

***Special* Agent by Xanthe**
Chapter 1 by Xanthe



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Mulder hesitated outside Skinner's office, and then, playing for time and trying to delay the inevitable, he adjusted his tie. His shirt collar felt particularly tight around his neck, as if it were trying to strangle him.

"Breathe, damnit, Mulder!" He berated himself. "He's already thrown so many books at you that you could start your own library. What the hell else can he do?" The queasy flip his stomach made told him he didn't want to know the answer to that question. He knocked, softly, and then pushed open the door. Assistant Director Skinner was sitting behind his desk. Mulder paused for a moment, as he always did, to appreciate his boss's fine physique. This was a knee jerk reaction for him; he couldn't remember a time when his knees didn't go just the slightest bit wobbly on being in the presence of the divine god of the crisp white shirts. Skinner glanced up from his work, and glared at him. Mulder swallowed hard; this didn't bode well.

"Agent Mulder." Skinner sat back in his chair and regarded Mulder from beneath a furrowed forehead. Mulder's stomach did another one of those nervous flips.

"Sir." Mulder affected a bravado he didn't feel, and walked confidently over to the chair in front of the Assistant Director's desk and sat down. Skinner's glare intensified. "You wanted to see me, sir?" Mulder asked.

"Yes, Agent Mulder. It is, as you are probably aware, that time of the year when I have to justify this section's spending."

"Yes, sir." Mulder nodded.

"And that, Agent Mulder, is the problem." Skinner shook his head, his jaw doing a little sideways grind.

"It is?" Mulder sat back in his chair. He didn't see how any of this could affect him.

"Yes...you see, our section has overspent significantly. I was going through the figures to understand why...and in so doing I took a look at the expense accounts the X Files department has submitted."

"Oh." Mulder suddenly saw how this might affect him – and it didn't look good.

"Yes. Oh," Skinner repeated, with a little grimace. "Agent Mulder, do you have any idea how much your department has cost the FBI, in expense claims alone, over the past 6 months?"

Mulder paused to consider that question. There didn't seem to be a right answer. "Well, I know we're expensive, sir, but we do a good job..." He began, but he was interrupted by Skinner's large fist crashing down on the desk.

"\$500,000, Agent Mulder!" His boss told him. Mulder felt sure his gulp was audible.

"Uh...are you sure, sir?" He asked feebly. "I mean...I know there were a lot of cell phones lost and cars totalled, but...half a million dollars? I don't think..."

"I have the figures here, Agent. I can assure you that the number is correct. The question is – what do we do about it?"

Mulder gazed at the other man helplessly. Even in as much trouble as he was, he couldn't help thinking how broad Skinner's chest looked, taut white cotton stretched over a physique so magnificent that Mulder could only dream about what it would be like to unbutton that shirt, and feast upon all those acres of naked flesh...

"Agent?" Skinner prompted, breaking into his reverie. Mulder tore his thoughts away from his delicious contemplation, with some effort.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'd like to say that we'll take better care of bureau property, but we don't make frivolous claims, sir. I've provided receipts and full supporting documentation for all our losses. Every single one of them was in the course of duty and I don't think we could have done anything different." He held out his hands in a gesture of hopelessness.

Skinner sighed. "I understand that, Agent, but the truth is that it's hard for me to make that case to my superiors. They've been baying for your ass, Mulder. I've tried to protect you for the past few years, but..." He shook his head. "It's becoming harder, Mulder. They think you're running wild. They want to know that you've been disciplined – that I've got you under control, and figures like these make it very hard for me to make that case."

He threw the file onto the desk, and gave Mulder a searching gaze.

"You do have me under control, sir," Mulder said. "Well...kinda..." He made a face. "I mean...I know how it looks, but really, sir, I know how tough you've been on me."

"Not tough enough," Skinner murmured.

"Sir?" Mulder felt his stomach do another of those nervous flips.

"I said not tough enough, Agent." Skinner repeated, in a firm, no-nonsense kind of tone. "Look, Mulder, I don't mind fighting your corner against the vultures – I believe in you and the work you do, but I need to be able to stand up there and tell them, in no uncertain terms, that I've reeled you in, that you're not a loose canon any more, and if I'm going to do that...then things have to change."

"What kinds of things, sir?" Mulder said, in a slightly shaky voice.

Skinner sat back in his chair, and regarded Mulder searchingly for a long time. Mulder flushed – he felt as if he was being scrutinised, as if Skinner could see under his suit, under his skin, and into the very depths of his soul. Mulder felt his skin turn a fiery red, and he broke the other man's gaze and glanced down at his own shoes.

