

ALL THE TIMES

Author: CK

Rating: PG / P6 & more Friendship than Romance, but we'll see what will happen in the later parts...

Contents: All the times a simple kiss would have made everything better.

Pairing: Totally Jisbon - Jane & Lisbon :)

Disclaimer: Show doesn't belong to me, but to Bruno Heller, his team and CBS - an absolutely great show I have to add; fell in love with it at first sight ;) Love the show as well as Simon Baker and Robin Tunney (and the rest of the team, of course).

Author's Note: This idea came to me after watching "Red Brick and Ivy", when Lisbon commented on the kiss Jane had given Sophie.

This is more a series of oneshots than of stories connected to each other, though there will be kind of a "climax" (the harmless, suitable-for-kids one, guys!) at the end of the series.

My first attempt on The Mentalist... haven't even read any stories yet and originally I didn't want to write anything for the show (at least for now), but... damn my overactive (shipper) mind +grins+

ONE - Kiss the frog

Episode Tag to the pilot episode.

She couldn't help but smile. It was what he was doing to her. He made her smile, not matter how mad she was at him, how angry or upset. Somehow he always managed to make her smile again, to make her forget immediately that she shouldn't forgive him so soon.

Teresa Lisbon knew that is was more some kind of upbringing she was trying to do with him than real anger. At least he was solving their cases, and he was a big help. She would never admit it, but without Patrick Jane, their lives and their work would be much harder.

Like now, with the case solved and their work done. Yes, they were kind of mad at him because he hadn't told them in the first place what he was planning and knowing. But then, they also knew that this was the way Jane worked, that only this way his plans worked. Maybe they were unconventional, but they actually did work.

And while he solved cases, he also managed to make her happy. She didn't know if he knew that he did it, that it worked and even helped, but however, it did. Like it had now when he had put a small origami frog in front of her on her desk and it had jumped. It had spooked her a bit, but it had also made her smile.

"You have to kiss it," she suddenly heard his voice from behind her, a soft voice that made her shiver a bit.

"What?" she asked, her voice as low as his.

"You have to kiss the frog, and it will become a prince. You know the fairytale, do you?"

Of course she knew it. And when she was younger, a small girl, she might have even believed it. Unfortunately, she now was a grown-up. And grown-ups didn't believe in fairytale stories anymore. Did they?

"But it's a paper frog!" she contradicted, still not turning around.

"You only have to believe in it."

Teresa was slightly shaking her head. This was insane. She wasn't kissing a paper frog. Although it was much better than kissing a real frog; she definitely wouldn't do...

Come on, Lisbon, you can't be serious, she scolded herself and sighed. He was still standing there, waiting for her to do it; she could practically feel his presence. So she finally gave in, looked around to ensure herself that no one was watching, then grabbed the paper frog and kissed it. She never noticed Patrick suddenly standing beside her until she felt his lips on her cheek.

"The prince sends you his formal apology, but he is tied up with business. He asked me to deliver this to you," he whispered; then he left.

And again, he had made her smile.

END

TWO - Being the gentleman

Set during the first motel room scene with Jane and Lisbon in "Red Hair And Silver Tape"; guess you'll recognize the scene ;)

"If I'm wrong, there's no harm done."

Not that she had any arguments against it. At least none he wouldn't be able to negative. Because in one way or another he was almost always right. One could call it a bad habit, but in the end, this habit helped them far too often. Now they were in a motel room, observing Van Pelt and Rigsby at an undercover dinner, and though she wouldn't admit it, Lisbon was pretty sure that it would be helpful, if not the solution of their case.

Walking around Jane, Teresa sat down on the couch. There was a comfortable moment of silence between them, before Patrick began to speak in a low voice.

"You truly haven't considered it?"

"What do you mean?" she wanted to know, eyes still fixed on the TV screen.

"You know - the reservation in the restaurant, you thinking I was going to try and seduce you..."

"I wasn't thinking that..."

"Are you sure you weren't?" Good question. Honestly, she wasn't sure. She hadn't thought about it. She had thought about him, of course, she was thinking about him often recently... *Where the hell did that come from?* - but about him trying to seduce her? No. While he was flirting with her, as she was with him, he had never done anything inappropriate. So what was this leading to? Maybe she should stop playing the defensive one and change to confrontation mode.

"Tell me. Should I?"

"I don't know. You can't deny a certain attraction." His voice was as calm as that of someone talking about the weather, but he wasn't less excited than Lisbon, who tried to ignore the tingling sensation she felt in her stomach.

"But you, Patrick Jane, are too much of a gentleman to try and seduce me like some second-rate macho."

"I'm flattered. Really. That was very nice of you to say," he said, and the intense look in his eyes made her turn red just the tiniest bit. And the TV screen was again her best friend.

He made her jump when he suddenly took her hand and lifted it a bit, leaning down at the same time. She never felt his lips touching her skin; nevertheless she felt the kiss he breathed on her hand.

When her legs turned to jelly, she was glad that she was sitting. She hated him and his charming manner, that it made her weak. What didn't mean she was going to pull her hand he was still holding away.

Because in some way, she also loved it.

END

THREE - To build something new

Set at the beginning of "Red Tide", shortly before Jane finishes his sandcastle. No missing scene or possible part of the episode, because this one wouldn't fit into the original story (unless you change the rest of the episode ;)).

"I was looking for you."

As irritated as Teresa Lisbon's voice sounded, it also spoke of amusement. And how couldn't she be amused, with this picture in front of her - one of Patrick Jane sitting in the sand, jacket and vest taken off, sleeves rolled up, feet bare, and hair a bit wild. And in front of him was a *big* - and even that was an understatement - sandcastle.

"Something you need me to do?" he asked, not looking up, but busily shoving sand into the small bucket. Lisbon didn't even want to know where or whom he had gotten it from.

"Actually, yes, we need your help at an interrogation of a suspect...", she answered, but was interrupted by him, who didn't really seem to listen to her, when he asked "You want to join in?"

"Don't you think you should leave the sand to the children?"

"Come on, have you never been dreaming about being a princess in a castle when you've been a little girl?" Without waiting for an answer, he leaned towards her, grabbed her hand, and pulled her down to make her knee beside him.

"Even if I had - I'm not a little girl anymore. And besides, we don't have the time for this now," she argued, and tried to get up, but he stopped her effectively when he pushed her back into the sand and then quickly took off her shoes.

"Jane, give them back," she groaned and reached for them, but he quickly hid them behind his back. "Why can't you just act like a normal adult?"

"Why can't you just simply take a break? Ten minutes. You help me, I help you. And I'm almost done, so it will probably take less than ten minutes. Deal?"

