

Vs the Song

by David Carner

These were originally two one-shots, but they tell a story. Set in Season 3, the first chapter is my true first attempt at angst. The second is my regret at ever trying angst and fixing it the way only I can.

Rated: T · Genre: Angst, Humor, Hurt/Comfort, Romance · Chapters: 2

Chapter 1: Sarah vs The Song

A/N: This takes place after Fake Name. I really don't like this fic, but it won't leave my head since I heard the song, and I don't know what else to do but write it. It's not going to end good, I've never done this, and I'm sorry.

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck, and this will teach me to listen to a random playlist while I walk.

She looked over at him, and he did it again. He licked his lips, he needed to stop doing that, or he was going to chap them. It had been hell the last three days, ever since he overheard her tell Shaw her name. No, stop that, you don't feel that for him. He never gets to hurt you again. He is a friend, and a coworker, besides, you're with Shaw now. She saw him lick his lips again. Yeah, keep telling yourself that. She glanced at him rubbing his hands on his pants, they were sweating.

"Hey, you're gonna be fine," she said softly. He looked at her and nodded, but there was nothing in it. He had that look for days now. It killed her inside, but it was for the best because they could now both move on. He could go be the spy he wanted to be. The one she made. The greatest guy she had ever met and she had ruined and broke him. Didn't he understand why they couldn't be together. He had her heart in his hands, she was so broken, she was leading him down the path to being the same broken person she was. She so wished she had known him as a kid. Part of her heart soared with that thought.

They could have gone to college together, have a house, the one she had never told anyone about, but that wasn't ever going to happen because her one shot at true happiness was giving it all up to be a spy.

Daniel was driving her crazy, and not in a good way. He was good looking, safe, but he wasn't melting her like the guy she had barely shared a handful of kisses with. However, he was determined that Chuck become the spy he could, and part of her hated him for it, but she understood. Tonight the mission was for Sarah to be the driver and Chuck and Casey to infiltrate, flash, and get out. Chuck had to try and do this with Casey. Why? She had no idea, but Daniel was the lead agent. She pulled up to where she was supposed to be and stopped the car.

"Mike off, Walker," Casey said, rolling his eyes. "I think it's stupid but let's make your new boytoy happy." Chuck visibly stiffened with that. Casey looked at Sarah and then at Chuck. He shook his head, and mumbled something about idiots and got out of the car.

"Hey," she said softly, and Chuck looked over at her. "You got this," she said with a smile. Chuck gave her a sad smile, nodded, started to get out of the car, but paused.

"Sarah," he said, just as softly. "I'm glad you found someone, you should never be alone. You deserve happiness." She couldn't say anything and he understood. He got out of the car, and she sat back in the seat. She looked down at the mix tape he had left. No, there was no way in hell she was playing that. She messed with the radio, and apparently it was broken. Only one station would come on, so she turned it on, softly. The DJ's voice came over the radio.

"This one goes out to all those who've made foolish choices and just wants one more chance," the DJ said. Nothing Compares 2 U by Sinead O'Connor came on, and she hummed along. The lyrics began and she looked at the radio. Damn it. It hadn't been fifteen days, it had been much longer than that, but it still hurt. She tried to tune out the lyrics but, *Since you been gone I can do whatever I want I can see whomever I choose*, slammed into her like a sledgehammer. She felt her throat close up and a tear slid down her cheek. Okay, fine, she loved him. She loved him and she missed whatever crazy relationship they had like crazy. It was killing her to see him change, but she couldn't be

with him, not like that. Not when she made him like that.

I said nothing can take away these blues 'Cause nothing compare Nothing compares to you, made her look at the radio again.

“You can say that, sister,” she muttered. She listened to the set of lyrics thinking about how many different ways she had compared Daniel to Chuck. Daniel didn’t compare. It wasn’t love between them, it was spy safe is what it was. But that’s what she needed because spies couldn’t show their emotions. Her jaw trembled as she listened, and then she heard herself singing the next line, *Tell me baby, where did I go wrong.* Tears flowed down her eyes and they continued as the next line talked about how every boy she saw reminded her of him.

She wiped away the tears and nodded when the lyric about the doctor telling her to have fun. “That’s what I’m doing now, I’m having fun,” she said out loud. “Oh, who the hell am I trying to kid,” she growled. Tears flowed as the chorus came on again and Sarah began to wonder, was she doing the right thing? Should she try and work it out with Chuck? Could she work it out with Chuck? She was on the verge when the line *But I’m willing to give it another try,* came through and Prague filled her mind. The rage, the pain, the hurt, it all coursed through her.

