

Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneeblyme

Kapitel 17: How Things Should Be

Warning: Lime, Spoiler for 6x08 "Red John" (from sneak peeks and interviews only)

How Things Should Be

When she wakes up, she is disorientated. Her body feels weary, her muscles are heavy in a way they haven't been in a while. It should be a good thing, and somehow it is. However, the deep sadness in her heart paralyzes her soul.

Slowly she tries to sit up, but she doesn't get very far. She glances down, then to the man who is lying next to her, with his arm possessively around her waist.

Jane.

Somehow she still can't believe that he is here. In her bed. Naked. Just like her. For a blink of time there creeps a soft blush onto her cheeks. Just for a second. Then it's gone, replaced by an expression of pain.

Everything has changed. The CBI is gone. Her team is gone. Even Red John is gone. Which is good. It should feel like a good thing, and somehow it does.

Jane is still here. To be honest, she is surprised. She has expected him to sneak out during the night, but he hasn't. However, she is no fool – okay, yes, she is, big time in fact. But not when it comes to this. She is realistic. She knows he has to leave. She has known from the moment he showed up at her doorstep the previous evening...

xxx

When Lisbon opened her door she wasn't surprised that it was *him* per se. His appearance though was a bit disturbing. His jacket was gone, the vest open and the rest of his clothes was dirty and wet. His hair was a mess and his expression wasn't the one of a sane human being. She didn't ask where he had been. She didn't even want to know where the blood on his shirt had come from.

He just killed Red John.

It was the wrong time to ask questions like these.

Wordlessly she stepped aside to let him in, and then led him into her living room. He headed towards her couch, but he stopped himself – right on time before he could

mess it up with his dirty clothes.

The glance he gave her was too helpless, too overwhelmed to bear. Snapping out of her thoughts she stepped closer.

She didn't care that she wasn't wearing much more than an oversized shirt and that her hair was bound in a loose bun. It wasn't the time to feel awkward.

"You want to take a shower?" she asked softly.

"Please," Jane said with a nod, his voice oddly hoarse.

It weren't the words which needed to be spoken out, but neither of them was ready to voice them anyway. So she just nodded in return and waved him to follow her.

Her bathroom was small; there was hardly enough space for both of them. She didn't even know why she hadn't left yet. Maybe it was because he was just standing there, frozen in place since he had stepped in front of her mirror several minutes ago.

"I can get you some of Tommy's clothes," she offered, but she didn't get an answer. It was just then that she noticed his shivering. Without another word she closed the gap between them and grabbed the hem of his vest. Gently she removed it.

Jane looked at her, watched her, but he didn't complain. Not even when she started to open his shirt to strip it off as well.

Not even when she – after a hesitant pause – turned her attention to the zip of his trousers.

The rest he did on his own.

Yet, when he was standing under her shower, she was still there. She was still looking at him, captured by his staring gaze that seemed to glow in the steam. He re-opened the shower door and held out his hand as a silent invitation.

Lisbon reached for it. Without hesitation.

The need for each other, the attraction between them, had never been stronger.

Her shirt was wet on an instant, but all she could do was looking at him.

They were so close. Closer than ever before. Physically and mentally.

Lifting her hand she gave in to the urge to touch him. *For the very first time.* Softly she put her palm on his cheek and when he closed his eyes, she moved it upwards. In the tenderest gesture she pushed his wet curls out of his face. Then she placed her palm on his cheek again, mirroring the pose with her second hand on his other cheek.

When her thumbs started to caress his skin, he opened his eyes to watch her anew.

She felt tears prickling in her eyes as love, fear and longing welled up in her heart. All of it also visible in his face.

Or was it just water?

His gaze softened, right before she noticed his hands on her waist. Carefully and slowly he pulled her soaked shirt up and over her head. It landed on the ground with a loud splash.

He must have expected it, but to her own amazement she got the chance to watch his eyes darken over her exposed chest.

She stepped closer at the exact same time as he wrapped his arms around her and crushed her against his body. Both of them gasped at the long overdue touch.

Pressing her face in the crook of his neck she hugged him tightly while he started to roam his hands over her gentle curves. He seemed to enjoy it immensely – only stopping to untie her bun and free her curly hair – and so did she as she finally closed her eyes and allowed herself to simply live the moment.

Ten years of waiting were totally worth it.

They stood under the shower for a very long time. Doing nothing more than touching, caressing and breathing in the other one's presence. Their bodies were separated only

by a tiny pair of panties.

