

The Pursuit of Trust

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The Pursuit of Trust

by [Fisticuffs](#)

Summary

In his partnership with Mulder, Krycek is given an assignment he never would have agreed to if asked. He is not asked.

Notes

I am finally watching X-Files! Only on S4 right now, but I can attest that Alex Krycek is trash, and I love him. A lot.

Fic takes place during the stint when Krycek was first partnered with Mulder. And pretending that lasted a little while longer before Scully was abducted and it fell apart. So between 2x4 and 2x5.

The X-Files is weird enough that (if I wanted) I could easily do mpreg without a/b/o, but this came to my head first. (Even though there isn't... actually mpreg in this.) I might do another one without it one day. This series/ship is just begging for mpreg. It's a goldmine for angst.

I really thought I could write this in just a few thousand words. I should have known better. Ah, the silliness of me.

The Night

“He doesn’t trust you,” they said.

“He will,” Krycek assured them. He was playing the long game in winning Agent Mulder’s trust. The man was pathologically paranoid, and rushing matters with him would do more harm than good. Krycek said all of that to the men. He said it in the shadow behind a diner when he should have been sleeping in his motel room, like Mulder. He told them that. They did not listen.

“He trusted Agent Scully almost immediately.”

“Agent Scully is a woman,” Krycek defended. It sounded like an excuse. They regarded it as an excuse. The distant streetlight shone upon their displeased faces. “Mulder’s respectful enough, but he still has a soft spot for the fairer sex.” It was to be expected from someone like him. Protect those weaker. Do not fear or suspect them. “All I need is more time.” Being a man, Krycek was at a disadvantage.

“We’re moving forward,” one of the men said. His minimal words came out on a cloud of smoke. “Plan B.”

“I... wasn’t made aware of Plan B,” Krycek said. They had not briefed him on such an operation.

“Go back to your motel room,” they ordered. “Await further instruction.”

Krycek nodded. “Yes, sirs.”

He left. He sprinted across the street and went back to his motel room, sneaking silently inside without Mulder noticing from next door.

A foreign hand closed the door behind him. Krycek barely had time to react. He had no time to prevent the needle from being stabbed into his neck. He fought with his assailant, but the man pushed his thumb down over the plunger. A syringe of drugs flooded him. They felt warm.

Krycek continued fighting a man who released him. He was pushed forward and toppled over the bed. He rolled over and sat up. Krycek recognized him. It was some nondescript face he had seen once or twice in passing. They worked for the same nameless agency. “What the hell?” Krycek demanded. He pushed a hand against the puncture in his neck.

The agent monitored him a moment. He did not speak until he left. “Engage Fox Mulder,” he said. “Earn his trust. Betray any vital information to him and your future’s forfeit.” They were steep terms for a mission upon which Krycek was already assigned.

“Yes,” he agreed. “I know my orders.” He had one of his own. “Tell me what the hell you injected me with.”

“You have five minutes,” the man said, a warning without a warning. “Make sure Mulder buys it.”

He left.

Krycek knew running after him and yelling in the parking lot would draw unwanted attention. He shut the door and locked it. “Damn them,” he muttered to himself. He stuck a finger in his tie and pulled it free from the knot. He unbuttoned his shirt collar and looked at his neck in the bathroom mirror. There was some blood from the puncture, but it did not come back when wiped away.

Krycek splashed water on his face while theorizing what was in that syringe. It was late. He was tired. He wanted to climb into bed, not stay up half the night worrying what might happen to him. His face was warm. Krycek wet a cloth under cool water and pressed it to his cheeks and forehead. He felt hot and cold simultaneously, feverish. Immediately, he knew it was not natural.

“No, no, no, damn it.”

He rested his elbows on the bathroom counter and dipped his head down to toss more water on his face. It did not help. He was hot and almost dizzy. There was no possible way of knowing what was injected or what was happening to him. He did not have an imagination grand enough to come up with the medical horrors concocted by those men.

Krycek stood there taking deep breaths until his knees went weak. It attacked so suddenly he almost fell. He clutched the cheap laminate countertop. “What?” What was happening to him? Was he supposed to tell Mulder? Was Mulder supposed to help him with it? “What’s the point?!” Krycek yelled into the sink of running water. His orders were too vague, but maybe that was how they wanted him to be in the situation: confused, desperate.

Krycek sat down before he fell down. He dropped the lid of the toilet with a loud clatter, but he no sooner sat on it that he stood right back up. It was wet, and now so were his pants. It was one more annoyance to the end of his day. But no, he realized when he studied it, the toilet seat was not wet. It was him. He was wet.

“No.”

He realized what they did to him.

“No.”

It was not right. He was on the pill. He took suppressants. No injection should subvert that.

Krycek’s legs quivered and at last gave out. He fell onto the bathroom floor in a humiliating heap. “Damn it.” One heat at the onset of puberty, one heat in his entire life but he knew what he was experiencing. “Dirty goddamn trick.” Some atrocities, he liked to think, were off limits. However, those men specialized in making their own rules.

Krycek grabbed the counter and pulled himself back up. He stared at the cold sweat breaking out on his forehead and wiped it away with the washcloth. Would taking a handful of suppressants stop an imposed heat? He doubted it. Even if it did, he knew they would not give up. They induced heat because they needed him to do something: earn Fox Mulder's trust. They wanted him to go next door, to an alpha, with his problem. He was a sacrifice, a lamb for slaughter.

"No!"

He got a say in his life. They could not make him!

But he was riled. Krycek looked at his watch and could see four minutes had passed. Then the numbers were obscured. His vision blurred with welling tears. He was already so aroused and agitated. "God!" he cursed. "Damn it!" He threw everything— soap, toothbrush, comb—to the floor in a fit of rage. "Bastards!"

He could not fight it until the end, not alone. Krycek had many strengths but knew this would not be one of them. He sobbed once in his throat. What better option was there than the one laid out for him, the one which benefitted all parties? Mulder would get a good time and a partner he thought he could trust. Krycek could have his heat ended. The men for whom he worked would get the result they wanted, provided Krycek acted his part right. He would.

But how could he go over there without sounding like an irresponsible idiot? No one skipped taking a pill, not if they could help it. Omegas kept suppressants close, like a lifeline. That was why they were always the first thing he packed in his go-bag. He did not want to leave them behind on all the many trips he took. He tried to be so careful, to prevent this exact nightmare.

Not everyone was as cautious as him.

"I forgot my pills," he said, struck by inspiration. "I forgot my pills in D.C., Mulder." Krycek pushed a trembling hand through his hair. "Forgot my pills." He grabbed his bag and rooted around until he found the bottle. The pills rattled against orange plastic. "Forgot my pills." He needed something heavy.

The base of his table lamp was solid. Krycek pulled the plug and took it to the bathroom with him. Getting rid of his suppressants was reckless behavior, but if Mulder searched his room and found them, he would never earn trust. It would all be for nothing.

Krycek brought the heavy stone of the lamp down on his medicine bottle. It shattered the plastic. He kept beating at it until the cylinder broke into pieces tiny enough to flush. He sent the shards down the drain with his pills.

"I forgot my pills."

He looked at himself in the mirror. His hair was a mess and he combed it back. However, he then came off as too well put together. Mulder needed to see him as the crumbling man he was.

“I forgot to pack my pills.”

He shook his fingers through his hair, tossing it back into disarray.

“I’ve never done this before. You have to believe me, Mulder.”

He opened another button of his shirt, showing off a glimpse of his chest, a preview. He pulled the material from the waistline of his pants, letting it hang free and look disordered.

“I thought we’d make it back home before the drugs left my system.”

A splash of water looked like fresh sweat.

“I didn’t know what else to do. I didn’t know where else to go. I’m sorry.”

Krycek’s appearance was as desperate as he felt. The trembling, frightened expression he manufactured made him worse.

He took a deep breath, surrendered life as he knew it, and walked to the motel room beside his. The fresh air was cool and refreshing but not enough to help or stop anything.

Knock, knock, knock.

He waited.

It did not take long for an answer. The door opened and Mulder stood there yawning in an undershirt and suit pants.

“Krycek?” he questioned. “It’s late. What are you...” He stopped. He realized.

“Mulder,” Krycek whined.

Mulder moved out of the doorway. “Get in.” It was almost too easy. Mulder pitied the helpless. In that moment, Krycek was glad for it.

The door closed behind him, blocking off the scent of fresh air. There was only the motel room, himself, and Mulder. His senses felt heightened and he actually smelled Mulder. “Oh, god.” Krycek practically fell onto the man. He dug his face in Mulder’s neck and inhaled. It was just what he needed. “Please,” he begged, degrading himself. In his condition, he was so grateful knowing Mulder was an alpha. But then Krycek also knew his heat never would have been induced if it did not have the potential to be appealing.

Unfortunately, Mulder was more noble than weak. They forgot to factor that into their scheming. “Hey.” His voice was soft and soothing as he put a hand on either of Krycek’s shoulders and gently pushed him away. “Are you okay?”

“I’m sorry,” Krycek said. “I didn’t know what else to do. I didn’t know where else to go.”

“How did this happen? What about your pills?” Mulder asked. “Suppressants, you take those, don’t you?”

“I forgot to pack them,” Krycek said, giving the rehearsed lie. “We left in such a hurry I... I...” He choked. “They’re in my medicine cabinet at home. I’ve never done this before. You have to believe me. I thought we’d get back before the drugs left my system but...” He cried and it was barely an act. He felt so frustrated and desperate.

“It’s all right,” Mulder comforted him. “I believe you. No harm done. We’ll just... We’ll call an ambulance, okay? They’ll sort you back out.” He sat on the bed and grabbed the phone. Krycek stopped him.

“Please,” he asked, “I don’t want anyone to see me like this. Please, Mulder.”

