

The Angle by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/the-angle/>

Story Notes:

Pic courtesy of CD

HUGE THANKS to Holmes for the brilliant beta reading.

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Congratulations! You've by-passed every security measure devised by The Lone Gunmen by hacking three separate passwords, none of which were the names of my childhood pets or of my sister or any of those crappy little sayings that people associate with me, like "trust no1" or "the truth is out there." And you've succeeded in decrypting this file. You are, therefore, shall we say - determined? And you deserve to read everything that's in here. I just hope you're ready for it.

This is my S-E-X File. Yeah, even great psychological profilers can be corny. It makes me laugh my ass off when I think of all the times my apartment has been broken into and the number of people who've rifled through my computer system and missed this. Of course I don't suppose that this was what they were looking for. Remember all that fuss we made over that DAT tape a couple of years back? This is FAR more explosive. Trust me. Or trust no1. Anyway, it's obscurely numbered file A-0003. Maybe I should explain why. Here goes:

I hate relationships. Yeah, really loathe them. I've only had two in my life and they both sucked. First was the divine Phoebe - what a psycho-bitch she was. The sex was great though because boy did that woman ever know how to play mind-fucks. It would have been great as a one night stand but as a long-term relationship it was a no-no. My head's fucked up enough as it is, it doesn't need help. Second was Diane Fowley. She was a control freak. Nice, but she needed RECIPROCATION, and I just don't have the nature for it. I loved her though - loving's the easy part, but if Phoebe taught me one thing, it's that the mind is a more erotic creature than the body. People can be cute, gorgeous even and hey, I'm a guy, I like to look, but if my head's not engaged then my dick's not in gear either. That can't surprise you - not with my background. I eat, drink, breathe my job - psychology wasn't just a lame choice of subject in my case but the substance of my very soul. So, after Diane, I got to thinking about how I could combine these loves of mine - sex and psychology and fit them into what is, let's face it, a pretty weird life. That's when I came up with The Angle. At least I think I came up with it - I've watched way too much porn to be sure which ideas are mine and which come from the top shelf. I think it's mine. I've made it mine. So, The Angle. I guess you're wondering what that is.

The Angle is the sexual possibility in any given situation. They don't materialize that often and hey, my job is pretty demanding so the honest truth is that I don't think about Real Life sex THAT often. Watching porn and jerking off is usually as close to it as I come (forgive the pun). However, I do keep an eye out for the main chance - the chance for a mind-game, the chance to get into someone's head and blow their brains. So the "A" in this filename is for Angle. And the 0003? Well maybe I'm being just a little bit optimistic here! I'm assuming the numbers of "Angles" will eventually run into thousands. Since I've only had 4 during the past 5 years, I guess I'm going to have to live a VERY long time. So number 3. I'll bet you're wondering who number 3 was? Or in fact, numbers 1,2, and 4? Yeah, I'll just bet you are! Well number 3 was special, they all are in their way, I guess, but numbers 3 and 4 have a very special place in my heart. I'm tempted to go back and re-visit them but that might mean entering the realm of relationships and you know my opinions on those. Hell, I'm a sad, fucked up crazy bastard as well you know. I don't need to analyze myself to work out where the relationship trauma comes from - dysfunctional childhoods, distant, withholding fathers, passive aggressive moms, snatched sisters. Maybe I DO think the women in my life will walk out on me and the men will never love me enough. Yeah, the men. That's another thing. Another of my dark little secrets. You know about Phoebe and Diane but there was a Paul and (briefly) a Kevin as well. Kev was sweet - a few weeks wild humping behind locked doors in my university digs, smuggling him out at 5 am past my landlady, the ever-so-slightly-crazed Mrs Entwhistle. But I digress. Number 3. Number 3... He was good. The Angle was good - a great show-piece and a chance for me to really play. Now I'm not going to explain what the Angle was here - why don't you try and work it out and we'll compare notes at the end. I'm going to give you nothing but the facts, ma'am...or sir, without giving too much away but leaving out none of the details.

Walter Skinner. Ah, what can I tell you about the divine Walter? He's drop-dead gorgeous of course, but everybody knows that except him. In his world-view he's this bald, aging monster of the FBI, trying to keep on top of the paperwork, on top of the agents, on top of

the conspiracies and the lunacy of his job. He has too much to do and not enough time to do it in. He's important and powerful but he never misuses his power. He's got integrity and honor and at heart he's a really good human being. Only at my most paranoid do I tend to forget that because uh-oh, we're coming to his downside. He can be inflexible, he doesn't have quite my sense of idealism, he's not trying to build a better world, just trying to stop this one getting any worse. He wants to do his best but he's sure it's never quite good enough and he's right because he's fighting a losing battle. He never stops trying though and being true to his soul and his principles has cost him his emotions, his wife, his marriage, his home. In being true to his soul he's lost his heart in other words. Not irrevocably, I hope, but piece by piece he's become estranged from it. Does he even know what his desires are any more? No, I don't think he does. It's been a long time since he's even asked himself if he's happy. He doesn't have the time, he just does what needs to be done. The one thing he's never questioned is his own integrity and allied to that, his belief that he can handle everything alone, by himself. You can see it in every gesture. It's okay for people to need him, that's as it should be, but Iron Man Skinnner never needs anybody. Yeah, you just keep telling yourself that, Big Guy! There are some things which, although you can do them alone, well, it's just not the same. I should know. So, you have this lonely man, estranged from his own heart and desires and you have me, noticing, because I notice everything, and storing it away, because I know that despite my fucked up miserable life, I'll see The Angle and that one day, bastard that I am, I'll be able to use it against him. I wait for just that day, that moment. Then it happens.

I think he's betrayed me. Okay, so what else is new? I think everybody has betrayed me at one time or another, even Scully and I'm not ALWAYS under the influence of a narcotic substance either so I can't blame that every time. This time he did deceive me, he admitted as much to me himself, haltingly, heart-breakingly, desperately - a man not quite able to believe what he'd done. Poor bastard. And I believed him - you had to be there. But I haven't got to the "moment" yet. That came a couple of hours later when I saved his butt. I lied for him and covered up for him. He didn't ask me to - he didn't need to. He's done the same for me before so it was no more than quid pro quo. At least I thought it was until he gave me that "look." He moved towards the door and the expression on his face and in his eyes was exquisite. Haunted. For the first time in a long while someone had a) shown they care and b) shown him that he's not as self-sufficient as he thought he was. Maybe he does need other people as much as they need him. And that was the moment when I saw quite clearly what the Walter Skinner Angle was and I wasted no time in running it through my mind.

It was daring. And prone to back-fire. Hell, I knew it was a risk but if I'm not going to have relationships I can at least have good sex every once in a while. And something told me that Walter Skinner was going to be a great lay. Also, I was pretty sure I had done a good job of profiling him. I had gotten inside his head. It felt right. You're just going to have to trust me on this one, because some of what I do next might shock you, especially the weenies out there. Go with it, sisters and brothers! Read it through before you judge me, I might surprise you.

It only takes a day for me to devise my strategy and arrange all the details. I know that I have to act immediately, while he's vulnerable and in my debt and doubting himself and his judgment so much. So, the following night I let myself into his apartment and make myself at home. My "equipment" consists in its entirety of condoms, lube and massage oil. You know, I can't stand equipment, not even for a scene like this one I've planned for tonight. So clinical, so unerotic. Probably it stems from my need to explore the mental aspects of the Angle but sex aids leave me cold. Give me improvisation any day. There's nothing that 300 dollars worth of leather goods can do that can't be done just as well, or better, with two ties and a belt. Call me old fashioned.

So, I'm sitting in his apartment, waiting for him. I've already checked out where everything is. I know this man - I've been working with him for 4 years for fuck's sake. He's working late, surprise, surprise and turns up at around 11pm, opens the door, tosses his briefcase down on the table and stiffens. He hasn't turned the light on but he knows I'm here. Probably his jungle training or the strain of his newly guilty conscience or the fact that this is the second time in a few days that he's come home to find me lurking. He draws his gun.

"It's only me." I say. "Put the gun down on the table."

"Mulder? What the hell...?" He puts the gun down and goes towards the light switch.

"Don't turn it on. Stay there." He stops, turns, looks in my general direction in the darkness.

"What the hell is this, Mulder?" he growls in that fabulous "Don't give me any shit, boy" voice of his. Mmmm... how about these strong guys? Aren't they a turn-on! He starts to shrug his coat off.

