

Chuck and Sarah vs The Break Up

by David Carner

Bryce told Chuck that Sarah would get hurt because of him. What if Chuck came up with a different response than breaking up. What if he thought he should go to a bunker? What if someone had other ideas? Charah? Come on, you know me. AU after 3/4 of Chuck vs The Break Up

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance · Chapters: 15

Chapter 1: Ch 1, Bunker Bound

A/N: I know. I know. I shouldn't. But this one won't leave me alone either, and don't ask how long it is, I just don't know. What I do know is this goes cannon until three-quarters through Chuck vs the Break Up and then...AU. I know. I shouldn't, but I can't help myself. One-shot....probably...maybe...who are we kidding, I have no idea.

A/N 2: I hated The Break Up, not because it wasn't a good story, but because it made no sense. They were closer than ever the next episode. I know this episode inspired True Friendship fanfic, which I liked, but what I really got to thinking about was the break up really didn't help Sarah the way Bryce put it. She still cared about him, so what other way could Chuck protect her? Bunker. However, some people who complain the most about their job, really like it. So...here is my take on how this episode should have gone, and part of the next...and who knows after that.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck...and I'm beginning to question if I own my sanity.

"We need to talk about Sarah," Bryce said. "She had a chance to take the shot back there and she didn't. She hesitated and almost cost us the microchip and your life."

"I know," Chuck replied. Bryce studied him.

"What are you gonna do about it?" Bryce asked.

"I don't know, Bryce," Chuck said, sounding defeated. "You tell me. What am I supposed to do?" Bryce watched him.

"You'll do the right thing. You always do. That's why I sent you the Intersect in the first place," Bryce said.

Chuck was sitting on the fountain, as she walked in, trying to figure out what to say. He was so deep in thought that he didn't even notice her. She sat down beside him and he looked up at her. "Hey," she said.

"Hey," he responded.

"Everything okay?" she asked. Chuck started to say yes, but couldn't.

"I'm sorry," he began. She gave him a concerned look. "I lied." Now she was a little confused. "I liked the red..er...salmon colored dress earlier, but Bryce was there, and" He trailed off. She reached over and took his hand. "You've done so much for me."

"It's my job," she said, afraid where this was going.

"Yeah, but Sarah, there's multiple ways of taking care of things. I know you're trying to do things professionally, but, hear me out. When someone says they're trying to be professional, it usually means cold and unfeeling. That's not who you are. You could have let them throw me in a bunker, but you gave me a chance to be with my family. You could have told me what to do, instead of explaining things, taking your time, being kind. Let's be honest, even Casey is doing all he can to make my life easier." Sarah grinned, knowing what he meant. "Thank you, for caring. It means everything to me." She gave him a concerned look.

"Tell me all of it," she said. Chuck gave her his grin.

"That's it," he said. He nodded his head toward the door. "They're expecting us," he said. She gave him a look like she didn't believe him. "Come on, we don't want Ellie to start questioning us. Seriously you think they ever tried to recruit her as an interrogator?" Sarah studied him. She didn't know what was going on, but he seemed at peace at whatever he had decided, and that worried her.

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Casey watched the footage in the courtyard again. The moron was about to do something stupid. Casey grinned. If things went the way he thought, he would be able to get out of this hellhole soon. He watched Chuck as he sat there at the fountain. The kid's going to make the sacrifice. That's the right thing to do. Then why was his gut bothering him so much? His phone rang. He looked at the ID. Walker? What did the moron do now?

"Casey, secure."

"Walker, secure," she replied. "John, what's wrong with Chuck?"

"Come on, Walker. First you get upset with him because he can't control his feelings for you, and then you get upset when he does? Just shoot the poor guy and put him out of his misery."

"Casey!" she sputtered, mad. "He didn't ask for any of this. We signed up for it, he didn't, and he does everything he can to help us. Why is it so bad he has feelings, hell, why is it so bad I have feelings? Those feelings make me protect him more, and you know it!" John stared at the phone, not believing what his partner had just said.

"If I went and found Larkin and let you shoot him a few times, would you feel better?"

"No....yes....maybe, ugh! I don't know," she admitted.

"I'm going to say this once, and once only, the way you two are going is going to get one of you killed," Casey began.

"I know how you feel about being compromised," she said.

"Shut up, and listen," Casey cut in. "You two are half in and half out, and it's going to get you all dead."

"We both know I'm not allowed to be all in," she said, wincing at what she thought Casey would say with that softball. He grunted.

"Too easy," he said, and she couldn't help but grin. "You're smart, Walker, figure it out."

"I can't figure this stuff out, and you know it," she said sighing. "Sorry, Casey, I know you hate these talks."

"Walker...you're right, the kid deserves better...and so do you."

"Good night, Casey," she said, and hung up the phone. Casey pulled out a bottle of Johnny Walker. He went back to surveillance. Maybe he should figure out a way to get them together, he'd have less surveillance to watch...he put the glass down. This had to end. He started to get up, but he paused, pulled up a laptop, and began to look at their cases. He had an idea. This would end things, but someone had to put those two out of their misery.

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"Chuck, I don't like it, I'm glad you're thinking about taking this job with the government," Ellie began. Chuck had come to see her at the hospital. It was the one place he knew his conversation wouldn't be bugged. He was tired of people spying on him, but he was even more tired of them spying on Ellie. "What about Sarah?"

"Ellie, I won't lie to you, but you can't squeal," he said, pointing at her, mock serious. Ellie was all smiles. "I love her, but she's had so many trust issues in the past, I don't know if there is ever going to be anything more than what we have." Ellie was vibrating. She then smacked him on the shoulder.

"Then how can you leave her!" Ellie asked.

"I'm going to give her the choice of what to do," Chuck said, hating the lie, but knowing Sarah would be gone as well. "Ellie, the thing is, if they decide to hire me, I could be gone quick and not get to talk to you for a long time, but it's for the greater good." Ellie nodded.

"I hate it, but I'm proud of you for realizing you can do more," Ellie said. "When will it happen?"

"I don't know," Chuck replied. "But I'll do everything I can to see you, okay?" Ellie nodded and pulled her brother in.

"It will all work out," she said. Chuck sighed, it was for the best. This protected everyone.

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Chuck walked into the Orange Orange and noticed Sarah was a little distracted. A couple was there talking to her...like they knew her. Sarah saw Chuck, and her face fell a little. He turned to leave to give her some privacy, grinning at seeing the surprise look on her face. It will be easier to leave the less he knows about her, he realizes. That's when he sees the male customer's face, and that old feeling comes through his head. It's a little smoother since Bryce gave him the update glasses, but it's still a flash.

"Chuck," Sarah says, realizing what is going on.

"Hey, Sar-" he begins.

"Chuck," she says, trying to look a little admonishing, but looking really irritated. "These are high school friends." Chuck looks at them, and then back at Sarah. He really doesn't want to do this to her, and that doesn't escape Sarah. Why doesn't he want to know? Wait, that should make her happy, right? She pushes those thoughts away. "Remember, I went by Jenny Burton while I was there."

"You changed your name?" the woman asked.

"Chuck, this is Heather Chandler, and her husband, Mark Ratner," Sarah said. Chuck gave a couple of handshakes and nice to meet yous. "After dad," she began, giving Chuck a look that said "later" to which he took calmly like he wouldn't press her. "I decided to change my name. It was silly, but I felt like I needed a new start."

"So, you two are coming to the reunion, right?" Mark asked.

"Oh, I have that thing that S, er Jenny is going to go to me with for the store, right Dear?" he asked, giving Sarah the out. She turned to look at him.

"Well, at least have dinner with us," Mark said, giving Sarah his card. "Give us a call."

"I have an install scheduled tonight to go late, so we probably can't," Chuck said. Again, it took all of Sarah's spy instincts not to give him a look. "But, if I get done early we can

give you a call.” Everyone said good-bye and the two left. Sarah turned to Chuck.

“Who are you?” she asked, grinning. “What pod person took away Chuck Bartowski. Are you a LMD?” Chuck gave her a sad smile.

“You’re spending way too much time with me,” he said. Sarah’s jaw nearly hit the floor. TWO nerd references and nothing. “I flashed on Ratner, we should tell Beckman so she can figure out what you and Casey are going to do about it.”

“Are you going somewhere on this mission?” she asked.

“Yeah,” he said dejectedly. “I’ll be in the van.” And with that, he opened the door to Castle. They went downstairs, and Casey was already there. Chuck hit the button to connect and as they waited on the General, Sarah got close to Casey.

“Something is really wrong with him,” she said. “He had an opportunity to learn about my past, and didn’t, I made two nerd references and he did nothing, and then he offered to stay in the van.” Casey gave her a look, and then moved his head to the side for the two of them to step away and talk.

“You need to think real hard about what you want, Walker,” Casey said. “Real hard.”

“What do you mean?” she asked. Casey gave her a look.

“I mean, we’ve done a whole lot of good, with a whole lot of people, and we make a good team,” Casey began. “Maybe it’s time we called some people, I don’t know, like General Stanfield, and make some changes. Especially if those changes help us operate better.”

“Casey,” Sarah asked, with a hitch in her breath. “Are you all in?” Casey gave an amused grunt, and grinned.

“Make sure of what you want, Walker, but no more half-in,” he said, and walked away. What was going on? First Chuck didn’t pry about her past, now Casey was basically telling her that she should go for her and Chuck. The countdown came on, and the three took their places. Chuck looked bored and disinterested. The general came on and they Chuck. Sarah kicked him in the shin, and he gave her a dirty look. She gave him a look and nodded toward the screen. He looked up, and waved. The general glanced at Casey,

who shrugged.

“Are we boring you, Mr. Bartowski?” Beckman asked.

“Why do you ask, we know you don’t care,” Chuck replied. Sarah’s eyes got wide and turned to Chuck. Beckman leaned forward.

“We have extended you every privilege, Mr. Bartowski,” Beckman said. Chuck got a strange look on his face.

“Privilege?” Chuck asked looking around. “Privilege. So it’s a privilege to know that when you’re done with me you’re going to put a bullet in my brain?” Everyone shrank back at that one. “Or I was hung upside down from a building, or putting these two amazing agents in harms way to protect me, knowing if I screw up I might get them killed, or sending the most wonderful person I’ve ever met in my life, but knowing I can’t actually be in her life because I’m an ‘asset’ well I’ve got an ‘asset’ you can kiss.” Sarah’s eyebrow were almost on top of her head with that one. “Oh, and let’s not forget everyone’s favorite, ‘we haven’t thrown you in a bunker.’ Well, you know what, let’s get to mpphhhh.” He turned and looked at Sarah who had her hand over his face. He couldn’t resist, and stuck his tongue out and licked her hand. She slugged him on the shoulder. She turned back to the screen.

“I apologize, the asset took some cold medicine and he’s just not himself,” Sarah said, to the shockingly amused face of Beckman. Beckman looked at Casey who had a look on his face like, “see.”

“Mr. Bartowski brings up some interesting points,” Beckman said. Casey was the only two who’s mouth didn’t drop. “Mr. Bartowski has performed more like an analyst than an asset. He has not been compensated, and we are negating his personal life, something he did not sign up for. There has been a significant increase in our budget, I suspect something to do with this team’s record plus saving General Stanfield’s life. We have encroached on not only Mr. Bartowski’s private life but that of his sister, and I think it’s time we correct those mistakes.”

"Just let me give my sister some notice," Chuck said, accepting his fate. General Beckman nodded.

"That shouldn't be an issue," she said.

"No," Sarah said. "General, this is wrong, you can't throw him in a bunker."

"Sarah, it's not your call," Chuck said. Sarah spun on him. Beckman began to say something but Casey shook his head. This had to get out. "You and Casey are constantly putting your life on the line to save me. We both know I can't stay in the car because I can't sit back if anything happened to you...or Casey...or Morgan...or Ellie...or anyone. I don't know how to push down these feelings I have, and it makes your job so much harder. I am not cut out to lie to my sister, to not feel what I do, and do you know how it KILLS me to see you have to do the seduction missions. Take out what I feel for you romantically, but there is my friend having to do these sleazy things with sleazy people, for the greater good? What about your good? What about your and Casey's lives? You didn't sign up to babysit me. You signed up to save that world."

"That's what we're doing, Moron," Casey said. "Working with you, we've stopped more threats to this country than ever being in some hole in the wall, or in a knife fight in Jakarta."

"Those knife fights are overrated," Sarah said. Casey had to nod. "As for the rest of it, you're right, it isn't fair to you, but what is even more unfair is for you to be locked in a bunker."

"I completely agree with Agent Walker," Beckman said. "Agent Walker, I have a mission for you, but I cannot assign it to you, I need you to volunteer." Chuck sighed, here it comes, they're going to split us up. "There is a mission packet on the table." Sarah reached over and picked it up and began to thumb through it. "I need you to be permanently assigned to a high value analyst," she said.

"Permanently?" Sarah asked, afraid to hope.

"If there comes a point you need to be reassigned, you can request it, but no one can pull you off this assignment," Beckman said with a grin. "You and the analyst will share

a two-bedroom apartment, what you do in there...none of my business.” Chuck looked over at Sarah. She looked straight ahead, scared of this moment, but secretly hoping. “I must warn you, you must protect this analyst, there can be nothing that comes before it. The analyst has what some in our industry would call emotional issues and you might have to deal with many of those.” Sarah nodded. “However you two see fit to handle these issues, is up to you. There will be no bugs in the apartment.” A picture of the apartment popped up on screen.

“That’s the apartment across the courtyard,” Chuck whispered to Casey. Casey shook his head.

“For such a smart guy, you are a moron,” he muttered. Chuck looked at him. Casey gave him a ‘really’ look, and it finally started to dawn on Chuck. He looked over at Sarah.

“I don’t know how good of an idea this is, General,” Chuck said. Everyone was shocked over that one.

“General, maybe the idiot analyst and I should talk a bit,” Sarah said, giving Chuck a look. Beckman tried to contain her grin.

“Very well, but you two have a dinner tonight with Sarah’s former classmates,” Beckman said, preparing to sign off.

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea either,” Chuck said. Beckman just stared at him. “Hear me out, General. Everything we do, puts me deeper into Sarah’s life, her past, and that’s her business, not mine.”

“When she joined the CIA she knew these things could happen,” Beckman said. “Mr. Bartowski, I understand what you are trying to do here, and while it is noble, have you actually thought maybe you should have this conversation with her, because she might not be against it?” The look on Chuck’s face said no, he hadn’t thought of that. Normally Beckman would cut the feed, but today, well, today she wanted to see this. Sarah looked at him, expectantly, while he tried to think of a dignified way out of this.

“No, I haven’t, but general, what if-” he began. The general now looked angry.

“Talk to her, and if it’s a problem, deal with it!” she said, and cut the feed.

"I apologize for ever giving you grief for calling him a moron," Sarah said to Casey, and she stormed out of Castle. Casey just watched him.

"You are a special kind of stupid, aren't you?" Casey asked.

"That's insulting," Chuck said.

"And what you did to Walker wasn't?" Casey replied. Chuck paused.

"Oh, crap," he said. Casey stared at him.

"Well, go after her, numbnuts!" Chuck shot upstairs. Sarah was studying the paperwork.

"You do know I'm an idiot, right?" She just looked at him and shook her head.

"This ANALYST is getting a new job," Sarah said, showing him the plans. "It appears he will open his own security firm."

"What about the Orange Orange?" Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head sadly.

"It will be gone, and a storefront in it's place," Sarah said.

"That's a shame, I'll miss the toasted marshmallow flavor," Chuck replied. Sarah looked at him.

"You do know that you are the only person that eats it, right? And, we both know it's the gummy bears you'll miss the most," she said with a grin.

"You know this analyst is going to be forced very deep into your life," Chuck said. Sarah nodded.

"He'll probably learn a lot about who I was," Sarah replied, looking at him.

"I hope he's smart enough to know anything you did, doesn't define you, and that you'll share that information with him as you are comfortable. Not comfortable with him, but with his trust, since you've been burned by people and certain organizations," Chuck said. Sarah place her hand over Chuck's.

"In these situations, you sometimes see people getting married, even after the assignment's over," Sarah said.

"Wow, someone could convince Sarah Walker to marry him, he's got to be a pretty special person," Chuck said softly. Sarah looked him right in the eyes.

"He is," she said. "It's not like I'm pushing for that to happen, but it's known to. Two people put together, protecting each other becoming second nature...you can see how that leads down that road."

"I envy the analyst," Chuck said, grinning. "You will send me a postcard to the bunker I'm in every so often, right?" Sarah looked at him.

"Is that what your calling the second bedroom? You're bunker?" she asked, moving closer. "The biggest problem is, I'm going to live right across the courtyard from the analyst sister, and she can be pushy."

"See that's why the bunker, I'm tired of lying to my sister," Chuck said.

"About how your having feelings for a certain handler?" she asked grinning.

"She already knows that," Chuck said. "It's the missions and all that." Sarah nodded.

"Wow, I don't think that's going to be as rough as my situation," Sarah said. Chuck looked at her, and she swallowed. "See, they are going to read the analyst's sister and soon to be brother-in-law in, because she is going to be part of the project and he is going to be the team's doctor." Chuck's eyes about bugged out of his head. "So," she said, wrapping her arms around Chuck's waist, looking him right in the eyes. "I'm going to get all sorts of pressure to pursue a real relationship, and she's so going to count all the cover stuff."

"That sounds rough," Chuck said, barely trusting his words. Sarah smiled.

"Oh, I'm looking forward to it," Sarah said.

"Well, at least you get your own room," Chuck replied. Sarah shook her head smiling.

"Oh no," she said, biting her lower lip. "See, it's still a cover, so I'll be moving in with the analyst, but the good thing is, I can explore a non-cover under the cover relationship." Chuck blinked a few times.

"Sorry, I was carrying the one and got lost," he said. Sarah grinned.

"Do you think this is a good idea?" Chuck asked. Sarah looked him in the eyes.

"It gives me everything I've ever wanted," she said softly.

"What about your own personal space?" he asked. She placed a hand on his chest, and looked right into his eyes.

"I've been alone for so long," she began. "It's time for me to see if I can have a real relationship."

"I hope your asset isn't the jealous type, you know all those seduction missions and stuff you get," Chuck said, looking away sheepishly.

"You don't understand," she said. "No seductions anymore. I have to protect the emotional stability of my analyst." Chuck took a deep breath.

"Just so I'm clear, I am the analyst, right?" Chuck asked. Sarah rolled her eyes, exasperated.

"Yes, you nerd," she said, pulling him into her. "So what do you say, Chuck, bunker or live with me and have a real relationship." Chuck thought for a minute and Sarah looked up at him, shock on her face.

"I'm thinking," he said grinning.

"Oh, you're so gonna get it," she said.

"Really?" he asked, wiggling his eyebrows. He was sober for a second. "Can we take this real thing kinda slow?" She gave him a strange look. "Look, I know we've been on two first dates, but I want you to be absolutely comfortable in this. Living together, staying in the same room, the same bed, and whatever we decided to do, or do not do."

"How slow?" she asked.

"I have no idea, because we both know, if you wanted to, you could wear that purple thing, night one, and slow is out the window," Chuck said. Sarah just grinned at him. "Second serious point," she nearly broke her neck she rolled her eyes so hard. "Are you sure about tonight?"

“Chuck, I want you there,” she said.

“You tell me whatever I need to know, and I won’t ask any questions,” Chuck said. Sarah leaned in and kissed him. Chuck pulled back.

“You can’t be kissing your asset, I could end up in a bunker!” Chuck said grinning.

“I thought that’s where you wanted to go,” she bantered back.

“I got a better offer,” he said as she raised an eyebrow. “A MUCH better offer.”

“You’ve not seen nothing, yet,” she said seductively.

“Hi-Yo!”

A/N: Is this a one-shot, the beginning of a series, I have no idea. The idea just wouldn’t leave me alone. Itch scratched. Let me know, if you like it, I can see what I can do with it.

Chapter 2: Ch 2, The Truth Comes Out

A/N: Just post this random one-shot I thought. No one will like it. Welp. Wrong again. Don't think I can't feel some of you Mollyverse fans giving me the stinkeye, and no Mollyverse isn't going anywhere, I may update it less, but it is my fluffy feel-good story....although let's be honest, there will be fluff in this. How long is it going, who knows. But, let's have some fun with it, whatta ya say? Ch 2, The Truth Comes Out

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck nor a Beastmaster.

Chuck watched Casey at the Buy More. Casey kept glancing his direction, not sure what was going on. He was trying to sell another grill, but the constant staring...it was too much, he lost the sale. Casey stormed over to the Nerd Herd desk.

"Bartowski, what are you doing?" He hissed, trying not to draw attention to them. "I mean do you have a thing for all you partners?" Chuck just stared at him.

"I know you call me moron a lot," Chuck began. "I know you hate lady feelings, but what happened earlier, there's only one way I can think that it happened." Chuck stuck his hand out. "Thank you, John." Casey looked at Chuck and then his hand.

"If I shake your hand, you'll quit looking at me?" he asked. Chuck nodded.

"I mean as much as I enjoy looking at your chiseled jaw, I do have a cover to pull off," Chuck said. Casey grunted, but he wasn't really sure to throw up, or take the compliment. He reached out and took Chuck's hand, and pulled him in.

"Remember, you got what you asked for," Casey said, grinning. "But do you really know what you asked for?" Chuck's eyebrows raised. "We both know how well the two of you communicate, I mean moving in together will just open the sharing floodgates, won't it."

"I'm not going to do it to her," Chuck said. Casey's eyebrows shot up. Chuck shook his head. "No, not that, wait, I mean I am," Casey started smirking. Chuck shook his head again. "Agh! I mean, forget that. What I am saying is I'm not going to push, I'm going to let her tell me what she wants, when she wants." Casey looked ready to burst into

laughter.

"You, mister lets-talk-about-every-single-one-of-our-feelings-and-what-kind-of-sandwich-I'd-bring-to-a-deserted-island are not going to push?" Casey asked, highly amused. He chuckled and walked off. "That may be the funniest thing I have ever heard in my life." Chuck's phone rang. He looked down and saw it was Sarah.

"Hey, Sarah," Chuck said, trying to play it cool. "What's up?" he asked, popping the "p"
"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Well, Casey and I were talking, and now I'm just waiting for my shift to end so I can go on a date with you," Chuck said, thinking he had gotten out of it.

"I mean, the way you were staring at him..." Sarah trailed off. "Look, I'm not judging, but is there something I should know. Now is the time."

"What!? No, no. Nothing like that, it's just," Chuck said and looked around. "Someone got to the general," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Sarah, the packet was ready for you when you got there today," Chuck said. "Someone who wanted the team to remain the same."

"Casey hates you," Sarah said.

"You say the nicest things," Chuck replied. "No, Casey hates doing surveillance on me." Sarah was quiet for a second.

"Chuck, I need to go," she said.

"Sarah, there is one thing I need to know," Chuck said. Sarah took a deep breath. She knew what was coming. She knew she had to let him in if she was going down this road with him, and make no mistake she was going down this road, it just scared her. Scared her so badly.

"What is it, Chuck?" she asked, as many nerves pushed out of her voice as possible.

"Jenny," he began, she swallowed. "Is that with an 'I' or a 'Y'?" Sarah chuckled. Every time she thought she had Chuck Bartowski figured out, he went and changed things.

"'Y,' she said softly. "Of all the things that's what you needed to know?"

"What can I say," he began. "Sarah doesn't talk much about Jenny and her time in...I don't even know where you were Jenny at."

"San Diego," she said softly.

"You didn't have to tell me," he began.

"I want to," she insisted.

"Sarah, you tell me as much or as little when you want," Chuck said. "I already know all I need to know." Sarah grinned.

"I think I'm going to really enjoy my new job," she said.

"Signed the paperwork yet?" he asked.

"I need to make a few phone calls and get some clarifications on some things before I do," she replied. "You obviously haven't quit the Buy More yet."

"Well, let's be honest, I could just not show up for a month and there's a good chance no one would really notice," he replied.

"You don't give yourself enough credit," Sarah replied. "That place would fall apart without you. I need to go. Bye, Chuck."

"Bye, Sarah." With that, Sarah hung up, went downstairs, and pushed the button to contact Beckman. After a few moments, Beckman appeared on the screen, and she looked at her watch.

"I'm going to have to have a long talk with Casey," Beckman said. "He was only a few minutes off with how long it took you to contact me."

"He's behind all of this, isn't he?" Sarah asked. Beckman pursed her lips, and decided what the hell.

"Agent Walker," she began. "We are intelligence agencies, we're not stupid." Sarah crossed her arms, looked away, and couldn't help but grin.

"Well, he was right," Sarah muttered. She looked up and saw Beckman's grin. "Chuck always wondered if you didn't think something was up. I've done nothing unprofessional, General." Beckman stared at her.

"Sarah, why the hell not?" Beckman asked.

"General!" she exclaimed, shocked.

"It's Diane, Sarah," she said, sighing. "Listen, I know you know the stories about me in Berlin." Sarah grinned. Beckman couldn't help herself and did the same thing. "Roan and I sat the world on fire, and we walked away from it all, because of the greater good. As much as he is a pain in my ass, Bartowski is right. What about your greater good? I've seen your records, everything that Graham had you do. Sarah, this is your chance."

"No kill order, no termination order?" she asked. Beckman shook her head.

"No, Sarah, that was a mistake," Beckman said.

"Mistake?" Sarah asked her eyebrows up. Beckman realized then that Sarah didn't know.

"Casey was ordered to when the new intersect went online," Beckman explained. "I don't think he would have though." Sarah stood there. "Sarah, you have to understand something, they are building a new intersect, they are going to try and put it in an agent, and that's why your job is permanent, so Chuck isn't terminated. You have to protect him for the rest of his life." Sarah couldn't stop the grin.

"I can't believe I'm asking this, but can't you put some skills or something in the updates Chuck gets?" Sarah asked. Beckman sighed.

"Then they'd want him to be a full agent," Beckman explained.

"Chuck should never be an agent, or have a red test, but the skills would protect him and the intersect," she countered. Beckman thought for a second.

"That has a lot of merit," she said. "I'm not promising anything, but it also might not be a bad idea for you and Casey to train Chuck." Sarah nodded, she looked around, and groaned at herself.

"I've been around Chuck too long, but, what about this place?" Sarah asked. Beckman dug through her papers, and did a double take.

"A dance club," she said, looking at Sarah, a little stunned. Sarah looked around.

"I can see it," she said. "So, a new building with a medical clinic, and Chuck's security company, and a new place to live. Anything I have missed?" Beckman smiled.

"You obviously haven't got all the way through the orders, but you are now in charge of Team Bartowski," she said. Sarah's mouth dropped. "And, the security company, it's all Chuck's."

"Diane," she began, but couldn't. Beckman shook her head.

"I've made a lot of mistakes, you two deserve a chance, but it won't be easy," she said.

"You are going to have to open up, and realize he isn't perfect."

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked. Beckman stared at her.

"Sarah, he makes mistakes, you are worthy of him. CIA psyops 101, find someone so down on themselves and convert them to a machine. Destroy their humanity and self-worth." Sarah sighed. Before she met Chuck she wouldn't have thought that was true about herself, since knowing him, she knew it was the gospel.

"You need to also realize he thinks he's not worthy of you," Beckman said. Sarah looked confused. "Sarah, he's a nerd, he's been rejected and broken at every turn, and he thinks you'd rather be with someone more like yourself...a spy."

"Psyops 101?" Sarah asked. Beckman nodded. "So, how do I convince him?" Beckman leaned forward.

"Talk to him," she said, grinning. "Earlier was the perfect example, you two both were so busy trying to protect the other, you didn't really know what the other wanted, or thought they wanted." Sarah nodded. "Plus, it would be beneficial in the field if you two

weren't bickering all the time." Sarah started to say something. "Casey," Beckman said, and Sarah shut her mouth. "Remember you are in charge of this op, so if you think someone else needs to be read in, then you have my okay, as long as there is a reasonable explanation. If I know Chuck, he's going to want the bearded one, I think it's a bad idea, but I did say you could handle things however you see fit." She paused, studied Sarah for a moment, and continued. "Sarah what you are about to do is something that is hardly ever done, something rarely condoned by the intelligence community, and has every chance of blowing up in all of our faces...but it's about damn time." Beckman smiled, and cut the feed. Sarah grinned, looked around, and felt like celebrating. Maybe she should call Ellie...she had to tell Ellie...everything...Sarah didn't feel like celebrating any more.

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"What did you do to Blondie this time?" Lester asked Chuck who had his head down working on a phone. Chuck lifted his head up.

"I'm really not sure what your talking about." Chuck said.

"Move it, Lester," Sarah said, having found Chuck. Lester grinned.

"He made you mad, didn't he?" Lester asked. Sarah looked at Chuck who shrugged with "you gotta do what you gotta do" look. She gave him a, "you sure?" look, and it was on. "You now the best way to make him mad?" Sarah grinned like a possessed succubus.

"Take one of his coworkers right in front of him?" she asked, slamming Lester up against the desk, and pinning him there with her body. Chuck looked on, amused. "I don't think this is enough, Lester. I think we're going to have to make love right here."

"Oh, look, someone needs me for an install. Now! I'm so sorry!" Lester said, having slipped her grip, (honestly, Sarah let him) and ran away.

"Now do Chuck that way," Jeff said. Sarah shrugged, grabbed Chuck by his tie, and dragged him across the desk, and planted one on him. "Wow!" Jeff hip bumped Sarah out of the way, grabbed Chuck's tie, and leaned in to kiss him, before Lester showed up, and pulled Jeff away. The two power walked away Lester reminding Jeff he was into

girls, and they had sales to make. Chuck looked terrified.

"I think I owe my life to Lester," Chuck said.

"You definitely weren't kissing me again until multiple tests were run," Sarah replied. Chuck looked at her, thought about what she said, and grinned. She grinned and leaned across the desk close to him. "You know what would get you all sorts of kisses?"

"No, what's that?" he asked, leaning in, not paying attention.

"For you to tell Ellie about what's been going on for the past two years," she said, her lips millimeters away from him. Chuck shot backwards, his face pale, him shaking his head.

"No, no, no, no, no," Chuck said. "You have to help me with this, Sarah. She'll kill me."

"She won't kill you," Sarah said.

"Then you do it!"

"Oh, there is no way I'm doing it by myself," Sarah said. Casey walked by, hearing that line, turned, gave them a look, grunted, and walked on.

"Is that all he thinks we talk about?" Chuck asked.

"We go out of our way to not talk about it," Sarah replied.

"Right, that's our thing, not talking about our thing," Chuck said.

"You followed all that just came out of your mouth?" Sarah asked, grinning.

"Not even close," Chuck replied. "We need to go tell Ellie."

"Come on," Sarah said.

"I have work," he replied. Sarah grinned at him.

"What are they going to do, fire you?" she asked. Morgan came up to the two.

"Notice anything weird?" Morgan asked. Sarah looked around.

"Yeah, things are selling like crazy," Sarah said. Morgan smiled.

"The new sales policy is to sale an item for whatever someone will give them for it," Morgan said. Chuck's eyebrows went up.

"This is going to go so bad," Chuck said.

"That's the beauty of it," Morgan said, and wandered off. Chuck turned to see the confused expression on Sarah's face.

"You do know Lester is in charge and the assistant manager now, right?" Chuck asked. Sarah grinned.

"Hey, Lester," she yelled. Lester looked terrified. "I'm taking Chuck for the rest of the day."

"Go home, Bartowski," Lester yelled.

"Sarah would like to thank you," Chuck yelled back. Lester scampered away. Chuck turned to Sarah. "I think he's scared of you."

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"So let me get this right, you're a spy," Ellie said to Sarah. "You're an analyst that has a computer thingy in his head because of Bryce Larkin, and you're moving in together across the courtyard."

"Yes," Chuck said, currently hiding behind Sarah. She was supposed to protect him after all. They had told Ellie and Awesome everything, after they signed all the NDAs. She hadn't yelled...yet. She hadn't squealed...yet. She hadn't done anything...yet.

