

## Role Play by Xanthe

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Fox Mulder shut the door of his apartment behind him with a heartfelt sigh. It was Friday, it was 8 o' clock in the evening and he was glad to be putting work behind him so that he could concentrate on the weekend ahead. He had not had a very good week. First there had been that business with the satanic cult in Boston and then Cancerman had dropped by and blown smoke all over him.

"You are not who you think you are, Mulder." Cancerman had told him.

"Oh yeah!" He answered before stopping to think about it. "What's that supposed to mean?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

"The answers to the questions you seek are within you, Mulder, not out there." Cancerman waved his hand expansively towards the window. "We are all shadows," he added cryptically. "Illusions seduced by dreams."

"Yeah, right." Mulder wrinkled up his forehead, "and we're all philosophers too."

"It's not as unlikely as you might think." Cancerman stubbed his cigarette out on Mulder's desk. "Fate makes philosophers of us all. When the wind blows from the east, we must all lean to the west."

"Is there a point to all this?" Mulder asked, exasperated.

"No, Mulder. Except that you will do as I say. As always."

And with that, he had left. Damn him for being so damn right. A few minutes later, Skinner had dropped by and made it quite clear that Mulder was to close the case he was working on, now, without delay. Not that he had any leads to go on anyway. It was another dead end but all the same he ended up in the shit. Again. And all because of Cancerman and Skinner and everyone else, telling him what to do, day in day out. He was sick of it.

Mulder took a long, hot shower, rubbing himself down briskly. Well screw them, screw the lot of them – tonight he was going to ease the tension, he was going to go out and get himself a good time in just the way he liked. With a towel wrapped round his waist he returned to his bedroom and pulled out a case from under his bed. He opened it up and grinned down broadly at the contents. "No more Mr Docile!" He said to himself. "No more, yes sir, no sir, three bags full sir! Tonight, I get to call the shots." And so saying, he pulled on the tight PVC vest, the shiny black leather trousers and the knee-length patent leather boots. He threaded a studded belt through the waistband of the trousers, fingering the snake and whip motif on the buckle. Then he slicked some gel on his hair and snapped a

tasteful silver collar around his neck. Finally he pulled on the black leather jacket and biker's gloves and studied himself in the mirror.

"Goodbye Special Agent Fox Mulder, general all round lapdog and loser, hello Master X!" He said to his reflection, tapping a riding crop impatiently against the palm of his hand. "Mean, moody and masterful!" He paused only to pick up a small leather rucksack full of his favourite equipment, then he stepped out of his apartment and downstairs to where the hired black Harley awaited him.

Mistress Velvet lay in her parlour, several slaves kneeling at her feet. She heard the door chime and a few minutes later Master X was ushered into her domain.

"Welcome Master X," she purred.

"Uh, Mistress Velvet." Mulder took her proffered hand and kissed it. She was gorgeous, he thought to himself. Clad only in a tight red velvet corset with black ribbons that pushed out her large, creamy breasts, her curly blonde hair nestled around her shoulders and her stunning grey-blue eyes fixed him with the gaze of a true dom. She was exactly the sort of dominatrix that his sub side responded to but it had been a long while since he had indulged that side of himself. For a long time now, his fantasies had been those of domination and control and it didn't take a genius to work out why.

"Tonight is a special night, Master X." Velvet said, waving a hand. A half-naked slave girl rushed over and offered Mulder a tray with a glass on it.

"Champagne!" Mulder took a sip and gazed enquiringly at Mistress Velvet. "Tonight must be very special then, Mistress."

"Oh yes, it is!" Velvet purred. "Tonight you get fully accepted into The Dungeon, Master X. Tonight is your initiation."

Mulder rocked back on his heels, a feeling of joy surging through him. He had waited months for this. The Dungeon was the most exclusive S&M club in town – he hadn't been able to risk anything less with the sort of work he did. The blackmail possibilities were too horrendous to contemplate. It had taken him months and a lot of dollars to get himself into this position. The Dungeon had two levels – the outer level was where prospective masters, mistresses and slaves met and worked and played until Mistress Velvet felt they could be trusted to be admitted to the inner level, the sanctum! Only the elite were allowed to indulge themselves there. Mulder drew himself up to his full height, feeling truly masterful. He was about to become one of the elite!

"Now, Master X, let's go through the rules again, shall we?" Mistress Velvet said. "You only get one shot at this you know."

"Yes, Mistress." He said, respectfully but without fawning, one dom to another, although she was a way superior dom to him and he knew that.

"Very well, then. Marcus, provide seating for Master X!" Velvet called and a muscular slave came rushing up and kneeled in front of Mulder so that he could sit on the man's back.

"Firstly, you have responsibilities here, X."