“You let me see you.”

“I trust you,” Krycek said. “I trust you. I trust you.” He knew his speech circled around aimlessly but he did not care. It only helped his characterization. He sat on the bed close to Mulder. He could smell him. “I trust you.” Krycek dropped the word like a trap, setting it into Mulder’s mind, making the man associate it with him. “Please.” He leaned in and pressed his nose against Mulder’s neck once more. His scent was fulfilling. His shirt was soft in Krycek’s tight grip.

“Okay,” Mulder conceded. He thought of other options. “I got a pair of handcuffs,” he proposed. “I can chain you to the bathroom sink, lock the door behind me to keep myself out.”

Krycek wanted that solution. Oh, how he wanted it. But he had a feeling the men he worked for required something more. Screaming at Mulder and begging for him through a door would not soften suspicions. “No,” he groaned, “I need more than that, Mulder. I need... I need you.” Submit himself to Mulder, prostrate himself, weaken himself, that was the mission. Krycek understood and accepted it.

“Me’s not an option,” Mulder told him. “We work together.” He reached for the phone a second time. “At least let me get some advice from Scully.”

“No,” Krycek objected.

“She’s a doctor,” Mulder reminded him. “She might know something.”

“No!” Krycek jumped to his feet and ripped the phone line from the wall. If this had to happen to him, he would not allow Mulder to stop it. “Nobody finds out.”

Mulder stood. He rested one hand on his hip and rubbed his eyes with the other. “You’re sort of tying my hands here,” he said. “You know that, right?”

“I know... nothing will work faster and be less—” his knees shook again— “humiliating than if you just... help me.” Krycek looked at the man with big glossy eyes. “Please, Mulder.”

Heroism split in two. Mulder’s chivalry dictated he should do as asked and help Krycek to the best of his ability. It said he should do what was best for him, which was nothing. He could not take advantage of an omega in heat. There were no inhibitions. It was tantamount

to sleeping with someone who was drunk. However, the longer he was around Krycek, the more his own willpower drained.

“We can’t.”

“You break the rules all the time!” Krycek argued. “Now suddenly you care? Now?”

“I don’t give a damn about the Bureau’s policies.” Anyone who studied his employee record knew that.

“Then what, Mulder? You just don’t want to?”

“I’ve wanted to since...” He lost the steam of his argument. “Since...”

“Yeah?”

“Since I opened that damn door.” He glanced at the treacherous thing that let Krycek inside.

“Then screw it all,” Krycek said. “Screw... *whatever*’s getting in your way.”

Mulder took a step closer. “Screw you, you mean?”

Krycek mirrored his step when he wanted to retreat and abandon his mission. “Yes,” he said in his most serious tone. “Please, Mulder. And don’t make me ask again.” He wanted a little pride left at the end. They waited in stalemate.

“I dunno,” Mulder said with a troubled sigh. It was the uncertainty Krycek did not need to hear. “I mean, how do I know you’ll still respect me in the morning?” He grinned, and Krycek understood it was a joke. He could not help but laugh because, if anything, his was the only respect on the line. Mulder had nothing to lose.

“I won’t judge if you— hm!” The drug in his body was potent. It rushed him, fought him, and hurt him. “Mulder.”

“Sit down a minute.” Mulder put a hand on his shoulder and pushed him back onto the bed. “Just sit down, would ya?” Krycek waited impatiently. “Is it true what they say?” Mulder asked. “Not getting what you need right now is something like torture?”

“Yes,” Krycek groaned. “Yes, yes.” There were worse atrocities the human body could have inflicted upon it. He could not remember any of them.

“You mind,” Mulder proposed, “if I take advantage of that?”

“Please,” Krycek asked. He reclined from sitting to laying. The firm mattress felt so good, so natural against his back. “Do it, Mulder. Do it now. Come on!” He rubbed himself into the sheets and dragged a hand over his chest, parting the buttons down his shirt, hoping it appealed to the man. Mulder stopped him with a cool hand on heated skin.

“Not yet,” he said. “We’ll get there.”

Krycek understood the implication. “Ask me any question,” he permitted. “Ask me everything. Ask me.” On top of all else going on, Krycek had to be concerned Mulder would ask the right questions. He was terrified he would answer them truthfully. “Just get the hell on with it.”

“Who do you work for?” Mulder asked, starting off strong and merciless.

“The Federal Bureau of Investigation.”

Mulder chuckled. “Cute,” he said. “Who wants you working with me?”

Krycek tried to answer as dishonestly as possible. It was difficult. He wanted to give truthful answers and rush the entire interrogation process. He wanted to please Mulder. Krycek toed the line of half-truths. “I don’t know,” he said. “They... I don’t know.” He took a deep breath and it sputtered coming out of his mouth. “They assigned me to keep tabs— to keep... God!” He made a pathetic whimpering sound. Mulder took pity. He sat on the bed and tenderly he brushed Krycek’s hair with his fingers. For some irrational reason, it helped. “They want me to report your actions to them, just like... Agent Scully... in the beginning.”

“And you?” Mulder asked. “What do you want to do?”

Krycek looked at those honest eyes above him. He leaned into the kind hand on his head. “I want to lie to them,” he whispered. It was a statement that leaned unevenly to one side. Not even Krycek knew if it was mostly honest or dishonest. “You’re so good, Mulder,” he said. “They don’t understand how amazing you are, how you... seduce the people who come near you, like Scully, like me.”

“Well, I think you’re the one doing the seducing right now,” Mulder said. “God, you smell good.” He was not nearly as immune to Krycek’s heat as he pretended.

“Do something about it,” Krycek demanded, “you coward.”

Mulder laughed. He wound down his questioning. “Why you?”

Krycek shook his head. Like Mulder, all he had were theories over why he was chosen. “Talked too loud,” he said, “about you, about wanting the truth.”

“Yeah,” Mulder sighed. “Doesn’t hurt that omegas make for loyal agents.” Krycek could not dispute the assertion. After all, he followed orders to the letter. He was a good dog. “You tell them everything?”

“Mostly what...” Krycek inhaled. His body jerked. His hand twitched without consent, wanting to grab something. “Mostly what they could already... read in my official report... if they bothered to look at it.”

“And this?” Mulder asked. “This happening to you, me helping, will you report this to the Bureau? Will you report it to them?”

Krycek shook his head, digging it into the stiff sheets beneath him. “No,” he said, “no, no, no.” He felt feverish and needy. He would say anything to push Mulder along. “Not to the

Bureau. And not to them.” They already knew. They instigated the event. It was none of the Bureau’s business. At the very least, they would reassign him if they found out. “I want to be your partner,” he said. “I don’t want this to ruin that.”

Krycek was not Mulder’s first choice of partner in return, but he was currently separated from Scully. “Yeah, I kinda like having you around,” he said. “Beats sitting behind a desk transcribing gossip.”

And that was it. Krycek made it through questioning without giving away more than he should, or more than Mulder already assumed. The man even admitted to liking him as a partner. It was a step in the right direction.

“Okay.” Mulder took his hand away from Krycek and shrugged. “I’ll let you call the shots. How do you want me?”

“As soon as- as possible,” he answered, “and all the way— sex, knotting, everything.” He hated asking for it.

Mulder sighed, knowing he would say that. “I didn’t really pack any condoms this trip,” he lamented. He checked his bag to be certain, but there were none.

Krycek wanted to scream or cry. Thus was his luck that horrid night. “I didn’t either.”

“So I guess,” Mulder patted his pants pocket, feeling his wallet, “I’ll be right back.”

Krycek raised up to sit. “Right back from where?” he demanded.

“Pharmacy, if I can find one open,” he said. “Maybe a convenience store will have some.”

“Don’t leave me alone,” Krycek pleaded. “You cannot leave me here! No place in this... one-horse town is gonna be open at—” he looked at the clock— “one in the morning. I don’t want you to leave, Mulder. I don’t want you to leave me. Don’t leave. Please.” He sounded so pathetic. It was disgusting. The worst part was he could not tell how much was an act, not anymore. “If you leave, Mulder, I’ll go full panic.” Krycek knew he would, and he knew he would be unable to stop it. Being alone in his situation sounded terrifying. He would spend every second worried Mulder would never come back.

“Yeah, but if we do this without condoms, you could very well wind up—”

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it,” Krycek interrupted. He could not hear Mulder say that word. He did not want to be reminded of pregnancy. “I don’t... *care* about anything else!”

Mulder came to him and put a hand on Krycek’s cheek. It pushed up into his hair and pulled back his head so they could look at each other. “I know,” he said. “That’s the problem.” He had such soulful, pitying eyes. Krycek could not look at them.

“Just help me.”

Mulder pushed him further onto the bed, making Krycek scoot until his calves were up against the edge of the mattress. Mulder put one knee into the sheets and then the other. He sat in Krycek's lap and urged him down with a hand on his chest before laying over him. Krycek felt so appropriate being pressed between Mulder's body and the mattress, so good. Instinct met action.

"More," he asked. Physical contact through clothes was not enough.

Mulder moved his nose up against Krycek's neck, nuzzling him. "You wanna kiss?" He was considerate to ask, to wait for permission first. "Will that help you any?"

"Will it help you?" Krycek replied. He did not care. Kissing was so low on the priorities of what he needed.

"Yeah," he nodded, "a little." Mulder did not want to feel like he was taking advantage, and intimacy helped fake romance.

He picked his head up to look at him, waiting. Krycek gazed at those expressive green eyes for just a few seconds before following through. He kissed Mulder.

It was not so bad. It was a little reserved, hesitant, but not bad. Krycek pushed further, trying to match the inward fire his body felt. Mulder met him. His nose dug into Krycek's cheek. His lips pressed hard. His teeth gently bit before his tongue quickly entered. It felt good to have any part of Mulder in him, even if it was not enough.

