

Frankie's Little Vegas

Jane x Lisbon

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A/N: This is my Summer-Break-(not so)Secret-Santa for Jisbon. Prompt: Las Vegas

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Jane was lying on his couch in the bullpen. So far there was nothing unusual about it.

He was not asleep, even though his features were relaxed and his eyes closed. No, he was brooding instead. Also a normal thing.

One might think that he was musing over Red John again. And while this wasn't entirely wrong – a part of his brain was always occupied with the serial killer – there *was* something uncommon with his mind.

It was circling around *her*.

Exactly speaking that wasn't unusual either, but during the past few weeks (or more likely months, honestly) he had been digging and brooding and rummaging through his memory palace every second of the day, trying to finally figure out who Red John was. With much success, obviously, since he had managed to bring his suspect list down to the fateful seven. He was close, so much closer than ever before. He could already feel it! The taste of bittersweet revenge already lingered on his tongue.

So why – instead of further narrowing down his list – why was he thinking about Lisbon right now?

Jane groaned barely audible. Usually he would just urge those thoughts back into the depths of his mind, but maybe it was time to simply allow them for once. To get them out of his system so that he was able to concentrate on the point again.

Was it just him or was she steadily becoming an even bigger distraction the closer he got to his goal?

Her intentions concerning Red John had always been just as clear as his, but she had never interfered – no matter how far he had stretched the boundaries. And he had

stretched them a lot over the years, really! However, during the past months she had started to push back. She wasn't exactly interfering alright (they had nearly the same goal after all), but now she was fighting him and his ways of achieving what he wanted. She was doing it subtly, but he noticed. Just like Red John she had slightly changed the rules. Like when she had set her ultimatum. *I will not be a part of this anymore and neither will you if you want to remain with the team.* A brilliant move, he had to give her that.

If he was being honest, he even liked it. He was impressed. And the worst thing...He loved her just a little bit more for that.

However, it made the whole situation not only dangerous but also more complicated. For him. For her. For all of them.

He couldn't allow himself such a flaw, and yet there wasn't much he could do. From the moment he had met Teresa Lisbon he had always tried to keep a certain distance to her. Right from the beginning he had sensed a danger emanating from her, but he had never expected them to get this close. If only. If he had only stayed away from her.

Perhaps he hadn't had a choice. She *was* irresistible.

He always felt a jolt of pleasure sputtering through his gut whenever she named him *her consultant*. And he wasn't doing it any better, claiming to *be with her*. He just couldn't help it. It was the simple truth. He was *with her*, but also *hers*. Of course she didn't know *that*. Hell, he didn't even dare to admit it to himself. But he also couldn't deny it.

If it had been a normal day, a sharp mean voice would have reminded him of Red John right now.

But somehow it wasn't a day just like all the days before. For today his mind belonged to her.

Jane angled his head awkwardly and opened one eye to look at Lisbon. Well, at least he tried to. His couch was too far away, he was lying on it in the wrong direction and the blinds of her office were halfway closed. All he could see was her silhouette behind the desk.

He didn't know why but being unable to watch her closely made him uneasy today – or rather any time recently, ever since Red John's message. Exactly speaking it made him feel sick in the stomach. They had always been close, always instinctively looking for each other's presence, but now they were like really strong magnets. Pulling away almost hurt physically. It was a wrenching pain in the heart that only decreased when they were close again.

"You know, it would be easier if you were 'sleeping' on *her* couch instead of yours."

Jane, abruptly pulled out of his thoughts, turned his head and looked at Grace who

glanced at him with a smirk.

"I'm pretty sure that I have no idea what you're talking about." He was well aware that he was having Cho and Rigsby as an interested audience, but he ignored them while Grace twisted on her chair and gave him a pointed stare.

"Sure you don't," she sneered at him. "Let me give you a hint then; you could give your couch a *break* and nap on Lisbon's for awhile. You know, so that they get worn out equally."

Jane actually grinned as he stretched himself contentedly and made a great effort to get up slowly.

"That's a fine idea indeed, dear Grace. By the way, did I ever mention that it's nice to have you back?"

She chuckled mischievously and twinkled at him. "No, you didn't."

"Well, then," he said, strolling past her to leave the bullpen, "It's really nice to have you back."

xxx

"Hey..." Jane drifted into Lisbon's office, but instead of letting himself down on her couch he stopped in front of her desk.

"Hey," Lisbon replied, barely looking at him. She signed some form, put it into a file and placed it on a stack of other files before she eventually turned her attention to him. "What's up?"

