

Cells

Rating : R-ish :)

Timeline : Right after 1x16's ending.

Pairings : Michael/Sara, Lincoln/Veronica, no incest, or real slash.

Summary : Getting in means getting out. - Michael is determined about getting his brother out of Fox River, and now his only key is a new PI job. Also, Sara is in danger, people think she knows some info, yet she doesn't. Two weeks left for the execution.

Disclaimer : I own nothing related to Prison Break.

Author's Notes : Hey :) This is my first PB fiction. Actually, this has been written in Turkish first, and now it's being translated. I've translated and beta-ed the first 2 pages of this story, and will continue to do so if it gets attention :) So please, if you think I should continue, drop me a line :)

Thanks : To Dilek and Lucy. It wouldn't be like this without them :)



CHAPTER 1 – COURTS & QUESTIONS

"Whenever there are rules of law, there will always be people who will break those rules. We consider these acts of rule breaking to be deviant from the standards set by our community." All of the students in the class were listening intently to their older professor. Although she was old in years, her appearance did not betray her age. Her eyes shone with intensity as she crossed the front of her classroom, revelling in her power as a teacher.

"Deviance is a reality of society. The members within our society that commit acts of deviance make it a reality. We come face to face with deviance every day. We have to make choices every day which may place the label of "deviant" upon us. Crime, as you will come to see, is not the only type of deviance within a society," she said.

"While legal deviance is often encompassed within the single word of "crime", there are so many different types of crime and ways that they can be committed that we cannot ever fully describe crime accurately," she said, turning her eyes back on the students.

After discussing the roots of the word "deviance", the professor went on to discuss the history and the usage of the word throughout the 1930s and 40s. One of the students, a pretty young woman, was listening intently like her fellow classmates. She played with her pen as her eyes fixed on the professor in front of her. She continued to listen to the lecture, occasionally pausing to take down a note, smiling as each important point struck a chord inside her.

"The actions of the district attorney in the case are not only deviant, they are borderline criminal!"

The district attorney jumped from his seat and immediately roared back, "Criminal? Excuse me, your honor, but the counselor is out of line! Accusing a district attorney of criminal actions?"

The judge slammed her gavel against the desk, forcing a silence over the courtroom. The district attorney began to button up his jacket as the defense attorney watched him with disgust.

Eyeing both attorneys, the judge spoke slowly.

"In the future, Miss Donovan, I would hope that you would be able to maintain some decorum," the judge said sternly.

"Your honor, we are only, *only* talking about a *human being* here," Miss Donovan said with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. "A human being who deserves justice. He is a human being that is claiming to be innocent, and you can't dismiss the fact that this can be true. He deserves more than this court has given him – the chance to prove these claims. He is not an animal. There have been anomalies with this case from the beginning. There have been witnesses who have been withheld from the defense. We simply need more time to uncover exculpatory evidence."

Veronica gave the judge a forceful look.

"Lincoln Burrows is not an animal, your honor. He is a living, breathing human being with a family. He deserves better than this," she said, glancing at the district attorney. He returned her gaze with a look of exasperation.

"LADIES! I'm not going to wait for all day! Hurry it up!"

The inmates began to walk faster at the sound of the guard's voice. A new day was beginning at Fox River. There was a chill in the air from a sudden snowstorm the night before. The inmates were still allowed winter jackets as they walked through the yard.

"Hey Fish, how's your shoulder?" one of the inmates asked.

A young man turned to answer. This man was different from the others. He did not fit the part of a hardened criminal. The only thing different about this man was the maze of tattoos covering his back, hidden from view by his clothing.

"It's fine," he answered.

After hearing this, the young man smiled and replied, "Good, but you gotta remember – they're fucking with Sucre real bad on this one, man. You gotta save him, he went to the wall for you on this one."

"What did they—" he asked, frowning, his Blue eyes searching for an answer as he was interrupted by another inmate.

A black inmate had walked over to talk to C-Note, "Hey, C-Note. Your cards—"

"Get lost."

The inmate shrugged and walked away, mumbling to himself. C-Note turned to the man with Blue eyes and started up their conversation again.

"Pope called him in first thing this morning. I heard Bellick was in there with him, questioning... more like beating the shit out of him. Sucre isn't back yet."

