

Summary: Mulder is thrust into a new world and finds himself very much changed.

Categories: [X Files](#) Characters: Mulder/Other

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, AU, Brain-Insane, Dark Themes, Fantasy, Hermaphrodite, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: No Word count: 6361 Read: 392 Published: 12/12/2010 Updated: 12/12/2010

Story Notes:

Spoilers: Reference to end of season 7

Disclaimers: Fuck the disclaimer, while I write it, it's my story and all characters are mine, especially Fox Mulder of the X-Files :-P

Author's Notes: Thanks to Bertina for checking some details for me, your suggestions were very useful. Also thanks to Vyper for fantastic beta reading as usual.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Sonja Blue

Chapter 1 by Sonja Blue

~~ A New World ~~

In the year 2002, there had come to pass what the people called the Alien War. The human race had won the war, the aliens retreated, never to return. Unfortunately the war had also devastated civilisation. The majority of the population of earth had reverted to a barbarian society.

~~*~~

Year 2402

Yemen - Saudi Arabia border

Enrique the slave trader could not believe his luck. When he and his caravan train made their way over a sand dune, they were halted by the discovery of an alien spaceship lying in the shadow of the dune. It had been uncovered by the previous night's sandstorm; half of the ship was still under the sand. In the four centuries since the Alien War, many hidden spaceships had been found, and always ended up being very profitable for the finder. In Enrique's case, he found the equivalent of a goldmine, as it was not unusual to find life pods within an alien ship. The life pods contained human cargo in suspended animation.

It only took two hours for Enrique and his caravan guards to reveal and pry open the door to the ship. After a brief check to see if there were any nasty surprises inside, they were able to explore the ship. In one of the ships chambers they found the life pods, there were six in all. A good number, Enrique thought to himself as he approached the pods. On close inspection the first five pods greatly pleased the slaver, as they contained young beautiful women, completely identical in appearance. They were all tall, with golden tans and with blond hair past their shoulders. Clones. But it was the sixth pod that had the slaver on his knees in shock and wonderment. For in the pod was a treasure beyond his wildest dreams. Suspended in the glowing blue liquid was the beautiful slender form of one of the rare and legendary hermaphrodites.

~~*~~

Four hours later the caravan had set up camp near the ship and all six pods were lined up within Master Enrique's personal tent. All the pods were now opened, the life supporting gel drained away and all the six occupants were now gently breathing, their chests subtly moving. Master Enrique a portly man dressed in opulent robes hovered over the pods, fiddling with the rings on

fat his fingers. He studied the treasure, already calculating the mass fortune that the pods occupants would bring him.

"Bernard! Abdul! Take the girls to the women's tent. Let Maria know that these golden cloned beauties are to be sold as virgins." A fortune! Enrique thought to himself in greedy glee as he watched his caravan guards take the girls out of the pods and swing their limp forms over their shoulders. And now for the 'dite, Enrique thought. Not just a fortune, but a chance to get himself into the Imperial court of Jazun. "Ah... and Jackson would you be so kind to take the 'dite out of the pod."

Jackson, the head caravan guard like all the caravan guards was a broad shouldered man, 6.5" foot tall. The head guard studied the hermaphrodite as he leaned down and hauled the slender body from the pod. So that's what a hermaphrodite looks like, Jackson thought, he looks just like a man, a very pretty man.

The hermaphrodite's body was well formed, broad shoulders, slender hips, not overly muscled, just nicely toned. Except for his eyebrows and the lush, brown shoulder length hair on his head the hermaphrodite was completely hairless. The sleeping face was saved from being an ordinary prettiness by a distinctive nose and a very plump lower lip. Jackson marvelled at the soft and perfect pale skin as he held the limp form cradled in his arms. Lust shot straight to his cock and Jackson had to fight a sudden urge to rub against the silky skin between the hermaphrodite's thighs.

