

NOT TO BE SOLD

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TOUCHED
BUT
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HELD

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Disclaimer: The characters used here are not mine. They belong to Chris Carter, Fox, and Gillian Anderson and David Duchovny. Don't know if any of them have as much fun with these characters as I did in this story though!

Thanks: To Amy, my friend and tireless reader, who helped me along page by page with this story. Lots of the ideas here are hers so I couldn't post it without giving her some credit. Check out her and Karen's page at:

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Dimension/9798/romance.htm>

Touched but Never Held

“Would you like something to eat?”

“No.”

“Are you sleepy? Do you wanna just go to bed?”

“No.”

“Wanna talk some more?”

“No.”

Mulder sighed and made one last ditch attempt. “Do you want me to leave you alone Scully?” His pathetic tone of voice must have caught her attention because she looked up at him for the first time since they’d gotten back to Bill Scully’s house. He’d been trying desperately to find the one thing that might make her feel a tiny bit better since they’d left Emily’s funeral and finally realized that perhaps his absence was what she really needed more than anything. Much as he was loath to leave her side he was willing if it was what she wanted. She shook her head emphatically.

“No. No Mulder I don’t want to be alone now. Not at all.” He sighed in relief and sat next to her on the couch. She looked so pale and so tired. But still so strong. He couldn’t recall seeing her shed a tear throughout the entire funeral. He himself had been overcome with grief for her. He’d actually left in the middle of the service because he could tell his silent inconsolable crying had been upsetting Scully unnecessarily. She’d looked at him with sympathy several times and seemed to be concerned for him. It just hadn’t been fair to her to have to worry about him at a time like that so he’d gone to buy some flowers.

He wished she would cry. He could see the tension coiled in her from keeping it all inside, holding it together for everyone else’s sake. He knew she wouldn’t let this crumble her, that she’d add it to all the other pain she’d endured and use it to make her even more focused, more determined. But she needed to cry. Anyone would. Anyone. Mulder had seen first hand what losing a child could do to a woman. His mother had never been the same after Sam’s disappearance. She’d become bitter and withdrawn, completely isolated from her family and friends. She’d spent most of Mulder’s

adolescence in a valium induced stupor. He knew that wouldn't happen to Scully but he also realized she was in danger if she didn't express some of her anguish.

"Is there anything you'd like Scully? Anything at all?" She looked at him sadly and shook her head.

"Mulder you don't have to treat me like an invalid. I don't need anything. All I really want is to just sit here with you and look at the tree for a little while OK." He smiled shyly and reached tentatively for her hand. She grabbed his own back fiercely. Such a strong grip for such a tiny hand. They sat in silence for awhile staring at the colorful lights on Bill Scully's Christmas tree. Mulder felt a strange mixture of contentment, loss, and envy. For the longest time he'd harbored secret fantasies of having a home like this with the woman next to him. He'd imagined Christmases future, even though he never celebrated the holiday himself, in a house like this, with a tree like this, him and Scully sitting on their couch in front of their tree with their kids. This was like some kind of sick mockery of that scenario. He was sitting with Scully, holding her hand which was enough to satisfy him anyday. But he was an intruder in this place and he knew it. The house and the tree belonged to someone else. A man who despised Mulder and would probably be angry to even see him seated here with his sister. A man with a wife and child of his own. Something Mulder knew now that he would never have.

Scully's barrenness was his own as well. He could never have a child with another woman. He'd realized that fact a long time ago. He knew she was his only chance at that kind of a life. The only person he'd be interested in sharing it with. And so he felt the pain of what they'd taken away from her for her sake as well as his own, although he could never share that with her. He'd grown to care for Emily quite a bit and had started to see her as some kind of hope for the two of them. He'd been fully prepared to devote himself completely to the child if Scully had let him.

Suddenly Scully broke the silence. "You know Mulder..." She looked pensive and a little afraid. Perhaps she was finally ready to open up to him a bit. He prepared himself to switch from self-pity mode to comfort mode.

"There is something I would like." His stomach lurched excitedly. Finally a chance to do something for her.

“What’s that?”

She turned to him and offered him a pained smile. “A drink.”

A drink? That’s it? Well, it was a start. “Um, OK sure Scully. What do you want, coffee, juice, soda...”

“Whiskey.” Oh, that kind of drink. Mulder heard a thousand panic buttons go off in his head. Alcohol. That’s how his father had dealt with it. But Scully was not his father. His father had used liquor to numb the pain. Mulder’s guess was that Scully wanted it to help her get in touch with that pain. Maybe it was just what she needed. She seemed to think it was and he was in no position to second guess her about this.

“Bill’s gotta have some booze in this place. I’ll be right back.” She stood and moved away from him. Great. She wasn’t even going to let him get it for her. He listened to her rustling around in the kitchen and felt another burst of domestic envy. He didn’t even really have a kitchen.

She came back with a bottle of Jaegermeister and two glasses. “No whiskey but this is just as good.” Jaegermeister? Mulder looked skeptically at the glass she placed in front of him. He honestly didn’t think he could have a sip of that stuff without gagging. And those were damn big glasses. Scully filled hers to the brim.

“I think you’re supposed to drink that stuff in shots Scully. You know a little bit at a time.”

“Don’t worry about me Mulder. I’m Irish remember?” She started filling his glass as well.

“I’m not worried about you. I’m worried about me. I have a confession to make. I’m a girlie man when it comes to drinking Scully.” She smiled a little. Well at least he’d accomplished that.

“Just give me whatever you can’t finish Mulder.” She held her glass up. “Cheers. Here’s to a truly crappy Christmas.” And then she drank it. The entire thing. Good God in Heaven. She coughed a little and wiped her mouth with her sleeve and then belched in what had to be the most unladylike moment he’d ever witnessed from her in his life. But still beautiful. Somehow she managed to make guzzling Jaegermeister and belching completely adorable and feminine. Unbelievable.

“Your turn girlie man” Right. Of course. His turn. He lifted the glass slowly to his lips and took a tiny reluctant sip. Fire. It was liquid fire. It burned his lips, his tongue, his throat and all the way down to his stomach. And he gagged. No vomit luckily but he couldn’t help the reflexive action. Scully was smirking. Sometimes the woman was truly evil.

“You are a wuss Mulder. You can’t drink it in little baby sips like that. It’s like getting in a cold swimming pool. You can’t go one foot at a time. You’ve gotta dive right in.”

“Scully if I dive right into this you’re gonna be scraping me and my intestines off the carpet.” She was pouring more for herself. She seemed determined to drink her weight in alcohol.

“I’ll drink this one slowly so you can keep up with me Mulder.”

“Oh, don’t slow down on my account. You’re doing just fine.” He attempted another sip, slightly larger this time and found it even more difficult to stomach.

“Mulder you’re pathetic. You’re turning green.”

“Sorry Scully. I think I’m gonna have to sit this one out. One of us should probably stay sober anyway.” She took another gulp and pointed an accusing finger at him.

“You sir are no fun.” She poked him in the stomach in a playful gesture which both shocked and delighted him. A drunk Scully. This was something he’d never seen but had always been curious about. The circumstances were not the greatest but this didn’t mean he couldn’t get some enjoyment out of it. She leaned back against the cushions and put her feet on the coffee table, yet another thing he’d never seen her do, and took another tremendous swig.

“This is a nice house huh?” He nodded wistfully. Funny how he’d just been moping about the same thing. “It’s exactly the same as the house I grew up in. Weird. Navy issue. They’re all the same.” Mulder had a mental image of a little Dana running through this very living room, opening her presents Christmas morning, playing with her toy guns and trucks or whatever she’d played with. Certainly not dolls. Not his Scully. Maybe stuffed animals though. He could picture that. For some reason he needed to know. To fill in the blanks.

“Hey Scully what kind of toys did you like to play with when you were little?”

“Um...matchbox cars, Light Bright, I had a Snoopy snow cone machine that I loved, Leggos..I liked to build big Leggo cities. I dunno what else. I had a little kiddy microscope that I used all the time. I used to go outside and dig up worms and bring them in the house to examine.” That was perfect. He had a vivid image of a little red headed loony child bringing nasty worms into this immaculate house and plopping them down on her kiddy microscope.

“Bet your mom loved that.”

“What about you Mulder? Did you have little toy EBEs?”

“No I was into games. I liked to play board games and do brain teasers and stuff like that. I liked jigsaw puzzles too. And I loved my telescope.”

“Boy sounds like I’m not the only one who was a big old geek. Did you ever have braces Mulder? God braces really sucked.” He smiled at the horrific memory. He’d had braces for five years. And they hadn’t really even helped that much. He still had an annoying overbite.

“Did you have a lot of girlfriends when you were growing up Mulder?” Oh boy. She had to be on her way to being wasted if she was asking him a question like that. As much as he wished they could talk about things like this more often the question made him terribly nervous.

“Um...not exactly.”

“Yeah me either. Well I never had any girlfriends. Seriously though. I never dated much. Boys didn’t like me at all. They still don’t really actually. How old were you when you lost your virginity Mulder?”

OK this was just too much. First of all he was completely appalled that Scully could actually think she was unattractive to men. He didn’t think he could refute that statement without revealing how much he wanted her though. And as for the virginity question that was just too damn embarrassing to even discuss.