"I'll leave that up to you," Skinner said at last, quietly. "It won't be an easy decision, Agent, but then you're used to making tough choices."

"What kind of choice, sir?" Mulder asked softly, his voice barely above a whisper.

"When I was in the marines, we had a kind of code of conduct," Skinner said. "It's top secret – nobody ever speaks of it, but it exists. A senior officer could take one, or several, younger men under his wing. They would all be subjected to tough discipline – but he'd mould them into a fighting unit, and their loyalty would be fierce and true. He would be fair but firm – his men would accept his punishments, and his rewards, without complaint."

"What kind of punishments?" Mulder asked, biting on his bottom lip, unsure that he wanted to hear what was coming.

"Physical punishment, Mulder," Skinner told him, not backing down, those brown eyes of his still gazing at Mulder keenly.

"I see." Mulder nodded, biting down on his lip even harder. His stomach was now flipping so much he felt like it was a gymnasium down there. He wondered what form those physical punishments took, and his stomach went through an entire tumbling routine as he imagined himself bent over the desk, on the receiving end of a tough beating from the other man.

"The rewards were also physical," Skinner said softly. Mulder's ears pricked up at that.

"Sir?" He whispered faintly.

"I don't want you to be under any illusions about this, Mulder," Skinner told him firmly. "Physical punishment is tough – it'll take the form of a whipping from my hands, belt, paddle, ruler or any implement I choose. If you agree to come into the fold, to be subject to marine discipline, then I would be just as tough on you as I am now – only if you screw up I'll take it out on your ass and you'll be spanked. However, it's been proven that you don't get the best out of the men under your command just by using the stick. So, there's a carrot too."

"A carrot." Mulder cleared his throat. "What kind of carrot would that be, sir?"

"You get my unswerving loyalty, Agent. I'll defend you to the hilt – you'll be, literally, my *special* agent. I'll take responsibility for your mistakes when dealing with my superiors in the FBI, and I'll protect you to the last drop of blood in my body. We aren't talking about a frivolous arrangement here – this is deadly serious, Mulder, and the obligations work both ways. In order to increase the bond between us, and ensure our mutual loyalty, I'll also have the right to fuck you whenever I choose. Surprising as this may seem, I think you'll come to view this as being one of those rewards I mentioned earlier," Skinner told him, with just the merest hint of a glint in his dark eyes. Mulder's stomach went through an entire Olympic routine of back flips and somersaults at that point. "There are others as well," Skinner continued. "You'll have my private cell phone number – I'll be on call for you night and day. You'll stay over at my apartment occasionally and you'll have access to everything I know. I'll bail you out of prison and out of trouble – your ass may pay for it, but I will always be there for you."

Mulder felt winded, and he sat back in his chair, unable to believe the deal he'd just been offered. What surprised him most was how special it made him feel. His boss was sitting here, offering him this outrageous arrangement, and yet...and yet, his heart warmed at the thought of having someone there for him, someone who would defend him to the death, someone who would always be on his side. His mind also mulled over those promised "rewards". He didn't think it at all surprising that he'd come to enjoy the big man's attentions.

In fact, the thought of Skinner covering his slim, pale, naked body with his own large, golden toned, tautly muscled one made his cock hard inside his pants. Mulder didn't even bother asking what the alternative was – he wanted this. He wanted it badly.

"Yes," he said quickly, before he could change his mind or consider the implications too carefully.

"You're sure?" Skinner queried, those dark eyes of his boring into Mulder's soul.

"Yes, sir," Mulder whispered, trying hard to hold the eye contact and show the other man just how much this meant to him.

"The corporal punishment will be hard – I'm not playing at this, Agent," Skinner told him. "I'll whip you for as long as I think you deserve, and as hard as I think you've earned. I won't take any notice of your screams, or any begging for mercy – this is for real."

"Yes, sir. I understand," Mulder whispered. "I think it would be worth it, sir – to come under your protection, to be singled out for your special attention. I think...that I'd like that, sir."

"Hmmm." Skinner got up, and walked slowly towards Mulder, stealthy as a panther. Mulder tried to remember to breathe, as his heartbeats became louder and louder to his ears. Skinner went behind him, and then, suddenly, without warning, he leaned forward, and put one large arm around Mulder's chest, pinning him to the chair. "And what about the sex, Agent Mulder?" Skinner whispered, sibilantly, in the younger man's ear. "How do you feel about that? Do you think you'd be able to handle my large cock in your tight ass?"

Mulder felt as if he was falling through space, falling off the edge of the earth, falling into his wildest and most secret fantasy.