"Mmm," Krycek moaned. He licked the man's full lips, so big and soft. "More, Fox."

Strong hands wandered up the backs of Krycek's thighs. They lifted him and turned him so he could get his feet off the floor, lie completely on the bed, and rest his head on the pillow. A long kiss endured and stole his breath.

"Stick with 'Mulder.'"

Krycek refused to comply with that. "I call you... Mulder in the office," he said. "I call you that with Skinner. Don't make me use it in bed." Mulder pushed down with his hips, letting Krycek feel what was happening to him, what he was doing to him. It still was not enough. "Call me Alex."

Mulder kissed him on the mouth before his lips roamed. His teeth caught flesh between them all the way down Krycek's jaw. When Mulder whispered in his ear, he shivered. "Okay, Alex," he conceded. "Call me Fox." He rubbed his hips down against Krycek's groin.

"Fox," he moaned, trying out the name, "keep going. Keep... keep going."

Mulder sat up, grinding himself against Krycek as he knelt above him and pulled off his shirt. His body was amazing. There were worse men with whom to be stuck in heat.

The weight upon him was wonderful but failed to touch in the right places. Krycek's hand moved down his open shirt and beneath Mulder's hips. He molested himself in a gesture he

could not stop. His hand grabbed the fabric of his pants, trying to touch his aching cock, needing to get off.

Mulder smirked. "You're so eager." It amused him, aroused him. "Come here. Come on." Krycek raised off the bed as well as he could with Mulder sitting in his lap. Talented fingers worked the last few buttons of his shirt before pushing it off his shoulders and tossing it in the floor. The air was cold on his sweat-covered skin. Mulder kissed him deeply while laying him back down into the sheets. "Your skin's so smooth," Mulder marveled as he rubbed his face against his cheek. Like most omegas, Krycek had difficulty growing a beard, especially a full one and especially in the same time frame as other men. Shaving lasted for awhile, certainly longer than on Mulder's late-night stubble that grated on his skin. It felt so good against him though, so manly.

The coarse hair around those soft lips scratched down Krycek's chest, down his stomach. His hips jerked when Mulder touched his belt. "Fox, please." Waiting was an agony. He did not know if all heats were this bad or if the drug enhanced symptoms, but he felt horrible. He was hot and desperate and dizzy. The room spun around him with only Mulder and the bed as his anchor. Perhaps he should have let an ambulance take him. "It hurts." And it did. His cock strained and his ass was empty, like a part of him was missing. "Please." His pleas would have been embarrassing if he cared to acknowledge the emotion.

Mulder worked more quickly. He pulled open Krycek's belt and unfastened his pants. Fingers grabbed their hem and the underwear beneath. He pulled them down at last and Krycek lifted his hips, too happy to assist. Mulder tugged off his socks and shoes at the end and undressed him completely. Krycek laid in the bed beneath him, bare and at his every mercy.

Before throwing aside the pants and underwear, Mulder brought them to his nose and sniffed. He pressed them against his face and inhaled more deeply. It would have been an odd thing to do if he could help himself, but he had no control. He was nearly as helpless as Krycek.

"We'll let these soak overnight in the bathtub," he said, trying to save a cheap suit. "Tomorrow, I'll try and find a dry cleaner."

"I really don't," Krycek panted, "give a... damn about practicality, Mulder." He would gladly throw away his clothes if it got Mulder inside him quicker.

Cool hands touched the back of Krycek's thigh and pushed his knee up, up into his stomach. His ass was fully on display to the man, and the worst part was he did not care. He did not care. Instead, he simply wished Mulder liked what he saw.

He was not displeased. He was surprised.

"You are seriously wet," Mulder observed. It would only get worse. "Hold on." He pulled back and Krycek's hands scrambled all over him and held on in desperation.

"Where are you going?" Krycek exclaimed. "Don't go. Don't you *dare* go."

"Shh," Mulder whispered. He pried Krycek's hands off him. "Just ensuring we get our deposit back on the room. You wouldn't make me explain the expense report to Skinner,

would you?" He winked and got out of bed.

In a moment of cynicism, Krycek could imagine that explanation winning Mulder congratulations and a pat on the back, one alpha to another.

Mulder was quick going to and from the bathroom. He came back with a towel and folded it in half. "Extra layer of protection," he called it. He put it under Krycek's hips. Before he climbed back in bed, Mulder removed his pants. Krycek anxiously waited, wanting to see it almost as badly as he needed to feel it.

"God yes," he moaned when Mulder's hard cock slipped free. He was just as big as a man with that sort of confidence should be. Krycek wanted big and he was grateful Mulder could back it up.

His pants were folded over a chair with his underwear tossed on top. Mulder got back in the bed, came back to him. His body was a welcome weight of skin upon skin. His face was cool against Krycek's neck. His teeth were hard and sharp. His tongue was wet and warm. He inhaled and it tickled. "Smell so good," he said. "I want to lick every inch of your skin."

Arousing speech was an inhumane threat to Krycek's ears. "No." His throat vibrated against Mulder's teeth and tongue. "No. No foreplay. I need you, damn it. I need you... right the fuck now, Fox. How do you not *get that* already?"

"So impatient," Mulder chuckled. He was amused by Krycek's eagerness even though it threw off the whole established routine he used on his other partners.

"I don't need a good ride," Krycek stated. "Just a lift." Any other time, he would gladly let the man make a night-long marathon of it, let him do whatever he wanted to his body. Now was not that time. Though if Mulder could add finesse into the mix, he would not complain.

"I'll give you the abbreviated tour," Mulder murmured into his ear, voice deep and croaking lust.

Krycek picked his leg from the bed and dug his heel into Mulder's lower back, dragging him down, forcing him further into contact. His hands grabbed the man's shoulders and scraped fingernails through his skin. He needed Mulder as close as he could get him, deeper than he had.

"You a virgin, Alex?" he asked before proceeding. Krycek played himself off as such a nice, wholesome boy for Mulder. It was probably easy to imagine he was one.

"No." He may have had fewer partners by comparison, but he was no virgin. And, beneficially, most of the people he slept with were men, not women. It was easier to please them and to be pleased— unless he was in heat and could not get off. Yes, he had experience — until this. "Are you?"

Mulder laughed. "No," he said. "No, not for a long time now."

"Then stop hesitating like one, you bastard."

When Mulder kissed him, there was a grin behind it. He liked the rush and the urgency, the dependence. Mulder was not the horrible sort of alpha who wanted control over a person. It was more innocent than that. He wanted someone to take care of. At the moment, Krycek was that person. By leaps and bounds, he was that person.

“Let’s get you what you need, huh?” Mulder kept his mouth on his, hot and passionate with a probing tongue, while his hand caressed Krycek’s side. It climbed down the taut thigh wrapped around him. His hips moved over Krycek, rubbing his cock against a comparatively smaller one.

“That’s so good. So— mm— so good, Fox.” Friction alone was fantastic, but Krycek knew it would accomplish nothing without a knot. “More.”

Mulder’s hand brushed over his ass, smearing the copious wetness Krycek spent in preparation for him. Fingers circled around, massaging deep into muscle. With little warning, Mulder pushed two fingers in him at once.

“Ah!” Krycek yelped. “Ah... hmm.”

“Sorry.” Mulder kissed the corner of his mouth. “Thought it might go better if you didn’t see it coming, like ripping off a bandaid.” He pushed his long fingers further in and dragged them out. In. Out. He fucked him with them. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” He was wet, loose, and ready for it. There was no pain nor even discomfort, only surprise. “Keep going. Keep... Keep... Let me have it. Come on.” Normally, Krycek might have enjoyed it, but fingering was too insufficient for him now. “More. More, damn it!”

“Hey,” Mulder whispered to him, “calm down. Shh. Easy does it now.” He spoke in such a tranquilizing voice, keeping his head above water when Krycek was drowning. His words were soothing, true grace under fire. “I still need a partner when all of this is over.” His words were such a balm of logic, easing Krycek into a mindset of patience. “Just feel my fingers, okay?” He thrust them in and out at a building pace. “You feel that?”

“Yeah.” Krycek tried to focus solely on them, but, “It’s not enough. It’s not enough. It—” Mulder pushed another one inside. “Hah... Yeah, mm.”

“Getting better?”

“Yeah,” he breathed, “yeah.” He felt more full and it was good. It was still not enough. “More.”

Mulder did not listen to him. He let three fingers pump into Krycek at his leisure and satisfaction. He wanted him prepared, and he delayed both their pleasure for the sake of Krycek’s self-ignored welfare. Mulder was cautious when recklessness was wanted. He kissed. “How do you want it?” His breath panted hard against Krycek’s cheek as if he had already exerted himself. “Can I... Can I look at you?”

Krycek did not know if he could have sex while facing. It was a risk. His expression would be so open, so vulnerable, so easy to read. He was lying to Mulder about nearly everything.

The foundation of their partnership and so many of its facets were a lie. “I like it better on my knees,” he said, protecting the truth.

“That’s good, too,” Mulder agreed. He was so supportive it was impossible to discern disappointment in his tone. He pulled his fingers out of Krycek and moved his hand up to pry the leg from around him. “Let go, Alex,” he urged. “Let go so you can turn around.”

He let his leg drop to the bed and Mulder sat back so he could roll over. Krycek grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and held onto it as he brought his knees down and parted his legs. “Come on,” he demanded. “Come on, Fox!” He was so cold. The room was freezing and gave him chills. He knew it was the fever playing tricks on him, but he wanted a warm body against him and inside him. “I need you.” He rocked on his knees, back and forth, swaying above the coarser texture of the towel. “I need you, Fox. Fox, please. Please, Fox, now.”

