

ALL I WANTED TO DO

by MSSUPERTIGZ

All I want to do ch 27

Cole looked at Chuck. "I'm sorry for the news." Chuck shook his head. "Naw, it answers a lot but it also created new ones." But inside Chuck was angry and furious that a man that his mom entrusted with her life sold her out, made her stay away for all those years then stabs her in the back. Chuck looked up at Cole. "When are you back in London?" Cole knew that what Chuck was thinking, that he was going on the defence. Cole took a sip of his drink. "The beginning of next week." "Ok, we will find this Tuttle. Until then." Chuck's voice drifted off. Casey looked at Cole. "It will give us time to look into it more at this end. " Cole stood up. "Hate to leave but I have to catch my flight." Chuck gave Cole a hug. "It was good to see you. You come early and we will go for supper." "Sounds good. And thanks." Cole shook Casey's hand leaning in giving a half hug. "Is he good?" "Yeah, just a lot on his plate." Cole gave his infamous smirk dropping a few bucks. The three walked outside as Cole slipped into his ride. He rolled down his window. "I'll see you next week." Chuck and Casey waved as his ride drove down the narrow road.

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They stopped shy of Chuck parent's place looking up at the house. They got out as Casey leaned on the hood. "So, what are you going to tell your mom?" Chuck looked up. "Nothing, to keep her and my dad safe." "Do you think she knew?" Chuck looked at the house then back at Casey. "If she did, she's not going to tell me. I'm guessing if you work for her, you stay loyal." Casey smiled and admired that about his mom. They headed up the stairs as Chuck's phone rang. He looked at it. "You better take it. And I'll call Kat." They went their separate ways.

“Hey.”

“What’s wrong?” Sarah a little perturbed. “Nothing’s wrong.” Chuck sighed deeply. “Oh sorry, just you being back home and newly pregnant.” Sarah laughed. “Babe our baby is no bigger than a pea, right now everything is fine. Just wanted to know how what’s going on with you.” Chuck turned his head so his voice wouldn’t carry. “Not good.” He continued to tell Sarah about his meeting with Cole. “Are you sure?” “The paper trail doesn’t lie. But I think we need to meet with him to get his side of the story then I will take care of him.” Sarah knew he didn’t mean it but he was angry. And she couldn’t blame him. “Next week?” “Yeah, Cole is back in London. We will set up a time then.”

“Are you going to tell your mom?” “Not now, Casey and I want to do some more digging.” “She’ll know that you’ve met with Cole who’s MI6. Then she’ll want answers.” “She asked me to look into Tuttle and I did but I’m not done with him. Still have a few more rocks to look under. What about you? It’s early there?” “Around 10. Just on a little break I was reading that I should refrain from having to coffee so I need to be creative. I called Kathleen and she gave me some suggestions. She also told me she’s ready to pop.” “That went fast. Can’t picture Casey as a dad. But I guess if he survived hanging out with me. A man child he’ll do fine with one of his own.” They both laughed. “And you with ours.” Chuck smiled. “Wish you were here.” “Me too.”

Chuck could hear her phone ring. “Chuck.” “I hear it.” “Love you.

“ “Love you.”

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Chuck headed inside seeing his dad walking around. He looked up. “Charles.” “Hey dad?” “Walk with me.” Chuck followed his dad waking outside to the back yard. They found a place to sit staring up at the mountains. “Your mom and I found this place about 10 years ago. It was as far as we could go at the time. Easy access in and out but then it

became our biggest protector when word got out that I had uploaded the intersect. Luckily, they don't know where."

"Roark and Quinn."

"Probably still looking but it's hard to say which places have been looked at without them knowing that I have it."

"So where would they be looking?" Stephen looked at his son. He caressed his face. "My son, I had places in LA and so far, they are safe. I set up a security system and it's still intact. There's a sub station in Utah. They checked that one right away. Then I sent a fake link to Roark Industries that sent him for a loop for about a month. He lost a lot of business." Stephen chuckled. "So, these places. They hold what if not the intersect?" "Most are empty spaces or dead ends. But a few hold my life's work. When I left you and Ellie." His voice softened. "I only took what I could carry and left the rest. Like I said it's safe so far. And what I have here, my notes and journals is all I got. Of course, I have my computers and they house my research." "So, when did you upload the intersect?" "Just before I left." His words stopped. "Enough about me. Tell me about you and Ellie." Chuck was puzzled as to why he wouldn't want to say more but the look on his face when he asked about Ellie and him, he had to honour his wishes. "Ellie, well she's a doctor living in Chicago. Her and Devon her boyfriend both got promotions in their respective careers and couldn't pass up the opportunity. Devon is a Cardiologist and his focus is Cardiothoracic Surgeries and Ellie moved up to Neurological Sciences." "Wow impressive." "Indeed, she worked hard to get where she is now. Long hours and a lot of studying. But she did it." Chuck didn't want to tell his dad all about all the struggles and working two jobs to pay rent. He wanted to keep it positive.

"And you?" "Degree in Forensic Engineering. I liked how buildings were built and how they would collapse." "Any actual jobs? And not spy stuff?"

“Yeah, I got a job in LA loved doing that job along side the spy stuff. I even did a job in Pennsylvania.” His stories filled his dad’s curious heart. Mary came out with a blanket placing over Stephen’s shoulders. “You boys want something to drink?” They both looked at her with the same grin that warmed Mary’s heart. “Sure.” Chuck replied. “We are doing very good.” Mary smiled as she squeezed Chuck’s shoulders. She mouthed ‘thankyou.’

Casey joined him after Chuck mentioned that his dad was having a good time and he didn’t want to lose the light in his eyes. Casey understood and sat down. Stephen looked up. “So, John how did you meet my son?” Casey took a sip of his coffee and looked at Chuck. “Maybe six years ago or so. I was one of his training officers in the academy as I was still in the Marines. We then became fast friends as he had excelled in everything, he put his mind to from tactical to weaponry. The funny part was when his wife Sarah who was a recruit at the time also excelled in the same areas.” Chuck tried not to react. “That’s my boy.” “We became even closer when one of our missions went awry and we lost two of our team. But we got redemption in the end and their deaths weren’t in vain.” Chuck nodded at Casey.

Mary looked at Chuck noticing that Stephen was very quiet. That was her cue to take him in. Chuck helped her take Stephen inside then came back out. He sat down. “Supper will be ready shortly.” Casey nodded. Chuck sat down glad that his parents had some help around the house. At least it took the amount of work off his mom. Plus, his mom wouldn’t stay home long enough to be 100% domestic, spying was in her blood.

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Chuck sat by the fire with the journal in his lap. He flipped to the place where he left off. Chuck quickly sent Sarah a text and a photo of the fire. **‘Wishing you were in my arms. Holding the two of you. Kissing your cheek. Love you miss you. Did we have good day at work. Please call to distract me.’** He pressed sent then put his phone down. He knew she’d get it in a few hours. If not sooner.

