

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

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## Kapitel 8: RS ~ Recovered Strength

Warning: Lime

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### Chapter eight – Recovered Strength

She didn't need to turn around. She simply knew that he had just entered her room.

Without a word Lisbon took a second towel from the wardrobe and handed it to him. After that she wrapped herself in her own, shivering with cold. Her clothes were soaked wet and stuck to her body. She really needed them off.

"Jane?" Lisbon faced him finally and found him standing right in front of her. He looked lost with the towel waiting in his hands, his clothes just as drenched as hers, his locks a blond chaos and his blue eyes shimmering in the dimness.

His gaze was as deep as always, but now it was full of sorrow, fear and strong affection as well. He looked at her like he was pleading for her forgiveness and closeness. Like he would lose his ground the second she turned away.

Lisbon swallowed and was about to do exactly that but wasn't able to move. She knew, things would change if she didn't stop them right now.

At the same time she wasn't sure whether it already was too late to back down.

She wasn't sure what she was feeling right now at all. There was huge relief mixed with a longing, which had never been that strong before.

"You should get out of theses wet things and towel yourself, Jane" she said hoarsely with chattering teeth, when she eventually averted her gaze.

Jeez, she was freezing! She had to get out of her clothes right now and she didn't care that Jane was still here.

Before her towel could possibly become saturated, too, she threw it on her armchair and removed her dripping shoes. She was trying to open her blouse but her fingers trembled so much she couldn't get the button through its hole.

With a frustrated groan she tried to peel the buttoned blouse off but failed since the wet fabric adhered to her skin.

She was on the verge of simply ripping it off, when two already warm hands were put on hers to stop their frantic movements.

"Let me help," Jane whispered. Lisbon blinked and glanced at him. She could feel herself blushing slightly but she nodded anyway.

He gripped the blouse's lowest hem and pulled it carefully upwards and, after she lifted her arms, over her head. Carelessly he let it fall on the floor and while his gaze was suddenly entwined with hers, his hands found their way back to her hips, caressing her damp skin. His fingers travelled feathery to her stomach and down to her jeans.

Lisbon shivered and when he started to unbutton them she noticed her own fingers doing the same with his vest. It was easier there because its buttonholes were bigger, so the vest soon joined her blouse on the floor. Before he helped her out off her jeans, she extracted his shirt from his trousers.

When only her underwear was left she took his shirt off; and then they were just standing in front of each other. Closely. Looking into each other's eyes. She couldn't help smiling and he smirked back. As if they just realized how weird this situation was; both wet to the skin, not quite naked, standing in a half dark room of an old farm house in the middle of nowhere, with a rainstorm outside, the danger of a serial killer above their heads and a doubtful future ahead.

However, at this very moment, all they could care about was the person right in front of them.

This time Lisbon made the first move. She pulled him closer on his waistband and untied his belt. Thereupon Jane's hands came back to her hips again, wandering around and up on her back. She shivered and felt warmth returning to her veins when he opened her bra slowly.

When his trousers fell down so did her bra. Lisbon shivered with cold once more and stepped intuitively closer. Without thinking Jane wrapped his arms around her and felt her soft breasts pressed against his chest. He couldn't help blushing slightly.

Lisbon chuckled. "Shouldn't I be the one blushing, Mr. Jane?" she whispered smirking.

"I really have no idea what you could possibly mean, Agent Lisbon!" he answered just a quiet and buried his face in the crook of her neck. When his lips caressed her sensitive skin, a sigh escaped her own.

Smiling fondly Lisbon hugged him back and leaned her head against his shoulder. Another low sigh fled her throat when Jane let his palms stroke her back up and down. After a few moments his fingers drifted upwards again, over her shoulders to her neck until he could cup her face in his hands. Lisbon lifted her head to look at him and found him serious now.

His thumbs caressed her cheeks tenderly while he was staring right away into her eyes. With his gaze burning into her soul Lisbon felt a lump in her throat and she swallowed. Suddenly she became very aware of the fact that he was able to see the love in her eyes clearly. Probably he had been able to see it all along.

"Jane..." she breathed without knowing what to say. She couldn't apologize for having these feelings for him. She just couldn't.

He didn't want her to, though.

Jane simply leaned down and brushed her lips with his. Lisbon caught her breath and felt her heart leaping into the throat. Before she could say or do anything his lips returned to hers fully, pressing a sweet but longing kiss on them.