"No, Jane, it's *not* a deal. We have work to do and *this* is a waste of time. So come on now."

"You work too much, you know. And," he looked at his non-existent watch, "it's time for a break anyways. Ten minutes." She rolled her eyes when he offered her the bucket with a winning smile.

And she couldn't believe she gave in.

As he had promised, it didn't even take them ten minutes.

Lisbon looked up curiously when people around them were clapping and cheering, and she needed a moment to realize that the people were so enthusiastic about Jane's and her work. More Jane's than hers, but at least it had been her time, so she deserved the applause as well, she decided for herself.

She was still sitting on the ground when he appeared at her side, bent down and held out a hand.

"May I have this opening dance, Your Highness?"

"What?" she asked confused. Either he had inhaled too much sand or spent too much time in the sun. Or both. But he definitely had lost his mind and that thought was visible in her facial expression.

"The castle is finished, and now there's an opening ball. Besides, I still have four minutes," he explained nonchalantly, what made Lisbon sigh.

"You're such a child sometimes," she commented with a shake of her head, but took the hand he offered nonetheless, and let him pull her up and close to him. While his one hand was still holding hers, his other came around her to rest on the small of her back. She placed her other hand on his shoulder, looking expectantly at him.

She didn't know which music he was swaying to, but she had to admit that she liked the gentle movement, how he guided their bodies around the castle. She barely noticed the people around them watching, and how they smiled. She just got lost in his eyes; the smile and the tenderness that showed through them.

After half an eternity he slowly stopped the movements, stopped swaying; only stood and held her.

"Thank you for the dance," he gave her a gently kiss on the forehead and then let go of her, "and now we can go to work."

With this, he quickly picked up his things, gave her her shoes, took her hand and pulled her with him to her car without even giving her the chance to think about a response.

END

Episode Tag to "Lady In Red", considering that Lisbon and Jane took one car back, while the rest of the team was in another.

"What exactly is it that you meant by telling Rigsby 'Go for it'?"

Teresa Lisbon was looking sternly at her team's consultant, who was ignoring her look, obviously finding everything around far more interesting than her. She had stopped him and sent Cho away, and then waited for the three agents to walk to the other car.

"Nothing special, you know, just such a thing between men." Patrick Jane knew far too well that Lisbon wasn't stupid and wouldn't buy it that way; it would have been too easy. But a man could try, couldn't he?

"This thing got a name? Some *Graceful* name maybe?" He really would have been surprised if she hadn't known.

"Come on, he deserves a bit of... love and affection," he tried, knowing that this time, he had failed.

"That's not funny, Jane. There are rules. You shouldn't encourage agents to start relationships with their co-workers. It will only result in problems." He was about to say 'Yes, mum', but decided that it was much wiser to just keep quiet. As expected, when he didn't respond, Lisbon simply went on. "And now tell me - what is this whole 'I can have every woman I want' stuff really about?"

"Um... actually it was more 'I can seduce every woman I want', if you really want to know it, but this, too, was... a thing between men. I was trying to help Rigsby," he shrugged.

"So this is working on every woman, you say?"

"To be exact, I was talking about the women at the funeral, but... Yes, you could also say it that way."

"Even on me?"

He didn't answer immediately, just raised an eyebrow and watched Rigsby, Van Pelt and Cho get into the second car and drive away before he spoke again, still not looking at her.

"No. Because you are not *every woman*."

"I'm not sure if this was as charming as it obviously was meant to be," she teased - and it finally got her his full attention. He grinned mischievously when he turned towards her, but became deadly serious when he stepped into her personal space, and looked her so deep into the eyes that she nearly stumbled backwards.

"Teresa," he began, his voice soothingly soft and seductive. But he could see that she was withstanding his advances. "You're not like every woman out there who just longs for a man to seduce her, to grab her and make her his." She swallowed hard, yet didn't give in. "You're strong, confident, and you're beautiful. You don't need a man to conquer you because you wouldn't give away the control. *You* choose the man *you* want, not the other way around." She couldn't hold herself from shivering when he took her hands into his and let his thumbs caress the backs of her hands ever so slightly. "You know what you want and you wouldn't let anyone act against your wishes," he continued, noticing that she still tried to resist him, although she was already fighting hard. "You make the rules and a man will follow them, because he will hopelessly fall for you." His face was only millimeters away from hers and she was ready to give in, when he murmured: "You're not like the women out there. You are so much better in many ways." With this, he kissed the tip of her nose and let go of her, getting into the car.

She needed a few seconds to gather herself; then she smiled and shook her head. *Which was to be demonstrated.* No doubt, he was a seducer, maybe the best around, and probably many women would fall for him and this

strategy. And although she had been able to withstand him - more or less - she swore to herself that one day, she would let him test and successfully use his skills on her again.

END

FIVE - Tough girl

Missing scene, set between the second last and last scene of "Redwood"; would also work as Episode Tag, but I liked it better this way.

As often as she was in dangerous situations, and as much as this was part of her job - Teresa Lisbon knew that she was never going to get used to it. And she also knew that it was good that she wasn't, because getting used to the danger and such situations would mean getting used to a routine that wasn't there, and that could end fatally.

Every case that was solved meant a great relief; it took some weight off her shoulders. She felt responsible for the victims - therefore she had become police officer and then CBI agent in the first place. Too many people died a senseless death and if she could catch some of the men and women who presumed to decide about life and death of a person, it made her believe that she at least had done something, *anything*.

She loved her job. But unlike many of her colleagues, she didn't love the thrill. She only wanted a case to end soon, to solve cases fast so they could take care of the next one.

"Hey, tough girl," she heard a gentle, barely audible voice that was well-known to her, behind her. "You alright?"

With her thoughts ended so abruptly by him and a bit confused by the way he had addressed her, it took her a moment to realize that those words had been followed by a question.

"Yea, sure I am. Bad guy is caught, couldn't be better." Even she didn't believe it and she knew that he wouldn't either. Damn him and his knowledge of human nature.

"I'm glad you didn't get hurt," he told her, and she thought she had never seen his face more serious than in this moment. She knew that he cared about her, as she did about him, but this was the first time she really *saw* it.

"Me too," she smiled and briefly rubbed his arm. "Thank you."

"Mind if I take you back to the hotel?"

"No. That would be very kind," she answered politely, already lost in thoughts again, and he looked critically at her, but in the end decided to remain silent. His hand on her back guided her to the car and held open the door for her; then he got in himself and started the engine.

Every police officer and driving instructor would have been proud of the way he drove this time. Normally being more the "time is money" kind of driver - or maybe he simply liked driving fast, she had no idea - he was now driving strictly to rule. So strictly that it almost outraged her. But only almost.

