

## What Do You Do With A Drunken Rat?

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# What Do You Do With A Drunken Rat?

by [KinkyGrrlDiane \(AnneTaylor\)](#)

## Summary

There's someone at Mulder's door. He's Alex Krycek, traitor, purveyor of lies, ex-FBI agent. Also...really drunk and stoned. Sounds like an opportunity to Mulder.

This is the first of the Drunken Rat series. It starts out Krycek/Mulder, but Skinner will be added, so if Krycek/Skinner squicks you, be afraid, be very afraid. Mwa-ha-ha.

## Notes

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

Mulder opened his eyes. His apartment was quiet and dark, save for the eerie green glow cast by the lava lamp the gunmen had given him as an early Christmas present. He dug his arm out of the crack between the sofa back and cushions, and checked his watch. Just after midnight. *Wonder what woke me..?*

He was just drifting back to sleep when he heard a soft sound, like a thud. He rolled off the sofa and crawled quickly to the side table to grab his Sig.

There was another soft thud. It came from his door.

Cautiously, he made his way across the room and took a quick peek out the spyhole that Scully had had installed for him. Another early Christmas present.

There was nothing in the hall. Nothing except...a pair of legs? Someone was sitting with their back against his door, legs sprawled out. Unconscious, maybe?

Another thud. Whoever it was, was banging his head against Mulder's door.

Mulder shot back the bolt and yanked open the door and stood, open mouthed, as a man fell backwards across Mulder's threshold. A familiar face stared up at Mulder, green eyes framed by those sinfully long lashes that always used to irritate Scully, back when the man had been Mulder's partner.

"Krycek. What are you doing here?"

"Ow," said Krycek, blinking up at Mulder. "I hit my head."

*Oh, like I really care...* Mulder opened his mouth to deliver a blistering insult, then shut it again. He's drunk. Off-his-ass drunk. Oh, this is too good an opportunity to miss.

A drunken Krycek would be far less capable of keeping his secrets than the sober version had been.

Two days ago, Krycek had ambushed Mulder in his apartment, had given him a tip about the whereabouts of an alien rebel, then had given Mulder a kiss on the cheek and left. After handing Mulder back his own gun.

The tip had been a good one. The kiss...

Mulder swallowed. "Krycek. Why are you here?"

"Why am I here?" repeated Krycek. He stared up at the ceiling with drunken suspicion. "Mulder. Why is there a centipede on your ceiling?"

Mulder looked up. The ceiling was white, off white, a few cracks here and there. A watermark in the corner. Divots about the size of pencil points. No centipede. "There's no centipede, Krycek."

“Du-uh. It crawled behind the poster. You should get an exterminator. Oh look, there’s another one.”

Mulder looked on as Krycek tracked something invisibly scuttling across his wall. Obviously, somebody had drugged the man. Was it one of us or one of them? It was nearly impossible to keep track of who Krycek was working for and who his enemies were. And the overlap was staggeringly large. *I should get him to pee in a cup.*

“Oh, look at that little guy go. He’s so faaaast. I think he’s a scoo-tiger...something... he’s got long legs, Mulder. That why they move so fast.

Going nowhere fast. That’s my evening. “Krycek, how did you get here?”

“On my legs.” Krycek gave a gurgling laugh that Mulder found disturbing on so many levels. “I have very long legs. Somebody told me. They go all the way up to my ass. Hey! Watch out!”

“What?” Mulder looked around, not really expecting the source of Krycek’s alarm to materialize. *God, I must be bored. I should just shove him out the door. Or interrogate him. Or...*

“It’s a frog! One of those green and purple ones. It just crawled under your door. Don’t lick the frog, Mulder. It’s important. Don’t lick the frog.”

“I don’t care about the frog. Krycek. Why. Are. You. Here?” It would be just like the stupid-ass rat to get ahold of some vital piece of information and then be too freaking drunk to pass it on properly. “Do you have some information for me?”

“Oh. Yeah.” Krycek’s head lolled to one side and his mouth fell slightly ajar.

“Well. What is it?”

Another long pause.

“Krycek.”

“Yeah.”

“What is it?”

“What is what?”

“The information you were going to tell me.”

“I was?”

“You said you were.”

“I did?”

