

Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneeglöckchen

Kapitel 6: RS ~ Smile

Chapter six – Smile

Their second pub night was a little bit unlike their first one.

Since everyone in the pub remembered well that the newcomers had bought a round one week ago, they greeted them with a loud and friendly (and drunken) welcome.

"Hey Teresa, hey guys!" Sammy appeared just in front of them and grinned brightly.

"Hi Sammy," Lisbon smiled, while her colleagues nodded politely.

"I saved you a great table right next to the dance floor. I thought it might be a clever choice since Teresa and I are going to have a hot dance night tonight." He gave her a conspiratorial wink and turned to head towards promised table.

"Uh Sammy, I propose to drop the 'hot' part," she insisted as they followed him. Rigsby, Grace and even Cho smirked and she blushed slightly, throwing a not-so-serious glare at them.

When they arrived at their destination she caught a glimpse of Jane. His expression was hardly readable but she could see that he wasn't as relaxed as he tried to pretend.

Just now he was staring at the barkeeper and asked a bit too friendly, "So, *Sammy*, I estimate that your guests won't like it when their barkeeper is busy with dancing the whole night, right?"

Lisbon gave him a both suspicious and warning look, but he ignored her.

"Don't worry, Patrick, I'm utterly free tonight," Sammy flashed him a honest smile and looked at Lisbon as he added, "I felt really sorry last week, so for tonight I promised Teresa every dancing capacity I own."

"I see..." Jane forced himself to return the smile. His gaze met Lisbon's for a brief

moment before she quickly turned away, grabbing Sammy's wrist in this movement.

"Then we better get started, huh?" Pulling the surprised but delighted barkeeper with her she strolled to the dance floor.

xxx

It was a pretty nice evening so far. Lisbon was enjoying her dancing with Sammy. He entertained her with witty anecdotes, made her not only laughing but also relaxing against him. Additionally, he was a quite good dancer.

The music was brisk and jazzy again, and the pianist was accompanied by a saxophonist tonight.

Over an hour later the mood in the pub had changed though. The light was dimmed now, the music slow and blue.

People on their tables were drinking and musing silently, the dancers only swaying lightly.

"Teresa..." Sammy whispered while they were dancing closely, arms wrapped loosely around each other, her cheek on his shoulder.

"Hm?" She didn't even open her eyes.

"Do you think it is working? Making your friend jealous I mean."

Now she did open her eyes. "Excuse me?"

She could hear him grinning as he answered, "Come on, I know there's something between you and Patrick. I can tell that by the way he's trying to kill me with his eyes."

"Sammy, what are you talking about?" Lisbon wondered confused and slightly embarrassed.

"Wait, I'll show you..." Slowly he turned them around so that she could see their table over his shoulder.

Since Rigsby and Grace were dancing, too, Cho and Jane were the only ones who remained there.

With the light of a candle Cho was reading one of Alliston's books while the consultant's gaze was indeed constantly targeted at the dance floor – or to be more precisely: at his partner and the bartender.

Astonished Lisbon held her breath for a few seconds.

"How long...?"

"Since we entered the dance floor."

"No, that's impossible."

"Why are you surprised, Teresa? You are an impressive woman, beautiful and smart."

She felt her cheeks warming up. "...Thank you," she mumbled. He chuckled into her ear.

"You're welcome."

xxx

Now, since she had noticed Jane watching her, she could barely concentrate on anything else. His steady look upset her.

They irritated her badly, both his audacity and her own weakness.

'Damn, Jane!' she thought, 'Stop it!'

As if he had understood her glare, he suddenly smirked.

With an increasing feeling of unease Lisbon watched as he stood up and walked to the pianist to whisper something into his ear. The musician nodded with a smile and called his colleague. They finished the current song and started a new one.

As soon as Lisbon recognized the notes of '*More than words*', beautifully played just by a piano and a saxophone, her eyes widened in shock and she could feel a sudden longing burning through her veins.

Stunned she stared over Sammy's shoulder at Jane, who was standing beside the dance floor, calmly and with serious eyes now. He held her look without a single flicker.

'Why?' formed her lips and this time she was quite sure he understood. Why was he doing this?

This song meant something to her, especially since she had danced to it with Jane some years ago. It was childish and stupid, but it was *their* song, Jane's and hers. It was a symbol for these rare moments between two deeply caring friends, when the most important thing in the world was the other one – even if only for a blink of time.

