What's Your Definition of Dirty, Baby?

by AvaRosier

Summary

Chicago. 1987. Time travel's as good a time as any to scratch a particular itch.

(Title courtesy of George Michael, because why not)

Chicago, 1987

“It’s not important.”

“Not important?” She hissed, mindful of keeping the volume of their conversation down. “People are going to die and saving them isn't important? You and Snart had no problem making time to steal a few trinkets earlier but now you want to stick to the mission. Of course. I shouldn't have expected any less.” That particular rant left her breathless and Caitlin inhaled sharply, slightly embarrassed by the way she'd lost her cool in front of the man she despised.

Mick let out an audible snort, and because he was sitting next to her on the bench, the puff of air hit her exposed ear and neck, forcing her to suppress a shiver. Even as he stared at the side of her face, Caitlin continued to stare resolutely ahead.

“One: Len and I never said we were heroes. Two: Those people have been dead for thirty years. No messing with our timeline, them's the rules.” He was right, much as she would refuse to ever admit it. Her silence was intractable. While he rolled his eyes and turned away from her, Caitlin fantasized about wrapping her scarf around his throat and strangling him slowly.
It was no secret that Caitlin still carried a grudge against Mick Rory. That he was currently teamed up with a band of heroes trying to save the world was immaterial. As far as she was concerned, he was still the same crude criminal who had tried to blow her up. Well, him and Snart both, but at least Snart was polite enough towards her and stayed out of her way on the Waverider.

She had been roped into helping out the Misfit Hero Squad on this mission since she was in the know and had medical expertise.

Literally roped.

It had been Mick and Snart who had told Hunter they knew someone who could help, but instead of asking her nicely or at least sending Professor Stein and Jax, they had kidnapped her. It had taken a lot of sweet talking and promises from everyone else to convince her to remain on board—sleeping in Carter Hall’s old room for the duration of the mission. (And wasn’t that just poetic, two women who had both lost their lovers?)

Unfortunately, thanks to the breakdown of everyone’s skill-set, the only one that could partner up with her was...yup, you guessed it. Mick. And to add to the indignity, they had to pretend to be husband and wife, much to Caitlin’s chagrin. Clearly the universe was out to get her. The gold wedding ring glinted in the late afternoon sunlight, mocking her. It wasn’t actually her ring, not the one she’d worn for Ronnie.

The El was starting to get rusty with age from the way it was rattling nearly hard enough to push her up against Mick’s scowling form. At this point, she wasn’t even surprised when her nipples began to harden and her mind went straight to the gutter.

Yes, Caitlin may despise Mick with the fire of a thousand suns, but she still wanted to ride him hard and put him away wet. So to speak.

The train wasn’t helping, lulling her into a relaxed state where the fantasies began to replay behind her eyes. Caitlin hadn’t exactly been a prude, she’d just preferred to enjoy sex with men she had been serious about. But boy howdy, the kinds of things she was thinking of doing now... She theorized that Mick’s brusque manner was part of his appeal, also the fact that she was at a point in her life where she was, in the modern parlance, out of fucks to give.

And you know what? She really, really just wanted to wipe that smirk off his face.

It was at the next stop that she was doomed. They took on enough passengers to force many people to stand in the aisles and when Caitlin saw the pregnant woman, she immediately stood up and moved in front of Mick, holding onto the upper railing so the grateful woman could take her seat. It was a warm spring day and she wore a knee-length dress which wafted around her with the breeze that came through the train cars.

She swayed in between his knees, the bare skin of her legs brushing against the rougher material of his trousers. Caitlin nearly jolted in surprise when she detected the space between Mick’s knees getting shorter and her movements more restrained. He was boxing her in when he had no need to do so. The impertinent bastard. Her heart began to pound harder and she wondered if he was staring harder at her, studying her body from behind for any miniscule reactions.
The tightening of her fingers around the railing had probably given her away. She wasn't that smooth or practiced, unfortunately. Caitlin’s fantasies until then had been just that. Fantasies. But in that moment, she decided that enough was enough. She was going to do it. And holy hell, did she want this. Her currently damp panties could attest to that.

