

**Title:** Slipping

**Author:** Frumpy

**Rating:** R. I repeat, R. If you cannot deal with some RST, run now, do not pass Goal, do not collect \$200.

**Disclaimer:** Last I checked, CM still hasn't handed the show over to me...

**A/N:** Okay, this is the final chapter. I toned it down a bit for ff.net, still the rating changed to R.

**Sirageeks** is so wonderful to host my fics on her site, so the full (NC-17 rated) version of this chapter can be found under [www.sirageeks.geocities.com](http://www.sirageeks.geocities.com). First time I wrote smut, and the ending is rather fluffy, too, because I'm in Geeklove heaven currently, so consider yourselves warned.

Thank you to everybody who's read and reviewed from the start and throughout the story, especially everyone who reviewed multiple times. It means so much and you guys rock!

#### Chapter 14:

Sara woke slowly, less of her own accord but more because something didn't feel right. She didn't open her eyes just yet, trying to pinpoint what felt off. Cold. Her back felt cold. The last thing she remembered was falling asleep in Grissom's arms. His chest against her back, left arm slung around her hip, big hand pressing her against him, and his soft breath on her neck.

Slowly reaching out, she patted the bed behind her - nothing. Sara opened her eyes, and waited a moment till they adjusted to the darkness of the room. It was still dark outside but the blinds were opened. The moon cast a soft light and she felt a gentle breeze coming from the partly opened window. Slowly she could make out first shapes and contours, one of them holding her interest especially.

Grissom was standing motionless in front of the window, his shoulders moving softly with his breathing, which was the only sound in the room. His arms were crossed in front of him, left hand on his right side and the right one softly rubbing his shoulder almost absentmindedly. From the look of him he was miles away, head tilted to the left, deep in thought, not even looking out the window.

Sara watched his broad shoulders and moonlit profile for a moment. His eyelashes caught the moonlight as he blinked, but otherwise he didn't move at all. Slowly distangling her legs from the smooth bedsheet, she swung them over the edge of the bed and down to the soft carpet. She looked up again, but he still hadn't moved - either not hearing her or not acknowledging it.

"Grissom?" She said it softly, as to not startle him, but he didn't react. Sara slowly walked up behind him, feeling the warmth off his body in the chilly night air. She hesitated only a moment before sliding her hands up his shoulderblades and to his shoulders, his skin smoother than she would have thought, trying to turn him around. Instead, his right hand took hold of hers, and drew it down his chest, effectively drawing her forward and against him. Sara let her head fall against his back and sighed softly, breathing in his scent and wishing she weren't wearing an old shirt of his so she could really feel him.

Grissom closed his eyes for a moment at the sheer bliss he felt from having Sara pressed up against him, her breath fanning across his skin. It surprised him a bit that he hadn't flinched when she touched him unexpectedly, but that just showed his level of comfort when it came to Sara. Opening his eyes, he turned his head further to the left. "I'm sorry. Did I wake you?"

He felt her shake her head against his back more than he heard her answer, so he released her hand and turned around, already missing the feel of her against him.

"I couldn't sleep and you looked so peaceful. I didn't want to wake you." He smiled indulgently at Sara's still sleepfilled eyes and tucked a strand of hair beneath her ear. "Go back to sleep, honey."

Sara smiled at his soft and gentle voice, but when she raised her eyes to his all thoughts of going back to sleep vanished. His eyes looked positively haunted, she couldn't describe it any differently. Almost translucent in the silvery moonlight, unguarded yet distant and dark. Her surprise must have shown, because Grissom swallowed and looked away.

"It's nothing, I just couldn't sleep." He swallowed again and looked back at her. "Just a nightmare."

"Don't tell me it's nothing, Grissom." She softly bit her bottom lip. "Is it the case?"

"I don't..." He turned around and sat down on the bed, falling silent for a while.

Sara didn't want to push him too much, so she drew the shirt around her closer together to ward off the chill and quietly sat down next to him. He had never been comfortable with showing what he perceived as weaknesses, so she appreciated that Grissom hadn't pulled away immediately. Feeling the bed move slightly next to her, she turned and saw him rubbing his temples slowly.

"Headache?"

He shook his head, letting his hands drop into his lap. "Sometimes I just cannot sleep, wracking my brain, trying to discern where I went wrong." Pursing his lips, Grissom lifted his head and turned to Sara, more collected again.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Grissom. We didn't. It's..." she waved her hand aimlessly. "It's..."

"The system? The elusive 'them'." He smiled almost mockingly, knowing her gripe about the fallability of the justice system well. All gentleness was gone from his voice, and Sara was taken aback for a moment. "That's an easy way out. But go ahead."

Watching him turn away again, Sara tried to gather what had happened just now, but was quickly getting mad at his dismissive behavior. It was probably his way of coping, but she sure wouldn't let him go superior on her. "Well, I'm not the one who's standing around my bedroom in the middle of the night."