The Blue eyed man nodded, but didn't speak. C-Note walked away, wondering what the Fish was about to do. Michael Scofield, the Blue eyed man, turned and walked in the opposite direction. His powerful mind began calculating his next move. He had to get Sucre out, after all – it was his fault that he was in trouble with the man.

"Where were you this morning?"

Michael turned to look at the weary old man in front of him before answering.

"I was with my brother.. Pope loosened his grip on me after the last incident.."

The old man nodded then asked, "What do you think they will do to Sucre? If it's up to Bellick then we're—"

"For Bellick to handle things, Warden needs to believe him first..." Michael said, with a knowing glint in his eye.

"What does Sucre say?" Westmoreland asked, still searching Michael's face for an answer.

"That he found me like that, but didn't know how it happened."

"What did you say?"

"They haven't asked me yet..."

Westmoreland frowned, deep in thought. "What did the lady doctor say?"

With a glance towards the sick bay, Michael admitted, "I don't know."

"Hello Sara-"

"Oh!" A pretty red-haired woman jumped to her feet, startled by the sudden interruption. The older man that had just walked in looked at her, appraisingly.

"I didn't mean to scare you. Sorry about that," he said.

Dr. Sara Tancredi smiled slightly. "I was distracted, don't worry about it. Was there something you needed, sir?"

"I came here to ask you a few questions about Michael Scofield," he said.

She nodded, playing with her stethoscope uneasily. Her green eyes tried to stay level as she watched him.

"I read that you were the one that patched up Scofield's shoulder", Warden Pope said.

Sara nodded, still unsure of what the warden wanted. "I needed to take care of it. It was a serious burn, not something a nurse could handle. Is there a problem?"

"No, no, Sara. As you know, I'm a believer in inmate rights and they deserve the best medical treatment they can get, so I'm pleased with your work. The reason that I'm here is that there has been an investigation started into how the burn occurred. We're looking at his cellmate, Sucre, as the one responsible."

Sara shook her head and said, "No, sir. I don't think that Sucre was responsible. The burn was fresh and there's no way Sucre had enough tools in his cell to create a burn that wide."

"You're sure about that? We don't see how it could have been anyone else,"

"Michael also said that Sucre didn't do it. He was in and out of consciousness with the anesthesia, but he was adamant that Sucre wasn't involved. I don't think this is a case of the prisoner's code either, sir. I'm almost certain Michael was telling the truth."

Sara looked at the warden with a puzzled expression.

"Why? What did Sucre say about it, sir?"

"He said that Michael had been acting weird the whole day. That night, he heard groans of pain. All of a sudden, Scofield fell to the floor and started screaming. That was when the guards rushed to his cell and found him like that," the Warden replied, with a sigh. He was clearly disappointed that they had no leads on the attack.

Sara shuddered as she thought about the awful pain Michael must have been in; the thought of his screams echoed through her mind. "Something large must have caused that burn, sir. A frying pan couldn't have caused a burn that big - however, if you had

something burning hot pressed against your shoulder constantly... well, I just don't know what to tell you, sir--"

"So it couldn't have been Sucre," the warden finally admitted. Sara nodded, but then asked the question that both of them were thinking, "Well, who is it then?"

CHAPTER 2 – BACK TO CELL

"Scofield!"

Michael turned at the sound of his name. He looked towards the garden, only to see Bellick brandishing his nightstick.

"Stay cool, kiddo," Westmoreland whispered to Michael. He sensed trouble was brewing and his fatherly instincts took over.

"Scofield, get your ass over here now!"

Michael sighed and walked over to Bellick. "What's up, boss?"

"Your wife gave notice that she'd be coming down today, Scofield. Maybe you want to get ready? Need her to lick your wounds for you, Scofield? That shoulder of yours isn't looking too good. It might make things... a little painful during your wife's visit. It'd be a shame if she came all the way down here to the prison and you weren't able to give her what she wants," Bellick smirked.

Michael didn't give Bellick the satisfaction of a response. Disappointed, Bellick turned and walked away, leaving Michael with the thought of the day's visit and the throbbing pain of his shoulder.

A sliver of light streaked through a small window towards the top of the cell. This lone light accompanied the dank chill that intruded throughout the small space. A The young man took a deep breath and looked upwards. Sky. In the small cell, it was his only view of a sky he used to take for granted. Now, the tiny glimpse was all he had and he was grateful for it every single time he looked up through the window.

As his eyes followed the clouds, the door to his cell opened. One of the guards, Blue, motioned for him to follow.

