

Life In A Small Town - The Betrayal

by David Carner

Chuck, Sarah, baby Stephen, Sadie....what in the world could go wrong?

Rated: T · Genre: Adventure

A/N: Oh....you're...you're here. Look, I get it, there are things you expect out of life, like for me to welcome you with some good ole southern hospitality, even if it is questionable if Kentucky is in the South. But...but you see...well...we've been shaken to our core. And- and it came from someone...well...dadblast it...it came from someone we'd never expect it from. You...you think you know someone...and...

And you find out you were wrong about them.

Who am I talking about? Well, see, that's what hurts. The person...the MAN that betrayed us...he was one of Sadie's own...wasn't born here of course, but we took him in during his darkest times.

Chuck...Chuck Bartowski. He betrayed us....How? Well....have a seat. Let me tell you.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck.

"How's Stephen?" Ellie asked Sarah. The two were talking by zoom like they did most nights. Not every night, but several times a week. Ellie thought it was important her nephew hear her voice and see her face. She knew baby's eyesight was not that great, but she didn't care.

"He's fine," Sarah replied.

Ellie paused, and then asked. "And, Chuck?"

"He's fine," Sarah replied. Ellie tilted her head. "Ellie, he is."

"Sarah, that entire community is talking about him and his betrayal," Ellie began.

"Phyllis said that I was a good woman to stay with him after what he did," Sarah said, trying not to grin.

"I'm sure she did," Ellie said in a flat voice.

"Jerry said he's glad that I see about Damien now," Sarah continued, losing said earlier battle with grinning.

"You're talking about the same Jerry who walks his cat on a leash, right?" Ellie asked.

"And Bob says that everyone should have a spouse like me," Sarah finished, now just trying not to laugh.

"Bob," Ellie said flatly. "That same seventy year old Bob that doesn't believe in Mexicans, that the Earth is round, and wears his wife's-"

"Soon to be ex," Sarah corrected.

"Right, soon to be ex-wife's mu'umu'us because he misses her-"

"Did you know the pickle ball coach she ran off with was forty-five?" Sarah asked.

Ellie snorted. "Misses her," she continued, shaking her head, "and he wears them because," she put her hands in the air and used finger quotes, " 'wanted to feel closer to her.' " And put down her hands. She sat there a second. "Okay, I'm coming to Sadie."

"He claims he's alright," Sarah told Ellie.

"Is he?" Ellie asked.

"Ellie," Sarah said, fighting to keep her face straight. "You know I stand by my man no matter what, and if he says he's alright, than he is alright."

"He's a mess," Ellis muttered.

"Complete and utter mess," Sarah agreed, nodding. She looked down at Stephen. "Wave to Aunt Ellie," she told the little boy. Ellie cooed at him and waved. Stephen stared at the monitor as baby's are apt to do. "He needs his big sister."

"Okay, I'll be there tomorrow," Ellie said. "I have to rearrange a few things, but..."

"The Sunday School class is praying for me," Sarah said in the flattest tone she could muster, all while not trying to laugh."

Ellie rolled her eyes. "I'll see you tomorrow, love you, Sis."

"Love you, Ellie," Sarah said.

"Dinner is ready," Chuck said, sticking his head in the room. "Whenever you two are done."

"Is it burgoo?" Sarah asked. Chuck just looked at her, shook his head, and walked off.

"Too soon," Sarah said to Stephen. Stephen just belched.

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"Just give me the order to go, Lou," Chuck said softly, trying keep his voice down, and get in and out of the diner before someone said something else to him.

"Sit down, *Charles*," Lou told him.

Chuck blew out a breath, and sat. "Great, you're mad at me too," Chuck muttered.

"I am only mad at you, you big dunderhead, because you have quit coming around," Lou told him. "And I know why you have quit coming around." She looked around, and then lowered her voice. "I appreciate you trying to protect me, but you are my friend."

"I noticed you didn't say that too loud," Chuck replied, feeling amused for the first time in weeks.

"I have a business to run," she said, smiling and gently swatting him with the order pad that she never wrote on, and at this point Chuck thought was just a prop. "Gotta be careful with who I associate with."

