

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneeblyme

## Kapitel 2: RS ~ First night

Chapter two – First night

Dinner was nice. The mood was slowly getting lighter. Cho and Rigsby were bantering about who had contributed the most important part to their meal while Grace tried to goad them even more.

Jane and Lisbon were watching them with silent amusement. Sometimes their eyes met for a brief moment before Lisbon applied her attention back to her team.

Afterwards Grace and her boss kicked the boys out of kitchen so that they could wash the dishes without ruffle or excitement.

When they finished, it provided Lisbon the opportunity to excuse herself and call it a night. She told her rookie that she was really tired – it wasn't a lie, after all – and disappeared upstairs, only shooting a "good night, guys" towards the living room.

She knew she wouldn't be able to sleep right now, but she desperately needed some time alone. Her thoughts were spinning in her head. Spinning around Jane.

Sitting on her bed, after exchanging her clothes for an oversized jersey, Lisbon rubbed her forehead and her eyelids. She took a deep breath and finally allowed her thoughts to wander. It wouldn't ease the pain, she knew, but it would calm her a bit. At least for a little while.

When Jane had left for half a year she had lost her ground. It had caught her out of nowhere. Certainly not the fact that he left, no: she had always feared that would happen eventually, even if she had expected it to happen in a different way. What caught her off guard were her own feelings.

It had taken her a while to notice that she wasn't just hurt. She had been grieving. Losing him practically overnight had shocked her in a deep way she'd never expected. She had missed him so much and it had nearly killed her not to know whether he was alright or in trouble. It had scared her to death that she couldn't reach him.

She hadn't been able to sleep properly and to concentrate on her work with her heart fully in it anymore. She had tried to hide it but it had bothered her team nonetheless. It had been visible in their concerned eyes. But worrying Cho, Rigsby, and VanPelt was the last thing she wanted.

And then Jane had returned just a few days ago, again out of nowhere. He had told her everything he had done was for setting a trap for Red John. First she had been relieved. He was back and okay. It was all that mattered...until she realized that she had suffered, had lost her strength for a stupid plan, for nothing – especially since Red John had figured it out. She was still glad that Jane was back but she was hurt as well.

Okay, that was an understatement.

The fact was, he didn't trust her. At least not enough to let her in on from the beginning. Instead he urged her into his plan just when it wasn't possible to back off anymore – as if Lisbon would have let him down one way or the other, but that wasn't the point.

On top of it all, he had accepted that he would have to hurt her for his plan. It had been a necessary evil.

The worst thing about this story? She wasn't even mad at him...just hurt. It was the way Jane handled stuff concerning Red John. It was just the way he was. She *could* understand why he needed to catch the killer so urgently. After all, he wasn't the only one who had lost someone under a bloody red smiley face. Figuratively, since neither Bosco and his two colleagues nor Wainwright had deserved a smiley face. They just were means to the end.

Lisbon felt her eyes going watery but she wasn't about to cry. She hadn't in the past six months, even if she had got every reason to do so.

She already had one weakness. She couldn't allow herself another one. Simply crying wasn't hers and wouldn't help anyway.

She just needed time.

xxx

It was late at night when Lisbon left her room as quietly as possible. While she tiptoed barefooted through the dark corridor, she could hear Rigsby snoring in his room and it made her grin.

Apart from that there wasn't any other sound. Everyone went sleeping hours ago. She knew because she had been awake the whole time. She had tried to sleep, but of course it didn't work, so she was left to tossing about in bed. It annoyed the hell out of her because she didn't have an explanation for it. There was still a restlessness and it didn't want to disappear even with Jane back in her life.

She really could use some sleep though. She'd been needing it for months now.

Lisbon sighed silently and snuck downstairs. As she traversed the softly lit living room, she didn't dare to look to the couch and quickly slipped into the bathroom.

After taking time to refresh herself, she hesitated before returning to her room. Actually, there was a good chance that Jane was asleep despite the small light he probably just forgot to turn off. If she was quiet enough, she wouldn't awake him, right?

Yeah, right, because Jane had such healthy sleeping habits.

Lisbon slapped her hand against her forehead. This was ridiculous! What was she, a fourteen year old teenager with a crush on the bad boy?

She straightened herself with a brave huff and left the small room. Looking straight ahead she almost did it, almost passed living room completely, when she couldn't help herself and stopped on the threshold to turn slightly and look back at Jane.

And there he was. Lying on the couch, in his usual suit but without his jacket, arms crossed behind his head, looking straight away at her. When their eyes met Lisbon froze.

There *it* was again.

Her inner disunity.

Pain. And happiness.

Longing.

Love.

xxx

The fact that Teresa Lisbon was in love with Patrick Jane wasn't new. Not for Lisbon anyway. She had realized it long before and made her peace with it. It had been confusing at the beginning but she had accepted it eventually.

Though it didn't mean that she suddenly had changed her behavior around him completely or had glutted him with love confessions.

Apart from the fact that she wasn't good at love confessions anyway, she also wouldn't have told him because she was sure he didn't need another complication in his life. Additionally, she was a strong woman. She could handle it herself. She had learned to live with it.

Therefore, despite feeling jealous and overly concerned from time to time, she was in control of her feelings.

That was the reason it had shocked her so deeply, that it affected her so much, when he had left six months ago. She had thought she was in control, but it turned out that she wasn't.

And now he was here, right in front of her, looking at her without a word, with an unreadable expression on his face. He was simply staring at her with his intense blue eyes, holding, chaining her gaze, making it impossible for her to turn away.

Lisbon swallowed hard. It felt like the world wasn't moving anymore. It was only him and her.

God, how much she had missed him. How much she longed for just sitting next to him, shoulder to shoulder – to feel that he was actually *here*, because her heart hadn't noticed yet. It still hurt.

As if he could read her mind for real Jane's expression softened.

"Get some sleep, Lisbon. You look tired," he whispered.

"That's rich, coming from you, Jane," she answered just as quiet.

Jane smiled slightly and eyed her meaningfully from top to bottom. How she was standing in front of him, dressed only in a long jersey. She followed his gaze and blushed. Again.

With an annoyed huff she stuck out her tongue and was about to leave, when she heard him whispering fondly, "Good night, Lisbon."

She looked back over her shoulder, watching how warm light painted soft shadows on his face.

Lisbon felt strong affection spreading through her stomach and the urge to say, *'I'm glad you're back, Jane. I missed you. Don't you dare do that again!'*

But all she said was, "Good night, Jane."

TBC