

sensible

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sensible

by [coppersunlight](#)

Summary

Scully loves all of the little details and factoids she's collected about Mulder, but this just might be her new favorite.

Notes

Inspired by DD's real life ear piercings and the way they make me go absolutely feral.
Dedicated to those of y'all who get it.

Unbeta'd so please excuse any mistakes.

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

Sometimes it amazes her that there are still pieces of Mulder unknown to her. Sure, he's always been a bit of a contradiction; at one moment, a vulnerable man in a darkened motel room, entrusting her with the tale of his childhood trauma on their first case together; at another, a man putting six years of partnership on the line to conceal that the suddenly omnipresent counterterrorism agent with a keen interest in his work was his ex-girlfriend and the woman with whom he'd first shared the X-files.

For all his contradicting behaviors, though, for all his paranoia and distrust, Mulder wants to be known—has always been searching for a light with which to fill the neglectful void from his youth.

Scully has spent years trying to know him, years riding in cars and sitting through greasy spoon diner meals with him. She's pioneered medical marvels to save his threatened life and read his extensive medical files like a book. She lives because of him and still would die for him; they're so intertwined that it's easy to forget sometimes that he's not an extension of her own self.

And yet after all this time, and all their tribulations, she still doesn't know him completely. She's aware that her own willingness to open her heart and soul for exploration is tentative at best, but she's trying to make the task easier for him—a work in progress jump-started by epiphanies about old lovers and existentialism in Buddhist temples.

She thinks she's doing a good job, though, because she and Mulder seem to have finally hit their stride. Natural, inquisitive, and openly affectionate—their communication comes more easily than ever before.

So, in the weeks following their choice to nurture this careful seed of romance between them, she's been making the effort to be completely open with him—as open as a woman unlearning a lifetime's worth of hiding reactions and guarding feelings can be—and in return she's essentially been granted the all-access Mulder pass.

It's enlightening to learn about the parts of Mulder that haven't been explicitly shaped by tragedy. He hasn't yet denied her an answer to any question she's asked, no matter how ridiculous or invasive, so she aims to quell the simple curiosities she's harbored since the early days, when he was just her enigmatic new partner and she was a baby field agent with a crush.

She has a whole trove of treasures compiled now—delightful descriptions of every Halloween costume his mother ever dressed him in; stories of his silliest escapades as a stoned college student; not-so-hidden gems of his physicality, like that he loves getting to be the little spoon and that his neck is so sensitive she can get him hard with little more than a kiss to his carotid pulse point.

Tonight, she's learning that on Fox Mulder's hierarchy of important things, she's in tight competition with the Knicks.

Scully enjoys a good basketball game occasionally, so over the weekend, when he extended the invitation for her to come watch the Wednesday night game in the Conference Final series with him, she accepted, happy to be invited into another part of his personal world. She anticipated that this would require more focus than the typical movie nights where they'd provide their own commentary or kiss each other stupid, but she didn't expect him to be quite so singularly focused. And unfortunately, when she'd accepted she had no way of knowing then how unbearably impatient and admittedly horny she'd end up feeling today.

She's been trying to win his attention with strategic touches to his thigh and little humming noises, but he remains fixated on the TV, even mistaking her behavior for interest in the game at times and trying to explain various plays and stats to her.

Scully is confident that, when directly vying for his attention, she'd win out over the Knicks. *Hey Mulder, I'm trying to signal that I want you to have sex with me right now.* If she just voices it she'll have him thinking with the little head in no time, but she's hesitant to put her theory to test since he did tell her this was an important game.

She waits until the clock is winding down, the Pacers pulling ahead just enough to be discouraging, before making a more overt move. Mulder is scowling at the screen and grumbling about how Larry Johnson's been off his game all night when she decides to sling a leg across his lap and slide over to straddle him, careful not to block his view.

The way his eyes widen in surprise makes her smile. "Scully?"

She sighs and noses the line of his jaw. "The game's practically over, Mulder," she observes. "Did you have any post-game plans in mind?"

"Scully," he elongates her name in a groan. "Five more minutes and you can have your way with me, I promise, but this is their last shot at moving forward. They could go to the finals for the second year in a row if they pull off a win here!"

She nips and sucks at the skin of his throat in response. Reflexively, his hands find her hips and drag her forward, rocking up against her once and groaning again without ever breaking his concentration on the TV.

Continuing as though he hadn't spoken, she says, "I suppose I should just go home if you're not up for entertaining company."

"Oh, I'm very up for it, can't you tell? You're just impatient, woman," he snarks, a fond undercurrent to it.