"Just put him on the bed over there, Jackson." Enrique had noticed Jackson's arousal. The guard's discomfort amused the Slave Master. The bed was a low widespread frame covered with many cushions and rugs of wool, silk and fur. "Thank you, Jackson.... Ahh doesn't he make a lovely picture." All the various cushions and rugs on the bed were different hues of red, the hermaphrodite's pale skin almost seemed to glow in contrast to the beddings warm colours. A small sound, almost a groan, came from the unconscious hermaphrodite, causing Enrique and Jackson to look at each other in surprise. It was too soon for him to be reviving from a life pod sleep.

"Do you want me to get some chains?" Jackson asked.

"Not necessary, my dear," said the Slave Master, chuckling. He waved a hand in the direction of the three other guards that were standing near the tent's entrance. "And where's he going to go? We're in the middle of a desert. But you better get Sigulf, I'd like the 'dite to be examined before he awakens."

"Yes, Master." Jackson promptly sent off one of the guards near the entrance to get Sigulf the Healer.

The guard returned in a matter of seconds. A tall bony man wearing cream coloured robes and with long white thinning hair that floated around his head as he breezed in past the guard.

"Enrique! I heard you have a hermaphrodite!" Sigulf said, his voice excited. Sigulf considered himself at rock bottom, being a Healer for a Slave Master. Sigulf thought he would never have the privilege of seeing a hermaphrodite again. In his youth he had been the personal physician of a hermaphrodite. But then he had made a dreadful error because of his own greed and had become black-listed among respectable circles... that was thirty years ago.

Sigulf moved to the bed as soon as he saw the pale form stretched out on it. He halted abruptly before the bed, his trembling hands hovering over the naked hermaphrodite. "Extraordinary." Sigulf whispered, "He's beautiful, not even Eric was this lovely." Suddenly his sharp healer's eyes noticed something, oh dear is that what I think it is, he thought.

"He's already starting to stir, he has only been out of the life pod for a few hours," said Master Enrique. "I've never heard of a quick revival from a pod?"

"Ah yes," said Sigulf, sounding distracted. "I guess that would be normal for a hermaphrodite, they are very resilient. So far as we know they live forever, though they can be killed by violence. The Emperor's own Consort was assassinated." While Sigulf was absently chatting he was giving the hermaphrodite a through check up. His hands were kneading the hermaphrodite's stomach, a look of bemused concentration on the Healer's face.

"How long is this going to take?" Enrique asked, "I think he is starting to wake up already." The sleeping hermaphrodite was mumbling something. Both the Slave Master and the Healer leaned towards his mouth in an attempt to hear his words. "I think he's saying 'water.' No... I think its 'Walter.'"

"I'm done already," Sigulf said, "though I'll examine him again once he is fully conscious and has adjusted to this new time. Who knows how long he is been in that pod. I have many questions I'll have to ask."

"So?" Enrique asked, "is he healthy?"

"Oh yes!" Sigulf's voice was practically gleeful. "Absolutely perfect health. He is also pregnant."

~~*~~

"What!" The Slave Master was shocked, but then the significance of a pregnant hermaphrodite sunk in. "Amazing, you know what this means, the possibility of another hermaphrodite! Sigulf my friend, we are going to have a place in the Emperor's own court. I guarantee it."

Another moan, brought the Slaver and Healer's attention back to the hermaphrodite. He was waking up. The hermaphrodite breathed in deep, then opened his eyes. The two men found themselves speechless for a moment, as they were treated to the intense stare from gold flecked hazel eyes.

~~*~~

Special Agent Fox Mulder was floating in luxurious warmth, dreaming that Walter had his arms around him. But then the warmth seemed to seep away and then Walter drifted away, getting smaller as his still form floated away in the distance. Mulder tried to call Walter back, but he did not come back, he disappeared. Gradually Mulder became aware of the murmuring of voices, somewhere above him and he could feel that he was lying on some sort of soft fur. Mulder opened his eyes.

Mulder was confused; he did not know the two men who were hovering over him. One man was grossly fat, he was of a swarthy appearance with dark ringlets of hair, dressed in crimson robes and his hands were covered in rings. The other man had floating thin silver hair around his bony face, his nose ended in a sharp point, and he too was in robes, of the Lawrence of Arabia variety.

