

The Prisoner

by David Carner

Based very loosely on the cult TV show. After Sarah Walker resigns from the CIA, she is accosted and awakes on an island, where former government agents from various countries, reside. Why is she there? What is going on? Who is #6, and why is he so important. Again, based very loosely on the TV show

Rated: T · Genre: Adventure, Humor, Romance · Chapters: 11

Chapter 1: The Prisoner

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

She woke, feeling groggy. She looked around, and quickly realized this wasn't her apartment. She tried to remember what happened.

She had resigned, over the protests of her superiors. She remembered yelling at Director Graham about all of the questionable tactics of the last few years. She remembered yelling about Bryce and his death and how it was unnecessary.

She had gotten in her car, and before she could get onto the highway, they had cut her off. They had fired gas canisters at her car. She had quickly tried to shut the vents, but it was too late. She was out, that was the last thing she remembered.

She looked down at the clothes she was wearing. It was what she had been wearing when she tried to leave in her car. She looked around the room. There were beads hanging from the doorway, giving the illusion of a separate room. She got off the bed, pushed the beads out of her way, and stepped out into the main room.

She looked across the room and saw two doors. One was open, and that led to a bathroom with a shower. It was fairly large. The other...the other must lead outside. She looked over to the kitchen area. There was a bar, dividing the kitchen from the living area.

An old fashioned phone was on the wall. She picked up the phone and heard a dial tone. She tried to call her cellphone, and heard, *Outside calls are not permitted.*

She chuckled. She figured that's exactly what would happen. She picked up the remote control on the coffee table, turned on the TV and found streaming services galore for her entertainment. There was an option to request a gaming system, but was told no online games were allowed.

There was a big flashing button that said start here. She pressed the button and a brunette woman showed up.

Hello. My name is Jill Roberts, and let me be the first to welcome you to Fulcrum Estates. Please know that your comfort is our number one goal at Fulcrum Estates.

Sarah shook her head. This was going to be something else, she could tell.

Now, I know what you are thinking. Why am I here? The brunette on the TV smiled, but instead of assuring Sarah, a cold chill went down her spine. *You are here because you are the best of the best. You know too much.* Jill had a sad look on her face. *There were two options, this or....* Jill trailed off, leaving no question that the second option was the forfeiture of her life.

This coastal island is protected. Agents from countries around the world have retired here.

Was it by their choice, Sarah wondered. She was quite sure it was not.

We understand your concerns and our whole...taking your rights and liberties. Jill winced. Sarah wanted to punch her right between the eyes.

FE, for short, is here to allow you to live a long, healthy, fruitful live. We have the best doctors in the world, and many specialists. The camera showed a brunette female and blond male doctor, not looking particularly happy. *These are the Doctors Woodcomb. Ellie specializes in Neuroscience and Devon in Cardiac.*

We have many other specialists here to take care of you, and they too are part of the community.

Great, Sarah thought. They have civilians trapped here as well to wait on them.

Welcome to FE, a guide should be along shortly to help you out and answer any questions.

As the video stopped, Sarah heard a knock on the door. She knew that knock. She slowly turned and stared at the door. She walked over, and steeled herself for the man she expected to see on the other side. She opened the door. "Bryce," she said softly.

Bryce opened his arms for a hug, and Sarah turned and walked back into the house. "Okay, I get it, your mad that I was dead."

"No, I'm mad because I found out exactly how non-exclusive our relationship was when I thought it was exclusive," Sarah replied.

"So, we're not getting back together?" Bryce asked.

"How can we get back together, when we never really were together?" Sarah asked.

"As I was dying, I sent you an important email," Bryce began.

"Seem pretty okay to be dead," Sarah replied, crossing her arms in front of her.

"They brought me back to life," Bryce told her. "And then brought me here."

"Congrats," Sarah told him. "May I request someone else to be my contact person or whatever in the hell you're supposed to be?"

"I mean, you can, it is your right," Bryce said. "But everyone thought it would be easier if it was me."

Sarah cocked her head to the side. "Everyone?"

"Uh," Bryce replied. "Uh, what I mean by everyone is..." he trailed off.

"Get out," Sarah said to him. "Get out, before I throw you out on your ass." "Listen," Bryce began. Sarah moved toward him, causing Bryce to turn and run.

"Wonder who they'll send next?" she muttered to herself, looking around.

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He sat in his office, watching her. He knew she was the key to everything. He knew why she was here, but at the same time he could not, for the life of him, figure out why she was here.

She was going to cause trouble. More trouble than she realized. Or, or maybe she did know exactly how much trouble she was going to cause.

He changed monitors and watched the two doctors treating their only patient of the day. He saw them smiling, and then she looked up at the camera, and frowned.

He quickly changed monitors again, and saw them. They were in their home, locked off from everyone. His vitals were stable. She...she looked like a wreck.

This had to end. It couldn't go on any longer. None of them could take it. He switched monitors and watched Sarah Walker. What the hell was she doing here?

Chapter 2: The Prisoner Ch 2

A/N: I don't own Chuck

Sarah continued to look around the house, and found a keycard hanging on a peg near the door. She picked it up and saw her name and picture on it. She opened the door and studied the lock. It took a keycard to enter. She tried the keycard in the lock and the light above where the card was inserted turned green.

She looked back into the house, and saw a monitor in the kitchen, with a slot for the keycard. She walked over, inserted the key, and saw her name pop up and multiple choices. She clicked groceries, and a menu popped up. She studied it for a few moments and saw that she could order the groceries and have them delivered.

She pulled out the key card, hung it around her neck, and headed out the door. The air felt amazing, and the sun beamed down. It felt like a warm day with a cool breeze, and little humidity. Where was she? Was the climate controlled? She began to walk toward the buildings she saw. She passed many bungalows that appeared to be like hers.

She saw people out and about. Some alone, some with someone else. There were obvious couples; man and woman, woman and woman, man and man. It truly appeared people were living here. She heard people talking, and while English seemed to be predominate, it was apparent that there were many languages spoke, and expertly.

It truly seemed as this was a joint operation, which seemed insane, since countries could hardly agree on what type of table to have a negotiation, much less negotiations themselves. She snorted thinking of the mission where she watched two countries bicker for three days over to have a round negotiation table or a square one.

She saw shops, multiple buildings, a library, and a school. She stopped walking. If there were a school, than that meant...that meant this had been here for years.

She thought back to her research she had done before resigning, and the things that she had read. Agents that just...disappeared. Most of these agents were those that were

single, no family, and were deep undercover. They just...vanished. Most were thought to have gone off the grid, wanting to be away from humanity, others were thought to have committed suicide.

For there to be schools...that implied there were children, and they had grown up here. Were they the ones that were now running this place...providing services...were they forced?