He took his time to look her over. She looked tired and like ever since he – or rather Lorelei – had revealed his list of suspect, she had a worry wrinkle between her brows. Anxiety and tension were not only written all over her face but also in her body language.

"Have dinner with me tonight."

Lisbon blinked in confusion. "What?"

Jane rolled his eyes and pushed his hands into the pockets of his jacket, while rocking back and forth on his feet. "Dinner, Lisbon. That's when people ingest food in the evening or at midday. Well, for my part I'd prefer something around seven."

His boss ignored the sarcasm and lowered her voice. "Is this about Red John?" she wondered seriously and furrowed her worry lines even more.

Jane sighed and shook his head. "No, it's not about him." Even though he couldn't blame her for expecting that. "This is about you and me having dinner tonight."

He watched her leaning back in her seat and wearily rubbing the bridge of her nose.

"Sorry, Jane, but I have no time for this. I need to finish my paperwork."

"Do it tomorrow. No one will complain if you're not the last person to leave the office for once."

"I'm serious, Jane."

"So am I!" He raised his hands in defense. "Lisbon, look, you obviously need a break – and so do I," he added when she was about to interrupt. "Let's take a time-out...just for tonight." When he continued there was a hint of desperation in his voice which he couldn't quite hide and which got her attention. "Let's just...catch a breath, Lisbon."

When Grace had suggested a break that certainly wasn't what she had intended, but the idea had infected his mind and the longer he thought about it the better it got. A break was what both of them needed. Lisbon was on the edge and Jane himself was dreading Red John's possible next move every second of the day. The thought alone that the killer might punish more innocent people – or even worse; someone close to him – just because of Jane's doing was constantly driving him insane.

A moment to take a breath, to relax a bit, would clearly help them to focus on the approaching showdown.

Lisbon's gaze met his and her features softened visibly. "Fine. Maybe it's a good thing for the whole team – all of us should call it a day earlier than usual."

He nodded approvingly and felt warm admiration for the woman in front of him spreading through his chest. Never forgetting about those she cared for, his Lisbon. It was just one aspect he loved about her.

Jane cleared his throat to stop his thoughts from becoming more dangerous and turned to leave her office.

"I'll pick you up at seven," he said over his shoulder.

"Sure."

"Oh and Lisbon?" He was almost gone when he peeked back in.

"Huh?"

"Wear something nice." With a wink and an impish grin he disappeared, leaving a baffled senior agent behind.

xxx

"What are you doing?" Her skepticism was unmistakable.

Jane grinned. "I'm checking you out."

"Very funny." Lisbon rolled her eyes at him and locked her front door. When she finally turned to him completely, her chin was raised and her glare told him, *'You wanted me to dress up – fine, that's all you get, so live with it!'*

He couldn't hide his smile, because he actually had nothing to complain about. She was wearing a green blouse and a dark skirt with black pumps. Her dark hair was falling down in soft silky waves and her make-up was only slightly heavier than usual. It was a simple outfit and yet she looked downright attractive. Besides, it fitted his casual black suit perfectly.

"You look beautiful, Lisbon," he reassured softly.

Automatically she lowered her head and gave him a small smile on her own. "Thank you."

They quietly looked at each other for a moment until Jane gestured towards his car. "Shall we?"

Instead of a reply she started walking. "Where are we going?" she wondered when they reached Jane's blue Citroën.

"Vegas," he answered off-handedly and made Lisbon freeze in the middle of climbing in.

"What?"

Offering her his biggest grin he encircled the car and got in behind the steering wheel.

It was an amusing drive – at least for Jane – while Lisbon was trying to figure out whether he was indeed serious or not. She made a great effort of clarifying that she didn't believe him and yet there was some doubt flashing in her eyes. Lisbon knew her consultant well enough; she was pretty aware of him being capable of pulling a stunt like that. If her glances outside were any indication, she halfway expected to see the sign for the Sacramento International Airport.

"I knew this was a trick," Lisbon finally triumphed when Jane stopped the car in front of an old-fashioned backstreet bar with a flaring neon sign that said *'Frankie's Little Vegas'*.

Jane snorted. "No, you didn't. For a moment you feared I would actually take you to Las Vegas."

"Oh shut up." With her head held high she got out of the car and while Jane chuckled to himself he couldn't help noticing her relief. The real Las Vegas was still a sore subject – although they never brought it on there were some wounds that hadn't been healed yet.

Quietly he followed her and tried to ignore the painful remembrance of Las Vegas that had nothing to do with the Sin City but with a deadly desert and a half-year-long con.

