Summary

Beckett never wears a skirt. Dresses, occasionally, but he's never seen her in a skirt.
Spoilers for 7.06.
Shameless fluff in three chapters.
Also on Fanfiction.
“When I met the other you…”

Beckett looks up, slightly surprised, from where she’s curled up on the couch, feet conveniently placed in Castle’s lap where they can be either massaged or provide massaging. He hasn’t told her a lot about his – dream? Alternate universe? Hallucination?

“…Captain Beckett, I thought it was all a joke. Pranking me. I should have guessed then that it wasn’t a hoax.”

“Mmmm? How so?”

“She was wearing a skirt.” Beckett chokes into her drink.

“And how does that tell you it wasn’t a hoax?” Castle regards her with a don’t be dumb look.

“I have never, ever, seen you in a skirt. Dresses, very occasionally, but never a skirt. You wear pants.” He looks a little wistful and a lot lustful. “It was seriously hot. You could wear dresses or skirts a lot more often without me objecting.”

“I’m sure I must have worn a skirt some time,” Beckett scoffs. She’s somewhat disconcerted and a little jealous. Which is utterly ridiculous, because how can she be jealous of herself? She wiggles her toes, and is somewhat reassured by the reaction.

“Nope. Don’t remember.” He grins wickedly. “I would definitely remember. Couldn’t possibly forget.” She raises a disbelieving eyebrow. “Your legs, Beckett. I would have seen your legs.”

“And? You’ve seen my legs.” She stretches said legs luxuriously. Castle admires them, despite the fact that they are currently covered in jeans.

“But they would have been emerging from a skirt, at work. Oh, Beckett. Don’t tell me you wouldn’t have imagined my hand, sliding on to your knee, sliding up under the hem of your skirt along your leg…higher and higher until” –

“You mean you imagined it. And where exactly is all this mental masturbation of yours taking place, Castle?”

“In the precinct, of course. That’s where the other-you was wearing a skirt.”

Beckett laughs. “In the bullpen. Right. With fifty cops all wandering around you think I’d let you touch me and put your hand up my skirt? In your dreams – and don’t say it.”

“Say what?”

“In my dreams you just join in. You say it every time.” Castle pouts, adorably.

“But you do.”

“Not just in your dreams, now. So don’t say it. Anyway, this fascinating little fantasy of yours…” the words are snarky but she’s smiling provocatively… “could be replaced by hard reality.” She slides closer to him. “I like… hard… reality,” she purrs, runs a hand naughtily over his stomach and pauses. “Definitely hard.”
Castle looks down. “I like your legs.” He runs a hand from her ankle to her knee, slowly. “In every reality.” His hand slides a little further up. Beckett’s slides a little further down. She wriggles even closer, which has the happy effect that the pace of Castle’s hand sliding upward increases quite spectacularly, without him having any say in the matter. Her hand is carefully exploring the possibilities for undoing his belt. It’s in the way. And since tonight they have finally managed to ensure that absolutely everyone else is out till tomorrow (significant bribery had been involved) she has no intention of wasting the gloriously uninterruptable evening.

Castle has clearly had some very similar ideas, but since he has the hugely unfair advantage that he can – and does – simply lift her up and remove the offending item: being pants in this case, he has cheated and done just that. With a trace of his fingers over her just to make sure she knew that he was doing it. (Like he thinks it’s possible for her not to notice him undressing her? Really? Even if she weren’t a detective she thinks she might detect him taking her clothes off.) Cheating will be punished – oohh – but maybe not now. Later. She’ll send herself a memo. Later. When she can think.

“I like your legs even better without coverings.” He strokes happily up and down them for a moment. It doesn’t take long for the stroking to slow up, remain firmly north of her knees, and then for Castle’s large hands to become more forceful, his eyes to grow dark and intent, and the stretch of his fingers to play gently across the soft skin of Beckett’s inner thighs, nudging them apart as he does. His other hand is carefully separating the buttons of her dress shirt from their buttonholes. Beckett thinks that it’s only fair that she returns the favour, but when she starts at Castle’s neck he growls gently at her.

“My playtime,” he says, meaningfully. Ah. She knows that occasionally he likes to have her first in nothing but her underwear and then, later, in nothing at all, while he remains clothed for the majority of proceedings. She likes that game too, especially when, as today, (as every day, just in case) she’s wearing a bra-and-panties set that would knock out the entirety of the US Marine Corps in one blow. So she repatriates one hand away from Castle’s broad shoulders and gives him room to work. One should always allow talent free rein, after all. And Castle is certainly very talented. He’s currently employing his talents to extremely good effect. Her shirt seems to have gone the same way as her jeans. She’ll find them later. A lot later. Tomorrow.

She loves the way he looks at her when they’re doing this: hot, intent and focused; as if there’s no-one but her in the world. Just the expression in his eyes makes her damp and squirmy and hopelessly, totally aroused. In a moment he’ll start to talk, and she’ll be lost. She stretches against him, as flexible and poised and dangerous as a panther, until he soothes and strokes her into the purring pettability of a house cat.