Chuck went back to the journal and started reading. *'Started compiling the data into a beta format that gave me a template that allowed me to transfer images to a screen almost like how a video game is built. My hopes were to somehow have those images coded so that they could be uploaded. But the question is could a human brain have the capability to upload images and not only to memory but to be able to retrieve those images on command.'*

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Chuck looked at some of the drawings that his dad drew. It reminded him of Back to the Future and Doc Browns flux capacitor. He studied the other drawings and a sense of familiarity came over him. It reminded him of one of his classes at Stanford. Where Professor Flemming showed an image then others fluttered passed the originals image showing thousands of different images. He went on to say that we can only see the one or two but very few can see all the images. Chuck wondered if the intersect was like that. He read on.

He woke up hearing his phone. **'I am there in your dreams. Well, mine anyways. Heading to bed. Had a good day. Hope you have a good day [today](#). As I close my eyes I will think of you holding me by that fire. Love you.'**

Chuck quickly replied. **'Have a good sleep babe. Love you.'**

He pressed sent then headed upstairs as it was still early.

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By mid afternoon Chuck had read through his dad's journal making notes along the way. He showed Casey. "So, your dad set some traps." "Looks like it. But they haven't been triggered. Except for Roark's but I am guessing it was meant to be found as quickly as it

was." "And these other places?" "He hasn't said where they are exactly and what they hold. He just said that it was his research." "Well, that could be anything from a filing cabinet to a warehouse full of research." Chuck nodded "I know. And if we do find these places, what do we do with what we find." "Tell Beckman?" "And tell her what?" "That there is research out there and if it falls into the wrong hands there could be a disastrous outcome?" "But do we know that it this Nicholas Quinn or even Ted Roark, that's looking into them?" Casey paused then grabbed his phone. "Who are you calling?" Casey made a shushing sound. "General, Major Casey." He put the call on speaker. "Major what's the latest?" "We have some leads but we would need to get locations on an agent named Nicholas Quinn and a researcher and entrepreneur named Ted Roark." "In regard to?" Chuck moved closer. "General. I should, we should disclose that when we arrived here, I found out what my mom was trying to protect." "And that was?" "She was protecting and keeping my dad safe." "Your dad?" "Yes General. And it's imperative that we keep this quiet. I found the intersect." "You did?" "But due to its nature we have to keep it quiet at least for now. That is why we need to find out where these men are. They are a threat that needs to be addressed." "I will do my best. Anything else?" Chuck looked at Casey. "General, is there any way that someone's personal research be protected under the law." "If this research was done under the government, then yes, but private that I'm not sure." Chuck sighed. "Chuck is your dad Orion?" He paused then answered. "I guess he is." He never saw his dad as a man with a cool alias name, he was just his dad. "How did you know?" "I had a hunch after you left. With your mom being Frost I looked into what she was doing before she left. I found a manifest for her trip to London to look into those rumours." "Any leads at that end on those rumours?" "We believe that they were true. My mom came to London to work with a MI6 agent named Tuttle." "And this Tuttle?" Casey leaned into the phone. "We have some new information but that entails a trip to London, ma'am. We can head there next week?" "And this money lead?" Beckman added. Chuck cleared his throat. "It has slowed down from what we can see. We are thinking that this Quinn fellow and Roark used the Chinese by claiming that they could produce an end product." "The intersect?" "Yes, or some version of it. They siphoned the money but now that we put an end to it, we hope they will be looking elsewhere hence finding out where they are so they can't get a hold

of the original.” “And the lead on Fulcrum?” Chuck hadn’t been back to figuring out who is in that list but he had to give her something. “General.” Chuck continued. “I have narrowed down the list to a smaller number than what I started with and those include agents who have retired or are out in the field at the time. Not to rule them out but I am just focussing on those who are physically active at the moment. Then we can have someone we trust look into them.” “Do you have someone in mind?” Chuck quickly answered. “Fitzroy.” “Agreed.” “I will email him the list and he can stealthily look into those individuals.” “And how are you doing?” “I was surprised and I’m still trying to accept the fact that both my parents are alive and are here. It might take some time but we have a job to do.” “I commend you both despite what’s going on in your personal lives. Chuck covered the phone. “Does she know?” Casey shrugged his shoulders. “Yes, we have a lot on your plate.” “Major any word on your little one’s arrival?” “Very soon, Kathleen has been holding down the fort.”

“Very well let me know if anything changes.” “I will ma’am.”

Chuck hung up handing the phone to Casey, “Now what?”

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Beckman turned her chair pulling out her keyboard. She started with Quinn. His personal records were not easily accessible but that didn’t stop her. She and her secret weapon and she picked up her phone. Ten minutes later Fitzroy knocked on her door. It wasn’t everyday that the General called upon him. He sat down and looked attentive. “Yes General.” “I just got off the phone with Agent Carmichael and Major Casey. They are over seas and need some assistance in locating two individuals. One, they believe is one of ours and the other is a researcher and entrepreneur.” She slid the names to him. He nodded. “This has to be done as quickly and quietly as possible. I foresee that there might be some backlash and if there is please come to me as soon as possible. If anyone ask questions also let me know.” “Yes ma’am.”

Fitzroy stood up. "Anything else?" "Agent Carmichael will be sending you a list. We would like that list to be investigate as well." Fitzroy walked to the door closing it behind him.

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Days later

Casey came walking in after Chuck and him had gone through what they would do in London and where they would start. Chuck looked up seeing this bag. "We don't leave for a few days." "I know but I have to head back home. Kathleen has been having what described as someone ripping her insides out." "She's in labour?" "Even if she is, I need to be there." "No go ahead. Family first." They walked to the door. You need a ride?" "No, I have a ride." Casey turned around passing him a book. "What's this?" Chuck flipped it over; he read the title. "What to expect when you're expecting." "A baby book?" "More like a detailed map of what to expect when you're pregnant. Kat gave it to me cause she figured that I needed to be informed as she put it." Chuck laughed. "It's a decent read." "Thanks. I'll give it back?" "Naw, I'm not in a rush to have another little one running around for a long time." They stood quiet. For the first time since the Gaez nightmare, Casey was speechless and quiet. "Will you be okay, here?" As Chuck opened the door seeing his ride. "I'll be fine." Casey pulled Chuck into an embrace. They stood looking at each other not sure what to say to each other. "Go and meet Alex. Whether it is a boy or girl. Say hi to Kathleen. Call me when you get a chance, dad." "Thanks for the book." Casey shook his hand and walked down the steps to the cab. Chuck waited till he was out of sight then took a good look around before he went back inside. He closed the door seeing his mom. "Casey left?" "Yeah Kathleen, might be in labour." "I didn't know that he was in a relationship?" "It had been on and off for some time. As long as I have known him." Mary smiled. "Well good for him. You hungry?" Chuck looked up. "I could eat." His response warmed her heart. They walked to the kitchen. "Sit." Chuck sat down as she busied herself pulling out pots and frying pans. She grabbed a can of tomatoe soup and placed the contents into a pot, turning on the burner. She grabbed some bread

then some ham and cheese from the fridge and started making sandwiches. She found a frying pan after looking in all the cupboards. Chuck figured that she hadn't done a whole lot of cooking, hence the help she had. In 15 minutes, she started dishing two bowls of hot tomatoe soup and plated two hot grilled cheese sandwiches on the side with the extras on a plate. She grabbed some milk pouring him a large glass of milk. She sat down beside him. At first, she just stared. Then started to eat herself. "Sorry for staring." Chuck looked up. "You used to love this when you were a kid. I just couldn't keep up with the sandwiches when Morgan came over." Chuck laughed. "It tastes like it did back then." As he reached for another sandwich. Mary finished eating getting up watching Chuck. Her thoughts went back to when he was eight just weeks before she left. She lingered in the memory as she grabbed some cookies and coffee.