“I was 20. It was terrible Mulder. What a horrible memory.”

She was pouring more. He was starting to get a little nervous about alcohol poisoning. She stood up glass in hand and tried to walk over to the tree. She could barely hold herself up. She staggered a little bit and ended up collapsing back onto the couch.

“Woopsie daisy. Little dizzy there. Muller did I ever tell you about Mr. Toonses.” Mr. Toonses. No he would have remembered that. He was relieved she’d dropped the virginity issue.

“I don’t think so. Who’s Mr. Toonses?”

“He was a bunny. He was my bunny that I found in my yard.” She grimaced and emptied her third glass. “You know you can’t even taste this after awhile.” She went to pour some more but he grabbed her hand.

“Scully why don’t you slow down a little bit. You seem a little buzzed.”

“Buzzed? No I’m not. I’m just a little...” she slammed her glass down in frustration startling him. “I am Mr. Toonses. You’ve gotta stop acting like me Mulder.” OK maybe drunk Scully was not such a great idea after all. He had no earthly idea what she was talking about.

“Why don’t you tell me about Mr. Toonses and you can drink more later if you feel like it.” She sighed and relaxed against the cushions again.

“Mr. Toonses was my rabbit that I found in my yard.”

“Right. I got that part.”

“So Bill thought Mr. Toonses was stupid. I was four when I found him and Bill was older, like ten or something. He kept telling me he was gonna use Mr. Toonses to make a rabbit stew. He was always threatening to kill Mr. Toonses cause I loved him and he thought it was dumb.” Sounded like Bill hadn’t gotten much past that stage yet. “So I wanted to hide him so I put Mr. Toonses in the basement. In my lunchbox. Under a bunch of boxes and stuff.” Mulder was surprised to see her turn suddenly and terribly sad. Her voice was shaking as if she were about to cry. “I was just trying to protect him. But then he died and I found him all rotting and maggot covered and shit. I killed Mr. Toonses. I killed him.” She turned to him her eyes welling with tears and grabbed his arms. “I killed him Mulder. I killed

him.” She was almost hysterical. He’d couldn’t remember ever seeing her like this. But she was crying. Finally she was crying.

He pulled her to him and wrapped his arms tightly around her. “You didn’t kill him Scully. It was an accident that’s all. You were just a baby.”

She sobbed against his chest crying “I killed him” over and over again. Well now he had even more reason to dislike Scully’s brother. He stroked her back soothingly and rocked her gently in his arms as she clutched his shirt in her desperate fists. “It’s OK Scully. Let it out. Just let it all out.” He whispered soothing words into her ear as she wepted like a child against him. Eventually her cries began to quiet until finally she was silent. She didn’t move from his embrace for a few moments though and he was glad. It was a shame that most of his chances to hold her were during times of trauma for one or both of them but it felt good nonetheless. She looked up at him. Her face was wet and puffy and her eyes were bloodshot and dilated. She was stunning. As ever. She gave him an embarrassed smile and moved away from him.

“Your shirt is soaked Mulder.” Like he gave a rat’s ass. “I’m sorry. That was stupid. It was just a rabbit.”

“No Scully, it was a lot more than that. And please don’t apologize to me for showing me your feelings. I don’t mind. I want that. I need it. Please.” He reached out and brushed the tears from her cheek and she graced him with a full fledged Scully grin.

“Well you’re in for a treat then Mulder. Drunken Scully is manic depressive insane psycho woman.”

“I thought you weren’t drunk.” He couldn’t resist teasing her a bit.

“Well...maybe juss a little. I’m sorry Muller. You’re not like me and I’m not Mr. Toonses. I dunno why I said that.” He was still vaguely confused about what she’d meant in the first place. Was he killing her slowly with his overprotectiveness? Is that how he made her feel? Or was it something else entirely. It was difficult to follow her rapidly shifting train of thought in this state.

“I mean sometimes you try too hard to take care of me and you’ve gotta know that you can’t always keep me safe. You can’t hide me from the world ya know. I mean from reality and stuff. But I don’t really mind that you want to. Even though I act like I do.” She

whispered the last part as if it were a deeply held secret. Perhaps it was. She took a swig directly from the bottle and laughed to herself. "I'm such a joke Mulder. I act all cool and tough and shit but ya know what..." She leaned in close and pulled his face down so it was level with hers. Her hands were smooshing his cheeks together and her mouth was dangerously close to his own.

"What?" he managed to squeak out.

"I'm a mess." She shoved him back against the couch and reached for the bottle again.

"So you never told me when you loss your virgininity Muller." Loss your virgininity?! He'd have to remember that one.

"You really don't wanna hear that story Scully. It's pretty depressing." She made a sound somewhere between a snort and a giggle.

"Give me a break Muller. Like Misser Toonses wasn't a depressing story. It couldna be worse than that." She punched him lightly on the shoulder spilling some of her drink in the process. It didn't seem like she even noticed. "C'mon Muller, this is what yer sposta do when you drink. Tell sad stories or something right? Except you're not drinking cause you have no fun. You're no fun man." She giggled again. "That's your new name. Nofunman." She seemed to find this terribly amusing. It was a bit too close to the truth for Mulder to laugh though. "So come on Muller. Spill it. Inquiring minds wanna know. Mmmpff" He looked over at her. She'd taken off her jacket and shoes and her blouse was untucked and partially unbuttoned. She was currently in the process Holy shit she was currently in the process of hiking up her long skirt and pulling off her panty hose. She was struggling to get them off in her seated position and was squirming and wiggling around in an alarmingly arousing way. The last thing he needed to be right now was turned on but dammit he was only human.

"Need a hand Scully?" He absolutely could not resist that.

"I think I can handle it mister wise guy nofunman." She yanked the skirt up to her hips and finally managed to pull the hose down to her knees and then all the way off. She stopped to take a deep breath, exhausted by her efforts, and he had to turn away. The skirt had almost completely disappeared from his vision. She was more

or less in a blouse and panties. Sitting next to him. Seconds went by like hours as his body grew more and more aware of her presence until mercifully she decided to pull her skirt down.

“Well, that was an adventure. So how about that story Mullerman nofun?” Boy was she wasted. He’d never imagined her to be such a loud obnoxious drunk. He was beginning to worry that she’d wake her entire family. Her brother and mother would be none too pleased to find her bombed out of her mind with him. He had to admit though, contrary to his new nickname, he was having fun. He really wished she’d give up on the virginity thing though.

“Scully I really don’t feel like...”

“Aw come on. What are ya chicken? You don’t wanna tell me. How come? Don’t you trust me?”

“Of course I..”

“Then tell me. Who else you gonna tell buddy? Besides, if ya tell me I’ll let you ask me whatever you want. I’ll tell you anything.” Hmmm, that was an appealing incentive. A thousand questions went through his mind. Most of them terribly dirty.

“Alright, alright if you really want to know. But...”

“YAY!” She started bouncing up and down excitedly and he had to laugh. She really was manic depressive crazy woman.

“But you have to promise me that you’ll never mention it again.”

“Mention it? I prolly won’t ever remember it.” She had a point there.

“OK, I was thirteen and...”

“Thirteen??? That’s kinda young don’t ya think?”

“Hey, save the commentary missy.”

“Sorry. I won’t make any more commentaries I promise.”

“Well I was thirteen and I had this um...this baby-sitter and...”

She let out a bloodcurdling shriek. “The baby-sitter? You fucked

the baby-sitter?” She was cackling like a crazy woman.

“Well I..”

“You fucked the baby-sitter! Muller fucked the baby-sitter Muller fucked the baby-sitter Muller fu...”

“Alright that’s enough of that story.”

“Heeeheee sorry. Muller fucked the baby-sitter. You gotta admit it’s funny. What a little stud.”

“Yeah well it was the only sex I got until I was about twenty-two so I wouldn’t really say that. Actually she kind of took advantage of me.” She was laughing so hard she was actually crying. “I’m serious Scully. She did. I was just a kid and she was a grown woman. Anyway my dad found out and...dammit Scully stop laughing.” Drunk Scully was starting to piss him off.

She looked at him and seemed to realize he was completely serious and getting a bit upset. She stopped laughing and took his face in her hands. “Oh Muller. I’m sorry Muller. Really. I wanna hear the story. I didna mean to laugh.” She looked truly horrified to think she’d hurt his feelings. She looked so sweet and tender and childlike all the sudden that he had no choice but to forgive her.

“Well there’s not much more to tell Scully. My dad beat the crap out of me, the baby-sitter got fired and I didn’t get laid again until I was in graduate school.”

“Oh Muller.” She stroked his cheeks gently and he saw more sadness in her eyes than he’d actually felt telling the story. “That is depressing. I’m sorry. I’m sorry I laughed. It’s really not funny.”

“No Scully. It actually is kind of funny.” She looked like she was about to cry again. He absolutely did not want her to cry for him. Only for herself tonight. He managed a pained smile and took her hands in his. “Really Scully. It is funny. It’s a ridiculous story. Don’t worry about it OK.”

“You were kind of old to have a baby-sitter weren’t you?”

