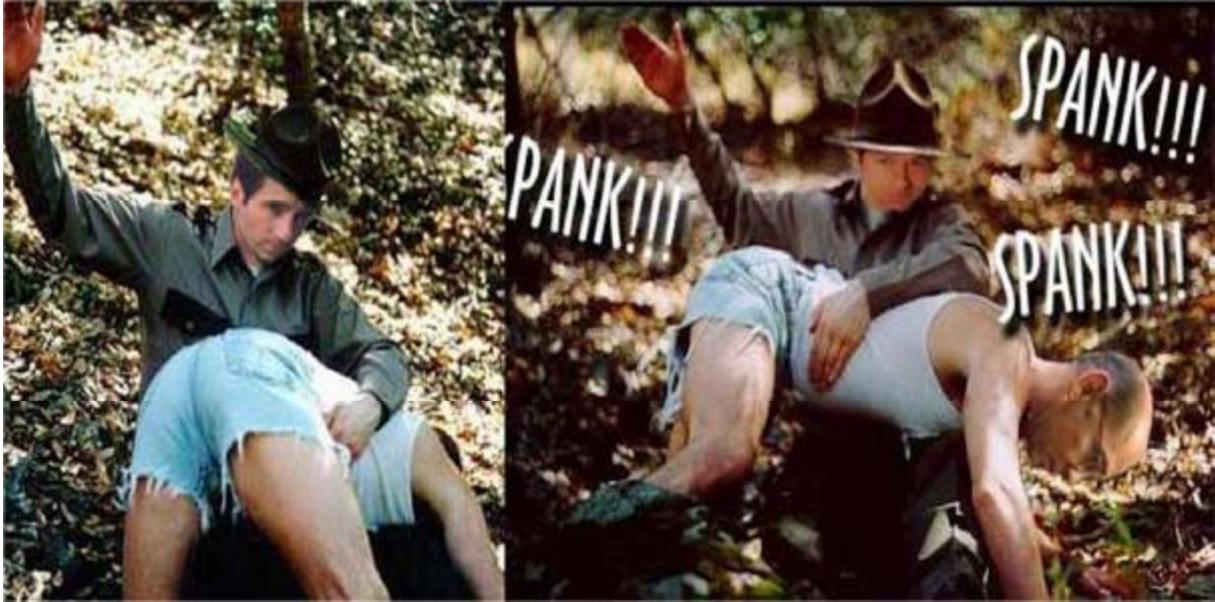


R&R by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/r-and-r/>

Author's Notes:

Picture kindly maniped by Ines...YUM!

Skinner took a deep breath of fresh air, and smiled to himself. This felt good! This felt damned good. He pulled the straps of his rucksack a little tighter, and began walking in earnest, humming softly to himself as he went. He was clad in faded blue jeans and a gray USMC sweatshirt, with big, tan-colored timberlands on his feet. His glasses were tucked neatly into his rucksack, along with provisions for the next few days.

Every year, Skinner took himself off to one of the big national parks, and lost himself. It was his way of unwinding, of getting away from the stresses and strains of his job, and remembering who he was. Out here, with the vast beauty of nature all around him, he rediscovered what was important about life, took a little bit of R&R, and completely mellowed out. Skinner covered a few miles, stopping to drink, or to simply gaze at something that took his eye. It felt so damned good! He could almost feel the tension slipping from his shoulders as he walked.

As night fell, he stopped and made camp, setting out his sleeping bag, and heating some food over the little camping stove he'd brought with him. Then he stretched out, kicked off his boots, rummaged in his rucksack - and found the one item that was indispensable on one of these trips. "Pot," he said, with gleeful anticipation, as he rolled the item in question into a joint, and lit it on the stove. He laid back against his rucksack with a contented sigh.

This, also, was a pleasure he only allowed himself once a year. He would never keep any kind of illegal substance in his apartment, but for one week, and one week only, he could sit out in the dark, on his own, and get well and truly stoned on his ass. It was a ritual he had followed for years - ever since that first time when he had been a 19-year-old kid who'd seen too much, and suffered more than any kid ever should have to. He'd been a week out of the hospital, and had gone out walking partly to get some time to himself, partly to test his newly healed body, and partly so that he could smoke some pot. The latter being a habit that he somehow knew his Mom would have a conniption fit about if she caught him doing it in the house. He'd come to terms with his past during that week, as well as with the loss of his unit, and every year he came back to reminisce, to remind himself what he had been, and to keep faith with that boy who had lost so much.