"Okay, Chuck quit hiding behind Sarah, I'm not going to hurt you." Sarah gave him a look that said, "I told you so." He gave one back of, "You're supposed to protect me." She rolled her eyes. "So they want me to work on the...Intersect?" Sarah nodded. "Because of my time in neurology?" Sarah shrugged.

"I guess," she said. "I'm not 100% sure about that part, Ellie. The general will explain it more. Here is what they are offering you, and here is what they are offering you, Devon." They both took their compensation packages, looked at the numbers, then at each other, and then at Sarah.

"We're not going in the field, right?" Ellie asked. Sarah shook her head, grinning. Devon held out a pen to her. She signed and then so did Devon.

"Awesome!" he said. "Now I get to be a spy doctor. I've always wanted to." Ellie looked at Chuck and Sarah with sadness in her eyes.

"We'll talk about the danger you two are in later, because we need to have that conversation," Ellie began. Sarah grabbed Chuck before he could hide behind her again. "I guess I get now why you two always said it's complicated." Chuck nodded. Tears began to flow down her cheeks. Devon looked at Chuck, confused. Chuck sat down beside Ellie and put an arm around her. "I was going to ask you to be a bridesmaid, but I see now that would be silly." Sarah's face fell. Chuck turned to Sarah, and then back to Ellie.

"Uh, Ellie, Sarah is still your friend," Chuck said. Ellie shook her head.

"Sarah, explain to Chuck how it's not real," Ellie said. "Please, tell him before he falls any further in love with you. I'm trying really hard not to be mad at you, but he's going to get his heart broken." Sarah pulled on Chuck, and he stood up, she moved him out of the way and sat down in front of the force that was Ellie Bartowski.

"Ellie," she said, her voice close to breaking. "I don't think you understand." Ellie looked up at her, confused. "Do you think what I told you is normal SOP? Do you think spies are given permanent assignments like this at random?"

"Well, I don't really know," Ellie began. Sarah smiled and nodded.

"Ellie, this happened because of the Bartowskis," she said. Ellie looked at Chuck then back to Sarah. "Not just Chuck, but you as well, Ellie. You should have been an interrogator. See it wasn't enough that Chuck wormed his way into my heart and worked on removing walls I had built for years, but his sister, who is my friend, prodded, asked questions, and snuck her way into my heart as well. You see, Ellie, I am compromised, not just by Chuck Bartowski, but by Ellie Bartowski, and Devon Wodocomb for that matter." Devon grinned at her. Ellie started to smile. Her face was tear-stained, but the smile was starting to grow. "You three have completely

compromised me, and I will do everything within my power to protect you three. And, if the offer is still there, I would love to be a bridesmaid.”

“Really?” Ellie asked. Sarah grinned and nodded. Ellie looked from Chuck to Sarah.

“You have your own apartment across the courtyard?” she asked. Chuck gulped, he tried to touch Sarah’s shoulder to get her to stand up, and move back, but she slapped at his hand. Outside, John was coming home from his shift, and noticed everyone was gathered in the Bartowski apartment. Feeling like the fat kid who got picked last, he opened the door of his apartment and put on the headphones to listen in on what was going on.

“Yes, Ellie, we are moving in together,” Sarah said. “It’s for the cover, but, what we do there is our business.” Chuck took another step back, knowing what was coming.

“You two,” she said, pointing at both of them. “You’re for real?” Sarah reached back to take Chuck’s hand but realized he was quite a bit away she gave him a look, and he came forward to take it. Sarah turned back to Ellie.

“Yes, we’re for real,” she answered. Ellie popped up off the couch. Sarah did the same a little startled. Ellie sprung forward catching both of them in a bear hug, squealing at a high decibel. John, who had sat down in a kitchen chair to listen, flipped over from the noise, knocking off the headphone. Chuck swore window panes rattled.

“Black Canary’s got nothing on you, Ellie,” Chuck said.

“I thought she was blonde,” Sarah choked out from being bear hugged. Chuck stared at her, mouth agape. Sarah winked at him. “Ellie, you’re killing us.” Ellie let go, and backed up, her smile about to break her face.

“You don’t know how happy you made me,” she said. Sarah smiled.

“Good, because I have another job for you,” Sarah said. Ellie nodded. She looked at Chuck, and sighed. “I’ve given this a lot of thought, and you know every player who knows about Chuck’s life now.” Ellie shut her eyes.

“We have to tell Morgan,” she said. Chuck started to protest, and Ellie held up her hand. “Chuck, you know how he’s going to be.”

"But, what can he do, because you know he's going to want to be with all of us," Sarah said. Chuck and Ellie shared a look.

"You know, he's a tactician at heart," Chuck began. Ellie nodded. "If a game gives him a problem, he works out the solution, literally. He'd be great at logistics."

"The bearded gnome?" Casey growled. "At least I won't have to listen to surveillance."

Back at the Bartowski apartment Sarah thought everything had been worked out.

"I guess we ought to go check on Casey," Sarah said. Chuck was shaking his head no, but she didn't catch it.

"What's wrong with John?" Ellie asked. Sarah chuckled.

"Well, that squeal you let out, may have burst his ear drums if he was listening in on surveillance," Sarah said. Ellie's face became enraged. John threw down his headset, ran to the door, opened it, and sprinted across the courtyard to his Crown Vic just as Ellie opened the door.

"I know where you live, Casey!!" Ellie screamed.

"Chuck me!" Casey muttered to himself as he drove away.

A/N: Before you yell Beckman is out of character, think about the Beckman we knew by the end. She loved those two in her own way just like Casey. I have the darndest feeling that Beckman learned all sorts of shaddy stuff about Graham. We also know she lost a love life to her job. Is it out of character? We'll never know because she was never put in that situation.

Some of you have pointed out that Ellie keeps dying in my fanfics, well she's not in this one! And I love Ellie and Sarah Lancaster, this is going to be fun. Again, I don't know how long this goes, but, as long as it's fun, we'll see. Til next time!

DC

Chapter 3: Ch 3, I Despise You

A/N: I've never seen so many people feel so sorry for Casey. I normally stay away from Buy-More stuff because I'm not sure how to write it, but you guys seemed to enjoy it...at least Jeff. Ch 3, I Despise You.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and remember if you fall down get back up again, they're never gonna keep you down...

Sarah and Chuck walked into her hotel room. Chuck was dressed for the date, but he was more concerned for Casey. Ellie might kill him...well, Casey was a NSA agent so he was pretty sure Casey was safe...pretty sure.... He was lost in his thoughts about Casey's well being and didn't realize Sarah was ready to go.

"That was quick," he said, his mind on Casey, and Ellie.

"Well, we need to cover our pre-mission briefing," Sarah said. Chuck nodded, thinking about the last 12 hours, and how close he came to being placed in a bunker.

"Chuck?" Sarah asked, getting irritated. First he actively tried to get away from Heather and Mark, not that she blamed him, but they knew about her past, and he didn't seem to care. Then he didn't want to go on the date, in which he could learn quite a bit. Was this all a mistake? Was he not all-in? Sarah knew she should really talk about this, but talking wasn't a strong suit when it came to feelings. Facts she could handle, well, kind of, but he needed to know some things.

"Ready for you pre-mission briefing?" Sarah asked. "I didn't have time for a dossier." Chuck sat down on the bed with his hands in his pant pockets. "Okay, Chuck, we need to talk," she said, feeling herself getting mad. The anger spread to her face, and she started walking, maybe stalking, toward him. She stopped got a small notebook and a pencil. Chuck looked up, surprised, and a little fearful.

"Sarah, one minute you don't want me to know anything about your life before Burbank, the next you're mad when I try to respect that," Chuck said, confused and scared.

“Chuck, it’s one thing not to push me, it’s another to appear completely disinterested in everything about my past!” Sarah said, shoving the notebook and pencil in his hands, while bent over him, glaring. “Do you need to write anything down?”

“Sarah Walker, one of many aliases, but as far as I’m concerned...she’s my Sarah. One of your aliases is Jenny Burton, class of 1998, go Cougars. I know you like gardenias, vegetarian pizza no olives, cheeseburger medium-rare extra pickles. You don’t like getting up early, your music knowledge is a little lacking, but you have come a long way in your movie knowledge,” Chuck said, her staring at him and her mouth dropping. “You love your Porsche, although I’m still not sure how you afford it, you don’t like bullies, and you have the most beautiful soul I have ever seen. Your physical beauty, while a wonder in it’s own, pales at the person you are inside. You do what you have to do for this country, regardless of how it makes you feel inside, because you believe in the greater good.” He took the pencil and the notebook, and tossed them over his shoulder. “Here’s a secret, I have two intersects, the one downloaded, and the one in my head of everything I can learn about you. Less than 12 hours ago, I thought I was bunker-bound and I was trying my best not to learn anything else because it would hurt less when I couldn’t see you anymore...which is stupid, because it was going to hurt so bad.” Sarah’s hand was over her mouth; she was in such shock. Tears were forming in her eyes. Chuck was trying to figure out what he did, and how to fix his mistake.

“I said something stmrrrpphh,” he said, as Sarah crashed her lips into his, knocking them both backwards onto the bed. She broke away for a moment, and stared at him.

“Chuck Bartowski...I despise you,” she said. Chuck looked shocked. “I despise that no matter how hard I tried to push you away, you refused to go. I despise that I was simply doing my assignment and then some brown haired nerd made my heart jump into my throat when he told a ballerina that real ballerinas were tall.” Chuck grinned.

“I despise the way you feel like you have to fix my tie all the time and smooth it out,” Chuck replied. Sarah grinned.

“I despise how you trusted me when you had no real reason to,” she continued. “I despise about how even though it would be safer for everyone if you’d stay in the car,

you just can't help yourself and get out to save our lives on a constant basis." Chuck grinned.

"I despise how when you thought you were going to die you grabbed me and kissed me," he countered.

"I despise how you kissed me in front on Roan Montgomery and nearly made me moan," she said with a raised eyebrow.

"Really, moan?" he asked. She made a face and nodded. "Wow, okay, I despise about how you got in a dumpster with me and dug through trash to find Awesome's wedding ring."

"I despise how adorable you look when you wake up in the morning," she said.

"I am adorable," he said, grinning.

"And you know it, and use it to your advantage," she said.

"I know. I really shouldn't, but it's a gift, and a curse," he said.

"I also despise, absolutely despise, about how you don't care one bit about my past, and still care about me," she said, leaning her head on his chest.

"I meant it, it doesn't matter what you did, I'm here for you," Chuck said.

"That's why I want you to know, just when I'm ready to talk about it," she said. Chuck nodded.

"I have one question," Chuck began. Sarah sighed, and nodded. "Does Casey have some culinary training?" Sarah pulled her head up and looked at him like he was an idiot.

"Really, that's what you want to know?"

"I mean, let's be honest, he's a bartender, a waiter, he makes quiche, and all sorts of food service industry things," Chuck said. Sarah just looked at him, then she looked down, stood, and she slightly nodded. Chuck sat up quickly. "You're kidding!?"

"At some point, he took some classes to be better prepared. It was suggested after seduction school didn't go well that for his purposes he might learn some skills that

would help him to be placed in a support role,” Sarah said. Chuck was quiet a second.

“That’s really impressive,” he said. Sarah turned to study him. “No, think about it, Casey accepted a short coming and then did the best he could to make himself available to a partner.” Sarah shook her head.

“You always find the best in everyone, don’t you?” she asked softly. Chuck shrugged. He grinned.

“So class of 1998?” he asked. She gave him a look and nodded. “You were a Backstreet Boys fan weren’t you? She looked away. “Sarah Walker,” he said, mouth dropping. “You, bad-ass ninja spy, liked boy bands?”

“No,” she said, very unconvincingly.

“That is the worst lie I’ve ever seen,” Chuck said grinning. “And, you’re a trained spy.” She was fighting the smile. She looked away. “You had a crush on one of them didn’t you? Which one?” he said, amusement covering his face.

“I think I liked it better when you didn’t ask questions about my past,” she muttered. “Howie D,” she said softly. Chuck fell back on the bed, rolling. She rolled her eyes and pulled him up off the bed. “Come on, it’s time for our date.”

“Jenny or Sarah?” Chuck said. She gave him a shy smile. “I mean it doesn’t matter, because you’re my Sarah, or my Jenny, although I feel Sarah fits you better.”

“You know Jenny is not my real name, right?” she asked. Chuck shrugged.

“I don’t care what your name is, I know who you are,” Chuck said. Sarah looked at him, almost hungrily, and he thought he heard a noise. “Did you hear that?” Sarah studied him.

“That may have been me, deciding how late I think we can be to dinner,” she said.

“Why would be late...oh,” he said, as Sarah took his hand and pulled him out of the hotel room. “What happened to slow?”

“Why do you think we’re leaving?” she asked.

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"So, Mark what do you do?" Chuck asked. He really hated this. He wanted to know everything about Sarah, absolutely everything, but he couldn't push. He had realized on the way over, he and Ellie were alike in that regard. They both wanted the best for those they loved...oh...loved...he had glanced over at Sarah, and just grinned. Yeah, he was in love with her. He was probably fooling no one except himself, but he knew. Deep down, he knew. He also knew that she wasn't comfortable with talking.

"I'm in engineering, but it's top secret," Mark said, with what appeared to be a small pond of sweat growing on his forehead. Chuck glanced at Sarah.

"Am I that bad?" he thought while looking at her.

"Not anymore," she thought, looking at him, as if to answer.

"Anymore?" Chuck thought. Sarah grinned.

"Mark, are you feeling okay?" Chuck asked. Heather looked at her husband.

"You're sweating like a pig, you're all gross," she said.

"Excuse me," he said, and got up. Chuck glanced at Sarah.

"I'm gonna make sure he's okay," Chuck said. Heather glanced at him. "I know guys aren't supposed to go to the bathroom together, but I want to make sure he doesn't collapse or something."

"Thanks, sweetie," Sarah said.

"Whatever," Heather said, rolling her eyes and waving him off. Chuck walked past them where Heather couldn't see him, and made a face at her, causing Sarah to have to bite the inside of her cheek not to laugh.

"Casey," Chuck said through his communicator. "I think something is about to go down in the bathroom."

"Bartowski, I don't need a play by play, eat some prunes or something," Casey growled.

"No, Ratner is sweating up a storm and heading to the bathroom."

"I was about to carve," Casey replied. Chuck got a "seriously?" look on his face.

"Ask Sarah if she wants to and come join me, you know how she loves using knives," Chuck replied. Casey grunted and had a look of "not a bad idea" on his face.

"So I'm guessing he doesn't know about daddy," Heather said to Sarah.

"Because he hasn't pushed it," Sarah thought to herself. She took a drink of wine and thought about what Casey said. No more half-in. She was all the way in. "No, but Chuck knows my past was hard on me, and he makes an effort not to push, not because he doesn't want to know, but he wants me to tell him when I'm ready."

"We both know you'll never tell him your past," Heather said. Sarah had a confident smile on her face.

"No, I will," Sarah said, and meant it. "He means everything to me, and I want him to know me. All of me."

"Excuse me ladies, but if you're ready, I'm here to carve, unless, you'd like to ma'am," Casey said, looking at Sarah.

"Why would she?" Heather asked.

"Talent recognizes talent," Sarah said, talking over for Casey.

"Don't filet her before I get back," he said softly. She grinned at him.

"I won't, for Chuck," she said. She swore he mumbled something about lady feelings as he hurried off. In the bathroom, Mark had been approached by two men and Chuck walked in.

"Oh, boy," Chuck said after he flashed on the first. Mark pleaded with them to leave him out of it, as he got shoved up against the mirror, causing soap to spill on the floor and get on Mark's jacket. "See, that's gonna leave a spot." The other Russian pulled a gun on Chuck. "But, that's the thing kids are going for nowadays." The Russian that Chuck flashed on, threw Mark in the stall, and he scurried to lock it and protect himself. The second Russian turned on the hand dryer to hide the noise, turned and stepped in the soap on the floor. Chuck watched in horror, and a little humor as the two collided, and

crashed their heads on the floor. Chuck decided to run and get help, and also managed to slip on the soap. He tried to keep his balance limbs flying every which way. He landed, bringing his elbow down on the Russian's head he flashed on, knocking him unconscious, and his shoe landed right in the other Russian's groin. The second screamed in agony, as Casey walked in. He took one look at the situation, kicked the second in the face, knocking him out. Casey ran to get the van as Chuck stood up fussing with his jacket that had soap on it as Mark walked out and saw the carnage.

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Sarah was in the gym at castle, trying not to laugh.

"So Mark thinks Chuck is "Mad Dog" Special Agent Charles Carmichael?" she asked. Casey nodded, amused. "So what's the next move?"

"I think I'll let your boy toy explain," Casey said.

"Thank you," Sarah said softly. "I know what you did for us." Casey looked at her.

"We're not hugging," he said.

"Gosh, Casey, that was almost a lady feeling," Sarah said, grinning. "Ellie has calmed down quite a bit." Casey went a little pale. "I've also found a building that we could move to, that will cover all our needs." Casey gave her a look. "People seem to forget I have a degree from Harvard in International Business." Casey grunted. "It's used to be owned by Ronald Wilson Reagan." Casey's face was covered in shock. He turned to leave. "It's okay if you want to hug me." Casey spun, caught her in a bear hug, dropped her, and left. "I think he had a tear in his eye," she said softly.

"Okay, I'm a little scared," Chuck said bringing in a box. "I've not seen him that emotional since the Crown Vic blew up."

"I found a building for our new headquarters, it was owned by Ronald Regan," she said. Chuck just stared at her.

"He may have just fell in love with you," Chuck said. Sarah made an "eww" face. Chuck shrugged. "You just told Casey that we may buy a building owned by Ronald Regan,

after an intense workout?" Sarah thought for a minute.

"He did hug me," she said softly.

"Well, make sure and send me an invitation to the wedding," he said. She rolled her eyes.

"What's in the box?" She asked. He handed it to her, and she opened it.

"Well, isn't this nice," she said as she turned to him smiling. "Is this a welcome-to-our-new-apartment dress and we should go celebrate?" Chuck struggled to keep the smile on his face.

"If by celebrate you mean go to your high school reunion because that's where the meet is happening, then yes," Chuck said. Sarah shut her eyes, took a deep breath, and opened them.

"My father was arrested in high school," she said. The look on Chuck's face was the one she used to struggle with the most. She thought it was pity, but what she had learned over the last 18 months was it was pain. Pain that she had to go through something he didn't think she should, and God she was so thankful for it. Someone cared about her. Not just someone, but Chuck Bartowski. "It was a difficult time."

"Then maybe you shouldn't go," Chuck said. Sarah shook her head. Chuck nodded, and stuck his hands in his pockets. "I understand, well, I hope you and Casey have fun." Sarah's eyebrows shot up as Chuck fought to keep the grin off of his face. "You found a building that Ronald Regan used to own and we may make it our offices. I'm pretty sure you just proposed to him." Sarah threw the dress box at him.

"You are so gonna get it," she said.

"You keep saying that," he replied. A smile of determination crossed her face. She stepped up to him, and put finger lightly on his shirt just below his throat.

"I bet you don't make these little comments when it's just us in our new apartment," she said. Chuck swallowed, and Sarah grinned.

"I'm pretty sure you're right," he said, grinning. She slowly moved her finger down his chest, with a predatory smile on her face.

"And, the truth comes out, Chuck Bartowski is just a tease." Chuck sighed.

"You finally figured it out," he said, grinning. "My girlish screams at danger, my nearly throwing up on the C4, it's all been an elaborate CIA trick. Sarah, you just figured out, that you weren't sent here to watch me, but take part in the most elaborate torture the CIA has, torture by nerd." Sarah threw back her head and laughed. "It's been an 18 month process to wear you down." Her finger stopped right above his belly button, and she removed it. She stepped in just inches from him.

"Did I pass?" she asked.

"You've lasted the longest anyone ever has," he choked out. She smiled.

"Do I get a prize?" she asked. Chuck nodded slowly.

"You get Casey to take you to your reunion," he said, grinning. She shoved him away and mocked stomped off.

"I despise you Bartowski!" she yelled.

"I despise you, Walker!" he yelled back. "And I always will," he said softly to himself.

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Sarah sat in one of the green chairs, shaking her head. It had been an....interesting reunion. On one hand, Dick Duffy was now in prison, (seriously, who names their kid Dick Duffy?) they had arrested Heather (after she had gotten in a lucky shot during the fight), and now Mark was safe. But it was the little moments Sarah found herself thinking about.

They had walked in and after a few minutes of awkward introductions, Chuck had pulled her aside.

"Listen to me, whatever happens, I got your back," he said. Sarah smiled gratefully. His glance went past her, and he spoke, softly with a grin on his face. "Wow," he said, she turned and saw the picture, and her heart dropped. She turned back to him. "Even then

you had those eyes that look right into your soul.” Sarah stared at him. “Probably best I didn’t go to school here.”

“Why’s that, Chuck,” she asked nervously. He grinned.

“Because if you thought I drove you crazy the last 18 months trying to date you, I would have driven you insane then,” he said.

“Chuck,” she began.

“I know what you’re going to say, the hair, the braces,” he said as she nodded. “But what you’re missing, those eyes, inside of them, it was already there, and it’s not like you always let me in, but when you do, you have a beauty there that time, bad hair days, braces, or anything will ever touch.” She felt something in her, and she was trying hard to control herself. Chuck looked around. “Did you hear something, like a low growl, or moan, or combination?” She grabbed his hand.

“Let’s dance,” she said.

“But that noise,” Chuck said.

“Trust me, if you want to take it slow, let’s dance,” she said. Chuck looked at her.

“Are you sure dancing is the best thing?”

“There won’t be any slow songs or anything,” she replied. Chuck raised an eyebrow and Sarah flicked her head toward the DJ. Chuck looked and there was Casey.

“I’ve now seen it all,” he said.

Sarah sighed. She was falling hard, and she didn’t even care. She heard the door open and Chuck walked in. He was on the phone and winced when he saw her eye.

“He quit huh?” Chuck said. “Morgan,” he mouthed. “No, I don’t want it, in fact you and I need to have a little talk, but I’m at Sarah’s buddy, so I need to go.” He hung up. “That left a mark,” he said, with a sad grin.

“You should see the other girl,” Sarah said.

“Doesn’t matter if she’s in traction, she hurt my girl, and that’s all I care about.” She looked at him for a second.

“You’re girl?” she asked. Chuck looked up from the bag and looked her right in the eyes.

“My Sarah, my Jenny, or whatever name you choose to go by,” he said. “I don’t mean it possessive, I mean it in that I’ll always care about you and want to see you protected, even though you are my handler.” She stared at him. He looked around again.

“I swear I keep hearing that noise,” he said.

“It may be my stomach, I’m hungry,” she said. He pulled out a frozen patty for her eye, and then with a Bartowski eyebrow waggle, a cheeseburger, medium-rare, extra pickles. “I really despise you right now,” she said grinning. “But, there’s something we need to do first.” She pulled out her packet and his and held out a pen. “You all-in, Chuck?” He took the pen, signed what felt like 43 places, handed her the pen, and stopped.

“You sure?” he asked. “I know what I’m getting into, but do you?” She grinned and took the pen.

“Chuck,” she said, smiling as she signed in the last place. “I know what I’m getting into. You, you have no idea.” Chuck swallowed.

“Well, I’ll get a knife to cut the cheeseburger,” he said, nervously. She rolled up her pant leg and pulled one out. He just looked at her for a minute. “I have the coolest girlfriend ever,” he mumbled.

“Girlfriend?” she asked, grinning. Chuck shrugged.

“Cover anyway, and I hear I may be doing some exploring of under the cover,” Chuck said. He thought about what he just said. Sarah just grinned.

“You. Have. No. Idea.” She said, winking at him.

“Oh boy!”

A/N: This is becoming more fun than I ever imagined. Molly chapter being worked on, Uprising bouncing around in my head (I’m at some of the part the dream didn’t cover). Next time...On Tom Sawyer...

“You need to approach, Jeff,” Sarah said.

“You sure, Walker? Jeff tried to kiss your boy toy just a few days ago,” Casey said.

“He probably doesn’t remember it,” Chuck said. Casey grabbed the remote and hit play on the monitor. It was Jeff sitting in the home theater room.

“He has such supple lips, Lester,” Jeff said.

“Really, Chuck?” Lester asked. Casey hit pause, and Chuck just stared at him

“You seriously had that queued up?” Chuck asked. “You know I may never sleep again.”

Til next time!

DC

Chapter 4: Ch 4, Modern Day Warrior

A/N: I was asked the other day if I was replacing some of the drama and angst with comedy in this one, and that's probably the best way to describe it. Again, how far we go...(shrugs)...it's fun, I look at an episode, and think, now what would I do. Glad you all like it, but can we talk seriously for a minute, why am I referencing music in every single ch of every story right now? I don't know either, but I do for this one...or the next two, or three. Put your Rush on boys and girls, its Ch 4 Modern Day Warrior.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and to disagree with Rush, his mind does seem to be for rent...reluctantly of course...

Chuck awoke in his bed, mostly dressed from the late mission last night. He began to change for work, knowing he still had to go to the Buy More, even though he was going to have an amazing cover job soon, and an amazing apartment with an even more amazing girlfriend. He paused for a second, thinking about said girlfriend. He was worried something was wrong with her. He kept hearing strange noises when he was around her and was afraid she might have some serious gastrointestinal problems, that she would be reluctant to share. Chuck shrugged, if crazy gas was Sarah's biggest flaw, he was not going to complain. He sighed, a happy sigh, life was getting better. He walked out of his room, seeing Awesome and Ellie at the breakfast table.

"Are you forgetting something?" Ellie asked. Chuck had no idea. She pointed toward his lip. He reached up, and found the fake mustache.

"Late night, Bro?" Awesome asked. "We heard you stomping around at 4 AM."

"Yeah," Chuck said. "I'm going to love not having to deal with the Buy More soon so if we have one of these I can sleep in a little." Awesome smiled and handed Chuck a glass of green stuff. Chuck was really tired, not thinking, and took a drink. The taste....Awesome was droning on something about yang and it being good for his wang. Chuck shuddered and looked at the two doctors. "So I know this isn't how doctor confidentiality works, but I need to ask you two something about someone and you not

tell them.”

“What’s wrong with Sarah?” Ellie asked, leaning forward, concerned.

“Who said anything about Sarah?” Chuck asked, realizing this might be a bad idea.

“Chuck,” she said, looking at him like he was an idiot. “If it was Morgan or Casey you’d just ask, Sarah is the only person you’d try to stealth medicate.” Chuck thought for a second and realized she was right.

“Okay, I keep hearing strange noises from around her lately, like a low growl,” Chuck said. “I know in the past I told you about her spastic colon, but that isn’t true, as far as I know. That was me trying to cover something and not thinking very fast.” Ellie was sitting there, amused.

“When do you hear these noises?” she asked, her and Devon sharing a smile.

“The first time, she said she was trying to decide how late we could be for dinner, so I assumed she was hungry,” Chuck answered.

“What was going on say ten to fifteen minutes before that?” Ellie asked. Chuck scratched the back of his neck and wondered how he was going to answer it. His ears were starting to turn red. “I need to know to give a proper diagnosis.”

“We were talking about all the things we ‘despise about each other.’” Chuck said using air quotes. “Like how we tried to stay apart but couldn’t due to the things we did to each other.”

“What else?” Ellie asked. Chuck looked very uncomfortable.

“You know Sarah is an alias, I told her that it didn’t matter what her name was. I knew who she was,” Chuck said. Awesome’s face was about to burst from the grin, and Ellie was trying not to vibrate out of the chair.

“Chuckster,” Awesome said, low and in awe.

“The next time?” Ellie asked, barely able to contain her grin.

"We were at the reunion, and I saw a picture of her from high school," Chuck said grinning.

"How bad?" Ellie asked. Chuck grinned.

"Pretty bad," Chuck admitted. "There were braces, and her hair...Ellie it looked like someone had taken garden shears through them. But, even with all that, you could see it in her eyes, the beauty that was inside her. The beauty that shined through regardless of braces, bad hair days, or anything."

"You told her that?" Ellie asked, Chuck nodded.

"She made me go dance to a fast song, and told me if we wanted to take it slow then we needed to go dance," Chuck said. Ellie had a thoughtful look on her face, and motioned with her hand to continue.

"The third time was at her hotel room," Chuck began. "She had a black eye from the lucky shot her former classmate got in, long story," he quickly added, seeing the questions on Ellie's face. "I told her that Heather had hurt my girl, to which I explained, I didn't mean that possessively, but that she was the one I cared about and wanted to protect."

"You should teach a class," Devon said, almost in awe.

"What?" Chuck asked, confused.

"It's just Chuck being Chuck," Ellie said, proud of her brother. "One question, and I don't need graphic information, but exactly how far has your and Sarah's relationship progressed?" Chuck stuck his hands in his pockets and sighed.

"El, it's not fair to her," Chuck said. "She's my permanent handler. If we were to be together and then break up..." he said with a shrug.

"So you're going slow?"

"For her sake," Chuck replied.

"It's your idea?" she asked. Chuck nodded. Ellie returned the nod with the biggest grin. "I'll talk to her, don't say anything to her. I think I know exactly what will fix her

problems,” she said, with a look Chuck couldn’t read.

“Okay,” Chuck said. “Well, on to the ‘job.’” Chuck said using air quotes. He left and Ellie sat there smiling.

“El, I hope for your sake, their walls are soundproof,” Awesome said with a grin. Ellie chuckled.

“The poor fool has no idea,” she said. “Casey, this entire conversation better never get to Beckman or Sarah.” Two minutes later, the front door opened and a dvd came flying in. The door closed, footsteps were heard running away, and a car sped off.

“You’re kinda hot when you scare him like that,” Awesome said grinning. Ellie grinned at him.

“You know you always think I’m hot,” she replied. Awesome shrugged in agreement.

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Chuck wandered into work and noticed things were a little...odd today, which was saying a lot, because it was the Buy More. Everyone seemed to be working a little harder.

“Bad day to be late, Buddy,” Morgan said.

“Late night,” Chuck replied, grinning.

“Lover’s tryst, say no more,” Morgan replied then thought. “Unless you care to give a few tawdry details?” Chuck kept working, grinning. “There’s an efficiency guy who been looking for you, so if he asks, you have gallstones.” Chuck looked up.

“Now I know how she felt about the spastic colon,” Chuck said. “I think he’s behind you, Morgan.” Morgan scurried off before Emmet could say anything. Emmet approached Chuck.

“We finally meet, Chuck,” Emmet said. As he shook Emmet’s hand he saw a bald man standing in the Buy More holding a picture, and Chuck flashed. Emmet watched him. “Are you okay?”

"Nope, gallstones," Chuck muttered. "I need to go see Casey."

"Why do you need to see Casey?" Emmet asked.

"He keeps my gallstone medicine so I don't OD," Chuck said scurrying away...right into the man he flashed on.

"Do you know this guy?" the man asked, showing a picture of Jeff from the 80s.

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Chuck replied, terrified, and confused.

"He's a Buy More employee," the man countered.

"Have you checked our other 13 locations?" Chuck asked. The man grunted and left. Casey walked over.

"Now what, moron?" Casey asked.

"We need to get my gallstone medicine from Castle, I just had an attack," Chuck said. Casey looked at him for a second.

"That's not bad, kid, too bad you're leaving here," Casey said. Chuck looked around and saw Jeff licking Cheetos crumbs out of the bag.

"It's a real shame," Chuck replied.

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"Farrokh Bulsara," Casey said, tossing the classified folder down on the desk. Chuck always wondered how they got those folders so fast. "He's been hopping between training camps from Syria to Somalia."

"Why would a terrorist want Jeff?" Chuck asked.

"You need to approach, Jeff," Sarah said.

"You sure, Walker? Jeff tried to kiss your boy toy just a few days ago," Casey said.

"He probably doesn't remember it," Chuck said. Casey grabbed the remote and hit play on the monitor. It was Jeff sitting in the home theater room.

"He has such supple lips, Lester," Jeff said.

“Really? Chuck?” Lester asked. Casey hit pause, and Chuck just stared at him

“You seriously had that queued up?” Chuck asked. “You know I may never sleep again.” Sarah gave Casey a look.

