

Black Friday

by David Carner

Season one, cannon. Black Friday night

Rated: T · Genre: Angst, Hurt/Comfort · Chapters: 1

Chapter 1: Black Friday

I don't own Chuck

Purgatory. That's where she was. It had to be. It was the only thing at this point that made one bit of sense.

But even that didn't make sense. If she was in purgatory, then one of her decisions should lead to heaven or hell. Neither decision she would make would lead to heaven. Both decisions led to hell.

She pulled her hand away from the phone on the desk, as it quit ringing. She glanced at her cell. It had quit ringing as well.

Sarah knew she should call one of them back. She knew that's what a normal person would do.

She turned, and stared out the window into the Black Friday night.

How could two men want her, in very different ways, and she feel so lonely. How could she have people that considered her a friend, but she couldn't reach out to.

She fought the tears. She was so tired. Tired of paying for her father's sins, her sins, and doing what was for the greater good.

She closed her eyes. She should drive over to Chuck's house, and spend the evening with the Bartowski's, and lose herself more in this life that she both did not deserve, and wouldn't be allowed to have once this assignment was over.

She should call Bryce. She should call him and they meet up. She should get away from this life before she hurt herself worse. She should go back to the life she deserved, the life she would have when this assignment was over. The life she no longer wanted.

She moved to the bathroom, and began to undress. She turned on the shower, and again, tried to scrub herself clean, but no matter how hard, or long she scrubbed, the past wouldn't leave her. The deaths, the cons, and the absolute filth she was forced to associate with for her job.

As she scrubbed she began to cry. She let it happen. She hated crying but maybe this was the therapy her body needed.

No, the therapy she needed was to crawl into Chuck's bedroom window, and lie in bed next to him. To feel him next to her, and for a damn minute be allowed to feel what she felt inside without feeling guilty.

She turned the shower off, dressed, and climbed into bed.

She hated Black Friday.