Skinner lay back and looked at the clear night sky. It was inky black, covered in millions of tiny white pinpricks of light.

"So many stars. So many potential suns, each with any number of potential planets orbiting around it," he said to a non-existent audience, rotating his finger as he made this little speech, mimicking the action of the planets. "Now, which is the sun that spawned those little green men Agent Mulder is always going on about, huh?" He giggled to himself. "Oh, I'm sorry, I meant gray men, Mulder. I DO beg your pardon." He assumed an expression of mock-severity, then burst out laughing again. "Why are they always men, Mulder? Who do they mate with? Little purple women?" he giggled again. "Or maybe they just do each other. Not that I've ever seen any, uh, body parts on them in the pictures. They're all smooth. Like Ken dolls!"

Somehow this thought made him collapse into a fit of hysteria, and he fell off his rucksack and lay, weak and helpless with laughter, rolling around on the grass.

"Ken dolls! Like Ken dolls!" He hollered into the dark, silent night. A passing owl squawked at him, and flew off hurriedly. "No sense of humor, birds," Skinner muttered morosely, suddenly and irrationally starving hungry after his feast less than an hour before. "Damn but I need chocolate. Where's the chocolate? Hmm?" He rolled back over and rummaged in his rucksack, found the chocolate, and devoured it ravenously. "It's being out in the open, fresh air," he said, tapping the side of his nose portentously. "Makes you hungry. Okay, that was a lie. It's the...it's the..." he took another deep inhalation of his joint, then collapsed into another set of giggles. "Ken doll!" he said, struck all over again by how extremely funny that idea had been.

"Agent Mulder, did it never occur to you that the aliens are all Ken dolls?" He parodied his own best 'Assistant Director' voice, then descended into another fit of helpless giggles. "There, put that in your report and smoke it," he said, taking a long drag. So long, in fact, that he forgot to breathe, and toppled over again. He rolled over, still laughing his ass off, and then looked up from his prone position - straight into the beady eyes of a giant bullfrog.

"Hello!" he blinked.

His vision cleared and the bullfrog morphed into a tall, slim man, wearing a neat, olive green

and brown uniform, with a shiny brown belt, and equally shiny brown shoes, a hat perched on his head.

"Ken? Is that you?" Skinner mumbled.

"No, sir. It isn't," a distinctly un-amused voice replied. Skinner blinked again, and looked at the man more closely, trying to figure out what was happening. "I'm going to have to ask you exactly what it is that you're smoking, sir," the voice continued.

"Wha...?" Skinner tried to process this question, and failed. "The aliens are Ken dolls!" he proclaimed in a hushed tone, trying to make the bullfrog man understand.

"Maybe that's so, sir, but I'd say it was more likely that you're smoking an illegal substance in a national park - and that's a serious offense, sir," the bullfrog said in a dangerous tone.

Skinner giggled. "Who cares?" he said. "S'all lonely out here. Nobody to see."

"Well, that's not strictly true, sir, as I'm here and I've seen you, and as this is my park, I'm afraid that I'm going to have to report you."

"What?" Skinner sat up, the seriousness of this turn of events suddenly sinking in, sobering him up.

"You're not a frog. You're a park ranger!" He accused.

"That's right, sir. Thank you for noticing about the frog part," the ranger said, removing his hat and scratching his head for a moment, before replacing the hat again. "I don't think I've ever been mistaken for a frog before," he mused. "And I don't think I need to examine this, sir, do I?" He pointed at the joint Skinner was holding between his fingers. "If you're seeing frogs then it's fairly plain what's in this."

"Would it make a difference if I said that I didn't inhale?" Skinner asked hopefully.

"No, sir. It wouldn't," the ranger replied firmly. "I think I'm going to have to ask you to come along with me, sir."

"Hey, no need to get all 'fficial about it," Skinner moaned. "Look, there's some left. S'only my first day. Brought enough for 5 days hikin'. Why don't we share?" he offered hopefully, holding the joint up.

This was definitely the wrong thing to say. The ranger's expression became stern, and his whole body stiffened. "Are you trying to bribe me, sir?" he asked.

