

## Chapter 5

'Well, that's certainly unexpected.' Sara leaned in the open door and crossed her arms in front of her chest, shivering slightly in the first rays of sunshine of the morning.

"Hi," she said guardedly, not wanting to show her emotions one way or the other. On the one hand, she was still mad at his earlier behavior. On the other hand, this was more than unusual, and she wouldn't be such a good investigator, if it weren't for a certain amount of curiosity. She was just so damn conflicted recently when it came to Grissom.

"Hi," he said, just as guardedly, with a little nervousness added.

"What can I do for you, Grissom?" She didn't budge from her spot at the door, effectively blocking his way.

"May I come in?" he asked somewhat uncertain, shuffling a little.

Sara sure wasn't ready to make it this easy for him. Noting Grissom's apparent discomfort only made her more annoyed. "What do you want?"

Grissom wasn't sure. He wasn't sure how he'd gotten here. When he had left his house, his intention had been to go back to the lab, and try to get lost in work. His usual way of trying to get totally engrossed in something, and not face his own raging thoughts. But he had gotten lost in his musings on the drive, and somehow had ended up here, in front of her apartment. As if he had been subconsciously drawn here on this lonely night. He ran one hand hesitatingly through his hair, not really wanting to think about the implications.

Waiting for an answer, Sara sighed as none came forth. When it came to a non work-related talk, she was the one who had to take things upon herself and move them forward. 'As usual,' she thought, giving up waiting. Warily, she put her hands on her hips. "Well?"

"I..." Grissom slowly lifted the casefile. "I thought we could talk a bit about the case?" He tried to smile tentatively. 'That's good. She'll believe that. Retreat back to work, that always, well, works.'

Sara was having none of it. 'Now he wants to talk?'

"Listen, I wanted to talk back at the lab. You sent me home. I didn't even argue, just as you'd desired. I don't think so."

Grissom let the file drop at his side. "Well, we can go back to the lab..." This wasn't working the way he'd imagined it.

"No."

He shifted his gaze to the floor, and then back up again. "You're not going to let me in?"

"It was my night off. I came in to work without arguing, only to be treated like the newest rookie by you, closely followed by being ignored. Now you come here, just to talk about the case?" She huffed indignantly. "I don't think so." She turned around and reached for the door to close it.

"I didn't."

That stopped her. His tentative admission made face him again. She regarded him standing there on her doorstep. His gaze was downcast, as if he was trying to hide something in his eyes. It never ceased to amaze her, how Grissom stopped functioning and seemingly lost all confidence, when other people got involved outside of work. "You didn't treat me like a rookie and like I wasn't there? Or you didn't come here to talk about the case?"

"I didn't come...." He looked at her carefully schooled and closed off expression, and cleared his throat. "Never mind. I shouldn't have come." With that he turned and walked towards his car.

Sara failry slammed the door shut, before starting to pace through her living room. 'What was that about?' Grissom had never come by her apartment before. And certainly never looking this uncertain and... yes, yearning. Cursing internally, she sat down on her couch. She hated the fact that Grissom still had such a hold over her. No one could get her quite as worked up as he could. 'Why? I've made my decision, right?' She looked over to her desk. 'Right?' She hadn't been ready to let him into her apartment now. 'Into my apartment, or into my life?'

She walked over to her desk and opened the drawer. 'Let him stew a little. What's he going to do? Fire me?' A short, dry laugh that echoed through the room was her only answer.

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Walking into his office the next evening, Sara noted Grissom's tired appearance. Checking the back of the room, she saw a blanked haphazardly draped over the couch, and a half-drunken cup of coffee next to his right arm on the desk. He sat in his chair, eyes downcast, not noticing or not acknowledging her presence. "Did you sleep here?"

He rubbed a hand over his eyes, not lifting his gaze from the desk. "Yes."

Sara frowned and sat down in a chair. "Did you lose your key?"

"No."

'Ah, mono-syllable Grissom again.' She leaned back and regarded him with a weary glance. "Why?"

He looked up briefly. "Why what?" Grissom was having trouble concentrating on the conversation. 'I'm too tired to go through the events on her doorstep.' He had sat in his car after her door slammed shut, looking towards her apartment, not sure of what had happened there. 'You messed up. Again. That's what happened, Gil.'

"Why did you sleep here?" She was getting exasperated.

'Oh.' Thankful that she wasn't talking about this morning, he didn't think before speaking. "It wasn't as quiet."

"What?"

Looking up at her, Grissom shifted in his seat, snapping back to the present moment.. 'Where did that come from? I must be more tired than I thought.' He cleared his throat and got up. "Greg just paged. Let's see if he got anything new."

Before the abrupt subject change registered on Sara, he was out of the door and well on his way to Greg's lab. Banging one fist on the chair, she got up and followed him. 'Why will I never learn? Dammit.'

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"Aaah, the Dynamic Duo is back!" Greg swiveled his chair towards the two investigators, grinning. Noting the tired and annoyed expression on Grissom's face, and the thinly veiled anger in Sara's, he quickly sobered. "Yes, ahm..." He cleared his throat, and reached for a sheet of paper.

Not waiting for an explanation, Grissom took hold of it, scanning the contents.

"As you can see," he looked pointedly at Grissom, who didn't take any notice of it. "I ran tests on the other food and beer you've brought in. Nothing unusual with it. But.." He paused for dramatic effect, which was completely lost on his audience. "Tox was able to identify the unknown substance in the original samples from the plate and fork. Dantrolene, Bromocriptine, and Lorazepam."

Grissom looked at Sara. "Didn't you say, you found food supplements in Tho..., the victims bathroom?" He quickly caught himself, hoping no one had noticed his slip.

"Yes. You think he mashed them into his food?" Sara was too thrilled by these new findings to notice Grissom's nearly addressing the victim by first name.

"Probably. Some people have a revulsion when it comes to swallowing pills. It would also play into the killer's hands. Ethylene Glycol has a sickly sweet taste. Newman would've noted it, had he taken the supplements orally. But it would have been hardly noticeable mixed with the food." He quickly nodded at Greg before leading Sara outside.

"Well, if the supplements were poisoned, we need to find out who had access to them." She hardly noticed Grissom's hand at the small of her back, while lost in thoughts, possible theories spinning through her mind.

"Yes." Grissom nodded slightly. "You go back to the crime scene and get the supplements. Take an officer with you." Grissom stopped walking and turned towards his office.

Sara suddenly noticed the absence of warmth on her back and turned around. "And you will...?"

"Get Brass to bring in that lady from the reception desk. He said she had access to the victim's hospital files. She might have known of his condition."

"Okay!" She flashed him a quick smile, totally engrossed by the new developments. "I'll meet you in the interrogation room when I get back." With that she rounded the corner and was gone.

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