But they had to get out eventually.

Lisbon was reluctant to let him go; fearing he would leave right after, but Jane surprised her once more.

"Do you want me to stay for the night?" he whispered.

She needed no time to think.

"Yes."

And so he stayed.

XXX

She remembers very well what happened afterwards. Dried but still naked they settled in her bed, lying next to each and facing the ceiling first, until the urge to touch again became too powerful. However, it was different this time. They explored each other rather shyly, like a teenage couple in their first night.

It certainly was just as exciting.

Especially when he finally kissed her. Oh yes, she remembers the kiss. Their *first* kiss.

She remembers *everything* of that very moment.

How his damp hair felt between her fingers.

How he smelled of her fruity body wash.

How one of his hands stroked the skin of her lower back while the other one was buried in her own hair.

How his gentle and *oh so soft* lips danced against hers, and every now and then allowed their tongues' tips to get a peek at the sweetest hidden taste.

How he made her toes curl just by being *him*.

How their breaths got simultaneously caught in their throats as they realized that *this moment* was finally there.

From then on everything became something very much dreamlike...

XXX

The moon, choosing the right seconds to shine through the open curtain, painted a beautiful picture when Jane moved his body above hers and never stopped kissing her. Lisbon blinked to drink it in for a moment or two, but then Jane turned her attention back to her body's needs.

His talented long fingers moved over her skin like a bow caressing its violin.

He filled her heart, her soul, her whole body with such intense want she didn't know she would be able to feel.

When he finally sunk between her thighs to join their bodies as one, Lisbon couldn't help but sob against his lips.

Muttering and humming in return with his soothing bass composed a sensual but sweet contrast to the enticing movements of his hips.

It nearly made her lose her mind. Maybe she did lose her mind.

And it didn't take long for both of them to reach salvation – almost at the same time.

XXX

Lisbon smiles despite herself at this memory.

After panting and trying to catch their breaths for a while she muttered something about him not being the youngest anymore.

He actually gave her that sexy smile of his.

"Cut me some slack, would you?" he said and added without thinking, "It's been awhile. It's been the first time since..." He stopped abruptly, his facial expression full of pain again.

The conversation changed from this point. She asked if he was okay, and he waved her off.

Teary-eyed. Trying to compose himself.

It took a moment until she was brave enough to mention Lorelei.

He was almost angry when he responded, "Lorelei doesn't count, Lisbon! It was just sex."

He didn't say it. The implication, however, was obvious.

This is not just sex. This is making love.

Lisbon still feels the pang in her chest she felt back then. It should make her happy, and somewhere in her cracked heart it did. Yet she couldn't help but wonder who he saw while sleeping with her, *making love to her*.

Would she be able to stand a comparison?

His look turned horrified as he guessed her thoughts.

Immediately he pulled her into a hug – so tight it hurt. But she didn't care. It felt so good.

It eased her pain, she remembers.

He apologized a hundred times, even though neither of them knew what for exactly.

XXX

She fell asleep in his arms, while his steady heartbeat made her dream of a wonderful non-existent world of peace and love.

Just for one night. Maybe not even that.

Because she slept till the small hours and when she awoke, the happiness from her dreams was gone. Getting up to use the bathroom and therefore leaving the warmth of her partner, she almost stumbled as the realization hit her full force. She barely made it into the small room, where Jane and she had found each other only a few hours ago.

She clung to the sink and stared helplessly into the mirror. Her eyes were huge with shock and sadness and panic. Tears were blurring her vision, while she relived the moment when she had walked through the empty hallways of the CBI. It had been surreal.

It still was. It was nearly impossible to believe that it was all gone. For good. Everything she had worked for during the past decade.

She just had lost so much – and she was about to lose even more.

Glancing at the closed bathroom door she stifled her sobs with a towel. Hopefully Jane was still asleep. He wasn't supposed to see her weakness during the few hours she probably had left with him.

Breathe in and breathe out, calm your nerves. It took a long while.

Shivering with cold she finally grabbed her bathrobe and slipped into it, though she didn't bother with tying it. She was too sad to care about her nudity. Checking her

reflection for the last time, she hoped the darkness outside would hide her sudden surge of emotion.

When she returned to her bedroom, it was lit by the small light on her bedside table. And Jane was awake, waiting for her. Of course. She should have known, and somehow she had.