Mulder laid across his back and kissed his shoulder. His hand dragged the head of his cock up and down Krycek’s ass in warning. He let it rest there before pushing in. The seconds were agony and they were eternity.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Mulder pushed inside.

“Mm, yes,” Krycek groaned. There it was. There it was.

“God,” Mulder murmured against his back, “you’re so hot it’s insane. You feel amazing.” He sounded privately grateful to be without a condom.

“Keep going,” Krycek told him. He needed more of it, all of it. “Go, go— Ah... Ah, yes.”

Mulder moaned as he worked himself in deep, going farther than his fingers, spreading wider. If Krycek were not so impatient, he would have welcomed the slow penetration that teased. He was impatient.

“Fox...”

“Shh,” Mulder exhaled against his ear, “shh, shh.” His composure was inspiring and strove to be contagious. “You’ll get it, Alex,” he promised, and Krycek believed him. “I’ll take care of you.” Such tender words made him feel weightless, supported. “Okay?”

Krycek nodded, digging his sweaty forehead into the firm pillow in its cheap cotton casing. “Okay.” This was not the mission. “Yeah, okay.” Him trusting Mulder was irrelevant— or

worse, detrimental. Krycek ignored emotion. He pushed it deep, deep down. The physical was torment, but it was a safer haven. "Mmm, Fox."

Mulder reached his end and held position. "So good." He kissed Krycek's neck. "You're amazing." He kissed the curve of his jaw. "Incredible." He pulled out and Krycek tried not to whine at his loss. A steady rhythm followed.

"Oh!" Krycek exclaimed. Mulder hit him just right. "Like that, Fox. Ah... Yes... yes. Keep going." He scraped his fingernails against the sheets and dug them into the pillow. He held on tight. "Ah... ah..." Every thrust beat a little noise out of him. Mulder made mindless grunts above. It all sounded as animalistic as Krycek felt. It was so freeing to be nothing but his body and his senses: the pressure in his ass, the smell of Mulder, the twinkling stars behind his eyelids, the salt on his arm, the sound of mating and of flesh slapping against wet needy flesh. Sex was so simple against the complexities of espionage. Krycek preferred it. He was desperate and pathetic, but heat's agonies were better than intentionally betraying the man who helped him.

Lengthy minutes hit upon them with the seconds counted by crude thrusts in and out. It fell short of what Krycek truly needed, but it was a welcome process to finality.

He waited and waited for that which came to him at last.

"You ready?" Mulder asked when his knot was full.

"Yes," Krycek panted, "so ready." He craved it: an end. "Go, Fox. Give it to me. Give it... Give..."

Mulder slowed down in his momentum. When he pushed back in, he kept himself there, cock deeply imbedded in Krycek's ass, knot up against him like a promise. He was at the end. He was at the end and he pushed forward.

"Ah!" Krycek cried. After several minutes of sex, he felt a new strain. It hurt. "Wait, wait," he begged. Mulder stopped. He did not withdraw but let Krycek acclimate to the beginning of that bulge inside him. It was cruel to need something he did not want. Oh, but he needed it. And discomfort was only ever temporary. He could take it. "Go." Mulder pushed further in. "Ah!" He did not stop again without explicit orders. He gave his knot and he gave tender encouragements.

"Let me in," Mulder urged. "Let me in, Alex. I know you want it. I do, too. Come on, baby. Come on." Krycek took deep breaths and tried to make his body relax. "That's it, yeah," Mulder lauded, showering him with praise. "God, you're so amazing. Little more, come on."

"Ah!" Krycek cried. It was too much. Scientific facts all the way down to high school biology books said he could take a knot, but they were wrong. "Hm! I can't." He never went this far with other men.

"You can," Mulder asserted. "You almost have. You're almost there. Almost..."

“No, no, please, Fox. Plea—” It went in. “God!” Krycek collapsed where he was, but he was not done.

“I got ya,” Mulder said. “I got ya.” He rolled them over on their sides and reached around to jerk Krycek’s cock, pumping him those few strokes until he came. It was glorious, the best orgasm of his life and by a wide margin.

“Oh... yes.” He shuddered in Mulder’s arms, each wave of euphoria washing over him and making his whole body shake. “Yes.” All else was inconsequential. Krycek did not register any of it until a moment later, when words wafted in between kisses placed on any available piece of flesh.

“You were amazing,” Mulder panted, voice full of praise and wonder. “Incredible.” Krycek got the implication he was one of those too rare alphas that worshipped omegas. “God,” Mulder sighed, “nobody ever lets me knot. Mm, thank you.” He kissed Krycek’s neck. “Thank you.” He kissed his shoulder and his back. Mulder thanked him like it was a gift. At least they both benefited.

Inhibitions did not fully return to Krycek, but individual aspects of awareness slithered in. He lay, exhausted, in the arms of his partner, his mission, and he could feel that man inside of him, ejaculating with one singular biological intent. It was the purpose of heat. It was a position forced upon him that he was always so careful to avoid. He was so careful. He tried.

Krycek felt disgustingly used and not by Mulder. They did it. They used his status as an omega in their manipulations. He was nothing but a pawn. He was weak and helpless and used. He was what outdated stereotypes tried to reduce him to. He was a thing.

His hormones were wildly unregulated. They were chaotic, worse than the simple medicinal withdrawal he lied about to Mulder. It was unhealthy to shift so suddenly in body chemistry. Of the many casualties, his self-respect included, Krycek’s grip upon his emotions was forfeit.

He cried.

It was not subtle or graceful or beautiful in its own way. Krycek sobbed and choked. His face scrunched into an ugly display. His eyes leaked. His nose ran. He bawled. He wailed between clenched teeth. And he was powerless to stop it.

“Hey,” Mulder whispered. “Shh, shh.” He was too good. He was such a good person. “Shh. Alex, hey,” he promised, “it’s okay. Yeah? It’s all right. I won’t leave.” He misinterpreted the cause of Krycek’s outburst. “If something happens because of this, you won’t be on your own, you hear me? It’s my fault, too.”

“No,” Krycek refused, “no, Mulder.” That man was one of the few innocents he had ever worked with. It was not right to let him experience guilt. “This isn’t your fault.” Krycek’s stomach and chest jerked as he took unstable breaths. He cried.

“But it’s not yours either,” Mulder insisted. Going into heat was not Krycek’s fault, but involving Mulder was his choice. “I mean, it could happen to anybody.” That was unlikely,

given the circumstances. “I forget my damn... toothbrush all the time.” The equivalent acts were so unequal. “I’m just able to buy a new one at the corner store.” His smile was so clear and encouraging, it almost had a voice of its own. It spoke into Krycek’s ear. “It’s gonna be okay.” Mulder was so good. He was so confident. Krycek wanted to believe him. “You’re gonna be okay.” The hand that went up his chest and down his arm was soothing. Krycek wanted to believe him. “It’s okay.” Mulder’s hand made its way down to his and took it, threading fingers through fingers and gently holding him. “You’re okay.”

And Krycek wanted to believe him.

He nodded his head. “Okay.” Mulder sounded so certain. “I’m okay.” Krycek used his free hand and grabbed the motel sheet. He rubbed it all over his face, wiping away emotional discharge. He tried to calm down. It was difficult when everything he felt, physical and mental, was unhinged. He cleared his throat. “I’m okay.” Krycek was an omega who, in a time of heat, could not doubt words spoken to him so confidently by an alpha— and especially not by Mulder. “Thank you.”

Mulder raised their joined hands and kissed the back of Krycek’s. It was sweet. “No problem.” He thrummed his fingers up and down in a line, playing Krycek’s knuckles like scales on a piano. It was impossible to reject the influence of his tranquility. Krycek managed to calm down. He took deep breaths and tried to release his guilt towards Mulder and disgust towards himself and the men who did this to him. He calmed down, knowing his emotions were a powder keg but knowing Mulder would keep trying to extinguish the sparks which threatened to ignite him. Mulder had all the confidence Krycek lacked.

Mulder kept him feeling like a person.

“You know,” he said to Krycek, intoning the personality of a professor upon a favored subject, “I’ve always been fascinated by omegas.” Krycek scoffed. “No, it’s true. Your body, the male omega, it’s- it’s amazing really. You can get pregnant. With a few tries, you can impregnate someone else. Not to mention your body’s distinct ability to adapt and endure. You think I could do what you just did without a hell of a lot of practice? Honestly, if not for the- the stereotypes and the glass ceilings, I’d have no trouble believing you could become the dominant sex.”

Krycek had to laugh at that. It was a ridiculous, easily contradicted assertion. “Except, of course, for the part where I’m physically weaker,” he said. Krycek worked out, kept fit, but men like Mulder would always gain muscle more easily. “And then this. This needing you... it’s pathetic. Alphas are at the top for a reason.”

“In the old world order,” Mulder acknowledged. “But who needs an alpha for chopping wood anymore— or building a house with his bare hands? Times are changing, Alex.” The rate was slow by Krycek’s count. “There’s precious little to brag about for being an alpha nowadays.” Mulder felt limited by his capped potential. “You on the other hand, what you’re capable of, it’s almost superhuman, the next link in evolution.” It was hard not to feel flattered by such sincere praise. “Society finally caught up to accommodate your every weakness. So the fact is with modern technology like suppressants, *I’m* the one who’s obsolete. What does an omega need someone like me for?”

“Sex— in case he forgets his pills,” Krycek answered. It made Mulder laugh. “Do you *actually* think omegas are impressive?” He had never been placed in such a positive light. Mulder had a way of flipping age-old logic.

“Like I said,” he reiterated, “the dominate sex. Some fluke on the chain of evolution created you, gave you the best of both genders. But people have ignored that because they think heat makes you weak and controllable.”

“But you don’t think that?”

“There’s an obscure philosophical principle that states a village of omegas could prosper for hundreds of years,” Mulder told him. “Betas for thousands. But a similar village of alphas would die out after one generation. So you tell me who needs whom.”