"I don't know," he replied, swallowing hard. "But I'd sure as hell like to try, sir!" There was just a hint of the old, wisecracking Mulder in his voice – he wanted to show that he wasn't daunted, that he was worthy of this man's offer, but even so, his voice cracked a little.

"Very well." Skinner paused, and his lips brushed the side of Mulder's head for just a brief moment. "All right then, Agent. I'll take that as your acceptance. As of this moment in time, you're under my control – and I should warn you that I'll keep you on a very tight rein."

"And I should warn you that I can be a rebellious son of a bitch," Mulder shot back.

Skinner's chuckle was deep and dark, right next to his ear.

"Oh, I can handle you, Agent Mulder. I promise you that. From now on you're mine – I'll take very good care of you, and I'll be loyal to you to the end – as I expect you to be to me. For now though..." Skinner stood up, and went to stand in front of his new acquisition. "Stand up straight, Agent. Let me see what I have to work with."

Mulder got to his feet, and watched, as Skinner went and pulled down the blind and locked his office door. Then the big man returned to him.

"Remove your clothes, Agent," he ordered. "First of all I'm going to inspect you – then I'm going to whip your ass."

"Whip...?" Mulder faltered. "But, sir – I haven't done anything yet!"

"We'll consider this payback for every single dollar of that half a million," Skinner said. "I won't be cruel and insist on exacting a portion of that tally every night until it's cleared – that would take the rest of your life I think, and it's important that we start with a clean slate in any case. So, I'll just stick to giving you a sound whipping now – followed by a taste of that reward I mentioned, just so you understand what's on offer."

Hopefully, next time you're in a situation where you might potentially get yourself into trouble, you'll think about it and decide to take the course of action that will end up with you receiving a reward, and not a whipping." He gave a wry grin. "But I accept it might take awhile for that particular object lesson to sink in. Right – daylight's burning, Agent. Ditch the clothes."

"Yes, sir." Mulder hooked his thumb in his tie and undid it, then threw it on the chair he had just vacated. His shirt swiftly followed suit, and he slung that on the chair too.

"Agent – I expect marine discipline from you from now on!" Skinner barked. "Fold those clothes neatly!"

Mulder swallowed back a smart retort, and grabbed his shirt and folded it as nicely as he could. He wound the tie into a small ball and replaced that on the chair and shucked his pants and folded them too. Then he paused, his fingers in the waistband of his briefs.

"I said **all** your clothes, Agent," Skinner said firmly. "I want to see that fine white ass of yours – and that cock that looks as if it's waiting to be introduced."

Mulder wished he could hide the all too obvious evidence of his arousal but it was no good – his cock was tenting the front of his briefs in a way that was impossible to obscure.

"Quickly, Agent!" Skinner barked. "I want to get on with this inspection. I need to see what we're dealing with here."

Mulder took a deep breath, steeled himself, and then slid his briefs down to his ankles, folded them, and placed them on the chair. His cock bobbed up immediately upon its release, so engorged and obviously aroused that it was embarrassing.

"I see." Skinner stood in front of his naked agent and his gaze raked over Mulder. His dark eyes dwelled on his agent's chest, and then went lower, to his groin. He made no move to touch the agent though, and gave no sign about whether or not he was satisfied with what he saw either. "Turn around." Skinner whirled his finger and Mulder swiftly turned so that his butt was presented to his boss. "Hmmm," Skinner said, and Mulder flushed under the scrutiny. "Okay, Agent, turn back. At ease," Skinner commanded, and it was only then that Mulder realised he'd been holding himself ramrod straight, to attention. He turned back, spread his legs a little, and put his hands behind his back. "From now on, when I order you to shed your clothes you'll do it quickly, and you'll fold them neatly. Then you'll stand to attention for your inspection," Skinner told him.

"Yes, sir," Mulder whispered faintly.

"Now – it seems to me that butt of yours was made for punishment," Skinner informed him. "I like to see a nice, healthily glowing, red ass, and I like the men under my command to know who the boss is. So, we can kill two birds with one stone." He gave an almost predatory smile, and Mulder did a double take – who would have thought that his boss had **this** particular side to his personality? Skinner moved forward, prowling like a panther, and circled Mulder a couple of times. It took all Mulder's strength to stay in position under that piercing gaze. Finally, Skinner came to a halt behind him. He stayed there for a long time, not saying anything, just standing close – too close – behind Mulder's naked body. Then suddenly, taking Mulder by surprise, he reached out his hands and cupped Mulder's ass cheeks. "All right, Agent. Time to begin," Skinner murmured in his ear, his voice as dark and rich as molten chocolate. "Bend over the desk, Agent Mulder. It's time to receive your punishment."

