

Author: sirageeks

Title: Love's Divine

Disclaimer: I don't own CSI, or any of the characters. So please don't sue me.

A / N: Warning; This story contains a character death. It's a songfic and I borrowed the lyrics from Seal's song: Love's Divine.

I have to thank Ghibli who beta-ed the story. Her patience with my stupid mistakes is priceless.

He didn't move, stood still like a statue. A lonely figure in a black suit, a single red rose in his hand. The heavy breathing the only sign of him being alive.

His colleagues and friends were worried about him, afraid that he would break down but they didn't know how to reach him. They didn't know what was going on in his mind, what he was feeling. His stony face and body betrayed not a shred of his emotions.

Did he feel the rain, the storm?

Did he hear the priest talking?

Did he know why everyone was gathered here?

Did he know that they were burying Sara today?

***Then the rainstorm came over me
And I felt my spirit break
I had lost all of my belief you see
And realized my mistake
But time threw a prayer to me
And all around me became still***

It had been an avoidable accident. She had been driving to the latest crime scene, alone once again. It had rained for hours, the streets were wet and traitorous.

She had almost reached her destination when her cell phone started ringing. She would never know that it was Grissom who wanted to give her further information about the case. That he called because he didn't want to talk to her face to face as he so easily could have done earlier.

She grabbed for her phone that laid on the passenger seat. As she straightened up she saw that she was driving on the middle of the street, that there was a car on the other lane oncoming fast. The driver hooted and turned on the car's full beam. She tried to turn her vehicle into her own lane, but didn't take the wet street into consideration.

She lost control over the car, tried to brake but gave further speed in her panic. The car started to spin round and round. It overturned several times and everything became still. She felt the blood rushing in her ears and it was as if she were alone in a small universe consisting of silence and pain. Eventually she lost consciousness.

***I need love, love's divine
Please forgive me now I see that I've been blind
Give me love, love is what I need to help me know my name***

They became informed half an hour later. Judy, pale as death, entered the break room where Catherine and Warrick were discussing a case. She told them about the accident and that Sara was brought into hospital.

Warrick said he would find Nick, Catherine promised to talk to Grissom. She found him in his office. He held his cell phone in his hands.

"I'm trying to reach Sara. Five times and still she isn't picking up..." He sounded angry.

"Gil, there's been a car accident. Sara cannot pick up. She's in the hospital."

He became pale and sat still for a few seconds, his hands gripping the cell phone in his hands tighter. He got out of his chair, moving slowly and turned to Catherine.

"Let`s go." His voice was hollow.

***Through the rainstorm came sanctuary
And I felt my spirit fly
I had found all of my reality
I realize what it takes***

He was afraid, prayed she would be okay. Catherine hadn't known in what condition she was.

Catherine drove because she knew he wasn't in a state of mind to sit behind the wheel.

He couldn't lose Sara, he needed her. He made a promise to himself. If Sara was okay he would tell her how he felt. She deserved to finally know the truth.

As they arrived at the hospital Catherine asked a nurse about Sara. Grissom paced nervously back and forth.

Catherine grabbed for his arm and tried to get his attention.

"The nurse won't give me any information. She said the doctor will be here in a few minutes. Hey, did you hear me?"

He nodded curtly and resumed his restless hike.

As the nurse had said a doctor approached them after a few minutes. They could see it in his eyes at once that he had no good news for them.

"You're colleagues of Sara Sidle?"

Catherine nodded while Grissom simply stared at the man.

"How's Sara doctor?"

Warrick and Nick entered the hallway and came to stand beside Catherine.

"I'm sorry. We weren't able to help her. The internal bleeding is too severe and she has already lost too much blood. Several of her organs are torn. She'll likely die within the next hours. As her family cannot make it in time you can go and see her." The pity was evident in his voice. His face was tired.

Tears started to run down Catherine's cheeks. Warrick flung his arms around her. He was shocked and angry. Nick looked helplessly from one to the other.

Grissom didn't allow himself to feel the pain that tightened his stomach. He asked the doctor where he could find Sara and walked to her room. He didn't pay attention to the others who followed him.

'Cause I need love, love's divine

***Please forgive me now I see that I've been blind
Give me love, loves is what I need to help me know my name***

She looked tiny and fragile in the bed. Tubes protruded out of her arms and her body, the machines that controlled her life signs beeped in a steady rhythm. Sara was breathing lightly.