Krycek was surprised. “You seriously... believe all that crap coming out of your mouth?”

Mulder responded saying, “I believe a wide percentage of the theories and claims coming out of my mouth, but the ideas are so radical, it’s other people who have a hard time believing I can stand behind them.” That was who he was, Fox “Spooky” Mulder. He believed anything but an excuse, the natural human instinct to grasp blindly and explain the unknown with the scientifically established. He put his stock in radical, unfounded ideals, like thinking omegas won somewhere. “Can I make a confession?” Mulder asked.

“Is now the best time?” If it were an unpleasant secret, there was no escape. However, Mulder confiding in him, trusting him was the entire point of the mission. “Go ahead, yeah. Let me have it.”

“If we met at a bar,” Mulder said, “or a restaurant, library, anywhere but work... I think I might have asked you out. I don’t know if it woulda gone anywhere long-term, but we might have gotten here a little sooner.” He kissed Krycek’s shoulder and that little smack was the loudest sound between them for several seconds.

“You shouldn’t say things like that,” Krycek said. They were partners after all.

“I know,” Mulder replied. He trusted him with the secret. Krycek extended the same courtesy, knowing it was best to reward Mulder’s faith in him.

“If I hadn’t met you at work,” he said, “heard rumors about you at the academy, seen you for the first time in a yearbook, followed your career, read all your cases, defended you to my classmates... I think I might have said yes.” Krycek lied over some of it, of course. He generally had no time or freedom for relationships. But then, he also had no way of knowing what he would have thought about Mulder without being briefed before meeting face to face.

“Well when you say it like that,” Mulder chuckled and he ended the sentence differently than expected, “it sounds like a crush, Agent Krycek.”

Krycek could not remember how he used to classify Fox Mulder. He could not recall what it was like before the man became a covert mission. There was hero worship while in the academy. He marveled when there was a picture to put with the name. He followed the man’s

work like a groupie. He hesitated before approaching Mulder in the office for the first time. Krycek grinned. "Does it?"

"A little bit."

Maybe it was. That was no longer true. "You're just a man now," he said. "I get that." Despite his capabilities and intelligence, Mulder was a man. He shared humanity's weaknesses and desires. He was with them, not above them.

"That's good," he replied. "I think I want you to see me as a man." He was almost annoyingly humble. "A man who's ready to pull out of you now." He kissed Krycek's back. "You good for that?"

"Yeah." Krycek tensed and then forced himself to relax. "Yeah, go."

"Inhale," Mulder coached. "Exhale." He pulled out on the exhale. His knot was not so unbearable coming out. It was smaller, sated. Krycek felt their combined wetness dripping from his open ass. Mulder scooted away so Krycek could lay on his back. "You doin' okay?"

Krycek shook his head. "It hurts like a son of a bitch." His stomach cramped unnaturally, off and on. He dug his fingers into it, pressing in as if pressure could alleviate the horrid symptom. He never felt it so strongly before. Not for the last time that night, Krycek thought he should have gone to the hospital. There was no telling how experimental the drug they gave him was nor how long it would last.

Mulder took over and massaged his lower abdomen. His fingers were firm, encompassing, and welcome. It did not help much, but it felt good—until Mulder got out of bed. Krycek made an involuntary whine but was assured a quick return.

A hot rag was soon pressed against his stomach. It was wet from the sink and probably would not keep the temperature long, but it felt good on his stressed, clenching insides. Krycek put his hand over the cloth as Mulder's slipped out.

The man continued working. He unscrewed the shade from the lamp on the nightstand and let the exposed bulb shine. Over it, he held a second damp rag, letting it heat up. "Bet you didn't know you were sleeping with MacGyver, huh?" Mulder said with a self-congratulatory little smirk.

"Refresh my memory," Krycek asked, "which episode was it where MacGyver set a ratty motel on fire?"

"What, you didn't see that one?" Mulder replied. He chuckled and swapped Krycek's washcloth out with a much warmer one. "That helping any?"

Krycek nodded. "Yeah," he said. Just like any strained muscle, applying heat made it untwist and relax. "Fox, can you...?" He wanted the man back in bed but did not have the humility to ask for it.

Mulder got it. He was a behavioral expert. He put his knee into the mattress and climbed over Krycek to lay beside him. His hand took over, massaging the warm rag into Krycek's stomach. It was so nice. It was a welcome interlude of mental stability until the cramping and the wanting and the emptiness flared again. Nothing helped, nothing but Mulder.

They went four rounds and Krycek could not remember most of them. He drifted in and out as if drunk or drugged. So much of each instance was the same. He could not pull them apart in his mind. Every time, Mulder was amazing, doing exactly what Krycek needed through skill or a quick word of instruction. He was perfect, the only alpha Krycek ever wanted to sleep with all the way. Mulder was so proficient in sex, so sweet in its aftermath, Krycek almost forgot the act was not of their choosing.

"Give it to me," he groaned. "Now, Fox, I'm re... I'm ready for you." He was so tired. "Need you. Put it... Put it in me."

"Almost there," Mulder promised. "Almost there, Alex. Just hold on." He beat quick, hard trust into him, building towards the end. "It's all yours." He pressed deep into Krycek's ass, going until his knot was right there, begging for entrance. "Let me see that handsome face, huh?" Krycek was too hot and exhausted to hold himself up anymore. He laid flat on his stomach with his arms out to the side. His face was buried in the pillow but he turned it, giving Mulder a good look at his profile. "There he is," the man sighed. He leaned far over Krycek's body and kissed the corner of his lips. "There he is." Krycek turned as far as he could, kissed as deeply as he could, while Mulder fucked his knot into him. It was getting easier to accomplish.

"Ah," he moaned. "Ah, that's it. That's... Yes! Fox, god yes." Krycek sounded like such a slut in his own ears, but why not? Why not let loose, let go? Why not stroke Mulder's ego? "Yes, yes, y— hmmm!— yes." He came on Mulder's knot, no hands required, just the weight of his own body pressing his cock against the mattress. "Yes." Krycek went rigid before collapsing back into his boneless heap. Mulder pulled him up and moved them onto their sides like he was nothing, a little doll. He kissed the salted flesh of his back. "I'm tired," Krycek said, and he was so delirious with it that he snickered when he spoke. "God, I'm so tired, Fox. I'm so tired. Make it stop already, please. Just make it stop."

"I'm trying," he said, sounding apologetic, "only way I know how." It was the only way Krycek allowed him. "This can't last forever." It was his best comfort. "Just catch your breath, okay? Deep breaths." Krycek did as ordered. "That's it. There you go." Mulder reached behind him and grabbed the bucket of ice he ran out for after their last round. "Open." Krycek opened his mouth and Mulder fed him a few pieces of cool ice to let melt in his mouth and drink. He kept one piece in his fingers and traced it across Krycek's forehead and cheeks. He ran laps until it dissolved on fevered skin. Then he grabbed another piece and drew a cold circle on the back of his neck. It really helped.

"Thank you." Krycek was sincerely grateful for his every effort. There was no manipulation in his statement.

"You... are... welcome." He gave Krycek a few more pieces of ice to suck on.

"Tell me something you shouldn't," Krycek requested.

“Secrets?” Mulder kept those close.

“Thoughts,” he clarified. “What’s going through your head right now?”

“You, obviously,” Mulder said. At present, they consumed each other absolutely. He dragged pieces of wet ice down Krycek’s back and arms.

“In a future?”

A sweaty forehead nodded against the back of his neck. “Pregnant,” Mulder murmured. “My apologies if that’s offensive.”

“No,” Krycek said, and somehow it was not. Being in heat, he thought about it as well.

“I don’t even think I like kids,” Mulder continued. “Well, I mean I like kids. Of course I do. Kids are great, the little bastards.” Mulder loved children and was wonderful with them.

Krycek stared ahead at the beige motel wall. Monotone, as if in a trance, he said, “But you’re not ready to be a father, especially not from a... stupid mistake like this.”

“Yeah.” It sounded a lot like what they were both thinking. Mulder rubbed at his eyes as if exhausted already. “Yeah, that’s probably it.” Kids were fun. A child was a responsibility. It was a shackle to each other and to one course of life. “Just hard to shake the idea right now,” he said, “having a baby.” Krycek barely accepted the idea of pregnancy and Mulder was on to a living child. “Toss the ball around with a little boy. Or... tea parties with a girl, ya know.” His smile spread cheer into his tone of voice. “I think I’d like having a girl.” Krycek did not need a degree in psychology to guess why. Losing his sister so young took its toll on Mulder. He probably did need a girl. It might help him work through some issues. “Hey, maybe she’d have those long dark lashes of yours.” Thinking about it made him happy, and possibility was unlimited with an imagination like Mulder’s. “Get the hell out of D.C., Alexandria. Have a house in Virginia or Maryland, in the suburbs with a long ass commute every day. I like driving though so it’s fine.” Even the negatives were brushed over in his precious fantasy. “An actual house with a yard. You know, I don’t think I’ve cut the grass since I left home and went to college.”

Krycek chuckled when he wanted to snicker and mock. “That sounds boring,” he said. It was what ordinary people strove for and cherished. It was such a banal goal. After the high risk lives he and Mulder led, a family was simplistically dull. “But nice.” It was stupid really. “I want that.” It was not a dream made for a man like him. He surrendered the possibility of that future months ago, when nameless men recruited him.

“You want a baby, Alex?”

No. “Yeah.” Krycek had too much on his plate at the moment. Planning a family was for people who had one slow-paced job, not two dangerous ones. “Yeah, maybe.” He would not even be thinking about it if not for his situation. “It’s not that simple, Fox.” He wanted it to be.