“Getting awful good at running surveillance aren’t you, Casey?” Sarah asked. Chuck raised an eyebrow and grinned at Casey. He grunted. “Speaking of which, is that Ellie I see?” She hopped up and went upstairs.

“Sarah, can we talk?” Ellie said when Sarah came out of the storeroom. “Alone?” she asked, looking at the surveillance camera. Casey quickly shut down the feed.

“Not polite to spy, Chuck,” Casey said. Chuck just stared at Casey.

“Really?”

“So do you and Chuck have plans tonight?” Ellie asked.

“No, Chuck is going to have to hang out with Jeff tonight,” Sarah said.

“Please tell me that Nerd Herd, creepy, serial-killer Jeff, is just a cover and he’s a regular person,” Ellie begged. Sarah pursed her lips and shook her head. Ellie sighed. “You and I, tonight, we talk.”

“Ellie, can I be honest?” Sarah asked. Ellie nodded. “I’ve stopped revolutions with a fork, I’ve fought off dozens of men at the same time. I’ve jumped out of buildings with no parachute or safe landing zone, but none of them scare me more than the prospect of tonight. I’m not good at this kind of stuff.” Ellie gave Sarah her Bartowski smile, and Sarah felt much better.

“Tonight, I’m going to get to know my sister,” she said. Sarah’s eyes got big. Ellie gave her an amused look. “He may not have a clue, but I do,” Ellie said, patted her hand, and left. Sarah smiled watching her leave.

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Sarah made her way to Ellie’s while Chuck and Jeff had a guy’s night in the theater. Casey told her that all surveillance was off, so whatever lady feelings the two talked about was between them. Ellie greeted her with a hug, and had wine waiting. They sat

on the couch, and Sarah still looked a little nervous.

“Sarah, I want to apologize,” Ellie said.

“What for?” Sarah asked.

“For raising a guy so clueless,” Ellie said. Sarah gave her a confused look. “This morning Chuck wanted to know if there was a reason he was hearing noises around you.” Sarah fought a blush, but was losing. “I think he thinks its something gastrointestinal and I didn’t correct that assumption. I asked him what was said before hand, and I’m pretty sure I know what’s going on.”

“At least one Bartowski does,” Sarah grumbled. Ellie laughed.

“Sarah, I know you think a lot of him, I know you think he’s a great guy, but we need to be real honest about something, he has flaws,” Ellie said.

“Ellie,” Sarah began. Ellie held up her hand.

“Look, I’ve been thinking about the type of men you’ve probably been around, and my guess is Chuck treats you like a queen compared to them...even when he’s clueless, he does nice things, I get it,” Ellie said grinning.

“I’ve never met anyone so thoughtful,” she said.

“He is, but he’s also a bit of a worrier,” she said, noticing the look on Sarah’s face. “Okay, a lot of a worrier, and he wants to talk about his feelings, a lot, but when he doesn’t, he clams up.” Sarah nodded. “He also is very self-deprecating.” Sarah had a sad look on her face. “He was hung up on a girl for five years, and she wasn’t even in your league.” Sarah wanted to protest, but Ellie stopped her. “That’s the other problem, you can’t see how amazing you are.”

“How are you so sure I’m amazing,” Sarah said. “I’m a CIA agent, I’m very good at my job.”

“Sarah, I figured out you’re in love with him,” Ellie said. Sarah looked down and grinned. “Chuck said you had a tough past, and you even told him you had baggage. You two are great together, but you two SUCK at communicating.”

"I suck at communicating," Sarah corrected. Ellie shook her head.

"No, he does stuff a lot of times to avoid confrontation," Ellie explained. "He puts others needs in front of his own." Sarah had to agree with that. "You two are being forced together, and all he's thinking about is what he thinks you need. You need to tell him what you need."

"Like what?" Sarah asked. Ellie gave her a look.

"You're gonna make me say it, aren't you?" Ellie asked.

"Say what?" Sarah replied, confused.

"Sarah, he thinks he's invading your personal space, he thinks you two should go slow because it will be hard on you if something goes wrong, he thinks you're doing what he wants to save him from the bunker," Ellie said. Sarah couldn't help the amused look on his face.

"He actually requested we go slow," Sarah said.

"Have you told him you don't want to?" Ellie asked. Sarah shifted uncomfortably in the seat. "By the way, that's not a denial." Sarah grinned at her.

"I love the guy," she said softly, shaking her head, tears coming to her eyes. "He's flipped my entire world upside down and there is nothing I can do about it."

"Nope," Ellie said, taking a sip of wine and grinning. "Love doesn't care what you thought, what you thought you wanted, or how you thought you'd want to do things. It just kicks the door down and flips your world. All you can do is sit back and enjoy the ride."

"Thanks, Ellie," Sarah said. "He and I need to talk." Ellie nodded.

"I hate to do this, but I have to ask you something," Ellie said. Sarah nodded. "Everything he's doing, should I be worried about him?" Sarah thought for a second.

"You know, um," Sarah began. "Chuck is like a duck." Ellie looked confused. "Sometimes he seems like he is gliding along, just doing nothing, but underneath the surface, his little feet are paddling. Whether it be saving Morgan at the Buy More, or

using the Intersect, or even saving Casey or I.”

“What about Stanford?” Ellie asked. Sarah gave her a confused look. “He’s only 12 credits short of graduating.”

“He is?” Sarah asked, thoughts jumping into her head. She gave Ellie a smile.

“Sis, what are you up to?” Tears popped into Sarah’s eyes again. “I’m sorry, Sarah.”

“No, don’t you dare apologize,” Sarah said. “I’ve never had a sister, I’ve never thought I’d be close to anyone to be called that, and it just took me by surprise. In a good way.” Ellie came over to hug her, and that’s when the door opened, Chuck carrying Jeff with Casey behind him. He turned and whacked Jeff’s head into the doorframe.

“Don’t worry, this guy’s feeling no pain,” Chuck said. He summed up the evening, as he deposited Jeff on the sofa. Jeff turned to Ellie.

“You take the blonde, I’m gonna take a crack at the brunette,” he said, and grabbed Chuck’s tie to pull him down for a kiss. Chuck yelped, and Sarah pulled Jeff’s hand away. Jeff collapsed.

“You’re not going to leave him here are you?” Ellie asked.

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The next morning in Castle, Casey was smiling, which scared Chuck to no end.

“Are you as worried as I am?” Chuck whispered to Sarah.

“He’s just thinks Ellie’s madder at you than him,” Sarah said.

“Why would Ellie be mad?” Chuck asked. “I got Jeff out with no problem. Although she did start on me about Stanford this morning.”

“Really?” Sarah replied. “She just worries about you.”

“And finding out the truth about my job isn’t making it easier on her is it?” Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head no. Chuck sighed. “Okay, I swore I wasn’t going to be that guy but when your sister and your girlfriend get together a guy tends to get worried.” Sarah gave him an amused look.

"Do you think you've done something?" Sarah asked.

"No, but let's admit I'm clueless, especially in relationships, and I don't want to screw this up, because I lo-like you more than I probably should in relation to the amount of dates we've had." Sarah moved her jaw around thinking about what he said. She shoulder bumped him.

"Same," she said, taking a drink of coffee, looking innocently over the cup at him.

"HA!" he said, knowing he was beaten.

"Bartowski, can you and Walker mix your peanut butter and chocolate later, we've got work!" Casey yelled. Chuck kissed her on the cheek.

"Any word on the apartment?" he asked, getting up to leave.

"Soon, is all I keep getting," she said. She grabbed him arm, and pulled him into a kiss. After he was properly discombobulated, she let him go. "Have a good day."

"I really like the new Intersect arrangement," Chuck manage to say heading up the stairs. Casey came over beside Sarah watching Chuck to see if he actually got up the stairs.

"He still has no clue," Casey said. Sarah shook her head.

"Nope," she said popping the "p". She turned to him with the amused grin. "Don't make me tell Ellie you listened."

"We gotta get you and the nerd in that apartment soon," Casey said walking up the stairs, and headed to the Buy More. Sarah was suddenly spun and found herself being kissed senseless by a certain nerd. When she was thoroughly confused and befuddled, Chuck pulled away, grinning at her.

"I'm so glad there's a back entrance to Castle, I just had to make sure my girlfriend was kissed properly this morning," Chuck said. With that, he started to leave, when he heard the noise again. He turned around to say something, just as he was hit by a blonde blur. He found himself on the ground, her kissing him like her life depended on it. "Those noises were you?!" Sarah's phone rang.

“DAMN IT!” she yelled, and answered it. “Walker, severely compromised,” she growled. “Send your boytoy back to work, Jeff is here and he needs to proceed with the mission,” Casey said, but not as gruffly as he used to.

“Why are you being nice?” she said. He grunted and hung up. She stared at Chuck. “You and I.” She kissed him. “Need to have.” Kissed him again. “A very looonng talk.” Then she kissed him like she would die if she didn’t. Chuck was officially broken. She got up, pulled him up, and pushed him in the direction she came. “We’re going to talk.”

“Talky good,” he said, stumbling away. After he left, she got out her phone and made a phone call. She explained her reasoning for her request, and it was agreed. Sarah smiled, that was one problem down, now to have a talk with Chuck. That...that was going to be difficult...but so worth it.

A/N: Still fun!

Til next time!

DC

Chapter 5: Ch 5, You've Got the Touch

A/N: The pace of the updates is slowing and let me say why. I'm having eye issues. Nothing major but about this time every year I need new glasses. (Getting old...okay, older) It's getting uncomfortable to read, watch TV, or anything that's not at a larger resolution. Hopefully by the end of the month I'll have my new noline trifocals that will do away with the strain, until then, I'll do what I can. Thanks for your patience.

A/N 2: I'm not going to lie, I just don't like the first part of this chapter, but I struggled with it long enough. It had to be written, so I did and got on to the parts to move the overall story along. I'm sorry, I hope you like it, but it's not my favorite. That being said, we are moving out of Tom Sawyer, and into the Jill episodes. Put your Stan Bush on boys and girls, its Ch 5 You've Got The Touch.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck or Transformers the Movie from the 80s, which I think about each time I hear that song...'Cause you've got the touch it turns me on and on You light the fire in me that keeps burning strong....

"Are you okay?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know," Chuck said.

"I know he meant a lot to you," Sarah said.

"He was responsible for so many games I love, and now I find out the kill screen is hidden in Missile Command." Chuck said. "We've got to get Jeff to that kill screen."

"You want to trust that burn out?" Casey asked. Sarah stared at Casey.

"I trust Chuck," she said, taking him upstairs as Casey prepared to take out the satellite.

Morimoto was dead after a bomb went off at Atari, Jeff was their possible only hope to stop the loss of life, and Chuck was trying to figure out how they were going to get Jeff to beat the game. He had already made several demands, and Chuck and Morgan were working to meet them all.

"How bad?" Sarah asked.

"I had Morgan get Anna to dress up in the Nerd Herd uniform," Chuck said, holding his head in his hands. "I just glad he didn't see you earlier."

"We survive this I'm going to sneak that uniform to our new apartment," she said with a smirk. Chuck turned to her slowly.

"As much as I'd love that, I'm going to need you not to talk about you in that outfit, I need to concentrate," he said. Sarah whispered into his ear.

"Just consider it incentive," she said. Chuck couldn't breathe, and he thought he was blacking out as he watched the tv's blink off. That's when he realized what was going on.

"They're at the TV studio," Chuck said, looking at Sarah.

"I'm on it, you get me that code," she said. She started off. "Chuck, after we take care of this, we talk," she said winking.

"Again, not helping!"

}o{

"Chuck!" Morgan said. "The natives are getting reckless!" Chuck had been trying to talk Jeff into playing the game, but to no avail. He tried to convince Ellie to leave the area, but she refused, since he wouldn't. Chuck was running out of ideas. "Dude, you're going to have to play."

Chuck began to play but didn't last long. He stared at the end screen, and wondered how had Jeff done this. That's when he heard it, someone was listening to Rush, and he began to remember what Morimoto had said...

"Morgan, do we carry, Rush?" Chuck asked. "I need Tom Sawyer."

"I got it, Dude," Morgan said, and started to play the music. Chuck timed the music up to the game and quickly got in the zone. He made it to the kill screen to the cheers of the crowd. He grabbed his phone and called Sarah. She answered the phone having just taken out the terrorists.

“Sarah, I did it! I beat the game just like Mr. Morimoto said!” He yelled into the phone.

“Chuck, that’s great, what’s the code?”

“Oscar Zelda Penguin Gamma Sector Bob,” he said, as she input the code. The satellite shut down, Casey confirmed, and Armageddon was dodged. Chuck looked around at the madness. “I’ve got to get out of the Buy More,” he said, and walked out.

}o{

Chuck walked into Ellie’s and Awesome’s apartment. Ellie squealed and Awesome caught him in a bear hug.

“Dude! You saved LA!” Awesome said. Ellie squealed as she pulled him in.

“I knew you could do it!” Ellie said. “And, there’s another surprise for you.” Chuck’s eyebrows went up. “Sarah has it. She’s out back.” Ellie pulled him aside. “When she talks to you, you need to listen. Quit trying to figure out what you think she should feel and actually listen to her.” Chuck nodded. Awesome high fived him as he went outside. Sarah was standing there looking up at the night sky.

“If it wasn’t for you, we might not have this,” Sarah said, never turning around. Chuck walked up behind her, still a little unsure of himself. Sarah grabbed his hands and pulled them around her waist. “So, I have some news. In light of everything that has been going on, and with you having a new job soon,” she reached over and picked up a box. “Stanford has awarded you your diploma.” Chuck opened the box and looked at it. He put it back in the box, put it on the table, and pulled her in tighter.

“Thank you,” he said. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“Well, you’re not finding out for the rest of your life,” she said, grinning. She could tell he wasn’t returning the grin. “Chuck, did you not hear me when I said I want this.”

“Sarah, I am invading your life, your personal space, and you have absolutely no say,” Chuck said.

“For a smart guy, you’re an idiot,” Sarah replied. Chuck was still holding her from behind, his breath kept hitting her ear as he talked and Sarah felt her knees give just a

little each time. "I signed that deal so I could get exactly what I want. You, Chuck Bartowski, you are what I want. And, even when we figure out how to get the Intersect out, I will be assigned to you, not because I have to be, but because I want to be. So, we can take it slow, but all your doing is delaying the inevitable. Chuck, I'm not leaving. I'm in your life forever, so you better not screw this up."

"Beckman doesn't scare me that much," Chuck said.

"Yes, she does, Chuck, but I was talking about Ellie," she replied, grinning. Chuck did look a little terrified. "Chuck, we suck at communicating."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, and you don't like words," Chuck replied.

"It's not that I don't like words, I'm just more of an action-oriented person," she replied, shrugging. "See that bright light up there," she said, pointing to it. "That's the satellite. Make a wish Chuck." She was quiet for a moment. "What did you wish for?"

"Am I allowed to tell you, then it won't come true," Chuck said.

"Chuck I'm your handler, no secrets, no lies," she said.

"Yes, but I'm your analyst now, so no secrets, no lies from you either," he replied.

"Okay," she said.

"Okay?" she nodded. "Then, okay."

"Answer me," she said looking up at him.

"There were two," Chuck said. "The second wish was for me to get all the leftover gummy bears from the Orange Orange."

"How are you so skinny?" she asked.

"My metabolism," Chuck replied, shrugging. "I mean I know why you don't eat them. They are pure sugar and calories."

"Are you implying that I'm fat?" she asked.

"Nope," Chuck replied quickly. "You know 3,495,102 ways to kill me. You could weight 800 lbs and I would never call you fat." She gave him the stink eye. "I guess it's

probably time I tell you what the first wish was.” He swallowed. “To be the partner you need, however you need, defined by you.” Sarah stared at him. Chuck looked around, hearing something. “I hear it again, but your mouth isn’t moving.”

“Chuck Bartowski,” she said, having trouble getting her breath. “I think we need to go check out the new apartment.”

“Why?” Chuck asked.

“Because I’m going to bet you don’t want your sister to hear what is about to happen,” Sarah replied.

“Sarah,” he said, “What about taking it slow?”

“I have the nerd herd uniform,” she said, with an arched eyebrow.

“Oh, boy,” Chuck said.

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The next morning Chuck opened the door to Ellie’s and Awesome’s his hair was disheveled, his shirt misbuttoned, and his eyes glazed over.

“So you’ve got your own apartment now,” Ellie said. Chuck looked at them grinning stupidly.

“Yep,” he said. “My clothes are over here, and Sarah’s using the shower over there. She already has her stuff moved in.” Ellie and Devon exchanged a look. She sighed and nodded. Awesome threw up his hand.

“Awesome!” Devon said, and Chuck high fived him and shuffled off. “He’s not walking that well.” Ellie just looked at him. The door opened again and Sarah came in with the biggest smile on her face.

“Sarah, I know you’re trained to take in all your surroundings, did you hear any strange growling last night?” Ellie asked smirking. Sarah returned her smirk.

“Yep,” she said popping the “p”. “We don’t have any food, can I make breakfast here, and we have dinner at our place when we get everything moved in?”

"Of course," Ellie replied. "You never have to ask, you're always at home here."

"Thanks, Ellie," Sarah said.

"I can make you something," Ellie offered.

"That's okay," Sarah said. "I think I'm gonna make Chuck breakfast."

"Still taking it slow?" she asked as Sarah was making bacon and omelets.

"Nope," Sarah said, popping the "p" again.

"Take care of that weird growling noise Chuck kept hearing?"

"Yep," she said, popping the "p" again, while smiling so big she didn't know how she didn't break her face. Ellie squealed. Devon shut the eye closest to her as she did and made a wincing face.

"Do I need to check him out for that limp?" Devon said. "I wouldn't want him to not be up to par."

"Thanks, Devon," Sarah said sincerely. "But, I can figure something out if I need to." Ellie sprung up, raced into the kitchen and hugged her.

"Finally," she said, holding Sarah tight, and Sarah returned the hug. They pulled away and tears were in both of their eyes. "Finally you can quit the act."

"He wasn't very good, was he?" Sarah said. Ellie grinned, looked over at Devon who was grinning and shaking his head. "What?"

"He wasn't very good?" Ellie asked, her eyes dancing. "Sarah, sweetie, I love you dearly, but you were AWFUL at trying to be a 'cover girlfriend.'"

"What?"

"Sarah, you would hold his hand and cuddle into him and give him looks when he wasn't paying attention that NO one would, unless they had feelings for someone," Ellie said. "Every once in a while, sure, but all the time like you did...nope...not buying it for a second." Sarah looked down.

"Somewhere between him fixing my phone and him disarming a bomb with a porn virus, don't ask, I fell.....for him," she said. Ellie nodded, grinning.

"Have you told him that, and is that what you really mean?" Ellie asked. Sarah smiled.

"No, and no."

"This is what I'm talking about, you two are crap at communicating," Ellie said. Chuck came out of the bathroom and saw his girlfriend and his sister talking in the kitchen. He took one look and kept walking. "Scared?"

"Terrified," Chuck said. "But, I'm totally okay with it, it's just part of my new life." Ellie's eyes got wide and looked at Sarah. Sarah just smiled.

"I can't thank you enough," Ellie said, hugging Sarah again.

"You raised him," Sarah said. "Thank you for making him into the wonderful guy he is."

"I need to record this and play it back when one or both are mad at me," Chuck said to Devon. Devon shook his head.

"That will be sometime next week," Devon said. Chuck thought for a minute, decided he was right, and just shrugged. "So, what's the plan, Chuckster."

"One more day at the Buy More. One more install, it's at a BioScience Conference. What could go wrong?" Chuck said, shrugging. Sarah looked at him. "I just screwed it up, didn't I?" Sarah continued to stare, and even Ellie was giving him the sideeye. "A terrorist is going to unleash a biochemical weapon while I'm there aren't they?" Sarah pulled out her phone.

"Casey, I'm going with Chuck to the install today. Yes, Casey right in the middle of the conference, I'm going to mix all my peanut butter with his chocolate. I'll make sure it's on camera so I can play it for you over and over. Hello? Casey?" She hung up grinning.

"You enjoy tormenting him just as much as I do," he said grinning. Sarah's phone rang. She picked it up.

"Because I have a bad feeling about this," she replied. She hung up and Chuck was staring at her, his mouth agape. Devon leaned over.

"Is this how you want to do this?" he whispered where Sarah couldn't hear him...he thought. Sarah gave Chuck a challenging look.

"You mean tell the woman I care about more than anything in this world how I feel about her?" Chuck asked, looking directly at Sarah. "Is there a wrong way to do that?"

"Eat you breakfast, Chuck," Sarah said, winking at him. "You're going to need your strength later."

"That install is going to take a while," Devon asked. Everyone turned to look at him. He thought about it for a moment. "It would have been better if I'd meant it that way."

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"You had this done ten minutes ago, didn't you?" Sarah asked, watching Chuck work.

"Yep," Chuck answered. "But, I had to make sure everything was done right. Better to spend ten extra minutes now, than five hours later trying to chase down a problem," he said coming out from under the table. He turned to the conference employee. "Networks all set up, ten-based Ethernet connecting all the servers with a firewall in place." Chuck's eyes looked over the man's shoulders, and he turned to Sarah. "Tell me, is there a female brunette over there, slightly egg-headed, brown eyes and someone that some guys would call attractive?"

"Yes, why, did you flash on her?" Sarah whispered, getting a good look at her.

"No, I didn't flash," Chuck said, taking a deep breath. "Remember when I said, what could go wrong?" She nodded. "That's Jill." Sarah looked at him, then back over his shoulder and then back up at Chuck again. She got an evil grin on her face.

"Oh, really," she said.

"Yep," he said, popping the "p".

"Trust me?" she asked, the evil grin growing. Chuck could only return the grin and nodded.

"I need you to stay here, talk to her, tell her the truth about everything, except, you know," Chuck nodded. "I promise you, I'll make it worth it, okay?" Chuck nodded and

she vanished into the crowd. Chuck turned around and made himself busy with paperwork.

"Hi, Dr. Jill Roberts," she said to the event employee. "Chuck?"

"Hi, Jill," Chuck said.

"How are you, it's so good to see you," Jill said.

"I'm good," Chuck replied.

"How long has it been?" she asked.

"Five years or so, I can't keep up," Chuck said, trying to find Sarah, where was she? What was she up to? "What have you been up to?"

"Well, after Stanford, I got my PhD in biomedical engineering," she began. Chuck nodded, an impressed look on his face. "I'm giving a presentation today on infectious diseases. What about you?"

"Oh, you know," he said, shrugging.

"Last I saw you, you were at the Buy More," she said. Chuck pointed to the ID badge.

"Still, there, saving the world, one computer virus at a time," he said. Jill's face fell a little.

"Oh, Chuck," she said softly, with pity. Chuck shrugged, really smiling.

"It's fine, I've learned a lot there, and grown up," he said. Jill started to speak, but was cut off.

"Hey, babe," Sarah said, bringing him a coffee. "Sorry it took so long," and with that, she gave him a kiss. Not just a kiss...but a kiss so passionate that the one in front of the "bomb" at the pier looked like something friends would give each other. When they separated, Chuck's mind needed another reboot. "Hi," she said, noticing Jill. "I'm Sarah, Chuck's girlfriend, well, we're living together, so I guess that works," she said, grinning. Jill's mouth could have caught flies.

"Dr. Jill Roberts," she said. "I know Chuck from Stanford."

“Oh, you’re Jill,” Sarah said, her smile growing. “I’m really surprised our paths never crossed. Like when Harvard would play Stanford.”

“You,” she almost sputtered, but caught herself. “You, went to Harvard?”

“Yeah,” she said shrugging like it was no big deal. “Chuck and I are about to start our own security company. I have some contacts in the government, and Chuck is going to handle our cyber security. I can’t wait to be around him all day. Well, you know,” she said, winking. Jill looked sick. Chuck’s brain had rebooted enough, that he was having to stop himself from professing his love for Sarah right then and there. She looked up at him and gave him his smile. Not the “cover” smile, not the “it’s okay, Chuck” smile, not the “those curls make me want to run my hands through you hair” smile, but the “you and me are in this forever, and you are mine” smile. Chuck had no qualms about her possessiveness, in fact, he loved it.

“Today’s technically my last day at the Buy More,” Chuck said shrugging. “It was what I needed, and helped me be ready for my future. It’s where we met and I’ll always be grateful for it.” Jill started to walk away, when a man walked up, and Chuck began to flash. Sarah saw, and kissed him, for two reasons. The first to stop it from being noticed, but the second to see how he reacted to a kiss while flashing. “That’s Guy LeFleur,” he mumbled. She turned.

“Hey, Jill,” Sarah said. “We should get coffee, and let you two catch up sometime.” Jill looked like she wanted to rip Sarah’s heart out, but she smiled, nodded, and gave Sarah her card.

“That would be lovely,” Jill said. “I have to run.” The two walked away.

“If one of us ever says what could go wrong again...” Chuck trailed off. “You know this is going to be bad.” Sarah just smiled. “You just want an excuse to kick my ex-girlfriend’s ass.” Sarah looked at him.

“See, I’m torn, because if she didn’t do to you what she did, we’d never met, but she hurt my Chuck, so I am honor bound to kick her ass,” Sarah said.

“One, that was really kinda nerdy and hot. Two, does that make you my Sarah?” Sarah grabbed his tie and kissed him until he thought steam would roll out his ears. She let him, go, turned, and walked away. “So, was that a yes?”

A/N: David, the way you wrote that means Chuck and Jill can't get back together.....if you're shocked, you obviously haven't read a lot of my stuff. Sorry for the shortness of length, that's about all I can handle. Should have new glasses by the end of the month...The longer I'm with you the deeper and deeper in love I fall...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 6: Ch 6, What Goes Around Comes Around

A/N: It's the Jill episodes, le sigh...There are mixed feelings on Jill...mostly to the degree in which the readers hate the character...I've decided on my own unique way of torture...I hope you like it. Of course, at some point we have the big bad of...Leader...(I swear someone wrote that in the script to hold a place for a name, and forgot to correct it. It's the only thing that makes sense.) Time for my spin on this. Today's song, is really the only one I can think of to best describe Chuck and Jill from his perspective, because without Jill, Chuck may have never been in the position to meet Sarah, but he did. I think this will be fun, at least I'll laugh...Ch 6, What Goes Around Comes Around.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck but I do listen to Beyonce...and you know you do to....There was a time I thought you did everything right...No lies, no wrong Girl, I must've been outta my mind....

"Guy LeFleur-" Casey began.

"Casey, I flashed, I know he's a research scientist," Chuck said.

"Did you know MI6 thinks he developed a bioweapon?" Casey said, giving Chuck a look. Chuck turned to Sarah.

"I know secretly you're pleased you can officially kick Jill's ass," Chuck said. Sarah didn't answer, but she looked quite amused and pleased.

"We don't know officially yet, Mr. Bartowski," Beckman said, the monitor kicking on. "We need to find out if she's involved."

"General, before we start some-" Chuck began.

"Chuck, I'm not going to order you to seduce her, don't worry. I realize what a disaster that would be long term for this team. You're not an agent, you don't know how to deal with that, and I also realized what it would do to you if we asked Agent Walker to conduct seduction missions, hence that's why she is not doing them anymore," Beckman said. Chuck blinked a few times, stunned. "I'm a General, Chuck, I realize having you do

something like that would only hurt this team, and your long term wellbeing is more important than the short term goals of a mission. That also means I might have to make an addition to this team at some point, but that is a conversation Agent Walker and I need to have. For now though, we do need to find out if Jill is involved, so brainstorm since you know Jill best and let me know whatever ideas you have.” With that the monitor shut off. Chuck blinked again, still stunned. He noticed Sarah was quite pleased.

“Thank God,” Casey muttered. “No lady feelings on this one.”

“What, Casey, you think she stole my confidence, my mojo?” Chuck asked.

“I don’t think you had any to steal,” Casey replied.

“I was on my way,” Chuck retorted. “And then she slept with Bryce.”

“Who hasn’t,” Casey said. Chuck started to retort.

“Chuck has plenty of mojo, and we all make mistakes,” Sarah said, cutting off Chuck before this turned ugly. “Now, we did say something about coffee with her.”

“Yeah, but what good will that do?” Chuck asked. “We need someone to get close and bug her so I can listen in and maybe flash or catch her doing something incriminating.”

“You could just go out with her, saying you and Sarah are having...issues, and I’ll bug her room, but as for slipping one in her purse or something...” Casey trailed off, grinning.

“Casey, I am in charge of this project now, and we are NOT doing that,” Sarah replied.

“Afraid he’ll find his mojo?” Casey asked.

“Wait, Sarah what would you do if you couldn’t come between a mark and his significant other?” Chuck asked. Sarah just stared at him. Chuck gulped. “Okay, what would other agents do who couldn’t split the mark from his significant other?”

“Nice save,” Casey grunted. Chuck looked a hair sheepish.

“Well, I’d go after the best friend or someone close,” Sarah said.

“Would other bad guys do the same thing?” Chuck asked. Casey looked at him. “What, I’m trying.”

“No,” Casey said, a little surprised. “I think I get where you’re going, and I think not only do I like it, but its good spy work.” Chuck smiled.

“Really, I did something right?” Chuck asked.

“Even a blind squirrel finds a nut, Bartowski,” Casey said. “Go get him, it’s time.” Chuck leaped up, happy, and took off.

“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing John Casey,” Sarah said.

“What?” Casey replied.

“Last mission asking me if Chuck could figure it out, pushing him today, letting him get his best friend involved, you John Casey are being Bartowskified,” she said, grinning.

“Walker, you used to be a good spy,” Casey said. “And then you met him, and he’s changed you.” Sarah got up and headed upstairs to join Chuck.

“He changed you too, Casey,” she said leaving. Casey never replied until after she left.

“Yeah, and we’re both better for it,” he grumbled, a slight grin on his face.

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Jill’s hotel

Jill’s phone buzzed and she looked down. It was a text from Chuck.

C: Hey, can I ask you something? It’s a little weird.

J: You can ask me anything.

C: What did you like most about me, I don’t me physically, I mean my traits.

J: Well, it was your infectious enthusiasm, your ability to make me smile, and just caring about people.

C: Are you seeing anyone?

J: No, Chuck, what are you asking me?

C: You trust me?

J: Of course.

C: Can we meet for dinner tonight?

J: I'd love that.

C: I'll reserve a table and send you the deets in a bit. Thanks Jill

J: Everything alright with you and Sandy?

C: It's Sarah, and this is about you.

J: See you then, Chuck.

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Jill was sitting at the table waiting for Chuck to arrive. She saw him come in, dressed in a suit and tie. He was absolutely dashing. Jill was beaming at him, and then the smile fell just a hair when she saw Sarah with him. She looked at Chuck, and that's when she noticed the short bearded man that was also with him.

"Hey, Jill," Chuck said, hitting her with the full Bartowski smile. "You remember my friend Morgan, I think you two could become an item if you give him a chance." Jill held her smile, and just sat there, stunned. Sarah was so glad Jill wasn't paying attention to Sarah's face, because all her spy training couldn't keep her lips from quivering, fighting the smile/laugh that was trying to force its way out.

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Earlier, Castle.

"This is so COOL!" Morgan yelled. Sarah looked at Chuck.

"Admit it," Chuck said softly, "It's going better than you thought." Sarah shrugged, but grinned at Chuck.

"So who's in charge?" Morgan asked. "I'm assuming it's you, right big guy," he said to Casey. Casey gave an amused grunt. Morgan quickly turned to Sarah. "No offense to you, he's just older and more experienced, and big...have you seen the guns on this

guy.”

“He is certainly older than I am,” Sarah said. Casey just glared at them.

“I get it, she’s the beauty, you’re the brain, Chuck, and big guy here, he’s the brawn,” Morgan said, pleased with himself. Chuck put his head in his hand.

“Okay, we need to nip this in the bud,” Chuck said. “I need you both to give him the same look when I do something stupid and you have to explain it to Beckman.” Sarah gave Chuck an amused look. “Trust me, he needs this.” She shrugged, and both of them hit Morgan with their glares. Morgan looked back and forth, trying to find a safe space, and finally he stared at Casey.

“Sorry, Big Guy,” Morgan said. “She’s scary.” Casey gave an agreeable grunt.

