

Exchanging Secrets

Rating: PG-14

Spoilers for 7x02

A/N: Because I had some time to kill to meet with someone before going back home, I was sitting at a mall and watched the episode on my tablet. This ficlet is my revenge for the stupid grin the ep forced onto my face.

Someone might have to tell me again what revenge means.

The first time, it was perfect. Well, as perfect as first times could ever be, but after waiting years to be finally able and allowed to touch, pretty much everything would have been perfect. And how couldn't it have been. They had all they needed - each other. Add to that a heavenly comfortable bed, a whole weekend without interruption, and it not being perfect became impossible.

They touched and caressed, kissed and held onto each other, learned and taught. Never once doubting, never once hesitating, until they sunk into deep, peaceful slumber as a satiated, happy unity that left only one doubt: where one ended and the other began.

The second time was rather rushed, a moment of need they decided to give in to because they *could*. No one was going to judge them. Least of all they themselves. And as it was said - the way to someone's heart is through their stomach. And so preparing dinner after an unusually lazy day at the office which left them with too much energy to go to bed ended with them christening the kitchen counter that had been supposed to be blessed with holding delicious food. Not that what it got wasn't delicious in a whole different and definitely not bad way.

It was concentrating on basics and needs; no time or patience for exploring in their longing for that certain kind of passion that the heat of the moment offered. And they loved and savored every second of it.

And then there came the third time. Third time's a charm? Well. It certainly was for Patrick.

A lazy evening found them lounging on the couch, warm, low light offered by candles scattered around the room, TV running, on it some random movie that was given no attention to. There was much more interest in each other than in whatever the screen could ever have shown, as languid kisses were exchanged and bodies pressed together. Soon clothes were scattered on the floor, skin bared to exploring, caressing hands, lips locked in a deep kiss. One that was interrupted by a sudden squeal and a flinching motion as short, blunt nails drew along flanks in a feathery light touch.

The moment interrupted, even if not yet gone completely, they stared at each other, eyes wide in wonder and confusion.

"Are you..." Patrick began, voice slowed by the question his mind was already answering before it had the chance to completely leave his mouth. Gleeful recognition began to fill his eyes.

"Don't," Teresa warned, playfully, and yet there was an edge to her voice he couldn't have missed even if he had wanted to. He really didn't need long to decide then.

"How could I?" he grinned wickedly and attacked her sides without mercy, making her squirm away from his hold and fall from the couch.

"Ouch," she complained and rubbed her leg that had experienced an unfriendly encounter with the coffee table.

"Come on up here," he said, leaning forward to help her, but she shuffled back and narrowed her eyes at him.

"No."

He snorted. "Seriously?"

"Promise not to do it again."

"You know I can't." His hand still hovered in the air between them as a silent offer. "But I promise not to tell anyone."

"Very funny," she grumbled, but rose nonetheless, climbing gingerly onto the couch, kneeling next to him, clad only in her underwear; a perfect target.

He was no one to willingly spoil a perfectly good mood. He was, however, also no one able to resist a temptation. And this was more than one temptation, clearly.

And thus their third time became the time of research, thoroughly employed, and set to the sound of giggling and laughter, as well as the occasional curse.

"You're going to regret this," she mumbled into his chest, much later, her body pleasantly aching, and this luckily not only from his happy acquiring of new knowledge about the tickle-sensitive areas of her body.

"Meh," was supposed to be his only answer to this, but was seconds later accompanied by a sharp intake of breath and a suspiciously high sound, alas suppressed as much as possible when fingertips lightly danced over the insides of his knees.

She was, after all, a skilled detective.

"Oh yes, you are."

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