

Chuck vs The Santa Claus Part 2

by David Carner

Canon, present day. An exchange during a TV show lead Chuck and Sarah to talk about the past.

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance

A/N: Warning, the following has major spoilers for The Mayor of Kingstown on Paramount+

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

You know... I had guys swear that they'd die for me.

None swear to kill. Never entered their selfish minds.

But you? Didn't even swear it. You just did it.

You killed them for me.

I did it 'cause they deserved it. That's what I mean.

Chuck hit pause on the show they were watching. He glanced over at her, and saw her watching TV, but her fingers had strayed to the bracelet on her wrist, the bracelet he had given her all those years ago on Christmas.

Chuck sat there with what he had just heard from the main character and his want-to-be-kind-of-sorta-not-really love interest. The girl had been...well...sexually assaulted...repeatedly, and when the main character had found out and rescued her. He killed them. Every. Single. One. Of them.

I did it because they deserved it. That was the line that Jeremy Renner had delivered. Chuck found it ironic that was the reason he was watching this show in the first place. Morgan had been telling him about all the former Marvel actors that had shows now on Paramount+.

Chuck had been scrolling through the shows one night when the kids were in bed, as Sarah plopped down beside him. They had watched *Evil* featuring Mike Colter who had played Luke Cage, and then they began *Mayor of Kingstown*. Chuck wasn't sure he would like it. It was a very violent, dark show, but the storytelling was excellent so he was quickly hooked.

Tonight they were watching the next to last episode of the first season, when those words were spoken on the show. It reminded him of something he tried not to think about, but every Christmas...he couldn't help it.

You may have beaten me, Agent Walker, but FULCRUM's won. I know Chuck Bartowski's the Intersect. Chuck's secret is safe. And you're going straight to a CIA detention facility, never to be seen or heard from again. You go right ahead, Agent Walker. Arrest me. But say "good-bye" to Chuck. I'm not like those other FULCRUM agents. They'll do whatever it takes to find me. And when they do, every FULCRUM agent we have is going to know Chuck's the Intersect. It's going to be the end of his pathetic existence. So take me in, Agent Walker. Ready to go.

The gunshot rang out in his head as he saw in his mind's eye Sarah shoot Mauser. He had always thought he understood why she did what she did, but now....now it was clearer than ever.

"To love someone so much you'd kill for them," Chuck said softly. Sarah didn't say anything, but she did nod. "I don't ask this flippantly, because I know killing people always stay with you, but...does this one bother you more than others?"

"I've killed before, Chuck," Sarah replied. He shook his head and chuckled. "What?"

"You," he said softly...warmly. She gave him a questioning look. "You are always protecting me." She ducked her head. "I know we talked about it a little later, but we never really talked about it."

"Sure we did," Sarah said. "Did you forget?" She gave him a pointed, amused look.

"Ha," he replied, making her giggle. "Sarah...you didn't kill him because of all those reasons you told me, and we both know it."

"They were reasons, Chuck," Sarah countered. "But no, they weren't...*the* reason. He was going to take you away from me, and they would have done whatever they could have to get the Intersect out of you." She was silent a second. "I guess we also haven't really talked about when I thought you killed Shaw."

He thought about that moment in the hotel room in Paris.

Oh, my God, we... there was a... there was a cafe and... and a bridge, and he tried to kill me, and... Oh, my God, you shot him. I couldn't let him hurt you, Sarah. Trust me, I did what I had to do. But I'm still the same guy. I'm still Chuck. I promise. You saved me.

"I mean," he began, and couldn't help but smirk. "You seemed very eager to express yourself physically."

"You seemed quite eager to reciprocate as I recall," Sarah countered, ginning.

Chuck cleared his throat. "Um, yes, yes I was, still am, if I'm honest." Sarah couldn't help but laugh. "But I don't understand what you mean about talking about it. He was going to kill you."

"Yeah, and you thought you killed him," Sarah pointed out. "My life, meant so much to you, that you killed a man, at least you thought you did, and days earlier, when you believed the only way we could be together was to kill a man, you didn't."

"Roan once asked if I would die for you," Chuck said, nodding at the TV. "I said yes, in a heartbeat." Sarah nodded. "How is it both terrifying and comforting that someone would kill for you?"

"I have no idea," Sarah admitted. "But you're right. I would both die for you, and kill for you, and I'm not even gonna hide it."

Chuck glanced over at the Christmas tree and then back to Sarah. "Ellie always says you can't go too far for love," Chuck said softly.

"I don't think this is what she meant," Sarah said, making Chuck laugh. "But, she's right." She squeezed his hand. "I think we should watch the rest of this tomorrow night."

“Oh, what do you want to do?” Chuck asked her.

A naughty smile crossed her face. “Well, you said you still want to reciprocate.”

“God, I love you,” Chuck blurted out, making both of them laugh.