“So you and Anna...” Chuck asked. Morgan shrugged.

“Things...we’re on again off again...” he said. “And right now we’re off. So whatever I need to do, I can do it.” Casey and Chuck looked at each other, realizing this might be going down a road that no one really wanted to see happen.

“No one expects, or thinks, she’ll want to sleep with you,” Casey said.

“She may not have a choice in the matter, not when I hit her with the Grimes,” Morgan said. Casey gave Chuck a look, and Chuck gave a small, quick headshake.

“Morgan, here’s the thing,” Chuck began. “You need not to try to seduce her, because we need to see if she’s going to try to seduce you.”

“Why wouldn’t she?” Morgan asked.

“She doesn’t like you, Morgan,” Chuck said gently.

“Oh,” Morgan said.

“And that’s one of the many reasons, I am glad she broke up with me, because if she doesn’t like my friends, then she doesn’t really like me, you know,” Chuck said. Morgan smiled at him.

“That and she slept with Larkin,” Casey said, getting a glare from Sarah.

"It starting to sound like you're jealous, Casey," Chuck said. Casey glared at Chuck.

"So if she's trying to seduce me, then she's up to something?" Morgan asked.

"Right, now don't have sex with her," Chuck said.

"But Chuck, for my country...I have no choice," Morgan said.

"Dude, how long have you and Anna been on the outs?" Chuck asked.

"You don't want to know," Morgan grumbled.

"This may be a bad idea," Chuck said to Casey and Sarah.

"No, I can do this, Chuck," Morgan said. "I can play hard to get, and then, when she tries to get it, not let...I have no idea where I'm going with this," Morgan said.

"No one is shocked, numbnuts," Casey said.

"Casey, lay off Morgan," Sarah blurted out. "He's trying to help us here, and you need to tone it down." She turned to Morgan. "You don't have to go that far with her, it's your choice, but you probably shouldn't."

"She might have some disease?" Morgan asked.

"She was with Larkin, it's a good bet," Casey muttered.

"Seriously, some unrequited love there?" Chuck asked. Casey glared.

"Morgan, you don't care for her, you don't love her, you don't even like her, she doesn't deserve you," Sarah said. "You, Morgan Grimes, are too good for her. Morgan turned to Chuck.

"Dude, I so approve, I will gladly be her best-friend-in-law," Morgan said. Sarah grinned.

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Now

"So you set me up on a blind date?" Jill asked, trying her best to smile.

"I told him it was a bad idea," Morgan said. Chuck grabbed a glass of water and took a drink. He had a bad feeling about this.

"Why, you're a great guy," Jill said.

"Jill, you're not a nice person," Morgan said, and got up and walked out. Chuck's eyebrows about shot off of his face. Sarah looked at Chuck, stunned.

"Uh, I'm a," Chuck sputtered.

"He's right," Jill said, swallowing. "Let me go talk to him, I made some bad decisions in my life," and with that she got up and followed Morgan. Sarah looked at Chuck.

"You are done, feeling sorry for yourself about her dumping you, right?" Sarah asked.

"I must be," Chuck admitted. "In the past after a comment like that, there would have been a good 15 minutes of self-indulgence, but now all I can think about is how happy I am she did what she did to me, otherwise I would never meet the wonder that is Sarah Walker."

"Can you two do lady feelings later, Morgan is trying to work," Casey said over the ear wig. "What in the hell did I just say?" Casey asked, realizing the incredulous situation. Outside, Jill caught up with Morgan.

"Morgan, wait," Jill said.

"Why should I, Jill?" Morgan asked. "You broke him, you kicked him when he was down, you tore out his soul, you hurt him like he's never been hurt before, I'm surprised he will ever be able to feel love again."

"Bit overboard there, Buddy," Chuck mumbled, hearing it through the ear-wig.

"And that's your best friend," Casey said, agreeing.

"You're absolutely right," Jill replied.

"I don't like this," Chuck mumbled.

"Me either," Sarah agreed.

"I hurt him, and it cost me the greatest guy in the world, that apparently I'm never getting back," Jill said.

“No, you’re not,” Morgan replied. “Sarah loves him, sure she won’t admit it yet, but she protects him, cares for him, will do anything for him...Jill if she had been there when he was accused of cheating, she would have fought the entire administration, and then if he still had been accused, she would have left there, taking him with her, and protected him, because she realized who she has, and appreciates him.” Chuck looked over at Sarah, who was blushing like mad.

“I think he approves,” Chuck whispered. Sarah didn’t say anything, but scooted into Chuck more.

“Jill, you lost the best thing you ever had,” Morgan said.

“I know,” she whispered, and started to lightly cry. “I’ve been pretty much alone ever since. All I wanted was someone kind like him, like you.”

“Guys, I really don’t like this,” Chuck mumbled. “Sarah remembered when I said something about a biochemical weapon this morning?” She nodded.

“Chuck me,” Casey muttered.

“What are you saying, Jill?” Morgan asked.

“I’m saying I don’t have anyone in my life, I don’t have anyone that would do for me what Sandy does for Chuck, what you do for Chuck,” Jill began.

“It’s Sarah,” Morgan interjected.

“I’ve lost everyone important in my life, and it all stems from that moment, where I messed up, where I made the worst mistake of my life,” Jill said.

“Tears,” Sarah muttered.

“Wha?” Chuck said.

“She’s about to cry,” Sarah said. Chuck just looked at her.

“Don’t cry, Jill,” Morgan said. Chuck just looked at Sarah, amazed. Chuck could hear the crying getting louder, and Morgan wasn’t sure what to do.

“He’s going to hold her,” Sarah said.

"How do you know?" Chuck asked.

"Because he's a good guy and that's what good guys do," Sarah responded. Morgan tried to pat her shoulder comfortingly, but Jill fell into him and sobbed uncontrollably.

"I'm all alone," Jill cried out. Sarah held up a finger as if to say, "wait for it."

"I'm here, Jill," Morgan said, as Sarah brought her finger down to make a point.

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The next morning, Sarah woke up in her bed in her new apartment, and she was alone. She got up, unhappy, and found Chuck in the kitchen, staring off into space.

"What's wrong?" she asked. He sighed and shrugged.

"I'm free of the Buy More, but we can't start at Carmichael Solutions yet because of Jill, and that irritates me," Chuck said. "How could I be so wrong about her? She's clearly doing something, because she couldn't STAND Morgan before."

"Chuck, don't let this life change you," Sarah began. Chuck shook his head.

"Sarah, in ten minutes she went from hating Morgan to crying on his shoulder," Chuck said. "I'm dense when it comes to women, but not that dense." Sarah gave him an amused look. "Tell me I'm not that dense," he said, a slight panic sitting in. She shrugged and walked off. He followed her to the bedroom. "I am that dense, aren't I?" Sarah grinned, grabbed him by the shoulders, and tossed him on the bed.

"It's okay, I like you a little dense," she said.

"I think I heard that noise again," Chuck said, seeing the look on her face. "Oh, boy."

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"And Emmet has them taking a CPR test," Morgan said as Chuck opened the van door later. "Oh, Chuck, Sarah, good to see you two." Chuck and Sarah shared a look. There was sizzling shrimp in the van, music going, and John and Morgan sharing coffee.

"Are you as weirded out by this as I am?" Chuck asked, leaning over to Sarah and talking softly.

"More," she answered the same way. They both climbed in and shut the door.

"Sitrep," Morgan began. "Carmichael Solutions is undergoing it's final renovations and should be ready for us in a day or two. Jill went to her room last night, alone. She has text me several times today, and has invited me to come to her presentation." Casey grunted as if to say, "good job."

"You know, Casey, with Morgan involved, it might make sense for him to be in the complex with us," Chuck said with a grin on his face. Casey looked at Chuck.

"That's not a bad idea," Morgan said. "I can move into your place tomorrow!"

"I'm afraid not, Buddy," Chuck said, as sorrowful as he could. "What kind of cover would we really have if Sarah and I started living together and suddenly you moved in?" Casey grunted in agreement. Sarah grinned knowing what Chuck was about to do. "In fact, the thing that would make the most sense is if you moved in with Casey." Casey nodded, and then whipped his head toward Chuck, shock covering his face. Chuck just shrugged trying to keep his face neutral. "It's just a suggestion. Maybe you should bring it up to Beckman, Sarah." Casey shook his no, quickly and intensely.

"I don't know, Casey-" Sarah began.

"Sarah," Chuck said flashing at one of the monitors. "That's an assassin, code name Wolf Den!"

"Stay in the van, Chuck!" Sarah yelled, her and Casey running.

"That includes you, Buddy," Chuck said to Morgan.

"Wolf Den, that's a really cool name," Morgan said. Chuck had to agree, suddenly there was a crash on top of the van. The two exchanged a look.

"Uh, guys," Chuck said into coms. "I don't think you have to hurry."

"Why's that, Chuck?" Sarah asked.

"It appears Guy checked out early," he said as the man in question slid down the windshield.

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Chuck wondered if they'd ever get moved over to Carmichael Solutions. It seemed like everything was popping up to stop them from moving. The conference ended up not being as bad as Chuck feared. It was obvious after Casey had blindfolded Jill and brought her to Castle for questioning, that the biochemical weapon was going to be used at the conference. After everyone going back and forth about who should give Jill's presentation, Chuck had a simple solution; he'd stand at the door and flash on whoever came through. Wolf Den was caught quickly.

The whole team thought Jill was guilty of something, and Morgan volunteered to continue his dates. He told Jill he wanted to go slow, that she had to earn his trust. She agreed, and Casey said he would monitor his dates at all times. Chuck and Sarah kept quiet about the strange relationship that was growing between the two. Morgan pulled Chuck to the side that evening before his date with Jill.

"Hey, so since you all are spies, how say, low of a crime are you willing to report?" Morgan asked.

"What did you do?" Chuck asked.

"Man, I couldn't help it," Morgan said.

"Morgan," Chuck almost growled. "Are we talking Canada's greatest export?"

"Shania Twain is up there," Morgan said. Chuck just stared at him. "Okay, yes, I got the Q-36 game copier." Chuck hung his head.

"Keep it on the downlow," Chuck said.

"Dude, it's me," Morgan replied.

"I know, that's why I said that," Chuck replied.

"Bartowski, get home to change," Casey growled. "You've got a mission. Grimes, your date is canceled, you're in the van with me."

"Casey," Morgan began. Casey stared at him. "What kind of flowers do you suggest when breaking a date?" Casey continued to stare.

“Stargazer Lilies have an amazing scent, but are toxic to cats. If you go roses, do orange, it’s the color of attraction, or purple, it means magic,” he said and walked off. Chuck just blinked.

“What the hell was that?” Morgan asked. Chuck shook his head. He left Castle, for what he hoped would be the last time, and drove home. He opened the door, walked in, and began to talk.

“Sarah, you won’t believe what just happened,” he said, as he did a double take. There was Sarah in a tight red dress, fishnet stockings, and knee high leather boots. Chuck just stared.

“You okay?” she asked, after she winked. Chuck just stood there and she headed toward him. “Did I break you?” she asked, grinning.

“I love our new apartment,” he muttered.

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“Casey, is something wrong,” Beckman asked, trying to stop the smirk. Casey looked over at Chuck and Sarah, who looked like drown rats.

“General, I’ve served my country with honor, but I don’t know if I can do this anymore,” he said.

“Have we done something, Casey?” Sarah asked.

“Look, I know they have a relationship, one I was a part of putting together, but this is too much,” Casey said. Sarah and Chuck exchanged a look. “The amount of sex they are having on missions is ridiculous!”

“What?!” Sarah and Chuck said together.

“You were doing it in the vents!” Casey said, shaking his head.

“What are you talking about?” Chuck asked. “I was trying to figure out how much time we had to find the information, so Sarah and I did try to do the math of how long Carmichael would need.”

"What about all the positions you were discussing?" Casey asked.

"He was stuck and trying to figure out how to get through," Sarah said.

"What about the shower?" Casey asked. They both shared a guilty look.

"I'm not saying we had sex," Chuck began, turning pink. "And I was naked, because of the toxin."

"High-C," Casey reminded him.

"We didn't know at the time," Sarah said.

"Right, and there I was thinking I was going to die, and my girlfriend was there," Chuck paused realized what he was saying. Beckman was grinning. "I mean cover," he said and saw Sarah looking at him, shaking her head no. "My girlfriend," he said, holding his head high and looking Casey right in the eye. "What would you have done?"

"All I know is I need brain bleach to scrub that out of my mind," Casey replied.

"Well, I'm not exactly comfortable how you saw me if it makes you feel any better," Chuck replied.

"It is a common spy problem," Sarah said. Casey just looked at her, and grunted, agreeing with her.

"Is it really that common of a problem?" Chuck asked.

"More than you want to know, Mr. Bartowski," Beckman replied. "Talk to Miss Roberts, see if you can figure out what the box means," she said, starting to disconnect, but she paused. "Major, maybe you should knock next time, just to be safe."

"I swear she was laughing when she signed off," Chuck said. Casey left grumbling. Chuck turned to Sarah. "Sorry about...well, that," he said to her. She grinned at him.

"Come on," she said. "Let's go home and I'll tell you about other common spy problems." She paused. "Chuck, never be sorry for wanting to be with me in what you think are your dying moments."

“That’s good, because I’m pretty sure you’re going to be the death of me some day,” Chuck said, grinning as they left.

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Jill’s hotel

“No,” Jill said into the phone. “I’ll do it, but seriously do you know what you’re asking me to do? Ugh, yes, I’ll take Morgan away for the weekend. When this is over, I’m out. Do you understand?” Jill hung up, open up the gallery on her phone, and looked at Chuck. “Soon, Chuck. Soon.”

A/N: I think someone, somewhere, did a Carmichael Solutions, so if they did, I’m not trying to steal, I just REALLY like that name. Imagine a General thinking long term....wow...what a concept....Thank God you blew it, Thank God I dodged the bullet, I’m so over you, so baby, good looking out...Still fun! Til next time!

DC

Chapter 7: Ch 7, Beautiful With You

A/N: I didn't realized I hadn't updated this one in awhile, so I began to work on it, and then I realized why...Jill. It's such a shame, I like Jordana Brewster, but this character....yeah. So I'm condensing Fat Lady and Gravitron into one, just to get it over with. I'm beginning to realize I'm really about to leave cannon completely with the changes I've made because obviously there's no Prague, no Shaw, no Hannah, none of that stuff. Bryce's return should be fun....hehehe...okay, on with this chapter before Mojo01 hunts me down. He needs his laugh quota. Today's chapter title is inspired by Halestorm. Ch 7, Beautiful With You

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, or Halestorm, but I do own a guitar...that I can't play...I am beautiful with you...You want me for myself...Look at me like no one else...

Sarah smiled at Ellie as she leaned up against the counter at Carmichael Solutions.

"If you look any happier you might explode," Ellie said. Sarah just beamed. John started into the kitchen when he saw Ellie and paused. "Any more bugs in my house, John?" she asked. John shook his head and scampered off.

"Five bucks says he send Morgan in here to get his coffee," Sarah said.

"Perhaps I should talk with him," Ellie said. Sarah laughed.

"He's not happy with Chuck and I right now," Sarah said, a grin on her face. Ellie perked up. Sarah looked around to make sure Chuck was nowhere nearby. "The last mission, we thought we were poisoned, so we jumped in the shower to wash off whatever we could."

"Makes total sense," Ellie said.

"Chuck took off all his clothes," Sarah began and Ellie's smile lit up. "I asked him last night why, and he said he didn't know he shouldn't. He thought he was doing the right thing, I've seen him naked, so, what the heck."

"Again, perfect sense," Ellie said.

“So, Chuck’s thinking we’re going to die, he’s naked, washing me all over, and...” Sarah trailed off.

“And Bob’s your uncle,” Chuck said, walking in. “Really you have to tell my sister?” Chuck asked.

“I am the physician of this team,” Ellie said.

“Co,” Chuck said. “And don’t you deal more with brains.”

“We both know you weren’t using your brain right then,” she said. Chuck blinked and went back to his coffee. “Casey walked in?” Ellie asked Sarah. She nodded.

“Yes, he got to see my backside, and yelled something about brain bleach,” Chuck said. Ellie was crying she was laughing so hard. “But, it gets worse. My diabolical, sexy girlfriend convinced Beckman that Morgan has to be protected, so he’s moving in with Casey. That should also help keep Jill from trying to sleep with him, I hope.”

“She’s bad news,” Ellie said.

“Speaking of protection,” Sarah began, and Chuck and Ellie both looked at her a little wide-eyed. “Not like that,” she said. “Ellie, I need you to look into seeing about getting Chuck some physical skills loaded into the Intersect. He’s not going in the field, but if he could protect himself...” Sarah trailed off. Ellie was nodding.

“That makes sense,” Ellie agreed, thinking. “Plus, I want to see you flash while you’re hooked up so I can scan your brainwaves. I want to make sure there is no damage and make sure it’s as smooth as possible. What about physical training? Knowing how is no good if the muscles can’t keep up.”

“I’m going to be working with him on that part,” Sarah said. “We’re going to train and spar. Plus I may get Devon to help us. Part of me thinks we should have opened a gym, but I guess Mr. Computer nerd over here would look out of place.”

“Hey, the nerd has feelings,” Chuck said.

“We’re all quite aware,” Ellie replied. Morgan came in to get coffee, and Ellie and Sarah began to laugh. “Hey, why don’t you come down to the lab and I run some baseline

sequences on you?" Chuck shrugged and followed Ellie. He jumped when something hit his backside.

"Sarah, careful," Chuck said.

"Your sister is aware of what we're doing," Sarah said, smiling.

"Not that, you don't want to damage the Intersect," Chuck said. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"Chuck, the Intersect is not in your ass," Sarah said, smirking.

"It would explain a lot if it was," Casey said, walking by.

"How does he do that?" Chuck asked.

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Chuck found himself hooked up to a bunch of machines with multiple nodes sticking out of him.

"Did I tell you I once had a dream that you were a modern day Frankenstein?" Chuck said.

"You do mean the doctor, and not Frankenstein's monster?" Sarah replied.

"You know how much I love it when you talk literary nerd to me," Chuck said. Sarah played with the curls that were available to her.

"You mentioned a Fibonacci sequence earlier, what exactly is that?" Sarah asked.

"Tsk, ts, did you sleep during those classes at Harvard?" Chuck asked.

"I may have been saving the world with the CAT Squad," she said. Chuck flashed. "He's flashing, Ellie!" she yelled.

"Wow!" came Ellie's response watching the monitors.

"Wow!" Chuck said, looking at her. She gave him a wink and leaned down.

"I have that suit at home," she whispered. Chuck's eyes glazed over.

"Sarah, easy," Ellie called. "And don't tell me you didn't do anything, his prefrontal cortex just shut down."

"Sorry, Ellie, I was just playing with my Chuck," she said, grinning.

"Sarah," she said warningly. "Now I know how Chuck feels around me and Devon," she muttered.

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"So it was fruit punch?" Jill asked.

"Rootin' Raspberry flavored Hi-C to be exact," Ellie said, still not comfortable with Jill being there. "I had it run on the mass spectrometer just to be safe."

"Guy is very paranoid and always has crazy ways to even open emails," Jill explained. Chuck was looking at the box.

"High C as in a music?" Chuck asked, looking at the box. Casey cocked his head to the side, and let out a perfect note. The box opened.

"That is so impressive, dude," Morgan said. He turned to Jill. "Isn't that impressive?" She just shook her head, looking at him. Morgan had turned back to Casey. "Why don't you sing in the shower?"

"I do, I just haven't since you moved in," Casey said, shrugging. Morgan shook his head.

"No, no, no, John. You don't cage that heavenly voice on my account," Morgan said. Jill leaned in toward Sarah.

"Should I be worried?" she asked. Sarah shrugged.

"I would have said no, but now..." Sarah trailed off. "Don't let Ellie become single is the one thing I can tell you." Jill leaned away. "*I hate this assignment,*" Jill thought to herself.

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"I don't like this," Chuck said to Sarah.

"I'm not crazy about you doing all you did today," Sarah said. Chuck nodded.

"They had my little buddy, Sarah," Chuck began. After they had found the USB, Morgan and Jill were captured. Chuck called Sarah, with a plan, and she had approved it. The

trade happened with no bloodshed and the assassin was captured. Jill asked Morgan to go out with her, and Morgan, having no good reason not to, did. Casey put a tracker on Morgan. Chuck didn't even want to know where it was.

"I know," Sarah replied. "I just didn't like it. I'm just glad you trusted me to tell me."

"I'm glad you listened," he said. Sarah smiled at him.

"Always, Chuck, always." She started to kiss him, when Casey groaned.

"Do you two have to break in everyplace you are together with your bodily fluids?" Casey asked.

"I'm pretty sure it was in the new agreement Sarah and I signed," Chuck said.

"Common spy problems, Casey," Sarah said. Casey grunted, and then grunted again. The second one got Chuck's attention. He looked up, saw Jill was Fulcrum, then saw her codename, Sandstorm, and flashed. Sarah looked at him, he nodded, and they all dashed out of the room without a word said.

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"Don't worry, Jill, it happens to a lot of people," Morgan said. "Everyone just thinks it's easy, but then they try it, and they're so wrong."

"But I can dance!" Jill retorted, hating this assignment.

"But as we can see you can't Dance, Dance Revolution can you," he said smiling. Jill just stared at him. "Yeah, let me go get some ice for that ankle you twisted." Jill waved him off, and was stunned when Chuck crashed into Morgan.

"You're okay!" Chuck said.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Morgan replied, confused. Chuck looked over at Jill.

"Oh, Jill was the one hurt," Chuck said, thinking fast. Casey and Sarah ran up behind Chuck, looking worried. "Calm down, guys," he said turning to them. "It's not that bad."

"Yeah, she only sprained her ankle," Morgan said slowly, trying to figure out what was going on. Sarah looked like she could cry and grabbed Morgan in her best Ellie

simulated hug she could muster. When she let go, she looked as though she was wiping tears from her face.

"But, how did they know I was hurt?" Jill asked.

"Well, you know Casey, he's worried about his little buddy," Chuck said. "You know, the way you broke my heart, he wants to be nearby. The big guy is worried." Casey wanted to throw up in his mouth, but he quickly gave Morgan a hug. "I'm so glad you're alright," he said, and shot Chuck a death glare where only Sarah and Chuck could see it.

"I can't save you from this," Sarah whispered.

"Totally worth dying for," Chuck whispered back. Casey let Morgan go, and walked off.

"I've got to get some ice," Morgan said, and Chuck walked away with him. When they were out of earshot for Chuck, he pulled out a phone. "This is Jill's phone, it got a text." Chuck looked at it, it said Have you heard from Uncle Tobias? – Mom, and he flashed. The flash let him read the code, Meet Leader, Urgent.

"Jill is Fulcrum," Chuck said, shaking his head.

"We know," Morgan replied. "No, she's been confirmed," Chuck explained.

"Thank God, there was no way I was sleeping with her, man how did you stand her all those months," Morgan asked. Chuck gave him a look. "Sorry, bro," he said, realizing that was a bit of a shot. "Now I can get out of here." Chuck just looked at him. "NO, Chuck, no!" Chuck gave a tight smile. "You're lucky you're my best friend."

"Sarah said we get a Call of Duty night," Chuck offered. Morgan thought.

"Chance of dying by an enemy organization, or a Call of Duty night," Morgan said.

"On the big TV?"

"Sold!"

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"Are you okay?" Sarah asked Chuck. They were in their apartment, after Jill had been taken back to her place. Morgan was with Casey, talking about the best way to prune a

bonsai tree.

"You mean am I okay, that my former girlfriend works for a terrorist organization and my best friend is having to fake date her, while the tree of us just sit here and watch?" Chuck asked. Sarah gave him a tight smile. "No, I'm not, but you're here with me, and I know you'll watch him, just like you would me. So, that means he's safe." Sarah just stared at him, and Chuck was looking around again. "I swear you don't move anything, so I'm not 100% sure that noise is coming from you."

"Bartowski," she said, making Chuck's eyes go wide. "I'm going to need you to lock it in so I can focus." Chuck gulped. "Unless you can tell me something to stop...this...you need to stay quiet."

"Once this is over, you're going to owe Morgan several Call of Duty night," Chuck said.

"That's a start," she said.

"No, you don't understand, all four of us," Chuck said. Sarah blinked several times.

"You mean, Casey and I have to join you?" she asked. Chuck waited for the explosion, but what happened he wasn't expecting. "You mean," she said, laughing. "I get to watch you and Morgan constantly kill Casey in the game, while you go on about one of your sandwich debates?" Sarah was laughing so hard she was having trouble breathing. She had been sitting on the arm of the couch beside Chuck, but with that, she fell onto the couch, her head on his shoulder, guffawing. Chuck heard a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he yelled. Sarah was slapping his leg, while still laughing. Morgan walked in and he saw her. He held out his hand. Chuck leaned forward, Sarah fell behind him, still laughing. Chuck stood, pulled out his wallet and handed Morgan twenty bucks. "I still don't know how you got this right and I didn't."

"Simple," Morgan said. "In the past she has asked me to talk with you about sandwiches to keep you busy. I didn't know why, but at the time she was near tears laughing. Now I understand." Chuck turned to look at her, impressed with her deviousness.

"You are absolutely evil," Chuck said with a grin. Sarah, with tears streaming down her face and still laughing just nodded.

“Wait til April Fool’s Day!” she said.

“I feel like your great romance with Casey is over,” Chuck said. Sarah snorted and rolled her eyes. Morgan looked confused, so Chuck explained it to him. After he was done, Morgan was laughing, and then remembered why he was there.

“I just came to warn you, Ellie just burst into mine and John’s apartment,” Morgan said. Chuck looked confused. “The very Awesomes are coming.” Chuck groaned. “Something about a cleaning team to your sister’s apartment?” Chuck began to laugh.

“Does Ellie realize that you can’t just misappropriate a cleaning team like that, and that’s not really what one is for?” Sarah asked, sobering up. Chuck looked at her.

“You think John wants to cross Ellie, especially given the past few weeks?” Chuck asked. Sarah smiled.

“This assignment has turned out better than I thought,” Sarah said.

“

“She also told John he needed to have them come up with a perfectly cooked Turkey, or he wasn’t invited to Thanksgiving,” Morgan said. “Casey tried to get her to uninvite me, but she said I was dealing with Jill, so there was no way.” He paused and got a faraway look in his eye. “She still wants me.”

“Buddy, you realize her future in-laws are coming,” Chuck said. Morgan waved his hand.

“Minor details, Buddy, minor details,” Morgan said going away to his Ellie happy place again.

“Doesn’t that bother you a little knowing he’s thinking of your sister like that?” Sarah asked softly. Chuck turned, gave her a look, and walked away. “I’m sorry,” she called after him.

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“I feel like this is all I ask you on this mission, but are you okay?” Sarah asked Chuck. Chuck ran his hand through his hair.

"You mean my ex-girlfriend trying to give us the slip and taking Morgan on a Farris Wheel ride the way I did her back at Stanford and then tried to hand her over to Leader, nah...all good," Chuck said.

"Two things, one, good work on figuring out where Morgan and Jill were, two, I know your all good's and that's not an all good," Sarah said. "Chuck, you wouldn't be you if this didn't bother you." Chuck turned to her.

"This is hard, because of what we are," he began. Sarah nodded and Chuck took a deep breath. "Her and I are so over, in fact, I'm not sure we ever were, because I may have been nothing more to her than a mission." Sarah pressed her lips together in silent agreement. "It still bothers me, and that bothers me. I am with the greatest woman I ever met, and yet this woman who has done nothing but cause me pain...." He looked up at her. "You deserve better than this, and I'm sorry."

"Wait, you're apologizing over how Jill is making you feel?" Sarah asked, stunned.

"Yeah, you don't deserve...Sarah? Not again!" Chuck said, hearing the low growl.

"Bartowski, you are hurting and you're worried about me!" she said, slowly walking toward her. Chuck started rolling back in his chair, but the wheel caught on something. He looked down, and by the time he looked back up, she had managed to straddle him. He gulped. "I've got something to make you forget her," she said as sultrily as she could. A minute later a door opened and Ellie walked in.

"Hey, Sarah, Oh! Excuse me!" she said. Sarah shot off her lap, and straightened her clothes. Chuck sat there, his mind gone. "What did he do?"

"He's worried about how it hurts me for him to be upset during this Jill mission," Sarah said. Ellie shook her head.

"Casey and Morgan have a location," she said. "You will be at Thanksgiving, right?"

"Wouldn't miss it for anything," Sarah said, grabbing Chuck's hand, pulling him up, and leading him off. Ellie just watched them go, and headed into the room with Jill.

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"Chuck, you need to watch this," Sarah said, bringing up the footage while they were gone. They both watched as Jill, hooked to a lie detector test, told Ellie, that she did love Chuck, that what they had was real, and that she didn't cheat on Chuck with Bryce. Sarah stood there quietly.

"It doesn't matter," Chuck said shrugging.

"I mean she could fool the test, that's true," Sarah said. Chuck turned to her, smiling.

"No, it doesn't matter, I'm with the woman of my dreams, the woman of my future, and the woman I want to spend the rest of my days with," he said, grinning, and putting his hand to his ear. "I swear I-" Sarah pounced. Ellie and John walked in five minutes later.

"Chuck," John began. "Oh what the fresh hell, my eyes!" John screamed.

"I need brain bleach!" Ellie screamed as she and John ran out of the room together.

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"Good work, Sarah," Beckman said during their debriefing. "This could have gone horribly wrong at many points." Sarah nodded in agreement.

"Without the relationship of trust and honesty he and I have been working on..." Sarah shook her head and looked away for a minute. "He could have let her go, hell, General, most civilians like him would have."

"Did you ever see a moment where you thought he would?" Beckman asked. Sarah shook her head. "Then I think it's time to take this to the next level." Sarah raised an eyebrow. "Obviously, it would be best if you didn't do seductions any longer, I believe it would impact Chuck negatively, plus it would affect his ability to access the Intersect," she said with a smile. Sarah gave a tight smile and nodded. "You need another female member, and I'm not sure which way to go. There are two candidates, but only one is currently available."

"Is it Carina?" Sarah asked, wincing. "She's my friend, General, but she's..."

"Unreliable?" Beckman offered. Sarah nodded. "No, Sarah, we won't be using her right now. She is unavailable, instead we are going to try a different agent, and she WILL

report to you, have no doubt. Agent Alex Forrest will be joining the team. Let's not tell her about the Intersect until you are sure she can be read in with few problems." Sarah nodded. "Happy Thanksgiving, Sarah." And with that the screen went blank. Sarah left her apartment and made her way over to Ellie and Devon's.

"Where's the Very Awesomes?" Sarah asked.

"Couldn't make it," Chuck answered. "Instead we got to add Lester and Jeff."

"Oh, goody," she said. Chuck gave her a light shoulder bump and she chuckled. "We're getting a new member to help with missions, specifically ones that would negatively affect our asset and his special skill." Chuck grinned and pointed toward his head. She smiled and nodded. "Keep that special skill to your self right now, until she's read in." Chuck nodded. "Chuck, seriously, thank you, that mission could have gone wrong so many ways."

"Sarah, thank you, for being there with me every step of the way, because without you...I probably done something stupid," Chuck admitted. Sarah smiled.

"I'm really liking my new permanent assignment," she said.

"I hear the asset is enjoying it himself," Chuck said. He turned to her. "I despise you, Sarah Walker." She gave him a quick kiss.

"I despise you," she replied.

"Break it up, you two," Casey grumbled as he walked by.

"He's jealous," Chuck loud whispered to Sarah. "I heard him tell Morgan he's never been happier with a building in his life." Sarah shook her head.

"Happy Thanksgiving, Nerd." Sarah said, shoulder bumping him.

"Happy Thanksgiving, Sarah," Chuck said, kissing her forehead and pulling her close.

A/N: ...Does it make it weak if you're needing someone I'm not hold back and I know what I want...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 8: Ch 8, The Team Evolves

A/N: We are getting way off the cannon rails at this point, which was kinda the point of this entire fic. I'm kinda winging it here, switching things around, trying to keep in parts but other parts....just won't work. Today's story has been co-plotted by Grace Carner. Ch 8, The Team Evolves

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck,

"Hey, you okay about Jill?" Chuck asked Morgan.