He didn't say a word, waited for her to say something, to signal him that she maybe wanted to talk. She appreciated it. She appreciated the way he knew when to just wait; silently showing that he was there if he was needed - as a friend, as someone to talk to. But right now, she wasn't going to take the silent offer. There was not much she needed to talk about; it wasn't that the situation had been that disturbing. But looking possible death in the eye was never something she could cope with easily. Right now, all she wished for was a nice hot shower and

her warm, soft bed. She wanted to sleep, to leave the day behind her, knowing that in the morning, everything would be alright again.

Noticing that she didn't want to talk, he too, remained silent. She wasn't the one who would talk about what had just happened to her and he respected it. He wasn't going to push her; he knew her too well to do something like that. She was probably just waiting for a shower and her bed, to grab some sleep, to clear her mind of the day's events. He also knew that she didn't need someone to watch over her, but then he understood that even she needed a little reassurance from time to time that someone was there if she would need someone. And he was willing to be the one. Because as strong as she was, he couldn't help but feeling that he needed to take care of her. Not that he would ever tell her so.

They arrived at the hotel twenty minutes later. Still not saying anything, he escorted her to her door and waited for her to open it. But instead of doing so, she turned to face him.

"Thank you," she simply said the two words that were so fraught with meaning at this moment. Because they both knew that she was thanking him for a lot more than just driving her back to the hotel.

He placed a light kiss on her temple.

"You're welcome. If you need anything, just call me," he told her, giving her a reassuring smile.

"I will. Good night - Patrick." His name was not more than a whisper that fell from her lips.

"Good night, Teresa."

END

SIX - Clasp(ing)

Set after Jane has given the team the presents in "Red Handed" (and before they leave for dinner). There are some minor changes for the following scene(s) then. And I wasn't sure if they all had stayed in the hotel or if it had just been Jane (because it had been their CBI office in the "gift-scene", I think), so I'm sorry if there are any mistakes...

"I'll be with you in a second," Lisbon called after the team, quickly slipping into her office. She had left her mobile on her desk - and she wanted to put on the jewelry. Placing the gift box on the desk, she took her mobile and put it into her pocket; then she opened the box. She still couldn't believe Jane had done it. It was against the rules. But then what was wrong about him making them presents? It wasn't like he wanted to buy their attention or affection with it; he just had wanted to rejoice them by giving them the presents. This wasn't exactly what one would call bribery. This was just... Patrick Jane. The man who didn't care about regulations. And the man who helped them with his unconventional methods - in many ways.

A knock on the door made her look up. Before she could even react, he was already standing in her office, closing the door behind him.

"A woman shouldn't have to put on such jewelry all by herself."

"It's okay, Jane, I can handle that, thank you. Maybe Van Pelt needs help."

"Don't worry, she has help. Rigsby was very obliging about that."

She rolled her eyes. "Of course."

They looked at each other for a moment. It was okay to be uncomfortable around each other, but it wasn't okay not to know why, Lisbon mused. It was quite an awkward situation; since when was she so uncomfortable in his presence and, moreover, since when was he at all uncomfortable in anyone's presence, let alone hers? And it was more than obvious that right in this moment, he actually was uncomfortable.

Awkward situation, definitely.

"So... may I?" he suddenly asked, pointing at the box on the desk.

"If you insist," she sighed, but smiled nonetheless, giving him the jewelry box which he took gratefully. While he tried to handle the collier, she put on the earrings. Then he laid the collier around her neck.

"I knew they would match your eyes," he exclaimed happily and she was momentarily confused due to his sudden change of behavior and mood. When he noticed her look, he explained: "I was hoping that the color would be the perfect match for your eyes' color - and they are. You know, green looks fantastic on you."

She blushed a bit and coughed slightly to hide her embarrassment. She could handle crime and murderers - but she wasn't so good with compliments. And him standing so close to her, his hands handling the clasp of the collier behind her neck while his eyes obviously read from hers like from an open book wasn't exactly helping.

With every second his face seemed to come closer to hers, and her mind was working fast. Should she draw back? Should she use some trick, like, there's something in her eye? Should she just let it happen? Was there anything that was going to happen anyways? Would it change... oh no, she couldn't let it happen. This would probably make a lot things ver...

"Here we go!" She jumped at his words and looked around bewildered.

"What?"

"It should be fastened now. Ah... we'll wait downstairs," he told her and was out of the door before she could take the breath for an answer.

It had been a long day, and although it had ended nicely with the team around, Teresa Lisbon was happy to be finally at home. Stretching out on her bed seemed like a very good idea right now. She yawned and took off her jacket and shirt, letting both clothing items fall to the ground. Normally she was the tidy type, but tonight, she didn't mind. She would take care of it in the morning.

She was on her way to the bathroom when a knock on her door made her stop. And frown. She wasn't expecting anyone. And she wasn't in the mood for visitors. Unfortunately, her unknown visitor didn't seem to want to give up - another knock sounded from her door. She sighed and padded, feet bare, to her apartment door, looking through the peephole.

She was surprised to spot Patrick Jane outside her door - so surprised that she opened the door immediately, completely forgetting that the only clothes on her upper body was her bra. It was his sly smile and then him looking away that made her realize that something wasn't as he had expected it and it took her hardly a second more to understand what it was.

Shocked, she slammed the door shut and searched desperately for her top, but obviously the floor must have eaten it because it was nowhere to be found. So she just grabbed her jacket and wrapped it around her body before she opened the door again.

He was still grinning.

She rolled her eyes at him. Sometimes his childish behavior was really annoying her.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Actually, yes, there is." Jane held up jewelry - her jewelry. She was about to protest, but he didn't let her say a word, but continued: "Please. I will give it back, I promise. I... if you don't mind, I would like you to put it on one last time and... maybe let me take a photo of you with it?" He sounded almost hesitantly.

Sighing and shaking her head, she let him enter her apartment. "You have ten minutes," she said, the twitching corners of her mouth belying her adamant tone of voice.

"Sure," Jane acknowledged her words, but nevertheless used a few seconds of his ten minutes to scan the living room they were standing in quickly. Then he took a step towards her. When he offered her the jewelry in his hand, she took the earrings and put them on, knowing that he would take care of the collier as he had done it in her office earlier this evening. He did as expected and laid the jewelry around her neck. It was the same procedure than before. Almost.

"This had been easier a few hours ago," he murmured after a minute, and added apologetically: "I have to see the clasp." She nodded and lifted her hair when he walked around her. He carefully pushed down the collar of her jacket to get himself better access to her neck, and to his surprise, she moved the piece of clothing so it was still wrapped around her, but now left her neck - and her shoulders - bare.