"Come on Linc, we're going..." he said.

Lincoln Burrows walked silently towards the door to his cell and held his wrists through the small opening in the door. He waited for the familiar feeling of handcuffs being shackled around his wrists. The cold metal hit his skin and he was bound, once again.

"What'd he say?" Westmoreland asked, curiously. The men were seated across from each other, playing a game of checkers that seemed to go on forever. In reality, they played game after game, but in a place like Fox River, they all seemed to blend into one.

"My wife's coming for a visit," Michael replied, taking his next move. Westmoreland nodded and contemplated his next play when a voice dripping with depravity came from behind Michael.

"Honey, you sharing all your feelings makes me hurt deep inside..."

Michael watched as Westmoreland made his move and the murmured, "I didn't know that you had a deep place inside, T-Bag..."

Laughing, T-bag sat beside Michael. Westmoreland shot a glance at him, but then returned his gaze back to the game. He pushed a piece and then turned and asked, "What do you want, T-Bag?" Michael kept watching the board, not even giving the murderer and child molester the courtesy of meeting his eyes.

T-Bag admired Michael's handsome face. His eyes twinkled as he answered, "You know *exactly* what I want, pretty."

Michael let a small smile creep onto his face and turned back to his checkers, ending the game by jumping four of Westmoreland's pieces in a single move.

Sara stared at the small piece of burned cloth, wondering why she hadn't turned it over to the warden. She knew it was evidence; she knew that something was going on with Michael Scofield, but she wasn't sure what. She knew it wasn't a shred from prisoner issued clothes. In fact, it was navy blue – the exact color of the guard's uniform.

She sighed and turned back to her desk, staring absently at the papers scattered across it. She could only imagine what Michael was going through. Was a guard threatening him? Given the burn on his back, she could only imagine the worst – could a guard actually be *torturing* him that badly? She'd heard of guard misconduct before, but this was extreme. She had never even seen a burn that bad before in her years as a doctor or as a medical student.

With another sigh, she sat down in her chair just as there was a knock on the door. She looked up and saw Lincoln Burrows. She rose from her chair and went to the door, just as Blue was uncuffing Lincoln.

Michael glanced at his watch. His face betrayed the fact that he was waiting for something. Westmoreland watched him and asked, "Where are you going, Michael? To the doc or to the wife?"

"The doc..." Michael replied, glancing at Westmoreland. "My wife is my second priority..."

Westmoreland smiled after hearing that and after seeing the look on Michael's face. He, too, was smiling as he looked towards the four guard towers that surrounded Fox River.

"Lincoln, how are you doing? I don't want to send you back to the place..." Dr. Tancredi said worriedly.

He sighed and asked, "Can you do that? I mean, can you really keep me from going back to solitary? Don't give me hope if there isn't any..." His eyes were bleary from the constant solitude. Twenty three hours a day in a room the size of a closet was enough to

make any man crazy. A man on death row? An hour in a room that size was already more than enough.

Sara nodded and then moved the stethoscope to check Lincoln's breathing. She murmured for him to breathe deeply. He followed her orders and waited for her response.

"If I say that you are healthy, both physically and mentally, they will put you back in the cell. You know that," she said, clearly distressed by the idea of sending him back.

He looked at her, pleading with his eyes, "Don't let them, doc. Please, don't let them send me back there..." Lincoln grabbed her wrist desperately. "I'll go nuts if I go back there again. I need fresh air. I need to hear voices other than my own. I think too much in that place. It's not good when you're facing a death sentence, doc. You gotta help me, please."

"Lincoln, please let go of my wrist. If someone sees you..." Sara said firmly, but carefully. While the tone in her voice was professional, she could not hide the fact that she felt sorry for him. He released her and looked at her closely.

"I don't know, Lincoln," she said, watching him sit up from the gurney. She shuffled through his charts, making a few notations here and there before speaking again.

"You told me that you were seeing hallucina—"

"I saw them. I'm not seeing them anymore. You told me that was normal...before..." he trailed off.

She nodded, but didn't speak, so he continued. "I need to see Michael. He's my brother, I need to see him. I need to see something other than the walls of my cell - I need to see other people."

Sara looked at him as he said this and spoke softly, "I'll try, Lincoln. That's the best that I can do, but you have you have to promise me that you're not going to make any trouble if I can do this for you. You have to promise me," she looked him straight in the eye.

"Promise?" she said, again.