Every rumor so far seemed to be true. She set her jaw. If she was right, someone should be coming for her soon. Someone that was like Bryce. Someone that they would try to use to get past her guard. Someone that they thought she would react to a certain physical way.

"Sarah Walker?" the British voice came behind her.

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This was hell. This was absolute hell watching her. He knew that they had wanted to send Shaw, but he had argued that Daniel and his wife deserved to be left in peace. It was going to be jarring enough when Sarah saw Evelyn.

According to everything they had run on Sarah, Cole Barker should inflict a physical and sexual reaction from Sarah. He felt sick at his stomach, knowing that.

Cole should have been the one sent after Sarah before she was brought to FE. However there was no leverage on Cole, and the superiors were afraid he would try and escape. He sat there, wanting to turn away, unable to turn away.

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Sarah laughed, making Cole frown. "I mean, let's be honest, you are good looking."

"I am," Cole admitted.

"I don't know who is in charge of this place, but I am not going to drop my pants just because they sent you here," Sarah continued. Cole started to reply, but couldn't, the words lost in his throat. "I mean, it's a great spy ploy," she continued.

"What is?" he managed to get out.

She gave him a flat look. "Take away everything from someone, then send a hot guy, who seems genuine to comfort her," Sarah told him. Cole looked very uncomfortable. "Send me someone to tell me what the hell is going on." "I can tell you what is going on," Cole replied.

Anger crossed her face. "What's your name?"

"Cole Barker," he said, holding up his name badge.

"Okay, Cole, I'm going to say this using small words," Sarah told him. "Send him to me."

"Who?"

"They know who," Sarah said. "They know exactly who."

"You don't know who they are," Cole tried to explain.

"And you do?" Sarah asked. Cole started to reply, when Sarah shook her head.

"Go," she said pointing away.

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He watched the exchange take place, and when she pointed away from Cole, he knew what had happened. There was no question. There was only one person she would talk to.

Why had she come here? Why in the hell had she resigned?

"Number 6," came the voice over the intercom.

"Yes," he replied.

"It seems that you were correct," the voice over the intercom said.

"I didn't want to be," he said quietly. "Can't you let them go, or-or, if you can't do that, just let them live in peace."

"We want what they created," the voice reminded Number 6.

"I have no idea what they created," Number 6 told the voice. "No idea."

"You know what must be done, Number 6," the voice told him.

"I can't make the impossible happen," Number 6 argued.

"Go to her, tell her whatever you have to. Do, whatever you have to. Make her understand. Bribe her. Lie to her. I do not care," the voice said. "I want my program."

"I'll try," Number 6 said, pain in his voice.

"No, you will do what I asked. You will not try, you will do," the voice replied.

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"Where are you?" Sarah asked softly, looking around. She could see that for some, leaving the life, this could be heaven. Maybe it could be for her, once she found him and got him out of here.

Chapter 3: The Prisoner Ch 3

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

She continued to walk around the...village. That's all she could call it. No one seemed upset. No one seemed mad. She didn't know how. She was fighting rage inside her. She wanted to lash out for begin kept against her will.

She noticed that she was one of the youngest of everyone she saw. Everyone did seem to be older. She turned a corner and found a park, and stopped. There she saw families. Moms and Dads with their kids, running around the park, swinging on swings, and sliding down slides.

She stood there, trying to grasp how anyone could raise a family, here.

"I know that look," she heard behind her. She turned, and saw a woman, that she did not know. "First day?" Sarah nodded, refusing to speak. The woman chuckled. "Oh, you're just like I was. Mad that your independence has been taken away."

Sarah was silent for a moment. "No one owns me."

"They've always owned you," the woman countered, making Sarah's eyes go wide. "Think about it. Sure, we got to do small things we wanted to do, but what was our life? Hmmm? What was our life?"

Sarah was silent, thinking. She had done so much, but all of it was under orders.

"You were a weapon," the older woman said softly, and Sarah could not argue. "You were pointed at where you were needed and fired. You went in, killed someone, created civil unrest, stole secrets, planted something..." she trailed off. "You've always been a prisoner."

"I have not," Sarah retorted.

The woman snorted. "Honey, all we've ever done is what someone else told us to do. We've been caged, but not like we were in a small room. We were caged like a tiger, or

some wild animal in a theme park in Florida. We got to roam free, or so we thought. We never tested the edges to see how far we could go. We were trapped, and didn't have the good sense to realize it."

Sarah swallowed, there was truth in what the woman was saying.

"Here, yes, we can't leave, but we can live. We can love, we can have families, we can do jobs that aren't destruction, or we can simply read all those books we swore we would." The woman was silent for a second looking at the playground.

"And we are able to be with anyone we want that lives here," she said softly. Sarah turned to her, and Sarah knew, whoever this woman was, she knew. "It's not only allowed, but encouraged. No one is forced to be with anyone else."

Sarah thought about that, and then studied the woman that was in front of her. "You're the mother to the woman in that video."

"Guilty as charged," Mrs. Roberts said, shrugging. "And I know, right now, you want to fight your way out of here, but think about it. You get to have a normal life, with a normal husband, and normal kids." Sarah stood there. "Or a wife, if that's your preference...but we both know it's not."

Sarah hated the smugness of the woman in front of her.

"With a man who won't run off for the next big score," Mrs. Roberts said softly.

"You shut your damn mouth!" Sarah snapped.

"A father's love...or lack of it, shapes a girl until her dying day," Mrs. Roberts said softly. Sarah fought everything in her to keep from attacking this woman. "He's a good man."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Sarah told her.

Mrs. Roberts laughed. "So that's how you're going to play it." Mrs. Roberts shook her head. "I tried to tell them."

"You're one of them," Sarah accused.

"Sarah, we're all one of them," Mrs. Roberts told her. "Look around, scout everything out. He's on his way, and then...then you finally get to leave that life behind."

Sarah hated herself right now. She could see a future...with him... Would it be so awful to have two or three kids, playing on a playground, everyone happy, safe, protected?

"You've given enough, it's time for you," Mrs. Roberts said softly. "It's time for you to get yours, and what are you giving up? Crime, corruption? You're 'stuck' here? To finally have the peace and quiet you've always wanted?"

"You sell a fantasy," Sarah said softly, but intensely, but she heard her voice wavering.

"You say that, but your heart betrays you," Mrs. Roberts said. "You want that life. You know that you deserve that life." Sarah kept her mouth shut, not trusting herself to respond. "Enjoy it."

Mrs. Roberts walked away, leaving Sarah by herself. "Where are you?" she asked softly. She had to get him and get out of here. Because if she didn't she was afraid she'd never leave.

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"I figured you'd be on your way to her," Jill said, walking in like she owned the place.

"Jill, leave," Number 6 told her. Jill smirked. "Why are you here?"

"Because I was told to be," Jill said. Number 6 looked at the monitor, and saw Jill's mom with Sarah. "Oh, look, my mom is talking to your girlfriend."

