

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneeblume

## Kapitel 10: About sleeping and dreaming - Episode tag for "Black Cherry" (5x09)

### About sleeping and dreaming

He was still brooding over his notebook when Lisbon entered the attic.

"Still here, Lisbon?"

"So are you," she answered wryly and stopped next to him.

Jane smiled without looking up and added another name to his list.

"You should take a break, you know." She nodded towards the book and sat down on the edge of his makeshift desk – just because he was often doing that on hers.

For a second – she almost missed it – his gaze flickered to the point where her bottom met the table surface, and she had to turn her head away to hide her smirk.

"Nah..." His reply came a bit delayed. "I don't need a break!...What about you? Did Sarah agree to drop the charges?"

"As a matter of fact she did. Juliana and Noah left half an hour ago."

"And don't you feel relieved now?"

Lisbon refused to answer. Of course she was relieved that the kids won't get separated, that Juliana will be able to rear her little brother. But there was no way on earth that she would admit it to Jane.

He knew anyway.

Lisbon looked at him over her shoulder.

"They're really good kids, you know" she said evasively and couldn't help smiling when she remembered the hug Noah had given her.

Jane raised his head and watched her expression becoming absent-minded.

"The boy has been especially thankful, huh?"

Lisbon blinked and returned his look. "I won't even ask how you know that."

"It wasn't hard to figure out." He shrugged with a grin, but then it softened. "He reminded you of your own brothers."

"Maybe..." It was her turn to shrug.

The attic was filled with comfortable silence for a few minutes.

XXX

"So...?"

"So what, Lisbon?"

"What did I say?"

"I've no idea what you're talking about."

"Oh come on, Jane! You said I was talking in my sleep. What did I say?"

Jane chuckled and closed his notebook to concentrate completely on the woman in front of him.

"You've wanted to ask that again for hours, haven't you?"

"Just tell me!" Lisbon furrowed her brows and pursed her lips into a pout.

"Why?" His blue eyes gleamed in amusement.

"Because."

"You're afraid that you might have said something embarrassing."

"Wha-? No, of course not."

He ignored her objection and went on. "Or that you might have given away a secret. ...Or more than one."

"What secret? Why would you assume that I have a secret to tell?" She scrutinized him suspiciously.

"First of all, my dear Lisbon..." He raised his index finger like a schoolmaster and got up from his chair. "Every woman has at least one secret, something truly important,

she would protect with *everything* she has."

Lisbon rolled her eyes and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"And secondly...I would like to have a cup of tea. What about you?" With these words he picked up his empty cup and the saucer, and strolled out of the attic.

"Hey!" Lisbon huffed and followed him immediately. "Wait, Jane! You can't just leave like that..."

XXX

"I want you to tell me what I said while I was asleep," Lisbon demanded when they arrived at the break room.

"Relax, Lisbon, everything is fine. It was only me, who heard it." As if having all the time in the world he refilled the kettle and turned it on.

"Well, *that* makes me feel better...Heard what, Jane?" Her stern voice did nothing to ruffle him as he leant against the counter.

"Oh, you know...this and that."

"You should put my name on that list, seriously."

"By the way, you look particular cute when you're sleeping. So peaceful and innocuous."

Lisbon snorted and leant against the counter right next to him, shoulder to shoulder. She could feel his warmth even through the layers of fabric. She shifted her weight against him, just a tiny bit more.

"You're a jackass."

He smiled while both of them were staring at the heating kettle. "And yet you love me."

"In your dreams, Jane, in your dreams."

"In *your* dreams to be exact, my dear."

Lisbon felt her cheeks growing warm. "Shut up." Without looking she knew that he was grinning like the Cheshire Cat now.

"I thought you wanted to know..."

"I said, shut up!"

"..."

"And stop grinning."

She felt the back of his hand shifting against hers, but she wasn't able to tell whether it had happened by accident or intentionally. Either way it caused a soft tingling on her skin.

"Do you want to know what I think, Jane?"

"Always, my dear."

"I think that you have no idea what I said in my sleep." Lisbon felt him stiffening against her and continued. "What I said either was so mumbled that you couldn't understand it or it simply made no sense at all."

He was silent for a few seconds until he stated, "Well...If you need to take the easy way out...Keep believing that if it makes you feel better."

Lisbon laughed softly and nudged his shoulder. "That was a feeble attempt, even for you, Jane."

Jane glanced at her, smiling again.

With a sigh Lisbon felt a hint of melancholy sneaking into her mood.

"I missed you," she said quietly and bit her lip right afterwards. Actually she had wanted to say '*I missed this*'. The light bantering. Even though she had indeed meant that she had missed *him*, she had had no intention of admitting it. Well, it was too late for that now.

Jane fondly twisted his hand around hers, slowly entwining their fingers.

"I've been here, Lisbon." His voice was just as low. He certainly got the meaning.

When she didn't answer he slightly turned towards her, waiting for her to mirror his position. She did so and allowed him to lock their eyes.

There was no need to explain that she hadn't meant his physical presence. She had missed this Jane. The bantering Jane. The talking idiotic stuff Jane. The honestly smiling Jane. Her Jane.

Lately he had almost always been the possessed Jane. Red John's Jane. The one who got darker with every passing day. It was a part of him, Lisbon knew that. She even loved both of his sides. She simply couldn't help it. What a fool she was.

"It's okay..." he whispered. It wasn't. But that on the other hand was okay.

Lisbon smiled sadly. They were close, their eyes still holding the gaze, their finger still entangled. They could feel each other's breath on the own skin. Without thinking

Lisbon shifted closer and he didn't back off. She tilted her head and could feel his breath hot on her lips now. Lisbon swallowed, her own breath becoming erratic, and she saw through her lashes that his lids were just as halfway closed as hers.

Almost. The moment was almost perfect. Until somewhere in the empty bullpen a forgotten phone started ringing, and destroyed it.

Nearly at the same time they released some air while the tension faded away. Lisbon had to smile and Jane chuckled. It should have been awkward, but it wasn't. Their foreheads met in a gentle touch and Jane squeezed her hand softly.

"My tea water should be hot by now."

"Indeed."

After they stayed like this for a few more minutes they let go without another word. Jane moved away, bringing some distance between them, to actually prepare some tea for them.

When both of them held a cup of steaming liquid in their hands they walked together towards Lisbon's office.

"So, do you still wonder about the confession you made in your sleep?"

"No, I don't. I already know what I said."

"Really? Then please enlighten me."

"I complained about my consultant who actually thinks that he could be in charge when we visit crime scenes."

"Oh come on, Lisbon, you secretly liked it."

"No, I didn't!"

"Yes, you did. As a matter of fact you like to imagine me taking over the reins."

"But only in my worst nightmares..."

\*The End\*