

Authors: KmNO4 and sirageeks

Rating: PG 13

Disclaimer: We own nothing, we only borrow

Title: Pictures of you

Chapter eight: The Gathering

Three days later

It was a cloudy morning and a strong wind rustled through the leaves of every tree in the tiny cemetery. The small company that had assembled there were packed tightly together around an open grave. The day wasn't so cold, but they all needed the emotional support that their closeness would provide.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. The words came out slowly and each syllable seemed to be accentuated by the sombre priest. A thousand funerals could never have prepared Sara for this one. She could not suppress a gasp as they lowered her lover into the ground.

'All I want is to be with you.' She whispered her confession into his ear as he slept, just as he had to her just months ago in his Tahoe. 'I'll never want anybody else. I love you so much that I can't see anything or anyone but that. Why can't you understand?'

Grissom rolled over in his sleep and came to rest impossibly close to her face. Sara reverently kissed his closed mouth, wishing she could wipe away all his jealousy and fear. She almost laughed, thinking of how upset he had been by her joking with Greg that morning.

He had never been like that before. But then again, they had never been lovers before either. Sara sighed and gently closing her eyes, she followed Grissom into a land of blissful dreaming.

They had all come out to pay their respects to Gil Grissom. Beloved husband, father and friend. Catherine had delivered a eulogy on his impeccable ability to support those he loved. Emily had read a poem about longing for more time to love him. Warrick, Nick and Greg sung a favourite blues song of his 'Bye, bye blackbird'.

While Sara had tried her hardest to just stay in one piece. She couldn't speak. No words, or poetry, or song could ever express the grief she felt. The world for her became infinitely smaller. Even though she was surrounded by so many people who loved Grissom, she felt utterly alone. No-one could possibly understand.

They were combining their memories in an effort to recreate a picture of who Grissom was. But Sara knew they could never bring him back. His calming voice in her ear when she awoke in the night. His soft caress which ignited such passion within her. His kisses which soothed every pain she bore.

'Thanks for the lift professor.' Sara turned to find herself staring into his bright blue eyes, they seemed to see right through her disguise. He must know what she was thinking. He must be able to feel the desire in her own gaze.

'That's ok Sara.' Gil Grissom returned, offering a polite smile to the beautiful brunette. She flashed him one of much greater magnitude and he fought to ignore the flutter in his chest.

'I guess I'll see you tomorrow in class.' Sara voiced hesitantly. 'Unless... would you like to come up for some coffee?' She didn't dare breathe why she waited for his reply. The seconds became minutes and still he did not reply. Finally embarrassed she said hurriedly, 'Never mind. Forget I asked.'

He watched as she jumped out of the car and headed off to her dorm room, never looking back. 'Yes.' He said quietly, in a tone laced with agony. 'I would love to come in Sara. But I can't.' His words reverberated around the now empty car, knowing that he could not see her in class tomorrow. For both their sakes he could never see her again.

There was a soft thud as the first grains of dirt hit the wooden lid of the coffin. One by one the others left the grave side and headed for the memorial dinner. Finally Sara and Emily stood alone.

'You can go on ahead of me honey, with Uncle Nick and Aunt Sharon.' Sara dictated to her daughter.

'What about you mom?' Emily replied with concern.

'I'm waiting for them to finish.' Sara disclosed softly. 'I want to watch until the end. I want to be with him as long as I can.'

'Me too.' Emily responded, taking her mother's hand for the second time that week. 'I won't leave you, or him.'

Sara didn't try to stop the tears which now coursed down each cheek like an Indian monsoon that spoke of both a blessing and a curse. 'Thank you butterfly.'