They spent the rest of the afternoon together waiting till Stephen woke. The three of them sat outside hearing stories of their kids. "Sorry, Sarah threw a knife at her wall." Stephen smiling. "Yeah, she had a map. I saw the hole in the wall. She said that she'd go wherever it landed and I am glad she hit Athens." "You were there for awhile." Mary filling their mugs with some hot chocolate. "Almost a month by the time she arrived and the rest is history." "I heard you buried your team in Versailles." "I did and how did you know that?" Stephen looked at Mary. "You two have mentioned several times about knowing things about Ellie and me that only a few people knew. If you two have been hiding, how could you have found out about what was going on." Chuck looked at his parents. Seeing the glances between them. Stephen took a deep breath. "Tell him." "Tell me what?" "A spy is always a spy?" Stephen added. "I'm waiting mom." His tone a bit sharp. His mom finally started to speak. "Most times we used web searches and thanks to platforms like Friendster and Myspace we were able to see your life thanks to your overzealous friends." Chuck looked at his parents. He couldn't blame them; he wondered what else they did. But at the moment he didn't care. His parents were alive.

"Chuck." Chuck looked up. "Yeah dad." "You still have that Tron poster?" Chuck smiled a huge grin. "Yeah, I do dad. I have it up in my office." He looked at Mary then back at Chuck. "Wanna watch it again?" Mary looked at her watch. They both knew that it was

late but he wasn't showing that he was tired. Mary smiled then nodded. "Sure dad." Chuck walked with his dad as they headed inside. Mary made some popcorn and the three sat down as Chuck set up his laptop to the tv. "That's my boy." He turned around. "Well, it beats us watching it on my laptop." Chuck pressed play and the three leaned back. Halfway through the movie, Chuck looked over seeing that his dad had fallen asleep and his mom had left within twenty minutes. He stopped the movie grabbing a blanket as he dared not try to move him. He covered him up then grabbed another blanket and sat in the chair next to his dad. It was like old times but this time it was him that was putting his dad to bed.

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Mary woke up heading downstairs seeing her two favourite men asleep in the living room. She walked in as one of her aides came in waking Stephen up. Surprisingly, he wasn't disoriented or confused. He got up smiled seeing Chuck had never left his side. He passed Mary. "He turned out pretty good." Mary rubbed Stephen's arm as he walked out. Mary grabbed another blanket covering up her son kissing his forehead.

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Hours later Chuck got up showered and changed grabbing his laptop and the book Casey gave him. He sat in the living room with a large cup of coffee looking around at what happened last night. He smiled at the memory and that he found out that his parents were weirdly aware of what was going on with their kids. But the years of distance still wasn't enough to make up for the pain, suffering, and abandonment. He opened the book and started reading. Chuck opened the cover page and read out loud the table of contents. **Part 1: Before You're Expecting**

- **Chapter 1:** Preconception: Getting Ready to Expect
- **Chapter 2:** Your Pregnancy Profile

- **Chapter 3:** Your Pregnancy Lifestyle
- **Chapter 4:** Nine Months of Eating Well

Chuck skipped the early stuff as Sarah was already pregnant and figuring that she was probably close to six weeks than less by now, placing her closer to the second month category. He scanned looking for baby sizes.

He found a page that listed the Key Milestones. ‘So, Sarah should be.’ He read then laughed. “Black bean.” He read on. “All major organs are developing.” His heart fluttered. His thoughts went to Sarah and wondered what she was doing.”

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Sarah sat at her desk, nursing a medium coffee. It was her compromise that she made to herself. A far cry from her large coffees that she and Chuck would get. She grabbed her work for the day and got busy.

She heard a faint knock on the door as Fitzroy stood there, holding a file. “Please come in.” Fitzroy came in and closed the door. The glass didn’t help keep anything confidential but the quiet helped. “Sit.” Sarah motioned. Fitzroy looked around looking nervous. “What can I do for you?” He placed the file on her desk. “I was asked to help Agent Carmichael.” Just hearing his name excited her. “Okay in what regards?” “I really don’t know. All I was asked was to look into a few names.” “Quinn and.” Fitzroy looked up. “Yes, and a man named Roark.” Sarah remembered both of them. “So, what did you find? He slid the file to her. “Quinn was an agent back in the early 90’s.” Sarah looking at his bio and his picture. The picture was dated so she imagined him way older. “He was one of a few that were assigned to a mission called Sandstorm.” “Anything on Fulcrum?” Fitzroy looked up at her leaning in as to not have anyone else hear what he had to say. “Mostly rumours. But I did find out that the few that were talking about it

lined their pockets with large chunks of cash. So much that it trickled over the pond. I found an agent but their name was redacted along with their contact in MI6.” “This ended up in London?” Sarah already knew that much but she wanted to hear what he had found out. “It looks like they had a contact in MI6 but there’s nothing else this far.” Sarah threw a question out to him. “What was Quinn’s assignment?” Fitzroy turned the file around filling through his pile of papers. “What I found was he was brought in to be a test recipient for a new training program, Sandstorm. Any other details are redacted or erased, but I will continue to look into it.” “Recipient?” “Yeah, there were a select few about 20 years ago that were working on this program. Then as the deadline was approaching. The program and all its research just vanished.” This bit of information was new to her. She wondered if Chuck knew this. “And Roark?” “Private sector now. Started up a company called Roark Industries in LA.” Sarah looked up. “What was his involvement?” “From what I could find was that he was one of the developers.” “So why wasn’t his name redacted?” “He’s not CIA? Just an engineer and developer. So, I guess he wasn’t seen as a threat, I guess.” “This is great start.” Fitzroy smiled. “So, he’ll appreciate this?” “Very much.” He stood up and walked to the door. Sarah just figured that he needed to hear from someone that he was on the right track, so why not hear it from the wife.