"Nooooo. Not bribe as such," Skinner wheedled. "Just...a gift. Between friends. S'you and me. We can be friends, can't we?"

"I can't rightly say that we can, sir," the ranger replied. "I don't take kindly to folk messing up my park like this. From a big city are you?"

"DC." Skinner nodded helpfully.

"Thought so. Coming out here, trashing my park, leaving your filth behind. I don't like it, son."

Son? Skinner squinted up at the ranger. It might have been dark, but he was pretty damn sure that the ranger wasn't exactly an oldtimer. He was easily younger than Skinner was. He was a tall man, with a hard, muscled body underneath that uniform. Skinner had a feeling that it wouldn't be a good idea to run - the other man looked as if he could outpace him within nanoseconds.

"I think you'd better come with me," the ranger said firmly, picking up Skinner's rucksack and throwing it into his jeep.

"What? Look." Skinner got to his feet shakily. "I'm sorry," he said contritely. "Please, let me just move on. I'll leave...I'll go back home to DC."

"I'm sorry, sir. I think we both know that it's too late for that. You broke the rules, and I'm here to see that you pay," the ranger said, slapping his hand onto Skinner's shoulder and propelling the Assistant Director into the jeep.

"But I...I'm..." Skinner gabbled, suddenly realizing what dangerous ground he was on.

"Yes, sir?" The ranger started the engine, and began driving them away.

"I have a very important job," Skinner muttered. "This could ruin me."

"You should have thought of that before, sir," the ranger said, with a disapproving look.

Damn the man! Who the hell had made him Skinner's judge?

"Oh come on!" Skinner said vehemently. "I only do this once a year. It's kind of a ritual. I was in 'Nam. Never even knew what drugs were until I went out there. It was like candy - so many types, so easily bought, sometimes we needed them just to get through. Coming out here feels like keeping faith with my unit you know? They didn't make it..." he trailed off, bowing his head.

"Well, that sounds like a mighty interesting story, sir, but it doesn't change anything." The ranger pulled up outside a wooden hut, and got out. He ushered Skinner into the cabin, and turned the light on. Skinner glanced around. It was just a small place. A couch, a few chairs, a table, a rug.

"Now, let's get down to business." The ranger pulled out his cellphone, and beckoned Skinner over.

"Your name, sir, and address."

"Look," Skinner said, panicking. "We really don't need to do this, do we? I mean surely there must be another way."

"Well..." the ranger glanced at him, then shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir. There isn't. Now, if you'd like to give me your name."

"You were about to say something else!" Skinner suddenly felt very clear-headed. There was no way he was giving this man his name. He was as good as out of a job if he did.

The ranger stood up, came over to him, and looked him in the eye. He was the same height as Skinner, not as broad, but athletic, and confident, and he had a clear, hard expression on his face. He was not a man who accepted bullshit, Skinner thought. Not a man to push.

"All right, listen to me. Sometimes I catch kids out here, doing what you were doing tonight. They're too young to know better, and I don't want them saddled with a criminal record for the rest of their lives, so I give them a choice." He paused, put his head on one side, and gazed at the Assistant Director with a speculative expression on his face. Skinner nodded at him to continue, intent on finding out if there was any way his job could be saved. "There's the adult punishment - being reported to the police, maybe a prosecution, certainly a few questions, or there's the kid's punishment." The ranger paused again.

"Which is?" Skinner held his breath.

"Well, there's only one way of keeping kids on the straight and narrow in my book - a bit of hard discipline. It always worked wonders for me," the ranger told him with a slight smirk.

"Discipline? I don't follow." Skinner frowned.

"A taste of belt across butt," the ranger said. "I don't go easy on them, and I wouldn't go easy on you either, sir, if you opted for this method of dealing with your transgression."

"What?" Skinner rubbed a weary hand over his befuddled eyes.

"Spanking, sir. A whipping. It's the only thing that works in my opinion. Maybe you wouldn't be a repeat offender if someone had taken a belt to your backside when you were a kid. Still, it's never too late to learn, in my book. So, what's it to be? The adult punishment, sir, or the kid's one?"

"Your belt?" Skinner gazed at the ranger's shiny brown belt in trepidation.

"That's right. Your decision, sir. I'll leave it entirely up to you," the ranger shrugged.

