

Chuck, trust your eyes

by nevr

Chuck had seen signs that Sarah was interested in him, but didn't believe them. Why would she be, he was nothing. A conversation with his sister made him wonder. This is early S2, but with a different sequence and some changes to dialogue.

Rated: T · Genre: Romance

A/N 1: This was my first solo fic. Published in March 2021. It seemed appropriate for it to be the first on here, too.

A/N 2: Thanks to jwatkins for pre-reading this and giving me some great feedback, along with some ideas to enhance what I sent him. Any mistakes are all my fault, but this version is one that I updated after LetsGoRed spotted numerous mistakes and kindly sent me the details when I asked for them. Thanks to him, too.

***Disclaimer:* I don't own Chuck. If I did, it wouldn't have had THAT ending.**

Chuck, Trust Your Eyes

He knew he had a lot of self-doubt, a lot.

Who wouldn't when everything he did went wrong?

He'd lost his parents and knew that was his fault.

He hadn't managed to hold onto his girlfriend at Stanford, losing her when he was going to propose for God's sake! But then why would she stick around a loser when there were more attractive, successful guys, like Bryce.

He'd been stuck in a dead-end job at the Buy More for five years, with no prospects.

Now he had a super computer in his head and couldn't even use that properly!

And then there was being around Sarah. She was the most amazing woman he'd ever met and he'd fallen for her straight away. She wouldn't be interested in him. Would she? *Never.*

However, sometimes, under this cover relationship, it seemed she might be. *Don't be stupid*, he thought. His self-doubt was right!

He'd tried breaking up with Sarah. Well, fake breaking up from their fake relationship. He'd then tried dating someone else, Lou. That hadn't worked out, at all. It wasn't just the mission stuff. He knew the relationship wouldn't work - she'd see he wasn't right for her and would break up with him, another failure. However, he also knew she wasn't the one for him either.

He knew he had it bad, but also knew he had no chance with Sarah. She was way out of his league. She certainly wasn't interested in a failure. She could have anyone she wanted and that meant some muscle-bound, sophisticated super spy, not a skinny nerd with no future.

Then Bryce had returned, which just confirmed what he thought. He could never compete with Bryce. Knowing, as he did now, that Sarah and Bryce had been lovers also proved another thing - Bryce always gets the girl and Chuck never did. Sarah would go with Bryce if he asked, Chuck knew it.

Loser!

That Friday evening, when he told Ellie about this, she told him he was wrong about Sarah.

She thought they were dating, but he had explained that while Sarah saw him as someone fun to be around, she didn't see him as a romantic partner. "She's just not interested in me."

Ellie held his hand. "How she looks at you when she comes to dinner is not the look of someone uninterested in you, little brother."

He could tell she believed this, but he certainly didn't.

"You're wrong, El. She isn't interested in such a loser," he glumly replied.

A frustrated Ellie snapped at that. "Stop talking like that, Chuck. I've seen her looking at you when she's here for meals. That's not lack of interest. She's into you!"

He laughed at that, not a happy laugh. "You're just imagining it, El."

The conversation continued back and forth, with Ellie's frustration increasing.

Ellie pointed out numerous occasions where she'd seen Sarah watching Chuck when he was talking animatedly about some topic he was passionate about. He scoffed at every example and gave reasons that was not the case. He was visibly spiraling downhill in his pity party. Ellie was getting more and more frustrated with him. "You just aren't seeing it, Chuck. She's very interested!"

"There's nothing to see, El. She's not!" he angrily replied.

Her frustration had reached a crescendo. "Chuck, get your head out of your ass!" she angrily retorted.

She got up off the couch and then said something that he wasn't expecting. "Chuck, trust your eyes, not your neuroses."

She'd obviously had enough of talking to him and stormed out of the room.

He sat and thought about what she'd said. He did always doubt what was right in front of him. Is it really just his own thoughts that stop him from getting what he wants? Sarah's what he wants most. Could she really have feelings for him and he's denying it?

He understood that she had her own demons and didn't believe in herself. He always tried to help her with that, because she was better than she thought of herself. *God! She's perfect!*

Was he the same? Should he believe in himself more?

Most importantly, the thing he was now forcing himself to think again, did she really have feelings for him?

Trust your eyes, not your neuroses.

He thought back over what his eyes had shown him over the last year.

Sarah had kissed him in front of the Bryce bomb. That had definitely happened! She'd told him that was a mistake and he'd decided she'd kissed him because she wanted to be kissed when she died – he'd just been the only one around. What if it was because she was in love with him, like he was with her?

When he'd asked her, while she was under the influence of the truth serum, if they had a future together, she'd said no, but the look in her eyes hadn't matched that statement. He'd accepted that; it matched what he expected after all. What if she was resistant to the drug and just told him what her job required?

