

## Superpresident by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/superpresident/>

### Story Notes:

Dedications: This one is for Michael. It's unbeta'd!

### Chapter 1 by Xanthe

Jed jogged along the hallway straight from the situation room to the Residence. He was feeling bouncy – he'd just dealt with a potentially serious crisis in Africa and, he thought, preening slightly, he'd done so pretty well. Leo had only had to give him 2 stern looks and just one "calm down" so he was pleased with himself. Jed threw himself into his bedroom, took a shower, got changed into his tuxedo for the night's ball, and grabbed his speech from his nightstand, noting with a groan as he did so that Abbey had made some amendments to it in red pen. Toby would not be pleased. Jed grabbed his jacket, shouldered himself into it in his usual overhead way, and then raced out and back to the West Wing.

He found Leo sitting in his office, reading through some papers, already dressed in his tuxedo. Jed did a double take.

"Hmm, I could have sworn I left you in the situation room just fifteen minutes ago wearing a suit and now..." Jed waved his hand at Leo's tux. "That's a nifty trick you have there, Leo."

"You got changed too, Mr. President," Leo reminded him, with a nod at Jed's equally resplendent attire.

"I did, yes, Leo." Jed nodded. "I, too, am possessed of superman-like qualities and can get changed in a blink of an eye." He snapped his fingers to illustrate this point. "Shall I tell you what else I've done today, Leo? I've averted a war in Africa, passed two bills, veto'd a third, christened a new bear at the DC zoo, had a long conversation with Charlie about German philosophers, presided over the investiture of a new ambassador, and dealt with a potentially serious oil crisis in the Pacific Northwest. Oh and did I mention that I averted a war in Africa?"

"You did, sir, yes," Leo said with a faint grin. "Not so much Superman as Superpresident, huh?" He sat back in his chair and surveyed the President thoughtfully. "And now you're going to go to the dinner," he said.

"I am, yes, Leo." Jed nodded. "I am going to go to the dinner and dance all night," he said, cradling an imaginary partner in his arms and swirling her around the floor of Leo's office.

"You're not tired then?" Leo asked, that sharp, blue eyed gaze piercing straight through Jed.

"Tired? The night is young, Leo, and tonight, so am I!" Jed said, still twirling. "It's been a good day, Leo!"

"Only you didn't sleep well last night," Leo reminded him.

"How do you know that, Leo?" Jed said, frowning. "Damnit, can't a man have a decent night of insomnia without being spied upon and reported on! Who told you? Was it Abbey? Charlie?"

"You did, sir," Leo replied smoothly. "You looked tired this morning and when I asked you if you were okay you said you hadn't slept well last night."

"Ah." Jed had the grace to look ever so slightly embarrassed. "Well, I don't remember telling you that, Leo. It seems as if this morning was a very long time ago now."

"Yes, sir," Leo said gently. "It's been a long day. You accomplished an enormous amount today."

"I did! Yes!" Jed said, beaming at being reminded of that again.

"And you're still on the adrenaline high," Leo pointed out.

"I'm fine, Leo." Jed shook his head impatiently. "Can't a man be in a good mood around here these days?"

"Of course, sir. I think I speak for all the staff when I say that we all very much prefer you in a good mood to a bad mood," Leo murmured dryly.

"A-ha! I thought so!" Jed said. "So you should be grateful, Leo."

"Oh, we are, sir. We are." Leo nodded sagely. "And the speech?" He asked.

"I have the speech in my pocket. I'm fully prepared. I was able to make use of the tiniest glimmer of a spare minute in my schedule in order to read and rehearse it – well, okay, not so much, but I thought that when I got to the tricky bits I could extemporise," Jed said airily.

A note of concern crept into Leo's blue eyes. "Toby won't like that, sir," he pointed out.

"I know, but I'm an excellent public speaker, Leo!" Jed declared. "It's another of my many talents. It isn't a major speech so I'm sure a few off the cuff comments won't be a problem."

"Hmmm. Well, normally I'd agree with you, sir," Leo replied thoughtfully. He got up, and began quietly closing the office doors. Jed gazed at him, his eyes narrowing.

"What are you doing, Leo?" He asked, with just the tiniest note of trepidation in his voice.

"I'm going to spank you, sir," Leo replied calmly.

Jed grinned. "That's a fine joke, Leo!" He replied. "Ha! I like it when you joke, especially when I know for sure that you would not, under any circumstances, spank your friend, lover and President half an hour before he had to sit down at an important dinner and then give a major speech."

"You just said it wasn't a major speech, sir," Leo pointed out, finishing with the doors and coming to stand in the centre of the room next to his friend.

"I was underplaying the event," Jed replied tartly. "I wouldn't wish you to think me boastful, Leo."

Leo gave him an extremely patient look. "Nobody would ever think that of you, Mr. President," he replied, with a face that was a little *\*too\** straight for Jed's liking. "Now, if you'd like to come over here and get yourself over my knee." He pointed at the couch.