"Leave it," I tell him, getting up and crossing to where he's standing. I stand close to him and look him in the eyes for a moment. Luckily we're pretty much the same height. I'd have said I might even have a quarter of an inch on him but he more than makes up for that by having shoulders as wide as a truck and half again as heavy. So much the better. What was it my dad once said to me when I was a skinny kid getting beaten up by bigger boys? "Fox - the bigger they are, the harder they fall." So true, Dad, so true. So you did teach me something worthwhile, after all.

Walter is uncomfortable in the silence and he doesn't like being looked at so closely.

"Mulder, if this is about the other night, then I guess I should say...er, thank you or something."

"Or something," I chuckle. "I'll be taking the 'or something' thanks, Walter." He frowns and stiffens at my use of his first name, glaring at me but unsure what to say. "And yes my being here is partly to do with the other night, but not completely. You don't like being in my debt do you?" I'm way too close to him, close enough to hear his breathing and he doesn't like it.

"It's not that." He frowns, moves a step back. I follow and invade his space again. He clenches his jaw, uncertain why I'm here and what I want from him. If he could only guess then I'm sure he'd run screaming from the room. "It's..." Oh well, he never was exactly

talkative and he's hopeless at analyzing his emotions. He can be successful in one of the most stressful and difficult jobs in the entire world but asking him to put emotions and words together is like asking me to ignore my instincts - an impossibility. He flounders. Predictably. So I step in and fill in the gaps for him.

"I wanted to see if I got this straight. You made a deal with Cancer man, a deal to save Scully's life and in doing that you aided and abetted in a felony, destroyed evidence, impersonated me, deleted files on my personal computer, lied and lied and lied. You sold yourself, Walter. You sold your soul to the devil and the devil would have fried you for it if it hadn't been for me."

"All right, Mulder. You've had your fun," he snaps, angry at my analysis.

"My fun? Oh no. That's only just beginning. I figure that you owe me, Walter. And I'm here to collect."

"Owe you?" He frowns.

"You're feeling pretty guilty aren't you?" I have to stop myself softening. He's devastated by his behavior and I know what that feels like - been there, done that, got a whole dresser drawer full of tee-shirts.

"No. Maybe pissed off that I got shafted." He shrugs. "All that for nothing. Scully's still sick." Ah, perhaps I should break off from my narrative here to explain that my excursion to Walter's apartment tonight is NOT an example of me being an unfeeling bastard. I DO care about Scully, very much, and if you ever manage to get access to A-0004 (sorry, different passwords, different encryption codes!) then you'll find out just how much. But that's in the future. Just because Scully is ill doesn't mean my libido has gone into hibernation - you could argue that right now I need a distraction more than ever. And Walter is the perfect distraction. I can see the thoughts behind his eyes and I love the way his heart works. It's like some cave creature, a bear maybe, hidden in the darkness for most of the year, occasionally venturing out looking for food and invariably returning home hungry because it looked in the wrong place and was too used to the dark to be able to stand the light for long. So you see, with such creatures it's sometimes necessary for the caveman to use all the skills of the hunt at his disposal, to stalk them, to follow them into the cave and not take no for an answer. To drag them screaming and kicking into the light and make them stay there until they goddamn well start to enjoy it.

"You told me not to sell myself to him, then you go ahead and do just that," I accuse. He grinds his teeth together - it's been a long time since he had to explain himself to anyone and boy does he resent this.

"I'm not proud of that," he mutters, looking weary and lost. Aw, poor sweetheart. I'd like nothing better than to take him in my arms and kiss him better but it wouldn't work, trust me. I'd be booted out of his apartment before my lush lips got anywhere near that bald dome of his. No, Walter's a man who has to be forced into taking comfort when he needs it. And he does need it.

"You shouldn't be. Now look, the way I see it, you sold your soul to that evil cigarette smoking son of a bitch but I bought it back from him with the lies I told for you. In my book that makes you mine."

"What?" He gasps. "What the fuck is this, Mulder? You want me to sign off every damn fool expense account of yours for the next year or something because if so then you must be on some sort of trip."

"Don't take that tone with me, Walter," I chide gently. "And no, I don't require your 'or something' for a year - one night will do, a mere 8 hours. It's..." I glance at my watch. "11:30. If you agree, I'll own you until 7:30 tomorrow morning. Then we'll forget this ever happened - and all that stuff with the gun that I covered up for you. 8 hours and then you'll be free, Walter. It's a good deal."

"You'll own me?" He looks incredulous. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Watch your mouth, Walter!" I shake my head. "We will have to do some serious work on your language issues."

"Mulder, I'm losing my patience here." He tenses up those muscles as if gearing himself for a battle. Poor soul doesn't realize he's already lost. He's no match for me, although the capitulation should be sweet, if he'll only let himself enjoy it. I suppose I'll just have to make him.

"Be careful, Walter. You can't really hurt me - I know too much and you can't be sure that I won't go public with what I know. Your career is still on the line."

"You're blackmailing me?" His jaw drops open and I decide the time has come to move the game up a level. I slap him lightly across the cheek.

"Blackmail's an ugly word. Don't use it again, Walter. This is more by way of a pay-back."

He stands there, stunned by the slap and by the implications of what I'm saying. He's about to slap me back, to really lay into me, but he's still trying to figure out what this is all about and he's feeling guilty about all those lies he told to me as well as being aware of how much I have on him. He's not used to being this unsure of himself and he's unsettled. Finally he gets control of himself.

"Mulder, I don't know what's going on here, but it's clear you're not yourself. I'm sure we can talk it through, sort something out..." He begins, drawing away from me, starting to take off his coat, trying to change the mood.

"No, Walter. Now I've already told you not to undress. We'll save that for later. If you continue to disobey me I'm going to have to show you the penalties for disobedience and believe me, you don't want to know about them just yet so keep the coat on." He stops and turns round, his face furious but I notice he's obeying me already. The coat remains on - barely.

"I've had enough of this, Mulder. You must be out of your fucking mind. Now get the hell out of here and I might just pretend all this never happened."

"No deal, Walter. And you should start calling me 'sir' by the way."

"Oh yeah?" He squares up to me angrily. I'm a little concerned because he's so damn big, but not unduly bothered. He's posturing - I had anticipated that and he won't hurt me because he never has, no matter how far I've pushed him in the past and I've pushed him pretty far. He can fight - I've seen his record and believe me, it's impressive. But he won't hurt me. I'm in his head, I know that. I'm one of the agents on his "protect and chew out regularly" list and we're a select few. He wouldn't hurt any of us, I truly don't think he could.

"Cut the crap and sit down." I gesture to the couch and he thinks about it for a moment and then obeys me. That's twice within the past few minutes - it's possible that he's going to be easier than I thought. He's ripe for the game I intend to play with him. "Now listen, Walter..."

"Since when did you call me by my first name?" He challenges angrily and belatedly.

"Since you walked through that door and right up until 7:30 tomorrow morning. Then all of this will never have happened."

"All of what? Just what sort of sick game do you have planned tonight, Mulder?" His jaw is clenched but the look in his eyes belies that. He's angry of course, but underlying that is something else - something I understand all too well. It's amazing how sometimes we have to be forced into doing what we want to do most.

"It's a simple game, Walter. It's called sex. And I make all the rules. I warn you I'll cheat - the deck is already stacked in my favor. But it's just one night - then I promise you that you'll believe it was a dream. We'll be back to normal."

"Sex? You want to sleep with me?" He looks confused. This doesn't fit his world-view at all. Sleep with him? Why? I can just imagine the thought process chugging along inside his brain. I sigh, pitying that poor call girl. She must have had to work REALLY hard to pick him up. I bet it took her a long time to convince him that all she wanted was his body. I want far more than that of course - bodies are easily won, but the erotic charge of the mind, heart and soul - that's something else.

"Yes, Walter. I want to sleep with you. Oh and by the way - it isn't a request, it's a deal. I have you for 8 hours and I mean really have you, Walter, and then afterwards we part, no obligations, no regrets, no fond farewells. A one night stand - with a difference. You're mine - you do everything I say, when I say it."

"You sick fuck." He looks ill.

"Not a sick fuck, no. A very pleasurable fuck actually, as you're about to find out." I smile, my easy, charming smile.

"What is this? You've had enough of obeying orders and now you want to give a few? What the fuck am I saying? You never obey any goddamn orders anyway."

"This is not open to discussion. We talk on my terms. Your answer, please, Walter."

"If I say no?" He raises an eyebrow.