What he saw in her eyes when she had dinner with them did look more than just handler interest.

Maybe Ellie was right.

He decided to pay more attention going forward. He'd actually watch for her reactions, not just get wrapped up in his own thoughts. And self-doubts, he reminded himself.

It was Saturday morning and he had arrived at Sarah's apartment. He stood outside the door with a bag of chocolate croissants behind his back. He knew she liked these. *Was that all she liked?*

He knocked on the door. He could hear her moving and didn't want a gun or knife aimed at him, but did want to see her reaction to him turning up, so kept quiet. He hoped she would check who it was before opening the door.

When she pulled the door open, she gave him a big smile. "Chuck!" There was a twinkle in her eyes ... and she hadn't seen the croissants yet.

He showed her the bag. Her eyes changed while a big grin appeared. She certainly looked 'hungry'. "Are those for me or do I have to share them?" She was teasing, but there was definitely more in her eyes.

"I've come to feed you." he replied.

There was a flicker in her eyes as she replied without thinking. "I want you to feed me." The look showed a different hunger. Then she took stock of what she'd said and stepped back, with a neutral look, "Come in, Chuck."

He'd noticed this look before and had just thought she wasn't interested in him, but was trying to see things differently. *Trust your eyes, not your neuroses.* Now, he was spotting the transition. It was her putting on her "agent mask". When her guard was down, her mask off, he was seeing the real Sarah Walker. He must keep an eye out for that.

As they sat at her table facing each other, he opened the bag and watched her mask slip as she looked in. She looked up with glee. "Chocolate croissants?"

"I know they're your favorite, so I had to bring those. I'd bring you those every day if I could," he quietly spoke while looking deep into her eyes.

Her eyes glazed a little and a tear seemed to be forming and she then focused on him again. "Thank you, Chuck," she replied in a similar quiet tone.

They just gazed into each other's eyes for a few seconds, then he broke off a piece of one of the croissants and brought it up to her mouth. She instinctively opened and he popped it in with a big smile on his face.

She happily ate it and her eyes were shining. After she swallowed, she opened her mouth again. He laughed and broke off another piece and popped that in. She gave him a closed lipped smile and munched away.

After she'd finish two croissants, she sat back with her coffee. "Thank you, Chuck. That was very sweet of you." Her eyes implied more.

"Anyone in a cover relationship with you would do the same," he said and would normally look away at this point, but held her gaze.

"No. They wouldn't, Chuck." She continued to look into his brown eyes with those blue eyes he could sink into. "No one has ever looked after me like you do." As he looked at her, he could see she really meant it and her eyes told a story he'd never believed. *Trust your eyes, not your neuroses.*

He sat back as well. She was now in a world of her own. Her eyes had glazed over again. For once, he just sat quietly looking at her with a soft smile.

Then the shift happened again. The mask was back on. "Why did you come over, Chuck?"

"I just thought you'd like those. And I wanted to see if you'd like to go out for the day." He smiled at her again.

He watched the mask waver, but then came firmly back on. "Sorry, Chuck. I have mission reports to complete." That mask was solidifying – the walls going up.

"Okay. Your loss." He watched her as he got up. A disappointed look appeared before the mask was back in place.

As he walked back to his car he thought he must open his eyes when with her and not sink into his personal hell. And, definitely look before opening his mouth to spiral.

Trust your eyes, not your neuroses.

He felt guilty for making her attend the school reunion.

He'd done the usual, not doing what she'd told him to do. He should have stayed in Castle touching nothing when she'd gone up to the Orange Orange for a customer. He had found the monitors showing a woman with her, someone from her old school, and he had heard some of that conversation. So, he'd joined them, much to Sarah's annoyance. This time it was for purely selfish reasons. He wasn't trying to protect or save her, just wanted to know more about her past.

Afterwards, she was mad at him and made that very clear, but he tried to get her to see a good reason to go. "Sarah, I'm sorry for pushing you, but I flashed on Mark Ratner, Heather's boyfriend."

Her anger diminished. Not gone altogether, but reduced to a safe level. "We have to talk to the General" she snapped. She grabbed his hand and pulled him down into Castle.

"Mr Ratner is an engineer involved in the development of a new F-22 fighter aircraft," the General stated. "If he is leaking information, we need to know. You must go on a

double date with them to find out if he has a buyer."

"But General, my identity has been compromised!" Sarah called out.

"That identity is what you must use, as that is what they know you as. Just do it," the General replied.

When the call ended, Sarah glared at Chuck and, before he could say anything, she stormed out.

