

Title: Inevitable

Author: Frumpy

Rating: T

Spoilers: None really.

Disclaimer: Last I checked, I still didn't own CSI. Damn.

A/N: Sorry for the loooong time it took me to update. My only excuse is RL being a tad too crazy right now for my liking. As always, thank you everyone for the wonderful reviews!

Chapter 12:

Sara woke up, finding herself on her couch and trying to remember why. Then the events from the morning came back - Grissom's confession and how he had been so tired and weary that he could hardly stand up anymore, as if the things he had said had drained him of all energy.

Unsure what had awakened her, she lay still for a moment, peering into the semi-darkness of the room. The curtains were drawn across the windows, pushing back the bright glare of a Vegas day except for little strips of sunlight illuminating the floor and walls where they had found cracks in the curtains. A quick glance at the clock told her that it was barely noon and she had been asleep for only a few hours.

There it was again, a faint sound coming from the bedroom. For someone used to sleeping alone, a light sleeper on top of that, any change in the usual sounds and rhythms of the day were noticeable.

Sara drew the light cover aside and got up, slowly walking to the bedroom. Grissom had all but collapsed earlier and she had talked him into sleeping here. He'd only offered a weak protest about her taking the couch instead. A sure sign that he had been beyond tired.

Slowly turning the knob, Sara looked into the bedroom to check up on him. The room was bathed in the same semi-darkness, but she could make out his form against the white bedsheet and pillows. The blanket was twisted around his legs and Grissom kept shifting restlessly. He mumbled something unintelligible as she stepped next to his bed, a frown crossing his features as he turned again. He seemed to be having a nightmare and Sara debated with herself whether to wake him or not. He'd be mortified knowing she had found him like this.

Another soft grunt and turn from him settled the issue for her and she gently placed a hand on his shoulder to rouse him. His skin was hot to the touch and felt clammy at the same time, but as soon as her hand touched him, Grissom seemed to quieten down, head rolling to the side with an almost content sigh.

Standing still and just touching him for a while, Sara decided to wait and see if the nightmare had passed. He looked younger in sleep, features unguarded and open, but she could see that a lot was weighing him down. Maybe more than most people would give him credit for. She carefully drew the blanket back up and then walked over to the armchair in the corner of her bedroom. Taking his clothes off it and placing them on the floor, she settled in to wait.

The muffled sounds from the outside were all that disturbed the utter quietness of the room and Sara soon dozed off to the steady rhythm of Grissom's soft breathing.

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Feeling disoriented, Grissom woke from the best night's sleep he'd had in a while. The bed felt different, the ambient sounds were strange. Yet the scent was familiar and strangely comforting as he took a deep breath and sighed. He slowly opened his eyes and let them grow accustomed to the low light, events from the morning returning to him. Grissom had expected to feel uncomfortable upon

waking in Sara's bed, dreading the implications their talk would have, but he found that he felt blissfully at ease and relieved.

Noting that he wasn't alone in the room from the sounds of someone's soft snoring, he turned his head to find Sara curled up in the armchair. The position looked uncomfortable but she seemed to be fast asleep, head supported by her arms, legs drawn up on the seat.

He had probably wakened her earlier. The faint memory of a nightmare clung to his subconscious, but it was the first time in a while where Grissom had woken up feeling rested and without images lingering behind that would haunt him for the rest of the day.

Grissom pushed the blanket away and swung his legs over the side of the bed as silently as he could. He spotted his clothes on the floor next to the armchair and reached for his pants.

"You're awake."

He stopped in mid-motion and looked up at Sara uncurling herself from the armchair. An almost guilty look passed over his face as if he had been caught at doing something he shouldn't.

"If you want to leave, you can."

He couldn't read any emotion in her flat tone and leaned back to sit upright, looking at her. "No."

Sara quietly regarded him for a moment and then got up, stretching in the process. "I'll get you a towel if you'd like to shower."

"I'd appreciate that." After a beat he added, "Sorry for waking you." He wanted to thank her too, but there was so much that a mere thank you seemed too trivial and belittling.

"It was time to get up anyways, don't worry." She walked into the hallway and returned with a towel for him. "I'll get some coffee going."

"Okay."

Grissom got up and took the towel, looking around the room for a moment.

"Bathroom's the first door to your right!" came her voice from the kitchen.

Smiling softly, he went to the bathroom and got the shower going. Letting the hot water run over him, he felt like the last remnants of tension were washed from him, disappearing down the drain with the water. He gave himself five minutes more than usual, in the process stealthily testing the various shampoos and shower gels Sara had to find the one whose scent he remembered from waking up. He felt utterly guilty at this childish behavior but couldn't deny even to himself that that it gave him a sense of almost happiness.

Towel wrapped firmly around him, he quickly made his way to the bedroom again, picking out the smell of coffee. He noticed how hungry he was as he looked for his clothes. Sara had laid them out on the bed - with an addition that made him smile.

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"I can't believe you kept that."

Sara turned from the eggs and milk she was stirring with a fork and looked at a decidedly better and more rested looking Grissom. Smiling, she took in the shirt he was wearing.

"What? It was a fun day. I kept it as a reminder."

"Fun except for the getting drenched part, you mean." Grissom walked barefoot over to a kitchen stool and sat down, hands running through his still damp hair.

"Oh, I'll never forget your wet puppy-dog look when that rainstorm caught us. I had warned you that the weather in San Francisco could be unpredictable."

"I'm sure you enjoyed getting me changed into that awful pink thing you insisted was the only shirt you had that would fit me."

Sara laughed and turned back to him. "Hey, it was go wet and die of pneumonia or wear a nice pink shirt." He had looked utterly ridiculous in it when she thought back to that afternoon. "And it was the only thing that would have fit you."

Grissom raised an eyebrow at her. "I still don't believe you."

Pouring the eggs into the heated skillet, Sara got out two cups and filled them with coffee. She put on a mock-hurt face as she handed one to Grissom. "I saved your life and mistrust is all I get. Shocking."

Grissom just shook his head and took a sip. "Well, I think we established that pink is not my color."

"No, leave that to Greg." Sara snorted softly and got back to the eggs, stirring them. "You look better."

"I feel better, thanks to you." And it was true. Watching Sara stir the eggs and sipping his coffee, Grissom realized that he felt truly good. Their easy banter seemed almost natural. Not even the prospect of the tension at work that evening managed to sour his mood. "I'll have to swing by my place to change before going into work. I doubt I can show up with a faded Pink Floyd t-shirt."

"Speaking of work and to get serious for a momen," Sara turned to him. "You still haven't explained why I still have my job and Catherine got demoted for that."

Grissom stared at her. So much for the good mood.

TBC.