

## [A Good Talking To by Xanthe](http://www.xanthe.org/a-good-talking-to/)

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So." Skinner fixed them both with a hard stare as they sat down, "This is a bit of a mess isn't it?" The question was rhetorical. Nobody dared answer it. Mulder chewed on his lip and Scully looked studiously at the floor. Skinner was right. It was a bit of a mess.

"I've got a report here, from police departments in 3 different states, listing between them, 24 violations of federal directives." Skinner paused for a moment and Scully smoothed down her skirt. She felt as if she were eleven years old and had been called in to see the principal for some act of mischief. Contrary to what people in the FBI might think, Dana had gone through quite a wild-child period in her youth, when visits to the principal and angry scenes with her father had been everyday occurrences. However that had been a long time ago. She was an adult now, a cool, calm, in-control person – not somebody who should have to be on the receiving end of a major dressing down from their boss. It was embarrassing. She flushed and squirmed in her chair.

Of course it had been Mulder's fault – to begin with at least. He had started it, breaking into that jail to talk to that prisoner when his original request for an interview had been denied. Things had spiralled out of control from there and once she had agreed to help him break the rules the first time, well...somehow there hadn't been any point in refusing the next time and the next time and the next.....Although she had pointed it out to him on each separate occasion when they were about to do something that would land them in trouble and each time he had grinned lazily and winked.

"What can they do to us?" he asked her. "Sue us? Send us to jail? Give us a good talking to? Guess which option they'll pick, Scully." And he was right. Here they were, undergoing the good talking to as predicted. Scully hoped that Mulder was feeling more flustered by the whole process than his manner suggested.

Mulder sighed inwardly and shifted in his chair. Words, words, words. He stopped listening and focussed instead on the way Skinner's head bobbed up and down as he spoke. Skinner's bald head. Idly, he wondered what it would be like to run his fingers over that bald scalp. Was it warm, or cool, he wondered. Of course, this was an old fantasy but he rarely got an opportunity to just sit and study his boss, a man whom Fox had long considered to be very attractive indeed. When had Skinner last had sex, he wondered? Probably not for ages he decided. Skinner was all uptight and repressed, he needed to loosen up.

"As there are so many violations, each of them by themselves, serious in nature, I suggest that we go through a list of them. One by one." Skinner said. Scully shuddered. All those things that they had done in the heat of the moment were now going to be examined in cold, clinical detail in this room – a process she was sure would take forever. She sat back in her chair, preparing herself for a long, uncomfortable few hours. Next to her she heard a slight sigh escape from Mulder's lips and she wanted to bash him in the face. It was all his damn fault that she was sitting in this chair, undergoing this torment...this torment that was

so very close to one of her own private fantasies. Too damn close!

Mulder was examining Skinner's lips. They kept opening and closing but he wasn't interested in what was being said. Instead he wondered how those lips would feel pressed against his naked thighs. He could picture the scene now: Walter Skinner, big man, assistant director at the FBI, his boss, kneeling in front of him. He was running his hands over that shiny dome as he pressed Skinner's head into his groin. His flies were open and that mouth was running itself all over his hard, rampant cock. He dug his fingers into Skinner's broad back, finding those large, powerful muscles, enjoying the feel of that powerhouse of a man under his hands.

"Violation one. Breaking into a state prison." Skinner said. "One of the rare occasions when someone has felt the need to actually break into a jail rather than out of one, but serious nonetheless, despite the irony." Irony. Yes, that's what it was. Ironic. How many times had she pictured a scene such as this one, alone in her bed at night? How many times had she received a good telling off as a prelude to something a lot more....exciting. No such hope of that happening this time, which made the whole thing even more unbearable.

"Really, I'm at a loss." Skinner was saying. "It defies belief. I take it you have both read the FBI rulebook?" He waved the manual in front of them and waited expectantly.

"Um, yeah." Mulder said, from a long way off, as if in a dream.

"Of course, sir." Scully responded icily.

"So you knew that what you were doing was in direct contravention of the directive laid out on page 37." Skinner flicked to the appropriate page and laid the manual down on the desk in front of them with a crash. Scully jumped. Mulder pretended to read the paragraph Skinner was pointing out but the words were a jumble. "Perhaps you could read it out to us, Agent Scully." Skinner said. She frowned. This was so humiliating, like being asked to read out loud at school. She cleared her throat and picked up the book, brushing Mulder's hand angrily away from the page as she did so.

"An agent's first responsibility is to ensure..."