"You won't report me?" Skinner asked, his stomach crawling at the very thought of bending over and getting a strapping. He had a sudden, vivid recollection of the inside of his father's woodshed, and being upended over a pair of strong knees - more times than he cared to recall. He'd never exactly been a naughty kid, but boy, had he been stubborn! That particular character trait had earned him several close encounters with his father's paddle.

"No. If you take your punishment, which will be hard, mind you, then I won't report you." The ranger pulled himself up to his full height and gave Skinner a cool look, his eyes glittering. "So, what's it to be?"

Skinner stood there, his whole life flashing in front of him. "I really think I'm too old to be spanked," he muttered, running a hand over his stubbled chin and wishing that he wasn't dressed so casually. In his work suit, he'd have felt less like a criminal and more like an Assistant Director, someone with gravitas and authority.

"If you can't do the time, don't do the crime," the ranger quoted at him, shaking his head ruefully, as if he genuinely regretted the need for this conversation.

Skinner saw the newspaper headlines in his mind's eye. He visualized an awkward, embarrassing meeting with the Director, and Kim's expression as he packed up the contents of his desk, his shame common knowledge throughout the Bureau. He could see all his agents lining the corridor, as he walked along, his head bowed, carrying the remains of his career out the door in a box...

"I'll take the spanking," he said quickly.

"Very well, sir." The ranger nodded, satisfied that justice was being done. "If you'd like to pull down your pants, and underwear, and..."

"What?" Skinner gasped.

"Nothing drives the message home like the sting of belt leather on bare skin," the ranger informed him bluntly, a stern look on his face.

"You want me to get undressed?" Skinner narrowed his eyes.

"Bare-assed - or we forget the whole thing," the ranger said. "Even apart from the pain, I find that a healthy dose of humiliation works wonders."

"Damn!" Skinner clenched his fists, and considered making a run for it. The ranger raised his eyebrow. "All right, damnit!" Skinner roared.

"I'd take care how you address me, sir," the ranger said quietly. "I don't take kindly to being cussed - a bad mouth breeds a bad attitude."

"Really?" Skinner said from between gritted teeth.

"Really. You're keeping me waiting," the ranger said ominously.

"Okay, Okay," Skinner tried, visibly, to calm down. "Bare-assed?" He questioned.

The ranger nodded, a curious expression in his eyes, almost like anticipation? Skinner snorted. He wouldn't be surprised if the other man was getting off on this.

"How do I know you're really a park ranger?" He asked, suspiciously. "Could I see some ID?" He rocked back on his heels, a skeptical expression on his face. God help the ranger if he was some kind of pervert. Skinner wouldn't show him any mercy.

"Certainly, sir." The ranger reached into his pocket, and pulled out the ID.

Skinner took it, eagerly, but all hope faded as he examined it. "You're better looking in the photograph than in real life," he snapped, angry that the ID seemed to be genuine.

"Being photogenic is a cross I have to bear, sir," the ranger replied smoothly. "Pants down."

Skinner stood there for a moment, glaring at the ranger. The other man slowly crossed his arms over his chest, and leaned back against the wall, an implacable smile on his face.

"I'll add another one for each second you keep me waiting," the ranger warned ominously.

Skinner did his best not to explode. Instead he undid his pants, and pushed them down to his knees with short, angry, jerking motions. His boxers followed suit.

"Over here."

The ranger put a hand on Skinner's shoulder and made him hobble over to the other side of the room. Skinner flushed bright crimson in humiliation. He watched in dismay as the ranger pulled a heavy wooden chair into the center of the cabin.

"Bend over," the ranger ordered, pushing his unwilling captive over the back of the chair. "Or would you prefer to do this outside, where all your yells could carry across the park?" The ranger asked.

"Here will do just fine," Skinner snapped from between gritted teeth. The ranger grinned, and stood in front of the chair. He undid the long, shiny brown belt, whipped it out from his trousers with a swish that made Skinner's stomach lurch in dread, doubled it over, and thwapped it against his hand a couple of times.

"How..." Skinner began with a croak, as the ranger disappeared out of his line of vision.

"Yes, sir?" The ranger's hand came to rest on the small of Skinner's back.

"How many?" Skinner asked.

"As many as it takes, sir. I won't stop until this fine ass here is red hot, and you're screaming your head off, so if you're the strong, silent type, we could be here all night," the ranger told him, with a grin in his voice.

