

Symbiosis by Xanthe



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

Story Notes:

Pic by **Sean Spencer**

Chapter 1 by Xanthe

It always starts with an email - terse and to the point.

"My apartment. 9pm. The strap."

It's always the same: the place, the time, and the implement. Never any inkling of how many strokes – that would ruin the sense of anticipation. Nor any indication of what the punishment is for – it's usually obvious after all, and even if not, a top has a right to punish his sub for his own pleasure. No explanation is required.

How do I feel about the impending punishment session? I'm not sure. Excited on some level of course. There's always a thrill, an anticipatory knowledge of what will follow, together with a myriad fears as well. Sometimes the catharsis these punishment sessions are

designed to achieve is hard to find...it can take time – and that means pain. A lot of pain. It isn't always easy to accept that fact, or, when in the middle of it, to keep remembering that it's the right thing, the best thing; that through the pain comes the magic of togetherness, and that by means of it the pure, brilliant steel of our love is forged anew each time.

A knot forms in my stomach as the time of the session draws close, but I won't let him know that. I don't want him to know how much these punishment sessions affect me - or how important they are to me. I've never been closer to anyone than I am to him. In the aftermath of a spanking, we are one. I truly mean that. He is I, and I am he. We are bonded in a way we could never be if it were not for these sessions. The office, with all its frustrations, is behind us. Our lives, our demons, and our sorrows – all are as nothing in the aftermath. Those are the times I enjoy most, I think, as we lie in each others arms, one sweaty from the giving, the other from the receiving. He is at his most loving then, all barriers between us gone, and I reciprocate in kind. He will never find my arms more welcoming or my lips more grateful than in the immediate aftermath of a spanking.

I pace my room as the clock ticks away the countdown to the moment. By 8pm I swear I've worn a hole in my carpet. I decide to take a shower to calm myself. Soon it will begin...soon... The butterflies in my stomach are out in force now, but you wouldn't know. Looking in the mirror I see only my calm face smiling back at me. I've always been good at hiding my feelings, but spanking takes us beyond that. It takes us both down to a level where our feelings cannot be hidden, to where feelings are all that exist, for both him and me. I remove my clothes and step under the hot spray of water, allowing it to soothe and caress me. I use this time to prepare, mentally, for the ordeal ahead. No matter how many times this takes place, I always have to prepare. There's a place I need to be in my head. The short period of time between summons and punishment gives me time to reach that place.

First of all I have to be in control of my emotions – and utterly focussed on the night's event. Although you might think that isn't hard for me, knowing how focussed I can be, I have to tell you that it isn't as easy as you might think. This is so special, so important – it can't be hurried, or rushed. I need to give myself the time to do this properly. I owe it to myself – and I owe it to him. When I've finished in the shower I get dressed slowly, taking my time, not doing anything to jolt myself out of the mood. I wear black. Black jeans, no underwear – there's little point after all as it would only have to be removed later – and a black tee shirt; minimalist and to the point.

Finally, at 8.30, I'm ready. Now I just need to spend the next half an hour doing mundane activities that will help keep me focussed. First I prepare the room. We need little equipment. He'll bend over the couch for the first part of the punishment, and then he'll submit to being placed over my knee for the second part. Sometimes I've misjudged the pace, and ordered him over my knee too soon – to be met by his refusal. If he isn't in the right place mentally - if the first part of the punishment hasn't been right, or enough - then he won't accept physical contact. I learned that the hard way – we had many battles of wills in the beginning, but I like to think that now I get it right more often. Don't get me wrong, he's a good sub, but he isn't a sub who will submit just because he's told to. He submits because I make him, because he respects me, and because he loves me – and he knows that I both love and respect him. He's an intelligent man, and a stubborn one. I ignore that at my

peril.

I open the case where I keep my implements and find the strap. It's already gleaming – I always have him clean and polish it the day after it's been used on his ass. Not the same day, always the following – soon enough that he hasn't forgotten how it felt, but not so soon that he's overwhelmed by the memories. We have other things to do in the immediate aftermath of a spanking anyway – I wouldn't want him to waste his time on a strap or paddle when he could be occupying himself more usefully with me.

