

Summary: Grissom is kidnapped and becomes the subject of a bizarre experiment. But why????

Categories: [CSI](#) Characters: Greg/Grissom, Jim Brass, Nicholas "Nick" Stokes, No pairing, Original Character(s), Sara Sidle, Warrick Brown

Genres: Gen

Warnings: Abduction/Kidnapping, Adult Situations, Angst, Attempted Murder, Birth - Explicit, Blood, Brain-Insane, Character Death, Complete, Dark Themes, Death of Child, Drama, Drugged, Extreme Dark Themes, Forced Conception, Friendship, Human Experimentation, Loss of Child

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Kick in the but: This lovingly goes out to the purple bunny-beast who infected my mind with this idea! (but it also deserves a hug, for inspiring me to continue the story I'm currently working on, Whispers through time...(had the worst writers block for about a month, but have started writing again now..)

Warning: The main case Grissom is working on during this story is GROTESQUE!!! (and what's worse, things like this actually happens.... (pretty funny when someone calls *me* a disgusting human being, thinking that there are people out there doing *this*...)) Warnings will follow in following chapters.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Restina Lovebug

2. [Chapter 2](#) by Restina Lovebug

3. [Chapter 3](#) by Restina Lovebug

Chapter 1 by Restina Lovebug

Tonight everything seemed to have gone wrong, and now the night suddenly turned from bad to worse. Gil Grissom was standing waist high in sewage, courtesy the Las Vegas municipal sewerage system, wondering what the hell he was doing down here. This was his first night back on the job since a two-month's leave of absence, and it wasn't exactly the comeback he'd been hoping for.

The body he was examining didn't even assemble a human body anymore. Rats had been chewing on it, the state of decomposing; utterly grotesque to anyone else, but Grissom didn't mind the rotting corpse. Heck, he didn't even mind the smell down here! But to be wading in shit?? He'd had better days at work...

"How does it look, Grissom?!" co-worker Sarah Sidle yelled from the manhole's opening far above his head.

"This is a tough one!" The rugged forensic investigator called back, reaching to the conclusion that there was nothing more to do with the body until it was autopsied. They would have a hard job deciding whether this man or woman had been exposed to foul play or if he or she had ended up here by accident. People kill themselves in the strangest ways these days...

The crowd of forensic investigators above ground went backwards as Grissom appeared in the manhole, reeking of odours from his unpleasant wade through things no human being should have to bathe in.

Sarah wrinkled her nose as her boss came towards her. A boyish smile, in fact the first smile Sarah had seen in months lit his face as he came even closer. Mere centimetres apart he finally

stopped, obviously in quest to find out how close his co-worker would let him, smelling like ten thousand flavours of shit combined.

"All right, that's close enough!" Sarah said and backed away from him.

The smile stayed in his eyes as he made a sort of disappointed look.

"It's my first day back, have some mercy!"

"Sure, I'll have mercy with you as soon you've had a decent shower and our shift ends! We are taking you out tonight Grissom, whether you want it or not!" she said and almost forgot herself as her fingers ran towards his cheek to brush away something... brown looking... There was a surprised look on his face.

"Who are **we**?" he asked as he jumped around to get off his well-worn waders that seemed to be ready for retirement.

"Me and the rest of the guys," Sarah answered, making grimaces as she saw Grissom's coveralls: "If I'm gonna ride back to the office with you, you'll have to be hosed down first!"

Grissom couldn't help but to smile as he turned his back on her. God, he had missed this! It was great to be back.

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Gil Grissom had never bothered too much about exercising. Still he was fit and didn't weigh an ounce too much, no matter how much of food he ate. Fast metabolism was his excuse for that. But lately he'd been gaining a fair amount of pounds that made one of his colleagues, Catherine Willows, call him "The Grumpy Santa" behind his back a couple of times. But none of Grissom's co-workers bothered him with this face to face. They knew he'd been through an ordeal five months ago and that anyone **not** affected by what he'd been through in **some** way or another just wasn't human. Therefore they figured Grissom, as the oddball he was, had an odd way of dealing with his past ghosts as well.

And Grissom didn't seem to even notice the extra weight. He was working as furiously as ever, claiming Las Vegas would never run out of murders. On his body there were no more signs of the unspoken hell he had been through, and his mood was its old self again. The man who had mysteriously disappeared some months earlier was now right back where he belonged.

Two months later the crew was finally able to breathe again. They had been walking around on eggshells since he returned, but now they seemed to have realised that he wouldn't suffer a nervous breakdown or anything else posttraumatic around them. He simply was Grissom, just as he'd ever been. He was no longer a bandaged, wrecked body refrained to a hospital bed.

Sure, his waistline had somehow started to sag, and Grissom had to admit he was surprised at that. His eating was as it always had been, so he had to have some current problems with his metabolism. In a few weeks time he reckoned that would have straightened out by it self. The stress that followed this job didn't allow extra pounds.

Life at the night shift in the Las Vegas Criminalist Bureau had been reborn.

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The next ten weeks passed like dust in the wind. The past seemed to be of no interest of Grissom, therefore nobody dared to ask him about it. And why should they? He was mentally as he should be, Grissom- like, and he seemed to be even more passionate about his work. There

was only one little detail: he was still gaining weight.

Catherine had been following him silently for weeks - mapping his meals, his behaviour, and she knew something had to be wrong, she just knew it. The problem was to have Grissom facing it. Catherine was worrying he would have a heart attack if he continued this much longer, after all he was 46 years old! She had discussed it with Sarah who advised her to tread with caution. Grissom was no easy person, and he was better socially with bugs than he was with humans.

Catherine found him in his mess of an office, where he was sorting out some of the day's paperwork. Catherine jumped as the annoying Big Mouth Bass above Grissom's door started to sing its welcome.

"Hi Catherine. Thought you'd be used to it by now," Grissom pointed out, not removing his gaze from the papers in front of him.

Catherine sighed as she sat down in the chair opposite Grissom's desk. "I thought it would have run out of batteries by now!"

He finally put his papers aside and looked up, removing his glasses.

"So, what's up?" His brow went up in questioning style, as he knew it had to be something else than a case. Otherwise Catherine wouldn't have seemed so... jumpy. She looked really uneasy, squirming in her seat.

"How's the case on the "bugman" going?" she shot in as an obvious desertion to lead him off track.

"The DNA-samples comes in tomorrow, but I think it's pretty much bagged," he answered, enjoying himself.

"Is that so...?"

Catherine let her eyes stroll along the walls. There was the jarred piglet, Miss Piggy, Grissom's tarantulas - gross little creatures! - shelves stacked with jars of organs and miscellaneous creatures, samplebags and Lord knows what else. Grissom didn't have much sense of decorating. Still every single item had its spot, and that made the overwhelming office look organized still.

"Catherine?" She jumped back to reality, finding him staring at her. "Somehow I sense its not my way of decorating my office that's the reason you came to see me?"

"You're right. I needed to speak to you privately," Catherine answered, a blush blossoming on her face. She took a deep breath and blurted out the truth:

"Fact is I'm worried for you, Grissom."

He looked immediately surprised, but he shook it off quickly.

"For me?" he said, touching his chest with the fingers of his right hand. "Why?"

"Oh, come on Gil!" Catherine answered briskly: "You know why! *And* you've been putting on a lot of weight lately. I think you should go and have a check-up."

Grissom rose from his chair and wandered out on the floor.

"You mean I should go see a shrink, or I should go see a doctor?" he said, starting to arrange the

notes on his Fishboard. The Fishboard was nothing less than a cork message board, shaped like a fish. There he put all the unsolved cases he'd been working on, only to remind himself he would never run out of work.

"A Physician, just to find out why you are gaining all that weight. Aren't you worried yourself that you might wake up one day, having a heart attack?" Catherine argued, knowing very well she was walking out into a minefield. But instead of arguing with her Grissom did the exact opposite thing, he agreed with her.

"All right, I'll make an appointment. Feeling better now?" He turned and smiled reassuringly to her.

"Great! Thank you Grissom!" she said, still in shock. Had she just convinced the most stubborn man alive to take a medical check?

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The waiting room of Dr. Weisman was as sterile and white as any doctor's waiting room.