Mulder felt a wave of dizziness wash over him. Those words, and the way his boss had spoken them, caressed some dark need, deep inside him, making him tremble.

"Now, Agent," Skinner said, in a stern tone, slapping the palm of his hand firmly against Mulder's buttocks, making a loud, clapping sound.

"Yes...sir..." Mulder said faintly. He edged forward and slowly, oh so slowly, leaned over the desk. Skinner's desk was made of a rich, dark mahogany wood, and it felt smooth against the front of his thighs.

"Right over, Agent. I want that belly pressed on the surface of the desk," Skinner rapped out. Mulder slid forward further, trying anxiously to get himself in the right position – Skinner's military demeanour and tone of voice demanded immediate obedience.

"Okay. Stop there." Skinner placed a hand on Mulder's back, and pressed him further down. "Legs apart..." Skinner kicked between Mulder's legs until they were spread. "Hold the desk with your hands...like this." Skinner placed his agent's hands where he wanted them to be, and Mulder held the position, flushing to the roots of his dark hair. *This was so humiliating!* His legs were spread so wide as to reveal his asshole to his boss, and, even as his embarrassment consumed him, he knew why his boss had ordered him to stand like this; Skinner wanted to impress upon him that nothing was to remain hidden from him. He effectively owned Mulder now, and he could place him in whatever position he wanted. "Right. I want you to remember this position. Whenever I place you under marine discipline, you will assume this position immediately and ready yourself for punishment. I don't expect you to show any hesitation, or to argue against your punishment. If I decide corporal punishment is required, then I will tell you and you will bend over the desk, or table, or armchair and wait to receive whatever I deem necessary to hand out. Understood?"

Mulder could feel Skinner's wool pants, brushing against the back of his thighs, and he swallowed hard. "Yes, sir. Understood!" He croaked.

"Good. Now...while you're in position, now would be a good time to see how tight you are," Skinner said, and a second later Mulder gasped out loud as a cool, lubed finger slid into his anus.

"Oh god!" He moaned, raising his head.

"Head down – cheek against the desk!" Skinner rapped out. "I hope I made myself clear, Agent. From now on, you will be receiving my special attention. There's no part of you that's off limits to me. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," Mulder whimpered.

"Hmm...you're tight. Have you ever been fucked up the ass before, Agent?" Skinner demanded.

"Yes...but a long time ago, sir. I...I've thought about it a lot since though," Mulder confessed.

"Did you enjoy it?" Skinner asked, sliding his lubed finger back and forth. Mulder bit on his lip. "Well?" Skinner slid another finger into his anus and Mulder yelped.

"Yes, sir!" He said. "I...I loved it, sir."

"I thought so. Well, you're tight but that's only through lack of use. I'll make sure we remedy that situation today and in the next few days. At the beginning it's always a good idea to make sure the bond between an officer and a man under his command is well cemented. To that end, I'll take you whenever possible in the coming couple of weeks. Whenever we have some free time, I'll stretch your tight ass with my big, hard cock, until this particular passage is more open and welcoming."

Mulder moaned as Skinner inserted another finger, and slid all three fingers in and out rhythmically for several minutes. He wasn't sure what was turning him on most – the fact his boss had three fingers up his ass or what he was saying – words that Mulder found unbearably arousing.

"Okay, Agent. I think it's time for your punishment now." Skinner withdrew his fingers and Mulder sighed for their loss, and then trembled in anticipation of the coming punishment. How the hell had he got himself into this? And could he take whatever his boss thought it was that he deserved?

"Have you ever been spanked before, Agent?" Skinner asked.

"Not since I was paddled at school once, sir," Mulder replied.

"This will be a similar experience – but harder. I expect the men under my command to be tough, and also to be prepared to pay for their mistakes and to learn how to do better," Skinner rapped out. "This will be a long, hard punishment. I think you should know what to expect if you fuck up in future – and in addition, I think you should pay for some of the stunts you've pulled over the past few years – to say nothing of that \$500,000 expenses tally."

"Sir...is it fair to punish me for things I did wrong before we had our...uh, agreement?" Mulder asked, taking his life into his hands. Skinner gave a wry chuckle.

"Let's put it this way, Mulder – how many times have you behaved disrespectfully to me over the past few years? How many tantrums have you thrown in this office? How many times have you talked back to me, yelled at me, barged your way in here without an appointment? When you were doing all those things you knew it was disrespectful and I didn't have the means to punish you adequately at the time – well, now I do, and I think you have to admit that you deserve this."

Mulder sighed and lifted his head again. "I suppose so, sir...but..."