"Yes." He nodded sagely. "Always negotiate, always respect safe words..."

"Yes, of course. That goes without saying." Velvet waved a hand impatiently.

"But there are other responsibilities. You have a responsibility towards me – I am in charge of this establishment. If I give you a gift I expect you to treat it well, as it expects to be treated. How you treat your gift will go a long way to establishing whether you are really dom enough to be accepted in the sanctum, X!"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And I'm not just talking about respect, X. I'm talking about acting like a true master, subduing even the most recalcitrant slave."

"Yes, Mistress, although..." Mulder looked round the room at the kneeling, attentive slaves.

"Although, mistress, all the slaves here look pretty well trained to me."

"These are my personal slaves." Velvet said and her tone was like a slap to his impertinence.

"You won't be getting your hands on any of these this evening. They have been trained to a very exacting level of discipline and obedience." She fixed Mulder with a ruthless, questioning eye. "No, tonight I have found a special slave for you. If you can subdue this slave, treat it in a manner befitting a dom, establish your mastery over the creature, then you will be accepted. But if you fail..." She let the sentence hang, ominously. "Do you understand?" She asked.

"Yes." He swallowed, feeling rather nervous, wondering what she had in store for him. His preference was for big-busted women; large, wide-hipped females of the sort who'd normally eat him for breakfast. That was part of the pleasure. These women who'd walk past him in the street and treat him with disdain in real life, these were the women who he most wanted to have kneeling at his feet adoringly. Maybe it would be a man, though. Mulder wasn't bothered. His tastes there were similar – big, muscular men, the sort who intimidated him in real life but who here would writhe under his whip, abase themselves at his feet, address themselves to his every whim!

"So, are you feeling well, X?" Velvet was saying.

"Yes, fine." He looked at her, puzzled.

"It's an important question. You see, X, once you set foot inside the sanctum, you must stay there for the duration of the evening to prove your worth. If you leave, or you fail, or you refuse to accept your gift, then you will never be allowed another chance. If you aren't feeling up to it then I suggest you say so now and we will re-convene another evening."

"No, now's fine." Mulder said, nodding vigorously. "In fact, now is just perfect!" He longed to open up his shoulders and deliver a nice whipping to somebody. If he closed his eyes he could see Cancerman blowing out smoke at him and he could see Skinner standing over him and giving him orders and this way he could get his own back, do some screwing of his own instead of always getting screwed.

"Good. Very well then, Master X. Prepare yourself to enter the sanctum!"

The sanctum was a series of huge interconnecting basement rooms, very comfy and quite dark, with burgundy velvet hangings on the walls and soft furnishings. Mulder grinned to

himself. This was where he belonged! Here he could be someone else, he could escape into a fantasy for a little while and get a long way from plots and mutants and people who were trying to kill, deceive, trap or otherwise harm him. Here he was king! He took the seat Velvet showed him to, lounging back in the cushions with his legs wide open in a pose of masterly arrogance.

He saw Mistress Velvet across the dark room, leading someone behind her on a silver chain. It was a man, Mulder could make out that much, a big man clad in harem pants and an itchy bitsy waistcoat with embroidery on it. Like some sort of old fashioned eunuch! Mulder could feel himself getting all steamed up in preparation for this encounter with his special slave.

"Master X." Velvet stopped at his table and the slave obediently knelt, his eyes cast down to the floor. "May I present you with your slave. His chosen name is...Foxy." Only the barest glimmer of a smile adorned her cruel lips as she said this. Mulder looked up in surprise. Foxy - that was a bit close to home. He hoped Velvet didn't know more about him than was comfortable and that this wasn't some sort of trap. "You have my permission to look at your new master, Foxy." Velvet said, passing over the slave's lead to Mulder. The man lifted his head and for a moment their eyes were locked in a horrified gaze of disbelief. Mulder felt a nausea that began in his stomach and threatened to spill out all over the table. Velvet seemed unaware of any change in the atmosphere, she just kept on talking.

"I chose him especially, X." She said, smiling at him. "Because he's just the sort you like isn't he? Master X likes bald, muscular slaves, particularly ones older than himself," Velvet continued, addressing Foxy now, "He confided in me that these types please him most because they remind him of his boss!" She let out a merry little laugh. Foxy's eyes hardened and Mulder gulped, a sudden sensation of danger creeping through him. "Oh you're being very quiet, Foxy. That's not like you!" Velvet exclaimed. "It must be that he's scared of his new master. Never mind, Foxy, Master X can be a very considerate master. Why don't you ask his permission to talk?"

Foxy ground his teeth and gave Mulder a look which suggested that he would rather stab him through the heart than ask his permission for anything. Velvet prodded him in the shoulder.

