

# Recovered Strength

Jane x Lisbon

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## Kapitel 12: New Year's Nonsense

### New Year's Nonsense

"Hey Rigsby, where's Lisbon?"

"She offered to stay with Ben in her office." Rigsby bowed his head sheepishly. "I feel bad about this, but she insisted."

Jane waved his concern aside. "Don't worry, I'm pretty sure she was glad about the opportunity."

Rigsby shrugged. "I hope so. Anyway, I'm on my way to the roof. You coming, too?"

"Nah, I'm going to stay with Lisbon."

"Okay. See you later."

Jane nodded and strolled towards his boss's office, while his colleague went to the place, where every other CBI employee had already gone to – the roof to watch the fireworks.

Lisbon and her team had been late, since they had arrived at the headquarters only one hour before midnight. The disadvantage of a CBI party was that, while every single cop and attorney of the CBI was present, *somebody* had to be on call duty. Unfortunately, it had been the job of Serious Crimes Unit this year.

So when the phone had rung with a murder just a few hours before the start of the CBI New Year's Party, they had had no choice but to throw their plans to the winds. It had been an easy case, indeed, but it took them some time to sort out the important facts nevertheless. Afterwards they had rushed back to the CBI with no time left to change their clothes. It wasn't that bad for the men since they had been wearing suits anyway, and Grace had even found a skirt in her locker.

The only one, who was kind of out of place with her jeans, sneakers and a leather jacket between all the suits and dresses, was Lisbon. Though she wouldn't have been

Teresa Lisbon if she had really cared about it. And honestly, Jane truly admired her for that.

So when he reached her office door, he stopped silently to simply enjoy the picture in front of him for a minute.

Lisbon was sitting on the white couch with Benjamin Rigsby sleeping in her arms. She was humming while gently stroking his dark haired head. She wasn't wearing her jacket anymore – probably because her blouse was softer and therefore cozier for the toddler. The light in her office was dimmed and the chatter and laughter from the roof were only low background sounds in here. All of it made it a pretty adorable and peaceful picture.

"Hey, Lisbon," Jane whispered and felt a shiver of attraction flowing over his body, when she looked at him with sparkling green eyes.

"Hey." She gave him a warm smile, but then turned her attention back to Ben. "Isn't he cute?"

"I presume that's a rhetorical question." Smiling himself Jane sat down right beside her, with his knee touching hers. There was plenty of space on that couch, but today he needed some closeness – and he knew that Lisbon wouldn't mind at all.

"Yeah..." Lisbon placed a peck on Ben's forehead and nestled him fondly against her chest. "I'm happy that Sarah brought him along."

With a grin Jane nudged her shoulder. "Because now you have a perfect excuse to hide in here while the crowd is squeezed upstairs."

Lisbon smirked at him. "You just have to know how to do it."

Jane chuckled and was satisfied when his friend didn't move away and was simply leaning against his shoulder now.

"Honestly, I wasn't in the mood for a party," she confessed with her voice low after a moment of quiet. "And I truly adore this little man. It's a win-win situation, you know."

"I see." Jane smiled fondly at her and added, "I'm getting the feeling that I'm disturbing you two. Maybe I should leave you alone with the womanizer." He made no effort to get up though.

"He is a womanizer, isn't he?" Lisbon sighed and as if Ben had heard her, he sleepily opened his eyes and yawned heartily. "Aw, hey there, my little boy!" She kissed him again and Ben gave her a bright grin in return, reaching for her face.

Lisbon chuckled and let him touch her. He was too cute, a dear little boy, everyone immediately felt in love with.

"Well, obviously, *he* does know how to do it," Jane commented dryly, but the

delighted shimmer in his eyes gave him away. He had been sad at first, Ben's birth reminding him of his daughter's, and yet he had fallen for him in no time, too. "It's unbelievable, how easy he wraps every woman around his little finger – especially you and Grace. I think you even are his favorite women beside his mother."

