

Blinded Eyes

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Rating: P16 / T (M)

Contents: As long as he was ruled by his fears and his desire for revenge, he would always lose.

Disclaimer: The Mentalist and its characters don't belong to me. But after the promo for the season finale, I had to borrow them for a story. Will give the back before next Thursday... though I think they would be safer with me...

Spoilers: For 2x23 "Red Sky In The Morning"; quotes/lines in italics are taken from the promo.

A/N: I hope you won't hate me for this being the slightest Frye/Jane. I just try to stay in character, and for the moment, Jane is interested in Kristina - romantically interested. But, remember, I'm still a big Jane/Lisbon shipper (and working on a new series ;)).

"Why are you here?"

That was what she had asked him.

Kristina Frye had been confused by his behavior when he had stormed into her home, almost screaming at her for being so careless to investigate on her own, to follow her curiosity and make herself an easy target for the serial killer who had destroyed his life.

He had thought she knew better than to ask such a naïve question when they were dealing a Red John case. And still, she hadn't seemed to have realized what really had been behind all this. Behind the victim that had looked almost exactly like Kristina. Behind the staging that had been a whole message itself, telling Jane and the team who would be next.

Red John killed people Jane cared most for. He always would. He was a serial killer, murdering people for fun, for reasons no one than himself would ever be able to understand, but there was a second side to the person, the being that couldn't be human. And this side had only one goal: Take away everything that mattered to Patrick Jane.

"Because I wanna protect you!"

That was what he had told her.

Realizing at just the same moment that he really meant it. For the first time since his family's death, he felt the need to protect her, someone who wasn't law enforcement like Teresa Lisbon and able to protect oneself - because she meant something to him. Maybe too much. Maybe more than was good, and he was ready for. But feelings didn't ask. And despite laughing at Kristina in the beginning, mocking her because she believed in what had made of him an embittered widower, her gentleness and kindness had touched him. He had feared to admit it, but then, he knew himself well enough to know that it was more jealousy of what she had, of her unshaken faith, than real doubt. Or conviction that her abilities were only fake.

Sure, he didn't believe in psychic abilities, never had. Neither his wife nor he himself had ever thought that anything of what he told his clients was true. But what he had been doing back then had brought wealth. And unfortunately, money most times was reason enough to do something, even when one knew it was wrong.

Kristina, however, had honestly tried to help people. She wanted to let them know that their beloved ones were still there, that they hadn't left completely, and that the bereaved ones weren't alone, despite the loss they had experienced. She hadn't led a pompous lifestyle, hadn't built a too-big house as a status symbol, hadn't been dressed in too-expensive dresses. Contrary to Jane she really had wanted to be there for her clients.

So maybe he had thought of her of disillusioned, and had never, not even for a second, believed in what she pretended to be. Still, she had been a good person, had had a good heart.

And just for a moment, his lonely, frozen heart had beaten again.

"Don't you understand who we're dealing with? He killed my wife and child!"

The desperation he had felt to make her understand who Red John was, how dangerous he was, hadn't impressed Frye. She had only wanted Jane to make peace with his past, because she hadn't wanted to see him destroy himself. As long as there was this deep anger and hate inside him, he would never defeat Red John, even if he killed him. The serial killer would always win; even in death, he would still mock Patrick, who would remain as a shadow of himself, robbed of any self-given sense of living.

Kristina had been deaf to Jane's warnings; or maybe she cared more about him than her own life.

In the end, it hadn't mattered.

Now, the pit that would always take away everything that was dear to Jane had also swallowed her. It was bitter irony that he had protected her from Red John - and yet lost her. Freeing her of the clutches of the murderer and fleeing with her had been meant to save her life; instead, he had led her right into a fatal accident. Jane knew it wasn't his fault, but it didn't stop him from blaming himself. He knew that even rationality and inner peace wouldn't have been able to prevent this accident from happening. Or maybe they would have; would have stopped him from looking back, from remaining for only a few seconds; stopped Kristina from turning and calling for him, and prevented her from missing the bump in the ground that sealed her fate in Red John's labyrinth of death.

The killer hadn't needed to move so much of a finger, and still, the woman he had chosen to be his latest victim, the only woman who had been able to escape, hadn't survived. Like being in the interest of the man himself was a death sentence already. Whether the man was Red John or Patrick Jane.

All that was left behind was Kristina's scarf that had fallen beneath his car's seats when they had kissed the evening before that fateful day. And her words, still ringing in Patrick's ears - to lose his bitterness, to find peace.

To live.

But suddenly, that task had become even harder than ever before.

END

Funnily enough, now that I've finished the story I think that maybe they've edited the promo so that it only looks like he was telling Kristina "Because I wanna protect you." - and that instead, it is what he says to Lisbon. Just like in "Blood Money"... which now makes me even more nervous...