"I believe I gave you an instruction, Foxy." She said. He swallowed and opened his mouth. "Permission to speak, Master." He growled, the last word sounding like a threat.

"Uh...permission granted." Mulder squeaked back in return, his hand trembling on the chain that was attached to Foxy's neck.

"Perhaps we could have a few words in private?" Foxy suggested in a tone that implied that it was more of an order than a question.

"Yeah, sure. Whatever." Mulder could feel his masterfulness slipping by the second. Oh god, oh damn. Damn, damn, shit and fuckeroony. What on earth was his boss, Assistant Director Walter Skinner doing in a place like this dressed only in...harem pants!

"Yes, that's right. You boys go off and negotiate!" Mistress Velvet said with a bright smile of

glee. "I'll be keeping an eye on you all evening so don't worry. You're quite safe here!" And so saying she pushed them both off towards a private room.

"Master X?" Skinner snorted, ripping the chain out of Mulder's hands as soon as they were alone. "That's hardly very original is it, Mulder?"

"Whoa! You're complaining about my choice of name?" Mulder was almost speechless.

"What's all this Foxy business? Not that I'm not gratified that I'm always on your mind but really!"

"Oh don't flatter yourself!" Skinner snapped.

"Well why did you choose it then?" Mulder asked, aware that they were discussing something as ridiculous as this to avoid getting to the real point.

"Because...it was the first thing I could think of. I don't know why." Skinner said angrily.

"Oh right. Next thing you'll be saying that you're here working undercover on some assignment!" Mulder said.

"No...oh god, you're not that naïve. Even I couldn't swing a ridiculous lie like that. It's quite obvious what I'm doing here. And you too for that matter."

"Yeah. I suppose." Mulder sat down on a wooden chair for support, seriously suspecting that his knees were in danger of giving way. "Hmm, turquoise suits you." He remarked, looking at the embroidery on Skinner's waistcoat. "Odd that. Never would have put you down as a turquoise man."

"And I never would have put you down as a leather queen!" Skinner retorted angrily, staring at Mulder's slicked back hair and shiny leather boots. "Now, what we have here, is a highly embarrassing situation, Mulder."

"I'm not arguing about that." Mulder nodded, watching as Skinner paced around the room like a lion in a cage.

"And we have to resolve it as soon as possible."

"Yep." Mulder played idly with the riding crop he kept hanging from his belt.

"Stop that!" Skinner thundered. "It's distracting."

"Sorry, sir." He replied automatically and then he felt angry with himself. Damn it, here he was sir! He was the one in charge not Foxy Skinner here in his tiny waistcoat and ridiculous harem pants.

"The only answer is for you to leave." Skinner said.

"Me leave!" Mulder repeated astonished. "No way! This is my initiation. If I flunk it I can't come back again. Not ever. There's no way I'm giving that up for you, sir."

"Well it's my goddamn initiation too!" Skinner exclaimed. "And the same goes ditto for me!"

"Well one of us is going to be a loser tonight then." Mulder said, his tone implying that he had no intention of it being him.

"I'm giving you an order, Mulder!" Skinner roared. "I suggest you obey or it'll be all the worse for you."

"Oh yeah, right. And exactly how are you going to make my life even more difficult than it already is?" Mulder said hotly, getting to his feet.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Skinner frowned, still pacing.

"I mean that I need this place, sir. Every day at work I get screwed over by someone. If it's not Canceyman it's you or the section chief. Everybody laughs at me – I can't even go to the canteen without someone throwing crockery at me and yelling "watch out – flying saucer!" and they've written "spooky" on my locker so many times now that I don't even bother getting it cleaned off! No, I'm not budging, sir. Here's where I get my own back. Here's where I get my bit of power."

"Oh you think you have such a hard life, Mulder!" Skinner retorted. "I spend all my days giving orders. One after the other. "You, do this, you, do that." And then they come to me, whining away "What shall we do now, sir? Oh sir, please make our decisions for us, we need your help, sir." Yes, even you, Mulder. God, what am I saying, especially you, Mulder! When something goes wrong with one of your ridiculous missions, who's the first person you come to for help? Who has to sort out all the mess and get you back on your feet again?" Mulder stared at him, suddenly seeing things from a different perspective. "Well, I need to relax as well, Mulder. And right here I get some release from all that. Here I don't have to make any decisions. I don't have to be in control, or in charge. I just have to do whatever I'm told and take whatever's handed out."

Skinner glared at him angrily then started to calm down. "Well, I guess we both have a point," he said with a sigh, sitting down on the chair Mulder had vacated. "Flying saucers eh? Still I suppose it's not surprising really, Mulder. People always pick on those who are different. And you sure are different. I'd never have guessed about this though." Skinner picked up the riding crop that Mulder had abandoned on the table. "You must be quite good as well for Velvet to have let you through to the sanctum."