Then memory rushed back, he remembered the Oregon forest and putting his hand through some sort of energy field. Being drawn to a hovering white light, in the company of people, some strangers some he recognised and then the panic as the Alien Bounty Hunter appeared. That was the last thing he remembered and now there were these two strangers hovering above him, showing concern. Something else, which he found slightly disturbing, he was completely naked.

"What, where am I?" Mulder asked. He tried to move, get up. But found he could barely move a finger, he felt so weak.

"My dear, don't try to move. You have been asleep for a very long time. It will take awhile for your body to adjust." Said the fat man. "You just relax and let us take care of you. I'm Master Enrique and this gentleman here is Healer Sigulf."

"What is your name, son?" The bony man introduced as Healer Sigulf asked. Mulder kept his eyes on him, as his eyes appeared gentle. Mulder avoided looking at the fat man, as he found something about the way Master Enrique looked at him disconcerting.

"Mulder, I'm Agent Mulder, of the FBI. Look, is Walter Skinner here, I need to see him. Where am I exactly, anyway?" He had finally noticed his exotic silken surroundings. "You need to get in contact with Assistant Director Walter Skinner of the FBI."

"Oh son," said Sigulf as he stroked the side of Mulder's face, brushing hair away from his eyes. Mulder flinched at the bold familiarity. "I have some sad news, I don't know from what time you have come from, how long you might have been in the Life Pod. But the year is now 2402. We found you in what's called a Life Pod, it kept you in suspended animation for a very long time. I'm afraid whoever this Walter Skinner is, he would have passed away of old age a long time ago. I'm so sorry, son."

"Twenty four hundred and... No! I don't believe you." Although the notion that it was now the year 2402 was totally absurd, instinct was telling him that the Healer was telling him the truth. "No... Walter - " Mulder was finding it hard to focus, suddenly everything around him started to darken, and then there was just oblivion.

"He fainted," Enrique said, stating the obvious as they had watched Mulder's eyes roll up and his body go completely limp.

Healer Sigulf nodded, looking sadly down at the unconscious hermaphrodite. "We should just let him rest now, let him adjust to what has happened to him. It's not going to be the only shock he is going to receive in the near future. I think I might give him some gann herb later, it will calm him a little and won't harm the baby."

~~*~~

As the sun went down for the evening, a gathering of caravan guards surrounded a crackling fire. A pot of stew was suspended above the flames, bubbling away. Jackson, who was sitting near the flames, enjoying the wafting odour of the stew's spices, brought a flask of liqueur out from a pouch tied to his waist. After taking a hefty swig from the flask, Jackson passed the flask to Abdul, indicating that he should pass it around.

The guards were gossiping about the day's finds, mainly they were talking about the hermaphrodite, sharing the myths and rumours that they had heard at one time or another about hermaphrodites. Jackson listened avidly, fascinated. He wanted to know what made the beautiful creature that looked to all outward appearances like a man, a hermaphrodite.

Jackson, sighting the approach of Healer Sigulf, motioned him over. Sigulf lowered himself down to the sandy floor beside the head guard, stretching his hands out towards the flame. When night came in the desert, it got cold. Jackson picked up a spare bowl and ladled some hot stew into it, then handed it over to the Healer. "How goes the care of the 'dite, Healer Sigulf?" Jackson asked.

"Easily, he is still sleeping and will sleep for awhile. I gave him something that will keep him sleeping. Right now I just want to try and keep him calm, it is a stressful time for anyone to come out of the long sleep of a life pod... into a new world. Except for clones of course, they have no memory or history, they just come out pre-programmed." Sigulf was referring to the 5 woman who were found with the hermaphrodite.

"Healer Sigulf, is it true that hermaphrodites don't shit?" Abdul asked. This was one of the speculations that were discussed before Sigulf had arrived at the campfire. The guards were all silent, curious to see what Sigulf could tell them about the 'dite. Sigulf was about to bring another spoonful of the delicious stew to his mouth, when Abdul had spoken.

