teased.

Walter groaned. "As if I need reminding of that."

"I'm still wondering at Spender's seemingly altruistic reasons for wanting to protect us."

"You and me both, Dana."

CSM took a few drags on his cigarette and looked in on his family through the monitors. He knew it wouldn't be easy to gain their trust, but he wanted to convince them he really had their best interest at heart. With his family in his care, the alien invaders wouldn't experiment on them. He needed to assure them of that.

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Chapter 20 by Bertie

"Hey, I got you." Mulder held Walter in his arms. The older man had been having nightmares as the time came closer to his estimated due date. Because of the intensity of the experiences, even Alex would come to lay beside the big guy to help him sleep.

"I don't like being here, Mulder. Alex is right--as soon as we can, we have to leave this place. It's giving me the creeps."

Mulder sighed. In the last few weeks, Walter had become more paranoid than he himself had ever been. He wasn't certain if it was the pregnancy or something else. He had to selfishly admit, though, that he loved holding Walter in his arms. Even Alex had become very affectionate and loving lately, though he hadn't been having nightmares like Walter.

Monday, two weeks before Walter's expected due date, Scully brought Jenny with her for more than just a visit. Spender had yet to insist that Scully stay in the stronghold with her lovers. Without consulting him, she decided that since Walter and Alex were so close to their due dates, it would be easier to stay instead of leaving now and having to return when the actual day came. She brought all her things with her, and two thugs helped carry all her suitcases.

Scully hugged and kissed Mulder. "Spender said I would have my own OR set up in a few days. He understands the need to have our fathers, and Walter, in particular, well taken care of, considering his age and the fact that he is carrying twins."

"Daddy!" Jenny cried with delight when she saw Mulder. He held her tightly and kissed her, nuzzling her small face with his beard shadowed one until she giggled. "Where are Uncle Walter and Alex?" she demanded, pushing his face away from hers. Her diction had improved greatly since she had started attending preschool.

"They're in bed, sweetheart. Wanna go see them?"

"Yes!" she squealed in delight.

Scully smiled, watching Mulder carry Jenny into Walter's bedroom. Walter and Alex were in each other's arms as best as they could with their bellies in the way. It was almost comical but to Mulder it was also incredibly sexy. He couldn't help remember the other day when Alex was behind him, fucking him, while Walter was lying down taking Mulder's cock in his mouth while Mulder sucked on him. Mulder was shameless in his appreciation of just how erotic he found the sight of his two heavy bellied lovers rubbing against each other.

Jenny scrambled out of his arms and went to hug and kiss her favorite people in the world. Mom and Dad looked on, almost feeling a bit left out. Mulder suddenly grinned at Scully as he recognized his own feelings mirrored on her face. She raised her brow suspiciously, but returned the smile.

Jenny was chattering to Walter and Alex, telling them all about her new friends in the preschool. She paused for a moment and looked over at Mulder. Then said, "Walter and Daddy's baby will be like me."

All the adults looked at her in shock.

"Are you sure, Jenny?"

"Yes, mommy. He's not like Kit."

"What about the other baby?" asked Mulder, not sure what answer he was hoping for.

Jenny giggled and said, "That's Uncle Alex's baby. He will be like Kit and the baby girl in Uncle Alex's tummy."

Walter hadn't known his two babies were male, but they all knew Alex's baby was female. Scully had announced it the last time she had taken Alex to have an ultrasound.

"So it seems it's Mulder's sperm that determines the 'talents' of the baby," Scully surmised.

"What's sperm?" asked Jenny.

Mulder laughed. "Go on, tell her, Mama."

Scully told her child what it was while the men laughed at the scientific sounding explanation. She took it in stride and Jenny laughed along with the rest, not understanding a word her mother was saying, and not sure why it was funny, but wanting to be a part of the joke nevertheless.

Later that night

Walter hated staying in bed, but Scully had insisted he remain there until the birth. He wondered if he was going to go completely insane with wanderlust. Mulder came in to check on him throughout the night and finally, when he came to bed, Walter growled,

"About time, I would think Alex would want to spend time alone with Dana."

"I was with Jenny, Walter. She is worried about our baby. She knows what happened to her and she wants him to not have the same problems she did."

"Huh? Jenny had problems?"

"She didn't understand what she was seeing at times and it frightened her."

"Oh no. My poor baby."

Mulder smiled at Walter's concern over Jenny.

"Don't worry; she is all prepared to be the baby's older sister."

Walter laughed. "I bet she is."

"You seem in a better mood."