"What, now that I know she's in the big house, up the river, at the crossbar hotel?" Morgan replied. Chuck nodded. "Dude, she was an assignment."

"That's right, Bartowski, I've debriefed him, he's fine," Casey said. "You worried he's gonna go through all your ex-girlfriends or something, Bartowski?"

"I mean if he wants to date them, that's his prerogative," Chuck replied. "Where is this coming from?"

"You just need to know he doesn't have all the lady feelings you do," Casey replied.

"But he does have feelings, Casey," Chuck said. Casey grunted and jerked his head as if telling Morgan to come on. Sarah was standing off to the side, observing the whole thing. Morgan shrugged and went off with Casey. Sarah walked up to him.

"Are those two worrying you, too?" she asked. Chuck spun around.

"YES! Thank God, I thought it was just me," he said. Sarah smiled.

"How are you?" she asked. "And before you tell me she is in your past, she is in your past."

"That's kinda deep," Chuck replied.

"I can do deep."

"Usually it's with knives though," Chuck said. Sarah smirked.

"You're changing the subject again." Chuck put his hands in his pockets.

"I mean it was a little bit of closure, but you had helped me move on from that place I was in," Chuck began. "I am a little upset about her being Fulcrum, but she made a choice and she has to pay for it."

"You want to take some time?" she asked.

"What, and have Casey berate me for having lady feelings? He'd probably offer to call all the bad guys and ask them to stand down for a bit." Chuck said, grinning. "No, I'm good, besides, it's not like anything is going on." At that moment the countdown began for the briefing. "I really need to stop saying that."

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"Today is weird," Morgan said, watching the three agents argue in the glass breakroom.

"Yep," Chuck said. "IF Casey had any feelings, knowing his sensei was Fulcrum... not good."

"Did Ellie really snag the NSA cleaners again to clean her apartment?"

"Yeah, and she got in Casey's face and dared him to do something about it. The Very Awesomes terrify her," Chuck replied.

"Is Casey more terrified of Ellie, or Ellie terrified of the Very Awesomes?" Morgan asked. They both thought about it.

"Casey," they answered together.

"Casey's having a bad day," Morgan replied. "By the way, he has feelings, they are just buried deep inside."

"How deep?" Chuck asked. Morgan considered it for moment.

"So deep, no one's been there yet," Morgan replied. "So, were you serious earlier about me dating your ex-girlfriends?" Chuck gave him a look

"I don't really have that many," Chuck replied. Morgan gave him a look. "I'm obviously forgetting something."

“Lou?” Morgan asked. “The sandwich goddess. The woman who made the Chuck sandwich that was, oh...so...goood.” Chuck looked a little uncomfortable with that. “I mean we’re kinda the same height, and I know your and her vast difference intrigued her, but I’ve got a lot to offer.” Chuck nodded.

“Look, Buddy, the reason I broke up with her was because of what I do,” Chuck began. “Just know, if you date her, there could be some...issues. I’m not telling you not to, but at least you could go over there and have a sandwich.”

“What about Manes before Dames?” Morgan asked. Chuck looked at him. “Sorry, too much time at the Buy More, Jeff rubbed off on me.”

“Buddy, I’m with Sarah, and unless I do something incredibly stupid, I really think we are going to be together.”

“Are you talking the M word?” Morgan asked. Chuck nodded. Morgan was stunned, and did know what to say. They both stood there quietly and turned to look at the three agents, but specifically Alex Forrest. “She reminds me of someone.”

“Thank you!” Chuck said, standing straight. “I just can’t put my finger on it.”

“Sci-fi show?” Morgan asked. Chuck nodded. “What’s the deal?”

“They want Alex to be Casey’s cover girlfriend,” Chuck said. Morgan stared at him.

“And no one thought to run this by me?” Morgan asked. Chuck looked a little confused. “I am his roommate, I know him best.”

“Uh, buddy, the general...” Chuck began. Morgan waved him off.

“I KNOW John Casey, the General knows the spy,” Morgan walked off. Chuck just stood there and watched, knowing the fireworks were going to be tremendous.

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Chuck was in his office working on a new security upgrade when he felt more than saw her at the door.

“Seriously, I thought with the cameras gone you wouldn’t be watching me as much,” he said as suavely as possible.

“No, without the cameras I have to watch you more than ever,” Sarah replied, grinning. “You didn’t have to agree with Casey, you are needed on this mission.” Chuck looked up and gave Sarah a sad smile.

“Someone from Casey’s past betrayed him. If anyone understands what he’s going through, it’s me. He’s lashing out, I have real work I can do to help us and the United States, and you have a third member now that’s better with dealing with these kind of things,” Chuck said. “Casey needs to blow off some steam and at some point maybe he’ll talk.”

“Are you volunteering?” Sarah asked.

“Oh, hell no,” Chuck said, laughing. “I mean he has someone to talk to.”

“I don’t think he and Forrest will have the same cover relationship as you and I,” Sarah replied.

“Who’s container would they kiss in front of?” Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head grinning. “See, at the Double O you would have thrown a towel at me. No, he has his own bearded little buddy to talk to.” Sarah laughed at that.

“You miss him?” Sarah asked. Chuck shrugged.

“He’s here, so I see him, we can play Call of Duty while you’re gone,” Chuck replied. “I think we’re both kind of growing up.” Sarah came over and sat on his lap.

“Ellie’s talking about some skill upgrades soon,” she said. Chuck nodded. “This isn’t going to be a regular thing, you not going.”

“If it is, the only thing I’ll really miss is you,” Chuck said. Sarah looked at him. “Okay, Casey calling me moron, but don’t tell him.”

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“DO YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN HOW THIS HAPPENED?” Sarah yelled.

“No, not really,” Chuck answered, flinching. He saw Sarah’s face and swallowed. “Oh, that was one of those questions that I really didn’t have a choice did I?” Sarah continued to look furious. “For future reference is this Agent Walker or my girlfriend yelling at me. “RIGHT NOW THEY ARE THE SAME PERSON!” Chuck swallowed.

“Got it. See the very Awesomes wanted Ellie to register for her wedding at the Buy More,” Chuck began. Casey grunted in confusion. “I don’t get it either, Big Guy.” Chuck saw Sarah’s face and decided to get on with it. “Anywho, Bennett came in looking for you, and Jeff saw him. Jeff told him to come talk to me.

“You don’t work there,” Forrest said, confused.

“Right?” Chuck said. “Jeff hasn’t seemed to process that,” Chuck saw Sarah’s face and decided to get back to the story. “I told him you weren’t there. I then tailed him.”

“What. Would. Posses. You. To do that?!” Sarah said through gritted teeth.

“It hurt my feelings that Casey didn’t want me,” Chuck said softly. Sarah tried not to roll her eyes, and he swore he heard Forrest and Casey say, “Moron,” at the same time.

“Chuck, we talked about this,” Sarah said.

“I know, I know,” Chuck replied. “I messed up,” he said, and walked away. Casey started to go after him fearing Sarah would hurt the Intersect, but Sarah held up her hand.

“I got it,” she said. She walked after him and found him back in his office. “You want to talk about it?”

“No, because I feel stupid,” Chuck replied. “Sarah, I get it, I messed up. I have come so far...we’ve come so far, but I’m not going to change overnight, especially when part of the team feels like I’m no help.”

“Chuck, you know he was lashing out, and he was wrong,” she said, coming up to him and pulling him into a hug. “You are the part that makes this team go. Intersect or no Intersect, and I failed you.” Chuck gave her a look. “I’m supposed to be team lead and I should have stood up for you, because deep down I knew exactly what this would do. Chuck...damn it, this shouldn’t be this hard.”

"Anything worth having doesn't come easy," Chuck said softly. Sarah smiled at him. "Thank you Sarah, but Casey, of all people should understand I know what he's going through. Someone betraying you...that's been my life story until I met you guys. I screwed up, it's that simple." Sarah sighed, this was going to need a longer conversation. They saw the countdown begin for Beckman and they headed back to the conference room. She came on, and Casey gave an update. She asked where the Intersect was during the fiasco.

"Actually General, Casey went to great lengths to help me out," Chuck said. Only Casey's spy skills kept his eyes from bugging out. Sarah was fighting the smile of pride on her face. "Bennett was in the Buy More, and I tried to follow him to keep my team apprised of what was going on, unfortunately Bennett's superior skills allowed him to capture me. Casey then chased Bennett to save me. If it wasn't for Major Casey's cool-headed thinking in this situation, I might not be here. For the record, I am sorry." Beckman studied the team.

"Major Casey, in the future when we bench the Intersect, the best course of action may be to keep Agent Walker with him in these situations," Beckman said. "He seems to have the ability to...attract those we are looking for. With you now having Agent Forrest on the team you would still have your two-man team."

"Yes, General," Casey said. Beckman nodded and clicked off. Chuck turned to Casey.

"For the record, I screwed up, and I'm sorry," Chuck said, and headed toward his office. Casey watched him go and turned toward Sarah and Alex. They were both looking at him. His face fell.

"You want me to go talk to him, don't you?" he asked. They both stood there, stone-faced. "Chuck me."

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Casey walked into Chuck's office with a bottle of Johnny Walker. Chuck looked up, and saw the bottle and two glasses.

"Uh, Big Guy, what are you doing?" Chuck asked.

“Chuck, shut up and listen,” he said, and poured them both a drink. “When I was 23 I entered Bennett’s program, I wasn’t good enough, but he let me in. I was an idiot back then, I didn’t understand duty, self-discipline, or anything, my foundation...everything I am was built by him.”

Casey took a drink, as Chuck studied him. He reached over and took one as well, the drink stinging as it went down.

“No, that’s not true,” Chuck said. Casey looked up at him. “Because if it was true, why didn’t you go with him? If he built you, then you would have run to his side the second you had the chance, but you won’t because you’re John frickin’ Casey.”

“How about you think about that the next time you let your lady feelings make you think you’re not worthy of all of this,” Casey said. Chuck stared at him. “Don’t give me that, Bartowski. I warned you when this started, be careful what you asked for. You have the team, the job, and the girl. You’re no longer an overachiever, you’ve got stuff to fight for, which is a different kind of fight.”

“Casey, I’ve screwed everything up in my life,” Chuck said softly. Casey took a drink, and nodded.

“It would appear to an outside observer that you did,” Casey said. “But if you study your file, and what happened, you got screwed, and instead of running away, when face with an opportunity, you ran toward it. If you were the screw up you think you are, then you wouldn’t have followed Bennett today. You wouldn’t have taken that bullet that should have been for me during the briefing. Chuck, you’re...gah...you’re...”

“Casey, if we say much more, we’ll both have too many lady feelings,” Chuck said smiling. Casey nodded. They both took a drink.

“Chuck, in this business in twenty years I learned one thing, people let you down.”

“Casey, you ever think it was maybe the people you were with were the wrong people?” Casey grunted, nodded, and dropped a folder in front of him. Chuck picked it up.

“Anything good to read in here?” Casey asked. Chuck flashed, and told Casey where Bennett was. “You okay?”

"The Johnny Walker and the flash, made me a little woozy," Chuck said, grabbing Casey's shoulder for support. Casey gently laid him down on the desk.

"Probably the knockout drug I put in your glass didn't help," Casey said. "Thanks, Chuck," and he patted him on the shoulder as Chuck went to sleep on his desk.

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"So, Casey is getting murdered, I mean murdered by Bennett, and Forrest and I are still there tied up, and he landed right in front of me, and I knew, I just knew how to fix it," Morgan said.

"I still can't believe it," Forrest mumbled.

"So, I told Casey that deep down he really loved me, really, really loved me, and he was ready to kill me," Morgan said, smiling and animated. "I then told him not to kill me but to get Bennett, and he kicked his ass!"

"It was pretty amazing, and pretty hot," Alex said. Chuck and Morgan looked at Forrest, turned and looked at each other, eyebrows raised, and then both turned away, making low whistling sounds. "Uh, anyway, good work, Bartowski, you were exactly right about Casey. By planting that tracker on him we were able to follow him."

"Well, I about missed my opportunity with the bug," Chuck said.

"No worries," Sarah said, coming up to join them. "I was ready to tail him. He was so ready to get Bennett that he wasn't paying any attention."

"Ellie any better?" Morgan asked. Chuck shrugged.

"The Very Awesomes offered to walk her down the aisle, and that's when she cracked, she wants Dad to do it," Chuck said. Sarah nodded.

"Fathers can be...difficult," she said, with an understanding nod. "We'll get on it." Chuck's eyebrows raised.

"What do you mean we'll get on it?" Chuck asked.

"You're the Intersect, my job is the team leader, you have emotional issues that can affect the Intersect, I need to make sure those are eradicated, ergo I need to find your father," Sarah said, grinning.

"What's she saying is your lady feelings make you useless sometimes," Casey said. Chuck just looked at Casey. Casey swallowed.

"Uh, look, Bartowski," Casey began.

"General's coming on," Chuck said, and walked away. Sarah's eyebrow went up at Casey. Casey looked confused about what to do.

"Would someone like to explain what happened?" the General asked. Sarah started to, but saw the look on Chuck's face and nodded for him to go ahead. Casey blanched slightly.

"General," Chuck began. "Casey and I worked together to find out where Bennett's hideout was. We wanted to make it look like Casey had gone lone wolf. The team was concerned about my...uh, shall we say, inability to stop myself from trying to protect others." Beckman smirked at that. "I was left at Carmichael Solutions where I was safe, Forrest and Morgan went in to help Casey, and Sarah was prepared in a support role. We are a team, General, one that helps each other when they are down." Chuck glanced at Casey who looked ashamed for .345 of a second. "Nevertheless, we realize that there is a problem with the team, me." Everyone looked at Chuck in shock. Sarah was about to stop him, but he barged ahead. "General I am never going to not try and save my team, so against my better judgement, I think I need some physical skills uploaded into the Intersect to allow me to protect myself. I won't enter any more combat situations than I already do, it will just protect me when I try and help my team." The General nodded and looked at Sarah.

"General, he has a point," she said, trying not to roll her eyes. "Unless you want me to strap him down in the van and sit on him."

"That paints a picture," he said softly, earning a kick in the shin where Beckman couldn't see...okay she did, and the look on her face gave it away.

"I don't see what else we can do," Sarah continued. "Ellie and I have been working together to figure out the best solution and we have prepared a report we can send you." Beckman nodded. "We also have a few other skills that would help, but Chuck needs to be able to defend himself, not an agent, but an in-field analyst, that can help when needed. Also I want to give him gun training, with tranqs, but prepare him to use an actual weapon, just in case."

"I can do that," Casey said. Chuck turned to him and gave a slight nod, Casey returned it.

"Anything else," the General asked.

"Yes, General," Chuck said. "It should be noted that while Casey dealt with something spies are trained to deal with, Casey completed this personally difficult mission. General, we're all human." Beckman nodded, smiling.

"Major, well done," she said, and turned off the communication. Sarah turned to him, shaking her head, grinning.

"It does paint a picture, doesn't it?" she asked, smirking, turning and slightly scrunching her face. "Wanna try it later?" and with that she walked off, his mind blown. Casey came up to him, not realizing what had just happened.

"Casey, I'm in my Sarah happy place right now," Chuck said, not really wanting to do this.

"I'm sorry," he said. Chuck turned toward him, and saw the hand extended. He shook it, and turned to head for his office, but stopped, and turned back toward him.

"Casey, never again," he said. Casey nodded. Forrest walked up to him.

"Seems your moron has grown up," she said. Casey grunted in agreement. "Come on, let's get out of here and get you some Johnny Walker." Casey's eyebrows went up in agreement.

Chuck headed toward the front and saw someone in the lobby. He started toward the man when he flashed. Chuck shook his head and headed toward him

“Can I help you?” Chuck asked.

“I’m looking for Sarah Walker,” he said. Chuck nodded.

“Wait right there, I’ll be right back,” Chuck said, and hurried to Sarah’s office. “Sarah, I have to tell you, there’s this gentleman, a much, much older gentleman looking for you. He’s a conman, Sarah, he’s a total loser, absolute bottom-feeding, scum of the earth, and have I mentioned, considerably older.” Sarah closed her eyes, gathering strength.

“It’s all true, but I’m a hell of a dancer,” the man said, having followed Chuck. Sarah stood, smiled, and turned to Chuck.

“Chuck, meet my dad, Jack Burton,” Sarah said. Chuck’s mouth dropped a little, turned to Jack, back to Sarah, back to Jack, nodded at Jack, and back to Sarah.

“We really need to get a receptionist,” Chuck said. Sarah nodded.

A/N: Cannon is on its way out the window. I’m still going to use episodes the best I can to try and shape things, but who knows where it will go or end. It’s still fun! Til next time!

DC

Chapter 9: Ch 9, Christmas Comes Early

A/N: Me: I have this great idea for the show but it takes them out of the Buy More, but I'm going to do it. Grace yesterday: You don't know what to do with these two episodes because they're out of the Buy More, do you? (I swear I'm just getting ready to work for her one day) So I'm shoving two episodes (DeLorean and Santa Claus) into one story and adding a little bit of Broken Heart. This may happen more and more as we continue this. Today's story has been co-plotted plotted mainly by Grace Carner. Ch 9, Christmas Comes Early

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and apparently if I did I'd of fired half the cast when I moved locations...

"Let me get this straight, her dad is a straight up con man?" Morgan asked. Chuck nodded. "WOW! How cool is that?"

"You do know he is breaking the law, Numbnuts?" Casey asked.

"Casey, while I'll admit he is technically breaking the law," Morgan began.

"Don't bother," Chuck said having leaned over to Casey before Casey could tell him that was more than technically breaking the law.

"There is a romantic quality about some of those that operate outside the law," Morgan finished. "Batman for example."

"The Punisher," Casey said. Chuck and Morgan both looked at him. "What, he kills bad guys?"

"Kills," Chuck said. "Emphasis on kills."

"And if Batman would just kill Joker a lot of that insanity would end," Casey said, walking away. Chuck leaned over to Morgan.

"Did Casey not only have a comic book discussion with us, but make valid points? I mean he did mix universes, but still." Chuck said. Morgan nodded, just as in much shock as

Chuck was.

"First Anna, now this, wow, what a day," Morgan said, walking off. Chuck started to chase after him, when he felt a hand on his arm. He turned and saw Sarah smiling at him.

"Hey, you got a minute?" Sarah asked. Chuck looked down the hall where Morgan had gone.

"Uh, yeah," Chuck said turning back toward her. He saw the look on her face and knew he should explain. "Morgan said something about Anna and last I knew they were on the outs so I was just going to make sure he was okay."

"Oh, go then," she said, understanding.

"No, it's Morgan, he could get off topic and it could take a while," Chuck said. Sarah grinned.

"Could?"

"Yeah, more like guaranteed," Chuck said. Sarah hugged him, when she pulled back, Chuck was smiling. "Not that I'd ever complain about a Sarah Walker hug, but was that a special occasion, cover, or you just felt like it?"

"Why not all of the above?" she asked. Chuck grinned.

"See, I knew I felt a little something extra in that," Chuck said. "What's up?"

"Dad wants to have dinner," she said.

"How should I dress?" he asked and then saw her face. "For my night with Morgan, obviously," he said trying to play it off. Sarah chuckled.

"You sure you don't mind?" she asked.

"Mind? Your dad's in town to see you not to meet me," he said.

"Well....I'm not convinced he's not here to see if I'm conning you," Sarah admitted.

"Sarah, that's your dad you're talking about!"

“Exactly, Chuck,” she said, kissing him on the cheek, pulling back, and running her hand over the other one. “Exactly.”

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“What time is it?” Sarah asked, when Chuck stumbled in.

“A little after three,” Chuck admitted. “I’m beat, first the intersect upload of languages, and then a long night with Morgan.”

“How many?”

“He drank 12,” Chuck said, still a little in awe.

“Chuck,” Sarah began, worried about him.

“Casey and I drug him into bed, he passed out,” Chuck said, sitting on the bed, shaking his head. “Anna is seeing another dude and talking about moving in with this guy...the Bearded One drowned his sorrows the only way he knew how.” He shook his head again. “That’s a lot of grape.”

“Grape?” Sarah asked. “Wine?” Chuck looked at her.

“It’s Morgan,” he replied. “Grape soda.”

“He drank twelve cans of grape soda?!”

“You should have seen him after Ellie met Devon...” Chuck trailed off and then shuddered. “Forty-eight cans in twelve hours....uhhhh” he shuddered. “How’d things go with your dad?”

“Eh,” she said. “I’m having breakfast with him in the morning.”

“Wow, comes back into town and takes you out to dinner twice, by the way, have you seen my debit card?”

“It fell into his hands yesterday when you met him,” she said, rolling over toward him, grinning. Chuck’s eyes shot up. “On the nightstand.” He rolled over and saw it sitting there.

“That’s really impressive, and worrisome,” he said.

"Don't worry, I think he's decided you're not a mark, but you're with me."

"Aren't I?" Chuck asked grinning. She snuggled against him.

"On the con with me, not with me," Sarah said. "He's got it completely backwards."

"You don't know how happy that phrase makes me feel," Chuck said, nearly asleep.

"I've got a pretty good idea, since I feel the same way."

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"You know, I think I'll go oil my guns," Casey said, starting to flee.

"I'll join you," Forrest said, making Casey stop.

"I usually oil my own guns by myself," Casey replied.

"You have a partner now," Forrest countered.

"Do they even know what it sounds like they're saying?" Morgan asked, leaning in toward Chuck and Sarah.

"I hope not," Sarah said, with a disgusted look on her face.

"Uh, Buddy," Chuck began.

"Oh, I'm gone, don't worry, I'm just waiting for this train wreck that is Alex and John to finish," Morgan said, following the two of them. Chuck turned toward Sarah who was mad.

"Do you want to yell first, then me explain, me explain, you yell, then I explain again, or would you just like to yell, storm off, and I spend the rest of the day moping?" Chuck asked.

"Is this funny to you?" Sarah asked, seething.

"You know here's the weird thing, and I'm going with explain then yell, because you opened that door, you yelled at me for not wanting to be involved with your personal life. Then you go and do this, and you never discuss it with me, so I'm confused, when exactly am I supposed to get involved?" Chuck asked, trembling on the inside that she

might use one of those 7,392,026 ways to kill him...he might have exaggerated the number...but not by much. Sarah just stared at him.

“What am I supposed to do, say, hey, Chuck, you know my dad who got arrested when I was a teenager and is the reason I’m in the CIA, he conned Sheik Rajiv Amad of the Saudi oil family of over \$700,000.00 and by the rules I should turn him over to the CIA. IS that what I’m supposed to do, huh, and if it is, what are you going to do, huh?” Sarah was so flustered she couldn’t see straight. Tears were coming out of her eyes, and that’s when she realized Chuck was holding her, and she was sobbing into his chest.

“This,” Chuck said softly. “I’m supposed to do this, to support you, because even though he’s a bit lousy, even though he’s done things and you think it’s because you weren’t a good enough child, or you did something to make them leave, it’s not your fault, his sins are his own, he screwed up this relationship, and after all that nonsense, you still love him. I’d say that’s a testament of how awesome you are.”

“Chuck,” Sarah said softly.

“Yeah?”

“You’re a pretty articulate schnook,” she said, grinning into his chest.

“Schnook?” he asked. He felt her shrug.

“It’s what he’s been calling you,” she said.

“Not the best foot to get off of with your future father-in-law,” Chuck said. He felt Sarah tense. “Crap,” he muttered. Sarah laughed. Chuck looked down, surprised. “Shouldn’t you be running?”

“Chuck you know more about me than anyone else ever has, and you still want to be with me, why would I run?” she asked.

“Oh, I don’t know, I’m not the great spy, I’m not what so many of those guys you meet are and could go around the world, saving it, and I’m really messed up about some things, like my parents,” he said. She pulled away, giving him an “Are you really that stupid?” look.

“Chuck you aren’t those first two, but you act like that’s a bad thing, the third, have you met my family? Chuck you’re my Chuck, and that’s all I ever wanted,” Sarah said.

“You know you’re a pretty articulate schnook yourself,” Chuck said, grinning.

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“Dad, can you get me some Rocky Road,” Sarah said smiling. “There’s a place down the block.”

“Sure darlin’,” Jack said. He paused and looked at Chuck. “You did good kid,” he said, looking at Chuck. Chuck nodded. Jack left, and Chuck flinched waiting to be yelled at. Sarah walked over and hit the button to Ellie’s office.

“Ellie, we have a problem with the Intersect,” Sarah said, looking at Chuck. After their talk, Chuck and Sarah had dinner with Jack, and Chuck learned quite a bit about her past. The best part was Sarah didn’t mind him learning, she was much more interested in making sure her dad told the story correctly and how she had actually gotten her arm broke. As they left the hotel, Chuck flashed on Sheik Rajiv Amad and they had to warn Jack. Jack pulled Sarah into the con, and Chuck had posed as Lichtenstein. When Beckman found out, she approved of a con that would get them the account numbers of the Sheik.

Chuck and Sarah had figured this was coming and they had their own plan in place. Forrest would have a second computer, hijacking the account signal so her father didn’t get a chance to move the money. Once the money was confirmed, Forrest and Casey would show up to arrest the three, and return the Sheik’s money. Beckman loved the idea and everything went fine, until Chuck had to speak German, and couldn’t flash. He pretended to hate the German translator’s accent and went on about how the deal was off in a bad imitation of Colonel Klink. A deal was finally made, with Chuck telling them to do the “typity-typity” earning an eyeroll from Sarah. The “cops” busted in, arresting the three and the Sheik and his men fled.

“Sarah, es geht mir gut, ich muss Ellie nicht anrufen.” Chuck said. Sarah looked at him.

“Chuck, did you not flash on purpose?” Sarah asked. The countdown came on for Beckman and they rushed into the conference room, telling Morgan to let them know if Jack returned. “General, we may have a problem with the Intersect,” she said, glancing at Chuck to let him know she meant the actual Intersect in his head and not him.

“Agent,” Beckman began.

“General, I couldn’t flash,” Chuck said. Everyone looked at him. “I couldn’t get control to do it.”

“Why not?” Beckman asked. Sarah was looking at him concerned.

“Because of Sarah,” Chuck said. “If I flashed, they storm the room, arrest us, and Jack goes to jail. I know, General, I’ve gotten a lot from the US government the past little bit, and Sarah would probably tell you she has as well, although we all know I think it’s more of a burden on her, and that’s my issue.”

“Chuck, the point,” the General said gently.

“It’s her dad, General,” Chuck said. “She loves him, and when is it enough? When is the giving for this country enough? General, I love her, and how could I do that mission knowing it was going to hurt her.” Sarah stared at him, Chuck was waiting for her to explode. She took his hand, and Beckman just stared at the two.

“You knew what would happen if you went off-book,” Beckman said. “Bartowski, you’re a pain in the ass, you told him about Sarah.” Chuck gulped.

“Not exactly,” Chuck said. “He asked if she was some kinda cop, and I agreed. He’s gone, General, and I have no idea where.” Beckman folded her arms and smiled.

“Have you heard enough, General?” she asked. General Stanfield popped up on the screen.

“I have General,” he replied. “I am in agreement with your assessment, and have told the President, who has green lit the entire operation.” Chuck and Sarah exchanged a look. “Calm down you two. There has been talk of a 49-B.” Sarah gasped. Forrest and Casey exchanged a look. “Agent Forrest what is your take?”

“Those two are so compromised, it’s not even funny...as the CIA defines compromised that is,” she said. The Generals nodded for her to continue. “But compromised, means to expose, to make vulnerable, and I can’t believe I’m saying this...that’s exactly the opposite of what these two are doing.” Chuck raised his eyebrows and turned toward Forrest. “They are partners in every sense of the word. Yes, they will go off book and do thing against regulations but they take care of each other, and not just each other, Casey as well.”

“I hope you didn’t think I bought a bit of that bull you fed me about Casey last time, Chuck,” Beckman said.

“No idea what you’re talking about,” Chuck said, grinning. Sarah squeezed his hand.

“Major?” Stanfield said.

“Sir, Bartowski is perhaps the biggest moron I’ve ever met in my life,” Casey began. Chuck stood their nodding, grinning.

“Told you he doesn’t like you,” Sarah whispered.

“Wait for it,” Chuck said.

“He doesn’t listen to orders, he lets his feelings get in the way, he will never be a proper agent, and I’m pretty sure Anna Wu could take him in a fight,” Casey said.

“I know Anna could take me in a fight,” Chuck whispered. Sarah shook her head. “Wait for it.”

“He has more lady feelings than all the women here combined, and his screams make four year old girls think he’s a sissy,” Casey said, but there was something on his face, a struggling. Chuck grinned. “I know I pressed for this temporary trial arrangement-”

“TEMPORARY!?” Chuck yelled.

“Calm down,” Sarah said. He looked at her.

“You knew?” he asked, his eyes bugging out.

"This," she said, pointing at his face and making a circle. "This is why we didn't tell you. We knew how you would act. No one thinks this won't work that's in this room, we just had to prove it to Washington."

"Oh," he said, considering. He nodded. "You make good points."

"There's that," Casey added. He and Chuck shared a look.

"Go, on, you can say," Chuck said. Casey's face looked ready to explode.

"If you egg him on, I don't know how long I can protect you," Sarah whispered.

"I'm good going out this way," Chuck said. "It would be soooo worth it."

"General, I have his sister terrorizing me, because of bugs in her house," Casey said, nearing a meltdown. "I have to deal with his entire family, and those that are friends he considers family." Chuck was grinning.

"Good, good, let the lady feeling flow through you," Chuck said to Sarah quietly. Sarah was about to burst from laughter. Casey's head slumped.

"Christ, this is the best team I have ever been on in my life, and we get things done no one else can, to break it up," he paused, and looked them all over. Forrest nodded for him to continue. "To break it up over stupid regulations would be a crime, Generals. You need to make this permanent." Stansfield smiled.

"Which is exactly what I'm about to do," Stansfield said. "Agent Walker, you are hereby promoted to Special Agent, in charge of Operation Moron...I mean Bartowski. Also you are also permanently assigned to the analyst even if and when the Intersect is removed from him."

"See if I save your life again," Chuck muttered, loud enough for the General to hear. Stansfield smiled. Sarah didn't say anything, her eyes were too wide.

"Analyst Bartowski, you are hereby permanently assigned to Special Agent Walker, and once your career in the CIA is over, she will remain assigned to you, I don't suggest you fight her on this one, Son," Stansfield said. "Next time, do you have to use a porn virus?"

"Didn't really have time to be picky, Sir," Chuck said.

"Colonel Casey," Beckman said.

"Uh, Ma'am," Casey stuttered.

"You heard me, John," Beckman said, grinning. "You deserve a promotion, and, you are also on this assignment, until your retirement. These two may need someone to watch their backs just in case they get into trouble." John's eyes were shining.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Casey said.

"The Special Agent status was necessary, Agent Walker," Stanfield said. "This keeps anyone from coming in and taking over this operation, which is imperative since Fulcrum might have infiltrated parts of the CIA. More importantly, it's deserved. Your days of wetwork are over, and frankly, they never should have gone on this long."

"Thank you, Sir," Sarah said, barely able to speak.

"Thank you, Sir," Chuck echoed.

"Congratulations, team," Beckman said. "Now, for the bad news, at some point the DEA is going to want someone on this team." Chuck, Sarah, and Casey groaned.

"Am I missing something?" Forrest asked.

"It's Carina, isn't it?" Chuck asked.

"General, she's my friend, but..." Sarah trailed off, shaking her head.

"Sarah, if, and when, she is added, she will know the rules for her staying," Beckman said. "Forrest, pay attention you can learn a lot from this bunch." With that she cut the feed.

"We're truly our own team," Sarah said.

"Actually, we're truly your team," Chuck said, grinning.

"She's your boss all the time, now," Casey said. Chuck turned back, grinning.

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Chuck said. Casey closed his eyes, and grunted, mad he had walked into that one.

"GUYS!" Ellie's voice came from the front. They all took off, Chuck saw that Morgan was being held by a man with a gun. "He said he was a Lieutenant Mauser with the police, and he had some questions for us about cyber security."

