

Never Enough

by David Carner

I will not be posting Enough is Enough as it is part of the last chapter of this fic. What happened after Enough?

Rated: T · Genre: Friendship, Humor, Hurt/Comfort, Romance · Chapters: 25

Chapter 1: Never Enough

I don't own Chuck

"Your asking a lot of me," Sarah told Chuck, her hands gripping the gun, pointed at him. "I told you who I am."

Chuck reached up slowly, and put his hand on top of hers. There was no force, there was no pressure, his hand was simply lying on top of hers. "No, I'm asking you to listen to yourself."

"You don't know anything about me," Sarah retorted.

"We both know that's not true." She lowered the gun, her hands going to her side. She began to unscrew the silencer, Chuck watching her. "I'm not going to kill you."

"I know," Chuck told her. She looked up at him. "I'm glad." She chuckled. "I'm glad because I think that might have been it for you if you had." She stopped unscrewing and looked at him. "You deserve more."

"No I don't," Sarah said softly. "I don't deserve anything."

"That is not true," Chuck began.

"We do not have time for this discussion," Sarah cut in. "You have to be dead, and that means we have to do something about what's in your head."

"That sounds like you need to separate it from my shoulders," Chuck replied, swallowing.

"No, but you either have to be 'dead' or we have to get it out," Sarah explained. "So, what we need to do is make you look dead to make Langston happy."

"Langston?" Chuck asked. "Who the hell is Langston?"

"Langston Graham, Director of the CIA," Sarah explained, turning to Chuck. "Chuck?" She rushed to him, he looked as though he was having a seizure. "Chuck?"

"Good, God," Chuck muttered, having sank to one knee. He looked up at Sarah. "That's your boss?" His eyes were wide.

"Yes, but what about you," she began.

"Don't worry about me, what about you?" Sarah pulled her chin back. "After all he has done to you, I mean....Sarah....that man is the definition of a sonofabitch...I think...I don't actually know the definition, but-"

"Chuck, what happened?" Sarah asked.

"I saw some of his file, not all, because it's buried, redacted..." he gave her a long look. "He is not a good man."

"Tell me about it," she muttered. "Wait." She began to think. "How much is in there? Enough to get him put in jail?"

"I don't think so," Chuck said, shaking his head. "I mean, I've got some addresses, some places I could go and look for more complete files-"

"Excuse me?" Sarah asked. "Shouldn't the files be in DC?"

"I don't think so, I think these are private files, I think....I think he's dirty," Chuck said softly.

"He's the Director of the CIA, he's had to do some things, Chuck," Sarah began.

"Sarah, I mean, he's a bad guy," Chuck said, staring into her eyes. "He has money, in accounts, he's...." Chuck looked away. "He's not good." He turned red.

“What?” Sarah asked.

“Did he ever....have you...uh...well...ah...”

“I’ve never had sex with someone because of this job,” Sarah told him.

“Was there ever a time that he tried to make you?” Chuck asked.

She looked away, there was. She was told she had a choice, she could become his enforcer, or his fixer. She was thinking about that day when his voice pulled her out of his thoughts.

“I think he has a journal, I think whoever made this Intersect knew a few things, and put that stuff in there to be found,” Chuck told her. “I think Langston Graham has blackmailed, influenced, and just been an evil man. I think he’s used his power for some very bad things.”

“I had a choice to become his right hand, his enforcer, his killer, or.....or I could...” Sarah couldn’t finish.

“That’s low down, dirty, illegal, and just...ew,” Chuck told her, making her grin at the “ew”. “I mean...I’m pretty sure that breaks all sorts of federal laws.”

She was silent for a moment. “You said you would help me, does that include helping me get this guy?” Chuck sat there. “I’ll keep you safe.”

“My sister, her boyfriend,” Chuck began.

“I have an idea,” Sarah told him. “I have an idea, how to keep them safe, and you help me, but it is risky, Chuck.”

“Will it get you away from him?” Chuck asked.

“I am quitting tomorrow, regardless of what you decide to do,” Sarah told him. “I am done with this life, but if you’ll help me I think we can take him down.” Chuck sat there a moment, thinking. “Chuck, I promise, I’ll keep you safe, please. I know I don’t have the right to ask you this, but please, trust me.” “Oh, I do,” Chuck said. “I trust you, to keep me safe, but my sister and boyfriend...You and I will be doing whatever, I assume, and won’t be close to them.”

"You're right, but I know a place that will protect them, here, in California, close to where they are now," Sarah told him.

"Okay," Chuck replied. She shook her head at him. "What?"

"I don't know why you trust me," Sarah replied.

"Well, one, you went against orders and didn't kill me," Chuck began. "Two...you have been kind when you didn't have to."

"I kidnapped you," Sarah told him. "Sarah, I have seen a little of what you did, and when you have no question what someone deserves..." he shivered. "Sorry, not used to the blood and stuff." She nodded. "But in that moment, a few minutes ago, you had doubts, and the person you told me you were, did not match the person I saw in your eyes."

"Chuck," she began.

"I've got you," he told her.

"Chuck, no," she told him. "You didn't see what you think you saw. You saw someone that had enough of that life."

"That's true." She looked away, feeling shame, and Sarah Walker did not feel shame. He continued. "You may have enough of that life, but you've not had enough, or much of it at all, of this one," Chuck countered. She turned back to him, shock covering her features. "I'm gonna show you this life, and you'll understand what I mean."

"By the time this is over, you'll have enough of me," she began, when her phone rang. "Graham, I gotta take this, be quiet." Chuck nodded as she moved to the other side of the room.

"I don't think I'll ever have enough of you Sarah Walker," Chuck said softly. "Never Enough."

Chapter 2: Never Enough Ch 2

I don't own Chuck

Sarah sat in the NSA substation, wondering if she had done the right thing. She blew out a frustrated breath, wondering her next move, when the doors opened, and in walked a man and a woman. Sarah swallowed, stood, and prepared herself. The woman shrieked, as she rushed to Chuck, pulling him into a hug. "Thank God," she murmured, squeezing him tight. The tall blond man was hugging both of them, saying, "awesome," over and over.

Chuck pulled away, turned to Sarah, and mouthed, "Thank you." She nodded, and looked away, shocked at the emotion that she felt.

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Earlier

"Okay, so, here's the plan, it's risky, but..." Sarah trailed off.

"Anything that doesn't involve me getting a bullet in my head is one that I am down for," Chuck told Sarah. "What about your boss?"

"I told him I was preparing for you now, that it was going to take an extra day," Sarah began. "I told him that I thought I could pull this off tomorrow because there would be less witnesses around." Chuck nodded. "I have a friend, that knows someone in the NSA..." she trailed off. "I'm not sure if they're currently on speaking terms..."

"Do I even want to know what happened?" Chuck asked.

"Well, my friend, she was going by Carina Miller, last time I saw her....Chuck?"

He was holding his head. His face looked like he had having a mini stroke. "Red head, might be mistaken for a Swedish model?" Sarah nodded. "Wow. She has done some...ahem, stuff."

"How much is in there?" Sarah asked.

"A lot," he told her. He shook his head. "Some of it I don't know if I'm old enough to read," he muttered. Sarah snorted. "I'm sorry, you just told me you haven't."

"I haven't, I don't know what Carina has done," Sarah told him. "She believes in using all weapons available to her."

"She should be certified a WMD," Chuck muttered, and then realized what he had said. "I'm sorry, you said she was a friend-"

"Carina is who Carina is, but I also believe she embellishes," Sarah told him. "So, is there anything in there about Prague, and John Casey?" Chuck's face went weird again. "I'm sorry, does that hurt?"

"It's not pleasant, but I bet it feels better than a bullet in the brain," Chuck told her. "I know how to get in touch with him, and his superior, General Beckman." Sarah's eyes went wide. "I can get you a secure connection on a phone, if you want me to?"

"You can?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," Chuck replied shrugging.

"Wow, what all is in that Intersect?"

"Oh, that's not the Intersect," Chuck replied. He scratched the back of his neck, looking a little embarrassed. "Head of the Nerd Herd," he reminded her. "It's all me."

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Now

"Agent Walker," the shorter, older woman said. Sarah had been watching the mini-Bartowski reunion. Sarah turned toward General Beckman. "I have spoken to Director Graham and he has agreed about Major Casey being a witness to Mr. Bartowski's death. It will look like you found him, hacking into a computer, trying to steal government secrets."

"Thank you, General," Sarah told her. "And Chuck's family?"

“As we agreed, they will be brought on by doctors to work with the NSA,” Beckman told Sarah. “We told Graham it was to keep an eye on them and make sure they weren’t spies.”

“So I go back to DC tomorrow night, and resign,” Sarah said, nodding. “What about your presence here in California?”

“I simply told Graham I am a little more hands on than he is,” Beckman said with a grin. “You will fly back with me. Once you go in to resign if I don’t hear from you in two hours, I will contact you and then Graham.” Sarah nodded.

“He won’t kill me,” Sarah told Beckman.

She nodded and continued. “Chuck will stay here, guarded by Major Casey. If you do not return, for whatever reason, Chuck will go ahead with the plan.”

“I’ll be back,” Sarah told Beckman.

“I believe you,” Beckman told her.

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Earlier

“General Beckman?” Sarah asked into the phone.

“This is. Who the hell is this?” Beckman asked.

“Agent Sarah Walker, CIA, I have information that you may find useful,” Sarah replied.

“Agent Walker, this is highly inappropriate,” Beckman told her.

“I agree, but so is the Director of the CIA killing personal enemies using CIA operatives, and hiding the fact that the Intersect is in a civilian hands with a CIA kill order out on him,” Sarah said.

There was silence for a second. “We need to discuss this face to face, where are you?” Beckman asked. Sarah gave Chuck a look. If he was wrong not only could he be dead, but so could she.

“Trust me,” he said softly. She did. She didn’t know why, but she did.

"Burbank," Sarah replied.

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Now

"So, this looks like you've done this before," Chuck said, glancing at Casey. Casey looked at him and then back to the tarp laid on the floor. "You know what, how about you don't answer that."

"You talking about actually killing people or making it look like we killed someone?" Casey asked. Chuck turned to Casey, eyes wide, then turned his gaze quickly back to the tarp.

"How about not scaring the hell out of the guy who we have to keep protected?" Sarah asked.

"What do you have for brain matter?" Ellie asked. Chuck turned to her slowly, a look of "what are you doing?" on his face. "What? I'm a neurologist, what can I say, I'm curious."

"What about blood?" Devon asked.

"Pig's blood," Casey answered. "Pig's brains as well."

"Nice," Devon replied.

"I'm gonna need a really long shower after this is over with," Chuck muttered. Sarah was watching Chuck, and saw that he was struggling a bit. In the past, she had never cared about assets, or civilians as far as their feelings were concerned. She kept innocents safe, but this, this was very new to her.

"You okay?" she murmured, coming close to him, his hands on his bicep.

He turned to her. "Yeah, just...this is a lot."

"I know, but after today, it's gonna get a lot harder," Sarah warned.

"You say that, but if you knew how squeamish I am," Chuck began. Sarah couldn't help but smile at him. "Uh, so, after you get back, how does this work?"

“We’re going to have some funds set up for us by the NSA,” Sarah said. “For your protection, and Casey’s we’re going to be staying in the same room, okay?” Chuck nodded. “Any preference to a cover name?”

“Charles Carmichael,” he said, and then he swallowed.

“That was kinda fast,” Sarah said.

“Well, I may have sometimes thought about who’d I be if life hadn’t gone so bad.” Sarah nodded. “So, guess I should lay down?” Sarah squeezed his arm and stepped back. Chuck walked over to the tarp to lay down.

“Ooo,” Ellie said, excitedly. “Let me do the brains.”

Chuck looked at Sarah, trepidation on his face. “Trust me,” she mouthed. He gave her a smile. He did.

Chapter 3: Never Enough Ch 3

I don't own Chuck

He was lying in bed, turning Ellie's words over in his mind. *"Why would Bryce Larkin send it to you?"* It was a simple question, but there was not a simple answer. He thought there was; Chuck thought Bryce trusted him more than anyone else in the CIA. Chuck knew that Sarah and Bryce had been partners, and given her words earlier, he wondered if he did her the way he had done his girlfriends at Stanford.

Bryce hadn't trusted Sarah, and Chuck understood that, but that begged the question, had he absolutely burned every bridge in the CIA that the only person he trusted was the guy he got kicked out of college? Or, was there something more.

He got out of bed, went out of his room and began to walk down the hallway. He was in an underground bunker of the NSA. He wasn't being kept prisoner, but he was told he could not leave, because he was legally dead. His new papers were being created by Sarah, and she supposedly would give them to him when she arrived. She told him before she left it could take a few days because she was driving back, to avoid be tracked on airlines.

They were going to disappear. They were going on a hunt, and Chuck was in charge of their destinations. There were so many spots they could go, places that had popped up in the flash. Chuck had also been given Langston's file and he had gone through it, but something about it bothered him. He had grabbed the file on the way out the door as he headed toward the atrium.

There were a few lights on, as he sat down on a bench, near one of the tall lamps. He flipped through Graham's file, and something bothered him. Before age sixteen, there was nothing in the file about Graham. What bothered him was that was the same age he had recruited Sarah. He closed the file and tapped it against his leg.

"What's eatin' ya, kid?" a gruff voice asked, nearly making Chuck scream. "I've got cameras on you kid, when you left the room I was notified."

“Sorry, Casey,” Chuck said. Casey waved his hand and sat down beside him. Chuck saw he had on a robe and a pair of slippers. He was scared to know how the man was dressed under the robe. “Something about Graham’s file bothers me.” Casey looked at him. “He recruited Sarah at sixteen, there is nothing in Graham’s file before he was sixteen. Is that a coincidence?”

“Maybe, maybe not,” Casey said. “It’s not really a surprise there’s nothing in there, but then again...” Casey trailed off. “Things happen to us as kids that shape us.” Chuck nodded. “Take Walker for instance.”

“Her dad’s influence affected so much of what happened to her,” Chuck said softly.

“And your Dad disappearing affected who you are,” Casey added. Chuck turned to Casey, surprised. “I read your file as well.”

“Makes sense,” Chuck replied. “Think it would hurt to do a little digging?”

“Not one bit,” Casey said. “So, where do we start?”

“Montgomery, Alabama,” Chuck told him. Casey’s eyes widened. “And, before you ask, he was born in 1954.”

“Damn,” Casey muttered. “That couldn’t have been easy. Montgomery, Alabama, the 50s, a minority.”

“He was only one year old during the bus boycott,” Chuck said.

“Yeah, but that stuff didn’t just blow over, overnight,” Casey said. “This might get ugly.”

“The director of the CIA is having his political and personal opponents murdered, Casey, I think we can drop the might,” Chuck replied. Casey nodded. “Listen, I know this could end badly for me.”

“It could end badly for all of us,” Casey corrected.

“That’s my point,” Chuck said. “I’m living on borrowed time, I should be dead, so if you can only save Sarah or I-”

"Bartowski, knock it off," Casey said, standing. "Somehow you talked a killer into not blowing your head off. If I save her and not you, she'd kill me."

"Casey, all I did was show her the truth. All I did was give her a reason to listen to what was already in her heart."

Casey sat there a second and then snorted. "All," Casey said. "Hell, Bartowski you have no idea what you've gotten yourself into."

"I know," Chuck bemoaned. Casey gave a gruff laugh. "What?"

"Christ, this is gonna suck so bad," Casey said as he stood. "Try and get some shuteye, when Walker returns I suspect we'll begin." With that he left Chuck sitting there. Chuck starred out into the night sky, wondering what Bryce had gotten him into.

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Casey looked down at Chuck who was asleep on the atrium bench. "Bartowski," he said, kicking Chuck's shin gently...ish. Chuck snorted and looked around as he woke up. "Fell asleep, huh?"

"Casey, I've been thinking," Chuck began.

"Christ," Casey muttered.

"Why did Bryce send this thing to me, a civilian?" Chuck asked. Casey didn't say anything. "I mean I get he may have burned bridges....but, this really makes no sense."

"He trusted no one in the CIA," Casey muttered. "And, Beckman knew little about this thing." He rubbed his jaw. "Maybe using NSA funds ain't the smartest idea. Let me call Beckman."

"Okay," Chuck said. "Do we know where Sarah is?"

"No idea, she'll get here when she gets here," Casey said, walking off.

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Chuck woke later that night, feeling warmth in his bed. He looked over, and saw Sarah sleeping beside him. "Sarah?"

“What?” she asked, raising her head. “What’s wrong?”

“Uh....your in my bed,” Chuck told her.

“Well, I don’t have a room here, I just got back, and we’re going to be sharing a room, Chuck, besides, this was Casey’s idea.” Chuck’s eyes went wide. “We will probably have to fake being a cover couple and I’m guessing you have no experience in that.”

“I mean, not officially, but I kinda think my ex-girlfriend was preparing me for this,” Chuck muttered. Sarah gave him a look. “Nevermind.” He laid back down.

“Chuck, you should know something,” Sarah told him. His eyes popped back open. “If you steal the covers, I will take them back, and it won’t be pretty.”

