

What's Sauce For The Goose... by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/whats-sauce-for-the-geese/>

Scully pushed open the door to Mulder's office with a sigh. He had been so cold towards her after the events of the past few days that she really hoped that she hadn't ruined their friendship.

"Scully!" Mulder got up, smiling nervously. Scully frowned. This wasn't the reception she'd expected. "Uh...um...hi," he mumbled, jiggling from one foot to the other.

"Hi," she replied, wondering what on earth had prompted this strange behavior from her partner. "Mulder, look, I want to apologise again for..."

"Don't worry about it, Scully." He took hold of her shoulders, and kissed her cheek. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have given you such a hard time about it. Hell, you've had to put up with worse from me over the years." He gave a rueful shrug.

"Well, that doesn't excuse me lying to you, deceiving you..." she trailed off, biting her lip.

"Or ditching me to go off on vacation with that cigarette smoking bastard," he offered. She looked up in alarm, only to catch the teasing light in his eyes, and thumped him soundly on the arm. He mocked a dramatic "ouch," and grinned at her widely.

"So, what brought about this change of heart - yesterday you were mad as hell at me," she said.

He shifted nervously again. "I had a meeting with Skinner," he muttered. "He, uh, pointed out that as my own behavior over the years has been less than desirable in certain respects, I had no right to give you a hard time. What's sauce for the goose and all that." He shrugged uncomfortably.

"Skinner said that?" Scully was surprised.

"Yeah. He was very...um, forceful on that point." Mulder wriggled again. "He also wants to

see you - it sounded kind of urgent."

"Oh. Shit." Scully sighed. She had come into the office today knowing that her reception from Mulder would be as nothing compared to the dressing down she expected to get from her boss, but even so, she had been hoping to delay the inevitable for as long as possible.

"Yeah. Shit." Mulder ran a sympathetic hand along her arm. "Um, Scully...before you go, there's something I should tell you."

"Later, Mulder. If he's already in a bad mood I don't want to make it worse." Scully sighed, turning and going towards the door.

"NO!" Mulder ran after her, and caught up with her in the corridor. "I, uh, really have to tell you this before you see Skinner."

"Okay - we can share the elevator." Scully smiled at him, trying to hide the nervousness she felt at going to her impending doom. "Oh god." She stepped into the elevator and leaned back against the wall. "This must be the way you felt on all those occasions Skinner wanted to have a little "talk" with you, after you screwed up, ditched me, and ran off without telling anyone, chasing conspiracies," she whimpered, her stomach doing several nervous flips.

"Yup!" He grinned at her. "It's a bad feeling, isn't it?"

"That's an understatement," she moaned, pressing her arms across her stomach. "Is he really mad?"

"Uh, yes. I think so." Mulder smiled apologetically. "At least he was when I saw him, which, um, was what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Hmm?" Scully raised an eyebrow, only listening with half an ear, too distracted by her own impending jeopardy to take much notice of what he was saying.

"It's just...you know how my behavior has improved recently, Scully?"

"Hmm." Scully ran through her defence in her mind. Spender had said that he had a cure for all the world's diseases - she had to go with him, didn't she?

"Well, that's not by accident," Mulder was saying. "Um, Skinner's saved me from being kicked out of the FBI on numerous occasions..."

"Yes, I know." Scully had often thought that Mulder had to have bribed Skinner with huge sums of money to keep his job after some of the stunts he'd pulled in his time.

"...but there was a price," Mulder finished.

"I knew it!" Scully grinned. "How much did you have to pay him, Mulder?"

"A painfully large sum," Mulder grinned back feebly. "And, uh, not in terms of money. Uh, Scully - Skinner and I have a...well, we have an agreement in regard to the X Files. So far, it's only been me who's been subject to its terms, but that's well...that's because you've never really been naughty before." He hopped from one foot to the other like a cat on a hot tin roof.

"Mulder? You're scaring me," Scully frowned. "What on earth are you talking about?"

The elevator door opened, and they walked out into the corridor of the 5th floor and along to Skinner's office. Scully strode ahead, anxious to get this over with as soon as possible, and Mulder ran behind her. He grabbed her arm just as she reached out to open Skinner's door.

"Scully - he spans me," he hissed urgently.

"What?" Scully paused, her hand wavering in mid-air. "He does what?"

"Spans me," Mulder whispered, glancing around the corridor. "With a paddle. He keeps it in his desk drawer. That's why my behavior has improved so much since the early days. Trust me, after a few sessions with that thing even I learned my lesson."

"Mulder, what are you saying?" Scully's eyes widened with shock as she fumbled for the handle of the door. "You're making this up, right?"

"No!" Mulder said desperately. "I just wanted you to be prepared."

"You think he's going to...?" Scully looked at Mulder in alarm.

"Well, you have been very naughty. Lying, running off, ditching me, getting involved with the cigarette smoking man, and all for nothing, and what's sauce for the goose..." Mulder trailed off apologetically. "Good luck!" He whispered, patting her arm sympathetically.

Scully swallowed hard. A paddling? Oh shit. Her throat went completely dry as she opened the door to the office. Skinner was standing behind his desk, looking every inch the enraged boss, a frown creasing those blunt, stern features, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbow as if in preparation for... Scully's heart missed a beat. Mulder pushed her helpfully into the room. "Take it like a woman, Scully," he whispered, shutting the door behind her. Scully paused on the threshold, her eyes going nervously to Skinner's desk drawer where the paddle was stowed, her stomach making a nose dive towards her shoes.

Outside, Mulder sauntered away, a smile on his face, feeling thoroughly pleased with himself. He had forgiven Scully, but the situation of her being the one doing the lying, ditching and chasing after conspiracies was just too much fun to pass up, after a lifetime of him being the one in the hot-seat. He hadn't been able to resist turning the moment into fodder for their ongoing game of...

"Gotcha!" He grinned, punching the air with his fist.

The End

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