He took a chair and sat down beside her bed and gently reached for her hand. It was as cold as ice. The others entered the room silently and stood at the entrance quietly watching the scene before them.

They stood still for what seemed an eternity, unsure how to react. They felt helpless. There was nothing that could be said or done.

Grissom caressed Sara's hand with his thumb and muttered soothing words to her.

After twenty minutes Sara's breathing changed and her eyes flung open. She looked at their colleagues who softly approached her bed and smiled weakly at them. Then she looked at Grissom who still held her hand.

As she looked at him he could see the pain and the weakness battling in her eyes. She tried to say something but it was too softly whispered for him to understand. Grissom bent his head so that he could hear her.

"Grissom, I love you"

He looked at her, he wanted to answer her despite the lump in his throat. He wanted to tell her that he loved her too, but she had her eyes closed. She had faded away.

***Oh I don't bet [don't bet], don't pray [don't pray]
Show me how to live and promise me you won't forsake
'Cause love can help me know my name***

One after the other they went to the bed and said a silent good bye to Sara, but Grissom didn't move. His colleagues talked to him, tried to persuade him to go with them, but he didn't seem to hear them at all.

As the nurses came he slowly raised himself. They, too, talked to him, but he simply ignored them and went out of the room, past his colleagues who waited for him outside. Catherine grabbed for his arm, but he shook her off. He went to his car and drove away, without a destination. Simply away.

He already knew that he would never be able to forgive himself.

She had given him so many chances that he let slip and now it officially was too late.

***Well I try to say there's nothing wrong
But inside I felt me lying all alone
But the message here was plain to see
Believe me...***

He didn't go back to his home or to work. He made a phone call, called in a favour and spent the next few hours at a quiet spot in the desert, not allowing himself to think about what had happened.

Dawn came and passed quickly. The first rays of light enlightened the horizon. Grissom parked his car in front of the hospital.

He went inside and a young doctor approached him in the hallway. He guided him to the pathology department where he would have the chance to see Sara one last time.

Doc. Robbins had arranged it for him. Grissom didn't know how but didn't care about it at that moment.

He knew he shouldn't do it, but he couldn't help himself. He had to see her, just this last time.

Sara's pale, white figure rested on one of the tables, a sheet covering her body.

Grissom's limbs were stiff. He felt heavy and old and didn't hear the doctor leaving the room. He went to her and stroked her cold cheek with his hands.

That was when he started to cry and to talk.

***'Cause I need love, love's divine
Please forgive me now I see that I've been blind
Give me love, love is what I need to help me know my name***

He spoke about his feelings for her as he first saw her, a beautiful bright student. How his feelings grew as he learned to know her better. How he seemed to forget everything what otherwise was important for him when he was around her.

That he wished uncounted times that he could be together with her, but that he was her supervisor and wasn't allowed to follow his feelings. That he thought he wasn't good enough for her. That he was too old and thought she would be better off with another man.

He apologized for all the times that he had hurt her feelings, the times he had done her wrong.

At last he bend down and gently kissed her cold lips.

"I love you too Sara Sidle. I always have."

He turned around and left the room. His tears dried up.

He became numb.

***Oh I don't bet [don't bet], don't break [don't break]
Show me how to live and promise me you won't forsake
'Cause love can help me know my name***

The funeral was nearly over. There had been at least a hundred people who attended the ceremony. Sara's family, her friends from San Francisco, her colleagues and friends of Vegas. Although she had been viewed as a kind of a loner, she had lots of friends who valued her honesty, her passion and her kindness.

They all had difficulties to accept that Sara was gone. For ever.

They all had loved her in their own way.

Nick had loved her like a sister. For Warrick she had been a good friend, she was like a part of his conscience that reminded him not to become a slave of his gamble addiction anymore. Greg missed the flirts between him and her, her beautiful smiles. Catherine knew that she and Sara had a friendship that was laced with rivalry, but it was only the fact that they were both strong and sometimes stubborn women. She had loved Sara like a good friend.

Grissom had loved Sara like he had never loved anyone before. He had barely spoken to his colleagues during the last days. He had done his work but no personal word was spoken. He didn't care for life anymore. He was broken and knew he would never be whole again.

Sara was gone and had taken his spirits away with her.

It was his turn to approach the grave. He went forward and gently kissed the rose before he threw it into the grave.

He turned around and walked away into a new and lonely life.

Love can help me know my name.

The End