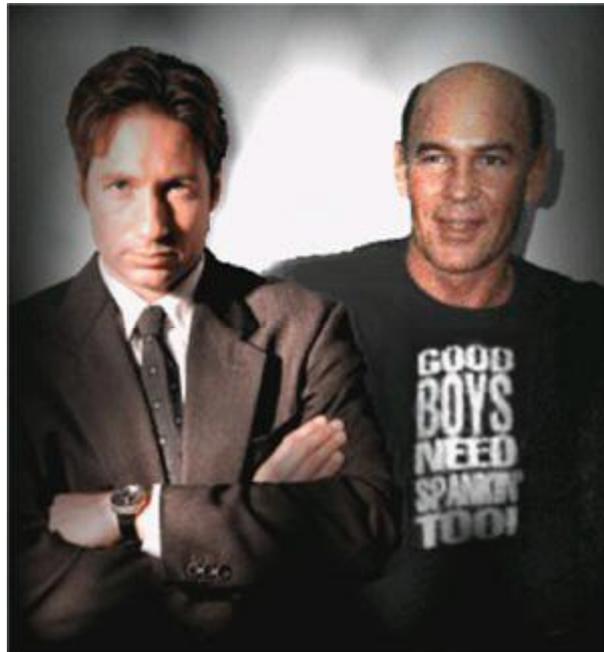


## Good Boys Need Spanking Too by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/good-boys-need-spanking-too/>

### Story Notes:

This story is for the Persuaders. Thanks to **CDavis** for the inspirational pic which provided me with the title <G>

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Mulder stretched lazily and rolled over onto his stomach, revelling in the feeling of space...it was always so nice staying over at Walter's place, sleeping in his lover's enormous double bed, curled up beside his lover's equally enormous, muscular body. The luxury of a night spent together was one that they didn't get to enjoy very often but they were leaving DC early the next day to conduct a rare investigation together, so it had seemed sensible that Mulder stay over at Crystal City.

Mulder grunted, half-awake, half-asleep, and reached for Skinner...only to encounter empty space. He thought about it for a moment, in a muffled middle-of-the-night kind of way, then finally raised his head to glance blearily at the empty space beside him. It took his brain several seconds to process the information that his lover was not in the bed. Several more seconds were needed for Mulder's foggy brain to take in the fact that it was 3.17 am. He thumped his head back down on the pillow, and closed his eyes again, having come to the logical conclusion that Skinner was in the bathroom. He dozed happily for another half an

hour, before it permeated his consciousness that something wasn't right. Finally roused, he sat up, pushed his hair away from his forehead, and reached for his robe.

Mulder wandered downstairs, fastening his robe as he went, and yawning to himself, wondering whether Skinner was indulging in a midnight snack. He glanced into the living room on his way to the kitchen but it was in darkness so he continued on his way...then paused, took a step back, and peered into the living room again.

"Walter?" He whispered.

His lover was sitting bolt upright in a chair, in the dark, staring into space, the top of his bald head eerily lit by the light from the street outside. Skinner was motionless, only his rapidly bouncing knee betraying that he was even awake.

"Walter?" Mulder crept over, knelt down beside the chair, and touched his lover's overactive knee gently. Skinner jumped and half-turned, his expression wary. "Sorry - I didn't mean to startle you. Are you okay?" Mulder asked gently, running his fingers along the big man's thigh soothingly.

"I'm fine." Skinner's voice was low and gruff. It was his standard brush-off line.

Mulder sat back on his haunches and chuckled. "I'm fine," he mimicked. "I think you'd say that if you were in the middle of a heart attack, big guy!"

Mulder snapped on the table lamp and surveyed his lover critically. Skinner had dark shadows under his eyes, and his face was drawn, his brow furrowed with worry.

"Hey, Walter. C'mon, what's all this about?" Mulder asked, crouching down in front of his lover again, trying to get Skinner to look him in the eye. His lover had been withdrawn for days now, and Mulder realised, guiltily, that he'd been too preoccupied with his own problems, including an audit of the X Files department, to do anything about it. In fact they'd barely seen each other outside work for weeks what with one thing and another. He was annoyed with himself for allowing it get to the stage that Skinner would spend the night staring into space, clearly gnawing away at something, while his lover slept like a baby upstairs.

"It's nothing, Mulder. I just couldn't sleep, that's all," Skinner replied irritably, rolling his shoulders around as if they were tense.

