

**Author:** sirageeks

**Title:** On the road again

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

**A/N:** It was my intention to write a short and funny story about Grissom and Sara on a Road Trip and the stuff they will take with them. I borrowed the idea from UTB and The Breakroom J . I hope no one mind. The story will be a WIP though; there are too many ideas in my head for only one chapter. I will still use the stuff; we had let them take with them, in The Breakroom. For all who don't know what I mean here is the summary:

Grissom and Sara are going on a work-related road trip and they're taking Alcohol, Band-Aids, Condoms, Diapers, the Evanescence CD, Flowers, a glinting Gun, a Heart Defibrillator, Insect repellent, a Jerry can, a Kwikfit contract, Luminol, Microscopes, Needles, Opiate, body Paint, a book of Quizzes, Red Creeper fingerprint powder, a stuffed flamingo named George, swimming trunks, a pair of undies, Velcro clothing, a whip, a xylophone and... a Zamboni!!

**The first chapter is beta'd now. I owe many thanks to Laredo Grissom**

**I have to thank you CSI Shippergirl very much. She revised the whole fic and made it definitely a better read.**

All remaining mistakes are mine

---

### **Chapter one: You and me on a road trip?**

It was early in the morning and shift had ended two hours ago.

Grissom closed his eyes and sighed deeply. Why is it always so difficult to talk to Sara? He knew it hadn't been like this a year ago, but then there was his hearing matter, and there was Hank. As if it those weren't enough, the tension between them had risen to new heights during the last two months.

He opened his eyes again. "Sara, I know that this is very short-notice and I know you are supposed to attend that seminar this week, but there is no one else who could come with me. I wouldn't bother you if I didn't have to."

'Oh no, did I say that aloud? Nice one Grissom.'

He continued and hoped that she would forget about his unfortunate remark. "You know that Nick and Warrick are busy with the Hoffkins case, and that Catherine will have a jury hearing tomorrow."

When Sara's eyes burned holes in his face, he internally flinched. "All right Grissom, I am so very sorry that you couldn't find someone else to come with you." Her voice became icy and sarcastic. "You and me on a three day road trip? Nice. You can walk me to my car and explain to me again why we have to do this. Then I'll drive home, pack my bag and in two hours we'll get going, that is if it's ok with you?" She stood up and turned around and started walking down the hall. "You coming?" she asked when he didn't immediately follow.

Jolted from her abrupt departure he angrily followed her. "Ok, although I'm pretty sure you understood me quite well the first time." his voice betrayed the anger he felt.

Deciding that a full explanation into the merits of the trip was the only way to go he added, "Yesterday I had a call from Henry Wood, a member of the AAFS, you know, the American Academy of Forensic Sciences? Well, he planned this seminar in Montana. A practice focused seminar, that gathers people of all different departments, to hold lectures and workshops with the

participants, for example how to work a scene in the woods. The police detectives, the CSI's, the anthropologists and the entomologists all have different procedures they have to abide. The

seminar is supposed to help all of us to learn the rules of other branches and to advance the cooperation between them." He didn't realize he was babbling until she interrupted him.

"And now we come to the part why we're going too, right?" They had reached Sara's car and she unlocked the door. She turned around and faced Grissom. "I didn't want to hear the whole background story again, I only wanted to know why we will have to go. Couldn't they find any other participants, some who live a little bit nearer to Montana?"

Grissom tried to stay patient but he found it more difficult with every passing minute.

"Wood thought it would be a good idea. He wanted to have an entomologist and a CSI at the same time. As I said before the entomologist he invited is ill and he still didn't have a CSI. So he contacted me and asked if I would like to come along and bring one of my CSI's with me. So now, you and I are going to Montana to attend the lectures and give lectures ourselves."

Sara shook her head. "Grissom I have never given a lecture before, and how will someone hold a practice exercise seminar when it's almost winter? The weather conditions aren't exactly good up there." She said exasperated.

Sara would have laughed at Grissom's desperate face if she hadn't been so angry.

"Sara, the training is to prepare people to work under those conditions. It is rare that body will be found in the snow, but it happens. I think it will be useful, even for us. There is almost never snow in Vegas but sometimes we have some bad weather too, especially in the rural areas."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ok, ok. When is our flight departure? And what do you suggest I give a lecture on?"