Frankie's Little Vegas was bigger than the impression it gave from outside. It was dim but lit by colorful lights and bright reflecting surfaces. At first sight it promised the illusion of a luxuriant and mystic Las Vegas bar, but the glamour had faded a long time ago. The red velvet cushions of the corner booths were clean but scuffed, two blinking gaming machines obviously stood there just for fun and while the three aged members of the Jazz band took a long break at the bar the music came from a jukebox in the corner. Yet it was well-visited, because even though both the furnishings and the staff seemed a bit old, classic one might say, it had its own charm which was appealing. Fitting the theme the walls were covered with black and white pictures of big bands and Frank Sinatra. The voice of the man himself filled the air mixed with chatter and laughter and tales that the old bartender never got tired to tell. Stories about *good old Frankie* and a Las Vegas from long bygone times.

It didn't take long for Lisbon and Jane to settle down in a cozy little booth in the corner. After choosing and ordering they drank in the atmosphere quietly. During their meal they kept the conversation light, and yet also didn't talk much at all. They knew each other long and well enough, so that they enjoyed the company without the need for words.

However, when they ordered some drinks afterwards and clanged their glasses together as a wordless *Cheers*, Lisbon said "You know...this was a nice idea, Jane. It's a great place to escape the real world for a while."

Jane tilted his head and scrutinized her. "It's not working, is it?"

She shrugged and averted her gaze. "Not quite," she admitted finally.

He hesitated only a second and then reached for her hand to cover it gently with his own. Lisbon almost flinched and her eyes flickered to their joined hands before she met his gaze.

"It's all about pretending and believing, Lisbon."

"Come on," she answered with rolling her eyes and a small chuckle. "It's not that easy."

It was Jane's turn to shrug. "But it is. For example; I could make you imagine being in the real Las Vegas right now. All it needs for you is to think of what Vegas is about."

"Which is?" She raised her eyebrows in question, not quite believing and not sure what he was up to.

"Close your eyes."

"Jane..." Lisbon whined in return, but he showed her *The Look* and eventually she complied with a moan. Watching her intently Jane moved his fingers, almost like a caress, from the back of her hand across her warm skin until he could place them gently around her wrist. Lisbon's lids twitched but she kept them closed.

"Like I said," he started with his voice slow and low, like a whisper, but he was pretty sure, she understood every word, "it's about pretending and believing. Las Vegas is about...Sins – of course. Façades. Games and Shows. Money and alcohol – for sure. Love and betrayal...Sex." He felt her pulse quicken beneath his fingertips and the corners of his mouth moved upwards.

Lisbon furrowed her brows at him without looking and there was a faint flush on her cheeks.

"This is ridiculous, you know. And not working," she informed him.

"Hm..." He sounded thoughtful but his mischievousness was unmistakable. "Maybe I haven't been in it with my whole heart. Maybe it's easier if just show you..."

Now she tore her eyes open and gaped at him. "Excuse me?"

He was unable to suppress the laughter and eyed her suggestively. "I was about to ask you to dance, because dancing is indispensable in Vegas as well. ... Why, Agent Lisbon, what have *you* been thinking?"

"Nothing." Hastily she averted her eyes and glanced at the small dance floor with its fading old parquet. "No one's dancing," she objected.

"Someone has to make a start." Jane shrugged it off and before she could argue any more, he took her hand and pulled her with him.

"Jane..." Her protest was only half-hearted and very soon she was in his arms, just when the jukebox started to play Frank Sinatra's version of *Moon River*.

Guiding her into small steps and slow motions Jane softly pulled her closer until her head almost naturally found its place on his shoulder.

"Close your eyes, Lisbon..."

This time she didn't hesitate. He felt more than he saw her obeying as she leaned a sweet bit more into him, putting her trust completely in his embrace.

The feeling of holding her soft and yet strong figure against his body like this almost knocked him over. Her lulling warmth and the fresh and sweet smell of her hair suddenly made it hard for him to concentrate.

"*Two drifters off to see the world...There's such a lot of world to see...*" Frankie sung and Jane swallowed while eventually regaining his composure.

"Imagine..." he breathed right into her ear and enjoyed her little shiver all but too much, "you are dancing on the shiny wooden floor of the most exquisite club in Las Vegas. You're surrounded by people in elegant dresses and suits. The smell of ridiculously expensive champagne and delicious fruits fills the air, mixed with the smooth sounds of a classic big band and the voice of *good old Frankie* himself.