"My friend," said Jackson. He patted the healer's shoulder, giving him a wry smile. "I'm afraid there is no escaping this interrogation, we are all curious."

"It's true, they don't shit, but they do piss." Sigulf said, shrugging his shoulders to the inevitable. Sigulf swallowed the stew and took the flask of liqueur that was handed to him by one of the guards, taking a deep swig of it himself. "Their bodies reduce anything they consume to liquid, making shitting unnecessary. As a result of this design they have a very high metabolism. They also have a larger kidney. So Mulder, that is the hermaphrodite's name by the way, will quite easily eat three times as much as you or me and he won't put on any extra weight at all." Sigulf was warming up into his lecture mode.

"Outwardly a hermaphrodite has the form of a man, but it is internally where they are very much different from men and women. Everything is rearranged differently inside a 'dite, some of their organs are either smaller or larger, some organs are missing, replaced by organs that a human has never had.

"They do have a womb like a woman though, and it is pretty much manages to be in the same place as it is in a woman. Hermaphrodites do have very similar reproductive organs to women; they are just a little bit more streamlined. But it's the rectum, as they don't have a vagina like a female, that is primarily for procreation... and pleasure." Sigulf pulled a leering face when he said this, causing some of the guards to chuckle and set some imagination's wild. "Nobody really knows why or how they came to be, but because of certain gifts they have, not just their obvious beauty, they are very valuable and highly regarded."

"What gifts are those?" asked one of the guards.

"Psychic gifts, they are witches. I can't tell you what sort of psychic gifts Mulder would have, as they tend to have different gifts. I can tell you one thing though, the Emperor's own Consort Galia, who was a 'dite was assassinated because of his gift. It was during the Xanar invasions. Every plan of attack the Xanar's had was always thwarted because Galia was a seer and always predicted exactly where the enemy was going to turn up. Unfortunately Galia did not 'see' the Xanar attacking him directly."

Some of the guards nodded in agreement regarding the Emperor's Consort, as they had heard the same story before. It was a recent occurrence, only two years ago. Thankfully the Xanar were defeated practically at the same time they had the 'dite killed. At this stage the conversation changed to the war, as guards started to swap war stories.

~~*~~

It was just before dawn when Mulder awoke. The guard standing watch over him had noticed the 'dite was awake and put his head outside the tent. Mulder could hear him saying something, but he was not sure what... Thinking he had heard 'food' mentioned, Mulder found he was extremely hungry. Then his stomach growled, confirming his hunger.

He tried to move and found he now had the strength to push himself into a sitting position, but he still felt as weak as a kitten. Sitting up now, he leaned against the cushions that he had managed to put behind his back, an endeavour that exhausted him. The tent flap swayed, revealing a young woman with dark hair in many thin braids ending in colourful beads. She was holding a tray, which she brought straight to him and placed above his lap. Its wooden legs folded outwards from the tray, holding it steady. She smiled shyly at Mulder, swirled around and she

walked out of the tent, leaving Mulder with porridge and water, as he discovered when he took the cover off the tray.

Wisely, Mulder ate the food slowly, even though he had to fight the urge to just scoff it down. He was just finishing the last of the porridge when Sigulf entered the tent.

"Mulder, how are you feeling this morning?" Sigulf asked, his approach still gentle.

"Tired," said Mulder. "But not as hungry. It's really 2402 isn't it? The last thing I remember is being abducted by aliens, it was the year 2000." Although Mulder was not crying or raging at his situation, there was a terrible grief that his eyes could not hide.

"2000! So you come from the time of the Alien War," said Sigulf.

"The Alien War?" Mulder had not missed the capitulation.


"Yes, it was at the end of the year 2000 that the Aliens attempted to take over the entire world. But we defeated them, blew them away. Unfortunately in the process we destroyed so much of ourselves... I'm afraid you will find the World no longer like it was in your time. It took a very long time to rebuild any sort of civilisation at all. Technology was lost completely. I believe you will be familiar with the word, medieval."