As much as she liked dancing with Sammy, she simply didn't want to dance this song with him. And she was sure, that Jane was also very aware of this fact.

He smiled softly at her and besides the longing Lisbon felt anger raising in her chest.

"Everything okay?" Sammy asked when he felt her stiffening in his arms.

Lisbon blinked and nodded quickly, "Yeah, uh, would you excuse me for a moment?"

"Of course." A little bit confused he let her go and watched as she stormed towards Jane, grabbed his arm and pulled him out of sight.

"Apparently it isn't working..." Sammy stated sympathetically and left the dance floor with a shrug.

xxx

"What the hell is wrong with you, Jane?" Lisbon hissed while she dragged him outside through the back door.

"What do you mean?" His replay sounded almost sulky and way too innocent.

The heavy door fell close with numb clanging and shielded them from everyone else. The backyard was quiet and only slightly illuminated.

"Oh come on!" She rubbed her temple and constrained herself to remain calm. "You act like a jealous teenager."

"I'm not jealous!"

"Yes, you are!" She glared at him. "You can't stand the fact that my attention isn't on you for a change."

Jane was speechless for a moment. This discussion was definitely heading for the wrong direction.

"Lisbon, that is ridiculous."

"Fine. So why are you trying to distract me from Sammy then?" With an exhausted sigh she turned slightly away from him and added, "Why can't you at least *pretend* that you care about other people and behave yourself – just for once?"

"Wha – Lisbon, I *do* care about people! I care about *you*!"

"No, you don't. You need me. It's a difference."

"That's what you think? Lisbon," seriously and almost angrily he took her hand and pulled her closer. Taken by surprise she looked at him and was confused by his expression, so she stayed quiet as he continued.

"Yes, I need you, but I also care about you. I care about you avoiding me since I came back. I care about the fact that you could barely look at me since then, and especially since last week. You keep me at distance for weeks now, Lisbon. I understand why you're doing it, but that doesn't mean that it isn't bothering me. I know you're angry – with good reason – but you refuse to let it out. You must feel like exploding but instead of dealing with it, you're busy with a guy, who looked like your ex-fiancé. Let's

face it, he isn't Greg. He is more than ten years younger than you and in about two weeks you'll never see him again." Uh, wrong direction again. Jane cleared his throat, but before he could go on, Lisbon interrupted.

"Are you insane? This isn't about Sammy or Greg, it's about you. You don't know anything about how I feel! You have *no* idea."

"Yes, I do."

"No, Jane, don't you dare pulling that mentalist crap on me! You care about me, my ass!"

She wrenched her hand from his grip and built it to a fist. Her control was ridiculously about to slip away and she needed to do everything to avert that scenario.

"You know what, I don't care. I'm going to go back inside and have a bit fun now. God knows, I need it! Do whatever you want but leave me out of it."

"Lisbon..."

She ignored his near-pleading and turned away to leave him finally.

And suddenly he couldn't bear it.

"Lisbon, please don't go." With that and a kind of desperate glint in his eyes he stepped forwards, reaching for her, grabbing her arm and pulling her close once more. Tumbling against his chest with her own she had no time to react.

"Not you, too," he whispered, and then he bent down to press his lips on hers.

Lisbon froze.

With wide open eyes she stared at his face, which was so close that her gaze got blurry.

About that, he really didn't care.

He kissed her with smooth movements, but intense and with all urgency he was able to afford.

Lisbon felt her knees becoming weak immediately and there was nothing she could do about the exhilarating shiver that was electrifying her body from top to toe.

Finally, with a sinful sweet sigh, she relaxed against him, her fingers buried in his jacked as she held him tight and started to return his kiss. It was still gentle but became even more intense soon.

Caught off guard by their own passion, they stumbled a few steps when Lisbon suddenly came back to her mind and pushed away.

Not letting her escape too far Jane reached for her sleeve.

"Lisbon?" he breathed heavily. Since he was distracted by her rosy cheeks, the red, only smidge swollen lips and her bright eyes, it took him a few seconds to realize that her expression wasn't just bewildered. It was horrified. And she wasn't looking at but past him.

Now confused, he followed her gaze, turning around to the wall behind him.

To the wall he had barely paid attention to before.

To the wall, on which a bloody red smiley face had been painted.

TBC