Grissom was starting to feel impatient. He'd waited ten minutes over the time now, and that was far enough! Finally a woman came and announced his turn, and Grissom followed her into an office painted in pearl blue.

It was a large office, and it was evident that this man earned quite well. Then, this being one of the finest hospitals around Las Vegas, Grissom hadn't reckoned otherwise. The doctor seemed to have a thing for porcelain dolls, as he had a whole wall covered with dolls of all variations and sizes. Weisman was seated behind an enormous oak-wooden desk, his eyeglasses looked more for show, but there was an honesty in his eyes Grissom could rely on.

"I see you noticed my wife's way of staying with me all the time," the stranger behind the desk noted as Grissom sat down in a comfortable plush chair opposite him.

Weisman appeared to be in his mid thirties, one of those wonder kids who rose in ranks before their ears were dry.

"Yeah, nice collection," Grissom answered, smiling politely.

He was starting to regret coming here. He had to admit he had no idea what was wrong with him himself, but could this puppy find out? He doubted it. And he wasn't one to prejudge people normally. But this wasn't normal circumstances, was it? Something out of the ordinary was happening to him, and he had no idea what it could be. Fact was, Grissom had felt strangely relieved when Catherine had asked him to seek a Doctor. Now he could blame it on her if it turned out to be a false goose-chase. He'd arranged for an appointment in this hospital, mainly because no one here knew his previous medical history. There was no way he wished to start dwelling with past happenings to find answers to these recent changes in his body, and in this hospital no one would start asking questions on post stress and so forth. Grissom was just fine, except from the ever rising weight scale.

"Why is the reason you've chosen this hospital, not to mention me? I see you are not one of my old clients."

Kind eyes rested on the man in the plush-chair.

"I simply thought it was time for a change, that's all."

Dr. Weisman did a spin in his office chair while he tapped into his computer. A frown appeared

on his face.

"That's weird..." he mumbled as his fingers ran over the keyboard.

"What's weird?" Grissom asked helpfully. He knew exactly what it was.

"When I try to access your file I get cut off with a message that states your file is classified."

"Oh, that," the forensic investigator simply stated. "That's because I'm in charge of the night shift at the Las Vegas Criminalist Bureau. It's for security purposes."

The Doctor sighed and turned off the screen on his computer.

"Well, then. I'll have to trust you would tell me if there is anything in your past medical history I need to know before I can make an evaluation on your state of health."

"Of course," Grissom answered. His plan worked, great. No telling of old nightmares and psychopaths today!

"Let's get this show on the road then," Weisman said and smiled as he rose from his chair: "Follow me to the examination room and we'll find out what your health status is."

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Half an hour later Grissom was back in his car, driving to work. He was surprised as to how little the doctor acquired of him before he was satisfied; first there was a test of his blood pressure, followed by a couple of blood samples. Then there was a test of his heart rate and lung-capacity. He had to go through a body check-up, or what was more a game of undress and then dress again, and last he had to deliver a urine sample.

If nothing came up in the testing of the blood or urine, Grissom was to be counted as a healthy fish. Maybe it was the simple fact that Grissom was so thorough in his own work that made him wonder what the doctor could possibly have found out about his health state in such short time. But this *was* the doctor's field of expertise and Grissom wouldn't question it. He had also kept quiet about his sudden weight gain, which probably threw the doc off track some.

He wasn't surprised when Catherine came charging straight for him the moment he came in the door.

"Relax, I've been to the appointment and I'm as healthy as one my age can be," he said before she'd even opened her mouth.

"Did they say anything about your weight gain?" she asked, following him into his office.

"This," he answered, patting his stomach; "is just some extra padding I've decided to put on, since I'm going through a midlife crisis. In a week's time I'll buy myself a Harley and drive it to work every single night!"

After putting on his reading glasses he started to sort through the papers lying on the desk in front of him. Three new cases today, one Jane Doe found dead on some railway tracks, an apparent suicide, and a man shot through the head.

"Veery funny, Grissom!" Catherine shot back, looking over his shoulder to see what cases were available.

He turned around, papers in hand; "Really, I'm fine, Catherine! If I don't hear anything tomorrow

I'm as fit as a fiddle!"

Catherine gave him one last searching glare before she decided to trust his word.

"You *would* tell me if something showed up on the tests, right?"

"Of course," Grissom assured her with a smirk, eyes closed. He was dead certain Catherine wouldn't be satisfied until some doctor really found something wrong with him. Not in any wish-him-ill kind of way, but to reassure her self that her female instincts were working. But at least she wouldn't nag him face to face any more from now on.

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As usual when having discussed with pinheads, Grissom was in a really bad mood. He'd been arguing with Conrad Ecklie, the head of the dayshift, which resulted in Ecklie having his way. As a result to that, and due to lack of evidence Grissom had to close a case he'd been working on for some time, and now a family would never know who killed their sixteen year old son. The Fishboard got another written note attached.

Grissom's crew knew better than to bother him after he'd made an addition to the list of Ones That Got Away, so he could blow off steam in solace inside his office. The phone started ringing as he fed Terrence, one of his two tarantulas. He went over to get it, still with one chirping cricket between his fingers.

"Grissom." He was half dreading it would be Ecklie or that blasted Sheriff Mobley, but it wasn't. In fact he didn't recognize the voice on the other line;

"I'm sorry to bother you at work, Mr. Grissom, but there was a problem with one of your tests."

"I'm sorry, what? Who is this?" Grissom interrupted, watching the cricket make a leap for freedom.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. This is Doctor Weisman, you had an appointment with me yesterday?" the voice apologized, and Grissom finally knew who it belonged to.

"Ah, Doctor Weisman! What can I do for you? There was a problem with one of my tests?"

"Yes. Both bloodsamples came out fine, except from an abnormally high level of estrogen but that's really nothing to worry about, I expect your bloodlevels to be back to normal within a week. Although there seems to have been a mix up with your urine sample. Someone on the lab must have switched samples, and now we don't know where your is. So I was wondering if you had the time to swing by and deliver a new sample?"

"Okay, hold on for a second," Grissom said, waving at the man on the other end, "how do you *know* there's been a mix up?"

"The test results came back positive for pregnancy, Sir," Weisman confessed, rather ashamed.

"Obviously there has to have been made a mistake somewhere in the system. Would it be all right if I scheduled you for eight o'clock tonight? It's a little late, I know, but I would prefer to gather all data on your health as quick as possible."

Grissom sighed. He wasn't interested in loosing valuable work time going back to the hospital to pee on a jar, and especially not for some mistake made by some intern on a lower level.

"I'm afraid that won't work," he answered the doctor calmly. "What if I took the test my self and run it down here? We have all the equipment I'll need, and I wouldn't have to suffer for YOUR screw

up."

The man on the other line didn't sound convinced.

"Listen," Grissom argued, "I'll call in my results myself. That way you can decide whether I have sugar in my urine, if I'm suffering from lack of vitamin C, or anything else unusual that could turn up."

Finally the doctor gave in: "All right, but I need you to fax the results over to me so that I can put them in your medical file."

"That's a deal!" Grissom answered. "Goodbye!"

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Five minutes later Greg Sanders received a small bottle labeled "Urine sample". Grissom was for once glad he didn't step off on nature's cause before leaving home.

"I want this run through the machine as soon as possible, but put cases first. Just check it for any abnormality of any kind and send me the test-results afterwards."

Greg picked up the little flask with poorly hidden curiosity in his face.

"Sure, boss! Whose is it?"

"It's a friend's," was all the answer he got before Grissom was heading down the halls again.

Greg went to work immediately, and during the testing he fabricated wildly about who the pee might belong to. He had a distinct feeling Grissom wanted silence around this sample for some reason, and after an hour of work he knew why. He didn't even need to run over to Grissom's office to hand the results to him, as his boss came through the door in the exact moment the printer was adding the finishing touches to the diagnosis-sheet.

"Congratulate her from me!" Greg smiled as Grissom snatched the papers out of his hands. The older man wrinkled his brow, seemingly not understanding what Greg was talking about.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"Congratulate her - the expecting mother to be!" Greg repeated, now with his smile fading a little. "I didn't try to poke, but the test came up positive. Your friend is pregnant!"

