

Lawfully Promised

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Rating: P6

Contents: To some questions, there is only one answer.

Disclaimer: Castle's not mine, but Andrew Marlowe's and his team's.

Author's Note: I went through my "hiatus" folder and found a few stories that only needed a finishing touch (guess my muse just left me in the wrong moment). After Hot, this is another short piece. Refers to 3x11 "Nikki Heat" and *that one* scene in the beginning of the episode.

"Will you marry me?"

And the day had started so good. Well, considering the dead body that was lying at the crime scene she'd reached some time ago, 'good' obviously was a matter of one's point of view.

Kate Beckett, however, had been a police officer long enough to not let any feelings and impressions - sympathy excluded - that followed the horrible situations she faced on a daily basis spoil her mood.

Richard 'The Manchild' Castle, on the other hand, did spoil her mood. On a daily basis. Okay, so he almost as often lifted her mood; still, she constantly felt like dragging around a five-year-old. Who'd been bound to her by people way up in the food chain.

His proposal had merely been an example play for Ryan, to show their friend and colleague how it was done.

But it gave her an idea. A mischievous grin appeared on her face.

"Yes."

Castle's jaw fell in slow motion. She could have counted the *millimeters* it moved towards the ground, and for a moment she wondered if his jaw was attached to his head or if it would actually crash to the ground some time.

"I didn't... this wasn't... um..." he stammered when he had overcome the initial shock. She only giggled.

"You popped the question, Castle. I said yes. We even have a witness." She nodded towards Ryan, whose mouth was still open. "I understand that this is a - verbal contract one would call it I guess?"

"But... I... this ring isn't even..."

"It's alright, Ricky. You've already been married twice. Shouldn't be such a big deal for you. Don't they say all good things come in three?" She chuckled and turned away, towards her crime scene, while Castle was still standing shocked. But only for another few minutes. Then he broke into a half-smile, some unidentified gleam in his eyes.

"They also say, save the best for last," he murmured, more to himself, as he passed the ring back to a still-baffled Ryan and followed Beckett.

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