“Um kind of yeah. My parents got kind of psycho about leaving me alone after Sam disappeared.” God this was not the direction he wanted the conversation to be heading at all. He didn’t want to be

the one receiving comfort. For once he wanted to be able to give it. "Can we just drop this topic Scully? Seriously. Don't worry about it."

She smiled weakly back and nodded. "OK. I won't worry about it ever again. I promise." They sat facing each other and holding hands for a beautiful silent moment.

"So whatcha gonna ask me?" Somehow "Do you scream when you come?" and "What are all your erogenous zones?" didn't seem like appropriate questions anymore. Upon reflection he realized those were things he hoped to find out on his own some day anyway. He'd have to think of something else. Something he really wanted to know but would be afraid to ask if she were sober. Something that wouldn't make her sad. Something that might even make her laugh.

"You know I have this old x-file about these people who underwent hypnosis to get in touch with their deepest wishes. They were given visions of what their perfect life would be and they all spontaneously combusted."

She yanked her hands from his and gave his chest a shove. "Get outta here Muller. You're nuts."

"I'm serious Scully. It's a documented case."

"So's there a question buried in that idiotic statement?"

"Kind of yeah. What kind of life would you have if you could have anything at all. I mean what would you wish for in your perfect world? And would you actually want to have it or do you think it would be too much?"

"You mean do I think I'd spontaneously combust if I suddenly got everything I wanted? And thas' two questions mister."

"OK well just answer the first one then." He was amazed that he had no idea what she would say. He'd spent the past five years of his life with this woman, been closer to her than anyone he'd ever known, and he had no real idea what she truly wanted out of life. What she wanted for herself, from herself. She was always so busy ministering to the needs of others that her own needs were not only unmet but completely unacknowledged. She looked perplexed by the question. Perhaps it was too much to think about in her drunken state. Or perhaps she was shocked that he'd even ask such a thing.

“Well, I’ll tell ya somethin Mullerman, I kinda like my life the way it is. I mean I’d change a few things obviously but you know things are pretty good.” Pretty good?! He didn’t want to upset her by bringing up unpleasant facts but her life was not at all pretty good.

“Well, what things would you change Scully?”

“Um, well, I’d change myself a little. I’d like to be able to um...ya know, be closer to people. I’d like to be closer to my family and to you and you know, whoever.” He felt his heart leap and wondered just how much closer she’d like to get. “I’d like ta be able to ask people for help, like ya know, when I really actually need it...”

“What? You need help sometimes Scully? I thought you were always just fine.”

“Shaddup mister. No teasing about personality defects. Issa new rule that I jus’ made up right now.” He chuckled and agreed.

“Anyhow, I’d like it if everyone could all get along ya know. Like if nobody would fight anymore. An I’d like to have no more evil people killing people I love an I’d really like to have bigger breasts. And maybe be a few inches taller. An I’d like to be able to have babies.” Shit. He was a total idiot. Why had he thought this would be a happy topic? “Maybe if I had babies my breasts would get bigger. Whaddaya think Mullr?” It seemed the more inebriated she became, the fewer letters were in his name. “Do ya think that’d happen?”

“Uh...I dunno Scully. I guess so yeah. But um..” How to say this without sounding like a total pig...“I think your breasts are um... they’re fine Scully. Really just fine.”

“Fine? Fine! That’s not much of a ...thas’ not much of anything. Fine is nothing. Breasts aren’t fine. They’re either big and beautiful or small and perky or round and sensual or I dunno Mullr... FINE???”

God talking about his virginity had been easier than this. “OK Scully. They’re beautiful. OK? You’re breasts are beautiful. They’re round and full and absolutely perfect.” Steady there Mulder. Too much information. She seemed satisfied though.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“So are yours.”

“Thank y...”

“Gotcha.” He laughed and shook his head. “So ya know what Mullr? I was thinkin’ bout babies an’ stuff an’ I realized somethin’. If I was gonna have babies, like for real with sex and all, I’d want them to be your babies.” For a moment he felt as though he was plunging into a deep, dark hole. Reality ceased to be and he was in some kind of nether world between before he’d heard that and after. When he came through on the other side he felt like a completely different person. He felt as though he should say something, anything, but his voice was completely gone, perhaps left behind in the nether world. But it didn’t matter because she continued. “They’d be really cool babies ya know. They’d be so smart and cool and like really um...unique ya know. An they’d be so cute. Like a lil’ version of us or something. Bad noses though. We’ve got some serious nose issues. But seriously though. You’d be like the best daddy in the world. You’d spoil them so bad an’ you’d be so sweet to them an’ me. You’d take such good care of them Mullr. Oh well. Guess that’s not gonna happen. Least for me. But you’ll have em one day Mullr. With someone. I’m sure of that. Oh shit. I’ve gotta pee.” She stood on shaky legs and stumbled her way out of the room leaving him wide eyed and open mouthed on the couch.

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His babies. She wanted her babies to be his babies. She wanted the same thing he’d been mourning the loss of all night. And she’d actually said it, verbalized his dreams and told him they were hers as well. And she’d blurted it out in such a nonchalant way, he almost couldn’t believe it was what she’d actually said. But it was. He’d heard her. And for a moment he felt such overwhelming joy he was afraid he’d burst. The he remembered. It was just a dream. That was all it ever could be for the two of them. And he remembered that she was still drunk. And upset. She wasn’t in her normal state of mind so he had no way of knowing if this was really what she wanted for the two of them. He did know one thing though. If it was what she wanted, he was going to do everything in his power to make it happen. One way or another. There were still things they didn’t know, answers to be found. Her cancer had been

cured, perhaps this could be as well. How could she even think he'd want children with another woman. It made him terribly sad that she would think such a thing. He would have to tell her it wasn't true.

She came back to the living room and collapsed beside him again. "Scully I...."

"Mullr I'm sleepy. Don't wanna talk anymore."

"Oh, um OK. Do you want me to go back to the hotel and let you get to bed?" Please say no. Please say no.

She turned to him shyly and shook her head. "I don't want that Mullr. I wan' you ta stay an'...juss stay here with me on the couch `K? I juss...I kinda want to be held Mullr. Do ya think you could do that?" Could he? He couldn't think of a single thing in the world he'd rather be doing.

"Yes Scully. I'd really, really like to do that actually."

"I juss...I really need this. I feel so...so alone. So empty." He reached over and pulled her to him.

"You're not Scully. You're not alone. I'm here. You're with me." How desperately he wanted that to be enough. She shifted to a reclined position bringing him with her so that they were lying together on the couch, facing each other, holding each other. She buried her face in the crook of his neck and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"I know Muller. I know. I need to feel it though. I need to feel you." She squeezed him tighter and moved even closer to him.

He kissed her lightly on the forehead. "I'm right here." She shifted against him. His body responded immediately without his consent. Dammit. There was no way she could miss it being pressed against him like that. He just prayed she was too drunk to notice or care. He supposed she probably wouldn't be offended but it was a totally inappropriate response under the circumstances.

"Hey Muller." He felt her breath against his neck as she spoke. Her lips were less than an inch from his skin.

"Yeah Scully?"

“This is nice.” He ran his hand slowly through her hair. It was soft. And messy. Nice was an understatement. Nice didn’t even begin to describe it.

“Yeah. It is Scully.”

“Hey Muller, do ya ever think about what things you wanna do before you’re dead?”

God not more death conversations. Scully’s obsession with the topic was understandable but frightening to him. “I’d like to try Thai food.”

“Thai food? You’re such a weenie M’lr. I’m serious, I wrote a list ya know.” A list. She’d written a list of things to do before she died. He didn’t think he could have this conversation. “Wanna know whas’ on it?” He did. God help him he did. She pulled away from him a little so she could look at his face. She moved up a bit and their lips were almost even. And so close. He could practically taste the liquor she’d been guzzling all night. “Huh? You wanna know? You wanna know what the first thing is?” Her voice had changed. She was practically whispering. And the way she was looking at him. God she was driving him crazy.

“Yeah, sure Scully.” He sounded raw even to his own ears.

“To kiss you. To really, really kiss you. That’s the first thing I thought of.” Fear. Blinding, overwhelming fear. And bliss. And arousal. And fear. And a million other things he couldn’t think about or bother to sort through. And then her lips, her sweet, soft lips on his for a brief tentative moment. She pulled back and searched his face for a reaction. She must have seen a look that reflected the desperate desire he was feeling, must have felt the way his entire body had surged towards her in response to her featherlight kiss, because she leaned in and kissed him again with a greater degree of certainty. Still gentle and exploring for a moment then suddenly, as soon as he began to kiss her back, with hunger and urgency. He felt her tongue against his lips, seeking entry, and waved good bye to the last of his resistance. Their tongues met in a fevered dance and he had the overwhelming sense that he was drowning in her. He pressed his body against her pinning her to the back of the couch. She wrapped her leg over his hip and thrust against his now thoroughly rigid cock. He tore his mouth from hers reluctantly and began kissing her face, her neck, her ears.

“Mmmm Mulr. Thass’ nice.” Mulr...God she was drunk. He’d forgotten for an ecstatic moment. She was drunk and depressed and vulnerable and he was supposed to be taking care of her not taking advantage of her.