Mulder leaned back, a smirk edging the sides of his lips. Skinner seemed to be quite rattled – so the man did have some passion in him somewhere. He wasn't just a paper-pushing bureaucrat. Mind you, he had long suspected as much. And the boss was conducting a nice little lesson in controlled humiliation. So he had been proved right – a good talking to was all they were going to get, but knowing that was all he could hand out, Skinner was at least making sure that it was a VERY good talking to. One that would stay with them forever, the long, uncomfortable hours etched indelibly in their memories.

Scully finished reading and put the book back on the desk. She hoped Mulder would get his turn at this soon. She nudged the book over to Skinner, meeting his eyes for a second and finding them strict and angry. She bit her lip again, trying to ignore the fiery thrill that his glance had ignited in her.

"It's hard to think of anything that will discourage you from such actions in future." Skinner was saying. "Although in the circumstances I think a good spanking is in order."  
"Um...what?" Scully looked up.

"I said, that for agents of your ranking, this behaviour is out of order. Please concentrate, Agent Scully."

"Yes, sir," she mumbled, her cheeks on fire.

Blah, blah, blah. Mulder thought to himself. Didn't Skinner ever get bored with having to be so buttoned up? Hadn't he ever once wanted to let his hair down? This thought amused him, bearing in mind his boss's almost total lack of hair and he grinned to himself.

"Something amusing you, Agent Mulder?" Skinner asked him sharply.

"No, sir." He answered smartly. "You're quite right, about everything. This is all our fault. We were completely in the wrong and we won't ever do anything like it ever again. Can we go now, sir?"

"Go?" Skinner adjusted his glasses, his eyes astonished. "Oh no, Agent Mulder. You don't get out of this that easily. I've hardly started yet."

Damn. Mulder wasn't sure how long he could sit here, staring at that gorgeous body encased in its crisp white shirt without his erection becoming obvious.

"A bare-bottomed spanking." Skinner continued, his forehead crinkling up into a severe frown. "Over my knee. Come here, young lady."

"Yes, sir." She said.

Skinner paused. His words hadn't really required any affirmation. He stared at Scully for a moment. Her eyes were fixed on a point just over his right shoulder in such a compelling way that he almost turned round to see what she was staring at.

"Let's move on to violation number 4 then," he said, turning over one of the pages in front of him.

Scully got up and undid her skirt, handing it absently to Mulder. Skinner pushed his big, black, leather chair away from his desk and opened the drawer. Inside was a wide, flat paddle. He got it out and put it ominously on the desk.

"Don't delay, Agent Scully. You deserve this punishment and I'm not prepared to be lenient with you."

"Yes, sir." She said, feeling her whole body explode as if on fire. In trepidation she inched forwards, until she was standing right in front of her boss. He was so close now that she could smell the clean scent of his aftershave and she noticed how big and wide his hands were.

"Bend over, Scully." He ordered, gripping her arm and pulling her down over his knee. She gasped and wriggled as her face found itself almost touching the carpet. She felt Skinner's

hand on her back, and the other on her panties. He pulled them down quickly without any preamble and she felt the cool air on her exposed bottom. There was a silence, and she tensed, then she felt his warm hand smoothing over her buttocks before the first blow struck.

"First you'll feel my hand. Then the paddle." Skinner told her, his big hand smacking down on her poor, naked, defenceless bottom cheeks.

"So, onto violation number 7. A direct lie to me." Skinner said. "A lie that you, Agent Mulder, told verbally, and which you, Agent Scully, compounded by repeating it and, I might add, embellishing it, in your report. A report you signed and gave to me in person. Do you still stand by what you stated in your report?"

What report? Scully stared at him. What on earth was he talking about? Had she forgotten to do her homework? Was she on report, or was he talking about her report card? She always got a good report from school. Daddy had never complained about that. Her behaviour yes, her grades, no.

"Perhaps you would like to read out the section of the report in dispute, Agent Mulder." Skinner said, "as Scully seems unable to answer the question. Maybe her memory needs refreshing."

"Sure." Mulder took the page. "Agent Mulder and I made no attempt to apprehend the man. It was the last time we saw him."

"In fact, you took the man to a secret destination and asked him a lot of questions, didn't you?" Skinner said.

"You could interpret it like that." Mulder shrugged. "But he wasn't really a man, sir."

"Ah yes. That brings us onto violation number 8. The "man" who was really an animated composite of ectoplasm and human DNA, designed to have the appearance of a man."

"Yeah. That's about it." Mulder said. "The appearance of a man. A bit like you, sir."