"I promise," he told her. "Thanks, doc. This means a lot..."

She smiled softly and nodded as she checked her watch. Lincoln walked towards the door where the guard was standing, waiting to put him in shackles once again.

"Blue, wait a second. Michael Scofield has his appointment now. Can you let him wait just a second so they can at least see each other?" Sara asked.

Blue nodded, leaving Sara to wait at her desk. Lincoln stared out the windows, waiting silently for his brother to arrive.

Michael, who was walking slowly into sick bay, smiled a little at nurse Katie. He received a small smile in return as he walked around the corner with the CO close behind. When he reached the corridor outside Sara's office, he saw Lincoln waiting inside. His neck stiffened and Michael stepped inside as the guard opened the door.

At the sound of the door opening, Sara stood up and looked at Michael. "Michael, your brother was just leaving. Blue, Harold, I can handle it from now on, thank you..."

Nodding to the doc, Blue started to leave, but turned and said, "Remember, Linc. I am right outside, behave yourself."

Lincoln nodded, but didn't speak. When the guard left them alone, he turned to Sara. She looked at both of the brothers and said, "Two minutes."

She went back to her desk and reached into a drawer for her Ipod. She shuffled through some papers and started to fill out the day's paperwork. Seeing her, Michael smiled a little and then turned to his brother. Lincoln was already intently watching Michael.

"I can suffocate her with those headphones."

"And you'll get shot before you even breathe. Also, if she can hear what you just said, she's probably scared to death."

"Michael, the doc said that she can try and get them to let me back in my old cell."

"How?"

Lincoln sighed as he began his explanation, "By telling them that I'm okay....mentally and physically."

"But back to where, Linc? SHU? The...death row cells? Or gen pop?" Michael asked quickly.

"Calm down, Mike. I think you're losing control a little,"

Michael smiled a little and checked his watch just as Sara was turning off her Ipod. She stood up from her desk and said, "Okay, I'm sorry boys, but that's all I can give you for now—"

"Thanks doc," said Lincoln, starting for the door. Blue saw him coming and opening it for him. At the sight of Lincoln and his guard leaving, Sara turned back to Michael and saw that he was already settled in, waiting for his insulin.

"Pretty soon, you'll have to start injecting yourself..." she said, walking to the cabinet. Michael smiled just a little as her back was turned away from him.

CHAPTER 03 – FLUS & WIVES

The young man mumbled as Sara glanced at him for a moment and moved the metal to another area on his chest.

"I would have saved you, don't worry.."

Sara spoke as she backed away, "Such a relief...have you been coughing Michael?"

Young man frowned as his expression got more serious, "No?"

Sara backed off as she made a thoughtful sound.

"Can you take it off?"

As Michael gave her a look, Sara smiled.

"The shirt..."

Michael took off the sweatshirt with a smirk. Sara went behind him and just before placing the stethoscope on his back, took a look at his wound.

"Michael.."

He turned to face her the moment he heard her concerned voice. Sara spoke as she walked towards her desk, "I told you not to take the bandage off.."

Michael looked at her. "And?"

Sara turned to him with the chart in her hands.

"As if you're living in a hygienic place, Michael. You just didn't care about what I said and took it off anyways *and* now you've got an infection.."

She went on as Michael watched her, "If, in some way, I have to take that tattoo off of your back, it will be your fault.."

Michael just watched her with panic in his eyes as she went out of the room to get some medicine.

Michael looked at Sara as she came in.

"You can't take it off," she said sternly.

Sara gave him a look and Michael swallowed hard.

Michael was watching her as she walked towards him with tubes of ointment in her hand and without any respond, Sara took another tray and squeezed some cream from the tubes and turned to him.

"Lie down please."

As Michael laid on his side, quietly and extremely worried, Sara smirked and looked at the healed wound without saying a word.

Michael took a deep breath. As her fingers were rubbing the wound gently, he was trying to figure out which part of the blueprints must have gotten lost because of the wound. Sara spoke as the thoughts floated through his head.

"I will put on a new bandage and it won't come off for 2 days."

Michael asked, without moving a muscle, "Is it going to be okay?"

"If you listen to what I say, yes. If you had done so when you first got the burn, it would have been healed by now."

Sara looked at him while Michael kept his silence.

"Michael?"

Michael raises his head with a sigh, "Whatever you say, Doctor Tancredi."