"And besides, whenever I take someone under my *special* command, I *always* give him a taste of what he can expect, both by way of punishment and reward, so that he is able to make reasoned choices in the future, knowing full well what the consequences of his actions will be. So regardless of your past behaviour, you will take this spanking – you'll also remember in future not to argue with me about whether or not you deserve it. If I say you deserve it, then you do. That's how simple this is, Agent. Understood?"

Mulder rested his cheek against the cool wood of the desk again, resigned to his fate. "Yes, sir," he answered shakily.

"Good. Prepare yourself then, Agent."

Mulder braced himself against the desk, clenching his buttocks as much as he could when they were spread like this. He tensed every muscle in his body, waiting in anticipation...and was therefore surprised when, instead of delivering the first swat, Skinner stroked his ass instead.

"It's a fine ass, Agent. I won't stop until it's been thoroughly punished. I promise you that."

"That's reassuring, sir," Mulder squeaked.

Skinner gave another of his dark chuckles and a split second later Mulder felt the palm of his boss's hand crack against his buttocks. It hurt, but it wasn't unbearable.

"I always like to use my hand first," Skinner told him, delivering another spank. Mulder felt himself relaxing – how bad could a hand spanking be? "I like to get the feel of a man's ass, to see how it wriggles and reddens underneath my hand. When I've warmed you up then you'll taste a lick of my belt."

Mulder closed his eyes, and tried not to think about what it would be like to be whipped across his bare, naked, exposed ass with his boss's shiny, black leather belt. Skinner's hand continued to cover his bottom with several hard spanks. The pain built up, until Mulder couldn't stop himself, and he began to wriggle. Skinner paused and placed his other hand on the small of Mulder's back to keep him in place, and then started spanking his buttocks again, harder and faster this time.

"Oh god! Oh please! Please stop!" Mulder begged, trying to twist out from under that unrelenting large hand as it covered every single inch of his bottom.

"Keep down, Agent. You have to learn how to take your punishment and take it well," Skinner told him, in a firm, no nonsense voice. "Now, I'm nowhere near done yet, so you'd better give some thought to how you came to be in this position and how you can avoid ending up here again. You also should learn that my punishments mean business – I told you this would be long and hard, and you'll find that I always keep my word."

Mulder gave a yelp as the pace quickened even more, and soon he was beginning to wonder how he could ever have imagined that a hand spanking would be mild – his boss's hand was so big and hard that it really made an impact, and he made sure that he spanked the entire surface of his agent's ass, leaving no part of it untouched. Finally Mulder gave in to the experience, and lay, gasping for air across the desk, his hands opening and closing feebly around the mahogany surface.

Then, finally, he became dimly aware that the onslaught had stopped. There was a buzzing in his brain that prevented him from hearing anything his boss was saying to him but Skinner was saying something, and his hand was soothing gently over Mulder's tortured ass. Mulder glanced back, over his shoulder, and moaned when he saw how pink his bottom was – it was glowing merrily like a furnace, and it felt to him as if it was generating heat like a furnace too.

"All right, Agent. Stand up and take some deep breaths," Skinner was saying. Mulder stood, slowly, all the blood rushing away from his head, leaving him a little dizzy. "Good. You took that well. I'm proud of you," Skinner told him and Mulder couldn't help but feel a little glow of pride, despite himself. "Now, I want you to stand there for a moment and prepare yourself to receive my belt."

Mulder's heart thumped loudly – he'd forgotten about the belt.

"Sir...please...my ass already feels like it's on fire. Couldn't you forget about the belt?" He begged.

Skinner stood in front of him, those dark eyes of his understanding, radiating a kind of sympathy – but his lips were set in a firm line.

"I'm sorry, Agent. I always complete a punishment and I always give a man what he needs – and you need this. I said I'd give you a strapping and that's exactly what I intend to do." And then he did something unexpected; he reached out, pulled Mulder close, wrapped his big arms around his naked agent, and kissed Mulder's sweaty forehead.

"All right, Agent. You and I are going to get along just fine. You'll see. This is the best decision you ever made – I'll make sure you don't live to regret it."

His hands soothed Mulder's back, and Mulder was surprised to find how much he enjoyed being held like this. He rested his head against his boss's shoulder, and relaxed. Skinner's hands wandered lower, and cupped Mulder's glowing buttocks firmly. Mulder gave an anguished little yelp and burrowed his head even further into his boss's shoulder.

"Hold still, Agent. I enjoy playing with freshly spanked flesh. Remember who is in charge here," Skinner told him, kneading his sore buttocks firmly, making Mulder squirm and moan. His cock was now pressed into his boss's thigh, ramrod hard.

"Oh shit..." he murmured, writhing against Skinner desperately.