And then he does start to speak. His treacle-smooth, dark purring baritone, the very epitome of a bedroom voice, winds around her brain and twines down her nerves until it covers her completely. When he uses that tone, the words are – certainly not irrelevant, but equally certainly not the sole consideration. That tone strokes over her body and down between her legs and round and about and in almost as effectively as his hands, or mouth, or body. Sex is at least as much about the effect his voice has on her as anything else, and if he’s really trying he can leave her soaked and close to whimpering without even touching her. He’d done it, once: tied her to the bed, stepped back and simply talked, with that same hot, intent focus and that same bedroom voice. She’d never believed that she could come without a single touch. (She’d had her revenge, later that same night. He’d asked, then pleaded, then outright begged. She’d shown him precisely the same degree of mercy he’d shown her. None.)

“If you wore a skirt,” he murmurs provocatively, “then I would start with my hand on your knee, like this” – and he places one broad palm over her knee and strokes insinuatingly – “and that would
remind you of what I’m going to do now.” He smiles lazily, in the way that always means he intends to have his own way, complete control of the pace and the game. Beckett can certainly cope with that.

“The thing about a skirt, Beckett, is that there are so many possibilities. First, there’s the view: the way a skirt emphasises the length of your legs and the contour of your foot in those incredibly sexy heels you wear.” The fingers over her knee stroke down around her ankle, and smoothly back up again. She’s damp. Damper.

“Then there are the changes. When you stand up, the skirt is one length, but when you sit down, it’s shorter. The view alters. If it were an on-the-knee skirt, when you sat down I would see the edge of your quads. You’d know it, too. You’d be showing me.” He pauses. “Wouldn’t you?” She nods. His fingertips stretch a little round and up, fluttering at the start of that same edge of quad. Beckett moves restlessly, and Castle’s arm round her holds her tighter.

“You might even cross your legs, and make it shorter yet. Which brings us to the third option: what’s covering your legs. Maybe nothing, so a skirt shows off smooth skin, and I know that I can touch its satin-softness all the way up and under the skirt. Maybe hose, that I can peel from you, stroking all the way as they roll down; or kissing the skin they reveal.” His voice drops deeper, evoking all the actions that he might take. “I’d have to find out.” His handspan widens, fingertips only an inch or two short of indiscretion. It’s deliberate, she knows.

“I might find out that you were wearing stockings,” he purrs. It’s very clear that he likes that idea. “That would be the best of both worlds: sliding up to find soft skin” – he demonstrates – “and the option of peeling off the stockings.” His tone hardens slightly. “Or not. I might leave them on.” There’s a gravelly growl underlying the purr, now. “Imagine the feeling of the lace at the top as I rub it over you.” She squirms. His fingers aren’t close enough and it’s not fair. Squirming achieves nothing. Castle’s clasping her firmly and her movement is pleasurably limited.

He leans down and kisses her, sure and deep and as possessive as he’s been since the moment they rediscovered their joy in each other. He’s always been somewhat satisfyingly possessive, in private, but for the last month or so he’s been determined to show her just how deeply she is his. She hasn’t taken any pains at all to object. She’s made every effort to show him how deeply he is hers. She kisses him back just as hard and sure and deep. His hand, unhappily, doesn’t take the usual route of playing gently with her breasts. She tries to suggest it, but he silences her with another searching kiss.

“My playtime,” he says again, with emphasis. “I’m going to choose the games.” Oh, okay then. It’s not as if she won’t enjoy whatever game he settles on. She wiggles in his lap, making sure that he’s at full match fitness, so to speak. Seems so. He brings his mouth back to hers and then licks and sucks round her neck until she’s squirming under his lips and in his arms.

“But then there’s the final option. The final frontier. Access. See, if you were wearing a skirt, I wouldn’t need to worry about belts and buttons and zips. I could just slip my hand under the material and run it all the way up and find you. Play with you. Slide those silk panties you like to wear to and fro until they’re ruined.” He must spend a small fortune on replacing the ones he ruins: torn, or too soaked and stained to clean. She doesn’t ever ask, and doesn’t ever want to stop him – ruining, or replacing. New ones simply appear. “And there’d be no evidence. No traces. No suspicious gaps in your clothing. Nobody but you and I would know.” She tries to wriggle, hot, desperate and damp with desire.

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“Or maybe I’d find no panties at all.” His hand is finally on her, firm fingertips pressing lightly, drawing tiny circles over the thin wet silk. “Maybe I’d just find…flesh.” The silk moves aside.
Beckett mews softly, and Castle looks darkly down at her. “Like that thought, Beckett? Like knowing that I could just reach up and touch you like this” – he draws his fingers slowly across her and her head falls back and her body opens for him – “or like this” – one thick finger slides inward and teases wickedly – “without anything in the way. You’d be all wet. All wet, all day, all for me, waiting for me to touch you.” The smile is predatory, dangerous. “Maybe I would, and maybe I wouldn’t. Maybe I’d just tease, and leave you wanting.”

“Castle…” Stop this, please. She can’t think. She just wants him to get her off. Now.

That voice and those words and that touch and he’s still talking but the words don’t matter any more because his fingers are firm and forceful and he’s taking her higher and higher as they slide and curve and run over that one key spot inside and one key spot outside and please now he pauses for a second and murmurs evilly, “Or I could do this,” and thrusts with his fingers and presses with his thumb and she cries out and comes around his hand.