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Sarah heard her cell. She grabbed it seeing Kathleen’s number. She answered it quickly. “Hey, how are you?” “I’m good just ready to pop. Been having labour pains. Casey just arrived.” Sarah hearing that she knew that Chuck was over there without back up. “Are you on your way to the hospital?” “My doctor said to wait till the contractions are further along.” “Oh boy how exciting.” “It is. Casey is going to text you where Chuck is. He figured that you wouldn’t just sit there if you knew that he was there alone.” “Smart man.” “Yes, he is.” They both laughed. “Well keep us posted. And congrats.” “Thanks, and say hi to Chuck.”

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Sarah logged off as she wasn't going to be able to concentrate on work. She booked a flight getting a last minute ticket to Berlin then she'd have to take a flight to Austria. She made sure she booked a car.

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She headed home grabbing a bag. She checked the weather seeing that it was colder than DC so she packed for fall. She came down the stairs seeing Emma at the door. Sarah motioned for her to come in. Emma saw the bag. "Chuck?" Sarah smiled. "Casey came home early. Kathleen is going to have their baby any time now. So, Chuck is over there with out back up." "So how long will you be gone?" "I'm hoping not too long. He hasn't said what he has found so I will wait till I get there and find out." Sarah grabbed her phone. "I'll drive you. Thanks to Chuck giving me his other car I have been driving around familiarizing myself and finding my way around DC. So why not try to find my way to the airport.

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Emma dropped Sarah off giving her a hug knowing that she'd have to try really hard not to act like the wife and deal with the mother in law but to be the partner. A job that she didn't want to ever have to be stuck with. Emma looked at her daughter under the lights of the overhang in the departure entrance. "Remember why you're going there. Is it because your husband is there or are you just going there to be back up as you call it." "Can't lie. Both." "But one is stronger than the other." "Love does that." Emma hugged her one last time. Sarah grabbed her bag and headed inside turning one last time seeing her mom drive off.

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Chuck headed to the kitchen seeing the kitchen help making breakfast . He remembered the other day and his mom making tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches. "Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes. Have a seat. Your mom and dad will be joining you shortly." Chuck nodded and found his seat at the table. He looked up seeing his mom and dad walk in. Chuck noticed that his dad seemed less distant in the face as he did the first time, he saw him. He wondered how the intersect worked and how some days he was bright and alert and moments later, he was distant and had a hard time recalling his short term memory. Chuck had to reread his dad's notes one more time. Chuck figured that if he knew how it worked, he could figure out a way to slow down the pressure on his brain.

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After breakfast, the three went for a walk and for the first time, he really saw their neighbourhood because as Chuck looked over his shoulder, he could see that the men he met the day he arrived were close by. And that his mom kept her head on a swivel not indicating that she was watching her surroundings very carefully. She looked up once catching Chucks gaze. She whispered. "Hazards of the job but you can't be too careful. They found you through an ATM machine." Hearing that Chuck wondered what his life would have been like if he had went down that road and the camera had picked him up. Would he still have met Sarah; would he be walking with his parents at this exact time and place. He let the thought pass as his dad reached for his arm. "We picked this place for this." As his arm extended. "It was the one place that no one would ever want to think about looking for us. Chuck looked at his dad and smiled. Then he looked at his mom. Chuck knew he had to meet with Tuttle sooner than later.

The three walked back as his dad went to lay down. Mary came back and sat down seeing that Chuck was reading his dad's journal again. "You probably have that memorized by now?" "Pretty close. I was just curious about how the intersect worked. You mentioned that he had a memory test done." "Yes, when he started forgetting things we had him tested. It was determined that his frontal lobe was not functioning properly.

Once we figured that out, he went and looked at his notes. He assumed that the amount of data that he had uploaded. Was over heating or overriding his short term memory.” “Like a car overheating.” “I guess I’m not an engineer. That would be something that your sister would probably know.” Chuck went back to his notes. “Dad’s research?” “He had several locations.” “Yeah, he mentioned that.” “Is there one close by?” Mary shook her head. “I would have to look into that. He was very quiet on that. Just in case something happened the less I knew the better it was for the both of us.” “I get it.” Mary got up padding Chuck’s shoulder. Chuck smiled.

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Sarah switched planes hearing her phone. She saw that it was Beckman. She answered it. “Sarah I just got a call from Casey and his return to DC. I will need you to head to where Chuck is. I don’t trust the situation yet so having back up wouldn’t be a bad idea.” Sarah laughed inside. “Oh yes. That would be a good idea.” Knowing that she was in the air and one more flight closer to him.

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Next day early evening

Chuck heard the doorbell something he had not heard since he had arrived. One of the help came into where he was sitting. “Excuse me sir there is someone here to see you.” Chuck confused, stood up, and followed them back to the door. As he rounded the corner he looked up as Sarah turned around. She smiled as she ran into his arms. Chuck held her close. “What?” As he held her close. He pulled her back looking at her. He grabbed her face meeting her lips. Their reunion kiss was full of love. He held her close a little longer. “So how soon were you on a flight?” Sarah laughed. “I think as soon as Casey walked in the door.” Chuck kissed her again and she welcomed his lips.

She looked at him. “Can I meet him?” Chuck smiled.

Chuck walked Sarah down the hallway walking past a sitting area. Arriving at a door at the end of the hall, Chuck turned to face her. He smiled then knock. He extended his hand then opened the door. Sarah feeling instantly nervous as the door opened. Sarah could see a man sitting in a chair facing the window. The two walked in. Stephen hearing the door turned around. Chuck smiled, glad not to have to wake him up. Stephen stood up. "Dad, I would like you to meet my wife, Sarah." Stephen's eyes swelled with emotion as he extended his hand. Sarah nervously released her grip of Chuck's hand and extended it to meet his. Then in one pull he embraced Sarah. "Nice to meet you Mr. Bartowski." "Nice to meet you, Sarah. But call me Stephen or dad." Sarah smiled. She looked at Chuck resuming holding his hand. Chuck grabbed another chair as the three sat down. Stephen still smiling at the two. "You two were meant to be together." His words made Sarah smile. She looked at Chuck leaning her head on his shoulder. Chuck looked up seeing his mom walk in. Sarah swallowed hard seeing her mother in law. They stood up as Mary came closer. Mary walked up to her giving her a hug which surprised Chuck as well. Sarah returned the hug then sat back down. Chuck received one as well as Sarah saw that their relationship wasn't as frosty as it was back in DC. "Glad you came." "Yes, it worked out that I could." "Any word on the arrival of Casey's child?" Mary adding. Sarah looked at her phone seeing no text. Shaking her head. "Nothing yet." "Good so you can stay for awhile." Mary turned around. Chuck and Sarah stood up. "No, sit. I'll be back with something to eat and drink." Mary left with a light spry in her step.

Stephen looked at Sarah. "So, you're the one that stole my son's heart?" Sarah grabbing his arm. "Actually, he stole mine and put it back together." Chuck kissed her forehead.

The four had a late snack reminiscing about Chuck as a kid. The stories made Sarah laugh.