The El hit a spot of turbulence and Caitlin gasped as she lost her hold on the railing and went flying backwards right into Mick’s lap. This was the closest she had ever physically been to him, and the sensation immediately had her nerve endings on high alert. His hands had flown up to grip her midsection, keeping her from rolling around any further. Caitlin trembled as she fought the urge to rub herself against him.

“Jeez, Doc, you nearly broke my ribs there. That desperate to be near me?” He mocked her. His voice rumbled next to her ear, causing the strands of her hair to flutter from the puff of warm breath. *Down girl, keep the upper hand*, she reminded herself. This was as good an opportunity as any; so instead of standing back up, Caitlin stubbornly remained in his lap. The hands tightened perceptibly around her hips, nearly burning through clothing into skin. She wondered if he was flustered now, trying to figure out just what she was up to.

The pregnant woman next to them was shooting her a concerned look, which Caitlin did her best to diffuse with a pleasant smile. She saw the moment the other woman noticed their gold bands and relaxed perceptibly, albeit without a judging arch of her eyebrow. Apparently Caitlin was the sort to marry a man who wouldn't give up his seat for a pregnant woman.

The train continued, rocking along the path. Caitlin let herself relax against Mick’s body. He had a bulky build, but tightly muscled. The kind that could take what she metered out. She couldn’t stop herself from slowly rotating her bottom against him, allowing for sweet pressure against her covered vulva and clit.

Mick exhaled sharply and growled. “Don’t start something you can’t finish,” he warned her.

Caitlin twisted her face around until she was staring at him, inches away from his lips. A smirk tugged at hers as she answered him. “That depends on whether you can finish this to my satisfaction.”

So sue her, she enjoyed goading him.

His pupils were so blown, she could barely make out the dark brown of his irises. She turned back around and they tried to subtly rub against one other while the train made its final approach to their destination. When she maneuvered her tote bag in front of her body, Mick took advantage of the cover and reached up with one hand to tweak at a nipple. The sharp pleasure-pain, even through the double layer of clothing, had her entire body vibrating, dancing on the edge. And then the bastard stopped entirely, leaving her trembling on his thighs.

Caitlin couldn’t remember the last time she'd been this turned on since...since Ronnie. Objectively, she knew it was the anticipation, the knowledge that she was going to try something new she’d never really done before. She could probably have cataloged all the chemicals coursing through her body right then as a result of this. The best part was allowing him to operate under the misapprehension that he was in charge.

They pulled into the station and disembarked with their suitcases and barely spoke as they hailed a cab and took off towards their hotel. Dropped off outside the entrance, Caitlin strode inside ahead of Mick and took care of the arrangements while he loomed behind her, no doubt looking as disapproving as he could. Well, as disapproving as he could look decked out in a pink button down opened to the abdomen, a light suit jacket and slacks, and feet stuffed into loafers sans socks.

If, perhaps, her smile was wider because she had noted the way he was now carrying his jacket in front of himself, she was confident nobody would have blamed her. They were handed two room keys (actual keys, how quaint!), for a suite on the twelfth floor, but when Mick slid his into the lock, Caitlin began to follow him into the dim interior, squaring her shoulders as if the act alone would give her fortitude.

“Don’t need time to think this through?” He asked her. She met his gaze straight on.

“I don't make decisions without having thought them through.” She informed him. That...was probably a bald-faced lie, but she wasn’t about to admit it.

One part of her brain was in shock at her behavior, the other part was downright excited. She wasn't worried in the least about impacting their working relationship mainly because they didn't even like each other and a few rounds of sex would not change that. Her bag tossed onto the bed, Caitlin refused to let herself overthink this and she proceeded to shrug out of her light jacket, her scarf, and then unzipped her dress and let the material pool around her strappy sandals. Those came off next.