"She is not my girlfriend," Number 6 replied, watching the interaction between the two.

"She can be," Jill said with a shrug. "Unless you've changed your mind about us."

"We could be the last man and woman alive and I would not change our mind about us," Number 6 replied.

Jill laughed. "Well, your girlfriend awaits," she said, as she sauntered out of the room." Number 6 stood there, watching the monitor.

“Why did you come?” he asked softly. He left the room, and headed toward where he last saw Sarah. He got to the playground, and looked around for her. He saw her. He walked up to her, and as if she sensed him, she turned around.

“Finally, there you are,” she told him.

Chapter 4: The Prisoner Ch 4

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Six months earlier

"Number 6, we have a job for you," came the announcement over the intercom. He dropped his head. He knew what this was. Teddy Roark had "created" a device he called "The Program", but everyone in FE called it the Intersect. It took data and computed the most likely outcome. What amazed Number 6 was that it took into consideration human interactions, with amazing accuracy.

He should know, his father helped build it. His father had always told him that there was one tragic flaw with the Intersect, emotions. Specifically, love. It couldn't compute what people would do for love, or, as his sister liked to remind them, go too far for love. His father tried to explain how the machine was not as flawless as Teddy thought when it came to emotions, but Teddy ignored him, like he did anyone who didn't agree with him.

That's how the accident happened, that left Number 6's father in a coma. The scientists believed that they had created a program that would allow the Intersect to be housed within a human mind, at least that's what Number 6 believed they believed. Teddy's insistence that the Intersect be called "The Program", led many to not be sure what he was talking about, since there were multiple programs being created at FE.

It hadn't worked, and Number 6's father was left comatose.

At that point the scientists told Teddy that while they had much of what they needed, materials wise, that there was a place in the US that could better do the work. Teddy for once, listened to reason, and the program to host the Intersect within a human was being worked on by a joint US-intelligence taskforce.

Teddy ran the Intersect daily, looking for security concerns. The Intersect predicted that an agent, Bryce Larkin would attempt to steal the program in two weeks. Once he did, he would be killed in the attempt, and in his dying moments, send the program to his

partner, Sarah Walker.

The Intersect, projected the chances Sarah Walker could be seduced and give back the program, but those chances were low. However an interesting scenario presented itself. If, Number 6 was sent to Sarah Walker, she would, in fact, turn over the program, when she showed up at FE six months later.

The Intersect laid out step by step plans, but the part that intrigued Teddy the most was, Number 6 simply had to tell Sarah Walker the truth, and she would eventually show up at FE, and hand over the program, all to be with Number 6.

“Come to the chamber,” the intercom said. Number 6 got up from his chair, where he was monitoring the entire island. He walked out of his office and made the way across the compound to the chamber.

He loved the smell of the ocean that drifted over the community. He loved the people, he loved the comradery. Why did he absolutely hate this place, if he loved so much of it?

It was the only home he had ever known. He was the son of a spy and a scientist. He and his sister had good lives, with their parents, until the test went wrong and his father became comatose. He had every need met. Teddy had tried to find him women to make him happy, but no one did.

He knew what he was being called to the chamber about. He was going to be sent after Sarah Walker. He was supposed to try and get her to get him the program that was going to be stolen, according to the Intersect. Why Bryce wasn't intercepted was a query he had proposed to the Intersect. The Intersect explained by Bryce stealing it and sending it to Sarah, it made delivery to the island easier, and maintained the island's secrecy.

Number 6 knew arguing with Teddy was a fool's errand. By now, Number 6 realized that the Intersect was Teddy's oracle, and anything the program told Teddy was what would happen.

“Don't come back, run,” his mother said, pulling him out of his thoughts. Number 6 turned to her, stunned she had seemingly come out of nowhere, but she was a trained

spy, and some things, she never forgot. "Run, you need to enjoy your life, away from here."

"I can't," Number 6 insisted. "If I do, they'll kill you two."

"If you don't, this will all kill you," his mother replied. "We both know you want more, and you should be able to have more. Save yourself. We love you." With that, she left. Number 6 shook his head and entered the chamber, ready to get the instructions he already knew was coming.

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"Job's done," Sarah said into her phone.

"Anyone following you?" came the response.

"I think so, but it's not anyone involved with the mission," Sarah replied, feeling the eyes on her. "It's a local, or someone looking to have a good time, and they're about to have a bad night." A chuckle came over the ear piece. "Need any support?"

"No, I have this," Sarah said.

"Take a vacation, Sarah, you earned it," and with that, the ear piece went silent. She took it out, and put it into her pocket. She turned the corner, and pressed herself into a depression in the wall, blending into the shadows. She saw his shadow a few seconds later.

She was surprised. This man...this tall man with curly hair, he looked nervous, unsure of himself. He was about to be very unsure of himself. He stopped before entering the alley.

"Please don't hurt me, I just want to talk," he said. His voice wavered, nerves filling it.

She stepped out of the shadows, grabbed him, and threw him against the wall, her knife at his throat. "Talk," she said.

"My name is Chuck Bartowski, and I need your help."

Chapter 5: The Prisoner Ch 5

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Then

"Listen, I have to tell you some things, and you're not going to believe them," he continued quickly, the knife to his throat helping his words hurry out. "I mean it's freaking fantastical, if I'm honest. I've lived there my whole life and seen it all, and I barely believe it."

She stared at him, her eyes had a hard glint when she first threw him against the wall, but they had softened as he talked, and she found the pressure she had against him was softening. "Then why would I believe you?"

"Because I'm trying to save your life," Chuck told her.

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Now

"Sarah, why are you here?" Chuck asked her. "I begged you not to come." She smiled at him, grabbed his shirt, and pulled him in for a searing kiss. He pulled back some time later, discombobulated. "I mean....what was I saying?"

"How I shouldn't be here," she reminded him. "We need to go somewhere they won't hear us." He gave her a look, and she tilted his head. He sighed, and held out his hand.

"Okay," he relented. He looked her in the eye. "I'm glad to see you, but-"

"Just stop right there," she told him. "I told you I'd come for you." His heart soared, and he couldn't stop the smile on his face.

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Six months ago

"I don't think you understand how this works," Sarah told Chuck, wiggling the knife by his throat. "Right now your life is in my hands."

"I know," Chuck said. "But you don't kill those that don't deserve it." Her eyes narrowed. "I'm going to need you to do something you don't like to do. I need you to trust me." Her hand twisted his shirt tighter. "Listen, we both know at any time you can kick my ass, and take me out." She fought off the chuckle that threatened to come out of her. "All I'm asking is you search your heart, and trust me. Not forever, just right now. I need to make my case, and then I'll be out of your life forever if this works right."

"Why would you be out of my life forever?" she asked.

"Because I have to go back, and if this works, you won't ever be there," Chuck told her.