He squirmed. "We aren't flying. There is a large convention in Billings and all the planes are booked. And it is way too complicated to fly to another city and drive in. So we'll drive there. The training starts in four days, so we've got plenty of time. We can talk about your lecture on the way there, ok?"

Sara's eyes got wide. "No plane, you and me on a three days ride in a tiny, little car?" She asked shocked.

"Yeah, that's the gist of it. But I booked two overnight pit stops for us. So we won't have to drive for too long in one tour. Look Sara, I have to go now. I have some papers to sign and have to drive home to pack too. I think it would be best if I pick you up in about two hours at your place. There is no need for you to drive here first. I'll see you later." He turned around and left in the direction of the main building.

Sara was frozen. She couldn't believe what had just transpired. She and Grissom for three days together in a small vehicle wasn't exactly one of her favorite scenarios. She knew that she had no chance to escape this situation, so she got in her car and headed home.

At home she started to pack her bag then she realized that she didn't have all the necessary information she, so she grabbed for her cell phone.

"Sara what can I do for you?" Grissom answered his phone after only a few seconds.

"You recognized my number? Anyhow, you forgot to give me some important facts. For example, how long we will be staying in Montana? At the moment I don't know how much clothing I will need."

"Oh sorry, you're right. It will be a four-day seminar. All in all it'll be a ten day trip"

"Ok, thanks Grissom. See you later."

"Ok, later." He hung up.

'Ten days...with Grissom...alone. This was bad. Really bad' she thought. Just six months ago she would've done nearly anything to have the chance to spend so much time alone with him. But things had changed. She sighed and started to pack again.

Grissom was ready to leave his townhouse as his cell phone rang another time. He grabbed for it and didn't bother to look who was calling.

"Sara, what is it this time," he asked.

"I'm Catherine, the blond one, remember?" came an amused voice from the other end.

"Sorry, Cath. I am just leaving my house and thought it would be Sara again."

"I noticed." She laughed. "I'm calling because there is this department leader meeting tomorrow and I wanted to ask if I should fill in?"

"Oh crap, I completely forgot about that. Yeah, if you don't mind? Thanks"

"No problem, Gil. How did Sara react to the good news?" Catherine asked worried that Sara might not like the thought of being alone with Grissom for so many days.

"She didn't seem to be very enthusiastic about the whole matter, but I told her that you, Nick and Warrick are occupied."

"Oh Grissom, please don't tell me that you told her that she is your last alternative?"

The silence on the other side answered the question for her.

"Griss, why? How would you feel if someone told you that they are only taking you with them because there was no one else?"

"I wouldn't like to hear that at all. But I didn't say that she was my last alternative. I told her I wouldn't bother her if I didn't have to. I know, I know that just as bad. Catherine look I am sorry, but I have to go."

"All right Grissom. Good luck. Bye"

"Bye".

Catherine silently prayed that it had been a good idea not to tell Grissom that her jury hearing wasn't until next week.

Grissom arrived at Sara's apartment five minutes early. He was about to knock but she opened the door before he had the chance to.

"Hi Grissom, I'm ready. Could you please take this bag for me." With that she handed him her bag, closed the door behind her and went to his car.

He was a little bit disappointed, because it was clear that she didn't want him in her apartment. He hoped that the next few days would lead to a better relationship between them, and deep inside he knew that they had to face their feelings soon. That he would have to face his feelings. Otherwise they could never have an unstressed work relationship again.

He opened the trunk to put Sara's bag into it.

"Grissom what have you got planned? What is all this stuff for? For example, what in the world do you need to take alcohol along for?" she asked incredulously.

"I want to show the participants how to preserve maggots correctly. That they have to cut them in half and so that one half can be put in alcohol."

"I didn't mean the can. I meant the Chardonnay." She chuckled. "You want to preserve maggots in Chardonnay?"

He lightly blushed at her teasing tone.

"The wine is a present for Henry Wood. He's an old friend of mine."

"Ok, I only wondered." She smiled. "So, an old friend of yours. I guess you can tell me about him during our drive. There will be plenty of time to, it seems."

"Yes, let's do that. He's really a fascinating person, and he developed a few interesting methods in his field of study. We should be going. I booked us two rooms in Stockton, that's near Salt Lake City, but it's still a long ways away. I'll drive the first leg of the trip if you don't mind?"

Sara nodded her approval.

They got into the car, both hoping that this trip would finally bring them some kind of fix to their relationship.

**TBC**