If I just shoot him now and carry his body out to the dumpster nobody could possibly blame me. “Yes, you did. Krycek. Focus. Is there something you think I should know?”

“Uh-huh.”

“What is it?”

“I just drooled on the floor, Mulder.”

“Krycek...you useless piece of shit.” He yanked the consortium spy upright, bent down and with a wrenching heave *I’m going to be sore in the morning* managed to drape Krycek over his shoulders and lift him. By the time he had staggered across the room and dumped Krycek onto his couch, he could feel something wet and cool pressing against his upper back.

“Dammit! Krycek! You drooled on me.”

“Sorry.” Krycek looked so contrite Mulder felt some of his anger and frustration draining away. “It’s ‘cause the front of my mouth was pointed down,” Krycek explained. “And my teeth taste funny. I think there’s sum’thin growing on them. See?” He displayed his teeth for Mulder’s inspection.

“There’s nothing growing on your teeth, Krycek.”

“Are you sure? You didn’t look up close, Mulder.”

“I’m sure.”

“Damn. I hate it when there’s stuff growing on you but it’s not really there,” Krycek remarked. “D’ya hate that too, Mulder?”

“‘Stuff’ doesn’t grow on me, dumb-shit.” If it weren’t for the annoyance factor of not knowing what had brought Krycek to his door in the first place, this would almost be fun, Mulder realized. He could insult Krycek to his heart’s content and there wasn’t a thing the drunken rat could do about it.

“It doesn’t? Wow,” Krycek’s eyes opened wide. “You must be sterile.”

“I’m not sterile,” Mulder snapped. “I’m just not in the habit of drinking myself into utter stupidity.”

“M’not that drunk...”

“Krycek, you’re so drunk I’ll be surprised if you don’t spend the next two days puking.” A feeling of unease followed the thought. Alcohol poisoning was serious; what if Krycek died of it? Right here. On his couch. Maybe he should call Scully...

“Not,” insisted Krycek. “Just a couple’a shots of tequila. N’a few joints.”

“You’ve been smoking marijuana?” It occurred to Mulder that he should be thrilled. Here, at last, was a prosecutable crime that he had caught Krycek in. *Time to get the cup.*

“M’sooooo stoned, Mulder,” Krycek told him happily. “Feels nice. All the bad things go away. No hangover in the morning. You gonna hit me, Mulder?” Krycek’s eyes opened guilelessly. “Cause if you are, could you not do it now and spoil my happy? Do it later, when I’m already sad, okay?”

“I’m not going to hit you, Krycek.” *All right. I can arrest the bastard...but not until I find out what he’s up to.* “Krycek. Listen up. Focus.” He clapped his hands in front of Krycek’s face.

Krycek didn’t even blink, only stared at him as if his drug-spawned hallucinations had transferred themselves to Mulder.

Resisting the urge to rub at his teeth, Mulder tried again. “Krycek. Why did you come here tonight?”

Krycek’s face screwed up in concentration. His lips pursed, and a wrinkle appeared between his eyes.

For just a moment, Mulder had the almost overwhelming urge to bend down and press his lips to those of his ex-partner. *God, I used to love watching him like this. Lost in thought, those green eyes of his...*

“I forgot,” Krycek finally admitted.

“God-dammit, Krycek. Okay, fine, let’s try to reconstruct. Does it have anything to do with the alien?”

“What alien?”

Mulder shoved his hands into his pockets to keep them from Krycek’s throat. “Do you remember coming here two days ago?”

“Oh...yeah.” Krycek’s lips curved into a wistful smile and, again, Mulder had to take a firmer rein on himself to restrain his baser impulses.

“Why did you come here two days ago?” It seemed safer to repeat the whole question, rather than risk another drunken monosyllabic exchange.

“Came to kiss y...I mean...oops...not s’posed to say that...bad Alex...I came for... there was this alien,” Krycek told him reproachfully. “Don’t you remember? Di’nt you see the alien, Mulder?”

“Yes. I saw the alien.”

“I knew you would,” Krycek continued happily. “Sometimes they’re in... indivisible...ind...are you sure there’s nothing on my teeth?” he asked anxiously, running his pink tongue over his lips. “They taste funny, Mulder.”

