

A Birthday Spanking by Xanthe

Story Notes:



Pic by **CDavis**

Posted 3rd October, 2000

This is a birthday story for my dear friend, Holmes

A Birthday Spanking by Xanthe

Mulder was panting as he picked up the phone.

"Scully? Yeah...no...I'm fine...just out of breath..."

"Oh god. I didn't catch at a bad time did I? That is...you and Walter...you weren't...?" She squirmed, picturing her partner and his boss doing the wild thing in their apartment. It was a nice thought. Too nice, she realised, flushing wildly.

"God, no! Nothing like that," Mulder laughed.

"Phew. I was just calling to wish you a Happy Birthday. I hope you're having a great day,"

"Oh I am!" Mulder exclaimed joyfully. "Perfect actually. Walter's enjoying himself too I think." There was an evil grin in his voice.

"Did Walter give you your birthday spanking yet?" She asked mischievously.

"Scully!" Mulder exclaimed, outraged. "Walter and I don't have that kind of relationship. He'd never spank me!"

"Ookay!" She replied, unconvinced. Personally she had always thought those two were kinky as hell.

"So - what did Walter get you?" She asked.

"Nothing yet...but he's going to be getting me a new Armani suit, complete with designer tie, and the most expensive pair of Italian shoes we can find - aren't you, Walter?" Mulder called. Scully heard a muffled sound in the background, which she assumed was a 'yes'. "Followed by dinner at an equally expensive French restaurant, and two tickets to the ballgame next weekend."

"Sounds good. He must really love you," Scully teased, still a little embarrassed by the thought of these two men being in what she knew was a passionate, and committed relationship.

"Hmmm, it's not so much that, Scully. It's more the fact that he forgot it was my birthday so he's promising me anything right now!" Mulder laughed.

"He forgot!" Scully was shocked.

"He's a guy," Mulder replied nonchalantly. "Plus he's been working really hard lately. I forgive him. He knows he screwed up, and he's really, *really* sorry, aren't you, Walter?" Scully heard another muffled sound in the background which she took to be a 'yes'. "Say hello to Scully," Mulder said, and she heard the phone being moved. A few seconds later an extremely flustered Assistant Director came on the line.

"Uh...hello...Dana," he rasped, sounding kind of...upside down?

"Hi, Walter. I can't believe you forgot Mulder's birthday!" She chided.

"See - you've been very bad, even Scully thinks so," said Mulder's voice in the background, his words punctuated by a slapping sound, and a muffled 'oomph', which was followed by a deep, strangled voice crying: "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!".

She heard the phone being moved once more.

"He won't forget again, Scully. Trust me," Mulder said, in an entirely too cheerful tone.

"Well, enjoy the rest of your day." Somehow she had the feeling they were in the middle of something.

"I will. So will Walter." Another slapping sound. Why did she get the impression that Mulder was enjoying himself far too much for someone whose birthday had been forgotten by his lover? "Thanks for calling, Scully."

Mulder put the phone down and surveyed the perfect, handsome, tautly muscled body of his lover, who was at this precise moment in time arranged over his subordinate's lap, his glowing red ass perfectly positioned for punishment.

"Now, where was I?" Mulder asked, picking up the paddle again. "Oh yeah, I was administering a thoroughly well deserved birthday spanking, lover-boy - but in this relationship there's only one ass that gets the hot treatment, so I guess you'll have to take my 40 birthday swats for me - and that's on top of what I've already given you for forgetting! Bad Walter!"

He smacked the paddle down playfully on Skinner's rosy buttocks, and the big man writhed and squealed erotically in his lap, his hard cock digging into Mulder's thighs. Mulder sighed happily. *This* was his real birthday present - and he wouldn't be surprised if there was a proper gift from his lover hiding under the bed as well. Walter's stumbling confession about forgetting had been just a little unconvincing to his experienced interrogator's eye. His lover knew that what Mulder wanted most in the world on his birthday was the naked body of his favourite big guy draped provocatively over his knee for a well deserved punishment that they'd both enjoy, as a prelude to some hot monkey lovin'. It just didn't get any better than this! Mulder grinned, and raised his paddle again.

"Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me," he sang, punctuating each word with a lovingly delivered swat - each one making his gorgeous lover cry out heartily, thus providing the perfect counterpoint to the song. "Happy birthday Fox Mulder...happy birthday to me." He finished by bestowing 40 hot, wet kisses on the glowing buttocks in front of him, thinking that this had to be the best birthday present he'd ever had.

The End

This story archived at <http://www.xanthe.org/xo/a-birthday-spanking/>