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When Stephen's aide came to get him, Sarah was a little confused. But it was like a light switch that had been turned off taking Stephen's energy with it. Mary followed not before she looked at Chuck. "You will get your wife settled?" Chuck nodded. "Yes, I will." Sarah called out. "Good night, Stephen." Stephen turned around. He gave a faint smiled but said nothing. "Good night, Mary." "Good night, Sarah."

Chuck and Sarah followed them down the hall stopping off at his room. He opened the door walking in. "Here it is." Sarah looked around. She saw her bag on the bed. The room looked liked something out of a children's novel. A large bookshelf and a reading book under the window. Probably where Chuck was sitting that day. A large bed and two chairs facing the window. Chuck walked up to her reaching for her stomach. He held his hand over it. She looked up after feeling his hands on her. He looked at her. "I'll be back. Got to do my rounds." He chuckled softly. But his comment made him seem burdened by the task. He kissed her then walked to the door.

Sarah grabbed her bag placing it on one of the chairs. She walked to the window looking out. If it wasn't for the few streetlights, it would be very dark. But even with the lights on the street, it gave a romantic ambiance in her mind.

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Chuck opened the door seeing Sarah making him smile. He walked over to her and instantly kissed her. The kiss was soft, sweet, and long overdue. He broke the kiss looking at her. "Hi!" "Hi." Responding back. He held her close then lowered his head looking at her stomach. He opened his hands wide encasing her stomach. He looked up at her his touch she waited for weeks to feel. "Baby." Sarah nodded instantly starting to cry. Chuck rubbed her stomach with his thumbs making small circles as he kneaded the fabric. She kissed him just enough not to distract what he was doing. He stepped back looking at her as he wiped a tear. "I'm sorry about the way I told you." He shook his

head. "You did what you thought was best. I can't blame you for that. Yes, it was a shock but I would probably have done the same." "All good out there?" Chuck looked at the door. "Yeah." Sarah slid her fingers into his. "Your dad seems nice and your mom was awfully nice." Chuck laughed. "She was wasn't she." They stared at their fingers entwined as their lips met. Chuck slid his arms around her lifting her up off the floor. She whispered. "Bed." Chuck looked at her. "You're not tired?" She grabbed his face. "Bed." Chuck held her close as he moved towards the bed. He laid her down gently towering over her as she undid his buttons on his shirt then worked his jeans. He stopped her taking her into his arms as he sat back on his knees. He slowly undid her blouse pushing it over her shoulders, kissing both of them. Then he released her bra exposing her perfect chest. He attended to her for a little while as she held him close. Running her fingers through his darkened curls. His hair was a bit longer since the last time she saw him and his facial hair was intriguingly attractive. He laid her back slipping them both out of their jeans. He stared at her stomach then placed warm kisses all over her stomach making sure nothing was missed. He moved his body upwards making her feel his presence. Their lips meeting. He settled inside her neck placing more kisses on her sensitive skin. Every inch of her was on fire. He started to hum, as she continued to run her fingers through his hair. The humming started to turn into a few cohesive words. The words then had a melody. 'You're havin' my baby. What a lovely way of sayin' how much you love me Havin' my baby.'

Chuck looked at her with every ounce of love and respect he had for her. "Another song?" Chuck nodded then kissed her. Their love making continued as they slipped under the covers. Having his body so close to hers, felt like they were never apart. Chuck made sure she was taken care of the way she deserved to be treated and in return she took care of him. They moved as one for another round as if the first was just an appetizer. Their bodies drench in sweat and their bodies recharged allowed their love making to continue surging through their bodies.

Sarah laid her head on his chest sliding her hand over his chest resting it along side his ribs. Chuck wrapped his arm her as his other caressed her face. "You're amazing Sarah.

I mean that was.” She looked up at him. “Be careful Bartowski.” He chuckled. “That was wow, every time is wow but that was.” Sarah felt pretty good and felt even better. Maybe the distance between them was the reason or the change in hormones. Whatever the reasons were it was amazing. She leaned on her elbow. “Well thank you and you weren’t bad either.” He slid his hand cupping her face. “I’m glad you’re here.” “Me too.” He kissed her again then covered them up. “Was that a song?” “Yeah, Paul Anka wrote it in the early 70’s. I can play it for you.” Sarah leaned in to prevent him from moving. He got the picture.

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They woke hours later, getting up as Sarah grabbed a sweater slipping it in over her night gown. Chuck slipping his bottoms on and a t shirt. They grabbed some coffee and sat in the small sitting area that Sarah had walked by earlier. They sat down as Chuck grabbed their cups. He looked at her and smiled. “I made a deal.” “You did.” “Yeah, I made a deal that I would have only one medium size cup of coffee a day. Much to the large coffees we used to have.” Chuck looked at the small coffee cups they were holding. “I don’t think you’ll have to worry about these cups. It would take a few of these to add up to a medium or even large size cup of coffee. Maybe that is why it always seems that they are drinking a lot of coffee over here.”

She put her cup down sliding her hand into her pocket of her robe. She pulled out the sonogram out and passed it to him.” He stared at it. “I thought that I’d bring it to you to see it other than seeing it on your phone.” He leaned in giving her a kiss. She leaned her head in his shoulder as he ran his finger over the image of their baby. “Yeah, it looks a whole lot different close up.” When Chuck saw how small it was and what he had read it did look like a small bean. He instantly felt a tear run down his cheek. “How have you been feeling.” “Not bad some nausea and tiredness but over all pretty good.” “And your mom I bet she’s excited.” “I think she was more than I was at first.” Sarah paused. “I was so nervous to find out knowing and when I heard that you were leaving it wasn’t the best timing. But when I saw it on the screen it made it all better. That they were here for

a reason and that their timing was perfect.” Sarah curled her legs up and over his as he held the photo and ran his warm hands down her exposed legs. They hadn’t had a quiet moment like this since this whole thing started. “And you?” “Shocked and confused and angry that I couldn’t be there for you. It should have been a happier time to hear that we were going to have a baby. It was hard to fathom that you were pregnant and honestly, I was surprised that you weren’t pregnant already with all the....sex you know. I mean I think that we have a very healthy sex life.” He looked at her. “Me too.” “So, hearing it now and processing that you were indeed pregnant, I’m still shocked.” “Well, I guess you have some good swimmers.” They both laughed. “Your doctor said that everything is fine?” Sarah caressed his face. “Yes, everything is good.” Chuck went back staring at the photo.

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Mary came down the hall seeing the two of them. She didn’t want to intrude but it was the only way to get to the stairs. They looked up hearing her clear her throat. “Sorry to disturb you two.” Sarah slid her legs down covering up the best she could. Sarah noticing that Chuck hid the photo quickly. “It’s okay. I better get dressed. Good morning, Mary.” “Morning Sarah, Chuck.” Sarah stood up. “Did we sleep, Sarah?” “A little, still on DC time.” Mary walked to the stairs. “Take your time breakfast will be awhile.”