"I thought I was." Mulder said, snatching the crop from Skinner's hands and tucking it back inside his belt. "But now I'm not so sure." He leaned back against the wall, feeling very angry indeed.

In the next room Mistress Velvet lay back on her chaise longue and listened to the heated discussion that was relayed to her through a specially planted mike. This was going very well, better than she had hoped really. She had been training Foxy for some months before she found out what he did for a living. She always made it her business to find out as much as possible about her clientele but Foxy had been a particularly hard nut to crack. When she discovered his profession she had been amused, but not unduly impressed. A woman in her position saw a succession of prominent people, including men in positions of some power in the government. However when Master X had turned up a little while later she had been intrigued. He moaned on endlessly about his job, without being specific about it and he seemed to have a thing about his boss in particular. It had been easier finding out about Master X than it had about Foxy. Master X tended to be volatile and careless and Velvet soon had a fair idea who his boss was. It struck her as being the ultimate sub-dom game play

to bring these two together. Master X wasn't the only one who grumbled about his work. Foxy had also been fairly vociferous about a certain young subordinate of his who caused him no end of headaches and was always getting into trouble.

"Sounds like he needs a spot of discipline." She had murmured, scratching her fingernails over Foxy's bald head.

"Oh discipline doesn't work with him!" Foxy had responded irritably, holding out his wrists for her to handcuff them. "You haul him over the coals one day and he's out there again making a nuisance of himself the next."

"Not quite the sort of discipline I had in mind, perhaps." Velvet murmured, advancing with a tawse for him to kiss. When she realised who Master X was she could see why these two irritated each other so much. Master X needed to establish his dominance and Foxy was so bored of being dominant he begged to be submissive. And it was very nice begging too. It was entirely possible that if each could see to the other's more basic needs, they would reach an understanding that had thus far eluded them. Velvet leaned back and opened her mouth for a grape to be deposited there. She had no idea how all this was going to work out, but one thing she did know – it would be fun.

"So, where does all this leave us?" Mulder asked, wriggling his tense shoulders inside his leather jacket.

"Well if neither of us will leave..." Skinner shot a hopeful look towards Mulder who shook his head firmly, "then we'll just have to work out a compromise."

"A compromise?" Mulder asked in disbelief. "Look, sir, I don't know how many times you've been to this place, but there's not a lot of "compromising" goes on here. Usually one person says what's going to happen and the other one obeys. That's as compromising as it gets."

"Right." Skinner paced around the room again, thinking quickly. "Alright then, Mulder. Let's treat this like an undercover mission. With one exception." Suddenly, without warning, he put his hand out and wrapped it around Mulder's throat, pinning him to the wall.

"Tomorrow, none of this happened. We never mention it, we never ever talk about it to anyone else. We're back to normal. I'm the boss, and you're...you're somewhere a long way beneath me." Skinner waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the floor. "But in order to get through tonight, I'll play along with this scenario. I'll grovel at your feet, you little slimeball. But don't for a second think I mean any of it. And be very careful what you do to me. I can be an unforgiving son of a bitch when I try. We do just enough to get by, okay? Just enough to get through this initiation ceremony."

Next door Mistress Velvet smiled to herself. Oh, she was going to have to insist that they did more than that. A lot more.

Mulder swallowed down a gulp as Skinner let him down off the wall.

"Well, that's all my toppishness gone for the evening," he muttered darkly. "Thanks, boss." He rearranged his collar and rubbed his tender throat. "May I?" He took hold of the chain attached to Skinner's neck collar and held it gingerly between his fingers.

"Well don't screw around. "May I?" Skinner mimicked unpleasantly. "That sort of talk isn't

going to get us accepted is it, Mulder? I'm warning you. I'll hold you personally responsible if I don't get through this initiation ceremony."

"Well shut up then!" Mulder yelled. "How can I be a top when you won't be a goddamned bottom?"

"Point taken." Skinner swallowed and got a visible grip on himself. "Shall we go then, Master." He gestured towards the door.

"I'll say when." Mulder jerked him angrily on the neck chain. "By the way, we never did negotiate. What sort of stuff do you do?"

"Anything." Skinner said levelly. "Anything that won't leave any marks on my face or hands."

"And safe words?"

"Usually my safe word is Scu..." Skinner stopped, looking embarrassed.

"Oh god, it's not is it? It's Scully?" Mulder was incredulous. "Honestly! Imagination's not your strong point is it?"

"I have a very good imagination." Skinner replied, an odd twinkle in his eye. "Why do you think I ended up here?"