And all she could do was giving in. Her lids fell shut and her body sank against his while she tightened her embrace and started to kiss him back.

xxx

Lisbon lay on her bed with Jane right above, both completely naked.

Her sensitive skin wasn't cold anymore, it was burning, but the fire was sweet and tempting. His fingers explored every part of her, his lips trailed her curves. He took his time. To pleasure her. To get to know every inch of her he didn't know before.

"Jane..." Just a whisper. Her eyes laden with lust, longing and love. Her cheeks were rosy-tinted.

His gaze met hers and he crawled up, beside her, to kiss her deeply and dearly. Lisbon buried her fingers in his blond locks, pressed her body against his. She felt him shivering.

Her fall had caused a bruise on her hip but she couldn't care less about the numb pain just now.

"Lisbon...be careful..." he groaned into her mouth while his hands roamed down to her hips and around to caress her butt.

"Jane!" she tried to hiss but it sounded rather like a squeak – and it wasn't painful after all. She arched away from his hands which caused an intimate body contact. Both sighed with pleasure before Jane chuckled against her swollen lips.

"Don't tell me you're ticklish there."

Lisbon blushed.

"Jane, shut up and kiss me!"

"Your wish is my command," he breathed and let his lips trail down to her breasts until he could place a tender kiss on one of her rosy peaks.

Lisbon moaned softly and grasped his hair tightly. She sighed savoring.

"Not exactly what I meant, but be my guest, please go on."

Jane smirked knowingly and did what she had implied.

xxx

Her fingers were entwined with his, when he finally merged with her.

Lisbon threw her head back and her body arched against his. Her gaze never left his moonlit eyes though. He returned her look with unbearable love and lust. When his feelings became too overwhelming he sank down on her, deeply into her. Desperately he captured her lips and kissed her passionately, refusing to let her go again.

She didn't mind.

He was here, she could actually feel him. Finally.

He won't vanish. At least not anytime soon.

He was back.

He was with her.

Suddenly, eventually, this knowledge sunk in.

He was back and it was all that mattered.

xxx

It wasn't long after when they lay cuddled together between the sheets, their hot and sweaty bodies entangled.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"I feel exhausted."

"Ah...but in a good way." It wasn't even a question.

Lisbon rolled her eyes at him. "I'm not so sure about that."

As punishment Jane simply let his finger tickle over her butt. She acted like before with an uncharacteristic squeak.

"Stop it, Jane!" Just then the terrible knowledge sunk in. "You will never forget this, huh?"

He didn't need to answer, because his grin was enough as a reply.

Lisbon huffed in desperation.

They stayed silent for a few minutes, before Lisbon finally gave in.

"I do feel a little bit better though," she admitted. "A bit more relaxed. I don't like your method, but I guess there were some things which had to be said. And which had to be done." She added a suggestive lift of her brow and placed a teasing kiss on his neck.

He smiled fondly and caught her lips with his own for another loving gesture.

"Thank you," she mumbled into the kiss. "I kind of needed to regain my strength."

Jane pulled away a few inches and shook his head.

"Look at me, Lisbon."

He waited until she did so, looking at him quizzically, and then continued.

"You never lost it. You only needed a push to remember."

His expression was serious, while his thumb traced her upper lip feathery.

When Lisbon furrowed her brow, he whispered, "You're the strongest person I know, even when you think you're weak." His hand was in the back of her neck now, pulling her closer. "Believe me..."

And suddenly she knew that he was right. She was strong enough. Even without Jane back in her life she would have survived her broken heart. If necessary she would have dealt with it alone. Though, if she had the choice, she'd always want him at her side.

When his hands roamed over her body again, her last thought was that she will be strong enough for both of them.

She just decided that he was hers, whether he liked it or not. So she will fight for him.

xxx

The early morning was quiet und surprisingly sunny.

With a low sigh Lisbon stretched and then snuggled back into Jane, with her head on his shoulder and one arm around his waist.

"And again," she mumbled, "it is your fault that I didn't get much sleep that night."

Jane smirked against her hair and placed a soft kiss on the top of her head, while he pulled their cover up to her shoulders. Because of the open window it was crisp in the small room, so that they had a perfect excuse to cuddle together even more.

"Are you complaining?" Jane asked and beneath the cover he let his fingers stroke up and down her naked side.

"No?"

"That's what I thought."

Lisbon snorted, "Thank God you're not conceited!" She didn't need to look up to know that he was grinning impishly.

"Hey Lisbon, isn't that a bit cliché?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know, waking up together after a...hot night?"