“NO!” she screamed. “NO, you do not get to hurt me again!” she yelled, tears falling off of her face. No one had hurt her like that. Not her father, not her mother, not Bryce, not Langston, not any of the tortures that she had been through in the CIA. And her Chuck, her perfect Chuck had. And then it hit her like a ton of bricks, he wasn’t perfect. He had messed up. Well, maybe he actually hadn’t. She did have to admit parts of her plan were a little lacking, like being on the run for the rest of her life. While she had no problem with that, Chuck, he couldn’t. She took a deep breath. She should have talked to him, she should have listened, but he had moved on, and she was moving on, besides, he would be a spy. The chorus continued to play and she saw them moving quickly back to the car. She started it, and locked eyes with Chuck. He saw her eyes, said something to Casey, and Chuck got in the back door.

“Everything all right?” she asked.

“Yep, Chuck flashed like a pro,” he said.

“Oh,” she said, disappointment in her. Part of her secretly hoping that he wouldn’t, because of her. She knew better than to, but she looked up and saw his eyes in the review mirror. He swallowed thickly, and she barely gave a head nod. She put the car in gear and they took off. Casey glanced from one to the other, thought about saying something but changed his mind. “Nothing compares, 2 U,” she sang softly to herself where neither could hear her.

A/N: I’m sorry. Feel free to tell me how much you hate it.

DC

Chapter 2: Casey vs The Song

A/N: So I tried to write an angst fic, and I did. I sat on it for a week and a half and finally published it. Two minutes later, I heard End of the Road on the radio...A SIGN! This fixes it. I'm just a Charah fluff shipper and need to accept it. THIS IS FREAKING FLUFF! (I apologize for the entire thing)

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck, and I just won't write angst anymore.

As Sarah drove, she started to reach over to turn off the radio several times, but couldn't bring herself to do it. It was as if she did she was ending it.

"Walker, you okay?" Casey asked.

"Fine, Casey," she said, tersely. She reached up and hit the button to turn off the radio, but it wouldn't turn off. "What the hell?"

"Maybe Bartowski could fix it?" Casey offered, looking at Sarah. She glanced at him. He continued to stare at her. She raised an eyebrow. What was that look he was giving her? He rolled his eyes, shifted in his seat, as his cellphone rang. "Casey, secure," he said, shaking his head. What was up with Casey? "No, we did NOT obtain the optimal outcome." He looked at Sarah, who had an inquisitive eyebrow raised. Casey closed his eyes, pinched his nose, and sighed. "Agreed, initiate." He hung up the phone.

"What was that, Casey?" Chuck asked.

"Need to know, Bartowski, need to know," Casey said, grinning.

"Casey, are you running a submission?" Sarah asked. Casey looked at her.

"Oh, no, I've already run the submission, this is the main mission," Casey said.

"Daniel ran a mission and a submission?" Sarah asked, beyond confused.

"No, Daniel doesn't know about the main mission," Casey replied. "Over there looks fine," he said, pointing at a random spot in the road.

"For what?" Chuck asked, confused.

“Pull. Over. Walker,” Casey said. Sarah shrugged but pulled over. Casey unbuckled, and got out of the car. “Front seat, Bartowski.”

“I’m good where I am,” Chuck began. Casey pulled out his gun and cocked it. “You know what, I do prefer the front,” he said, getting out, and getting in beside Sarah. Casey stared at him, and then rolled his eyes.

“Fix it, Bartowski,” Casey said. Chuck looked at him, shrugged and went to mess with the radio. Casey sighed in frustration and looked up at the heavens. He pulled his phone out and made a call. “General, permission to skip straight to operation lady feelings?” He listened for a second, and kicked the door shut. The doors locked. Chuck and Sarah both tried to unlock the door. “General, we’re missing the music,” he said. The car began to play “End of the Road.”

“Sarah, what is going on?” Chuck asked.

“I have no idea,” Sarah replied.

“You did it, Chuck,” Casey said. “You broke three perfectly good spies,” he said as he began to walk away. “There’s a roadblock set up a mile in each direction.”

“Casey,” Sarah yelled.

“Fix it, Bartowski,” Casey yelled.

“SHE WON’T LET ME!” he yelled back, frustrated. Casey paused, turned, and stormed back.

“YOU LEFT HER NUMBNUTS!” Casey yelled. Sarah looked at Casey, shocked. Wait, broke three spies....