...*bad Alex*... It was suddenly much too warm in his apartment. Mulder turned away, to surreptitiously undo the top buttons of his shirt.

When he turned back, Krycek smiled at him. "Tha's nice. You have a nice collarbone...thingie." Then his eyes widened. "I 'membered, Mulder."

"What?" Mulder was finding it a little hard to concentrate on the content of Krycek's words. It was distracting, the way that the white of Krycek's teeth showed from between half parted lips, and the glimpses of his tongue as Krycek talked.

"'Membered why I came here. You owe me. I got you an alien cause you wanted one real bad so you'd owe me. You owe me, Mulder, an I'm here to collect."

Irritation spiked up in Mulder, at Krycek's implication that he was beholden to the consortium spy, to the ex-partner who had lied to and betrayed him. He didn't owe Krycek anything. It hadn't been much of an alien, anyway. Just looked like a human. It hadn't spoken to him and then the other alien, the bounty hunter, had showed up and knocked Mulder out and when he'd woken up both of them had disappeared. He'd barely managed to slip away before camp security discovered him. "So...what?" he sneered. "I owe you? Want me to get my checkbook, Krycek? How much do you figure it was worth? As much as a trip to the zoo?"

"You di'nt like my alien?" Krycek struggled with the idea, hurt mirrored in his eyes.

"How much, Krycek?"

"Not money," Krycek protested indignantly. "Don' want your money. Favor f'r a favor. You owe me, Mulder," his voice dropped huskily. "I'm here to collect my sexual favors."

This time Mulder could neither ignore nor control the wave of blistering heat that rolled down to explode in his groin. "Jesus...Krycek..." His knees felt weak.

"It doesn't have to mean anything," Krycek said wistfully. "I know you hate me. It's okay. I'll just suck you off. If that's all the alien thingie was worth to you."

Mulder's knees crumpled. *It isn't because I want him*, he told himself desperately. *It's because I'm going to pump him for information*. His hand reached for Krycek's zipper. "Uh-uh, Krycek. I'm going to suck you off." *If one of us is going to be fuck-drunk during this conversation it isn't going to be me*.

"Oh...god..." Krycek whimpered.

"It was a very nice alien," Mulder told him as he undid the button of Krycek's jeans. He tugged the zipper down slowly, enjoying the way Krycek squirmed helplessly against his hand.

The flap of the jeans parted to reveal a snugly fitting pair of red speedos, from which Krycek's already impressive erection was clearly bulging. It took Mulder a moment to realize why the speedos seemed so familiar. "God-DAMN-it, Krycek! You were the one who stole my speedos?"

Krycek writhed unhappily under the dual assault of sexual arousal and guilt. "Sorry, Mulder. Sorry. I just wanted something to keep. He took everything else away."

"Who, Krycek?" Mulder asked, more to keep Krycek talking than because he couldn't guess the answer. He slipped his fingers under the speedos at the juncture of Krycek's leg and crotch and stretched the material back, exposing Krycek's rigid cock. *Got to keep him thinking with the little head*, he rationalized as his hand slid across the silky, hot flesh. "Who took everything else away?"

"The smoker," Krycek moaned hopelessly. "God. Mulder. Please. He left those cigarettes for you to find. He knew it would make you hate me."

Mulder teased along the edge of the speedos with his fingers. "Why would he sabotage his own operative?"

"I was going to...ogod...Mulder...don't...I was going to tell you about him. Everything I knew. Everything I'd done. I tried...but you had paperwork to do and you wouldn't go to dinner and I couldn't tell you in the office 'cause it was bugged..."

The day before he'd discovered his partner's connection with his mortal enemy, Mulder remembered, Krycek had invited him to dinner. At first, he'd thought the younger man was coming on to him, and the notion had been flattering. But there'd been something strangely eager and desperate in Krycek's manner, something that set a match to the tinder of Mulder's sense of paranoia. He had flatly refused his partner's offer, and later on, in Skinner's office he had congratulated himself for escaping the trap that had been laid for him.

The satisfaction of that memory burned to ashes in his mind.

"...and then it was too late." Tears leaked from the corners of Krycek's eyes. "You'd've never believed me..."

Mulder tried to harden his heart against Krycek's distress. The FBI turncoat hadn't been an innocent victim. He'd put himself under the smoker's command willingly, and if he'd later come to regret it, it was his own fault. "You should never have gone to work for him in the first place, Krycek."