"The high ceiling is adorned with a sparkling chandelier and the walls are covered in deep red, gold streaked velvet that looks so soft that it would caress your skin if you buried your fingertips in it..."

Lisbon sighed and her delicate hand in his hold trembled slightly. Probably unconsciously she moved it against his palm, stretching her fingers to tighten the grip slowly. It felt like a demand so he moved his hand as well until she was able to almost sensually slide her fingers between his.

"Er..." With the train of thoughts lost again Jane's grip got firmer and he brought her as close as he possibly could. It was no longer appropriate for friends anymore – let alone co-workers – but right now he couldn't have cared less.

"Now imagine..." he begun again, his voice sounding hoarse somehow. "While all the other women look nice in their dresses, it's nothing compared to you."

"Jane..." she tried to stop him, a little embarrassed, but he ignored her gallantly.

"You feel like flying round the dance floor, all worries gone and with that beautiful smile of yours, enchanting everyone who looks at you. Imagine that you're wearing the most elegant and enticing dress you've ever dreamed of. Can you feel the soft fabric on your skin, how it hugs you in a silky embrace?"

Jane let the hand on her back roam up and down along her spine, his finger spreading flat against the thin fabric of her blouse. Lisbon took a deep, quivering breath and pressed her warm face into the crook of his neck – probably to hide her blush. He continued with an amused smile on his lips.

"And of course, just as the queen of the night deserves it, you're dancing with the most charming and handsome gentleman in the room."

"Let me guess, that would be you?" she wondered breathlessly even though their dancing had slowed down to swaying.

"Why certainly."

She gave him a not quite queen like snort and Jane raised his brows in false disapproval. So, to emphasize his words, he lifted their joined hands and let go of hers – but not completely. Very slowly he traced her fingers with his – he felt how she held her breath for a few seconds – until he finally entwined them again, this time with his palm against the back of her hand. Slowly he bent down a bit and pressed his lips gently on her palm.

"Jane..." Her voice broke and a helpless but sensual moan escaped her throat. As soon that unusual sound reached his ear and flooded his veins till the very ends of his nerves, it was as if someone had turned a switch in his head.

His lips still lingered on her palm when he opened them and let the top of his tongue meet her skin, followed by a carefully calculated scratching of his teeth.

With a surprised gasp into his ear Lisbon clutched to him, obviously afraid of losing ground if he let go of her – which he absolutely had no intention to.

"Some day, when I'm awfully low," he heard Sinatra sing a new song which couldn't have been more apposite, *"When the world is cold...I will feel a glow just thinking of you..."*

Jane pressed one last kiss on Lisbon's palm before he released it and placed both their hands on his shoulder.

"And the way you look tonight."

It was just when he turned his head towards hers and let his lips blindly find their way to the soft skin of her temple that he wondered when he had closed his eyes as well.

"You're floating through a world of colorful lights, light music and the distant chiming of gaming machines." His voice was very low when he continued to speak between two tender kisses.

"However, you don't care about where you are any longer..." He tried not to concentrate on the hot puffs of air which were escaping her open mouth and caressing his collar bone, but he failed miserably.

"You forget who you are..." His lips trailed her facial outlines, slowly and seductively. He left loving pecks on her lids, her nose and her cheeks until he finally placed a lingering kiss onto the corner of her mouth.

"And who I am..." he whispered huskily against her lips. And then he shivered violently when she suddenly let her free hand wander upwards to his neck and eventually buried it in his hair. Lisbon sighed in bliss.

That was it. It was the final straw.

In a matter of a split second Jane lost himself completely. All he had to do was to tilt his head a bit so that he was able to finally – *finally* – lay his lips on Lisbon's.

And with that – every single thought left his brain.

So long. It had been so long. So long had he been craving her kiss! How had he been capable of denying himself this great piece of happiness that long? Feeling Lisbon's soft lips under his felt like heaven – and when she returned the yearning pressure after a few moments it was like a catharsis.

The touch was light and careful at first. Her lips were warm and smooth and literally breathtaking. Jane's whole body tingled with sheer pleasure and if Lisbon's quivering was any indication she felt it too. Becoming braver over time she nibbled on his lower lip, while he learned soon how to move his lips playfully against hers so that would make her sigh.

He should have cared that they were indeed kissing – and that on a very public place. There were so many reasons why this was a really bad idea.

But just like Lisbon he was caught in the little fantasy he had created. He was drunk from her closeness, her full lips, her smell – and her warm body which was so deliciously pressed against his. He felt every soft curve of hers and he even sensed the muscles tensing beneath her skin.