“I know.” Mulder kissed his shoulder. “I’m sorry.” His words were soft and sincere. “I know people like you... You guys love families, love kids, right?”

“Yeah.” It was apparent Mulder cared about both those things more than him. “I want it.” Truthfully, Krycek wanted to want it. Only Mulder could make it sound like something worth having.

“It’s your choice,” Mulder said in a quiet murmur. “It affects you most, Alex. Baby or no baby, keep it or... or get rid of it. I won’t stand in your way.”

From the very beginning, Krycek knew what he would have to do if sleeping with Mulder got him pregnant. It was not until the man carelessly threw a choice at him that he even considered the alternative. Suddenly, it did not sound like mere fantasy. “Keep it?” The question was more breath than speech, barely vocal. “Your baby?”

“Your baby,” Mulder said. “Little me, little you.” He tried to keep his own opinion vague, lest it sway Krycek. He treated the suggestion as a passing thought and not a lifelong commitment. If Krycek denounced the idea, Mulder could always say he did not mean it, just a joke.

“Your baby.” A tiny little baby, delicate, defenseless, something they would have to protect. It was too much pressure. The world was too chaotic. They had each glimpsed true evil. A child was fragile and frail. He and Mulder would become weaker by having one, taking care of one, worrying about one. It would stretch them thin, destroy their effectiveness.

“I’ll keep you safe,” Mulder promised, and Krycek understood the depths of what he offered. Mulder, a man who could do anything, would take every worry and stress, carrying the weight of two people. He was so arrogantly supportive he strove to take everything. All Krycek had to do was depend on him, nothing more.

“It sounds so...” Krycek struck the mattress before him with a tight fist. Frustration or tears, one had to win out. It was weakness to fall to the second. “It sounds nice, Fox.” He wanted it. He hated Fox Mulder for making him want it. He hated him. He hated him because he could not have it. He could not shed his every responsibility. He could not rest and be supported by Mulder.

“Yeah.” A kind, affectionate hand stroked up and down his stomach. “It’s something to think about at least.” Krycek did not want to think about it. “When life gives you lemons, ya know.” He wanted him to stop.

“Are you ready to pull out yet?” It was an obvious deflection. Mulder did not call him on it.

“Think so.”

Everything was easier as Krycek acclimated. Mulder pulling out barely affected him. He grunted from the slight strain, but it was nothing much. He relaxed again. They laid in a silence that was comfortable, understood. Exhaustion had a way of making conversation sound tedious and excusing its absence. It was something for which to finally feel grateful.

Krycek did not want to talk to Mulder about anything. He did not want Mulder talking to him.

“Your skin’s not so hot anymore,” Mulder observed. He pressed the back of his hand to Krycek’s forehead. “Fever’s going down. You feel like you’re done?”

“No,” Krycek murmured. He was not, not completely. His body still felt drugged and high. But he was climbing out of that misery. “Maybe one more time,” he said when he wanted nothing more than to beat Mulder with his fists again and again and get far away from him. “Please.”

Mulder kissed him. It was so kind and tender. It was so considerate of Krycek and respectful towards him. It was another disgusting gesture, acting like they were together, like they dated, like any of this were normal. “Yeah,” he answered. “Yeah, of course. However many times you need.” He kissed him. “Ready when you are.” He quickly amended, “Or I can try to be.” Krycek was ready at a second’s notice. Mulder needed a minute. He pressed his face into Krycek’s neck, smelling him while he jerked his cock in hand, getting himself hard. When he was good to go, Krycek tried to roll over. “Wait,” Mulder said, stopping him. “Probably the last time. You think maybe we could...” He wanted to face each other. Krycek wanted anything but that. He did not want to look at the man.

“Yeah, Fox.” There was a role for him to play. Sex while looking into each other’s eyes was the last hurdle of intimacy between them. It all fell away with that final act. Krycek made himself smile. “I think I’d like that.”

“Be kinda hot, right?”

“Yeah.” Krycek was good at pretending to be enthusiastic, excited. “Yeah, let’s... let’s do it.”

Unfortunately, when they went that last time, Mulder found a new fetish.

His hand rubbed across Krycek’s tight stomach with thick intent. Krycek could pretend Mulder was thinking anything other than the obvious— until he spoke.

“God, you’d look so good pregnant,” he groaned, “sexy.” His words exhaled inescapably into Krycek’s ear. “You want that?” he goaded, thinking it was proper dirty talk, thinking their fantasy was on the same page. “You want that, Alex? You want me to get you pregnant?”

“Ye- Yes.” Krycek’s voice was too quiet, too reserved. He cleared his throat and tried again, louder. “Yes,” he cried out, playing along despite his genuine feelings. “Yes, yes, yes. Do it, Fox. Do it. Get me pregnant. I want your... baby, damn it.” Krycek had never played this game with any of his prior partners. He hated it. What was the entire charade but a cruel mockery? “Please, Fox, do it.”

“Gonna knock you up,” he threatened. “Not one doubt by the time I’m through with you. You want that?”

Krycek closed his eyes. “Yes.”

When Mulder knotted him and came, Krycek felt pregnant. He felt that round, if no others, did the job. He hated it.

Mulder kissed him. "Come here." They could not lay on their sides very well, knotted as they were. "Come here." Mulder turned them over, putting his own back against the sheets and letting Krycek lay on him.

"No more," Krycek begged. "Please no more, Mulder. I can't go anymore." He would faint first.

"Shh," Mulder whispered in his ear. "Shh, no more," he promised. "If you're done, we're done. We're done."

"I'm done." And he would never sleep with Fox Mulder again. "I'm done."

Mulder craned his neck to look at the alarm clock. "Three-and-a-half hours," he remarked. "That's gotta be some kinda record." He turned back around and rested his cheek against the top of Krycek's head. He caressed his bare back. "I was thinking we'd be at this a whole day."

Krycek did not know if heat was that brief for him or if his body metabolized the drug, but he was done. He would not go into heat again for another month, and he would have his prescription refilled by then. "Maybe you're just that good," he said to fill dead air. Mulder was good in bed, but he had nothing to do with a swift ending. Krycek flattered him though, letting the man take credit.

Mulder kissed the top of Krycek's head, his full lips pressing into sweaty hair. "You were amazing," he said, as if Krycek were fishing for a return compliment. "I've never been with someone in heat before. Feel like I can probably cross that off the list now, huh?"

"Yeah, definitely," Krycek answered. "Happy to help."

"I've read accounts," he continued, "scientific explanations, but..." He exhaled. "Wow, you know. I don't think words can do it justice."

Krycek did not want him to make the attempt at words. It was almost over. They were nearly done. "Yeah... 'wow.'"

Despite everything, Mulder's hand felt good stroking up and down his bare back. He was a considerate lover. Unfortunately, that quality walked in step with rose-colored idealism.

Fool.

Mulder was gentle as ever when he pulled out that last time. He kept Krycek lying on top of him. He resumed the tender back and forth of his hand. It moved with hypnotic grace, like a tangible lullaby that added its peace upon weakness, dragging him down.

Krycek wanted to get out, hide in his room, and not speak to Mulder until it fell within the purview of work. He wanted to fall asleep where he was, drift off and let exhaustion claim him.

“I know it’s the last thing you wanna do,” Mulder was sympathetic, “but I think you’ll feel better if you get up and take a shower.” He would. “You’re a real mess down there.” Mulder tried to laugh as if it were something they were ready to joke about, as if Krycek’s body were not some lewd wreck of barbaric mating that spilled over a sopping towel. “I’ll change the sheets. Get some of these smells away so they won’t trigger you back into heat.”

“Mulder, I...” He just wanted to go back to his room and forget any of it ever happened. He wanted to forget how he won Fox Mulder’s trust.

Mulder pulled his head up to look Krycek in the eye. He kissed him. It was brief— for intimacy’s sake, not pleasure’s. “Go on,” he whispered in a soft and soothing tone. “You’ll feel better.”

With an embarrassing need for assistance, Krycek sat and then stood on jellied muscles and diminished strength. He shuffled to the bathroom, desperately trying to keep from thinking how horrible he felt and why. He did not want to think about what he did, whom he did it with, or what it would inevitably result in.

Pregnancy. A baby. Mulder’s baby. The motel’s showerhead could get rid of everything but that. No, despite various religious affirmations, water could not wash away all sins. There was nothing symbolic about it rushing over him. He was cleaned physically. That was all.

After a few minutes, there was a knock on the door. Mulder poked his head in. “Want some help with those hard to reach places?”

It would defeat the entire construct of intimacy if Krycek said no and kept him out. “Please,” he replied, “yeah.”

Mulder walked around the bathroom before stepping in the back of the shower. “Switch with me a minute,” he asked. They moved around so Mulder could get wet.

In Krycek’s opinion, feminine magazines about what spiced up a romance were wrong. Having company in the shower was only ever a cumbersome inconvenience.

Mulder’s hair fell soaking over his forehead and around his ears. He rubbed the water away from his eyes. “Love these tiny shampoos,” he said as he reached for one. It was easy to imagine he never bothered packing his own from home. He squirted the product in his palm and brought it towards his partner. Krycek closed his eyes and let Mulder wash his hair. The lathering fingertips were as sensual as anything they did in bed. Mulder massaged every inch of his scalp. It felt good. “Rinse.” They switched positions again so he could.

Mulder reached for the shampoo again for his own hair and knocked it over. The plastic bottle bounced and clattered all over the porcelain tub until it settled beside the drain. Mulder knelt down to grab it. His fingers wrapped around the bottle and stopped. He stared at the long stretch of pale skin before him.

Mulder was an easy man to read. Krycek gave permission instead of making him ask. Permission was kind. Permission meant trust.

“Go ahead.”

He kissed Krycek’s stomach, one time, gently. His thoughts were such an open book, just like in bed. Mulder put his arms around Krycek’s back and rested his cheek against his flat, empty abdomen. They waited there without movement or sound, letting water wash over them.

