

## Turning Point

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Rating: P12

Summary: When emotions boil up, no one can predict the outcome. Even though it usually leads to the classic movie one.

Disclaimer: Mentalist rightfully belongs to Bruno Heller and his team as well as CBS and any producing companies. With Heller being one of the only two writers/producers I really trust, I'd say the show is in good hands there.

Author's Note: Started this a long time ago, finished it a shorter time ago and had it rest on my hard drive for weeks now... just a short something that originated from the thought of how described scene would play out between those two. Sorry for being so cryptic, don't want to spoil anything ;)

He had done it again. And even though she knew she should have been used to it by now, it surprised her every single time. Surprised her - then angered her. No. Made her *furious*.

Most of the times she had no idea why she was still putting up with Patrick Jane. He was a nuisance, an incredible, terrible nuisance. He was getting on her nerves and caused her more problems than she would ever be able to count. He insulted witnesses, suspects, lawyers, judges, *everyone*, and always left it to her to smooth the waves of shock and outrage he caused. He made her days harder, her work, he gave her headaches and sleepless nights.

He was a burden.

And still she put up with him, for whatever reason.

Maybe because she cared. And she cared too much. Which made her situation only worse, because he was also a master in getting himself into dangerous situations. He was like a bag of cats - because of his behavior, yes, but also because of the number of lives he obviously had. And every time he almost died she *almost* did too.

Just this afternoon, it had happened again. This afternoon had seen him literally running towards a suspect that was clearly out of control - and in possession of a gun. And while everyone did their best to be as careful as possible, who didn't care a bit about himself, his life, and also the operation? Of course.

When he came to her office this evening, all chipper and teasing, she lost it. She ranted, and she cursed him, her arms flailing, her gestures wild, as she finally let out everything.

"You're irresponsible, you never think what you do to others with your actions, you're careless and annoying and make my life a living hell on a regular basis, because I have to excuse your actions, and I'm so tired of it! Why do I even care? It's not like we can't solve cases without you, and I'm done with cleaning up your mess, it's too high a price to pay for what you do to help, and I don't care what anyone would say, and if the President himself would -"

What she said didn't come from real anger. It came from a fear, deeply situated within her, a fear of losing him, not having him in her life anymore. She knew she needed him, every day, but she would never have admitted it. He was too important, too much a vital part of her life, as much as she hated the fact she had long since accepted because she knew she didn't have a choice anyways. They were a unity. They belonged together.

He watched her in silence, listening or not, and his face didn't show a single emotion; something that fueled her rage even more. He let her speak, let out what she needed to say - yell - because he knew she needed it. A few

minutes he stood and did nothing; then he took a step towards her, and, avoiding her arms, he framed her face with his hands and kissed her.

Lisbon was too shocked to react in any way; it took her a moment to find her senses again. Then, however, she grabbed his lapels and kissed him back. No - she robbed him of his breath. She devoured his mouth, let her tongue fight its way past his lips even though they never met any resistance, tasted him, drank him in.

Until, after several seconds, she pushed him away. Hard.

"What do you think you are doing?!" She bellowed, glaring at him.

"Same as you, it seems," he gave back lightly, and couldn't help but touch his lips for a moment. She had tasted sweet, the leftover piece of chocolate-covered strawberry cake from her birthday last week that had been her dinner half an hour earlier still there for him to get his share of, and the softness of her lips had been addictive, even though he had only felt it for these very few seconds. Too short a time to get addicted one might say, but he knew better. Just as he knew that he wanted more.

"Get out," she now hissed, but he saw how she continuously licked her lips, bit them lightly, and he knew they tingled from their too-short encounter, knew they demanded more.

And indeed was she fighting this feeling she didn't want to be so good, so perfect, so much what she desired. He was a co-worker, a friend maybe, but also the reason for her nightmares when she didn't have sleepless nights *because of him*, and the last thing she wanted was to *want* him. But as much as she tried to, she couldn't even convince herself that she was past that point, had been for a while now. He was different and he was driving her crazy, but she also knew him better than probably anyone else, and she trusted him and needed him because no matter what he did to make her life harder - he also made it special.

He didn't leave her office like she had demanded him to do. Instead, he stalked her retreating form until she hit her desk, and he pushed her onto it, pressed his body to hers and...

... made sure that neither of them would ever forget this very first taste of a turning point.

END