She stared at him, studying him. There was something in her, telling her to trust him. Telling her deep down that he was not lying. There was a part of her that screamed not to trust him. It was the training, the life she had led. It all told her not to trust someone she had just met.

But then...then, in a part of her, deep, deep down...a part she thought that was dead and gone, she knew the words he was saying were true.

"You have five minutes," she told him.

"There's no way I can tell it all in-" she put a little pressure on the knife. "There's an island where spies that know too much are sent to if they resign," he blurted out quickly. She raised an eyebrow. He was right, it did sound fantastical.

"And why should I care?" She asked. "This is my life."

"Because they have a machine they believe can predict the future," Chuck continued. "They have a machine that takes all the data and forms the most possible outcome."

"How do you know this? Why the hell should I believe you?"

"Because I helped make it work," he admitted, slumping. "You know what, do us both a favor. Kill me. Please. Kill me."

She stared into his eyes and saw pain there, real pain. He was haunted by what he had done. He was hurting by the pain that had been inflicted on others, and for the first time in a very long time, she made a decision that shocked her. She released him and pulled the knife away from his throat. She saw something change on his face. She saw hope.

"Your computer tell you I would do that?" she asked him.

"No," Chuck told her. "The computer told me if I did exactly that, that you would kill me."

"Seems like your computer isn't that good," Sarah told him.

"No, not when it comes to emotion," Chuck told her. "It can read some, but it believes training and conditioning overrides emotions, and humanity."

"And what do you believe?" Sarah asked him, staring at him.

"I believe emotions are the only things that make this life worth living. I believe that people are more than a collection of thoughts and training, and circumstances that affect them. I believe what my sister always says."

"And what does your sister always say?"

"You can't go too far for love," he told her softly. She jerked her head back, and his eyes went wide. "Wait, you misunderstand me. I'm saying the love for my family. They will kill my father if I don't go back. They will kill my mother, my sister, her husband. But we're all in agreement, we can't do this any more, we can't hurt innocents."

"Innocents?" Sarah asked. "Spies are hardly innocent, Chuck."

"You are when you've been deceived," Chuck countered. "When you've been trained, lied to, made into a weapon that you're not. There are choices you make, and your file...your record is clear. When you are confronted with a choice, you take the side of the innocent. You try and save lives, save people. Many in the spy business don't. I've seen their files, but there are many like you, that do the right thing, that are there for whatever reason, but deep down, they want change. They want goodness. Those are the innocents that have had their lives stripped from them."

“Chuck, if I’m so innocent, as you say, and if I don’t follow you, that means your family dies, right?”

“Probably,” Chuck replied.

“Then how can I not follow you?”

Chuck stood there a minute thinking, and then he let out a deep breath. “Shit.”

Chapter 6: The Prisoner Ch 6

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Then

She took a bite of the pie, looked at the piece of jewelry in front of her, and then back at the man across from her. The man that was so obviously hurt by something, a life he claimed that he led, that sounded too fantastical to believe. But that was the damn kicker, she did believe him. She believed everything he told her.

"So you're mother gave you that before you left," Sarah said.

Chuck nodded. "That charm," he said, point at the last one on the bracelet. "It has a tiny compartment in it, that you put in this USB cord." He held up the cord. "You plug it into the phone and it can download the program."

"How the hell can a program that big, fit on something that small?" Sarah asked.

"I mean, I could try and explain it, but it's almost beyond my comprehension," Chuck admitted.

"It works?" Chuck nodded. "Okay, if I'm gonna believe your story about the island and that program, that memory....whatever it is, makes more sense than anything else you told me." She watched him chuckle at that. He scrunched up his nose as he laughed, and she found she liked that...a lot.

"You shouldn't do this," Chuck told her.

"So, let me get this straight, you're coming to me, to tell me to never resign from the CIA?" Sarah asked. Chuck nodded. "Because I know so much, I will be taken to the island."

"You're the perfect agent," Chuck said with a shrug. "Very little contact with your family. Few friends, and if you don't contact them, they really wouldn't think anything about it."

Sarah sighed. "I'm practically a ghost, and they are going to make me disappear." Chuck nodded. "But if I don't go...If I leave you there, they'll kill you." Chuck nodded again. "Then how can I not save you?"

"You don't owe me," Chuck told her. "Listen, this is my one chance for my family to get something right."

"Your family did so much right," Sarah said, shocked. He had just told her his family's history, and how they had ended up on the island. "Your mother resigned from the CIA to join your father after he was kidnapped and taken there."

"And in doing so, we help create the island and control it," Chuck reminded her. "Our family is cursed. We have brought this on ourselves and others. Destroy the program and you'll be doing the world a favor."

She studied him. Most men, in his situation would be begging her to come and save him. Not him. He was trying to save her, someone he didn't know. Someone he had only read about. She had lived a dark, and lonely life, and here, in this moment, she saw a spark of light...a light she refused to let be extinguished.

"Here," he said, pressing a piece of paper into her hands. She opened it and saw names on it. "Those names, they're agents from the CIA who are stuck on that island. They are agents, who resigned, and were brought in. You have access, look them up. I'll bet you they either didn't resign 'officially', or they are thought to be off the grid, or dead."

He stood up. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"I need to leave," Chuck told her. "I...I admire you. Ever since I saw that you were going to be part of this, I studied you, and...and I find you absolutely fascinating. But even then, I didn't think it would take much to convince you not to come to the island."

"And why's that...Chuck?" She clicked the "k" on his name, and he thought his knees would give out.

"Because, and forgive me, it's the only people I know," he said. He took a deep breath, and she noticed his hands were sweating. "I've only known agents or people who work for FE. They think of one person, themselves. You aren't like them."

"Listen, let me help you, I can get you out of there," Sarah began.

"Sarah, as great as you are...as amazing as you are...you can't take down all of FE," Chuck told her. "It was a pleasure to meet you." He nodded, turned, and headed for the door. He stopped at the cafe door, turned, and walked back to her.

"Change your mind?" she asked.

"No," Chuck told her. "But, I realize I'm probably gonna die, so somewhere, I found some courage." Her eyes went wide. "I wish I could have known you under different circumstances. I think...I think...I think we could have been amazing." He stood there, looking as shocked as she felt. "Good-bye, Sarah Walker." And with that, he was gone.

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She stood at her hotel window, watching the rain come down, his words, playing in her mind. When she had recovered, she hurried after him, but she couldn't find him. The rain came down in a slow, but steady fall. She had already looked up five of the names that Chuck had given her. All had resigned, and all were nowhere to be found on any database anywhere as being active citizens.

She didn't know what she was doing...yes she did. She was standing there, looking for him. She had no idea why she thought she could see him. He didn't know her hotel room, he-. She spun, hearing the knock on the door. Normally, she would grab her gun, but she knew...she didn't know how, but she knew, it was him.