"Bad Alex", Krycek agreed sadly. "But I didn't know, Mulder," he pleaded earnestly. "Thought he was a special agent. He told me he was working for the NSA. I was supposed to spy on the bad guys. I was never supposed to be one. He told me you were a bad guy, Mulder."

"And you believed him?"



“Yeah. For a while. When I figured out what was going on it was too late. He must have figured out I was going to spill to you.”

It made a certain amount of sense. At least up to the point in time where the smoker had severed Krycek’s links with the bureau. “What about afterwards? Why did you keep working for him, Krycek?”

“Cause he said he’d...” Krycek’s eyes grew suddenly more focused and his erection wilted. “I shouldn’t be telling you this shit, Mulder. It’s...it’s bad. You don’t know what they...” His hand shoved weakly at Mulder. “Let me up, Mulder. I shouldn’t be here.”

Mulder easily resisted his efforts. *Oops...got to keep my mind on what I’m supposed to be doing here...* “Uh-uh, Alex. This is exactly where you should be. I owe you, remember? And you want to be here. Don’t you?” His cum slicked hand teased Krycek back into rigidity. *Time to bring out the big guns, and shoot down some of the bigger problems, to lay some of my ghosts to rest. Our ghosts.* “You killed my father, didn’t you, Krycek? Don’t lie to me,” Mulder warned, “or I’m walking away right now and leaving you here like this. Just tell me the truth.”

“No...Mulder...” Krycek gasped and threw his head back as Mulder’s lips brushed over the head of his cock. “I didn’t. I swear I didn’t. They set me up.” His legs spasmed as Mulder’s tongue slid over the salt-slicked skin, tasting, teasing, pressing against the slit. “He was ordered not to tell you anything. They knew he had set up a meeting with you...oh shit...don’t stop...I was ordered to hide in the bathroom and wait for him, as a reminder that they could get to him any time, but when he walked in Luis shot him through the window... they set me up...ahh...Mulder...I’m going to...”

“Not yet.” Mulder’s hand replaced his mouth on Krycek’s cock and he squeezed gently just below the head, feeling a heady thrill of power shoot through him as Krycek whimpered “Mulder...no...please...d...don’t stop me...”

“Nothing happens with this,” he gave Krycek’s cock another squeeze, “...until I get my answers. What about Scully’s sister?”

“Luis shot her, too.” Krycek’s back arched and his fingers dug into the sofa as Mulder’s mouth went back to work on his half turgid cock. “Then he tried to kill me with a car bomb.”

“On the smoker’s orders?”

“Probably. The smoker claimed it wasn’t him but I didn’t believe him. He wanted me dead but now he...I have my uses. He doesn’t want you dead, though, Mulder.”

Mulder lifted his head. “And what about you, Krycek? What do you want?”

“You. Oh god...” Krycek groaned, “...want you inside me...”

Even through the almost overwhelming wave of arousal Krycek's words had raised in him, niggles of guilt and self-doubt tormented Mulder as he stripped off his ex-partner's boots and jeans and jacket. If it had been anyone other than Krycek, what he was doing would have been tantamount to date rape. Krycek was too stoned to be properly considering the consequences of what he was doing.

Why should it make a difference that it's Krycek? Am I justifying my own lust, my own crime, by hiding it behind his?

But he wanted me...

He wants me.

Doesn't he..?

Mulder helped Krycek turn over, draping his legs down off the couch.

Does he really want this? Or did he come here tonight for another reason, and he's just too stoned to say no?

"Pocket of my jacket, Mulder," Krycek gestured frantically.

Mulder fished around in the pockets of Krycek's heavy leather jacket. Lube. And a condom. *Guess that answers that question*, he thought with satisfaction, *unless he's accustomed to carrying this stuff around him wherever he goes*.

Krycek was so tight a single finger made him squirm. So much for the second possibility. Whatever else he's been doing lately, getting fucked isn't it. "Tell me about aliens, Alex..."

Alex Krycek began to whimper.

*Oh, hell*, reasoned Mulder. Between the drugs and the lust it isn't likely that anything he's going to say will make sense anyway. Might as well just enjoy the moment. He unzipped, noting with satisfaction the way Krycek caught his breath at the sound.