“Noted,” Chuck replied. He lay there for a long time before sleep took him.

Chapter 4: Never Enough Ch 4

I don't own Chuck

Chuck awoke feeling a pleasant, warm weight on his left side. He looked over and saw Sarah, cuddle up on his shoulder. "I told you there would be consequences for stealing the covers," she said in a sleepy voice.

"The covers are on you, and are hanging over your side of the bed," he protested.

"Fine," she huffed. "I got cold, and you're warm, and..."

"It's fine," Chuck told her. There was silence for a second and he decided to quickly change the subject. "I've been doing the math, how did you get back so fast?"

"I drive fast, and didn't sleep much," Sarah told him. "That's how I ended up like this, sorry."

"Hey, nothing to apologize for," Chuck told her. She lifted up her head and studied him. "Sarah, I would be dead if it wasn't for you."

"By my hand," she reminded him.

"But I'm not dead, I'm alive," he reminded her. "So, if you need to cuddle at night to stay warm so that you can continue to keep me safe and we stop this guy, then do so."

"Chuck," she began, and then she stopped, shaking her head. "Your gonna see a lot of bad things in the next....well...however long this takes."

"I've already seen a lot of ugliness," he reminded her, pointing at his head. "A lot of ugliness that you were exposed to against your will." Sarah shook her head at him. "Here's what I'm saying, what we are going to have to do is going to be..."

"Complicated?" Sarah offered.

"My sister hates that word," Chuck told her, laughing. "But, yeah, so, here's the deal, I'm here. To help you though this, and if you need to cuddle to sleep better-"

"I do not *need* to cuddle," Sarah told him.

"Noted," Chuck replied. "But you didn't hate it?"

"Didn't hate it," Sarah agreed. "Now, I've talked to Casey, and we are going to have to hold off on taking off as soon as we wanted to. We're going to have to find someone to channel money through back channels and create accounts you and I can use while undercover."

"Anything I can do?" Chuck asked.

"Unless you can figure out a way to move money, and it not be seen, no. I think that's out of your nerd herd skills," Sarah told him, grinning. Chuck looked away. "Chuck?" He didn't say anything, but the look on his face deepened. "Chuck," she said, raising a questioning eyebrow.

He turned back to her, trepidation on his face. "So, I can trust you, right?" he asked in a frightened voice. Sarah stared at him. "Ever heard of Piranha?"

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"Christ," Casey muttered, watching Chuck in front of a computer.

"What's he doing, Major?" Beckman asked over the feed.

"I haven't a damned clue, but suddenly we have their wedding date and certificate, an online presence of Mr and Mrs Carmichael, back stories, and all the evidence in the world that these two are as real or more real than the two flesh and blood people standing in front of me," Casey said, awe apparent in his voice.

"Mr. Bartowski, are there any other hidden talents that you need to share with us?" Beckman asked.

"I can sing the hell out of some 80s tunes in the shower," Chuck told Beckman. Sarah snorted in spite of herself. "*Somebody's Watching me*, has always been a favorite." Beckman glared at him, but he swore he saw her lip twitch. "Do you think we need a few Roth IRAs, Mrs. Carmichael?" he asked, never looking at Sarah, typing on one screen and then another.

"I feel the Carmichaels are very carefree, in the moment people, hence why they are traveling the United States with..." She paused and glanced at Casey. "Why is Casey with us?" Sarah asked.

"He's our man-servant," Chuck offered.

"No," Casey growled.

"Would the Carmichaels call him John-John?" Chuck continued.

"I hate this assignment," Casey muttered.

"You would, but I don't like to piss off the hired help," Sarah told him.

"Casey, you're in trouble, she's already referring to you as the help," Chuck said in a sing song voice.

"General," Casey began.

"No, Major," Beckman said. "I have no idea what the hell you were going to ask, but just...no. Mr. Bartowski, please quit harassing Major Casey."

"I'm sorry, General, I'm still going through the trauma of my 'brains being blown out'," Chuck explained. "There, it's done. Got someone that you want to check it?"

"I do," General Beckman said. "Tomorrow morning you two begin your journey. Major, you go ahead, scout out their first stop. Have you decided on your first stop?"

"General, I've been thinking," Chuck began.

"Christ," Casey muttered.

"Wait, hear me out, we need to keep a cover, correct?" Chuck asked.

"That is correct, Mr. Bartowski, proceed," Beckman said, watching Casey rub his head like a migraine was approaching.

"This big tech guru is on a journey to rest, have relaxation, it's a thirty hour drive to Montgomery, okay, twenty if Agent Walker was driving," Chuck conceded.

"More like twenty-five, but thanks for the faith in me," Sarah told him.

"You're welcome," Chuck replied.

"The point," Beckman said. "Where do you think you should go?"

"Tombstone, Arizona is about eight hours away," Chuck began.

"Oh hell no," Casey muttered. Beckman stared at Casey for a moment and grinned.

"Agent Walker, to better complete the cover, I would like your opinion on this," Beckman began. "Do you think protection wise this would work?"

"I do," Sarah admitted. "And maybe staying two nights."

"General," Casey protested.

"Major, we have to protect the Intersect, *and* figure out what all he is seeing about Director Graham, we have to sell this cover," Beckman told him. "And I really feel Mr. Carmichael really wants to explore Tombstone."

"Fine," Casey told her. "What kind of accommodations?"

Chuck just stood there and Sarah elbowed him in the side. "What? Oh, well, there are mining cabins that looked kinda cool."

"Fine, I'll get one for you two and one for me, and of course, to sell your cover, I'll make sure there's only one bed," Casey said, proud of himself.

"That's probably best since we're cover married," Sarah said to Casey.

The two were staring at each other, neither giving an inch. "Thank you," Chuck said softly. Both turned to him. "I get it, I should be dead, I'm living on borrowed time, so thank you both for protecting me. This...what I'm doing...right now...it's a defense mechanism because I'm scared to death."

"You should be," Casey said. "We'll keep you safe, Bartowski. Walker, text me when you get to Tombstone." With that Casey left.

"He likes me," Chuck told Sarah. Beckman rolled her eyes and cut the feed. "He does," Chuck insisted.

“Come on, Mr. Carmichael, we have planning to do,” Sarah said taking his arm and pulling him away from the computer.

Chapter 5: Never Enough Ch 5

I don't own Chuck

Chuck was sitting in the car, quiet, his mind whirling. "You okay?" Sarah asked, causing Chuck to look over at her. "I didn't mean to upset you last night if I did."

Last night, Chuck had woken up, bothered by Graham's file, or lack thereof. He had gotten up without waking Sarah, who was on her side of the bed, her back to him. He took his normal route down the atrium hallway, to his bench, taking the file with him. He sat there, studying in, when he nearly threw it in surprise when Sarah sat down beside him. "You were gone."

He was now reflecting on that. She had known he was gone. She had been sound asleep, and she had known he was gone. He didn't have time to think about that, because he realized Sarah was looking at him. "Sorry, still thinking about my mini-heart attack and the reason I woke up to start with."

"You never did say why," Sarah replied. "What has you so bothered?"

Chuck frowned. "Langston Graham doesn't exist before he was sixteen years old," Chuck told her.

"Chuck, it was a different time, they didn't keep records like that," Sarah told him.

"No, there is a birth certificate and then literally nothing until he is sixteen. No school records, nothing." She drove, silent, but he could tell she was kicking something around in her head. "Listen, I get you have to keep secrets, but I have the Intersect in my head." She grinned at that. "I'll also pinky swear that I will never reveal what you tell me if that will help."

"Those don't hold in a court of law," Sarah reminded him. "They do in the most important court," Chuck told her. She glanced at him, amused. "Friendship court."

"I see," Sarah replied. She was silent a second. "Oh, what the hell, it's my secret."

"Wait, don't tell me then," Chuck told her. She gave him a confused look. "I was looking for something to help us figure out Graham, not your past life."

"Chuck, I think my past life may give us a clue," Sarah explained. "Langston Graham made my life before I was sixteen disappear." Chuck thought about that. "Who I was before I joined the CIA...only I know."

"Okay," Chuck replied. "Are you suggesting that Langston Graham might not be Langston Graham?"

"I am," Sarah told him. Chuck was silent, worrying with his lip. "What are you thinking?"

"Are we wasting our time going to Montgomery?" Chuck asked her.

"I don't think so," Sarah told him. "If he created a new persona, or someone did for him, this was years ago. There's a good chance they did use a town from his past, and besides, Montgomery's huge."

"It is, but if he was there, during the time he was in Montgomery..." Chuck trailed off.

"You think there's a lead there," Sarah finished for him.

"I do," Chuck told her. "Maybe I'm stupid-"

"Hey, no," Sarah cut in. "Your ideas have been spot on so far, and if there is nothing there, then that itself is a clue...what it means, I have no idea."

"It may mean I'm Charles Carmichael forever, and you resigned for no good reason," Chuck replied gloomily.

"You're wrong," she told him. "I'm out of that life, and until we figure that out, you're stuck with me."

"I'm stuck with you?" Chuck asked, giving her look. "Why do you make that sound like it's the most terrible thing in the world."

"Chuck, I told you, I'm a cold-blooded killer," she began.

“Stop,” Chuck said, surprising her, the insistence in his voice. “Obviously you’ve forgotten my promise.” She didn’t speak. “Did you go through some stuff....and I do realize stuff is really downplaying it.” She couldn’t help but chuckle. “Sure, but you’re out of that life, and I’m going to help you resolve that life, find closure. It may take a long time, which I didn’t realize that until a little bit ago, but if it does, so what?” She glanced at him.

“You really don’t know me,” she insisted.

“I looked into your eyes when you held a gun to my temple,” he reminded her. “We got real intimate, real quick.” He thought about what he said. “Oh, God-”

“No, don’t apologize, I get what you mean,” she said. “But, Chuck, that’s the first time I made that decision.”

“And the last,” Chuck told her.

“No, the last will be when I have the gun pointed at Graham,” she told him. “I’m going to kill the son-of-a-bitch.” Chuck didn’t say anything. “Disappointed in me.”

“No,” Chuck said, shaking his head. “I’ve seen...a lot, and while I think putting him in prison is better...” Chuck trailed off. “I just worry it will hurt you more than him.” Sarah snorted.

“This is what you’re stuck with Chuck, an ex-CIA agent hellbent on ending the life of the current director of the CIA.”

“I feel like you’re stuck with me,” Chuck countered. Sarah gave him a look. “I do,” he insisted.

“Doesn’t feel like stuck from my vantage point, just sayin’,” she said with a shrug.

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Tombstone was not the hell Casey feared it would be...it was worse. Chuck decided Carmichael would go on a ghost hunt and to his surprise, Sarah volunteered to go with him, almost gleefully. Chuck laid out everything to Casey and they all agreed that something wasn’t right with Graham’s file. Casey asked Chuck what his plan was.

"I've found a few pictures of Graham at sixteen, so we need to find people to show it to," Chuck told him.

"Schools were segregated by '54," Casey told him.

"Kinda," Chuck said. "There were a bunch of academies opened as private schools to keep students separated." Casey shook his head. "But schools were my second thought." Chuck went quiet.

"Go ahead, Bartowski, you're ideas have been spot on so far," Casey told him.

"It's the South, Casey," Chuck began. "You know who knew everyone's business in the South?"

"Church members," Casey said, grinning. Chuck nodded. "Good idea, Bartowski."

"How is that a good idea?" Sarah asked. "How many churches are in Montgomery?"

"Close to three hundred," Chuck told her. "But remember, it was the 50s, and there is my secret weapon." Sarah gave him a long look. "Many churches have begun digitizing their directories, and putting them online. I might have had a computer program running while we were on our ghost hunt." Casey grunted. It sounded like pride, but Chuck wasn't sure it was gas.

"You found Graham," Sarah asked.

"No," Chuck said, shaking his head, and turning his laptop toward her. In the picture on the screen was a mother and her three sons. "I found Wayne Tisdale, of Montgomery Alabama." Sarah glanced at the picture on Chuck's laptop that looked to be between ten and twelve and then the picture Chuck had of Graham at sixteen. The resemblance was uncanny.

"Graham isn't Graham," Sarah said softly.

"Just like I'm not John Casey or you're not Sarah Walker," Casey said.

"And like I'm not Charles Carmichael," Chuck added. They both gave him a look and shook their head. "What?"

Chapter 6: Never Enough Ch 6

I don't own Chuck

The three made their way from Tombstone to Odessa, Tx, the next day. The trip was uneventful, well...as far as anything Graham related was involved. Chuck asked Sarah about her favorite music and she had shrugged. Over the next several hours, Chuck introduced her to different kinds to find out what she preferred. Before the drive was over, she admitted she had like some boy bands in the 90s. Chuck told her he didn't judge, but she told him it felt like he really did.

That night, in their hotel room, he turned on his music, and burst out of the bathroom into the main room, dancing, badly to, *Everybody* by the Backstreet Boys. It was horrific and Sarah laughed at him.

The nights in the bed had been interesting to both of them. They started on opposite sides, but always ended up cuddling in the middle of the bed. Neither really knew what to say, but neither of them felt awkward about it.

From Odessa, they continued their trek east to Shreveport, Louisiana. Casey told them he had a contact there and told them to remain in their room until he returned. Sarah told him she was a trained CIA agent and she would go where ever she wanted.

Chuck opened his mouth and both of them told him he would do what they said. Sarah led him to the room and said she would stay there to make sure Chuck was protected. Casey returned several hours later, smelling of alcohol, and grinning. Chuck and Sarah quickly deduced that his "contact" was an old drinking buddy, and Casey just wanted to be away from Chuck and Sarah, which they both found odd, since they were in separate vehicles. Casey muttered something about "lady feelings" and promptly fell asleep.

The next day they arrived in Montgomery, Alabama. Sarah had told Chuck that since it was to be their home base for a while, they needed to stay in a nice hotel. Chuck was a little upset about spending the government's money that way. He heard Casey mutter something, which he swore was, "good man."

After they checked in, Casey came over and told them they had a meeting to go to. Apparently before Casey and his contact had tied one on, actual business was conducted, and Casey's contact had found someone for them to talk to. He gave them the contact information and where to meet her. When asked if he was joining, he grunted and gave them a look.

A few hours later found Chuck and Sarah seated in a diner, when a woman slid into the booth seat across from them. "I'm Pat," she said softly. "I hear you're asking questions about the Tisdale boy." Chuck grinned. She was the same age, if not older than Graham. She chuckled. "I haven't seen Wayne in...gosh, nearly fifty years, so he ain't a boy no more."

"No ma'am, he is not," Chuck said to her. "What can you tell me about him?"

"He was a very angry child," Pat told Chuck and Sarah. "He kept getting in trouble. He was the youngest of the three boys, and you know how older brothers can pick on others."

"Pat," Chuck said, and paused. "I feel like there's something big here, that you're not telling us." Pat glanced around, reached into her purse, and pushed a folded piece of paper to him. "What's this?" Chuck asked, unfolding it.

"That is a copy of the local paper in 1967," Pat said. Chuck glanced at it. "It's a story of three boys that had been missing over eighteen months." Chuck looked at the names and his mouth dropped. "They were found in the river, decomposed, and no one was ever charged. Ronnie Tisdale was the middle Tisdale boy. The other two Terrance Roberts and Chris Mack were two kids that had been known to fight with Wayne."

Chuck looked at Sarah and then back to Pat. "Are you saying he killed them?" Sarah asked. Pat shrugged. "What happened after he turned sixteen?"

"He disappeared," Pat told them. "He just wasn't at church one Sunday. When we asked his momma, she said, 'Wayne had to go away.' The older brother had already left Montgomery and no one that I know of has seen him. His momma died a few years later, and neither of them came to the funeral."

"Do you have any idea where he went?" Chuck asked. Pat shook her head and Chuck frowned.

"I do know this," Pat said, causing Chuck to look back up at her. "When Wayne turned thirteen, he got into some trouble. He got taken to the police station, and when he came home, it was some white guy that brought him back. It seemed every time from then on, whenever there was an issue, this guy was there."

"Any idea of his name?" Sarah asked.

"Cecil, maybe," Pat said. "I really don't remember, it was years ago."

"You have been an amazing help," Sarah told her. "Thank you so much." Pat nodded at the two, stood, and left. "I wonder," Sarah muttered, watching her go. "You know how I told you about Graham, and me. What if this Cecil or whoever was his Graham?"

"Sarah, are we to believe Graham killed three kids when he was just a kid himself?" Chuck asked her.

"He's cold and calculating, Chuck," Sarah told him. "He gets even with those that have wronged him." Chuck shivered. "Don't worry, I won't let him touch you."

Chuck looked her right in the eye. "Sarah, you're the one that crossed him, not me."

"He won't touch me, I promise," Sarah explained. She looked at the paper in his hand and shook her head.

"Want to get something to eat?" Chuck asked her.

"No," she said, shaking his head. "I'm not hungry."

"Finding out who he is, killing your appetite?" Chuck asked. She gave him a look.

"Sorry, that was some unwanted gallows humor."

"Oh, God," she groaned, got up, and walked away, leaving Chuck sitting there.

"Murdered that one," he muttered to himself.