Krycek knew he should behave kindly, sweetly, just as Mulder did. He should acknowledge they were in this together and reciprocate. He raised his hand from his side and touched Mulder’s shoulder then the back of his neck. He brushed his fingers through wet hair and let them sleep in it. That minute existed outside of time— like one of Mulder’s reported gaps where the clock kept ticking even though all action ceased. What they had was the opposite of that. Krycek stood in absent time and was forced to watch a strong man like Mulder make a fool of himself.

It was funny how when a man’s life fell apart, when his impassioned work was locked away and his friend was reassigned, he groped blindly for some modicum of positivity. Push him ten steps back. Watch him fight for one measly step forward, no matter which direction it went. Let him have it and he would take it. Just let him have that. Let him have something.

Krycek’s heat was over but that was not the only reason he himself no longer felt desperate. Compared to Mulder, he was a paradigm of sustainable independence. He needed nothing in his life. He wanted nothing. He thought he wanted nothing. That was before the impossible was suggested.

Mulder turned his head, kissed Krycek’s stomach again, and stood up. He braced his hands on Krycek’s hips for support, climbing him, and kept them there as they looked face to face. Eyes were the window to the soul, and Mulder’s were wide open. Krycek turned around, hoping his were not equally bare. He still had so many secrets.

A wet rag wiped over his back, slipping smoothly over every muscle with a buffer of soap.

“It’s all up to you,” Mulder reiterated. “It affects you more. Even if you push custody on me or put the kid up for adoption, you still have to carry it.” He paused before mentioning other options. “And I’ve read abortions can be especially traumatizing on omegas.”

“I didn’t... I didn’t know that.” Krycek hoped it was not true. But if so, maybe he was the exception.

“So I won’t force you to get one,” Mulder said. “But if you choose it, I’ll support you, 110%.”

Krycek turned around. Water pelted at his back. “Tell me to have your baby,” he demanded. Mulder shook his head. He would not. Krycek slapped him across the cheek. “Tell me, Mulder!” He did not want support. He wanted the man to be a bastard. Mulder refused. Krycek tried to hit him a second time but was grabbed around the wrist. “Tell me!”

“Why,” Mulder asked, “so you can do the opposite just to defy me? Now, I’m sorry. I really am, damn it. But it can’t be that easy. You have to make the decision yourself. It’s your life.”

He was wrong. Mulder was very intelligent to be such a raving idiot. He knew so much and yet remained ignorant. "Yeah, it's my life," Krycek said, feigning clarity, reinforcing the lie. Mulder let go of his wrist. "My decision. No one should make it for me." Someone would.

Mulder pushed a hand through Krycek's wet, drooping hair. He kissed his forehead. "That's right." He thought he was being so chivalrous, so selfless. Mulder doomed Krycek to the will of others. He was not strong enough to fight them alone. "And hey, might not even be positive."

"What are the odds of that?" Krycek muttered. He was an omega in heat. Mulder was an alpha. There was a thin margin of error.

"One in a thousand," Mulder replied, listing the statistic off the top of his head. Somehow, when said with a charming smile, bright eyes, and an endearingly flat head of wet hair, it did not sound like such a small chance. In the grand scheme, a thousand people were not that many. He could be the one thousandth who got lucky. "That better?"

"Yeah, it... it helps," Krycek said, telling one of his first full truths of the evening.

Mulder kissed him on the lips, sweet, chaste, and reassuring. "Towel on the counter," he said, giving Krycek the opportunity to leave and get out now that he was clean. "I'm right behind you."

Krycek stepped out of the shower and began drying himself while Mulder finished bathing and filled the tub. A blind hand reached outside the shower curtain and groped around until it found Krycek's clothes and dragged them into the bath. Mulder's silhouette scrubbed at them with his hands and a bar of soap. It was a cheap suit, and if it were lost, Krycek would hardly hold a funeral service. The room disappeared while he patted his face dry and shook the towel through his hair. When he opened his eyes again, Mulder was out of the tub and beside him, rubbing his own towel down his legs.

"I laid a clean pair of boxers and shirt on the bed," Mulder told him. "Help yourself."

"I have clothes," Krycek said. "Wouldn't want to impose."

"Best you stay here," Mulder insisted. "Just in case you're not out of the woods."

Relapse, a repeat, one more round, sounded like a nightmare. Krycek almost wanted to take his chances next door, alone. Mulder wanted Krycek to trust he would take care of him. One course was more beneficial to the mission.

"Thanks, Mulder." Krycek flashed a tired smile. "You're so good to me." He rephrased himself with a stronger, more evocative word. "So good for me."

Mulder grinned. The room practically warmed with the heat of his glowing heart. He was such a sentimental hero, always looking to be helpful. He kissed Krycek on the cheek. "Go ahead and lay down," he said, "take a load off." He massaged Krycek's shoulder, and against the strength of every negative emotion harbored, it still felt good. "You earned it."

Mulder's clothes were a size above his lean form but fit well enough for sleeping. They smelled like him, whatever laundry detergent he used. The clean white sheets smelled like nothing, not one trace of what they did. The bed felt amazing. Krycek groaned as he melted into the cheap, hard mattress, once more feeling every tired muscle and all his absent strength.

He was almost asleep, passed out, when the bed shifted and an arm climbed over to rest on his stomach. Krycek opened his eyes to look at him.

"Would you hold it against me if I slept until tomorrow afternoon?" Mulder joked with a grin. It was obviously a joke. The man needed such little sleep to function. Krycek knew he would be up again within a few hours.

"No," Krycek said, and he tried to put a smile on with it. He doubted the effectiveness of the gesture. Mulder frowned, looking serious again. Krycek could not stand it, could not currently manage the injurious idea that all he committed himself to made Mulder feel guilt or made him think Krycek harbored resentment. That was not the point. Damn it, that was not the point. Krycek rolled onto his side, taking his back from the mattress and putting it to Mulder's front. "Just, uh... hold me?" he asked when he wanted nothing to do with the man.

Mulder came close behind him, obliging the sweet request without a second's hesitation. His hand landed harmlessly on Krycek's chest but soon drifted down where it truly wanted to be. It rested heavy and intimidating on Krycek's stomach.

"I know you've got a lot on your mind," Mulder told him, "but just try to get some sleep, all right? It's what your body needs more than anything right now."

There was no denying that very obvious fact. He was bone tired. "Yeah."

"If it's positive," Mulder said in a low, quiet voice, "and you know, if you kept it, we could work something out. We don't have to get married or anything, god no. Just, I dunno, do joint custody or something, yeah? It wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

"No." Krycek told the truth again. He stared blankly at the wall and murmured the truth in an emotionless voice. "No, it wouldn't be."

Mulder said a good night that Krycek echoed, but it was the words before that which kept Krycek awake. He repeated them in his head for an hour. They kept him wired, ignoring the weak state of his ragged body. It was mind over matter, and the vessel lost to the magnitude of an unattainable future.

A baby he could never have. A baby they would never have. A man who believed freewill existed for everyone. It was silly.

So why was Krycek still awake?

"Mulder," he whispered. "Mulder." Nothing, no reply. Krycek rolled over, pulling an about-face to look at the man. Mulder did not stir, did not resituate. He was dead to the world, exhausted from his own effort in sex. Not even the swinging axe of potential fatherhood

could keep him from sleep, not as it did Krycek. "Mulder," a little louder. But no, he was thoroughly passed out. Krycek could say anything he wanted to the deaf ears astride that untroubled brain.

He could say anything.

"I hate you, you idealistic bastard." A group of men gave him heat. Mulder gave him a child. Mulder made him think he could keep a child. The latter was so much worse. Krycek was taunted and tortured by each, but one would never know satisfaction. "It's not... fair." He cried. "It's not fair." He shook in Mulder's arms and wet the pillow with his tears. "I can't... do it alone." Mulder defied those men on a regular basis. It was his duty and his pastime, his fearless commitment. Krycek did not have that. He was loyal to the point of self-destruction. "You should have helped me if you wanted it." The door was now closed. Mulder's respectful inaction sealed an unchangeable fate. Krycek hated the gender stereotypes of their world but it was true. Mulder was alpha and he was strong, self-possessed. Krycek was omega and he went where told, did as instructed. That was the end of it. Whatever child they might have had was forfeit the moment Mulder stepped down. Krycek hated him. "It's not fair." He cried and he cried. His pathetic outburst lasted long past when his skin tasted salty and the stress gave way to a headache. He was still crying when he fell asleep.

The Morning

Mulder was gone by the time Krycek awoke the next morning. It was unsurprising. He knew the man could not sleep late or lay around being unproductive. Mulder always had to be working on something.

Krycek tried to sit up but it seemed every muscle in his body was tense and sore. He wished he were at home so he could take a soothing hot bath. He refused to soak in a motel tub.

He laid back down but rolled on his side to peer through a gap Mulder left in the curtain. It was a gray, overcast morning, dark outside despite being after nine o' clock. Krycek noticed something next to the glowing red numbers of the alarm clock. On the bedside table was a note written on motel stationery. In neat handwriting it said, "Be right back. XO, Mulder."

Krycek picked up the paper, letting it rest tangibly between his fingertips. "X-O," he read out loud. "X... O." It was a playful, juvenile closer that carried no real intentions. It meant nothing.

He tossed the paper back on the table. It skated across the top and fell into the floor. He did not care.

Krycek laid there six more minutes before he heard the key rattling around in the lock. Mulder stepped inside holding a paper bag and a cardboard carrier with two cups sticking out.

"Hey, you're up," he noticed. "How you feelin'?"

Krycek sat up when he did not want to. "Uh... I guess like I don't want to answer that question," he said. He was drained, but his mind was too active to rest. His body was sore all over but one place especially, worse when he sat on it.