"I wouldn't if I were you. You have no idea what I'd do." I smile enigmatically. I wouldn't do anything of course. I've already lied for him and I love him - I have to love them or I wouldn't be able to get inside their heads.

"I can't believe this. This is crazy." He gets up and paces around the room. "I should break your arms for you, Mulder. I should..."

"Be very careful what you say," I warn him, interrupting the tirade. "I'm not unduly cruel but if you make me too angry now the next 8 hours could prove to be less pleasurable for you than they might otherwise be."

"Pleasurable? How the fuck could sleeping with you be pleasurable?" He hisses.

I make a face. "You really know how to flatter a man's ego. A word of warning, Walter. Never piss off someone who's about to top you. You just can't tell how they'll react."

"Top?" He stares.

"That's right. I'm going to top you, Walter, just as soon as you come to the decision that you have no choice but to make."

"I don't get it..."

"No. And you don't need to," I sigh. "But I'll try to explain anyway. I've got some experience of this - you, I suspect, have none. Am I right?"

He nods, his eyes intrigued, despite himself. I've given him the perfect way into this deal, he just needs to take it. Or maybe I need to push him some more. While I do have to give him a choice, for my own sake, it's hard on him. I've tried to make it a choice that he'll feel he was pushed into making, just so that he doesn't have to take any responsibility for the next few hours.

"Right. So, my sweet virgin, here's the deal. I'm a twisted head-fuck and you're going to be my adoring love slave. I'll hurt you because that's what I want to do, but I promise it won't be anything that you can't handle, big guy. You don't have to do anything but agree. After that I'll take care of everything - and you'll come, I promise you that. It won't be a TOTAL nightmare."

"This is surreal. Am I living in some sort of fantasy world?" His dark eyes are disbelieving and he's just about to fall into my trap.

"Oh no. If you are I'll wake you up pretty damn quickly. Now get your coat off." He just stands there, staring at me, undecided. "Quickly." I urge, going over to him. "One night, Walter. No decisions, no responsibilities, just me and our secret. When it's over you'll be free again, I promise. No blackmail, no emotional abuse, nothing. One night or else I just might decide to turn that evidence in. Reveal all about your deal with Cancer man. Watch you get sent down for a very long time. What's it to be?"

"I fucking hate you." He hisses between clenched teeth.

"Yeah. I thought you might. Take the coat off, Walter." Our eyes are locked for a long moment and I savor it, sensing the sweetness of the capitulation I'm about to witness. Then it arrives. He drops his gaze, removes his coat.

"Now what?" he snarls, throwing it over a chair. "Where do you want me, you bastard?"

"Now that wasn't smart." I slap his face again. "Don't call me any more names, boy." He balls his hands into fists and just about stops himself from taking a swing at me.

"You're going to find this a harder job than you think, Mulder, you fucking sick sack of shit," he spits.

"I don't think I am." I smile, then back-hand him, hard this time, across the jaw. "And the words 'fucking sick sack of shit,' although heavy on some impressive alliteration, are not the right endearments you should make to your master. Take off your jacket." He stands there like granite, a red mark on his face where I hit him, as he weighs up his options once more. "An agreement is an agreement, Walter," I chastise gently. "You either give yourself up to me sweetly and accept what I hand out in good grace, or I'll go right now and you can take your chances. What's it to be?"

His jaw clenches and unclenches and then, in one swift movement, he takes his jacket off and hurls it next to his coat on the chair.

"Good boy." I run a kind finger over the small bruise on his jaw.

"Fuck you." He hisses, then draws back slightly, expecting another blow. He's learning. I just laugh.

"Follow me, Walter." I go and sit down in the armchair, leaning back with my feet on the coffee table. A twitch starts in the side of his face and I can tell he longs to sweep my feet off his furniture and pound my face into the carpet but he swallows that back down and follows me over to the chair, standing helplessly beside me. "On your knees, Walt." I say pleasantly and his head jerks up.

"If you're going to call me by my first name, I'd rather you stuck to Walter," he mutters.

"I'll call you what I like. On your knees." He obeys, every muscle in that tense body screaming his outrage. "Closer." I beckon him to come forward and he shuffles towards me. I open my legs wide and then wrap them around him, so he's captured in my embrace, my

ankles crossed over around his back. "Close your eyes," I tell him. He doesn't. "Close them or I'll blindfold you. Take your pick," I grin and he treats me to a fabulously cold glare before doing as he's told. "Good. Now relax. I'm not going to hurt you just yet. I'd rather you learned to like me just a tiny piece before you fear me." I run my hands over his head, unhook his glasses and silence the beginnings of his protest by placing a finger over his lips. "Hush, boy. You're safe enough with me. You won't need these - they're just another barrier between you and the world. Now I said relax and I mean it. Trust me, I have some nasty ways of making people relax and I'm happy to use them if need be." I run my hands up and down his shoulders and he shivers, his muscles still tense but not as tight as they were. Now I know that this won't be a breeze. I can't see me getting him to relax completely any time soon. I'm going to have to take him further into the darkness of his own mind before I can even begin to lead him out the other side.

I undo his tie.

"Put your hands behind your back," I whisper into his ear. He obeys, shaking slightly. "Good." I can feel his breath on my cheek as I bend forward and fasten his hands together behind his back with the tie. I can't see what I'm doing very clearly, but I was a boy scout for at least 2 months before I got thrown out for, well, I digress - just take it on trust that I'm good with knots. The tie will hold his wrists firmly behind him - I've made sure of that. He's not going to trust me to do what I'm going to do next and it's wiser to make sure he can't hit me while I'm doing it. I move my hands to the buttons on his shirt and undo the top one. He stiffens again, hisses.

"Walter..." I murmur into his ear. "I'm gonna fuck you senseless tonight, baby, so yeah, that involves undressing you." I smile to see him flinch when I call him baby. Tough. I swear a solemn oath to myself that if he gives me any shit about it I'll call him 'honey' for the rest of the goddamned night. "I'm going to take this nice and easy, so you'll have plenty of time to get used to the idea. Okay?" He doesn't reply - his breathing is shallow and I see him struggle to free himself from his silken restraints, but they just get that much tighter. I know my stuff. I can't resist tilting his head back and taking my first kiss from those sweet lips. They're rigid and unyielding - he won't let me get my tongue in. I draw back and slap his face again. "Open up, Walt, baby. Kissing's easy. Let me just take what I want from you, big guy." He doesn't say anything and he's kept his eyes closed but his lips are still unmoving when I go back for a second time. "Okay, now you're asking for it." I tell him, my hands going down towards his belt. I undo it and pull it out of his pants. "This is nice. Real leather, hard and unyielding, just like your new master. Do you know how this would feel on your back, Walter? Or on your bare ass?" His eyes fly open. "Close them," I order and he glares at me again before obeying. "Now! I'll use this if I have to - hell, I might even use it because I want to." I grin to myself, enjoying the role. "But I sure as hell will use it if you don't give me what I want. Now let's give it one more shot, shall we?" I place my lips against his again and this time they open, sweetly, letting me in. I hold the sides of his face firmly between my hands and plunder every ounce of juice from that mouth, my tongue roving everywhere, sucking on him and forcing him into submission. When I let him go he sways weakly for a second, looking stunned. "Okay, that was a bit rough - would you like it smooth, Walt-baby?" I ask, tenderly caressing his earlobe.

"I wouldn't like it any which way, you motherfucking SOB," he growls, then flinches in expectation, keeping his eyes closed and holding his breath. This time I don't disappoint him and that belt crashes across the front of his chest. "Fuck you!" His eyes are open as he struggles to get to his feet but my hands press down on his shoulders.

"Walt - why are you making this so hard on yourself? Huh?" I soothe, my fingers caressing his neck, his jaw. "Don't make it so hard, Walter. It can be good you know. It can be good too." I hold him down and kiss a line down his neck that makes him shiver and arch his back. Ah, my sweet little captive, you've just been waiting for the right kind of guy to take control of you. "Now, baby, let's get you naked shall we?" I continue undoing his shirt, slowly, very slowly, taking an eternity over each button and slipping some fingers inside to caress his chest as I go, winding them in his body hair. Finally his shirt is undone and I ease it open and sit back, enjoying the sight of all that muscled flesh. Shit but this is one well-toned, well-honed body. I'm so going to enjoy myself with this. I press my lips against his nipples, suck each one, then bite, teasing bites that make him give these little throaty cries. He tries to back away from me but my legs are around his body and my hands are on his shoulders. He isn't going anywhere. "Fuck this, Walt. You've got to give me 100%." I murmur.