"Dude," Morgan said. "I'm okay."

"Keep cool, Morgan," Chuck said. He looked around and didn't see Sarah. He caught John's eyes.

"You two, stop moving and get your hands up or I'll blow his brains out," Mauser said. Forrest and John raised their hands. "How stupid do you think Fulcrum is?"

"Who?" Chuck asked. Mauser looked at him.

"Look, we know Casey over there is NSA, and she's obviously CIA, though she does look a little different from the yogurt place," Mauser said. "You're college roommate is Bryce Larkin, and suddenly you three start your own security company? Come on... You know what, it almost worked, none of the rest believed me."

"You're not getting out of here, Mauser," Casey said.

"Doesn't matter if I do or not," Mauser said. "I'm so high up in Fulcrum they'll break me out of whatever detention center you want to throw me in."

"Okay," Chuck said. "Here's what we're going to do, take the gun off of him, and point it towards me and let Morgan walk away."

"You won't run?" Mauser said, grinning.

"You know me, I won't endanger my friends," Chuck said. Mauser pulled the gun away from Morgan. "Now," he said simply. The shot rang out, and caught him right between the eyes, Morgan's eyes got huge, but for once, he was glad of his lack of height, as the shot didn't even come close. Chuck walked up to the dead body lying on the floor.

"Dude, you saved me," Morgan said. Chuck hugged him.

"You okay?" Chuck asked. Morgan nodded. Sarah walked up to him. "Technically she did by shooting him."

"Chuck," Sarah began.

"I know, you had no choice, because the second he started talking I knew he was dead," Chuck said. "Today, I got a guy killed because he knew who I was, and that's on me." Sarah stared at him, not knowing what to say. "I'm gonna go call it in," and with that, he walked to his office.

A/N: Ooooo...a little heavy on the ending....Next time there will be Christmas that we never saw in season 2, and the Third Dimension....hey, wait, did I just basically take away all reason for Shaw to join the team?....muh bad.....Til next time!

DC

Chapter 10: Ch 10, Christmas Miracle

A/N: You ever swear you posted something only to realized days later you hadn't...me either...asking for a friend...Le sigh. Muh bad.

A/N 2: First day of Spring...Winter Advisory in Kentucky....Then I'm going to do a Christmas story. This will take place off camera between Santa Claus and the Third Dimension. So can we be honest, I think we all feel that the first half of season 3 killed the show. While there was some character growth, there were many other ways to do it. (Marc Vun Kannon's nine2five season one comes to mind). Season 3 was "Chuck can't become a spy because I'll lose him." We're going to address that today, in the way that can only be done by Grace and me. Today's story has been co-plotted by Grace Carner.

Ch 10, Christmas Miracle

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and apparently if I did I'd of hired some of the fanfic community to write Season 3 on...let's be honest, part of season 2 as well...

Chuck walked into his apartment, it was empty. He looked around for her, but he couldn't find Sarah anywhere. Everything was gone that wasn't his. All the furniture they had gotten together, all of her weapons, workout equipment...it was gone. Casey walked in with Forrest.

"What'cha doin' numbnuts?" Casey asked.

"Looking for Sarah," Chuck said.

"She's gone," Casey said. "Since you're killing people she decided to be with a real man since you don't have that 'special something' anymore."

"What?" Chuck said panicking.

"Don't worry, Kid, we got you Carina," Casey said.

"NOOOOOOOO!" Chuck screamed sitting up in bed and lashing out. He hit Sarah in the arm who had come in to surprise him with her Mrs. Claus outfit, but had snuggled up against him and fell asleep. When his arm hit her, she reverted back to training. She

grabbed him, and flipped him onto the floor, crashing him onto his back. He looked up at her surprised face, looking down at him wearing the outfit. "Wha' happened?" he mumbled.

"I think you had a bad dream and hit me," Sarah said.

"I'm so sorry," Chuck said, wondering if his back was broke.

"It's my fault," Sarah replied. "What were you dreaming about?"

"You left," Chuck said, tears in his eyes. She scrambled off the bed and held his head in her lap, brushing his hair. "I had killed a man, and you left." Sarah tensed.

"In self-defense?" she asked.

"No," Chuck said. "He was a member of Fulcrum and I killed him, because he would hurt us if I didn't."

"You mean like you set it up for me do the actual killing?" Sarah asked.

"No," Chuck whispered. "I shot him. You wouldn't leave me if that happened, right?"

"Chuck, we need to talk about this later, but I have to take care of something, I forgot about," Sarah said, gently placing his head on the floor, but basically fleeing.

"Sarah?" Chuck asked.

"I'll be back, don't worry," she said. "I just need....I got to take care of something." She put a coat on and left the apartment quickly. Chuck laid there, not sure what just happened. She ran across the courtyard and banged on Casey's door.

"Hold your shorts, I'm coming," Casey grumbled opening the door. He saw Sarah, with the coat wrapped around her, and tears in her eyes. "Oh, hell," he mumbled.

"John I need your help," Sarah said.

"I hear it happens to all guys," he said. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"CASEY!"

"Sorry, come in, let me run off the troll," he said, trying to get his bearings.

"No, I think we need him," Sarah said, surprising herself. "Casey, he dreamed he shot a man and I left him because he became someone else." Casey stared at her, and Morgan who had come in during the discussion looked confused.

"So you left him when he dreamed that?" Morgan asked.

"I haven't left him!"

"Uh, you are standing right here, and he's over there, probably confused and thinking it's over," Morgan said.

"Maybe the old Chuck, but he's changed," Sarah said.

"He basically got a guy killed," Casey pointed out. "You think he's not reverting back to his old ways?" Sarah stared at him. "Let me ask you something, numbnuts-"

"What?" Sarah said.

"You're right, my bad, you don't have nuts," Casey corrected. "Moron, that's the better word for you." Sarah stared at him in shock. "He loves you, right?" She nodded. "You've killed people."

"That's different," Sarah said. "He loves me in spite of it."

"And you can't do the same for him?" Casey asked.

"It's not that simple, he'd change," she said. Casey gave her the "has his stupid rubbed off on you" look.

"You changed?" Casey asked. Sarah nodded. "Why?"

"Why? I didn't have anyone, I didn't have a support system, I didn't have anyone who cared....Oh." Sarah just stood there, it dawning on her.

"Do you think that perhaps the person to share all of these lovely lady feelings with is, oh I don't know, BARTOWSKI WHO'S OVER THERE BY HIMSELF!" Casey yelled. Sarah turned, opened the door, and walked back over to her apartment. She took a deep breath and opened the door. Chuck was sitting on the couch with a hurt look on his face.

"I'm sorry," she said. "For the record I didn't leave you, like I'm never going to see you again, I just had to talk to someone because I don't know how to do this. I'm sorry."

"If I killed someone would you leave me?" he asked softly, his eyes filled with worry.

"No," she said softly, crossing the room and grabbing him in a hug. "I would never leave you. I didn't have anyone when I was forced to kill. I didn't have anyone who cared. I hope it never happens, but if does, I'm here, and I won't leave to have someone explain it to me, because I understand now. You see me, the person underneath all the crap I dealt with over the years, and Chuck I'll always see you. My Chuck." Chuck stared at her for a moment.

"You literally just spiraled and ran out didn't you?" he asked, a grin growing. She nodded, tears in her eyes.

"I don't know how to do all of this, but I will figure it out," she said. "I will figure out to be what you need. I will always protect you, physically and emotionally."

"I made a man die," Chuck said. "And I'm not sorry for it, because he would have gotten Ellie, Awesome, Morgan, and you hurt." Sarah nodded.

"And you don't think that's right, you think you should feel something," Sarah said, not asked. Chuck nodded, feeling sorrowful. "It's called making the choice to protect those you love. I've done it too many times. It feels like something should have broke inside, but it didn't, and because of that, you wonder if you're broken." Chuck's eyes lit up.

"That's exactly how I feel," Chuck said. "How did you get over it?"

"I didn't," Sarah said. "I tried talking to my partner once, but all he did was shrug, make up some dumb excuse, and flee."

"Luckily my partner's smarter than that," Chuck deadpanned. She swatted him lightly on the chest.

"I'm sorry," she said, snuggling in to him. "I'll listen to anything you need to say."

"Maybe later," he said. "After talking, I feel better now, but if it comes back.."

"I'm here, Chuck, I promise," she said. Chuck nodded and looked down at her, grinning.

"Well, I'd like to know more about that outfit," Chuck said. Sarah sat up smirking.

"Well, that's more action than talking," Sarah said.

"Let's try that for a while," Chuck said, grinning.

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A few hours later, Chuck was in the kitchen getting things ready for tomorrow's big Christmas Eve bash. Sarah came into the kitchen, dressed in jeans and a simple shirt, but Chuck thought she looked beautiful. He smiled at her, but she gave him a look.

"You okay?" he asked.

"No," she said, honestly. "We're going to try something new, honesty."

"We did say no secrets, no lies," Chuck replied. Sarah nodded.

"There's a second reason I ran this morning," Sarah said. "I was trying to figure out how to deal with something that happened yesterday, but I was too worried about how you were dealing with Mauser being killed. I didn't do what was best for you, I did what was easiest for me. I love being with you, I love how we've grown, but I was taken by surprise yesterday, and I reverted, and then this morning with that question you asked, it was too much. I didn't run away, but I did run. It was just across the courtyard, but I did run." Chuck put his hands on the outside of her arms and looked in her eyes.

"Sarah, we're both dealing with a bunch of new things, so it will happen," Chuck replied.

"Yeah, but your boyfriend didn't drop a bomb on you by telling everyone around you that he's in love with you. I had to hear it with everyone else, and I may have wanted that to myself," she said. Chuck's mouth dropped.

"When...I didn't...uhhh.." he stammered. Sarah picked up a remote and hit play.

"It's her dad, General," Chuck said. "She loves him, and when is it enough? When is the giving for this country enough? General, I love her, and how could I do that mission knowing it was going to hurt her." Sarah stood there, a proud smirk on her face. Chuck looked over at her, and grinned. He hugged her with everything in him.

“You finally figured out how to use the footage and stream it to the big TV, I love you,” he said. She pushed him away and swatted him.

“Oh, that’s why you love me?” she asked, faux anger on her face, but her dancing eyes told him it was anything but anger. Chuck took a second to take in the love of his life standing in front of him.

“No,” he said softly. “I love that you have overcome one of the worst possible childhoods to be a warm, caring person. I love that you will protect anyone, but what you do for me and my family is next level, and don’t even give me that it’s part of the job. I love that you protect me emotionally as well as physically. I love that you care for me even though I’m a big goofy nerd and don’t even try to act like I’m not. I love that you are trying everything in your power to be what you think I need. I do need you to know you already are what I need, all I need is you, Sarah. I love you. The woman that ignored all the orders, and took care of me, not the intersect, that’s who I love.” Chuck looked around. “There’s that sound again...” He saw something in her eyes he’d never seen before, but he prayed then and there he would see it every day for the rest of his life.

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Some hours later he was messing around at the tree.

“Hey, it’s not Christmas yet,” the playful voice came behind him. He stood up, smiling, and spun around, a gift in his hand that he extended towards her. “Tomorrow,” she said grinning. Chuck shook his head, like a child. He gave her a puppy dog pout, she rolled her eyes, but took it. She opened the present, and her jaw dropped.

“So that was my mom’s,” he said. “I wanted you to have it.” Sarah looked up at him, tears in his eyes, and she launched herself into his arms. He thought he might pass out from the lack of oxygen when he heard a banging on the door. The lips finally released him, and oxygen flowed back in. The black spots left his vision, and he saw the grinning blonde in front of him. There was the banging on the door again. Chuck walked over to answer it, looking a little disheveled. He opened the door, and there stood Ellie, looking a little irritated. She took a look at Chuck, glanced over to see Sarah, who was beaming, and saw the bracelet on her arm. She squealed, and Chuck thought his ribs would break.

"Ellie," he choked out. "I. Can't. Breathe!" She let go, and Sarah and Ellie met in a hug that Chuck thought would blow off the apartment doors. When they finally let go, they both turned to look at Chuck, who slowly backed away.

"Nope, stay, Baby brother," Ellie said. "I have been waiting on this since Jill left and I am going to enjoy my Christmas present."

"Ellie I got you a nice-" Chuck began.

"Don't care," Ellie said, cutting him off, her eyes filled with tears. She turned to Sarah.

"You promise me you'll take care of him?"

"Always," she answered without one ounce of hesitation. Ellie turned to Chuck

"Promise me you'll take care of her?"

"As long as she'll let me," Chuck answered. "And even then I probably will, although it will probably break the terms of the restraining order." Ellie and Sarah faux glared at him.

"Okay," Ellie said, taking a deep breath. "I'm here to invite you two to watch me to get Casey agree to come to Christmas tomorrow."

"Uh, Ellie, all you can really do is invite him," Sarah said, confused. She saw the amusement on Chuck's face, and the smirk on Ellie's.

"Wanna bet?" Chuck asked, rubbing his hands together.

They followed Ellie across the courtyard, Chuck saw the determination in her eyes, and felt sorry for Casey. She calmly knocked on the door, and Casey answered. He stood there a minute and took in the sight before him.

"Huh," he grunted. "I can't decide if I'm about to deal with two or three Bartowskis so I don't know if this is about to be two or three times the fun." He was grinning at Sarah, getting his dig in for having to deal with so many lady feelings earlier. Sarah straightened, and looked him straight in the eye.

"Since we know math isn't your strong suit, just go with three, that way you'll be ready when it's official," Sarah said. Ellie's face threatened to break from the grin. Chuck

picked his jaw off the floor and slowly turned to Sarah, who didn't say a word, but simply winked.

"Focus, Baby brother, mission," Ellie said gently.

"I AM FOCUSING!" Chuck choked out. "My parameters may have just changed though." Sarah looked at him.

"I never fail a mission, Chuck," Sarah replied. Chuck's eyes nearly burst out his head. She nodded toward Casey. He slowly turned back toward Casey, but his mind was D, U, N, done. Ellie steeled herself, a grin on her face.

"John Casey," she began.

"Oh, Christ," he muttered.

"Tomorrow is the Bartowski Christmas celebration," Ellie began. "Since you've been here, you have forced your way into our life," Casey cringed. "You have monitored our activities," Casey turned a little pale. "You have watched us, protected us, and done what is best for us, kind of like Morgan Grimes." Morgan popped up behind him, smiling. "That makes you family, and tomorrow you WILL be at my apartment to be heartwarmed and to enjoy Christmas."

"Ellie," Casey began.

"You have your orders," Ellie barked. Casey stiffened.

"Don't make me come get you," Sarah said softly. "I'd hate to see my sister upset on Christmas Day." Chuck and Casey both stared at her in shock.

"Chuck me," Casey whispered.

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Sarah sat on the bed, scared. It was the evening of Christmas Eve, and Sarah knew what she had to do. She was all-in, and Chuck couldn't be, not yet. Not until he knew everything. Chuck walked in the room and saw her face. He walked over, sat beside her, and took her hands.

“There are things I need to tell you, things I don’t know how,” Sarah said, tears streaming down her face. “No lies, no secrets, yet I keep keeping them.”

“Sarah, I know there are things you can’t tell me,” Chuck said.

“I can’t even say three little words because you don’t know me, and I can’t let you know me until I say the words,” Sarah spat out, frustrated.

“I know you love me,” Chuck said, rubbing his thumbs on her hands. She looked him in the eye and made a decision.

“Sit back on the bed,” she said, patting a place and making him lean against the headboard. She stared at him. “Chuck, I am giving you my most precious secret, so you need to understand what this means.” He nodded. She smiled sadly at him. “You don’t, but I think you will. Kieran Ryker.” The flash hit him, and when it was over he stared at her.

“The baby girl?” he asked.

“She’s alive and Emma, my mother, has her,” Sarah said. She took a deep breath, leaned in, took his hand, and whispered in his ear. The flash began, he saw her life, laid out by the CIA. Taken in at 17, Harvard, CAT Squad, wetwork, Graham’s Wildcard Enforcer, he saw it all, and tears ran down his eyes as the flash continued. She lay her head on his shoulder. It broke his heart to see all she had been subjected to. The pain, the scars, the injuries...both physical and psychological...she truly was Sarah Freakin’ Walker. When it ended, he ignored the headache, turned to her, and gently took her tear covered face in his hands. He gently kissed her.

“I love you,” Chuck said. “I don’t know what to call you, there’s so many choices, but all I know is, you are never alone again.”

“Sarah,” she said. “That’s how I met you, and that’s how I end my career.” There was no doubt in Chuck’s mind by the look in her eyes what that meant. “The next time I change my name...” she let it hang, not ending it, but the grin on his face told her he knew exactly what she meant. “I love you, Chuck,” she whispered. “I love you.” They held each other until they fell asleep.

A/N: I'm not saying I cried the entire time I wrote that last part...I'm not saying I didn't either.....Next time, Jeff finds a grenade in the Buy More, and hires a security team to protect his favorite musical performer....no, I'm not kidding. Hope you enjoyed it...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 11: Ch 11, Hullo, Cleveland

A/N: Did he say Jeff hired Carmichael Solutions last time? Yep. When you're off the canon trail this far, you gotta do, what you gotta do. Figuring out some of these scenarios are getting more difficult each time so if you want to throw ideas my way, I can always use them. Wanted to get this done before I went on spring break. Ch 11, Hullo, Cleveland

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and I've never actually been to Cleveland...

"Come on, Chuck," Sarah goaded him. "Are you going to let Casey be my first?" She danced away as he missed again. Sarah was smiling, she couldn't help herself, she was happy. Bartowski Christmas...HEARTWARMING! She couldn't get the silly smile off of her face if she wanted to, and she didn't. Christmas had been magical. Casey even smiled once, and she saw him and Alex under the mistletoe. Morgan had left early, something about a date, and she swore she heard the name Lou mentioned, but that couldn't be right...could it? And now as they rolled through January, Chuck had downloaded the Intersect upgrade for fighting skills, and that...that was a whole new type of fun. It was near the middle of February now, and things had been quiet, so the training had been kicked up a notch, and it was becoming an event watched by everyone in the building. Alex walked up to Casey and Morgan who were outside the dojo watching along with Devon and Ellie.

"What's going on?" Alex asked.

"Sarah is trying to get Chuck to flash more on demand," Ellie said.

"I thought for sure what she offered up would be the key," Morgan said shaking his head. "You're really not going to do it if Chuck can't?" Casey looked at him like he'd lost his mind.

"If I did, all Sarah would do is moan and groan the entire time, and Chuck would stand around pouting, probably crying for that matter," Casey said. Alex got a look on her face and glanced at Ellie and Devon who were snickering.

"I mean he's so excited," Morgan said. "He can't wait to show her how small it really is along with all the singing and music." Alex's eyebrow's lifted. "It's special the first time."

"Didn't picture the nerd as one of those types, but don't knock it til you try it, I guess," Casey said shrugging.

"Have you ever?" Morgan asked.

"Christ, no!" Casey grumbled.

"Okaaaayy, what exactly is going on?" Alex asked, beyond confused.

"Sarah is trying to get Chuck to flash and use his kung-fu moves on her," Ellie said, near tears from laughter. "She wants him to strike her on the back, just to prove he can get through her defenses. He even created an electronic sensor. But, Chuck, said he couldn't hit her. Sarah then moved it to her butt cheek, but Chuck still wouldn't."

"He is the gentleman," Morgan said. Alex stared at him, trying to justify that statement to what she thought she heard a bit ago.

"Finally, she made him a bet, she agreed to do what he's been wanting to do for a year, if he can hit her, but if not, she does it with Casey," Ellie said.

"Don't worry Forrest," Casey said. "There's no way I will." Alex opened her mouth twice, just shook her head and turned back to watch. Devon and Ellie were crying they were laughing so hard, knowing what Alex thought she was hearing.

"Come on, Bartowski, last chance," Sarah said mocking.

"Sarah, I don't want to hurt you, but I can't let Casey do that to you, he won't make it special like I would," Chuck said. Alex held up a finger to say something, but just shook her head and decided not to. Chuck came at her, and at the last second, she saw him flash, he moved as his foot hit the ground, catching Sarah off-guard, she tried to pivot, but hit the ground, where Chuck lightly tapped her bottom, setting off the sensor. Morgan yelled and dashed inside. He held up his hand like he had a pretend mike.

“Chuck Bartowski you just beat Sarah Walker in hand to hand combat, what are you going to do?” Morgan asked. Chuck’s eyes twinkled.

“I’m taking Sarah Walker to DISNEYLAND!!! And, I’m taking her on it’s a Small World!” Chuck yelled. The two began to hum the song loudly, while Sarah sat on the ground, the biggest smile on her face, and shook her head. Alex let out a sigh of relief, while Devon nearly choked on laughter. She turned to Devon and Ellie.

“You could have told me,” she said, and walked off.

“What crawled up her, butt?” Casey asked, shrugging. The countdown timer went on, and they all hurried to the monitor.

Beckman appeared on screen, with her fingers pinching the bridge of her nose. She looked up at them.

“This can’t be good,” Chuck muttered. Sarah cocked her jaw to the side. There was NO way this was good.

“Team,” Beckman began, and stopped.

“General, are you okay?” Chuck asked. “You look a little...well...constipated.” Beckman stared at him for a second and let out a deep breath.

“That’s as good of term as any, Chuck,” she said, and she reached into her drawer and pulled out a flask. Sarah and Chuck shared a look of astonishment. Beckman took a swig and set it down in front of her. “Team, this was just found...by the client,” she said, pulling up a picture and Chuck flashed.

“That an IG-88 thermite charge,” Chuck said. He and Morgan shared a look.

“Really?” Morgan asked. Casey looked at the two and grunted in surprise. “IG-88 is a bounty Hunter in the Star Wars Saga, specifically The Empire Strikes Back, also a thermite charge is used in the movies as well.” Casey looked like he had a headache. “It makes you wonder, who stole off of who?” Beckman took another swig as Sarah adjusted her jaw trying not to snicker.

"This charge was found during the setup for Tyler Martin," Beckman said. Chuck closed his eyes.

"Did you flash, Chuck?" Sarah asked.

"Flash?" he asked, opening his eyes in surprise. "Why would I flash on Tyler Martin, and why do we care if someone wants him dead, I mean that's horrible and no one should ever want anyone dead, but if you heard his lyrics, they are so banal, and the suspects we must have, there's even a Facebook group called I Want to Kill Tyler Martin." Beckman took another swig, Sarah noticed.

"It gets worse, doesn't it?" she asked. Beckman just stared at her.

"Carmichael Solutions has been hired by a private individual to protect Tyler Martin, and even if they weren't I would want you to protect him, because the IG-88 thermite thingy is used by North African intelligence units," Beckman slurred.

"Did Beckman just say thingy?" Sarah whispered to Chuck.

"More importantly, did she just slur?" Chuck whispered back. Beckman took another swig.

"This is your client," Beckman said, and a picture of Jeff appeared on the screen.

"OH MY GOD I HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE BUYSMORE! WHY DOES THE WORLD HATE ME?" Chuck yelled, freaking out. Sarah looked at Casey and nodded. He fired a tranq dart into Chuck. "That wasn't vernicewabbit?" he said as he collapsed. Beckman looked at Chuck and took another swig.

"The biggest moron of all the Buy Morons has hired us," she said. She took another hit. "I swear we finally get out of that hellhole, and now some British crap sinnnger, who holds nothing on the Stones or the Beatles, makes us have to work with those morons a gain. Forrest, go get his attention with your ass...ets and you and Grunty drag him ofer heer," Beckman slurred and cut off.

"Grunty?" Alex asked. "My ass...ets?"

"She's under a lot of pressure," Morgan answered. "And the Buy More has that effect on people." Sarah turned to Casey.

"How much?" Sarah asked. Casey shrugged.

"Enough to put down a small puppy," Casey said. Sarah gave him a look. "I know he'll be out for a while." Sarah continued to give him a look. "A loooooong while."

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Chuck woke up and felt a hand in his hair. He looked over and saw Tyler Martin on one bed, Jeff on another, and Ellie talking to Sarah while Devon was checking on some things....wait a minute...if Sarah was talking to Ellie, whose hand was in his hair? He sat up quickly.

"Whoa there, Chuck you've been out of it a while," Morgan said.

"Morgan, why were you rubbing my hair?" Chuck asked.

"Well, Sarah told me that's what she does to alleviate her nerves and she's about as calm as I've ever seen her, and I need to calm down, because I don't know if I can handle much more," Morgan said. Chuck sat up, concerned, but as he looked over, he saw smirks on the other three faces of the people that were awake.

"What happened, Morgan?" Chuck asked.

"He kept asking Ellie if they'd made love," Morgan said, still upset. Chuck held his face stoic the best he could. "Four different times, he woke up and asked her, and then he offered her, Chuck. He offered to make sweet love to my Ellie."

"Morgan, uh, buddy, you do know about Devon right?" Chuck asked. Morgan waved him off.

"We both know that's a phase," Morgan said.

"They're engaged," Chuck reminded him. "That also means....you know what, I don't want to talk about this."

"I mean who wouldn't want to make love to an Adonis like that," Morgan said gesturing his whole hand at Devon.

"Thanks," Devon said, grinning. Chuck gave Devon a look like, "are you serious?" Devon shrugged. "What, can't one man appreciate another." Chuck looked over at Ellie and Sarah who were red trying not to laugh. Chuck turned back to Morgan.

"Did Devon try to do anything to him?" Chuck inquired.

"He can't, Chuck, first do no harm?" Morgan said. Chuck looked over at Devon, who nodded. He looked back to Sarah and Ellie for help, who would do nothing for him. "He's waking again."

"Oh, wow, would you look at that, two delicious babes," Tyler said. Morgan lifted the pen to fire it, but Chuck took it away from him, turned and shot Tyler in the neck. "Oh, I feel like a daffodil," he said, slumping back on the bed. He turned and saw his girlfriend and sister starting at him.

"What?" Chuck asked. "He was hitting on my two favorite girls inappropriately."

"Girls?" Sarah asked, with a grin.

"Yeah, women, females, the two people who protect me from everything," Chuck replied.

"Dude, I really need to take lessons from you," Morgan said.

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"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Morgan asked.

"No, I think it's a terrible idea," Casey replied. "But, if we don't do something soon, the General's liver will be pickled."

Casey and Alex had found a lead on the hitman, unfortunately, the next time Tyler had come to, there were no women to hit on, so he and Morgan had a chat. Tyler wanted to leave and Morgan followed with Sarah and Chuck in his ear. They tracked them to a club, where Tyler was playing wingman to Morgan. Sarah and Chuck entered the club and saw the two approached by two women who Chuck flashed on. Sarah called it in and

Casey and Alex were on their way. Tyler and Morgan got separated during the tomfoolery. Sarah followed Tyler and Chuck followed Morgan. Chuck had been given specific instructions to be careful. Chuck was pretty sure fighting with two female assassins was not being careful and he was quite afraid for his life...and that the assassins might hurt him as well.

Chuck finally found Morgan, he was on the roof, and for some reason had decided to jump onto the glass elevator that was across from it. Chuck was beginning to wonder exactly how much the bearded one had had to drink. Chuck jumped as well to land on top, but couldn't quite reach his little buddy.

"Dude, I need something, or I'm going to fall!" Morgan yelled. "Your pants!"

"What about my PANTS? Is this the time to be talking about this?" Chuck asked.

"No, take you pants off and lower a leg to me and pull me up," Morgan said. Chuck didn't like the idea, but took them off, took ahold of one leg, and dropped them to Morgan. Morgan grabbed them, climbed up, and held onto Chuck, watching his pants go flying away. That's how the elevator came to a halt on the ground floor. Morgan clinging to Chuck, who was pantless. Sarah stood there, hands on hips, just watching, but not saying a word. The briefing began, and she still hadn't said a word. Beckman sat there, staring at Chuck, without pants.

"Walker!" Beckman yelled. "Will you please feed that skinny ass nerd of yours! He's got legs like a chicken!" Sarah's eyebrows were so far up her head they about shot off her face. Casey even looked worried. She pulled out a bottle of Johnny Walker Black.

"General," Casey began.

"Hush," Beckman said. "Momma just needs a little taste until the morons go away. Fix this mess!" she screamed, and cut off. That's how Chuck found himself helping Morgan wear a wire and a tracker, and a bulletproof vest, Sarah still having not spoken to him since the elevator incident.

"Guys," Chuck said, drawing all the spies' eyes on him. He really couldn't tell if they were mad or not. "You do know the concert isn't until tomorrow night." They all stood

up straight and shared a look. Sarah grabbed Chuck's arm and drug him off.

"Come on, we need to talk," she said.

"I think Morgan needs me," Chuck said.

"I'm good, Dude," Morgan called out. Chuck game him a look of "really?"

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"I mean he's holding your hand, holding on to you without pants on, do you see why I'm asking?" Sarah said.

"Sarah, it's heterosexual life partners," Chuck repeated for the fiftieth time.

"I'm not saying there's anything wrong with it if it's more than that for him, but I'll fight him for you," she said, softly. Chuck smiled.

"You don't have to, Baby, I'm yours," he said. She gave him a hug. "And, I promise, you have nothing to worry about. I'm not the Bartowski he wants to have sex with."

"Ew," she said.

"I felt dirty just saying it," Chuck admitted.

"Hey, that was a good catch earlier," Sarah said. "Seeing Tyler's tattoos, saved us a lot of work, plus we got the hitman." Chuck shrugged.

"I'm just glad Ellie insisted on him having a full exam," Chuck admitted. "That's the only reason I caught it. If I hadn't walked by and caught him with his shirt off, I never would have had the flash."

"Is he okay?" Sarah asked. "I mean I never thought Morgan would get that involved with these missions like this."

"He has decided that playing the field isn't worth it," Chuck said. "He's decided to give it a try with Lou, but I warned him about being careful, since she's been down that road of secrets with me."

"She's a good person," Sarah said, reluctantly. Chuck grinned.

"Gonna miss Tyler?" Chuck asked. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I mean he's actually a nice guy, and I hate he got caught up in this, but he is to blame for some of it." Chuck nodded.

"He actually said the same thing," Chuck admitted. Sarah stared at him. He grinned at her. "You do know what tomorrow is, don't you?"

"Neaiou," Sarah said. "Should I?" Chuck shook his head.

"Valentine's Day," Chuck said, grinning.

"Chuck, spies don't celebrate Valentine's Day," she said, with her own grin.

"These two spies do," Chuck replied. The countdown came on, and Chuck dropped his head. "I spoke too soon." She grabbed his arm and pulled him to the monitor. Beckman came on, looking worse for wear.

"Ah," Beckman said. "Just the two I needed to see."

"Let me guess, you have something we need to do tomorrow," Chuck said, disappointed. Beckman grinned.

"Yes, Chuck," Beckman answered, a smirk covering her face. "I'm sorry, but I really have no choice in this one, I'm going to need you to drop the cover dating."

"It's not a cover," Sarah said.

"I know, Sarah," Beckman answered, the smirk growing. "I need you two to be newlyweds, in the suburbs." Chuck and Sarah shared a look. Sarah winked at him.

"How deep would you like our cover, General?" Sarah asked with her own smirk. She thought she would have to pick Chuck's jaw off the ground.

"As believable as you can make it," Beckman said. Sarah mock deep sighed.

"Since they are orders," she said. Beckman shook her head.

"Oh, Chuck, is Peaches okay for the dog's name?" she asked. Chuck nodded.

“General, what if this changes the team dynamic,” he asked, never looking at Sarah who stared at him. “I mean once you open that kind of box, it’s hard to put the lid back on.”

“I figure you two will figure out a way to deal with it, don’t you, Sarah?” Beckman asked.

“I do,” Sarah replied. Beckman looked at Chuck.

“What about you, Chuck?”

“I do, too,” Chuck replied, still not looking at Sarah but taking her hand in his.

“Good,” Beckman said. “I appreciate your dedication to this assignment.” She shook her head, and paused before disconnecting the feed. “If I tell you this, you can’t tell them.” Sarah and Chuck nodded. “I’m also putting Casey and Forrest in their own home, and yes, they are cover married as well.” Sarah and Chuck burst out laughing. “Enjoy it, you two.” And with that, she cut the feed. Chuck stood there, looking straight ahead, feeling Sarah staring at him.