"Why?" Mulder got up, went around to the back of the chair, and began firmly kneading his lover's neck. He was surprised by how stiff Skinner's muscles were. "Have you been remembering to stretch properly after working out?" Mulder asked suspiciously.

"Of course," Skinner replied in his most irritated tone of voice. "I've been working out since you were a kid, Mulder. I do know how to warm down afterwards."

"Okay. Only asking." Mulder chewed on his bottom lip, frowning. "Well, you're pretty wound up," he commented, his fingers finding a knot in his lover's usually well honed, relaxed shoulders. He massaged the spot hard, and felt Skinner wince beneath his fingertips. "Want to tell me about it?" Mulder asked carefully.

"There's nothing to tell," Skinner snapped. "I just couldn't sleep that's all, so I came down here so I wouldn't wake you. I don't need the goddamn Spanish Inquisition, Mulder!" He wrenched away from his lover's caress, and got up.

"I'm worried about you," Mulder commented mildly, not reacting to Skinner's anger, but observing every single nuance of his lover's stance. He knew that the big man had a habit of bottling up what was bothering him until it reached crisis point. He also knew that his lover would prefer to walk naked into a burning building than actually talk about his emotions.

"I just want some space. Christ, I feel like I can't breathe!" Skinner growled, marching towards the door.

Mulder got there first, and shut it with a bang. Skinner pulled up short, breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling, his robe opening slightly to reveal a broad expanse of chest covered in a fine sheen of sweat. Mulder decided that enough was enough.

"You're not going anywhere," he said firmly. "I've put up with this for long enough, Walter. Now get back to the couch and sit down. You and I are going to have a little chat."

"I am not fucking going to have a chat. It's the middle of the night. I'm going back to bed," Skinner snarled, brushing past his lover and reaching for the door. Mulder's hand shot out and curled hard around his lover's wrist, holding it in a steely grasp.

"Walter, I'm not kidding. This has gotten serious. Go back to the couch," Mulder said in his most authoritative tone. It wasn't a tone of voice he used very often, but he usually found the shock value of it worked fairly well. Skinner hesitated, and Mulder noticed the way his lover was trembling. He wanted nothing more than to envelop the big man in his arms, and hold him tight, but he knew, from past experience, that Skinner wouldn't accept such comfort. There were times when Mulder understood just how Sharon must often have felt, wanting desperately to help her husband but unable to find a way in. Mulder had decided very early on that the only way to deal with this side of Skinner's personality was to prevent whatever was bothering the big man from festering. It wasn't always easy to drag Skinner's worries out of him, but Mulder had devised a number of strategies for doing just that - and it was clear that he was going to have to use the most extreme of those tonight. "I mean it, marine! Now!" He ordered.

Skinner's eyes widened in his pale, pinched face but he didn't resist as Mulder propelled him back over to the couch.

"Mulder...I'm sorry," he muttered. "I, uh, shouldn't have spoken to you like that."

"No, you shouldn't, and we'll deal with that, marine," Mulder said firmly, rapping out the

words hard and fast so that his lover was in no doubt about how he intended to deal with it. "We've talked before about what is and is not acceptable in the way we address each other. You quite rightly pointed out that I had no right to yell at you just because something wasn't going right for me. I expect the same in return."

"Damnit I know that!" Skinner said angrily. "I just need..." He clenched his fists hard, and Mulder's heart went out to his lover.

"Hush. It's okay," he murmured softly, gently caressing the side of Skinner's face with his fingers. "It's all right, Walter. I know what you need and I'm going to make sure you get it. I've allowed this to go on for too long - you've been getting yourself deeper and deeper into this for days now and if you won't talk to me about it, then I'm afraid I'll have to make you."

Realisation crept slowly into Skinner's eyes, and for the first time he made eye contact with Mulder, his expression shocked. "No. There's no need for that, Mulder. I..." he began.

"There's every need," Mulder insisted. "Come here, marine," he ordered.

Skinner hesitated, his fists continuing to clench and unclench spasmodically. Mulder knew how deeply his lover was sunk in whatever despair he was currently experiencing, and he knew he had to act decisively.

"I said come here - now!" he snapped.

Skinner obeyed immediately, as if on auto pilot and Mulder had to hide his wry smile. When his lover was this distraught, it was as if his military training took over - and he wanted nothing more than to surrender to Mulder's orders, almost to lose himself in them. However much Skinner's rational mind fought against this part of their relationship, Mulder knew that deep down his lover found it comforting. When it was as bad as it clearly was this time, this was the only way his lover would find peace.

