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**Title:** What once was broken...

**Disclaimer:** I don't own CSI or any of its characters.

**Summary:** This is an answer to aphrodisy challenge at YTDAW.

- 1) Grissom and Sara are together...engaged
- 2) Sara get kidnapped by a criminal and she goes missing and the CSIs never find her b/c she was dropped off somewhere by the criminal and in the process was hit on the head or something and has amnesia. She doesn't remember who she is
- 3) Sara finds out she's pregnant with someone's baby...Grissom's ?? but of course she doesn't remember who
- 4) Years go by and no trace of Sara b/c Sara now has new identity and new life w/ her baby.
- 5) She regains her memory from another traumatic event
- 6) What does she do w/ her newly regained identity and memories? Does she go back?

**A/N:** This is supposed to be a WIP. The first chapter only covers the first and half of the second point. I would love if you give me some feedback!

Many thanks to Ghibli who did such a wonderful job as beta reader. Her suggestions and corrections are priceless! Should you find any more mistakes they are completely mine.

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### **Chapter 1: Fragile, Grissom's POV**

I always thought that I stood on solid ground, that my life was based on solid principles.

As my life changed drastically I believed it could remain solid.

I was wrong.

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Eleven years ago I believed I could go through life unscathed, if I only kept my distance. Distance to everything and everything that would require an emotional attachment from my side.

You think that it isn't possible to keep an emotional distance to the up and downs of life? You can! All you need is a barrier to hide behind. My protection was my job and my job was my life.

If someone would have asked me who, or more specifically, what I was, I would have answered him that I was a scientist. Up to that point I had dedicated my whole life to science.

A scientist is supposed to observe the phenomena that life confronts us with and find sufficient explanations for them. I've always loved to observe and I've always loved to hunt for explanations.

Yes, that's what I was. A scientist, an observer.

I didn't live my life, I observed the life of others. I was on the outside, without the wish to be within. Within the melting pot of emotions and confusion that is called society.

I thought I was content, that I could live like that for the rest of my life. I thought I could live a solid life, but then there was Sara.

The first meeting with her and my life turned upside down.

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I got to know Sara at a seminar I held at Harvard.

She had been an extraordinary student and her frequent questions betrayed her intelligence as well as her wish to learn. I've always had the deepest respect for people who wanted to learn, who tried to extend their knowledge.

It is the curiosity, the wish to learn that makes the difference between an animal and a human being, is it not?

*Sara Sidle.*

*Clever.*

*Young.*

*Beautiful.*

*Intense.*

Sara fascinated me from the first moment I laid my eyes on her. Yes, I admit it, I was attracted to her, but that was all.

After the seminar I went back to live my life, or should I say to live my work?

I didn't forget Sara though. We called each other from time to time and held a loose contact during the next ten years.

Then there came a time when I needed her help, when I called her to take over an internal investigation. She came at once and after the investigation was completed she stayed.

During her first year in Vegas, the mutual flirting was so easy. She had grown into an even more beautiful woman during the last decade and I liked being around her, liked to talk to her. I think I never laughed so much before. I felt free and reckless.

It was in her second year that I got scared for the first time. My protection against the world started to vanish because of Sara. There came a point when I had to admit to myself that I wanted more from her, that I desired her. But it mustn't be, for I was her boss and she was so much younger than me.

In her third year things started to go wrong. I wasn't myself anymore. I changed as I slowly lost the ability to hear. Otosclerosis, a hereditary disease. My mother had been deaf since my childhood and now it seemed to be my turn to suffer the same fate.

Otosclerosis was one of the reasons I told Sara to have a life, as I learned that she dated a paramedic. I didn't know how to deal with it myself, let alone with other people. As she seemed to accept my advice I was hurt, although I had no right to feel that way.

I tried to keep her at a distance, tried to avoid her as our relationship deteriorated every day. She asked me out after the explosion in the lab and I turned her down flat.

In her fourth year things began to change. Surgery was performed and my hearing was restored. For the first time since I was a teenager I tried to connect to the world.

There was still that negative tension between Sara and me. I still didn't 'know what to do about this'.

The light hit me when we had to work the case of a murdered nurse. She resembled Sara so much and the whole matter got under my skin.

As I sat in the interrogation room with her murderer I told him that I knew the situation that he had been in, that I knew how it felt to be attracted to a beautiful young woman, that I understood the need to give in. I told him that I couldn't do it. It wasn't a much of a conversation, but rather a self reflection of myself.

What I didn't know at that moment was that Sara had heard me. She didn't tell me though. Life went on and nothing happened for the next four months.