(Of course,) he says annoyingly smugly when her eyes reopen, “you’d have to keep quiet.” Beckett reaches up and twists his ear in revenge. “Ow.” But he’s still grinning, and she agrees he has a reason for his smugness. Still, she’s no pushover. Despite the previous ten minutes.

“Never gonna happen, Castle.” He pouts with disappointment. “I am never wearing a skirt to the precinct.” She pauses and smiles seductively. “’Cause if you did all of that… I’d have to make you wait till we got home to do this,” and she slips off the couch on to her knees so quickly that he’s still starting on What when she’s opened his pants and released him and taken him into her mouth.

He’s not talking now. Not intelligibly, anyway. She loves reducing him to mush. The only word he has left is her name. She swirls her tongue and scrapes very carefully with her teeth to add a tiny edge of danger and the hint that in this position she holds all the aces – the contrast is delicious: she may be the one who’s practically naked and on her knees but she’s totally in control of his still mostly-clothed body. She flicks her tongue and hollows out her cheeks in the way that always, really, really does it for him – and it does. However much they might play with him being in charge, or her, in the end neither of them really is.

He scoops her back up into his lap for some recovery time, snuggled affectionately close and each dropping tiny, blissful kisses on each other, small reminder that this evening is barely begun. Affection turns imperceptibly into arousal, kisses becoming harder, little nips along his collarbones, her naughty hands opening his shirt wider and revealing the extremely nicely defined pectorals below it. It would be shameful not to admire such a sight. She doesn’t do shame, where Castle is concerned. Anyway, she’s tired of him being dressed. Definitely no longer necessary. His shirt slips off his shoulders, and while he’s fighting his way out of it his arms are momentarily tied up and useless. She takes shameless advantage of it and ensures that the rest of his clothes are undone. She might not be able to lift him (so unfair) but it won’t take much for his pants to be on the floor.

Beckett stands up while Castle’s still trying to wriggle out the confines of his shirt cuffs. He whines at her, disappointedly.

“Come back.”

“Nope.” She takes a couple of steps away. Castle manages to dispose of the shirt, stands up and with one hand shoves off his pants and goes after her. He catches her just about exactly where she’d calculated he ought to: the bedroom door, hauls her very tightly against him, kisses her roughly and, precisely as desired, picks her up so she wraps her legs round his waist, takes a couple of strides, and drops them both on the bed with him over her and settled perfectly where he should be. She laughs up at him, happy and content and so much in love that she can’t contain it, and the look in his eyes
shifts from predatory to passionate and adoring. He lowers his head to kiss her, and all the words that he might have said, and has said, and will say again and again, are in his lips and mouth and tongue entwined with hers.

And then there are no more words, only the smooth slides of hands, and mouths, and now-naked bodies perfectly fitting and matched; the soft noises of love and connection and togetherness. This time it’s slow and tender: sweeping them up on a roller, not drowning them under the tsunami, leaving them sated and soothed and soft in each other’s arms.

Some time later, showered and snuggled up together in blissful peace and solitude, drifting into sleep, Beckett remembers the expression on Castle’s face as he’d thought about her in a skirt. A tiny, mischievous smile quirks at her lips.

He does so much for her. It’s only right that she should return the favour.
Waking up

Castle has claimed to have to write this morning. Beckett doesn’t believe that for a moment. She believes very strongly that he has spotted that today is a paperwork day, and is avoiding both boredom and the possibility that he might be made to do some paperwork. However, it suits her very well that Castle isn’t coming to work with her. She had done some more thinking, in between Castle depriving her of thoughts periodically earlier this morning (mostly in the shower), and it’s true she doesn’t wear a skirt very often. Or indeed, ever. But Castle clearly liked the idea a lot.

While she isn’t particularly keen on his ideas as applied to the precinct, the possibilities afforded by a straight pencil skirt at home, or possibly anywhere that isn’t the precinct, are definitely worth exploring. With one or two significant changes. Such as who’s in control. Oooh yes. Mmmm. Lunch time will be busy.

Lunch time is very busy, and not one second of it involves eating. She doesn’t have time for that. She has a plan. She dashes out the first moment she can, aiming for the nearest good department store. She rips through the clothes, and finds a black pencil skirt that fits perfectly. She has a white silk shirt, black formal jacket and black stilettos at home. Then she makes a small detour to another department, searching for a very particular design that takes her some time to find, and arrives back at her desk with a plump bag, flurried and only just on time. Still, it’s been worth it. This will be just perfect.

Now, how to manage it? She doesn’t want Castle to see the bag, or indeed her, until she’s ready. She ponders for a moment. It’s in a good cause. He’ll forgive her, when he sees her. Well, there might be a little, very pleasurable, punishment involved. Mmmm. It’s suddenly turned a little warm in the bullpen. Maybe she’ll rethink who ends up in control. But not who starts.

Come end of shift – well, almost, Beckett rings Castle.

“Castle, how about you meet me for a drink? Paperwork’s been a bitch today.”

“I’ve got some nice wine here at home.”

“No, I wanna go out. Let’s go to the Old Haunt. I haven’t whipped you at pool in a few months – seeing as you said last time you wouldn’t play any more ‘cause I took you for fifty dollars.” There’s a humph.

“I’ve been practising. I’ll win all my money back.”

