| Rating:     | Not Rated               |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category:   | F/M                     |
| Fandom:     | Miss Fisher's Murder Mysteries |
| Relationship: | Phryne Fisher/Jack Robinson |
| Character:  | Phryne Fisher, Jack Robinson, Jane Ross, Albert "Bert" Johnson, Cecil "Cec" Yates |
| Additional Tags: | Dancing, stripping clothes, romantic, Silly, a tiny bit serious, Unbeta'd |
| Stats:      | Published: 2016-02-03 Completed: 2018-01-13 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 2117 |

**Dancing**

by **Rithebard**

**Summary**

Jack eats Guy's *fig* brownies instead of Mr B.

**Notes**

This is after he was divorced, jack arrived early to the house for the ball and he was a bit peckish. So he joined Bert and Cec in the kitchen and before they could stop him he ate the brownies. This started out silly and ended up romantic and a bit serious.
Phryne stands in the kitchen with her arms crossed as she listens to Cec and Bert explain how Jack got a hold of Guy's Brownies, and her eyebrows shot up.

"How many did he have?"

"Before we could stop him he ate 4 of them..."

"Four?"

Bert is really trying hard not snort and laugh, Phryne could read him like a book.

"Bert, he could get fired, its not funny."

"Yes, Miss." Bert left the kitchen because he wanted to laugh his head off.

"Where did he go, Cec?"

"He said that he was going to head upstairs...he wanted to relax before Mr. Guy's party."

"Upstairs! Oh My...." She ran up the stairs, Aunt P's house was so big it made her house look like a doll house. She was running from hallway to hallway, she saw Jane. "Jane, have you seen the Inspector?"

"Yes, he said he was a bit tired and he asked if there was a room to lay down in. He was a bit odd..."

"Odd how?"

"He was sort of dancing in place and said something about resting for the denouncement."

"Where did you tell him to rest?"

"Your room, he asked where it is...you weren't here so that was all right, wasn't it?"

Phryne took a deep breath and sighed, she forced a smile on her face and nodded sweetly to her ward, "Of course, Darling."

Phryne walked to her room and took a deep breath, she walked into her room to find a pair of brown shoes by the door. Then she saw his socks, his pants, coat, waistcoat ...then she saw him on the bed, he was wearing nothing but his singlet and smalls with his tie. He was dancing, what she could only think was his version of a waltz or maybe a foxtrot. When he saw her, he smiled brightly, his eyes shining like diamonds as he asked, "Would you give me the great honor, Miss Fisher and join me in a dance?"

She closed the door and leaned against it, she was trying not to laugh, so she concentrated on his body, as she did, she had to suppress other feelings, he was a beautiful man. Built like a Greek God, "Up there?"

"Of course, this is the Celestial Dance floor, isn't it beautiful?" He asked as he twirled, "do you wish to be private and dance down there?"

"I think it would be best, Jack..."
He did a cartwheel off the bed and landed perfectly in front of her. He then took her hand kissed it, turning it over and kissing the palm, "Mmmmm, you taste delicious, my beautiful Phryne," he looked up at her, his eyes sparkling, "Did I ever tell you, you're my Angel, Beautiful Phryne....you saved me, you saved my life." He pulled her close to him, bringing her head against his shoulder gently and rubbing his cheek against hers, "You did Phryne, I was dying but I didn't know it. You stormed into my crime scene, stormed into my empty life and brought joy, humor and excitement." They were swaying to music that only he could hear. Phryne could feel his strong shoulders, and his soft lips as he kissed her cheek and her neck, she listened to his words and though she did not have a single brownie she fell under his spell. "Today is the worst day of my life, I became divorced today and yet, I am here with the most beautiful woman in the world and you care about me. You like me. You don't think I am a failure...you saved me Phryne, you saved me." He hugged her closer then pulled back so he could look into her tear filled eyes. "Don't cry my beautiful Angel, you give life." And he kissed her, sweetly and tenderly. Phryne kissed him back.

When they pulled back, she tenderly cupped his cheek, "Oh Jack, you're the sweetest man. Of course I care for you, you're my best friend. You're the only man who respects me for my mind..."

Jack nodded, "I do, you're the brightest person in the world, and you're my best friend too." He pulled her in for another kiss and then rubbed his cheek against hers, "You're also the most beautiful....ahhhhh," Jack yawned, "I am so tired and hungry...what should I do first, Phryne?"

Phryne smiled and said, "I think you should take a nap," she said as she tenderly took off the tie. "Why don't you lie down in my bed and I will go get you something to snack on when you wake up."

Jack nodded and jumped backwards onto the bed and did a somersault to the top. then he curled into a ball like a cat. "Thank you Phryne, you're the most beautiful, loving woman in the world and I love you so much." He said sleepily as he fell deeply asleep.

Phryne took in a deep breath, she shook her head, since he was now fast asleep she knew it was safe to say. "And I love you too, Jack Robinson. It scares me to death but I love you too."
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jack wakes up from the brownie high, poor man.

Chapter Notes

I just couldn't help myself I scribbled it in the middle of the night, I hope you enjoy part two.

Jack woke up and groaned. “Where the hell am I? What hit me?” he croaked. He blearily looked around the semi-darkened room. He saw his clothes piled neatly on a chair then he saw….” Oh No, no, no, no…” he groaned his voice in a quiet panic. He sat up and then closed his eyes and the room tipped on it’s axis. He rubbed his temples trying desperately to remember what happened.