"Or?" His eyes open. I shake my head.

"Or you'll feel this belt again and you won't like the aftertaste. Now close the eyes, let me do what I want to you. You can't resist. You've already agreed. And this is nothing - it's going to get worse than this, Walter."

He breathes heavily, his eyes glowing with hatred and dark with something else. Oh there's something here that interests me, something primal and he's fighting it like a caged panther. I'm going to have to take him further down to let that panther out, free it from its cage and watch it run again, watch it perform for me and show off its rippling muscles.

My lips go back to his nipples, but I draw back occasionally, noting that he's closed his eyes again which is a good sign. He puts his head back and allows me suck at his nipples, then to really bite down on them. He makes these whimpering sounds in the back of his throat but his eyes stay closed and he's being very good, considering the discomfort he must be in. I relieve him from this delicious torture and unzip his pants, pushing them down to his knees. His eyes are still closed but his jaw just keeps clenching and unclenching making me grin. So now we've got him undressed down to his best feature, which is all trussed up inside the tightie-whities.

"You know - black silk boxers might be sexier," I remark.

"Oh forgive me. I didn't get dressed this morning thinking I'd be held hostage in my own apartment by one of my own subordinates demanding to use me as a sex toy. How inconsiderate of me," he snorts. This earns him a gentle slap across the chest with the belt.

"That's for the sarcasm and for talking without permission," I tell him. "If it happens again it'll be harder." It should have been harder this time but his comment amused me so I've let him off lightly. I push down the briefs with an unseemly eagerness because, hey, I'm swollen

with desire inside my own pants here. All this top stuff is turning me on. He's got a nice package and he's worth every damn risk I've taken and all the psyching I've done to get myself into this state. I'm relieved but not too surprised to see a nice, broad cock, half-erect and just starting to bob around eagerly. He has fabulously attractive balls. Yeah, I know, but some guys have 'em and some don't. He does. Really pleasing ones, a good size - not too big or small but just a nice handful. He's ashamed by his semi-erection because he knows there is no way this situation should be a turn-on. He's blushing bright red and his eyes are tightly closed now - not because of my orders but because he's scared of seeing me looking at his naked body.

"Open your eyes, Walter," I whisper. He shakes his head then does as he's told. "You're beautiful, slave boy," I laugh. "We are going to have fun, trust me."

"I don't want to have fun with you," he growls.

"Okay, I'll have fun with you then," I laugh again. "You just provide the body and I'll give it a good time, despite what your mind is screaming out. Remember - tomorrow this won't ever have happened. So just give in and save yourself the grief." If only he could, but he can't - not yet anyway. I run an expert hand along his cock and it's soon erect because he can't help himself and I am very, very good at this. I draw him closer to me and kiss his neck, keeping up the hard embrace on his cock, pumping him. He shudders.

"You going to come for me, Walter baby?" I ask, licking his neck. "You should, baby, because I might not be this generous later on. I might not let you come again tonight."

"I don't want to..." he hisses but then he's overtaken by a wave of orgasm and comes all over my hand, shedding some on the carpet.

"Lick it off, Walter, or it'll stain," I tell him. He stares at me, aghast. "Do it, boy." I shove his face down onto the carpet and he obeys me with great reluctance. Then I pull him back up and place a firm hand on the back of his neck. "Now clean me up, baby." I place my sticky fingers against his mouth and he shakes his head, mutely, his mind and body recoiling in horror. "Listen, Walter, later on you're going to taste my come, so you might as well taste your own. Just suck it up." His eyes are mute with rebellion. "You can do it with a sore ass or without. What's it to be?" I thrust my fingers into his mouth and he finally obliges and does as he is told, nearly gagging on it. "Good, baby, that's good," I murmur encouragingly and he swallows like a great cat with a sweet pink tongue.

Okay, I know what you're thinking - what a mean son of a bitch, right? But you've gotta run with me here. I've only just started and the ride gets bumpier yet.

"Remember, Walt, you DID get off." I put my arms around him and kiss his head, returning to his lips and kissing him so softly that he starts to relax and enjoy himself. Nice, deep kisses, long and lingering and my cock is starting to kill me but it's too early yet. I caress his neck, run my hands over his back until he's quiet and still, no longer fighting me. I need him like this because I'm about to untie him and I want him docile when I do, not roaring and spitting. Finally, when I've softened him up, I untie him. He looks at me in surprise. "Lose the

rest of the clothes, boy," I say. I sit back and watch as he considers this and then quickly divests himself of pants, briefs, socks, shoes and shirt. "Now undress me," I tell him. He's not sure about this but swallows convulsively a few times and then reaches out and starts to undo my tie. He's not comfortable with the intimacy of this and he's going way too fast, too matter of fact, his fingers snagging and shaking a bit, pulling too roughly. I catch his hands and look him in the eye.

"Slowly, Walter. It's a service you're performing for me and you want me to enjoy it. So no hurry, no fumbling - put on a display for me, baby."

"I don't think I have a talent for displays," he mutters weakly.

"You'd better find one then," I smile, twisting the belt in my hands. "And on your own initiative. You don't want to play talent scout." I put the belt around his neck and draw him closer. "Now undress me like you mean it." I whisper in his ear. He takes a deep breath and starts again, pulling the tie out from my collar with a long fluid swipe. I pluck it from his hands and put it with the other one, I'll need them both later on. Then he begins on my shirt, undoing one button and then another, his head down, concentrating on the task. His fingers spider momentarily across my chest but then scurry back as if he fears he's been too daring. I sigh - obviously he isn't scared enough of what I'll do to him to put on the display I asked for.

"Stop, Walter." I put my hand on his, jerk his chin up and make him look me in the eye. "It's not a race. Now I told you I wanted some passion in this, some teasing. Make love to me as you undress me, baby - let me see it in your eyes, let me feel it in your hands. Remember the way I undressed you - now you do the same."

"Maybe I'm not quite the slut you are," he says mutinously.

"You will be when I get finished with you." I give his chin a vicious squeeze. "NOW DON'T EVER SPEAK WITHOUT MY PERMISSION AGAIN! Get to work." I can be as tough and uncompromising in the "bedroom" as he can be in the office. I think that surprises him - he's never had to deal with me outside of our working relationship. He's never seen me like this and his mind is rebelling just as much as his body is surrendering. It's his mind I want though - it's what I always want and I won't be happy until I have it.

His fingers are shaky as they return to my shirt. I keep his chin held up so he has to look me in the eyes while his fingers slip between the buttons of my shirt to find the bare flesh underneath. He has big hands but sensitive fingers. I like the feel of them but I wish he'd smile or do anything rather than gaze at me with those big, uncertain brown eyes. He still needs nudging. I encourage him by putting my hands over his as he works, pushing the shirt away from my chest, taking his fingers to my nipples, making him caress them. He becomes more relaxed with this - so relaxed that he suddenly dips forward and kisses my shoulder. Way to go, Walter! He draws back immediately as if he might have done something wrong but I just smile at him and put my arms around his head to draw him closer.

"Good," I whisper. "Keep going." His tongue finds my nipple and caresses it gently, then licks down towards my trousers. "You want to go in there?" I ask him and he stops and pulls back, clearly horrified by that thought which makes me laugh out loud. "Later then," I grin, pulling him back to my chest to continue that nice, wet, caress. "Use your fingers as well as your mouth, in my hair, that's right..." I coach him and he responds pretty well, running his hands over my head and down my back. I let him ease the shirt right off me and then take him in my arms, my own fingers finding his butt cheeks and easing them apart. He draws back like he's been stung.

"If you're going to...I've never been..." He whispers, flushing. "I don't want you to..."

"Sshhh." I put my fingers over his lips. I knew all this of course. "I'm going to possess you tonight, Walter, body and soul. I'll take your cherry and when it happens you'll give it because you're mine and I'm asking you to. But it won't happen just yet, so don't worry about it." I kiss his lips gently. "First you're going to suck me off," I tell him. The rebellion flashes in his eyes but it's no use - he knows he'll obey me. "You're going to have to be skillful tonight, Walter," I whisper. "I want to come in your mouth and in your ass. So you're going to have to make sure I'm aroused enough to manage twice. Still, we have 8 hours so that shouldn't be a problem." I tease his nipples between my fingers and the anger and humiliation in his eyes is swiftly replaced by a flash of guilty pleasure. I disengage myself and get up, going over to the couch and lying down on it, taking the belt with me and beckoning him over. I wish my cock wasn't quite as rampant. It's distracting me from the finer points of the scene and I need all my wits about me to keep control of him. One wrong move and he'll lash out - I've made him too vulnerable now for him to behave as he normally would. He'll hurt me if I take him in the wrong direction so I need every ounce of my skill. He crawls over to me and kneels beside the couch, although not, it must be said, with any conviction. I know what's in his head now - he's accepted he's in some sick game, just as he accepted being part of that black lunged bastard's sick game a few days ago. He intends to get through with his dignity intact, to submit without being owned. Well that may be fine for Cancer man but I'm more demanding. I don't just want his submission.

