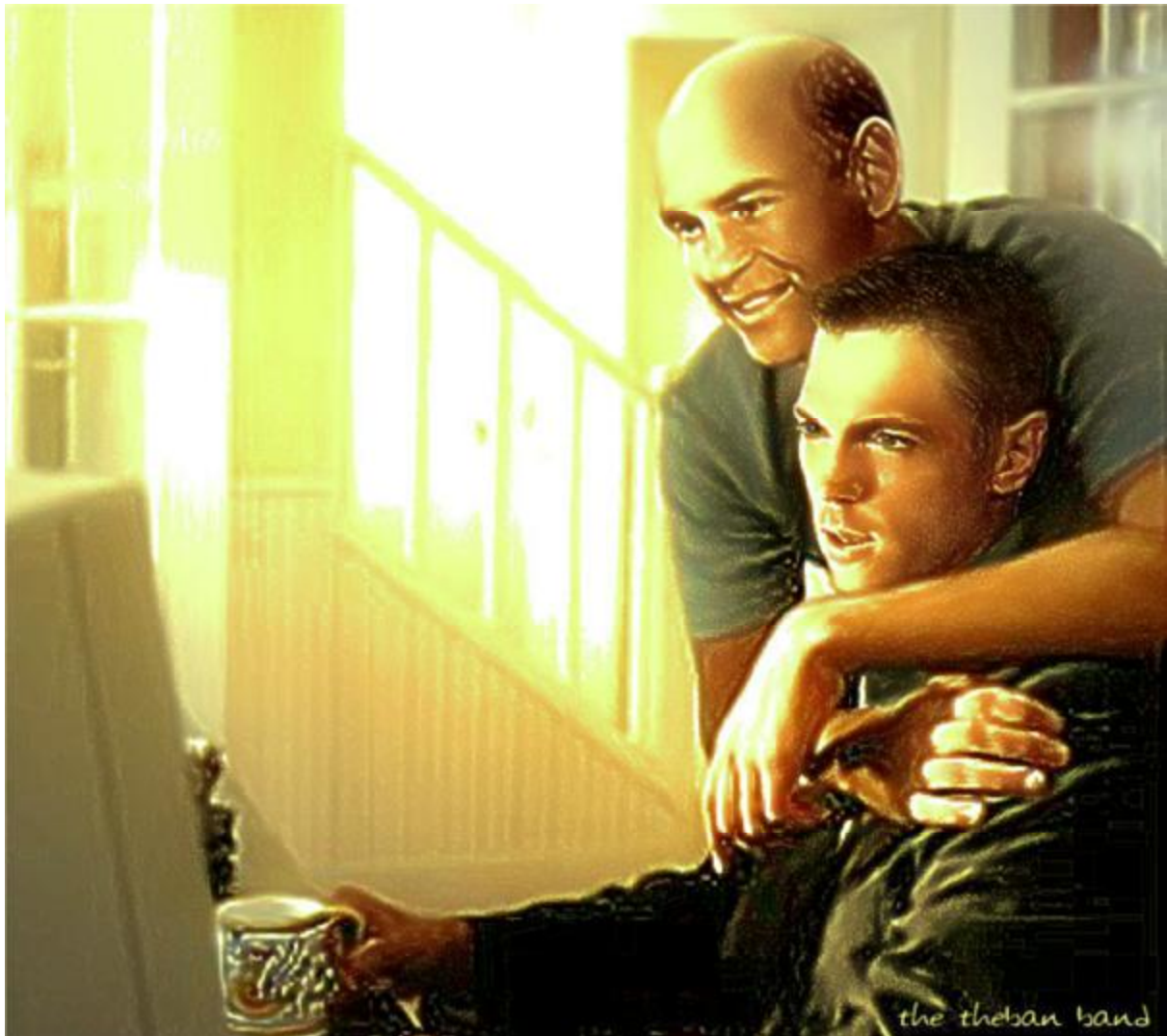


## Virtuality by Xanthe



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

### Story Notes:

For Yvonne and the Persuaders, although I really don't think I deserved to have write an apology snippet!

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"Palm pilots?" Skinner advanced menacingly on his young lover. "Nanocytes?" He raised an inquiring eyebrow as they removed the headsets. Alex giggled nervously, and took a step back. His tight black rubber virtuality suit was sticking to his warm flesh, and he was still flushed from the excitement of the game – especially after the climactic way in which it had ended.