“Wouldn’t have figured you for the desperate sort,” Mick drawled from near the table where he was depositing his jacket over the back of the chair. The measured way he was watching her told her he was rightfully suspicious. The flare of his nostrils, however, told her he was definitely appreciating what he was seeing.

“Oh, but I’m just being expedient, remember? Like you.” She reminded him. Caitlin didn’t think he had registered the barb for what it was, he was too busy looking down at her in her old-fashioned white bra and high-waisted panties. A thought occurred to her.

“Wait, were these a part of your masturbatory fantasies when you were a kid? The JcPenney catalog maybe?” That got her an unamused stare.

Mick stepped closer, until her breasts were just nudging into his abdomen.

“Tell me, are you pretty much an Ice Princess while fucking, too?” Did he honestly think she hadn't heard that nickname leveled at her before? She'd built up quite the thick skin being a woman making her way in the hard sciences. She could deflect whatever Mick Rory could put forth.

Caitlin shrugged, noting with glee that Mick couldn’t stop his eyes from darting downwards to the movement of her breasts. She may not have much, but by God, she made what she had work. “Well that depends on whatever talents you have and, based on how selfish you are, I don’t exactly expect much attention given to my pleasure.” There it was, that tic in the jaw again, the subtle flare of nostrils as the insult landed exactly where she had meant it to. With that, Caitlin reached up and placed her palm against his jaw, and pressed her lips to the skin there, roughened with stubble. A soft, gentle touch.

And then she bit down. Mick’s hands came up and gripped her hips. He moved his neck out of the range of her teeth and bent down to capture her lips with his. They barely kissed lip to lip, preferring to nip with their teeth or roughly mouth at other reachable expanses of skin. Caitlin twisted in his
hold, turning her back to him and wasting no time rolling her bottom back against his thickening erection.

Mick’s grip on her hip tightened until it was near bruising and Caitlin hid a tremulous smile as she bent over, bracing her hands on the mattress so she could grind against him where it actually did something for her. Sparks began to spread through her pelvis, along with the familiar heaviness of arousal. The scrape of the calluses on Mick’s fingers as they traced her skin over her ribs encouraged her motions.

You see, Caitlin had truly loved Ronnie. She’d loved and lost, regained and the re-lost him all over again. He’d been a good husband and she’d been a good wife, however few years they’d had. This wasn’t about replacing Ronnie with Mick. The double-barreled loss had knocked something loose in her, leaving her without the usual sense of surety and purpose she’d had since she was a girl. Maybe someday she could love someone like that again. But until then, there was only the unholy rattling beneath her bones and the need to calm it.

They moved together like this for another minute before Caitlin stilled and hooked her fingers through the band of her panties, sliding them over her hips and crawling onto the mattress on her hands and knees. The thrill of power that came from the sharp inhalation behind her, when he saw her bared completely to his gaze, was heady. Caitlin reached for her purse on the bed and fished out a condom.

Glancing over her shoulder, she tossed the foil wrapper at him. “You can manage this bit, can’t you?”

“Yes.” He bit out, yanking his shirt off- popping several buttons in the process- and nearly breaking his belt as he undid it and his pants in short order. Caitlin didn’t look him in the eyes, just stared at Mick’s scarred body as he revealed it to her bit by bit.

Facing the wall again, she heard the crinkle of foil and leaned forward a bit, cupping and massaging her breasts a bit before trailing her left hand down over the dark hair covering her mound and seeking out her clit. She expected Mick to step behind her and slide right up into her, but instead he surprised her by pushing her forward and before she could react, his mouth was on her, kissing and licking wet flesh.

Caitlin moaned and wriggled shamelessly against his face. He was certainly enthusiastic, and the noises their bodies were making were no less than filthy. A hand snaked along her belly and ribcage before lightly toying with one breast. The conduit between her nipples and her clit tightened and Caitlin breathed deeply as the pleasure deepened.