"Good for you."

Nothing. All the closeness she had felt just minutes before was gone and she just felt nothing from Grissom suddenly. Like he had pulled away completely, closing her out again. It would never change. Standing up abruptly, Sara picked up her jeans and began to put them on. She bent down, picking up a sock, then looked at him. He was watching her silently, eyes big, almost innocent.

"Why are you doing this, Grissom?"

He frowned slightly, but only continued to watch her, looking incredibly young.

"Is it some sick sense of obligation, like you feel you just don't deserve to be happy?" Sara thought she saw him flinch as she bent down to pick up a sock, so he wasn't as above things as he'd like. "Some kind of self fulfilling prophecy you set for yourself?" She found the other sock. "Do you find validation in taking on everyone's problems?" Taking in his motionless form, head dropped now, she threw the socks on the bed, and knelt down in front of him. "It's not your fault, Grissom. Why keep hurting yourself?"

Grissom looked up at her. "That's just the way things are, Sara."

"Oh, so you just accept anything, simply because things are as they are in your mind?" She looked at him sharply, getting more and more angry at his aloof manner.

He took her anger and accepted it, shaking his head slowly. "No. Feeling bitter towards the system is futile. It is what it is. It is me and my work that I have control over. I don't blame the system. I can only blame myself."

Sara was still too worked up and indignant to catch the sadness in his tone. "Grissom, you cannot take responsibility for all the crimes that don't get solved. You cannot feel guilty for every victim that didn't get the justice they deserved!"

"If not me, then who is ultimately responsible?"

"No one! You've been telling me that from the start. That's just how it is." She frowned. "You just said it yourself."

"No." He looked away. "The system isn't life, it's a man-made construction I have no control over. I can only control what I do. I don't believe in fate. I believe in my actions and the implications of them. I alone am responsible. I alone am the one who fails, not some celestial force that guides things or some societal construct."

"Grissom..." Sara was stunned at the depth of guilt she now realized he felt. His unerring drive at work, his insistence on always improving oneself, but also his cool acceptance of things became clear to her now. The burden he chose to carry for all of them.

He smiled almost sadly, running his knuckles gently over her right cheek. "It's alright, Sara. I've long accepted it."

She took hold of his hand, and held his bruised knuckles to her lips, all anger gone, replaced by a true understanding. "No, you don't have to shoulder that load, Gil."

His eyes held a deep and old sadness, yet he smiled softly, drawing her closer. "My sweet Sara." The words were murmured against her hair, almost reverently. "How did I go through life for so long without you..." He tightened his hold on her, almost forcefully pressing her against himself.

After a while Sara softly tugged on the soft curly hair at the nape of his neck and forced him to look at her. The depth of emotion she saw nearly made her choke up, but she swallowed it, wanting to be strong for him now. "I'll always catch you, Gil. Every time you start to doubt, every time you need to feel alive - I'll be there for you."

Grissom drew a shuddering breath and kissed her, almost desperately. "I need to feel... I need you..."

She deepened the kiss and started to push him further onto the bed. "You got me."

Grissom smiled and kissed her again, gently this time, before letting go of her, turning, and drawing her up so she was sitting on his lap in the middle of the bed. Moving his hands to the top of her shirt, he slowly unbuttoned it, sliding each button through the holes carefully, his gaze never leaving Sara's face as he worked his way down. When the shirt fell open, he ran his fingers along the edge of it slowly, feeling the coarse material under his fingertips. Shortly before reaching the top, his hands slipped under the shirt

to Sara's shoulders. Fingers sensitised by the rough fabric, her skin felt so incredibly soft. Grissom let his fingers dance over her shoulders and along her collarbone, simply enjoying the feel of her, before sliding the garment off of her.

Sara began to extricate her arms from it, but he softly shook his head. "Leave it."

The question danced in her eyes momentarily, but was forgotten when she felt his hands travel along her arms, over her shoulders, up her neck and face, and then softly cup her cheeks.

Grissom felt more than heard her soft moan when he ran his thumbs over her lips, her chin and down her throat. He couldn't believe how soft and smooth her skin was. Leaning forward, he traced her jawline with feathersoft kisses, then slowly licked his way down her throat, kissing her on each collarbone, before licking the juncture between her shoulder and neck. Feeling the erratic pulse under his lips he bit softly, hearing her gasp before soothing the skin with his tongue. He kept nipping and licking the spot for a while, hands roaming over her back, before settling on her hips, holding them possessively. Laying his cheek on her shoulder, he pressed her hips towards him, exhaling slowly. "God, Sara..."

She ached to touch him, and started to move her arms again, but he shook his head slowly, lifting it to look at her. Running his hands down her arms, he took hold of her wrists still encased by the shirt. "No." He tightened his grip slightly. Slowly pushing her back with his body, he lifted her arms above her head till they rested on the pillow, twisting the garment till it entwined her wrists.