Greg would remember the look on his chief's face for years to come. Utter shock, disbelief and horror painted his features. All color vanished from his face and his eyes seemed to be popping out from the skull any second.

"No, there has to be a mistake!" Grissom whispered. "You've swapped the samples, you must have swapped the samples!"

"Uhm... no, I don't think so," Greg answered uneasily. Something was wrong with the whole picture here.

"I don't have any other urine samples in for analyzing, so I'm pretty sure I picked the right bottle!"

"Tell Catherine she's in charge the rest of the night!" Grissom mumbled and left, still staring at the test-results in his hand.

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He left the parkinglot on screaming tires. What the hell was going on here?! Grissom drove like a maniac towards the hospital. If he didn't get any answers quickly he would go insane in an instant! Two tests had stated him as pregnant, for God's sake! Men don't get pregnant, that's amongst the first things you learn in life! And still Greg had come up with a positive test-result; positive for pregnancy. He had to have switched something during the process. In his eager to please his boss he had made a mistake during the testing. There could be no other explanation!

He charged straight into Dr. Weisman's office with a howling secretary at his heels.

"You can't go in there, Sir! You have to wait your turn!"

But he didn't notice her at all, the only one he wanted and needed to consult was Weisman. The doctor jumped in his seat when Grissom wandered in. Luckily there were no other patients for the moment.

"Mr. Grissom! I thought you were going to run the test yourself?" he asked, surprised.

"I was, and I did!" Griss

om answered impatiently. "Have a look at this result and tell me that I'm going blind or that I've read it wrong!"

"All right, I'll do that," Weisman said and shook his head discreetly towards the secretary who gestured for the silent alarm. "You just sit down, Mr. Grissom, and we'll have this sorted out in a jiffy!" Then his eyes widened. "That's the weirdest...", he mumbled and ran his fingers over his computer's keyboard. A moment of stunned silence followed. "I don't know how I can explain this, but the sample you took and the one I have here are almost identical. I'm one hundred percent sure these are taken from the same person!"

"All right, fine!" Grissom answered briskly. "Now can you tell me how the hell both samples came up with a positive pregnancy indicator?!"

"I think we'd better use the ultrasound," Weisman suggested, and then added to Grissom's sharp inhale of breath: "Just to rule out any impossibilities"

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A couple of minutes later Grissom tucked up his shirt and laid down on an examination table, feeling utterly humiliated. This wasn't happening, he was having a nightmare!

The doctor put some thick flowing fluid on his abdomen and put the ultrasound device to his stomach. Both watched the screen as the shimmering reflections of Grissom's innards appeared on the monitor. There was a muffled sound from Weisman as he leant closer to get a clear view.

"What, what do you see?!" Grissom also drew closer, desperate to find what made the doctor now squint his eyes in disbelief.

"You see that little string of pearls, right there?" the doctor gaped and pointed out some white dots on the monitor.

"Yes, I see them, what are they?!" Grissom asked stressed.

He wanted to get back to work before the shift ended.

"It's the spine of a living, breathing fetus... And that flickering dot over there... is its heart", the answer came, barely audible. The world slowed down. Time stopped and everything went in slow motion as Grissom got to his feet. The room started spinning, his pulse made a run for it. Gil Grissom had just received news he was pregnant, and he wasn't coping very well, to say the least...

"Nooo", was all he managed to moan as he halted, unaware of where the exit was any more.

Weisman's reply wasn't much of a comfort:

"I think you should sit down, Sir. We have a lot of talking to do."

Somehow he ended up back at Weisman's office with the many porcelain dolls. A cup of coffee was jammed into his fists, and concerned looks were exchanged between the doctor and his secretary.

"Make sure this case is kept strictly confidential! We don't want this one leaking out."

The woman nodded and gave the traumatized forensic investigator one last stunned look before she left.

"So", Weisman said as he sat down in his own chair, "do you have any idea how you ended up in this... remarkable condition?"

Grissom who had been staring into thin air the past few minutes nailed his glare straight on the young Doctor.

"Does it look that way?!" There was poorly hidden sarcasm behind his words, but Weisman didn't seem to be offended.

"You have a fetus, approximately 24 weeks along, growing inside of you and we have to figure out how it got there and why. I need for you to tell me about your whereabouts and what you were doing six months ago."

It was like a lightbolb went on in Grissom's head. The past he'd been suppressing for the last six months came rushing back like a violent flood.

"No... they couldn't..! I couldn't have...", he moaned, as shadows of forgotten memories broke the surface of his mind. Him, walking down a dimly lit street at night, something that hit him on the head, hard. Passing out, waking up in a place he didn't recognize...

Grissom took a deep breath to say what he had to say, but it didn't make it any easier.

"Seven months ago I was... abducted, kidnapped... by a group of underground extremists of what the FBI believed to be a cult of biology geeks. I was walking home late one night and was unlucky enough to be at the wrong place in the wrong time. Four weeks I was held captive, I don't remember much of it. I have nightmares now and again, but I don't remember anything solid. By the end of the fourth week stormtroopers stormed the place and killed everyone but me. I was shipped to a hospital with severe bruises and broken bones. Mentally I was an even worse mess. I needed two whole months to recover. This you'll find in the confidential part of my medical files."

"Oh God, NOW I remember you! That case was all over the news!" Weisman gasped.

Grissom squirmed in his seat, spilling coffee all over his pants.

"I was told afterwards that... they'd been doing ... research on me... testing. They used me as a

labrat, testing all sorts of things, if I had any allergies, how I would react to electricity towards my genitalia and other fun little projects. Or at least my scars and wounds indicated that. I wasn't much of a help during the investigation, what with the memory loss and all. Could it be possible... could it be them who did this to me?" he whispered looking down on a body he no longer recognized.

"I can't see how that's possible," Weisman argued. "The techniques to implant a human fetus into a man aren't well enough developed yet. The procedure is simply too risky for both father and child. In ten to twenty years, maybe, but not now. "

"Not now? NOT NOW?!" Grissom screamed and got to his feet. "Then how the hell do you explain this?! An act of God?!?! They found a way, Doctor, and now I want out!"

"Calm down, Mr. Grissom. I didn't mean it that way," Weisman assured while a pearl of sweat appeared on his forehead. "I agree that what you've told is the only explanation that seems believable, no matter how farfetched it may seem."

"Great, that's settled then. Now remove this thing!" Grissom barked, pointing at his abdomen.

The doctor's eyes darted anxious back and forth. "I'm afraid I'm not allowed to do that."

A mad grin appeared on the hysteric man's face standing opposite him.

"Excuse me? Am I going deaf over here? Did you just say that you're not gonna remove this foreign element from my body?" Grissom's voice was as cold as a windy winter's day, his eyes narrowed slits.

"According to the law an abortion must occur within the fourth month of pregnancy. After passing that boundary the baby is to be considered as a single person independent from the mother."

"The same law argues to end a pregnancy in cases where the mother's life is at risk!" Grissom spat.

A helpless expression made the doctor seem even younger than his years.

"From what I can tell the fetus is not posing any threat to your life. It seems to have adjusted well and is living in complete symbiosis with you. I would presume your health is at risk during the pregnancy, but I don't find any evidence the pregnancy is life threatening. Therefore my hands are tied on this one."

A coffee-cup hit the floor, as Grissom lost the last of his self-control. How could this person just sit there, deciding his future for him?! He couldn't carry forth a child, and afterwards - then what?! There was no way Grissom would try out the life as a single parent! He was lousy with people, he would mess up a kid for life!

"You can't tell me I have to go through with this?" The anger had left his body, now only hopelessness was left. He sat down again, tremors cursing through his body like a late after shock.

"I can't tell you anything right now," Weisman sighed. "This is a unique situation, but I doubt you'll win in court. What sex you are won't matter in there. But I think it's in your best interest that your condition is kept strictly secret. If this gets out you'll have the entire world's media on your back in no time. If you decide you don't want to keep the baby, you have the option of putting it up for an adoption after it's born."

There was a tired nod from the man in the chair opposite him.