Sara smiled while she was gently rubbing around the wound with healing creme, as Michael closed his eyes.

"Is it bad?" He muttered.

"I discovered it before it got worse. Good that it's only a cold."

"Do I have a cold?"

Michael was about to jump to his feet but Sara guided his head back down on the stretcher.

"Yes, I'll give drugs. Calm down.."

Michael turned back to his silence, and Sara went on.

"We have a flu outbreak every year, it's not a big deal.."

"It's a big deal for me."

Sara asked as she looked at him, "Why?"

Michael didn't respond.

"Michael?"

"I have never had any easy flu's.. I don't get sick easily but when I do, I don't get well so easily."

Sara nodded silently as Michael went back to his silent position. Sara spoke gently, "Well, I am here..."

Michael nodded as Sara reached out for another bandage.

"Okay, you can stand up now..."

Sara took off her latex gloves and threw them away. She picked up the sweatshirt on the stool while Michael was trying to get used to the bandage by stretching his stiff shoulders?.

"Here."

Michael put his arm in the shirt and Sara helped it over his head. Her red hair gently brushed over his face. Michael stood still as Sara backed away and turned to the tray without looking at him.

"Your arm..."

Michael nodded and rolled up his sleeve as Sara swabbed the skin and administered the insulin shot. After it was done she stood up and spoke softly while she was walking towards her desk.

"See you tomorrow.."

He nodded and left the room while Sara was putting her ipod in her bag.

"Open up 40!"

Door slid opened wide, Michael got in as Sucre jumped to his feet and stepped in.

"Hombre, I don't know what you did but-"

Sucre made a move to hug him but Michael backed away.

"No.."

Sucre frowned, "What's up with you, Fish?"

Michael mumbled as he slowly sat on his bed.

"I've got an infected wound on my back and a cold."

"Forget about the cold, how bad is the wound?"

Michael sighed and muttered, "I don't know, not too bad. But she strictly forbade me to take the bandage off."

Sucre looked at him, "So?"

Michael looked back at him.

"So, I can't go down into the pipes for 2 days. Leave finding the right way aside, I can't even stretch my arm out. The bandage is wider this time and god knows what kind of cream she used but my cells are burning right now.."

Sucre gave him a confused look.

"Is it possible?"

"What?" Michael asked as he raised his head to his cell mate.

"Your cells to get burned."

Michael sighed and took off his shoes.

"Don't come too close, I don't want you to get a cold too. Everyone getting sick is the last thing we need right now."

"You're the fish, man. I'm used to it. I didn't grow up in those clean and pretty parishes like you did."

Michael gave a look at him and mumbled as he laid down, "You're lucky then."

As he closed his eyes, Sucre spoke quietly, facing the atrium.

"Maybe a little rest will do you good. Everything happens for a reason fish."

While T-bag was terrorizing a new inmate downstairs, Sucre spoke as he dangled his legs down the bunk.

"Pope believes that it wasn't me who gave you the burn. Did you talk to him?"

"He must have talked to the doctor.."

Sucre nodded.

"I should thank her then. It was bad in that room with Bellick. That man would kill you if he had the chance."

"Who you're talking about Sucre?"

Sucre jumped down from the bunk. He eyed Bellick who was standing in front of their cell.

"T-bag, boss."

Michael was trying to standing up as Bellick shot him a look.

"Your hooker's here Scofield." He snarled.

Michael was fuming. Sucre had to grip his shoulders tight to keep him from snapping back. But Michael followed Bellick without a word.

Walking down to conjugal, as always, Bellick was shooting off his mouth.

"We think it's a fake thing between you and your *wife*, Scofield. The sheets always stay clean after your little get together."

Michael glared at him, "My wife knows how to *clean everything* boss.."

Bellick returned the glare before unlocking the door and shoving Michael inside by his wounded shoulder. Michael clenched his teeth as he entered the room. Bellick turned back when he couldn't hear the sound of the door closing and saw katie smiling and holding the door. He nodded and turned back to Michael as Sara walked in the room with two bottles of water in her hands..

"Hello, Nika."

Nika was startled at the sound of Bellick's voice but when she saw Michael smiling, relaxed a bit and smiled back.

"Hello officer."

"Captain. Is the search done?"

"Today's Mary's day off, I called Katie. And here she is.." said Blue.

As Bellick backed away nodding, Michael turned to see Sara who was walking by as Katie left, but stopped when she saw Michael.