"I don't know what you're complaining about," he protested. "You won, Walter! You brought the game to an end by shooting me. Hey, I'm the one who should be annoyed! You shot me!" He exaggerated the pout by sticking out his lower lip and making it quiver pathetically, but the gesture was lost on his lover.

"That was thoroughly well deserved," Skinner replied, replacing his headset neatly in the rack. He wrapped a big arm around his lover's shoulders, and pulled him close. Alex thought that the big man was going to kiss him, but instead his lover leaned forward, and purred into his ear: "Especially after you rigged the game in that shameless manner."

"What?" Alex felt his face flush even more, giving him away. "I didn't!" he blustered.

"Yes you did, Alex. I was the one who was supposed to be the bad guy, and who got to wear the cool leather jacket and turn up looking evil and gorgeous. That's what we programmed. You must have snuck in and changed the parameters when I wasn't looking. Remember all the ambiguity of the early installments of the program? We set it up so that the Assistant Director was the bad guy and Mulder's replacement partner was supposed to save the agent's life heroically so that he'd be forever in your debt."

"Well, um, that's why we test these things so thoroughly, isn't it?" Alex said, licking his lips nervously. "I mean, uh, here at Skinner-Krycek Virtuality Games Inc, we wouldn't want to put anything on the market that wasn't 100% tested, would we? And all sorts of things can go wrong in the development stage..." He tried to draw away from his lover, but Skinner was holding him tight, gazing down on him with a look he knew all too well – exasperation mixed with a very stern kind of love.

"Would now be a good time to say 'I was drugged'?" Alex asked hopefully.

"No, and that was never a very good line in the first place. I don't know why I let you write that one into the Mulder character's personality profile." Skinner glanced back at the game chamber, where a frozen Mulder and Scully were standing, their lips locked into place, waiting for the next chapter of the game. Krycek grinned and wriggled comfortably in his lover's strong arms.

"You let me do that 'cos I'm adorable," he drawled. "All the coolest lines are mine, Walter, that's why you hired me in the first place, remember? You were great on plots but not so snappy on dialogue so you were looking for a partner to help you out with that side of the business."

"I haven't forgotten," Skinner grinned. "What I didn't expect was that I'd get a lover into the bargain. A very naughty, smart-assed lover who sneaks into programs when I'm not looking

and changes them so that his character is the one who gets to turn up and flash evil grins while mine only gets to walk around in a suit looking puzzled. And, incidentally, I SO would have managed to grab that palm pilot away from you in the 'DeadAlive' sequence if I hadn't been hampered by the illusion of wearing that suit. You had the advantage of casual clothing. You have no idea how restrictive tight collars and ties are."

"No, and I have to say that I prefer seeing you in all this tight black rubber," Alex purred, running his hands lasciviously over Skinner's virtuality body suit.

"And you know how I prefer seeing you?" Skinner purred, his big hands stripping Alex efficiently from his game suit to reveal the other man's beautiful, nude, two-armed body beneath.

"Naked?" Alex suggested cheekily.

"Not quite. Naked – and over my knee," Skinner replied, upending his lover over his thighs as he said the words. Alex gave a squawk of surprise, and grabbed onto his lover's body for support as Skinner cheerfully sat down on the changing bench and began peppering the younger man's ass with firm swats.

"This is employee harassment!" Alex complained.

"You aren't an employee. I made you a full partner on our last anniversary," Skinner reminded him.

"This is boyfriend harassment then!" Alex protested, as his lover's big, strong hands covered every inch of his bottom, and his flesh rapidly began to feel as if someone had lit a fire on it.

"Uh-uh. It's only harassment when said boyfriend isn't a brat who thoroughly enjoys having his butt warmed, and who very probably only changed the program just to elicit this reaction from his justifiably enraged lover!" Skinner replied, still affably smacking down spansks on his lover's naked bottom. Alex's legs scissored feebly and he started to moan as those big hands made short work of the very thorough spanking they were giving. He knew what Walter was doing. The game had been draining for both of them. They had a deadline to meet to get the product on the market before the 2018 Christmas sales, as advertised, and had been working on it day and night for months. Both of them had written surprises into the script – that was what made it fun to test and develop and kept it fresh for the player, but, more than that, Walter knew that they needed to debrief after the fantasy. Their games were good, the best there were – they had won the Virtual Reality Gaming Dramatic award three years running – and that meant that sometimes they got so caught up in what they were playing that they carried the emotions over into their real lives. Walter was making very sure, by reasserting their usual Dom/sub relationship as soon as the game ended, that Alex didn't brood on the fact that his lover had, to all intents and purposes, just shot and killed him.