"Attention!" Mulder rapped out. Skinner stood immediately to attention, staring straight ahead. "Listen to me, marine. Your behavior tonight has been unacceptable. Did you hear me?" Mulder said.

"Yessir! Unacceptable, sir!" Skinner replied immediately. Mulder nodded, satisfied by the response. He walked around his lover, talking the whole time. "This is serious, marine. You are in severe need of an attitude adjustment. Do you understand me?"

"Yessir! Attitude adjustment, sir!" Skinner repeated, still staring straight ahead.

There were times when Mulder had to try not to laugh when he took Skinner deep into this kind of session. He had no experience of the military and he was sure that he sounded like an appalling parody of a sergeant major from a really bad movie. He had no desire to laugh on this occasion though - his lover was hurting inside, and Mulder was desperate to help him.

"All right. I'm going to punish you," Mulder said. "Do you understand that, marine?"

"Yessir!" Skinner nodded, but Mulder was aware that his fists had clenched one last time - and remained clenched.

"Do you know why I'm going to punish you, marine?" Mulder demanded, keeping up the pace.

"For insolence, sir!" Skinner replied immediately. "For disrespect!"

"That's only partly why," Mulder replied. "You're the finest marine in this whole damn unit. I'm also going to punish you because I won't stand by and watch you go under. Do you understand me?"

Skinner faltered, and his eyes wandered in Mulder's direction.

"Attention!" Mulder commanded quickly, and his lover's eyes snapped back, staring straight ahead as before. "I repeat - do you understand me?" Mulder demanded.

"Sorry, sir. I'm not sure..." Skinner muttered.

"It's simple enough - repeat after me. I'm being punished to remind me how much my CO cares about his best marine."

Skinner hesitated again.

"Say it, marine!" Mulder ordered.

"I'm being punished to remind me how much my CO cares about his best marine - SIR!" Skinner repeated quickly.

"Good." Mulder nodded. Getting Skinner to admit that he was cared about was always important before administering any kind of punishment. "At ease, marine," he said in a softer tone of voice. Skinner's shoulders relaxed, and he opened his legs and stood with his hands behind his back. "Good," Mulder said again, in an approving tone. He went to stand in front of Skinner and looked him in the eye. "You are the best damn marine I've ever known and I'm going to make sure that you know that too by the time we're finished," he said.

Skinner licked his lips nervously, and Mulder decided to move things along. He sat down on the couch, and then looked up at his lover. Skinner was still deeply into the role, which just went to show how badly he needed this right now.

"Undress and come here!" Mulder commanded.

Skinner obeyed immediately, shrugging off his robe, and coming to stand in front of his lover. Mulder sighed. The sight of a naked Skinner, in all his glory, always made his cock do an immediate leap of interest, but now was neither the time nor the place for that reaction,

so he willed it away and focussed on what he had to do next.

"Over my knee," he ordered, grabbing a throw cushion and placing it on his lap. Skinner knelt immediately, and then swung his large body over his lover's lap. Mulder arranged the big man in as comfortable a position as possible - for both of them. He made sure that Skinner's body was supported on the couch, and then surveyed the willingly proffered buttocks in front of him with a little smile. The globes of flesh were a pale tan colour, taut and inviting. Mulder rested his hand on them, and caressed the skin lovingly. "I'm going to punish you in a minute, but first I want you to relax," he said soothingly, all trace of his military tones gone, although his voice remained firm and authoritative.

"Yes, sir," Skinner murmured softly but his buttocks remained resolutely taut and clenched. Mulder stroked them softly, waiting until the body beneath his fingers gradually relaxed. It took a long time, but Mulder wasn't in any hurry, and besides, he loved just sitting here, playing with his lover's superb ass. It wasn't exactly a hardship.

"I said, relax, marine," he murmured as he stroked, tapping the skin here and there, relishing the way it pinked up beneath his hand.

Gradually he felt some of the tension ebb away from his lover's body, as Skinner became mentally reconciled to the fact that he was over Mulder's knee, and he was going to be punished, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"All right. I'm going to start now and I'm not going to stop until you've started opening up to me - however long that takes. Do you understand that, Walter?" Mulder asked.

"Yes, sir." Skinner's voice was a whisper.