"What?"

"Well, you look like a man, but is there anything going on in the trouser department, if you get my meaning?"

Skinner sighed. Now Mulder was doing it. Staring fixedly at a spot over his shoulder, a thin sheen of sweat gathering on his top lip.

"I'm all man, Agent Mulder. Do you want the proof?" Skinner challenged.

"Yeah. I want proof. Every day you sit behind this desk. Do you have a dick, sir and if so, do you know what to do with it?"

"I know what I'd like to do with it right now, Mulder."

"Oh yeah! What?" Mulder got to his feet, leering at his boss.

"I'd like to ram it down your throat, son!" Skinner roared, grabbing him across the desk by the tie and pulling him over until their faces met. Skinner's lips were insistent on his, firm and sweet. He hoped his dick tasted as good. Mulder leapt over the desk and starting

unbuttoning his boss's trousers.

"Violation 13. Unlucky for some. Definitely unlucky for you two." Skinner said tersely. This dressing down seemed to be working. Neither of his agents had said a word for 15 minutes. Scully was now gazing fixedly at the floor, while Mulder was still staring over his shoulder. Whenever he raised his voice or slammed his hand onto the desk, Scully jumped perceptibly and wriggled while Fox leaned forwards, crossing his arms awkwardly over the front of his trousers.

"Please, sir. Please." Scully begged, the tears streaming down her face as that insistent hand came down over and over again on her poor bottom.

"Tears won't do you any good, Dana." Skinner told her briskly. "When a girl has been as naughty as you have, she deserves a good spanking."

"Yes, sir." She wept. "But it hurts so much, sir. Ooh, please!"

"Dana, stop all this fuss." The hand ceased its relentless slapping and she felt a fiery surge in her buttocks. "This is the easy part, miss. Soon I'm going to use the paddle and you'll really feel that!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" She cried, grabbing onto his thigh and feeling a familiar hardness there. "Don't use the paddle, sir. I'll do anything. I promise! It wasn't my fault anyway. It was his!" She pointed in the general direction of Fox's feet.

"Mulder will get his spanking in a minute." Skinner told her gravely. "But I haven't finished with you yet, my girl! This paddle is an extremely severe instrument, Dana. I save it only for my naughtiest agents." She heard him pick up the paddle and swing it lightly through the air a couple of times and then it cracked across her sore, flaming buttocks.

"This is something I really cannot imagine an explanation for." Skinner said. From a long way off Fox managed to drag his eyes to meet those of his boss.

"Um...no." he mumbled. He had no idea what Skinner was referring to but his tone had seemed to require a response.

"So you don't have one?"

"No." Fox said, trying to force himself back to reality. It was hard, especially when he could feel Skinner's huge, gleaming cock, pounding away against the back of his throat.

"Well that's not good enough. You see, Agent Mulder, I want an explanation. And you're not leaving this room until I get one." He slapped the palm of his hand down on the desk and Scully made a little whimpering sound. Skinner looked at her in alarm. He was doing his best but he hadn't imagined that he was all that frightening. Scully's legs were tightly crossed and she was rocking back and forwards slightly. Her eyes were wide and almost...excited?

An explanation...but for what? Fox wondered. Where were they up to on the catalogue of misdeeds and what could he say that would shut Skinner up and allow him to get back to his fantasy?

"It was a bad mistake." Fox said.

"Yes." Scully nodded her head gravely. "A bad mistake." She felt annoyed with herself for losing the plot, but hell, she was only human and Skinner couldn't possibly just sit there, being all schoolmasterly and strict and not expect a girl to react in a certain way....Any minute now he was going to ask them to write lines. "I must not disobey my boss" would be nice. Or "I must not tell my boss lies or I'll face the consequences." Or....

"A bad mistake." Skinner mused, leaning back in his chair. At least they weren't being defiant or trying to defend their actions but still...he wasn't sure he was convinced. Certainly it was too early to let them off. He needed to be sure they understood the gravity of their situation. Sometimes, from the way they behaved, he got the impression that they didn't have any respect for his authority at all.

Crack. The paddle steamed down again and Scully was panting and begging and writhing and wriggling on Skinner's lap. She could feel the hard mass of his erection as she squirmed and the delicious fire in her blazing backside was getting out of control.

"Please, sir. Please let me go. I'll be good. I'll be very good. I'll show you how good I can be." The spanking stopped, abruptly.

"What can you mean?" Skinner asked.