"Ow, ow, ow..." He yelped, as Skinner turned his bottom into something resembling the color of ripe cherries.

"You have no idea how many times I wanted to do this to you during the game," Skinner told him, holding his lover firmly in place over his knee. "Punching me in stairwells – was it really necessary to keep going after you got the tape back? – poisoning me, as near as damnit killing me with those damn nano-critters, blackmailing me – and, incidentally, the long hair and beard look didn't suit you at all - then using that damn palm pilot on me right in the middle of the complicated Mulder-returning-from-the-dead segue way...I wanted to spank you right there and then for that little stunt, Mister!"

"I'm sorry! I just thought the game needed some livening up!" Alex wailed, clutching Skinner's knee for support.

"And I think your bottom needs some livening up, boy!" Skinner replied.

"I noticed you called me 'boy' during in the game too," Alex said between spans. "Hmmm, do you really think an Assistant Director of the FBI would address his enemy that way, Walter?"

"You can talk! You're the one who writes in those homoerotic 'beat me up, Mulder 'cos I'm such a big, slutty sub' scenes every five minutes. Thank god it's not possible to be jealous of a game character." Skinner grinned, glancing through the window to the game chamber again, to where the frozen Mulder was still smooching Scully. The spans gradually slowed to a gentle slaps, and then stopped altogether. Alex sighed as his lover began to rub circles on his thoroughly reddened bottom.

"Love you, Walter," he mumbled into Skinner's knee, the endorphins already starting to kick in and send him blissfully away on a thoroughly spanked high.

"I love you too, Alex," Walter replied in a tender voice. He slid Alex off his lap, stood up, placed his two hands on Alex's hot butt cheeks and pulled him close.

"I wonder what Fox Mulder would say if he could see us now," Alex grinned, pressing his lithe body into Skinner's bodysuit, gratified to find a distinct bulge in the other man's crotch area.

"He'd be very jealous," Skinner grinned, nuzzling Krycek's ear with his lips.

"Of who? You or me?" Krycek laughed, moaning as Skinner kneaded his buttocks with masterful fingers.

"You. Definitely...if ever a character begged to be thoroughly spanked it's the Fox Mulder one – which is hardly surprising considering you developed most of his personality subroutines," Skinner said in a husky tone.

"Ah well, I don't think it ends as well for him as it does for me," Alex said, wrapping his arms around his lover's huge body, and stealing a kiss. They both glanced in at the game chamber and Skinner shook his head.

"You know, boy," he murmured. "I think you're right. You definitely have the better end." He gave said glowing 'end' an appreciative slap, and then leaned in for another long kiss. "I think the testing session's over," he said when he released his lover. "Time to take this somewhere else."

He grabbed Alex's hand, and pulled him towards the door. Alex grinned. A gaming session always made Walter as horny as hell – and usually twice as toppy which suited Alex just fine. He glanced at the game chamber as Walter dragged him past, and winked at the frozen Mulder and Scully. He had known that his lover wouldn't be able to resist him after seeing him in those tight jeans and black leather jacket, being such a bad boy throughout the game. This pushy little sub was about to get exactly what he wanted. He flicked a switch on the computer as they left the room, offering up a silent prayer to the inventor of virtual reality game playing as he did so. Fox Mulder, Dana Scully and their baby dissolved into thin air with a little flash.

Walter's hand was big and insistent, wrapped around his wrist, pulling him away to play a different kind of game entirely. Alex felt his buttocks tingling in gleeful anticipation; he loved games, all kinds of games - but this next one they were about to play was his particular favorite. It didn't involve computers or programs or anything other than two naked bodies, and two men who loved each other very much.

Walter might have won the virtual game, but Alex thought, as he looked at the burly, rubber-clad figure of his lover pulling him away to their bedroom and what he knew would be a very vigorous sex session, that he was the one who had won the jackpot in real life.

"End game to Alex Krycek," he said.

The End

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