

Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

Von Schneeblume

Kapitel 15: Call Me Maybe

Warning: Lime

Call Me Maybe

"This was the worst idea you *ever* had!" Lisbon shouted breathlessly to be louder than the heavy drumming rain she and Jane were currently running through.

"Come on, Lisbon, how is this my fault?" Jane dared to ask while he hurried after her.

She sent him a death glare over her shoulder. "Are you kidding me? It was your stupid plan to chase after the suspect without back-up, because 'he is most likely innocent anyway'. And now we're stuck in the middle of nowhere while it's raining like hell, because Mr-Most-Likely-Innocent STOLE MY CAR!"

"Yeah, there's a certain irony behind that, isn't it?"

Lisbon actually growled. "Not funny, Jane, not funny."

He ignored some promising threats of pain she muttered under her breath and he said, "I think we should look for protection against the rain. It's getting worse."

"No kidding?!" Lisbon snorted, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "That thought never occurred to me! I actually like swimming through mud and rain with my clothes still on!"

"You could simply get rid of your clothes if that's what is bothering you?" he suggested and glanced around in hope to find a shelter.

"I hate you."

"No, you don't-AHA! Found something! Come on!"

"Wha-Jane!" He gave her no time to object. Instead he simply grabbed her hand and pulled her with him.

They had run a few more meters when Lisbon realized what they were heading towards.

"That's a freaking telephone booth, Jane!"

"Do you have a better idea? That's what I thought." They arrived at the classic red telephone booth and Jane wrenched it open before he ushered Lisbon in. Following her inside he let the door fall shut with a loud thud.

It was just then that he realized how small that booth actually was.

"Jane..." Lisbon started, still trying to catch her breath, "we can't stay here. There's no space for both of us."

He couldn't help admitting to himself that she was right. Her back was intimately pressed against his front so that he was able to feel every breath she took. Swallowing hard he let his eyes wander over her frame. Despite the rain it had been a hot day, so Lisbon had left her jacket in the car just like he had done it with his. The white – and now wet – blouse she was wearing had become translucent, and allowed him to see the white straps of her bra.

"Uhm..." Jane cleared his throat, "you're probably right. You know what, I'll just wait outside. You can stay here and try to...call...Cho...to..." he trailed off. During his suggestion he had pushed the door with his back, but nothing had happened. No matter how hard he pressed his weight against it, it didn't move an inch.

"Uh oh..."

"What's wrong?" Lisbon was alarmed immediately, obviously well aware of the dread in his voice.

"You're not going to like it..."

"You don't say."

"I can't open it."

"What?"

"The door. I can't open it. It's stuck."

Lisbon groaned in desperation. "Please tell me, you're making a really bad joke!"

"Sorry to disappoint you..."

"Not the first time today."

"Hey!" Jane's protest was only half-hearted, but that changed as soon as Lisbon

brought one of her feet between his legs. "What are you doing?!"

"Shut up, I'm trying it myself. I'm stronger than you." Bracing herself on the opposite wall, right above the phone, she pressed her foot against the door. When still nothing happened, she started kicking against it.

"Jesus, could you stop that, woman?!" Jane hissed, because she was pushing her buttocks against the center of his body. Lisbon froze in realization and complied instantly.

"Sorry..." she muttered and he saw her ears reddening.

"Never mind. Do have your mobile phone on you? Mine is lying in your car."

"Great! Yes, I do. It's in my back pocket."

Despite this helpful news Lisbon made no move to get it. Jane furrowed his brows. "Lisbon?"

"It's in my *back* pocket, Jane!" She sounded annoyed and a bit embarrassed, and it took a moment for Jane to understand what the problem was.

When he finally did, he could help grinning smugly. His fierce little firecracker didn't dare reaching between their touching bodies. *How sweet*, he thought with a chuckle, only to earn a grumble from Lisbon.

"Hold still," he said amused, taking the matter literally in his own hands.

Touching her butt hadn't been Jane's intention at all, but when he accidentally did, Lisbon startled so badly that she fought with every power she had to turn around in that very tight booth. Jane winced in pain, when she repeatedly stepped on his feet and rammed her elbow in his gut.

"What the hell, Jane?" she gasped as soon as she was facing him.

His response was a whining. "I didn't do it deliberately, Lisbon! Besides, I already got your phone!"

The agent murmured something under her breath and grabbed it from his hold, completely ignoring her sulking consultant for a moment.

"It's not working. I think it might be wet." Lisbon sighed.

"Let it dry, maybe it'll work again."

Lisbon shrugged. "We have no other choice anyway."

"What's with that phone?" Jane nodded to the telephone of the booth behind Lisbon. "Wait, don't move!" He interjected reproachfully when she was about to turn around

again. "I get this!"

"Fine," Lisbon rolled her eyes and let him reach around her. "Try to call 911."

There was a moment of silence while Jane did as told.

"I can't, it's dead."

"What do you mean it's dead?"

Jane shrugged. "I guess no one needs telephone booths anymore."