"I'll show you." She slipped off his lap and knelt, half naked, at his feet, reaching into his trousers to release his swollen cock. Soon she had it in her mouth and Skinner sat back, with a sigh, as she ran her lips over the large, pulsating penis.

Fox sat back on his knees, the come dripping down his chin. Skinner reached out and wiped it off with the cuff of his sleeve.

"So, what were you saying about me being a real man?" He asked.

"Nothing." Fox backed off, holding his hands in the air. "You're all man, sir. I take it all back! In fact, I wish I could." He stared in regret at Skinner's now limp penis.

Skinner glanced at his watch. They had been going through this for nearly 3 hours now and he was quite satisfied with the result. His agents' eyes were glazed and he guessed that they were as tired as he was with this whole thing but it was important that they see it through. He didn't want them to think he was a soft touch. He had said he would go over each violation and he intended to.

"Violation 22." He put one finger inside the collar of his shirt to relieve the pressure a bit. He couldn't understand why it was so hot in his office and wondered if the heating had been turned up. "Do either of you have anything to say about this?" He asked, taking a sip of water. Scully glared at Mulder. He'd have to answer this one, she had her mouth full right now.

"Jerk me off!" Fox yelled, his voice echoing across the silent room. He couldn't bear the tightness in his trousers for another second. He wanted Skinner to grab hold of him in a certain place and pump his cock up and down until he came all over the desk, showering his thick semen all over those stupid violations! That was a nice image and he savoured it for a moment, not noticing Scully's vicious glare.

"We shuddna lockkee showoff up in zone jal." Scully mumbled, not quite able to form the words properly.

"I'm sorry, Agent Scully. I missed that." Skinner leaned forward, enquiringly.

"Um, I mean we shouldn't have locked the sheriff up in his own jail." She said, slowly, concentrating on each word.

"I would have thought that was obvious." Skinner said drily. "So who's bright idea was that?" Scully waited for Mulder to take responsibility but when no answer was forthcoming Skinner started to tap his fingertips impatiently on the desk. "I'm waiting." He said. Damn Mulder! Scully nudged him with her toe but there was still no response. Well alright, if that was the way he wanted to play it, she would take the responsibility, but there were ways she would make him pay.

"It was my idea, sir." She said, trying not to meet Skinner's stern, outraged gaze. "But he started it." She knelt back on the floor and pointed to Mulder. "And it's his turn to be punished now, sir."

"Quite right, Agent Scully. Mulder, get your trousers off and come here." Skinner ordered peremptorily.

"Aw, sir!" Mulder whined. "This is just so embarrassing, sir."

"Well you should have thought of that before you started misbehaving." Skinner told him.

"Now get over here or do I have to come and fetch you?"

"No, sir." Reluctantly Mulder undid his belt and slid his trousers off. Scully rocked back on her heels and squealed with delight.

"Serves you right!" she jeered as he walked over to meet his fate. He stuck his tongue out at her.

"Over you go." Skinner pulled the other man down briskly and swiftly divested him of his cotton briefs. Scully watched with breathtaking delight as her boss picked up the paddle and brought it down with a satisfying slap on Mulder's bare backside.

"Ow!" he yelled, trying to wriggle free, but Skinner was too powerful for him and kept him held down with his strong left arm as his equally strong right arm delivered blow after blow on the agent's derriere.

"I can see that you are going to make even more fuss than Agent Scully." Skinner muttered darkly. "But it's no use, Mulder. Badly behaved agents like you give us all a bad name and a good spanking is just what you deserve."

"Violation 23." Skinner moved on, wearily. If only all this were over and he could return to his comforting routine. He glanced with peevish longing at the stack of paperwork he had to get through. There was nothing like a huge bulging in-tray to give a man pleasure he thought to himself. Never mind, they were nearly there. "Violation 23," he repeated, clearing his throat and trying not to be distracted by the way Mulder's eyes were fixed on the area of his shirt that covered his stomach. He glanced down to make sure he hadn't dropped any of his steamed treacle sponge down himself at lunch, but no, there wasn't a mark there. "Failure to report in after a mission. Does anyone have anything to say about that?" Mulder grinned as Skinner perched himself on the desk in front of him and reached out a big arm to pull him close. "Anything I can do for you?" Skinner whispered in his ear.

"Yes, please!" he took hold of Skinner's hand and directed it down to his bulging trousers.

"What?" Skinner asked.

"I'm sorry?" Mulder looked up, confused.

"You nodded, Mulder. So what is it that you have to say?"

"Did I nod?" Mulder asked.