"Good." Mulder surveyed the waiting buttocks on his lap for a moment, his hand raised, then he brought his hand down with a sharp crack. Skinner jumped, but he didn't cry out. Mulder intended to make him do just that. He knew from experience that he had to carry this through to the very end - however long that took. He hadn't had cause to resort to these kind of extreme measures with his lover very often in the past, but he had found it a very effective way of getting behind the many barriers Skinner put up. He knew his lover wanted to be drawn out, and equally he knew just how hard Skinner found it to talk about his innermost thoughts and feelings. He had gotten better at it over the months of their relationship but even so, it still didn't come easily to him.

Mulder had discovered this method of dealing with his lover purely by chance - and much to the surprise of both of them. It had happened soon after Mulder had recovered from brain surgery orchestrated by the cigarette smoking man. While in a state of extreme mental agitation, enabling him to read the minds and emotions of everyone around him, Mulder had found out that Krycek had compromised his lover. Worse than that was the fact that Skinner had kept that information from Mulder in order to protect him. Mulder had been both touched and hurt at the same time - Skinner was his life partner for god's sake! Mulder hadn't been happy that the big man had kept such an important secret, even if he did understand why. When he'd recovered, the first thing he did was tackle his lover in a

marathon confrontation that had lasted all night and had resulted in both of them nearly walking out more than once. It had only been resolved when Mulder had insisted that Skinner share his problems from that moment on, to which his lover had replied that although he would try, he found it hard. Both of them had required some closure - Mulder for his hurt feelings, and Skinner for his guilt. Somehow the spanking had just happened - and Mulder had been stunned by the catharsis it created for his lover. Skinner had been more relaxed and at ease than Mulder had ever known him, and the big man had revealed far more during the spanking than Mulder would ever have expected. After having seen the results that one simple spanking wrought, Mulder had used the tactic again - frequently - whenever he thought his lover needed it. And Skinner, much to Mulder's delight, had left that decision entirely to his lover - and always submitted whenever Mulder made it clear that he thought another spanking was necessary.

Now his lover was clearly in desperate need of catharsis. Mulder steeled himself, grasped his lover's waist tightly, and began to thoroughly blister the tautly muscled buttocks in front of him. Skinner was big enough to get up, and refuse to take whatever Mulder was meting out - but it was testament to his lover's personality that he never even tried to. He took everything - even when he hollered and screamed like a baby, he never once tried to get up, or stop the spanking.

Mulder worked over his lover's bottom thoroughly, starting at the crease where buttock met thigh, and working his way up, then down again, in a methodical rhythm. His hand rose and fell, and rose and fell, and the flesh beneath it started to warm up, getting hotter and hotter, and turning an increasingly glowing shade of red. Mulder paused, and glanced at his lover's face. Skinner's eyes were shut, and he was resting his head on his arms, but his fists were still clenched, and he was clearly still resisting. Mulder hardened his heart, and decided on more drastic measures. He landed a heavy slap on his lover's thighs, and felt Skinner jump beneath his hand.

"I'm going to punish you very hard, marine," Mulder promised firmly. "I think you need that, don't you?"

Skinner didn't reply, but Mulder noticed a very slight nod of his head.

"Anytime you want to say something - just go ahead and talk. It doesn't matter if it makes sense or not, just let it all out," Mulder instructed. There was another slight movement of his lover's head. Mulder sat up straight, and brought his hand down hard, over and over again, on his lover's thighs. He rained down the blows, working thoroughly, covering the area between Skinner's waist and knees with the palm of his hand. His hand was burning almost as much as his lover's butt before he had his breakthrough. It wasn't much, just a slight sob, but it was a sign that the barriers his lover was hiding behind were starting to break down.

"What is it, Walter? What's been making you act like a bear with a sore head recently?" Mulder asked.

"S'tupid," Skinner replied incoherently.

"I don't care how damn stupid it is, marine. Tell me - that's an order!" Mulder commanded.

"Couldn't sleep." Skinner whispered.

Mulder continued to rain down swats on his lover's bottom, straining to hear what Skinner was saying over the sound.

"Why couldn't you sleep, Walter?" He asked.

"She wouldn't let me...she was there." Skinner gave a half sob, the sound choking in his throat.

"Who, Walter?" Mulder demanded. There was no reply, as Skinner buried his face in his arms again.

"I said, who, marine, and I expect an answer!" Mulder rapped out, issuing two extra sharp slaps to Skinner's reddening thighs.