I place the strap on the coffee table, where it'll be the first thing he sees when he comes into the room. He won't be able to take his eyes off it. I know from experience that he'll focus on it from the beginning. Sometimes that will mean he struggles against what he knows is coming, and sometimes he'll accept. He doesn't like the strap, so he's sometimes resistant beforehand. I'm not sure why – he knows it's going to happen, whether he likes it or not, but he's so obstinate that he feels the need to resist anyway. I love that about him. When he's docile he'll feed out of my hand like a kitten, but sometimes it takes a lot of hard work to get him to that place. I don't resent the work. I enjoy it. I feel like a maestro, playing the instrument of my choice, and the end result is the most beautiful music. A symphony of spanking – he'd laugh at me for that phrase. He laughs at me a lot. I like that sound almost as much as I like the sound of his cries when I'm spanking him, or his whispers of love when it's all over.

I sometimes wonder how he spends the time between receiving my summons and punishment. I would never ask him. Some things are private. I'm sure he prepares, just as I prepare, but I'm glad we keep this area of our lives separate. It makes it almost mystical, charged with ritual and meaning.

It's nearly 9. I go to the kitchen and pour two glasses of water. One for me, and one for him. I can become just as thirsty and emotionally drained as he when delivering a spanking. I bring them back and place them on a shelf. Then I glance at my watch again. It's 8:58. He'll be on time. In fact, he's probably waiting outside the door right now but he won't knock until 9. Two minutes later, right on cue, there is a rap of knuckles on the door and my heart does a little lurch. I take a deep breath and compose myself. If he senses any weakness he'll put up a fight – he always does. That's just him. He needs me to command his respect, or it won't be forthcoming. I accept that – but he won't see any weakness in me this evening. He needs this, and I need it too. It's been too long since we had any time for each other. Work, as always, has come between us. My fault probably, although he's something of a workaholic himself. Either way, it's time I addressed the problem.

I open the door and look him straight in the eye – this is important. He looks back, directly at me, and I can see already that there's some resistance. He doesn't feel that he deserves punishment. He knows how much it hurts before he gets to where he needs to be – and then when he's there, he forgets that it even hurt at all. I examine his face, taking my time, and I'm not pleased by what I see. He looks tired, and drained. Damn! I should never have allowed him to have so much time alone. It isn't good for him. He wilts a little under my scrutiny, hovering uncertainly on the threshold. He's not sure which he fears most, being allowed in, or being refused, but I would never refuse him. I could never refuse him

anything.

"Come in."

I open the door and he steps into the apartment. He looks a little awkward. He's profoundly uncomfortable with his emotions, and sometimes it can take a spanking just to get him to admit he loves me – a fact I know already by every single gesture and unspoken word that passes between us, but all the same, it's the saying of it he finds hard, and it's precisely for that reason that he can seem like a different man after a spanking. I love him both ways. This behaviour is so him, and finding the soft, gentle, loving core of the man, releasing it, and allowing him to experience and express it to the full, is a moment of the greatest satisfaction.

"You know why you're here."

I circle him, predatorily, and he eyes me warily. I see his gaze flicker to the strap, and a muscle in his jaw tightens almost imperceptibly.

"Frankly no," he snaps. "What the hell is this about, Mulder?"

I stop pacing, and stand in front of him. We're almost of a height – granted he has possibly half an inch on me, and several pounds in sheer muscle, but I can easily look into his eyes – which helps.

"I think you're forgetting yourself, Walter," I warn, in a low tone. His shoulders hunch miserably. I wish I could spare him these moments, but sometimes they're necessary.

"Sorry...sir." His voice has dropped an octave, and is little above a whisper. "I just don't know why you think I deserve this."

"It's been ten days, Walter. Ten days during which we've had no contact whatsoever. That's not acceptable. Even apart from the fact that I expect my sub to more attentive, I've missed you."

"I've been busy – and you've been out of town all week," he points out, bristling.

"What's wrong with email?" I raise an eyebrow.

"I...you could have emailed me," he ripostes. He's right. I could. Last week's case was a nightmare and I'm at fault in not keeping in contact either, but that doesn't let him off the hook.