They ventured back self consciously into the sanctum. It was busier now, a whole host of slaves, masters and mistresses were relaxing in a variety of activities and poses.

"Darlings!" Mistress Velvet came over to meet them. "Why don't you go and make yourself comfortable, Master X?" She suggested. "Then you can set about making your slave very uncomfortable!" She laughed, pushing Mulder over to some cushions in the corner and patting Skinner fondly on the bottom as he passed.

Mulder sat on the cushions and jerked the chain to pull Skinner down beside him.

"On your knees," he whispered.

"Yes, master." Skinner settled down obediently on his knees beside Mulder, cursing this whole situation. He had been looking forward to tonight for so long. He could be such a good slave, able to take all manner of abuse and he actively enjoyed it. It was such a release and he so longed to be put to good use, to truly look up to and worship someone, even if it was only for a few hours duration. And now he was stuck with this halfwit, Mulder. A man who, in all seriousness, believed that he had been chased by a mutant that could squeeze through toilet bowls and lived off human livers. It was galling.

They sat there in silence for a long while and then Skinner noticed that they were getting glances from some of the other people in the room. He nudged his head against Mulder's knee.

"Do something." He hissed.

"Like what?" Mulder asked.

"I don't know. You're the goddamn dom!" Skinner said, exasperated. "Just do something. And that's an order."



"Right. Okay." Mulder had been thinking about this for the past half hour but every time he tried to put his thoughts into action, his whole body froze. He just felt too inhibited. Now though, he had been given a direct order. He grinned. An order. In this topsy turvy world he was losing track of just who was supposed to be ordering who. He tried to remember what he had done with that slave a few weeks ago. The tall, skinny, well hung one. The one he'd tied up to a wall and attached nipple clamps to and given a good beating with his riding crop. Ugh. He shuddered. There was no way he would be able to do any of that with Skinner. He just couldn't.

"What's keeping you?" Skinner hissed.

"I can't. I just can't." He moaned, burying his head in his hands.

"Pull yourself together." Skinner said but his tone was calm and not unkind. He moved closer to Mulder and nuzzled his head against his knee. "Now sit up, pull your shoulders back and act like you're the most important guy in the world. Okay, that's better." Skinner looked around to see if anyone was watching but nobody seemed to be. "Now listen to me, Mulder, and listen good. I'm your slave and you are the most goddamn mean guy in the whole universe. You own the damn universe. You deserve to have slaves, hundreds of 'em, hell thousands. All kneeling at your feet grovelling. You're tough, you don't take any shit from anyone. Now I'm not here, right? I'm not anybody you know. I'm just a faceless being who's quivering for you to be masterful. And you can be. You've got what it takes. Master." He added helpfully, as an afterthought.

"Right." Mulder lay back on the cushions, consciously relaxing his tense muscles, trying to wriggle them around.

"You need a massage, you just ask for one." Skinner whispered. "I'm good at massages."

"Yeah? I mean, yes! Get to work...Foxy." He stumbled over the ridiculous name. "Get some oil and get rubbing." He shrugged his leather jacket off his shoulders and began to pull his vest off.

"I'll do that, master." Skinner said quickly, rushing to help divest his erstwhile master of his PVC vest. Mulder laid himself face down on the couch and Skinner went to fetch some oil. He poured it onto the hollow between Mulder's shoulder blades and reached down, rubbing with long, deep strokes. Mulder sighed. Skinner worked slowly. He enjoyed massaging people, especially people with nice skin, like Mulder's. He noticed the way Mulder's arms and legs seemed too long for the couch. They were ungainly but curiously attractive. In fact, his new master was a good-looking guy. If the situation were different he could be enjoying himself right now. Skinner jolted back to reality with a start, realising that he was enjoying himself right now. But this was just a massage. It was easy. They couldn't do this all night. His fingers travelled over Mulder's nicely muscled frame, along his arms and down to his wrists.

"Relax." He shook Mulder's arm. "Let it go, Master."

"Mmmm." Mulder tried to disappear into a dream world where willing slaves were on hand to see to his every whim.

"That's better." Skinner whispered, massaging the long, sensitive fingers. Nice fingers, lovely fingers, he thought to himself. Fingers that could hold a riding crop or a whip and do some real damage. Fingers that could crawl themselves over a man's naked body and do some serious pinching in the nipple area.

An hour passed. Mulder began to relax. Maybe this wouldn't be too bad. It must be past midnight by now. Maybe they could go soon. Maybe they wouldn't have to do any more than this. Mistress Velvet, keeping an eye on the situation, decided it was time for some action.

"Master X." He opened his eyes and found her looking down on him. "I think it's time you showed us how obedient your slave is, don't you?"