“I’m really going to enjoy this one,” she said. Chuck turned to her and saw the smile on her face and the look in her eyes.

“Oh, boy,” he said, grinning.

A/N: Hope you enjoyed it. Seriously, any ideas about future episodes are welcome, and I’ll give full credit where due. I may not use them exactly, but it may make my mind come up with something insane for us all to enjoy. I love this one, but some days, it’s hard to think of things...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 12: Ch 12, Normal Couple

A/N: You know, I've kinda turned this one into some slapstick, tomfoolery, Charah lovefest and gotten away from the main story. I should probably not do that....why doesn't anyone believe me. True story when I got the idea for this chapter, my face...well, you know that gif of the Grinch smiling...I kinda did that....For those of you who enjoy that weird banter I've done in this fic where they aren't talking about each other, but they are, I added Ellie to it this time...Fair warning...Tears could hit you by the end...Sorry (no I'm not)...Sit back, relax, and welcome to the suburbs folks, it's Ch 12, Normal Couple

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but Casey's line gave me the idea for the name of the chapter.

The suburbs, with his partner. He hated it. He didn't mind the spying, but to have to mingle like this when all he wanted to do was shoot someone, or sit back, have a glass of Johnny Walker Black, or even a hotpocket, it was absolute torture. At least he was grilling.

"Can you turn a little to your left, Casey?" Sarah asked through the ear wig.

"ACHOO!" Chuck sneezed. Sarah reached over and felt his head again, still a low-grade fever. "I'm so sawwy," Chuck moaned.

"Walker, do something with him," Casey said.

"Casey, I'm not doing something with him just because you told me to, plus I'd get snot all over me," Sarah replied, grinning cheekily.

"I need brain bleach," Chasey grunted.

"Do we even know if I can flash like this?" Chuck asked, trying to get back to the op and then his bed.

"Bartowski, if you get me killed because your brain is screwed up from that stupid cold, I'll kill you," Casey growled softly. He then gave a smile to one of his neighbors, and

went back to grilling. At least he had his Beastmaster 3000 to grill on.

“John, you’re scaring the neighbors,” Alex whispered into his ear, getting close to him like the newlywed she was trying to play.

“She deserves an academy award,” Chuck mumbled, his hand over the mike. Sarah covered hers and turned toward him.

“I don’t think it’s an act,” she said, smiling as Chuck got a shocked look on his face. She reached over, cupped his cheek, sighed, and turned back. Only four more neighbors to get a picture of and hopefully Chuck would flash on one of them. This mission had gone south before it had even began. Chuck and Sarah were supposed to be the newlyweds in the house, but Chuck’s illness had taken that option off of the table. Sarah looked down at the wedding and engagement ring that was on her finger. She played with it for a second, looked over at the matching wedding ring that Chuck wore, through her insistence, and concentrated on the mission. While Chuck was safer in the van with her, she knew they could pull off a married couple better, and part of her was upset she wasn’t in there with Chuck. Not for the mission, but as a test run, which was stupid she knew, they were already living together. But in a house that was theirs, being married, and having the dog, which was back at the apartment and Sarah wasn’t giving back when the mission was over. What kind of monster expected her to return that beautiful animal. Sarah thought she could run her own sub-mission at home, Operation Mrs. Bartowski. She smiled at the thought.

“Casey,” Chuck muttered. “Can we hurry this up?” he whined. Sarah looked over at her poor husband, she smiled at the thought, looked down at the rings, and hit the mike.

“Cable guy, you sure about your current status?” Sarah asked.

“Single and ready to mingle, Valkyrie,” Morgan said. “Apparently the similar heights didn’t intrigue her.” Sarah shot Chuck a look and he shrugged. Morgan was undercover as the cable guy and he walked outside, looking for Alex to talk to her about an “emergency.” He turned slowly getting three of the last four people he needed on the camera. He looked around trying to find the fourth when he felt someone behind. He turned around and a beautiful woman was there.

“Hi,” she said grinning, and taking a sip of her drink. “I don’t think I’ve ever met a cable guy as cute as you.” Morgan grinned. “Feel like laying some cable later?” She asked raising an eyebrow. Chuck and Sarah shared a shocked look, both of their eyebrows about shooting off of their face.

“I don’t have a work order, or I’d be glad to,” Morgan said smiling. The lady took a card, put her number on it, and put the card in his pocket.

“There,” she said, patting his chest. “Give me a call, my husband will be out of town later this week, and I’ll need to see about upgrading my service.” Chuck nearly spit the drink out he took. Morgan turned, saw her husband, and gulped. He was huge man. “I’d rather he be there.”

“Kinky,” she said, grinning. “He’s not into that,” she said, and walked away slapping his backside.

“Did Morgan just get hit on by a cougar?” Chuck asked. Sarah turned to look at him. “We have to go save him.”

“No, Mr. Bartowski, you need to sit there,” she said. Chuck nodded.

“Whatever you say, Mrs. Walker,” he replied. She gave him a look. “What did I do wrong?”

“Nothing, Chuck, nothing,” she said.

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They had found a bug in the kitchen, ran fingerprints on it, and found out it belonged to the husband of the cougar. Morgan had called her, and he was supposed to go over to her house in a few days. In the meantime, Chuck and Sarah stayed at home for Chuck to recover. They were just a phone call away if needed. He came into the kitchen the next morning to see Sarah making breakfast. She was softly humming and looked at peace. Chuck noticed she still had on the wedding and engagement ring. She was feeding the dog bacon while she cooked. Chuck crossed his arms and leaned against the doorframe thinking.

"See something you like Mr. Bartowski?" Sarah asked, giving him a smile. He nodded.

"Something smells good," he said. Sarah rubbed the dog's head.

"I gave Peaches a bath last night," Sarah said grinning. She walked over and felt his forehead. She reached up, tilted his head down, stood on her tiptoes, and gently placed her lips on his forehead. "Looks like it's gone." She dropped back down, took his hands and smiled at him.

"So does that mean we go in?" Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head.

"Nope, we stay here, Mr. Bartowski," she replied, winking. She walked back over to the stove.

"So for the next few days, just me and you, no new missions unless something goes pear-shaped with Alex and Casey?" Chuck asked. Sarah nodded. "Sarah, if we're staying here, why is the dog with us?"

"You don't like Peaches?" she asked, grinning.

"I love the dog," he said. She bounced a shoulder. "Are we keeping him?" She grinned and smiled.

"Anything else?" she asked coyly. Chuck nodded.

"Why are we wearing the rings?" Sarah looked at him, studying him for a long minute. Chuck stood there, not backing down.

"I can't tell you," she said, smiling at him and walking toward him very slowly. Chuck held his ground, but gulped.

"Why not?" he squeaked.

"Because, this stupid nerd I fell in love with wanted to go slow, and I don't want to scare him," Sarah said.

"Stupid nerd," Chuck said. "I mean he probably wants to spend the rest of his life with you, stupid nerd."

"Don't talk about my nerd that way," Sarah said, her eyes dangerous.

“Stupid, stupid nerd,” Chuck said, a daring twinkle in his eye. She grabbed him, and pinned him against the wall, a look in her eye he never saw before. “He probably is scared he’s going to scare you and doesn’t have the guts to ask you what’s in his head even though you’ve both said no secrets no lies.”

“I told you, don’t say those kind of things about my nerd,” Sarah said softly. “Even if he is scared he’s the best thing that ever happened to me. I just need to keep working on building up his confidence. Now, be nice, or else I’ll have to punish you.”

“Stupid, stupid, stupid nerd,” he said, scared to death. Sarah shook her head. “He probably dreams about you all the time, being in his life, taking care of him when he’s sick, taking care of you while you’re sick.”

“You’re going to pay for that Mr. Bartowski,” Sarah said. “You’re gonna pay by making me breakfast on mornings I don’t want to get out of bed, by taking care of me when I’m so sick I don’t even want anyone to see me. You’re gonna pay by being with me until my dying day.”

“Who’s going to make me pay for it?” Chuck asked. She gave him a long look. Chuck smirked, and she narrowed her eyes. He ran his fingers over her left hand, and one circled the rings. “Seems like someone likes playing that she’s Mrs. Bartowski.” The look on Sarah’s face changed. Chuck thought he might die...happily...but die.

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“GENERAL!” Sarah screamed.

“Calm down, Walker, what is it?” she asked.

“He’s got a Fulcrum Intersect in his head!” Sarah yelled.

“He’s got a what?!” Beckman said. Sarah took a deep breath and told her the quick version of the story. How Morgan got into the home, was seduced, found the computer, put on glasses to transmit to Chuck and he downloaded it, causing Chuck to pass out.

“What does Ellie say?” Beckman asked.

"She doesn't know anything yet, General," Sarah replied. "He looked the same way he does whenever he gets an upgrade. His eyes jerking everywhere," she said, near tears.

"Sarah," Beckman said softly. She saw the rings on her fingers and looked up at her. "Sarah, we'll get him the best help."

"Blow it up," Sarah growled. Beckman nodded.

"That's one thing you can be damn sure of!" she said. "I'll talk to you soon, Sarah," Beckman said.

"Never heard the General call you by your first name, Sarah," Devon said walking in. She turned, and he saw the tears running down her face. He opened his arms and she launched herself into him. "Not awesome."

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"Did we get them?" Beckman asked.

"Yes, General, I turned it on them, and it killed most of them, the ones that survived aren't in good shape," Casey said. "We have the intel and Ellie is examining it, seeing if it can go into Chuck without harming him." Beckman nodded.

"What about Sarah?" she asked softly. Casey took a breath.

"She's with Bartowski," Casey answered. "He hasn't woken up yet, although Ellie thinks it will be soon. It looks like whatever is in that Fulcrum upload didn't play nice with the updates Ellie had done." Beckman nodded.

"Keep me updated," she said as she cut the feed. Casey walked into the infirmary. Morgan walked up to him.

"This is bad," Morgan said.

"I thought he was about to wake up," Casey said, getting worried. Morgan gave him a look and shook his head.

"Oh, he is, it's just...you'll just have to hear it for yourself," he said, and walked away. Casey walked over to where Chuck was. Sarah was holding his hand. He noticed that

Sarah and Chuck both had on wedding rings. She kept running her fingers back and forth over them. He moved closer until he could hear her.

"...and it's got a red door, and a white picket fence," she said softly. "I know it sounds cheesy, but that's what I want Chuck. Inside I want something, a piece of painted art, or a sign or something that says something about the Bartowski household. You can even have one that says established the year we're married. I really want it to be this year, Chuck." Casey walked away. She was gone, and he wasn't about to stop those two. They deserved to be happy, and he'd make sure they were.

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Morgan brought Sarah a cup of hot chocolate. She gave him a sad smile, and he gave her a one-arm side hug.

"He's gonna be okay, you know," Morgan said. "It's Chuck, he doesn't leave, he never leaves." He was quiet for a second and then added softly, "Except me."

"Morgan, I'm his girlfriend, not his best friend," Sarah said giving him a look.

"He's always been there for me," Morgan said.

"Are you okay?" Sarah asked.

"I miss Anna," he said. "I want her back."

"Do you think there's a shot?" Sarah asked.

"She said it would be a cold day in hell before she ever dated me, kissed me, or even let me look at her again," Morgan said. "So yeah."

"Uh, Morgan, I don't think that's how it works," Sarah said.

"I hear she's seeing some dude, I need to go check him out, make sure he's at least good enough for her," Morgan said. Casey walked in, and Sarah gave him a head jerk to get over there.

"You'll need back up," she said, grinning. Casey rolled his eyes.

"Casey, I never stopped caring about her," Morgan said. Casey stared at him.

"You haven't been faithful," Casey said.

"She told me she never wanted to see me again," Morgan said.

"And you think this is a good idea?" Casey said.

"She wouldn't see me," Morgan said. Casey started to say something, but stopped. He looked at Sarah.

"Maybe it would get his mind off of things," she said, glancing at Chuck.

"Maybe you should go then," he said. Sarah started at him. He grunted.

"Come on, Grimes, I'll get the camera," he said leading Morgan away. Morgan followed, happily.

Sarah walked over to Chuck and took his hand. She started to nod off. She had been up for almost 48 hours now over the whole incident, and it was wearing on her. She got in the bed beside him and snuggled up against him. She knew she was falling asleep when she felt Chuck's finger slide over her wedding and engagement ring. They weren't real, and that brought back the tears.

"Why ya crying, Angel?" his voice asked softly.

"Because the rings aren't real," she replied, smiling at the good dream.

"Feel real to me," he replied. She grinned. Her nerd.

"They are real, but you didn't ask me to marry you or put this wedding ring on my finger," she replied.

"Is that what you want?" the tired voice asked her. She snuggled closer and felt his hot breath on her ear. "Do you really want to be Mrs. Bartowski? Do you want to spend the rest of your life with me? Do you want to grow old with me, Sarah? Sarah, do you want to marry me?"

"Chuck, you know I do," she said smiling as she felt herself slipping to sleep...wait...if she was only slipping to sleep now...her eyes shot open, and looking back at her were two huge brown eyes, that were dancing. She took a deep breath and said the words

that were in her heart. "No takebacks!"

"No takebacks?" Chuck asked. "What are you, twelve?" She gave him a sultry look and he swallowed. "I withdraw the question. You are obviously not twelve."

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Ellie and Sarah watched him sleep. Sarah was very quiet, thinking. She kept staring at the rings.

"Wanna share?" Ellie asked, looking at Sarah.

"Just thinking how it would be easier cover-wise if we were married," Sarah said softly. "Just thinking how if God forbid something happened and I had to take him to an actual hospital it could be a little difficult with all the regulations in health care." Ellie watched her. She heard the words, but they were a cover. Sarah Walker was scared to death, and all Ellie could do was smile.

"You know what would really sell the cover?" Ellie asked. Sarah looked at her. "Kids." Sarah got the faintest smile on her face.

"That would be a serious cover," Sarah admitted. "How many do you think would be necessary?"

"Oh, at least two, but no more than four," Ellie said. Sarah nodded. "That's a big commitment."

"Huge," Sarah said, nodding, tears in her eyes.

"Think he has any clue of all the sacrifices you make for him?" she asked.

"I don't think it's that big of a sacrifice on my part," Sarah said, the grin growing.

"You could order him you know, it's your mission," Ellie said. Sarah studied Ellie for a second, took a deep breath, and told what was in her heart.

"Ellie, I could never order him to do that," Sarah said. "In fact, I don't think I'm that kind of agent anymore."

"What kind of agent is that?" Ellie asked.

“The kind of agent that will do anything for a mission,” she said tears in her eyes. Ellie placed her hands on the outside of Sarah’s shoulders, looking her in the eye.

“Then be that kind of woman, that would do anything for the man she loves,” Ellie said.

“It has to be real,” she said softly. “It’s not fair to him if it’s not.”

“Or to you,” Ellie said softly.

“I love him,” Sarah said, tears streaming down her face.

“He’s a lucky guy to have you protecting him,” Ellie said, hugging the woman she thought of as her sister.

“What he doesn’t realize is he’s saved me more than I saved him,” Sarah said, hanging onto Ellie for dear life.

“Do you two always do this?” Ellie asked. Sarah pulled back and gave her a look. “You know talk in these weird ways without ever saying to each other what you really mean?” Sarah looked a bit sheepish. “No wonder your communication sucks.”

“I’m working on it,” Sarah said. “He’s working on it, but this back and forth, well, it’s fun.” The countdown came on, and Sarah turned to leave.

“The official report is he should make a full recovery,” Ellie said.

“Unofficially?” Sarah asked, concerned. Ellie smiled.

“I’m making an upload of the data retrieved that he can upload and not hurt him,” she said. Sarah hugged her again.

“You’re the second best Bartowski I know,” Sarah said. Ellie playfully shoved her.

“Go, we’ll find some magazines later to get ready for your cover wedding,” Ellie said, beaming. Sarah walked into the conference room, and Beckman came on the screen.

“How is he, Sarah?” Beckman asked, genuinely concerned.

“He’s going to be fine, Diane, thanks for asking,” she said. Beckman smiled, and nodded. Sarah looked down at the rings on her finger, took a deep breath, looked up at Beckman and started to speak, when she saw the smirk on Beckman’s face.

"I don't think those rings, suit you, Sarah," Beckman said. Sarah looked momentarily hurt, but schooled her features. "You two should probably find some that are more your style." Sarah replayed that in her head and could only come up with one conclusion.

"Ellie and I were talking just a minute ago how that would strengthen the cover, you know, for medical purposes, paperwork, that kind of thing," Sarah said.

"Of course," Beckman answered with a straight face.

"Ellie also suggested kids," Sarah said, swallowing.

"Adopted or both of yours?" Beckman asked, the grin growing.

"I mean either would work, but if they were ours, it would really solidify it," Sarah replied, her leg trying to bounce but her steeling it.

"That is an excellent point and a true level of commitment," Beckman said.

"He's my last mission," Sarah said softly.

"It's about time you figured it out," Beckman said, leaning forward. "Agent Walker, you are in charge, whatever you two think goes."

"Thank you, Diane," Sarah said.

"Sarah, this has been my pleasure," Beckman said, signing off. Sarah smiled and hummed softly. This was going to be fun.

A/N: I know some of you just love this story and I apologize for not updating it as frequently as others, but figuring out how to rewrite these takes some doing some days...Again, any suggestions, I'll gladly listen to...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 13: Ch 13, Wedding Plans

A/N: Did you know this episode was originally supposed to be shown before The Suburbs...no? Don't care, that's fine. This episode's biggest plot point was Sarah's reaction to the bomb...but for the life of me, the way I've written this, I don't know how to get Chuck involved with the bomb, so let's do a different bomb, one I've hinted at, but it's time to drop...it's Ch 13, Wedding Plans

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and I don't enjoy sharpening pencils as much as Zachary Levi's character in Office Uprising....

A few days ago while Chuck was unconscious from the Fulcrum Intersect.

"Colonel, you're spying on your own people?" Beckman asked, a glint in her eyes he had never noticed before.

"You know we always have surveillance going on, General," Casey replied. "I can't believe I'm about to say this, but I can't take this anymore."

"You're on permanent assignment Colonel," Beckman reminded him, trying to hold in the grin.

"General, I was there as well," Morgan said. "I saw it all, as much as it pains me this has to be done. For their own good."

"Is it really that bad?" Beckman asked.

"I'm contemplating eating my gun," Casey answered. "I know that's extreme, but these two and all the...ugh...ladyfeelings. I just can't do it anymore."

"General, we have no choice, as much as it pains me to say, it must be done," Morgan agreed. "They're gonna fight it, but we have no choice."

"Walker and Bartowski are done," Casey said. "It ends." Beckman nodded.

"This is one serious op you are talking about pulling off," Beckman said.

"We know," Casey said, glancing at Morgan. "We've brought in a professional." Beckman sat up, curious. "General, I give you the surgeon we need to make the precise moves that are required. Dr. Bartowski." Ellie walked into the room. Beckman smiled, reached into her drawer and pulled out a bottle, pouring herself a drink.

"Ellie, are you sure?" Beckman asked.

"They're driving me nuts," Ellie said. "We have to end this. Casey's right, no more Walker and Bartowski." The General lifted her glass.

"To Agent and analyst Bartowski," she said, grinning. "God help us on this one."

"So Operation Ladyfeelings is a go?" Casey asked.

"It is approved, Colonel," Beckman said. "Now, what's the first step."

"Make each other think it's their idea," Ellie replied, grinning.

}o{

Now

"Chuck, my man, you are one lucky guy," Morgan said, patting him on the shoulder. Chuck turned from his computer chair and looked at Morgan.

"What are you up to?" he asked suspiciously.

"What, can't a friend be happy for another friend?" Morgan asked.

"Morgan, you've been my life partner for a long time, so I can say this honestly, no," Chuck answered. "I know you are jealous of what Sarah and I have. I know you're happy for me, but you want me for yourself."

"That's the old Morgan, Chuck," Morgan replied.

"The one that's stalking Anna?" Chuck asked, amused.

"I'm just making sure my Anna Banana is okay," Morgan replied, sheepishly. "Besides, it looks like she's moved on," he said, tossing the surveillance pictures on the table. Chuck glanced at them and it began. "Oh, no," Morgan muttered. "CASEY!" Casey came running as Chuck came out of the flash.

"What did you flash on, Numbnuts?" Casey asked.

"Jason Wang, the guy with Anna," Chuck replied.

"Oh, no you don't, I'm not having Walker kill me, you're staying out of this until she hears everything," Casey began.

"Casey, it's Morgan, he's my buddy," Chuck replied. Morgan straightened up and faced his friend.

"Chuck, you have your own mission," Morgan said. "It's time I cut you loose."

"No," Chuck said, his eyes getting big. Morgan nodded sagely.

"Chuck, it's time for your path to join another," Morgan began.

"I have a feeling it's going to get deep," Chuck said softly to Casey. Morgan was ignoring them.

"Shh, I think he's been holding this one in for a long time," Casey said. Chuck looked at him, shocked. "What, I appreciate his ability to wax poetic.

"It's time for you to become a man and take the next step in your journey," Moran went on. "Your and Sarah's path have converged together, and it's time for the two to become one."

"What does that mean?" Chuck asked.

"You need to purpose, Numbnut!" Casey said. Chuck looked at him. "It's what grown ups do!" Morgan grabbed Chuck by the shoulders.

"Do you love her?" Morgan asked. Chuck nodded. "Can you live without her?" Chuck shook his head. "Then, I, Morgan Grimes, your hetero-sexual life partner give you my blessing. Make me proud, Chuck." Chuck panicked.

"I need the plan," Chuck said to Morgan.

"No, all you need is the girl," Casey said, making them both toward him. "It doesn't need to be fancy, it doesn't need to be complicated. All you need is the two of you, and by that I mean Bartowski and Walker."

"I knew that," Morgan mumbled. Casey ignored him.

"You don't even really need a ring," Casey finished.

"Thanks, Cas-" Chuck began.

"But if you value your life you better have one when you purpose to Walker," he said, walking out.

"He's got a good point," Morgan said. "Now, Casey and I have to go call the general, good luck." When they got out of ear shot, Casey called Ellie.

"Ellie, we have a problem, Chuck flashed and Morgan and I have to go take care of it," Casey said into the phone. "Roger, we'll deal with the flash, you take care of the other two." He hung up.

"You think this will work?" Morgan asked. Casey grinned.

"Would you bet against Ellie?" Casey asked. Morgan shook his head.

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"We need to talk," Ellie said, pulling Sarah into an empty room.

"Okayyy," Sarah answered.

"Look, I know my brother," Ellie began. "If you wait on him to propose, it will take forever."

"Is he planning on proposing?" Sarah asked, nervous.

"Oh," Ellie said. "My bad," she said, and began to walk off.

"Wait, Ellie," Sarah said, grabbing her arm. "What's wrong?" Ellie looked at her and shook her head.

"Just forget I said anything," Ellie said, and again began to walk off.

"Eleanor Faye Bartowski, don't you walk off," Sarah growled. Ellie's back was to Sarah, so Sarah couldn't see the grin on her face. She schooled her expression before she turned back to Sarah.

"Don't be mad at me, Sarah," Ellie said. "You're the one who's all hot and cold on getting married."

"I am not hot and cold!" Sarah replied. "I'm....just...I never thought about a family before Chuck and now....I want one Ellie, but you don't understand."

"I don't understand that you worry some day he might leave you?" Ellie asked. "That the person who you love most in this world will just disappear?" Sarah looked away.

"I would NEVER leave him, Ellie," Sarah replied. "I know what that would do to him."

"And he to you," Ellie said. "Now, what I was about to say is, I think he's going ring buying, but as for the proposal part, he'll find reasons not to. If you want we can nudge him, but I don't want to make you do something you don't want to do."

"You'll help me?" Sarah asked. Ellie beamed at her.

"Sarah, it's what sisters do," she said. Ellie suddenly found out what it was like to be on the receiving end of one her hugs. The air was being forced out of her, but she could care less, Operation Ladyfeelings was a go! "Sarah," she choked. Sarah let go, and put her hands to her face, steeping them, her index fingers on her nose. Ellie had never seen that much excitement on Sarah's face before. "Now, we need to make sure he proposes, so we have to make sure he has a ring. I can get John and Morgan to help me, but you have a part to play," she said, as she began to explain the plan. A few minutes later the countdown indicator came on and everyone was gathered in the conference room. Ellie realized this was where the plan might fall apart. The looks on everyone's faces would have given it all away if everyone had been so worried about their part.

"Team, we have a situation," Beckman began. "These pictures taken by Casey," she said, putting them on the screen and then others Chuck hadn't seen before. He began to flash. "Have led us to ...Chuck?"

"That car, from the show, the triad is going to kill the Chinese ambassador," Chuck said.

"Agent Walker, I think we should send Casey and Forrest," Beckman said.

"I concur, General, let's leave the analyst out of this," she said.

"The analyst really like that idea, and the analyst's buddy," Chuck added.

"Any chance the analyst's buddy could call his ex?" Morgan asked.

"It's fine, Morgan," Sarah said as Forrest and Casey rushed off. Beckman cut the feed and Morgan pulled Chuck over to the side. Morgan looked around, fooling no one, to make sure they weren't being listened to.

"I have it on good authority that your sister and girlfriend are going wedding shopping," Morgan said.

"Good, they need to bond, and it will be a good time to get to know each other," Chuck said. Morgan looked at him like he was stupid.

"You really know nothing, do you?" Morgan asked. Chuck was a little taken aback. "Buddy, what's going to happen when Ellie gets ahold of your girlfriend, who's already trying to figure out how to be "Mrs. Bartowski," a little champagne from the dress fitting places, and trying different types of cakes?" Chuck's eyes grew wide.

"Oh, boy," he said.

"Buddy, you'll be lucky she doesn't propose to you," Morgan said.

"I'm good with that," Chuck replied. Morgan stared at him, and patted him on the arm.

"Yeah, I'm sure you are," he said, and started to walk away. "I'm sure Casey will never mention it ever, either." Horror filled Chuck's face.

"I've got to get a ring!" he said to Morgan. Morgan nodded.

"Listen, those two, they're onto me, but you need to run a play no one would think of," Morgan said.

"Have Casey help?" Chuck asked. Morgan stopped, thought, and shook his head.

"Even I didn't think of that one," he replied. "No, get Awesome, those two will never see that coming." Chuck nodded, grinning.

"I gotta go, good luck, Buddy," Morgan said, taking off. Chuck nodded, and headed off to find Awesome. Sarah intercepted him.

"Hey," she said, regret already on her face. "I kinda need you to stay here in the cell for a bit."

"Whaaaa?" Chuck said.

"This whole Triad thing with Morgan and Anna could tie back to you, and I promised Ellie I'd do wedding stuff with her today, and you don't want me to break my promise to her, do you?" Sarah asked. Chuck was silent for a second.

"Can I take my laptop?" he asked.

"Absolutely," she said, grinning. A few minutes later, she locked him into the cell. "It will only be a few hours, you have snacks and a private bathroom, and Devon is right here if you need anything."

"I'll be fine, Sarah," Chuck said.

"Don't let him out, Devon," Sarah said. Devon nodded, and looked at Chuck.

"Don't you think you're being a little overprotective here, Sarah?" Devon asked.

"Nope, he can't ever stay in the car so I have to do what I have to do," she said, smiling.

"Love you, Babe."

"Love you," Chuck replied. She left the room. "She's right you know," Chuck said, pulling up his laptop, typing furiously. The door slid open. "Now, we have to go."

"Chuckster!" Devon said.

"Come on, Awesome," Chuck said. "Do you want Sarah to buy a ring?" Devon slumped his shoulders and Chuck took off. Devon smile, pulled out his cell phone, and sent a text. He quickly followed Chuck. They jumped in the car, and took off for a ring store, never noticing the car tailing them.

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"Since when do you need glasses, Devon?" Chuck asked.

"I don't need them, but I'm trying to hide," Devon replied.

"You're that scared of Ellie?" Chuck asked. Devon gave him a look. Chuck pressed his lips together, and nodded. "Gotcha."

"The one to the left, Devon," Ellie's voice came into his ear. He looked over at the ring and looked up in time to see Chuck watching him.

"You know what would really help," Chuck said, looking at Devon. "If Sarah were here. I mean all I want to do is tell her how I feel and give her whatever ring she wants."

Ellie looked over at Sarah who was trembling. Ellie grabbed her arm and shook her head.

"You know what I'd say to her right now?" Chuck asked. Devon stood there, not sure what to do, and his earpiece was silent. "I'd tell her that I got the greatest birthday present ever last year. Bryce sent this thing that turned my life upside down, but not in the way he thinks. Not in the way the government thinks. Not in the way most people think. I got to meet Sarah freaking Walker, the kindest, most caring, loving woman, that is also the baddest, most kick-ass person you will ever know, and she loves me. Man, she loves me, Chuck, a nerd, with all sorts of issues and problems, but she loves me. All I want to do is spend the rest of my life with her, so if she were here," Chuck stopped because he heard cars screeching outside. Devon had his hand on his ear trying to pull something out. He pulled out an earpiece, looked over, and saw Chuck grinning. The door burst open, Sarah standing there, eyes wide, Ellie behind her begging her not to, and then just throwing her hands up.

"Something you want to say to me, Chuck?" Sarah asked, tears in her eyes.

"Yeah," Chuck said, sinking down to one knee. "Sarah, I know you and I live very different lives, and I know over the past few months we've found this nice mix, but what I love the most is how much you've let me in, you've let me be part of your world. I have a problem, Sarah, I need to be in your world everyday. You warned me this could happen, and I can tell you I'm glad it did. If you'd let me, I'd like to be your permanent baggage handler, your friend, your nerd, and your husband. Sarah Walker, will you change your name one more time, and marry me?" Tears were flowing down her eyes.

"Yes, Chuck," she said, cupping his face with her hands. "Yes, I'll marry you." The entire store exploded into applause, and Chuck realized what he had done. Sarah pulled him to his feet, and kissed him soundly. Chuck really didn't care about the PDA.

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"Triad members were all locked up thanks to Chuck's flashes," Sarah said, beaming.

"Anything else, Sarah?" Beckman asked grinning.

"Just working on my wedding," Sarah said. "The non-cover, I'm in love with Chuck Bartowski wedding." Beckman nodded. Sarah skipped off.

"Permission to shoot Bartowski, General?" Casey asked.

"Which one?" she replied wirily. She turned to Ellie. "Congratulations on the plan."

"That was a disaster," Casey said. Ellie turned to him a grin on her face.

"Was it, Casey?" Ellie asked. "The goal was for my brother to purpose to my future sister."

"Okay, mission accomplished, but not how you drew it up," Casey said, smugly. Ellie's grin grew. The smile fell off of Casey's face. "That's how you planned it."

"Chuck's a smart guy," Ellie said. "You don't think he wouldn't figure it out, especially those stupid glasses I had Devon wear?"

"Dear God, I didn't think this mission could get any more Bartowskified than it already has," Casey said. "So what's next?"

"A wedding," Ellie said, grinning.

A/N: Okay, I'm not quitting on any fic, but I'm going to work more on Casey & Walker because I'm "feeling" that one right now. Nothing is abandoned and I'll keep posting as stuff hits me. If you have any ideas on anything, let me know, because all it takes is one little spark to set things off sometimes. Hope you liked it, reviews and PMs are always welcomed...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 14: Ch 14, It's Over

A/N: This fic has gotten out of hand, it's time to end it...it's Ch 14, It's Over

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and I'm sorry for what I'm about to do...no I'm not....

"Are you absolutely sure, Chuck?" Sarah asked. Tears were in her eyes. "We do this, there's no going back."

"We have to, we can't keep living like this," Chuck replied. "I know what you want, but we have to, I can't do this anymore." Sarah nodded, straightened, and reached over to adjust her fiancé's tie one last time.

"I'll tell Beckman," she said. "She'll get the paperwork started. Are you sure? Because there is no changing your mind."

"I'm positive," Chuck said. "Let's go."

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I would never ask you to do this by yourself," Chuck replied, following her out the door.