“Scully I...” She reached between them and stroked his straining erection and his words were lost to a feral cry. This had to stop. It had to stop right now. He grabbed her hand and pulled it away from where he really wanted it to bring it to his mouth. He kissed her fingers lightly and shook his head. “Not like this Scully.”

“Like what? Whass’ wrong?” She looked so hurt. It was positively killing him. But better now than later.

“Scully you’re um...you’re not really yourself right now. I mean you drank almost an entire bottle of Jaegermeister and you’ve just been through a really hard time and...” She ground her hips against him again and started kissing and licking his neck. “Scully no, please, I can’t. I..we...this is...God Scully please stop.” She was wearing him down. He didn’t know how much longer he could last like this.

“I don’t unerstan’ this Muller. I though you’d wan’ this. Don’t you wan’ me?” She looked like she was about to cry again.

“Oh Scully I do. I do so much.” He took her face in his hands and forced her to look at him, to see the truth in his words. “I want this more than anything. I just can’t be sure you do. And I need to be sure. I need to know that you’re doing this with absolute certainty. And I can’t know that if you’re drunk Scully. And I can’t take advantage of you this way. It would just be completely wrong.”

She shook her head and looked at him with utter confusion and sadness. “How can it be wrong? I need this. We both need this. Why’re you doin’ this now? I thought you wanted to help me. It’s not wrong. It’s what I want. Thas’ not wrong is it?” She seemed to have no comprehension of why he felt the way he did. In her alcohol muddled brain she must have seen it as some kind of rejection. It was absolutely killing him.

“Scully it’s what you want right now. What about tomorrow? And the next day? I can’t know that you wouldn’t regret this and I can’t do this if there’s a chance you might regret it. And I sure as hell can’t do it here in your brother’s living room. But Scully if you decide

when you're sober and you've had a little time to think it through, if you still want this, I'll be here. I'm not going anywhere."

She sighed, exasperated. "Oh Muller. Why you gotta be so good all the time? Thass' why you never have any fun."

"I'm not good. I'm just terrified of losing you."

"You couldna lose me if you tried you dork." She kissed his lips again, briefly, tantalizingly, before disentangling herself from his limbs and standing up.

"Scully you don't have to..."

"I'm gonna go to bed nofunman. I can't just lay here with you all night an' not get any action." Dammit. He didn't want her to leave. All he'd wanted to do in the first place was hold her all night. Try to make her feel safe. Why couldn't she just let him comfort her for once.

He stood up and grabbed her hand. "Wait Scully, don't go yet. Can't we..."

"No Muller. We can't. I'm sorry. I've gotta go away now." She pulled her hand but he wouldn't let go.

"Scully why can't we just hold each other? I just want to hold you."

"You wanna know why? You really wanna know. You really can't figure it out? Some Oxford psychowhatever you are. You don't know anything." She'd turned on him suddenly. Her voice was raised, almost to the point of shouting. She looked angry. And very hurt. But he still didn't understand. Why couldn't it be enough? Why couldn't he ever be enough?

"Yes Scully. I want to know why. Please explain it to me. I thought that's what you wanted in the first place."

"Well Mul'r it was in the first place. But this is the second place okay. This is after laying next to you and feeling your...your" she waved her free hand in the air, searching for the right word "your damn dick pressing into me. Before I kissed you. Before I realized that what I really need is to feel you inside me. To feel you make me whole. To fill in the fucking empty space that I can't forget about." She was crying again now. Crying and shouting and it was because

of him this time. He'd messed it up again. But he still didn't quite get it. It was enough for him right now, even though he wanted more. Why couldn't it be enough for her?

"But Scully, why..."

"Cause I'm too fucking horny OK! All I wanna do is rip your clothes off and fuck you OK! Cause thas' all I ever wanna do an' if you won't let me then I'm juss' gonna go to bed alone like I always do and not be teased like this all night." She pulled her hand from his violently and stormed away. And then she was gone. Completely gone and he was standing there like an idiot in Bill Scully's living room wondering what torrential storm had just hit him. How had he managed to fuck things up so completely in such a short matter of time? It usually took at least a day's work to create such a disaster in his life

He sat back down on the couch and ran through his options in his mind. He could go after her. But what could he say? He absolutely refused to make love to her in the state she was in and that seemed to be the only thing that would make her happy. Such a cruel irony that the one thing he wanted out of this damn life, the one thing she seemed to want at the moment, was the one thing he couldn't do. She seemed to want him so much. But he knew it had to be an effect of her drinking. Scully was "so fucking horny"? She wanted to fuck him all the time? That just wasn't right. It had to be the alcohol. She couldn't possibly feel this way normally. Though he had to admit, the slim possibility that she did filled him with a staggering amount of satisfaction. He could go back to the hotel and pray she'd forget about the entire thing. That didn't seem right either. In fact it seemed completely wrong. No he couldn't just leave it like that. He had to go after her. It was the only way. He'd think of the right thing when he saw her. He stood up and began walking towards the stairs. And ran right into Bill Scully.

The taller man fixed him with an icy glare and stood solidly in front of the stairs. "What's going on? I heard someone yelling. It sounded like Dana."

"She's a little upset. Um, if you don't mind I'd kind of like to go up after her. We weren't exactly through talking." He made a move to go up the stairs and Bill held out his arm, blocking him.

“What are you still doing here any way Mister Mulder? I thought you had a place to stay.” This was not looking good. Mulder was getting close to the edge with this guy. One push and he wasn’t sure what would happen.

“Well, I was talking to your sister. She needed to talk for a bit. Look I really need to go up and see her for a few minutes.”

“Talking huh? Sounded to me like whatever you were talking about had her pretty upset.” God had he heard the things she’d been saying to him? He could only hope he hadn’t. “She’s had a rough day. I think you should just leave her alone. You’re obviously not helping.”

“Look um..I know she’s your sister but this really isn’t any of your business. If you’d just let me...”

“Like hell it isn’t my business. This is my house and I will not have you wandering around here like you own the place and tormenting my sister.” He didn’t want to shove him. He really, really didn’t. But it was the only way he was going to get past him and be able to reach Scully. No he couldn’t do that. This was not his house and it wasn’t his place. He decided to make one last effort at reason.

“Bill you’re right OK. I’m the one who upset her and now I’ve got to make it right. Just let me pass all right.”

“Get out of my house.” Well if it had to be it had to be. He needed to get to Scully. He pushed her brother to the side, not violently, but not exactly with kindness either. And Bill pushed back. Violently. And Mulder pushed back again, even more violently. And then he saw her. His angel. At the top of the stairs. She was coming down. She looked confused and frightened and she was coming down to see what was happening and try to stop it and then he saw Bill’s fist raising. The next few seconds passed in a blur. He knew Bill had been intending to hit him. But by some chance of fate Scully had at that exact moment come between them and directly in the path of his blow. And he saw blood. Lots of blood. Scully’s blood. It was as effective as waving a red flag in front of a bull. She staggered a little and then fell to the floor. Mulder ran to her side.

“Scully, God Scully are you all right?” Her face was covered by her hands. He pulled them away and all he saw was more blood. And her eyes. Devastated, frightened eyes. She nodded weakly in

response. Bill moved to his sister and reached out his hand.

“Dana, I’m so sorry. Are you...”

The sight of the man filled Mulder with an unbearable amount of rage and loathing. He’d hit her. He’d hit Scully. His own sister. His own little sister. Scully. He’d hit Scully and she was bleeding. The fact that it was an accident did not register in Mulder’s head. He grabbed the larger man by the front of his pajama top and slammed him against the wall.

“You stay the fuck away from her do you hear me?”

Bill grabbed his arms trying to force them off of him. “Let go of me you goddamn lunatic!”

Mulder punched him once, hard, in the chest area. There was the terrible sound of breaking bones but Mulder barely heard it. He grabbed Bill by the throat and pinned him to the wall.

Bill tried to fight back as Mulder began choking him with one hand and punching his face repeatedly with the other but it was no use. Mulder was running on pure adrenaline. All he could see in his mind was Scully’s blood. And her eyes. Over and over he hit him and soon there was blood everywhere and Bill was coughing and gasping and somewhere in the back of his fury clouded mind Mulder realized he was killing the man but he didn’t care. Something in him still knew that this was Scully’s brother. That he shouldn’t be doing it. That it was wrong and that it was going to upset Scully. But he’d hit her. He’d drawn blood. And Mulder had made a vow that the next person to hurt Scully was going to die at his hands. And it didn’t matter who that person was.

Then he heard her. Scully. She was crying. Screaming. Begging him to stop. And other women. There were other women’s voices doing the same thing. And finally something clicked. Sudden consciousness dawned on him and he let go of Bill and backed away from him, horrified beyond belief at what he’d done. Bill collapsed into a bloody heap on the floor and Scully ran to him to check his pulse.

They were all there. Scully. Her mother. Bill’s wife. God they’d all seen what he’d done. What had he done? He looked at Scully imploringly. She turned to her mother and said “Call an ambulance.” An ambulance. He wasn’t dead then. But damaged. Definitely

damaged. Tara ran to her husband's side and Mrs. Scully to the phone. Mulder stood, completely paralyzed, near the door. Scully approached him slowly, fearfully. God she was afraid. There was still blood coming from her nose, covering her face.