"Um....yeah." He got up, trying not to even look at Skinner.

"I know you always bring some special equipment. Perhaps you could give us a little demonstration." Velvet said, using her riding crop to pick up his leather rucksack by the straps and depositing it in his lap.

"Equipment. Yes." Mulder opened the bag as forcefully as he could, one hand jerking Skinner's neck chain to get him back into a kneeling position. Both master and slave stared in horror at the assortment of nipple clamps, butt plugs, gags, whips and cuffs that fell out.

"You might not be needing these." Velvet pointed to the nipple clamps with her crop. "You see, this slave has some accessories that provide alternative sources of entertainment. She insinuated the riding crop underneath Skinner's waistcoat to reveal a pierced nipple with a silver ring hanging from it. "I have a variety of nice chains you might wish to use." Velvet clapped her hands and a slave came running with a little box of chains.

"Hey. Great." Mulder plucked out the nearest one and attached it to the rings in each of Skinner's nipples. "Sorry." He mouthed under his breath. Skinner raised his eyes heavenward.

Annoyed with himself, Mulder decided to try harder. His future rested on this, and Skinner's. Together they had to convince Mistress Velvet to admit them to the sanctum and he wasn't playing his part very well. Hell, wasn't this his ultimate wet dream? His most treasured fantasy? Walter Skinner, under his control, forced to do whatever he said instead of the other way round?

"I think it's time you took this off, don't you?" He pointed at the loose waistcoat, getting to his feet. Skinner shrugged the item of clothing off and Mulder took hold of the chain attached to those nipples, a surge of toppish pleasure coursing through him. "Follow me." He said curtly, snatching up his favourite set of cuffs. He tugged at the chains as they walked, ignoring the muffled squeaks of pain that this caused. "I don't remember telling you that you could walk!" He turned to see Skinner sauntering along behind him. "On all fours. NOW!" Skinner obeyed immediately, a tiny glint of angry rebellion in his eye. Mulder saw it and so did Velvet. They exchanged glances.

"It would appear that your slave is not at ease in his chains yet." Velvet purred. "Perhaps he needs to feel that he serves a very strict master, the sort of master who wouldn't hesitate to hand out very severe punishments."

"Oh, that's what he's got alright." Mulder said, raising his voice. "A very strict master." He gave the chains an angry tug and Skinner yelped and abased himself at his feet.

"Sorry, Master. Please forgive me."

"I don't think so." Mulder took one of the leather cuffs and held it in front of Skinner's face. "See this, slave? I want you to fetch it. In your mouth. And bring it back to me. Okay?" Skinner nodded, his face impassive. Mulder threw it and Skinner chased after it, retrieving it in his mouth and depositing it back at his master's feet. "Very good." Mulder fastened the cuff onto Skinner's wrist. "Now this one." Mulder pretended to throw it but instead unzipped his trousers and tucked the cuff inside. "Fetch!" He said pleasantly, sticking his groin out. Skinner's eyes narrowed angrily but he didn't falter, nudging his face into Mulder's lap and delicately fishing out the cuff with his teeth. "Good boy." Mulder patted him on the head, fastening the other cuff to his boss's wrist. "But I detect some rebellion, Foxy. So I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you."

For just a second there was a distinct hint of anticipation in Skinner's eyes and then it faded to be replaced by alarm. Mulder grabbed hold of the nipple chains and led Skinner over to the wall. He fastened each cuff to the wall and then stood back, enjoying the sight of Skinner's splendidly large, naked torso, tied up and waiting for his attention. He realised, with a surprising surge of pleasure, that his boss had a fantastic physique. He grabbed a whip from a nearby stand. It was one of those fancy ones with long tassles on it. He had practised for weeks to be good at twirling one of these. He threw his arm back and then brought it forward, stiffly, without any great force. Damn. He tried again, but it was no use. The whip didn't even leave the tiniest red mark.

"Permission to speak, Master." Skinner said.

"Yeah. What is it?" He went over to where Skinner was chained.

"With all due respect," Skinner said in an undertone. "That was crap. Master. I've seen little old ladies with more oomph in their wrists than that."

"Shut. Up." Mulder told him firmly, stepping back and raising his arm again. Goddamn slaves, they should know their goddamn place. He cracked the whip forward with more zest this time and shivered with delight to hear the sound of it impacting on flesh. Oh god, but he enjoyed doing this. Not with Skinner maybe, but usually. A nice hard body chained up to a wall and him standing there doling out the punishment. It was such fun! His arm was rising and falling in a rhythm now and Skinner was grunting with the force of the blows, his back covered in a nice lattice of red lines.

