

## What She Needs

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# What She Needs

by [writing2savelives](#)

## Summary

He'll be anything, do anything she needs, but what she asks is almost too easy for him to give. Almost.

Warning for kidnapping aftermath/trauma.

## Notes

I've officially broken my streak by naming all my fics after songs or song lyrics. This fic is completely mine, I didn't take much inspiration from anything except the actual TV show and episode, Irresistible, of course.

Because of the mature subject matter in Irresistible, I suggest reading with caution and knowing that I have never been kidnapped before so this is just my imagination, not fact, on how Scully would deal with aftermath of such a situation.

If you haven't seen s02 e13, I suggest you do because it's great but just know that Scully gets kidnapped and is very traumatized by it, (obvi).

Love you all, and I wish you well.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Federal agent! Hands in the air! Hands in the air!” Mulder’s commanding voice raged at Pfaster and Scully scrambled away from him. The scene before Mulder immediately made his stomach plummet. Local police rushed in around them and only after seeing several of them holding Pfaster at gun-point did Mulder holster his own weapon and kneel before a shaking, scratched, tied-up Scully.

*Scully. Oh, his Scully.*

Her beautiful ginger hair was rumpled and in her face, her small lips were tighter than usual and her eyes darted around the room like a cornered animal looking for escape. She looked terrified, Mulder had never seen her look so...not composed.

“Can we get some paramedics here, *now!*” he shouted.

“I’m okay,” she murmured through pinched lips. She was quivering when he touched her. She was trying to be strong, he recognized her hard exterior too well but it was the shaking and frantic way her eyes dashed around the room that told him, she was *not* okay. “Just help me get my wrists undone...”

He complied, not wanting to push her to convey any emotion that she felt she couldn’t. But he would be there when she did need to. He would always be there for her and he hoped that wouldn’t offend the feminist in her.

He searched her face, she watched Pfaster getting cuffed but it didn’t seem to relieve her at all. He supposed nothing would for a while, this case was going to be a hard one to shake.

“How did you find me?” she spoke up.

“His mother used to own the house, willed it to his sisters,” he explained how he’d worked to find her. “A patrolman saw his car out back.” They finally got her wrists untied. Looking up, he saw tears in the backs of her eyes. “Sure you don’t want to sit down, Scully, and let somebody take a look at you?”

She shook her head but he wasn’t convinced. “I’m fine, Mulder.” He definitely didn’t believe her.

Gently, he placed his fingers under her chin and tilted her face up to look at him. She jerked slightly away from his touch but let him lift her chin, though she kept her eyes on the scene behind him. She refused to look at him.

Finally, she was forced to look him in the eyes and her walls came crumbling down. She let out a tiny whimper as her scratched chin started to quiver violently. She stepped toward him and let him fold her into a tight hug. She was so small in his arms, petite and hunched with fright. He crushed her to him, pushed his fingers into her hair and whispered in her hair, “It’s alright.”

*Oh, what has he done to her? To his Scully.*

She couldn't handle being looked at and prodded, he realized, so he took her straight home, forgoing the paramedics. He walked her all the way inside, checked all the rooms and reminded her several times before leaving to lock the door.

She wasn't really there, it was as if she was only half-awake and he felt like her eyes saw things he couldn't. "You sure you don't want to sleep at mine? I'd be happy to sleep on the floor or I could stay here..." He trailed off. He didn't want to impose.

"No, Mulder." Her tear stained cheeks caught the light of the lamps; they had turned on all the lights in the house. "Thank you, goodnight." He sighed inwardly, but let her guide him to the door. He couldn't help feeling helpless and pathetic and he wished there was something else he could do. If he could, he would've killed the bastard right then and there but that wouldn't go over well up top seeing as Pfaster wasn't armed or resisting arrest.

So, he left.

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"Mulder."

"Mul...M-Mulder?" Her breathing is laboured, uneven, as she whispers into the speaker, wrapping the cord around her fingers nervously.