"M...Mulder..."

He spread Krycek's thighs with his own, pausing for a moment to appreciate the sight of his elusive enemy, exposed and vulnerable, his body waiting helplessly for whatever pleasure Mulder wanted to take from it. He ripped the condom package open and quickly rolled the rubber up over his cock. He leaned forward until he was pressed against Krycek's entrance. Krycek whimpered again.

"You want this, Krycek? If so, you need to tell me."

"Do it, Mulder."

He leaned forward, feeling Krycek's tight passage opening up for him.

“Ugh.” Krycek grunted, a sound half of pain, half pleasure.

Mulder pulled out abruptly. “Sorry. Forgot the lube.”

“’S good enough, Mulder. It’s s’posed to hurt. I need it to hurt. M’bad, Mulder. Hurt me, dammit!”

Was Krycek, serious, or was this just sex play? He’d never noticed any particularly masochistic impulses in the man before, so.... Mulder forced his way slowly into the man who gasped and squirmed beneath him.

“S’good, Mulder. More. More. He’s almost gone. That’s right.”

Huh? Mulder’s lust-drunk brain cataloged Krycek’s words, but ignored them. Their bodies found a slow rhythm, Krycek’s legs quivering at every stroke. His hand bit into the edge of the couch.

Mulder grabbed Krycek’s thighs, dragging him backward until he was practically sitting on Mulder’s lap. He spread lubricant on his hand, and which he then wrapped around Krycek’s cock.

“Uh. Fuuuuck,” Krycek moaned. “Don’t...I won’t last.”

“That’s okay. You don’t need to. It’ll hurt more that way,” Mulder told him. If he’s into pain, that ought to send him right over...

“Okay,” Krycek whispered.

Shit. This is so fucked up. He’s serious. Mulder pulled Krycek back against him, until the man was deeply seated on his erect cock. “Come on, Krycek. Give it up for me,” he coaxed. He began to stroke Krycek’s weeping cock with more urgency, straining to hold back his own orgasm. “Let it go.”

Krycek threw his head back and howled. *Boy, are my neighbors gonna be pissed.* The feel of Krycek’s ass milking him sent Mulder over the edge and he clutched Krycek to him as their bodies convulsed.

Afterward, they both collapsed to the floor. After a while, Mulder struggled to sit up. “You okay?” he asked.

“It di’n’t work, Mulder. He’s still there,” Krycek said sadly. “I gotta get rid of him. Thought for sure you could do it.”

“Who?” Mulder looked suspiciously around the room. “Are you seeing ghosts?”

“Ghosts?” Krycek looked confused. “Mulder...there are no such things as ghosts.”

“That’s what you think,” Mulder muttered under his breath. “I suppose you’re going to tell me there’s no such things as aliens, either.”

“Tha’s diff’rent,” Krycek waved his hand back and forth for emphasis. “Tha’s \*real\* stuff. Aliens. Not ghosts.”

“You mean there’s an alien in my apartment?”

Krycek looked a little wild-eyed at that. “Did you see one?”

Trying to follow Krycek’s drunken train of logic was impossible the way it kept jumping the tracks. “No. Did you?”

“Nope.”

“Well, what did you see, Krycek?”

Krycek blinked, and his eyes did a slow circuit of the room. “I didn’t see it, Mulder.”

“See what?”

“I don’t know. What are we looking for?”

“Oh, never mind. You work for the smoker, right?”

“N...no. Yes. Sort of.”

“Well, who do you work for?”

“Bad people, Mulder,” Krycek whispered.

“Well, what do you see when you’re with him?”

“Aliens. ‘Speriments and stuff. Bad stuff. Gonna get worse. I heard ‘em talking. ‘bout me. I gotta give him up, Mulder. I gotta move on. ‘S time to go.”

“Give who up?”

“Gonna hurt him, Mulder. Hurt him bad. I don’t want to. They make me do things.” A tear spilled out from the corner of Krycek’s eye and rolled down his cheek. “S only a matter of time.”

“Who?” Who was holding Krycek’s leash? The smoker? And who were they going to make him hurt?