"Come on Charles!" she called to him. Chuck got up and followed her.

Chapter 7: Never Enough Ch 7

I don't own Chuck

Chuck and Sarah went straight to their room, where Casey was waiting for them. Chuck and Sarah told Casey everything they had been told and showed him the article. Casey studied the article, thought for a moment, and then looked at the two of them.

"Well, we've probably stepped in it," Casey muttered. "Any ideas, Bartowski?"

"None," Chuck admitted. "And the worst thing is, I'm now useless."

"How do you figure that?" Casey asked him.

"Everything in my head, it's got to be filtered by Graham," Chuck replied.

"Wait," Sarah cut in. "You figured out about Graham, so, maybe that's not true."

"I think you're both right," Casey told them. The two turned to Casey. "I've been talking to Beckman and we both found it odd that Chuck even flashed on Graham."

"It is," Chuck agreed. "You'd think he'd of cut out everything about him."

"The Intersect, it's supposed to take information from everywhere, and come up with things," Casey said. "At least that's the way Beckman explained it." He paused, and then looked at Sarah. "Think about it Walker, you can clean your record, your files, but you know what doesn't get cleaned? Money."

"So while I might scrub all instances of my name," Sarah said, understanding. "There's still mission reports out there, dates, times, money trail, other action reports, other agent reports, and the Intersect sifts through all of that?"

"Exactly," Casey told her. "We have to find things that make the Intersect put it all together."

"This sounds complicated," Chuck admitted.

"It was never going to be easy," Casey agreed. "Now, Bartowski, what can I do?" Chuck gave him a confused look. "Listen, you two need to be couple-y. I can go do some real investigating."

"There's a third brother, what happened to him," Chuck said. "Is he dead, buried in some field."

"A potter's field," Sarah said. Chuck looked at her, nodding. "He could be buried there. That's a good place to hide someone, especially during that time period."

"What about this Cecil?" Chuck asked. "I know that's a long shot, and may not even be his name--"

"No, that's good," Casey said. "A possible CIA agent, in Montgomery, in 1951, that would be most interesting."

"We did open the Office of Current Intelligence then, a US operation," Sarah reminded him.

"And given what was going on here in '51," Casey added. "No, that's good, Bartowski. I'll reach out to my contacts, and see who I can find. At the end of the day, it sounds like we know Graham is a son-of-a-bitch, that may have killed people he knew."

"And the Intersect thinks he killed opponents," Chuck added. They both missed the look on Sarah's face.

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He woke up, alone in bed. He looked around and saw her standing by the window, looking out at the evening traffic that still flowed. He wasn't sure what had woken him until he heard it again. He stood, and walked quietly toward her and then thought about how that might be a bad idea.

"Hey, it's me, please don't kick me...well, wherever," he said. Her shoulders shook, and he thought it was from laughter. She didn't turn around, and he knew why. "You know, I talk....a lot, and people find this really crazy, but I can also listen."

She didn't say a thing. She just kept looking out the window. Chuck could see her face in the reflection, the redness of her eyes, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "I'm a killer," she said in a soft voice. She looked up, caught his sight in the reflection of the window. "I'm a cold blooded killer, and murderer."

"No, you're not," Chuck disagreed. She spun, anger, mixed with sadness on her face. "You aren't," he said, straightening, not backing down, but terrified all the same.

"How can you say that?" she asked, just above a whisper.

"Cause I'm standing here," Chuck told her. "Listen, did some of those people do what Graham accused them of, probably not, but were they still bad people?"

"Chuck, it doesn't matter," Sarah told him. "I'm...evil."

"No," he said, putting his hands on her upper arms. "You are not." She stared at him. "Don't hit me," he said softly, and he pulled her in for a hug. She stood there a second, and then she wrapped her arms around him and began to sob softly into his shoulder. "Let it out," he encouraged her. The hate she had for herself, she cried it out. The rage at taking lives for a man's political and personal agenda, she let it out. She sobbed until she was weary, and nearly out on her feet.

He tried to lead her, but quickly realized the easiest thing was just to pick her up. He carried her to bed, and tucked her in. He got in on his side, and watched her. Small sobs escaped her. He scooted over, and pulled her tight against him. She cried softly. Chuck wasn't sure how long it lasted, but eventually they turned to a soft snore.

"We're gonna get him, Sarah, I promise," he told her, gently rubbing her back. He placed a soft kiss into her hair and held her until he fell asleep.

Chapter 8: Never Enough Ch 8

I don't own Chuck

"Finding the other brother will be impossible." It was like she was listening to his thoughts. She had slept all night, he...not so much. His head was sifting through everything and he thought he was going to flash, but he never did. It was like the feeling when one is about to sneeze, but you can't, because the conditions aren't yet right. He had SOME information, but he did not have it all. What else did he need? He had no idea.

He had been thinking about what Sarah said, a potter's field. If the other brother was dead and buried in a similar location...there would be no way of identifying the body's location. He was lying there thinking where they should look next when she spoke. He turned his head, and saw those blue eyes staring at him, but softer than they had been before. While she was talking about the next step in the case, Chuck found himself wondering from the way she looked at him, if she was thinking about the case, or something else.

"Yeah, you're right," Chuck agreed. "I think we're done here, but where do we go, what do we do?"

Sarah didn't answer for a second. "That is the real question isn't it? And not just about this case." Chuck started to speak but felt like she had more to say and if he opened his mouth he'd kill whatever confidence she was finding to talk to him about her life. So he remained silent. "I don't know what to do."

"Well, breakfast and a shower is currently on the top of my list," Chuck told her with a soft smile. He slowly raised his hand to brush a hair out of her face. She watched him do so, a soft smile on her face. "I'm not saying we hole up here for a few days, but I think we need to have some idea where to go."

"Montana, Wyoming," Sarah said with a shrug. "No one will find you there."

"I would be very alone, and I don't know anyone in either of those places," Chuck told her. "I mean, you and Casey would be out in the field, and me there, by myself...no thank you." She stared at him, and then lowered her eyes. He watched her wet her lips and when she spoke, her voice sounded raspy, like her throat was dry. "I was talking about you and I hiding there."

"Sarah," Chuck began.

"Don't," she said, quickly, cutting him off. "I have to protect you."

"Sarah, I will get the info on him, it's just going to take some time, we'll get him for you, I swear."

She held his gaze. "I have to protect you," she said softly, leaning in toward him. "From everything...and everyone...including me."

"There's nothing about you that I need protecting from," Chuck replied, leaning in as well. He watched her eyes start to close, her lips inches from his, when there was a pounding on the door. In an instant, he was flat on his back, Sarah's body, covering his, while facing the door, a gun in one hand, a knife in the other. "That's kinda impressive," he muttered.

"It's me numbnuts," they heard the growl through the door.

"Casey," Chuck and Sarah said together. Sarah hopped up, padded over to the door, and opened it.

"You two practicing your cover?" Casey asked. Chuck started to protest. "Can it." Chuck snapped his mouth shut. "That was good work, Bartowski, I think I found your guy."

"You found Cecil?" Sarah asked, shocked.

"I found someone who knew Cecil Martin," Casey told them.

"He can tell us where Cecil is?" Chuck asked. Casey was silent for a moment. "Casey?"

"Cecil Martin has been missing for the last forty years, and if he were to be found, it's more than likely that he would be dead anyway, given how old he would be," Casey replied.

"Oh," Chuck said, putting it together. "Wait, then wouldn't anyone who knew Cecil be dead as well?"

"Cecil was close with an army buddy," Casey began. "Army buddy had a son. Son is now in the military, and is willing to meet us, but off book."

"What do you mean?" Chuck asked.

"He knows something isn't right, Chuck," Sarah explained. "He doesn't want his name tied to anything."

"That sounds like paranoia," Chuck pointed out.

Casey nodded. "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you kid. Listen, this guy is career army, and I'm telling you, if he thinks something's hinky...something's hinky. We need to go, we have a hell of a drive ahead of us."

"Where?" Chuck asked.

"Fort Carson," Casey told him. Chuck winced. "Kid?"

"I almost flashed," Chuck muttered.

"Almost?" Casey asked, and turned to Sarah. "Since when does he almost flash?"

"Maybe he doesn't have enough information," Sarah told him. Casey glanced at Chuck, considering something. "Casey, it's his life on the line." Casey looked back at her, an unreadable look on his face, but even Chuck could tell it wasn't about him."

"What is it, Casey?" Chuck asked. Before Casey could answer, they all heard a phone. The color drained from Sarah's face. She walked over to her suitcase, reached in and pulled out a phone. Sarah stared at it, and answered.

"Blondie," she said. She stood there, listening. She shut her eyes, and Chuck walked over to her. He reached out, but paused, not sure if she wanted his comfort. She grabbed his hand, never opening her eyes, as though she could sense it. "Got it," she replied, opening her eyes and giving Chuck a tight smile. "And Red...thank you." With that she hung up.

"Hell's bells, was that Miller?" Casey asked. Sarah grinned at Casey. "What did she call for?"

"There's a hit out on me," Sarah told Casey. Casey winced. "But you knew that."

"Wait, a hit?" Chuck asked.

"I'm burned, Chuck," Sarah told him. "That's what an evil man does. I left. I know things, I have to go."

"At least Miller did one thing good in her life," Casey muttered.

"Carina always spoke highly of you," Sarah told Casey. "CHUCK!" Chuck had begun to flash. He shook his head when it was over, and looked up at Casey, disgust on his face.

"What?" Casey asked.

"Prauge," Chuck replied, disgust in his voice. Casey grunted, turned, and left the room.

Chapter 9: Never Enough Ch 9

I don't own Chuck

"Casey," Chuck whispered to the secret agent as the two loaded the trunks of their respective vehicles. Casey looked up, confusion on his face. "We need to talk."

"I am not telling you how it was," Casey said, slamming the trunk close.

Chuck looked as though he might throw up. "Thank you?" Chuck replied. "That wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about." Casey's grunt sounded like one of confusion. "What I was wanting to know is why you didn't tell Sarah there was a hit on her?"

"Oh," Casey replied. He looked at Chuck and then back to the car and then back to Chuck. "She knew."

"She did?" Chuck asked.

"She had figured out it was coming before she went and resigned when this all started," Casey began. "We didn't say anything to worry you."

"Worry me?" Chuck asked. "I'm a grown adult, that's had a lot of things thrown at me that I've handled pretty well, may I add, so why wouldn't you tell me?"

Casey snorted, sized Chuck up, and spoke. "You know Beckman and I had the odds of 50/50 of whether or not Graham would have her offed before she left DC." Chuck's mouth dropped. "Walker convinced us he wouldn't do that while she was still there. You know, too easy to track back to Graham." The smirk on Casey's face let Chuck know he was enjoying just how uncomfortable Chuck was.

"That...that checks out," Chuck muttered, thinking about Graham's long, bloody file. "She's been expecting this."

"She has," Casey began and then stopped.

"Casey, you have to quit keeping stuff from me, I have the Intersect, I need the info to figure things out," Chuck insisted.

"I'll tell you about who we're going to see, later," Casey told Chuck. "I'm not entirely sure this isn't a trap, but we need to be closer before I do so I can do some recon. I want that flash fresh on your brain."

"Okay," Chuck agreed. "That makes a lot of sense, but what else are you keeping from me?"

"Moron," Casey said, laughing. "You have no idea what you're doing to that agent." Chuck stared at him, confused. "You two are gonna get each other killed."

"Wait, what?" Chuck began.

Casey's face hardened. "Listen, numbnuts, she's feeling things." Chuck's confusion grew. "Christ," he muttered. "About you, it's giving her...ladyfeelings."

"And that's gonna get her killed?" Chuck asked. "No, Casey--"

"Will you shut up and LISTEN!" Casey hissed. Chuck clamped his teeth shut. "You can't change how she feels, she's not some damn robot, especially now that you've shown her the truth, so before you think that you running off or pushing her away will help the situation, it won't, in fact it will make things worse."

"That's deep," Chuck began.

"For Christ's sake, Bartowski, SHUT IT!" Casey snapped. "Listen, moron, she needs you now more than ever." Casey looked over at the entrance to the hotel. "Clandestine Attack Team....Squad."

"That's, OMG!" Chuck said, his head spinning from the flash. He bent over, trying to get his bearings. "Who in the hell calls a team a squad as well?" he groaned.

"It is rather stupid," Casey agreed. "So, Zondra." Chuck nodded. "That's who's coming after her to kill her."

"But they were...well, they were friends," Chuck said, shaking his head, straightening up.

"Yeah, and now they're not," Casey told him. "And yes, Walker knows it's her."

"That's a lot," Chuck told Casey. Casey physically turned Chuck toward the hotel entrance and pushed him. "Hey!"

"Go talk to her, not me," Casey muttered, walking around the car, getting in, starting it up, and driving off.

"That' wasn't very nice," Chuck said, as the car pulled off.

"Chuck!" Sarah snapped, coming outside. "Where have you been?"

"Talking to Casey," Chuck told her, and then turned to where the car was. "He *was* here."

"Okay, that's it, you are to stay in my sight or Casey's sight going forward," Sarah told him.

"But I need privacy in the bathroom," Chuck insisted.

Sarah closed her eyes. "Obviously not the bathroom," she told them, opening them, trying to calm her irritated center. "I can't lose you, Chuck."

"I know," Chuck told her, grinning. "I'm your key to busting Graham." She did not return the grin, in fact, her face hardened. "What?"

"Nothing," Sarah said. "Open the trunk, we're leaving."

"Okay," Chuck said, doing so. She tossed the last bag in the trunk and slammed it, making Chuck jump. "Did I do...something..." He trailed off as she stared at him, and then simply nodded toward the passenger side door. Chuck got in, shut the door, and held on to dear life as Sarah shut hers as well, putting the car in drive, and driving like a bat out of hell.

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Chuck sat there for the next two hours, confused. A couple of times he reached over to turn on the music, and Sarah promptly turned it off. He tried a third time, but she swatted his hand before he could reach the power button. He tried to talk, but the look she gave him made him stop. He finally snapped. "Sarah," he said pleadingly. "What did I do?"

Sarah pulled the car off the Interstate, making Chuck's eyes widen. She turned to him. "Nothing, apparently it was all me," she said, anger on her face. "Apparently you think the only reason I saved your life, that I'm doing this, is for me. That I'm the selfish killer-"

"I don't think that," Chuck blurted out, fear on his face. His heart was racing but he had to tell her before she went any further. "I was trying to make a joke, lighten the mood. I was trying not to think about how you're stuck with me and did the right thing, and now it's costing you." Sarah's face softened. "I don't think you're a selfish killer, I think you are the absolute furthestest thing from that."

"Okay," she said, and turned back to the steering wheel. She turned back to Chuck and he flinched just a bit. "One question, why the second flash on Carina? You flashed on her the day we met and I mentioned her."

"Oh," Chuck said, his cheeks reddening. "When Casey said her name, and then you said the Carina part, it...it pulled up a file."

"A file?" Sarah asked.

"A video and audio file," Chuck said softly. Sarah's eyes widened. Chuck locked eyes with her. "Apparently she knew it was recording."

"Jesus," Sarah muttered.

"Yeah, she said that," Chuck blurted out.

"Oh God," Sarah said, turning back to the steering wheel. She merged into traffic. "Please, find something, ANYTHING, on the radio."

"Yup," Chuck replied, fiddling with the dial.

Chapter 10: Never Enough Ch 10

I don't own Chuck

"Ask him what he thinks about Pueblo," Sarah told Chuck as she drove down the road. It was day two of their three day trip to Fort Carson. Chuck had pointed out they could be there in two days, if not one, if it was that important. Casey snorted and said no one had the type of resistance training necessary to put up with him in the car for two days for that much time, much less three.

Chuck had asked Sarah about that later, in their room, but she just shook her head. Chuck swore she saw a grin on her face and a bit of color on her neck, but he had to be imagining things, right?

"Should I call him, because if I text him, he'll have to read the text," Chuck pointed out. "And, while it's safe for me to text, since you're driving, it's not for him." Sarah twisted her lips to the side, and shook her head. "What?"

"Never change, Chuck," she said softly. There was a soft smile on her face as she glanced at him. "Yeah, call him."

Chuck smiled back and called Casey. As the phone rang, he thought about the past twenty-four plus hours. After the uncomfortable remembrance of his flash, things seemed to be better between him and Sarah.

He tried several times that night to figure out a way to bring up what had happened in the car, but Sarah had distracted him by asking him who was a better superhero, Spider-Man or Batman and the next thing he knew he was in an intense conversation about people using their gifts for good after a horrific loss.

Sarah pointed out he was much like both of them. Instead of concentrating on the bad, he had taken the Intersect and tried to find a way to help people, specifically her. He hadn't known how to argue that point. As they went to bed, still discussing Bruce Wayne using his money to fight crime, Chuck noticed that Sarah didn't say much, more of a

sentence here or there to get him going and then she just listened.

She wasn't bored, or uninterested, she seemed to be enjoying his enthusiasm. She did ask him if she could cuddle against him since last night had kept the nightmares away, which stunned Chuck. "Numbnuts, you called me," Casey growled into the phone, yanking Chuck out of his thoughts.

