

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

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## Kapitel 19: Photo Finish - Episode tag for "Black Helicopters" (6x13)

### Photo Finish

"So...?" He tries to show patience, that much is obvious – even though he is eager to get her opinion.

"Hum..." The noncommittal sound she makes isn't much help, despite the fact that she is clearly enjoying this.

"What do you think?" He tries again, putting just enough hope into his voice.

Lisbon rolls her eyes, seeing through him in an instant. He can't fool her anymore. Not always anyway.

She smirks and finally returns his expectant look. For a moment or two she is tempted to joke around, but then she settles for a warm, "It's lovely, Jane."

He relaxes with a goofy smile, radiating proud satisfaction as he answers, "I knew you would like it eventually."

"Well, it's not as roomy as the attic back at the CBI, but it's definitely much cozier," she admits, looking around in his Airstream again.

"It is, isn't it?" Jane eyes his surroundings lovingly, enjoying them even more now that *she* is here with him. "Don't you just want to snuggle in and hit the road into the sunrise, seeking adventures and all?"

"I don't know..." Feigning doubts she sits down on one of the couches and leans back with an audible sigh. "One might think, I've had enough adventures for a lifetime."

"Meh, you can't have enough of those. Tea?"

"Sure." She sinks further into the cushions and closes her eyes.

It is late and they are alone, enjoying the company after the time they spent apart over this case. For an outsider it wouldn't have been *so* much time after all, but both

of them haven't responded all too well to the lack of each other's presence lately.

While preparing their tea, Jane brushes her knees and apologizes with a gentle pat on her thigh. She merely hums in acceptance. The space in here is limited after all.

Not that they would mind.

"Any news from the Rigsbys?" He carefully takes her mug and settles beside her, tapping her wrist to get her attention. As soon as it is safely put into her hands, he reaches for his own cup. She blinks absently and thanks him with a smile, but then her expression becomes pensive.

"Not yet," she informs him, while lifting the tea and blowing on the steaming liquid. She adds with a frown, "I hope they are all right."

Jane can't help but share her worry, but it is not what he wants to see in those beautiful eyes of hers right now, so he changes the subject.

"By the way, I've got something for you."

Taking a sip, she eyes him warily over the rim of her mug. "So it's my turn now? I thought you'd forgotten me."

"Don't look so scared, Lisbon, it's nothing precarious."

"You always say that..."

He ignores her and goes on, "Besides, how could I ever forget you, my dear? You're my most favorite person."

"To be fair, right now, I'm the *only* person here." It is a dry response, but the fine blush on her cheeks gives away that she has misunderstood his words on purpose and feels flattered by them.

"Just finish your tea and I'll give it to you." He hushes her gently, hiding his grin, when she rolls her eyes again.

"What am I? Five?" However, it doesn't escape his notice that she empties her mug a bit quicker than usual.

xxx

"Here you go." He hands her a gift bag with a flourish and hardly conceals his excitement as Lisbon unwraps her present.

"What...?"

He manages to surprise her again, of course, even after all these years.

"Is that a Polaroid camera?"

"It is. And a classic one, too." Jane beams at her, when an amazed smile blossoms on her lips.

With fascination she turns it in her hands. "I can't believe it...I had one as a kid, but it got crushed during a fight with my brothers. It survived for...no more than ten

pictures, I think. My Mother refused to buy a new one after that." She chuckles wistfully and looks at Jane, with her cheeks rosy-tinted and her eyes large and gorgeous.

"I don't even know why I bother to ask, but *how...*?"

He just winks at her and reaches for his tea again. "Come on, give it a try!" he encourages her and leans back with satisfaction.

It takes her a minute until a *click* is audible in the otherwise quiet Airstream. Lisbon bites her lip in anticipation while she is waiting for the photo to become visible. Finally she snorts with laughter and her knee touches his leg as she turns to show him the picture.

"This is so *you*." she snickers, and she is right; the photographed Jane, grinning complacently and sipping tea, couldn't have been more apposite.

"What can I say?" His amusement is lightening his voice and when he watches her unconsciously glancing at her purse, he knows that this photo will end up in her wallet. It warms his heart almost painfully and he presses his thigh a tiny bit more against hers.

"Let's take one together." He suggests. He hopes she doesn't notice the hoarse edge in his words.

"Okay, but no funny faces!"

After he put away his cup, she leans against him and releases the shutter. Soon enough the picture reveals that both of them did the exact opposite of her demand. Lisbon laughs heartily at their silly expressions and nudges him with her elbow.

"What?!" He smirks. "You did the same!"

"All right, all right! Another try?"