It took him a few seconds to handle the *stubborn thing*, as he called what was some kind of security clasp, and she desperately tried to keep still while he was working because every time his fingertips touched the sensitive skin of her neck, they left it tingling, and that made her knees weak. Concentrated on the feeling - or more, on ignoring it - she nearly missed the kiss he gave her on her shoulder. It had been very light and it hadn't been the sexy, erotic kind of kiss, although he had kissed her where she would only expect a lover to kiss her.

He came around her again and her eyes met his. He didn't move, didn't make any attempt to do... anything. He was standing there, close to her. And it began to unnerve her. This probably was what people were calling a *déjà vu*.

"I... thought you wanted to take a photo?" she finally broke the silence. He just smiled widely.

"I already have." He tapped against his head. "All done." He looked at her, taking in every detail. "You are very beautiful. Those emeralds indeed look lovely with your eyes," he repeated his earlier words and made her blush.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she decided for herself that he made her blush just a bit too often in the recent past. But right now, she simply accepted it as something that just happened while being around Patrick Jane.

END

Set shortly after "Seeing Red"; you could call it an Episode Tag, but I wouldn't say it's one.

Lyrics from the song "This House" by Alison Moyet. Somehow they fit properly to Jane and his life - at least to my mind.

Five years ago, his heart had been torn apart because of his own stupidity and arrogance. When he had lost his wife and daughter, the two persons he had loved more than anything, his own life, too, had slipped from his hands. He lived to find the man who had done this, and who had murdered so many other women before. He lived for vengeance, and for justice. He wanted this man to suffer, and he wanted him to face his own death, to become aware that he was going to die just before he did.

But whatever was going to happen - Patrick Jane knew that nothing of all this would bring him his family back.

He didn't know if he could trust the psychic's words. He didn't know if he should or wanted to. Her words had broken his heart and yet somehow calmed his inner storm, the storm of guilt and pain. Knowing that his daughter probably had never come to realize what happened to her, that she had never seen the horror before experiencing it, didn't make it easier; but then, on the other hand, it did in some way.

For years, his heart had been numb with grief and pain; for years, he hadn't been able to cry, not even at their funeral. For years, he had just looked at the annoying face of blood on the wall of their former bedroom, the sneering grimace that seemed to laugh at him, and spent the nights on a lonely mattress on the floor; either with his mind working rapidly, playing it all over in his head again and again, or with his mind completely blank. But always insomniac. And never being able to cry, to give in to the fury and grief he felt, to slam a fist into the wall, to scream out his pain. Like most people would do.

He still didn't feel like clamoring, but at least he was feeling tears in his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. And in a strange way, he felt alive. For the first time in five years, he felt alive again. His heart was breaking for the second time in his life, but in some macabre way it made him also feel something; made him feel *himself*. Finally he wasn't feeling completely hollow anymore. Crying was like freeing his heart and soul from the chain that had been crushing them for so long.

And so he cried. Let his emotions flow. Cried for his wife and his daughter for the first time since their death. And felt his heart heal just the tiniest bit.

*((Here stands an empty house
That used to be full of life...*

*Who can take your place?
I can't face another day
And who will shelter me?
It's cold in here
Cover me))*

It took him countless minutes to regain his senses and feel able to return to the world outside of his mind and troubles, to be the Patrick Jane everyone knew, the charming, always smiling man. Although he knew that he would probably fail pretending that everything was okay. He was glad that it was already late and most people had left; so maybe he wouldn't meet anyone. But when he stepped out of the room he had been sitting in, and made his way back to the now empty and dimly lit bullpen to grab his jacket, he nearly ran into his boss.

"Hey," she said quietly, looking intensely at him.

"Hey." Teresa Lisbon wasn't used to him being so sparing with words, but didn't comment on it. There certainly was a reason for Van Pelt's earlier comment - that he might need some cheering up later. She would have been blind if she hadn't seen the signs of his earlier emotional outburst he must have had experienced; if she hadn't seen the streaks of tears and the slight red in his eyes.

Seconds and minutes of silence stretched between them, and it was the first time she thought this usually comfortable silence was somehow awkward. She had no idea that he shared that feeling - though it was more because he knew she would see that he had been crying and that he just wanted to get away from her and the CBI building; that he just wanted to go home.

"Got any plans for tonight?" she asked, giving him an encouraging smile. One he didn't see. His gaze was lost somewhere in the room. He didn't answer, only shook his head. But she wasn't about to give up easily. "How about a drink?" she tried again. Finally, he looked at her, and she saw immediately the sadness behind the smile he was trying to give her. "You look like you could need a little cheering up," she added, but slapped herself mentally at the same moment the words had left her mouth. Now the smile reached his eyes, though it was still kind of a sad smile.

"That's very sweet of you, Teresa." His use of her first name put her off her stroke momentarily. But before she could try and give an answer, he continued: "But I'm afraid I have to turn the offer down. I'd love to come back to it some time, but not today. Today I just want to be alone." There was no reason to be not honest with her; she was too clever as he would have tried anything else.

She nodded her understanding. "But... you know... if you need some company..."

"Then I have your number. And you'll be the first for me to call."

Lisbon smiled gently at him and his words. For the first time, she was the one to be there for him. It was good to know that he obviously had confidence in her. It felt like a way, her way, to help him. It felt like friendship.

She looked curiously at him when he kissed his own fingertips and then took her hand, pressing it slightly, "giving" her the kiss in a gesture of silent gratitude. With one last sad smile, he left.

When she watched him leave she hoped that she would never have to see that sad smile of his again.

END

I'm sorry... I was crying at the end of this episode; I felt so sorry for Jane that I couldn't bring myself to write anything cheery for this episode.

EIGHT - Cute

Set at the beginning of "The Thin Red Line".

Teresa Lisbon liked it when their work was this easy. Partly easy at least; but getting a mailing address handed on a silver plate qualified itself as "easy". And it qualified itself as "very helpful"; every one of them wanted to close cases as soon as possible and everything that helped to do so was embraced.

She heard herself saying "Let's go" to her colleague Patrick Jane, but he was already up to get into the car. Sometimes she asked herself why she was even saying these things to him. Only reason she could think of was that he, while he had the leading role in solving the cases, needed to be told how to do it within the regulations...

The drive from the motel to Patrice Matigan's home was, as it was normal for their car rides, spent in silence. A comfortable silence she had learned to appreciate. Both dwelling on their own thoughts; whether it was something private or about the case. It was nice to have someone who didn't feel the need to talk, who could just be silent. On the other hand, she also liked the conversations they shared, the easiness they were talking about everything and anything.

And this time, she decided, there was something she wanted to talk about.