"I know, and I'm sorry – but that doesn't change the fact that you could have done as well. I accept that we were both busy, but that isn't why I think you need to be punished. You had news you should have given me - news about your welfare. I shouldn't have had to hear that through the office grapevine."

"News...? You mean...Damn." He puts his head back, and gazes at the ceiling momentarily. I

love it when he's forced onto the defensive like this. He looks so vulnerable – even a little scared, like a child caught stealing candy.

"You were hurt." I place a hand on his shoulder, and he gazes at me steadily.

"It's nothing. I was called to a hostage situation. Shots were fired – I was wearing Kevlar," he says quickly.

"A gunshot bruises – even through Kevlar. You must have been shaken – and you didn't come to me. You didn't even tell me. You needed me then, Walter. I've told you before that I won't tolerate you pushing me away."

"You were in Maine," he mutters into his chest. I lift his chin, and gaze him in the eye. "And anyway it was nothing - just a glancing blow."

"One email, Walter, and then when I got home today I'd have come straight to see you instead of allowing myself to get side-tracked with writing up my report because I didn't know anything important had happened to you. Take off your clothes."

He hesitates.

"Take them off, Walter. I want to inspect your shoulder," I inform him. He gazes at me blankly. "You've been hurt, Walter. That concerns me. Your welfare concerns me, and it concerns me because I love you. I thought I'd made that clear – over and over again. I thought I'd imprinted it on your butt for god's sake!"

His hands curl into fists. He finds it hard to talk of love...at least he finds it hard before punishment. After...well, like I said, after he's a different man. I think on some level he isn't even sure he deserves love – and he doesn't trust it. He trusts me though, and he loves me, even if it isn't always easy for him to admit it. After a moment's rebellion, during which I do not drop my gaze from those dark, expressive eyes, he finally gives in. One hand goes jerkily to his tie, and he pulls it away from his collar with a harsh, sweeping motion. He goes slowly, his mutiny fading but still clear in the way he does not speedily obey my order. I do not move a muscle. I just watch him intently, and he cannot bear the scrutiny. His skin starts to flush, a beautiful shade of pink. I wish I could lick the heat from his body, but he isn't ready for that yet. He curls his tie into a ball and places it into his coat pocket. Then he shrugs off his coat, folds it neatly, and places it on the couch. His collar is undone with more stiff, jerky movements of his fingers, and finally is discarded, and placed folded on the couch with the rest of his clothing. There is a bruise on his right shoulder. It's about the size of a tennis ball and while it's now faded to a mottled yellowy-purple, it is clear that it must have been very painful at the time. My jaw tightens in displeasure.

"This was more than just a glancing blow, Walter," I chide, the anger sounding in my voice. He looks up, startled. "Yes. It was a direct hit," he mutters.

"So you lied to me, Walter?" I raise an eyebrow. He clenches his fists again.

"Yes," he admits.

"And lying is a punishable offence, Walter," I remind him.

"I know that," he growls.

"But it isn't as important as not informing me as to your welfare. You were hurt – I needed to know that."

"I'm used to..." He hesitates.

"Dealing with things like this alone. Yes. I know. But that was before we became lovers. Now we're together and we both agreed on the rules. I care, Walter. Accept that."

He has no answer. He just looks at me rather helplessly.

"I gave you an order, Walter," I remind him. He glances down at his pants. I ordered him to undress and he's only half way through that task.

"Yes, sir," he mutters. His mouth sounds dry. I watch him remove his pants, underwear, shoes and socks, fold the clothing neatly, and place it on the couch. Finally, he takes off his glasses and rests them on top of the pile of clothing. He always does this last, and it's an important moment, as if he is severing a link with AD Skinner, and becoming Walter, my sub, abandoning this most important of his senses to his top. When he's done I hand him the glass of water and he sips, gratefully. His cock is semi-erect, as it always is through these sessions. I know he finds them a turn on, even though he hates them on some level too. I can't fully explain it – it's something private between the two of us. I know there are some people who wouldn't understand why this exchange of power is so vital a part of our relationship but it is. The punishment isn't even the most important part of it – there are so many things going on here that it would be impossible to give name to them all. All I know is that it works for both of us, so I don't question it. If it didn't, if one of us found it abusive, or uncomfortable, then the other would not force him, but that isn't the case. The truth is that it's like a choreographed dance – we fit together, Walter and I, and never more so than during these sessions. It's during these sessions that we touch base with each other, and explore the boundaries of our love – only to find that there are none.