"Fair enough. Come here." Jane lays his arm around her and pulls her closer. Contently she rests her head against his shoulder and raises the camera anew. Just when it *clicks* again, he turns his head and presses a tender kiss into her hair.

Lisbon gasps in surprise, but the picture is already taken.

"Jane..." Her whisper sounds puzzled and when she glances at him, he finds her face adorably flushed.

"Sorry," he replies, not even bothering to feign sincerity. She smells so good, so *Lisbon*, and her warm body against his own simply feels *right*. And it also does funny things to his stomach.

Jane takes the photo from her hand and they look at it together. Lisbon is smiling into the camera, an honest, affectionate smile, and Jane's face is partly hidden in her wavy hair – but the gesture still displays his obvious fondness for her.

"I like this picture." He says quietly, and for once he doesn't dare look at her.

She remains silent for a moment and then reaches for the photo.

"In that case," she gets up – even though he is very reluctant to let her go – and pins it to the Cork Board above their heads. "You should keep it."

He blinks with surprise, and then offers her a smile, which she returns without hesitation.

"Thanks, my dear."

Lisbon nods and to his pleasant astonishment she settles back next to him, automatically slipping into his arm again. He doesn't think; instead he simply puts it around her shoulders once more.

"Thanks for the camera, Jane." Her voice is low, soft and sends shivers down his spine, and all he can do is tighten his grip and pull her even closer.

"You're welcome." He whispers, and with his free hand he reaches for her arm, trailing it down to her wrist. He can feel her pulse jumping erratically beneath her skin and her hand twitches as a reaction to the tickling sensation. When she raises her gaze to meet his eyes, her pupils are dilated and matching his own.

With his fingertips he draws invisible patterns onto the back of her hand, and after gently caressing her knuckles until she bites her lower lip, he gently loosens the camera from her grip.

She barely takes notice of his action if her unsteady breathing is any indication. Jane finds it impossible to avert his gaze. He is caught up in hers; her stunning green eyes are keeping him imprisoned. Hot puffs of air escape her mouth and softly graze his lips. He can almost taste her on his tongue and wants to kiss her so badly that it hurts.

She must have read his thoughts, because she nearly whimpers and grips his lapels. It is more a reflex than a conscious decision as he pushes the release of the camera. *Click*. The soft noise startles them both and Lisbon blinks in confusion.

Taking advantage of the moment, Jane presses a lingering kiss against her cheek. He feels the hot, smooth skin beneath his lips, and suddenly he is very glad that he is sitting. The touch sends a sweet numbness to his knees, makes him shiver all over, and when he feels her shuddering against his body, it enralls him with need and longing. He senses her moan more than he hears it and it costs him every power in his limbs to pull away.

Not that he gets very far.

Absentmindedly, the two of them glance down at the camera, where the photo is still captured but already visible.

With shaking fingers Lisbon reaches for it and swallows. Hard. And Jane knows that she can see exactly what he can read from their faces on the photo. The way they look at each other can only be described as flooded with the most honest, deepest and purest love. Mixed with unbearable longing and humming sexual tension.

It is a slap in the face, but at the same time it is thrilling in a very good way.

"I should go..." Lisbon stammers, her voice raw with emotions.

He tightens his embrace in disagreement, but then realizes that it is probably for the

best right now. With an unhappy, murmured "Okay" he lets go of her and watches her collecting her photos and her purse.

Her movements seem frantic, but as he gets a closer look at her face, her expression isn't as distraught as he had feared. There is an excited glint in her eyes that gives her away, and she is not very successful in biting back a smile that is constantly tugging at her lips.

"Lisbon..." Her hand is already on the door handle as she stops and turns her head towards him, right on time to meet the flashlight.

"Hey..." she protests only half-heartedly.

"You forgot something." Jane holds the picture as he offers the Camera to her. She shakes her head and he can't help feeling a pang of disappointment in his gut.

"Don't look at me like that, Jane!" she chides, "I'm just leaving it to your care. For the times, when we...you know, *hit the road* and all that."

"Oh!" is all he can say, his heart beating faster with delight, and she winks at him, smirking.

"Good night, Jane."

"Sleep well, my dear."

With a last look over her shoulder she opens the door and leaves the Airstream.

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Jane sighs. He has no idea how long he has been staring at the door, irrationally waiting for her to come back. Finally, he looks down at his hands, still tightly clenching the latest picture.

The figure on it is Lisbon; her shy smile revealing her cute dimples and prettily colored cheeks.

He considers putting it next to the other photo on the pin board, but then he changes his mind.

With great care he slides it into the inside pocket of his jacket, right above his heart.

*You know, just in case they have to work separated from each other again.*

**The End**