“What’s yours is mine, Castle. And what’s mine is mine too.”

“Turnabout’s fair play, Beckett. What’s mine is mine. And that’s you.” The loft must be empty. He only uses that sexy, predatory tone when there’s no-one else around. It usually leads to him proving the point.

“I’ll meet you there at six.” It’s five now. Shift finishes at five-thirty. If she goes straight home she’ll be in the loft at ten to six, by which time Castle will have been gone for twenty minutes. He’ll get to the Old Haunt early and chew the fat with whichever bartender is on. Probably he’ll shoot some pool, too. She smirks nastily. It won’t do him any good at all. She considers the bar’s layout. The pool tables are suitably out of general view. As is their favourite booth.

The loft is deserted. Beckett thinks, slightly unkindly since they’d been alone last night, that that is a nice change, and further thinks that if Castle doesn’t get those locks on the study and bedroom door
by the end of this weekend she will do it herself. She’s quite handy with a screwdriver. She is quite unnecessarily delighted when she finds that he has already installed them. *No more interruptions.* Hallelujah. She’s *almost* sorry that she said she’d meet him at the bar. She’s not even on call.

She whips through the shower and moisturises in record time. Then she dresses, carefully. Pure white basque, with garter straps; pure white tiny silk panties (another replacement set); seamed black stockings. She looks at the effect. That’ll knock his socks off. White sleek silk shirt, pencil skirt, jacket, patent leather stilettos – all black. She puts her hair up into a smooth, perfect chignon and redoes her make-up to enlarge her eyes and subtly emphasise her lips. The shirt is sheer enough that there are tantalising suggestions of her underwear if the light is right. Or if she smooths it down. She considers, and decides that she’ll undo another button when she gets there. When she checks the effect of sitting down, and then crossing her legs, it’s thoroughly satisfactory. Oh yes. She looks like a Fifties-themed wet dream.

She gets a cab to the Old Haunt. She’ll be standing for at least the first part of the evening – assuming they make it to the pool table. She has every intention of doing so. If she bends over the pool table Castle will be tongue-tied. It’s just so much fun to reduce him to a whimpering pool of sheer lust. It’s even more fun when he recovers. But even though she’s used to high heels these are a little higher – just enough to put her on exact eye-level. Or, more pertinently, mouth level. There will be no bending down and misusing his height tonight. She undoes one more shirt button just before she opens the bar door.

The Old Haunt is quite quiet, and Castle’s nowhere in view. She’s not that late – it’s only twenty after six – ah. There he is, idly shooting pool against himself. Looks like he’s laid claim to a conveniently dim booth at the back, out of view of most of the bar. His beer, and her wine, are already on the table. This booth is not new territory. Given half a chance, he always takes that one. It gives them so many options without the risk of being cited for public indecency. Mmmm. There are a few new options, tonight. And if it all starts to get a little out of hand – she licks her lips – there’s always his office, downstairs. With the bolt firmly closed.

Beckett slinks across the room without Castle noticing and when she’s suitably close to the booth speaks.

“Hey, Castle.” He jumps.

“Hey, Beckett.” He taps his watch. “You’re late. Something come up at work?”

“We-ell,” she begins, and flexes her shoulders to let her trench coat slide off, “not precisely.” She looks at his stunned face and dropped jaw and the look of unadulterated lust blazing in his eyes. “Looks like something’s come up,” she smirks, and throws her coat into the booth without even looking to see where it lands. He’s gratifyingly speechless: his mouth is working but nothing is emerging.

“You… you… skirt… you…” he babbles incoherently.

“Repeat after me: Beckett is wearing a skirt, Castle,” she says very slowly and clearly.

“Beckett is… is…”

“Wearing a skirt.”

“Wearing a s…s…skirt.” He stares at her. “You’re wearing a skirt. You’re wearing a *skirt.*”

She strokes it. “Yep. Like it?”
“Oh, yes.” His tone is suddenly low and dark and predatory. He takes a step towards her. It feels like he’s prowling. He takes another step, and reaches out to haul her in. “Mine,” he says definitively.

Beckett takes a quick half-step backwards, and watches with an amused smile as Castle realises that she isn’t quite in range.

“Pool, Castle. You promised me pool and a drink.”

“I didn’t promise that. You told me that was what we were doing.”

“You agreed,” Beckett says airily. “And I’m going to hold you to it.” Castle mutters something that sounds suspiciously like I’d rather be holding on to you. She takes another half-step away from him. Purely as a precaution, of course. She has every intention of teasing him until he is wholly incapable of thought. Capable of plenty of …action, but not thought.

The pool table is right there. Beckett racks up the balls, selects a cue and nonchalantly chalks the end, taking some care not to get blue chalk on her clothes. Castle hasn’t taken his eyes off her yet. If he had enough control even to make a sound, he’d be gibbering. She smiles very seductively, touches her tongue to her lips, and sits down on a handy chair by the pool table.

“You can break, Castle.” He forces his gaze away from her. He’s muttering again. It sounds very like this is not fair. Such a child. Except for one very important, very adult attribute, currently making itself very obvious. The chair is carefully placed right in his line of sight and far enough away that the edge of the table won’t hide anything. She sits down, with enough noise that Castle looks up from his stance. He’s got that stunned look again. She waits till he’s sighting the triangle, and scrapes the chair as she crosses her legs. She’s seen more conscious thought in a downed prize-fighter.