"Walter," I say softly, fondling his head, "I don't just want you mine in name alone. I want you in mind, body and spirit. You understand that?" He hesitates. "It's okay - I'm asking you a question, you can talk." I nod.

"Well, Mulder, I guess you'll have a long wait." He rumbles in that low bass voice. "Because I don't care what shit you put me through, nobody owns me."

"Oh baby!" I laugh, "You love playing with fire don't you? Don't call me Mulder again - call me sir. You haven't yet and I'm not happy about that. Why don't you start right now?" I gaze at him expectantly. He raises an eyebrow and when he says the word he might as well be talking to himself for all the meaning he puts in it.

"Sir." He shrugs. "Happy now?" He watches me, his eyes on my hands in case I decide to slap him again for the studied insolence in his tone. I shake my head.

"No, I'm not. Come here." He shuffles forward cautiously and I pause for a moment, smiling at him until he relaxes, then I force him down across my body and swing the belt hard across his shoulders. He doesn't make a sound and I keep him down there, pressing his head onto my chest and making him resume the nuzzling that was so enjoyable. He's relaxed with this and I need him relaxed for my next gambit. I slide my fingers over his naked back as he works, enjoying the feel of those hard muscles underneath me and the red stripe from his own belt. "That's good, baby," I whisper, waiting until the tension has left his shoulders, then I strike. "You ever been whipped properly, Walter?" I whisper. "Not just a couple of blows like this but a proper beating, baby?" His muscles tense and he tries to sit up but my hand and his position make it impossible. I hold him down, his mouth still pressed to my navel. "Keep going. I'll take that as a 'no'," I whisper. "I'm going to whip you tonight, Walter and you're going to enjoy it. Not at first, and not for a long time if you fight it. You have to give yourself over to the endorphins, Walter, allow the pain to burn you, the helplessness to arouse you, the fire to claim you. It's good if you go with it." And so it is. I should know - I took the submissive role in one of my other Angles and no, I'm not going to tell you who I was with at the time. Not that all my Angles are power games. Not at all. That's the delight of sexual psychology - you can go to so many different places, you just have to pick the right one for the right individual. I'm enjoying playing the top though - it's a real turn-on!

Walter is making a sound in his throat and I let him up a bit so he can speak.

"Sir...?" he manages that without too much sarcasm. I nod to give him permission to continue. "I don't like being used as a sex toy and I don't like being jerked off against my will but I've submitted to that. Don't whip me though and don't fuck me. I don't want either of those things. I'll do anything else you like and I'll do it as well as I can. Sir." He's a bit growly but this request is at least made with some genuine attempt at subservience.

"Now it's too late to re-negotiate our deal, Walter," I chide. "8 hours in my power. That's what we agreed. And I want to whip you and fuck you - it isn't a choice, sweetheart. Of course I can understand you being scared..." His eyes flash angrily at that. Walter Skinner, ex-marine, macho boss of countless personnel is not scared of anything - except having his ass whipped and being fucked by a subordinate. He's only human after all.

"Please, Mulder..." he says. Now he could just get up, get dressed and throw me out of here, despite the decision he's come to. I think it's a testament to my skill in handling him that he doesn't believe that's an option at this stage. (Interlude for my bows while audience applauds!)

"Sir." I take his head between my hands. "It's sir. Forget once more and that whipping will take place sooner than you think. Now undo my belt." He grits his teeth and does as he's told. "Unbutton my fly." I think he's alarmed by my obvious erection as he does this but he obeys. "Right." I lie back on the couch. "Now unzip me using your teeth, then finish undressing me using only your mouth." He kneels there for a moment with a look of incredulous disbelief on his face.

"And afterwards do you want me to jump through hoops?" He mutters facetiously. "Sir," he adds quickly.

"Oh boy you live dangerously," I sigh and he actually flinches as I raise the belt and flick it down hard across his shoulders again. "Now just do it."

His teeth find my zipper and he manages that bit all right. Then he takes the fabric of my trousers between his teeth and tugs them down. I lift my hips to aid in this and watch him, a lazy grin on my face. He looks like a panther skinning his prey. An appropriate image for such a sleek, feline man. Finally his teeth gently close around the waistband of my boxers and he starts to pull. He has a couple of false starts but then they're down around my ankles. He sits up questioningly and I notice his eyes are flickering over my erect cock with just a hint of interest.

"All the way." I wave my hand and he swallows a sigh and returns to my ankles, taking great mouthfuls of fabric and finally dragging both pants and underwear to the floor. "Good, boy." I fondle behind his ears and he actually enjoys the praise. Oh yeah, now we're cooking! "Suck me off, Walter. Since you're new to this, I want you to go slowly and carefully. I don't want to feel your teeth and I want you to relax and let me right in." I instruct. He takes a deep breath and then nods, ducking his head down to my groin. He's pretty hopeless. A few licks along my shaft and then he tries to suck and gets put off by the noise and his own sense of the absurd. He only manages to take the tip before giving up and resuming the licking. I can't leave him any of the control. I sit up, take hold of his head firmly between my hands, put my knees either side of his ears and thrust into his open mouth. His eyes are wide with a combination of disgust and confusion but I just keep going. "Careful of those teeth, Walt, baby. This is your master's most prized possession you've got in your mouth. Worship it, Walter. It's an honor."

He closes his eyes and goes with the scene I've set up, swallowing me down further than I'd have thought he could, getting into it and sucking with more energy until I'm ready to burst. I hold his shoulders tight so he can't draw back and pump into his mouth but he doesn't even try to escape, just accepts my come. Perhaps after tasting his own, he's not so squeamish. When I'm spent I lean forward, feeling the rush of fondness, kissing his head and withdrawing from his mouth. I place my lips against his, tasting some of the salty come, kissing him and sharing the sensation with him, licking myself out of his mouth as he licked himself off my fingers earlier. He loves this - he knows he shouldn't but he does and I love him. Really, in this moment I love him totally and with an all consuming passion. It's a good thing I do, because I'm about to hurt him and it's hard to do that to somebody unless you really, really love them. I'd like to spare him but I've promised and it wouldn't be fair on him if I flunked it. You can't make someone half yours - you have to take them all the way or not go there at all.

"Okay, Walter. Now it gets mean, baby. Can you endure that for me? Will you endure that for me?" I look into his eyes. "You've not done too bad so far, Walter. You've pleased me but I want to punish you some more. You ready?"

"Mulder...sir...don't..." he mutters miserably, leaning his head on my shoulder. The poor bastard liked sucking cock and that's been a big shock to him. He needs to feel he doesn't have a choice. He needs to go to that place where he'll have no control at all. I can take him there but it's a dark path and I want his trust.

"I have to, Walter. You've done well, but you've been disobedient a number of times. You've called me every name except the only one I asked you to: sir, and you've talked without permission on several occasions. Surely you didn't think that your rebellion would go unpunished? There's always a pay-back."

"Sir..." He doesn't want to beg to be reprieved but he doesn't want to submit either. Oh not because of the pain - the guy's endured as much physical pain in his life as I have. No, because it'll be one more step down the road of total capitulation, the one that ends up with him being fucked and enjoying it and if he's not going to hate the fact that he enjoys it then I have to make sure he's properly prepared first. "You don't have to," he mutters, helplessly. "I've done everything you asked. You can't expect any more..." It's sweet, I'll admit that. Walter Skinner kneeling at my feet naked, begging me, but it's for his own good so I harden my heart. If I get any of this wrong he'll be an enemy for life and I can kiss my job goodbye as well.

"Don't argue with me." I get up, pull on my pants and return to the chair to pick up the ties. I already have the belt. "Follow me." I go upstairs without turning to see if he's following me. I've already checked out the bedroom and the bed has a nice wrought iron headboard which is ideal for what I have in mind. He's followed me, a look of anger on his face at the way I'm using his apartment like I'm using him - owning it, knowing my way around it, confident in it when I should be asking where things are. "Lie on the bed, Walter. Face down," I order.

