

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

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## Kapitel 20: Adjustment - Episode tag for "Grey Water" (6x14)

*Sequel to Photo Finish*

### Adjustment

With an exhausted sigh she collapses into her couch, dumping down her purse right beside her. She slips off her shoes, not caring where they land, and slumps against the backrest.

This case is a sheep-dipped son of a bitch, really.

Lisbon groans. She could be enjoying a good drink with her old team right now, but she is sitting at home instead. Alone. *Great!*

She sighs again.

Watching the reunion of the people she once called family had been bittersweet. The circumstances couldn't be worse, but for a moment or two she felt indescribably happy. All of them being together and unharmed is all she has ever wanted for a life past Red John.

Realizing just now how much she has wished for that to happen, she chides herself for being so selfish. The great danger lurking in the dark aside, she finds herself being unbelievable proud of them. They are going the way they have chosen to find happiness. She couldn't wish for more – but it makes her just a bit melancholy nevertheless.

Maybe it's because she isn't quite as satisfied with her own choices, although she has no reason to bewail. She has a respectable job, which she likes just fine. Grace and Wayne aren't unreachable, and she still has Cho and Jane within range. Something she is grateful for. *She is.*

However, it seems as if she's still struggling to find her place in this Red John free world. And it's not just her, but Jane as well. They are still trying to adjust. It doesn't

feel one hundred percent right just yet.

As if having a mind of their own, her hands reach for her purse, pulling out the wallet, where she's hiding his photo – the one she took with the Polaroid camera he had bought her.

She can't help smiling as her gaze trails his features. Sparkling eyes, a roguish grin, golden locks, and, what is more, a relaxed posture accompanied by a cup of tea. She was right, it *is* so *Jane*.

It's still him, but in a new setting.

Like his beard and the absent vest, as well as a fading burden. Him sitting in his brand-new Airstream trailer. He is still the same, but at the same time he's completely different. Something that also applies to her.

It's the perfect symbol.

Due to the reunion of her team she finds herself recalling the past, where Jane and her interaction, their deeply caring friendship, had been as easy as breathing.

Now they seem to be gasping for air. Something in their relationship has shifted. Something has changed – and it's still in progress.

It scares her.

She puts the photo aside and bends towards her coffee table, where another one is hidden beneath a stack of catalogs. *This* picture is too dangerous to be carried around. It shows both of them – being so very close. They are staring into each other's eyes, and even though it's just a photo, she can feel the tension simply by looking at it. It never fails to shock her how obvious her feelings are displayed in this picture. Her fondness for him is unmistakable. (On the other hand, she doesn't dare taking a closer look on *his* expression – feeling unsure if she could handle what she might or might not find there.)

It had also been the moment right before he kissed her cheek. Lisbon bites her lips in suppressed excitement as she relives that moment. Damn, she still remembers the caressing touch on her heated skin. The memory is still lingering there.

Lisbon moans loudly in frustration and rubs her palm over her cheek. *Damn that man!* She should be over him by now! She had been so sure she had passed that point somewhere along the road!

But fact is that she is still not even close.

xxx

"Oh, hey Lisbon!"

"Hey...may I come in?"

He's moved aside before she can even finish her question.

While settling down on his couch again, she wonders how she has ended up in Jane's Airstream in the first place. On her arrival a part of her hoped he wouldn't be home just yet – and she almost turned around to run for the hills when she found it well lit. *Almost*. In the end it seems like she is unable to stay away.

"So...How was it with the boys?" she asks causally, as she accepted a cup of his tea.

"Oh, you know how those things work." He shrugs nonchalantly. "*Just hanging out*, drinking beer and so on. *Men stuff*."

She smirks. "I see."

"Here, I took a picture."

"What?" To her surprise he pulls a Polaroid photo out of his jacket pocket and hands it to her, grinning at her puzzled expression.

"Yeah, I thought I could take your camera out for a nice evening."

He sits down himself, but it doesn't escape her notice that he chooses the other couch and not the space beside her. That and the hidden reproach she thinks she detected in his voice distract her from answering right away.

Blinking a bit bewildered, she looks down on the photo and can't help but chuckle. It's slightly dim, but Cho's raised eyebrow and Rigsby's awkward grin are still clearly visible.

"Looks like you guys were having a wild night."

"Certainly," Jane replies with amusement.

"Well..." She put it next to her cup on the counter and warily glances at him. "You're back pretty early though."

"Yeah, well..." He makes a pregnant pause and leans back. "As much as I enjoy *hanging out with the boys*, it lacks one essential thing."

"What is it?" She knows she will regret the question.

He didn't answer, simply sends her a pointed stare instead.

Without realizing she holds her breath and feels a blush heating her cheeks. She can all but return his gaze, with her skin starting to tingle and her fingers itching to reach for him.

*She misses him so much.*

Jane slowly bends forward, resting his elbows on his thighs while his eyes are never leaving hers. His voice is low and warm, yet somewhat urging. "You couldn't know that I would be home by now, but you came nonetheless... *Why?*"

"I..." Lisbon finally remembers how to breathe and tries to swallow the lump in her throat. "I felt a little restless." While there is genuine truth in her words, they also couldn't be more understated. She had been pacing her living room like a lioness her cage.