"Mulder are you all right?" He knew she wasn't asking if he was hurt. She was talking about his emotional state. She was asking if he was going to crack again. He nodded mutely.

"Mulder I think you should go. I'm all right and Bill's going to be too but I really don't think you should be here anymore." Strange how the incident had rendered her suddenly sober. He supposed trauma and shock could do that to a person. Trauma and shock because of him. Because of what he'd done. The person he'd become in front of her eyes. And now she wanted him to leave. And why shouldn't she?

"Scully. I'm so...sorry Scully. I'm so sorry."

"I know you are Mulder. I'll see you tomorrow OK."

"I feel like I should go to the hospital with you. I can't just..."

"Mulder he's going to be fine. So am I. You can't do anything here." He knew she was right. All he could possibly accomplish by staying there was winning even further animosity from Scully's entire family. He had to leave.

"Get him the hell out of here!" It was Tara. Shouting at Scully. What had he done?

"Mulder..."

"I know." He reached out to stroke her face once more before leaving the house, most likely for the last time.

Title:Touched But Never Held (3/4) Author: Rachel Anton E-mail: RaValliano@aol.com See part one for summary and disclaimer. This is the sex part people.

Scully woke up with the worst headache she could remember

having since her cancer had gone into remission. She was dizzy and her throat was dry and scratchy. She was nauseous and dehydrated. And for a moment she had no idea why. Was she still sick? Chemotherapy? Then she remembered. Jaegermeister. Lots and lots of Jaegermeister. And her brother's fist in her face. Yes it all made sense.

She sat up in the bed. It was still dark out. She checked her watch. 3:45. How could it still be so early? How could this horrible night still be going on. She couldn't remember precise details of how she'd ended up back at her brother's house. The whole trip to and from the emergency room was a blur. As was much of what had come before it.

She remembered the fight with alarming clarity though. She'd never seen Mulder lose it like that. She knew it had happened before. He'd almost killed Duane Barry from what she had heard. And she supposed there had been other times. But she'd never seen it. It had been terrifying. But strangely and horrifyingly exhilarating. It was her brother and she knew she should be very angry at him for what he'd done but with guilt she had to admit to herself that she'd actually been a tiny bit thrilled to see him defending her so passionately. Of course it had been an accident. Bill hadn't meant to hurt her. And Mulder must have realized that but for some reason the sight of Bill hitting her had sent Mulder into a frenzy completely beyond reason and rational thought. And she liked that. It scared her but she liked it. God help her.

No he hadn't meant to hurt her but he had meant to hurt Mulder. He'd been about to strike him. Why? What had they been fighting about? She had no idea. Either way she couldn't imagine what Mulder must be feeling about the whole thing. He'd looked so distraught once he'd realized what he had done. He must feel so terribly guilty. And probably assumed that she was mad at him. She'd have to talk to him as soon as possible. And then she remembered. He probably thought she was mad at him even before the fight. She had been mad at him. It all came back to her vividly. She put the pieces of the night together in her head and was absolutely aghast. She'd been horrible. Completely and totally horrible.

Not only had she dumped the weight of her sorrow on Mulder's shoulders and made a complete ass of herself telling that stupid bunny story and sobbing like a baby, she'd thrown herself at him

like some kind of drunken slut. And then been furious at him for turning her down. For not taking advantage of her. What the hell kind of a basket case was she?

Why had she gotten drunk? Why had she gotten drunk with Mulder? It was something she'd promised herself she'd never do a long time ago. There was just too much potential for humiliation there. She was generally a very repressed person emotionally. Things built up inside her until they reached the breaking point. And it had to come out somewhere. It usually happened when she was drunk. Worst of all, he'd been sober. She couldn't even hope that he wouldn't remember what had happened. His damn photographic memory to top it all off. God, she'd told him she wanted to have his babies. She'd told him she wanted to tear his clothes off and fuck him all the time! And that was something she'd have to live with for the rest of her life. She felt herself blushing even now, alone in the darkness, just thinking about it. How could she ever face him again? All he'd done was try to comfort her, to make her feel a little better about what had happened with Emily, and she'd turned into a complete psycho on him. Not even letting him hold her when it was so obvious that was what they both needed.

God poor Mulder. She knew he must be thinking she was a pathetic sex-starved bitch but she was sure he still cared about her. He must be hurting so much. He must be thinking it was his fault. That he'd screwed things up somehow. That was always what Mulder thought when something went wrong. Sometimes he was right. But not this time. This time it had been completely and totally her fault. And she knew she had to apologize. To make it up to him somehow.

Of course, he had said that he would be there for her in that way if she still wanted it when she was sober. Had he said that to make her feel better or did he really mean it? She was sober now. And she still wanted it. In a fearful moment of total honesty she realized she wanted him more than ever after seeing his furious defense of her. So much passion. She couldn't imagine what it would feel like to have all that passion focused on her. On making love to her. It sickened her to a certain degree to think that seeing the violent side of the man she loved actually turned her on. But she couldn't shake it.

She needed to go to him. Right away. He needed to know that Bill was OK. That she was OK. That they were OK. He needed to know

that she was sorry and that she wasn't angry and that none of what had happened tonight had been his fault. And she needed to know how he really felt. The cat was out of the bag now. There was no use denying her feelings any longer. And she had to know if he felt the same or if she'd just wrecked the one somewhat stable relationship in her life. As embarrassing and terrifying as it might be she had to face him eventually. And prolonging it was only going to make it worse.

She mustered up her remaining strength and dragged herself out of bed. She threw on a pair of jeans and her favorite white T-shirt. Then she brushed her teeth to get rid of the horrible taste of stale alcohol and the vomit she'd expelled between her episode with Mulder and his fight with Bill. Then she swallowed her pride and her dignity and got in her rental car to drive to Mulder's hotel.

She stood outside his door for what seemed like an eternity. She could see the light seeping through the bottom of the door. He was awake. Had she expected any different? It wasn't too late. She could turn around and go back to Bill's. She could pretend none of it had ever happened. Maybe this was all a big mistake. She turned around several times, intending to go back to the car, but something stopped her each time. She couldn't just leave it like this. If nothing else she had to let him know that Bill wasn't dead or critically injured. After about 10 minutes of deliberations she took a leap and knocked timidly on the door.

"It's open." She moved her hand to open the door and realized she was shaking. How was she going to do this? Then she got a look at him and realized she had no choice. She'd made the right decision. He was sitting at the foot of the bed staring blankly at the wall. He looked so lost. So full of sorrow. So damn sexy. He was wearing a pair of old gray sweatpants with a hole in the knee and a Georgetown T-shirt with the sleeves ripped off. Total slob wear. Totally gorgeous. He looked up at her with an expression of fear but a certain acceptance. He knew, or thought he knew, what was coming.

"Scully. How's Bill?"

"Two fractured ribs and a broken nose." He let out a deep breath and looked down at his feet.

“I’m so sorry Scully.”

“I know you are Mulder. It’s all right. He’s gonna be fine. And I managed to talk him out of pressing assault charges.”

He stood up and walked to the window. “Why did you do that Scully. He should press charges. I did assault him.”

“Yes, yes I suppose you did but I think he has some vague understanding about why you did it and he knows we’re leaving tomorrow and he won’t have to deal with you anymore so...”

“How does he feel about you working with me now?”

“He was never happy with it to begin with Mulder. He thinks you’re a lunatic.”

“Yeah well, seems like he’s right about one thing at least.”

She walked tentatively towards him and reached out to touch his shoulder. “No Mulder. He’s not. You’re not a lunatic. You’re just um...highly emotional.” He turned around and smiled at her.

“That’s a very kind way of saying crazy Scully.” He flinched a little. “Scully, you’re mom, she must hate me. She’ll never forgive me for this.”

She took a deep breath and dared to meet his eyes. “Mulder, I didn’t really come here to talk about Bill or my mother. I don’t really care what they think about you and I understand why you um...why you did what you did.”

“You do Scully? Really?”

“Yes. I do Mulder. I know you were trying to protect me. I also know you wouldn’t have reacted as strongly if Bill had hit you, which incidentally he was about to do. In fact if I hadn’t been there you probably would have let him kick your ass just to avoid hurting me.”

“So why did you come Scully? You could have just called. Scully did you drive here? You’ve had a lot to drink tonight.”

“I did drive here because um...I’m sober now Mulder. I threw up before and that got rid of a lot of it. And I slept for a bit when we got back from the hospital. I’m not drunk anymore.” She looked at him

in what she hoped was a somewhat suggestive way. Maybe she wouldn't have to say anything. Maybe he'd just get it and just...just take her already.

"Oh. Well that's good. I'd hate to think you were driving drunk." OK this was not looking good. He was clueless as ever. And he seemed a bit uncomfortable as well. She was going to have to just come right out and say it. Hopefully she wouldn't be driven to the pathetic frenzy she'd been in before.

"Mulder I came to let you know that I'm not angry with you. For anything that happened tonight. You were completely right." She sat down on the bed. "What happened before...I was wrong. I mean I really appreciate what you did."

"That's uh...that's good. I'm glad you feel that way Scully." But he didn't seem glad. He still seemed very sad.