She rushed over, and opened the door. He stood there, looking like a drowned rat.

"Hi," he said, lifting his hand. "I need you to know something. I never do this, but...but I had to ask you one question before I left." She licked her lips. He could ask his question, and then she was going to grab him and keep him from running off...at least she would have if what he asked her hadn't knocked her on her ass. "May I kiss you?"

"God yes," she blurted out, and before she could move, he was kissing her. He was kissing her like his life depended on it, and she kissed him back like hers depended on it. She pulled him inside, and shut the door.

Chapter 7: The Prisoner Ch 7

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Then

He lay on his side, hearing the rain come down. His left arm was under her, that hand grasped in her right. She shifted in her sleep, and he felt the need to move the hair that had fallen over her face. As he moved it, he saw the smallest scar on her bare right shoulder. He couldn't help but gently run his finger over it.

"I'm kinda surprised you're still here," she said, her voice full of sleep.

"While I'm not one to normally do....well...that," he began.

"What, have sex?" she asked, humor in his voice. "Because I must say, you did it quite well."

"Sleep with someone I just met," he said, kissing the aforementioned bare shoulder.

"Sir, there was little sleep, except for that nap I just took," she told him.

"Point," Chuck agreed. "Anyway, back to my point, I'm not one to just run off."

"Didn't think you were," she assured him. "I just thought you had to leave."

"Oh," Chuck said. He looked down at the bed. He felt her shift, and looked up at her, her eyes searching his. "I don't have to be back for a week." She raised an eyebrow. "I left...tried to leave because...well....ahem...I found myself quite attracted to you, and felt it was wrong to pursue it." An amused smile covered her face. "And yet I did."

"And yet you did," she said. "I don't know if you noticed but I found myself, and still do, quite attracted to you."

"Oh, I a' noticed. Boy, did I," he assured her, making her giggle. "I mean, at first, before I came to your hotel room...I wasn't sure, but I thought...hence why I came back to ask to kiss you."

"I didn't remember asking you to do the other things that you did," she said, a smirk on her face.

"No, you did not," Chuck agreed. "More demanded." A faux shocked look covered her face. "And I gladly did." She grinned at him. "Anyway, I thought it was a bad idea to ask you to forget about me, and then...and then..."

"Make love to me?" Sarah offered.

"That wasn't my plan," Chuck said. "I mean, I was totally fine with it...obviously."

"Obviously," she replied. He grinned. "So why did you come back?" He was silent for a moment. "You had a very logical reason not to come back. He nodded. "I get it, it's personal-"

"I've lived a life that has been dictated and laid out by a computer," Chuck told her. "The program thinks there is a woman at FE that is perfect for me. It believes that we have an intelligence that matches each other. It believes we have personalities that would match."

"So what's the problem?" Sarah asked.

"I don't love her," he said with a shrug. He looked up at Sarah. "And-and I'm not saying I'm in love with you, I'm just saying...I'm saying for the first time in my life I felt something. I'm saying that I have signed my death warrant, and I couldn't help myself. I wanted to be selfish. I wanted to kiss you, if you wanted to kiss me. I wanted to do something that damn computer didn't tell me it thought I should do."

"Are you forced to be with her?" Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head. "Good. And for the record, I'm very glad that you were selfish. In fact, if that's selfish, I'm going to have to ask if you would consider being more selfish, and stay here until you have to leave."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Chuck told her.

"Why's that?" Sarah asked.

"I think if I stay for a week, it might affect you and the decision you make about the island," Chuck told her.

"I promise you, it won't," Sarah told him. He just stared at her, like he didn't believe it. "If you stay, I'll even tell you about that scar you have been obsessing over."

"Knife fight in Jakarta?" Chuck asked.

"Ha, I wish," she snorted. "No, that was a product of my father's belief that a ten year old girl in pigtails could help him in one of his many scams."

"And that's why I can't stay," Chuck told her. She blinked. "I can't get you involved with this."

"You aren't getting me involved," she assured him. He shook his head and began to get out of bed. "You are seriously going to make me tackle you and tie you up until I can get ready and follow you?"

"You can't help me," Chuck told her. She got out of bed and stood in front of him, their noses inches apart. "You know the fact we're both naked makes this rather ridiculous." "Not as ridiculous as you insisting that you staying will change me mind," she told him. She reached up, grabbed his head, and pulled his mouth to hers. "I had already decided I was going to save you, Chuck."

"You can't," Chuck tried to protest, but it was short lived as she kissed him. When she finished, he pulled away. "Sarah, I can't take away your agency the way everyone else has."

"For someone so smart, you're being quite stupid," she told him. "You aren't taking away my agency. I am making my choice. My choice is to save you, your family, and anyone else who wants the hell off that island. And, let me add, myself. One day, I want to leave this life, and according to you if I leave the CIA, I will find myself there."

"Sarah, listen...what you're offering-" Chuck began.

"Going to do," she corrected him.

"While I appreciate it," he continued. "You can't do it alone."

"Okay," she conceded. "But I won't be alone. I'll have you." He locked eyes with her, as she grinned. "And I happen to know that you and I do work quite well together. We can

save your family.” She glanced at the bed and then back to him. A pained look crossed Chuck’s face. “What?”

“Well, you said you’ll have me to fight FE, but you’ll also save my family, but then you looked at the bed and that made me think about earlier, while I was thinking about my family...” he clamped his mouth shut as she shut her eyes, clearly having a brain cramp from what she just heard. “I just ruined the mood.”

Her eyes snapped open and she grinned at him. “If you promise me you’ll stay until you have to leave, I promise you I can fix the mood.”

“How will you do that?” he asked. He then felt her hand on him, south of the border. “Oh!”

Chapter 8: The Prisoner Ch 8

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Then

Sarah flipped through a file, let out a sigh, and pushed her hair out of her face. She looked over at Chuck, who was humming happily, having a piece of pie. "Do they not have pie there?"

"Oh, they do," Chuck said lifting his head. "But everything...everything is just made a certain way. Not too spicy, not too much extra flavor. We have to have everything brought in, so there is only so much we can do food-wise. We have gardens there, but the chefs were born there, learned how to cook there, and follow the same recipes from when this all started, nothing changing."

"I'm sorry," Sarah said. "I knew there had to be some other catch to it all, because the location...honestly, it kind of sounds like heaven."

Chuck giggled. "That's ironic, because the one other place I have traveled to...I've named heaven." Sarah tilted her head. "Again, we need some supplies, so over the years a deal has been made with a place that is off the map, but I've figured out where it is. Let me see your phone."

She handed him her phone, and he played with it for a minute. He handed it back to her. "I tagged it on your map, Heaven." She grinned at him. "It's also a bit of a paradise. There is a village there, that the majority of the crops we need are grown. It has a nearby dock, where supplies can be sent and then sent to us."