"How do you feel about staying in Pueblo?" Chuck asked.

Casey grunted. "Makes sense, let's us set up nearby, but not in their net, although, a lot of Pueblo's business comes from the base."

"So is that a no?" Chuck asked.

"No, I like it," Casey replied. "The only other real option is to go to Denver, an hour past the base, and I'm not sure we want to be in any more big cities than we need to be."

"Got it," Chuck responded.

"I'll take care of securing us a place there tonight when we stop," Casey said, and then hung up.

"So Pueblo?" Sarah asked.

"Yep," Chuck told her. He was silent for a moment. "Can I ask you something?" There was silence in the car for a few seconds.

"Yeah," Sarah replied finally. It was like she was steeling herself.

"Is there anything more I can do to help with the nightmares?" he asked. He was looking at her as he asked, and saw her whip her head toward him, shock on her face.

"No," Sarah said, a grateful smile on her face. She turned back to the road.

"If talking would help, I hope you know I won't judge you in any way over it," he told her. He turned back and stared out the window, watching the scenery go by.

"What if I've killed someone that we need to solve this thing, Chuck?" she asked in a soft voice. Chuck turned to her. Her mask was slipping. The mask she hid behind had been slipping and slipping ever since they had begun this trip. "I've killed people in the

states, but what if there were some that I killed that we needed to talk to, for evidence?"

"Say all of what's worrying you," he told her.

She didn't say anything for several minutes, and Chuck had just about given up thinking that she was going to when she spoke. "What if someone I killed here was innocent?"

"Then a power hungry bastard used you," Chuck told her. She sighed. "Sarah, you're not evil." She snorted. "You're not!" Chuck insisted, making her eyes widen. "And I'm going to keep on telling you, and showing you, until you believe it."

"Okay, so let's agree, for the sake of this argument, you're right, what do I do about the fact I may have eliminated leads for us?"

Chuck started to speak, but then didn't. He wasn't sure how to say what needed to be said without sounding terrible and making her feel worse. "Just say it, I've already thought everything you may be thinking."

"I was going to say, do you remember the names of those you killed here, but I've seen the list, Sarah, and I don't say this to be an ass, but there's a lot," Chuck told her. Sarah nodded. "Eugene Reynolds. Claude Dubois. Illana Guy-"

"What are you doing?" Chuck asked.

"Reciting the names of each person I killed," Sarah said softly.

"Oh, God," Chuck muttered. "Sarah...I'm...God, Sarah."

"It's who I am, Chuck," Sarah said softly. "No matter what I do for the rest of my life, it will never be enough to wipe the slate clean for what I've done." She shook her head, and wiped at an eye. "Never enough."

Chuck reached over and took the hand that had wiped her eye and squeezed it. She glanced at him. "All you can do, is do what you can with the time in front of you. You aren't competing with anyone, except yourself, and you need to stop. You did what you thought was right. Graham is responsible for every name on that list, not you. You are carrying his sins, his baggage, and if you insist on it, then I am going to help you. I'm going to take that baggage, and we'll go through it, figuring out who was legit, and who

was done for Graham.”

“Chuck,” she began.

“No, because every one we find that had been killed for some reason that makes no sense, helps us build a case and find a point to look into...to dig deeper,” Chuck told her.

“Okay,” Sarah said, nodding.

“And Sarah, I’m here because you said enough. I’m here because in the moment you realized what was going on, you said enough. So the only never enoughing that is to be done around here, is me thanking you for saving my life.” She gave him a sad smile, but held onto his hand as they drove on in silence.

Chapter 11: Never Enough Ch 11

I don't own Chuck

"He said we're to stay here for a few days until he finds a place for us to stay in Pueblo," Sarah told Chuck, coming back into the bedroom from the living room suite where she had been talking to Casey on the phone. Chuck nodded, sitting on the bed, typing on the computer. "What are you doing?"

"Doing searches on all Wayne Tisdales," Chuck told her. He raised his head to see the worry on her face. "Look, I'm not hacking anything, I'm running this through multiple...that look on your face says you don't understand anything I am saying."

"Is it safe?" Sarah asked. Chuck tilted his head, giving her a questioning look. "I'm not questioning your abilities, I just need to know, is it safe?"

"I didn't think you were," he replied softly. "Tell me something, if it were anyone else doing this, would you trust them at their word?" Sarah pressed her lips together and looked out the window. She turned back, and he was still sitting there, waiting.

"No," she answered softly.

"So you think I'm that good at what I'm doing?" Chuck offered.

"I have no idea," Sarah admitted.

"Then why, Sarah Walker, super spy agent, are you trusting me?" Chuck asked.

"Because I trust you," Sarah said, holding his gaze. "Don't blow it, Chuck, very few people have ever had my trust."

"I won't," Chuck said to her solemnly. "But I have to know something, if you don't know what I'm doing, how do you know I'm not bragging?" An amused smile crossed her lips. "Because you don't brag, Chuck Bartowski. If anything, you undersell anything about you."

“Old trick from Star Trek,” Chuck replied, grinning. She frowned, not getting the reference. “Scotty would always tell how awful things were and over sell the damage and time it would take to fix things.”

“I don’t think that’s what you do at all,” Sarah told him. She crossed the room, and stood right in front of him. He swallowed. He was sitting crosslegged on the bed, his laptop in his lap. She stood there, grinning, and bent down slowly, until their eyes were even. “I think for some reason you like to hide behind this thing you do where you cut yourself down. This self-depreciation.”

He bit his bottom lip, and cleared his throat. “In the past...well, stuff has happened that makes me question my worth.”

“Like Bryce Larkin getting you kicked out of Stanford?” Chuck nodded. “That was a terrible thing to do.”

“It was,” Chuck agreed. “And when you come home from Stanford, with nothing left, including your pride, and you go to work for a big box store...” he trailed off and shrugged. She moved and sat down beside him, gently lifting the laptop off of his lap, and placing it on the bed, away from them.

“In the short time I’ve known you, you have been nothing but kind, amazing, and just a good person,” Sarah told him.

“I try,” Chuck said with a shrug.

“I don’t think you know how rare that is in my world...in the world at large,” Sarah said, taking his hand. “I don’t think you know what that can do to someone who has seen nothing but horror, and hate, and death, and destruction.”

He took her free hand with his free hand. “Well, stick with me, and I’ll show you what I can,” Chuck said, grinning at her. She looked away shyly, and then turned back. “But, I’m guessing when this is over, you have other things you want to do.”

“Yeah, I want to learn how to live a somewhat regular life, know anyone who can show me?” Sarah asked.

“Ma’am, I work at the Buy More, I haven’t seen normal in years,” he quipped. She giggled. “But,” he continued, his voice lowering, nerves apparent. “If you’re interested in someone to be your friend and help you live a normal life, I can do that.”

“A friend?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah, someone you can talk to, share stuff with and they won’t judge you,” Chuck said with a shrug. “Someone you can tell the important stuff to, that may not be important to anyone else, but it is to you, and that’s what counts.”

“That sounds amazing,” Sarah told him.

“So, we’re stuck here for a few days,” Chuck said. “Do you have any plans?”

“Not exactly,” she told him. She took a deep breath. “Do you?”

“Well, actually yes,” Chuck said. Sarah bit her bottom lip. He reached across her, and grabbed the laptop. “If we’re going to be here, maybe it’s time I start researching some of these people, and you have the privacy to deal with everything you need to.” Chuck glanced down at the laptop and then back at Sarah. “I don’t know if you know this, but it seems Casey sometimes fines emotions to be...well...he doesn’t like to deal with them.”

“No, he doesn’t,” Sarah agreed, trying to keep the disappointment out of her voice.

“Also,” Chuck continued, nerves spilling from his tone. “If you need someone to be there for you, you know, at night, with the nightmares, I am here...if you want me...that is...not that you need me...”

Sarah reached over, and took his hand, squeezing it. “I do,” she admitted. “It could be a lot you know.”

“I can handle it,” Chuck told her, confidence in his voice. “You do what ever you need, cry, cuddle...whatever.”

“Is that what a friend would do?”

“I would hope so,” Chuck replied.

“Huh, that sounds like more than a friend,” Sarah said. Chuck looked at her, confusion on his face. She darted in and her hand gently reached his face before her lips reached his. He made a noise that started out as surprise, and finished as a moan. She pulled away, her hand still on his cheek. “I hope that was okay.” “Yep,” Chuck replied in a high pitched voice. “Totally.”

Chapter 12: Never Enough Ch 12

I don't own Chuck

She came out of the bathroom, freshly showered. She needed it after being on the road all day. Chuck was sitting at the desk, making notes on the paper she had prepared for him. She had given him five names, ages, and locations for him to begin to check on.

After the kiss on the bed, Sarah saw the conflict on Chuck's face. She had pulled away further, wondering why he was looking that way. "Are you okay?" she had asked him.

"Fine," he replied, getting his tone back down to the normal octave. "It's just..." he shook his head. "I'm fine, really."

"Okay," she had replied. She had then gotten up, and wrote down the names, told him she was going to go shower, and headed to the bathroom. Did he regret her kissing him?

"Feel better?" he asked, pulling her out of her thoughts. "You know, I can drive if you'd like."

Sarah couldn't help herself. "I mean, if you did we would be in the car even longer." Chuck had a look of faux shock on his face. She grinned at him. He smiled, and stood.

"I need to say something," Chuck said, wiping his hands on his jeans. "I think you and I are both feeling...something," he said, worry on his face. In the short time she had known him, it was apparent he was worried he had said the wrong thing. She nodded, knowing if she didn't he'd go into an endless spiral. "And the things we're having to do, is forcing you to have to deal with a lot of emotions and feelings, and I worry."

"Worried I don't do emotions?" Sarah asked for clarification.

"Worried I'm taking advantage of you," Chuck told her. She couldn't help the grin on her face. "Not physically," he hurried on. "Sarah...it's plain from everything I've seen in flashes, and what you've told me, you've been used and hurt. I don't want to be someone who you ever think would use and hurt you."

"I don't, Chuck," she replied, in a stronger voice than she thought she'd be able to speak in. It surprised her a little. "I don't think you would ever intentionally hurt me or use me."

"Good," Chuck said, nodding. He glanced over at the names. "I have...good news?" The look on Sarah's face told him she didn't know what kind of news it was since she hadn't seen what he wrote. He cleared his throat. "It appears these were all terrible people, like...bad." He looked over at her. "Real. Bad."

"Good," Sarah replied. Then she shook her head. "Not good, but...gah."

"Hey, that's my word," Chuck told her, grinning at her. "But I'll let you use it," he said with a wink.

"Do you want more names?" Chuck could feel the terror in her question. Did he want her to dredge up more of her past? Did he want her to think about those she had killed.

"No," Chuck told her. "I think after everything we've been through today, this is enough. I was thinking of getting my own shower."

"I told you we have to share a room," she quipped. Chuck made a "ha, ha," face at her, grabbed his things and walked toward the bathroom door. He stopped right in front of her, turned, and cupped her cheek with his hand, making her hiss in surprise.

"We do this at the pace that is best for you, okay?" She nodded. He gently kissed her forehead and went into the bathroom. She stood there. Did he mean them, or the names....or both?

}o{

"NO!" she screamed, grabbing the dead body in front of her for dear life. Except it wasn't dead, and she hadn't killed anyone. She felt the large hand rub her back, gently, tenderly, and she wrapped her arms tight around him, softly crying into his shoulder and neck.

"This was my worry," she heard him say softly. "I wasn't trying to dredge up the past. You don't need nightmares on top of everything else."

"I don't have nightmares," Sarah said, all while gripping on to him.

"Well, thank God," Chuck muttered, making her snort. "This isn't worth it."

"We have to," she replied, wrapping her arms tighter, while feeling him pull her even closer.

"I don't know if the cost is worth it," Chuck told her, placing a soft kiss into her hair.

"Can't take me squeezing you?" she asked, grinning into his skin, even as the memories of the assassination lingered.

"You squeeze me anytime you want, Sarah Walker," Chuck told her. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to feel protected, emotionally, for the first time in her life. She nearly sobbed the emotions were so overwhelming. "But remember if I turn blue, you've probably squeezed too tight and I can't breathe."

"And that's bad?" Sarah asked, continuing to hold on.

"I mean, I need oxygen."

"You are so needy," she chided.

"I am," he sighed with put on exasperation. "I need to be squeezed by my ex-CIA handler every night, but not too hard."

"I'm not your handler," Sarah told him. He pulled away and looked down at her. She opened her eyes and met him. She shook her head. "Chuck, I'm not your handler, I'm not-"

"Hey, I didn't mean anything buy it, I was just...just trying to lighten the moment," he began.

"I know," Sarah told him. "But that phrase...and what it implies...I'm doing nothing but being honest with you Chuck." He grinned at her. "I am," she insisted.

"Sarah, you've been conditioned, trained, whatever you want to call it, by the CIA for years, and while I think you are being as honest with me as you can be, you are not completely honest with me, or with yourself." She started to argue. "And that's okay," he

hurried out. "I told you I'm here, as you try to find yourself in this life." She nodded. "Hell, those of use not in the CIA aren't always honest with ourselves."

"What do you lie to yourself about?" Sarah asked. Chuck pressed his lips together and went still. He slowly looked over at her. "Well?"

"I don't know if either of us are ready for that conversation," Chuck admitted.

"Did I just make things awkward?" Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head.

"Nope," he replied, his voice strong and confident. "Perfectly comfortable on my side."

"Good," Sarah replied, burying her head back into his neck. "I'll try not to have to squeeze you."

"Because of the nightmares you're not having, right?" She raised her head and glared at him. "Your adorable when you glare."

"Then why are you shaking?" Sarah asked.

"Your adorableness?" He offered. She shook her head, and laid her head back down.

"Okay, fine, you scared me a little with that." He felt her smile. "Don't be so smug," he said softly, wrapping her in his arms and squeezing. She sighed contently as she drifted off to sleep, the nightmares held at bay for the night.

Chapter 13: Never Enough Ch 13

I don't own Chuck

He awoke, feeling cocooned, but in the best way. Sarah was had her arms wrapped around him, and he was lying on his back, one arm wrapped around her, the other gently holding her wrist. Last night she had lowered her mask, lowered her CIA shield, and let him all the way in. She had admitted everything to him that she could. Everything that she understood.

He had meant what he said before, most people never let anyone all the way in, and it wasn't intentional. There were things in everyone lives that you didn't share for numerous reasons. People lied to themselves constantly, and right now, Chuck Bartowski was stuck with a lie. He kept going back and forth about the feelings Sarah was having for him.

On one hand, he couldn't believe this woman, had feelings for him, on the other, he was certain she did, and one of them was a lie, they could not both be true. She was amazing, badass, and he was just so impressed by everything she had done in her life. He slipped out from under her, and she snuggled against the pillow he had been lying on.

He walked over, grab the ice bucket, and started down the hallway. Did Sarah really feel romantic feelings for him, or was she confusing other emotions she didn't have to deal with in the past because of her job. Chuck had no idea, but what he did know is he wanted something cold to drink. He walked up to the ice machine and put the bucket under the nozzle, and pressed the button. He turned and looked behind him, seeing Sarah, standing there, her arms crossed in what appeared to be just a tee shirt.

"I'll be just a second," he began, turning back to his ice, not really processing what was going on in behind him. "Just need some ice." The image of what was behind him finally processed in his mind, and he whipped his head back. "SARAH!" he hissed.

“Darlin’,” she said to him in a Texas accent, a smile on her face but not in her eyes. “Watch the machine or you’re gonna get ice everywhere.”

He turned back, and yanked the bucket back before ice went everywhere. He turned and walked toward her. “What are you doing?” he whispered, looking around. He glanced down at her long. Bare. Legs. Good God were they long...and bare. “Ahem,” she said, snapping him out of his thoughts, looking at her. “You know how I just can’t be away from you.” She was still smiling and her eyes were not. It was in that instance, Chuck realized, wrong or not for going to get ice, he was in her eyes.

“Listen,” he began, getting scared.

“Let’s get back to the room, darlin’, it’s a little chilly out here, Mr. Charles.” She looked him right in the eye.

“Right,” he said, affronting his best Texas accent. “Back to the room for my cold drink.” “It’s not the only thing that’s cold,” Sarah muttered, as she took his arm and led him back to the room. Chuck had never walked beside someone, with her arm through his, while being led, but that was exactly what was happening to him.

“How much trouble am I in?” he asked quietly.

“None,” she said, glancing at him. “I just had to get out here to make sure you were safe,” she replied, her tone low as well. “Next time, wake me.”

“But you look adorable when you sleep,” Chuck told her.

She gave him a look. “Charles, you got the girl, you don’t need to make up stories.” Chuck opened the room door, and found himself being passed as Sarah checked out the room.

“I’m not making up any stories,” Chuck told her, as she turned toward him. She had a skeptical look on her face. “I’m not.” She shook her head. “And-and, I’m really sorry, making you go out like that. I didn’t think, and that’s no excuse, I know, but I didn’t think it was that big a deal.”