"You and the baby... you made a real cute picture, you know." She grinned when she saw his mind working.

"Do you talk about the baby or me?" He asked innocently and smiled winningly at her, playing the anxious one who was awaiting an answer.

"You," she made a dramatic pause, and then added, "*With* the baby."

"People said the same to me after my daughter was born," he responded, and for a short moment, Lisbon saw grief and hurt flicker in his features, but it was gone in the blink of an eye.

Careful, Lisbon, an inner voice warned her, *that's dangerous territory*. She was barely able to end that thought before he added: "You know, you should have held her, too. Would have been interesting to see what you look like with a baby."

"Me? Oh, I'm not good with kids. When my nephew was born my sister-in-law forbid me to hold him after I had tried it for the first time." She looked at him confused when he chuckled. "What's so funny?"

"What? Did you hold him at his feet?"

"I'm not that bad, Jane."

"I'm just imagining your sister-in-law become furious because you held the baby in the wrong angle by five degrees." She frowned at him and he momentarily shut his mouth. Then he became more serious. "Look, your sister-in-law probably was as inexperienced with kids as you are when her son was born. But expectant mothers develop the motherly instinct. Few women have it before their first pregnancy, but most don't know how to hold a baby and understand its needs before they conceive or give birth to the child."

"And...?" She didn't get his point.

"And... I'm sure you'd be a wonderful, a caring and loving mother."

"Sure. Barely at home, permanently risking my life, putting myself in danger... I'd be a great mother, you're right," she commented, grumbling a bit. He just smiled. Bad habit of his, she thought and turned her concentration back to the street.

After a few minutes of silence and heavy thoughtfulness filling the car, he rose to speak again.

"Some women need an introductory advice about how to hold a baby, how to feed and swaddle them and such things. Not because they don't know how to do it, but simply because they are afraid of doing something wrong. Nurses and midwives will tell them the 'basics', and that a baby isn't a breakable piece of glass. When my daughter

was born, my wife never got this advice; she just knew what to do. I can't say I know how it feels, but I know that women feel it, this instinct how to act around their child."

She was surprised about how open he was, how easily he talked about his wife and daughter. And still she had the impression that he wanted to tell her something with it; but she didn't know what it was or could be. Admittedly, she had started this; she had started talking about him and the baby.

"You know, I saw your reaction to the baby. The tender look you gave her. But I also saw that you were anxious to come near her. But there's nothing to be afraid of. Especially not of admitting that you love children. And that you wish you had one of your own."

She opened and closed her mouth twice at that, but no word came out. It was nothing she could really reply to; she knew he was right, but she preferred not admitting it. It would make her think about the whole topic, about her wish of a child of her own, and that it wasn't just impossible at the moment. For several reasons.

He seemed to accept her reserve, feeling that she didn't want to talk about this topic, at least not now. He knew that it wasn't an easy topic; neither for him nor for her. Both their lives contained contingencies that just didn't seem to give them the chance to spend their life with a family of their own. Only difference was that he knew what it was like living with a family. And then again, live without it after losing it.

They fell into silence again till they arrived. Lisbon was about to take her way to the bungalow, but was stopped by his voice.

"Ah, Lisbon?"

"Yeah?" He was waving with his hand, signing her to come over to him. She followed the silent request, skepticism showing on her face.

"I really hope that one day, I will see you holding a baby," he told her in a meaningful tone of voice, than lifted her head by placing two fingers under her chin and placed a kiss just above the corner of her mouth.

END

—

NINE - No need to know

Some time during "Flame Red", referring to the beginning of the episode and the "mind read"-trick.

"You wanted to talk to me?" Patrick Jane asked, poking his head through the half open door to Teresa Lisbon's office.

"Yep, come in, and close the door please."

He lifted an eyebrow and smirked.

"You don't plan anything inappropriate, do you?"

Lisbon rolled her eyes at his question, but didn't say anything till the door was closed. Then she left her place behind her desk to come around it and stop in front of her colleague.

"I want you to show me how it works," she said, looking at him intensely.

His eyes widened a bit; though the smirk was still there, he was seriously considering that 'inappropriate' hadn't been that wrong.

"How what works?" he carefully asked.

"How this trick works. I want to learn it." It took him much to stop his jaw from dropping to his feet.

"Why?"

"Just because... well... just because." She wasn't about to tell him that the thought of him actually reading her thoughts made her somewhat nervous, though she didn't want to believe it. But as a matter of fact, she did. And because kicking herself hadn't been helpful...

"Not the best explanation."

"It doesn't matter, why, Jane. I just want to know it."

"Does matter to me. I can't just give away my tricks. And my chance of reading your mind." She ignored the last comment.

"Come on, keeping it all for yourself isn't fair."

"I had to learn it all by myself. And you will, too."

"I don't have to, because I have you."

"You might have me, but that doesn't mean you have my tricks. And powers."

"I have a gun."

"Good reason."

Coughing slightly, he arranged the two chairs of her office so that they were standing across from the other.

"Sit down."

"You're really doing it?" Teresa asked surprised. He didn't answer, but only patted one of the chairs' seats. So she sat down wordlessly, grinning happily.

"Alright, close your eyes." She did as she was bidden - and never saw the delicate smile on Patrick's lips. "I need you to concentrate. Your mind has to be cleared of everything except this very place and time now. Just listen to my voice, let it guide you; leave the world behind you and let your mind become light; fly away from here."

Somewhere in the back of her mind she wondered why he was obviously hypnotizing her, but it didn't matter than, because she had already fallen into the trance. Her breath evened out; though she wasn't sleeping and was still aware of what happened around her, she was completely relaxed.

It was then that she heard the rustling of clothes and felt his breath on her face. Yet she couldn't react - and to her surprise, it didn't even make her nervous.

"Some secrets shouldn't be shared - it would take the magic from them," he whispered into her ear and she shivered slightly, feeling goose bumps all over her body.

And just when she thought he would lean back again, he surprised her when he kissed her gently on the cheek.

"You may come back now," he then told her in a low voice. When she opened her eyes, he was already gone. It was then that she realized she felt like she had just slept for hours. She smiled and shook her head, thanking Jane silently.

Maybe she should at least memorize this trick.

END

TEN - Changed Behavior

Another take on the last scenes of "Red Brick and Ivy" (beginning with the Goodbye scene between Jane and Sophie). Though here, Jane doesn't want to take Lisbon's offer to drive.

There he was again, Prince Charming, the man obviously no woman was able to resist. He was sitting at the bank with his former doctor and smiled so brightly she might have been blinded, hadn't she known this special, very special attitude of him. This smile that left women little chance not to fall for. She herself had to admit that she had already fallen for it, at least a bit.