"It's that bad!" Mulder was shocked. He found it hard to wrap his mind around the fact that technology was lost, he was sure some technology would of survived somewhere, like the life pods that were mentioned. But they were alien technology; Mulder supposed that not much would be known about alien technology to make good use of it. I must remember to ask about what they did, will do with the pods sometime, thought Mulder.

"I'm afraid I have some more news, regarding yourself, which I think you will find disturbing. It's a good thing you're already sitting down." Sigulf was going to try his best at breaking the news to Mulder that he was no longer the same man as he was before he was abducted. Sigulf was sure Mulder was not a hermaphrodite before the aliens abducted him. Because hermaphrodites did not start appearing until just after the Alien War, the theory was that they were a creation of the aliens.

"Myself?" Mulder said, dread curled in his belly. He could not imagine what could be any worse than losing all his loved ones, especially Walter, his lover. "OK, lay it on me." I can handle this, Mulder thought to himself.

"The aliens, they changed you, they drastically changed your body." Sigulf said.

At Sigulf's words, Mulder picked up the covers, so that he could look at himself under the covers. "What! No, everything is where it should be  hey! Where is all my hair?"

"Hair no longer grows on your body or your face, because the aliens... they made you into an hermaphrodite." That's right, just spit it out to the poor man, Sigulf thought to himself. No more hesitations.

"What!" Mulder's head popped up from his examination of his hairless body. He had also noticed that all his old scars were missing. "You're kidding!"

"And you're pregnant." Sigulf said, resolute.

At Sigulf's last declaration, Mulder lost it... he started to chuckle. "Now I know your joking!" Mulder gasped out as his chuckles turned into full-blown laughter. He was laughing so hard that his sides started to ache and tears were running down his face. He couldn't stop laughing. He

kept on laughing for two minutes.

Finally, Mulder's chuckles died down to occasional hiccups. He was lying limp across the bed, feeling completely drained. He noticed the complete silence from Sigulf. The healer was serious, and there was no 'oh you caught me in a clever joke' look on his face.

"I don't believe you." Mulder said, his voice breathless and angry. And he did not believe it, even though there the something screaming inside him saying that it was the Truth, Sigulf was not lying. "I don't believe it."

"There is something else you should know." Sigulf said.

"Oh! There is more!" Mulder said, his voice faking surprise, his face unsurprised.

"Yes, Master Enrique is a slave trader. The Caravan is a Slave Caravan; we're on our way to the Imperial City of Jazun, to sell slaves. Jazun is still a long way off, it will likely take us two months to reach the city. Mulder, you are not a guest here. You are property. You will be sold to the highest bidder when we reach Jazun. You will make Master Enrique a very rich man."

Mulder was completely silent now, his eyes seeming huge and bright. The colour had drained from his face.

Shit! Sigulf thought, as he quickly went to the low table beside the bed and poured some water from a pitcher into a cup. He also put some of the gann herb into the cup. He took it to the pale 'dite. "Here, drink this." Sigulf helped hold Mulder's head upright as he swallowed down the water. It was a measure of Mulder's stress that he did not resist and he did not pull a face at the bitter taste of the gann herb.

"What was that?" Mulder asked.

"Gann herb, it will relax you... it won't harm you, it's usually given to hysterical children."

"Oh..." Mulder was already beginning to feel the affects of the herb. A sense of quiet seemed to descend over his nerves. His stomach stopped stirring. "I've never heard of it."

"Probably because it's new, it was discovered about 300 years ago."

"It's good," said Mulder. "You're not finished are you? You still have more to tell me?"

Sigulf nodded. "It's about a hermaphrodite's sexuality. Hermaphrodites crave sex, none of them have been known to be able go without it. I estimate that it will be a week till you feel the cravings though. It will get to the point where your body's needs will completely take over your mind."

"Great," said Mulder, a flat tone. Then he chuckled, "Walter always used to say I was a complete slut." Mulder seemed to be tiring, his eyelashes started to flutter in a struggle to keep his eyes open. But he lost the struggle as his eyes closed. "But I was his slut, his..."