“Chuck, there’s a hit out on me, and if they find you alive...” Sarah trailed off, shaking her head. “I know you don’t always want to be around me-”

“Just in the bathroom,” Chuck cut in, making her chuckle. “Sarah, you’re not a burden, I just...I just didn’t think.” She nodded. “Did I...” he trailed off.

“Did you what?” Sarah asked.

“It’s nothing,” Chuck told her. Her gaze held his, and he suddenly thought he better tell her, for his own good. “Did I worry you.” “Yeah,” Sarah admitted.

“I’m sorry,” Chuck told her. “I know you need my help.”

“Chuck,” Sarah said, looking him right in the eye. “I need your help, but more importantly, I need you.”

There was silence in the room, you could cut with a knife. “When you say need?” Chuck began. The next thing he knew, he had dropped the ice bucket because Sarah Walker had crossed the room in two strides, took his face in her hands and kissed him soundly.

She pulled away and looked him in the eyes. “Need,” she said softly.

“I understand,” Chuck replied.

“No, you don’t,” Sarah said, shaking her head, smiling at him. “But I think you will.”

“I’m gonna need more ice now,” Chuck blurted out.

“Is that really what you’re concerned about?” Sarah asked him, raising an eyebrow at him. Chuck pressed his lips together, not sure how to answer.

Chapter 14: Never Enough Ch 14

I don't own Chuck

"You two okay?" Casey asked, as they sat in the diner.

"I'm good, are you, Chuck?" Sarah asked, turning to the man sitting beside her.

"Yeah," Chuck replied, slowly stirring his soup with a spoon. "We should tell him." Sarah looked over at Chuck and nodded. It was three days after the ice machine episode. Casey had returned, and told them that he had a plan.

His contact had wanted to meet them here, away from Pueblo, away from the Air Force Base. Sarah wasn't crazy about it, but Casey told her the second they were done, they'd pitch Chuck in the car and take off. The part Sarah really didn't like was the meeting was one on one.

"We've been going through Sarah's assignments under Graham to see if we can find anyone who didn't deserve their punishment," Chuck told Casey.

Casey looked from Chuck to Sarah. Sarah nodded. "And?" he asked, concern in his voice.

"So far, nothing," Chuck told Casey. "We've done five a day."

"How many are there to go?" Casey asked. Chuck glanced at Sarah. "Jesus," he muttered.

"We've only done her early career," Chuck told Casey. Chuck paused, but Casey figured it out.

"And you suspect that as you move through her career, you're going to find some killed that didn't need to be," Casey finished for him. "That makes a lot of sense, early on was testing her."

"See if I can do the job," Sarah told Casey. Casey nodded. "We won't bore you with the feelings part of the process."

"Good," Casey replied. "Besides, that's the moron's specialty."

"He does help me with my feelings," Sarah admitted. She looked over at him and smiled. Chuck returned the smile.

}o{

The morning of the ice machine incident

"Is that really what you're concerned about?" Sarah asked him, raising an eyebrow at him. Chuck pressed his lips together, not sure how to answer. "You need to cool off?"

"Yup!" Chuck answered his voice going up an octave.

Her hand right hand landed on his right shoulder and she slowly ran it up his neck, cupping it, his eyes fluttering. "Something have you...hot....and bothered...Chuck?" she asked, emphasizing the "k".

"What are you doing?" he asked softly, staring into her eyes. "I mean, I know what you're going...I think. What I'm asking is, why? Because of me? Because of what you feel, because of-"

"I told you, I'm not your handler, I'm not-"

"I'm asking you are you doing this because you care for me or is it..." Chuck trailed off. "Is this a distraction?" he asked softly.

She studied him a second, a grin growing on her face. "Yes, you are a distraction," she told him. He nodded, a sad look on his face. "Those curls," she said, rubbing her hand through them. "Your caring about me." His eyes widened. "Chuck, this is about me and you. I get it, we're stuck together, things are a little intense, and if I'm being too forward-"

"Nonononono," he rushed out. "I-I...Sarah, it's kinda hard for someone like me to believe that someone as amazing as you could be interested in me...well...for me."

"It's hard for me to believe someone as amazing as you could be interested in someone like me," Sarah admitted. "But, you don't seem to be the kind to lie, so I have to believe you, the question is do you believe me?"

Chuck reached out, and gently cupped her face with his right hand. "I do," he told her softly. "And, I'm here for you, I just don't want you to think I expect anything."

"Expect something?" Sarah said, laughing. "Chuck, listen, no. I would never think that about you. Do you think I would do this with someone who 'expected' it?"

"No, not normally, but...you've been very emotionally vulnerable around me," Chuck replied.

"I have," Sarah said softly. She pulled him in and kissed him on the lips. His large hands slid down to her waist, pulling her close. He realized how she was still dressed. How she had gotten out of bed, with no thought to her own safety and personal comfort, to come find him.

"I'm sorry," he murmured as he pulled away. She gave him a confused look. "About leaving earlier."

"Don't let it happen again," she told him. She gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Because I don't want to have to punish you."

"And what does that mean?" Chuck asked.

"No idea, words just keep blurting out of my mouth when I'm around you, Chuck Bartowski," she admitted. She began to back away, holding his hand, pulling him toward the bed. "Now, I was all comfy in the bed, before you left."

"Seems I should make it up to you," Chuck told her.

"Oh, think you can?" she asked, her eyebrow raised.

}o{

Hours later

"Okay, you made it up to me," she said, cuddled against his naked body.

}o{

"So what's our contacts name?" Sarah asked.

“Simon Roth,” Casey said. Chuck sat there, waiting for a flash, but there was nothing. “His father was Peter Roth.” Still nothing. Casey sighed. “Oh, he has a brother, Michael Roth.” Chuck shook his head.

“I guess you have to meet him and then we go from there,” Casey told Chuck. “Walker, you stay all over him until the meet, just in case.”

“No problem,” Sarah told Casey. Chuck tried not to choke on the soup he had been sipping as Casey had made that comment.

Chapter 15: Never Enough Ch 15

I don't own Chuck

Chuck found himself in the same cafe two days later. He had no soup this time, and was looking across the table at Simon Roth. Casey hadn't told him his rank or which branch of the military Simon was in, but Chuck was about positive he was Air Force given the location of the meet and the closeness of Cheyenne Mountain. "So is there really a Stargate inside?" Chuck blurted out, making the man across from him chuckle.

"No, there is no Stargate," Roth answered.

"That's exactly what you'd say if there was a Stargate," Chuck pointed out. Roth chuckled. "Do you know the name Jonathan Lindsey?" Roth froze. Chuck nodded. "I'm going to take that as a yes."

"I need to tell you a story," Roth said, looking around. "I have a younger brother, Michael." Chuck nodded. "When we grew up, we didn't know what autism is, we didn't know about Asperger's, but we knew Michael was special. He liked order, he was amazing with filing things, organizing, and keeping secrets."

Roth sat his jaw for a second, and fought down whatever emotion was in him. "Cecil Martin knew that about my brother. The two of them had a bond. Of course, at the time, he was no longer going by the name Cecil Martin."

"Wait, Cecil is alive?" Chuck asked. Roth shook his head.

"Heart attack," Roth told him. Chuck tried to hide the wince but he knew Roth had seen it. "He disappeared, erased every bit of his identity to hide from someone."

"Who?" Chuck asked, hoping he knew the answer.

"No idea," Roth replied. "However, Cecil still had the ability to get to files, and he made copies, tons of copies. There was so much paper." Roth shook his head. There was silence for a moment. Roth sighed, reached into his pocket, making Chuck's eyes widen. "Relax, if I pulled out a gun, Casey would have a bullet between my eyes before I could

pull the trigger.”

“He’s that good?” Chuck asked. Roth nodded. Roth pulled out a key from his pocket.

“What is that?”

“I have no idea,” Roth admitted. “Cecil hired Michael to take care of the paperwork, to file it as he saw fit.” Chuck sat back in his seat, thinking back to last night.

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Last night

“We’re going about this the wrong way,” Sarah told him, sitting up in bed.

“I mean, it’s been a bit for me, but I thought I was doing okay,” Chuck replied. Sarah turned toward him, fighting the smile as she shook her head at him. “So not...” he gestured between them.

“Trust me, you’re nailing that,” Sarah replied. Chuck tried not to look too pleased with himself. “But, we need to look at what I’ve done most recently.”

“And any that had special instructions,” Chuck added. Chuck felt her tense beside him. “Johnathan Lindsey,” Sarah whispered. “I was to give him a shot that simulated a heart attack.” Chuck sat up. “What?”

“I tried to flash,” Chuck said, shaking his head. “It’s like it’s part of something bigger. Do you mind if I-” Chuck began gesturing toward his computer. Sarah made a shooing notion. Chuck grabbed the laptop and began to type, Sarah had her arms wrapped around his nearest bicep. He stopped typing.

“What is it?” Sarah asked. Chuck glanced at her, sadness in his eyes. “Damn it,” she muttered. “Think he was innocent?”

“I doubt it,” Chuck replied. “But I don’t think he was guilty at all of what Graham had him down for. Between his history and the near flash, it screams this is someone Graham had killed for personal reasons.”

“So who is he?” Sarah asked. Chuck had no idea.

}o{

Now

"Johnathan Lindsey is Cecil Martin," Chuck muttered. Roth nodded. "Sir, is Peter Bishop actually your brother, Michael Roth?" Roth nodded and the flash began.

}o{

Last night

"Is that the last person you were told to..." Chuck trailed off.

"Kill?" Sarah asked. Chuck nodded. "No, and I know you don't mean you on that list. There was one other, I was told to do this one with a sniper rifle, long range."

"Who was it?" Chuck asked.

"Peter Bishop," Sarah answered. Chuck winced, but shook his head in frustration. "An almost-flash?" Chuck nodded. "Are they as annoying as an almost-sneeze?"

"Worse," Chuck told her.

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Now

"You okay?" Roth asked. Chuck nodded, and took a drink of water. "What the hell was that?"

"That is my version of a star-gate," Chuck told Roth.

"So I don't get to know, got it," Roth said. Chuck started to speak, but Roth held up his hand. "I get it, need-to-know." Roth handed Chuck the key he had pulled out of his pocket. "After the two died, I received a package, that contained two things in it, that key and an address. I had no idea what it was about, but I knew enough not to personally go investigate. I went to one of my satellite techs and asked him next time there was a camera near by to give me a look see. A few hours later I got a telephone call." Roth paused, building suspense.

"Why the drama?" Chuck asked.

“Because if I tell you this, it may get you killed,” Roth answered.

“What if I told you the man you think killed your father’s friend and brother put a hit out on me as well?” Chuck asked.

“How are you alive?”

“Technically I’m not,” Chuck answered. Roth nodded.

“There was nothing there but a house, a small one, nothing that would hold the amount of papers that Michael was put in charge of,” Roth said. “But that wasn’t the most important part.” Roth looked around and then leaned forward. Chuck did as well. “The satellite had already been moved to look at that address.” Chuck’s eyes widened. “It was a CIA request.”

“Graham,” Chuck muttered.

Roth shrugged. “Never was told a name, and I’ve learned not to ask.”

“Anything else I should know?”

“If you don’t figure this out, he will find you and kill you,” Roth told him. “He doesn’t quit. Until he has a body, he doesn’t quit.” Roth slid out of the seat. “Good luck,” he said, and with that he walked out. Chuck saw Sarah come in, but before he could speak, she grabbed his arm, and gently, but firmly, pulled him from the table, and the two left in a hurry. They took off into the night.

“Where are we going?” Sarah asked.

Chuck flipped the tag on the key and looked at it. “Wyoming,” he told her. Sarah nodded and pushed her foot down on the accelerator.

Chapter 16: Never Enough Ch 16

I don't own Chuck

"Did you know Niobrara Country, Wyoming is the least populated county in all of the United States?" Chuck asked, his knuckles white. Sarah didn't reply, checking the side and rear-view mirrors as she drove. "That's probably best, less people to see our car explode in a ball of fire."

Sarah glanced at him, made a "tsk" sound, and continued down the road. She reached over to take his hand. "Nonononono!" Chuck nearly yelled. "Both hands on the steering wheel!"

Sarah giggled, and put her hand back on the wheel. She eased up on the gas. "I didn't like you being exposed like that, at the diner."

"You didn't seem to mind me being exposed last night," Chuck muttered.

She chuckled. "Only I get to see you exposed like that, Chuck," she told him.

"That sounds kinda possessive," Chuck pointed out.

"It does," Sarah replied, nodding. "I'm-"

"God, that's so hot," Chuck muttered, cutting in. She turned to look at him, and had to quickly turn back to the highway.

"I need you to stop," Sarah said. "I need to get you to where ever we are going."

"Okay," Chuck replied, confused.

"Because if you continue, I might be forced to pull off the road, and if I do that we might get caught," Sarah finished.

"Right, by the bad guys," Chuck said. Sarah glanced at him and then turned back to the road. "You do mean the bad guys, right?"

"You're doing it again," Sarah said. Chuck clamped his lips shut.

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They pulled up to the address at one AM local time. Chuck looked at the small house and wondered what was so important that was inside. Sarah held her hand out, and Chuck gave her five. She glared at him.

“What?” he asked.

“The key,” she told him in no uncertain terms. Chuck handed over the key, and before he could move she was out of the car. “Stay in there.” Chuck put his hand on the door handle. “Chuck Bartowski,” she said softly, but in a voice that terrified him. He nodded and moved his hand away. Sarah drew her gun and walked to the house.

She unlocked the door with the key, slowly opened the door, and stepped inside, a flashlight over her gun, looking from side to side. Chuck sat there quietly, and nearly jumped through the roof of the car, when Casey slapped the car window from the outside.

Chuck opened the door, got out, prepared to yell at Casey, when he heard, “What the hell are you doing out of the car?” He swallowed, turned toward Sarah, to see her smiling at him. “Come on in,” she said, going back inside.

Chuck started to step forward, when Casey’s arm shot out, holding him back. Chuck turned to him. “You two figure things out?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Chuck replied.

Casey studied him, grunted, smirked, and nodded. “Let’s go in,” he said, as he headed to the door. Chuck shook his head and followed.

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Chuck flicked on the lights and looked around the room. He felt the beginning of a flash, but nothing came. Something was bothering him. “Okay guys, there’s something here, but I can’t put my finger on it. Do either of you have any ideas?”

“I do have one,” Casey said, and walked outside. Chuck watched him go and then turned around to Sarah.

"What was that about?" Chuck asked. "Is he giving us alone time?"

"Why would he give us alone time, Chuck?" Sarah asked. Chuck started to reply, but Sarah cut him off. "What I'm asking is, how would he know we *need* alone time?"

"Oh," Chuck replied, and then swallowed. "He may have mentioned to me a while back that this whole thing might...I don't know...get to you and you might...be...maybe...interested in me?"

"I might be maybe interested in you?" Sarah asked. "Chuck, what do you think?"

"I think no matter what I'm going to say it's going to end badly for me," Chuck replied.

She stared at him and then she began to laugh. "Chuck, I think it's safe to say, I am interested in you."

"That's good," Chuck replied. "So, one day, when this is over...." Chuck trailed off.

"Spies tend to think, mission to mission," Sarah said. Chuck nodded. "I think this is the first time I've thought about my life post-mission. I think I also have not been very clear with you, so I need to be, when I think about life, post-mission, I think about you in it."

Chuck smiled at her. "I think about you as well...after this is over...and now...and...oh hell," he said, laughing at himself, and leaning against a wall. As he leaned his shoulder hit the painting that was there, and it moved just a fraction of an inch, and his head began to seize...and then it stopped.

"What the hell was that?" Sarah asked, holding him. He had no idea how she got there that fast.

"The start of a flash," Chuck said. He looked at the painting and realized he had straightened it by leaning where he did. "Wait...what was it he said?" Chuck thought for a moment.

"When we grew up, we didn't know what autism is, we didn't know about Asperger's, but we knew Michael was special. He liked order, he was amazing with filing things, organizing, and keeping secrets."

"The guy who did this-" Chuck began. The door opened, making both of them turn. Casey ignored them and walked in, stepping and counting. When he got to the back wall, he turned toward them, grinning.

"Five feet," Casey said. "The house is five feet longer on the outside than the inside."

"What does that mean?" Sarah asked.

"Secret room?" Chuck asked.

"Nope," Casey said, shaking his head. "Secret stairs, you told us in the debrief that there was too much paper to fit in the area of this house. I called our contact you met, and he found the amount of property owned. There are acres of land with nothing on it, that our contact now owns by the way."

"Then how do we get in?" Sarah asked.

Chuck looked around the room they were in. The painting was now straightened. He glanced at a book shelf, and saw a book a little pulled out in contrast to the others. He winced with the onset of the flash but it didn't come. He pushed the book back in, lining up with all the others. He turned and saw a vase on a table, an inch away from center, and that's when it hit him. He dropped to one knee from the flash.

"Chuck!" Sarah yelled.

"Casey, center that vase," Chuck told him. Casey scowled at him. "I know you, you're a sniper, you know distances." Casey grunted and moved the vase. They heard a loud groan, and all three turned to the wall, as a wall pulled away showing a stair case.

Before anyone could stop him, Chuck headed down the stairs, Sarah and Casey yelling and continuing behind him. "Holy shit," he muttered.