"Very good." Velvet came up to admire his handiwork. "I think this slave is beginning to get the idea. But why don't you insist on some more...personal services." She suggested. "I can see you're all hot and bothered." She laughed and patted his bulging crotch. Mulder looked down in surprise, shocked by how much this scenario was turning him on.

"Right." He strode over to where his slave lay hanging from his wrists and released him.

"Over here, slave." He said curtly, getting hold of the neck chain and pulling. He seated himself down on a chair and pulled Skinner's head down to his crotch. "First of all you are going to suck me off, and then you're going to stop, just before I come, because that's when I'm going to bend you over and fuck you."

"No." Skinner said, looking sick at the very thought. "You're not."

"Oh yes I am!" Mulder grinned. This was his chance, his only chance. For just one night Skinner was his, to do as he liked with and he really wanted to fuck him, to make up for all the times he had been fucked at work, metaphorically speaking at least.

"Oh no you're not!" Skinner repeated, drawing his head back.

"What is this, a goddamn pantomime? Are you my slave or not, Foxy?" he asked with a leer. Velvet felt a twisted smile play at the corner of her lips. Well done, Master X, she thought to herself. You are really hitting your stride now. I always knew you had it in you. She watched as the many thoughts going through Skinner's mind became evident on his face. Horror, anger, disgust, annoyance, desire, revulsion, anticipation, desire....She laughed out loud. He wasn't in any danger. If he was, he always had his safe word. No, he was a man trying to decide whether or not to give into temptation.

"Don't fight it, Foxy darling." She whispered, running a long talon over his head. "Master X only wants what's best for his slave. And you do want to be a good slave, don't you Foxy? I can tell."

"Yes. Yes I do." Skinner threw his head back as Mulder's fingers played with his ears and disappeared down his neck.

"Be a good slave then, Foxy." Mulder said. Skinner stared at him, drowning in those hazel eyes. He really did want to give in, to let it all just happen, to experience that fabulously dizzy out of control feeling. If only it wasn't Mulder, if only he didn't want him so much...if only.

Mulder suddenly gave into an impulse and did something he had always wanted to do. He stuck his tongue out and ran it all over his boss's head, from the front to the back, holding the man's face immobile between his hands as he did so that he couldn't draw away. "Now come here." Mulder pushed the bald head into his groin, unzipping his flies and releasing his eager cock, pressing it into Skinner's grudging mouth.

Skinner began sucking, closing his eyes tightly and trying to imagine that this was someone – anyone – else. It was a nice cock, he thought to himself, as he ran his tongue over it. One of the nicest he'd had and he'd tasted a few since first coming to The Dungeon. Mistress Velvet was always of the opinion that a good sub was a good sub and a good dom a good dom. It shouldn't make any difference what gender you were – subs went with doms and vice versa. "It's all just flesh at the end of the day," she said and Skinner had to agree with her. In fact, he rather enjoyed being dominated by someone of his own sex. He imagined what this hard cock would feel like stuffed up his ass and felt himself grow hard at the very thought of it. Damn Mulder for being such an attractive and increasingly assertive master! Damn, damn, damn.

Mulder drew back, feeling about ready to burst. Not yet, he thought to himself. There's more I want to do yet. While I have the chance.

"All fours." He hissed, dragging Skinner's neck chain down to the floor and treading on it to keep the man there. The harem pants had an elasticated waist and were easily pushed down, revealing two nice plump butt cheeks. Mulder grinned and accepted the lubricant

Mistress Velvet passed to him. "Let's play a while, shall we?" he grinned, spreading the lube over his fingers and inserting them gently but insistently inside his boss. "Oh this is good. You like this don't you, you hot little slave!" Mulder pushed his fingers around, higher and deeper and Skinner groaned.

"Please, master..." he whispered.

"Yes? What is it, slave?" he replied, "are you enjoying the attention your master is giving you?"

"Yes, master." Skinner gasped as Mulder gave his hand a shove.

"Well then, act grateful." Mulder said, wriggling his fingertips.

"Thank you, master!" Skinner said, breathing quickly. Mulder saw that the other man's cock was sticking out in front of him like a flagpole.

"Time for a ride!" he cried, withdrawing his fingers and positioning himself behind his slave, thrusting himself into him. Skinner gave a hoarse scream his thighs bucking backwards. Mulder sighed and eased himself further forward. Oh, this was good, this was damn good. He shoved himself back and forwards and as he did so, his hands travelled round to Skinner's cock and he squeezed it. Skinner bucked again, his arse constricting tightly, sweetly around Mulder's dick. With a gasp of delight, Mulder came. He bent forwards over his dazed slave and realised without surprise that his hand was covered in the other man's come. Double whammy!

Mulder got up and threw himself onto some cushions.

