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Rating: PG 13

Disclaimer: We own nothing, we only borrow

Title: Pictures of you

Chapter two: The Photograph

Detective Jim Brass surveyed the room which lay before him. After years of working side by side with a team of top criminalists, he had learnt a thing or two about gathering evidence.

The blonde in the corner, sat reading one of the numerous varieties of fashion magazines that an image obsessed society had to offer. While, two men were lazily placed around a central table, animatedly discussing the outcome of last night's big game.

'Evening all.' Brass announced, snapping them out of their idle pass times, 'I see I chose the wrong job. Obviously, if I wanted to sit around doing nothing all night, CSI was the way to go.'

Catherine put down her copy of Vogue, and raised a sceptical pair of brows in his direction. 'I'll pretend I didn't hear that Jim. I know you have an embarrassing tendency to speak first, think later.'

Warrick smiled, and Nick laughed aloud, before addressing the older man directly, 'For your information detective. We are waiting for the rest of our team to arrive, they should have been here twenty minutes ago.'

A glint developed in the corner of his eye, indicating he understood the couple to whom Nick was referring, 'Our resident love birds?' Brass voiced rhetorically, eliciting a wry smile. 'Well, it's not like them to be late. Even with their recent consummation of unspoken passion, they've always been punctual.'

The room was silent. Catherine was the first to snap out of the shock induced trance, that had descended over the group, 'Jim, stop reading your daughter's old romance novels, and please never create imagery like that for me again!'

Brass made his way across the room towards the coffee machine, but paused to take up the unopened packet of Blue Hawaiian that lay on the side. He was just about to begin pouring it into the filter, when he caught sight of a small envelope which lay beneath it.

Everyone turned to face him as he began to read aloud, 'I know you will be surprised, to find us gone. We could offer a hundred and one explanations, but among friends words are never enough. Instead, we'll say these were some of the best years of our lives and we'll miss you. I promised there would be no cake, but my wife convinced me to leave some Greg Sanders approved coffee. Come and find us some time, Love Grissom and Sara.'

A picture was passed, from person to person. A kiss and an embrace, between two people which seemed like such a small act but spoke volumes. It was more than giggled gossip

around the lab, and apparently more than a decade of pent up frustrations. In that photograph they saw the same thing, and no-one could deny it's presence. Grissom and Sara were in love. They were married and they were gone.

This time, it was Nick who spoke first. His voice filled the suddenly desolate break room, echoing against the walls, 'Well, I would have expected an invite to the wedding!' They erupted into harmonious laughter, and Catherine wiped a stray tear from the corner of her eye.

Weeks later as they each sat miles apart with another shift over, memory approached them all. Nick, thought of the smiles Sara would give over a shared beer and problem. How a bear hug from her, could brighten up you