He would drink that water forever if I let him - anything to delay the moment of truth. I can see him gazing at the strap, transfixed by it. He does know it's going to happen, but he still thinks, on some level at least, that there might be some kind of escape. I'm here to make sure he doesn't find it, as he'd only be escaping from what he wants most in the world. I interrupt his drinking, remove the glass firmly from his hand, and place it back on the shelf. He swallows, hard.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you, Mulder, but I still don't think..." He begins.

"Hush." I stand in front of him, put my hands on his shoulders, and caress him gently, allowing my fingers to carefully examine his bruised flesh. "Walter, you do deserve to be

punished, and you will accept my punishment - and with it my love, and my right to care. Imagine how you would feel if you only heard I'd been hurt through a careless remark in the office cafeteria."

He breathes in deeply, and struggles with himself again, the muscle in his jaw twitching once more.

"All right. Then let's get it over with," he growls, pulling himself out of my grasp and heading towards the couch.

This might seem like a breakthrough but it is not the attitude I require of him.

"Stop right there." I don't raise my voice. I never raise my voice. This is not about my anger – it's about something much deeper and more enduring than that, and I would never, ever want to lose his trust by striking him out of my own greedy need to express my temper. He stops, half bent over the back of the couch, then straightens. He looks magnificent – the skin on his buttocks is a tan colour, almost golden, and very soft. Soon it will be red, glowing, and hot – but not just yet. "I haven't given the order yet, Walter. Face me."

He turns, reluctantly, and I go to him and place my hands on his body, almost insolently. "Keep your hands behind your back, Walter. I want to touch you," I tell him. He grinds his teeth together almost audibly while I stroke his body. I'm not kind – I don't hurt him but I do take liberties, including inserting a finger roughly between his ass cheeks, and pinching a nipple. He gives little grunts in response, but he knows better than to complain. That would open a debate he knows he would stand no chance of winning. Finally I finish with him.

"Now you can bend over the back of the couch, Walter," I tell him, thereby regaining the control that he sought to take by pre-empting that order. He flushes at my demonstration of my power. My message was clear – he's mine and I'll decide when to spank him. I'll also touch him for my own pleasure. He must just accept – and obey. I am in control here. He moves stiffly into position, and waits. I can still see the rebellion in the hard lines of his body, and the tense way his muscles are bunched under the surface of his skin. I run a hand over his body, caressing and teasing, and now I am gentle and am rewarded by feeling him relax a little beneath me. His butt feels particularly good. I fondle it for a long time, just stroking and cupping those magnificent buttocks, and now he's started to tremble. That's good – it means he's finding the place he needs to be in his head. If I could see his cock I'm betting it would be fully erect by now. I leave him for a moment, and fetch the strap. His gaze follows me as I go, and I know that his mouth is dry and his stomach quaking. Conversely, my own nerves have gone and I'm fully in control of the scenario. I love this feeling! A heady sensation of power courses through my veins as I reach for the strap, and turn to move back to him. My gaze catches his, and I pause. His brown eyes are fixed on the sight of me, holding the strap. I stroke it, lovingly, and he takes a sharp intake of breath. I fold the strap slowly in half, and then, without warning, slap it hard against my hand. The sound makes him jump, and then he is clearly angry with himself for his reaction because he gives a murmured curse that I can't quite hear. I smile, and walk back behind the couch. I rest my hand on his back – I will not remove it throughout the spanking. He will always feel me in close human contact with him.

He stiffens again, tense, waiting for the first blow – but I have no intention of striking him just yet. Instead I tap the strap on his buttocks, gently, alternating this action with slowly rubbed circles of the thin strip of leather on his bare flesh. He shivers. I play with him for a long time, building the little taps in intensity and then allowing them to subside once more. Soon his bottom is pink, and it hasn't hurt him at all. He has started to relax, although he's still waiting for the worst of it – he knows it is coming, and of course it is.