"Don't you worry, I'm not telling a living soul! The sooner this is over with, the better."

Grissom sat in his car in the hospital's parking lot for an hour, just trying to let it all sink in. He would have to go back the next day for additional testing, and to make sure the fetus really wasn't causing its host any hazard what so ever. Why couldn't it have been something simple and curable as cancer? And how was a man going to react to such news? He headed for the one place he used to go when he was troubled, the roller coaster ride in his favorite amusement park. Sadly, ten rides didn't calm nor soothe him the least, and he had to go home to a cold and waiting bed, dreading to meet ghosts from the past.

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The crew of Gil Grissom noticed the second he walked through the door that something was wrong. His whole body reeked of unsolved issues, so the graveyard shift at the forensics' bureau, tread silently in the halls whenever he was close by. Sarah was "lucky" enough to be Grissom's assistant on a case involving two dead prostitutes, and she could in all honesty confess to Nick and Warrick that this was a case she didn't want to take on her hands. Not solely because of the grotesque murders, but because of Grissom's repulsingly bad mood.

Nick watched her as she followed the Grissom inferno out the door, just as Greg came by.

"Did you *notice* the mood on our boss tonight? I was afraid he would start throwing things at me when I told him we were out of small sample bags!" Nick told Greg who got a peculiar look on his face. Nick noticed it immediately. "Hey, you know something?" he asked as he pointed at the door where Grissom had been last seen before leaving.

"Well...", Greg started, his eyes darting towards the ceiling: "I don't think I should... I think it was secret."

Nick's face lit up with the very mentioning of the word "secret". "What is it! You can tell it to me, bud! I won't tell!"

Greg looked around with a conspiring glare and confided in Nick about the urine sample that had come up positive.

"Holy shit," Nick whispered, grinning widely: "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?!"

"Grissom's knocked up some chick!" Greg replied, sniggering. "You know what this means, don't you?" he giggled.

"Yes", Nick giggled back, "Grissom *has* a sexlife after all!"

At the crime scene Grissom was currently yelling at some cops who'd contaminated his the area. Sarah just gaped as the usually calm, reasonable man looked and behaved like a raving lunatic. What was going on inside that mind? And why was he taking it out on everybody close enough to bite?

After he'd snapped at a policewoman for shading the corpse, Sarah decided enough was enough and dragged Grissom aside.

"What's the matter with you today, Grissom?! You're freaking me out!" Sarah whispered, so that no one nearby might overhear her. She got a glare in return and sulking silence. He crossed his arms across his chest and tilted his head a little, challenging her.

"Come on, tell me," she pleaded.

He continued to stare at her, the most displaying sign of his tension: the clenched jaw.

"I'm just having a bad day," he finally said and wanted to head back down to the crime scene. But Sarah wouldn't let him. Grissom had grown to be like a second father to her and she sensed something was the matter.

"You're not just having a bad day. Something's wrong, I can see it."

"Sarah, please?" There was a prayer in his voice for her to stop asking questions he couldn't answer.

Sarah recognized the man she'd visited at the hospital six months ago, and that petrified her. But she knew Grissom well enough to know when she had to stop pushing. She had to rely on him to tell her when he was ready.

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Back at his apartment that night Grissom felt more tired than he'd ever been his entire life. Not so unexpected maybe, given the fact that his second appointment with Dr. Weisman had confirmed his worst fears. He was indeed pregnant, and he would have to carry it to term. The doctor was "kind enough" to grant him a high risk pregnancy, due to him being a man and therefore not physically built to carry forth a human baby, and because of his age. But women sixty years old had babies these days, so Grissom couldn't use that as a valid excuse to end the pregnancy.

Weisman was excited, of course, being a part of a never before seen scientific event and all. He'd been grinning like a madman when he told Grissom that the ones that had implanted the baby had in fact even found a way for it to be born naturally! It seemed like the fetus' fluid-sac had attached to the innards of Grissom's navel. And with the right stimulation it might be possible for the navel to work as some kind of birth canal. Grissom, on the other hand, received the "great news" about as coolly as when he'd found out about the pregnancy; he freaked.

But luckily the child would be delivered through a C-section, the one and only reason there would be a remote chance Grissom would go along with this.

He dumped down in bed, not even bothering to remove his clothes. He reckoned he wouldn't be able to sleep anyway, and he was right. An hour later he sat in the sofa, eating left over noodles and watching old cartoons. Anything to block out both the past and the future.

The future...

What if someone at the office found out? He would lose his job, and thereby his reason for living. He would have no purpose in life. He remembered Sarah's eyes, scanning his every wrinkle in search for evidence to the crime she had yet to discover. How long before she found out?

He didn't finish the noodles and started to pace around in the apartment instead, trying to block out the obvious lump in his abdomen. How was he supposed to deal with something like this?

His behavior at work tonight had been unforgivable. He hadn't processed the appointment with the doctor yet and had to blow out steam somehow. He couldn't let that happen again. Somehow he had to become the old Grissom again at work, and that would mean locking away hazardous secrets.

The following nights at work he was calm as a cloud on a summer's day. He didn't yell, he didn't complain or get upset, he actually looked apathetic more than anything else. He was unaware of

the rumor spreading like wildfire in the office, about him as a "ladies' man" with the skill of "knocking 'em up". He was unaware of Sarah's worried looks when he turned his back on her, and how Nick, Warrick and Greg nudged each other and giggled once and again. He was totally unaware of everything going on at his own shift, except from the cases he was working on.

When he finally got tired he drifted off to sleep every once in a while, but an hour's rest usually ended with him waking screaming, fresh nightmares in his head that he couldn't remember. He slid into habit, got used to his new life, and his surroundings settled in with him. Somehow he made things work, somehow he got through both the days and the nights. But no one could have prepared Grissom for the case faith had in store for him next..

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 2 by Restina Lovebug

Author's Notes:

THIS IS A BIG FAT WARNING!!!!

The following chapter includes a terrible murdercase, where Grissom and Co starts working on the murdercase of a six months old baby. This is NOT a pleasant read! And for those of you who believe you might get upset reading this, please don't! It's not written to offend anybody, and I know it's a terrible subject- but what's worse, things like this do actually happen... And that makes me honestly believe some people don't deserve life! No one should get away with doing this to a child! (or to any one else for that sake)

Hope I didn't scare you all away, though.. :)

Oh, and just to let you know, in my country we haven't started on season three yet, we're only halfway through season two. I know Grissom goes through some pysichal changes in the current season, but as I haven't seen any of these episodes, as far as I'm concerned that never happened. Or at least not before this took place.

Hugs,

Restina -the cryptic one-

For one whole month he'd been playing this charade with great success. No one had found out and no one had asked any uncomfortable questions, no matter how much they wanted to. Grissom was getting used to live in the twilight-zone and grew into his new part as his body grew with him.

But tonight things were gonna change, as he was called to a field outside Las Vegas where a hobo had found the body of a baby. He was the first of his crew to reach the scene, and for that he was eternally grateful. The tiny, abused body actually brought tears to the "Man of Ice" as he lifted the covers she'd been wrapped in to see a body covered with bruises. She couldn't be more than six months old, and her life had been a hell from start to end. Who had done this to this innocent child?

He saw Catherine arrive and immediately ushered an officer to send her away. She was a mother, this was no case for her. He would order for Sarah instead.

She came just as Grissom was tucking the little one into a body bag. There was a look in his eyes she'd never seen before.

"I hope you're up for this, Sarah. This is going to be a though one", Grissom said as he closed the briefcase with all his field equipment.

"I think I'm up for it", Sarah answered reassuringly. "I see there's nothing more to do here."

"No, I've bagged all the evidence. Sadly there was none", Grissom sighed. "There's no footprints, nothing. The one who did this threw her as far as he could to make sure he wouldn't leave any signs."

"And it's a secondary crime scene, yes?" Sarah asked. She was eager to show her mentor that she was up to speed.

"That's right. She was dumped here by the bastard who did this to her", Grissom answered and removed the rubber gloves from his hands. The passion in his voice showed traces of both the old Grissom and the Grissom that once in a while got carried away in cases. Sarah didn't blame him for getting upset in this one, no matter how many times he repeated his own mantra. "You shall not identify yourself with the victim."