Then he stopped. Caitlin didn’t dare say a thing as he climbed onto the bed behind her and pulled her hips back into his. She was still teetering on the edge of an orgasm as Mick covered her back with his chest and murmured hotly against her ear. “How’s that for attention to your pleasure?”
"I hope that wasn't it." She asked him.

Mick just chuckled. "Maybe I just wanted to get you back after that little performance on the train."

Caitlin gave an noncommittal hum right before she executed an maneuver she’d learned in the self-defense class Iris had dragged her to. Mick went flying past her onto the bed and Caitlin was quick to straddle him and grab ahold of his erection, lowering herself slowly onto it.

"Looks like it’s gonna be up to me to look after myself,“ Caitlin panted as she began to cant her hips, increasing her pace and intensity. “So why don’t you be a good boy and let me use you.”

Tension tightened the muscles in Mick’s face and after one particularly tight twist of her hips, his eyes fluttered closed. But he bent his knees, helping her tilt her hips forward and grind her clit against the base of his cock, and palmed her breasts. She’d give him this, at least: he didn’t grope them like a number of men in her past had. Then he began to move with her.

At the back of her mind, a hypothesis formed: the more she insulted him, the harder Mick worked to please her.

Caitlin lost herself in the sensations, focusing on the tightening coil between her legs. Fucking like this, with Mick below her and her hands squeezing his biceps hard, Caitlin could still feel the anger and disgust she usually associated with being around him. She used that to spur herself on, determined to reach that resolution. Maybe she was too far gone to think straight, but she couldn’t resist moving her hands over to his throat and applying pressure as she rocked hard on top of him.

Dimly, she could feel his throat working against her palms and the way he strained underneath her. Their eyes met and even though her face flushed hotly, she didn’t dare look away. It was the way Mick's breath hissed through his teeth, the sneer that wrinkled the skin around his nose, the challenge in his steady stare. Then he reached down to where their bodies strained against one other and thumbed at the hood of her clit. It was all too much and Caitlin came so hard she nearly blacked out. Her world spun as her muscles contracted and relaxed. Opening her eyes, she flung her arms around Mick’s broad shoulders just in time for him to lift her off the bed and press her back against the wall.

She didn’t think she could manage one more time, but when Mick lifted her higher so her legs wrapped around his waist and began to fuck her against the wall, face pressed against the side of her jaw, she couldn’t help bearing down on his cock once more. Splintered open for the taking.

“Oh, that’s good,” she moaned, nails digging into his back. “That’s really, really good.”

But when she did, he began to lose his vaunted control. The rounded lines of his shoulders began to shake under her forearms and his thrusts began to stutter out of rhythm. The reaction set her off and Caitlin moaned softly as she fluttered weakly around him. Against her ear, Mick groaned and jerked against her pelvis once, twice, then a third time before stilling.

They didn’t discuss it afterwards, when he let her down onto shaky legs and began to dispose of the condom. Nor did he ask her to stay as she tugged her underwear back up her legs and reached for her dress. "We're not friends now, you know that, right?"

Caitlin only smiled sweetly at her fake husband. It didn’t smart her pride any to smile at him like this—she was sated she would probably sleep a full eight hours that night. "Don't worry, Heatwave. I'd expect nothing more from you." Her words lacked their usual heat, coming out rather simply and straightforwardly.

A quick glance in the mirror told her she would need to wear a scarf the next day and make liberal
use of her concealer. Not wanting to lose face, she collected her things and began to head for the bathroom. His gruff voice called after her.

"I'll go find us something decent for dinner. Maybe a steak dinner."

She only gave a jaunty little wave over her shoulder.

"I'll look forward to that, then."

(She totally waited until he'd left before she clapped her hands over her mouth and squealed, “oh my god, oh my god!!”)

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