CHAPTER 04 – CONJUGAL

"Isn't Katie coming doctor?"

Sara got herself together and replied

"Katie couldn't do the search Blue, I'll handle this one.."

Bellick talked to his transceiver as Blue nodded, then Bellick turned to Nika

"Have fun Mrs Scofield..."

As Nika turned slightly to white, Bellick looked at Michael this time

"Is it gonna be quick or-"

"No captan-" said Nika gently as Bellick turned to her and Nika went on, her head up high

"I'm going to use the time with my husband until the last minute.."

Bellick smirked as he eyed her from head to foot

"Of course..."

Michael kept quiet as Bellick walked away

"Doctor.." said Blue quietly

Sara nodded and gave her stethoscope to Blue as Nika turned to her and smiled, Sara nodded gently

"First your bag and ID, please..."

Nika nodded, took her ID from her bag and gave it to Sara, lady doctor took a look at it and passed it to Blue as she took the bag from Nika as well and look inside

"Mrs. Scofiel-"

"Nika.."

Sara paused for a moment and then

"Nika, do you have something in here that you especially want to take in with you otherwise the bag has to stay here.."

Nika looked at Michael as he gestured a no,

"No.. Nothing special.." Nika muttered, Sara nodded and gave the bag to Blue, then she turned to Nika

"Your hair please..."

Nika let her hair down as Sara took the hair clip and gave her a plain elastic band for her hair. After Nika made a pony tail with the band, she put her arms down while Sara was searching her body and sewings of her dress. Blue turned to Michael

"I'll be taking you two together... normally Bellick would be taking you to the room first and you wouldn't need to wait for that..."

As Michael smiled and nodded silently, Sara was checking the skirt of the dress

"Blue, can you turn around please.." she muttered as Blue nodded and did so.

"Lift your arms please.. And don't put them down until I say so..."

Nika nodded and gave a confused look at Michael since this procedure is brand new but Michael seemed comfortable. Sara walked behind Nika and unzipped the dress, as the dress came down, Michael felt the urge to turn around because of his respect for Nika but he also knew he shouldn't and as Michael stood still, Sara made sure Nika didn't have any guns with her and nodded

"Okay, you can dress up now and follow me please.."

As Nika took the dress up from her legs, Sara lead her to a small room and after the door was closed Blue turned around, Michael asked

"Where-"

"Your girl's gonna take off her underwear.."

Michael turned to Blue as he shrugged

"That's the procedure.. Girls are physically suitable for taking stuff in with them Scofield.."

"But that was not like this last time?"

"Then it wasn't crowded before."

Michael kept quiet as he watched the door of the little room, extremely alarmed...

Nika was silent when she came out, Sara nodded as she followed Nika when Blue turned to Michael

"Let's go Scofield.."

As Michael and Nika followed Blue, Sara leaned to the wall and watched them leave then turned around, swiped her card and moved on to the infirmary..

Michael turned to Nika as the door closed

"Are you okay?"

Nika nodded and spoke

"I wasn't searched like that last time.."

Michael sighed as he nodded

"I know Nika, I'm sorry... if you don't want to come again-"

"Hey, tons of men look at me every night, do you think a woman searching me *thoroughly* would hurt my feelings?" Said Nika and smiled, she went on as Michael smiled back

"So, what is it this time?"

Michael shrugged

"We're are going to chat a bit longer, you wanted to use your full time.."

Nika smiled and spoke as she sat on the bed

"I don't like that man Michael, Bellick, he scares me.."

Michael spoke gently as he sat beside her

"If he comes back, go to the police.. it's completely legal that you're being here and he can't do anything to you, trust me... if you have a problem you can always go to my apartment, the keys.. they are with you, right?"

Nika nodded, Michael smiled and

"Great... Bellick doesn't know about that place, you can stay there but make sure he doesn't follow you, be careful.."

Nika nodded and Michael mumbled as he rubbed his head and lied down

"Is it okay if I sleep a while?"

Nika nodded as Michael sighed silently...

When Michael opened his eyes with the kiss on his neck, he frowned and backed away a little

"Nika?"

Young woman above him smiled

"Hey.."

Michael backed away in the bed a bit more and asked

"What are you doing?"

Michael realized she already took off her dress as Nika smiled and looked at him

"Michael, you've never touched me and I respect that.. you've done such good things for me... but I've never done anything for you, I even bailed on you when Bellick asked me about you.."