Mary headed down the stairs as Sarah headed back to his room. Chuck followed. “I know what you’re going to say?” “Do you.” As she headed to the bathroom. “Yeah, you’re wondering why she’s so nice?” Sarah stopped and turned around. “I just hope that she’s not doing it for my benefit, not yours. That’s she working to repair what was done.” Chuck looked at her. She knew him well and in a weird way that was what he was thinking as well. Sarah slipped out of her gown tossing it to Chuck. He stood there watching her beautiful naked body step into the shower. She opened the door. “Are you going to stand there or join me?” Chuck dropped her gown and slipped out of his bottoms then tossed his shirt as he joined her. The water was perfect. He stood over her

as the water cascade down his chest and her hands caressing his skin. She felt his hands roaming her body and stopping in several spots. She held him close as the feelings subsided and he moved on. He kissed her hard as he lifted her up allowing her to wrap her legs around his hips. She smiled. "Your mom did say take your time." Chuck mumbled in her neck as he pushed her into the corner of the shower allowing her to brace herself up against the showers wall. His movements were slow and methodical just like she liked it. He knew her, he knew her body. He continued to kiss her till the end.

She slid her leg slowly down his making him take notice as he got a few more kisses in and certain touches in return. Sarah turned shutting the water off as his arms slid around her placing kisses inside her warm neck. She leaned back pulling her arms over her head feeling him. "We better get dressed."

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They walked into the dining area where Stephen was sitting at the end of the table. He got up. "You don't have to get up." Sarah replied. "Yes, I do." He turned his body to embrace Sarah then Chuck. He sat down looking at them. "It's going to be a good day." Chuck tried not to react. Sarah saw the look on his face. She looked back at Stephen as he grabbed his utensils and started eating. When Chuck started Sarah started as well. The spread was massive with everything from eggs to waffles. She had not eaten like that in a long time. Mary finally joined them as the kitchen help left the room after pouring her some coffee.

By mid morning Sarah knew that there was a minimal staff consisting of a care aid for Stephen, kitchen help and the two men she noticed were close by. The house was secured but not secured in a full army type. Sarah assumed that there were a few guns lying around just in case. And from what she could see from the bedroom window. The houses location was at the end of a street. And traffic could only come in from one side. This probably limited a possible threat. Her arrival was announce pretty quickly so we

wondered if they knew she was coming. She pulled Chuck aside. "Is this place under surveillance?" Chuck looked at her. "It is. They are definitely prepared for something, why?" Sarah looked at him. "When I arrived, it was like they knew that I was coming." Chuck didn't think about it but now that Sarah had mentioned it, he was curious as well. They walked down the hall finding Mary. She looked up. "Hey you two?" Sarah smiled. "Mom." This was the first time he had said those words. Mary looked up and looked at Sarah. Chuck probably didn't even know that he had used that word. She took a moment then composed herself. "Yes Chuck." "How much of this house is under surveillance?" Mary chuckled. "I was waiting for you to ask." "Well, it took my wife to bring it to my attention." "The only reason Mary is because yesterday when I arrived it was too easy." Mary stopped what she was doing. "We have cameras at the entrance to the street that is hooked up to a high tech computer that your dad set up with agencies such as Interpol, the CIA, FBI, and others. So, by the time Sarah came to the door we knew who she was. We also have surveillance cameras on each side of the house, and a back door exit. As well as a trigger about an hour from here. It goes off if anyone is heading in this direction and gets with in a few blocks. There's a tunnel underneath this place that leads to a boat and a motorcycle." Chuck looked at Sarah. They knew that his mom was prepared and had been for along time. That this threat was not something to toss aside. Mary motioned to them as they entered what looked like a closet. Mary pushed on the back wall which was brick making Chuck excited. His mom was indeed a spy. It was very James Bond. A faint row of lights on thick black wire came on brightening up the narrow path. Chuck noticed narrow niches that house rifles and other ammo as they reached the ground. Mary heard what Chuck figured was south. Heading south would get you to airport or out to a water way that they could boat to where a car could be waiting for them. They walked for what seemed to be a city block. Mary turned around. "We figure that this was build in the early 1700's as a way to escape. There are other tunnels that were built over but from this tunnel they are blocked from what could see. Your dad stumbled upon this years ago when we decided to stay." Her words affected him. Sarah rubbed his back. He smiled slightly but continued to focus. They reached a brick overhang seeing a faint light over the water. Sarah noticed the murky water but saw the potential for a clean escape. That's if no one knew about this from up there. They

walked around seeing the boat and a narrow brick path to the edge of the tunnel. Chuck stared back into the tunnel seeing how camouflaged it was from this side looking in. It looked like swamp with vines and tree branches. Mary stood beside him. "As long as they don't know they it's here we are safe." Chuck faced her. "They're coming, aren't they?" Mary placed her hand on his arm. "One day. No one is ever safe matter how hard you try to keep it that way. So, we need to be ready." Chuck nodded. "Son, no one can get a hold of your dad or the intersect." Her eyes turned dark. It was the first time he had seen the fear in her eyes. He felt helpless.

They headed back as he sat down going over what his mom had said to him. Sarah came walking in. "Here you are?" Chuck looked up. "Sorry. I just had to take a moment." Sarah sat down beside him. "Wanna talk about it?" Chuck sighed. "She told me no one can get a hold of my dad or the intersect and that the threat of someone coming for them is closer that she realized." Sarah slid her arm into his. "Maybe that is why she was so glad to see you looking into this as well. That your paths had crossed like they did." Chuck looked at her. "What can I do? I have no idea about who might be coming for them." Just then Sarah remembered her conversation with Fitzroy. "The other day Fitzroy came into my office and he told me that he was looking into something for you." "Did he?" Looking curiously at her. "Yeah, I asked Beckman about looking into Quinn and Roark, but I haven't heard anything yet. "Well, he found something." Sarah told him what he had found. "So, Quinn was supposed to get the intersect?" "It sounds like it." "So that would explain why my mom and dad have been on the run." Sarah smiled. "What's so funny." "You." "Me?" "You're calling them mom and dad." Chuck lowered his head. "I guess I did." He smiled softly. He regained his focus as Sarah spoke.

"So, what are we going to do about Quinn?"