"Walter, I want you to understand why you're being punished. Do you understand?" I ask him.

"I'm being punished for lying, and for not being more attentive, sir," he says. I bring the strap down hard on his buttocks and they twitch under the onslaught. I hear a little grunt in the back of his throat.

"No, Walter. Don't make me angry," I warn him. "Please try again."

"I'm being punished for lying...and for not telling you about being shot," he mutters, his tone resentful.

I bring down the strap again – extremely hard, and he can't avoid saying the expletive that rises to his lips as the leather hits home. A wide red stripe rises on his pinkly-golden flesh.

"Not telling me about being shot covers the facts, Walter, but it falls a long way short of dealing with the importance of those facts," I tell him. Another sharp smack with the belt and he gives another grunt.

"Please elaborate," I invite, and my hand thwacks another hard swat onto his buttocks, which are now starting to glow in earnest. I know how hard it is to even think, let alone talk coherently during a hard strapping, but I intend to show him no mercy. I've made this mistake before – if I'm merciful during this initial phase of the punishment then he won't accept my comforting after. I won't have taken him to where he needs to be. I let rip in earnest now – each of my strokes is measured but they fall hard and fast, one on top of the other – until I have the first breakthrough. It's just a bellow of rage, but it means I'm getting to him.

"I care about you, Walter. Your health is my concern. However trivial it might appear to be to you I expect to be informed if some lunatic shoots you. Is that clear?"

He's silent. His silence has always been his last refuge in times of emotional turmoil. I will not allow him to use it as a place to hide.

"I said, is-that-clear? I will not stop until I hear from you that it is, and I hear from you why it is," I inform him, and then I start in again, placing my strokes one on top of the other, all on the same spot – the broad under-curve of his ass, where he sits. He won't be sitting easily any time soon. He takes the onslaught for a few minutes – which convinces me how much this was needed. I know about his nightmares you see, and I know how they are worse after any event that reminds him of his time in Vietnam. Being shot at clearly comes into this

category. I can see from the shadows under his eyes that he's had some disturbed nights in the past week and I am annoyed that he could not share that problem with me. I might not have been able to offer him physical reassurance, but I'm fairly insomniac myself, so I would have happily sat up in my hotel room in Maine, emailing back and forth with him through the long dark hours of the night.

"It's clear!"

He finds his voice at last – and not a moment too soon. The energy fizzling between us almost crackles in the air. The exchange of power, willingly given and freely taken, back and forth, is almost tangible. I never love him more than when he's enduring this torment at my hands.

I slow the pace of my arm, to give him time to speak.

"Explain to me what it is you find clear, Walter," I demand.

"That you...care...about...what happens to me...that you were hurt....to hear I'd been shot at...from someone else," he manages to grind out.

"What else, Walter?" I demand.

"I...I don't know. What do you mean?" He asks, his voice strangled and choked. Poor man. My heart goes out to him. This is the hardest part of all. Has he taken enough, I wonder? Looking at his ass, I think he has. I hope I've judged it right. I remove my hand from his back, and take a long, refreshing drink of the water I placed on the shelf earlier. He waits, unmoving, unsure what will happen next. I won't make him too long – just enough to remind him who is in charge, but not so much that his anxiety gets the better of him. I finish my drink, and replace the glass on the shelf, then turn back to him.

"All right, Walter. You can stand." I help him up, and he gazes at me almost sightlessly. "I haven't finished yet, Walter," I warn him, and he swallows hard, and blanches. He hates going over my knee. It makes him feel small, and out of control. He needs to feel like that right now though. "Come with me." I take his hand and lead him, and for a moment I sense some resistance, but then he gives in, and follows on behind. His cock is fully erect, as I had suspected, and I'm glad about that. I sit on the couch, and he stands there, looking lost, although he must know what is going to happen next.

"Over my knee, Walter," I order, and that muscle in his jaw twitches again. "NOW!" My voice is hard, cracking out in the silence of the room and he kneels beside me immediately, and is soon in position, all trace of rebellion gone. I take some time arranging him, capturing his cock carefully between my thighs, where I can stimulate it. When I'm ready, I gaze down at his already thoroughly punished backside, with a little smile on my face.

