

A Smile, A Fruit, A...nd Love

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Rating: T

Contents: About dreams, fruits and temptations. - Pure Jane/Lisbon fluff, following the latest episode 3x08 Ball Of Fire.

Disclaimer: I own nothing - beside my laptop and an external keyboard that allow me to write things Bruno and his team are not yet ready for *smile*

Author's Note: As much as I loved last week's episode (yep, also and especially that ending ;)), I'm gonna ignore it for that little one shot - so it would be good if you did that as well.

This night, sleep came easily to him. He was exhausted to no end, after nearly getting killed - in more than one way. Added to that, Lisbon's involvement had only made it worse; his concern for her and her well-being had been eating at his strength as much as his own fear of death.

Now sleep was a welcome partner for the night, especially since he normally didn't get that much sleep. Also, normally he didn't dream much. However, this night the pictures didn't want to leave him; one in particular.

Teresa Lisbon with a big, happy, relieved smile on her face.

And an apple in her hand.

When Jane woke up the next morning, he knew what he had to do. He had a promise to keep.

It was still early when he got up and ready. He'd spent the night at a hotel after Lisbon had insisted that he left and slept somewhere else, just not on his couch or in the attic. She had practically kicked him out and called him a cab, and he, being as tired and exhausted as he'd been, hadn't protested. He had chosen the closest hotel for the night and fallen into the bed as soon as he arrived, immediately drifting off.

The morning was warm and sunny - perfect for a walk back to the CBI, which gave him time to think his idea through. After all, he would have to make Lisbon come with him. He had his plan ready when he arrived.

A few hours later, Lisbon was in his car, changing between demanding to know where they were going, threatening him with some not very nice sounding torture ideas, or pouting occasionally, while he, completely unimpressed, drove his car towards their destination.

"Wait a moment - why does this look familiar?" Lisbon asked, after a longer period of silence between them, somewhat suspiciously when she checked her surroundings as they drove on.

"We've been here before. You'll know when we arrive," Jane simply answered, a slight smile on his lips. All those moments when he'd been alone with her, moments when the world was forgotten and everything evil with it, he remembered them well. It were the moments when he felt at peace, when he was happy again, and if only for a short while. And one of those moments had been at the place where he was driving with her right now.

It took Lisbon another ten minutes to know where they were, and then additional five for them to arrive. She frowned. They had been here about one and a half years ago. She still remembered the perfect strawberries she had eaten back then; but all the more she remembered Jane's and her conversation about trust and the trust fall he'd made her do. She wondered what he'd brought her here.

The place was just like he remembered it. A few people here and there, but never too many, a lots and lots of fruits and vegetables in and in front of that old barn. Nothing had changed, and the food they sold still looked delicious.

"I think I owe you an apple," he stated when he parked the car. Ah, yes, the psychic in him had probably just read her thoughts and decided to finally answer a question she'd ask him already when they'd left the CBI. Lisbon grumbled inwardly.

"And for that we had to come here? You know, there are fruit stores in Sacramento, too. Actually, there's one about only a two minute walk from the headquarters."

"Maybe, but I bet the fruits aren't as good as here."

"Jane, you know, there's a pile of work on my desk that is growing with every minute and I-"

"I know, now give me a minute, I'll be right back," he interrupted her and then left the car, walking over to the barn. Lisbon only sighed and got out, too. The air was fresh and filled with the sweet fragrances of all the fruits a few meters away. There was laughter and people talking; somewhere birds were singing and wind blew softly through the leaves. She closed her eyes for a moment. The sun shone into her face, warming her. This was too perfect to be true.

But in fact, it was true. Maybe it wouldn't last, and maybe she was still a the tiniest bit angry with Jane for more or less kidnapping her, but like so many times in the past he'd again brought her some peace and quiet. She cracked an eyes open when she heard footsteps approach and saw Jane holding a rich red apple out to her.

And he's brought her the promised apple.

She opened her eyes completely when he reached her and took the apple from him. She loved the red ones; they were juicy and while still sweet, also a bit bitter, and she liked that taste. She couldn't hold back a hum when she took the first bite; she didn't even notice the droplet of juice rolling down her chin because she was so caught up in savoring the taste.

The apple in Jane's hand remained untouched. Too fascinated he was by Lisbon - and that little droplet. It didn't even move or vanish when she took the next bite, and she was still unaware of it. He already knew that when they were alone, she sometimes showed sides she normally would never allow anyone else to see. He didn't know how he deserved to be the one she didn't hide those sides from, even though that probably wasn't completely voluntarily. But he was grateful nonetheless. She was lost in the indulgence the peaceful surroundings and one of her favorite tastes were and seemed to have forgotten the mask she always tried to keep in place. The mask of a strong woman without weaknesses, a woman he knew she, despite all her strength and courage, wasn't entirely.

When she noticed him watching her, she turned her head and looked at him questioningly. The droplet that was still resting on her chin sparkled and tempted him, and finally won. Bringing his free hand up, he gently swept his thumb over her chin, removing the drop of juice. But, the temptation was still there - only different now. The juice glistened on his thumb, asking to be not wasted to a napkin or tissue.

He couldn't resist it. He had to taste it.

Suddenly, the world became silent. There were no birds to be heard anymore, no trees and leaves moved by the breeze, not people talking or laughing. It was just them.

Teresa looked at him, a bit confused, a bit fascinated. And also a bit... he couldn't name it. Was it longing? Somewhere deep in her eyes, almost hidden, but still there when he looked close?

The bite she'd taken only seconds before had left her lips wet, as her tongue hadn't had the time yet to clean them. They glistened in the beams of the sun falling through the canopy of leaves, and Patrick couldn't take his eyes off them.

He was inevitably drawn to them. Drawn to her.

Like she was frozen in the moment, the only thing moving her wildly beating heart inside her, she didn't move when he closed the small space between them and slowly traced the rich red of her lips with the tip of his tongue, tasting the bittersweet juice, a flavor that for some reason suited her so perfectly.

It was a taste he could get addicted to.

He should take her out to apple picnics more often.

The End