

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneebume

## Kapitel 24: The Voice of Night

### The Voice of Night

Crisp and melodic were the tunes carried through the night, finding their way into the Airstream.

Lisbon groaned and made a childish attempt to hide under the pillow. Rather than hearing it she felt Jane chuckling beside her.

"This is no laughing matter," she whined into the mattress.

"No," he agrees. "It's a nightingale."

"Don't-"

*"It was the nightingale and not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear."*

"Jane...!"

*"Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree..."*

"An oak tree moist likely."

*"Believe me, Love, it was the nightingale."*

"I wish I could kick your poetic ass out of the bed right now." As it became too hot and sticky beneath it Lisbon pushed the pillow aside and turned onto her side. She grumbled, "But I'm actually way too tired for that." Then she yawned and pressed her face against his shoulder.

Outside the nightingale began another act of her long, sonorous piece, causing Lisbon to whimper. Jane made no effort to conceal his amusement and reached for her ear to cover it gently with his big warm palm.

"Better?"

She shook her head, refusing to open her eyes, and sighed when Jane patted her hair before lowering his arm. Every fiber, every cell in her body yearned for deep, peaceful slumber. Her limbs felt blissfully heavy, ready to fully relax. Sleep was heaven – so close, she could almost grasp it.

If it weren't for that singing bird on its branch.

"It's louder now, isn't it?"

He ignored how seriously offended she sounded. "Why don't you concentrate on your breathing, Lisbon. Breathe in...and out. In...and out. That's good." He continued whispering soothing words into her ear and after a while he realized that it had become quiet. It was actually quiet, outside and – apart from his girlfriend's steady breathing – inside too.

Exhaling in relief he bent to brush a sweet kiss on her forehead before he closed his eyes to seek some much needed sleep himself.

Ah, yes. That was nice.

Peaceful.

Perfect.

...

*Tship. Tship. Tship. Tship.*

"Okay, that's it." Like a zombie drowsy Lisbon abruptly sat up, dazed with fatigue, and blindly grabbed her Glock from underneath another pillow with surprising precision.

"Woah, woah!" Unlike her, Jane was wide awake in an instant as he carefully caught her hand and freed the weapon from her delicate fingers, putting it far, far out of reach. "No need for violence, my dear." He watched her for a moment, how she was sitting slumped over, with her lids still closed and the mouth wide open. She was so tired that she had no control over her body whatsoever.

A picture of both adorable and comical innocence.

"It's three o'clock in the morning, Jane," she slurred. "I have my rights!"

"I know, sweetheart, I know." Bringing his arm around her shoulders he pulled her limp body against him and softly lowered both of them back onto the mattress. "We still don't shoot at harmless habitants of the forest."

"What is it doing here anyway?" Ignoring his amused chiding, she stretched languidly like a big cat and draped herself across her lover. "There are no nightingales in Texas."

"Well, apparently there are now," he said dryly while tenderly stroking over her back. She purred into his ear and he smiled. "Something we should truly appreciate by the way. The nightingale with its modest beauty and melodious song has always been an inspiration for all the great poets. Myths and sonnets were written about it."

"Yeah, probably at night when none of your poets was being able to sleep over this din."

He couldn't help it and laughed into her wavy hair, nuzzling her fondly with his nose and making her smile against his chest.

"Maybe."

The strenuous singer outside braced itself for a *grande finale* and the pair in the Airstream sighed in resignation.

"You know, my little bird catcher," Jane said and combed his fingers soothingly through her silky mane. "I love you, despite your current aversion for the fowl."

"Hum, you too," was her sleepy reply and he hoped that she indeed was about to fall asleep again. However, after a few minutes, she added, "But I'd love you even more if you could shoo that thing away."

"How about I get you some earplugs tomorrow?" He offered instead and shivered slightly when she pressed an open-mouthed kiss right beside his nipple.

"Hmm, okay." The tiny tip of her tongue darted out to tease the sensitive pink peak, followed by a soft touch of her lips – making him gasp and feel a jolt of heat flashing down through his body. "Still need a distraction for tonight though."

"I can think of something," he grinned and with his long fingers around her chin he directed her upwards, bringing their mouths together for a slow and sensual kiss. Without much resistance he turned them upside-down to bury her small form beneath him and enjoyed the sigh she breathed into the kiss. Her posture welcoming him, he pressed himself against her, letting their legs entangle. As their kissing went on in deep, languid movements, lust sought its way into all his nerve endings, leaving a burning sensation behind, warm and pleasant, and it pooled enticingly in his lower half.

He couldn't quite contain some quivering and sucked her sweet bottom lip between his teeth, when a silent thud made him pause.

Accompanied by a comical noise her lip slipped out of his hold as he glanced down to find Lisbon's hand fallen on the mattress.

"Teresa?" His puzzled look returned to her face and he nearly groaned out loud because she was truly and deeply asleep – her head tilted, the features adorably relaxed and some of her dark strands playfully tousled over her eyes.

Laughing under his breath he curled himself around her to cuddle her as close as possible, before he gently blew the hair from her face and a peck on her rosy cheek.

Soon he would be joining her journey into Morpheus' realm – but then, as if it tried to mock him, the nightingale continued its singsong for one more aria until it finally fell silent, disappearing into the night like it had never been there.

**The End**