"It's this damn case, you know?" Nervously she rubs her palms against her jeans.

He nods in agreement and thoughtfully sucks his lip between his teeth. It sends her down the memory lane with a jolt; *those lips* pressed against her cheek and *his body* against hers.

*Why is he so far away? She needs him!*

"I just...I needed a little confidence, I guess." She keeps talking, simply to stop her mind from racing.

"I get it, Lisbon." He smiles softly and, bending further towards her, he places his hand gently on her knee. Her stare flickers down to where she feels the heat of his palm through the thin denim of her trousers, and then back to his eyes. She doesn't know *what* he can see in hers, but when he voices the words, "Don't worry, my dear, it's going to be fine!" rather hoarsely all of a sudden, she suspects that it's not all too different from what she exposed on that hidden picture beneath her catalogs.

Since she is watching him like a hawk, Lisbon catches him, when he finally glances at her lips. Out of reflex she wets them with the tip of her tongue and witnesses with exhilaration how his pupils dilate. Something deep inside her snaps irrevocably.

*She wants him. She wants him so much that it's downright painful.*

She needs to know. He kissed her on the cheek not long ago – he had *no right* to rekindle this well concealed desire – and now she yearns to know!

"Jane..." It's supposed to sound like a whisper, but his name escapes her throat as a sensual sigh.

Without thinking any further, she slides from the couch and sinks down on her knees. He doesn't back off, so when she freezes in front of him, there are only inches left between them. The gaze they keep exchanging is almost too intense to bear, and the breath gets caught in her throat before it picks up again, in an irregular, chopped rhythm.

*I love you.* Forbidden thoughts.

She feels his hand moving upwards along her arm which makes her shiver in anticipation, until it's pressed against her neck. He plays with her hair, entangles his fingers in her open waves. The buried grip is tender, but she can't escape the feeling that he's holding her in place. It's as if he tries to keep her from moving away or too close. Maybe it's both.

Her frustration with him reaches the breaking point. The sometimes mixed, sometimes vague signals he's sending irritate her beyond words.

Growling under her breath, she reaches for his collar, spans the distance and crushes her mouth against his.

Initiating the first contact of their lips is probably the stupidest thing she has ever done. Kissing Jane of all people is wrong in every sense of the word. It's a story – doomed to failure from the beginning.

And yet, as the adrenalin rushes through her veins, she simply can't bring herself to regret it. Especially not when he hesitates only for seconds before he suddenly wraps his arms around her waist and pulls her flat against him. Lisbon gasps against his lips, as she somehow ends up halfway between his legs and halfway in his lap. Bracing herself on his thighs, she trembles in his arms, and then, *finally*, she feels him plunge into the kiss completely.

It's careful and sweet at first, but it gets urgent and passionate very soon. He trails her lips like a desperate man, never breaking the contact. The gentle pressure is filled with longing, and even when she pants for air, he maintains the touch.

It drives her crazy and sets her nerve endings on fire. The urge to get closer fogs her mind and she sighs with lust, when he dips his tongue into her mouth. She shudders and sinks even more into his tight embrace, when a deep-throated moan escapes his lips and causes goosebumps all over her skin.

Lisbon arches against his firm chest, but then a sudden ringing cuts through the thick air that had been filled only with heavy breathing, gasped names and noises of pleasure before.

Lisbon blinks as they break away, feeling very disorientated and dizzy, while Jane at least has the presence of mind to pick out the cell phone from her back pocket. He checks the display, glances at her and when he obviously decides that she's not decent enough yet, he answers the call. Just for once she doesn't mind, not trusting her voice one bit.

"Hey Cho, what's up?" She has no idea how he manages to sound only slightly hoarse and breathless, and she discreetly clears her throat while she listens. "Yeah, she's with me, why?"

All the excitement she had been enjoying with Jane only seconds ago is forgotten in the blink of an eye, as Lisbon watches with a sinking feeling how he blanches.

"All right, we'll be right there!"

"What is it?" she asks with dread as soon as he has hung up. Jane runs his fingers through his hair and exhales audibly, before he finally faces her.

"It's Grace, she's missing."

Lisbon gasps and immediately feels panic rising in chest, choking her, withdrawing her ability to fill her lungs with air, until Jane grabs her wrists and locks her eyes with his.

"Calm down, Lisbon! Come on, deep breaths! In and out. Calm down, my dear. We will find her! Everything will be fine, okay? Listen to me, Teresa."

She follows his lead, breathes in and out slowly, seeking comfort in his words and in his touch. And just like she used to do it in the past, she eventually finds confidence in his calming presence. Allowing him to help her up, she entwines their fingers and clings to his hand.

Just before they leave his Airstream, he offers her one last encouraging smile and a quick hug – and she realizes that she actually starts to believe in his words.

*Everything is going to be alright, because in the end she can still count on him.*

**The End**