"Don't come, Agent. You only get to come when I'm inside you from now on," Skinner warned.

"Yes, sir...but...oh shit..." Mulder whispered again, almost out of his head on the post- spanking high.

"Time to go over the desk again," Skinner ordered, pushing him back. Mulder watched, transfixed, as Skinner undid his belt, and removed it from his pants with an erotic swish of intent. He continued to watch, in horrified, aroused fascination, as Skinner doubled the belt over and smacked it a couple of times, experimentally, on his hand.

"Bend over – now!" Skinner ordered. Mulder swallowed hard, and took up his position over the desk again, sweat pouring off his body. He wasn't sure he could take this. His ass already hurt...but he realised, as he stood there, that he had no choice. He *had* to take this. He closed his eyes, and a second later he felt the belt come to rest, cool and hard, on his buttocks as Skinner trailed it lightly over his body. "Okay, Agent. Let's get this over with," Skinner said, with grim intent, and a second later Mulder heard the loud crack of leather on flesh, and then a split second after that the pain kicked in.

"OW!" He yelled, trying to get up and finding Skinner's hand pressed so firmly into the small of his back that he couldn't move a muscle. He had no choice but to take every single thwacking blow that rained down on his waiting flesh. Skinner went hard and fast, the belt cracking down time and again on Mulder's exposed buttocks. Once again, Skinner made sure that every inch of his agent's bottom was covered – and even thwacked the belt down a few times on the tops of Mulder's thighs until Mulder wasn't sure he could stand any more. He was hovering on the brink of agony and ecstasy, and it hurt so much and yet even so, he was aroused by it.

Then it stopped. Mulder blinked, panting heavily, and then glanced over his shoulder once more. His bottom, which had previously been glowing a pretty pink, was now a smouldering red in hue. His boss was surveying it proudly, a satisfied smile on his face.

"We're done with the punishment, Agent," he said, in a tone that was almost a purr. "You did very well – so now it's time for the reward. Stand up."

Mulder did as he was told, and almost swayed as the combination of the spanking and his arousal combined to make him light headed. Skinner caught him in time, and held him for a moment, soothing him again.

"In a moment, I'm going to lie you down on the desk. You'll open your legs wide and put them on my shoulders," Skinner murmured to him, stroking his agent's hair comfortingly. "Then I'm going to fuck you – this will be a long, hard ride, Agent. I want you to get used to the feel of my big cock inside your tight ass. You might squirm a bit, but you'll soon become accustomed to the sensation – you'll learn to enjoy it too – in time."

"Yes, sir," Mulder whispered, feeling higher than a kite.

"Feel me." Skinner took Mulder's hand, and pressed it against the front of his wool pants. "I'm hard for you, Agent, and I doubt you'll ever have a bigger cock inside that fine ass of yours." Mulder felt along the other man's hard shaft, as it pressed against the front of his pants, and opened his eyes wide in shock.

"Shit...is that your cock? It's huge," he whispered, impressed – but also worried.

"Ah – you're wondering if you'll be able to take me," Skinner replied with another of those little chuckles. "You will, Agent, I assure you. You have no choice - I'll make you."

Mulder shivered. He longed to feel that giant cock moving inside him but at the same time he knew something that big had to burn.

"It's time, Agent. I want to show you exactly who is in charge around here," Skinner informed him. "Now, get on the desk."

He pushed Mulder away, moved over to the desk, and swiped his arm across it, sending all the files flying and clearing a space for his agent to lie down. Mulder did as he was told, gasping as his sore red bottom made contact with the hard, cold wood.

"Ah...that's a good sight," Skinner purred. "Open those legs, Agent." Mulder did as ordered, and Skinner grinned. "A tempting sight," he mused.

"Sir...could I...would you...that is...can I see you naked?" Mulder asked, tremulously. Skinner paused, and considered the question for a moment, and then smiled.

"Very well, Agent. I think you've earned that." He undid his tie quickly, with military precision, rolled it in a neat ball and deposited it on the chair with Mulder's clothes. Then he unbuttoned his crisp white shirt, with fast, jerky movements of his fingers, and speedily removed that too. Mulder sighed. He had fantasised about what was under all that cool white cotton, and he wasn't disappointed. Skinner's chest was solid, a broad expanse of golden skin stretched tautly across toned muscles. It was also covered in a fine sprinkling of wiry brown and silver curls of hair. He was, quite simply, magnificent. Mulder felt his cock, which had flagged slightly during the strapping, start to harden again.