"Here." He pulled Skinner over and caressed the other man's head. Then he bent over and kissed him, insistently on the lips. "That was good, Foxy. Very good." He said, tiredly.

"Yes, master." Skinner was leaning back against his knees, his eyes closed, still panting. A few minutes later he struggled up and sat adoringly at Mulder's knee. In his eyes shone the light of a truly willing and eager slave. There were no more criticisms, no more whispered comments. "Please let me serve you, master." He said, bowing forward and nudging Mulder's hand, desperate for a caress.

"Oh yes, Foxy. You can serve me. I'm going to be so cruel to you...." Mulder fantasised happily and Skinner put his head back, lapping it all up while Mulder played with his ears. Mistress Velvet smiled and wandered back to her parlour. It had all gone very well. The two had fully established the correct rapport and had no further need of her. Now she could turn her head to other matters. She was busy training up a new dominatrix. A promising girl with porcelain white skin and vivid red hair. Mistress Velvet was sure that she would turn out to be a very good dominatrix indeed.

Mulder dressed for work with some trepidation on Monday morning. Already Friday night seemed like a haze to him. Had they really spent all night doing....that? Hadn't it just been a dream? He remembered that sometime around dawn, Mistress Velvet had called them both into her parlour and told them that they had passed their initiation test. He wasn't sure he really cared by that point. All he wanted was to drag his slave back to one of the torture

chambers where he had a nice few suspension chains set up. Skinner hadn't been eager to stop either. The pair of them had stayed on, enjoying themselves for another few hours after Velvet had spoken to them. Mulder still felt physically and emotionally exhausted by the whole event. Skinner had said that they would never talk about it, but he wasn't sure how he was going to cope. How could he go back to the "yes sir, no sir" routine, after what they had been through together?

He was due in a meeting in Skinner's office first thing but he was late. Scully was there, bright and early as usual, taking notes. There were a whole bunch of other agents there as well but Mulder didn't even spare them a glance. As he made his entrance, his gaze was fixed firmly on his boss, Assistant Director Walter Skinner, aka Foxy the slave.

"You're late, Mulder." Skinner barely even looked up.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir." He slipped into a seat next to Scully and she gave him a sympathetic smile. Skinner was as brisk as usual. He ran through some notes, handed out some assignments and padded backwards and forwards between his desk and the circle of chairs where the agents were seated. He talked the same as normal, he walked the same as normal, except, Mulder thought he detected a particular clenched tightness to that walk. He grinned, peering at Skinner's shirt, wondering whether he wore the nipple rings to work. God, he hoped he did. He liked the idea of that crisply laundered shirt concealing such a tantalising secret. Skinner handed out some files, his hand touching Mulder's briefly as he passed his to him. The touch was electric and both men felt it. Their eyes met for a moment and then slid away. Mulder was disappointed. There had been nothing there. Not a glimmer of recognition in Skinner's eyes. With a sigh he sat back and closed his eyes, longing to have Foxy back again, with his eager expression and puppy-like attentiveness. He remembered what it had felt like to lick that head.

"Agent Mulder! Are we keeping you up?" Skinner's voice rapped out, breaking through his reverie.

"Uh, no, sir. Sorry, sir."

"Somebody's had a heavy weekend." Skinner grunted, just the hint of a smile on his lips.

"Concentrate if you please, Agent Mulder. I won't be going through this twice."

"No, sir. I mean, yes, sir. Oh whatever." He waved a hand in the air.

He could barely concentrate on the rest of the briefing and was relieved when Skinner finally told them they could go.

"Not you, Mulder." Skinner said. Mulder sighed as the other agents passed him by, grinning at him maliciously, delighted that he was in trouble again. Scully gave him another of her sympathetic smiles.

"You're going to have to do better than this, Mulder." Skinner said to him when they were alone.

"Yes. I know. Sorry, sir." He gave a sheepish grin and stared at his shoes.

Skinner cleared his throat and went to stand looking out of the window, his back to Mulder.

"I know we agreed not to mention a certain something that happened a couple of nights ago..." he began.

"Yes, we did, sir." Mulder's heart was thudding. What on earth was coming next?

"But I just wanted to say..." Skinner cleared his throat again. "That I rather enjoyed meeting Master X." Mulder bit his lip, not sure how to respond. Skinner turned round and slipped him a piece of paper. "That's my phone number. If Master X should be in a certain mood, perhaps he'd like to give me a call?"

"Oh, I think that's guaranteed, sir." He said with a grin, pocketing the slip of paper gleefully.

"I look forward to it then." Skinner pushed his glasses further back on his nose and began to flick through some papers. "That'll be all," he murmured. As Mulder made his way towards the door, he could have sworn that he heard his boss, muttering under his breath, add the word "master."

THE END

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