

Waiting by Xanthe

<6:58, 6:59...7:00...swallow nervously. Loosen tie. Undo top button of collar. Hear noise inside. Stand up. Nothing. Sit down again. Can at least sit comfortably...not for long. Shut up, Mulder! Don't think! Empty brain. Deep breaths.>

<7:03, 7:04...Hands clammy. Wipe on pants. Someone walks by, glances at you, grins sympathetically. As if he knows. Oh god, he can't know can he?>

<Soon. Has to be soon. "Come back at 7:00," he said. "After work. When it's quieter. Then we'll address this issue in the old fashioned way, Agent Mulder. You know what that means." Looking at me, eyes flashing angrily through his glasses. "Yes, sir," squeaky voice, resigned nod. 7:05, 7:06. God, don't make me wait any more. I can't bear it...>

<7:23...nearly half an hour. I'm gonna die of a heart attack. This is worse. This is worse than being punished. Oh god. He's so mad...maybe he's going to make me wait here until 7 in the **MORNING**. I wouldn't put that past him.>

<7:29...Finally! Door opens. Oh shit. I'd give anything, ANYTHING to turn back the clock now. Large expanse of white shirt, dark tie, dark eyes, dark looks...shit. Still angry!>

"Agent Mulder. I'm sorry, did I keep you waiting?" <Not even a glimmer of a malicious smile as he says that. No sense of irony at all. Don't reply, Mulder. Don't open your smart mouth. You know it always gets you into trouble!>

<Door held open, shuffle past. Door shut, door...locked. Glance at shoes. Consider yelling: "I was drugged!" but I've used that one before. He won't swallow it again. He draws the blinds. Now he's walking over, stands in front of me, big hands undo his belt. Shit! Close eyes. Horrible swishing sound as belt leaves loops.>

<Large hand on my shoulder, propelling me over to the armchair. He sits. I swallow. Convulsively. He's saying something...I can't hear what. Terror making my stomach churn and my ears buzz. Yes, I know I **deserve** it, that doesn't make it any easier. Yes, I wish I could remember in future as well. Right now I'm sure I **will** remember in future but of course I never do. In the heat of the moment...well, you know. Of course that's no excuse.>

<He's looking at me expectantly. What...? Oh. Yes. Of course. Undo trousers, step out of them, approach him, kneel, then hesitantly arrange myself over his knees. I feel so stupid, like a fish flopping around on dry land. He's wearing wool trousers and they itch against my flesh. My heart is thudding against his thigh. Wish it would stop. Wonder if he can hear it? Twitch of his leg to get me into position. Hand on my back as he holds me in place. Sudden movement as my boxers go the same way as my pride. Cool air around my exposed buttocks. Clench them automatically, as if that could ward off what will happen next.>

<He's doubling the belt in his hand, taps it against his thigh a few times, making me jump and flinch, each time expecting it to land on my ass. Why does he do that? To torment me?>

<Hold my breath...waiting...waiting...Long, long silence. Stretching on forever...then the sound...the hiss and then the slap of leather on flesh...and then, an aeon after the blow has struck, the pain kicks in and my mouth opens in a yelp. Pause. Wait. Number two. SHIT!

Clutch the side of his leg for balance. Another wait. God, sometimes I wish he'd just go fast, so it'd be over quicker, but each time he waits between strokes, waits until I stop yelling, waits until I get my breath back. Maybe he thinks it's a kindness, but I HATE waiting. A sudden breeze, then a raw pain in my backside...number three, throbbing. It's at this point that it's worst. You're sure you can't take any more, but you know that it's only just begun as well.>

"How many is that, Agent Mulder?"

"Three, sir."

"Glad to see you're keeping score." <Chuckle in his voice, damn him! There is **nothing** funny about this! He should try being ass up, held tightly in place over a pair of solid thighs, with a muscle-bound gorilla strapping him and see how he likes it.>

"Agggghhh." <That one took me by surprise, as if he knew what I was thinking and slapped that one down especially hard to punish me for it. >

"Gorilla, Mulder?"

<SHIT! I said that out loud. Double shit!>

"Let's see how fast this gorilla can go then, Agent Mulder."

<Picking up pace, faster...eight, nine, ten... >

"Fuck!" <That one was right on the place where my ass meets my thighs, brought tears to my eyes.>

"Watch your language, Mulder."

<Eleven, twelve, thirteen...going so fast now that I'm wriggling, crying, yelling, panting...>

"Please...please..."

<Now I'd give anything for him to slow down. I was wrong earlier. Slow is better. Slow is **much** better!>

"I'm waiting, Mulder."

<Waiting? What the hell is he waiting for? Think, Mulder...OW...think...seventeen, eighteen...he'll stop at twenty, I'm sure he'll stop at twenty...nineteen, twenty, twenty-one...>

"Shit! Oh please, no more. I've learned my lesson. I promise... unnnhhh!"

<Twenty two...twenty three...>

"I'm still waiting, Mulder."

<Twenty four...waiting for what?>

"Any time. You just say the word. I can keep going all night if you want."

"If I **want**...? What the fuck...? Please - no..."

<Twenty five...twenty six. The pain is unbearable, I truly don't think I can take one more stroke. The hiss, the sound of the belt scything through the air, the sting as it lands, my body leaping a little way into the air with each stroke...>

"I'm SORRY." <Gasped. Silence. He pauses, mid-stroke, lowers the belt. Oh thank god! Lowers the belt!>

"That's what I was waiting for, Mulder."

<Flip of knee and I'm on the floor, still sobbing. He gets up, loops belt back into pants. Hated belt, horrible belt. He disappears. I get up, cautiously. Backside is burning so much it could probably heat the entire room. Slowly, oh so slowly, restore boxers and pants. He's back, glass of water. Dips hanky in it, wipes my face. I sip the water, put the glass on his desk. He smiles ruefully.>

"One word. Why'd it take so long, Mulder?"

"I don't know...sorry." <Aware of the irony. Both grin.>

"Come here." <Pulled into big arms, hands that smooth sweaty hair back. Deep chuckle as he makes it better again.>

"Okay, kid?" <How can eyes that were spitting chips of pure fire twenty minutes ago, be so kind and concerned now?>

"Yes." <Hitching sob.>

"What is it you have to remember, Agent Mulder?"

"That you don't like to be kept waiting, sir."

"Good. And I think that being fifteen hours late for a meeting is late even by your poor time-keeping standards, Mulder."

"Yes, sir."

"And you have a cell phone and could have phoned in to postpone the meeting couldn't you?"

"Yes, sir." <Now is not the time to tell him what happened to the cell phone.>

"And you knew that this meeting was important."

"Yes sir."

"I had to explain to the Deputy Director why one of my personnel didn't show for a top level

meeting, Mulder."

"Yes, sir." <Eyes downcast. Study floor.>

"That was embarrassing for me, Mulder."

"Yes. I know. Sorry." <Whispered. He shakes his head.>

"What the hell am I going to do with you, Mulder?"

"Dunno, sir." <Puts his arm around my shoulder, squeezes.>

"You will learn one day, won't you?" <Hopeful, hopeless tone.>

"Oh god I hope so, sir. I, uh, **really** hope so."

<Chuckle. Rueful shake of head.>

"Good. Because I **really** hate being kept waiting, Mulder."

<Me too, sir...me too!>

The End

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