“Phryne’s room…how the hell did I get here?” Whispering to himself his eyes flashed open as flashes of memory hit him suddenly. Slowly swimming back to him in a puddle of fuzzy memory was dancing with Phryne in this room in his... “Oh my God!” His voice squeaked. A sound he had never heard in his life coming from himself before this moment. His hand went to his mouth and he closed his eyes again.

“I was in my underwear and tie…my God…I…” He pulled back the covers and saw that he was indeed in his underwear but no tie. He surveyed the chair where his clothes were neatly stacked and saw his tie was right on top.

“What on Earth! How? Why?” He was now in full panic. He turned on the bedside lamp and saw, a glass of water and small glass with two pain pills and leaning against the lamp, written in Phryne’s distinctive writing was a note, it said, “Jack.” He opened it up and read the note;

“Don’t panic Jack. This was not our fault. You accidentally ate brownies with Hash in them. NOTHING HAPPENED! Really, I am not trying to make you feel better. Nothing happened. We had a lovely waltz and some sweet kisses which I thoroughly enjoyed. I didn’t have one brownie. Now be a good boy, take the pain pills. Drink the whole glass of water, the carafe is right there if you need more. Then get dressed, I’m next door.

P”

Jack put the note down and closed his eyes leaning back against the pillows. “I can remember dancing with her…I remember the kisses…I remember confessing how she saved me. I think I fell asleep then. Did I dream…didn’t I confess…no…. yes, I remember confessing that I love her. Did I? She doesn’t mention it… maybe I did dream it?”

He took the pills and finished the glass of water, then poured a second glass and finished that off. He looked at the clock. “6pm, the invitation said 8pm. I have two hours.” He sighed.

He carefully got up and went into the en-suite bathroom, grateful that Mrs. Stanley provided Phryne with one, so he would not have to be seen in this state. He splashed some water on his
face and looked carefully at his face. He looked like he was hung over. He also saw shaving gear and another note.

“Jack,

Shower and shave you will better.

P”

Sigh.

***

A very quiet knock was heard at the door of Jane’s room that Phryne was sharing with her ward.

Phryne opened the door and smiled, “Hello Jack.”

“Miss Fisher.”

“Come on in.”

Jack was dressed and looked neat as a pin except his eyes were puffy. But that could easily be overwork from this murder investigation. Phryne closed the door and leaned on it; “How do you feel?”

“Like a lorry ran over me.”

“You did have a good large dose. Are you hungry?”

“Yes, famished.”

“Aftereffect I’m afraid. I smuggled this up for you, enjoy.”

Jack saw a complete dinner with his favorite foods. He blinked but he sat down and started eat with abandon. As he cut his chicken he said, “Thank you, this looks delicious. I am sorry…well if I…”

“You have nothing to apologize for, in fact you were utterly charming.”

“I was?”

“You don’t remember?”

“Bits.”

“hmm, It may all come flooding back. Don’t panic if it does Jack, you were an utter gentleman even high as a kite.” She replied smiling as she watched him devour a whole half chicken and drink the whole bottle of lemonade in one swallow.

She handed him another bottle, which he accepted with a smile. “Thank you…what exactly did I do?”

Phryne smiled as she reflected at how cute he looked dancing on the bed in his underwear and tie. The tie he was wearing right at that moment. She almost purred. But instead she said, “Well you danced mostly. You were very polite and gentlemanly. You bowed to me and asked me to dance on the bed calling me, Miss Fisher of course…”

Jack groaned and closed his eyes. He rubbed his temples and asked, “Anything else?”
Phryne sat on the other chair and said quietly, “Yes, you told me you were divorced. I am sorry Jack, I didn’t know what you were going through….”

“It’s fine, really. I needed to be doing something useful. If I hadn’t had this case, I would have been at home drowning my sorrows all alone. I really needed this case.”

Phryne nodded and smiled softly, “Then you asked me to dance. You did some rather impressive gymnastics. And as we danced you told me I saved you.. that you were dead till I…I’m sure…”

“Also, quite true.”

“I couldn’t have…”

He had started to eat again but this was important he put his fork down and looked her in the eyes. She had to know. “You did. You truly saved me, Phryne.” He said quietly. He reached out and gently took her hand as he said, “I wasn’t living. I was existing. Going through the motions. Until the day you came storming into that bathroom I was barely alive. You gave me purpose again. You brought my humor back, that had been missing in action for years. You brought me joy. You really did save me. I am ever so grateful to you….”

“No, don’t be grateful. Please. It’s mutual you know. You brought me a purpose too. Besides Murdock Foyle, you gave me a career because you were so respectful, and you listened. You didn’t treat me as an empty-headed socialite. I know I annoyed you and, yet you were respectful, I don’t know why…”

“I was impressed, Miss Fisher….”

“Phryne.”

Jack nodded, “Phryne, you analyzed that room as an expert. And you came to the same conclusions as I did and just as quickly. I was amazed and impressed. And I liked you…” He looked shyly into her sparkling eyes and added, “I really couldn’t help myself. You were utterly likable.”

“I liked you too.”

They stared into each other’s eyes as if in a trance till there was a knock on the door.

“Miss, your Aunt wants you.”

“Thank you, Parks, tell her I will be right there.”

“Yes Miss.”

She smiled at Jack, “Finish your dinner. Go down the back stairs and then come in the front door. The only people there are Bert and Cec and they know you ate the brownies, but they will be respectful…really they will. No one will know, I promise.”

“Phryne…”

“We will finish this chat later. I promise.”

“And you always keep your promises.”

“Of course, Inspector.” She gently kissed his cheek and then winked at him before she got up and left the room.
Jack drank some lemonade and then he said quietly, “That woman will be the death of me.” Then he toasted the door with his drink, smirking as he added, “What a way to go!”

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!