"You are so beautiful, my lovely sub," I murmur to him. Endearments of this sort he will only accept during a spanking. Can you imagine ever calling the macho Assistant Director Walter Skinner of the FBI beautiful and getting away with it in the office for example? No, I thought

not! Me neither! I am always very careful not to overstep the boundaries of our relationship. I love him and would do nothing to make him embarrassed or distrustful of me. "The most beautiful man...if you could see this glowing ass. I want to make love to it, Walter." I drop my head and lick the hot flesh, and he shudders. I can feel his cock leaking pre-come against my jeans, making the fabric wet against my skin. "Oh so beautiful," I murmur, taking my time and caressing him thoroughly. He accepts it, because he has no choice, but it's hard for him all the same. He isn't used to being admired or appreciated, and it isn't easy for him to just take it, without making some self-deprecating comment back, or just growling at me in response. He relaxes under my tender ministrations, and I soothe him gently with my hand. This is just a prelude and he knows it. I tap him gently, and even that hurts his sore flesh. He mewls at the back of his throat but I intend to get much more of a reaction than that out of him.

I raise my hand and smack it down hard on his upturned flesh and he bellows. The bellows are a prelude to something very important – and, more than that, they are so him. Even upturned over my knee, having his ass spanked like a child, he is still my big, gruff, surly man. He is never undignified, or humiliated – I would never make him feel like that because I would never want to see him like that. This isn't about making him feel cowed, it's about releasing him from his normal everyday constraints, and helping him to come to terms with the feelings he is more used to avoiding and shutting out. Those feelings are many, and range from his emotions about his recent shooting, to the way he feels about me. He'll shut them all out if I let him – and I won't let him.

My slaps are firm and fast, and he has started moving rhythmically in time with my hand, his cock rubbing against my inner thigh with each swat. His whole body is quivering and his bellow has turned into a low keening sound in the back of his throat, that slowly, surely begins to form into coherent words and phrases.

"Sorry...knew I should...nightmares...sorry...wanted to tell you...wanted to say...weak...so weak...nights spent screaming...I can keep it...I can keep it locked away but sometimes...at night...oh Christ...at night..." I know his face is wet from his tears. He won't cry – or he won't admit that it's crying, but his face is wet all the same. "Please...sorry...oh shit...hurts...inside...sorry. Can hear the gunfire at night...ducking, running...gunfire over and over in my mind...Sorry. Sorry...missed you...reached for the phone...couldn't. Couldn't...sorry..."

It's so sad I could cry along with him but instead I just keep up the pace until he reaches some kind of barrier – and goes through it. Now his shoulders are shaking, and his ass is a dark scarlet colour. His whole body gives a massive shudder, and then suddenly he's quite still, accepting my swats in silence. We are as one now. We've reached that magic place where we are the same person, two parts of a whole. I continue to spank him for a few more minutes, and then I allow the intensity to drop, until my swats are nothing more than loving taps, then gentle stroking, and then I'm done.

"I love you, Walter," I tell him. "You're so brave. You do your job very well but you're allowed to be human, and to hurt and to feel. You can feel, Walter. It's safe to feel – pain, love, fear...it's safe here."

He responds by curling into a ball on my lap. I hold him, my arms wrapped around his large,

beautiful body, until the quivering stops. He's calm now, accepting my love, his lips pressing eagerly and needy against my tee shirt, the flow of power transformed into a flow of pure love. I help him kneel on the couch beside me, and then take his face in my hands, and kiss him slowly and deeply. He melts into me, his muscular arms encircling me.

"I'm sorry," he murmurs. "I guess I'm not used to anyone caring whether I live or die, or if I'm hurt."

"I know, but you have to get used to it," I tell him firmly. "Because you're stuck with me, and I do care."

"I know. I do know...I just find it hard. I love you. I love you so much." He could never say that normally, and it warms me. I hold him tight and kiss his face.

"I love you too. Which is why I care when you've been shot. I'm sorry I didn't email – I was caught up in the case and I assumed you were doing fine. Next time I go away I'll make it a condition that you check in with me every day." I gently wipe the tears from his face and he gives a ghostly smile.

"I've never had anyone like you," he mutters. "Anybody who'd do this for me. Thank you."