"Come here, my dear," he said very softly and with his expression full of sorrow. She complied, walking to his side of the bed and stopping right there to look down on him. *To imprint the image of the man she loved on her mind.*

He reached for her hand and clasped it safely with his much warmer one.

"You're cold, my love...Let me warm you," he suggested almost pleadingly, while he lifted the blanket to invite her in.

The bathrobe glided from her shoulders and he braced her when she climbed gracefully on top of him.

Jane shivered when he came in contact with her cold skin, swiftly pulling her closer and the blanket tightly around them.

Lisbon sighed. It felt amazing. *Skin on skin.* She needed to savor this feeling as long as it lasted.

As well as the burning traces his caressing fingers were leaving on her bare behind. They helped her to relax into a puddle of sentimental pleasure – as much as they renewed the hunger, the desperate need, the excitement to become one with him again. With another sigh she stretched on him, wanting to snuggle as close as possible.

Jane groaned under his breath and craned his neck to steal a kiss from her. Eagerly she followed his lead and deepened it, while his fingers sneaked to her buttocks to pull her nearer.

She whispered his name with longing as she could feel his own excitement against her abdomen.

"I'm completely at your mercy," he murmured against her lips before he allowed her to plunder his mouth with her tongue.

"That you are!" she growled and arched against his body.

After a few moments of fervent kisses Lisbon retreated to move her lips along his features and down to his neck.

He used the chance for a delayed answer. "Hum...I did tell you that I like it when you get all authoritarian on me, didn't I? Ouch!"

With a small smile on her lips she placed a kiss on the skin above his collarbone, where she just had bitten him.

"Jane?" With her hands on the pillow beside his head she braced herself and pushed her torso upwards.

"Yes?" His eyes gleamed with lust as he watched her being enthroned above him.

Rolling her hips against his lower body she whispered, "Just shut up."

He moaned, but then he smirked mischievously and moved his hand teasingly along her sides. "Yes, ma'am," was all he said as he gently cupped her breasts.

Lisbon gasped and closed her eyes to enjoy the soft massage of his fingers.

When she looked at him again, his expression had turned back to serious. Laden with passion, but serious nonetheless. Their eyes locked while she opened her thighs to let them feel how much they wanted each other.

Oh, how much they wanted each other!

She saw him swallowing, and then he sat up as well to meet her halfway for another kiss.

Bracing himself with one arm on the mattress he wrapped the other one around her to help her as she slowly sunk down on him. They sighed in unison when they were joined once more.

And Lisbon realized that Jane had been right. This wasn't just sex.

This was making love.

With the emotion bursting in her chest, she released a sound of pleasure and grief, before she started moving. She welcomed the enticing fog that was pushing the pain into the farthest depth of her heart, and completely gave herself to the man she loved.

And while neither of them would need much more to get lost, she knew that he was doing the same.

After she collapsed on him with a forlorn but sensual cry a little while later, he gave her exact ten minutes to rest before he put his plan into action to make her fall apart under his tender lips and fingers again.

Until she finally was exhausted enough to sleep a few more hours.

XXX

Lisbon rubs her eyes, angrily trying to stop the tears that were teasing her once more. The arm around her waist tightens its grip and she feels a pair of lips on her bare shoulder.

It's not fair, she thinks. We should be celebrating.

But she can't voice these thoughts.

He whispers her name, wants her to look at him. She does.

The pain she finds in his gaze matches her own perfectly. She swallows hard and chokes out, "If you want to leave, Jane, you should go now."

She won't ask him to stay, but there's a tiny spark of hope in her words. *If...*

Seconds later that spark is crashed as he averts his eyes and nods.

Lisbon bites her lips until she tastes blood.

She is so much in love it hurts.

He looked at her again. "Don't...!" he breathes. Then he leans to her. For one more kiss. It's tender, desperate and passionate. She pours all her feelings into it, kissing him back with all intensity she can afford.

His hold is tight, her grip so firm that her nails are buried in the skin of his back.

All too soon it's over and reluctantly they let go.

They get up and after she brought him some of Tommy's clothes, they dress without another word.

It is only when she walks him to her door that he speaks again. She wishes he wouldn't.

"I'm sorry for everything..." He looks at her once more, before he adds hoarsely,

"Goodbye, Teresa."

And all she can do is nodding.

He manages a teary smile, and then he's gone.

Just like that.

Lisbon leans against the door for support.

It shouldn't hurt so much, but it does.

It shouldn't be this way, but it is.

It should be different, the better new, but it isn't.

And right now there's nothing she can do about it.

The End