She has to bite back a smile. "It's not my fault I've been classically conditioned to expect a... certain outcome when you invite me to watch something on this couch with you," she feigns innocence in a smooth, sultry voice.

He doesn't take the bait. "That's different Scully. It's your voluntary action when you accept my flimsy excuses to get you over here, and consequentially, you get an orgasm when you do; that's operant conditioning."

“Which type of conditioning did Pavlov’s dogs undergo?”

“Classical.”

“With the salivation response?”

“Mhm.”

“Then that’s the one I meant.”

At this, she succeeds in getting him to turn and look at her, and she holds his gaze for a long moment as her own eyes sparkle with mischief. Then she dips her head down and licks a slow stripe up his neck, from his collarbone to the hinge of his jaw. She feels him twitch in response where she sits on his lap, even as he whines that the game will be over soon, if she’ll just wait another minute.

“I’m sure I can keep myself busy,” she murmurs, as she continues to tongue at his neck, insouciant and slow.

As promised, the final buzzer sounds shortly and Mulder flops back against the couch with a frustrated noise, scrubbing his hands down his face. She glances at the television behind her. *Pacers take the win, 79 - 88.*

“I’m gonna need just another minute to cycle through the stages of grief here, Scully.”

She rolls her hips once and speaks against the skin of his neck. “Oh Mulder, I’m sorry. Anything I can do to make you feel better?”

Her lips trace up to his earlobe, lavishing attention on it. She bites it twice before she takes the lobe between her lips and sucks on it, surprising a moan out of him with her fervor. She wants to see his face, but as she starts to pull away she catches a nearly undetectable detail she’s never noticed before, and it completely derails any other trains of thought.

“Mulder?” she asks in the tone of voice normally reserved for questioning his more outlandish theories. “Are your ears pierced?”

He huffs a laugh and grins. “Yeah, actually. Although I’m surprised the holes are still there. It’s been ages since I’ve worn anything in them.”

Scully is captivated by the thought of some young version of Fox Mulder deciding to get his ears pierced, and a wide smile slowly breaks across her face. She needs to know more right this instant.

“Mulder,” she giggles, “what, uh...what inspired that decision?”

His face lights up in a sheepish smile and he half-shrugs. “There’s not much to it, honestly. I was a young and impressionable American abroad; I met Phoebe Green and, at the time, if she said ‘jump,’ I’d ask ‘how high’. She told me once that I’d look hot with pierced ears, and when I asked if she really meant it she practically marched me into the nearest tattoo parlor herself.”

“God, Mulder, tell me you didn’t have one of those gaudy George Michael earrings,” Scully laughs.

“What, you don’t think I could pull off a big, dangly crucifix?” She hits his chest playfully and he surges forward to capture her earlobe in retaliation, earning a shriek that dissolves into more giggles. “I’ll have you know, Scully,” he says between soft bites to her lobe, “that I had very sensible little silver hoops.”

“Are there any pictures?” He gnaws in a purposefully obnoxious way at her chin for a minute—indifferent to her shoves and complaints—before answering.

“I’m sure I have a picture or two somewhere, but it’s not like that was a well-documented era of my life. Not many of our pastimes back then were exactly legal or ethical on all fronts.”

Scully snorts. “Right. Why’d you take them out?”

Something wistful flits across his face. “As you already know, things didn’t end well with Phoebe. I was a melodramatic disaster and I took the hoops out after the breakup because they were a constant reminder of her. It was a damn shame too—I honestly kinda liked them.”

She draws back with her hands braced on his shoulders and studies him, nodding her head slightly after she scans over his features several times. “Well, she wasn’t wrong.”

His smile stretches quizzically across his face. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” she mumbles, “that you would look hot with very sensible little silver hoops.”

He smirks at her. “You think I’m hot, Scully?”

“Shut up, Mulder.”

He stands with a rare giggly Scully wrapped around his waist and deposits her somewhat gracelessly onto the couch, flat on her back. “Alright, if you’re not in the mood to talk anymore,” he starts with a wicked smile, kneeling between her legs and draping them over his shoulders, “I’m sure I can keep myself busy.”

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The following week they’re brushing their teeth at the vanity in Scully’s bathroom when she pauses to remove the pearl studs adorning her ears.

She teased Mulder just slightly after she learned about his piercings—*any tattoos you’re hiding from me, Mulder? and you know Mulder, many people report significantly increased sensitivity after getting their nipples pierced*—but for the most part, they hadn’t talked any more about it.

She's been thinking about it, though, and now she has an idea she'd like to see played out.