"Shit, no." He draws back. "Not on my own goddamn bed. Tie me up downstairs, Mulder, if you must see this sick crap through."

"You are this close to making me losing my temper." I hold up my thumb and forefinger. Now is not the time to give him any let outs or allow him to sense any weakness. I put my hand on the back of that thick neck and dig in hard. "Now get the hell on the bed." I push him towards it and he doesn't try and fight me, throwing himself down with a clenched jaw, obviously determined that however much I hurt him he isn't going to cry out or show me I've won, that I've beaten him into submission. More's the pity - because the longer he fights it, the longer he has to endure it. I take his wrists roughly and fasten each one to the headboard with the ties and although he wrestles with me slightly, there's not much conviction in it - it's just for show.

"Now I've lost count of the number of times you've spoken without permission or haven't addressed me properly," I tell him. "You don't seem to understand what you are."

"Oh enlighten me," he sneers. In the comfort of his bonds, face down and unable to see me, he can attempt the bravado he lost downstairs amid all the pleasure.

"You're mine. Your only purpose is to please me, to address yourself to my needs, to serve me. I'll whip you, fuck you, jerk you off and suck you if I want to because your body isn't yours any more. It belongs to me. I bought you, Walter Skinner, for 8 whole hours and I'll make you give yourself to me. Body and soul. That's all I ask. I've had your body but your soul is still resisting. Now you can give it up slowly or quickly, but you will give it up. And you don't need to worry about tomorrow or next week, only about tonight, about here, now and

pleasing me. That's your sole purpose for the next few hours and I intend to make sure it happens." His fists are clenched tight and his body is tense as he listens to this speech.

"Go to hell," he mutters when I've finished.

"Not until I've sent you there first." I slam the belt down across his shoulders and he takes a sharp gasp of breath. "Hurts doesn't it?" I move rhythmically down across his body with the belt, but he probably hasn't noticed amid the shock of it all that they aren't hard swipes, just warming up swats. Going in too hard, too early is painful and cruel and doesn't help them get into a good mind-set. I've studied this and I've been on the receiving end as well, so I KNOW.

I go right the way down to his ankles with the belt, layering his body with a succession of very quick strokes so he doesn't have time to catch his breath or think too hard. Thinking's the enemy in this scenario, I need to get him beyond that to the realm of pure sensation. Then I start again only this time harder, so each stroke counts and slower so he has time to recover between them and concentrate on the next until I've taken him close to the edge of his limits.

"Fuck, Mulder." He twists in his bonds, spitting the words out to me. "I can't take any more of this shit. Let me go."

"No. And how do you address me?"

"Sir, shit, fuck...sir!" Now's the time to up the ante and I do but he's soon writhing about so much that his front is being punished as much as his back.

"Lie still, Walter. That's an order. Just lie still and take it or I'll bind your legs down as well. I'm sure you've got a nice selection of ties I could use."

"Please...sir..." he grinds out, trying to hold himself still.

"Just obey - listen and obey. You're not required to talk right now. Scream yes, talk no. I don't want to hear anything coherent coming out of your mouth for the next 5 minutes. And yes, that is how long you have to stand this. Keep your eye on the clock, Walter and bear it out."

"Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, Mulder..." he spits, his body churning around on the bed as I move the pace up again. He's covered in some lovely red welts but they'll fade quickly. He won't notice them in a couple of days time but it's nice to think he'll have something to remember me by until then.

"That's 6 minutes," I say, "and another one for each extra word you say from now on until I'm finished."

He's not stupid and he knows I mean it. In fact I've established my authority over him very well considering how much of a reversal this is from our normal every day status. He puts his head down on the bed, bites on the pillow and concentrates on breathing as I take him

to that place where you hurt so much you give up any other conscious sensation and become only a ball of nerve endings, red hot heat searing your very soul and the sound of your blood pounding in your ears. He finally gives up the struggle and just lies there, his body jerking up a little way with each blow. And it's such a magnificent body to have under my lash - the sweat glowing along his shoulders, gathering into a pool just above his butt, the veins on his neck standing out and his face flushing as red as his back and butt. He's perfect. I could worship a man like this but that isn't what he needs right now. You can't set a scene up and then change the rules half-way through. God, that would really be a head-fuck! Finally he's trembling, not sobbing or crying because he's way too macho to do that and I never expected him to, but giving these little cries in the back of throat. He's totally abandoned to the pain, his muscles relaxed, his flesh accepting because he's too tired to fight it any more. It's taken a long time - I've made him endure the full 6 minutes and that's a long time at the pace I'm going at and the sort of delivery I'm handing out. I'm not sure I could have stood it in his place but then he's got a lot further to travel than I ever did. I talk to him quietly the whole time, not saying much, just telling him that he's mine, that he loves being mine, that he wants to serve me and kneel at my feet, that he's grateful I think he's worth my time and attention.

Finally I stop and untie him and he just lies there, his body still shaking.

"Get up," I tell him coolly. He rolls over and lands on the floor on his hands and knees. "Kiss me and thank me." I order. He gets to his feet, straightens cautiously, no longer doing the tough guy act and holds onto me as the blood rushes to his head, his beefy arms going around my shoulders, swaying against me for a second before his lips meet mine and he kisses me as directed. It's a nice kiss and all the nicer for making him do it to me, rather than the other way around. Then he draws back, his arms still around my shoulders, holding on.

"Thank you, sir," he says, his eyes downcast.

"Good...that wasn't so bad, was it, baby?" I laugh, caressing his chin and making him look at me. He's pretty defeated and shocked I think. The truth is that he found something of himself there, on the bed, with the pain and my voice. And all he lost was his pride and his anger and maybe even a piece of his loneliness. It's amazing how you can take a person right back down to basics and find out what's there under the layers and complexity of their every day life. His sexuality is like a bright coin buried in a dark place and now I've taken some of the dirt off it, it's beautiful. He's buried his cheek into my neck, kissing at me, giving into the scene because he knows he doesn't have any choice and because deep down inside he wants to anyway and I've given him the perfect excuse.

"Let me..." His eager mouth wanders down my chest, finds my nipples and his hands are on my trousers, unzipping them, helping me step out of them, fondling my cock. He isn't Assistant Director Skinner of the FBI any more, he's Walter, my possession until 7:30 a.m. and he doesn't care if I know it either. Tomorrow is another day and he's living just for now, in the place I made him go to, deep inside.

"Kneel down, baby." I press him down onto his knees and look down on him fondly. "You know I love you, don't you, Walter?" I ask, and he looks up in surprise. Shit, no, he hasn't

figured that out yet. "Oh, baby - I couldn't hurt you like this if I didn't love you!" I laugh. "You don't have to return the favor. Just do what I tell you willingly and eagerly. You know I can make you feel good. This time don't fight it." I push him onto the bed on his back and although he winces slightly he doesn't complain. Then I make love to him - and I mean make love. I lick his salty, sweaty body, I steal kisses from deep inside his soul and he lets me. I suck that magnificent dick and let him come again and he does, eagerly, obediently, drawing out of my mouth and spurting out on the bed as commanded when I tap his thigh.

"Roll over, Walter." He clings onto my shoulders for a second, his eyes meeting mine, the apprehension showing in them. He knows what I want to do next. "Don't be scared, baby. You trust me, remember?" I smile, kissing his lips softly. "Now roll over." He nods, gulping slightly, not scared to show his fear or his anticipation. He's a big bear really and so sweet I could snuggle up to him on winter nights. I run my lips over his back, tracing my tongue over the welts, which are already fading. He's so beautiful and good, holding still, trying hard to relax, even when my hands stroke his butt, my fingers slipping inside. Boy he's tight - it's going to be one helluva job relaxing that tight ass. I find the lube I put in the bedside drawer earlier and he gazes at me in amazement.

"Planning, Walter. I like things to be in the right place at the right time," I grin at him.

I lather a good amount of lube along my fingers and thrust one up inside him, hearing him groan and finding some resistance. I slap one of his butt cheeks lightly. "Relax. Now. If you don't I'll whip your ass again," I say and he consciously makes an effort to obey, moaning as I get another finger inside and stroke him, angling to find his prostate and grinning with delight as he feels the pleasure and gasps, rubbing himself on the bed. Then three fingers - still a bit tight but then I'm taking a cherry here so that's to be expected. He's scared though - I think he's tensing up just thinking about what comes next so I inject some fun into the proceedings. "Walter, get up, face me." I tell him and he turns around, surprised, kneeling on the bed in front of me. I reach for the condoms and unwrap one, giving it to him. "Now, I'm hard, Walter and I can hold this for a while, so why don't you see how many times it takes before you can get one of these on me with your mouth," I tell him. He stares at me, then nods and addresses himself to the task eagerly and fucks it up royally.