"Her! In my dreams...nightmares." Skinner shuddered. Mulder stopped, his hand held in mid-air, then he moved it down to gently stroke and caress the trembling man on his lap.

"The Old Woman? You saw her again?" He asked gently. Skinner nodded, mutely. Mulder continued his soothing caress, tenderly stroking his lover's warm buttocks. "Why couldn't you tell me that, Walter?" Mulder asked. He had learned that after a hard spanking to loosen his lover's tongue, the other man responded to gentle coaxing. Skinner was silent, so Mulder delivered a little slap to remind him that he had to continue.

"Every time she's appeared...something terrible has happened," Skinner whispered.

"And you think she's presaging something this time?" Mulder bit on his lip, not sure how to deal with this. His own experience of the paranormal made him wonder whether Skinner might not be right in his assessment of the situation.

"Yes," Skinner mumbled.

"Why couldn't you tell me that? I don't understand," Mulder murmured, stroking his lover's back.

"Not all," Skinner muttered into his arms.

"Keep going then, marine. I want to hear all of it," Mulder said, delivering another sharp little slap to keep his lover's mind focussed.

"There was a sense of loss...I was running...I kept running and running, all around the house,

looking in cupboards, under the bed, even in the closet for god's sake...and I couldn't find..." He broke off with a sob of anguish.

"What couldn't you find, Walter?" Mulder asked gently, stroking his lover's bottom again, soothing and encouraging him. Skinner was silent for a long time, so Mulder gave him another swat on his backside. "What was it you'd lost, marine?" He asked more firmly.

"You!" Skinner replied in a choking gasp. "I'd lost you. I looked for you everywhere but you'd gone, and I kept calling for you and crying and...when I woke up I was still crying - even though it was just a dream."

Skinner was crying for real now, and Mulder felt a lump rise in his own throat. This man over his lap meant everything to him. He knew Skinner hid so much beneath that veneer of macho invulnerability. His pragmatic, no-nonsense lover would never have willingly admitted that he was this upset because of a dream - until Mulder gave him no choice. In their normal, everyday lives, Skinner was his usual quiet, practical self - there were few signs of the more vulnerable Walter underneath. That was a side of himself that his lover hid all too well.

"Oh, Walter...hush. Come here." Mulder pulled the big man up, and enveloped him in an embrace, holding him tight and rocking him against his shoulder like a baby. "I'm not going anywhere, Walter. You aren't going to lose me. It was just a nightmare." He was aware of that big body stiffening under his hands. "There was more than one nightmare, wasn't there, Walter?" He asked, pushing the big man away, and looking into his tear-stained dark eyes. Skinner nodded.

"I'm being an idiot, Mulder," he whispered, "but it just seemed so damn real. I didn't want you to start worrying about it, and I tried not to worry about it myself, but when it was every night. I just kept remembering what happened to Sharon, how the old woman visited me in my dreams for weeks before Sharon was so badly hurt in that car crash and..."

"Walter - how long has this been going on?" Mulder asked.

"A while." Skinner shrugged uncomfortably.

"Weeks?" Mulder prompted.

Skinner flushed and looked away.

"Damn. I should put you over my knee again for keeping this from me all this time," Mulder said, shaking his head.

"Seemed so stupid," Skinner muttered by way of reply. "I don't believe in all this stuff, Mulder."

"Yeah - you do, you just don't like to admit it," Mulder said softly. He held his lover's face firmly between his hands and looked him in the eye. "I'm sorry, Walter. It's my fault. Work

has been busy and I just didn't realise you were going through this. I know how bad these nightmares were for you last time. Look, you've been busy too. It could be that they're just a sign of overwork - your body telling you to slow down."

"Could be." Skinner nodded firmly, clearly liking this idea more than that the dreams were an omen of impending doom.

"I haven't spent enough nights here either - or I'd have known you were having all this disturbed sleep. Look, I know things have been stressful, but when we get back from this investigation I promise that we'll go on vacation - yes? I think we both deserve it."

"Yeah." Skinner managed a watery smile. "Yeah, maybe we do."

"No 'maybe' about it, marine." Mulder grinned, and pulled Skinner onto the big couch beside him, lying down, and holding his naked lover close against his body. "It's definite - and next time, remember that you can talk to me about anything."

"Yes, sir!" Skinner grinned, looking somewhat sheepish.

Mulder laughed out loud, and put his hands on his lover's warm bottom.