"Well, apparently we do. Okay, let me get this straight. We're stuck – not only in the middle of nowhere but also in a telephone booth with a not-working telephone. My car has been stolen, my mobile phone is wet and nobody knows where we are. We have a cloudburst outside and something that feels like a sauna oven in here. Was that it?"

"Pretty much."

"Great!" Lisbon groaned and ran her fingers through her hair. The thought that it was a beautiful sight flashed through Jane's mind, even though her hair was wet and curly. Or maybe even because of this fact.

"Relax, Lisbon. We'll get out of here somehow. You'll see! Besides it could be worse, right?"

His partner took a deep breath and was about to say something agreeing, when she glanced outside. Or more precisely, she *tried* to glance outside. The glass of the telephone booth was fogged. Completely. It was impossible to see anything of the clouded, rainy afternoon.

Lisbon frowned at Jane and he raised his hands in defense.

"That's *really* not my fault!"

"You're breathing, aren't you?" Lisbon stated dryly.

"Well, yes, but–"

"Oh, shut up, Jane!"

xxx

They had been stuck in that nice red cage for almost an hour and slowly but surely it was getting uncomfortable. Just out of sheer frustration Lisbon wrote 'Help' in the steam on the window.

"Now, don't be ridiculous, Lisbon. That's a little bit over-dramatic, don't you think?"

Jane shook his head, still being able to find a certain amusement in this situation.

"No," she replied defiantly. She was looking at everything but him, obviously not being used to be in physical contact with her consultant.

Jane scrutinized her for a moment while trying to figure out how to cheer her up – even though he kind of enjoyed her embarrassment regarding to their closeness. When he glanced at her finger-painted cry for help a grin lit up his face.

"Hey Lisbon, look at this!" He pressed his hand against the fogged glass for a moment and then removed it so that his hand print remained behind. "Cool, eh?"

She rolled her eyes at him. "Nothing in here is cool anymore! Besides, we're not on the Titanic and we are *especially* not having..." It was just then that she realized what she was about to say. "Uhm...you know..." she stammered, blushing furiously.

"Having what, Lisbon?" Jane wondered innocently with a smile so leering that it would have shamed the devil.

"Shut up, Jane," was her growled response. She tried to distance herself from him, but there simply was no room for that. The huge phone device bumped into her back and made her jerking forwards, actually bringing her even closer to him.

"Careful, my dear," Jane warned right into her ear, with his voice still amused and also low all of a sudden. As his arms sneaked around her middle to pull her away from the pain causing danger, he thought he felt her shivering slightly.

"Jane..." Lisbon's breath got caught in her throat, but she had no idea what to say, her brain probably suffering the sudden loss of reasonable thoughts.

"Yes, my dear?" This time it was just a hoarse whisper that reached her sensitive ear, while his hot hands were burning her skin on the small of her back, right through her wet blouse. This time he made her trembling violently.

"What are you doing?" she almost moaned.

"I'm keeping you from hurting yourself."

"Ah okay. Thanks," was her bewildered answer.

Jane smirked at her irritation, but that grin vanished suddenly while he was watching how Lisbon's gaze wandered downwards. A flash of heat floated his body as he realized what she was staring at. He had tried to ignore it – actually, he had pushed it far, *very far*, into the most distant corner of his mind – but now he couldn't escape the fact any longer, that she was enticingly pressed against his body.

He was feeling her every single piece of his senses. Because of the high temperature he had opened his vest a while ago, so where Lisbon's breasts were pressed against his chest, there were only her underwear and their drenched shirts between them. All

of it hiding practically nothing.

Jane almost groaned. Once started he wasn't able to stop his mind from taking in everything else about her. How the centers of their bodies were touching intimately. How one of her legs was caught between his.

That was bad, really bad. (And it felt *so* good).

Just when he decided that they had to bring some distance between them – *no matter how* – Lisbon lifted her head slowly and let their eyes meet. Jane felt his knees getting weak on an instant. Her green eyes were gleaming in the half-dark light – clear as a sea in the forests and deep as an ocean. Her cheeks were painted in a soft pink and her red lips just had been wetted by her lounge. The breath escaped her mouth in chopped, hot puffs.

And in addition to all that she brought her palms to his chest, right above her breasts.

"Jane..." she sighed, and he was pretty sure, that she was trying to stop what-ever-was-happening. However, it sounded so sensual, that it kicked the last rational thought out of his mind.

"God, Lisbon!" he groaned for real this time, his voice hoarse with desperation and desire. His hands on her lower back pulled her closer.

The air was thick and hot, and they were covered with a film of rain and sweat. Yet it seemed that both of them needed the proximity of each other more than ever.

Jane let one of his hands trail over her back upwards over her shoulder and neck, until he could cup her cheek gently. Lisbon's eyes were swimming with affection, longing and lust, so she closed them as a desperate attempt to hide her feelings.

Compensating the loss of her eyes on him, Jane bent down in slow-motion and allowed his lips to whisper over the skin right below her ear. Lisbon tilted her head to both nestle her cheek further into his huge hand and give his lips more space. While pressing a warm kiss on her neck he caressed her cheek with his thumb before he moved his hand a bit to bury it in her wet hair.