Moreover her low moans he was stifling with his mouth drove him insane.

His hand on her back was holding her close while the other one was clenching her fingers. Lisbon's free hand was entangled in his hair, now and then scratching sinfully over his scalp or stroking the back of his neck. Jane almost groaned in desperation and desire. However, even though their longing for each other was incredible and electrifying, their kissing – while filled with passion – stayed innocent. It was one of the most important and intense moments of their relationship, and it already was laden with meanings and emotions Jane didn't even dare to think of yet. It was intoxicating and yet more than he could bear at the moment.

He didn't know how much time had passed by – or how many of Sinatra's songs the jukebox had given for that matter. Either way, it was only when someone interrupted the music for a moment – it was announced that the band was now drunk enough to start playing again soon – that Jane and Lisbon were finally pulled back into reality.

A little bit confused – a bit more actually – Jane looked around. The light on the now more crowded dance floor was dimmed and they hadn't been the only couple dancing closely. He honestly was relieved that no one was paying attention to them.

Jane's gaze returned to Lisbon but he regretted it immediately.

She looked like the sweetest and most perfect temptation he had seen in a very long time. Her lips were red and slightly swollen from his kiss, the lipstick was gone (probably being on him now) and her cheeks looked rosy in a very pretty way. But the most beautiful part of her face were her eyes. They were shining brightly, revealing curiosity, love and a bit embarrassment – no regret though. Jane swallowed hard. Lisbon was so breathtaking gorgeous and stunning that he had to fight the urge to kiss her with every fiber of his mind and body.

When she smiled at him shyly, he nearly confessed his love for her.

"Let's go back," he suggested instead, feeling the urgent need to sit down, because he legs were like jelly just now.

She nodded and he reluctantly released her from his embrace, even though he wasn't able to let go of her hand yet.

Back in their little corner booth they sat down close to each other and their eyes met when both of them sipped at their drinks. When the glance became staring Jane felt the burning want to kiss her spreading through his veins again. And when Lisbon's eyes flickered to his lips he realized that the illusion of a perfect world was still lingering way too close.

He needed to stop this, because it was dangerous.

"I'll take you home, Lisbon." His voice was so raw and hoarse that it hurt. He felt his heart clenching at the thought of leaving everything that just had happened behind. However, he had no choice. Instead of enjoying a small break he had created himself the biggest distraction possible: A little glimpse of what he and Lisbon could have together.

His inner turmoil must have been conspicuous because Lisbon's smile faltered and became sad.

"It's okay," she whispered and reached for his face, softly tracing his features with her fingertips. Jane closed his eyes to hide the pain in them and leaned into the touch. When she let their lips meet for a last tender kiss, he responded to it without thinking.

Several minutes later they left the bar, accompanied by the sound of Frank Sinatra's *All The Way*.

xxx

After Jane stopped the engine in front of Lisbon's apartment, he watched as she gracefully placed her bare feet on the ground to get out of the car. Somewhere along the drive she had removed her shoes and now she was strolling towards her apartment complex, enjoying the soft grass beneath her toes.

He followed slowly, never losing sight of her. His mind was entirely focused on the woman in front of him.

When they arrived at her doorstep she turned to him. There was a moment of complete silence, heavily filled with unspoken questions. Including the most dangerous one he mentally begged her not to ask.

If she asked him to stay then he wouldn't have a choice but to spend the rest of the night with her.

For a moment Lisbon looked as if that question lingered on the top of her tongue, but then, to his immense relief, she broke their eye contact and turned away.

"Good night, Jane," she said softly.

The consultant could only nod – because despite feeling relieved there was nothing he wanted more than staying.

"Uhm...hey, Jane?"

He froze and stared at her when Lisbon suddenly looked at him again.

"Yes?" His voice sounded so desperate and hopeful that it was ridiculous.

"You didn't hypnotize me...did you?"

Jane exhaled some breath he didn't even realized he had been holding, and relaxed.

"No, Lisbon, I didn't."

She gave him a small smile – it made him wanting to kiss her all over again – and finally opened her door. "See you tomorrow, Jane."

"Yeah...good night," he answered absent-minded and was still staring at the closed door after she was long gone.

It took him some moments until he was able to move again. Slowly he walked to his car, suddenly having a very foolish feeling of uncertainty.

No, he didn't hypnotize her.

But the truth was...he had been so caught up in this little fantasy as well, that he wasn't sure anymore. (Maybe she had been the one hypnotizing him?)

It was ridiculous, really. And by all means, it wasn't possible to hypnotize oneself.

Was it?

The End