

Of Yellow Roses and Apologies

Sighing softly, she raised the crystal tumbler once more toward her lips, swirling the amber contents thoughtfully. She knew she had to face him eventually but for the moment she was content to linger in the room, watching the dancing rays of light slowly fade from the walls, bringing with them brilliant shades of blue, red, purple and orange.

They had danced around each other for months now, ever since she had walked back into his life for no other reason than to accept the job, which now held her as his boss. Yet it was after another heated argument, crowding into each others personal space, chests heaving to inhale enough oxygen, blue eyes flashing to match a fiery green that they both began to realise that perhaps there was something more worth facing.

To them, actions spoke louder than words and still, she could not forgive him for his latest—going right over her head and undermining her authority in front of the entire agency. It was bad enough that he did it to spite her, but public humiliation had definitely crossed the line. Petty fights had ensued that would have otherwise meant nothing, but meant the world in the context of their inability to say what really needed to be said.

A loud bang startled her from her thoughts as her office door slammed against the wall only to fling back and close again. Without looking up, she knew who it was that had barged into her office door this time of night. Slowing lifting her head, she raised an eyebrow toward him, a silent request as to why he appeared. He merely shrugged and sat down, continuing to stare, blue eyes following her every move.

She sighed once again and deciding that she couldn't be bothered to delve into this argument, she resumed sorting through the paperwork in front of her. Ignorance was the best option in this case. Work, however, was increasingly difficult this evening and the fact that she could feel his eyes boring into her and the silent blush creeping up her neck was not helping.

He on the other hand, was rather enjoying this display and silent sense of victory knowing that he could still cause her to blush. Of course the reason for his appearance was to apologise for his earlier, irrational behaviour. However, apologies weren't permitted in their relationship but peace offerings certainly were. Deciding ten minutes was enough time staring at her in silence, he got up and left making sure to slam the door on his way out.

Jumping at the sudden noise, she glanced up once again, smiling as she saw what he had left behind for within the chair that he had just vacated, lay a single yellow rose. Moving out from behind, her desk, she picked it up, tracing absent minded patterns on the yellow petals. A sad smile graced her features for at least if he hadn't admitted it to her he had at least admitted to himself. Perhaps there really was something more worth facing.

Of Lipstick and Heels

She made her way down the basement stairs, wincing as each step made the wood creak, each step painful in her impossibly high heels and restricting green dress. She paused halfway down, glancing down at his sleeping form under the half-finished boat, bottle of bourbon nearby. Quietly, she made her way down the rest of the stairs, making her way over to the bench and frowning slightly as every step echoed from the heel of her shoe. Lifting tools and bits of wood, she searched for a pen and paper if only to let him know that she had been there.

Sighing to herself, she turned back toward him. Frowning slightly once again, she pondered briefly what she could leave behind. Deciding a note would hold much more than intended considering their history, she went for something a little less ominous. Padding quietly on her toes so that the heels from her shoes would make no noise, she lent down toward him and placed a soft kiss on his cheek. Ensuring her mark was left behind, she turned and made her way back up the stairs and out into the night.

Hours later, he woke, groaning as his muscles protested from a night spent sleeping on hard wood. His head joined in the symphony of aches and pains as it thumped slightly from the intake of bourbon the previous night as he struggled to distinguish reality from his dreams. He brushed his cheek lightly, ever so sure he dreamt her visit the night before though he can still smell the lingering remnants of her perfume and almost hear the echoing from the heel of her shoes.

Making his way toward the nearest thing that resembled a mirror, he smiled to himself as he saw just exactly how she had left her mark. The imprint of her kiss resided clearly on his cheek in a shade of lipstick that only she wore. He traced the pattern once again before removing it with the closest thing he had at hand- a rag and paint stripper. He smiled once again before he left his basement and headed to work where once again they would become Director and Special Agent, but he knew one thing.....he would be paying her a visit tonight.