Nika stopped him when he attempted to speak and she went on

"You're in jail and I'm your wife... I want to do a favor for you.."

Michael got up on his elbows

"You don't have to-"

Nika spoke gently as she smiled
"I think someone thinks the other way..."
Mike looked the certain *someone* and raised his eyes back to Nika's
"I was sleeping.."
Nika smiled
"That's perfectly normal Michael... I don't know what you're doing, what your plans are, better for me not to, but at least I can help you with *that*..."
And young woman sat on his lap and leaned towards him as Michael made a weak sound but Nika silenced him with a kiss as young man mumbles under his breath
"Belive me, I don't need-"
"Hey, I always leave this room clean... I have a reputation, you know.."
Michael smiled and Nika kissed him as she smiled back and when their eyes closed, the clock on the wall was letting them know that they have still 2 more hours...

Sucre sighed as he turned another page of the magazine he's holding lazyly then he heard Blue's voice
"OPEN UP 40!"
Sucre jumped to his feet as Michael came in
"Why did it take that long man!? I thought they busted the girl!"
Michael mumbles as he sat on his bunk
"She didn't bring anything this time, it was for show only.."
"Then what have you been doing for 3 hours?"
As Michael gave him a silent look Sucre paused for a moment before figuring whole thing out and hit him by his good shoulder
"Ahaaaa fish had its bait!"
Michael smiled and turned to the other side while Sucre climbed back up to his bunk, smiling and taking his magazine back to his hands..

"No, he said the flu gets hard on him, don't inject anything!"
Michael frowned and opened her eyes to Sara's voice, at that instance a sharp pain striked to his eyes, Sara got in his view and
"Michael? Do you know who I am?"
Michael's tired voice was heard while he was trying to get up
"Sara... what happened?"
While Sara and katie was backing away a little, there were no guards around
"It's okay Katie, you can go now, good night.."
Ss Katie left the room, Michael turned his head and coughed, Sara sitting beside him on the stretcher, spoke
"Sucre panicked when you began struggling with fever.. have you stayed out in the cold?"
As young man nodded, Sara stood up
"And you sweated too.."
Michael looked at her when he felt the taunt in her voice on his skin
"Sara.."
"Doctor Tancredi, Michael.." Sara muttered as she was filling some charts on the table, Michael nodded as he got another cough attack, Sara stood up to take a glass of water to him and as she hold out her hand, Michael grabbed her and took her beside him on the stretcher, he spoke as his cough dissapeared magically
"Me and Nika is just an agreement, I've already told-"
"And I told you not to explain-"
"And I told you that I wanted to.."
Sara looked at him quietly, and then
"I said I'm not going to be that woman Michael.."

Michael looks at her face right in front of his
"I don't want you to be.."

Sara looked at him as Michael spoke gently
"You already are.."

As Sara's green eyes got wider Michael leaned to her and he was kissing her with all his
body on fire because of the fever, excitement and action, Sara kept quiet for a moment
and then while she began kissing him back, Michael-

Young man suddenly opened his eyes and at the instant he saw the metal springs of the
bunk, a cough attack came to him and as he stood up a little, took his hand to his
forehead and mumbled between his coughs

"Sucre."

Merhaba,

Okuduđunuz Őeyden memnun kaldıysanız bir yorum bırakmanız beni oldukça memnun eder.

.pdf'lerin arkadaşlar arası dolaşacağını ve o süre içerisinde sitenin iç adreslerinin deđişebileceđini hesaba katarak yorum için size iki yol vereceđim;

a. Mail.

Bana her zaman awakencordy@merkez-masa.com yoluyla ulaşabilirsiniz.

b. Site.

Bu hikaye Verankton'a bađlı, mutlaka orada bir yorum formu vardır, oraya gidebilirsiniz:

<http://verankton.merkez-masa.com>

Fazla zahmetli, farkındayım, ancak çalışmayan bir servis sunmaktan iyidir diye düşünüyorum.

Yorum gönderseniz de, göndermeseniz de, umarım okuduđunuzdan hoşnut kalmıssınızdır ve umarım ben Őu anda daha güzellerini yazıyorumdur.

Teşekkürler,

Awakencordy

Site: <http://merkez-masa.com>

Bu hikayenin geldiđi alt site: <http://verankton.merkez-masa.com>

Her hakkı saklıdır.