

Enough

by David Carner

The Prequel to Never Enough. Sarah Walker, Graham's personal enforcer has had enough. Her last assignment; go to Burbank, find Bryce Larkin's partner, and kill him.

Rated: T · Genre: Angst, Drama, Hurt/Comfort

I don't own Chuck

She was so tired. First her father, then Graham, then Bryce, and now some dickhead handler named Ryker. She was done being used, she was done. She was ready to walk, in fact she had almost told Graham that when he showed her a lead on Bryce. Some nerd in California. Probably another one, another guy that would try and use her, just like all the rest. Her plan, simple. Fly to LA, get the intel back from him, kill him, and quit the CIA.

She was done with these men, these power hungry assholes that had used her, her whole life, for their gain. She was done being a pawn. She was known as Graham's personal enforcer, and for one last time she would, but only because it would screw up Bryce's plan and that was the only thing that made her smile.

She had watched him enter the Buy More, holding his head, looking scared. He should be scared, she was after him. She had just had to save a baby, kill her handler that was using said baby...a baby for God's sake. She had hidden the baby, so no one else could use the child, but she had had it.

This guy knew Bryce, and Bryce had sent him top secret information. She'd get it from him. She looked at the sign on the side of the store. She saw the cars that they drove, and an idea hit her. She picked up her cellphone, and called the store. He answered, and she told him she had a computer emergency, and would he please hurry. She hung up, put the car in drive and headed back to Mason 23, to prepare for him.

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Chuck shook his head trying to clear the fog from his head. He went to move his hands

and realized he couldn't. They were tied behind him. He thought back. He had a call, came to the place he was asked to, walked in, and suddenly a hand had snaked around him, he smelled something funny...and that was the last thing he remembered.

"We can do this one of two ways," he heard a voice say. He looked up at a beautiful woman, dressed in black, screwing a silencer onto a gun. "You're going to die. Now, I can start shooting parts of you until you tell me what I want to know, or you can tell me what I want to know, and then I kill you."

"W-w-why do you want to kill me?" Chuck managed to get out. "I swear I've never done anything worth killing."

She stopped screwing the silencer and looked him in the eyes. He visibly gulped. "You don't consider stealing national secrets a killable offense? You don't consider treason worthy of a bullet?"

"TREASON!?!?" Chuck's face went pale and for a moment she wondered, could anyone look that shocked and be faking it. "How the hell did I commit treason?"

"When Bryce sent you a communique with national secrets," Sarah told him.

"Bryce?" Chuck asked. "Bryce Larkin?" Sarah nodded and Chuck barked out a laugh.

"Oh my God," he muttered. "First the guy gets me thrown out of Stanford five years ago-"

"Wait, what?" Sarah asked.

"Then he sleeps with my girlfriend," Chuck continued. Sarah stared at him, wanting to think he was making this up, but this did sound somewhat like Bryce. "And to top it off, I don't hear from him for years, and he sends me a damn email and now I've got the most beautiful assassin I've ever seen trying to kill me." He looked down at the ground. "I'm sorry, I'm terrified, and when I'm terrified I just say what I'm thinking and while you are the only assassin I've ever met...that I know of...I can't imagine one more beautiful than you." She pointed the gun between his eyes. "No offense met," he rushed out.

"None taken," Sarah answered. She lowered the weapon, a seed of doubt creeping in. She watched Chuck slump, but not from relief from not being killed. It was more of a...well...he was giving up.

He snorted a laugh. "You know for five years I've been at the Buy More, hiding from life, afraid to live, and now...now here I am, about to die, and I don't want to. Hell of a time

for me to figure it out.” He looked up at her. “Listen, we both know you could whip my ass in three seconds flat, if you’re going to shoot me, could you at least untie my hands?” She studied him, perplexed. Why the hell had Bryce chose this guy? She found herself behind him, untying his hands. She stepped back, aimed the gun, but part of her knew she wouldn’t have to fire, he wasn’t running.

He stood, rubbing his wrists. “Okay,” he said, standing. “Where do you want to do this at?”

She blinked. “I’m sorry?”

“Where do you want me standing when you shoot me? Or are you gonna go through the shooting body parts because I have no secrets. I got a damn email from him and it fried my computer,” Chuck explained. “All you’re gonna do by shooting body parts is having me crying and screaming and spilling blood everywhere.”

She raised the gun again, but held his eyes with hers. “If you tell me what he sent you, I won’t kill you,” she said.

“I can’t tell you what I don’t know,” Chuck replied.

“He used me too,” Sarah told him. “Made me think I was his girlfriend, but I wasn’t...I was just...”

“Convenient, something to use to get what he wanted?” Sarah nodded at his words. “I’m sorry, I know how much that sucks. I know what it feels like to be used and discarded.”

“Chuck, don’t make me kill you,” Sarah told him.

“You’re not going to,” Chuck told her.

“I’m a cold-blooded assassin, Chuck, it’s what I do for the CIA,” Sarah told him.

He swallowed, visibly nervous. “You might. In fact, I believe you. I believe you kill some very bad people, but I know that you know that I’m not a very bad person, in fact, you know I’m not even a bad person. Hell, I’m the guy you don’t choose when you see me and a bad boy.” She gave him a look. “Again, nervous, gun.” She waved it as if to say, ‘Get to the point.’ “I’ve looked into your eyes, and I’ve seen you. You’re not going to kill me.”

“I have my orders,” Sarah told him.

“I’m sure you do, but I also think you’ve had enough...” he trailed off. “What’s your name?” She gave him a look. “Come on, if you’re gonna kill me, what does it matter?”

“Sarah,” she told him. “Sarah Walker.”

“Okay, Sarah, nice to meet you,” Chuck told her. “I don’t know anything about Bryce, or why he sent me that email, but I will help you find out, if you don’t kill me, and that’s not me begging or bargaining, it’s me, saying, you deserve to know.” She put the gun to his forehead, and he gulped, but he held her gaze. She looked into his eyes. For years, men had used her to get what they wanted. So the question was, was Chuck Bartowski using her to live, or being sincere in his offer. Her finger felt the trigger, all she’d have to do is squeeze it, and end this. She had had enough. She made her decision.