"You really were very...decent. And um...very gentlemanly. And um..." where the hell was she going with this. She suddenly realized just how nervous she was. She was fidgeting with the blanket underneath her and groping desperately for the right words to say. The proper way to explain it to him. "Mulder I just wanted to thank you."

He smiled with absolutely no happiness. "That's OK Scully. You know I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I took advantage of you."

"Right. Well, I mean you did the right thing. I was...I was awful Mulder. I'm really very sorry."

"You don't have to apologize Scully. I understand. You were drunk. You didn't know what you were doing. It's..That kind of thing happens all the time. People get drunk and they do things...say things they'd never even think of when they're sober." He didn't realize. He didn't see it. She could just leave right now and that would be the end of it.

"Right well um, I guess I'll go then. I just wanted you to know everything was all right." She stood and moved to the door. He followed behind her and opened it for her.

"We still leaving tomorrow Scully?"

“Um, yeah. I’ll come by and pick you up at 9:30.”

“OK. Night Scully.”

“Night.” No. No. It couldn’t be this way. This was the coward’s way out. She hadn’t come here to be a big chicken shit. She turned back to him and slammed the door shut behind her.

“This is wrong Mulder. This is too easy. It’s not that simple.” God give me courage. Please.

“What do you mean too easy? You are angry about Bill aren’t you? You don’t have to protect me from that Scully. I...”

“No. No no no. It’s not that at all. This has nothing to do with Bill. It’s about...it’s about me Mulder.”

“Oh.” He looked disappointed. He seemed to have been looking forward to her chastisement over the incident. She almost wished that had been what she’d come here for. It would be so much easier than this.

“You’re kind of right Mulder. I mean about being drunk and all. Sometimes it does make you do and say things you ordinarily wouldn’t. And it intensifies emotions. But Mulder...” God this was it. She was walking over the edge here. No turning back. “Mulder it doesn’t bring things out that aren’t already there. It doesn’t make a person feel things that don’t exist already. It just...it just makes you more honest. It just makes it easier to say the things you really feel, deep down inside. And I refuse to just dismiss this as if it had no basis in any reality. I can’t..I won’t use alcohol as an excuse for the things I said to you. It just wouldn’t be fair. Those things were real. They were my feelings and I won’t hide behind the fact that I was drunk. I may have been more, well, more insane and I do regret not letting you hold me Mulder because it was something we both needed but everything else was me. It was all me and I am not going to pretend it wasn’t. I’m just not enough of a coward for that, although I wish I were. So that’s um.. that’s why I really came here. I came here to tell you that.” Ok Dana. You’ve said it. You can stop talking now But for some reason she couldn’t. Some kind of fear about his response was gripping her and she couldn’t stop babbling like an idiot. “And so you see it really doesn’t have anything to do with Bill or you. Or anything else. It’s just about me and my screwed up emotions and inability to express them. And so it’s really not your

fault you see and I still think you did the right thing because you..." She was cut off by his sudden movement. He grabbed her shoulders and pinned her to the door. He looked at her with rapt fascination and a thrilling intensity.

"Scully. Stop. Just tell me one thing." She found she couldn't speak. His arms were gripping her so tight. His eyes were drilling a hole in her skull. She was lost.

"Is it me? Or is it anyone?" How could he even ask. How could he not know that he was the only one who could possibly fill the emptiness inside her. That his soul was the only one that could hold hers. After all this time. How could he not know. She felt a small twinge of anger. Did he really think she would have thrown herself at just anyone? Did he think she'd want comfort from someone else? And then she remembered who she was dealing with. Mulder could never believe anyone would chose him for such a thing. It just wasn't in his realm of thinking. She was shaking again. Trembling under his scrutiny. She needed to tell him but her voice just was not there. She lifted one quivering arm and pointed her finger at him, reaching out, touching the place where his heart lay under the fabric and skin and bone. And then that hand was against her body, pressed between them as he pushed his body roughly against hers. She had to crane her neck to see his face. He leaned down and moved his hand from her shoulder to her face. Slowly he traced the outline of her cheek, her chin, lips, nose, everything. He ran his fingertip over her entire face like a blind man reading Braille.

"You want me." It was a statement, not a question. A statement uttered with such disbelief and amazement. Such revelation. She wondered if this had been the way men had reacted when they discovered fire.

She willed her voice to return. She only needed one word. "Yes."

His fingertip traveled lower, stroking her neck, dipping into her cleavage. "You want me."

"Yes. Please." He fell to his knees before her and wrapped his arms tightly around her waist, burying his head in her stomach. He grabbed the fabric of her shirt and began untucking it from her jeans. She had a brief flash of fear and doubt. What if this was pity. What if he felt it was his duty. Then she looked down at the ravenous way he'd begun to devour the sensitive skin of her

stomach with his mouth and knew. It couldn't be pity. Pity just didn't look like that.

She leaned against the door for support as he continued his assault. Licking, nipping, caressing her whole middle with his mouth. God that mouth. His hands reached up under her shirt and began caressing her breasts. Her perfect breasts. She only just then remembered that. He pinched her nipples lightly through the silken material of her bra and she cried out. Torture. Sweet torture. She needed to touch him. To kiss him. She reached for his bare arms and tried to pull him to his feet.

"Not yet." He moved his hands down to her belt and unbuckled it. Then slowly he started unbuttoning her fly. God that mouth. She had a vague idea where he was about to put that mouth and she was almost reduced to a puddle. Soon her jeans were completely off and discarded to the corner of the room. All that stood between her flesh and that mouth were a pair of sodden cotton panties. He stroked her legs and moved his head down to caress her inner thigh with his tongue. She just about lost all cognitive thought. Then she felt his nose rub against her through the cotton. He was sniffing her. Inhaling the scent of her arousal. She sucked in the stale air of the motel room through clenched teeth. He was going to kill her.

"You...want...me."

"God.Please."

He pulled the garment off her body with carnal ferocity and then he was there. Everywhere. She grabbed the doorknob to keep from falling down. His tongue slipped between her folds and began stroking her clit. Back and forth. Over and over. She felt it everywhere. The vibrations shook her entire body. It was like his tongue was covering every inch of her. She was usually relatively quiet at moments like this. She wasn't the type to lose her shit and start screaming and panting. But this was beyond anything she'd ever known. This was an entirely different ball game. It wasn't even the same league. Or sport even. Soon she was crying out like she never had before. Almost without realizing it. She started grinding her crotch into his face feverishly and gripped his head with her free hand pulling him closer, holding him in place so he couldn't stop. Nothing had ever felt this good. Nothing.

He moaned against her and she realized why it was so good. He

liked it. He loved it. Most men didn't and made it seem almost like a chore. The prelude to the good stuff. Mulder seemed to be enjoying it as an ends to itself. And it made him damn good at it. She spread her legs a little wider and he used the opportunity to slip his finger inside her. He started pumping in and out of her and she made an unearthly growling sound.

He chuckled against her and muttered into her crotch "You like that huh."

"Mmmugh yeah." She couldn't even get his name out. She was beyond anything but monosyllabic words.

"Yeah. How about this?" He stuck two more fingers inside her and began driving into her deeper and faster. She was almost there.

"Oh...ummm...aghh"

"You wanna come Scully?" God. Jesus. Did he have to ask? If he'd just stop talking and put his mouth where it belonged. "Huh? You wanna?" She looked down at him for the first time since he'd started his onslaught. He was looking up at her face. He was watching her avidly. Studying her reactions, her response. His sweatpants were pulled down around his knees and he was stroking himself frantically with his free hand. God it was beautiful. She felt like screaming. He was so huge. So hard. So completely and totally aroused from this. She could have come just watching him. She felt a twinge of jealousy though, wishing it were her hand and not his own. "I wanna make you come Scully."

"Yes. Yes. Yes." And then his tongue was on her again, flicking furiously over her clit and he had four fingers inside her now pumping her senseless and then she was coming. God she was finally finally coming. She jerked violently against his face and gripped the back of his head with both hands, crushing him against her. And she cried. And she screamed. And she cursed and pulled his hair violently because he was still there and he was doing it to her again and she couldn't believe it was possible or even legal to have two earth shattering orgasms in a row but there it was and then finally she fell, completely spent, to the floor and he was there. He was still there. Holding her.

Title: Touched But Never Held (4/4) Author: Rachel Anton E-mail:

He'd lifted her off the floor and was cradling her in his lap. He was still on his knees. She felt him, hard and ready as ever pressing against her backside. She opened her eyes slowly and saw his face, inches from hers. He was smiling. Smiling like she'd never seen him smile.

"Feeling any better horny girl?"

"Ss..shut...uup." They laughed together and she pulled his face closer, capturing his lips in a furious kiss. He tasted like her. She sucked his tongue and savored the remnants of their connection. She pulled his t-shirt off and stroked every hardened plane on his chest. Then he was naked. A naked Mulder. Aroused and hungry for her. Under her. She felt dizzy with excitement. He moaned into her mouth and she turned around to face him, straddling his lap, wrapping her legs around his waist. His cock was pressed against her and she realized she was not at all satisfied. Not yet. She needed more.

"Mm..mulder." Two whole syllables. She was proud. But there was more. "Www..ant..want you i..in meee" Almost coherent.