Chuck looked over at Fred. "And you?"

"What do I care what you do as long as you don't hurt me?" Fred answered.

"Thanks, Fred," Chuck replied.

"If you want to blow your life up, that's your business, not mine," Fred continued, sipping his coffee. Chuck groaned, and Lou rolled her eyes. "I mean, we all thought you

were smart, and I get how you were tempted, with all you're dealing with--"

"All I'm dealing with?" Chuck asked, confused.

"New baby at home, wife in a motherly way," Fred continued. Chuck looked at Lou, confused. Lou just shook her head, no idea what Fred was going on about. "Makes sense you'd want to rebel. Do something out of character."

"What in the world are you talking about, Fred?" Lou asked. "You make it sound like he cheated on Sarah."

"Isn't it akin to it?" Fred asked.

"Naeiou," Sarah said, having just walked in and sat down beside Chuck. Chuck looked over at his wife and son, and his eyes went wide seeing his sister with them.

"Fred, you're smarter than that," Ellie said to him.

"Look, you forget yourself and where you came from," Fred told her. "What he did...." He trailed off and shook his head. "People have judged him."

"Chuck," Ellie said, ignoring Fred. "Would you please tell me in your own words what happened?"

"Philip went down to the stock yards in Hoptown," Chuck began.

"That's Hopkinsville," Fred added in to Ellie. "In case you forgot since you live in the big city now."

"Hush," Lou said, snapping her towel at him.

"Usually when he goes, we stop and get something to eat there, but with Stephen here, and Sarah and I sharing the work load of work and raising our son, we've been a little busy, so I didn't go," Chuck said.

"You mean to tell me this isn't the first time?" Fred asked.

"No," Chuck said. Fred shook his head.

"Chuck Bartowski," Sarah said in a low, faux-shocked voice, with her hand to her heart. Lou chuckled.

"Philip knew how much I missed it," Chuck said. "So, he brought it back."

"How much?" Fred asked.

"A gallon," Chuck admitted.

"A GALLON!?!?" Sarah said, her voice higher, still faux-shocked, and somehow seemed to have her hand against her chest harder.

"Yes," Chuck said standing. He saw the eyes on him. Everyone in the diner was staring at him. "I got a GALLON of Burgoo from The Woodshed in Hoptown." Eyes went wide. "And I ate every drop of it, and moreso."

"When has he ever said moreso?" Ellie whispered to Sarah.

"Never that I know of," Sarah replied. "And weirdly, I like it."

"Could be those mom hormones," Ellie said.

"Probably aren't," Sarah replied.

"Probably not," Ellie agreed.

"Moreso, I enjoyed every drop of it, and it is the best burgoo I ever ate."

You could hear the forks and other pieces of silverware that dropped out of people's hands.

"That does not mean that *Moonlight's* buroo is bad," Chuck continued. "It means that I, Chuck Bartowski, PERFER *The Woodshed*."

"Okay, this is kinda hot," Sarah whispered to Ellie.

"That's my brother," Ellie replied, grinning.

"That's my man," Sarah said.

"AND, before you judge me, I know the man who supplied it to me, has supplied it to other...In. This. Room," Chuck continued.

There were literal gasps.

"I'm not naming names...but I know," Chuck continued. "And may I point out that some of my loudest critics...I have defended you when others have said things, or even made fun of you."

"It's not the same," Bob said.

"Bob," Sarah said, having handed Stephen off to Ellie. "Enough." He stared at her. "First, that flower print is lovely, and I'd like to know where I can find it."

"It was in a catalog," Bob answered.

"Thank you," Sarah replied. "Do you remember when you went to the VFW for the fund raised and you were made fun of?"

"Yes," Bob said, his head down.

"What did my husband and Morgan do?" Sarah asked.

"They, and Big Mike, dressed up in women's clothing," he began.

"What?" Ellie asked, surprised and amused.

"They did look the last place finishers in the *Golden Girls* contest," Sarah said.

"Do you know how hard it is to find a dress that fits me properly at my height?" Chuck asked.

"So the dress wasn't supposed to be above your knee?" Bob asked.

"No, and I had to shave my legs because of it," Chuck added.