“Beckman?” she said. She pulled her phone out, and saw it wasn’t working.

“We aren’t amateurs, Sarah,” Casey said. “The very fact we pulled this off, proves neither of your head’s in the game. Hell, you’ve both have your head up your asses for two years, but this is ridiculous!”

“That is the most words he’s spoken since I’ve known him,” Chuck said, leaning toward her. Sarah felt her body react from the closeness. She leaned forward, and got near his

ear.

"Keep him talking, he can't deal with emotions and he might do something stupid," Sarah said. She saw him stiffen, and she couldn't help but be pleased that she affected him. Chuck realized this was probably his last shot. He had to take it, right here, right now.

"See, Bartowski," Casey said grinning. He turned and walked away. "Fix it." Chuck watched Casey walk off.

"Why did you do that?" he asked, turning toward her. "Everyone wants us to talk but you, why?"

"Because I was trying to get us out of this," she said.

"Like Prague?" he asked. She stiffened, shocked. "Like Bryce did when he decided I couldn't be a spy? You both made decisions for me without consulting me. You're mad at me for changing, but you used me, for your own gain."

"What!?" she yelled. "That's not..." she sputtered. "That's..." she stopped and thought. Really thought. "Oh my God," she said softly, looking at him.

"You both decided to protect me, which is admirable, but along the way, no one asked me what I wanted," Chuck said.

"But it would change you," she said, furious. *Girl, I know you really love me You just don't realize You've never been there before.* She looked at him, tears in her eyes. "You HURT me!"

"And I hate myself for it, but I would have resented you if I never got to see Ellie again, did you ever think of that?" he asked. Sarah hadn't. She sighed. "Sarah, if you had talked to me, had a conversation, I wouldn't have been stuck in this no-win situation." She looked at him. "And it's my fault for not explaining it better, it's my fault for not demanding you see me as an equal."

"I do," Sarah said.

"No, you don't," Chuck said. "You think I'm perfect, and I'm not, you also think you and Casey are superior to me, which you are, but the three of us, we are a team, and our whole is greater than the parts. You don't think you're worthy of me for some crazy reason. We've both got these terrible flaws and we think the other can do better."

"You can do better, I'm broken," she said, tears were steaming down her face. "I told him my name, not you."

"When was the last time you were Sam?" Chuck asked. Sarah shrugged. "If you left spying today, what would you want me to call you?"

"Sarah," she replied, not even thinking. Chuck smiled. *Although we've come To the end of the road Still I can't let go It's unnatural You belong to me I belong to you.*

"Why?" Chuck asked. Sarah stared at him. "If you were out of the CIA, why would want me to call you Sarah."

"Because that's who I was when I met you," she said. Chuck smiled at her, and it clicked. "I'm your Sarah," she said softly, finally realizing what she was giving up. She couldn't, not anymore. He nodded, tears falling from his eyes. "You're my Chuck," she said softly. Chuck heard something, and if he was honest, it felt like a snuffle.

"Casey?" he said.

"FIX IT, BARTOWSKI!" he yelled. Chuck used hand signals to ask if Casey was listening in, Sarah shrugged, not caring, trying to figure out how to move forward, because she didn't know how. Luckily she was with Chuck and he had just decided he didn't care who was listening.

"Sarah, I love you, you know what, I'm gonna say that again, because it feels so good to finally say it, I love you, but there's something I've never asked you, something I've never asked, do you love me?" She just stared at him, this was her shot, her opening, to fix this, to be happy. To love. *Will you love me again Like you loved me before This time I want you to love me much more This time instead Just come to my bed And baby just don't let me go.* Chuck blew out a breath. "Missions a bust, Casey," Chuck said.

"Yes," she said softly.

"I mean I don't know if you had to put it that succinctly," he began.

"Yes, Chuck, I love you. Chuck, I fell for you a long *long* time ago. After you fixed my phone, and before you started defusing bombs with computer viruses. So, yes." Chuck grinned, the dopey, she really loves me grin, and started to kiss her when he heard the sound again. It sounded like sniffing...two people.

"General?" Chuck asked.

"FIX IT, BARTOWSKI," they both yelled.

"Is that an order, General?" Chuck asked.

"YES!" she yelled. Chuck looked at Sarah and grinned. Sarah had let him take care of the words, they both knew she was better at actions. She grinned back.

"Chuck," Sarah said. "Shut up and kiss me." And he did.

A/N: Don't worry, I'll never write angst again. EVER. Hope you liked it. Reviews and PMs welcomed. Til next time.

DC