Healer Sigulf watched the 'dite fall asleep, he pulled the rugs covering Mulder up higher to his chin. "Sleep son, you're going to need as much rest as you can get. "

~~*~~

Two days later the Caravan was on the move, making a long line of wagons, camels and horses along the road. Mulder was sitting up the front with the driver, on a wagon that was in the middle of the caravan train. Gazing out at the barren scenery, he ignored the two horse-riding caravan guards who were hovering on either side of the wagon, his shadows.

It had not taken long for Mulder's full strength to come back along with his restlessness. He had already tried to escape three times. He never got very far. That's why he had the two guards permanently minding him.

Mulder sighed. The scenery was getting really boring. He let his eyes wander along the caravan. His eyes wandered over to Abdul, the guard on his left. Most of the caravan guards wore trousers with thick leather belts, a scabbard for the swords at their sides. Their broad chests were either proudly naked or with open vests. Abdul wore a small vest that only accented the width of his chest, bigger, tanned, muscled. A much better view, Mulder thought to himself. He liked Abdul's face too, and his long black hair, his wide jaw, hawklike nose and black eyes.

He started to fantasise, wondering what it will be like if Abdul were to swing him down from the wagon, sit Mulder in front of him on the horse he was riding, with Mulder facing him. Mulder would have his face buried against Abdul's neck. Mulder imagined that he would wrap his arms around the guard's strong neck, while Abdul would lift Mulder up by his suddenly naked hips and plunge him down on his cock. Mulder groaned.

At the sound of his own groan, Mulder realised what he was doing. He become aware that he was staring at Abdul and the guard was staring right back returning his hot gaze. "Oh God!" Mulder whipped his flushing face around to the front, trying his best to ignore the guard and how hard he was, how he ached.

Sigulf said it would be a week, but it was unnerving him how many times already he had lost himself in similar fantasies for the last day and half. The time between these fantasies was getting shorter and shorter too. How long was it going to be till I find myself acting on them, Mulder wondered?

~~*~~

Three Days Later

Bobby the caravan guard was surprised to see the 'dite in front of him, he seemed to be staring right at Bobby's chest. There was a dazed look in the hazel eyes. "Mulder, should you be out wandering the camp at this time of night." Bobby asked, he was trying his best to sound manly, despite his eighteen years. Bobby unconsciously straightened his 6.4" foot frame, flexing his well-developed muscles.

Startled from his intent study of the young guard's broad chest, Mulder looked up into his eyes and smiled. "Probably not, but you're not going to tell on me are you?" There was a mischievous look in Mulder's eyes that made Bobby's heart skip a beat and his breath short. Was the hermaphrodite coming on to him? The most stunning creature he had ever seen in his life thought he was attractive? No, it couldn't be, thought Bobby.

Taking hold of Mulder's arm, "I better take you back to the tent, it's not safe out here, there are lions you know..." Bobby made to take Mulder back, but was halted by the stubborn immovable Mulder. "Look, it's not - "

Bobby never got to finish his warning as he then found the warm mouth of Mulder against his lips, quite effectively shutting him up. Bobby wrapped his arms around the slender 'dite, pressing his hands against his back and feeling the taunt muscles of Mulder's back. He was surprised at the firm musculature under his hands. In the soft desert robes that Enrique made Mulder wear he looked soft and fragile.

Mulder thrilled at the response he was receiving from the burly young guard, Bobby's hands were roaming and massaging his back and he was eagerly raiding all the ridges and grooves in

Mulder's mouth with his own tongue. Mulder also found he enjoyed the feeling of Bobby's heavily muscle bound arms wrapped around him. Pressing his body closer to the young guard, he could feel the young man's erection pressing against his belly. Bobby was huge all over, Mulder noted to himself. Bobby continued to dig his fingers into Mulder's back, his hands inching lower until he reached the round globes of Mulder's buttocks.