"Ouch," Skinner murmured.

"It was a bad one - huh?" Mulder leaned forward and kissed his lover's neck, then nibbled Skinner's ear. "It took a lot of spanking to get the truth out of you this time, marine."

"I know. I want to tell you but it's as if the words just won't come out. I'm not good at all this emotional stuff," Skinner sighed. "I never was with Sharon. I'm better with you. I really do try, Mulder."

"I know that." Mulder smiled reassuringly, and fondled his lover's buttocks again, enjoying the way Skinner squirmed and pressed against him, and feeling the beginnings of his lover's erection digging into his thigh. "You know...I find this hot butt a turn on, Walter. I think we should put it to good use." Mulder said with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"You have a suggestion?" Skinner raised an eyebrow.

Mulder usually found that a good session of lovemaking after a punishment restored his lover's equilibrium, and brought them closer together than ever before - and he had noticed that spanking turned Skinner on. Big time judging by the size of Skinner's erection. More than that though, somehow it was necessary for Mulder to re-affirm his love for his partner after punishment. Skinner needed that kind of reassurance. Usually, by the time morning came, there would be no sign of this shy, confused man and his lover would be back to his old, assertive self. Mulder loved this post-spanking time best of all - he treasured the fact that Skinner trusted him enough to let his guard down and allow him to catch a glimpse of the vulnerable, hidden Walter underneath. It was so nice to just be able to hold Skinner as well, to offer comfort and have it accepted, in a way that the big man so rarely allowed.

"Oh yeah...a very good suggestion," Mulder leered, moving in for another kiss, claiming his lover's lips with his own, working them open and thrusting his tongue firmly into the other man's mouth. Skinner opened up as sweetly as he always did, and Mulder pulled his lover close, and pressed his hard erection against Skinner's body. "You turn me on, marine. Always have, always will," he murmured, delighting in the feel of the big man's smooth, taut flesh beneath his fingers. "This feels better," he said, massaging the previously tense muscles and finding them much more relaxed. "Spanking loosens you up really well," he commented, landing another mischievous swat to his lover's burning posterior. Skinner's face flushed as brightly as his glowing bottom and Mulder had to laugh again. "It's okay - I love that about you, big guy," he said, gently inserting a finger between those burning globes of flesh and delighting in the way his lover opened up immediately, with a little moan of pleasure. Mulder worked his lover's prostate for several minutes, one hand pumping Skinner's cock at the same time, and he was rewarded when his lover came a little while later. His own erection was swiftly taken care of by his lover's talented mouth and then they both dropped back on the couch, panting, sated, and as close as two people could be.

"It's been a fucking awful few days," Skinner admitted, as Mulder wrapped his arms around the big man, and pulled him close. Skinner traced Mulder's features with his fingers, as if trying to commit them to memory. "Krycek showing up like that in my office - I thought he'd come to finally press the button on that fucking palm pilot and put me in my grave."

"I know. I'm sorry, I was so busy being angry with him that I forgot how you must be feeling," Mulder said, kissing his lover's forehead gently.

"Yeah, although I'm not sure why I'm the one who got a spanking when you're the one who's been going around hitting Bureau auditors," Skinner commented, his usual wry good humour returning to his dark eyes.

"Well, good boys need spankin' too," Mulder grinned, swatting Skinner's bottom again to illustrate the point. "I should have known something was wrong when you didn't call me onto the carpet about that, um, regrettable incident." He had the grace to look slightly abashed, which made his lover laugh out loud.

"I think you just really like the idea of me doing all that travelling tomorrow on a sore butt!" He exclaimed.

"Well, it is kind of a turn on, thinking of you squirming beside me on hot buns for the whole journey," Mulder admitted with an evil smile. They both laughed out loud, finally falling back sated and content on the couch, wrapped up tight in each other's arms.

"I, uh, you know...love you," Skinner murmured, burying his face in Mulder's neck.

Mulder sighed contentedly. This made it all worthwhile - it was often only in the aftermath of one of these sessions that his lover felt able to talk freely. Mulder wasn't sure why Skinner needed a spanking to enable him to talk so intimately, but he accepted it as part of

his lover's complex personality.

"Love you too, marine," he murmured affectionately. "And I mean it - I 'm not going anywhere. You're not going to lose me. Understand?" He felt Skinner nod into his neck. "I promise we'll take that vacation, big guy. Just as soon as we get back from Oregon..."

The End

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