"Okay, it sounds like they can help you, but how do you help them?" Sarah asked.

Chuck grinned. "I've helped them come up with state of the art technology to communicate. It's in the middle of nowhere, away from everyone, but if they need help, they have the ability to contact whoever. If it's night and rainy, they have the technology to watch whatever because I've shown them how to wire everything."

“So you made everything modern?”

Chuck shook his head. “No, I mean yes, they can do those things, but they live a simple, happy life. Sure they watch TV some times, but...” he trailed off, grinning. “After I showed them everything, they made me a place to live. It’s on a little island, away from the coast. Not far, just far enough out, that it takes a boat, or a really good swimmer to get there.”

“What’s out there?”

“A small house, where I can lay out and catch some rays,” he said, grinning. She could just feel the happiness radiating off of him. “And best of all, no one is around so...” he looked around and leaned in. “No tan lines.”

“I noticed you didn’t,” Sarah said with a grin, making him blush. “Were you there recently?”

“A few weeks ago,” Chuck said, nodding. “Who’s that file?”

“Roan Montgomery,” Sarah said. Chuck nodded. “You know him?”

“Quite well,” Chuck told her. “He plays nice with Roark, but deep down, he’s bitter. He wants to leave so badly.”

“He disappeared years ago after leaving the CIA,” Sarah said, putting the file in her bag. “The belief was he had either gotten attacked by a spouse or significant other of one of his many conquests-”

“I mean that completely checks out,” Chuck muttered.

“Orrrrr,” Sarah said, grinning. “He started his own sex cult, and died during some orgy.”

“That also checks out,” Chuck said nodding. Sarah laughed. She saw him check the clock, and the smile fell from his face. “Well,” he went quiet, not knowing what to say.

“It’s not good-bye,” she began.

“It has to be,” he told her. “You can’t show up there.” She sat there, a challenging smile on her face. “Sarah.”

“Chuck, listen to me,” she began. “I love you-”

“And I love you,” Chuck replied, quickly. “And that’s why you can’t come. That’s why you have to abandon this plan. You’ll be stuck there.”

“Chuck, we can do this,” Sarah told him.

“We can’t,” Chuck said taking her hand. He picked it up and placed a kiss on the top of her hand. “I will never forget this time we had.”

“Nor will I.”

“Please, don’t follow me.” He stood, bent down, kissed her gently on the lips, and left.

Sarah shook her head, took of the bracelet he had given her, and opened the charm that was Chuck's mother's. She took out the tiny card, place it in the reader, and connected it to her phone. She put in her ear buds and hit play. And older woman stood there, in the video, her resemblance to Chuck, uncanny.

“Hi,” the woman said, that Sarah knew had to be Mary Bartowski. “If you’ve found this, you cannot tell Chuck.”

One night, while he slept, Sarah had wondered about the bracelet, and she began to study it. She looked at the charms, and noticed one seemed slightly off. She gently twisted and turned it, until it opened, revealing the card. She thought about asking Chuck, but something told her there was a reason Chuck didn’t know. She had been right.

“The last thing my husband did before Roark tested his machine on Stephen, was build this virus. It will destroy the Intersect. Stephen and I have run every possibility of who could help us complete this plan.” Mary Bartowski was silent for a moment. “Sarah Walker, we need your help. My son and daughter cannot live in this hell hole any longer.”

The look on Mary’s face was one Sarah had seen over the years. It was what Sarah had come to call, a mother’s determination. “My son deserves a life outside. He deserves a life in that place he calls, ‘Heaven’.” She paused, smiled, and continued. “And he

deserves a life with a woman who truly loves him. If you love my son, and the program thinks you do, then you have to save him.”

Sarah leaned back in the booth. The program could understand when someone was IN love. It however, didn't understand love itself. That was going to Roark's downfall. Sarah swore to that.

Chapter 9: The Prisoner Ch 9

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Now

He led her into an office and started to speak, when she gave him a look. He shook his head, and she crossed her arms in front of her, and stared him in the eye. A second later, he sighed and led her down a hallway. He knocked on the door, and it opened. Sarah followed it inside, and saw a familiar face. "Mary," she said softly.

"Sarah," Mary replied. Sarah took off the charm bracelet and held it out to her. "Did you...." She trailed off, the hope in her voice catching Chuck off guard.

"Mom, what is going on?" Chuck asked.

"A bit of spycraft," Sarah told him. "You don't know everything. There was a message on that bracelet from your mom." Chuck looked at Mary as she was twisting the charm for her wedding.

"So, your father knew that Teddy might try something and that this was his one chance," Mary told Chuck. She carefully removed the chip and put it in a pair of sunglasses that she had pulled out of a bedside drawer. "He knew only a fully completed Intersect could fix the problem."

"On your birth charm, there was a message to me," Sarah told Chuck. "Mary gave me the instructions. Once your father is okay, we put the intersect into the other chip and it will fry it."

"How did Teddy not know of this?" Chuck asked.

"Because the Intersect doesn't understand how far I and our mother would go for love," Ellie said, entering the room. She walked over to Sarah. "Thank you."

"This is going to work?" Chuck asked, hopeful.

"That's the plan," Ellie told him. "I'm not the computer person dad is, and I would have brought you in on this, but we knew what Teddy was planning, and....we couldn't involve you, little brother." Ellie smiled. "Besides, we couldn't have you thinking you were meeting Sarah with any more pressure than there already was."

"Are you ready?" Mary asked Ellie. Ellie nodded, and walked over to her dad. She gently lifted his eye lids. "Okay, look away," Mary told everyone. Everyone turned their heads as Mary gently put the glasses over Stephen's face and looked away. Light flickered all through the room.

"I think it's over," Ellie said. Chuck looked back to his father and then back to Sarah. "It may take a bit."

"You all put her in danger," Chuck accused.

"Hey, they told me what was going on, I made the choice," Sarah reminded him. "I'm here for your family, but don't get it twisted mister, I'm here for you."

"Me?" Chuck asked. "Why?"

"Because I love you, you idiot," she told him plainly.

"Sarah...Sarah you can't-"

"Apparently you don't know me that well, and what I can and cannot do," Sarah told him. Chuck started to reply, but snapped his mouth shut. "You don't get to come into my life, turn it upside down, and just think you can come back here and be forced to live in captivity, while some one else is forced upon you."

"I have never accepted her advances," Chuck said softly.

"Of course you haven't, but someone like Teddy...how long will he let that go on?" Sarah asked. Chuck looked at her. "Chuck, what's going on here is wrong and needs to be stopped. Now, how do we stop it?"

"You have to destroy the Intersect and the main generator," Stephen said. Everyone turned to him, stunned. "Thank you, son."

"I didn't do it, Mom did. And Ellie," Chuck told him. "And Sarah. Sarah risked it all to bring it here for you."

