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Rating: PG 13

Disclaimer: We own nothing, we only borrow

Title: Pictures of you

Chapter three: The Snow

Five years later

Sara tossed and turned in bed. Awakening suddenly in a cold sweat, the screams of a female victim- still echoed in her mind. A strong pair of arms, rose to tug her gently into their embrace. For a moment she was confused, back in Las Vegas in her lonely apartment, until recollection came.

Oh that's my Gil, my husband. She felt his soft breath against the back of her neck, whispering words that soothed her into sleep.

'That way when I wake up in a cold sweat, hearing Kaye's screams, you can tell me it's nothing, just empathy'

The next morning she lay in bed, listening to the sounds of Grissom's early morning routine. Usually she was up and about with him, getting under his feet. Abruptly, his toothbrush fell with a clink back into its holder, and she knew that he would be preparing to rinse.

Sara patted her stomach absent mindedly, still surprised by its swell. Now in her third and final trimester, it would not be long before a new addition entered their little family. Her job as supervisor on the Boston CSI dayshift, was put on hold while she took her maternity leave.

Grissom had often joked, that he would take time off from Boston State University, where he lectured as a professor of entomological studies. But she knew he loved his work, and even the energetic young students that came along with it. So she understood his absence, though naturally she would have loved to spend a couple of months in bed with him.

'Sara, are you sure you're ready to do this? We can wait. I know we've only been seeing each other for a few weeks. I don't want to rush this.'

She moved across the couch, taking the wine glass out of his tense hand, she replaced it with her own. Kissing him lightly on the corner of his mouth, she replied,

'Grissom I've been waiting over a decade to be with you. We couldn't have taken this slower if we tried. I love you. Please say you want to be with me too.'

His lips answered her, as they gently covered her neck.

After he had left for work, she sat alone at their kitchen table, looking out at the soft white flakes. Sometimes she missed the sunshine on the west coast, but secretly she knew it would never compare. Years before, when she had studied at Harvard, she came to love the way the

snow would create a whole new world over night. Pure and Flawless- a land of second chance.

Later, she busied herself arranging the house, changing the order of her husband's butterfly collection. It always made her smile, to see that he noticed. Upstairs the scent of fresh paint filled the air, from the baby's sweet yellow nursery. Sara smiled, thinking of the surprise shower, Grissom had thrown for her last week.

It had felt good to see all her old friends again. They really didn't get to spend as much time together, as she would have liked. Nick had teased her growing bump, going dutch with Warrick on a large, stuffed Giraffe. Lindsey was keen to rub Sara's stomach at every possible opportunity, asking her mother in amazement if she was really ever that small.

While putting away Grissom's clean socks, her eyes were drawn to the framed photograph which lay on top of the chest of drawers. It had been their gift from Greg. She hadn't even remembered that he had taken it, at the annual department ball. It was officially their first outing as a couple. They were dancing close, and had that tell tale glow on both their faces.

The memory brought about a soft smile. In the distance, she heard the shrill ring of the telephone, snapping her out of her daydream. Picking up the handset, she answered instinctively, 'Hi, darling.' A short pause followed, and it was broken by a low laugh.

'Sara. How did you know it was me? You could have been saying that to the cable guy.' She knew he was grinning widely, on the other end of the line.

'Don't be silly Griss, you know the cable guy never calls.' He happily sighed in response. 'Plus, I know I have a lovably paranoid husband, who thinks that a hundred-and-one possible calamities, could befall me in his absence.'

'Is that your way of saying I worry too much.' He asked teasingly. 'Because if you want, I'll take Professor Hastings up on his dinner offer for tonight. I was looking forward to further discussing, the influence of climatic changes on the validity of entomological evidence in homicide cases.'

He waited for the adorable laugh he knew would follow. When she had regained control of her senses, he added, 'I'll bring home that fresh mozzarella and olive pizza, you and the baby go crazy for, if you like.'

She smirked, and replied, 'What's in it for you?'

He gasped loudly, in mock surprise, 'Sara Grissom! Is it a crime for me to want to see my wife's beautiful smile.'

She giggled gently, 'Well forget the Pizza then, just bring yourself back here. You can bask in it for free, or at least at a discount rate. I might charge you a few kisses and a back rub.'

Grissom murmured his delighted appreciation at her proposal, 'Who needs Professor Hastings? I'll hurry home! You've always been an impossible temptation honey, but I love you.'

She happily rolled her eyes and returned, 'I love you too Gil. I'll see you later.'

After waiting for his endearing goodbye, Sara placed the phone back in its cradle. Then gazed once again at the image of their first breathtaking dance, before returning to her small mound of freshly washed laundry.