

Passion

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Submitted: January 2, 2006

Updated: January 2, 2006

A Cath/Sara fanfic, cause we all know that they're HAWT.

Sara's POV

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1 - Dinner Plans

Pairing:: Sara/Catherine

Rating:: PG 13

Spoilers:: None

Disclaimer:: Not my show! Sadly.

Summary:: Sara's tense and needs to relieve her stress, and Catherine is here to save the day!

PART 1, DINNER PLANS

Shift was just ending and I sat in the locker room when Catherine strode in behind me.

"Remember the animal bones I mentioned?"

I really didn't want to hear about her bear-bones case. My double homicide case was hard enough. I hadn't slept in 5 days.

I turned. "I do."

"Well Rin Tin Tin actually found them." She went to her locker.

"The Vic's dog?" I asked.

She nodded. "They were buried on a farmland out in the country. I was pretty sure the stuff was animal, but i brought it into the ME office just in case. I spent most of today going through it.

I sighed. "And?"

"I found a pair of human hand bones."

"Mixed in with Smokey?" I tried to sound interested.

She nodded again, regarding me with ice blue eyes.

"So tomorrow's going to be another special day." My heart plunged.

"Unfortunately. Look, I'm really sorry. You know I'd rather spend it with you."

"We can go to the beach anytime. The ocean will always be there." I said. "If Hooch has unearthed a homicide, you don't want the perp relocating his Vic."

"No." She agreed, closing her locker door.

"You gotta do what you gotta do." I mumbled.

"Right."

I was, of course, nevertheless I was frustrated with her. It was the third time she'd blown me off this week.

I leaned forward, arched my back, and rotated my head. Things crunched in my neck.

Cath sat next to me and scooted close.

"Turn."

I did.

Catherine began kneading my shoulders with strong, circular movements.

I closed my eyes.

"Mmm."

"Too hard?"

"Hm uhm." I hadn't realized how tense I was.

Catherine ran a thumb along the inner edge of each shoulder.

A tiny groan curled up from my throat. I cut it off.

"You're going to wear yourself out, Sara."

She's right. This case will be the death of me.

Cath's thumbs moved to the base of my skull.

Ohgod.

Up the back of my head.

Ohmygod.

Back down, across my shoulders, and along the muscles to either side of my spine.

Full groan.

Seconds later the hands withdrew and I grumbled.

"Here's a plan."

I opened my eyes.

Catherine was leaning back, fingers laced behind her head.

"I'm buying you dinner."

"No argument. Where?"

She flashed me a million dollar smile. "Your choice."

2 - First Date

Pairing:: Sara/Catherine

Rating:: PG 13

Spoilers:: None

Disclaimer:: Not my show! Sadly.

Summary:: DINNNAH TIME!

PART 2, FIRST DATE

An hour later, Catherine and I were munching bruschetta at Toscana. The night was Hollywood-summertime perfect, the moon a full O overhead.

Toscana is an Italian eatery hidden in an alleyway by an enclave of cafe's, spas, and boutiques.

While the establishments are a bit *too* special for my budget, I do enjoy Toscana, especially in the outdoor dining months. It and Volare are my favorite Italian places. Tonight I chose Toscana.

Catherine and I sat at a small wrought-iron table in the restaurant's cobbled courtyard. Behind us, a fountain tinkled softly. To our left, a couple debated the mountains versus the beach. A female threesome on our right compared golf handicaps.

Cath sported a light, see-through, a blouse that was the exact cornflower blue of her eyes, and a black under shirt that clung to her finely distinguished curves. Her face was tan from spending so much time outside during her spare time, her hair still a little damp from a quick shower at my apartment.

She looked good.

Very good.

I wasn't chopped liver myself.

Head-turner black linen sundress. Strap sandals. Victoria's most secret thong.

The last few days had served up too many dead corpses and too much death. I'd made a decision. Like

my neckline, I was taking the plunge.

The waiter that had seated us inquired as to our cocktail preferences. Catherine asked for a margarita. I ordered a Perrier with lemon. Barely masking his disappointment, the waiter withdrew.