Chuck was sitting next to Sarah, opposite their counterparts. He knew Sarah was not happy, but she was at least talking to them. Although still feeling guilty, Chuck couldn't resist finding out more about Sarah's / Jenny's past. He could see Sarah was getting more and more angsty, but his selfishness just took over. Just a bit more information.

He suddenly felt something land in his lap. He looked down and he was soaked. Looking quickly up at Sarah, he saw her eyes flash at him while she held her emptied glass. "Oops! Sorry, Sweetie."

Heather laughed. "Still clumsy then, Jenny."

Chuck headed to the washroom to clean up. When he got there, he walked in on Mark being threatened by two men. He flashed on them – they were members of the Russian Mafia. Thankfully, after they locked Mark in one of the stalls and were threatening Chuck, Casey came in and stopped them. Then Casey had left. When Chuck got him out, Mark thought that "Agent Carmichael" had saved him. Chuck didn't disabuse him.

The next day, at Castle, Mark confessed that the Russian mafia were threatening him and his wife, communicating only by text messages. He was to give them the plans for the new aircraft to be free. While there, he received a text from them telling him to meet the next night, the night of the class reunion.

Sarah had groaned. Jenny Burton would be attending with her boyfriend, Charles Carmichael.

Chuck had been enjoying himself at James Buchanan High School. He'd flashed on an old school bully, Dick Duffy, who must be the one to receive the details. Sarah had gone

off to take him out, leaving Chuck to mingle.

Earlier, he'd enjoyed seeing the photo of Jenny Burton, which had made him realize how much her appearance had been changed by the CIA. Now, in the dress he'd brought her for the evening, she looked stunning, but then she always did.

He now was hearing stories about her time there. She'd obviously been shy and tried not to be noticed, so there weren't many stories. He thought about his time at school. They had obviously both tried to fade into the background. So similar. But look how they both turned out – so different.

Sarah rejoined him. Irritated. She'd disposed of Duffy, but he hadn't been the contact.

Just at that moment, the Russians arrived. Mark collared Agent Carmichael, wanting protection. Chuck agreed, not knowing that Heather had overheard them. He saw her talking to the Russians and it dawned on him that she was the contact. He identified the Russians to Sarah and Casey. The latter went after them, while Sarah chased after Heather.

He didn't know what was happening and was thinking he should go and find out. Then the speakers came on, drawing his attention. The class reunion queen was about to be announced when Sarah walked back into the gymnasium, battered, barefoot and bloody to hear her name being called out!

Back in her room, Chuck had been massaging her feet, with too much embarrassing moaning coming from Sarah's mouth. *God, she's hot!*

They now sat drinking coffee. She was deep in thought, frowning. The reunion had obviously brought back memories Sarah didn't want.

"I'm sorry I pushed you, Sarah."

She looked at him. "No. You were right that we should go."

She took a deep breath and looked down at her folded hands. "School was a hard time for me and I try not to think about it."

"Then let's not think about it now." He placed his hand on the top of hers.

She looked at him again. "Thank you, Chuck. I'm sorry I'm so difficult to be with."

Recollecting how she'd angrily thrown his pencil into their portrait on her wall earlier, when he'd pushed for details of Jenny before the double date, he said "Well, apart from stabbing me with a pencil ..."

She smiled and punched his shoulder. "Ouch! And that!"

Then she looked at him. "Chuck, you've earned some more information about my past. One item - ask anything you like." He looked at her. There was no mask. She was completely open.

She looked vulnerable. He couldn't push any more. "Sarah, I've realized in the last few days, that I don't need to know more about your past. It's the Sarah Walker of now that's important to me. I know all I need to know about her."

He paused, but then decided to continue, "She's the one I've fallen for, not Jenny Burton."

She gasped and he could see the panic in her eyes. He thought he'd effectively pushed her further away. *She never was interested in him. Damn!*

He reached out and grabbed her hand, to the usual electricity. He rushed out, "I know you don't feel that way, and we couldn't do anything about it even if you did. I'm sorry. I just had to tell you."

She didn't pull away, but calmed down and just sat looking at him. Then she nodded. She didn't grin, but she did give him that wonderful smile.

Trust your eyes, not your neuroses.

He sat at the Nerd Herder desk thinking about how things had been changing for him in the last week, since the reunion. He was getting more confident in the spy world, but, more importantly, he and Sarah were getting closer. Maybe she was interested in him. A bit.

He was dragged from his contemplation by Casey. "We're needed in Castle." Casey turned and headed over there. Chuck got up and followed.

Sarah was sitting waiting for them to join. Casey was on his phone and in deep conversation, probably with General Beckman.

Sarah looked up as they walked down the steps and she spotted Chuck. A big smile appeared on her face and her eyes seemed to sparkle. *She is happy to see me*, he thought. He would normally think, at this point, *no, she's happy the Intersect is here*. Today, however, he pushed those thoughts down and tried to think more positively.