“He’s the only one.” Krycek’s lower lip was trembling and tremors were beginning to shake his diaphragm. “The only one who ever treated me like a human being. Like I mattered to him.”

“Who? The...smoker?” It was an appalling thought. Was that how the smoker had gotten control of Krycek? Through some kind of sick pretense of affection? Mulder’s estimation of Krycek’s intelligence dropped a notch.

“Yeah. The smoker. He’ll make me hurt him. Says I’m just a piss-boy. A body for the Cause. Gotta do what I’m told, or else.”

Now he was really confused. Who would make Krycek hurt who? “Who are you going to hurt, Krycek?”

Krycek began to whimper softly, drawing up his knees and rocking slightly against the back of the sofa. “I don’t want to, Mulder. I can’t tell them no. I can’t leave. They’ll hurt him. They’ll do horrible things to him.”

“Who, Krycek? Alex. Who will they hurt?” The urge to pull the younger man into his arms warred with the frustrated urge to shake him.

“I can’t tell you,” Krycek whispered. “I can never tell. Can’t say his name. Don’t ask me.” His eyes fell open, staring almost sightlessly at the ceiling. “M’a bad person, Mulder. Didn’t want to be bad. S’too late now. I don’t want to hurt him...”

Krycek obviously wasn’t drunk enough to spill all his secrets. We’ll get back to this later. Or...maybe if I come at it from another angle... “What will they make you do, Alex?”

“Bad things. Bad. Like they do to me.” Tears began leaking from Krycek’s eyes. “I did a bad thing, Mulder,” he admitted sadly. “Two bad things. Three. If he knew what I did he’d hate me. You’d both hate me.”

“What did you do?” Mulder tried to conjure up in his mind what could be bad enough to trouble the conscience of a man as completely lacking in morality as his traitorous ex-partner. Betraying the human race? *Naw, he’s already done that.*

“Can’t tell you,” Krycek insisted. “Cause you’d tell. Tattletale.”

Mulder swallowed his irritation. *All right. He won’t tell me the victim’s name or the crime. How about some other names?* “Who made you do it, Alex?”

“T...can’t tell you. Can’t say any of their names.” Krycek’s mouth turned down unhappily. “I hate him. Hate him.” He wrapped his arms around his knees and began rocking in obvious misery. “Hate him. Hate them all.”

“Why don’t you just shoot him, then?” Mulder asked, half serious. *That would solve all our problems.*

“Dead man’s switch,” Krycek replied bitterly. “He’d do it. He’s like that. They all are.” He rolled over and got to his feet, pulling his pants back up. “I gotta get back. Here... here’s...” he struggled to pull a crumpled piece of paper out of his back pocket. “Here’s an address. Bad shit happens here. I wrote...stuff...this is my handwriting.” He waved it in Mulder’s face. “Read it ‘n burn it. Tells you how to get in. Be careful.” He staggered to his feet. “I gotta go. M’sposed to leave this.” He took what looked like a small electronic device out of a box in his shirt pocket, stuck it to a wad of putty, and handed it to Mulder. “Plant this, ‘kay? I don’t have time. C’nect the wires to turn it on. I’ll come back an’ get it later.”

Mulder stared at him, bemused, as he staggered to the door. "Krycek. Wait."

Krycek ignored him. He fumbled at the doorknob for a moment as if he couldn't see it, then yanked the door open and left.

By the time Mulder got to the door and opened it, Krycek was gone. His hand came away from the doorknob damp. He touched his palm to his tongue...salty. Sweat or tears? Mulder sighed and closed the door. He didn't know what he would have said, anyway. It was obvious that Krycek was in way over his head.

*When he comes back, we'll talk. I'll find out what's going on. Maybe we can work something out. Maybe I can help him.* Mulder looked down at the device in his hand. *I suppose it wouldn't hurt to plant this for a few days. I'll have to be careful what I say...* Then he grinned. *I'll give him something to take away with him next time. Oh yeah...I know just where to put this.* He wandered off, whistling, toward his bedroom.

## End Notes

This is a fic I wrote about fifteen years ago. I just discovered this archive, and I thought I'd start out by posting some of my older works to see if there's still interest X-files fanfic. Most of the older writers have dropped off and traffic has slowed. I've got a lot of unpublished and unfinished works, and I want to test the waters to see if there is still interest.

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