Walter sighed. "Well, I'm just happy there's good news for once. I hate staying in the bed all the time."

"I think I have the best cure for that." Mulder grinned lasciviously.

Walter smirked and Mulder pulled open the robe Walter had pulled around himself. It certainly gave Mulder easier access to Walter's sexy curves than a shirt and pants would have, but the older man wore it simply because he refused to wear a muumuu--ease of disrobing, no pun intended, was just a lucky side-effect.

Mulder loved nuzzling Walter's large breasts, and would have gladly spent hours doing so, but his lover wouldn't let him stay too long there.

"They're too sensitive, Mulder. Move further down!"

Mulder sighed, hating to leave them behind. He had always been a breast man. Luckily, Walter's belly was fascinatingly erotic to him as well. He laved it continuously with his tongue, and Walter laughed at how turned on Mulder got from teasing and playing with him there.

Walter moaned deeply when his former agent finally reached the very place Walter wanted him. Slipping a condom over the straining cock at his lips, Mulder deep throated Walter, loving the sounds his big-bellied lover was making. Walter relished the way Mulder teased behind his balls while doing amazing tricks with his mouth.

When Mulder felt the heat of Walter's ejaculation within the condom, he pulled off and looked down at his spent lover. He smiled in satisfaction at the blissful look on his lover's face and bent down to kiss him. He bit back a chuckle when he heard Walter snoring. He silently mouthed the words "I love you" and then quietly rose from the bed.

Tiptoeing out of the room, Mulder went in search of a certain hot-to-trot, pregnant ex-agent to tend to his now quite desperate needs. He looked into the room Scully and Alex shared. They were sleeping quite soundly, and Mulder could tell that they had just made love. He bit his lip, considered cause and effect for a moment, and then tiptoed into the room to gaze down at his, and now Scully's, beautiful, younger lover.

"Mulder, what are you doing?" growled Alex softly.

Mulder jumped; unaware that Alex was awake. Alex had to clamp a hand over his mouth to keep from waking Dana--the look on Mulder's face almost made him laugh out loud.

"I need you," Mulder whined as quietly as he could.

Mulder was very glad that Scully was deeply asleep. Alex glared at Mulder but held out his hands for his horny lover to help him up out of the bed. They padded into the bathroom and Alex put his hands on his softer hips.

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Walter fell asleep."

Alex shook his head then unzipped Mulder's jeans. As his hand slid up and down, he sighed, "This is one thing I don't get from Dana."

Mulder grinned. "There should be lube and condoms in the vanity."

Alex turned and opened one of the drawers in the cabinet and found the condoms and lube.

"I stocked up as many places as I could think when Dana went shopping for us."

After Alex slipped the condom on Mulder and then slicked him, he lifted his hands to Mulder who helped him rise from his knees. Alex grumbled as he kneeled down again, his ass in the air and

his hands gripping the side of the bath, "The things I do for a good fuck around here."

Mulder, too far into the moment to care what Alex thought, positioned himself and thrust in quickly. Alex moaned his delight. Mulder reached around and rubbed Alex's belly, loving the feel of the round softness as he fucked Alex.

Alex snickered. "Pervert."

"Only for you, Alex," Mulder panted then bent down to lick Alex's neck.

Alex, realizing he couldn't reach his own erection, gasped, "Please!"

"Feel so good," moaned Mulder as his hand went in search of Alex's dick.

Alex gasped when Mulder gripped his cock, and he shot quickly after just a few hard strokes of the other man's hand, having already spent himself once before with Dana. Mulder cried out as he felt Alex's gripping flesh send him over the edge as well.

When they returned to the bed, Dana grumbled, "Next time just jerk off, Mulder," though her eyes were still shut.

Alex and Mulder laughed. Dana sighed and hid her face under the pillow.

Two weeks later

Walter woke with a start. He knew Dana was going to take him to the OR any moment. Alex would be joining him after he was settled. She wanted them there to ensure all precautions were taken before performing the c-section that was necessary to deliver his babies. She had also promised that she would remain with them in the OR. She even finagled at least one nurse to aid her and everyone was thoroughly relieved it wasn't someone Consortium--trained. In fact, she was one of Dana's own trusted friends who worked with her at her office.

"Good morning, Walter." Mulder greeted him, "You OK? Have another nightmare?"

Walter smiled at Mulder. "You look so beautiful in the morning, baby."

Mulder grinned and squirmed just a little at the compliment, then turned back to feeding Kit. Just then Dana entered the room pushing a hospital bed on wheels ahead of her.

