

Your Enemy's Sleeping, and His Woman is Free

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1061135) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1061135>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Famous Blue Raincoat (Song)
Relationship:	Narrator/Jane/Thin Gypsy Thief
Characters:	Narrator , Jane , Thin Gypsy Thief
Additional Tags:	happily polyamorously ever after , Hopeful Ending , OT3 , Past Infidelity , Polyamory , Fix-It , not the best poly negotiations ever but it works anyway
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2011-09-03 Words: 465 Chapters: 1/1

Your Enemy's Sleeping, and His Woman is Free

by [cadenzamuse](#)

Summary

You are shining, shining in the doorway, and I am not asking any questions. Jane kisses you on the cheek and says you should come again next week.

Jane always knew what we needed better than we did.

Notes

It was comment-fic. On resonant's amazing, amazing *Sincerely, L. Cohen*, which is in a totally different universe from my reading of "Famous Blue Raincoat" (OT3 FOREVER!), but is nonetheless perfect.

But it was 3 AM and I was high on cough syrup, so I decided the world needed another "Famous Blue Raincoat" fic (you all know this song, right, flist?), and so I wrote it.

I have always felt very OT3 about this song, because they all clearly still love each other! Even after hurting each other badly! (Also, my favorite character in the song is Jane, so I *had* to write OT3 fic after reading resonant's fic, because I love it, but man, where is Jane?)

My headcanon about this song is [here](#). So I guess I ended up writing that fic for myself, except that the source is so bittersweet that it wouldn't let me get all the way to "happily, polyamorously ever after", just to hope and possibility.

- Inspired by [Sincerely, L. Cohen](#) by [Resonant](#)

It's almost evening on a rainy Friday in September when Jane comes in the door, the light from the hallway making the droplets in her hair shine like a halo. She has a rose clutched in her right hand, along with her purse and the mail.

I know already, before Jane explains. "He's back." He. We both know she's talking about you.

Jane drops her purse and keys on the table by the door. "I invited him for dinner."

Jane always knew what we needed better than we did.

Dinner is awkward. I can't stop staring at you. You and Jane make small-talk, and Jane's laugh is free. I had forgotten how happy you could make her. We are happy enough together, in our little life, in our little apartment, but there is something about you that makes her expand.

You look older, and more worn, and you wear the same sort of shabby clothes that you did when we were twenty-five. You still shove your hands into your trouser pockets when you're thinking, and when you're about to tell an especially good joke.

I shake your hand before you leave, and tell you it was good of you to come. You are shining, shining in the doorway, and I am not asking any questions. Jane kisses you on the cheek and says you should come again next week.

I go for a walk after you leave and manage not to think about you, almost. Jane doesn't mind. These years together, we have grown to understand each other. When I slip into bed, I stare at her sleeping form and am grateful.

It shouldn't surprise me that you do come again, but it does. You stand there in a stupid overcoat, the sleeves too short, with wine and bread and two roses. One is deep red, and the other a red-tipped gold. I don't know which one you mean for me.

Jane laughs and begs you to do your famous tango dancer impression. When you stick out your arms, both roses clutched in your teeth, your shirtsleeves gleam white from under your ridiculous coat. I turn away.

You come every week, every Friday, bringing roses that wither slowly, their perfume lingering. I cannot stop thinking about you.

You join me sometimes on my walks. You ask how my work is going, or tell me a story from your own sprawling, overambitious novel. You were always the braver of us.

Although Jane, I think, is the bravest of all. When she finds me sitting on the edge of our bed, fingering the lock of your hair, she kisses me and holds my hands gently, cupping your hair between us. She says, "I love you. He will stay this time. It will be well."

I believe her.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!