Bad Bod

by AnonymousFijiMermaid

Summary

A curious Scully calls Lucius Hartwell to her motel room in the middle of the night. But, as their tryst starts she finds that she's hungry for a second man as well.

She was in control tonight.

She had been thinking about Sheriff Lucius Hartwell ever since she arrived in Chaney. About his wry little smile, his long lean body. She knew Mulder was jealous. After all, he had described Sheriff Hartwell as a buck-toothed simpleton. But, she knew the truth about this lawman; underneath his uniform, he was as manly and strong as her partner. She had a feeling that if she took off his pants, she’d discover a large, throbbing erection, the kind that would pulse under her fingers and, when placed inside of her, would shake her body to its very foundation.

She had pictured him taking her in a variety of different ways. On top of her. From the side. Behind her. This was her favorite. His tongue against hers as he grabbed her hips and swayed into her, moving that enormous member in and out of her; his swollen head rubbing her lips.

The first night she’d seen him, she thought about this as she lay in bed in her motel room. She fantasized about him as her fingers moved across her clit like tiny lightning bolts. Her legs shook as she finished. She swore she could taste his tongue. She fell asleep, naked and, when her eyes opened, he was still in her thoughts. She could feel his body against hers underneath the motel room sheets. He was there. She knew he was there.

What was it about Sheriff Hartwell that made her feel this way? What spell had he cast on her? She
had to know. Usually, after they investigated an X-File, she and her partner would pick up stakes and leave town, never to return again. This would mean she would never get the chance to find out if her suspicions about the size and strength of his member were correct. So, she had to act. And she had to act fast.

Like I said.

Dana Scully was in control tonight.

When she opened the door, she was wearing a silky, flowery robe that she had purchased at an adult shop right off the highway. She wore black panties and nothing else. His hazel eyes went wide at the sight of her body.

“Agent Scully,” he said.

She pulled him in for a kiss and directed his hands to her hips. He felt the arch of her back as their mouths met. He rubbed his fingers tenderly across her breasts. He put his hand underneath her black panties and rubbed her, with his middle finger. She bit his ear and asked him to take them off. As he slid them down her creamy thighs, she undid his belt and listened as his pants dropped to the floor. She unbuttoned his uniform shirt as he continued to work his magic with his hands. They both got on the bed and she knew what she wanted right away.

Scully shoved Hartwell’s face between her legs. He tried to come up for air but she grasped him by his soft hair and pushed him in even further. She could feel his warm tongue moving in her. She felt him sucking on her clit and she grabbed that soft head of hair again and aggressively rubbed her body against his tongue. It was all she needed to cum the first time. She said to him, “Keep your mouth on it.” All of the nerves in her body concentrated on her clit as she finished.

She whispered to him, “I need to see it.”

She pulled down his boxer briefs and, there it was, just as she had pictured. It was even thicker than she had imagined and she so wanted it in her mouth. She sat on the edge of the bed and, while he stood, gripped his ass cheeks and shoved him into her. He moaned in pleasure.

But, suddenly, Scully felt wrong. She felt as though someone were missing from this equation.

Her partner.

She knew he wanted her.

So, she had to find out for herself.

“I’m going to invite someone else to my room,” she told Hartwell. “I want both of you at the same time,” she said.

She was in charge tonight.

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He was in charge that night.

At least, that’s how he saw it.

He was stroking his fat cock to an adult film he’d ordered on the motel’s in-room Pay-Per-View. Specifically, he sought out one that promised petite redheads. As he watched this particular porn,
he was picturing his partner. Her hungry eyes. Her full lips. Her round ass, bent over for him, begging him to fuck her already. He spit on his hand and rubbed his personal lubricant on his head. He moved the spit down his shaft, jerking it faster and faster. He pictured his partner’s hand on him. He pictured his load exploding out, warm and hot, all over his muscular belly. He thought of her watching it shoot out. He wanted her to be impressed by the size and strength of it.

He wished she were here with him. He wanted her so badly.

But, this fantasy would have to do.

He felt his body tightening. He was close to the point of no return.

Then, his phone rang. It was the middle of the night, so he knew it was important. He let go of his firm member with one hand and answered the phone with the other. Breathless. He hoped the person on the other end would think they’d woken him up and that’s why his heart was racing. He pulled up his red underwear. He was still hard underneath them, the tip poking out over the waistband.

“This is Mulder,” he said. On the other end of the line, he heard a woman.

“Come to my room,” she said, with desperation and hunger in her voice.

It was Scully.

Could it be true? Was it finally going to happen?