When he teasingly nibbled at her earlobe Lisbon gasped his name again and lifted one hand around his neck while the other one was clutching his shirt. Jane shuddered as her fingernails were scratching his skin on both places. Encouraged he left open-mouthed kisses on her skin, kissing a way from her ear down to her collarbone. Lisbon threw her head back and her lower body arched against his.

Still holding her close he only hesitated a second before his lips placed longing kisses on her sternum. He was about to move even lower when a throaty moan escaped Lisbon's mouth.

"Jane...", she breathed helplessly and carefully grabbed his head to pull him upwards. With a sensual sigh she pressed their lips together for their very first kiss. Finally

getting what he had been longing for during all these years, it felt as if his senses were exploding. He responded to her kiss in an instant, his mind and body inflamed with the need to never let her go again.

Their kiss was a back and forth between *fast and fervent* and *heated and slow*. They completely forgot about the time and their surroundings.

The consultant didn't even know if he was doing it intentionally but when she arched her delicate frame against his body once more, he shifted his weight and slightly lifted his leg which was captured between her thighs. The low cry of pleasure he got from her was music to his ears, while he couldn't stop his own gasp of arousal, because she definitely had to feel how much he wanted her right now.

"Oh God, Jane, please stop..." Lisbon whispered desperately, but kissed him again almost at the same time.

"You first," he breathed into her mouth and deepened the kiss passionately.

His partner whimpered but wasn't able to break it either.

xxx

They were so caught in each other's presence that neither of them heard the thud.

"Boss?" There was the sound again. "Boss, Jane, you in there?"

Lisbon tore her eyes open and pushed away as far as she could without hurting herself. (Therefore not very far). Jane merely blinked, not even moving his hands a single inch. Both of them struggled for air while staring at each other dumbfounded.

"Cho!" It was Lisbon who recovered her voice first.

"She's in there," they heard him say, probably to someone else. "Boss, are you okay?"

"Yeah...uhm...we...we're stuck. The door jammed."

There was a short pause on the other side of the door and Lisbon pressed her eyelids shut in embarrassment and annoyance. Jane chuckled.

She opened her eyes again and glared at him, but with her face flushed like this, she looked simply adorable.

"Okay, hold on. We'll get you out of there."

"Thanks, Cho," she sighed in defeat.

They heard footsteps fading away and Lisbon glanced at Jane.

"We, uhm, should probably try to pull ourselves together. Quickly."

"That's an easy thing for you to say," he replied dryly and got the chance to enjoy her blushing all over again.

"Sorry," was her mumbled reply, but he shrugged it off.

"I think we were equally involved in...that."

"Should I...?" She started to move away. However, she didn't get very far. Jane was still holding her in his embrace and made no effort to let her go.

"No, don't move." He shook his head. "Experience has shown that it won't work like this anyway."

"You're probably right. How do I look? Decent enough?"

Jane took his time to gaze at her, noticing her swollen lips, the red cheeks surrounded by disheveled hair, and her white blouse which he had pushed out of his way earlier. He groaned from the bottom of his heart and answered, "Definitely not."

Lisbon looked at him with a mixture of annoyance, pride and amusement.

"You're not any better, you know, Jane?! Especially since I can actually *feel* it."

Jane grunted. "Not fair."

They could hear Cho and the other person return and soon working on the door to free them.

In the meantime Lisbon's consultant tried everything possible to gain back the control over his body. However, his try to distract himself backfired. Gently he helped Lisbon with straightening her hair and adjusting her shirt, but as soon as she began to do the same for him, it became only harder for him to concentrate.

It was just when they were looking nearly decent enough – at least considering their situation – that there was the loud sound of yowling metal audible. A few seconds later the door of the booth sprang open and Jane almost lost his balance, keeping himself (and Lisbon for that matter) from falling just at the very last moment. Both stumbled outside and exhaled with relieve to fill their lungs with cool and fresh air.

"Don't say anything wrong!" Lisbon warned her second-in-command, being both happy and ashamed to see him.

The corners of Cho's mouth twitched. "I wouldn't dare, boss."

"How did you find us?"

"The sheriff", Cho nodded to the other man who tipped his head, "found your car left on the sideway a few miles from here and called it in. We have been looking for you

since then. What happened?"

Not willing to share *anything* that had happened, Lisbon speechlessly stared at him for a moment, before she brought herself to say, "I'll...tell you later." With that she turned to the sheriff to thank him properly, and to head for Cho's car afterwards.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Cho's look found the consultant and then Jane's hand print which was still slightly visible on the glass of the booth. He raised his brows in question and gave his colleague a pointed stare.

Jane grinned like a Cheshire Cat. "A gentleman never tells," was all he said, before he strolled past Cho to follow Lisbon.

The brows of Lisbon's second-in-command were almost reaching his hairline now. Looking back at the telephone booth he realized that it was really small in there. Especially for two adults.

A gentleman never tells, Jane had said.

'Well,' Cho thought with a smirk as he turned around to set off for home as well, 'I hope he sticks with that, because I really don't want to know that story.'

(In Lisbon's explanation, however, he was indeed downright interested.)

The End