Not a single ball drops when Castle breaks. She’s amazed the white ball actually made it to the other end of the table. He certainly wasn’t concentrating on it. Of course, that might have been a result of her re-crossing her legs. She stands up and smooths down her skirt. Mmmm. Looks like Castle’s just worked out that the hints under her shirt aren’t the usual configuration either. (She had considered, briefly, wearing colours, which show through and always drive him wild, but then she’d opted for a modicum of subtlety. Not too much, though. Too subtle and he might not get the full benefit of her plotting. Or she might not, which would be deeply disappointing.) At this rate he’ll be inadvertently cleaning the floor with his tongue.

When she bends over and sights the spotted ball hanging over the corner pocket there is a most peculiar noise behind her. It sounds like a cross between a growl and a whimper, cut with a groan. She smiles ferally, and takes her shot. She wiggles a little as she straightens up to move round for the next ball. It’s blue. It’s clearly not the only blue ball in the bar. There’s another noise. She clears the table but deliberately misses her shot on the black. Castle is now looking by turns desperate, pathetically hopeful (those eyes. It’s almost enough for her to stop torturing him. Then she remembers last night, and her resolve is strengthened.), and utterly lustful.

“Your go,” she smirks smoothly. Castle recovers somewhat, and prowls towards the table, stopping to run his hand over her ass as he does, and then crushes her in, walks her back into the wall, and presses himself into her to take her mouth fast and roughly. Just what she likes.

“It will be,” he growls, and grinds into her. At least, he tries. A tight pencil skirt is less forgiving than a pair of pants. Beckett smirks. By the time they’re done he’ll be unbelievably frustrated.

“Aren’t you going to take your shot?” she grins. Castle mutters darkly and forebodingly as he lets go
of her and moves to the table. Beckett moves back to her chair, and crosses her legs again, swinging her foot casually just at the edge of Castle’s field of vision. He simply can’t help tracking it, she notices.

Amazingly, he pots a ball. And another, and another. That was not the plan. She scrapes the chair and crosses and uncrosses her legs. It works to distract him, again, but it doesn’t stop him dropping another ball. She struts up to the table, and gets up close and personal with Castle as she does.

“Aren’t you wondering what’s under the skirt, Castle?” she whispers, sexuality slithering through every syllable.

He whips round and stares at her. She smooths down her shirt. His gaze tracks her fingers. So do his fingers, in thin air. He whimpers. Then he looks full at her cleavage, nicely displayed by the open buttons. Then he grows. Then he sets his cue down on the table, scattering the remaining balls, and looks hotly at her. She smirks and sashays to the booth to sit down.

“Where d’you think you’re going?” Castle asks, pointedly.

“To have my drink,” Beckett replies casually, and sits down. Castle looks at her in disbelief.

“Come back here,” he orders.

“Nope. I want my drink.” Castle takes two fast steps and sits down beside her, trapping her into his arm before she thinks about moving away.

“You’re not going anywhere now,” he says forcefully, and puts his spare hand on her knee.

“You like my skirt?” Beckett asks – as if she needs to. She knows he likes her skirt. It’s not hard to tell.

“Oh, so much, Beckett,” Castle breathes into her ear, and follows up with a small nip. The arm round her shoulder clamps her against him. “But now it’s my turn to tease.”

“Really, Castle? Your turn?” He can have a turn, for a moment. There’s a note under his words that says that she’s pushed him about as far as she can go in a public place. It sounds very satisfyingly like desperation. It’s just as well she’s on the inside of the booth. No-one can see what’s going on. Specifically, no-one can see Castle’s hand, currently flirting its fingers under the hem of this amazingly effective skirt. Which has already been worth every last cent of its reasonably expensive price. Now, if he stretches his fingers out a little…

He stretches his fingers out a little. His hand goes entirely limp and his jaw drops again. “B…B… Beckett…st…st…”

“Repeat after me,” Beckett purrs quietly. “Beckett is wearing…” She knows he won’t get the whole sentence out. She’s not actually sure he’s going to be able to twist his tongue into a whole syllable, never mind a full word.

“Beckett is wearing.” Oh. That’s mildly disappointing.

“Stockings.” She infuses her words with a sex-soaked lilt and listens to the hard-drawn breath. He’s not the only one who can use tone to produce an effect. Nor hands, for that matter. She places her own long fingers very precisely over his thigh. “Say it, Castle.”

“St…St…Stockings.” That’s better. It would be unfortunate if she hadn’t fried his few remaining neurons. She might think she was losing her touch. Thinking of which… She extends her fingers
fractionally. That was a definite gasp.

“Seamed silk stockings, Castle,” she murmurs, dripping dusky-voiced desire into his waiting ears. The muscle under her fingers flexes, and she extends again, just short of the prize. Deliberately, of course. “Don’t you want to know what else?” And… jackpot!

Castle’s control snaps. Without saying a single word, he stands up, hauls Beckett up into him, and makes for the door down to his office with remarkably focused speed. It’s Beckett, however, who remembers to lock the bolt on the way. She has no intention of being interrupted.

