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Rating: PG 13

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Title: Pictures of you

Chapter four: The Cake

Five years later

It was one of the first warm days of the year. The sun caused the world around them to shine in a fresh light. Trees stretched their young shoots into the air, flowers were in blossom and birds warbled their beautiful songs.

It was a Saturday, and that afternoon they would celebrate their daughter's fifth birthday. Sara was inside the kitchen, baking the cake, a true domesticated woman in spite of herself. Looking out of the window, she could see Emily jumping around her father excitedly.

A quick snap, and the image was captured on film, a beautiful addition to their album. Placing the camera back down on the counter, Sara continued to watch their little world unfold.

Gil had promised Emily a new swing and they were currently engrossed in hanging it up in the large oak, which lay at the bottom of their yard. She smiled at the sight of them. Sara had never seen such adoration in a tiny child before, as she beamed up at her daddy.

Though he was reluctant to admit it, Grissom was equally besotted. His baby girl had been able to twist him around her little finger, since the day she had been born. The most frightening day of his life- and yet the most joyous.

'I can't believe she's ours.' Grissom whispered to his tired but glowing wife, 'We made her Sara, and she's so perfect.' He kissed the tiny face, which peeped out of a swaddle of white blankets. A fluttering gurgle erupted, in place of the expected sea of wails.

Emily Marie Grissom, never cried with her father.

Sara had thought she had passed the best five years of her life, in the time she had spent alone with Gil. But Emily's arrival made it all perfect, in that complete kind of way. She even brought out a new side to her father, which inspired more of Sara's love and respect than ever before.

She resembled them both in so many ways, with her mother's dark eyes and Grissom's formerly fair hair. He said that when she smiled, it was pure Sidle.

'What's this?' Sara fingered the velvet covered box that he held out towards her. 'Oh Griss! It's so beautiful. I don't know what to say.'

The tiny diamond glistened in the bright Nevada sun. Grissom took her hand and began to sink to down onto one knee. The dusty desert floor covered the right leg of his pant, but he was oblivious.

'Sara. I love you.' He paused, trying to transform his feelings into apt words, 'After a while, I gave up hoping that I could ever be with anyone. That I could ever be with you. But you never gave up on me. You trusted me, when I couldn't even trust myself and if you'll let me, I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you. Will you marry me?'

She bent down and kissed him hard on the mouth, knocking the speech from his lips. Then, looking him full in the face, she turned on her brightest Sara Sidle smile-the one he would forever own-and said without a murmur, 'Yes Gil. I will marry you. I love you.'

The door flew open as her daughter swept into the room, followed closely by her panting husband. Emily was chatting a mile a minute, with so many words to get out, that she scarcely stopped for breath.

Sara never ceased to be amazed by how smart she was. At barely ten months old she had uttered her first 'da da', drew pictures with her mother at 2 years old, and now just turning five, would spend hours reading books with her father. It was no wonder Gil was bursting with pride.

However, the entomological gene appeared to have skipped a generation. Although she didn't admit, Sara was relieved that Emily didn't share her daddy's interest in creepy crawlies. That was only cute once, on a curly haired, blue eyed social recluse.

'Mommy , it was the most awful thing I have ever seen. It was huge, like a giant.' Emily stretched her arms wide and frowned. 'It was sitting right on my swing. Doesn't it know it's my birthday? You said that's my special day, so shouldn't I get to sit on my swing?'

Sara laughed at her daughter's sense of logic. 'That's true honey. But maybe the fly doesn't understand that the way we do.' She watched as Gil raised an eyebrow in delight. 'I bet you that daddy could tell you that fly's special name though. Then we could write him a letter of complaint. Very officially.'

Emily grinned and turned towards her father, 'Could you really? Is it a long name, like all your other bugs?'

'Sure it is.' Grissom began to organise his thoughts, carefully focusing on the part of his mind, riddled with years of meticulous insect research. But nothing came. He

frustratedly rubbed his face, now free from the beard, which used to tickle Emily's soft cheeks as a baby. 'It was a black blowfly.' He said slowly, still drawing a blank.

'You mean 'Phomina Regina' Gil?' Sara answered, but she kept her tone playful, knowing how he hadn't forgetting things. 'Look Emily, we've made daddy tired with all our excitement. I guess he won't be wanting any cake...'

A smile began to twitch at the corner of Gil's mouth. 'You wouldn't do that!' He cried in mock dismay, 'I'd have to do something about it.' He pulled Sara into a tight embrace. 'Payment as usual? Will the charge be, five quick kisses or one slow one?'

She teasingly twirled his greying curls around her index finger, before saying, 'We'll negotiate.'

He met her halfway in a gentle kiss. But before they knew it, their intimate bubble was burst by a tugging on Grissom's leg. He looked down to see a giggling Emily, staring back at him.

'Daddy, you and mommy cannot kiss right now.' She sighed loudly. 'You do that all the time! Let's have some cake.'

Sara and Grissom smiled, reaching down they each took one of their daughter's little hands into their own and replied happily, 'Yeah butterfly, let's have some cake.'