With her eyes never leaving the baby boy, she replied, "You're just jealous, Jane."

"Meh, why would I be jealous?"

"First of all, you are worried, because we love him more than you."

"Hey, that's not-"

"And second, you're sulking, because our clever boy here is picky. He clearly prefers women over men. He's not into men at all – apart from Rigsby, of course. That's why you and Cho are sulking."

Jane raised his brow. "You can tell that Cho is sulking?"

"Yes, it's kind of obvious."

Ben added an approving squeak and cuddled his head against Lisbon's chest, staring brightly at Jane, as if to say, *'Look what I can do!'*

Now pouting for real, Jane grunted under his breath and stuck out his tongue. With a thrilled giggle Ben immediately tried to imitate him.

"Jane!"

"What?" He raised his arms in defense. "He started it!"

Lisbon rolled her eyes but wasn't able to hide the laughter in them.

"You're such a child sometimes!"

"That's it! I'm leaving you alone with that heartbreaker. And I mean that literally." With mock hurt in his expression he poked the snickering toddler and made an attempt to get up.

Lisbon's hand was on his leg to stop him on an instant.

"No. Stay."

"Why?"

"Because I say so. I'm your boss, remember?" she teased. "I simply want you to."

She tried to mask it, but Jane knew, she meant it. Sighing excessively he sunk back and let her snuggle against his side again. The kid on her lap definitely made her

cuddly.

"Right. And of course I'll listen to my boss as always."

Lisbon snorted. "Finally, Ladies and Gentlemen, the joke of the year."

Jane grinned and placed his arm affectionately around her shoulders – an unusual intimate gesture, but neither of them cared.

Somewhere in the building a drunken guest yelled, "Five minutes, everybody!"

"So, five minutes left," Jane repeated and Lisbon nodded in agreement.

"Do you have any resolutions?"

Lisbon blinked. "Actually I do."

When Jane looked at her expectantly, she continued, "I want to reunite my brothers. I'm sick of them fighting."

"That's a good one. I'm sure you'll succeed."

"Thanks...What about you, Jane? Do you have a resolution?"

He was about to answer, when she interfered.

"Apart from catching Red John!" He closed his mouth again, without having said a word. "You have to name at least one other point!"

With any other person he would have been angry, but her warm gaze was so heartening that he couldn't be angry – even if he had wanted to.

"Uhm...I want to close cases?"

"Oh come on, you can do better than that. Besides, it's part of your job description, you will be paid for that!...Can't you think of anything else?"

He was silent for a second and looked at her, his eyes suddenly deep and serious. "Apparently, I do think of something else."

Even though it was half dark in Lisbon's office, he was pretty sure to see a hint of red on her cheeks.

"Well? Do tell!"

"I'll fight for our men's honor and try to win back the women's hearts from this little charmer – and since I think that Grace is a lost cause already, I'll put my concentration on you, my dear."

Now Jane knew for sure that Lisbon was blushing.

"Ah...well, then, good luck with that," she murmured utterly bashful.

They heard increasing bawling from the roof and then they were listening how the party guests started to count down.

Finally, when the turn of the year was done after seconds and the fireworks begun, Jane propped his forehead against hers and whispered,

"Happy New Year, Lisbon."

"Happy New Year, Jane." With these words and without thinking she tilted her head slowly and kissed him gently on his mouth. Her lips were warm and soft against his, and they made him shivering all over. Jane wasn't aware that he was holding his breath, but all he needed for now, was Lisbon anyway. Carefully he leaned more into the innocent but intimate touch. A sigh escaped her throat and he answered with an encouraging move of his lips.

Suddenly each of them felt a small hand on the cheek. With a little smack they parted only a few inches and looked at Ben. However, while he was bracing himself on their faces, the little boy stared past them through the window, wondering about those colorful lights, which where exploding into the dark night.

"Uhm...I can't move," Jane stated smiling.

With an amused whisper Lisbon answered, "Then don't." And while closing her eyes, she kissed him again.

**The End**