

Title: What it Takes

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Rating: T

Spoilers: YES! For "Committed".

A/N:WARNING the 2nd - contains huge-ass spoilers.

Ah, okay - I indulged and let myself imagine how this could play out. This is going to be so ridiculous after Thursday, but I had fun, heh. So there.

He stared at her through the glass separating them. Only glass, a goddamn glass pane, but an unconquerable barrier nevertheless.

A cold, ugly dread gripped Grissom, manifesting in the pit of his stomach and spreading outwards. But it quickly morphed into pure, abject terror as he saw Adam lift a shard of sharp ceramic to Sara's throat, arm holding her tightly against him and gripping her so hard it had to leave bruises.

The image of another victim quickly flashed before Grissom's horrified eyes. Blood. On the floor, on the bathroom walls. Throat slit from behind. The face... a face so cruel in its familiarity...

Desperately needing to shake off the image, Grissom tried to swallow the bile rising in his throat, stepping closer to the door that seemed to block him from everything he wanted.

It ripped him apart to even consider the words victim and Sara in the same sentence.

The shard of ceramic glinted as it reflected the light back to him, beginning to move slowly.

Grissom felt the scream forming in his mind, in his entire being, but nothing came out as he felt the overpowering sense of total helplessness slam into him. Frozen in terror, he saw that same maniacal glint in Adam's eyes that had made the hairs in the back of his neck stand up when they had interrogated him earlier.

He heard the guards fumbling with the keys, their urgent voices seemingly far away, but was incapable of moving or thinking.

And then Grissom saw the look in Sara's eyes and the blood beginning to trickle down her neck. Her face looking like she was ready to die, but he wasn't, he wasn't ready to let her. But he could do absolutely nothing but watch, holding her gaze. And then, Gil Grissom screamed.

After that - only silence. So heavy he felt like he would break under the weight of it. Grissom couldn't tell how much time had passed or what had happened. Dazed, he felt the pain in his hands and looked up to see the splintered glass of the now open door. He didn't even remember his futile attempts to smash it.

Looking around, he felt her before actually seeing her. It felt so surreal, he couldn't even feel relief. But for once acting on his instincts, he was about to raise his arms to hold her, to press her against him so hard, as if he wanted to tell her everything he never could through the touch alone. But Sara brushed past him, moving away from it all as fast as she could.

Grissom looked at the shard on the floor and then up at Sara, standing in front of a window covered with a screen, hands grasping it above her head as if no matter what, she could never escape any of it. The past, the present, nothing.

Looking broken.

The events finally sunk in and Grissom turned away towards the wall and threw up, retching until there was nothing in his stomach, in him. Drawing a shaking and clammy hand over his mouth, he turned back around and watched a nurse lead Sara away to tend to her neck.

That's what it took. Grissom finally made the decision once and for all and walked after Sara. He would never watch her walk out again, she'd have him right behind her and with her. He'd make sure of that.