"Okay. Number two." I unwrap another and give him that. I love watching this guy put it in his mouth and bend down to my cock. I run my hands over his bald head, ignoring the rustling and fumbling going on in my groin.

"Sorry." His head bobs up again, with a soggy condom between his teeth and he looks at me anxiously, unsure if I'm going to be angry or not.

"Hmm...never mind, I guess you tried!" I laugh, kissing his lips and taking the condom out of his mouth with my own, spitting it on the floor. He grins at that and I take him in my arms and laugh my ass off for a moment before handing him another condom.

"All right, use your hands, baby." He unwraps this one and does the deed with more efficiency and by the time I roll him back onto his front he's a whole lot more relaxed. I get him to kneel on his hands and knees then slather on a load of lube over my dick and open

up his butt cheeks, kissing his back gently. He's as relaxed as he's ever going to be so I enter in, thrusting up tight, straight up to the hilt, which is hard for him to take, but I think he needs it hard and fast. He needs to know that he can't avoid it, that it's going to happen because I own him and I want him. If he thought I was weakening then he'd find a way to wriggle out of this.

"Is it hurting...?" I ask and he pants.

"A bit...shit..." I start to thrust, pulling out and pushing back in, my hands on his thighs, picking up speed. "Fuck...come out...it's..." He starts to panic and I soothe him, rocking forward, not coming out but lying over his body, covering it with my own, feeling the rhythmic spasms of him as he clenches against me, fighting it.

"Relax again, baby...it's better when you relax."

"Can't." He speaks through gritted teeth, making me laugh.

"Yeah, you can. You have to. Come on, Walter, or I'll whip your ass so bad you'll scream your head off. Come on..." He really wants to please me and I feel his tension fade as he opens up to me again and then I'm riding him and he suddenly gets into the rhythm, enjoys it, starts pushing back against me, wanting to take me all the way and it's great. In fact it's the best sex ever in the whole goddamn universe. I can't hang on for long and soon I'm spent and he's quivering and gasping underneath me. "Nice, baby." I pull out and throw myself down beside him, holding that huge body tight against me and loving the feel and smell of him as he lies totally relaxed in my arms. "That wasn't so bad, huh?" I whisper, kissing his ear.

"Not so bad," he agrees with a wry little laugh. In fact it was pretty damn good but he isn't prepared to admit that much and I don't need to make him. He still has to live with himself tomorrow.

We lie there for a long time. I glance at the clock and it's nearly 3 am.

"Come on, Walter. Time to get up." I disengage myself from his naked, sweaty body.

"What?" He mumbles. "I'm tired, Mulder, it's been a long day..."

"Walter. Get up," I tell him firmly. "I only have you for a few more hours and I'm going to make the most of it. I haven't finished with you yet so get up. Now. I have no problems putting this belt into action again." I pick it up and it's amazing how quickly that works as an incentive. He's on his feet again in seconds and standing in front of me. "Good. Now you forgot to call me sir - you really have problems with that don't you?" He's too sated by pleasure and confused by the events of the evening to know how to behave any more. His eyes drop.

"Sorry. Sir." And then he does something beautiful. He gets on his knees and licks my feet. "Sorry..." He whispers, looking up at me.

"Shit - that works, Walter. You're forgiven. Now get up and change the sheets on the bed. It's a fucking mess." He does as he's told without the slightest hesitation and I go and sit in the armchair, watching him work. I love that body. Everything so hard and sculpted, from the smooth, bare shape of his head right down to those broad shoulders, the slim waist and narrow hips and those long, long, legs. Even the little scars he has all over, remnants from war wounds and fights over the years just serve to enhance his rugged perfection. He's the best-looking guy I've ever slept with and he has no idea. I study the way the muscles move under his skin, the loosely hanging penis and those sweet balls. Then I realize he's stopped changing the sheets and is standing there.

"You're looking at me," he says, blushing wildly.

"Why not? I like looking at you."

"I...it's embarrassing, sir."

"Get over it," I snap. "You're mine and if I want to look at you I will. Now finish those damn sheets, Walter. And go slowly so I can enjoy the view."

He flushes again but finishes the task and then waits helplessly by the bed. I just sit there, letting my gaze travel over his body appreciatively, knowing he hates it, which is why he must endure it. He shifts and clears his throat.

"Not a word, Walter." I hold up my hand. "You don't have permission to speak. Just stand there." I subject him to this for a long time then finally smile but not before his whole body seems to have gone a shade of bright red. "Okay - time to get clean." I beckon for him to follow me into the bathroom and turn on the shower, pulling him in behind me. I pick up the soap and hand it to him.

"Okay, Walter - soap me all over and do it properly. I want adoration here, Walter."

He takes the soap and does as instructed, running it slowly over my chest and down to my groin, under my arms, taking care, worshipping, as instructed, at my altar. He wants to anyway, but he'd never have the nerve to behave like this if I hadn't set up a scene that convinced him he had to. He even kneels down when he soaps my dick, cleaning it softly, with great care. Then he takes the shower head and washes the soap off from my front before surprising me by finding some shampoo and pouring himself a handful, standing in front of me and massaging it lightly into my scalp, his eyes locked with mine. Shit this is erotic - I lean back as those fingers work, closing my eyes and relishing the way he's touching me. Then he finishes, washing it off carefully, pushing the water back with one of those big hands to make sure it doesn't go into my eyes.

"Thank you, Walter." I reward him for his skill and initiative with a deep kiss on his lips, his mouth opening up wide and willing under mine, relishing the praise. "Now my back."

I hand him the soap again and he stands behind me, running the soap down between my butt cheeks and rubbing it there.

"You want to go there, Walter, with your fingers, like I did with you?" I ask and I hear his whispered "yes" in my ear. "All right, go on." I place my hands against the wall and thrust my butt out in anticipation, loving the feel of those hesitant fingers as they push inside me, trying to give me the same pleasure I gave him. He's not very smooth but it feels good all the same and finally I move away and let him continue with the soaping until I'm clean all over.

"Okay, Walter, now soap yourself." I lean back under the flow of water to watch. "Slowly - put on a show for me."

"Um... a show, sir?" He bites his lip.

"Yeah - tease me, Walter, make love to me as you do it."

"I'm not..." He begins.

"Walter," I say warningly and he nods and starts, flushing furiously again as he takes the soap over his big hairy chest and rubs it across, then down into his groin. "Slower..." I grin and he lathers up some more and continues more slowly. He's not exactly tease material, but he does his best with it and that's good enough for me. "Turn around, baby, let's see that gorgeous ass..." I order and he obeys instantly because that's the level I've got him to. He pushes his butt out a little way and plays around with the soap until I tell him he can stop. "Come here." I murmur and he joins me under the running water, the droplets flowing down the sides of his face and over his nose so appealingly that I just have to lick them off. I turn him around and pull his wet back against my chest, holding him tight as we stand under the water together, wrapped up close in each other's arms. "Sexy baby..." I whisper, playing with his nipples, biting his neck. "Sexy, sexy baby..." He's so relaxed in my arms, my beautiful plaything, so sweet and responsive and willing - what a change from earlier this evening. He's not thinking any more, just doing, accepting, trusting...shit I adore him.

"Okay." I turn off the water. "Get a towel and dry me, Walter." He obeys, wrapping me up in a huge soft towel and drying me gently, carefully, rubbing my hair, wiping the towel a little way between the crease in my ass, lingering over this intimate task like the truly devoted servant he's now become. "Now dry yourself then come back into the bedroom." I leave him to it and find the massage oil, throwing myself down on the nice clean sheet and luxuriating in the damp smell of me and the sleepy post-sex sense of warmth and pleasure in my body. He enters the room and I hand him the oil. "Massage me, Walter." He looks genuinely pleased to be given this command. He doesn't like being watched but he enjoys looking at me. I'm not as shy - it turns me on to be admired. He pours the oil between my shoulder blades and I yelp.

"Word to the wise, Walter - always warm the oil first," I chide and he winces.