At least a chignon provides a little buffering. As does Castle’s arm, as he shoves her through the door and up against the wall and ravages her very willing mouth, forcing her head into the position he wants – the chignon isn’t going to last much longer – and frantically pulling at the edge of the skirt to slide it up. His hands are hard and possessive as he exposes the length of her legs in the stockings, still plundering her mouth until the skirt is crumpled round her waist, her leg is round his waist and his hand is cupping her and sliding the silk this way and that, the fabric stimulating her over-sensitised centre and she’s impossibly wet as she hangs on to his shoulders and hears the metallic run of zipper and he simply pushes the material to one side and thrusts in hard and rough and fast: impossibly big; swallowing the noises they’re both making and her nails dig in and he circles her and they’ve both come shatteringly hard.

It’s just as well he installed a large couch down here. Her legs don’t seem to be working. And Castle’s not exactly in any state to prop her up either. Not that he’s let go of her. Emphatically not. Her chances of moving are approximately nil. How fortunate that she doesn’t want to. She’s lying over him, firmly grasped at shoulder and hip: he’s stroking the skin over the crest of bone idly, unconsciously. She rests her head on his shoulder and considers her next move. The first one has been totally successful. Her satisfied smile wouldn’t be out of place on a well-fed tiger. After a moment, she purrs softly under Castle’s chin.

“You didn’t find out what else I’m wearing.” She leaves the words hanging softly and seductively in the air. Ow. Possibly she should have ensured she was out of range of dropping jaws. It’s a very nice jaw, but not when it hits her skull. And she’ll have fingerprints on her hip.

Oh. She’s flat on her back on this really excellently placed couch and Castle’s slid off to kneel beside her and now he just looks hotly, harshly predatory and she really hopes he leaves the buttons attached because she hates sewing and Castle never offers to do that for her. He just smirks.

He’s not smirking now. Oh no.
Hard fingers start to open the buttons of her shirt, fast sharp tugs parting the sheer silk. One button – *ooh* – he kisses the space he’s revealed with a little nip and flick of tongue and she wriggles till he holds her still and does it again; two buttons… *oh shit*, that will mean *hours* of mending. He’s just ripped the shirt open in one move. He’d damn well better find all those buttons for her. *Ooohh.*


She loves it when he plays like that: moulding and rolling and very delicately pinching through whatever she happens to be wearing. She arches into his large palms to encourage him to do some more of it. It’ll make up for all the mending. Conveniently, arching, when combined with a seductive nibble of her lip, encourages him very nicely. She reaches down and encourages him some more with a well-placed grip, slide and flex of her fingers. Just as well he hadn’t done himself up. Makes life so much easier. She runs her nails up and down, only a little meaningfully. If he jerks he might not be so acceptably placed. Castle gasps, and firmly removes her hands before she can do any more damage to his composure. She pouts. That’s not fair. He’s still got brain function. Humph.

“*Well now.*” Far too much brain function. That sounds rather too much like he’s started to think. And if he’s thinking, in another half second he’ll start taking his revenge for the way she’s teased him this evening. “What’s all this?” He runs a finger over the white satin. Beckett flexes, only partly deliberately. The rest of it has been induced by Castle licking over the bare skin. His hand is under her back and he’s found the fastening of the skirt and that is just *so not fair* he’s hoisted her up and hauled the skirt off and she’s lying there in nothing but her underwear and the way he’s looking at her makes her squirm but it’s she who puts that heat in his eyes. Only she. (Only he, for her.)

“*Mine.*” It’s all he says. Possibly it’s all he needs to say. His mouth moves across and over and *oohh* sucks and then nips and grazes and his arm holds her down across her waist so he can do as he pleases (it surely pleases her) until she’s reduced to the same writhing frustration that she’s dealt him all evening so far. She mewls pleadingly, unable to construct coherent words. He lifts his head. “*I like this, too,*” he smiles lazily. “Emphasises all the right contours. Delineates the critical areas.” He draws his hand over the basque, outlining exactly what he means. “*You dressed up all for me.*”

She gathers some working brain cells and some game. “*So easy, Castle. Skirt, stockings, pure*” – the lascivious, unctuous slither she puts on *pure* negates the meaning instantly – “*white underwear… you’re totally a goner.*” That should put him on his mettle. The whole point of this set up was to drown him in mindless lust. Only fair that she should return the favours he does her. Especially since stoking Castle to mindless lust normally means that pretty quickly she’s in the same state.

The hand on her waist glides a little downward, a little forceful, a lot arousing. She moves against it, wordlessly asking for much, much more. He slides his fingers over her, and her hands clench hard on his neck, pulling him down to her mouth and invading his. She knows that he could lift away if he wanted to, but she doesn’t have to make it easy for him or let him. Conveniently, he doesn’t want to. The kiss deepens and turns from gentle and seductive to thrusting and passionate: a forerunner for the next phase. She runs her hands into his hair and keeps him firmly in place. Too soon, he stops. He has a distinctly wicked look in his eyes.