"Scully?"

She doesn't answer. She can't. The words are caught in her throat.

"Scully, I'm coming over right now." His voice is assertive and strong. He's not asking, merely informing her of what is to come next. It's exactly what she needs right now.

"Yes." *He* is exactly what she needs right now.

His coat and shoes are already on, to tell the truth, they never came off. He'd been waiting by the phone, wanting her to call and hoping she wouldn't at the same time. If she called then it meant she wanted him and Lord, he wanted her. He wanted to *help* her. But if she wanted him then something was wrong. She needed help and that was bad.

This endless loop tormented him for hours until the ring of the phone came as his release.

He had hailed a cab and was halfway to her apartment in record time. *Faster, faster.* He silently chanted, wishing he could become an X-file. An extra-terrestrial who could move at the speed of light. *Extra-terrestrial*, Lord he wished that their previous case had been a paranormal one. That other dimension seemed much better than the necrophilia case that is their reality.

While the cab sped, as per his request, his mind went in circles. The same question repeats itself in his mind: *What if I was too late?* He can't picture Scully dead; she has so much spirit in her, bringing vibrant light to his drab, repetitive life. He can't live without her and it's not as scary a thought as men usually make it out to be.

When he arrives at her apartment, he barely registers thrusting a twenty at the driver before his long legs are carrying him up the stairs to her door. He's almost forgets to knock then chides himself because a man unannounced in her apartment at night is not what she needs right now.

His knock sounds too loud to his ears and he flinches. When she doesn't open the door after a minute he knocks again, yells, "I'm coming in, Scully," and enters the living room. It's just as he left it a few hours ago. He hopes she unlocked the door only after she'd called him.

*God, he's paranoid.*

How could he not be? He almost lost her, again. It's been happening too often lately and each time he gets and more protective. Less nonchalant bachelor dude and more...protective boyfriend? Fuck, she'd hate that if he pointed it out to her, he's sure.

Pushing his buzzing thoughts to the back of his mind, he focuses on locating his partner. A feeling in his chest leads him to the bathroom and sure enough there she is. Knees tucked in to her chest and chin rested on her hands which lay on said knees; she's the picture of petrified. His heart sinks.

"Scully," he starts, unsure what to say, how to help now that he's *here* and she looks like *this*.

"P-please," she whispers. Her eyes have never been wider, their blue blinds him. He notices she's shivering despite the warm steam rising from the bathwater she's sat in.

There's no other choice than to join her, she's asked for Christ's sake, *get in the tub Mulder, you idiot, and stop staring at her naked flesh.*

But he's worried that a naked man will scare her, be imposing, threatening, so he starts to climb in with his clothes still on. When she squeaks out something he freezes, foot mid-air.

"What did you say?"

Her voice is terribly soft, but she tries again for him. "I said, p-please no clothes. I-I want to f-feel your skin on mine, Mulder." When he still doesn't move, her logic for once not making sense, she adds a quiet, "Please."

He decides she's been saying "please" too much for his liking. He'd give her the world without the nicety, she should know. "Of course, Scully."

She sighs appreciatively at the familiarity of her surname on his pouty lips and dips her head back between her knees. He tries to be as quiet as he can while undoing his belt buckle. Shirt goes next and then his jeans and boxers. Though he's not religious, he prays to whoever will hear that his notoriously disobedient cock will understand the severity of the situation and stay unthreatening against his thigh. It does and he breathes a sigh of relief.

"Where do you want me to...?" His questions dies on his lips when the tiny woman scoots forward in her bathtub, allowing him to climb in behind her.

The water is scalding but Scully still shivers so he refrains from turning on the cold water and forces himself in. This water is not for him, it's for the disturbed woman in front of him. *She* needs *him* and he'll be there for her. Always.