Scully smiled as Mulder got what was coming to him.

"Scully?" Skinner asked, seeing her lips move.

"Yes, sir?" she asked dreamily, watching as Mulder's strangulated cries gradually faded into a long continuous sob of pain.

"I think that's enough, Fox." Skinner said, halting the spanking and throwing the paddle down onto the desk. "But remember that I keep this paddle ready and waiting in my top drawer. So next time you think of doing something naughty, I suggest you sit down and have a long hard think about it. Mind you," he leaned forward with a little smile, "sitting down is something you won't be doing much of for the next few days, Mulder!" Scully crowed with delight.

"Failure to report in after a mission?" Skinner repeated, wondering if he was losing the thread of all this.

"Um yes. We definitely should have phoned in as soon as we'd worked out what was going on." Scully said, still on a high as she watched Mulder ease his trousers back up over his reddened backside.

"Indeed you should." Skinner replied, taking hold of her and placing her on her back on the floor. "You are a very bad girl, Dana. The sort of girl who likes having her pussy licked." She gasped as she felt his warm breath on her steaming hot thighs and the tickle of his tongue as it thrust inside her.

"Gnnff." She muttered. Skinner paused in mid-sentence. He had the feeling that Scully was trying to tell him something. Perhaps this wasn't as it seemed, perhaps this ectoplasmic

monster they had been chasing had harmed her in some way. No, get a grip on yourself, man, he told himself. Honestly! Ectoplasmic monsters! It was clearly some mad delusion that Mulder had foisted on Scully and he must be careful not to get sucked in himself. The trouble was, Mulder could be so plausible about everything.

"Now, now, now!" Fox grunted, Skinner's big hand obscuring his throbbing penis as he squeezed and pumped it up and down. Fox put his head on the man's shoulder as he worked, licking at his boss's earlobes. Then he felt the come spurting out of him, going everywhere in huge, irrepressible waves. "Oh god." He fell against Skinner, feeling the other man hold him up, digging his hands into Skinner's large, hard pectorals for support.

"Now, now, now!" Dana screamed, feeling that tongue lapping insistently inside her. "Make me come, sir," She did, in an enormous creamy wave, that splattered out over the carpet and all over Skinner's nose.

"A very, very, bad girl!" He remonstrated, picking her up and wiping his nose with his handkerchief.

"Well, I think that about wraps it up." Skinner got out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. It was sweltering in here. He glanced at the radiator, wondering if it was working properly. Scully gave a strangulated cough, her eyes staring fixedly at the handkerchief. Skinner was troubled. He stopped mopping and studied the handkerchief. Was there something embarrassing on it that he didn't know about? Had the ink from his pen leaked on to it and was he even now wiping a black stain across his brow? No. There was nothing, but his handkerchief was sopping wet. He opened his desk drawer to pull out the spare he kept there and looked up to find Scully peering in with a look of intense curiosity on her face. He moved aside the gun he kept in the drawer and unfolded the nice clean hanky.

"Something wrong, Agent Scully?" He asked.

"Oh no." She said innocently, still craning her neck to see into the drawer. He closed it, feeling somewhat unnerved by her curiosity.

"I think you both know how unhappy I am with your behaviour." He said sternly. They nodded, imperceptibly. "I don't want to have to spend another afternoon like this one." They shook their heads, both of them flushing guiltily. That was good, Skinner thought approvingly. At least they seemed to be taking some sort of responsibility here.

"Can we go then?" Mulder asked. Skinner nodded. Mulder got cautiously to his feet, his arm hanging at a slightly unusual angle over his trousers. Skinner wondered if he had been wounded in some way during his fight with the ectoplasmic man. Scully uncrossed her legs with a sigh. She smiled at him in a slightly dreamy way.

"I really am very sorry, sir." She said in a contrite, little-girl voice that sounded quite unlike her.

"Very well, Agent Scully." He said importantly as he ushered them out. He wanted to add

something like "and don't do it again" but decided against it. The chances of them meeting another ectoplasmic man had to be fairly slim. "Remember what I said." He told them instead.

Skinner returned to his desk with a sigh. It had been an unpleasant but necessary duty. Now he could turn his attention back to his beloved paperwork. He sniffed the air in his office. There was a strange scent to it - something must definitely be wrong with the heating system. He opened the window, hoping that what he had said had had an impact on those two. He was pleased with the way they had responded to the good talking to that he had given them. He thought he had got through to them, although of course, you could never actually tell what was going on in people's heads.....

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