“What did I say?” Castle muses thoughtfully. “*Ah yes.*” That sounds ominous. That treacly tone always means trouble. Usually, it means that *she’s* going to be in trouble: the sort of trouble that sends her liquid and hot and flowing around him. He knows just how to do that, and he does it as often as he can get away with it. Not that she precisely stops him causing trouble. No. Usually
She’s begging him for more. His fingers start to peel away the tiny scrap of white silk covering her. When it’s gone, he walks his fingertips slowly back up from her ankle to the back of her knee, and pets gently where he knows she’s just a little ticklish, so that she squeaks and wiggles and tries to catch his mischievous hand.

“Even prettier,” he drawls, and traces a little circuitous pattern very slowly upward. She might have succeeded in catching his hand, but she can’t get enough grip or muscle to stop him sketching sex symbols on her skin. Squeak has changed to whimper as his hand rises. She will quite definitely kill him for doing this to her. Later. When he’s finished. He teases very gently right at the top of her leg, dark intent in every soft slide and insinuating tremolo touch. She squirms and wriggles, trying to shift so that his hand is where she wants it. It fails. It always fails, but it’s always fun to try. She loves his strength.

“I like this game,” he growls, and holds her still to play. “I always like it when you play dress-up.” His voice drops further, and the baritone rumble vibrates through her nerves and sets up the sympathetic resonance that only drives her upward. “As long as I get to play too.” The lazy smile widens. “I like playing dress-up with you.” His fingers trickle over her, slipping through the wet folds. “Now you’re properly dressed for playtime.” She bucks beneath him as his fingers flex and press, flickering into her and away again. Thought vanishes under his hands and voice. “That would be barely.” And he spreads her open and grips her hips and bends his head to position himself and breathes over her till she’s ordering him in breaking tones to put his mouth on her. He’s wholly disobedient, just keeps ruffling breath over her, an inch from where he should be: she can feel his tongue flicking over his lips and it’s so unfair that she’s reduced to frantic formless noise because it’s not flicking over her.

She reaches blindly for his head to force him to her choice, but he’s moving up over her and somewhere he’s lost his clothes and he’s hot and thick against her and ohhhh the tops of her stockings rub against her skin as he moves slowly against her and a little in, a little out, and over and over till she’s moaning and then digging her heels into his legs and her hands into the hard muscles of his back and sweeping down to his ass and clawing into him and fuck he feels so good and Castle now and he thrusts hard in and fills her so deep and she grips hard around him and once…twice… harder Castle yes like that right now Castle!

He’s collapsed over her, pressing her into the couch, bulk covering her. She never minds his weight on her like this. She can’t move, anyway, weight or not. She needs a minute. Or ten. Castle rolls over so she’s on top and holds her close, kissing her gently. Soft affection takes the place of fast rough spectacular sex, and she cuddles in to appreciate and reciprocate his tenderness.

It’s still not late. She can stay like this for quite some time, while she tries to find some ability to – and desire to – move. Castle makes a very acceptable pillow: warm, with a soothing rhythmic beat under her ear. And, of course, unlike the normal run of pillow, he cuddles her. She likes cuddling: it gives her a chance to snuggle in and be delightfully tactile. It also keeps her warm. The office at the Old Haunt lacks much heating, and she’s not exactly wearing a lot of clothes right now. Still, Castle’s beautifully warm and his arms are covering a lot of ground. She wriggles into a perfectly comfortable alignment and settles down.

It’s all perfectly peaceful for a short while. Beckett’s drifting in a happy, hazy dream-state, half asleep and wholly satisfied with the results of the evening’s activities and the extremely satisfactory results of wearing a skirt. She’s certainly going to do that again. Not in the precinct, though. Definitely not. She’d never manage to concentrate. Inadvertently, she’s wriggled at the thought. Castle clasps her tighter, and glides a firm palm over her ass, undoubtedly not inadvertently. No. There is nothing inadvertent about the way his fingers are moving now. Ohhh that is unfair. She’d just got herself comfortably snuggled down on his chest. He’s pulled her up so that she’s level with
his mouth and – certainly deliberately – he’s given himself room to play. It’s entirely unreasonable that his arms are that long – oohhh – and even more unreasonable that she can’t reach him. She’s definitely flexible, but contortionism is beyond her. Might as well just lie here and enjoy it.

Oooohhh yes, just like that. She’ll deal with him later. Right now she’ll just concentrate on kissing him. Ohhh. Maybe concentration is a bit much to ask for. She’ll just have to kiss him without any concentration being possible – please yes more – at all.

Then he stops playing, most unfairly, and sits up, setting her on the other end of the couch and rapidly dressing himself. He stands, retrieves her panties and twirls them round his finger. She looks aggrievedly at him. This is not fun. He smirks, nastily.

“Get dressed, Beckett. We’re going home.” She reaches for the scrap of silk. “No. You can’t have them. I’ll go and get your coat.” He does, before she can argue. She puts on her ruined shirt, does up its few remaining buttons, and pulls the skirt back on. It’s terrifyingly arousing to have nothing underneath it.

By the time Castle reappears she’s managed to return her hair to some sort of order that doesn’t make it look like she’s just been fucked against a wall and then again on the couch of his office in a bar. Even if she has been.