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Chuck and Sarah found his parents sitting together outside. Stephen smiling as they sat down. "Looks like our boy has been thinking." They all look at Chuck. "He has the same

look on his face as he did when he was a boy, when he had a story to tell us.” Sarah smiled at the memory and the smile Chuck had on his face. Maybe he was coming to grips with this whole reunion with his family but she knew that there was more to his outward appearance that maybe was only for show. “We want to know about Quinn.” As Mary looked at Stephen. Chuck feared that his dad would lose the spark in his eyes. But this wasn’t a new thought it was the past and from what he had observed his long term memory hadn’t been affected. He looked at his dad. Stephen cleared his throat. “Nicholas Quinn was an eager agent that moved up in the ranks of you call it that. He was one of those agents that took those dangerous missions and was successful. He also knew the job well and he used the job to get what he wanted. On paper he would have been the ideal agent for any mission but in person he wasn’t. So, when my research produced a result. My superiors felt that if there was to be an agent to try it would have been Quinn. I should also add that I was working with a scientist named Howard Busgang and my best friend at the time Ted Roark. He was more of the computer guy. The three of us took my idea of an intersect that on paper seemed possible to making it a reality.” He looked at Chuck. “The same idea that was in my journal son.” Chuck nodded affirming that he had seen it. “But I had to make sure that it worked. That a human could handle the amount of data if they were successful in uploading the program. So, I tested it. Well, I did a lot of testing.” He eyes diverting over to Mary but only Sarah picked up on it. He continued. “So, after I left you and Ellie, I had tested it one last time on me just to make sure. It was a smaller file of basic information and files that I scanned. Not enough to do any harm. I met your mom in DC where word came down from a General named Merriweather.” This made Chuck sit up. He was the same General that Chuck had come across shortly after his mom had called into the night agent line. “What did he tell you?” Stephen shuffled in his seat. Chuck feared that he was losing steam. “Dad what did he tell you?” “He said that he hoped that I would consider Agent Quinn as the recipient in the human intersect. I was shocked at first but Merriweather was helping fund the project so I couldn’t say no. Only Roark was on board. Busgang and I who were on the science side felt that Quinn wasn’t a good fit. But we were pressured to go with Quinn. We started with testing his brain’s chemistry and his results did speak for themselves. His brain’s chemistry could work. Which didn’t sit

well with me. Then looking back at what your mom was looking into and her hunch that a small group of agents were planning to change the foundations of the CIA, she brought it to my attention. In time we made the connection. Merriweather only wanted Quinn who was one of the agents behind his plan to be the human intersect. Who also convinced Roark to come on board. Busgang came to us after he overheard Quinn and Merriweather talking. He knew that the purpose of the intersect was to be an educational tool for agents, to help them out in the field. But what Busgang heard was that they had other plans. They were planning to upload it the sell its secrets to the highest bidder." Chuck looked at his dad. "So, you uploaded it to protect it and now it's that their attempts to create their own version have failed and we shut down their funding they are coming for you two." Stephen's head hung low. Mary grabbed his hand. "I think that is enough for now, don't you think Chuck?" Chuck looked at his mom's face. Chuck was saddened at his dad's memory and what had happened in all those years. Chuck stood up. "Yeah dad, you were very helpful. You go and rest and we will finish watching Tron later." Stephen got up as his aide walked in. Stephen stopped grabbing Chuck's arm. "We did all of this to protect you and Ellie. They couldn't come for you two if they didn't know that you existed. So, we left." Chuck just watched as his parents walked back inside. Sarah stood up taking Chuck into her arms. He slowly lifted his arms holding her close. "Oh Chuck." Sarah whispered.

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Chuck sat down wiping a tear as Sarah joined him. He leaned forward resting his elbows on his knees. Sarah rubbed his back, but it didn't help. He eventually stood. He turned to Sarah as she stood up. "I have to go for a run or something." Sarah nodded. She grabbed his face and kissed him softly. Chuck left.

Sarah heard Chuck run upstairs then run back down leaving through the front door. She knew the last time she had found him feeling like this. And one good thing did come out of it as she held her stomach. She just hoped that it wasn't happening again. She heard the door close just missing him. She grabbed her jacket and opened up the door

reaching the end of the step. She saw him running down the street then disappearing. She walked back to the step sitting down. She grabbed her phone and dialled her mom. "Hey mom." Emma could hear the pain in her daughter's voice. "Hi Sarah, what's wrong?" "It's Chuck, he's dealing with a lot. He also found his dad." "His dad?" "Yeah, and he's hearing the truth to why they left him and his sister. It had answered a lot of questions but also created new ones. He's hurting and I don't know what to do about it." "You can remind him about the baby." Sarah smiled as she wiped a tear. "He was happy to see the photo." "Where is he now?" "Probably be happier chopping wood." "Oh no." Emma knew what he was feeling. "So, he went for a run." As Sarah looked down the street. "And you? How's DC?" "I think it's going to be a good day. Sunny here." As Sarah looked at the grey skies. "Was that the big secret his mom was keeping?" "It was part of it. But there's more and because of the other thing, their lives are in danger and his mom came out of hiding to have Chuck help them hopefully eliminate the threat." "Sounds dangerous." "It may end up to be just that." "And you honey?" "I'm glad that I came when I did."

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Chuck ran as fast as he could reaching a path leading up through the mountains. He saw others walking in that direction so he followed them. He ran for another hour following a path upwards leading to a look out. He slowed down to a slow walk then sat down on a rock looking out over the town. He looked around then screamed. The pain he felt, the conversation he replayed over and over again in his head. His thoughts of him chopping wood trying to numb the news he heard. The reality that his parents were alive, something he had worked for years to get over and now that they were here, he felt that he was losing them all over again if he didn't do something to protect them. He could go back home and tell his sister that their parents were alive. But then they could end up hurt or worse because he couldn't protect them, like they protected Ellie and him all those years ago. Chuck stared out across the horizon wondering what his parents felt when they left. That coming back to them would put them in even more danger. To not be able to see your kids because you were choosing to protect them over everything.

And most of all, angry at those individuals who forced their hands to stay away. He wiped the half sweat and half tear that ran down his face. Chuck remembered the day his mom left then day his dad left. He remembered that he didn't cry. He wanted to be strong for Ellie. He was the man of the house now at the age of 11. More tears came but he let them come. It was over 15 years of pain and sorrow trying to keep it locked up inside not to be open for any reason. But the last few days that he had been with his parents and filling in those gaps it was harder to keep a lid on how he felt. His thoughts went to Sarah. He was so glad that she came. She always knew when to show up. And now that she was carrying their child, maybe a weird ironic way of showing him that he wasn't going to be like his parents. He wasn't made like that. And Sarah was going to make sure of that.

He hoped that once he got back, he'd feel better.

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Sarah put her phone down after talking to her mom pulling her arms through her sleeves then zipping up her jacket. When the sun went down it sure got colder. She stared down the street hoping that he was in his way back. She felt him wherever he was and she knew that he was thinking of her. An hour later as the streetlights came on, she heard someone coming. It was that quiet that you could hear someone scraping their feet over the pavement. She stood up walking to the sidewalk. She looked up and saw him running a brisk run. He slowed down about 30 feet away from her and walked towards her. She opened her arms as he fell into them. His body sinking in a small defeat. Mary watched through the open window. She saw the love they had for each other as they embraced. She remembered when Chuck was little and he got frustrated or hurt at a school he would run or bike or climb trees over and over again till he was exhausted. She learned pretty quick that for a brief time he'd be hurt and experience the pain but then rose up above it all and carry on. She was glad that hadn't lost that coping skill. She closed the curtain giving them some privacy.

Sarah held him close feeling the heat from his body. She kissed the side of his face reassuring him that he was safe.