"I'm pleased that you like what you see," Skinner grinned, glancing at Mulder's cock pointedly. He undid his belt and pants and removed them as efficiently as he'd removed the rest of his clothing. Then he disposed of his shoes and socks, revealing a fine pair of feet and sturdy calf muscles, before hooking his fingers in the waistband of his briefs. He paused for a moment, and then slid them down his thighs, folded them, and placed them on the chair too, and then he stood, completely naked, in front of his agent. Mulder gave a low groan of anticipation – Skinner's cock was as beautiful as he'd known it would be. It was thick, cut, and jutted out meatily in front of him, like a stallion. It was also enormous and Mulder gulped, wondering how the hell something so huge would fit inside his ass.

"Legs open, Agent," Skinner instructed as Mulder had started to close them, involuntarily. "I'm going to give you the ride of your life." He grabbed Mulder's legs unexpectedly, and placed them on his shoulders, then his hands took firm purchase on Mulder's hips, and he pulled his agent forward until he was flush against him. Mulder wailed as his sore buttocks slid across the surface of the desk, but any discomfort was soon forgotten as Skinner claimed his mouth with his own, plundering Mulder's lips with a deep kiss that made Mulder sigh, and wrap his arms around the big man's back, drawing him in even closer. He could feel that monster cock against his groin and he knew he wanted it inside him. Skinner kissed him several times, and then his mouth roamed lower, sucking on Mulder's neck and then taking a nipple under his tongue and rolling it there experimentally, making Mulder squeal and writhe with pleasure. Finally, he slid his hands under Mulder's hot ass, pulled his Agent's buttocks open, and nudged his hard cock into Mulder's anus. Mulder gasped, and tried to open up, but it was hard as that big cock pressed insistently into him. At first he didn't think Skinner would be able to breach the tight ring of muscle in his anus, but he reckoned without his boss's iron will. When Skinner encountered resistance, he simply backed up a little, clutched Mulder's ass even more firmly in his hands, and then sank back in – and this time he wasn't taking no for an answer. Mulder threw back his head and started to holler, partly in pain and partly in pleasure as that big cock disappeared effortlessly inside him, claiming him insistently, forcing its way into his tender flesh, right up to the hilt. Skinner didn't stop until he was all the way in, his balls slapping against Mulder's sore ass, and then and only then did he pause. He fixed his agent with an almost feral smile, and grinned.

"You look good, boy," he growled. I like this look on you. Head back, sweat pouring off you – and you feel so damn tight around my cock. Shit but your ass is hot...you're milking me...making me so horny..." He moved his hips back, suddenly and unexpectedly, and Mulder let out a hoarse shout of surprise, and grasped his boss with sweaty hands, clinging on for dear life. Then a second later, Skinner slammed back in with all his force and Mulder screamed out loud again, but this time in the most exquisite pleasure because Skinner had hit a spot inside him that was so sweet it felt like heaven.

"Oh GOD!" Mulder screeched. Skinner grinned and rolled his hips.

"Feel good, boy?" He said, in a deep, throaty tone. "I'm pleased... 'cause I'm gonna fuck your brains out now." He was true to his word, and started to thrust in and out of Mulder's ass at high speed, that big cock rippling in and out of Mulder's anus, sending shock waves of white hot pleasure speeding through every nerve fibre in his body. His endorphins, already stoked by the spanking, were raging through his body, and his own cock was weeping pre-come, desperate for release. "Stay with me, Agent," Skinner panted, as he swung his hips savagely back towards Mulder. "I can keep going for awhile yet... I'm gonna come inside you like nobody ever has before. You're mine now... take me... take my big, hard cock... can you feel me... you feel good... so good... that's it... moan... shout... nobody's gonna hear you... let it out, Agent... nobody ever took you like this before, huh? Nobody ever fucked you right the way up inside your ass like this before did they? Did they, Mulder? Huh?"

"No... no... oh god, no... oh shit... oh please... please... please fuck me... fuck me... fuck me..." Mulder no longer knew what he was saying. He was a creature of pure sensation, that large, fat cock claiming him, body and soul, slamming in and out of his ass, making him scream with need, with pleasure, with pain, with total and utter ecstasy... Above him, Skinner's neck had turned red and there was a vein throbbing in it; he smelled of raw, overwhelming, powerful sex and it turned Mulder on like nothing else he'd ever smelled before. He loved looking at his boss's handsome face as he bore down on him, fucking him out of his brain, and then he was coming... and coming... and coming... and he could feel Skinner still moving inside him, and then he was coming too, his entire body tensing up, and then shooting hot spunk deep inside his agent's body.

Mulder wasn't sure how much time passed as they both lay there, on the desk, Skinner's big, tanned body still covering his own, much paler one. Mulder could see white stars in the sky all around him, and there was a sated thrumming sound in his ears. Finally it receded, and he realised Skinner was gazing at him, smiling softly.