Rinsing and putting her toothbrush away, she demands that Mulder wait there while she runs into her bedroom to grab something. When she returns, two of her own small hoops presented in her upturned palm, she wears a self-satisfied smile. He laughs hesitantly.

"I know they're not silver, but gold is all I own," she declares.

"Scully," he sighs. "It's been so long I'm not sure I could even get them in. I think they're mostly healed closed by now."

"Won't you let me try, Mulder?" she implores, her lip jutting into a pout. "I just don't think it's fair that *Phoebe* got to see but now I'm the one suffering the consequences of her actions." She closes her hand into a fist over the earrings, circling her arms around his neck and using her free hand to scratch at the fine hair on his nape.

"It's going to hurt," he winces. "How are you going to make it worth my while?"

She hums in contemplation, leaning into him and inhaling the musky-sweet scent of his skin after a long day. "I'm sure we can work something out."

Mulder stares her down with calculating eyes, lowering his lips to speak against the shell of her ear, "I'm going to hold you to that, Agent Scully."

He catches her by the chin and draws her into a long, languid kiss, lapping at her tongue and tasting the line of her teeth from top to bottom. He pulls back and smirks as she tries to chase his retreat. Only after he renders her breathless and dazed does he acquiesce.

She disinfects the hoops and runs a cotton ball damp with sterile saline over his lobes, then she squints at him and instructs him to get shorter. He sits on the closed toilet lid, getting handsy with Scully where she stands between his legs, and whining indignantly every time she prods at his ears.

"Being fidgety is only making this worse, Mulder," she chides. "I have no idea how you managed to sit through this in the first place."

He has no reply other than, "ow! *ow ow, Jesus, fuck, Scully!*"

Her eventual success is bloody and hard-won, but she gets both hoops settled through revived piercing holes. She finger-combs his hair a few times to ruffle it and stands back, admiring her handiwork.

Mulder is an undeniably attractive man; she's known this since the moment she first locked eyes with him in the basement office—his piercing gaze under disobedient locks of floppy hair and that smartass mouth always cocked in a half-smile. He's all boyish charm, a gentle disposition with a short fuse that tends to ignite in fits of protective fury.

There's something about those sensible little hoops, though, that accentuates his more roguish qualities—his rebellious nature, the unpredictable way he walks along the sharp edge of danger, his self-assured impulsivity—and it's driving her wild.

He fixes her with a look that's somewhere between a disinterested glance and a heated glare. It's a fitting expression to go with the tiny hoops, and it's far more of a turn on than it has any right to be.

"Happy, Scully?" he asks drily, standing to examine himself in the mirror. "God, I'm too old to pull this off now. I look like somebody's washed up stepdad who comes to tee-ball games drunk."

She licks her bottom lip, but can't hold back her laugh to maintain her flirtatious air. "Oh, I'm very happy, Mulder. I think it's a sexy look for you."

"Yeah?" He's wearing a grin, but Scully catches the twinge of doubt in his voice.

She sobers her attitude and nods gently. "I really like you in sensible little hoops, Mulder. I wouldn't mind seeing them more, even."

He chuckles as he steps into her space once again and wraps his arms around her waist. "It's starting to seem like the only one getting what they want is you, Scully. Do I actually get anything out of this at all?"

"You wear those for me, Mulder, and you can have anything you want," she teases.

"Oh, is that right?" He hauls her up and tosses her over his shoulder, carrying her into the bedroom while she shrieks with laughter. "*Maybe* they'll make an appearance every once in a while on the weekends. I'm not a pretty college boy anymore, Scully. I'm a working professional—I've got a very respectable reputation to protect."

That evokes a true belly laugh from her. He lays her on the bed, and hovers over her, mossy eyes shining with mirth. "So you can take it, or leave it," he feigns nonchalance.

"I'll take it."

He hums low in his throat. "Yeah you will."

Yeah, she definitely likes this version of him.

"Mulder?"

"Hm?" His head pops up from the spot just below her collarbone, where he'd apparently decided he wanted to leave the world's most obnoxious hickey.

"You do look hot with pierced ears," she concedes.

His resulting grin is bright with reckless abandon. She's mesmerized by him—his beguiling features somehow sharpened by the subtle gleam of gold—and when she considers her melange of treasured Mulder details, she thinks this is her favorite addition yet.

End Notes

Apologies for the Larry Johnson slander--I'm sure he played wonderfully in the game I referenced, but I do not follow basketball and I will never learn any more about how the NBA works than I already did for this.

Thank you to the DD-earring-haters for giving me the strength and motivation to speak my truth. If you, like me, are rendered a hot and bothered mess by the sight of DD with earrings, please know you don't have to suffer in silence. You're not alone.

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