

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

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## Kapitel 9: Frustration - Episode tag for "Cherry Picked" (5x06)

### Frustration

Lisbon sat in her office, still pouting because of Brenda's remark.

Well, frankly, she didn't give a damn about the interview but sulking was easier to deal with than all the other feelings brooding under her surface.

Lisbon groaned and ran the fingers through her hair. It wasn't fair. She didn't want to have these feelings. The pain, the worry, the burning jealousy. The love. She hated to feel so torn. And whose fault was it? Jane's, of course.

Why was he doing this again? Why was he constantly pushing away? Why was he shutting her out? It was just the same damn situation like over seven months ago when he had left without a single word – leaving her behind, leaving her suffering with worry and pain.

He obviously didn't learn from the past. He obviously didn't understand that she will always be at his side, no matter what he needed from her. Until now she had joined every stupid plan he had come up with. She had always been there to help him along.

Maybe that was her fault. Maybe she should deny him herself a little bit more often. But at the same time she knew she couldn't deny him anything. Whenever he needed her, she would be there.

Despite the fact that his rejection hurt like hell. It cut down deeply, every single time.

But not only was his rejection making her almost physically sick.

She hated it when he was like this – being not even half-hearted into the case, being with his mind elsewhere. They closed the case, alright, but his mind had been full of Lorelei and, of course, Red John all the time. It wasn't good for him. It poisoned him, she could tell. Maybe it was ridiculous but she was sensing that he was becoming darker and darker with every Red John-related situation.

Teresa Lisbon was a tough woman who barely dreaded anything, but *this* was steadily increasing a subliminal panic. A panic which was proportionally increasing to his darkness.

The point of this panic was the helpless feeling of being unable to do anything to stop him. Stopping him from becoming a slave to Red John's game, stopping him from pushing away from her, stopping him from losing his mind and sanity.

Lisbon cursed under her breath. She hated to feel this *weak*. She wasn't supposed to feel like this.

It was frustrating and unnerving.

xxx

With a deep sigh Lisbon leaned back in her chair. It was only then that she noticed the darkness both outside and in the bullpen. No one was there anymore. How long had she been musing? She had been so deeply caught in her thoughts that she hadn't even heard her colleagues wishing her a good night and leaving.

Just great. She had missed the whole afternoon. Now she had to stay even longer to finish her paperwork.

Wonderful.

Grumbling she got up and headed for the kitchen to brew herself a cup of fresh coffee.

When she passed the bullpen her gaze found Jane's empty couch. She hadn't seen him for awhile, she suddenly realized. For a couple of hours actually.

Lisbon frowned suspiciously while finally arriving at the coffee machine.

Did she really want to know where he was? If someone had asked her to guess she would have implied that he was doing something about that driver he had refused to talk about the day before.

Rather no one should ask her about what exactly he could be doing, since she was the one without any clue.

Feeling frustrated and grumpy all over again, she grabbed her now full mug and turned, only to suddenly stop dead in her tracks.

There he was. Right in front of her. Only a few feet away.

"Hey, Lisbon," he said softly. Just like that.

xxx

"Where have you been, Jane?" She had no idea from where she suddenly got the strength to sound so coolly, but she was proud that she did.

Jane didn't even flinch, just shrugged slightly.

"I had some business to do."

"Right...I guess you won't tell me what this 'business' is about?" Her voice was dripping with suppressed anger and – even worse – hurt.

"It doesn't matter. It's not important, Lisbon. Just a stepping stone." He tried to appease, but it wasn't working.

"A stepping stone? Oh, you mean like I am just a stepping stone for you? Something you can use as you please and throw away as soon as you don't need it anymore?"

"What? Of course not. Don't be ridiculous, Lisbon. Why are you so angry?" He was still calm but there was a hint of uneasiness in his features.

Lisbon growled. He got some nerve to ask her that! Without a warning she suddenly was just inches away and slapped him in the face.

"Stop kidding me, Jane!" she hissed, her hand still hovering between them.

Jane blinked in surprise and looked at her with unbelieving eyes while his fingertips felt his fast reddening cheek.

"You just slapped me," he stated and it sounded so bewildered that Lisbon would have laughed if she hadn't been so angry and sad. So she just ignored it and went on.

"Why are you doing this to me, Jane? You do know that I would help you if you only let me in. We have been over this! Why, Jane," all of a sudden her voice sounded hoarse and her hand dropped to hold onto his jacket. Damn, she hated to feel so weak just because of him. "Why are you pushing me away?"

*'Why are you hurting me so much?'* she almost added but her pride interdicted it.

For some long quiet moments he simply watched her, not a single emotion visible on his face.

While she held his gaze stubbornly she could feel tears prickling in her eyes but she bit her lip sharply to keep them there.

Then he lowered his hand and put it on top of her own which was still clenching his jacket.

His other hand found its way to her face. She watched it attentively but didn't flinch when his fingers met her skin in a soft touch. He started to caress both her cheek and

the back of her hand fondly.

His hands were warm and comforting, she almost couldn't bear it. It was confusing and distracting.

"Lisbon..." he said with a low voice. He was sincere, his eyes never leaving hers.

"What?" she breathed just as low.

"Trust me," he whispered. "I know I'm asking for much, I know it is hard, but I beg you to trust me, Lisbon...Teresa. I have to play my cards carefully now, that's why I can't tell you everything. So please, trust me."

"How am I supposed to do that?" she asked, her low voice breaking away.

When he took a deep shivering breath she noticed how close they actually were. She could feel the warm blow on her cheek. It got even more intense when he started again.

"Deep down you know that you are already trusting me. You only have to allow it."

"Why is it so important to you that I trust you?"

"Because, even if you can't feel it now, I do need you, Lisbon. I can't do this without knowing that you'll have my back. I need you. Neither Rigsby, Cho nor Grace. I need you."

"Why? I'm just..." she trailed off.

Jane shook his head. "Lorelei is a stepping stone, but you are not. Do you understand? I need you to understand this, Lisbon! I need you to trust me."

She looked into his serious eyes while his fingertips trailed her cheek and his thumb caressed her upper lip. She felt goosebumps growing on her sensitive skin and shivered slightly. He had never done anything like this before, but it felt good, in a very inappropriate way.

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Some time passed until she finally managed to nod.

"I'll try."

"That's fine with me." He smiled softly. "Thank you." With that he bent down to close the distance between them and pressed a feathery kiss on the corner of her mouth.

Lisbon held her breath sharply and felt a blush creeping over her face. It was the first time that he ever kissed her. Comfortable warmth spread through her body and made her skin tingling.

She heard him chuckling and gasped when he let his lips move over hers. She nearly sighed in anticipation but unfortunately he was gone too soon as he carefully pulled away.

"You should go home, you know," he said with his normal voice and the usual grin.

Lisbon needed a few seconds to regain her control and then snorted.

"That's rich, coming from you," she murmured under her breath.

"Oh by the way," she said out loud. "Just so you know, I'm still mad at you." She gave him a glare and turned to her office.

Jane smiled absent-minded. "I know. Good night, Lisbon."

She looked back over her shoulder. "Good night, Jane."

She watched as he strolled towards his attic and couldn't help wondering if this had been just another one of his mind-manipulating tricks.

Shaking her head Lisbon stepped into her office. Either way she had no other choice but to wait and see.

\*The End\*