"Huh..." She pretended to think about it seriously, but the cheerful glint in her eyes gave her away. "It would be, if you wake up alone, wistfully reminiscing."

"Me? Why not the other way round?" Jane pouted.

"Because in that case I would kill you with my bare hands."

"Uh, okay, point taken."

"However," he said so quietly that she almost missed it, "I'm glad you're still right beside me."

Lisbon lifted her head, crossed her arms on his chest and put her chin above them. For the first time in weeks she was able to hold his gaze with an open and direct look, without feeling uneasy.

"I'm always on your side, Jane. You know that, don't you?" she double-checked.

He smiled at her honestly and gratefully. "Yes, I do." His fingers found their way to her cheek again and trailed into her tousled dark waves.

She returned the smile and under his caressing hands she closed her eyes to relax a few more minutes.

xxx

"Did you mean it? That stuff about Wainwright and all?" Her voice was light and careful when she broke the pleasant silence a little bit later.

He looked at her critically while his fingers played with some strands of her hair.

"Partly," he confessed, "however, let's take care about it back home."

"Okay," she whispered and turned her head to catch his fingertip with her lips.

"But..." he said hesitantly after awhile. "I did mean every single word I told you about you and me. I meant every gesture, every touch, and every look. I need to be sure that you know that. Don't forget it in the future, no matter what will happen back at the CBI."

She looked into his now serious eyes. A bad feeling settled in her chest, like a foreboding, and yet she nodded slowly.

When his hands reached for her, she hesitated just a few seconds, before she finally gave in and let him kiss her forcefully.

xxx

"Hey Jane?" Lisbon sat up, with her bare back towards him. She felt his fingertips along her spine and shivered with pleasure. It was as if he couldn't stop touching her, but since she still longed for both his touch and kiss, she wouldn't dare to complain at all.

"Hmm?"

"Promise me something?"

"Yes," he replied without hesitation.

"That's it?" she wondered, "Simply yes?"

"Exactly."

"I see...still a cool customer, huh?"

"Yeah...I have faith in you."

"Ha, you may regret that."

"Nah, I don't think so."

"Oh fine."

"...So?"

She watched him over her shoulder, her eyes stern now.

"Don't ever disappear again...not without a word, without a goodbye. I mean it, Jane, don't do that again."

She won't ask for never disappearing in general, because this whole thing was still about Red John after all and Jane had to do what was necessary. No, all that she wanted was an explanation and a goodbye.

Jane held her gaze for a brief moment and then he agreed.

"I promise."

xxx

"You know, we probably should forget last night," Lisbon mentioned not exactly serious as she put plates on the kitchen table. Since they wakened before their colleagues they currently were preparing breakfast.

Furrowing his brows Jane looked at her with a piece of cheese in his hand.

"Really, Lisbon? Didn't I tell you once that I will never forget an important thing?"

A smirk spread over her features.

"Yeah right, sorry I forgot. I guess I was kind of hyped up..." She lifted her brow at him.

"Touché." Since he was suddenly very busy with the coffee machine, she let him off the hook this time.

"So...last night is in the bedroom of your memory palace now?"

Jane snorted with amusement. "You might say that."

"Who said what?" Rigsby yawned when he entered the kitchen.

"We just talked about your excellent riding skills."

"And what could that possibly mean, huh, Jane?"

"Just what I said. Lisbon, was it so hard to understand what I just said? Or maybe Rigsby's still sleeping with open eyes."

"Keep me out of this, would you?!"

Shaking her head Lisbon escaped the men's banter and stepped outside. Standing on the porch she deeply inhaled the fresh air and watched the awakening valley.



Even though she had been annoyed about their non-suspension, it was a pity that they would leave the following day. It was a nice place after all.

It had helped her to remember what was truly important. It had reminded her of her strength. A strength that will help her to keep the team together, face Red John and stay at Jane's side to the bitter end.

Nevertheless she will hinder Jane from pulling her down with him. As a matter of fact, she will make sure, that he will stay up as well. In the end she will keep him safe.

*You won't win*, she thought when the imagination of a red smiley face flashed in the blue sky – just like the one they had found in the backyard.

*I promise I won't let you win, no matter what happened.*

"Boss?" Grace called from inside, "You coming? Coffee's getting cold."

Lisbon blinked; the bright sky was unblemished now.

"I'll be right there!" she answered and after a last look into the distance she turned away.

*You won't win...because finally we will be stronger.*

\*End\*