Teresa Lisbon had no idea if he was doing this on purpose, if he had realized what this smile was doing to women. Patrick Jane was by no means stupid, nor was he naïve. Quite the contrary, he knew people, their behavior, and how to read it, better than anyone she could even think of, leave out knew. But that didn't have to mean he also knew of this certain effect of his certain behavior.

Sometimes she really wondered about his ability to possess people and their minds, to make they act like, and say what he wants them to. Mostly to solve their cases and always successful.

She often watched him acting around women, suspects as well as witnesses or simple family members and friends of victims. He didn't make much of a difference between all these women, acting around every one of them the same. But as different the women were, he was always successful. If he would give classes, he probably would be the most popular man in the country. On the other hand, without this smile...

Teresa rolled her eyes and slapped herself mentally. No, she wouldn't dote on him. Especially because while he was indeed flirting with her too, the true Prince Charming he only was with other women. Not that she was complaining.

Her side mirror just confirmed her thoughts with the picture it was showing - Patrick Jane kissing his former doctor, his former psychiatrist, at the corner of her mouth. Though Lisbon was sure that they haven't been lovers in the past, Sophie didn't turn away, but seemed to like the gesture.

It was strange in some way for Teresa to watch the scene, so she decided to ignore the awkward feeling in her stomach and try it with some light mood when he walked towards the car.

"Jane kissed a girl," she sing-sang when he stopped at her side.

Patrick Jane usually didn't let himself get caught off guard. But now, knowing that Lisbon just had seen him kissing his ex-psychiatrist, he felt a bit embarrassed, although he knew there wasn't a reason for feeling like this. Unfortunately, rationality and emotions didn't go hand in hand.

"Well, you know, it's..." He stopped for a moment, unsure what this was about. Then he simply said: "Yeah, on the cheek."

Teresa would have been really blind to not notice his uneasiness. And this was just too good to let it pass.

"Still counts," she continued teasing and laughed inwardly when he became defensive, his hands now resting on his hips.

"Counts for what?" he wanted to know and gave her a challenging look.

"Nothing. Just saying." Her tone was still light and playful and finally, the typical smirky smile showed up on his face again. At least in his eyes. She grinned when he walked around the car and got into it on the co-driver's side. She looked at him, her mind working.

"You want to drive?" she then offered, and he frowned - he gave her a smile, but still frowned at her.

"That's a very sweet offer. Do I really seem so sad?"

"What?" she immediately defended herself, and it was more than obvious to Jane that she didn't want him to notice that she actually cared. "I was just asking if you wanted to drive."

"You don't like it when I drive. You despise it," he contradicted.

"You drive way too fast."

"I drive just fast enough." He paused for a second, waiting for his mind to finish the analysis of the situation. "You hate not being the one in control, and yet you're willing to overcome your irrational fears to cheer me up. That's a beautiful thing, Lisbon."

He smiled his trademark smile that made her heart beat a bit faster for a moment, then he leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you," he added to his previous words, and leaned back again into his seat.

"You're... welcome" she responded, a bit confused, yet she couldn't suppress a smile.

"By the way - does that count, too?"

She couldn't help but giggle, what was enough as an answer to him. When she started the car, his eyes and mind were already lost to world on the other side of the windshield.

And unaware of the other's reaction, they never saw each other smiling like little school kids who had just discovered their first love.

END

ELEVEN - Comfort

Addition to resp. different take on the scene in the motel room in "Red John's Friends". Pretend the call as well as a part of the short conversation hasn't happen (yet).

He was dead. The one person who could have been able to give him the chance to finally find the murderer of his family was dead because of his own stupidity.

Damn idiot.

"Well, you can say it now," Patrick Jane told his boss, Teresa Lisbon, his voice sounding frustrated.

"Well, I don't really feel like saying it," she answered, a bitter smile on her face.

Yes, she had foretold him that something like that was going to happen. Something he wouldn't be able to foresee, and to prevent. But by no means was she happy that she was right. She had wished for him to be successful; to maybe finally chase away the demons of his past. To find his inner peace.

Lisbon knew that nothing was more important to Jane than catching the man who had slaughtered his wife and daughter, and although she hadn't a family of her own, it wasn't that hard to understand. She also knew that he thought it was his fault and that, behind that façade, he wasn't the always smiling, always charming man he pretended to be.

She turned her head carefully to catch a glimpse of the facial expression of the man sitting next to her on the motel room's bed. The always-present smile was gone. He looked sad, somehow beaten; he knew that this time, he had lost, and that knowledge was clearly shown on his face. And his eyes. Teresa would have never expected to see such sadness in them. Not that she was thinking he was a happy man, because she knew he wasn't. But in some way he always tried to show no weakness; he never let his guard down.

Until now. Now that they were sitting alone in the room, the others gone for the moment, he just allowed himself to loose it a bit. She was the only person who knew details from his past he had entrusted her with. And so he didn't care if she saw him like this.

While he didn't, she did. So much that it broke her heart to see him so sad. Without giving it any further thought, she shifted closer and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into an embrace. He willingly hugged her back, and buried his face in the curve of her neck. Soothingly, Teresa caressed his back, and then pulled back a bit and placed a gentle kiss on his temple.

They didn't let go of each other until five minutes later, Rigsby came in to tell them that they were ready to leave.

END

BONUS ONE - Dancing in the rain

Set at the end of "Flame Red", when Jane and Lisbon are standing on the front porch while it is raining heavily. This one will be very kitschy and very much cliché; just in case you don't like something like that :) And I hope you won't kill me for the ending ;).

It wasn't that she didn't like rain. In fact, she loved it. It was just that she didn't like standing in or running through the rain without an umbrella. Because she definitely didn't like getting soaking wet just because the car was a few

feet away and it was raining so hard that she would be in need of a towel and preferably a hot shower afterwards in any case - even after only two seconds.

Standing on the front porch, her mind was racing; thinking how she could possibly avoid getting wet enough to get wrung out afterwards. It was probably going to take her more than an hour before she would arrive at home and she didn't want to spend the time sitting in her car, wearing wet clothes.

Her colleague and team's consultant Patrick Jane, on the other hand, didn't seem to mind the rain or getting wet. His face showing something she identified as childish happiness, he looked up into the sky.

"Shall we?" she heard him ask and she nodded. She could have thought about the whole *rain problem* for countless minutes more but she knew that there was no way to stay dry anyways.

She didn't mind when he caught her hand in his; she was only thinking about reaching the car as soon and fast as possible. And that harmless kind of body contact wasn't so unusual with him. Only problem was, they were standing in the wrong order; they had to change sides to get to the right sides of the car. She already saw them stumbling over their own feet because the ground was muddy and the rain made it hard to keep the eyes open. She was considering and evaluating every possible problem on their way to the car.