"Leo!" Jed protested. "Why on earth do you think I need a spanking? I'm having a good day. In fact I haven't put a foot wrong all day!"

"I know, sir." Leo nodded. He took off his jacket and placed it carefully over the back of a nearby chair. Then he removed his cufflinks and began slowly folding his shirt sleeves up to his elbows, with fluid moves of his hand. Jed watched, in horrified fascination. There was something about Leo in full 'you're going to be spanked' mode which always rooted him to the spot.

"I'm the leader of the free world, Leo!" Jed complained as Leo finished with his own clothing, and moved onto the President's, divesting Jed of his jacket in one smooth move. "I juggle a thousand difficult duties before breakfast. I'm sure I can go to a dinner and give a speech without needing a spanking first!" Jed continued.

"Yes, sir." Leo nodded. He put a hand on Jed's shoulder and began ushering him over towards the couch. Jed went, but only because he found it impossible to resist Leo when he was this calm and implacable. Jed wished he had the right arguments to stop this from happening but invariably whenever he found himself in this position he couldn't think of anything that would make a difference – which was strange, because afterwards he could see a dozen ways in which he could have prevented it happening, but beforehand he never seemed to be thinking clearly.

"Then why are you spanking me, Leo?" Jed protested, as Leo sat down on the couch, grabbed his wrist, and pulled him neatly over his knee, which was a trick he seemed to have perfected rather too expertly for Jed's liking.

"Because you're the leader of the free world, and you juggle a thousand difficult duties before breakfast," Leo replied softly, and his words were gentle, like a caress. All the fight went out of Jed, and he felt Leo slide his hand under his thighs and undo his pants, and then they were slid down his legs. His boxers followed a few seconds later, leaving him with his naked ass exposed, over the knees of his chief of staff. Leo caressed the President's bottom for a few seconds and then began peppering it with dozens of small taps, which gradually grew in frequency and force until Jed was being spanked in earnest. Leo might only be using his hand, but within a few short minutes, Jed felt as if his bottom was on fire. His legs scissored uselessly, but he was anchored into place by Leo's firm hand, and anyway, he knew there was nowhere to go. He would never consciously admit this to himself, but he knew on some level that he needed this. What confused him was how Leo always unerringly seemed to know that he needed it too. Leo's hand continued to rise and fall, delivering its sharp lesson to Jed's ass, until Jed felt his limbs start to loosen and his mood start to freefall. He felt as if he could breathe more easily and his body melted against Leo's, deriving comfort from his friend's solid, warm body, encased in its starched white shirt. It felt good. Despite the pain in his ass he felt relaxed and at peace in a way he hadn't all day – hell, all week if he was honest. At some point the sharp spanks turned to gentle taps again and then stopped altogether. Jed was dimly aware that Leo was just stroking his warmed bottom, idly caressing it, and he gave a little sigh. This felt so good.

"Okay now, sir?" Leo asked.

"Yes, Leo," Jed replied with another little sigh. Leo allowed him to stay over his knee for a few minutes longer, until he'd got his breath back, and then, finally, Jed got up and adjusted his clothing. Leo stood up and helped the President back into his jacket.

"My whole body feels lighter," Jed murmured as Leo smoothed his tuxedo jacket over his shirt. "How do you do that, Leo?" He gazed at his friend quietly, feeling calm and composed. Leo smiled, his eyes crinkling at the edges.

"Just something I learned over the years, sir," he replied.

"Mmmm." Jed nodded, and then he leaned forward, and allowed Leo to put his arms around him and hold him for a few moments. Leo's hands, which had been so severe earlier, were now gentle and loving as they caressed his back and Jed put his head on Leo's shoulder and stood there dreamily. He never usually allowed Leo to do this, which was dumb really, when he thought about it, because Jed knew on some level, deep inside, that Leo much preferred holding him to spanking him.

"You were flying off into the stratosphere, sir," Leo told him. "And you haven't slept well for days. I thought you needed some help coming back down to earth."

"Mmmm." Jed said again, not really listening.

"You'll sleep well tonight, Mr. President. After the dinner and the speech. You'll be able to wind down later and you'll sleep," Leo predicted confidently.

"Yes, Leo. I think you're right," Jed agreed happily.

Leo smiled. His hands found Jed's hair and stroked softly, and then he tipped back his friend's chin and bestowed a long, loving kiss on Jed's mouth.

"I usually am, sir," he said softly, when he was done.

Jed grinned. "I can see I'm not the only one who likes to boast occasionally, Leo!" He chided. "So if I'm Superpresident, what does that make you? Superchief of staff doesn't have quite the same ring to it," he grinned. Then he pushed away from Leo, and began to walk towards the door. He had a dinner to attend and a speech to give, and he felt focussed and ready to face the world. He could have sworn, as he left the room, that he heard Leo's softly spoken reply.

"Not super-anything, sir. Just someone who loves you."

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