

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneebume

## Kapitel 3: RS ~ Lightning without thunder

Chapter three – Lightning without thunder

The next morning, the old truck uttered a dry gurgle and died with an ugly puff.

"Well, that didn't sound healthy," Grace said when she dismounted the driver's cab.

"It didn't feel healthy either," Rigsby groaned and jumped off the truck bed, rubbing his backside. "I could feel every bump!"

"Don't make such a fuss, man." Cho had been sitting with him but only grimaced when he stretched his back.

Lisbon smiled sympathetically while she put the car keys in her jeans pocket. "I'm sorry, guys. I know this truck is much more dangerous than Jane's contraption, but..."

"Hush, Lisbon, what if she hears you?! It doesn't matter that we're hundreds of miles away, she's a very sensitive *car!*"

Lisbon ignored Jane's scandalized objection and continued, "We only have one other choice but I didn't think you want to take the horses."

"Let's try that next time. It can't be worse," Rigsby grumbled.

Jane grinned devilishly, "I'll take you at your word."

"You can talk! You sat with Lisbon and Grace in the upholstered driver's cab."

"Hey, it wasn't that comfy either. And don't try diverting, you're in it now."

"I'll ride a horse when you do, Jane."

Lisbon rolled her eyes. "Come on, Grace, let's go ahead."

The redhead grinned and nodded in response.

Looking around curiously, the two women walked towards town center, followed by Cho and his bantering colleagues.

It was a cute little town after all. Peaceful and friendly. Old houses, a few stores, a market place in front of a beautiful small and white church, and even a pub next to the town hall. Despite low population, the streets were pretty busy just now. Passing people eyed them with curiosity, but in a friendly, non-pushy way.

"It's nice, isn't?" Lisbon commented quizzically.

"Kind of..."

"Agent Lisbon!" Both women turned their heads and greeted the old farmer.

"So, everything's fine up there? You alright?" Alliston mumbled afterwards, chewing on a grass blade.

"Yes, thank you. We'll manage all right," Lisbon assured. "We're here to go grocery shopping and look around town a bit."

He nodded. "You do that, Ma'am, but you shouldn't stay too long though. We're expecting a heavy thunderstorm today."

Rigsby looked at Cho, who just shrugged. It had been a pretty nice morning so far – warm and sunny and barely windy – but Alliston probably was better informed than they were.

When they gave their attention back to their coworkers, Alliston was inviting them to every Friday's pub night – a tradition in the town.

"Thanks, but I don't think it's a good idea. We don't want to be conspicuous."

"Don't worry, Agent Lisbon," Alliston said, "People here are used to me having guests from time to time. They won't ask unpleasant questions."

"Well...we'll think about it."

Alliston nodded and lifted his head, "See you later then, Agents. You know where to find me if you need something."

Lisbon's team said goodbye and faced its boss who clapped her hands enthusiastically. "Okay then, let's paint the town red!"

Cho, Grace and Rigsby looked clearly flabbergasted at her, while Jane suppressed his laughter.

Lisbon smirked mischievously and Cho commented dryly, "Yeah, let's get the party started."

XXX

It turned out that Alliston had been right about the weather. After SCU returned to their temporary home a few hours later, the previously sunny sky already started to darken. It wasn't long before heavy rain drops were whipped against the roof and to the fields, pushing grass and corn down. In the distance rolling thunder could be heard and a nearly black cloud bank spread over the area.

Lisbon was standing on the sheltered porch and watching the approaching thunderstorm. She heard her team rumbling through the house and wanted to go inside, too, but found herself unable to avert her gaze. It was fascinating how powerful this natural spectacle rolled above her head. It was different here; closer and more impressive, more intense than in California.

So it wasn't surprising that she was still outside when Jane was looking for her a bit later.

Sitting on one couch, Lisbon was curled in the cushions. Rain was drumming on the roof with steady rhythm, but she was safe underneath.

"Hey there," Jane greeted quietly when he came out and looked down at her.

"Hey, yourself," she shot back and yawned discreetly. The fatigue was back.

Jane walked around and sank onto her couch. Without thinking, Lisbon moved her feet to give him enough space, because the couch wasn't that big. He could have sat on the other one, but he had chosen to be with her – and she didn't mind.

She was too weary.

Lisbon could feel his closeness and warmth. It made her dizzy.

"I told you, you need some sleep."

"Shut up, Jane," she murmured and fought against the urge to close her eyes. God, she was so tired.

"I don't think so," he answered with a smirk. "You really need to sleep and you know it. It's okay...you can sleep, Lisbon. You're safe here. Just close your eyes and allow yourself to relax." His lulling voice was soft, warm and almost fondly, and mixed with the sound of dropping rain.

"You can feel how the tension left your body. Every muscle will be relaxed. You will sleep deeply and peacefully. Can you feel it, Lisbon? You're drifting away and sinking in comfy weightlessness..."

She knew what he was trying and she wanted to tell him 'Stop hypnotizing me!', but her heavy lids were already shut – when did that happen? – and neither her lips nor

her tongue wanted to move anymore. Lisbon heard herself sighing when one warm hand was placed on her leg. As a second one wandered to the back of her neck and started caressing her sensitive skin she felt herself shivering and drifting off eventually.

xxx

Lisbon had no idea how much time had passed, when she awoke. She blinked tiredly and looked around. She was still outside, but it wasn't raining anymore, and found Grace and Cho sitting on the other couch with Rigsby perched on the porch railing.

She didn't need to check out that Jane was still next to her because she could feel his shoulder against hers.

Someone had wrapped her into a warm blanket, so she cuddled deeper in it.

"It's amazing, isn't it?" When Grace spoke with a low voice even Lisbon followed her gaze to the hills in front of them.

One side of the sky was painted in deep red and orange as the sunset had already started. The other side, however, was still laden with heavy dark clouds. Without a hint of thunder, lightning branched through them every second.

"It is," Rigsby agreed just as quiet, "As if someone's turned the sound off."

"I bet it was Jane," Lisbon muttered.

"Hush, Lisbon, I'm a mentalist, not a magician. Although I would have done it for you if I really had such power."

Barely awake, she just snorted and tidied the blanket around her before she closed her eyes once more.

"I mean it, Lisbon. Anyway, since nature is quiet now, go back to sleep, mother bear. Your beloved ones are just fine."

It was silly but in her drowsy state she felt reassured. And with that Lisbon drifted off again.

xxx

It was dark outside and Lisbon was still asleep when her team decided to call it a night. She didn't even stir when Rigsby lifted her up carefully to carry her inside and upstairs into her room.

After laying her down on the bed, he frowned at Jane, who was waiting for him to leave. When he did so, Jane turned his attention towards Lisbon and tucked her in carefully. Afterwards, he sat down on the edge of her bed.

He watched her sleeping and even now found some lines of worry on her forehead. His fingertip trailed them softly before he replaced it by his lips.

"We have to do something about your tension, my dear," he whispered, placing a feathery kiss on her warm skin.

"No..." she muttered, still sleeping and probably dreaming. "No...control...not...Jane..."

Jane shook his head. "Stubborn woman!" he mumbled himself.

With a second peck on the corner of her mouth he silently wished her a good night and left her room.

TBC