"Then I owe you everything," Stephen said, trying to sit up.

"Nope, take it easy," Ellie told him. "We got this, you are going to sit here."

"So, how many are coming with us to take out Roark?" Chuck asked.

"Us?" Mary asked.

"I'm the one who was charged with bringing her in," Chuck told Mary.

"It's just going to be me," Sarah said. "What you're going to do is stay back and tell me what to do." Chuck crossed his arms. Sarah raised an eyebrow and he swallowed. "Chuck."

"No," Chuck told her. "I need someone to work the outside panels while I bring down the generator. Roark was paranoid and made sure that anything that could hurt this place couldn't be done by one person."

"Fine, I'll take down the generator," Mary began.

"No, I will," Chuck told them. "Look, I'm the one who retrofitted it. I know everything about that room." Stephen watched him for a moment. "Now, if you'll all excuse me for a minute, I need to talk to Dad, in case things go bad..."

"They're not going to go bad," Sarah told him.

"I know, but...just in case." Sarah nodded, and left with everyone else.

"You lied to them," Stephen said. "You and I did that room together."

"I know," Chuck said. "And once those switches are thrown, that room locks," Stephen continued.

"I know," Chuck said. "The only way to take out that room is suicide," Stephen told him.

"Not necessarily," Chuck said.

“The runoff pipe?” Stephen asked. Chuck nodded. “The chances of you surviving that is....” Stephen was silent for a moment. “You want to use it, don’t you?”

“It’s the only way for us to have a chance,” Chuck admitted. “And I’ll admit, it’s not a great chance.”

Years ago, Stephen had managed to create a temporary Intersect. An Intersect that could give someone the use of the Intersect for a few hours, and then it would fade. This temporary Intersect was what had caused Teddy to want a permanent, stable one.

Stephen eyed his son, sighed, and pointed at the closet. “If your mother hasn’t moved it, it’s...” he trailed off. Chuck pulled a pair of sunglasses out of his shirt pocket. “You’ve been getting ready for this, haven’t you?”

“You can’t go too far for those you love, can you?” Chuck asked.

“No, you can’t,” Stephen said. Chuck handed Stephen the glasses. Stephen put in the chip and handed them back to Chuck. Chuck put the glasses on and the download began. After it was over, Chuck shook his head, and handed the glasses back to Stephen. “You have four hours, max.” Chuck nodded. Stephen inserted the chip. They both watched. “There, it’s now useless, and will destroy his computer.” Stephen handed Chuck the bracelet. “I guess it’s too late to tell you that you should never fall in love with a spy.”

“Because they’ll hunt you down to the ends of the earth?” Chuck asked.

“That’s right,” Stephen said. “Love you, Charles.” Chuck hugged Stephen.

“Love you, see you soon,” and with that he left. “I hope so,” Stephen said to the empty room. “I hope so.”

Chapter 10: The Prisoner Ch 10

I don't own Chuck

"What's the plan?" Sarah asked as Chuck walked out of the room.

"Ever heard of the magnet?" Chuck asked with a grin.

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"So, you finally brought me my program?" Roark asked, grinning sleazily as Chuck and Sarah walked into his office. "And I see you got the girl. Well done, number six."

"My name is Chuck Bartowski," Chuck told Roark.

"Chucky, I've told you, over and over, here...you're number six. That's all you'll ever be." Sarah snorted at that. Roark glared at her. "Listen here, girlie," he began.

"Teddy, you might want to watch what you say, she still has your 'program'," Chuck reminded Ted. Ted glared at Chuck and then turned to Sarah.

"Give me the program or I'll cut his nuts off and feed them to you," Teddy told her. Sarah's face contorted in anger, but she felt Chuck's hand slip into hers, and she calmed down.

"Just give it to him, Sarah," Chuck said.

"Yeah, Sarah, give it to me," Ted mocked.

"Okay, but remember you asked for it," Sarah said, handing him the chip and grinning. Teddy shook his head, and put the chip into the reader. The reader activated and began to hum, making Teddy smile. Then, the lights flickered.

"What did you do, Teddy?" Chuck asked.

"Me?" Teddy said. "Why would you think it was me?"

"Well, we know it wasn't my dad or me, because you keep threatening my dad's life," Chuck reminded him. "Move," Chuck said. Teddy glared at Chuck, but moved, as Chuck

walked around the desk and began to type on the computer. "Oh, this is bad, Teddy."

"What's wrong?" Teddy asked.

"Give me a sheet of paper, I'm going to have to make some calculations," Chuck said, ignoring Teddy. Chuck shook his head. "This is bad." He grabbed a pencil from the cup on the desk, as Teddy ran over to the printer, and came back with a sheet of paper. Chuck looked up at Teddy. "Just remember, you told her to give it to you." Chuck's eyes suddenly seemed like he was having a slight seizure.

"What the hell," Teddy muttered. The pencil in Chuck's hand flew across the room, and the lead buried itself in one of the guards hand, making him scream and drop his weapon. The other guard turned to his injured partner, never seeing the blond flying at him. He hit the ground, and then his partner joined him seconds later. Sarah grabbed the weapons, and turned toward Teddy. "I'll kill you."

"No, you won't," Sarah said, punching him and knocking him out. She turned to Chuck. "You ready?"

"Yep," he said. He came around the desk, and kissed her. "For luck."

"Hey, you got me, you don't need luck," she reminded him.

"Whatever happens, know that I do love you," Chuck told her.

"Chuck, we're going to have a long life together, so, knock it off," Sarah told him. "Let's go save your family."

The two headed down the hallway to the generator room. Guards filled the hallways, Chuck flashed, and the two found themselves fighting the guards back to back. Chuck was stunned at how they seemed to be in tune with each other. Each of them seemingly knowing what the other was doing. The hallways were narrow, so guards didn't dare shoot for fear of hitting another guard.

They made their way down the hallway, and found themselves in the generator computer room. Chuck slammed the door shut and ran to the computer, typing quickly, and Sarah heard the door lock shut.

“Okay,” Chuck began. “There’s three switches over there,” Chuck said pointing at the panel across the room.”“Nope, I’m going into that room, not you,” Sarah said.

“No time to argue, you don’t know where the controls are in that generator room,” Chuck told her. “All you need to know is as each light above those switches turns green, you throw them.”

“I don’t like this,” Sarah told him. “Okay, go before I change my mind.”

Chuck started toward the door, when two arms grabbed him, spun him and kissed him senseless. “I love you,” she told him. She pushed him away, and he stumbled toward the door. He entered the room, moved down the hallway, went to the first computer, and stared at it. He swallowed, pulled out the keyboard, typed in his information, and hit the flashing button on the screen.

In the other room, the light turned green. Sarah pulled the lever, turning the light from green to red. She heard the door separating her and Chuck lock.

Self-destruct sequence beginning. Lever one, engaged.