“*Oof*,” a whoosh of breath leaves his lungs when she uses her feet to push off the opposite end of the tub and straight into his chest. He's proud of the relationship he's built with Scully and glad for its strength at times like these, when he's able to sense through their carefully coveted connection that she needs to be *held*.

He obliges easily, bending his legs and wrapping his arms around her petit frame. They sit together in the tub like that for a while. Her hips between his powerful thighs, their bent knees pressed together, her back snug against his chest, his muscular arms wrapped all the way around body. He's heavy on her and she appreciates that more than she'd anticipated. His weight feels grounding and after five minutes her head peeks out from where it was hidden in the juncture of their elbows, to fit under his chin. Her hair tickles his shadowy stubble. He smiles.

When she reaches for the shampoo, he doesn't offer to help. They both read the case details, he's knows what Pfaster would do to the women before he murdered them. Helping her wash her hair, in that same way, seems widely more inappropriate than two FBI agents who have signed contracts sitting naked together in a bathtub and he can't explain it but he just knows.

Instead he settles on rubbing her gently. His fingers make gentle paths on her skin, tracing her ribs, dancing down her thighs, swirling around her kneecaps. He has one thought in his mind while doing this and he hopes she gets the message: *this is your body, Scully*. Her shoulders are exponentially tenser than he's ever felt them because late at night, sure he'd give her massages. She'd needed them after God's knows what he'd dragged her through. He doesn't even know where to start with this massage though; her muscles just feel like one big rock.

It happens without his consent or even thought and he regrets it immediately, but as he's slowly tending to her body, his lips brush against the nape of her neck where fine wet baby hairs lay as she squeezes the conditioner out of her short hair. Her entire body goes stiff; absolutely rigid in his arms and he's knows he's fucked up.

Cursing himself explicitly in his head, he starts to apologize. “I'm sorry, Scully. I'm so sorry, I'll go—I should go...” She remains unmoving for a few more seconds and Mulder fears he's broke her. He starts to move, to leave to the tub. He'll go home, guilt-ridden and shameful, but she stops him.

“No, Mulder—wait.” He freezes like she did and what a pair they are, frozen statues suddenly. She moves first, twisting slightly to look at him over her shoulder, “can you—please, again.”

He sinks back into the warm water again but with a puzzled look on his puppy features. “I—what? I'm sorry, I'm confused...”

“Please, Mulder.” She's whining a little so he wraps an arm around her middle, tentatively and when she speaks again it's a little more self-assured. “I know I'm not his, but I can't be mine right now. Please, make me yours.”

“I just thought...” He can’t find the right words to convey what went through his head when he touched her like that in such a vulnerable place. Sure, he loves her. Sure, he lusts after her but he felt wrong when he kissed her without her consent when she’s...when she’s...*like this*.

“I know, Mulder. You’re a good man, I trust you.” She pauses, takes a deep breath and places his hand on her right breast. “I trust you with this.”

He’s definitely heard of sexual healing or comfort found within sex but he never thought that Scully of all people would believe in it, or even be willing to try. But, he’d give her anything and besides, his cock sure likes the idea.

So slowly he starts to caress her right breast, the one she had placed his hand on. His palm alone dwarfs the thing, though they’re more sizable than he’d expected for the tiny woman. She takes a sharp inhale and he stops.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“Ok, I’ve got you.”

“I know. Thank you.”

“Don’t. I’ll always be here for you, you don’t have to thank me, just ask.”

“I’m glad I did.”

“Me too,” he mouths at her neck again. “Me too,” he sighs.

He sets to work, though it’s not work at all, playing with her chest. She likes when he lightly itches the underneath of the mounds, gracing his ears with a breathy moan or little keen of, “more.” He tweaks her nipples one at a time into stiff peaks despite the warmth of the soapy water. Their fingers pruned a while back. His skilled mouth occupies itself with her neck and shoulders. Slowly he finds that she starts to relax into his touch; slowly and then all at once. One moment she’s whimpering and only twitching slightly and the next she’s grinding her ass against his cock, her arm is thrown back around his neck encouraging his trail of kisses and licks. She’s pushing his hand further down to the apex of her thighs and groaning *loud* in his ear, her head tilted back to rest on his shoulder and granting him full access to the pale of her throat. He wants to mark her but thinks better of it, never focusing for too long on one spot so as not to brand her though he so wishes he could.