Mulder gasped at the way his whole body tingled in response to having his buttocks squeezed. He pushed his ass into Bobby's hands, showing his approval.

"Ahhh, there you are my dear," It was Master Enrique, looking for his wayward hermaphrodite. "My my, aren't I glad that I found you just in time." Enrique was smirking, he was amused by the young caravan guard, blushing and his arms still full of 'dite.

"Master! I... " Bobby did not know what to say, he knew he had been caught, about to sample the Slaver's property without permission. But he also found himself reluctant to let go of the warm body that was currently nuzzling his neck, oblivious of the Master Slaver's presence.

"Bobby, my boy," Master Enrique continued. "I'm glad to see you have found our wayward 'dite. But your predicament does remind me that I have been lax in making sure all his needs are being met. You better bring him along to his tent."

~~**~~**~~

Bobby had left the safe haven of his parent's farmstead at sixteen years old. He had been looking for adventure and exotic experiences, both of which he found in abundance as a caravan guard. In the last two years he had sailed across boundless seas, tasted the varied pleasures of decadent metropolises and become a seasoned warrior in the defence of merchant convoys against bandits and pirates. But having a hermaphrodite in his arms was one of the things that Bobby imagined would of never happened, let alone meeting one of them.

Mulder was currently nibbling on Bobby's ear, a damp sensation going straight to the young guards cock. A sound from Master Enrique reminded Bobby that he was asked to take the 'dite to his tent. Bobby realised he had a little problem, Mulder was not moving, the 'dite was drunk on lust. Bobby took a hold of the 'dite around his waist and swung him over his shoulder, causing Mulder to yelp and chortle. Bobby followed the slaver towards Mulder's tent.

Once they had reached the tent, Bobby was going to lay Mulder on the bed, but he was prevented from doing so by Enrique who was standing before them. The slaver was holding a small pot in his hands, which he held out to Bobby.

"You're going to need this," said Enrique. Stunned, Bobby took the pot in his spare hand. The happy slaver then left the tent in a swish of red robes.

"What's that?" Mulder asked, as the young guard dropped the 'dite on the bed.

"Something for you, Mulder." Bobby said as he joined Mulder on the bed, placing the pot nearby. He reached out to the 'dite and started to pull the robes from Mulder's body. Soon the 'dite was naked. Bobby leaned back and admired the sleek body before him. Bobby suddenly found himself a little nervous, though he was no shy virgin, his experiences had only been with women. He was unsure how to begin.

Mulder reached out and cupped his hand over the large bulge that was tenting Bobby's trousers. "Too many clothes," said Mulder. He moved his hands up to Bobby's belt buckle, long nimble fingers made quick work of removing it. Bobby gave him a hand with the rest, and soon they were both naked.

The young guard reached out and brought the 'dite into his arms, pressing their bodies together. Bobby enjoyed the feeling of rubbing his body against Mulder's body. The young guard let his hands wonder over the body beneath him, experiencing the silky skin and playing with Mulder's nipples. The 'dite writhed and undulated underneath the young guard, responding to every touch of the young guard's wondering hands.

Boldly for the first time Bobby grasped a penis other than his own. Mulder's penis was long, but nowhere near as thick as the young guard's cock. Bobby slid his firm grip up and down the column of strange flesh. Bobby looked at Mulder's face as he did so, he loved the reaction he was getting from the 'dite. Mulder's face was flushed, low moans were coming from him, pleading for more, his hips thrusting up into Bobby's hands.

Moving his hands up to tenderly cup Mulder's face, Bobby leaned in to capture the lips of the 'dite. The guard sucked Mulder's lower lip into his own mouth. It was not enough, Bobby wanted to get under the skin of the 'dite. Bobby thrust his hard cock between Mulder's thighs, against the smooth and hairless flesh of hermaphrodite's balls, cock and stomach, yearning for a tight grasp. Bobby thrust his tongue into Mulder's mouth, diving in deeply, mimicking thrusting.