It was a rainy day when we got into an argument at the parking lot. It started innocently with a discussion about some unimportant detail of a case and ended with both of us screaming at each

other in the pouring rain. It was the first time that we expressed our emotions clearly without trying to hide our emotions feelings or our fears.

At the end she told me that she had heard me talking to Dr. Lurie. She told me that it would be my last chance to react to our mutual attraction or she would definitely leave. Or that's what I assume she wanted to say because I kissed her before she could finish her sentence. She tasted wonderfully and it felt so right that I wondered myself what took me so long to see the light.

To our complete surprise we managed to keep our relationship a secret for nearly a year and when it finally got out that we were engaged, the reactions were mainly positive.

The next two years were wonderful. Yes, we had our fair share of problems but what would you expect when two headstrong people get together?

But we were happy. I never had loved a woman like this before. She was everything to me, my light and my inspiration. She was the only one who could make me forget about the science.

I wasn't an observer anymore. From the moment I let Sara into my life I was a participant in the game of life and I enjoyed every moment of it; the good ones as well as the bad.

My life wasn't as solid as before but I had Sara to turn to in my times of need and it was ok.

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*Life is fragile.*

*Dreams are fragile.*

*I tried to fight against the tide of life but I lost.*

*I am broken.*

My world fell into pieces when we were together for two and a half years.

It started with what seemed to be a fairly normal case. A man was found murdered in a warehouse. We thought we were in luck because we were able to save an intact fingerprint, but as I saw the result from AFIS I felt a shiver running down my spine.

The print belonged to a serial killer. The print belonged to the Cop Hunter who received the 'nickname' because of his modus operandi.

The Cop Hunter started every cycle with the murder of an innocent person but his target had never been the civilians that he killed. They were only used as bait. His real target were female persons working for the state.

Each time that he killed the first random person, he would kidnap a female police officer or CSI who had worked the scene. She would be found dead exactly one week later, tortured and raped.

The profiler told us that his motive was his wish for revenge. The Cop Hunter wanted to get back at the state that betrayed him, get back at strong woman who reminded him at of his mother.

He said that he was a very intelligent, young man in his thirties. A man who never had any luck in his life. A man who tried to prove to his mother that he wasn't a 'useless little brat' as she had so often called him. A man who wanted to join the army but was rejected.

A man who couldn't stand women who had a power that he would never have.

As I held the results in my hands I grabbed for my cell phone at once. I called Sara and then Catherine. Sara didn't pick up but Catherine was safely at home.

Sara didn't pick up the next five times I called her.

We all went out and searched for her. The whole team, the police and the FBI. She wasn't anywhere in the offices, she wasn't in her apartment, she wasn't with anyone of her few friends.

She was gone. Obviously taken by the Cop Hunter. There was no evidence left, Sara had disappeared without the slightest trace.

I can hardly remember the days that followed. My heart was filled with dread. We had only one week to find Sara, or we would find her dead. In every waking moment I asked myself what Sara would have to endure. Would she be raped or tortured too? My thoughts were spinning.

We fought against the clock and we lost.

A week later the first people came by and said that they were sorry. I could see compassion in their eyes but I didn't want to see. I wanted to shout at them to go away. I wanted to close my eyes and forget. I couldn't have lost Sara. It mustn't be.

The tension became thicker and heavier for everyone while we waited for Sara's corpse to be found soon.

A week, a month, a year passed and nothing happened. There was absolutely no sign of Sara.

The Cop Hunter had continued his grizzly work in two other states but there was never a sign of what happened with Sara.

One year later Sara was pronounced dead. Sara's family arranged an official burial. That was the only time that I cried during the whole time. It was the first and only time that I cried since I was a child.

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You could say that my life changed again with Sara's burial, but in fact it was long before. It changed the moment Sara disappeared.

It was then that I lost my balance. My life laid in shattered pieces around me and since then I haven't been able to put them together again.

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Most of the people around me think that I found my peace. They think that I'm the old Grissom, the scientist, the observer. During the last two years I buried myself deeper into my work than ever before. There is no passion for what I do, but I function. I seem to function so well that I'm able to bluff them.

They think that I'm the man I had been before Sara. Only a few people seem to have a notion of how I really feel. I believe that Catherine, Warrick, Nick, Brass and Greg belong to them but I may be wrong.

In the end it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. Not my work, not the science or what is called life. I'm numb, I don't feel anymore.

I feel like walking through the dark. An endless black tunnel seems to lay ahead of me.

Once there had been light on my way.

Sara had been my light, but Sara is gone.

**TBC**