They walked to the step and sat down holding each others' hands. Sarah rested her head on his shoulder. "Where did you run to?" "I ran south then found a trail. People were walking it so I followed. Then I outran those who were walking and came to a look out spot where I sat down and screamed. I literally screamed." Sarah leaned down and kissed his hand then caressed his arm. "Did it help?" "Maybe a little. I thought about my parents and what my dad said. That they left to protect us. At first when my mom told me that I hated her for that. I felt that it was like a slap to the face of her kids. To give an excuse that they left because it was the right thing to do at the time. If they had said we have to leave you." "Chuck, do you think that your parents would have said to you, we have to go because there are bad people coming for us and we have to keep you safe." Chuck shook his head. "Maybe it wasn't the best way to leave you and Ellie but it was bad enough that they were coming after your parents for something he created and they wanted. They couldn't be on the run with two kids. And it sounds like they weren't settled for some time." "No, they weren't. That explains all the places he stored his research."

"They kept you two safe." "Yeah, now it's up to me to keep them safe." Sarah turned around to face him placing her hand on his face. "It's not up to you; you're not alone in this."

Chuck smiled softly. He grabbed her face pulling her into a warm kiss. Sarah whispered. "You, okay?" "I am now."

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The next day

Sarah let Chuck sleep as it took him awhile to relax the night before. Despite her attempts to be with him. He gently asked for a rain check. He didn't want them having sex to be the end result, for every hard decision he had to deal with. He appreciated the gesture in more ways than one but he wanted to be with his wife for other reasons. Sarah understood not taking it personally. She held him close as he rested his head on her chest drawing circles over her stomach and telling the

story of the Frost Queen to their baby.

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Chuck got up and changed heading downstairs looking for Sarah as his phone rang. He called for Sarah. Sarah came running. Chuck put the phone on speaker. "Well?" Casey grunted then they heard Kathleen's voice. "We have a beautiful baby girl.

Our Alex has arrived." "Congrats." Came from their mouths. "Everything went well?" Sarah asked. "Yeah, it went fine, except for Casey." "What about Casey." Chuck quickly asking. "The big guy cried." "I didn't cry I had something in my eye." They heard Kathleen laugh. "Okay we will go with that." "So, who does she look like?" Just then Chuck got a text. He opened the text seeing the little one. "She's adorable."

They talked for awhile as they heard Casey passing Alex back to Kathleen. Casey took the phone. "So, what's happening over there?" "It can wait you go be with your family." "This one is having lunch. She seems to have a hefty appetite." "Hmm." Chuck added. "I wonder where she got that from." "It's my other family that I am worried about." Chuck and Sarah sat down with the phone between them. "Well, the latest is their threat maybe be closer than we think. I think that Sarah and I will head to London and meet with Cole [tomorrow](#). If we meet from this Tuttle guy maybe we can find out a little more or at least someone else's version of the story." "Tell him about Quinn?" "Right, this Quinn guy was supposed to get the upload and was working with Merriweather." "Well, you did come across his name, didn't you?" "I did so we have to look into him as well

and find out where Quinn is. Until then my parents stay put. At least here I know that they are safe for the time being."

Chuck looked at Sarah. "Hey Casey, you go and be dad and we will keep you posted." "I can do both." Chuck laughed. "Tell me that when you have to change her diapers." Casey grunted. "Congrats Casey." "Thanks guys."

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Chuck and Sarah smiled as they walked down the hall. "Casey's a dad?" "He sure is." Chuck laughed. "I'm happy for him." Sarah turned to face him. She placed her hands on his chest. "I know you are. And you are going to be great dad as well." Chuck sighed then smiled. He lowered his head meeting her lips. "And you're going to be the best mom." "Am I?" "Yes, I have a strong feeling you will be." She kissed him back. "Love you." "Love you too Sarah."

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Chuck met with his mom telling her that they were going to London to hopefully meet with Tuttle. He watched her body language seeing what she'd do. Her body was stoic. "So have you talked to Tuttle?" "No, I just have a contact there that might have a location on him." Mary never moved. "When was the last time you spoke to him?" Mary shifted her feet. "Maybe a year or two." Her answer didn't sit well with him. He ran his hands through his hair. "A year or so." "We still kept our drop offs." "What does that mean?" "We had places set aside where we left messages." "And when was the last time you checked them?" Mary didn't answer. "When did you last check mom." Mary sat down. "It's been awhile." Chuck walked off leaving his mom sitting there. Sarah noticed him heading to the door. She followed. "Chuck where are you going?" Chuck ran out to the street. "It's never just black or white with her." His tone full of anger and frustration. Sarah walked towards him. She wanted to say to him 'What now?' But she chose her words carefully. "Talk to me." "I told my mom that we were going to London

and I asked her is she had been in contact with Tuttle.” “And has she?” Chuck shook her head. “Does that matter?” “He may not even know her, she could have just made his name up. Maybe she threw a name out there to see how loyal her son would be.” “Don’t you think that or go there!” Sarah grabbed his hand. “Don’t go there ever. What your mom did or does it has no reflection on you.” She grabbed his face hard. “You got that Bartowski.”

Her grip softened as she caressed his face. He nodded slowly acknowledging what she had said to him. Sarah continued to look at him wondering where that came from. For whatever reason, she made her point. She slid her arms around him as he followed. He nestled inside her neck a place they both liked. His warm breath on her chilled neck made her feel better but it also started to relax him. He held her close longer than her had expected but he wanted to let her know he appreciated her.

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Chuck booked their flight to London getting an early morning flight which would be ideal. They walked upstairs to pack before supper. Mary stood at the top of the stairs. She didn’t acknowledge them at first. She just stared. Sarah slid by. “Mary.” “Sarah.” Mary replied. Chuck stood on the landing looking up. “I have nothing to say to you mom.” Chuck took a step. But Mary didn’t budge. Chuck remembered what Sarah had said. His mom’s actions have no reflection on him. Chuck watched her as she pulled something out of her pocket. “When you meet him give him this, it might help.” Mary walked down the stairs meeting Chuck on the landing. She grabbed his hand turning it placing it inside his palm. Chuck looked at the medallion. “Tuttle gave it to me years ago.” Chuck flipped it over examining it. “It’s a Queen Elizabeth’s Coronation medal. He said he got it when he first joined MI6. He figured that if he had to have me meet people, he told them that I’d have this medallion on me. Back then we couldn’t always carry our badges especially when this mission wasn’t sanctioned. But those who did know about it, knew that we were using this to identify each other. He has one too.” Chuck flipped it over again then closed his palm. He looked up at her. “I will keep it

safe.” Mary caressed his face then kissed his cheek. She walked past him heading down the hallway.

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They found their seats waiting for the flight. Sarah knew that Chuck was miles away. When they left the house very few words were spoken. He got more out of his dad than his mom when it came to saying goodbye. Mary knew she had missed an opportunity by not looking into their way of communicating. And whether it would make a difference now.