"Well Scully, that's a lucky coincidence cause that's exactly where I wanna be." He discarded with her T-shirt and bra and kissed her deeply. She reached between them and grabbed his sex. It was so smooth and silky. So hard and hot. She wanted to relish the feel of it in her hand for awhile. She started stroking him, aggressively and quickly, the way she'd seen him do it a moment ago. It had the desired effect. His eyes rolled back into his head and he yelled something that might have been an obscenity but she couldn't be sure. Soon his whole body was shaking and he was panting desperately. A bit of precum appeared at the tip and she used her free hand to wipe it up and moved her hand to her mouth. The look on his face when she licked the white glob from her fingertip was worth every single alien goose chase she'd been on. He grabbed her wrist and violently jerked her hand away from him. "No. Can't. Come. Yet." He was gasping between his words. It was good to see she was capable of reducing him to monosyllabic grunts as well.

She rose up on her haunches and positioned him for entry. He

looked up at her with an almost grateful expression. He looked up at her. For once. It felt good. Then she slid, slowly, painstakingly, inch by inch down his sex. It was a good thing he'd gotten her off so damn much because if he hadn't it would have hurt. She was small and he was colossal but she was so wet and open that it felt perfect. He filled her. He completed her. He was her. She started moving, languidly riding up and down on his cock. He wrapped his arms around her waist and laved her upper body with kisses.

"SSScullyyyy...m..mmore." She moved faster, took him deeper, held his face in her hands. It felt wonderful but they both needed still more. He grabbed her waist and started moving her, lifting her up then slamming her back down onto him. Amazing. Absolutely amazing. Almost enough.

"Touch yourself." It was an order. Gently delivered but an order nonetheless. She was suddenly filled with panic. She had never done that in front of another person. She was almost embarrassed to do it by herself.

"Do it Scully. Please. I wanna do it myself but my aagghh my hands are mmmmooh. Busy." She couldn't refuse him this. She couldn't refuse him anything. She slid her hand between them and began slowly stroking herself. For a moment she froze up but soon she let herself feel it and it felt good. God it felt really good. He looked down at her movements and let out a savage cry at the sight.

"Jesus Scully. Yeah." Soon her hand fell into a familiar pattern and she started to feel completely comfortable with it. The combination of her own ministrations and the feel of him inside her was unbearably pleasurable. After a few moments she found herself on the brink of climax yet again. "You're so hot Scully. God you're so fucking hot." She felt hot. She was on fire. She moved her finger faster and faster across her clit as he rammed her body up and down like a rag doll. She felt completely and gloriously out of control. She lost all feeling in her hands and feet. All the blood in her body rushed to the one place she could feel. The one place that mattered at the moment. And then she shattered into a million pieces. Her entire body combusted in a deafening explosion and all she could hear was Mulder's voice begging her to come for him. And she did. Over and over. And then somehow she was sitting. She was on top of the dresser and Mulder was between her legs crashing into her again and again with a strength and speed she

didn't know existed. His face was twisted into a grimace of ecstasy more beautiful than anything she'd ever seen. He was moaning and muttering an almost constant stream of curses, supplications, and nonsense words. Her body slammed into the mirror behind her with every thrashing and she was a little frightened because this was the passion she'd been looking for but it was more than she'd ever imagined possible and if it hadn't felt so good it would have been too much. And then he was moving even faster, even more violently and screaming and calling her name louder than anything she'd ever heard and then she was gone. Floating in another reality where bodies didn't exist and the only thing that mattered were two souls, hurtling together through eternity, forever joined and finally complete. She had a brief mental flash of Mulder's seed shooting through her entire body, filling in every blank space. And then everything went black.

She woke up wrapped in a scratchy motel blanket. And a body. Mulder was lying behind her wrapped protectively around her. She turned to him. He was awake. He smiled wickedly at her.

"Welcome back."

"Wha..what happened?"

"You fainted." She fainted. She actually fainted. Jesus Mary and Joseph. She'd never fainted in her life.

"I though you were dead for a sec."

"I wa..I think I was. Mulder that was..."

"I know." He squeezed her tight and buried his face in her hair. "I know."

"I think..I nee..I wa..ugh" God she was still incapable of forming a coherent sentence. She hoped sex with Mulder hadn't rendered her permanently brain damaged.

"Shhh Scully. Just rest." She was trembling. She felt cold and hot and not entirely in her body. And then she started laughing. Giggling like a crazy person.

"What's so funny?"

"We...we had sex." She managed to get it out through her giddy

twittering. Why was she acting this way? She felt like she'd just lost her virginity all over again.

"Um, ya know Scully, this isn't exactly the response most guys look for."

"Oh Mulder. You know it was...you know how it was. I just...I guess I can't believe we actually finally did it."

"Yeah, it is pretty unbelievable. So was it all you hoped for horny girl?" Well it was good to know he could still be an irritating son of a bitch.

"You know it was even more Mulder. Now stop calling me that."

"How come? I like it. It's your new nickname. You can be horny girl and I'll be nofunman." God had she actually called him that? Yes, she remembered it now.

"I'm sorry Mulder. You're not nofunman. Not any more at least. We'll have to think of something different."

"Any ideas?"

"How about orgasmman."

"Hmmm I like the sound of that."

"Seriously Mulder. I don't think I've ever had so many orgasms in my life. I mean total. Not just in one sitting. That last one. I don't even know what that was. It wasn't even an orgasm. I think it was an X-file." He laughed in her ear and the sound sent a vibration through her body.

"Maybe we should investigate further agent Scully." He started kissing her neck and caressing her stomach with his hands.

"God Mulder what time is it? We have to catch a plane soon and I've gotta go back to Bill's to get my stuff."

"Relax. We've got plenty of time. The sun's not even up yet." She felt completely strange. Like she was coming down off some kind of drug induced stupor. She couldn't stop shaking and she felt scattered, like pieces of her were still flying around the room.

“What was that Mulder, really? It kind of scared me.”

“Honestly Scully?”

“Of course.”

“I think it was an out of body experience. I think that when we came together our souls, or whatever it is that’s inside us, left our physical bodies and met on another plane of reality.” Leave it to Mulder.

“Mulder, that’s...”

“Is that what you felt? That’s what I felt. I still feel a little strange myself but I have more experience floating around in other dimensions so...”

“Mulder you can’t be serious.”

“Why don’t you turn over. Lay on your stomach.” She had a strange suspicion that he was going to examine her body for evidence of transcendental experiences but she did as he asked anyway.

“Why exactly am I doing this Mulder?”

“You need some grounding. You need to get back to Earth.” Well that was certainly true but she didn’t see what laying on her stomach was going to do. Then he started rubbing her shoulders and she realized. He was going to give her a massage. She couldn’t think of anything that would have felt better. Then his hands changed to his mouth and she amended that. This was even better. He slowly worked his hands over her quivering muscles. Everywhere his hands went his mouth followed. The nape of her neck, her shoulders, behind her ears. He kneeled next to her and studied her reactions. She moaned out loud when he licked a path from the back of her neck to the middle of her shoulder blades and he smiled. She sensed he had a tiny bit of an ulterior motive in this “grounding massage”. It looked like he was exploring her body, seeking out the places she liked to be caressed, searching for erogenous zones. If he continued much longer he was going to hit paydirt soon. He started working his way down from her left shoulder to her arm, kneading it with both hands, kissing and licking it. He lifted it and started nipping the underside of her elbow. She started to see why he thought this would bring her down to Earth.

She was becoming increasingly aroused all over again but she felt like her body was coming back together. She was solidifying under his hands. He started lavishing attention on her hand and she thanked God that she found this man. Noone had ever had such reverence for her body. Every part, not just the obvious ones. He moved to her other arm and gave it the same treatment and she sighed contentedly. So much pleasure she almost felt guilty. Almost.

Once he was done with her arms he returned to her back. Half of her body was still hidden under the blanket and he pulled it away to reveal her lower back. And then he stopped. Stopped moving, stopped kissing, stopped breathing. Just stopped. She turned her head around quizzically and then remembered. She was marked there. Branded. She studied his expression, trying to read his reaction. His mouth was half open and his eyes were lit up like Christmas trees. He was just staring at it. She was afraid. What if it brought up painful memories? What if he still held some resentment towards her over the whole thing? What if he hated it and thought it ruined her body?

“Mulder?”

“That’s where it is huh?”

“Umm..yeah.”

“I saw a picture but it didn’t show where it was. All it showed was the design and a little bit of skin. I...I couldn’t figure out what part of your body it was.” He let out a shaky breath. She couldn’t tell if he was scared or aroused. Or both. “I wanted to know. I...I thought about it all the time. It drove me crazy. Kept me awake nights.” He’d put more thought into it than she had apparently.

“So, um, do you uhh, do you hate it?”

“I love it.”

“You...”

“I love it. It’s mine.” Then he started massaging her there and she groaned roughly. His fingers dug into the flesh kneading her, rotating in slow, sensual circles. She twitched involuntarily under him. She grabbed the pillow and buried her face in it to keep from crying out again.

“Scully? Does it feel good Scully?” He was breathing quite heavily. She nodded frantically in response. She’d never had anyone do this to her. Noone had ever bothered to figure out how. She hadn’t realized it was even conceivable.