"Sorry, sir. Sorry..." His lips brush my shoulders and his great big hands dip into the oil and move it around to warm it up until I can luxuriate in the sensation. He may be new at this but does he ever give a good massage. I sigh and try to relax every last muscle. "You're tense, sir." He sounds surprised, working with deep strokes. Of course I'm fucking tense. It's

a huge strain taking responsibility for a scene like this, although not without its rewards. And he's a huge reward - I always knew he would be with the right handling. It's draining though and I deserve this massage for what I've given him tonight. His strong hands cover every inch of my body, kneading and soothing, until I'm in a warm, fuzzy place of total bliss. Finally, when he's worked every inch of my body into an ecstasy of relaxation, I pull him down next to me, wrap my arms around his body and hold him close.

"You can sleep now, Walter." I kiss the back of his neck and lick away a few stray droplets of water or sweat that hang there. He's warm and big in my arms: my bear, my panther, my tame but uncaged animal. I let him out of his cage and put him on my leash. I'm filled with euphoria - I've kept him under control and never given him the chance to turn on me or savage me. I've made him mine, forced him to be mine, even if it could only be for a few sweet hours. And I never loved him more than I do now, as we fall fast asleep.

I open my eyes lazily and watch the shadows on the ceiling made by the sun filtering through the drapes. My eyes glance at the clock and I stiffen. Shit. I set it for 7 am - it's all part of my carefully worked out plan, but something's gone wrong. It's now nearly 8 and I feel like fucking Cinderella. Shit, shit, shit. He's still asleep so I try to disentangle myself from his embrace and slip out quietly but I've run out of luck. He wakes, blearily and gazes at me, seeing the panic in my eyes as I find my pants, try and pull them on, covering myself with the sheet at the same time.

"You're worried about me seeing your body now - after last night?" He looks confused and I can't blame him. I could kick myself for this and hope I haven't screwed it up too badly.

"Go back to sleep. I'm not here. I'm gone." I get tangled up in my own trousers and curse. His eyes go over to the clock and he registers the time.

"So it's over?" He murmurs.

"Yes, sir. Now go back to sleep."

"Or what? You going to tie me up again?"

He's sitting up, trying to figure out how he feels about this now it's over. I don't want to be here right now. I was supposed to leave while he was still on my time and then when we got to the office I'd act the same way as usual and so would he, because he wouldn't be able to handle it any other way. We'd never mention it and in time he'd wonder if it even happened or was some sort of hallucination. Now I've screwed that up. I'm naked, vulnerable and he seems to want to talk. I can't hide behind the role any more either - I set up the scene very specifically to end at 7:30 and I've definitely overstayed my welcome.

"No. Don't talk shit. I'm out of here. I promised you it would be over and it is. You're free, sir. I took what I wanted and we don't ever need to discuss this again." I finally manage to pull on my pants and make towards the door but I trip over a mound of last night's sheets that he dumped there and land on my ass. "Fuck." I've stubbed my toe and it hurts like shit. I hold it in my hand and wail silently inside until the pain passes.

"Mulder." He gets up and comes to help me but I twist away from him.

"Don't touch me. Don't fucking touch me. Just let me go." He has his hands on my shoulders and he looks so confused that I could curse myself to hell.

"Mulder," he says softly. "Shit, you're shaking. What happened to that tough guy who was calling the shots last night?"

"Just a role, sir." I allow him to help me get onto my feet again.

"A damn convincing one." He shakes his head, totally freaked. "You were one mean SOB, Mulder."

"Pretense. You wouldn't have agreed any other way. I had to force you into it."

"Headfucking little shit. I should..." He flexes those big arms and I stand there limply because I deserve it for screwing up the end for him, for us both.

"Go ahead. I'm sorry - I should have been out of here before 7:30. You'd have been able to deal with this better with us both fully dressed and back in the office being Special Agent Mulder and Assistant Director Skinner. I set the clock but it didn't go off."

"The alarm doesn't work," he sighs. "I usually wake up early anyway so I don't use it. Shit, you really planned this down to the last detail didn't you?"

"I'm a trained FBI agent, sir." I try a grin and totally fail, slumping down on the armchair and burying my face in my hands.

"You do this often? Explore this dominant side?" He asks and I can sense him standing there stark naked and staring at me.

"Shit no. Last night was the first time I'd topped anyone when the time, place and mood was right. I've never done more than played at it before, never in a real 'scene'. I've been topped of course - that was fun too, but last night was pretty damn good, if you don't mind me saying so. Once I'd got you under control, sir." I look up, smiling feebly and he seems shocked all of a sudden, coming over to me and kneeling in front of me, putting his fingers on my cheeks and smoothing away tears that I didn't realize were there. "Shit. See, I'm ruining everything." I try and get up but he pushes me back down.

"Why, Mulder?" He asks, stroking my hair lightly. I can't stop the tears falling down my face.

"It was so good, sir. So intense. I didn't think it would be that good. I never expected this. You were right - I am a fucking sick sack of shit. A complete flake. None of this was your fault, you've got to believe that. I psyched you into it. I played you like a fucking piano, knowing all the right keys to press. I use my skills the wrong way sometimes, sir. I should be locked up." I look into his eyes and he's patient, understanding, waiting. "You don't need the burden of my emotions. I wanted to give you something, not make you take care of my shit. I'll deal with it." I get up.

"It was a gift?" He looks stunned.

"Yeah," I grimace, seeing the marks on his back from that beating I gave him. "Yeah, it sounds twisted but you were lonely, you needed a break. Scully's ill, my life's crap. I was lonely too. Then you risked your ass for us and when I covered up for you, I just saw into your heart. You wouldn't take anything from me - from anyone. You can't let your guard down, let anybody close. You were shocked to be in my debt and scared by it. I wanted to show you that you don't need to be. The debt's safe with me. No question of it."

"Then that stuff about turning me in?" He frowns.

"Bullshit. I could never do that. I was using that so you wouldn't have a way out. You wanted me, you needed someone and I think I was the right person at the right time but you'd never have accepted me if I'd just turned up here and propositioned you."

"That's for damned sure." He shakes his head.

"So I had to force you into it, knowing I could help you if you gave me the chance. And it wasn't like I didn't get anything out of it myself!" I grin, wiping more tears from my face. "You must have noticed that!"

"Oh yeah!" He growls in a throaty way. "So what happens now?" He still has both his hands on my shoulders.

"Nothing," I shrug. "That's the deal you see. I'm more fucked up than you think and although you had a good time last night, it took a lot out of me to be that strong the whole way through. There were times when I just wanted to let you off easy, to hold onto you and have you love me and comfort me because I can be a needy bastard inside. I couldn't do that because I hadn't prepared you psychologically for that possibility and I really didn't come here to screw you up. I er, don't **do** relationships so this was a one shot deal. You were supposed to think of it fondly, as a one night stand you didn't have any choice about. No guilt that way."

"Mulder - it must be hell living in your head. What a complicated bastard you are."

"Yeah. That's what makes me a good profiler. I hate being this good at getting inside people's heads. But if you've got a talent, you've got to use it." I shrug. "Now, I'm sorry I fucked up the ending, but you've got to believe that last night was one of the best I've had, sir. I'm sorry there won't be a repeat performance."

"Not as sorry as I am." He shakes his head ruefully. "I'd have liked a chance to get my revenge."

"Don't tempt me. The thought of being your helpless love slave is very enticing but we both know it's not a good idea. Let's just leave it, sir. It'll be as if it never happened. Deal?"

"I suppose," he sighs. "Nobody ever turned me inside out like you did last night, Mulder."

"You were hard work but worth the effort." I slap his cheek lightly and he leans forward and kisses me tenderly on the lips. He pulls on some pants and follows me downstairs where I pick up the rest of my clothing and he rescues his glasses.

"I was never here," I tell him as he escorts me to the door.

"Shit, no. But thanks anyway." He shakes his head and I leave the sweet son of a bitch behind.

So there you go, folks. That was A-0003. Glad you stuck with me on that one. I'm sure you figured out the psychological twists from the beginning though and of course I didn't explain all of it to him, so he's not quite aware of just how dark and twisted the recesses of my mind truly are. Of course I'm still waiting for the day when I get home to find him waiting for me in my apartment with the lube and the condoms but I'm not holding my breath. I'm not sure how I'd take not being the one to do the thinking and psyching anyway. I'm a frigging control freak at heart as you might have guessed. We never talk about what happened and that's just the way I like it. No ties, no commitment. It's a fucked up world out there anyway - who's to say what form comfort should take? Or love.

THE END

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