Back at the lab all work was set aside in favour of the baby-case. It was crucial to get as much information about the baby as possible in a short time. There could be a deranged mother on the loose or something completely different. Grissom and Sarah joined Dr. David Robbins, the coroner of the Las Vegas Police Department, as he was to start the examination of the young victim.

"I have a granddaughter around her age", he mumbled as he uncovered the remains of the baby.

Sarah winced when she saw the battered body.

"That poor little thing! Who could do something like that to a little baby?" she whined and took a few steps away from the table.

"A very disturbed and dangerous person or persons", Grissom answered. A black shadow was settling over his face as he observed Robbins examine the tiny corpse.

She had three very distinct moles beneath her navel, a trace that could help them find out where she belonged. Grissom had already sent copies of the pictures he took on the crime scene to every hospital and police station in the area. Maybe she was reported missing, or maybe someone in one of the hospitals recognized her.

"How long has she been dead, doc?" Sarah asked as the coroner measured some cuts on the infant's stomach.

"Well.. judging by the bloodshot eyes I would guess five, six hours tops, and that the cause of death was choking," he answered as he carefully opened the girl's mouth. "Grissom, give me one of those cotton-sticks over there," Robbins ordered and pointed towards one of the shelves.

"You found something?"

Sarah leaned closer to see. She half expected to find a marble lodged down the baby's throat, but she couldn't discover what the doctor was seeing.

"I hope I'm not right about this...", Robbins mumbled as he received a q-tip from Grissom. He moved it slowly down the baby's throat, and scraped the inside of her air tube. When he brought the q-tip back up a deep frown appeared on his face. A white, thick fluid was brought up, a clue the murderer thought he would conceal by cleaning the baby before dumping her.

"I think you'd better take this down to Greg for a DNA-analysis."

"Oh my God!" Sarah whispered as she realized what it had to be. "Please tell me that that's not..."

She never finished her sentence. Grissom's face went ashen in a second, and a moment later he turned and ran, out of the lab.

Grissom sprinted to the men's room and just managed to lean over a toilet before he threw up. Down on his knees he belched and belched as the gruesome end to a little baby girl's life jabbed his heart. He'd never gotten this upset because of a case before, never! And now he was barely able to hold his head up, so devastated his whole body shook in tremors. She had been raped to death. Not smothered with a pillow or beaten to death, she had been raped to death.

"Grissom?" It was Sarah's voice. He hadn't even noticed her entrance. "Gil, are you okay?" He felt a tender hand rest on his shoulder and he noticed Sarah used his first name for a change.

He fell back from the toilet, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and leaned weakly towards the stall wall.

"I don't know what came over me...", he mumbled, embarrassment painting his cheeks as a cold sweat covered his brow. He closed his eyes to recover from the dizziness running through his head.

"Hey, it's nothing to be ashamed over!" Sarah told him. "Anyone with a human heart would feel sorry for that little girl!" He opened his eyes to find tears in young Sarah's face. He wasn't the only one who got upset by the new turn of the case.

"I guess the gruesomeness in this world never stops to amaze us," he sighed. Sarah leaned closer and he pulled her into a clumsy embrace. That's when Grissom made a silent oath to himself and to the baby lying in the morgue that he would not rest until the person or persons responsible for putting her there were behind bars. Grissom would die before this case would end up on any Fishboard!

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Within two hours the baby was identified as Melissa Stevens. She had shown up in a missing people file in one of the police precincts. Grissom read through the file and knew he and Sarah had one hell of a job ahead of them. It turned out Melissa had been abducted from the hospital mere four hours after delivery and that she'd been missing ever since. A woman named Rita Timmons had been brought in for questioning in the case as a witness had sworn she'd seen her leave the hospital with a baby in her arms, but the case was dismissed due to lack of evidence.

"All right, we've identified the baby. Get Brass over here, tell him to get a search warrant for this Timmons-woman's house and bring her and any possible boyfriends in for questioning!" Grissom told Nick, who nodded eagerly. "And tell him not to start the questioning before I come back! Sarah and I are going over to inform the baby's parents."

They sat in silence the short drive to Melissa's parents, only the soft sound of Travis singing in the car stereo. This wasn't normally in their job-prescription, but Grissom felt a need to be the one to tell the baby's parents. Cops were too blunt, they told the next of kin every horrible detail, not considering the message they had to convey, and Grissom didn't want to add to the parents' pain by telling them in detail what miserable six months of life that had been granted their daughter.

"Let me do the talking, all right?" Grissom said as they walked up the driveway to the house where the Stevens lived. Sarah nodded, only happy to concede. Two minutes after they'd rung the bell a man opened the front door.

"Do you know what time it is?" There were signs of grumpiness in his voice, and the pajamas indicated that he'd been sleeping when the door bell chimed. Not a surprise really, it was three am in the morning...

"My name is Gil Grissom, and this is Sarah Sidle. We're with the Las Vegas Criminalist Bureau. I'm sorry to disturb you at this late hour, Mr. Stevens, but I have some bad news for you and your

wife. May we come in?"

"Yes... yes of course." Mr. Stevens backed away from the door and let the two forensic investigators inside. "I'll just run upstairs to get my wife..." There was stress in his voice, and his body language indicated fear. "It's Melissa... isn't it..? You've found her..."

"I'd prefer you get your wife first, Mr. Stevens", Grissom told him calmly.

Martin Stevens nodded and ran upstairs.

Sarah and Grissom sat down in a beige couch in the living-room, silently studying the surroundings. Given the expensive furniture and the exquisite decorating there were no doubt the Stevens had a lot of money and that they enjoyed showing it. Grissom pondered on what they'd paid the decorator and how many years of down payment he would have needed with *his* salary?

After a short while a woman, presumably Mrs. Stevens, came scrambling down the stairs, closely followed by her husband. She was a short, tubby woman with striking blue eyes.

"Mrs. Stevens." Grissom rose and reached out his arm.

"Melissa, you have news about her?" the woman urged, suddenly remembering to tie her robe. Grissom was filled with sorrow as he saw the desperate hope in the couple's eyes.

"I think you and your husband better sit down...", he told them softly. He watched as all hope vanished from their eyes and sat down.

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It never gets any easier. Muffled crying was the only sound in the gigantic living-room. Death had visited this home. Grissom had told them.

Their daughter was dead.

She'd been choked to death.

No suspects, yet.

Certain details surrounding the baby's death was conveniently left out, Grissom didn't have the heart to tell the whole truth of what had happened to her.

"I promise you: I'll do everything that's in my power to find the animal who did this." Grissom's grave face was proof of his dedication.

The grieving couple nodded and thanked him and Sarah for coming.

"We never got to bring our little Melissa home", Mrs. Stevens sobbed as the forensic investigators got to their feet. Grissom didn't stand to watch the pained face of the mother and his gaze dropped cowardly down on a tiny baby blanket. It was carefully folded, laying on the armrest of the sofa next to where the Stevens had been sitting.

Mrs. Stevens picked it up and embraced it with tears streaming down her cheeks. "Martin bought this right after Melissa was born, to take her home in. We were so happy, we'd been trying to get pregnant for ages. But my Melissa never got to be wrapped in her blanket, not even once!" Her sobs broke into whines and her husband pulled her closer.

"We've kept it down here in the livingroom the past six months, to tuck our daughter in the day she came home. We never gave up hope about seeing her again..."

"We're truly sorry about your loss", Sarah offered meekly as she and Grissom left them to mourn in peace.

He sighed heavily when they got into the car.

"It's so unfair!" Sarah could no longer hide her frustration and anger. Thin fingers rolled into angry fists, her figure tensed. "It's just so damn unfair!"

"I know", Grissom hopelessly agreed. A shadow had crept over his eyes and he looked dog-tired.

"But do you know what really pisses me off?!" she growled and turned towards her boss so her hair flew: "All we can do for this family is to try and find the ones that did this to their little girl! Some comfort!"

"Catching the one who did this will save other little girls, Sarah."

Grissom started the car and reversed back out on the road. Sarah's blue eyes rested on him as she said the last, devastating words:

"Yes, but that won't bring Melissa Stevens back..."