Skinner clenched his fists into useless balls of frustration, then let out a startled yelp as the first blow hit home across his upturned, unprotected bottom.

"Shit!" he yelled, unprepared for just how painful the whipping would be.

"That's just the first," the ranger told him implacably. "We have a long way to go yet. You might find it helps to hold onto the chair legs."

"Damn you, I'll..." Skinner started to get up, only to find himself pushed back down again, and a pair of handcuffs snapped around one of his wrists, fastening him to the chair. "Fuck it!" Skinner roared.

The ranger snapped another cuff around his other wrist.

"That should keep you still," the ranger grinned at him, then he patted his head. "There's no way you're going to escape this punishment, so I'd just accept it if I were you."

"Damn it, take these off!"

Skinner struggled fruitlessly for several seconds. The ranger watched him, with an amused expression on his face, tapping the belt menacingly against his hand the whole time.

"I don't think so," he said. "Now, be polite or I'll wash out your mouth with soap."

Skinner's struggles subsided, as he finally gave in to the inevitable. He tensed up as the ranger disappeared behind him, and then he felt that hand descend on his back again. It was, in some weird way almost comforting. He took a deep breath, and then a second thwack of the belt against his naked butt made him growl in pain.

"Let's heat things up, shall we," the ranger said pleasantly, applying three more swats. "Tell me why you're on the receiving end of my belt."

"Because I was smoking pot in a national park," Skinner gasped, as the belt continued its inexorable rise and fall.

"That's right. And...?" The ranger prompted.

"Because I mouthed off at you," Skinner moaned, his backside engulfed in what felt like a wave of flame.

"Very good. I really don't like being cussed. And?"

The ranger applied the belt to the top of Skinner's thighs, and the big man let out a bellow.

"Because I tried to escape? Because I was slow in taking my pants down? Oh, fuck!" Skinner whimpered.

The belt cracked against his butt again, and he felt his usual tough guy mask begin to crack.

"That's right. You're getting a good ass warming which is exactly what you deserve. Maybe you'll think twice about breaking the law in future," the ranger said in a strict tone, whacking the belt down across Skinner's butt again, and again until Skinner started to make little keening noises in the back of his throat.

"All right," the ranger stopped. "I can see that it's going to take a while to make you fully remorseful, so I'm going to give you some time to reflect on your behavior. When I come back, I expect you to be more contrite." And so saying, he gave Skinner a hearty slap on his butt with his hand, and then left the room.

"Wait!" Skinner yelled shakily after his tormentor. There was no reply. He was bound, butt up, over a chair, in a hut, in the middle of nowhere, with a bright red, painful ass. It was too humiliating to bear, but he had no choice. Bear it he had to. Skinner's face was as flushed as his ass, as he considered his position. Shit, if his subordinates could see him now. It was too goddamn awful to even think about. "Please. Come back!" he called. There was no reply.

Long, agonizing minutes passed, and all Skinner was aware of was his butt, hanging in the air, smarting and red. He started to worry that the ranger would never come back, when there was a sound behind him, and he felt a hand rub over his red bottom. He gave a yelp of surprise.

"Well, hot though this butt is, I don't think it's done yet," the ranger informed him, in that serious, intense voice. "I think we have some way to go before you're really sorry for what you did tonight."

"Please..." Skinner muttered weakly.

"I'm sorry, but I think we need a bit of positive reinforcement. Now, you don't like the humiliation of being spanked bare-assed like a kid, so I think you'll like what I've got planned next even less," the ranger told him firmly.

He came around in front of Skinner, and undid the cuffs, then he helped the big man to stand. No sooner had Skinner done so, than the ranger grabbed hold of his wrist, pulled him over to the couch, sat down upon it, and dragged his captive over his knee.

"No! Wait!" Skinner struggled, but the combination of being still spaced out, sore-assed, and having his jeans around his ankles, effectively hobbling him, made it impossible for him to resist. The ranger, while slighter, was a strong man. He pulled Skinner onto his lap, adjusted his position and then caressed the painful, red buttocks making Skinner holler even more.

"This was a good start - but your butt clearly needs painting a brighter hue of red," the ranger said, raining down several sharp smacks with his hand in quick succession.