I looked at Catherine. She dragged her gaze from my chest to my eyes.

"Does everyone in Las Vegas play golf?"

"Only those who are too fat to play tennis."

She smiled. I blushed.

"Would you like to hit a few balls sometime?"

"Could be fun." She said, reaching across the table to place her hand on mine.

Defiantly not the time.

The waiter returned with our drinks, and explained the menu. Catherine ordered the sea bass. I went for the strange veggie soup, carefully leaving my palm on the table.

When the waiter departed, Catherine's hand came back to mine. Her face showed a mixture of concern and confusion.

"You're not nervous about Sunday, are you?"

In two days I was going to court to testify.

"No," I scoffed,

Really, no.

"You seem tense."

"I'm just disappointed that you can't come to the beach."

Cath tiptoed her fingertips up my arm.

We've done this for weeks, this harmless flirting. It meant nothing... right?

"I've been waiting these many years to see you in a string-bikini." There she goes again.

A smile crept its way onto my face.

The fingers spidered back down.

"We *will* get to the beach."

If goose bumps can burn, mine did.

I cleared my throat.

"There are scores of unmarked graves on these old farms. Those hand bones of yours have probably been underground for ages."

At that moment the waiter placed salads between us.

We switched gears during dinner, talking about everything but ourselves and our work. Not a word about bones. No reference to tomorrow.

No reference to later tonight.

3 - Lovers Walk

Summary:: LE GASP! SEX!

Pairing:: Sara/Catherine

Rating:: PG 13

Spoilers:: None

Disclaimer:: Not my show! Sadly.

PART 3, LOVERS WALK

It was after eleven by the time we'd finished coffee and tiramisu and took a walk around the park.

The night air smelled of petunias and mown grass. A light breeze ruffled the periwinkle. A million crickets performed a summer symphony in the round. We sat down on a bench for a few minutes.

I found myself thinking the whole time, `where do Cath and I stand?'. I liked her very much, respected her integrity, enjoyed her company.

Heat rippled across my stomach.

Found her sexy as hell.

Why was I so attracted to this woman?

Another ripple.

Easy one, slut.

I tried to rise. My knees rebelled and I stumbled forward. Catherine caught me as I fell against her. For a heartbeat, neither of us moved. My cheek felt hot against her breast.

Surprised, I stepped back and concentrated on picking at my nails.

Was it just my imagination? Or had Catherine really held me for a moment longer than she should have?

Catherine reached out a thumb and ran it around the corner of my mouth. I turned my head sideways. She lifted my hair and drew a finger down the side of my neck. It left a smoldering trail. I closed my eyes.

She leaned close. I felt the warm wetness of breath on my cheek. Then her lips slid behind my ear. Onto my neck. My throat.

Oh, boy. She took my face in her hands and kissed my left eyelid, my right.

A couple strode past us, laughing.

We flew apart.

We continued walking as if nothing had happened.

When we arrived at my apartment, I invited Catherine in for something to drink.

As I set the alarm, I felt the warmth of Catherine's body inches from mine.

With one hand Cath took my wrist and turned me to her. With the other she reached up and flicked off the light. I smelled Oasis Shampoo and Conditioner tinged with the light smell of sweat.

Pressing close, Catherine raised my hand and laid it against her cheek.

I looked up. Her face was swallowed in shadow.

Cath brought my other hand up. My fingertips felt the features I had known for 5 years. Cheekbones, a corner of her mouth, the angle of her jaw.

Catherine stroked my hair that fell in a dark curtain around my face. Her fingers slithered down the sides of my neck, moved across my shoulders.

Outside, my wind chime tinkled gaily.

Cath's hands glided over the curves of my waist, my hipbones.

A strange sensation flooded my brain, like something remembered from a distant dream.

My stomach flipped.

Catherine's lips brushed mine.

I drew in breath. No. It drew in of its own accord.

Catherine kissed me hard on the mouth.

I kissed back.

Let go, every cell in my brain commanded.

My arms went around Catherine's neck. I drew her to me, heart racing like some wild, frightened thing.