Mulder sucked on the tongue plunging into his mouth. A sensation much like hot and heavy liquid molasses coiled throughout his body in turbulent waves. Mulder had his arms wrapped around the young guard's neck and shoulders, holding on as if he would fall a long way if he were to let go. It was not enough. Mulder wanted more... something bright and shiny, just out of his grasp.

Untangling a hand from Bobby's hair, Mulder reached to the side for the little pot that he knew was somewhere on his left. Finding and opening it, Mulder pushed it into one of Bobby's hands. Taking hold of the guard's other hand, Mulder folded over half of Bobby's fingers while keeping two fingers erect. Mulder then directed the fingers into the pot.

Mulder then guided the young guard's hand down until those fingers were sliding between the globes of his bottom. Bobby began to press into Mulder's anus with his fingers. It was difficult at first, but with Mulder's guidance Bobby soon had three fingers gliding in and out of the tight passage. Mulder rocked his hips in response to those fingers curling and scraping his prostate, sending sharp fine bits of pleasure coursing through his body.

"Please Bobby, please. I want you in me, please, stop torturing me... I want you now! Now, now. Bobby!" Mulder said, his voice a growl at the end of pleading demands.

Bobby leaned back to observe the 'dite in wonder, the 'dite was beautiful with his back arched as he rocked himself on Bobby's fingers. Bobby curled his fingers again, pressing into a small nub within the 'dite. The hermaphrodite's back and neck arched again, a motion that was both elegant and primal at once. Bobby removed his fingers and at once began to press his cock into Mulder's anus. "Oh gods, you're so tight!" Bobby said as he slowly pushed into the 'dite.

Wrapping his legs around the young guard's hips, Mulder groaned in part pleasure and pain as he felt Bobby plunge deeply into him. Mulder closed his eyes as he felt waves of fire course along his veins like...

Sharp brightness! Flash of heat and light. The air hot and stifling. A naked strong arm raised high, rays of sun bouncing off a curved sword. A splatter of bright red neon blood. Screams and confusion, scurrying people like many dark shadows. A disturbed ant hill. Sun behind a black rock. Arrowhead.

...Liquid lightning.

Mulder met every thrust of Bobby's with a powerful motion of his own. Mulder marvelled that the

stretched fullness of another man's cock in his ass was something he knew he could never do without as the fat cock within pushed into him with a particularly brutal thrust. Again and again and again. Surges of fire continued to rule Mulder's body as they reached a high crescendo. Mulder screamed as the pleasure peaked at its highest wave. Then suddenly Mulder went limp. A thick heavy feeling of lassitude sufficed his mind and body.

Bobby gasped. Thrusting more frantically within the suddenly squeezing and strong grasping heat of the 'dite. One more powerful plunge and his seed was erupting within the 'dite. Bobby felt the lightning of pleasure curl out from his pelvis area towards the rest of his body and brain. Blackness overcame the young guard, causing him to drop limply on top of the 'dite.

Mulder smiled languidly as he pushed the heavy and limp snoring form of the young guard off his body. The former FBI agent then reached up a hand to Bobby's forehead, brushing long strands of sweaty blond hair away from the guard's face. Mulder draped an arm over Bobby's chest and curled up to the guard's side, and fell into a peaceful sleep himself.

~~*~~

The dawn light shone through the tent fabric, alerting a drowsing Mulder of the morning. He stretched out his legs and wiggled his butt. Enjoying the warm comfortable feeling of a night's good sleep, 'or a night's good fuck,' thought Mulder. He flexed his anus muscles, still feeling the soreness from the night's activities.

While stretching Mulder remembered the night. Not long after falling asleep, Mulder had been awoken by the moist tongue thrusting in and out of anus. Bobby had been ready for another round and the young guard had quickly stirred Mulder's lust again with his vigorous tongue action. Bobby had ended up taking Mulder two more times before they both succumbed to a deep sleep.

The young guard was not in the tent as he had left earlier to take care of his own packing up camp duties. Outside Mulder could hear the stirring of the camp, ready to start another long day of monotonous travel through the desert.

Mulder stretched like a cat.

~~The End~~

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=16>