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Title: The Promise

Disclaimer: I don't own CSI, or any of the characters.

A / N: This story contains pure fluff. I hope you like it nonetheless. Reviews and constructive criticism are more than welcome.

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The room was buzzing with suppressed energy and he felt as if he had gotten himself into a beehive. No one really talked too loudly and no one moved in a hectic manner but everything around him seemed to be in constant movement.

People were whispering in each others ears and women were digging into their oversized bags. Most of the men sat bold upright and put on dignified faces. Children were giggling and chatting excitedly.

As he looked through the room he saw many people smiling at him encouragingly. How could they all be so relaxed?

His heart was bumping fast in his chest, his forehead was sweating but his hands were as cold as ice. He could feel a lump in his throat and didn't know how he should ever be able to talk again.

He had always been a loner, but he had never imagined that it would be possible to feel so alone and scared in the midst of so many people. Yes he was scared, he had no problem with admitting that. Scared like never before in his life.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to his companion who stood beside him.

"No need to be afraid. You're a grown man, you'll make it. Believe me." Brass spoke in a low voice with, what he hoped, would be an assuring undertone.

"Tell me, have you been born that sarcastic or did they feed it to you with the breast milk?" he hissed back.

Brass raised his eyebrows at that comment and his smile deepened.

"That's a good one Gil. And now take a deep breath, forget about the nervousness and do it."

Grissom gave him a curt nod and tried to heed Brass's advice.

Of all the things he could have seen himself doing, getting married was not one of them.

The voices became louder and heads turned to the door that was opened now.

Grissom followed their gazes but wasn't able to see anything besides blurry shapes in the blazing sun. The music started and they walked into his direction. After a few steps they were out of the blinding light. That was when he saw her and her sight took his breath away.

She looked beautiful. She wore a long, clinging white dress, consisting of pure silk if his eyes didn't betray him. It was a simple dress without any embroidery or frills. Pure and plain beauty that resembled the woman who wore it. She hadn't chosen a bridal veil, instead many white roses peeking out of her hair that fell curly on her shoulders.

A soft smile played on her lips as she looked at him. He couldn't help himself and smiled back. He felt a tenderness for that woman like he had never felt for any human being before.

She walked slowly down the aisle at the arm of her father. He winked at Grissom and gave his daughter a proud look.

As she approached him he had the urge to hold her tight, but knew that that would have to wait. Instead he took her hand and they turned to the priest.

The speech of the priest had been wonderful. He had talked about what he called the wonder of marriage and after a while Grissom's excitement eased a bit, only to be awakened anew when it was time for their marriage promises.

They had agreed to formulate their own promises and now it was Grissom's turn. He turned to Sara. Her brown eyes were watching him intently and he could see in them the same storm of emotions that he felt inside himself. He saw that her lips were trembling. His own hands were shaking hard.

His love for this woman was unbounded but were simple words enough to tell her that?

Before he started to speak he threw a last glance at the people in the church. He could see his colleagues who sat in one of the first benches. Catherine had one arm around Lindsey, in her free hand she held a handkerchief that was nearly torn in pieces. Warrick who sat beside her looked like he was lost in reverie, his head was slightly bend. Nick, who was next, sat straight and he could see a single tear running down his cheek. He always had loved Sara like a sister.

Beside his colleagues sat his mother. She wasn't crying and seemed to be totally calm, but her eyes were glistening with joy. Before he turned his gaze away, back to Sara, he saw her signing at him.

"She's the right one Gil. I'm so proud of you both."

He took a last breath, turned to Sara and started to speak.

"Sara, I thought about what I should say right now for a long time and I'll start with the first thing that came to my mind. Sara, I'm so sorry."

Many startled gasps could be heard. Grissom seemed to be unaware of the turmoil he caused; he had only eyes for Sara who looked at him enquiringly with a hint of fear in her eyes.

"I'm sorry that I made your life miserable for so many years because I lived in denial. I loved you for so long but I thought it mustn't be. You are young and I'm so much older. You are way better with people than me and inside of you burns a fire of passion that I thought would need more than I could ever offer you. There are many other reasons as I told you so often before, but you love me. I don't know why but I'm so grateful that you do."

His voice was throaty with emotions. His hands started to tremble harder.

"Sara, I'm here to promise you something today. I promise you to love you like you deserve to be loved. I promise you to be there for you whenever you'll need me. I promise you to respect you as you are, that I won't try to change you. And last but not least, I promise you to tell you how I feel about you. I never really told you how important you are for me, so I'll do it now and here, in front of all of our family and friends that shall bear witness of what I have to say to you."

He paused and tenderly wiped away a tear that run down Sara's cheek.

"Sara you are the best thing that ever happened in my life. You're beautiful, intelligent, caring and so much more. I could go on like this for hours. You make me want to hold you, to talk to you for hours, you make me forget the world. As you entered my life it changed. It was as if my life had been two dimensional. All work and what you cannot call a private life. With you it got its third dimension. With you I feel complete. Thank you for waiting for me to see the light. Sara I love you."

He ended his speech and smiled at Sara tenderly, oblivious to the world around him. He offered Sara his heart and his life and hoped she would accept it, although her loving gaze didn't leave room for any doubt that it could be otherwise.

Sara wanted to get lost in his blue eyes but knew that it was time for her own promise. She hoped

that she would have enough control over herself to hold her voice steady

"Gil, we know each other for so long now and I'm happy that we reached that point where we are today."

She showed him a smile, gentle and playful at the same time.

"You asked me so often how it could be that I love you. You told me that a love like ours shouldn't be, that there are too many differences. And I told you that all that doesn't matter, that we'll have our fair share of differences during the coming years, but that you give me something that'll let me forget about the rest."

She stopped for a moment, let her gaze rest on him. He looked so vulnerable right now as if he couldn't believe that this all should be true.

"Griss," she seldom used Gil. She didn't know why but she had always preferred Griss.

"You give me a warm feeling of security like I never felt before. With you I feel strong and loved. You let me be like I am and love me with all of my mistakes. We share the same interests and the same humor. That's rare and precious. I promise you today that I'll go through good and bad times with you and that we'll belong to each other for the rest of our days."

Before she continued he could see her eyes twinkle.

"I don't know if you knew it, but I wanted to be with you from the beginning, that I had a crush on you since we met for the second time and that I fell utterly in love with you when you kissed me the first time. No kiss before had ever been so gentle and let my whole being tremble with joy. If I sound melodramatic I'm sorry, but that was what I felt that moment. Gil Grissom I love you too."

The room was filled with silence, besides of the light rustle of handkerchiefs.

The priest cleared his throat and Grissom and Sara turned back to him.

The rest of the wedding service passed them by in a rush. They wanted to listen but stole side sideways glances at each other instead. It seemed that only a second had passed and they (had) finally said 'Yes' to each other and changed rings.

"And now you may kiss the bride," the priest said concluding.

He hadn't even finished the statement as Gil turned to Sara. He cupped his hands tenderly around Sara's shoulder and bent slightly down to her. His eyes never left hers as he placed his lips softly on hers. She returned his gaze and he could see nothing else than love in her eyes.

Their first kiss may have been special but he would never forget this one. It let a shiver run down his spine and every muscle inside him reached for more of her, but at the same time his heart and his soul were filled with love and tenderness. He felt like he had to sink in the depth of her eyes and that it would be impossible to ever disengage from her.

Slowly Sara pulled away from him.

He looked at her lovingly and bent down to whisper in her ear.

"I love you Sara Grissom."

The End