_

Back at the office a very impatient Brass was waiting for Grissom to arrive.

"Finally!" he moaned as the level 3 forensic investigator walked through the doorway. "I've been waiting for half an hour!"

"Relax, Brass!" Grissom said as he dumped some papers on the nearest desk. "Have you brought in the woman yet?"

Brass made an important gesture with his hands:

"Oh, yeah! *And* her boyfriend!" he grinned. "And guess who's a convicted child molester..?"

A dangerous spark ignited Grissom's eyes.

"Let me see this piece of scum's file, now!" Brass handed him some sheets of paper. "Viktor Renkin, raped a minor at the age of eighteen. Claimed the girl looked older, of course..."

Grissom ran through the file as he headed down the halls towards the interrogation room. Throughout his 37 years, Viktor Renkin had obviously developed some kind of fondness of jail-cells. His first convicted crime had been the rape, and from there on everything seemed to have gone downhill for the unemployed man. He'd done time for petty theft and one attempted arson, but Grissom found no more rape-charges in the man's crime history. But one time was one time too many!

Renkin looked like a scruffy scarecrow wearing raggedy clothes and black, greasy hair loosely tied back in a ponytail.

"Finally some action here!" he giggled as Brass and Grissom entered the room. "What have I supposedly done this time? You can't tell me you stormed my girlfriend's place just because I've done a little moonlighting in my days?!"

Grissom sat down opposite him and the amusement immediately disappeared from Renkin's gray eyes.

"I think you should start by telling me your exact whereabouts today, starting with when and where you woke up." Grissom's voice was calm and cold.

Renkin gave Grissom a confused glare.

"I've been at my girl's crib all day! Haven't gone out once! Just ask Rita, she'll confirm it! She's been with me all the time!"

"Now isn't that convenient!" Brass snarled sarcastically from the corner of the room.

Grissom stared long and hard at the scarred man sitting opposite him. They had less than nothing to hold this guy. He'd come into Ms. Timmons' life one month after she'd been checked out of the Melissa- case. But he looked rotten, and he'd done perversities before, so Grissom decided to challenge him.

"I'll give you an offer too good to refuse", he said and leaned closer across the table, creating some sort of intimacy between him and the suspect.

"You'll give me a sperm sample and allow me to conduct a DNA-test, and I'll let you go as soon as you are checked out of the case."

Befuddlement and repulsion fought Renkin's features.

"Hell no!" he barked. "I haven't raped anyone!"

"Well, then it wouldn't be any trouble for you to go along with it then!" Grissom snarled back through gritted teeth.

If this man wasn't cooperating then he was guilty!

"You don't have ANYTHING on me!" Renkin shouted and jumped to his feet in desperation. Grissom remained calm on the outside as he removed the reading glasses he'd been wearing.

"You know what's fascinating with babies? When we are born we're born with a set of reflexes crucial for our survival. They help developing our brain, making it grow and complex. But there's especially one reflex that make me think of how vulnerable and helpless a little baby is, you know what that is?" Renkin slowly shook his head while he still remained standing.

"It's called the "Suckle Reflex". When something touches a baby's lip it will automatically start sucking on it. It may be a finger, a nipple, a pen.. doesn't matter. The baby's reflexes makes it suckle to make sure it gets nourishment from his mother's breast." Grissom told him calmly. Renkin glared at him.

"Nice story, what the hell has that got to do with me?! Now will someone let me out of here, you have nothing on me, and I know the law: you can't force me to give you "samples"!!!" he added with a shivering undertone of anger. Somewhere deep down in the core of Gil Grissom a rage erupted into a terrible fire.

"You goddamn piece of shit!" he yelled and sprung to his feet. With one fierce toss he threw the table that separated him from the suspect across the room so it went smashing into the wall. Loosing his last sense of control, both hands wrapped around Renkin's throat and Grissom leaned closer to terrify the man even more.

"Maybe I'll do it for you?! I'll just jam a big, fat syringe up your balls and extract whatever rotten fluids circulating in there!"

"Grissom!" Brass, who'd been so taken aback by Grissom's outburst that he had paralyzed, finally regained control over his tongue and body. He hit his colleague hard in the side to make him let go of Renkins. "Release him immediately!!!" he yelled. "That's an ORDER, Grissom!"

The fog cleared a little and Grissom let go of the man's throat. Renkin slowly sled down to the floor, coughing, spitting and wheezing, pure fear bathed in his face.

"Outside, NOW!" Brass roared and pushed Grissom in the back. He was so angry his cheeks turned purple as he made sure the door behind him was locked. He grabbed Grissom, a much stronger man, by the collar of his shirt. "What the fuck came over you in there?! Do you want your sorry ass to be thrown into jail?!" But Grissom was still furious.

"I only did what was necessary, Brass! If we don't get a sample from that guy, he'll walk!"

Brass let go of Grissom's shirt and shoved him away.

"For fuck's sake, Grissom! I *know* we don't have anything on him! He wouldn't be here at all if it wasn't for the woman. The possibility that he's the one we're looking for is slim at best! And you just put your entire career on jeopardy because of some farfetched hunch!? What has happened to your judgement, man?" Brass paced back and forth, glaring at the man in front of him. Then he sighed and rolled his eyes to his friend's indignation.

"Consider your self one very lucky man if that guy don't sue your fat ass! And stay the hell away from MY interrogations from now on!"

Grissom had a murderous look on his face when he joined Sarah and Doctor Robbins in the lab.

"Hey you, how did the interrogation go?" Sarah asked, as her boss seemed to try and rip apart the white coat she handed him.

"Not too good, I don't expect Brass to be talking to me any time soon... What have you found so far?"

"Not much!" the coroner sighed and shook his head for emphasis. "We found a small fiber between the toes on her right foot and traces of soap, Sun Ultra to be exact, all over her body. Someone made sure she was squeaky clean before they dumped her."

"What can you tell me about the fiber?" Grissom asked as he once more had a look at the battered body on the examination table.

"Cotton, yellow. Probably from a piece of warm clothing."

Grissom turned towards Sarah who resembled a science geek with the big, plastic glasses they usually wore in the examination room.

"Who's doing the house search over at the Timmons' place?"

"Catherine and Nick", Sarah answered and then added eagerly: "I'll give them a call and have them look for yellow fabrics and Sun Ultra."

"Thanks," Grissom answered, a tad calmer now. "What can you tell me of her injuries, Doc?"

The bearded coroner, who looked like a misplaced Santa Clause in this place, sighed once more.

"Where to begin... She has three broken ribs, one broken arm and a fractured leg. There's lots of wounds and gashes, old ones and new ones, plenty of scars and there's a swelling in her lower back. In fact the only parts of her body that aren't severely bruised are her face and hands. The complexion of her skin and the lack of baby fat indicates that she's been dangerously undernourished the most of her life." He pointed at some small burn marks on the inside of her thighs: "These are burn marks from cigarettes. And as if that wasn't enough, her hymen is broken. She didn't stand a chance. If she hadn't been choked to death she would have died of starvation within two, three weeks. I've found signs of far progressed blindness in both her eyes."

Here Sarah could no longer suppress a fearful shudder, and Grissom bit his knuckles so hard they started to bleed. This child had known nothing but evilness her entire, short life. How could there still be anyone out there believing in Heaven and God? And to think that he was about to bring a child into this horrible world... His burden was starting to get too heavy for him to carry.

Later that night, at the end of the graveyard shift, Grissom bumped into Brass on his way home.

"So, is my fat ass fired?" he asked while they were walking side by side down the hall together.

"No. The bastard actually agreed to take the test after all", Brass answered, rolling his eyes.

"Sometimes I envy you your luck, Grissom!"

But the man walking on his side simply shook his head in silent resignation:

"Don't be!" he answered. "There's nothing to envy..."

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Weirdly enough he fell right asleep when he plunged down in his bed. He was too tired to stay awake, no matter how much the images of a tiny body haunted him. But there were other ghosts that had no intentions of resting that night...

He found himself tied to a table, naked and gagged. His whole body was aching, and there were people surrounding him, watching him. He moved his head to look around, but his vision was blurred and he didn't manage to catch any glimpses of the faces of his spectators. There was a low, humming noise extending from the crowd as one man stepped forward.