"Walter, come on. I will feed you your favorite breakfast."

Walter pouted but Mulder kissed him for courage. Dana helped him slip from the bed to the hospital bed easily. Jenny came running into the bedroom and said, "It's going to be alright, Walter, Mommy is going to help you."

Walter grinned at Jenny and held his arms out to her. She let him lift her from the floor and settle her beside him as Dana wheeled them out of the bedroom.

Just after midnight, Walter started having contractions. Dana dialed her cell phone quickly to alert Mulder. He rushed in moments later with Kit in a basinet. Dana handed him some scrubs and mask and had him sit over at the desk she had set up for herself in the corner of the makeshift OR. It was a room set up a few doors down from their 'home.' Dana was certain Spender had done serious rearranging of the whole floor to allow for this. Further up the hall were posted guards, but they didn't bother Dana at all.

Jenny had begged to stay with them, and had promised to be good, so they let her lay beside Alex in the other hospital bed, but Dana closed the curtain around Walter's bed to ensure privacy.

The nurse was paged by Dana and appeared shortly. She helped Dana with the pre-op preparations, and soon Walter was sleeping peacefully while they performed the operation. Dana was able to take more precautionary measures with the nurse's aid, Serena, and the operation was finished quickly. Dana spanked one of the baby's bottoms and it bleated while Serena took it and washed it down. Serena then laid it in an awaiting crib and waited for Dana to cut the umbilical cord on the other baby before washing that one up and laying it beside its sibling. One had black curls; the other had a soft light brown down on his head.

Afterwards, Dana closed up the operation wound, wondering if the new scar would turn hard and white like the others that snaked up and around his torso. Serena helped to clean him, and then, while they waited for the anesthetic to wear off, Serena gave the babies their initial shots, making them cry, which in turn made Kit crying. Walter woke to their cries and he looked over at them in groggy wonder. He held his arms out and Serena brought one of the babies to him.

"So beautiful," he murmured, looking down at the crying baby in his arms. He pulled down the front of his gown and pressed the baby's mouth against his nipple. The baby nuzzled then latched on immediately.

Jenny appeared beside the bed and declared, "My baby."

Walter smiled at her. "Will you share him with me?"

Jenny grinned and nodded. "Yes, Uncle Walter."

The next day

Mulder watched as Alex was prepped for surgery the next day. His contractions were more painful than Walter's for some reason and Dana put him under sooner than she had the older man.

Walter had already moved back to their rooms earlier, having nearly fully recovered from his surgery in less than 24 hours.

Dana had insisted Mulder return to their rooms to assist Walter with their babies. She and Serena needed the room to work and Walter needed his help. He left reluctantly but kissed Alex's forehead before leaving.

In two hours, Dana called Mulder's cell phone to inform him that Walter's and Alex's baby girl was healthy and lying in her father's arms nursing.

"I love you, Dana," he said into the phone, suddenly overcome with emotion.

She snorted. "See you in a bit, Mulder."

Mulder surveyed the living room. There were four bassinets lined up, plenty of cloth and disposable diapers and loads of Enfamil, bottles, baby powder and Desitin ready for use. A note was pinned to the side of a large Enfamil bottle which read:

From the babies' grandfather to his extended family, Charles George Byron Spender.

Mulder shook his head. He was certain the bastard had written his full name out to give hints on how to name his babies. The asshole was crazy.

Spender grinned at the monitors that showed his grandbabies being nursed by their `mothers'. One of his phones buzzed and he clicked on the button.

"Yes?"

"The men you asked for are here, sir."

"Thanks, Janet. Send them in."

In walked two doctors, both trained in nanotechnology and completely leashed by Spender through a network of bribery and blackmail that even he had trouble figuring out sometimes. But it got results, and that's all he really cared about.

"I have Dana Scully's documents here. I want you two to go over everything she has and set up a paper with her name on it. She will get full credit for the paper and you two will be listed as her consultants. Have you contacted the proper publishers?"

One of them spoke, "Yes, sir. Nature, Science and the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology all have agreed to publish the paper as soon as it is prepared for publication."

"Very good. I am sure in a few weeks time she will have finished all her preliminary findings and you can add that to what you already have. I am sure that will be just the tip of the iceberg once she has finished all her reports.

"Well, if you have all that you need...."

They nodded as one, and then, taking the data disc he held out to them, they left.

He turned back to the monitors and grinned as he saw Mulder enter into the camera's line of sight with Kit in his arms.

TBC

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