Mulder leaned down and kissed him on the cheek. It was unsolicited but sweet. "Got coffee and breakfast at the diner across the street," he said. "I already ate while I was over there to give you more time for quiet."

Krycek smiled at him, forcing the expression to be as warm and endearing as he could make it. "You didn't have to do that."

"I also, uh, stopped by your room," Mulder continued. He handed over a coffee and Krycek tried to drink it without appearing concerned. "Searched through your bag just to make sure you didn't overlook your meds. Second set of eyes, ya know."

"Yeah," Krycek agreed, "yeah. Thanks."

Mulder waited for something that did not come. "You not gonna ask if I found them?" he commented.

“Oh.” Krycek knew he did not. There was nothing to find. He asked out of staged curiosity. “Yeah, did you find them?”

“No dice,” Mulder sighed. He sat in the chair across from the bed and propped his feet on the table. “You’re welcome to root around through my stuff in return. I’m all about fair play.”

“I’m good,” Krycek chuckled. “Thanks, Mulder.” His gratitude applied to everything, all of it. Mulder understood.

“Look,” he said, “I can handle interviews today. No reason to get both our boots on the ground. You should stay here and rest, yeah? I bet you’re exhausted.”

He was. “I can take it.”

“Yeah, but you don’t have to is all I’m saying.” Mulder opened the paper bag and gave him a biscuit. “I can handle it.”

“You don’t want me to come,” Krycek presumed, pressuring Mulder and putting him on the spot. “You don’t trust me after what I said last night. You think I’ll spy on you.”

“No, no, no,” Mulder said with a shake of his head. “That’s not it.” He smiled and it was kind, honest. “I trust you. I just... think you should rest.”

“I’m sorry,” Krycek expressed, carrying on with the penitent role of subordination he began the previous night. “I’m sorry for reporting to them about you. I shouldn’t have. Or I should have... told you about it.”

“You had your orders,” Mulder said. He understood. He excused it for Krycek even if he did not forgive it. “You know, just be careful about what you say from now on. They don’t need to know everything. Keep it to what’s in your submitted report.”

“Yes,” Krycek lied. “Yeah, of course.”

“Seriously though,” he asked again, “how you feeling? And I don’t mean that just physically.”

“You mean the sex,” Krycek responded, “or the...” His tongue was heavy. His face contorted into an unpleasant expression as he tried to get the word out. “The pregnancy?”

“You could be at the initial, zygotal stage of pregnancy, yeah,” Mulder said. “How’s that going today? Sleep help anything?”

“Are you supposed to be my shrink now, Mulder?” That was a full-time job in and of itself.

“I’m your partner,” he said, and it had double meaning. “I promised you we’d be in this together. I’m not walking out—” he looked at his watch— “four hours in.”

“You always keep your promises, Mulder?” Krycek questioned.

“I try.” If he ever failed, it was not from lack of effort but abundance of obstacles.

“Right. So when you said the choice was mine last night...”

“I mean that,” he swore. “I’m not gonna tell you what to do, Alex.”

“Yeah, but,” he huffed, “what if I need that? What if I’m not... strong... enough to make the decision myself?”

“You are,” Mulder ignorantly claimed. His smile was so encouraging. “You got this.” He rubbed Krycek’s shoulder with a strong hand and firm fingers. It felt good.

“You’re wrong,” Krycek wanted to say. He kept quiet. Nothing would sway the man’s misplaced confidence in him. Mulder was a fool.

“If you want, I can drive every direction on the compass,” Mulder offered, “see if I can find a place that might stock that morning after pill I hear about. But I warn you,” he grinned, “here there be Protestants.” Mulder could put a hundred miles on their rental car before he found something in their isolation of conservative religion. Krycek shook his head. It was a waste of time. “If we wrap things up here, we’ll probably make it back to D.C. in a few days.” That window might work for a beta woman who messed up on a safe day, but he and Mulder fucked while he was at the peak of fertility. A few days was all the window Krycek’s body needed to ensure conception. He was too fatigued to argue over obvious things. He nodded. “You okay?” Mulder asked, noticing he was being somewhat quiet. He put a hand against his cheek to make sure he was not feverish and sick.

“Yeah.” Krycek picked up his head. “Yeah, I think I’m just... tired, like you said. Maybe I’ll take the day off after all.” He tried to smile reassuringly.

“Good idea,” Mulder agreed. He searched around for the television remote and gave it to Krycek. “Stay. Channel surf. Or I got a good non-fiction book in my bag you’re welcome to.” Krycek would pass on reading about alien encounters. “I gotta take the car, but I’ll try to swing back around lunchtime and bring you something to eat. Sound good?”

Krycek did not care what he did. “Sounds good.”

Mulder grabbed his jacket and pulled it on to complete his suit. “I’ll have my cellphone on,” he said. “Call me if you need anything.” Hesitantly, he added, “I might call you if I need something. Sorry, partner.” Krycek was his only backup out there.

“No,” he said. “No, I understand.” He did not want to get out and work that day. He did not want to ride around in a car with the man. “Call me if you need me.”

Before leaving, Mulder leaned down and kissed him on the cheek one last time. Krycek hated it. He hated him. He turned and kissed Mulder on the lips.

When they pulled away, he said, “We probably shouldn’t... anymore.” Propriety, fraternization rules, and dating guidelines saved Krycek from having to make a real excuse.

Mulder rested his forehead against his. “You’re right,” he agreed. “You’re right.” It would ruin their partnership. Krycek needed to stay there. He refused to go through heat and earn

the man's trust only to be reassigned. If they had a child, however, it would have to be disclosed. Mulder, the fool, still thought that was a possibility. "We can talk more later, okay?"

"Yeah," Krycek nodded his head, "later."

There was nothing to discuss. Mulder made his choice— their choice.

Ten minutes after Mulder left, when secrecy was assured, Krycek made a call to an unlisted number. In one brief sentence, he reported the success of his spontaneous mission. He hung up before specifics could be asked. There would be a meeting about it in D.C.— in a few days.

The Meeting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“With respect, sirs,” he said when respect was a difficult sentiment to muster, “you used me without my consent.” Krycek knew they were duplicitous men, manipulating entire governments from the shadows. To have that great focus turned unto him, to be the victim of their whims, was petrifying. But that was a weak emotion, far outdone by his anger.

“Does he trust you now?” They sidestepped the inconsequence of his personal feelings.

“Yes,” Krycek reported, “I believe he does.” They shared something intimate and Mulder could not brush that off like it was nothing. That did not exempt it from being a reckless gamble. “But just because the desired outcome was achieved doesn’t mean—”

“Relax,” said the nameless man behind his waves of smoke. “We weren’t risking very much. If anything arises because of your night with Mulder, we’ll take care of it.”

““Take care of it’?” Four simple words in four simple syllables were a weapon in their hands.

“We know many talented doctors,” he vaguely clarified. “The only thing better than their skill is their discretion.”

They gave him the same out as Mulder, the same solution. They, however, did not present it as his choice, just as he knew would happen. There would be no advanced pregnancy. It ended the moment they had the diagnosis. He understood that. He tried to understand that.

“Will that be a problem?”

“No, sir.” After what they did to him, Krycek was owed the liberty of one lie.

“And you didn’t become compromised emotionally by your time spent with Agent Mulder?”

“No.” He pressed his luck with a second lie. They might not care that he came out the other side despising the man, but he did not want to risk it.

“Then you understand what is expected of you now?”

“I will monitor myself,” Krycek stated, “and report a positive finding.”

“And Mulder?” he was questioned. “What will you tell him?”

“Regardless of result, I have only one answer for Agent Mulder,” he said, telling them exactly what they wanted.

Mulder would never hear about a positive pregnancy test. Compared to everything, it was a simple assignment. Tell the man there never was and never would be a child. Krycek could

handle it. He could form the words with his mouth. He could fabricate the perfect outward expression of relief mixed with pensive loss at what could have been. Physically, the future conversation would be a walk in the park, an insult to his considerable training as a double agent.

Emotionally, it would be his most difficult mission to date.

One more lie.

“It won’t be a problem.”

Chapter End Notes

Obviously, it all transpires as implied at the end there. But can’t we imagine an AU where Krycek doesn’t need an attempt to be made on his life before he betrays the Syndicate? And he, I don’t know, can’t follow through with an abortion, comes clean to Mulder, and they have a family?

No? Okay. It’d be nice if it wasn’t so impossible. Would be nice.

Or Krycek goes into hiding after Mulder figures him out following Scully’s abduction and he is ousted from the FBI. And while he’s laying low in some safe house, he conveniently “forgets” to take and report a pregnancy test. And maaaaaaaybe the next time he sees Mulder, several months later, he has a recently delivered secret. That he keeps to himself. But don’t take my word on why Krycek drops off the radar for so long. There are lots of reasons. Like.....

Anyway, he thinks about telling Mulder several times but never gets around to it. Which is probably especially hard to avoid when they’re in Russia together. All those long hours on a plane. Where Mulder finally gets up the nerve to ask about a picture of a kid they found on Krycek when they arrested him. A kid he can’t stop thinking about, who looks a little familiar, who’s about the right age if... It’s a good opening for the truth, but all Krycek gives him is a sarcastic reply that the picture came with the wallet.

Or secret fourth option: Mulder doesn’t discover Krycek’s duplicity and the Syndicate decides they want to keep him there— undercover and pregnant. A boyfriend and a baby are promising leverage against Mulder in the future. So Krycek gets to keep the baby but he also has to feign romantic feelings for Mulder, begin a relationship with him, and acknowledge that he and his child are a reserved bargaining chip.

PS: You cannot convince me Fox Mulder wouldn’t be fascinated by omegas. Don’t try.

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