He put his lips over the area and gave her an open mouthed kiss and she moaned into the pillow and jerked upwards. “God Scully. It feels really good doesn’t it. That’s why you got it there isn’t it?” She turned to him and noticed he was completely flushed and rock hard again. She just nodded. “Pleasure/Pain huh? You like that huh?” He sounded positively frenzied. She was getting there herself. He rubbed harder and began tracing circles over the tattoo with his tongue. Then he started biting lightly at the skin there.

“Mmm M..M..Mulder.”

“I touch you there all the time Scully. Does it turn you on when I do that? Do you get wet when I touch you there Scully?” Her one secret from him. Finally revealed.

“Ohmygod. Mulder.” She started grinding her legs together, thrusting herself at nothing.

“Do you? Tell me.”

“Yes. Fuck. Yes.” This couldn’t be possible. This couldn’t be happening. He started licking her furiously, treating her back much the way he’d treated her clit earlier. Except it was more. Harder and faster and all over. And he was moaning almost constantly. And pulverizing her flesh with his hands. God no. Not again. It just couldn’t be for real. But it was. She was close. She was unbelievably close. Her body started shaking and she clutched the pillow tight. The room was starting to spin.

“God. Scully. Jesus, are you gonna come?”

“I...I...ooooohmygod”

“Holy shit.” His tongue was everywhere again. Around and around. Up and down. Back and forth. And his hands, God his hands. Then she felt him move. He straddled her legs and she felt his cock, throbbing against the back of her knee and it was just enough. She felt an unbelievable tingling sensation over her entire body but centered in the small of her back which was throbbing and humming and then there were mouths and hands covering her

everywhere and every piece of her came together and then fell completely apart again. She shrieked into the pillow and her body went into a series of spasms. She collapsed, completely spent and buried her face in the pillow. She couldn't believe it. It was unbelievable. How could that kind of thing be possible?

He lay down next to her and stroked her hair gently. "You okay?" Okay? Okay??? Jesus. She nodded as energetically as she could and he chuckled and wrapped his arms around her.

"That was unbefuckinglybelievable Scully. You were...that was...oh my fucking God." The room was still spinning. She was afraid to even move. Then she felt him. He was turned on his side, facing her with his head buried in the curve of her neck, his arm over her back and his leg draped over hers. His cock was pressing into the side of her thigh. It was moving. Twitching and throbbing against her. He was completely turned on. She didn't think her body could stand another onslaught of sensation and he seemed to realize this because he wasn't making a move for her. She felt an overwhelming desire to give him something back. To reciprocate the awe-inspiring pleasure he'd given her. She lifted her head groggily and turned to face him. He was shining with perspiration and an unearthly glow.

"So much for grounding Mulder."

"Oh I think this was better than grounding." Yes. That was certainly true.

She turned on her side and curled up into his arms. He squeezed her tight while his erection danced excitedly against her stomach.

"Um, Mulder, you seem to have a little problem there." God bless him he actually looked a little embarrassed.

"Oh, um that's okay. I'm sure you're tired and stuff." Too tired to be fucked maybe. But that's not all she knew how to do. She pushed him so he was laying on his back. "Scully, really, it's okay. You don't have to..."

"Shut up Orgasmman. It's time to give a little back." He gasped and shot her a look that was a mixture of eagerness and terror. Then he closed his eyes and relaxed. She looked over his body appraisingly and wondered where to start. It all looked so tempting. His face. His beautiful, beautiful face drew her in first. She started

with the eyes, where his heart truly lay. She placed featherlight kisses on each of his eyelids and then moved down, stroking his cheeks, his nose, his lips with her hands and mouth. Then down further to his neck. She licked the salty rough skin there and felt him gulp down a mouthful of air. Then down further, covering his chest with kisses and caresses. His skin was scalding hot and she could feel his energy pulsing just underneath the surface. She moved to his nipples and sucked one of them between her teeth.

“Scully.” He choked out her name and clutched a fistful of her hair. She bit down a little harder and his other hand clutched the sheet beneath him. “Yes.” Down a little more, over his entire torso as he began to thrash under her. She ran her tongue down to his belly button and licked up the pool of sweat that had gathered there. He tasted like ocean water. She traced circles around the outside of his belly button and his whole body started to shake.

“You want me Mulder?” Turnabout is fair play after all. She was gonna make him pay.

“I...ummm...scuhh...ugh.” Perfect. She licked her way down the line from his belly to the beginning of his pubic hair.

“You like this Mulder?”

“Mmmmmaahh.”

“Tell me.”

He clutched her hair even tighter and nodded his head vigorously. “No tell me.”

“Yyyyaah.” Close enough. She watched his magnificent sex quiver with anticipation for a moment and savored the absolute power she held. She could make or break him depending on her next move. Of course there was no real question. She swirled her tongue over the tip of the engorged head and his body spasmed against her. She wrapped her lips around him and slowly started to take him into her mouth. She felt his hand shaking in her hair, saw his legs trembling, watched his toes curl into the sheet, heard him struggling to find coherent words. She knew the feeling. Soon he was completely inside her and she was actually amazed she’d managed to get the whole thing down. He tasted like them. Like their sex. She started bobbing her head up and down at what she knew was an agonizingly slow pace.

Sss...scuuu...ughhh..uummm” He was quaking uncontrollably now. And she knew he was restraining himself from grabbing her head and slamming it down on him. She rewarded him for his self control by swirling her tongue around him as she moved him in and out. She couldn’t remember ever enjoying giving a blow job so much. She usually thought they were quite dull but a way to get men to stop trying to make her come. Not this. This was sheer enjoyment and arousal and the total joy of giving back the ecstasy she’d received. And a little bit of control. Finally. She moved her mouth off of him for a minute and took him in her hand, continuing to stroke him.

“Does this feel good Mulder? You wanna come?” She was having way too much fun.

“Sc..sc...sc...SCULLY.”

“Very good Mulder. But you still didn’t answer my question.”

“Yyyou...you..nnno..f.f...ffair!”

“Oh I think it’s very fair Mulder.” She looked up at him and actually started to get a bit aroused again. He was sweating buckets. His eyes were screwed tightly shut and his mouth was wide open in a grimace of pleasure. He was even baring his teeth. Lucky her. “So? Do you?”

“Uuuughh...y..y..ppplease.” Very impressive. She put her mouth back where they both wanted it and started moving quickly up and down. He jerked convulsively into her. He was almost choking her but she didn’t care. It was worth the uninhibited cries and shouts she was hearing from him. He had her hair completely wrapped around his fingers and was clutching her for dear life. She wondered randomly how long it would take her to get the knots out in the morning. His other hand had managed to pull the sheet almost completely off the bed. He grew impossibly large in her mouth and she knew he was right on the edge. She reached down and started stroking his balls with her hand. His whole body tensed for a moment and she could feel him throbbing in her mouth. And then she stopped. Completely. And he screamed in agony.

“You close Mulder? Huh? You gonna come soon?” he was actually stamping his feet like a petulant child. His head was rolling back and forth on the pillow and his poor dick was bouncing up and

down off his stomach. "Mulder?"

"YEEEEESSSSSS!" Very nice. She took him all the way back in and all the way back out again and again with increasing speed, stroking his balls and sucking lightly, licking the sides as she went. He started pumping her mouth in rhythm with her movements and then when she took him so deep that her mouth reached his balls he exploded into her, screaming bloody murder, pulling on her hair, convulsing fitfully. Cum shot down her throat at an amazing speed in an amazing quantity. She felt like she was drinking from a geyser. Finally she couldn't swallow any more and it filled her mouth, dripped down her chin. It tasted so good. Bitter and sweet. Just like the man it had come from. Finally he seemed to be empty and his body relaxed. She heard him above her, gasping for air. She slipped his still partially erect dick from her mouth and moved up to snuggle in next to him. He grabbed her and held her to him in a vice like grip.

"Everything's. Spinning. Scary." Yep she knew that feeling too. She held him tight and planted soothing kisses over his chest. After a few minutes he stopped shaking a little and seemed to be breathing almost regularly.

"How you feeling?" He choked out a laugh and kissed the top of her head.

"You crazy bitch. You could have killed me ya know."

"Just trying to spread the joy Mulder."

"Where...how did you learn to do...that? Never mind I don't wanna know."

"I learned it from you orgasmman."

"Is that how I was making you feel? I can't even believe that. That's just not possible."

"Believe it." He basked silently in this realization for a few moments.

"Hey Scully. The sun's coming up. We've gotta get going soon." Shit. Rental cars and planes and crowded airports and a bunch of other places to keep her from the next time they would be able to do this.

“How am I gonna keep my hands off you the whole way home Scully?”

“I was just thinking the same thing. Ever think of joining the mile high club Mulder?”

“Not really but I don’t know if we’re gonna have a choice.”

He wrapped himself tightly around her and she realized how perfectly she fit inside him. And he in her. And she realized something else. The empty feeling she’d had for so many months now was gone. She felt full. In her belly, her womb, her heart, everywhere. And she understood for the first time that she’d never really been alone at all. Being held physically by him made her see that he’d been holding her emotionally for years. And that this physical connection was only the culmination of that and the beginning of a new, even more fulfilling stage of their relationship. Mulder was her answer, her savior, her family. And she was held. Truly and wholly.