

# Cover me

## Jisbon

Von Jisbon

I)

The weight hits him unexpected.

It turns out to be a neatly folded blanket that is judging by the faint smell, coming from some dusty place.

“Ouch,” lethargic, Jane opens his eyes and looks at Lisbon. “What’s that?”

She snorts, turns and walks away.

So she is still mad at him and he has no idea why.

He may have pulled a stunt she’d refer to as stupid or breakneck, one that got him soaked pretty thoroughly, but they have closed the case and that’s what she wants.

Just another lie, a blatant one.

*She cares too much.*

“Thank you.”

II)

Lisbon is tired.

It has been a rough day, a rough week, a rough month.

And all the rest of it.

She’s dealing with it the traditional way: Working even harder and longer, longer than everybody else does.

When she gets back into her office with a fresh cup of coffee, it's obvious that somebody has been here in her absence.

*Somebody, huh?*

There's a travel mug sitting on her desk and there's a note attached, written in a familiar scrawly handwriting:

"Go home, get some rest. Save the world tomorrow." It simply says.

And she can't help but smile.

### III)

Jane is drunk.

In the name of justice and just a little, it hardly affects him (at least he claims that).

He asks her to drive him home anyway.

Naturally, he belongs to the decent sort of drunks: Some chatter and in-between humming a song she used to love. (*"Cause I'd already know"*)

By the time Lisbon returns with a large glass of water and some aspirins, he seems to have passed out on his bed. She sits both on the nightstand, switches off the light and is about to go.

"Cover me, will you?" he mutters.

And she does.

### IV)

"You wanna have my coat?"

"Please. What would I need your coat for?"

"Oh, come on, Lisbon. You're freezing, your teeth chatter. You're simply underdressed for this kind of event."

"And whose fault is that? If you would have told me that I'll have to spend the night at the ice rink, waiting for the killer to show up I would have dressed warmer."

"And I would have told you if..."

Round and round.

Until she finally gives in.

His black coat is way too big, but it's also warm and smells nice and feels a little like home.

**V)**

So Jane is banning her now. Both from his attic and from his plans.

Lisbon tries to convince herself that its better that way; that she can watch him go down in flames with all his lies, secrets and thirty percents from afar.

Anger does that and she has a million good reasons to be angry with him.

And other things do other things: She just can't abandon him.

Lisbon kicks the door.

"Jane! I've got you something to eat. I'm leaving it here and don't you dare letting it go cold."

Somewhere deep down, he is worth fighting for.

**VI)**

"Ah, Teresa! There you are." Pike beams.

(Wicked observation, agent.)

"I've got a surprise for you."

*("I don't like surprises.")*

He'll take her to the observatory. An hour and a half drive, stars, galaxies and a grand time.

"Now that sounds promising. What are the blankets for?" Lisbon asks curious.

"I think it's safe to say that I'll need to keep you warm."

She smiles so broad.

For a split second, Jane really, really hates the other men.

"Sounds very romantic," he finally utters "I'll see you on Monday, Lisbon. Goodnight, you two."

He should be the one doing this.

## VII)

It's warm, safe and better than it has ever been.

"A penny for your thoughts," Jane muses.

She lifts her head from his bare chest to look him in the eye.

"Just a penny? Cheapskate, huh?"

"Does '*anything for your thoughts*' meet your approval?"

Lisbon can hear him smile.

"So?"

"Nothing, really. It's just...I am happy." It's probably a good thing that it's nearly dark  
"You make me happy."

"I wouldn't call that nothing," Jane mocks.

Some things never change, but then he strokes her hair and gets serious.

"So do you."

He covers them both.

*This is home.*