Of Bourbon and White Chocolate

He shifted on his feet as he waited in the cold for her to open her solid oak door. After what felt like several minutes, he gave in and turned the brass handle and to his surprise found that it was open. He stood in her foyer for what felt like hours, unsure of where to go or what to do. He'd called out, but she hadn't answered and he was in the right mind to turn around and walk back out the front door into the cold if it meant that he didn't have to face her. His courage had deserted him and suddenly he decided that perhaps coming here tonight was a bad idea.

They were skirting the line between friendship and more but he couldn't decide whether he wanted to delve into the abyss that was a relationship with Jenny Sommers. Of course he knew it would have to be a relationship that would, like all things, require proper attention. They had tried it once before, but in the end she had chosen the job over him, which was part of the reason why she was currently his boss. In the end, he wasn't sure if he could force her into having to make that choice again.

A small movement in the study further down the hall attracted his attention and he walked slowly toward it. Light flickered upon the walls from the fireplace that was growing dim in the late hours of the night. At first he was hesitant to go in to the room, knowing what lay on the other side of the door. If he turned around and left right now, she wouldn't know he had been here, and they could go back to the way it was. Snide remarks, petty fights turning into heated arguments which after a few days turned into leaving small gifts around the place. They had never discussed the little gestures, neither capable of the frank discussion that it required and he pondered briefly that perhaps if they had, he would not be here tonight.

He closed his eyes briefly and found himself pushing the door open, padding gently inside. He smiled as he saw her; head on the desk, red hair glimmering in the firelight as gentle breaths escaped her as she slept. He guessed she had been working late when fatigue had finally gotten the best of her. He placed the bottle of bourbon down on the desk and sat down in the chair opposite her as she began to stir. He watched her silently as she awoke and smiled slightly at the array of emotions that crossed her face. At first confusion set in as she saw the bottle of bourbon sitting on her desk which was followed by realisation and then a smile as she saw him.

"Dinner first," He warned, producing a bag of take away as she reached for the bottle. She smiled a mischievous glint in her green eyes as she moved to get some plates from her kitchen. He stopped her though, just as she reached the door frame. "Or, we could just have dessert?"

She turned back to him smiling softly as he produced a rather large block of her favourite white chocolate. She took a soft but serious tone as she moved toward him, taking the block of chocolate from his hands and twirling it through her own. "What's this for?"

He smirked from behind his glass, taking a mouthful of bourbon before replying. "A thank you."

She raised her eyebrows toward him, making her way closer to him, requesting a further explanation to his previous statement. "For the present you left me the other night Jen."

She smirked, placing a piece of chocolate in her mouth and then one in his. It took him slightly by surprise, but never one to show it, continued to smile toward her. "Well then, if this is the thankyou I get after that, I might just have to leave you another," she concluded, and without warning, leaned forward to place a soft, gentle yet warm and inviting kiss upon his lips.

She pulled back, all too soon for him as he licked his lips, her taste of cherry lipstick, white chocolate and bourbon filled his senses in an oddly wonderful combination that was solely hers. He opened his eyes to find her expectant green orbs staring directly into his brilliant blues. She smiled once again as she leaned forward to whisper in his ear, as if she knew exactly what he was thinking: "Dessert first."

He leaned back in the chair, watching her as she moved about the study, fixing up the paper work and pouring herself another glass of bourbon. It was then that he realised that somewhere in the tangle of longing looks, snide remarks, awkward silences and charged, tantalising moments that this wasn't just another case of lust. The want for her was there but the need for her was becoming much greater.

Before long she had finished 'fussing' as he had dubbed it, and came over to him, tilting her head slightly as if inquiring into his next move. She smiled knowingly and moved toward the door of the study, taking a last glance back at his form before heading upstairs. He stared for a moment longer at the glowing embers in the fireplace, each one slowly dying as the night wore on. He stood up gently as he heard her call from upstairs, "Don't forget the bourbon!"

He smiled and grabbed the bottle before heading upstairs. One thing was for certain, he was very glad he had come to her house tonight.