He holds her coat for her, but as she slides into it Beckett is perfectly certain that Castle hasn’t finished yet, and when he holds her against the wall again, slips his hands to her hips, and lowers himself she’s sure. She’s trying to move before he runs his hands up the inside of her thighs, pushing her stance wider and the skirt higher, and then strokes and glides and circles and teases till she writhes and pants and pleads for him to either stop or fuck Castle start. He adds a long slow slither of tongue and she stops forming words at all. Then he stops, again. She is going to murder him in his sleep and dispose of the body. This is cruelty to Becketts. It is absolutely not allowed. She’s the only one who’s allowed to undertake this sort of torture. She’s whimpering with the need for him to not stop.

“Time to go home,” he says, smoothly, and waits while she does up the buttons to cover the useless shirt. “If you hadn’t been late” – oh Castle I hate you. She should have known that once they started this game she wouldn’t get away with it but she’d thought he hadn’t noticed after she took her trench coat off – “I’d have had time to finish you off.” He smirks evily. “We’ll be home soon.” His expression turns hotly feral. “And all the way home you’ll know and I’ll know that you’re naked, wet and ready under that skirt.” His tone changes to casual. “We’ll get a cab. So much easier.” And back to hot. “And private.”

She’s going to be mindless before they even get home. It doesn’t matter if he does or doesn’t touch her. She’s already halfway there, and just knowing that he might is sending her higher and winding her up.

Castle steers Beckett out the door with a firm arm close around her, and rapidly obtains a cab, waiting politely while she settles herself.

“Broome Street,” he says to the driver. When he slides in next to her, he replaces his arm round her shoulders and leans in.

“Now then, Beckett. It’s dark, and no-one can see what I’m doing.” She breathes in, and tries not to make another sound. “I could do anything, as long as you’re quiet.” Oh fuck. “Do you like knowing that there’s nothing stopping me?” It’s that bedroom voice again, deep, dark, distilled desire, murmurous and sleepy, poured into her ears and inaudible six inches away. “That if I had my hand on your knee” – and he puts it there – “I would only have to stretch a very little to give you what you want?” She can’t answer. She’s concentrating far too hard on not making any noise.
“I could do that any time I choose.” He extends his fingers a tiny amount. She hasn’t moved. Her legs are primly and tidily tucked together. “Of course, I’d need a little… room… to work.” He nudges her knee, hinting, and when she opens stretches a tiny bit further, fractions under the hem. “Like that, Beckett?” He’s making her complicit in this whole filthy interlude and it’s unbelievably hot. She squirms uncomfortably on the seat. “Is this why you wore that skirt? So I could do this?”

He extends another inch, and reaches the top of the stocking, flirts fingers with it and rubs the lace against her skin. She’s soaked and trembling, and he’s still talking. He’s going to talk her right over the edge, in the back of a cab for God’s sake, and she’s going to have to be quiet about it. All the answers are pooling right between her legs and the damn skirt won’t allow her to be any more open and his arm round her isn’t allowing her to move so he is touching her. She’s trapped herself. “Just one tiny little touch of my hand and you’d be a goner.”

This brings a whole new dimension to talking dirty. It’s not like he hasn’t done that before, in the least appropriate of places. But every other time outside their bedroom – well, their own front door, on the rare occasions they’ve had the whole loft to themselves – she’s been fully dressed. Having no panties on makes it all so much dirtier and dangerous and erotic in a dark, secretive way that’s just for them: a filthy little fantasy that’s suddenly come true.

“Right now it would only take one touch, wouldn’t it?” Stop with the rhetorical questions, please. All the answers are pooling right between her legs and the damn skirt won’t allow her to be any more open and his arm round her isn’t allowing her to move so he is touching her. She’s trapped herself. “Just one tiny little touch of my hand and you’d be a goner.” She’d said that to him, earlier. His fingers stretch up again, brush just below her. “You shouldn’t tease me.”

“We’re home.” What the hell? Home? She can barely focus on the words. She’s strung tighter than he’s ever left her and all she wants is to get into their room – oh thank God there is a bolt on the door now – rip his clothes off and fall into bed.

He whispers filthily in her ear all the way up in the elevator. Fortunately the loft is deserted. The instant the study door shuts – bolted shut – he’s on her, pressing up against her, kissing her like she’s the last woman in the world and swallowing every whimper and gasp and moan she couldn’t make in the cab, walking her over to his desk.

“Please, Castle. Touch me.” He spins her round so he’s behind her and runs his hands down from her waist to the hem of her skirt.

“Bend over. Like you did on the pool table.” She does. He runs his hands back up taking the skirt with them. “Next time you bend over in this skirt it’s going to be in private.” There’s a swift susurration of fabric and he slams home and that feels so good.

“Castle!” she cries out, already spasming around him.

“Mine,” he groans. His fingers dance over her and she’s gone. He’s hardly slower. They stagger to the bedroom and collapse on to the bed, still largely dressed, clinging to each other. Eventually,
some semblances of brain cells reassert themselves.

“Please, Beckett, don’t wear this anywhere in public again,” Castle says plaintively.

“Why not?” she asks sleepily.

“It’s too much. I don’t want cited for public indecency.”

“Mmmm,” Beckett says, in an agreeable tone.

A week later, Beckett excuses herself just before they leave the precinct, late, long after everyone else is done. When she slinks back to her desk Castle’s eyes almost fall out his head.

“You… skirt… you… public.”

She’s at the elevator. As the doors close she whispers, “Don’t you want to find out what’s underneath?”

FIN.

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