“CHUCK!” Sarah yelled. “What the hell are you doing? You’re locked in there.”

“Sarah, it’s the only way,” Chuck told her. “There’s an escape route that I know.”

“We’re not doing this,” Sarah said. She heard pounding on the outside door and then the sound of something hitting it, rhythmically, like they were using something to knock it down. “CHUCK!”

“It’s the only way!” Chuck yelled back. She saw the second light turn green. “Sarah, flip the switch!”

“I can’t,” Sarah told him. “You have to, or EVERYONE is dead,” Chuck told her. She slammed her hand against the door in frustration. She turned, tears in her eyes, and flipped the second switch.

Self-destruct lever two, engaged

“Chuck, there has to be another way!” Sarah yelled. She watched the third light turn green. “CHUCK!”

She turned and saw his face in the window of the door that separated them. "Sarah, I love you." The pounding on the door continued. "I'll see you in heaven." She heard something break in the door. She looked back at Chuck and he was gone. With tears in her eyes, she threw the last switch.

Self-destruct lever three, engaged. Facility will self-destruct in ninety seconds.

Holy shit.

She turned, found the computer that had the door locked, unlocked the door, yanked it open, ready to fight whoever she had to, and saw that the hallways were empty. She began to run.

Facility will self-destruct in sixty seconds.

She entered the stairwell, and began to descend it. She got to the bottom and threw open the door.

Facility will self-destruct in thirty seconds.

She ran with everything she had, exiting the building. She felt the rumblings under her feet, and she was thrown through the air as the concussive force of the building exploding and collapsing. She hit the ground, shaken, but basically unharmed. She turned and looked as the building collapsed on itself in seconds. She watched as the people of the village, quickly overtook their captors. It was done. They were free. But she was alone.

Chapter 11: The Prisoner Ch 11

I don't own Chuck

"You know he used to tell me if he was a spy, he would have a smooth name, like Charles Carmichael," Ellie said, working on the cut above Sarah's eye that she suffered in the explosion. Sarah snorted. That sounded exactly like him. How could someone, get so far under her skin, past her walls and barriers in such a short time.

"I can't believe he's gone," Sarah said.

"Well, until they find the body, I refuse to believe so," Ellie told her. She looked around, to make sure they were alone, leaned in, and then spoke softly. "He had downloaded the Intersect to give himself skills." Ellie straightened up and watched as Sarah's eyes widened. Ellie shrugged. "He really believed you couldn't go too far for love.

}o{

Within hours, heads of intelligence agencies from around the world began to appear in the village. Some were aware of the existence of the village, but most...most were not.

"Should have known it would be you right in the middle of all of this," Sarah heard behind her. She turned and saw Graham walking toward her. "Do I even want to know how many former agents are here?" "No you don't," Mary said, walking up beside Sarah. "Langston."

"Mary Bartowski?" Langston said, taking off his sunglasses and looking at her in shock.

"Honey and Woody are here as well," Mary told him.

"So is Bryce," Sarah added. Langston looked from one to the other. "This is big Langston."

Langston nodded. "So, I'm guessing your resignation had something to do with getting here?" Langston asked.

"It did, but I'm still retired," Sarah told him. "In fact, I'm thinking of getting away."

"Oh, somewhere nice?" Langston asked.

"Some call it Heaven," Sarah told him. Mary beamed at her.

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Two months later

Sarah had returned to the United States, gave her statement, and then spent the next two weeks disappearing. There was no trace of Sarah Walker. A funeral was held for Chuck Bartowski, but Sarah didn't attend. She couldn't. She had to believe. It took some time to get to where she was going, staying off of conventional systems. She wanted no one to find her.

As she walked into the village, she couldn't help but smile. If you didn't know where to look, this would look like any other village, but she saw his traces everywhere. She felt Chuck Bartowski in this place. A man approached her, a wary look on his face. "I don't know you, and if I don't know you, that means no one else here knows you."

"Well see, that's the thing, I think I do know someone here," Sarah replied. "I think the man who helped provide things here is someone I know."

"Oh, that man was Chuck Bartowski, but he died, it was truly terrible," the man told her.

"Oh, Chuck Bartowski, huh?" Sarah asked. She looked past him, and saw an island, off in the distance. She saw the small house on the island, and she couldn't help but grin. "I wasn't talking about Chuck Bartowski."

"Oh?" The man replied. "Then who were you talking about?"

"Charles Carmichael," Sarah replied.

"Charles Carmichael," the man parroted. "May I ask, what is your name?"

"Well, that's a good question, because it seems I have disappeared," Sarah replied. The man didn't change his expression, but something felt...different. "I would have to trust you to tell you that name. No one knows I'm here. I have come here to find Mr. Carmichael."

“And why are you here to find Mr. Carmichael?”

“Because I love him,” Sarah replied. “You can’t go too far for love.”

“No,” the man agreed, nodding. “No you cannot. You know, I have heard the stories of a woman, who must have been seven feet tall. Eyes the color of the ocean, the deepest parts. Hair, like sun had kissed her head.”

“She sounds amazing,” Sarah said.

“The man who told me about her, talked about her in such a reverence that...that I thought he was hallucinating,” the man admitted.

“Maybe he had been injured in an accident...an explosion even,” Sarah suggest.

“Maybe,” the man agreed. “The way he said her name, in such reverent...hushed tones...It was clear, he was in love.”

“I need to tell you something,” Sarah said. “I’m going to tell you my name, but when I do, if you do anything to double cross or deceive me....I am a woman who does not know where to stop where love is concerned.”

“That sounds like a threat,” the man replied.

“It is not a threat, it is a solemn promise.” The man nodded. “My name is Sarah Walker.” The man nodded, turned, and looked at the small island. He turned back to Sarah.

“How do you feel about a boat ride?” Sarah smiled.

}o{

She stepped off the boat, her heart fluttering. The man pushed off, and headed back to the main land. She headed toward the house, grinning, hearing someone around front, where she could not see, scrambling. “You know, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before,” she said out loud.

“Well you haven’t seen mine,” came the reply. She chuckled and heard him clear his throat. “Actually...I guess you have.” She came around the side of the house, and there he stood, a towel wrapped around him. “I feel like we’ve done this before.”

She didn't say anything, she just crossed the distance between them, and kissed him. She pulled away and looked him in the eyes. "Where have you been?"

"You know it does take a minute to disappear," Sarah said. She noticed he tightened the grip on his towel. "I mean you have to know you're wasting your time."

"Listen," he began. "We don't need sand...in places...you know?"

"I'm willing to chance it," Sarah told him. "Mr. Carmichael."

"Please, call me Chuck."

"Always," she told him.

"God, I've missed you," he told her. She took his hand and led him inside. "What about the sand?"

"We have the rest of our lives for that," Sarah answered, and led him inside.