Mulder threw on his soft motel bathrobe. He tried to hide the bulge but it was of no use. He was physically incapable of covering his swollen penis when Scully was on his mind. It was too hard. Too obvious.

He knocked on her motel room door. She opened, immediately, and pulled him in. He felt her tongue against his, her hand reaching to undo his flimsy knot and pull out his dick. She pulled on it as she sucked his tongue. He gripped on to her bare ass, shoving her tight warm body against him. Scully ran her hand against Mulder’s abs, up to his chest. He was in such incredible shape. She had caught glimpses of his bare body before but this was the first time she could take in the whole package. She pushed the robe off of him and dropped it to one of the full-size beds in her room. As he went in for another kiss, she held him back. She needed to look at him, all of him. She observed his finely cut shoulder blades. His muscular pecs. She ran a single finger across his nipples and his body tensed up in pleasure.

She was in control. And she liked it.

It took Mulder a few seconds before he realized that there was another man in the room.

Lucius Hartwell. The buck-toothed simpleton that his dreamy partner had been eyeing was on the second bed.

Only, now, he didn’t look buck-toothed. Now, he looked handsome, sexy even. As Mulder admired Hartwell’s naked body, he could see why Scully was into him. And, based on what was going on between the Sheriff’s legs, he was into Scully.

“Do you mind?” Scully asked, gesturing to Hartwell.

“Not if it’s what you want,” Mulder responded.
Scully called Hartwell over to join them. Soon, all four of their hands were on her, sensually groping at her ass and tits. Hartwell kissed her neck, then nibbled at her ear, while Mulder gently fingered her pussy. Hartwell and Mulder both kissed her at the same time. She could feel their tongues rubbing up against hers, and against each other’s. Hartwell put one hand on Mulder’s fit ass and Mulder didn’t move it away. Scully watched as Hartwell took a healthy squeeze and massaged it.

She directed them to the bed. She spread her legs over the edge of it and they dropped to the floor and got on their knees. They took turns pleasuring her. Mulder would massage her body while Hartwell bobbed up and down on her clit. Then, vice versa. Then, they seemed to be making out with each other, with her lips between theirs. Mulder gripped Hartwell by his soft head of hair and kissed him. As she watched the two hottest men she’d ever seen flick their tongues across her clit, she came again.

Scully got on all fours on the bed. She said to Hartwell, “You, over there.” She directed him to stand behind her and put himself inside her. As he pumped his cock in and out, she gave him a clear direction. “Don’t finish in me.”

Then, she grabbed Mulder by that fit ass and placed her mouth on his penis. She desperately jerked it and sucked it as Hartwell filled her up. The physical and visual stimulation was too much for her. She came quickly, her moans muffled by Mulder’s rock-hard cock. “Mmm...Mmm.”

Behind her, she felt Hartwell’s rhythm change. He would not be able to last. As she felt all of the energy in his body syphon into his head, she reminded him, “I said don’t cum in me.”

Mulder watched as Hartwell pulled out and, with the slightest stroke, shot his warm load onto Scully’s ass and back. Scully took Mulder’s dick out of his mouth to look at the end result of her tryst with the small-town sheriff. She turned to Hartwell and said, approvingly, “That was hot.”

Her eyes met Mulder’s. She didn’t even have to say what she wanted next. As Hartwell collapsed on the neighboring bed, his body covered in sweat, Mulder flipped Scully onto her back and climbed on top of her. As good as Hartwell felt, Mulder felt better. He pushed his body just above her and gently rubbed his shaft against her clit. This drove her crazy. He could feel her getting wetter. He could feel her gushing on his crotch. Then, he heard her moans getting louder and louder until she screamed, “Yes! Yes! Yes! Harder! Yes!” He contemplated covering her mouth, so none of the motel neighbors would misinterpret her cries of pleasure for cries of pain. But, then he saw Hartwell collapsed on the neighboring bed, his penis softening and still dripping. Mulder knew they were safe from the town’s law enforcement interrupting them right now.

Scully came for Mulder… and just Mulder. “Uh! Uh! Uh!” Her body felt so sensitive now. She whispered into his ear, “Cum in me.” This was all he needed. He tightened and unleashed every ounce of passion that he had into her petite frame. Their tongues met each other’s as his cock pumped it all out - once, twice, then four times more. “Oh God, Scully!”

Mulder was done. His glistening body collapsed on top of Scully’s. He brushed his hands through her hair. They looked at each other with lust and admiration.

Or, at least, that’s how Mulder remembered that evening.

Scully, of course, remembered it a little differently.

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