"Holy shit," Sarah muttered.

"Christ," Casey muttered. In every which way, that the eye could see was filing cabinets.

"What the hell have you found, Bartowski?"

"I have no idea," Chuck replied. "No idea."

Chapter 17: Never Enough Ch 17

I don't own Chuck

"Stay with the nerd, and see if you can figure out how to get that door shut," Casey said to Sarah. "We don't need to get caught with our pants around our ankles." With that, Casey took off, exploring the huge room.

"Don't know that I needed that thought in my head," Sarah muttered.

"Sarah," Chuck breathed, looking around. She glanced over at him, and saw how overwhelmed he was.

"Chuck, I need you to focus," Sarah told him. She saw what looked like a control station beside the base of the stairs. "Why don't you check that out?" "On it," Chuck said, walking over and looking at the desk. There was a button with the word door written over it. "Hey, Sarah, think this closes that door?"

"I'm not crazy about hitting buttons I don't know what they do, but I don't know how else to find out, so give it a try," Sarah told him. Chuck hit the button and they both looked up the stairs as the door slid shut. "Okay, see any indication that set off an alarm, or anything."

"Nope," Chuck said. "Should I hit it again and make sure it can open back up?" Sarah blew out a breath, and nodded. Chuck took a deep breath, shut his eyes, and hit the button again. He opened one, looking up the stairway. The door groaned open.

"That's a relief," Sarah told him. "Now what?"

"Do we check out the computer or one of those file cabinets?" Chuck asked her.

"How about you check the computer and I'll check the file cabinet closest to you," Sarah offered. "Anything feels off, you yell for me, okay?" Chuck nodded. Sarah stepped up to him and kissed him gently on the lips. "Be safe and smart, okay?" Chuck nodded again and watched her move toward the file cabinet. He shook his head, turned, sat, and booted up the computer.

}o{

"Find anything?" Sarah asked sometime later.

"Kind of," Chuck replied. "I hacked into the computer, but as far as this database....I don't know. You?"

"There are files, but they make no sense how they are filed, or why," Sarah told him. She shook her head. "Think this computer may hold the key?"

"Maybe," Chuck said, a thought in his head.

"Walker, Bartowski, follow me...wait, you got it shut?" Casey asked, seeing the door. "Do me a favor, open it, let me go out, and then see if I can get back in. If I'm not back in five minutes, open it up." Chuck nodded, and hit the button. The door opened, Casey went up the stairs and disappeared.

"He's through," Sarah said. Chuck hit the button again, and the door shut. A minute later the door slid back open and Casey came down, smiling.

"Okay, got it," Casey said. "Now you need to close that up and follow me, you're not going to believe this."

}o{ "Holy shit," Sarah muttered.

"Right?" Casey said. There were several bedrooms, a living quarters, several working bathrooms and a kitchen. "I'll bet you anything this was built by someone years ago, scared to death of a bomb."

"Is it far enough underground?" Chuck asked.

"Who knows," Casey said with a shrug. "But think about it, who else is gonna have the funds for this? Motion activated lights, somewhere there's got to be a generator or something running this thing. I'll take this room, the bigger room is down the hall, I figured that's the one you two would take."

"So what's this way?" Sarah asked, looking down the hallway by Casey's door. Casey just smiled.

}o{

"Holy shit," Chuck muttered. Casey had led them to the back of the compound. There they found a garage, and a ramp lead up. Casey hit a button, and they all heard rumbling. They began to climb up an incline and noticed the night sky about them. "He literally brought these records in here, through this entrance, didn't he?"

"Yup," Casey replied. "When we get to the top, look around for a panel or something that would have outside controls. You two are gonna have to stay here, I'll go in town and get us some fresh vegetables and supplies. I'll grow my beard out, make it look like I'm living off the land. There's an older vehicle down there I can use."

"How long do you think we're gonna be here, Casey?" Chuck asked.

"As long as it damn well takes, Bartowski," Casey told him. "The answer to this mess is in there, somewhere."

"He's right, Chuck," Sarah told him as the three reached the top. Chuck looked over to the right, and saw a group of large rocks. He walked over to them, ran his hand over them, and began to gently rap them with his knuckles.

"That's no damn rock," Casey said, listening to the sound the one made. Chuck examined it, pressed down, and a compartment opened up. He hit the button that was exposed, and the door closed. "Good job, now can you reopen it, numbnuts?" Chuck stuck his tongue out at Casey and pushed the button. The track pulled back, revealing the down ramp. "I'm going to go get our vehicles and bring them back."

Casey started walking back toward the house, as Chuck and Sarah stood there. "You have any ideas?" Sarah asked.

"Several," Chuck said, looking at the ramp. "But it may take awhile."

Sarah grinned at him. "I'm not going anywhere," she told him.

"I guess we are going to be bunker bound together," Chuck replied. She stepped up to him, and wrapped her arms around him. "You okay with that?"

“Absolutely,” Sarah told him.

Chapter 18: Never Enough Ch 18

I don't own Chuck

Even though Chuck had several ideas, he was tired. It had been a long day and the thought of sleep overpowered him. He awoke the next morning to find his own personal Sarah blanket draped over him, which he thought was fair because she had her Chuck pillow.

They had breakfast and Casey began to make a list of the supplies Beckman could get to them with as little fanfare as possible. Casey got in one of the older jeeps in the garage and took off. Sarah shut the door, and turned to Chuck.

"Okay, Chuck, any ideas you have, now is the time to try them out," she told him.

"No pressure," he replied. He began to try all the names Sarah had given him before and nothing was found in the computer database. He pushed away from the computer, drumming his fingers on the table.

"Hey, talk to me, what are you thinking?" Sarah asked.

"I'm thinking that the names of everyone involved wouldn't be here because they stayed off the radar...until they didn't," Chuck began. Sarah nodded. "Your first kills were legit and righteous, so there would be nothing about them either."

Sarah turned and looked at all the filing cabinets and then back to Chuck. "You're telling me these are all illegal kills?"

Chuck started to answer, but instead stood. "Come on," he said. They walked to the nearest file cabinet and opened the first drawer. Chuck grabbed the first file and began to flip through it. "What is this?" he asked.

Sarah glanced at it. "Oh," Sarah said, grinning. "Well, sometimes CIA funds don't come directly to the CIA." Chuck looked at her. "That means this was probably a secret mission."

Chuck grabbed the next file and began to go through it. "This isn't the same," he muttered.

"After action report," Sarah told him.

"So it's not bad enough you have to kill someone but then you have to file a report?" Chuck asked.

"Welcome to the US Government, Chuck," Sarah told him. She furrowed her eyebrow. "Except, this isn't a kill order that's been completed."

"Then why is it here?" Chuck asked her.

She took the file, walked over to the desk, laid the file down, walked off, and came back with another chair that had been across the room. She sat down in the chair, and Chuck sat down beside her, in front of the computer. "This is a normal mission." She looked up at him. "Why would this be here?"

"No idea," Chuck said. "Anyone in there look familiar, or someone you know?"

"No," Sarah said, shaking her head. "Have you tried Director Graham?"

"No," Chuck said. "I think that would be too easy, but..." he turned, typed it in, and nothing came back in the search.

"Okay, that in itself is weird, Chuck," Sarah told him.

"It is," Chuck said. He typed in Wayne Tisdale. Suddenly numbers began to appear. Indented, underneath a number, were other numbers. It looked like a long out line of nothing but numbers. "What the hell?" Chuck muttered. He reached over, turned on the printer, and began to print.

"Chuck, it's forty-seven pages," Sarah told him.

"I know," Chuck told her. "Look, something...you know how you feel right before you sneeze and make the face to sneeze?"

"Yeah," Sarah replied, confused.

“Well, there’s a feeling right before the flash and I make the flash face,” Chuck continued. Sarah blinked and shook her head at that. “Anyway, I’m kinda having one of those.” He pointed toward the first number and then the numbers underneath them, indented. “I think this is all connected, so we need to pull all of these.”

“There are seven files here,” Sarah said. “I’ll get these four.”

The two separated and came back, excited. Sarah started going through them, and her face fell. “This one is from accounting,” she said, putting it down. “This is an after action, from an agent.” She put it down and pulled up another. “This is another after action, from a different agent.”

She looked up at Chuck, disappointment clearly on her face. “This makes no sense.”

Chuck picked up the file that according to the computer seemed to be the main file. He began to read and suddenly made a face. It wasn’t a flash, but it looked like the beginning of one. “This one,” he said, pointing to the first file indented after the main file.

Sarah handed it to him. “It’s the accounting one.” Chuck made a bit of a face again.

“Next,” he said.

“You okay?” she asked.

“Yeah, it just feels like when you need to sneeze but can’t,” Chuck told her. He opened it and began to read. This time the flash seemed to go further, but again, he did not.

“That looks painful,” Sarah told him, the next file ready.

“It’s not pleasant, but it doesn’t hurt,” Chuck told her.

He continued until he came to the last file. Halfway through it hit. “OH MY GOD!” he yelled. He shook his head and looked at Sarah. “Graham was in Siagon, 1974, as a sniper. Apparently four officials were killed during that year and according to this and what’s in the Intersect, Graham was the sniper.”

“That tracks,” Sarah said, nodding. “CIA usually has officers overseas during wars or police actions.”

"We need to find the rest of these," Chuck began. Her hand grabbed his wrist before he could grab the paper.

"No, you need to rest," Sarah told him. "I'm going to get a tape recorder, and you're going to tell me everything, we're going to file these and begin to compile what we can."

"Sarah, there are forty-seven pages, this could take months," Chuck told her. She gave him a look. "Okay, I guess I got out-voted one to one?"

"Correct," Sarah told him. "Also, I think we need to start running names of the people I killed through that database."

"Sarah," Chuck began.

"No, we need to end this, and if you can go through the physical pain of all these flashes, then I can get through mine. We're going to end him, right?"

"We are," Chuck told her. "We are."

Chapter 19: Never Enough Ch 19

I don't own Chuck

Casey returned from his supply run, frowning. He handed Sarah a bag and told her that Beckman had insisted he bring it to her. Sarah grinned and looked inside. "Thank you," she told him. Casey grumbled about lady feelings and lady things and wandered off. When he came back, Sarah showed him everything she and Chuck had done.

Chuck was sitting in one of the chairs in the common room, his eyes drooping. He hadn't flashed like that in some time, and he was becoming tired. It wasn't long before he fell asleep.

After he fell asleep, Sarah turned to Casey and asked him to keep an eye on Chuck. Casey nodded, and Sarah headed toward the front of the large room. Casey began to read a book, and after about an hour, stretched his neck to see if he could see Sarah. Chuck's feet were sprawled out on the coffee table, and Casey "accidentally" (Totally on purpose) kicked the table, waking Chuck, as Casey turned the page.

"Sorry," Chuck said, wiping the drool from his face. "Where's Sarah?"

"Went that way a while ago," Casey said nodding toward the direction of the computer at the front of the room. Chuck sat there. "Numbnuts, go check on her."

"Don't you think it should be you, since I'm well....me, and you're...well...you," Chuck said, thrusting his hand in Casey's direction.

Casey sighed, closed his book, and sat forward. "You are the dumbest smart guy I know." Chuck started to protest but closed his mouth, there was a chance he was right. "There is nothing physical that she needs to be protected from or might be threatened by."

"So why does she need me?" Chuck asked.

"Christ," Casey groaned. "Numbnuts, she's up there looking through her history trying to figure out how many she's killed for Graham's personal agenda." "How do you know

that?" Chuck asked.

"Because that's what a good person would do," Casey answered.

Chuck was silent a moment. "So when are you going to?" Casey blinked in surprise. "You're a good person, Casey." "Get your ass up there before she shoots me for hurting you," Casey growled.

"You're a good person, Casey," Chuck said in a sing-song voice as he started toward where they thought Sarah was.

"Ain't no need to be insulting," Casey muttered, picking up his book.

Chuck found her, exactly where Casey thought she's be. She was staring at a stack of files. "Wha'cha doing Sarah?" he asked.

She never looked at him. "Staring at the people I murdered for Graham's gain." She slowly turned toward him, tears falling from eyes. "I searched for a few, and they were normal, sanctioned kills." Chuck didn't say anything, letting her get it all out. "And then I found one, that made no sense. It was like the file you found when Graham was in Saigon."

Sarah looked down at her hands. "So I did a search with my name and Wayne Tisdale and pulled up that file and six others," she said softly. She raised her head looking at him. "I murdered seven people for him, Chuck. Seven." She shook her head. "No, nine," she corrected herself. "The last two, the men who were behind this that aren't in this computer." She looked up at the ceiling. "And one of them was innocent."

"He was," Chuck agreed. Sarah whipped her head to look at him. "I'm not going to bullshit you, he was." Sarah closed her eyes. "But, Sarah, you have to understand, you did it on an order and you saw nothing wrong with the order that was doctored." She looked away, shaking her head. "Graham did you wrong, but he did mold you, made you his weapon, and he pointed you at people and destroyed them, by using you. And-and, I know that doesn't help you right now, but it is not on you."

"I took an innocent life," Sarah said softly.

Chuck stood there, having no idea what to say. He walked over, offered her his hand, and she took it, standing quickly, wrapping her arms around her. "We will get him."

"I know, the problem is how many more will he kill before we do?" Sarah asked. Chuck had no idea.

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She had finally sat in her chair, Chuck in his, and he went through the files, flashing. He knew that was killing her as well. She knew how he was feeling and the flashes were making him uncomfortable, but he told her he was going to do this, to get her answers. At the end, they were all dirty. None of them were guilty of what Graham had them accused of, but they were all into different illegal things, and to a degree Chuck thought the world might be better off they were gone.

Chuck didn't understand why Graham didn't just bring the correct charges, and that's when Sarah told him; control. Control of them, control of her. Controlling their deaths. She was asleep, and that's when it hit Chuck why the two of them were such thorns in Graham's side. Neither of them were now controlled by Graham. If Graham knew what was in Chuck's head...

He glanced at Sarah, who had finally fallen asleep, turned to the computer, took a deep breath and typed in his name. A single record was returned. Chuck stared at the number, hopped up, and went and found it. He studied the document and was stunned to see it was submitted by a former college professor. It was then, he read the words that made him flash, Project Omaha.

Chuck rushed back to the computer, and began to type. Multiple files popped up. Chuck printed the paper, wishing he could make the printer quieter. He ran and pulled everything, bringing it back to the desk. He picked up a file, but something felt wrong. He picked up another, then another, then another, until he stopped, staring at the one in front of him. He opened the file and found the notes of an agent with the code name Frost. His mind threatened to seize, but it didn't. He continued to read until it mentioned the person Frost was protecting; Orion. Chuck began to flash, as it assailed

him, his chair spun, and as the flash ended, he pitched forward, landing on the floor, lying there, prone.

Chapter 20: Never Enough Ch 20

I don't own Chuck

"You see son," Stephen said, pointing to the night sky. "Orion's Belt or-or the Belt of Orion, but sometimes called the Three Kings or Three Sisters, is an asterism in the constellation Orion."

"What's an asterism?" Chuck asked, peering up at the sky where his father was pointing.

"An asterism is a pattern or group of stars that can be seen in the night sky," Stephen explained. "It consists of the three bright stars Alnitak, Alnilam and Mintaka."

"That's so cool," Chuck said, watching where his father was pointing. "Did you tell mom all of this?"

"I did," Stephen told him. He was silent a moment. "She really enjoyed looking at the stars with me."

"Do you miss her?" Chuck asked.

"More than you can ever know," Stephen admitted.

"Sorry, Dad," Chuck said, looking a bit upset.

"Do not be upset, son, you have nothing to do with what happened with me and your mother...that's Wayne's fault," Stephen muttered at the end.

"Who's Wayne?" Chuck asked.

"Never mind that," Stephen told him son. He crouched down and pointed up at the sky. "The reason we are looking for Orion's Belt in the night sky, is because it's the easiest way to locate Orion in the sky." Chuck nodded. Stephen pointed to the stars. "See those stars?" Chuck nodded. "The stars are more or less evenly spaced in a straight line, and so can be visualized as the belt of the eponymous hunter's clothing."

"Eponymous?" Chuck asked.

"Oh, that's a fancy adjective to describe a person, place, or thing after whom or which someone or something is, or is believed to be, named," Stephen explained.

"You're really smart, Dad," Chuck said. "I bet you find a way to find mom."

"I hope so son, I hope so," Stephen said, his arm around Chuck's shoulders.

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"Chuck?" Sarah asked, waking and looking around. She saw him on the floor and was to him in a second. "CHUCK!" She carefully rolled him over, she glanced at the computer, saw all the files and feared the worst. "CASEY!" she yelled as loud as she could. "Chuck," she said, panicking.

She felt him breathing, his heart beating. "Hey, Chuck, come on, wake up," she said, pleading. "Baby...." Tears began to form. "CASEY!" she screamed again. "Chuck...baby, come back to me. I can't do this without you." She cupped his face in her hands. "Please don't do this to me, Chuck, please, wake up." She opened one of his eyelids and saw no response from him. "CASEY!" she screamed for a third time. "Chuck...I cannot do this without you." The tears began to follow. "Chuck...I love you." She put her forehead to his. "Please come back to me." She kissed him gently.