But by no means would she have expected him to not let go of her hand when she wanted to run past him to the driver's side. Instead, he hold it fast, and pulled her towards him, the arm of the hand that had been holding hers a second ago now coming around her body. He was laughing, a happy, bright smile on his face, and his kind eyes were looking down at her in a way that made her heart skip a beat.

She didn't know if he was reading in her eyes or if he was just looking at her while lost in thoughts; in either way, his eyes were hypnotizing. And she definitely liked it. She got lost in them and barely noticed his other hand coming up to frame her face, and that his thumb caressed her cheek.

The touch was light and gentle and she needn't to be a psychic to know what was coming next. Yet she wasn't prepared for his lips gently meeting hers, kissing her so softly that she wasn't sure it was actually happening. The kiss was incredible tender and loving and was doing funny things to her stomach - and to her heart. When her legs felt like they were giving in any second she grabbed his jacket to hold herself up.

His completely soaked jacket.

Carefully she pulled away, but only far enough to be able to speak.

"It's raining," she commented, the protest in her voice very half-heartedly.

"I know," he answered against her lips, then kissed her again. And she was helpless. She was at the mercy of him and his touch, never able to offer any kind of resistance, even if she had wanted to. What was the other problem - she didn't want to resist. She didn't want to pull back, to lose this feeling. It was just too good to be true.

"I think I like the rain," she told him breathlessly when their need for air finally made them end the kiss, and gave him a loving smile.

"Me too," he answered - but somehow, his voice sounded strange. Like it was coming more from beside her than in front of her. She closed her eyes for a second - and when she opened them again, she was standing on the front porch, Jane still next to her. He looked at her. "You okay? You seemed a bit... absent-minded."

Lisbon felt a blush crawl up her face and desperately tried to avoid him seeing it; she really didn't want to know which conclusions he would make, seeing her blush after he had caught her daydreaming, and while she was still a bit breathless. This was, after all, Patrick Jane, the man who read people's minds like others read newspapers.

"Nope. I'm fine," she simply stated, making it clear that there was no reason for further questions. And he seemed to accept it. From the corner of her eye, she saw him looking up into the sky, with a look that showed that he wasn't entirely pleased with the weather, but then that he also didn't care.

She prepared herself mentally - again - for running through the rain, when she heard him ask "Shall we?" and her mind went blank. Last thing she noticed was that he took her hand and pulled her with him...

END

BONUS TWO - Feeling

Different take on the last scene of "Bloodshot" - and what could have happened afterwards.

*I know I have been a bit mean to you with the last part and the whole daydreaming thing. I still think that it might be OOC for them to kiss just yet. Nevertheless... Last time it was up to you and your imagination if this dream was coming true. This time though... um... just read it *laughs**

Nothing was able to stop the rays of the sun. Nothing was able to lock them out, to deny them the permission to fill a room, a hall - a day. The sun was an unconquerable force that didn't know any frontiers, barriers, or limits. It was warming the world, and the life on it; it brought joy to people's hearts, kissed them good morning and embraced them in the evening. It made happy people glow and cheered up the sad ones. It was the divine force of nature.

And never had Patrick Jane been happier to feel the sun. To feel and, more important, see it. When he had woken up where he had been sleeping on the couch in the CBI office, he felt and saw the morning sunbeams. The sun was infusing everything - even through his bandages and closed eyelids he was able to see it.

His heart beating with a feeling of relief and happiness he had rarely experienced during the past five years, he sat up and breathed in deeply; then he removed the sunglasses he was wearing, as he did carefully with the bandages that were covering his eyes.

Slowly he opened his eyes, let them adjust to the light of the sun, and focalize - on his boss. He had heard the footsteps of the person entering the floor, and he had recognized the steps as Teresa Lisbon's. But, while at any other time, he would have immediately acknowledged her, right at this moment something had been just more important than anything and everyone else. It seemed to be some kind of destiny that, of all things and people he could have seen first after getting his sight back, it was her he saw.

And it was indeed a beautiful sight.

Her face showing a mixture of anxiety and hope, of expectancy and worry, she slowly came closer. He felt like jumping up and hugging her, like sharing his happiness with her. Yet he didn't trust his head to not spin when he would stand up right now, so he decided to just greet her...

"You have no notion how good it is to see your face..." It was then that he realized that the ever-present small wicked and joking voice in his head was as alive as him. "...Rigsby."

Well, but thanks to his wicked inner voice, her expression was definitely worth a mint.

"Rigsby?!" she asked confused, and he knew that without all the training of controlling emotions, he would have laughed aloud. Instead, he remained silent for some long seconds, looking at her. Normally, when he was giving her such an intense look, she would just turn away. But now that she was awaiting his reaction, it also allowed him to take in the delicate features of her face that were illuminated by the light of the sun and made her skin glow with a golden touch. His fingers began to prickle when he remembered the feeling of her soft skin against his fingertips...

"Jane?" Her voice brought him back from his thoughts, reminding him carefully that she was still there and waiting for an answer. And his answer was nothing else than his famous wide smile. She returned the gesture and smiled with him when she realized that he had only teasing her a bit; she was too relieved to grumble at his behavior.

She knew better than to not appreciate having the old Patrick Jane back - with all his skills, including his power of observation. He was, after all, a valuable member of her team, even though there were moments she only thought of him as annoying.

Also she knew better than to appreciate seeing his eyes again, seeing them look at her; seeing them laugh along with his lips. It had become a part of her life, him and his nature, one she didn't want to miss anymore.

And she had to realize that it wasn't as hard to admit as she had guessed.

"How are you?" she asked after seconds of staring and smiling.

"Fantastic," he responded, finally raising, leaving his comfortable seat on the couch to stand before her.

"Glad to hear that. Well... I've some work to do. So if anyone needs me - I'm in my office." With that, she turned away and wanted to leave, but he caught her arm with his hand and whirled her back, right against him, and hugged her.

He just needed someone to hug, to express the happiness his body was containing.

"Thank you," he said and, in his high spirits, kissed her - right on her lips. Only when he let her go, he realized what he had done - and couldn't help but grin. He caught himself being slightly disappointed when the reaction he was then awaiting didn't come. When there wasn't any a reaction at all. She just did what she had wanted to do - turned away and left for her office.

The day had left them without a case, so she had spent it in her office keeping herself busy with paperwork she hardly had time for. And it had been a good way to keep one certain man out of her mind and her way. Except for their morning encounter, she hadn't seen Jane the whole day. And she didn't mind - there were definitely some things she needed to analyze, her very own "case" she needed to close. Running into Jane wouldn't have been helpful then.