“Go ahead,” her breathy voice filters through the foggy air of the bathroom. He notices happily that she’s stopped shivering. “Mark me, please. I’ll wear a turtleneck.”

“But-.”

“I’ve only got *him* all over me right now and I hate it. *Please, Mulder.*” *God, she’s convincing.* She’s also right. Bruises from his ropes and scratches from their fight are the only thing painting her skin and it makes him *mad*. Angry and aroused, Mulder doesn’t waste

another second thinking before he attacks the hollow her pronounced collarbones create. With little effort he slips a finger inside her cunt as well. She yells in pleasure.

He shouldn't have let her go around alone when he knew Pfaster was after beautiful women with shiny hair and manicured nails. Scully is so much more than those things but not in the sicko's mind. Mulder's temper rises with these irritating thoughts of *what if* and he becomes rougher with his touch. He pushes another finger into her grasping heat and with his thumb he plays with her clit. She starts to shake, arousal and pleasure overtaking her mind. *This* is what she wanted, to forget about *him*, his creepy eyes and eerily gentle touch. Mulder's eyes are hardened with desire, his ministrations ruthless and exhausting. She pulls back on his short hair to fit their lips together; it's the first time they've ever kissed. It's not perfect, far from but it's what she needs. His lips are chapped, hers are worn and split. His tongue pushes past her teeth swallowing her gasps and moans. He makes grunts and groans, her ass still teasing his cock deliciously.

She's starting to lose it, their rhythm becoming irregular. "Close—I'm so close, oh please Mulder, ugh..." He pulls her earlobe between his fat lips and scratches it with his teeth. He wants to give her the release she deserves; he can tell how badly she needs it. They're writhing and grinding, pushing and pulling, splashing water over the edge of the tub but neither cares. He's got one hand buried in her cunt, the other wrapped in her hair and his mouth is all over her skin. She's gripping one of his thighs tightly, pressing finger and nail marks into it, the other playing with his hair and her lips let out sinful moans. She's not a screamer but making beautiful sounds nonetheless.

When she can't hold on any longer, Mulder inserts a third finger and curls all three upward, hitting spot deep inside that has her arching in a way he's never seen, even in the hard-core porn he watches religiously.

"*Mulder!*" Her inner muscles spasm around his digits and he keeps stroking her clit, albeit softer now. His mind buzzes again with *what ifs*: *what if he hadn't arrived in time; he would have never witnessed this breathtaking scene*. To push such thoughts away, he tightens his grip on her. He closes her legs, pressing his thighs into hers and clamping them around his hand still in her fluttering heat. Her breath hitches and her head falls heavy on his left shoulder, the perfect angle for a crushing kiss.

"T-thank you," she whispers when he pulls away, he removes his hand as well and places it protectively on her hip.

"Don't, I wanted to," he replies, trying to school his tone into more level-headed sounding voice and not a lust-filled growl. It only half works. She can tell he hasn't climaxed, the evidence is pressed against her lower back and that's something he can't argue is the work of little green men. No, his raging erection is all due to her.

"Just give me a minute, and then we can-." She's still panting but he cuts her off.

"No Scully, I'm fine. That was for you."

"Stop. I want to, I *need* to and so do you. I'm fine, Mulder." He gives her a severely unconvinced look. "I *will* be fine, thanks to you."



“I-.” She interrupts him with a kiss. When she pulls away, her breathing has returned to normal. Normal before this mess of an evening, she’s breathing better, not the half rasps that wracked her chest from the time he found her in that house until he walked into her steamy bathroom. Her lungs are expanding fully and contracting fully, he’s pleasantly satisfied. “Ok,” he relents.