"Hey," he murmured.

"Hey," Mulder murmured back. "Oh shit... we have to do that more often."

"Yeah." Skinner withdrew slowly, with a plopping sound, and Mulder let out a huge, deep sigh. Skinner gazed down on him affectionately. "Okay, Fox?" He asked, holding out a hand to help him to his feet. Mulder took it, and half slid, half fell off the desk and into his lover's arms. They rested their sweaty foreheads against each other, and wrapped their arms around each other, and then just stood there, swaying slightly, naked bodies pressed tight together. It was Saturday afternoon – traditionally slave's day – and they were in Skinner's study in the 17th floor apartment.

"Was that what you wanted?" Skinner asked.

"Oh god yes," Mulder replied. "Thank you, Walter."

"That fantasy was very close to home." Skinner grinned.

"I know... I guess I just didn't realise how much I missed seeing you at the office now I've gone freelance. All those meetings where you used to ream me out. And you in your crisp white shirts, sitting in that big, black chair behind that big, imposing desk. It was always such a turn on. The military thing was a good twist." Mulder sighed happily. His lover's big hands stroked his back softly.

"Yeah. I thought you'd like that," Skinner chuckled.

"So... is that really what happens in the marines?" Mulder asked hopefully. "Commanding officers get to pick special men and... you know..."

"Spank and fuck them? Yeah. Right." Skinner snorted. "Dream on, Fox."

"Damn. Why are all the best fantasies never true?" Mulder giggled, feeling totally high. "Thanks again, Walter. I enjoyed that so much."

"Me too. You're so good to play with – you get totally into role and don't break out of it. All the emotions that play across your face...the way you looked when you saw my cock."

"Well, it's always impressive, even if I have seen it loads of times before," Mulder grinned.

"Okay...and I have to say that I do love the fantasy of you being inexperienced. It was like when we played out the prison fantasy. I love it when you're a little bit scared....a bit apprehensive...when you're a virgin, or you haven't been fucked for a long time. I love the sounds you make when I stretch you and tell you that I'm going to fuck you. I love the way you look...your eyes round as saucers, kind of scared but aroused at the same time – boy, that's such a turn on."

"Mmmm. Me too. I like feeling all scared and over awed by your magnificence," Mulder laughed. "I like the way it makes you take total control, and how demanding and uncompromising you are. We'll have to play out another of those virgin fantasies again soon. Maybe tomorrow." Mulder grinned. "That's Master's day after all – it's only fair that you get to pop a nice cherry to celebrate."

Skinner laughed and deposited a slap on his lover's rump. "Sounds like a deal, boy," he said. Their relationship had evolved a long way since they first signed their Master and slave contracts, and they no longer stuck quite so strictly to those roles these days, but those roles still formed the basis of their sex life, and there were certain rituals, like slave's day and Master's day, that they would never give up.

"Come on...time to take a shower and then clear up." Skinner glanced ruefully at the mess in the room, with files and papers all over the floor.

"Well at least our clothes are in a nice tidy pile, Mr. Tigtass Marine." Mulder gestured with his head at the chair, and made a face.

"Yeah – and you are the only person I would dress up in a work suit for on a Saturday afternoon," Skinner growled, tweaking a pinch at Mulder's butt affectionately. Mulder jumped and squealed.

"One thing I was wondering – that whole \$500,000 thing – you made that up, right?" Mulder glanced at his lover sideways, as they walked towards the door, arms wrapped around each other. Skinner shook his head.

"Now you know I like to make our scenarios as authentic as possible, Fox," he said. "There's nothing like a bit of research to give something a nice hint of reality."

"You're kidding me – right? You didn't really go through all my old FBI expense accounts to come up with that figure?" Mulder turned his head to give his lover a searching look. "Right?"

Skinner pulled Mulder in, and gave him a deep, loving kiss on the lips, and then released him, with a low, rumbling chuckle. "Ah. Wouldn't you like to know, boy?"

Mulder gave a little gurgling laugh. Damn but that had been hot. He didn't regret his decision to leave the FBI, but he did sometimes miss seeing his lover at work, and some of his hottest fantasies involved Skinner reprimanding him for some work issue and demanding he do physical penance for it. He had no sooner confided to his lover that he missed that side of their old relationship, than Skinner dreamed up *this* scenario to spoil his lover with on slave's day. Mulder gave a contented sigh, and leaned in close as they walked towards the shower.

He was very well spanked, very well fucked – and very much loved. Mulder felt like he was glowing; his lover knew just how to make him feel very special indeed.

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