}o{

"It's time to go," Stephen said to Chuck.

"But I don't want to, I want to stay here with you," Chuck protested.

"I'm not really here," Stephen told him. "You have to find me, find your mom." They both heard something. "She needs you." Chuck nodded. "I love you son," Stephen said, cupping his hand around Chuck's neck.

}o{

"Chuck, I love," Sarah whispered, sobbing into his cheek, her lips brushing against it.

"I love you," he muttered.

"Chuck!" she yelled, pulling back. "Don't you ever do that again."

"I'll try my best," he muttered, shaking his head. "What happened?"

"I woke up and found you on the floor," Sarah said. "What did you do?"

"What the hell have you been bellowing about Walker?" Casey asked. Sarah glared at him. "What?"

}o{

Sarah helped Chuck back to the living area. Once there he recounted what happened after the flashes hit and he hit the ground.

"I don't understand, Bartowski," Casey said. "Why would Frost and Orion do that to you?"

"Orion is my father," Chuck said softly. "I don't get the part about Frost."

"We'll figure it out," Sarah told Chuck. "Not today though, or even tomorrow. You need a bit to recuperate."

"Out of curiosity, why after what you said earlier, does that feel even more order-y than it usually does?" Chuck asked. Casey made a disgusting grunting noise.

"Oh, and just where the hell were you?" Sarah asked Casey.

Casey sat there a second. "I was taking a call from Beckman," Casey said. Sarah relaxed a bit. "She found out who is after you."

"Who?" Sarah asked, her spine straight.

"Zondra Rizzo," Casey answered. "Christ," he muttered as Chuck began to flash, and Sarah grabbed him.

"I'm okay," Chuck said, looking at Sarah.

"You sure?" she asked him.

"Yeah, are you?" Chuck asked, concern on his face. Sarah didn't answer.

}o{

Chuck opened the bathroom door, having finished his shower, and saw Sarah sitting on the bed, staring lasers at him. "Listen, you coming in there...that was just asking for trouble," Chuck told her.

She smiled. "I know," Sarah said. "I just...worry about you."

"Is that new for you?" Chuck asked her. She looked away. "I didn't mean for that to sound...mean, or...Gah, Sarah, I was just-" "Hey, it's okay," she said softly. "But, yeah, it is. I mean, I cared about Bryce, and I worried about him, but I never reacted to him like I did you, and I've seen him shot."

Chuck came over and sat down beside her. "Listen, here's what I'm going to do," he began. "You were in a very emotional place-"

"If you say I get to take back saying I love you, I will hurt you, Chuck Bartowski," she told him. He gulped. "I do, I just don't know what to do about it."

"Just let it be," Chuck said with a shrug. "What else can you do?" She looked at him. "Sarah, quit bottling in emotions you're feeling because all you're doing is setting yourself up for an emotional explosion, and that will just be messy."

"Yeah," she said, chuckling. "It will be."

He reached over and took her hand. "But when it happens, know I am here, no matter how messy it gets. I do love you."

She leaned over and kissed him gently. "I love you," she said, pulling back. "Now is this where you ask me about Zondra?"

"Do you want to do it tonight, or tomorrow?" Chuck asked. Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. "Woman, I meant talking about Zondra."

"Tomorrow," Sarah said. "Tonight, I just want to cuddle with you." Chuck smiled and nodded. "My boyfriend," she said softly.

"Dead boyfriend," Chuck told her. "Wait, you're into some weird shit." Sarah shoved him and he fell off the bed, onto the floor. "You could of hurt me."

“Chuck, I know hundreds of ways to hurt you,” she told him. He got to his knees, his hands on the bed, grinning at her.

“Yeah, but you wouldn’t,” Chuck told her. She gave him a grateful smile.

Chapter 21: Never Enough Ch 21

I don't own Chuck

She sat up in bed, her eyes wide. "Holy shit, Orion had a handler," she muttered.

"Who's handle is where?" Chuck asked, half-asleep.

"Nothing, baby," Sarah said, shaking her head, looking down at him. He smiled at her, eyes still closed, and a second later she watched his chest move rhythmically, asleep. Why did Chuck's father have a CIA handler? That was the only thing that made sense from what Chuck had told her about the flash. She started to lay back down, thinking how lucky she was she never became Chuck's.... "HOLY SHIT!" she yelled, sitting back up. Chuck looked up at her, his eyes wide open.

"Sarah?"

"Chuck, why did your dad have a CIA handler?" Sarah asked.

"Uh, I'm not sure," Chuck said. Sarah stared at him. "Okay, he might have made the thing in my head," Chuck admitted, wincing. "I've been kinda putting parts of this together." Sarah nodded. "Sarah, what do *you* think is going on?"

"Your mom disappeared, right?" Chuck nodded. "Your dad had a CIA handler, right?" Chuck nodded again. She gave him a minute, and she saw it as it dawned on him.

"My mom was Agent Frost." He looked at Sarah. "A CIA agent."

}o{

The next morning, Chuck and Sarah filled Casey in on everything. "Is there enough in those files that I can help you two figure some of this out?" Casey asked.

"No," Sarah said, shaking her head. "From what we can gather, he's getting a piece of information here, a piece there, and the Intersect is connecting the dots."

"I don't want you looking at files for a week," Casey told Chuck. Chuck started to protest but both Sarah and Casey glared at him. "I get it Bartowski, you want to do your part,

but if you...well, if that Intersect goes haywire..."

"We have no idea how to fix it," Sarah told him.

"We do," Chuck said softly. "We need to find my mom and Dad, and get Zondra off of your back."

"Negative," Casey said. "She has no idea where we are at, and if we raise our head, she could shoot it back down."

"Casey, we can't run forever," Chuck protested.

"We don't have to, we take Graham down and the order is rescinded," Casey told Chuck.

Chuck looked from one to the other, nodded and sighed. "You two know best," Chuck said, nodding. "It's been a long few days, I'm going back and lying down."

"Okay," Sarah told him, squeezing his hand. "I'm going to show Casey what all we have found." Chuck nodded and headed toward their room as Sarah led Casey to the front.

}o{In their room, Chuck pulled up his laptop, and connected to the site where his father would sometimes leave him a message. "I need to speak to Orion," he typed. He went to close the laptop, when a message replied. "One or Eleven."

"Aces, Charles," Chuck replied. He paused for a moment. "I need your help dad." For a moment there was nothing, Chuck went to close his laptop when an address popped up. It wasn't that far away, surprising Chuck. He closed his laptop, grabbed his bag, and prayed Sarah wouldn't murder him, or worse, break up with him with what he was about to do.

}o{

They both heard the engine start and then the groan of the wall moving. "I guess he let that go a little too easily," Casey said. They were both off like a flash running toward the garage. Sarah jumped in a sports car, as Casey tore open the passenger door.

"Hold the hell on," Sarah said, determination on her face. "What the hell does he think he's doing?"

“What he can,” Casey told her. Sarah gave him a look. “Oh for Christ’s sake, Walker, the kid is smitten with your ass, and there’s an assassin out there. Do you really think he’s gonna leave it alone and not try and save you?”

“Why would he do that?” she asked, frustration in her voice as they tore up the rampway, chasing after Chuck. “I hope he doesn’t get too far away.”

Casey gave her a look and held up a handheld tracker. “I put nanobots to track him in his coffee,” he told Sarah. “And he did it because he cares. You’re with a civilian, they don’t think like us.”

“Doesn’t he know how important he is?” Sarah asked. Casey glanced over, shook his head and didn’t say anything.

“Don’t you know how important he thinks you are?” Casey asked. She didn’t answer, she just floored it.

}o{About four miles down the road, Chuck was passed, and then cut off by the vehicle in front of him, applying the brakes, forcing him to slow down, and then eventually stop. He sat there, as Casey walked back to him. “I know, I’m stupid, I’m a moron,” Chuck said, as Casey walked up to the window Chuck had rolled down. “But she doesn’t get it,” Chuck began.

“No, she doesn’t,” Casey agreed. “Now get out, and go sit in the other car, I’m taking this one back to base.”

“And when I get back, I’ll be a prisoner,” Chuck said, grabbing his bag. Casey lifted his eyebrows, shrugged, got in the car, turned it around and took off.

“Get in!” Sarah yelled.

Chuck straightened his back, walked to the door, shut it and kept right on walking. The car crept up beside him as he walked. “I’m not getting in, you’re gonna yell.”

“Where are we going at,” Sarah looked down at the speedometer. “Three and a half miles an hour?”

“To see my dad,” Chuck told her. “We need help, Sarah, you have someone chasing you, wanting to kill you, and I can’t sit here and do nothing.” She didn’t say anything for a few minutes.

“How far away is he, we’ll need supplies,” Sarah said softly.

Chuck stopped walking and looked at her. “It’s only fifty or so miles away.” The car had stopped.

“Okay, get in, and we’ll go see him,” Sarah told him. Chuck hesitated. “I promise.”

“Are you gonna yell?” Chuck asked. Sarah gave him a look. “Can you at least wait until we get back?” Sarah rolled her eyes, but nodded. Chuck got in the car and they took off toward Orion.

Chapter 22: Never Enough Ch 22

I don't own Chuck

Chuck found himself in the passenger seat, watching the miles passed by. As the vehicle made its way down the road, the silence seemed to grow louder and louder. He felt her shoulders shake more than heard her. He swallowed, he had made her cry. "Sarah," he began turning to her. She was laughing and trying to hold it in.

"Were you *really* going to walk fifty miles to see your father?" she asked him. "I mean, Chuck at the rate you were going it would take around fifteen hours!"

"To figure this out to help you...yeah, I would" he told her, shaking his head. She sighed, shook her head, and reached over to take his hand. "That's what it means when Chuck Bartowski loves you."

"Okay," she said. There was silence for a minute. "Do you want to know what it means when Sarah Walker loves you?"

"Yeah, I do," Chuck said turning to her.

"It mean you tell her when you have some stupid-ass plan and she helps you!"

"I thought you weren't going to yell until we got back," Chuck reminded her. She glared at him. "Or, maybe you didn't answer and I just assumed you wouldn't." Chuck swallowed.

"What the hell were you thinking?" she asked. "Why didn't you tell me? Well?" It was going to be a long thirty minutes.

}o{

Sarah got out of the car, and looked at Chuck, puzzled. He seemed to be limping. "What did you do?" Concern was in her voice.

"Nothing, just got one of my ass cheeks chewed off," Chuck said, fighting back the grin as he walked up to the RV. He saw her trying to hold back the laughter. He turned to

her. "Listen, he's a little...out there."

"Okay," Sarah said, taking his hands. "Well, whatever he is, we do this, together, right?"

"Absolutely, although, I am kinda lopsided now." Sarah did not look amused. "Huh, it's a miracle, I suddenly feel whole."

"I had to fall in love with a nerd," she said, shaking her head and walking to the door. "I'm guessing pulling my gun isn't the best idea?"

"No," Chuck said, reaching past her and knocking. The door whipped open.

"Get in," Stephen said. "They might be watching."

"Who?" Sarah asked.

"Them," Stephen said, walking back through the RV. Sarah turned to Chuck.

"I warned you."

}o{

The two went inside, and Chuck laid out everything to Stephen, who nodded the whole time. "I tried to keep you out of it," Stephen told him. "But...." He looked away and shook his head.

"Dad, is mom Agent Frost?" Chuck asked him. Stephen nodded. "Can we save her?"

"Only if you can find the records that sent her on her mission," Stephen said. "The unredacted records."

"And where are those?" Sarah asked. Stephen looked at her. "Mr. Bartowski-"

"Stephen, please," Stephen said.

"Stephen," Sarah said, smiling at him. "I don't know if you know this about Chuck but when family can be saved, he does it."

"To do that, you'll have to go to his place, his-his safe-house," Stephen told them.

"Where is it?" Sarah asked.

"Texas," Stephen told them. He looked from one to the other and sighed, seeing the determination on both of their faces. "Fine, I'll get the address, but I'm not following you."

"Wait," Chuck said, playing over what Stephen had said. "You've been following us?"

"Of course I have," Stephen told them. "But not to close." Stephen got up, and headed toward the back. He began to search, presumably for the address.

"Casey isn't going to like this," Chuck told Sarah.

"I'll take care of Casey," Sarah told him.

"Who's taking care of you?" Chuck asked.

"I thought you were," Sarah said. Chuck grinned at that.

}o{

They were riding back to the base, Chuck thinking about what his father had said to him after Sarah had left the RV.

"Charles, they have sent someone after her, your handler."

"She's not my handler," Chuck told him.

"Well, whatever she is, they have a kill order on her."

"I know dad," Chuck replied. "What can I do though?"

"She needs to know the truth, the assassin that is," Stephen told him. "Gabriella Mercedes." The flash hit him like a freight train. He shook his head, trying to get his bearings.

"You ready?" Sarah asked, sticking her head back inside.

"Just telling him good-bye," Chuck told her. Sarah nodded and headed back out. "Dad," he began.

"Tell her the truth," Stephen insisted.

"Yeah, but if she doesn't believe me, Sarah could die," Chuck pointed out.

"Then make sure she believes you," Stephen said with a shrug.

"You okay?" Sarah asked. Chuck nodded. "It's gotta be hard not seeing your dad and then seeing him like that."

"Yeah," Chuck agreed. He needed to address the problem they were sure to have.

"Sarah, do you want to talk about Zondra."

"No," Sarah told him.

"The CAT Squad?"

"No," Sarah repeated.

"Are you just gonna ignore it all?"

She sighed, and looked over at him. "What happened, happened, and I can't change it. Zondra is good at what she does."

"Yeah," Chuck agreed. "But what if-"

"Chuck, you can what if all day long in this life, doing this job...that I used to do," she clarified. "But, eventually you come to the point where you have to take what intel you have and move forward."

"And that's what you're doing?" Chuck asked.

She reached over and squeezed his hand. "I thought so," she said. "Am I doing it badly?"

"No, it's just been a minute since I've moved forward and I wasn't sure what it looked like," Chuck admitted.

"Well, this is us, moving forward."

"One of us missing an asscheek from the chewing out I just took," Chuck added. She gave him a look and shook her head. "You know you love me."

"Yeah, I do," she said, blowing out a breath. "God help me, I do."

Chapter 23: Never Enough Ch 23

I don't own Chuck

Blood was running down his face from where he had been pistol whipped. Casey was down, clutching his shoulder, he had been the first one she had taken a shot at. Chuck knew they were lucky no one was dead yet. He heard the sounds of fighting, and glanced over. There they were, Sarah and Zondra in fight.

He had been right. She had been waiting for them in Texas. Chuck had told Sarah and Casey everything that had been in the flash and then shocked them by saying they couldn't go. He wasn't going to put them in danger just to save his mother. Chuck was certain Zondra was there, waiting for them.

Chuck was certain Graham was paranoid, but just because you're paranoid doesn't mean you aren't right. He knew that it was a trap, and he refused to let these two get caught in it. He had awoken the next morning to an empty bed, and when he walked into the kitchen area, Casey told them once he finished making himself pretty they were pulling out.

Chuck tried to argue, but one look from Sarah stopped him. They had become family. A dysfunctional one, sure, but a family all the same. "Bartowski," came Casey voice cutting through the fog in his head. Did he have a concussion? What did that do the Intersect. "BARTOWSKI!"

"Let me finish off Blondie and I'll take care of you, Casey," Zondra said, fighting Sarah. Sarah was still staggering from the original attack. As she had walked in, she got blindsided by Zondra, the pistol hitting her in the face. Zondra had turned on Casey, and as she pulled the trigger, Chuck had crashed into her, throwing off her aim. The kicker was, if Chuck hadn't of tried to tackle Zondra, the shot probably would have hit Casey center mass...but it also would have hit his Kevlar vest. Zondra had gotten Chuck off of her, pistol whipped him, and then found herself in a fist fight with Sarah, who was wobbly.

"Tell her!" Casey yelled. "Tell her before we die." Zondra got in a blow, knocking Sarah down. She went over to pick up the gun, turned, with the intent of shooting Sarah. Standing in her way was Chuck.

"Funny, you're supposed to be dead," Zondra said, raising the gun, pointing it right between Chuck's eyes."

"So are you, Gabriella Mercedes," Chuck said. Zondra froze, her eyes going wide. "Your parents, two older brothers that are here, living in fear of deportation, all because of one son-of-a-bitch named Wayne Tisdale, or as you know him, Langston Graham."

"Who the hell are you?" Zondra asked, her gun lowering slightly, and shaking. "Who. The hell. Are you?"

"I'm his worse nightmare," Chuck told her. "I'm the guy that can put it all together and send him away, forever."

"No one can," Zondra said, chuckling. "Do yourself a favor, step aside, let me take out that traitor and we can help each other."

"No," Chuck said. "First, she wasn't the traitor, Amy was." Zondra glanced at Sarah, who nodded and then back at Chuck. "Second, well, I love- her, and you take her out, I'll spend the rest of live hunting you down." Zondra tilted her head and lifted her gun back to pointing between his eyes.

