

The Couch Incident

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Rating: PG-13

Summary: His couch, her couch... did it really matter? Well. To some people, it obviously did.

Spoiler: 3x12 "Bloodhounds"

Disclaimer: I leave them to Bruno and his team, just borrowed them for a while, but they're back already, like they were... maybe with an experience more ;)

Author's note: I haven't written a Ment fic in ages... at the moment, I'm quite busy with turning all my ideas for Voyager into stories, and to be honest, I haven't seen a single Ment ep from the season finale of season three on. But this piece was still waiting to be finished, and the words suddenly flowed out of my hands, so... And yes, I was in a funny mood when I had that idea. Please don't shoot me.

Paperwork had never been her favorite part of her job. In fact, most of the times she really hated it. It meant working late, no time to shop for groceries, no time to watch a favorite program on TV, and generally no time to herself after spending the whole day with work and colleagues already.

Still, there was some big advantage - the quiet. Being at the office at the late hours of the evening meant being alone as well. Everyone would have gone home, and no phones were ringing anymore, no people would burst into her office. Her files and reports had her undivided attention, and she had some time without any noise save for her pen scratching paper lightly, or the tapping on her computer keyboard. Not even at home it was so quiet. And with all the hectic surrounding her day in, day out, the soundless peace at the office was a welcomed change.

"Where's my couch?"

The accusing voice rang through her office out of the blue, and Agent Teresa Lisbon had a hard time not to flinch. It was late - she hadn't expected him to be still here.

She was, however, expecting the reaction he showed right now. Three years with Patrick Jane had taught her a lot - not only how to work more efficiently, but also to see through him and his schemes.

"I got my old one back," she said matter-of-factly, but still with some sing-song notes of glee in her voice.

"Why?"

Still not looking up so he wouldn't see how she fought to suppress a grin, she simply answered, "Because I like it," effectively repeating his earlier words regarding its removal of her couch.

He sighed theatrically - a clear sign that one of his lectures was coming up.

"Lisbon, Lisbon," he began as expected, a reprimanding note in his voice. "You really should learn to accept gifts. Usually people only want to do you some good."

"That include you?" she retorted, only shortly looking up, but then quickly returning her attention to her paperwork. There was a short pause before he answered.

"It hurts that you have to ask." This time, his voice held some kind of disappointment, and when she looked up at him who was just sitting down on the couch, she discovered this slight trademark pout he always showed when

she'd once again won a little verbal sparring match of theirs. As usual, however, it was gone within nanoseconds. Lisbon knew that she was probably one of the very few persons, if not the only one, who was able to recognize this look, and whom he showed it to.

"Come on here," Jane said after a short while, now with a winning smile taking over his features, and patted the half of the couch he wasn't occupying himself. She eyed him suspiciously, but got up nevertheless, walked around her desk and lowered herself onto the seating accommodation, her eyes never leaving him.

Her look changed from suspicious to incredulous when without warning, he started bouncing up and down, almost causing her to lose her balance.

"Try it yourself," he suggested, not refraining from his movements.

"Jane, please, could you just tell me what you want?" She sighed when he didn't react. "Obviously not." Hesitantly, she copied his motions; maybe this would give her back her quiet evening.

"See, you can feel the springs digging into your body." She couldn't help but nod when she indeed felt one or two offensive ones of these mentioned springs poking into her butt. "And now imagine how uncomfortable that is when you're sitting here with someone who does that..." She was still bouncing slightly on the seat when suddenly, his hand met her cheek gently and then pulled her head to him.

Before she knew what was happening, his lips were on hers, and her body involuntarily shifted closer to him.

Kissing Patrick Jane was like nothing she could ever have imagined. While sometimes she indeed saw the widower with loads of emotional baggage that he without doubt was in him, but also someone who was incredibly handsome and sometimes disarmingly charming, most of the time he was only the little boy he played, the teenage brother who annoyed her to no end. Sure, she had given it a thought, but only with the result that kissing him had to be like kissing one of her brothers - and she suddenly didn't want to try that. The problem was - what she felt the moment his lips claimed hers, gently and skillfully, made her realize she had been fatally wrong. This kiss awoke a craving in her, a longing for more.

So when this kiss was about to end, her hands began to act on their own, against better judgment and protest of the rational part of her brain, and she pulled Patrick closer, deepened the kiss, trying to get as much of it, of him, as possible.

Hungrily her mouth devoured his, and he let it happen, melted against her lips, caressed and nudged her tongue with his, and cradled her tiny frame in his strong embrace. Even if she had wanted to then, she could not have fled his arms. Only that she didn't want to. The sensation forming in her stomach, the heat spreading through her, was more welcomed than she would ever have expected of herself. Especially when caused by a touch from Patrick Jane. Well, several touches. A whole *series* of touches.

And damned skilful ones at that, just like his kiss.

Teresa was lost. Something told her that this would be like a drug - once tried, she would go through hell to break away from her addiction again. Or she would be *in* hell if she continued using. She had to make her decision. And to her own surprise, it didn't take her long to do so. To hell with rationality - if she had to follow it anyways, it could very well proceed. She'd join it later - after she had fully enjoyed a few hours without it.

Moaning into Patrick's mouth, she started to pull him back onto the couch. If she indulged in drugs, she'd take everything she could get.

The problem was that he obviously had different plans. When she had him already half-dragged down with her, he suddenly detached himself from her and let go of her body that then slumped backwards into the cushions. And onto the springs.

Confused she looked up at him as he stood there, straightening his clothes and his hair.

"I'm sorry, my dear darling Teresa, but - not on that couch. I prefer my own."

She frowned and her mouth opened to answer him, but her mind couldn't process any words. Before she had any chance to clear the fog in her head, courtesy of his *tongue love-making*, he leaned down and placed another short kiss on the tip of her nose; then he left her office and vanished in the darkened hallway.

Now her chin came dangerously close to touching the floor. Had he just... did he really... was that...?!

Yes. Actually, Patrick Jane, the widower slash monk, had just seduced her with a mind-blowing kiss, shoed her every last bit of rationality out of the door and brought her to a point where she'd been ready to forget everything, risk their working relationship and friendship, *and* her job, for an adventure with him in her office on her couch.

Lisbon took a deep breath and released it slowly, sorting her thoughts, all the while unconsciously rubbing her back. The things that man did to women.

One thing was for sure: She'd keep her couch. No way would allow his in her office. Especially not after his... suggestion.

That didn't mean she wouldn't consider offering him to store his couch - in case he didn't find another place - in her apartment.

One never knew.

END