"Buddy, are you sure about this?" Morgan asked.

"Never been more sure," Chuck replied.

"But, Dude, you can't end it like this," Morgan nearly pleaded. Chuck stopped, and so did Sarah as they turned to face Morgan.

"Look, it's not going to change that much," Chuck said. "You and Casey are still going to be just across the courtyard."

"And Alex," he grumbled. Sarah's eyebrow shot up.

"Really," she said, talking about anything to calm the pit of dread in her stomach.

"Yeah, they're going at it like rabbits, and Casey is more vocal than I ever imagined," Morgan said, and started to the briefing room. Chuck and Sarah stood there a second both blinking.

"You ready?" Chuck asked. Sarah looked at him.

"I'm just so scared," she admitted.

"I know, this changes a lot, but at the same time it doesn't," he said. "Trust me?"

"Always," she said, nodding. "Trust me?"

"Til the ends of the Earth mah dear," he said. Sarah laughed, took his hand and led him into the conference room.

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A few hours later

"Casey, you alright?" Chuck asked. Casey looked at him.

"I should be asking you that," Casey replied. "You're awful calm."

"Things happen," Chuck replied. "That's the spy life." Casey grunted. "I meant about Alex." Casey gave him an "are you stupid" look.

"Bartowski, spies don't fall in love," Casey said. Chuck looked over his shoulder at Sarah who was playing the role of a server.

"Really?" Chuck said, a grin covering his face. Casey looked at Sarah who was smiling, and holy hell, was she blushing? Casey shook his head.

"Let me correct myself, I don't know what in the hell you did to her but the best spies don't fall in love," Casey said.

"If you ask him nicely, I'm sure he can show you," Sarah said over the coms. "Plus I can still kick your ass, Casey." Chuck just drank his drink, grinning.

"I need brain bleach for that," Casey muttered.

"Serves you right for what you did to poor Morgan," Chuck said. Casey grinned, and grunted a laugh. "Seriously Casey, you've been watching Alex more than I've ever seen you during an op." Casey quit fake wiping the counter, placed both hands on the bar and glared at Chuck.

"She's my partner, it's what we do for each other," Casey growled. "Now either help me, or leave me alone, because someone needs to watch her, since apparently you can't."

"I'm watching her reflection off that mirror behind you, the way Sarah taught me," Chuck said, enjoying watching Casey nearly melting down. Casey looked confused, looked behind him, then back to Chuck, studied him, and grunted.

Good job, Bartowski," Casey said, begrudgingly. "Looks like Sarah finally rubbed off on you."

"That's what he said," Sarah replied, grinning. Chuck nearly spit out his drink, laughing. He then looked in the mirror and flashed. Casey saw and brought him a glass of water.

"Signal her to activate her com, we have a problem," Chuck said. "The info is in the belt buckle." Casey kept an eye on Forrest until she looked their direction. Casey subtly tugged his ear, and Forrest, laughing at a joke, bent her head to the side, touched the wig, activating it.

"Casey," she whispered.

"The mark has what we need in the belt buckle," Casey said.

"Forrest, find out what room he's in, tell him you'll meet him there later, Sarah and I will break in, and when he comes in tranq him," Chuck said. Casey nodded at him, not saying anything, but the thanks was in his eyes. "Aw, crap," he muttered as the next flash hit him. "Wow that was a brain freeze from that water."

"Chuck," Casey growled.

"Two Fulcrum agents," Chuck said.

"Forrest, get that belt buckle, however you have to," Casey said with a pained expression on his face.

"This must be bad, he didn't even tell me to stay at the bar," Chuck muttered.

"Maybe he knew that someone else would," Sarah's voice came over the earpiece. "If you leave."

“What?” Chuck asked, grinning.

“Don’t find out,” she said. Chuck gulped.

“Are you kidding me,” he muttered. “Sarah you have a situation, the mark is coming your way, apparently you’re more his type, sorry, Forrest.”

“Not a problem,” Forrest replied.

“Hullo, beautiful,” the mark said. “I think I could use some personal service.” Sarah laughed.

“Has that line every worked?” Sarah asked. The mark shrugged, not one bit ashamed. Sarah wiggled her left hand in his face. “Sorry, happily married.”

“How can you know, you’ve never been with me,” the mark said.

Chuck groaned, threw back what was left of his drink, spun his chair, muttered, “Sorry, Sarah,” and walked over to them. “I’m sorry, Sir, but I think the lady has made it clear she wishes to be left alone.” Sarah had an unreadable look on her face. The mark looked around and walked/pushed Chuck a little bit away from Sarah.

“Don’t get involved,” the mark said. “I’m Cole Barker, MI-6.” Chuck flashed, and shook his head. “You okay?”

“Oh, I’m great,” Chuck said. “Got any ID?” Cole just stared at him.

“I’m undercover,” he said.

“Good, because I’m Charles Carmichael, NSA, CIA, and BTW, you just got PWNed,” Chuck said, grinning. Cole gave him a strange look.

“What my partner is trying to say is, why are you digging up graves?” Sarah asked.

“And why are two Fulcrum agents on their way here?” Forrest added, having joined the pow wow. Cole gulped.

“Bloody hell, all of you?” he asked. They all nodded. “I have a contact to meet to get the device needed to read the chip in my belt buckle.”

"I'm on the roof, under fire!" Casey yelled. Everyone took off to the roof, with Sarah trying to make sure she has Chuck covered. When they get to the roof, there was a helicopter there, loaded with a machine gun. The helicopter fired pinning all four behind a car.

"When I flash, yank me down," Chuck says to Sarah. Her eyes bug out as he stood, looked at the helicopter, and machine guns, and began to flash. Sarah grabbed him yanking him down.

"Is he crazy?" Cole asked.

"No, in love," Forrest retorted, glaring at Cole. Chuck shook it off, and looked at the two weapons Cole was carrying.

"Hand me your guns," Chuck said.

"No, I can shoot the gas line, knocking the helicopter down," Cole said.

"Yes, you could, which will probably make it fall to the street, killing innocents, or I could try it my way, taking out the machine guns and the rotor, making it have to land," Chuck retorted.

"You can do that?" Sarah asked. Chuck nodded. She shoved the guns into his hands, grabbed him by the lapels, and pulled him into a scorching kiss, surprising even Cole. "If you die, I'll haunt you."

"One, it's hard to concentrate when you do that, two, I think you have it the wrong way around," Chuck said. Sarah stared at him. "You know what, I'm wrong," he said. He gave her an eyebrow waggle, flashed, shook his head, clearing it, grinned, stood, and began to fire. He took out the machine gun first, and then the rotor. The helicopter was forced to land and the occupants all got out, with their hands raised. He felt her beside him before he heard her.

"That one of Ellie's upgrades?" she asked. Chuck nodded. "Adrenaline?" He nodded again. "A shoot out like that can do that."

"I was thinking about earlier, and that kiss, and maybe later," Chuck said. Sarah grinned.

"Now I'm feeling the adrenaline," she admitted.

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"Good work, team," Beckman said. "The upgrades seemed to work perfect."

"Yes ma'am, they did," Chuck admitted. "I am worried about Agent Barker."

"I have been assured by his superiors that we can trust him," Beckman said. "His record is remarkable." Sarah snorted. Beckman looked at her.

"Sorry, I was think about a different sort of record," Sarah replied. Beckman chuckled.

"I apologize but until this part is done, I'm going to need you two on standby," Beckman said. Chuck nodded.

"We aren't locked into Carmichael Solutions or anything are we?" Chuck asked.

"NO!" everyone but Sarah replied. Chuck and Sarah looked at everyone.

"What we mean to say is, you two could go home and do whatever it is you want," Ellie said with the biggest grin on her face.

"You're vibrating, Ellie," Chuck said. Ellie didn't care.

"Chuck, you and Sarah go debrief Cole, and keep your phones on," Beckman said. She stopped before she closed the connection. "Are you two okay?" Chuck and Sarah shared a look.

"We're great," Sarah replied, smiling. Chuck nodded, a stupid grin on his face. Beckman nodded and logged off. The two headed into a different conference room where Barker was. They debriefed him, and once they were done, there was a call for Chuck. He went to answer it leaving the two alone.

"That was well done back there at the hotel," Barker said. "Nice cover."

"What cover?" Sarah asked, looking at her ring. "I'm married."

“To who?” Barker asked. Sarah just smiled. “Chuck?” She nodded.

“As of a few hours ago, I am a married woman,” Sarah replied. “Our honeymoon got interrupted by your graverobbing.”

“Well, you’re welcome,” he said, grinning. Sarah had a confused look on her face. “I kept you from consummating it, and now you can get back to being a spy.” Sarah had a salacious grin on her face.

“Cole, we’ve consummated it,” she replied. Chuck walked back in the room. Cole stared at him and shook his head.

“Well done,” he said. Chuck gave Sarah a look. She shook her head.

“So that was Beckman, and I have a plan,” Chuck said. The two were intrigued.

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“Chuck,” Sarah said, her feet on the coffee table, totally relaxed.

“Yes, Mrs. Bartowski,” Chuck answered. Sarah beamed at him.

“I’m sorry about the cold feet this morning after I had all but bullied you into marrying me,” Sarah said, taking his hand.

“Sarah, you weren’t the only one that was scared, but I just couldn’t not be Mr. Walker one minute more,” Chuck said, making her smile even brighter.

“That was an amazing idea you had today,” Sarah said, snuggling up against him, them both just in robes on their couch. Chuck had an idea that the item taken from Cole might be trackable so Chuck decided to hack it, while locked into the secure holding cell at Carmichael Industries. The Fulcrum team couldn’t get in, and Casey’s Tac team took them down before they were really sure what had happened. They were so precise, they managed to stop any Fulcrum agents from taking ricin and killing themselves. Beckman had declared it a win. Chuck requested Cole stay around because he was worried Cole would be a target after the hit Fulcrum had taken. Beckman agreed, called MI6 and had cleared it. Casey and Alex were currently babysitting Cole, allowing Chuck and Sarah to enjoy their “honeymoon.” “Oh,” Sarah said, a thought entering her mind. She walked

over pulled out her purse and handed Chuck a file. "You need to sign this," she said. Chuck looked over the papers. It was very simple, he and Sarah were married, and her permanent assignment was to be stationed with her husband. Chuck looked at her.

"You know, I do feel a little bad," he admitted. Sarah stared at him. "God forbid something happen to us, but if we did get a divorce you'd be stuck here."

"Chuck, I'm not getting a divorce, and I'm not stuck, I want to be here," Sarah said. Chuck went over and got a blank piece of paper, wrote something on it, and handed it to her. She looked at it. "A prenup, Chuck?" she said, not looking happy. "A. What the hell, B. It's a bit late."

"Just read it," Chuck said, grinning. She glared at him for a second.

"I, Chuck Bartowski...." She looked up at him, tears in her eyes and snatched the pen from him. "Will never contemplate a divorce," she said softly. She signed it. "Signed Chuck Bartowski and Sarah Walker." She stared at him for a second. "That's the last time I ever sign anything Sarah Walker," she said, grinning. She scooted over, and molded herself against his side. "I never thought I'd be here. Thank you."

"Anytime, Sarah, and to be fair, I sometimes wondered if we would myself," Chuck admitted. "So how do you feel about a train across Europe as our honeymoon?" Sarah sat up and looked at him, her eyes shining.

"I would looove that," she said. "But," she began sighing.

"Fulcrum," Chuck said. Sarah nodded.

"Fulcrum," she agreed. "And then, happily ever after."

"Sarah, should I try and get the Intersect out of my head?" Chuck asked.

"I mean, we're not ready to start a family right his second are we?" Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head. "I'm on protection duty for now on, your sister and brother-in-law have perfect cover jobs, and if we did decide to have a family, I would just not be in the field and you could just stay with me being an analyst. It's all in those papers you need to sign."

"Any reason I shouldn't sign any of them?" Chuck asked. Sarah kissed him.

"No, Sweetie," she said. "I said I'd protect you and that means from the NSA, CIA, or whatever other alphabet soup they throw at you. If there was something in there, I'd tell you." Chuck pulled the pen out, and signed everything. He leaned over to kiss her when his and her phone both went off. "Duty calls."

"That's right, and when we get home, you have husbandly duties to perform," Sarah said, gently bopping him on the nose.

"One question?" he asked, smiling. "I know if I do them wrong I have to do them again, but if I do them right, can I do them again anyway?" Sarah's cheeky grin gave him the answer.

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Sarah was sitting in Carmichael Solutions, when Ellie came in holding a glass of wine for both of them.

"I love my brother but the fact he can sprain his ankle celebrating after bringing down a cell..." Ellie trailed off, shaking her head.

"Hey, quick question, do you see any reason Chuck should get the Intersect out of his head?" Sarah asked. Ellie shook her head.

"I made some fixes, added what I call an internal governor, we've added some skills," Ellie said. "He's in no danger physically from it, and I've seen the paperwork, he can switch to just being an analyst any time he wants." She studied Sarah for a moment, smiling. "Thinking about the next step?" she asked. Sarah shrugged. "Forget Chuck, what about you?"

"I like Carmichael Solutions," Sarah admitted. "Even if the CIA and NSA pulled out I think this whole team could do some good. I like the idea of using my international badguynery, Chuck's computer skills, and Casey and Forrest's spy skills. Heck, even Morgan is amazing at what he does, we have you and Devon for medical, I see no reason we can't do this for a while, and be safe."

"I agree," Ellie said. "As long as I say when someone needs to be shut down, you listen."

"I will for medical," Sarah said. Ellie looked at her, grinned, and they toasted.

"He has no idea we run this place, does he?" Ellie asked.

"None," Sarah admitted. Cole walked into the room. "Agent Barker."

"Agent Bartowski," he said, grinning. "I was wrong. You are a world class spy, and so is your husband." Sarah smiled and nodded her thanks. "You two led the capture of that entire cell, you have Dr. Busgang and you have a lead on the creator of the Intersect, although with your sister-in-law here, I'm not sure you need him." Sarah looked up at her sister.

"I mean he's welcome to listen to Ellie if she wants him to," Sarah said grinning. Ellie smiled back at her.

"Keep in touch, Agent Bartowski," Barker said. "Who knows, maybe when my MI-6 days are done, I could come work for you."

"Don't you mean Chuck?" Sarah asked. Cole gave them a look. "Don't tell him."

"Sarah, he's the Intersect, surely he knows," Barker said. Sarah took a drink of wine as her answer. Cole laughed and head out.

"Your mission as Sarah Walker is over," Ellie said. Tears came to Sarah's face. "He does anything stupid," she began.

"You'll have to get in line," Sarah said grinning. Casey walked in, looked at the two, and started to leave when Chuck entered the room. Casey just laughed.

"What's so funny?" Chuck asked. Casey shook his head.

"Bartowski, life as you know it is over, and you have no idea," Casey said.

"Yeah, I do, Casey," he said looking at the two most important women in his life." Casey clapped him on the shoulder.

"I suppose you do, Numbnuts."

A/N: Wait, you didn't think I meant the fic did you? I was going to wait until Ellie and Devon's wedding and do a double wedding, but it's me and you know I have absolutely no patience, so, there you go. Boy have I messed up season 3....hate that...Hope you liked it, reviews and PMs are always welcomed...Til next time!

DC

Chapter 15: Ch 15, With This Ring

A/N: Sorry this one has taken so long. There are multiple reasons, so let's begin. First, Grace is on Summer break, and I'm keeping her. The updates will slow on everything until August. She's only 11 once, and I'm going to enjoy my time with her.

Second, I have so screwed up canon in this fic so much that I've got to figure out how to even come close to doing these chapters. Answer is I can't, and trust me, I've tried so hard to keep this going but the format did this, while trying to stay true to the show. I have been pulling my hair out, and I really have no idea how to go forward, so instead of letting this hang in limbo....It is with a heavy heart I am announcing this is the last of this fic. Season 3, with this format is going to take a lot of work, and while I know what to do ep 1 of S 3 (They're on their honeymoon on a train going through Europe), after that, I'm not sure. I may come back to it down the road, but let's do it as a separate fic. So, we're at the end of this one. Sit back, relax, and enjoy Ch 15, With This Ring

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck,

"Mrs. Bartowski, that's an interesting new fragrance you're wearing," Chuck said suavely.

"It's called Ode de sewer," she replied. "I'm afraid you have some in your hair. Maybe we'll have to have a shower together to get rid of it all."

"Christ you two, I didn't come as close to throwing up in those sewers as I am right now," Casey grumbled. "Why don't you two go home and we'll call you if we need anything."

"Can't," Chuck replied. "Ellie is wanting me to try and find Orion." Casey grunted a laugh.

"Orion?" Casey said. "The same Orion that was the CIA's top computer wiz? That Orion? Good luck."

"Casey, did you ever watch the movie Swordfish?" Morgan asked. Casey nodded.

"I've seen it," Sarah said. Chuck looked away.

"It's based on him," Morgan said, nodding at Chuck.

"Seriously?" Casey said. "I thought that movie was based on Piranha." Casey looked at Chuck. "No."

"Yep," Morgan replied. "Chuck is Piranha." Sarah turned toward him.

"Really," she said. Chuck nodded. "Why didn't you ever tell me?"

"I never really thought about it," Chuck replied. "Besides, it's not like I really hid anything, I've always been open with my computer abilities."

"So are you going into the office?" Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head.

"I have all I need here to try and find him," Chuck replied, heading toward their apartment. Sarah watched him head that direction. Casey leaned down to Morgan.

"We may need earplugs tonight," he said. "She's got that look in her eye." He paused. "Morgan, there was a scene in that movie."

"Total Hollywood there buddy, total Hollywood," Morgan said as they watched Sarah walk toward the apartment. "She knows that, right?" They both look at each other, and then turn and head toward their apartment.

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"So let me get this straight, you've made contact with Orion and he's supposed to be sending a laptop?" Ellie asked.

"Yep," Chuck answered. "Why do you need Orion? I mean you have already upgraded the Intersect, unless you're making a new one."

"There are no current plans, Chuck, unless you are wanting to leave the program," Beckman answered. Chuck and Sarah shared a look.

"One day, General," Chuck said. Sarah nodded. Beckman smiled.

"I figured sooner, rather than later," Beckman said. "When it's over, would you be interested in keeping Carmichael Solutions open and working as an analyst?" Chuck

looked over at Sarah. "Of course Sarah would remain there, in charge of security and continuing to bring in normal business."

"Forrest and Casey?" Chuck asked.

"They would be the team in the field, and perhaps we put the new Intersect there at Carmichael Solutions," Beckman said. "It's just a thought. We hate to lose you, Chuck, but I understand your reluctance to be in the field."

"Do you need an Intersect in the field, General?" Sarah asked. Beckman paused.

"That would be ideal, but perhaps the way the Intersect is designed is not the way it was intended to be used, and that is why finding Orion would be ideal," Beckman said.

"I have a delivery for a Charles Bartowski," a voice came from behind them. Everyone spun.

"Pancakes," Ellie said. "You were going to make pancakes!" She stormed from the room. Sarah looked at Chuck.

"Sarah, meet my father," Chuck said. Chuck turned to Stephen. "Dad, this is my wife, Sarah. Where the hell have you been?"

"I had to hide, but it was getting to dangerous," Stephen explained. "I brought you a laptop."

"Why would you have Orion's laptop?" Chuck asked, as a thought dawned on him. He looked at Stephen. "You're Orion?"

"Sorry, Son, guess I should have told you sooner."

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"Is Ellie okay?" Casey asked. Chuck looked at him. The burnout NSA agent would protect the Bartowski's at this point if it wasn't his job, and that included the ear-splitting Ellie. Chuck knew Ellie legit scared Casey, but he respected her, and his asking was genuine concern.

"Yeah, best I can tell," Chuck said. "She's getting herself together. Beckman and my father are talking about something, apparently, they go way back. How did your mission go?"

"Piece of cake," Casey said. "I planted the bug, Devon performed the surgery, and the patient is doing fine."

"Dude, your dad is losing it," Morgan said. Chuck and Casey turned to him, Morgan was holding a tech show brochure that featured Roark Industries that Stephen had been railing about. Chuck flashed on it. "Uh...did I do that?"

"Casey, let's go talk to Beckman," Chuck said.

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"We'd send you in as an employee, Chuck, but no one would believe it," Beckman said. "You're too well known at what you do." Casey rolled out the plans for Roark Industries. Stephen began to look at it carefully.

"Uh, son, why does Roark have a full-scale Intersect?" Stephen asked.

"What did you say?" Beckman asked, pulling off her glasses. Stephen looked up and then pointed at the plans.

"That's an Intersect, a full-scale one," Stephen said. Chuck and Sarah shared a look.

"Dad, if we could take that out?" Chuck began.

"You'd hurt Fulcrum, that's for sure," Stephen said. Everyone looked at him. "Oh, come on, you have to know Roark is behind Fulcrum. Everything he makes, I made first!"

"So your dad isn't crazy?" Morgan whispered. Chuck grimaced and shrugged one arm. "That's not exactly a ringing endorsement."

"Let's just say I'm not sure, and leave it at that," Chuck said.

"This just became a full-fledge military strike," Beckman said. "Team Bartowski are to sit this one out." The screen cut off. The screen came back on. "Major Casey!"

"Yes ma'am!" he said.

“Meet me at Camp Pendleton in three hours, and bring your trigger finger,” she said, cutting off the screen.

“Yes Ma’am!” he said, grinning. Sarah leaned over to Chuck.

“That’s the happiest I’ve ever seen him,” she said.

“I almost feel sorry for Fulcrum...almost,” Chuck said, grinning.

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“Are you sure we can’t go attack the super-secret deadly Fulcrum base?” Chuck whined to Sarah.

“No, you will stay here like a good brother and help Ellie with this wedding,” Sarah said. Chuck turned to his father.

“Don’t look at me,” Stephen said. “You married her. By the way, welcome to the family, Sarah.”

“Thank you, Stephen,” Sarah beamed at him.

“Sarah, it’s Dad,” Stephen said. He was suddenly being crushed by a blur of blonde.

“Sarah, don’t break my father,” Chuck said. Ellie came rushing in.

“Chuck, Dad, Beckman needs proof she before launches a strike against that facility, can you two hack in and find anything?” Ellie asked. Father and son turned toward each other, grinned, and rushed out of the room.

“Why didn’t Beckman ask earlier?” Sarah asked.

“Oh, Beckman didn’t,” Ellie replied. “They were just whining too much and I wanted us to do this together.” Sarah smiled, and sat down beside her. “I’m going to be married, Dad is going to walk me down the aisle, it will be perfect.” Sarah had been a spy for a long time, and she knew Ellie was lying.

“Ellie,” Sarah said softly, laying a hand on her arm. “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t want this!” she cried, and fell against Sarah. Sarah sighed and put her arms around her sister. It wasn’t that long ago that Sarah Walker would have run from this.

She would have left as quick as she could to get away from all these emotions, but that Sarah was long gone. She had been Bartowskified, and she was glad. Chuck told her all of this was inside her and it was her doing. Sarah didn't agree, but at the least, his family had helped her come to terms with the person inside of Sarah.

"What do you want, Ellie?" Sarah asked softly, stroking the brunette's hair.

"A beach wedding," Ellie said between sobs. "My family and friends, and that's it, nothing fancy, nothing special, but there is no way we can get it done. The wedding is just a few days away. This is what Honey wants, not me." Sarah sat her jaw. No one, and she meant NO ONE did a Bartowski this way and got away with it.

"Ellie Bartowski, Sarah Bartowski never fails a mission, especially when it involves her sister," Sarah said. She got up, turned on the monitor and Beckman came on.

"Agent Bartowski, is something wrong?" Beckman asked.

"Yes, General, Ellie Bartowski's wedding has been hijacked by the Very Awesomes, and she would like a beach wedding," Sarah said. Beckman took off her glasses.

"Sarah Bartowski, are asking me to use my clout to pull strings and give Ellie the wedding she deserves?" Beckman asked.

"That is exactly what I am asking, General," Sarah said. Beckman grinned, cracked her knuckles, and started pulling files.

"I'm in," she said. She threw one file up on the screen. "This," she began as Chuck walked into the room. She saw his face. "Chuck, did you just flash?"

"General, that man is Fulcrum!" Chuck said.

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"I owe you my ass, Bartowski," Casey said. Chuck shrugged.

"Casey, you're my friend, I'm just glad I saw the files in time," Chuck replied. "Did we get them all?" Casey grinned evilly.

"Every. Last. One," he said. Chuck shivered. "How many files did you go through?" Chuck gave him a look. "Every one?" Chuck nodded. "Explains why you look like hell." Chuck grunted, and Casey gave him a grin. "You're a good guy, Bartowski."

"You're okay yourself, Casey," Chuck replied. "I just hate the guys who could have helped Ellie with the wedding were Fulcrum." Casey picked up his glass of Johnny Walker and threw it back.

"Chuck, don't worry, Ellie is going to get her dream wedding," Casey replied. The monitor kicked on. "General," he said nodding toward the monitor. The team came in.

"Team, we've caught all of Fulcrum," Beckman said. "We have destroyed their Intersect, we have won, however, it seems that there might be more than we realized. Fulcrum might be a piece of the bigger picture." Chuck looked over at Sarah. "Chuck, your team has been a lifesaver, and while I am willing to let you walk away," she paused. "Who am I kidding, I couldn't stop any of you if I tried, and for the record, I wouldn't try."

"General, we talked about the Intersect not being on the front line, on Sarah and I being in the van so to speak, why can't that continue, and we go in the field when only absolutely necessary?" Chuck asked. Beckman looked surprised.

"General, Ellie and I have some idea for upgrading the Intersect even more, and let's be honest, it's never going to work on anyone else," Stephen added. Ellie looked at him. "Eleanor should remain in charge of the Intersect project, though. I see it as a computer program, she understands how it works in the brain, and that was my problem, and why I...well...short-circuited for a lack of a better word."

"Dad," Chuck said, worried. Stephen shook his head and held up his hand.

"Now, now, I'm fine, just some minor issues and Eleanor thinks maybe we can fix them, and even if we can't, I'm okay," Stephen insisted. Chuck looked at Ellie, who nodded. Chuck relaxed. "I came back because I was worried the two of you were being used, but it's clear to me that this is a joint partnership and you two seem to actually be in control."

"They are Stephen," Beckman said.

"Two conditions, General," Sarah said. "We fight this new group," she trailed off.

"The ring" Beckman said.

"So they like horror movies," Chuck said. Sarah snickered.

"We fight the Ring, with the same agreement, and you help Ellie," Sarah said.

"Agreed," Beckman said, grinning.

"AND," Sarah added. "Chuck and I get a three-week honeymoon."

"How do you feel about riding a train through Europe?" Beckman asked. Chuck and Sarah turned to each other, and grinned. "We need someone to ride the rail and let us know how it stacks up security-wise, service-wise, and the ability to meet our needs for remote meetings."

"General, that would take me two hours, tops," Sarah said. Beckman shrugged.

"Sarah, it will take you ten minutes, and I need someone to travel it the entire way," Beckman said, a grin on her face. "And, if after you've completed what I need done, if you two should stay in your room the rest of the trip, well, you've earned it."

"Please say yes," Chuck begged.

"Yes," Sarah said, grinning. "Now, about Ellie..."

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"Do you feel like you didn't get a proper wedding?" Chuck asked, helping Sarah zip up the back of her dress. She turned toward him, gave him a smile, and a kiss on the cheek.

"You're sweet," she said, sincerely. "Chuck, before I met you, I never thought I could be married, I never thought anyone could forgive me for everything I've done to be married, I never thought anyone could love me. Because I never let anyone see me. Chuck, I've got what I need, if you need a fancy wedding, I would do it, but I got a proper wedding." She paused. "Is this about me, about you, or about Morgan?" Chuck looked away, amazed and a little scared she had figured this out.

"Morgan is a little miffed," Chuck admitted. Sarah rolled her eyes. "He had all these plans about a church and being the officiant and the limo driver."

"Your serious," Sarah said. Chuck shrugged.

"What can I say, he took being my heterosexual life partner very seriously," Chuck said. He grinned and looked away. Sarah raised her eyebrow. She walked over to him, smoothed his tux, not that it needed it, and straightened his tie.

"Spill it, Chuck," she said. "Now."

"Are you okay not being in the field? Are you ever going to want to leave the CIA?" he asked, scared of the answers. Sarah shrugged.

"I'll leave tomorrow if you want me to," Sarah said. "Do I enjoy it? Yes. With Beckman letting us do what we want, I see no real reason to quit, but if it's something that you really want me to, I would. Chuck, I'm happy, and I understand it's important to you that I'm happy, but you need to hear something. I fell in love with you, Chuck Bartowski, regular guy, and I can figure out how to do a regular job if I need to. Chuck, I love you, and whatever we do, as long as I'm with you, I'm happy."

"Even when I spout on at night when you really just want me to shut up?" Chuck asked. Sarah bit the inside of her cheek to try and hold back the grin.

"Chuck when a woman has multiple orgasms, you don't need to ask her if she liked what you did," she said, patting his cheek, and walking outside. Chuck turned red, his brain melted down, and by the time it restarted, he had to hurry to catch up with her.

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"Do you want to dance?" Sarah asked.

"You know I do," Chuck answered. They danced, no Intersect, just two people, Chuck and Sarah, in love. Chuck looked around the courtyard. "You know things could have been a lot different if I had done what Bryce had wanted me to do not too long ago."

"I have a feeling we'd of gotten here eventually," Sarah said. She swallowed. "I know this is going to sound corny, but I think we have one of those loves that we'd of found

each other, no matter what.”

“Jesus Christ, you have ruined a perfectly good spy, Bartowski,” Casey said, making Chuck jump.

“Thank you, Casey,” Chuck said, spinning toward him, as Sarah chuckled. Casey grinned, put a cigar in his mouth, shook his head.

“I was talking to Sarah,” he said, walking off. Sarah grinned. Chuck turned to her, shock on his face.

“Did he just say...did he...am I?” Chuck babbled.

“Yes, Chuck, he said you’re a good spy, and he called me Sarah Bartowski,” she explained.

“What’s next Mrs. Bartowski?” Chuck asked.

“A honeymoon, Mr. Walker,” Sarah said, giving him the Bartowski eyebrow dance. “And then the Ring.”

“Seriously, the Ring?” Chuck said grinning. Beckman walked over to Stephen.

“Do they know about Mary?” Beckman asked. Stephen shook his head. She nodded.

“Ellie has everything on the Intersect, Stephen. We are not making them anymore. You’re right, only Chuck’s brain can handle it.”

“When do I tell them?” Stephen asked. “When do I tell them it’s my fault their mother has been gone all these years?” Beckman took a sip of her drink.

“Let them enjoy the honeymoon, when they return, we’ll get her back, Stephen,” Beckman said. “I’m going to fix this Bartowski curse, as you keep putting it, if it’s the last thing I do.”

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A few days later somewhere in Europe a train rolled along the tracks. The porter rolled his eyes. The couple in his car were ordering room service, again! Didn’t these two know there was a fully functional dining car? He knocked on the door and a tall curly headed

young man opened the door.

"Sir, you do know we have a dining car, right?" he asked.

"I do, we...we just enjoy our time in here," he said, a smile plastered on his face.

"At least let me cut the food for you," he said.

"I've got it," the blonde said that showed up beside him.

"Mrs. Bartowski here is quite good with knives, the best really," the curly headed man said.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Walker," Sarah said with a smile. The door shut. Hmph. Those two, they acted like they were honeymooning, but obviously they weren't married...or was it an affair? The porter shook his head and moved on. He had much to do, and from the sounds coming from that room, so did they.

A/N: My first attempt at messing with cannon is coming to an end here. I have set it up to continue, and if it does, no, Shaw won't come between them. (But really you know that) Thanks to atcDave for all the kind words and pub for this fic, thanks to Angelgurl0 for always having my back, and thanks to all of you readers. The PMs, reviews, and all the comments filled my heart with joy like you'll never know. Will this continue in another fic? I don't know. I don't know right now how to do it. That doesn't mean tonight it won't hit me. We'll call it Chuck and Sarah vs the Ring if it does. I seriously am going to miss this one, I really hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it. Reviews and PMs are always welcomed...Til next time!

DC