

## Things worked out

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Contents: Kate Beckett has a regular workout program she likes to follow every day. Preferably alone. Not that one Richard Castle would care about the "alone"-part.

Disclaimer: Castle isn't mine. It belongs and hopefully will always belong to Andrew W. Marlowe and his team. However, I own my feet and I'd really like to use one of them to kick named team so they finally do something about that unbearable tension between Castle and Beckett...

Oh, yes, of course, the Playstation Wii also doesn't belong to me. Well, the invention of it. I do own a Wii however \*g\*

Author's Note: I think that idea came to me after I spent half a day playing Wii Sports and Fit with a friend of mine - and after we created Miis from our favorite TV show characters. ... Yeah. Don't ask.

A regular workout program had always been important for Detective Kate Beckett. Physical fitness was essential in her life, and more so, for her work. Though sometimes she needed a lot of self-encouragement and discipline, she did her workout every day. Every day she spent one hour training her muscles and working on her condition.

But lately, her workout looked a lot different from what she'd been doing before for years.

Because for a few weeks now, Kate Beckett was the proud owner of a Wii game console. And though she at first hadn't thought it possible, the training programs of Wii Sports and Wii Fit with the Balance Board proved to be very effective. Ever since she'd realized it, her jogging distance had become a lot shorter while her time in front of her TV had increased. Much.

This Wednesday evening was just like every other after work time. She had chosen the expert mode of Rhythmic Boxing, something quite exhausting. The twenty minutes were just over when someone knocked on her door.

For a moment she considered to just ignore the door and whoever was standing behind it, and take a shower as planned, but the knocking didn't stop and she rather had things done immediately than let them wait. At least it could have been something or someone important.

*Could have.*

"Castle?!" she panted, still out of breath from boxing the last twenty minutes, when she opened the door. "What are you doing here?"

"I only wanted to give you back your... um... question is, what are *you* doing?" Beckett rolled her eyes and took the plastic bag she thought her DVDs she'd borrowed him were in.

"I don't think that's any of your business," she snapped, asking herself why she didn't just tell him. Oh yes. Because he'd certainly use this knowledge to his advantage. No-nonsense Detective Beckett playing with a game console. Being the child-like adult was his part, not hers. And in this case it didn't even matter that his game was real physical workout.

"Come on, whatever it is that makes you sweat can't be something very private - otherwise you wouldn't be wearing your workout clothes. I think. I hope. ... Would you?"

"Castle, I warn you - you better leave now, while you still can, because I'm not in the mood for that." Not that she ever was, but that was a completely different topic.

"You know, you're not very-" He stopped when right at that moment, he caught a glimpse of the living room. "Oh, I understand. You're *busy* playing Wii! No need to be ashamed, Beckett," he completely ignored her fierce 'Am not!', "I love playing, too. So let's see..." Castle unceremoniously pushed the door open she'd been trying to hold as closed as possible, and walked into her apartment. She was so surprised - and shocked - that she forgot her police training for just a few seconds and let him pass. "Mind if I make a Mii? We can play together then." He hadn't even finished the question when he took the Wii Mote to change to the Mii channel. But that was the moment Beckett regained her senses and stormed to the author.

"Castle, no! You're NOT staying to play!" She tried her best to get the Mote back in time - but it was too late already. On her TV screen she saw the open Mii channel and her Mii hopping in - along with another little figure.

Castle squinted to see if his eyes weren't playing tricks on him, all the time managing to keep the remote control out of Beckett's reach. Only later he'd consider himself lucky that she didn't use one of her police officer grips on him.

"Is that... that is me, isn't it? Hold on a sec... did I already... no..."

"Castle...", an obviously very angry Kate Beckett hissed through her teeth. "I swear, if you wanna make it out alive..."

"And you named him Ricky!" Castle was excited like a little child, even more than normally. "You never call me Ricky," he added after a moment and pouted slightly. Beckett just shook her head and then shot him a death glare.

"Can I have my remote back, now?"

"Can I play with you?"

"No."

"Pretty please?"

"No."

"Why are you so mean?"

"Am not."

"Yes, you are." There was a moment of silence.

"Castle?" she then said, her voice suddenly soft, gentle. He looked at her surprised, the look that met him almost seducing. Slowly, she approached him, coming closer and closer. "You know what I would really, really like?" She looked him deep in the eyes. "I don't want you to play with me, but...", she purred, now only a few centimeters away from him. He swallowed hard.

"But?" It took him much not to squeak. Flirting with Kate Beckett was one thing, as long as it was his initiative. This, however, was entirely different. Still, he scraped together every last bit of courage he had to add, "Tell me," his voice low.

"You...", a finger started to wander feathery light over his facial features, "want to know...", went over the side of his neck and made him shiver, "what I'd like...", and on over his torso, drawing lazy circles, "what I'd *want*...", was accompanied by the rest of the hand as it laid gently over his heart as her face almost closed the distance between them, "from you?"

He swallowed again. And managed a nod. She only smiled.

"I." The slap against his chest came unexpected. "Want." As did the light tap at the underside of his chin, making his mouth shut close. "You." The push against his shoulder made him stumble slightly and turn around. "To go!" Another push, this time against his back, brought him almost out of the still-open door. He was standing completely confused on her doorstep when another slap hit him. On his *backside*. This time he actually squeaked.

"But I promise to call you when I need someone to *exercise* with," was the last thing he heard her say - again in that seducing tone of voice that was literally torturing, if not killing him - before she closed the door.

END