Thank you.

Just two words but they warm my soul. Thank you. It goes to the heart of what's between us. What I do for him, and what he does for me.

"Thank you." I kiss his lips slowly and gently in reply. His hard cock is pressing against me, and my own is eager for release. It's time to show him just how loved he is – to reach the final catharsis. The lube and condoms are in my pocket. I take them out and gesture him onto the floor. He goes, eagerly, and places his hands on the coffee table, his ass raised to me, waiting for me in total trust. I kneel behind him, strip off my tee shirt and jeans, releasing my eager cock, and take his hot ass in my hands. He gasps as I hold his sore buttocks firmly, but I know he's experiencing the sensation more as pleasure than pain now. I gently tease open his ass, and insert a cold, lubed finger inside him. He moans, a low, throaty growl of a moan, and pushes back against me, desperate for more.

"Wait," I order him, needing to ensure he's adequately prepared. Another finger opens him up even more and he's twisting and turning under me in an uninhibited way – a way he never quite achieves during those of our lovemaking sessions that are not preceded by a spanking. He's always a good lover, but he often holds a little piece of himself back. There's nothing wrong with that – I suspect that I do too but not during these sessions. We're too close for that now.

I put a condom on my eager cock, part his butt cheeks again, and then glide smoothly home, deep inside his warm, welcoming body. We groan in unison. It feels so good. I love this moment, before I begin to thrust. The sense of being connected with him is so beautiful, and so perfect, that I like to savour it. I run my hands over his sublime body, stroking his

smooth golden skin, and watching the muscles as they ripple beneath my caress. I pass my hands under his body and rub his nipples to hard points, and then locate his large, urgent cock. I take it in my hand and slide back and forth, and he puts his head back and moans out loud. His head is so enticing, and his scalp so smooth that I have to lean forward and lick it. We're still for a moment, me leaning over his naked back, embedded deep inside his body, poised, ready to begin the surging thrusts that will topple us both over the edge of pleasure. He, utterly frozen beneath me, accepting of my cock within him, and my hands on him, his glowing red ass warm against my thighs. I hold the moment for as long as I can, and then I begin.

I go slowly at first – so slowly, and he thrusts back, moaning helplessly, needing me to pick up the pace. I do – but in my own time. My thrusts become faster and then slow once more, keeping him always on the edge. I won't touch his cock – not yet. I want him to hover on that delicious brink for as long as I can make him. I speed up and slow down, speed up and slow down and his body shakes beneath me, covered in a fine layer of sweat, shining and utterly spellbinding. I am lost in him, as he is lost in me, and we are connected, as one. We are the same being, a creature of total sensory pleasure as I thrust. Finally, after several long minutes, I speed up even more, find his cock again, and milk him in time to my thrusts. It doesn't take either of us much time – I bring him off first, and feel his come spurting out, warm on my hand. I take another few minutes to come myself, pounding into him so hard that I am light headed with the sensation and then I'm shooting too, deep inside him, filling him with my love.

We lie there for a long time, me resting on his broad back, he resting on the coffee table. Finally I withdraw, and dispose of the condom, and then I gather him up in my arms, and lead him to the bedroom. My ears are buzzing with the aftermath of my orgasm, and he's saying something but I'm not sure what. I lie down, and pull him down on top of me, and we lie there together, naked, sweaty and sated. We are lovers. We are colleagues. We are sub and dom. But most of all we are two people connected. I love all that he is and he needs all that I am. We complement each other. In my firm insistence that he open up to me he finds his salvation. In his loving surrender I find the only real proof I've ever needed – proof that I'm loved. Our bodies move in perfect synchronicity during lovemaking and during spanking; the fall of my hand, the thrust of my body into his, the reciprocating movement of his beneath me - all form the perfect expression of our love.

I wrap my arms around him, and kiss his head. I can feel the heat from his buttocks warming us both. He's whispering those words to me that he can only say when released from the restrictive straight jacket of being Assistant Director Skinner and can just be Walter, my lover, my sub, safe in my loving arms.

At times our bond is almost telepathic. I know instinctively what he needs and he trusts me to allow me to take him on the journey.

It is a perfect symbiosis.

The End

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