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Title: I'm gonna getcha good

Disclaimer: I own nothing, only my thoughts. The rest belongs to CBS.

Rating: PG13, to be on the safe side

Pairing: G/S, what else?

A/N: This is my first attempt on humour, I'm usually more of a drama queen. So please tell me what you think!

I want to thank the wonderful zambonigurl for her beta work! You really saved my day!!!

I'm gonna getcha while I gotcha in sight

I'm gonna getcha if it takes all night

You can betcha by the time I say "go," you'll never say "no"

I'm gonna getcha, it's a matter of fact

I'm gonna getcha, don'tcha worry 'bout that

You can bet your bottom dollar, in time you're gonna be mine

Just like I should – I'll getcha good

Shania Twain, I'm gonna getcha good

Grissom fumbled in his trousers for the keys of his townhouse. It had been an incredible slow and exhausting night and he had spent more than two thirds of his time with trying to detect the origin of some fibres.

Now he could feel the tiredness in all of his limbs and the pressure behind his eyes announced a beginning migraine. He sighed as he finally got a grip of his keys.

'It shouldn't be so hard to find such large keys in such small trouser pockets, should it? Maybe it isn't a pocket at all but a kind of a secret black hole. That would definitely explain how it can happen that people loose things all the time, of which they were sure that they carried them with them.'

He sneered at these thoughts and shook his head. He definitely was tired.

As he entered the house he didn't bother to turn on the lights or to open the curtains. Instead he threw his jacket on the couch and stumbled into his bathroom where he took two of his migraine pills with a sip of water.

With a last conscious effort he decided to forget about taking off his clothes or brushing his teeth for this time and went into his bedroom where he laid down onto his bed. He expected that he wouldn't be able to sleep soon; he always had problems to find any sleep when he got a migraine, but this time he fell into a peaceful slumber not five minutes later.

It seemed to be only some moments later when he heard his front door slamming shut soundly and he sat bold upright in his bed.

'What the hell..., he thought.

His heart was beating fast. Was this an attempted robbery? Should he call the police at once? But what kind of robber made so much noise like this intruder?

He decided to take a look first and got up as silent as possible. He opened the door of his bedroom and peeked through the small opening. What he saw wasn't what he expected at all but let him doubt his own sanity.

In the middle of his living room stood Sara, looking into a hand mirror while painting her lips, a handbag lying on the ground beneath her.

"Sara, what are you doing here? How could you...? "

He looked at her and he was sure that his confusion was written all over his face.

Sara turned around to him.

"Grissom, hi."

She beamed at him and without a second glance she let the mirror and the lipstick fall to the ground where the mirror shattered into a thousand pieces.

"Sara, what... the mirror....you..."

He knew that he was stuttering but he couldn't help it.

It was then that he noticed her appearance for the first time. She wore a beige trench coat, the belt fastened tight around her slim waist. Additionally she wore a pair of black high heels.

'How could she walk on them at all?'

Her hair fell curly around her ears and as he noticed then she wore make up, too. Her lips were glistening in a seductive blood red colour. He caught himself staring at her lips.

His mouth went dry and he nervously cleared his throat. He took a deep breath and tried to regain his composure.

"Sara, what are you doing here?"

She smiled mischievously and slowly approached him.

"Don't play innocent with me, Griss. You know why I'm here."

She stopped one step before him and started to unfasten the belt of her trench coat.

Grissom panicked. She wouldn't do what he thought she would be doing now, would she?

"No, please don't..." He wanted to reach for her hands, stop her, but found he couldn't move.

"Shhhh, Griss. You'll like it, promise." Her voice was rather a deep purr than anything else.

As she finished with the belt, she slipped out of the coat in one single movement and now he could see that she wore almost nothing under it. Almost, because she wore a set of black underwear, made of transparent lace.

He couldn't help but stare at her, worship her, for she was beautiful, more beautiful than he would have expected even in his wildest dreams. He slowly shook his head as if trying to awake from the trance he found himself captured in.

"Sara, no. Please put your clothes back on. That...that mustn't be." He wanted to turn away from her but she laid her hand on his arm to stop him.

"Griss, darling. I hear what your mouth is saying but your body clearly speaks another language." She raised an eyebrow and looked demonstratively down on him.

As he followed her gaze he saw that she was right and he felt himself blushing. He only wore boxer shorts now and the rest of his clothes seemed to have suddenly disappeared.

'How the hell could that have happened?'

What was even worse, was that there was at least one part of him that couldn't deny his interest.

He was still embarrassed because of his 'engorged member' as he felt Sara's hands on his shoulders.

"Relax, honey," she whispered in his ear.

The next moment he felt Sara's hot breath on his neck and her teeth which started to gently nibble on his right earlobe. His lips escaped a moan and every thought on stopping her died away.

He embraced Sara passionately, his lips searched hers and...The phone started ringing.

With a yelp Grissom sat up in bed.

He looked around wildly but Sara was nowhere to be seen and he saw that he still wore all of his clothes. Disorientated he grabbed for the phone.

"Grissom." He sounded harsher than he wanted to.

"Hi Grissom, it's me. Brass told me I should call you. He managed to arrest Easton." Despite the fact that it was almost midday, Sara sounded widely awake.

"Thanks Sara, I'll be there in half an hour."

"Ok, see you then."

"Bye." He wanted to hang up but there was one thought nagging on his brain.

"Sara, you don't own a trench coat, do you?" He didn't know why he asked her that but he had the feeling he had to know.

"I own a beige one, why?" Sara sounded confused.

"Oh, I tell you another time. Bye, Sara."

"Bye, Grissom."

As he hung up the phone he was still confused and the thought of Sara in the black underwear wouldn't want to leave him alone. He decided that a cold shower would do him good. He got up.

'If it is possible to persuade Sara to wear her trench coat one day?'

He smiled at this thought and opened the door to his shower.

The End