Sara's brow furrowed slightly, and he saw the question return to her eyes. "Sshhh." He kissed her softly. "Trust me."

She looked into his eyes then closed her own, nodding. Sara could taste his smile when he kissed her again, tongue running over her lips, teasing them, before slipping in. For minutes, he explored her mouth in a leasurely manner, ending it with a soft nip on her bottom lip. Feeling his weight shift, she opened her eyes again, watching as he kneeled next to her.

Smiling, Grissom slowly licked his bottom lip unconsciously, drawing his hands down her sides, feeling her ribs, feeling her breathing. He let his fingers glide under the seam of her jeans, and started to unbutton them slowly. Sara raised her hips, and he drew the pants together with her panties down over her long legs. They landed on the floor with a soft thud. Laying naked before him, she felt self-conscious for a moment, until she saw his gaze lingering on her. Nothing but love and amazement in his eyes, clouded over with thinly concealed lust.

Grissom shifted on the bed, and kissed each hip softly, before running his hands over her stomach to her breasts. He teased the sensitive underside with his fingertips for a while, then rubbed his palms over her nipples, feeling them harden under his touch.

"Grissom... oohhh...." Sara's head pressed back into the pillow, eyes closing at the wonderful feelings his soft touch was causing.

Moving over her again, he put his weight on one arm, and kissed her deeply. The other hand was kneading her left breast, as he kissed his way lower, breathing over her right nipple. Encouraged by her soft moans, he licked it, before closing his lips and sucking softly.

Sara drew in a sharp breath when she felt his teeth nip at the sensitized skin, her hips pressing up into his. She felt his hard erection pressing against her thigh. He moaned into her breast, moving to the other one, and repeated his actions. Nipping harder, he blew softly over the tender nipple to sooth the soft pain.

"Gil... ooh... God..."

Sitting up abruptly, he shed his sweatpants. He had planned on taking this slow. He had wanted this to be perfect for her. Pleasing her, showing Sara she could trust him completely, but he was quickly losing control. Her responsiveness and exquisite feel under him made it impossible for him to draw this out.

She saw the hunger in his eyes and moved slightly, spreading her legs a fraction more.

Grissom quickly moved back over her, covering her mouth with his, right hand stroking her hair. His left hand moved between them, and he guided himself into her. Feeling how wet she was for him made him groan into her mouth, and he pushed slowly, softly, letting her get accustomed to him. Gently rocking his hips, he looked into her eyes, seeing the love he felt for her mirrored in them.

Sara was having trouble keeping her eyes open. Grissom felt so good, he was so gentle. But she didn't want to break the connection between their gazes, she wanted to see his eyes, see the emotions playing in them, truly unguarded for the first time. When he was fully buried in her, he stopped moving, waiting till she was ready.

Feeling her legs lift, and rise over his hips, he was the first to break the contact by closing his eyes. "Sara..." Grissom lifted himself on both arms, and withdrew from her hot body, only to surge back in, forcefully. Nearly withdrawing each time he pulled back, he plunged back into her deeply, thrusting hard, unable to contain his passion and hunger. "God Sara!" Grunting, he slipped his hands under her shoulders, holding her to him as he pumped into her steadily, unable to get enough.

Moaning loudly, Sara was beyond speaking. She felt the hard glide of his penis, his thrusts jolting her slightly. When his hands closed over her shoulders, and he pushed her against his hard strokes, she started panting, feeling the pleasure built with each deep thrust. Grissom's sweat slick hair pressed against her right shoulder, and she felt his hot breath coming out in pants against her skin, as he started to pound into her, bringing her closer and closer, waves of pleasure crashing over her.

"Sara... oohh..." Grissom couldn't get enough of her, thrusting madly, and closed his mouth over her neck, biting down gently. He heard her gasp, and then her deep guttural moan, as she started to clench around his member, back arching off the bed. He slowed and thrust more gently through her orgasm, not releasing her skin from his mouth until she had quieted down, moaning softly.

Feeling his pleasure coil in the pit of his belly, nearly painful, he lifted his head, thrusting into her deeply a couple more times, and then felt the pleasure snap, allowing him release, silent except for his breath leaving his body in gasps. Spilling his seed into her, he collapsed on top of her, exhausted, breathing hard.

It was minutes later, before he could lift his head, and look at her. Her eyes were still closed, her breathing close to normal. Grissom reached up and freed her wrists from her shirt. It had never really prevented her from being able to extricate herself, but it made his heart ache that she had showed him that much trust, by allowing him that bit of control. Looking down he saw her chocolate eyes looking at him, smiling. He kissed her nose, and rolled to his side, drawing her with him. Sara snuggled up, pressing her face into his chest, one leg tangling with his, sighing contentedly.

One hand holding her hip protectively, and pressing her against him, Grissom closed his eyes, and they were both soon enveloped by a deep and peaceful sleep, feeling truly alive.

The end.