

## Midnight Sounds

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Rating: P14 / T - just to be on the safe side \*gg\*

Contents: The team, a camping trip, tents... and some strange noises. Do I need to say more?

Disclaimer: Show doesn't belong to me, but to Bruno Heller, his team and CBS - to be honest, I wouldn't want to own it anyway, because in my opinion, Mr. Heller and his team do a fantastic job and as far as I'm concerned - I wouldn't be able to do it better!

A/N: One shot - I watched the promo for next week's episode and came up with the idea... it's silly and short, but my mind couldn't get rid of it ;)

*Possible spoilers for episode 1x22 - but only if you don't know the promo.*

She had feared it would end as a sleepless night - and of course it turned out to be one. Oh, how she hated camping. She had always hated it, ever since her first class trip during her school time. Bugs and other critters weren't just hers; not to speak of tents and the lack of clean and neat bathrooms for only *one* person.

And now, lying in her tent - her cold tent, another thing she hated - she just couldn't fall asleep. She was tossing and turning, her sleeping bag probably already a big knot, and thinking about what to do to finally find some rest.

She could go to Rigsby... No, bad idea. She wanted to sleep. But then, she would get rid of her freezing problem... Nah, who knew if he would be happy to have her in his tent anyway. *He wouldn't be happy*, an inner voice told her, *he would be absolutely enthusiastic about it*. - Oh, shut up.

She could go for a walk. Maybe the fresh air would make her tired. But... no, she didn't want to meet any more animals than those that already had settled around - hopefully not inside - her tent. She liked the nature, really, but she didn't like the boondocks. And surely she didn't like camping.

It was getting later and later; meanwhile, it must have been something around midnight, and sleep just didn't want to come to her. She could have bet her team was entirely comfortable with being here, and she was sure that everyone in this damn camp was sleeping happily and peacefully - apart from her.

But suddenly, she heard the zipper of the tent next to hers - Lisbon's tent. Maybe her boss was taking a walk. And maybe she should accompa...

"Lisbon?" a loud whisper came from the direction of named person's tent, and Van Pelt froze. Wasn't that...? "Lisbon, wake up. Come on, Teresa," the voice continued and Grace had no doubts whom the voice belonged to. It was definitely their consultant. But what the hell was Patrick Jane doing in their boss' tent?

*No... oh... better not think about it... you won't be able to get rid of the pictures... too late.*

"What?" Lisbon mumbled and Grace grinned. That was going to be fun - she was sure that the other woman wouldn't like it to be waken up in the middle of the night. Quite the contrary, as long as there wasn't a case or an important development during a case, she would kill the poor fellow who dared to wake her.

"Don't tell me you don't remember the little talk we had earlier."

"Have you any idea how late - or early - it is?" Oh, the voice already could have killed. It was indeed going to be fun. Paying attention was probably not a bad idea. Maybe some distraction by the two colleagues would make her forget where she was and keep her mind busy till she found some rest.

"You said you want it," Jane then said and Van Pelt heard the grin in his voice. *Wait a minute...* They wouldn't do anything... well... the one *anything* she definitely didn't want to overhear. No, they wouldn't. Or would they?

"But not now!"

"Why not? Now is perfect. Everyone is asleep-,"

"Just not me!" Lisbon whined, interrupting him, and Grace had to bite down into her sleeping bag to suppress a loud laugh.

"-no one will disturb us, and you can relax a bit. You will sleep much better after it."

"I want to sleep now. I'm tired, Jane."

"Trust me; you will have forgotten that you want to sleep in a few minutes."

"So you... oh." Teresa's last attempt of an answer ended with some sighs and moans and Grace blushed. *Maybe she really should...* "Ouch! That hurt," Lisbon then hissed. *Or maybe not.*

"Yea, happens. And no wonder it hurts, Lisbon. Who knows how long your body had had to wait for it."

"Didn't you say something about 'relaxed'?" Listening attentively, completely concentrated on finding out what her boss and the consultant were doing, taking into consideration that they were still using each other's last names, Grace, as dutifully as she was, almost exclaimed, "He did!", but could stop herself just in time.

"I did. But you have to relax, too." Grace ducked deeper into her sleeping back, ready to cover her ears with it if something she better shouldn't hear would come.

Again, a series of moans, groans, gasps and sighs followed and Van Pelt felt heat crawl up her neck - she really didn't want to know how red she was. Whatever Jane was doing to her, Lisbon was more than enjoying it. Grace presses her pillow to her ears, but it didn't help much. Besides, the *damage* to her mind was already done.

And then a squeaking sound startled her.

"Sorry. My mistake," she heard Jane apologize and frowned. It seemed to her that he wasn't exactly the gentle type of man.

"That probably has raised the whole camp out of its sleep," Lisbon grumbled.

"You could have told me that you're ticklish." Okay, or he was just good at finding Lisbon's sensitive spots... *oh no... no that wasn't meant suggestive...* Grace sat up and rubbed her face with her hands. What was she thinking? Or what did she think she was doing?

"So you can use it against me?"

"I would never do that." Grace had a good idea what the facial expression of her boss looked like at the moment, because it for sure was the same as her own - a mixture of disbelief and being peeved, combined with some rolling of her eyes.

"And I'm Mother Teresa," Lisbon commented and Van Pelt silently mimicked Jane's chuckle.

"Well, sometimes, but only sometimes, you are," he whispered and Grace again got prepared for covering her ears. "And now lie down, we're not finished yet." *Why had his voice to be so terribly seducing?*

The noises didn't change much; there was much sound from Lisbon and barely any from Jane.

But finally, after what seemed like half an eternity and must have been only about fifteen minutes, she heard the two persons in the nearby tent move.

"Thank you," Teresa said and Grace thought that she somehow sounded exhausted, but happy.

"I told you I'm good."

"Yes, you are. And should I ever need a massage again..." *Massage!?! Oh thank God...* She couldn't really say why she was relieved, but she was.

"Feel free to ask me." There it was again, the tone of voice that made his smile audible. Patrick Jane really was one kind of a man, Grace thought and shook her head.

After the two had told each other goodnight and Patrick had, judging from the sounds, left their boss' tent, the red-haired woman fell back into her sleeping arrangements and as soon as her head hit the pillow, her eyes slowly fell shut and she felt herself slipping into the land of dreams. Well, almost. There was only one thing...

*Why did that shadow on her sleeping bag look like a huge bug?!*

END