Twisting around, she moves to straddle him and he has to take deep calming breaths to not lose his cool and fuck into her violently. Her wiry arms wind around his neck, her knees brace on either side of his hips. He lets her position herself just right, watching this sexy but bruised creature above him. She looks more herself when their eyes meet. He gets the sense she’s not seeing things anymore though he never actually knew in the first place, he does know his partner very well. Her vivid blue eyes aren’t dashing around the room, or filled with tears. They’re open, inviting and he kisses her gently.

When she grasps his painfully hard cock, he remembers. “Wait, do you have a condom?”

She’s flattered by his thoughtfulness but, “I’m on the pill.”

“But I could have a-.”

“I’m your doctor, *Mulder*, you’re clean. I wouldn’t do this if you weren’t.”

“Oh,” he’s shut up with that. “Good.”

“But, if you’d rather not,” she starts to pull away, and he’s very pleased to hear a teasing lilt to her voice, familiar and comforting.

“No!” He chasing after her touch, grabbing her by the hips and seating her back in his lap. His tip prods her entrance enticingly. “I want to.” He kisses her again, harder this time because he’s starting to believe she can take it. He’s starting to think she won’t break in his arms anymore.

“Good,” she responds, blushing. He lifts her, all one hundred pounds, up and onto his cock. She helps by guiding it into herself and the image along with the first touch is so arousing he falters and drops her the rest of the way down. More water spills and sloshes over the side of the tub but the two agents are too overwhelmed by the warm tightness or stiff fullness to care.

It’s been a long time coming, this union.

“*That’s* good,” he corrects her. She nods slightly, her head tucked in his shoulder and it feels like she’s hiding. The air around her has shifted from teasing Scully who’d made an appearance just a few minutes ago. Scared, trauma-ridden Scully seems to be back.

*Scully. Oh, his Scully.*

What has he done to her? What can Mulder do to help?

“I’m here, it’s me, hey look at me,” he places gentle fingers under her scratched chin and encourages her to look him in the eyes. He’s been told his eyes are comforting, by her actually. She obeys, slowly. The wide eyes are back, dancing over his face frantically. “In the

eyes, Scully. Look into my eyes.” It sounds cheesy and pathetic coming out of his mouth. *Goddamn, she was kidnapped, give her some space* he thinks, but she had wanted him here. He’ll leave in a moment if he’s done more wrong than good.

When she looks in his eyes, he can’t breathe. She looks, scared, young and fragile. Nothing he’s ever known Scully to be. “Are you…”

“T-touch me, more,” she commands.

“I don’t think-.”

“I know what I need, M-Mulder.” Her statement would’ve been more convincing if she hadn’t stumbled on his name but who is he to disagree with this tiny yet assertive woman in his arms.

“Ready?” He’s kind enough to ask before he starts to thrust.

“Please.”

Despite the grim circumstances of the sex, he can’t help but enjoy her body; the fact that he’s finally inside her. Too many lonely nights spent on his couch, strengthening the muscles in his right wrist, picturing her, what her skin would look like under those crisp suits. Now, he has her, he’s touching her sought after skin but it’s marked with another man’s cruelty. Mulder wants to erase *his* marks; he wants to replace the harshness with kindness.

He starts the rhythm slow but the slick of skin on skin, their most sensitive parts joined, is addictive and soon she’s bouncing. Clinging desperately to him, he feels her nails rake up his back. He crushes her hips in a death grip and bits at her neck.

“Yes, yes Mulder, oh God, please.” He discovers her babbling nature and it makes something inside him tighten up. He twitches and she clenches. He chokes on the feeling and she gasps at the sensation.

Remembering his vow of kindness, gentleness before, he starts to slow down, worried he’s hurting her unnecessarily. She grunts frustration in his right ear.