It felt so simple, so obvious. Why hadn't we thought about doing this before? It made perfect sense!

Cath's hands moved to my back. I felt my zipper slide down. Her hands rose, eased the straps from my shoulders. I lowered my arms.

Black linen pooled at my feet.

All the sadness and frustration and unfulfilled desire of the past few days evaporated in that instant. The kitchen receded. The earth. The cosmos.

My fingers sought the buttons on the cornflower blouse.

4 - Double Or Nothing

Summary:: Rise and Shine!! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED CATH!

Pairing:: Sara/Catherine

Rating:: PG 13

Spoilers:: None

Disclaimer:: Not my show! Sadly.

PART 4, DIRTY GIRLS

Catherine, Grissom, Greg, Nick, Warrick and I were in Montreal, sipping cappuccinos at the outdoor café. Across the way an old man was playing with spoons.

Nick was describing a yoga class to which participants brought their dogs.

Instead of clacking, the spoons began shrilling in the man's hands, The noise grew louder and louder until I couldn't understand what my friends were saying.

I opened my eyes.

And looked at the back of Catherine's head.

And felt like a kid who'd given it up on prom night.

Turning to my side, I groped for the phone.

“—lo?” Groggy.

“Grissom.”

I felt Catherine roll over behind me.

“Sorry to wake you.” He didn't sound all that sorry.

Scooping me by the waist, Catherine tocked my bum into the angle formed by her hips and thighs. My

breath came out with a soft “Hmff.”

“You okay?”

“Uh. Cat.”

“I didn't know you had a cat.”

I squinted at the clock. My thong obscured the digits.

“Time?” Monosyllables were all I could handle.

“Ten.”

Catherine molded our bodies together like spoons.

“Did you get my message?” Grissom asked.

A heat was arising from where the bowl of catherine's spoon met my bum.

“Message?”

“I called around eight last night.”

“I was out.” And too bust getting banged to check my voice mail.

“I can't seem to find Catherine.” Grissom said over the phone. “I called her twice last night and once this morning.”

Catherine licked behind my ear, severely hampering my ability to concentrate.

“H—havent heard from her.”

I had to surpress a squeal.

“By the way, we have a match on your Vics.”

I sat up, raised my knees, and pulled the quilt to my chin.

“That was quick.”

“Harvey Edward Pearce and Lisa Sara Mouland.”

“Dentals?”

“Plus the snake tattoo on Pearce and the tribal tattoo on Mouland. Pearce is a thirty-eight-year-old white male from North Carolina and Mouland is a thirty-two-year-old white female from Alberta.

Catherine tried to draw me back to her. I pointed a finger and scrunched my face into an exaggerated frown as I would with a dog.

"I'll be at the lab in a few hours."

"You sure? It is your day off."

"I'm sure."

Clicking off, I faced the first problem of the day.

I could bolt from the room naked. Or I could take the quilt, leaving Catherine to fend for herself.

I was opting for a bare-@\$\$ sprint when Cath's arm snaked around my waist. I looked down at her.

Her eyes were fixed on my face. Amazing eyes. In the pale gray of dawn they looked almost cobalt.

"Sara?"

"Yes?" Tentative.

"I respect you with my whole heart and my whole soul." Somber as an evangelical preacher.

I drummed my fingers on her chest. "You're not half bad yourself, stranger."

We shared a laugh.

Catherine tipped her head to the phone. "Found a match on your vics?"

I lowered my voice, CIA style. "If I told you that, I might have to kill you."

Cath nodded knowingly.

"Could you and Nick use an extra hand?"

"Seems we could, but you have a little girl to take care of. Also, you're back on work tomorrow."

"Lindsay is at my sister's." She feigned disappointment. Then, "Could you put in a word?"

I drummed my fingers against her chest again.

"Have you any other talents, stranger?"

"I can go all night long. The word is Stamina."

"I'll see what I can do."

"I'm beholden, ma'am. In the meantime, how about I help you out in the shower?"

"one condition."

"Anything you say, ma'am."

"Stop calling me ma'am."

We *both* sprinted naked to the bathroom.