Chuck swallowed. "And maybe I spoke a little too boldly, but I am telling you the truth Zondra. Langston isn't keeping your family safe, he's the one that is keeping their citizenship papers from being processed."

"That son-of-a-bitch," she muttered, her arm faltering again.

"Rizzo, you know me, you know I wouldn't help a traitor," Casey said. He was pressing his shirt against his shoulder, stopping the bleeding. "Walker is good people, hell, you know that."

Zondra looked down at Sarah and snorted. "String bean here loves you, I'd be doing him a favor putting a bullet in him."

"Yeah, you would," Sarah agreed. Zondra went to lift her gun. "I love him, and it will probably ruin his life, but I do." Zondra whipped her head back to Sarah. "Zondra, I want to walk on the beach with this guy." Zondra stared at Sarah. During many of their late nights, while Amy and Carina were partying it up, many times the two found themselves together.

They would watch couples, and make fun of them, but they would sometimes see a couple, that weren't in it for sex, to be with someone, but to be with someone they loved. It was Zondra who said it. *I bet he's the kinda guy that would walk on the beach with you, and just be happy to be near you. We don't get that guy, Walker, we're not built that way.*

"Your serious?" she said. She looked at Chuck, over to Casey, and back to Sarah. "Blondie, if you are jerking my chain, I swear to God I will blow his damn brains out."

"You hurt him, there is no where on this earth you can hide, Zondra," Sarah told her. Zondra stared at Sarah, and lowered her weapon. "We good?"

"No, but we can work together for now," Zondra told her.

"It was Amy," Chuck stressed.

"And *she* turned me in," Zondra said, pointing at Sarah. Chuck glanced at Sarah and saw the shame on her face. "Now, how do we do this and my family not get deported?" "We have a plan for that," Casey told her. He groaned. "But first, can you get this bullet out of my arm?"

"Why me?" Zondra asked.

"You put it in there," Casey said. "I wouldn't let Bartowski operate on me if there was no one else to do it, and Walker's so far in her ladyfeelings right now, I'm afraid she might take my arm off."

"Fine," Zondra said, holstering her weapon. "Why are you all here anyway?"

"To save my family," Chuck told her. With that, he helped up Sarah, and the two walked out of the room.

“You did the right thing,” Casey told Zondra.

“Yeah, but is it gonna bite me in the ass?” Zondra asked him.

“Maybe,” Casey admitted. “YEOWCH!” he yelled as Zondra began to dig into his shoulder. “Has anyone told you your bedside manner sucked?” “Yep,” Zondra replied.

Chapter 24: Never Enough Ch 24

I don't own Chuck

He was going through the file, the unredacted file. Chuck was near tears reading what had happened to his mother. She was sent after an enemy, and if she didn't go, her husband would have been executed for unleashing the worst criminal on the world. He found her report that had all the protests, letters, and other documents pleading not to go forward with the project. Project Volkoff. The flash began and tears came with it. Not from the pain of the flash, but from the pain in his soul.

His family had been torn apart by one man, Langston Graham. Chuck was sure at this point that if Wayne Tisdale ever existed, he was dead inside, or he had morphed into Langston. This was the motherload. This was what they had come for. There was so much more work to be done back at the bunker, to piece it all together, but this file....these files, were the smoking guns. So many missions that had went wrong, had gone sideways, because of one man's greed.

To find out the Volkoff was put into place to kill an arms dealer that had double crossed Graham...to find out his mother was sent to keep tabs on Volkoff to keep him docile. To find out that Graham had the ability to remove the Volkoff personality, but hadn't because....well, Chuck didn't officially know why, but he suspected it was because Graham wanted control. Because he wanted the ability to do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted.

He heard a grunt from the other room that sounded like Sarah and rushed to her. She looked up at him as he entered. She had a pair of pliers in her hand, blood around her lips. He stared at the end of the pliers. "What did you do?" he asked softly.

"When I first began to train, I got a tooth knocked out," Sarah told Chuck. She took the tooth from the pliers and held it up. "He had this tooth made for me. It's a type of alloy he never told me about, but it was symbolic. He was going to rebuild me where no one could recognize me as the person I used to be."

Chuck was silent, not sure what to say. "I'm taking me back," she told him, holding his gaze. "I found out I'd rather be someone other people cared about." She took the tooth and headed to the bathroom. He heard the faucet turn on and the water run, she walked out a little later. "We need to destroy all DNA on it, but this is proof to him I'm dead."

"How?" Chuck asked.

"Because of his hubris," she said, smiling at him. "He can't imagine I'd turn on him. I'm a loose end. He can't imagine I'd remove this. He can't imagine that he's been outplayed. Zondra told me he wanted this."

"So give him that tooth, dad switching the DNA in the computerized files..." Sarah nodded, grinning. "What about your tooth? Can we get you a new one?"

"We can, but it's not really on the list of my priorities," Sarah told him.

"But, it might hurt more later, having to cut into skin and stuff...I guess, I'm not sure how that works," Chuck admitted. She walked over to him, laid her hand on his cheek and kissed his lips gently.

"I know you don't," Sarah told him. "I know."

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It was weeks later, Sarah Walker, CIA Agent declared dead. Zondra was on vacation, and she suddenly disappeared. Chuck watched Zondra, General Beckman and four men in tactical gear, looking ready for a war, get out of the vehicle that had just pulled into the secret entranceway of their compound.

"What do you have?" Beckman asked.

"A lot," Chuck answered.

"Is it everything?" Beckman asked.

"I don't know if two lifetimes is enough to figure out everything," Chuck admitted. "But it's enough." Sarah stood beside him, and threaded her fingers through his.

"Then let's begin," Beckman said. Chuck and Sarah nodded, turned and led her to a presentation that would sicken her to her core, and force her to meet secretly with the President of the United States.

}o{

Sarah's finger felt the trigger, all she'd have to do is squeeze it, and end this. She had had enough. She made her decision.

"You don't have to do this, you know."

Her grip tightened around the trigger "I'm tired. I'm tired of doing what power hungry men tell me to do. I'm tired of being on an autopilot someone else programmed, doing what I'm told without a second thought." Her face tightened in determination "Enough is enough. I can't go on. I can't go on no more. No. It has to end and I have to end it."

"But and I'm just asking here does this end it?"

Her frustration was growing as she spit out "Death ends everything."

"But it won't end for you. You'll remember. It'll haunt you, like all the others. It won't be the perfect answer you've dreamed of, it'll be just another nightmare – just like all the others."

She bit her lip as she answered in a softer, somehow younger more innocent sounding voice "I don't have nightmares."

Chuck walked up behind her, gently wrapping his arms around her waist, careful not to jostle her or the loaded gun she had pointed at Langston Graham. "Sarah, I hold you at night when you have them. I hold you and rub your back, letting you know I am here. That I'll always be here. That I'll protect you. And I'll keep doing that as long as you need me to – as long as you want me. And I'm doing that now too, trying to stop the nightmare before it happens."

"Trust me" he said, softly kissing the top of her head.

Sarah stared straight ahead at the man who had used her all these years. The great and powerful Langston Graham didn't look so great and powerful bound, gagged and

quivering in fear in the corner. Blood was trickling down from a nasty gash above his eye, a gash that Sarah took great pleasure causing. His lower leg was bent in a grotesque manner going in two separate directions at the same time, thanks to the Kyokushin Wheel Kick Sarah landed. He was in pain. And he was scared.

He should be scared she thought. For the past year she and Chuck had searched for and found every dirty secret Graham had. The assassinations of rivals and political enemies. The missions done without sanction. The many slush funds hidden away that bankrolled his ambitions. Yes, they had found them all, each seemingly more horrible than the last. Chuck didn't think it could get any worse.

Chuck. A year ago, her gun at his forehead, she made the decision that changed her life. She knew in her heart that Chuck would never be involved with Bryce F-ing Larkin. She knew he didn't know why he was sent the Intersect. And she knew it wouldn't help anybody if he did and she killed him. What she didn't know was how much Chuck would help her, how important he would become.

He saved her.

He protected her.

He told her that Graham's sins were not hers. He argued that what he had done, he had done to others. Bringing him to justice was the right thing to do.

Until he found her file. Her full, unredacted file. That's when it became personal.

Chuck found out that Sarah had been recruited at the age of 16. That she had been given her first seduction mission at 17. That she was partnered with misogynistic, power hungry men – partners she had to defend herself against too many times to count.

And then.

And then he was horrified when he read about her red test, hurting for her in a way that no other man ever had.

Sarah was afraid that would be too much for him. The last straw. But that was when Chuck redoubled his efforts. He reached out to protect her and help her heal. He loved

her like no other man could. It was then that Sarah knew that her fairytale dream of finding the perfect lover could come true. Chuck certainly was not like every other man she knew. And she loved him, not just for who he was, but also for who she was when she was with him.

Now they had Graham. They had enough evidence to put him away in a deep dark cell for the rest of his life. That was the plan.

Chuck kissed the top of her head again "He's not worth the nightmares." He said softly, gently.

Sarah sighed. She had enough of the killing. She didn't think - no, she knew - she should not pull the trigger.

Sarah took her finger off the trigger and brought the gun down.

Enough is enough.

This can't go on.

Chuck gently, carefully took the gun out of her hand while a strike team swarmed in, surrounding, securing and dragging the erstwhile director off. As they did, General Beckman walked up to them, her face a mixture of concern and satisfaction.

"Are you ok?" She asked Sarah, placing her hand on her forearm in an almost motherly way.

Sarah turned and snuggled deeply into Chuck and nodded, a single tear rolling down her cheek.

"I was worried about you for a minute there. No doubt Graham deserved whatever fate you chose for him, but alive he is worth far more than dead. I'm glad you made the choice you did."

Sarah took a deep breath before responding. "When I looked at him I knew I had enough, that I didn't have to put up with his stuff. I had my fill of all the horrible things he taught me and had me do. Killing him wouldn't have paid the bill. Enough is enough."

"Well, you don't have to worry about Lanston Graham anymore. Where he is going, there is no sunshine, no moonlight. He doesn't stand a chance of seeing them ever again." with that, she squeezed Sarah's arm one more time and looked up at Chuck. "Take good care of her" she said and turned to walk away.

"I will." Chuck said looking down at Sarah. "I'll hold you and protect you through all the nightmares until they are gone."

"No more tears." Chuck said, pulling her in tighter.

Enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough.

}o{

He turned his head, cracking his neck. He stood, stretched, his back popping deliciously, and he sighed.

"How's it going?" he heard her ask just before her hand snaked around him from behind, her fingertips trailing up his stomach toward his chest.

"Good," Chuck admitted. "I started the last row of files."

"I guess it didn't take two life times like you thought," Sarah teased him.

"Well, I had help," Chuck said, looking across the way at his father, asleep at his desk.

"But, no, it didn't take two lifetimes."

"So at this rate, a couple of more months?" Sarah asked him. Chuck nodded. "Then what?"

"I have no idea, but it's the US Government, I'm sure they'll find something we could help them with," Chuck told her, shrugging. "We've taken down so many bad guys, just using information from here, I'm sure there's other files we could work through."

"Yeah," Sarah said with a shrug.

"Do you want to leave here?" Chuck asked her.

"Why would I ever want to leave here?" Sarah asked. "I have my friends, my family--"

"It's mostly my family," Chuck reminded her. She gave him a level look, but the grin fought through. "Right, our family, I mean, you are a Bartowski."

"Got the bling to prove it," she said, holding up her hand where the engagement and wedding ring were. They heard a cry. "And the child."

"I got her," Chuck said. "I've had enough of this for today."

"I hope you don't say that about me," she muttered. Chuck spun, gathered her up in his arms, gingerly, so as not to jostle the next Bartowski that was due any week.

"Baby, with you, it's never enough," Chuck told her, giving her a kiss.

"Promise?" she asked, grinning.

"Promise," he told her. "You deserve everything, and I just hope I can give you everything you want."

"You have, Chuck Bartowski, you have."

Chapter 25: Who Will You Run To Ch 25

I don't own Chuck

They were sitting on the porch waiting as Casey pulled up in front of the cabin. "Anyone follow you?" Sarah asked as he got out of the car.

"Come on, Walker. It's me," Casey told her. He stopped. He looked at her, then to Chuck, then back to Sarah. "Christ," he muttered. "Is there coffee in the kitchen?"

Chuck pulled out a thermos and pitched it to him. "We had it ready for you." Casey grunted. "Figured you'd want to see everything and get to work."

"At least your damn head is finally working right," Casey muttered.

"Still haven't flashed," Chuck told Casey.

Casey gave him a look and shook his head. "Who said a damn thing the Intersect, numb-nuts?" Casey muttered, walking away.

"Are they?" Sarah asked softly. Chuck gave her a confused look. "Your nuts?" Chuck's eyes went wide and she winked at him. She stood up and followed Casey.

"This is gonna be so much fun," Chuck muttered.

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Chuck quickly recovered, grabbed the file folder, and joined the two. He began to lead Casey around the property, showing him things. He led them toward the back, pointing out the nearly invisible cameras that were posted around the backside of the property, near the back road.

Casey watched Chuck, impressed. Casey glanced at Sarah, who grinned and shrugged. "That's where I'm thinking they come for us," Chuck said, pointing to the spot where Susan and Peter had been photographed by the surveillance cameras. "That road leads to a service road to the base."

"And its security is run by a private security firm?" Casey asked. Chuck nodded. Casey snorted. "You have to give it to them, these Fulcrum assholes know how to play dirty and make it look clean."

"How would you do it, if it were you, Casey?" Chuck asked. Casey turned to him. "I mean, you have the most experience where it comes to military maneuvers."

"I would do exactly what you laid out," Casey replied. He pointed to a clearing off the side of the road. "I set up base camp there. Being who they are, they could close this road, no questions asked." He pulled the pack he had off of his back, and rummaged around in it for a moment. He pulled out a small cylinder and walked to the clearing.

"What's he doing?" Chuck asked.

"Looking for the best vantage point," Sarah told him. Chuck watched Casey take the small object, extend it and look through it. He slowly turned until Chuck saw him grin. Chuck followed Casey's line of sight and saw a cliff. "That's good," Sarah said nodding.

"If I take position there, I can take out one or two," Casey told him.

"How many do you think there will be?" Chuck asked.

"Eight to twelve," Casey replied. "The question is who do I take out."

"The leader," Chuck answered. Casey gave him a surprised look. "It creates the most chaos."

"Kid, when I say take out..." Casey trailed off.

"They're coming to take me and probably kill Sarah," Chuck answered. "This isn't us breaking in somewhere, and guys doing there jobs. These are men coming to kill her, and make my life a living hell."

"Kid," Casey began again.

"I don't like it, Casey," Chuck admitted. "But what choice do we have."

"Solid copy," Casey replied. "I can probably get three or four guys here that I know. They're retired, but I know they're solid and we don't have to worry about them turning

on us, unlike the wedding.”

“Sounds good,” Chuck said, nodding. “Would it help if I could kill their communications?” Casey grinned.

}o{

Now

Susan looked uncomfortable. “You okay, Susan?” Chuck asked.

“The baby was having some teething problems,” Susan answered. “I’m just concerned.”

“Well, feel free to make a call,” Chuck told her, lying his napkin on the table and sitting back.

Susan gave him a grateful smile, pulled out her phone and tried to send a text. “There doesn’t seem to be any service,” she muttered.

“Weird things always happening here,” Chuck told her. “Could be those USOs in the lake.”

Susan looked at Chuck like he had grown a second and a third head. “I’m sorry, what?”

“You know, those USOs,” Sarah told her. Susan gave Sarah a look. “What?”

“You told him where you hid him?” Susan asked, surprised.

“I don’t know why you’re surprised,” Chuck said calmly. “You asked to meet me, it’s not like you’ve been following protocol.” Susan slowly turned her attention to Chuck. “I wasn’t supposed to mention that was I?”

“No, baby, you weren’t,” Sarah said, lying her hand on his.

“Baby?” Chuck asked, grinning, staring into Sarah’s eyes.

The sound of a gun being cocked brought both of their attention back to Susan. “So, I guess you figured it all out.”

“Yeah,” Chuck replied. “We did.”

}o{

Then

"How much time do you need?" Chuck asked Casey.

"Week, ten days," Casey answered. "You sure about this, Bartowski?"

"No," Chuck replied. Casey stared at him. "This may absolutely fall apart, but what good am I doing anyone constantly being on the run? What good are we constantly playing defense?"

Casey looked around. "Hell of a place to make a last stand."

"No, it's not a last stand," Chuck told him. "If that's what you think it is, then we do something else."

"No, Bartowski," Casey said shaking his head. "You're right. This is no way to live...not for you. For me, heh, it would be fine, but for you..." Casey shook his head again.

"Thanks, Casey," Chuck clapping the older man on the shoulder. "Now, I just hope we don't lose anyone."

Now

"So how's this going to go?" Chuck asked.

"You just made me a lot of money," Susan told Chuck. "The search was over for you."

"Oh, got tired of looking?" Chuck asked.

"No, no one in Fulcrum thinks you have the Intersect," Susan said with a shrug. "The only person that does is the lead agent on this mission."

"Huh," Chuck replied. That's when they all heard the gun go off.