He continued down the steps and walked over to her, smiling.

"Hi, Sarah," he said quietly as he sat down next to her and his hand brushed hers on the table.

He noticed her shiver. She smiled and shoulder bumped him, "Hi, Chuck" she whispered back. That gave him a warm feeling all over. *How did contact with her always do that to him? And did she feel the same?*

The call then started and he had to bury such thoughts.

After the call, Casey headed back to the Buy More, but Chuck needed to discuss the mission with Sarah before he went over. Casey said he'd cover for him.

Chuck was nervous. On this mission he would have to seduce the mark.

Sarah held his hand. Chuck could feel the electricity that shot up his arm, just like he always did, but was now watching her reactions. It looked like it affected her in the same way.

Then she started to speak. "I don't like you having to do this, Chuck." She wasn't looking at him, but down at their hands.

"I'm terrified, Sarah. I don't know how to seduce a woman. I'm hopeless around women anyway without trying that as well." He knew he was spiraling, but couldn't stop himself.

She looked up and said, "You're not hopeless, Chuck."

"I'll never convince a beautiful woman to be interested in me, Sarah." He felt really down and knew he was actually talking about her.

"Why not, you convinced me," she said without thinking.

The look she gave him wasn't tentative, it was real. Then she obviously realized what she'd said and he could see the mask being put back on.

"It's not that you can't do that, Chuck, and as the General said, Roan will help with that. No, it's that you might not manage what you need to do afterwards." She looked down again.

He finally figured what she was getting at. Thinking back to the Lon Kirk mission, he remembered what he thought she had been having to do. "You mean following through with the seduction?"

She looked angry. "Chuck, seduction doesn't mean sex. It's the promise of that to get what you want from them, not letting them get what they want."

He was also worried that Sasha Banachek might be too much for him, but didn't like what she was implying. "Do you think I would do that?"

She sighed, "I know you wouldn't mean to, but you're not trained like we are and you might not be able to stop."

He looked straight at her. "Sarah, there's only one person I want that way. No one else."

She looked visibly shaken by that and gulped. She let go of his hands and, with the mask back on, said, "Just be careful, Chuck."

The kiss in front of Roan Montgomery had been wonderful. *God, did he love this woman!*

Being more attentive, Chuck had seen that it had affected Sarah too. She'd rushed off, obviously wanting to recover from it.

Roan had complimented him. *Was he a good kisser?*

Sarah still looked flustered when she returned and he knew he must talk to her about that after the mission.

The seduction had almost been successful, but Banachek and her men had ended up taking Casey and Sarah. He'd persuaded Roan Montgomery to help him rescue them

and they had managed that. Roan had then given him a pep talk about his relationship with Sarah. Chuck felt good that he was already thinking this and Roan's comments were just a confirmation.

He went straight to Sarah's and asked her to go on a date. A real date. No covers, just the two of them. She accepted without hesitation.

As they drove away to head to the restaurant, they both saw Bryce entering the building, obviously with the intention of going to her room. They looked at each other and then turned forward. Neither wanted to stop.

Sitting opposite her at their table, Chuck couldn't stop himself thinking about Bryce or, more particularly, Bryce and Sarah. Chuck's insecurities began bubbling up. He started, "Bryce..." but couldn't say any more. Sarah grabbed his hand.

She leaned down and looked up into his downcast eyes. "I'm not interested in him, you know."

"But you and he ..." He started to spiral.

She tightened her grip on his hand. "That's in the past, Chuck. There's a different man in my life now."

He looked into her deep blue eyes and saw the truth in that statement.

Even her next words couldn't wipe the big smile from his face.

"I'm sorry we have to hide under the cover and others can't know this. You do understand that, don't you?" She looked worried.

He grinned. "I do now."

The meal continued on a happier footing than he expected. They chatted, often looking into each other's eyes, and the bonding increased. By the time they left, there was no doubt in his mind. *She was his, just like he was hers.*

As they headed back to her apartment, he thought about Bryce again. "What if he's in your room, Sarah?"

She frowned. "If he is, he won't be for long!" She spat that out.

He turned and grinned at her. She noted that and grinned back.

"There's someone else that will be there. All night," she firmly stated, giving him a look he'd not seen before.

"Oh, for the cover," he said without thinking.

She just gave him a silent look for a while, which, as always, spoke volumes.

Then she said, "I'm not expecting anything covered."

When his brain reactivated, he realized he needed to let Ellie know he wasn't coming home that night!

Ellie had been right about trusting his eyes. His neuroses were forgotten, at least for tonight.

A/N 4: I always hated Chuck's self-doubt, especially with Sarah. I hope you liked the story.