"The four of us went to the VFW, sang karaoke," Bob continued.

"What did the four of you sing?" Ellie asked.

"*We Are Family*," Chuck said to Ellie, giving her a look like it was obvious.

"And then we marched out of there like we owned the place," Bob said.

"And we won the competition that night," Chuck added.

"But...burgoo...from Hoptown?" Bob asked.

"Bob, it's more soup like," Chuck told Bob. "And...the ground pepper in there gives it a flavor."

"It does," Thelma said. Her eyes went wide as she realized what she had just admitted. "I mean..."

"You know what, he's right," Jerry said, standing up. Chuck shook his head at Jerry. "No, Chuck is absolutely right. There is not a medical reason that I walk my cat on a leash...at least not for my cat."

"Jerry," Chuck said gently. "It's...it's nobody's business."

"But we've made your business our business," Jerry told him. "I have anxiety, and Damien...he's my emotional support cat."

"Are those a thing?" Sarah asked Ellie. "Not to my knowledge," Ellie replied.

"Chuck gave me a doctor's note that the cat needed to be on a leash for abandonment issues," Jerry continued.

"Why do you have abandonment issues about the cat?" Fred asked.

"No, the cat has abandonment issues, not me," Jerry explained. "But the truth is...the truth is I'm afraid he's going to leave me."

"Chuck helped me too," Peter said.

"So you didn't lose your right leg to the gator in Florida?" Fred asked.

"No, I totally did," Peter said. "He helped me get out of that ticket with Lester and my mobility scooter."

"You can't get a ticket for speeding with a mobility scooter," Ellie said loudly this time.

"It wasn't for speeding," Peter said. He lowered his head. "I was drunk, and crashed into the sheriff's office." Everyone was quiet.

"And ran over Lester with my scooter," Peter said in a low voice.

"If ever anyone deserved it, it's Lester," Madge said. There were a lot of murmurs of agreement.

"Anything you want to tell, Madge?" Fred asked.

"Why would I have anything to say?" Madge asked.

"You have a house full of birds, you're one of the meanest people we know, and you have a dancing Jesus on the dashboard of your old El Camino," Fred pointed out. "If anyone has been helped out by Chuck Bartowski, it's got to be you."

Madge stood there, quietly.

"Chuck introduced me to her," Peter said.

"Not exactly what I meant," Fred began.

"We're in love and have been seeing each other for months," Madge told Fred. The place exploded.

"Well, seems I wasn't needed," Ellie said, a grin on her face. She turned to her nephew. "Or maybe I was just to see you."

"You know, there is someone here who hasn't come clean about something," Chuck said softly. Sarah gave him a look.

"Okay, okay," Fred said, standing up, hushing everyone. "I think we all need to admit something. The reason we're all a little mad is...we didn't get any burgoo from *The Woodshed*."

There were a lot of murmurs of agreement.

"Also....Philip has been supplying me with gallons of burgoo a month for years," Fred said.

It was at that moment that Peter pulled out a box from his bag that was on his mobility scooter, and the place exploded, and then went quiet as Peter proposed to Madge.

"Happy?" Fred grumbled.

"So, what you were saying earlier-" Chuck began.

"Eat it in the privacy of your own home," Fred admonished Chuck. "For crying out loud, boy. You can't eat it in your truck!"

"He needed a moment of peace and quiet," Sarah said gently. Fred looked over at Sarah.

"He just wanted to enjoy his burgoo, it was my idea."

"I see," Fred said. "And you didn't tell anyone-"

"Because he's Chuck," Sarah said, squeezing her husband's hand.

"The burgoo isn't better than anything I make, is it?" Lou asked.

"Lou," Chuck began. "Am I supposed to lie here?" She swatted him with her towel, grinning.

A/N: So...*chewing sounds* That's what happened *more chewing sounds* What do you mean, what is that container in my fridge? Look...the lesson here is we shouldn't judge. *chewing sounds* FINE! It's *Woodshed* burgoo! It's amazing! No, I am not going to share.

Come on back next time, and watch out for Lester, he's in a mood. I mean...he's breathing so, of course he's in a mood. Til next time friends.