As soon as she had left work, the thought of him and their relationship, and what kind of relationship they had, had intruded her mind. The kiss Jane had given her hadn't been spectacular; in fact, it had been more a kiss between friends, an impulse caused by his joy about his sight returning. Yet the feeling of his lips still lingered on hers, didn't leave her, and it had made her think about him and her attraction to him she just couldn't deny. Of course she was attracted to him; and in this special case it was good to know that she was only one among... well, many other women. Unfortunately, it didn't change the fact that she was seeing him every day, had to work with him. And that didn't make things easier.

She came home around 7pm, she made dinner and ate something, she cleaned up her apartment a bit, and she watched TV - and all that she did with her mind occupied with what had happened in the morning and this one man

she was now working with for so long and who still managed to fascinate and surprise her - in the positive as well the negative meaning.

It was shortly before midnight when she gave in to her tiredness and slipped, together with her musings, into the land of dreams.

Half asleep on her couch, she didn't recognize the sound clanging through her apartment instantly. It was 1am, as the clock on the wall over the TV told her, and by no means would she have expected someone knocking at her door. But it was definitely the sound of a knock coming from her front door.

Trying to chase away the sleepiness, she nearly stumbled over her own feet. She definitely needed to go to bed; she even considered to ignore the knock, but damn her agent instincts that kicked in and didn't left her much of a choice.

The surprise of the face she was seeing through her peephole made her wake up completely. It was Jane who was waiting for her to answer the door; standing like a statue on her doormat; never moving even when she opened the door. She wanted to greet him, to ask him what he was doing there at her doorstep at this late hour - but when she looked into his eyes, all words she could have said were forgotten.

Those normally kind and watchful eyes were now wild; his look disturbed and confused, like the one he had given her when he had showed her the text with the bomb threat - and yet different. More... passionate.

"I want to feel it again," he suddenly whispered, and she couldn't hold back a gasp. She didn't need to ask what he was talking about. There was a lump forming in her throat and she wordlessly stepped back to let him into her apartment.

"So...", she began, intending to break the silence - and the tension that was tangible. He didn't do her the favor to answer. He only stood in front of her and stared at her.

The situation was strange, and it was disturbing. This wasn't the Patrick Jane she knew. This was a completely different man; one who wasn't controlling emotions and actions anymore, but was controlled by them. She didn't know what had happened; she only knew that he was standing in front of her, his piercing gaze hypnotizing her, his inner fight visible through his eyes, and didn't say a word. He was just watching. Even she was unsure what to feel. Anxiety? Panic? Confusion? Longing?

She began to become paralyzed by him and his look, how he was holding her eyes with his. How he didn't let go; she couldn't have looked away, even if she had wanted to. She felt enchained, enchained to his powers and his being. They were like two worlds drifting towards each other, knowing they would collide sooner or later, but they didn't care. Because it had been like that since their first day together and the collision had been inevitable from the very beginning. Now that she felt the collision nearing she knew that there was no way to evade the inevitable. She gave up trying to ignore the tingling sensation in her stomach when he stepped closer.

Everything that happened then was like a dream; like she was wrapped up in cotton, totally lost to the world. The world could have turned upside down and she would have been totally oblivious to it, because all her senses were only focused on him.

The first thing she felt were his fingers entwining with hers. It was a gentle touch that was belying what she was seeing in his eyes; the longing, the lust probably. His hands played with her fingers, like he was trying to see them with his touch. A touch that was feathery light and tickled her, but she couldn't pull her hands away. It was sending shivers down her spine, it gave her goose bumps. She wanted to close her eyes, to shut off one sense in favor of the

others, but somehow she feared that the spell was going to break as soon as she lost eye contact to him. Something told her that it was what all this was about - her senses. About seeing, feeling, smelling and maybe tasting him.

With rational thoughts and everything that seemed to be just so irrelevant and unnecessary right now banned from her mind, she didn't realize immediately when his hands left hers and wandered up her arms, over her shoulders, to finally continue their touches and caresses on the sensitive skin of her neck, and soon she didn't know what to concentrate on first. There was this tingle running down her back; there was the heat radiating from his body she felt even more with every second; there was his breath that grazed her face, while his seemed to come closer in slow motion, yet never moved.

She couldn't have explained what he was doing to her. She felt like he was controlling her, her body and senses, her emotions and feelings. His touch was blessing and torture at the same time. His hands had taken their way up to her face, his fingers exploring every line. She wanted to smile, to let him feel her smile for real this time, but she wasn't in control of her muscles. She felt weak under his touch, and yet powerful.

His next movement she, to her surprise, felt more than she saw it. What his hands had done seconds before, were now doing his lips; they wandered over her face to take in the details of her features. It was his voice that echoed through her mind when his lips touched her cheeks and the corners of her mouth.

I want to know what your face feels like when you're smiling.

She still couldn't smile, but she was sure she didn't need to. He probably would sense the smile her whole body was containing. And somewhere inside of her, there was this smile he was causing, not only now, but since she had gotten to know him.

Now that she wasn't able to see his eyes anymore she finally allowed herself to close her eyes, and gave in completely to the sensation of his touch on her skin. But while her face had his attention, her hands began to feel cold at the loss of his touch. She felt a jolt go through his body when she brought her hands up to rest them on his chest. In a smooth movement, his hands wandered back to hers and took her down beside them, and his lips found hers at the same time.

It was a sheer first touch when their lips met, and yet it was like an explosion of emotions that left her breathless even before he started kissing her. Her whole body was trembling, her hands grabbing his tighter to at least have the feeling of having something to hold on. The connection of their hands only seemed to intensify the feeling on her lips when he finally started caressing them with his. It was a tender, loving, somehow asking kiss, with no hint of the longing his eyes had spoken of. He tasted like summer, like sun and rain, warming and refreshing at the same time.

But it was nothing compared to the feeling that rushed through her when he deepened the kiss. His hands left hers again and encouraged them to embrace his body like he did with her when his strong arms came around her, pulled and held her close to him. The full contact of their bodies sent all her senses to high alert, feeling his muscular form against her, his body heat nearly burning her.

His tongue was asking for entrance she granted willingly - only hadn't she guessed that the effects of this decision were going to make her senseless. It took her mental sense away, and left her with only her physical senses. It was her instinct that made her push him towards the couch before her legs gave in.

The last thought she would be able to recall in the morning when he carefully laid down, holding her close and fast in his embrace, was that it felt like he was making love to her by kissing her. And maybe it was good for her mental health that she never had the chance to actually *think* about what it would be like to have him make love to her in the known way...

END