

**Author:** sirageeks

**Title:** Scary Night

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Sara was tired. She had worked two double shifts this week and felt that she couldn't do another one. So she planned to go home early, sleep a good nights sleep and then to go to the supermarket and buy sweets.

Tomorrow night would be Halloween and because it would be her night off she would like to wait for the children and give them their share of candies. As a child she always liked Halloween. Even nowadays she liked to wear fancy dresses, although she hadn't had the opportunity to wear some for a long time.

She remembered another Halloween, eight years before, were she had bought a sexy vampire costume, containing a long, clinging wine-red dress made of velvet, with a special deep neck line and a black, netlike cape. She had also bought a pair of long, false teeth. She never had the chance to wear this dress though, because her date, a certain Mr. G. decided to cancel the date for job reasons.

Sara looked at her watch It was nearly seven o' clock, time to go home. She tried to suppress a yawn but failed.

As she entered the hallway she noticed the silence. She could only hear her the clicking of her shoes on the linoleum. On the one hand the sound was unnatural loud, but it seemed to die away into the thick silence. She felt a shiver running down her spine. What happened here? Normally this was a busy place that seemed to buzz with energy on days and nights likewise.

She looked into the offices to her right and left, but no one was to be seen.

Sara decided to go and ask Greg were all the others were. The lab were just around the corner. Perhaps there was a big meeting that she had forgotten about. She must be very tired when she started to forget meetings, she thought by herself.

As she opened the door to the lab she exhaled relieved. They were all there, Grissom, Greg, Nick, Warrick, Catherine and Brass. They stood in a circle and were talking quietly. It didn't seem that they heard her. She wanted to ask them what happened here as she heard Grissom saying her name. His voice had a cold and hoarse overtone that led her stop dead in her tracks.

"Sara is here. She is sitting in one of the labs."

"But why does it have to be Sara?" Nick whined.

"Oh Nick, we had discussed this topic before. When will you finally get it?" Catherine's voice was cold, emotionless.

Warrick laughed. Like always his voice was deep and rich, but Sara thought she could hear a sharp and vicious edge.

"Ok, Nicky. I will explain it another time for you. Sara is the reason why Grissom is not sure what to do about 'this'. And we as a group cannot afford to have a leader who cannot decide what to do. He must be strong and act wise. As our boss he has no chance. Even if he would like to do something, he isn't allowed to. Sara makes him weak and that's why it has to be her."

"Should I bring her here?" Brass asked, his voice full with cattiness.

"No, I will go and get her. She trusts me. She will come with me voluntarily." Greg giggled. A high pitched and unpleasant sound.

"Go now. No further discussion. " Grissom's voice vibrate with anger and a hint of fear. "We need this kind Halloween immolation to banish the bad ghost lingering around here. It can only be now or never."

Sara's heart bumped wildly. She was terrified. She knew that they had talked about her and that she should flee. It doesn't matter what they would want from her. It couldn't be something good. She wanted to run away, but she couldn't move her feet. She felt that the map she was holding in her hands slipped from her numb fingers. With a soft bang it fell on the floor.

The group before her turned around. As Sara saw their faces she wanted to scream, but no sound escaped her lips.

They stood still and looked at her, their faces were emotionless masks. Only their eyes glistened in a dim red light. Sara's mind wasn't able to accept what she was saw. That couldn't be true. People aren't supposed to have red eyes, not in the life that she knew.

Greg opened his mouth but her mind wouldn't place his words into a reasonable structure. He smiled and repeated what he said.

"Sara, darling don't be afraid. Everything is all right. We have a surprise for you. Don't you want to see it?"

The others moved towards her.

She could finally feel her legs again and ran away, as fast as her legs would carry her. She didn't know where to turn, but it doesn't really matter as long as she came away from the people who obviously wanted to kill her. She thought she would know them, but apparently she knew nothing about what was going on in their heads.

Sara saw that she had run into the locker room. 'Damn' she thought. 'I must find the exit or they will get me. If I survive this I'll start a campaign. I'll call it 'Save your life'; Dinner invitations could endanger your life, so make sure to ask no insecure geek who is, by the way, your boss.'

She turned to the door as she heard footsteps in the hallway. She crept under the nearest bench and hoped that the person would go away..

Someone opened the door. Sara started to pray that the person, whoever it was, wouldn't check the room carefully. She could see a pair of shoes coming near to hear. She started to shiver. The person bend down. It was Grissom. She looked straight into his red eyes. She screamed.

"Sara! Sara, wake up!"

Sara's eyes opened and she saw Grissom standing before her desk. She jumped up, her eyes in desperate search for the exit.

"Please, don't kill me. I know I shouldn't have asked you out for dinner, but that couldn't be a reason to kill me. And don't look at me with that red eyes of yours." She tried to pass Grissom.

He grabbed her on her shoulders.

"Sara, everything is ok. You fell asleep and had a bad dream. This is your third double shift in a row. You are tired and should go home. "

Sara exhaled deeply and her eyes locked with Grissom's, who still hold her on her shoulders. She was still confused about her dream and only wanted to go home and analyse why she dreamt such a nonsense.

"Sorry Grissom, I think you are right. I will go home and sleep for a few hours."

He looked at her bemused, one eyebrow raised.

"Don't you want to explain me why I should kill you because of a simple dinner invitation? And since when are my eyes red?"

Sara shook her head. "No, I don't want to explain anything and would you please let me go?"

Grissom chuckled. "Nope, I won't let you go. Not now. If you don't want to explain what you dreamt it's ok, but I came to talk with you and I would like to say what I have to say. "

Sara's voice was suddenly strained with suppressed anger. "And what is it what you have to say.? I would like to go home and sleep, do you remember?"

Grissom loosened his grip and let his hands rest lightly on her back. "Of course I remember. I only wanted to invite you for dinner this evening. You know it's Halloween and I owe you a date. For eight years now to be exact. I thought I could cook something nice and then we could watch a few scary movies afterwards. I am always terrified by those movies, so I could need a strong shoulder to lean on." His eyes twinkled.

Sara swallowed. She turned her eyes away from his face. She couldn't bear his intensive gaze anymore. 'Oh these beautiful blue eyes'. She didn't know what to think. Was she dreaming again. She wished with all her heart that this would be the reality and not another daydream to haunt her, but how could she be sure?

"Grissom?" she was angry with herself because her voice sounded so weak. "Could you please pinch me, so that I know that I don't dream this time?"

"Oh I think I know something better to persuade you that you are awake." His voice was hoarse. She could feel his breath in her face She didn't dare to look up. He lifted her head with his right hand, the other still resting on her back.

Sara could see the passion and desire burning in his eyes. The next she felt was his lips lightly brushing against hers. A soft moan escaped her lips. He kissed her again and she enjoyed the sensation of a dream coming true.

After a few minutes she softly withdraw from him. She hesitated not sure how to ask what she needed to know. Her finger drawing circles on his shirt.

"Grissom, I have to ask you something. Do you finally know..." She stopped.

Grissom chuckled bemused.

"Yes Sara, I finally know what to do about 'this'. "

**The End**