This person carried something in his right hand, and he wore nothing but ragged, worn pants. The fear this person brought to his mind made him scream. But the duct tape muffled his screams, and no one came forward to help him. As the person came closer he rested his free hand on the gagged man's abdomen and the object in his other hand suddenly came into view. He jerked the ropes tying him down as he realized it was a large syringe, filled with some sort of white liquid. A demonic smile spread across the face of the man holding the thing, but still his face was out of sight for the bound man. Tension built and filled the room with electricity as the man without a face lifted the syringe and ran it slowly down towards naked flesh.

Grissom tried to wriggle away, plea for mercy, but there was no one listening to his prayers that night. A sharp prick, unexplainable pain burning through his veins...

The room around him erupted into cheers and the man without a face lifted his arms with the empty syringe triumphantly...

Grissom awoke with gasp as he fought his way up in a sitting position. His shirt was soaked and

his chest ached from the panic cursing through him.

"It was only a dream, only a dream!" he mumbled hoarsely as he dried his forehead. Slowly his senses recognized well known surroundings, letting the panting man relax a little more. He was about to lie down and try to catch a few more hours of sleep when something he'd never felt before woke him up even more than the nightmare had.

It was a small push. Or a kick, he had no idea of which. But he could feel it; the signs of life suddenly making its appearance inside his stomach. A hand, driven by terrified curiosity, searched the spot where the movement had occurred, and Grissom jumped into the air as his careful push was repaid with a fierce shove. A rush of mixed emotions overwhelmed him as he received bump after bump against his palm. It was as if the tiny impostor inside him suddenly had decided to state its appearance, fed up with being ignored. Grissom forgot how to breathe. This was too much! He spent every single moment of the day suppressing the freak child he was carrying. How was he to do that if "this" continued?

He removed his hand and denied thinking about the tiny movements still fluttering around inside him. Tomorrow would be the end of this, he couldn't hold on any longer...

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At eight o' clock in the morning Grissom stormed the office of Weisman for the second time since he'd started seeing him.

"It's over!" he stated firmly. "I won't be a part of this any longer! This "thing" that's been put inside me without my knowledge or permission has to be removed, today!"

Weisman had an irritatingly relaxed posture and he didn't even raise a brow at the dramatic entrance of his patient.

"I thought you had realized you don't have a choice in this?" he simply asked and folded his hands across his chest.

Grissom went over to the doctor's desk and leant forward to look the doctor straight in the eye.

"I'm freaking out, doc! I'm not built for this, neither physically nor mentally! You can't honestly sit there in your comfortable chair and pretend everything is just fine! I'm a man! This is unnatural! I never chose this, therefore I should have a choice whether I'll go through with it or not!"

"Do you **know** how many times I've heard that speech?" Weisman stated calmly. "Except from the fact that you are a man of course... Every damn week I get visits from desperate women who decides they're not up for the job. They discovered the pregnancy too late or their boyfriends or husbands have left them all alone with the responsibility. And you know what? Every single time I have to send them home, just as pregnant as when they came screaming into my office. Why? Because what they are carrying are human lives, Grissom. Both the law and my conscience forbids me to end a life that even if born early could have been saved."

Grissom's eyes became vivid.

"But you **can** in good conscience sit there and sentence these children to a life without love, as unwanted children? You have no problem judging them to a life in a world where no one is safe any more?! How can you be such a hypocrite?! Every day in this country babies with perfectly loving parents die. They die the most horrendous of deaths and their parents will forever live with the knowledge that their little one was ripped from them with no regards as to how loved and cherished she was. But you don't care, because you have a **conscience**! You KNOW I never wanted this child, and that it very well might end up in a family where the father in the house

rapes little babies just for fun. How the hell can you order me to bring a child into this sick world?!"

The smugness had disappeared from Weisman's face as Grissom's speech roared like thunder in the room. Finally a spark of empathy reached the doctor's heart as he saw the pain and fear in his patient's eyes.

"Listen," he said, gazing at his patient with kind eyes: "I can't destroy the child you are carrying. It's seven months along, if it had been born today it probably would have survived. But I *can* offer you this: you can pick the parents to adopt the child. That way you'll know what kind of folk they are and you can even stay in touch with them, if you want."

The man in front of him slowly backed away and sat down in a chair, looking exhausted.

"If that's all you have to offer then I guess I'll have to accept it...?"

_

He went to work early that day, as he didn't find the promise of an empty apartment and the haunting of old ghosts that tempting. He charged through the halls and straight into his office, thankfully avoiding the boss of the dayshift, Ecklie. On his desk the Melissa- case waited. The results from Renkin's DNA-test hadn't come back yet but Greg had written him a note, stating it would be in during the evening. There were also notes from Brass, regarding the interrogation of the Timmons-woman that had revealed nothing of interest, and a report from Catherine and Nick who had also ended up empty handed at the woman's apartment. There wasn't evidence there to be found, indicating that a baby had been kept there the last six months and they hadn't recovered any clothes or fabrics that could have been the source of the yellow fiber found on the baby. Basically they had nothing, except from a Sun Ultra bottle. But this sort of soap was to be found in thousands of homes around Vegas and wouldn't be much of an evidence in a courtroom.

Grissom removed his glasses and sighed. Down in his stomach butterfly- wings tickled his skin, and he remembered what Weisman had told him:

He could decide... He thought of the parents who'd recently lost their daughter the most brutal way imaginable, but immediately refused the idea. No. He was a forensic investigator, in charge of finding their daughter's murderer, not to replace the baby with one of his own! But it could have been an interesting conversation though...

Some sort of laughing lurked its way up his throat and the hoarse sounds upset both his ears and stomach. There was a sharp jolt of pain and then silence, no movements, nothing. Apparently the unborn child of Gil Grissom didn't fancy the subtle art of black humor.

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Catherine and Sarah also showed up early for work this day, both of them eager to see the results of the DNA-test. If Renkin was guilty they could bag the most vicious case in their working careers.

They found Grissom in his office, sleeping with his chin resting on his chest.

"Oh, that poor thing!" Catherine awed motherly through giggles.

A peaceful expression rested on his face and with one hand sprawled across his tummy.

"He takes good care of it!" Sarah whispered to Catherine and pointed at Grissom's stomach, which made Catherine burst into poorly suppressed laughter.

"Yes, I have to admit he looks cute even with some extra padding!" she sniggered and dried tears from her eyes.

Grissom awoke with a snort. "What?! Where?" He shook his head and tried to determine where he was.

"Was it a nice nap?" Sarah asked, eyes sparkling of suppressed laughter, poking Catherine in the side to keep her quiet.

"Sarah... Catherine... what are you doing here... this early?" he jabbered after checking his wristwatch.

"Well, we heard about the sleeping beauty in your office and rushed straight over to kiss him awake!" Catherine said matter of factly.

"But it turned out to be you...!" Sarah finished, no longer able to hide her amusement.

A tired but honest smile erupted on Grissom's face.

"Thanks girls!"

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While she and the rest of the CSI-team awaited the results from the sperm sample, Sarah decided to plunge deeper into the Melissa-case. Thanks to Internet there was no problem digging up media material from the case, and she'd already received tapes from several news stations, regarding the disappearing. The Stevens had made multiple appearances on TV up to a month after the kidnapping, and Sarah watched every tape with her eyes peeled. Tears, prayers and more prayers - the Stevens had begged and begged for their daughter to come back home.

She discovered nothing out of the ordinary, except from the couple's many appearances. It seemed like the parents had been quite busy crying their eyes out on every news channel there was? But that was no incriminating evidence of any kind. People handle stress differently, and the Stevens had obviously believed that if only they got through to whoever who took their daughter she would be returned to them, safe and sound.

Grissom popped his head in as she was rewinding the last tape.

"The results are in", he told her, pointing his thumb down the hall. "I thought you would like to be there when Greg hands me the results? Since we're partners and all?" A fragment of the boyish charm he possessed reeked through the worn and tired front.

Sarah smiled in return. "Sure partner, I'm coming!"