"Shit...please..." Skinner wriggled, but the ranger pinned his arm behind his back, and continued peppering his captive's butt with a volley of stinging slaps. Skinner held onto the hard thighs beneath him for dear life, as his backside paid for his crimes. "I'm sorry," he mumbled into the other man's pants, his whole body quivering.

"You know, I think you are," the ranger laughed, continuing to spank Skinner's upturned butt with all his might. "And that's the way I intend you to stay," he said, landing another 6 smacks to the taut, shaking buttocks displayed in all their glory in front of him. Skinner moaned, and buried his face in the ranger's pants, drawing deep, ragged, sobbing breaths. Finally, the onslaught stopped, and he lay, exhausted, over the other man's lap. The ranger stroked his back soothingly while Skinner hiccuped, the warmth in his backside heating up his entire body, every nerve-ending making its presence felt.

"Now, do you think you've learned your lesson?" the ranger asked in a firm but gentle tone.

"Yes, sir. I promise I have," Skinner said quickly.

"Good."

The ranger helped him to stand, and gave him a hand adjusting his clothing. Skinner was glad there wasn't a mirror in the cabin. He had no wish to see his tear-stained red face right now. "All right then I'll give you a lift back to your camp."

The ranger held the door open, and Skinner shuffled slowly back out to the jeep. He eased himself onto the seat, with a wince, and a tiny whimper of discomfort, that earned him a grin from his tormentor.

"Nice to know my belt hasn't lost its sting!" he said.

"No, sir." Skinner bowed his head, and fastened his seatbelt meekly. "It stings all right," he muttered under his breath.

They drove back to the camp in silence. Skinner hissed every time they went over a bump in the road - he was sure the ranger was driving over rough country on purpose just to jolt him. He snuck little glances at the ranger from under his eyelashes. The other man was looking excessively cheerful, and was humming softly to himself, a grin on his wide, curving lips. Finally, they reached Skinner's camp, and the ranger liberated Skinner's rucksack from the back of the jeep, and solicitously helped the big man to lie face down on his bedroll.

"So, do you have any more of that dope?" He asked, rummaging around in Skinner's rucksack.

"If I say 'yes' will you spank me again?" Skinner asked cautiously.

"Oh, you'd like that big guy!" The ranger slapped his butt affectionately and Skinner yelped audibly. "Nah, I just wanted to light up, kick back, and get high," the ranger said, locating the remaining supply of pot and doing just that. "So," the ranger hunkered down beside Skinner and offered him a puff of the joint, "the aliens are like Ken dolls huh?" He raised an amused eyebrow. "You're gonna have to explain that one to me, Walt!"

"And maybe you'd like to explain to me where you got that park ranger ID?" Skinner

riposted, pulling the other man down, and kissing him soundly on the lips.

"Unofficial channels?" the ranger suggested, with a lopsided grin. "Count yourself lucky that I don't give you another spanking for the 'not as good looking as in your photo' jibe, big guy. That did NOT go down well with your lord and master y'know! And as for the bullfrog comment...!"

"I never know where the hell you're going to turn up next, Mulder," Skinner smiled tiredly, feeling completely and utterly high, from the magical combination of dope and endorphins, to say nothing of the presence of his handsome lover, all dressed up and stern in that sexy uniform.

Trust Mulder to know exactly what he needed and how to deliver it. He should have known that his lover wouldn't allow him to disappear for a week on his own. Mulder had very definite ideas on that subject, being of the opinion that Skinner had a tendency to lapse into morose self-recrimination when left to his own devices for too long. Skinner had to admit that his lover was probably right.

"Wherever I find my sub misbehaving, that's where I'll be!" Mulder grinned wickedly. "If I have to watch you every hour of every day, bad boy."

He stripped Skinner quickly and efficiently, removing his jeans and exposing the big man's hot flesh to the cool night air. Skinner shivered deliciously, anticipating what was coming next.

"Wise-ass," Skinner croaked weakly, as his dom took him in his arms, and expertly brought his cock, which had been half-erect and leaking steadily throughout the entire scene, to full erection with his hand.

"Yup. And one thing's for sure, hot butt," Mulder said.

"What's that?" Skinner gasped.

Mulder applied his tongue to the other man's heated bottom, and licked the flaming flesh with relish. "We won't be needing a fire to keep us warm tonight," Mulder grinned.

THE END

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