“Don’t stop now, Mulder.” Each time she says his name, a shiver runs up his spine. “Don’t slow down, faster, oh please, harder.” He’s conflicted but she asks so nicely that he responds before thinking too long on it.

Faster, harder, he pushes her up and pulls her down. Her cunt takes his thick cock snugly, though he’d stretched her earlier. One of her arms drapes along his shoulders squeezing his left bicep periodically, her other hand is tangled in his cropped locks and she moves beautifully *up and down, up and down* on his hips. She’s arching her back toward him, nipples tickled by his chest hair and ribs clearly visible. He appreciates the view while using both hands to lift and press her back down. His mouth dances behind her ear to her jaw down to the bared column of her throat. On each *down* he thrusts up, meeting her forcefully. When he takes a large handful of her ass, she squeals in delight, which melts into a drawn out moan.

Wet hair sprinkles droplets of water around them when the ends bounce. She's gone from the picture of petrified to the image a sin. He *loves* it.

"Fuck, you're beautiful," he whispers in her ear. She smiles bashfully, suddenly hyper aware of her movements, how she looks in his eyes, all ruined and begging. But he kisses her jaw and punctuates a particular thrust harshly and she's forced to forget her insecurities and surrender to the moment. Surrender to him. That's what she wanted; it's what she needs tonight.

The coil within her winds tight again. She's reaching that so desired destination once again. "C-close, I-I'm cl-ose, Mul-der," her words are staccato due to his sharp pumps. She's lucky she hasn't bitten her tongue yet.

The hand that was cupping her ass snakes forward to rub her clit. He traces small tight circles around the nub and she lets out a loud moan. "Let go," he tells her. "I have you."

It's all she needs before she's cumming around his cock. The nerves in her arms spark fire all the way from her fingers to her elbows, across her shoulders and down her spine. She hiccups around the word, "yes." He gives three more thrusts before surging forward to crush their lips and seating her firmly in his lap. His release feels everlasting, he's sure he's never cum this hard or this long before. Their lips fumble; sloppy and satisfied they slump against one another.

He strokes her lower back absent mindedly when they part and she twirls short strands of hair between her fingers. She's a warm, welcome weight on his chest and she enjoys the solid feel of him underneath her.

"Thank you," she whispers.

"Don't," he feels like he's said that too much tonight. Between her "please" and his "don't" they make a wonderfully repetitive couple. "I wanted to. It'll be alright."

"I know but...just...thanks."

"Always."

They stay in the water only a little longer. He gets sensitive inside her and she takes it as a cue to stand. They drip on the clean tile while searching for towels. Once he has it secured around his waist, he rubs her warm with another. She's smiling small at him and his heart expands.

She walks into her bedroom to change and he stays in the bathroom where his clothes are wet on the floor. He'll stay the night, she needs that, he thinks. He needs to have her near, to know that she's still alive. He'll sleep on the couch in the living room where he'll be ready if anyone tries to enter and hurt her. Pulling his boxers on and toweling his hair, he thinks it's a great plan. When she opens the joining door, dressed in warm, fuzzy socks, FBI track pants and *his* shirt, he wants to eat his words.

"I wondered where that shirt disappeared to," is the only thing that comes out of his mouth.

“I stole it,” she replies simply.

“I can see that.”

“Come to my bed.”

“Scully...”

“We already had sex, it’s not like we have a rule to follow anymore.”

He supposes she’s right but still, “But, I really shouldn’t.”

“Ok.” She looks down, suddenly very small and very sad.

“But I guess-.”

“Please,” she interrupts him with that word again and he really cannot resist when she’s so polite. He answers with a soft kiss, deciding that he’ll think about tomorrow, well, tomorrow. There’s nothing he can do tonight except be there for Scully because *she needs him*.

## End Notes

So, what did you think? I've never written an X-files fic before but Mulder/Scully is one of my OTPs so if you liked it, let me know and maybe I'll write another. I'm open to suggestions.

Take care of yourselves,  
xx writing2savelives

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!