Sarah wasn't the only one showing up for the results. Everyone in the nightshift felt greatly involved in this case, and everyone hoped it would end here. Greg handed Grissom the file, his features expressionless. Grissom's eyes ran down the page, but were then shut in resign.

"I'm sorry guys, it's not a match."

The words rang like judgement day trumpets and the disappointment spread through the room, making the air too hard to breathe. They were back on scratch.

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 3 by Restina Lovebug

Chapter 3

"Keep me posted. If any witnesses should come forward you tell me, okay?" Grissom told Brass. He wanted most of all to run his fist through a wall. He wanted Renkin to be the killer, no more-... he needed him to be the killer... Now he was back on square one with nothing to offer the grieving parents.

And as to speak of the devil, his telephone rang the second he entered his office. It was Mrs. Stevens.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you in your work, Mr. Grissom. I just wanted... I was just wondering... if you've made any progress...?"

His shoulders tightened with tension and shame.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Stevens, we still have no suspects in sight. But the case is our first priority and investigators work on it twenty-four seven."

There was a long silence in the other end until she spoke up again with determination in her voice.

"I want to see her, Mr. Grissom. I want to see my little girl."

A quick glimpse of a body beaten beyond recognition flashed before his eyes.

"Of course, I'll arrange for you to see her. How about tomorrow around one p.m.?" What was he doing?! The mother would be scarred for life if she was to see what her little girl had been through!

"Yes. We'll be there. Thank you Mr. Grissom, goodbye."

There was a small click and the line went dead. Grissom sank down in his office chair, hiding his face in his hands. The man who'd dealt with humanity at its worst throughout so many years had met his match. He wasn't strong enough for this one. It had crept under his skin.

He was unusually quiet, even for the new Grissom when he left the office that night.

Sarah and Catherine exchanged worried looks and even Warrick noted something not quite right with the way his boss walked. Little did they know where he was headed. Vegas is an odd place, and even some of the shops providing baby-clothes were still open this late hour. Grissom hesitated for a moment before he went inside. The soft smell of baby powder was the first detail that struck him as he entered a room, filled with tiny clothing in all colors and forms. There was even a shelf with tiny little Halloween outfits for newborns.

He halted, not knowing where to go and a helpful woman rushed to his aid:

"Can I help you, Sir? Are you looking for something special?" she smiled and flashed dangerously white teeth.

He nodded his confirmation.

"I need an outfit for a six months girl. It's important that it covers her entire body and the back of her head."

The woman gave him an odd look, as if he'd just stated he was the president of America, but she recovered well and lead him the way towards some rows with pastel-colored outfits.

Five minutes later he was back out on the street, carrying a small paper bag in his hand. The woman had asked him if he was a godfather or uncle to the girl, and he had blatantly told her the little girl who was to wear this was dead. It was a cruel thing to do and he felt ashamed as he walked down the street, but sometimes a tired soul forget to proofread before publishing.

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She had been a pretty little thing, just like all babies are. But her cheeks lacked the roses and the baby padding, her body wasn't as plump as it should be around this age and somehow she looked, even in death, frightened and terrified. Young Melissa had been through more pain than most people with longer lifetimes encounters, and she had missed the one thing most important to all human beings; love.

Gil Grissom dressed her silently, with careful fingers he gave the child some warmth as proofs were hidden from the eye to see. The outfit he'd bought was all in white, and looked very much like a baptism outfit. Only her face and hands were visible when he finished by putting on a tiny white laced cap, and brushed a pale cheek with a trembling finger. She looked like she was sleeping.

He sat with her until Robbins came by and told him the parents had arrived and were waiting in Grissom's office.

"Do you want me to get them for you?" he asked and shoved his glasses back on top of his nose.

Grissom rose on weary feet. "No. I'll bring them to her. I don't like the atmosphere in here."

Immediate silence filled the halls as Grissom walked the short way from the lab to his office. It didn't feel right to speak or to even move as Melissa was to be reunited with her parents. Even Ecklie kept his mouth shut for once.

The mother came rushing towards him the second he entered his office. Grissom handed the baby carefully over to her.

"I'll be down the hall. Take your time Mr. and Mrs. Stevens," he mumbled and turned to leave. Just as he walked out the door Mrs. Stevens started singing in a low, trembling tone.

"Hush little baby, don't you cry..."

Grissom had the one thing that could give the broken family a new start, but could he offer it to them?

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A week passed, and there was no evolvment in the Melissa-case. Grissom was to be seen at his office both day and night now, working furiously, searching for clues he might have overlooked or had missed completely.

Sarah, who was his partner on the case, started to get worried. He still gained weight and there was something... weird about him. He was short tempered and silent, and he looked dog-tired all the time. She'd tried to convince him to take some time off, at least when he wasn't supposed to work, but there was no response from him at all. He simply ignored her. His back seemed to be bothering him as well and she had even offered to rub his neck without any luck. Catherine also seemed to worry about him, but she had decided not to interfere anymore.

Little did Sarah know about the growing burden Grissom was carrying and the plan forming in his mind. He had decided now, and tomorrow he would make the Stevens the offer, through a third

part of course. It was the best solution in the end. Both the Stevens and the child he carried would be offered a fresh start, and Grissom could live in solace, knowing the baby would be loved and protected. Parents who've already lost a child the most horrendous way will never allow it to happen again.

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He sat by the telephone in hushed anxiety. Dr. Weisman should have contacted the Stevens by now and any moment the phone would ring, giving him great or bad news. Down in his stomach a tiny hand patted the inside of his abdomen, a tiny movement that sent shudders of fear up the experienced man's spine.

"This is what's best for the both of us!" he told his stomach and returned the careful push with his hand. "I don't have anything to offer you, you would be miserable in my care!"

The movements stopped, and Grissom leaned back with a sigh. He wished the phone could ring so he could get it over with. For once his wish was granted and he grabbed the phone before it had chimed through once.

"Is it you, doc?" he asked impatiently.

"Grissom, I presume?" Weisman stated at the other end of the line. Grissom ran his free hand through slowly graying hair. "I made a house visit to the Stevens this morning, in fact I've just returned from there. I'm quite happy to inform you they were thrilled by the offer! In fact they've already signed the adoption papers! All that remains now is your signature and a confirmed date for the C-section, and you won't have to worry about fatherhood anymore!" Grissom could hear him smiling, and quite frankly he smiled himself.

"Thanks doc, that's great news! I'll stop by tomorrow to sign the papers and set the date."

"Well, uhm... there is one more thing", Weisman added hesitantly; "they would love to meet you. They don't know you are a man of course, but I could arrange for you to meet under the impression that you are the father of their child?"

"No! They can never know my true identity, Weisman! I investigate the murder of their little girl, for God's sake! How do you think they would react if they found out the man leading the investigation of their murdered child don't bother about his own?! I want to remain anonymous!" Grissom told him determinedly.

"All right, I just wanted to check with you in case you had changed your mind," Weisman apologized. "Stop by my office tomorrow at twelve."

Grissom agreed and hang up. The great relief he was sure he would feel if the deal went in order didn't turn up, and he couldn't help feeling something like a traitor. His parents had divorced when he was five years old, and he never forgave his father for that. But then Grissom Senior hadn't been much of a part in his life anyway. Grissom soon learned that he had no true father, and that he and his deaf mother had never received the affection and attention he owed them. But this was different! This child would grow up with two loving, caring parents instead of a single father who never wanted to have a child in the first place. Some day, with the right woman of course - but not alone, not like a freak guinea pig!

He decided to take a hot shower to take his mind off it all. The bathroom differed from the rest of his condo, which more or less assembled a renovated warehouse loft, with plumbing running along the ceiling. It was small and intimate with a shower, toilet sink and closets cramped together with claustrophobic elegance. Grissom had thought about expanding it, to knock down some walls and maybe even invest in a bathtub, but he didn't feel any rush. He managed just fine

the way it was.

As he undressed he had to admit it was time to buy some new clothes. Even his loose sitting T-shirts were starting to cling a little too much to his body and it didn't exactly look neat... He shot a fast glance down his torso before he stepped into the hot streams of water, noticing how he was starting to look like a beach ball.

[Back to index](#)

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