

Brothers in Blood

by David Carner

The story after Some Nights Note: Bad Romance is included in this fic and will NOT be a stand alone fic. Sarah Walker has met Agent Charles Carmichael, and they are about to begin their quest against a dangerous opponent. Bryce Larkin is not who Chuck thought he was.

Rated: T · Genre: Adventure, Angst, Drama, Humor, Hurt/Comfort, Romance · Chapters: 20

Chapter 1: Brothers in Blood

I don't own Chuck

They stepped outside of the bar, and for the first time in a very long time, Agent Carmichael felt human. He turned his neck, feeling the soreness from the fight. The fight with the man that had been his best friend, his brother as an agent, and now an enemy of the CIA.

"We need to talk," Sarah told him, pulling him out of his thoughts. "There's some things you need to know, and while I'd rather do it privately at my place, I don't want you to go agent mode and worry about whether or not I might try and kill you."

"Sarah, I don't think that," Chuck began.

"I know you don't, but you still have training, and what we need is some place but private, but public." She was silent for a moment. "I know a place, but you'll have to trust me." Chuck nodded. "Okay," she replied, a soft smile on her face. "Bryce left a recording, telling everything and I need to tell you about it...it's your story...the one you don't know. If you'd rather listen to it, I understand, but I think telling it...." She trailed off.

"It's bad, isn't it." It wasn't a question. He sighed. He was so damn bone weary but he knew this was the beginning of something huge. "Okay, I trust you, let's go." Sarah

nodded, and led him to her car.

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Sarah took him to her beach, the one she came to when she was feeling overwhelmed. She had found it when she was injured at the farm. Now, knowing how she got injured only made her realize how ironic tonight was. She sat there for a moment, collecting her thoughts and then turned to face him. "I guess you'd like it from the beginning?" Chuck nodded. "I need to know how you thought you were brought into the CIA."

Chuck stared at Sarah for a moment and began to wonder how much of his life he thought he actually knew.

Before he could speak she interrupted him. "Do me a favor, call Graham, get clearance. Trust me, you're going to need all the verification you can get so that you believe all of this."

"Sarah, I told you I trust you."

"I know, but I haven't asked you to believe me, and now I am." Sarah stood up, and wiped off her pants. "I'm going to stroll that way a bit, get out of earshot while you call in." Chuck nodded and Sarah began to walk away. She wasn't leaving, that was for sure. When he found out what he was about to find out... She shook her head. This was going to hurt Chuck Bartowski to his very core. This was going to shake him, and she was afraid he would revert into Charles Carmichael. Charles Carmichael was a hell of an agent, the problem was, Bryce Larkin knew Charles Carmichael. They needed Chuck Bartowski. She stared at the ocean her arms wrapped around herself.

"Sarah!" she heard him call. She had gotten lost in the crashing waves. She had gotten lost in the wonder of how much of a living hell would her life have been. She had gotten lost in knowing that Chuck Bartowski had saved her, and he didn't even know it. Sarah had been on a course of becoming the CIA director's personal hitman, paired with Bryce Larkin, but what neither of them had known was who Bryce Larkin really was. It appeared only one person truly knew besides Bryce, and she had died in Paris, at Sarah's hand.

She walked back over to him, and saw by the look on his face, he was shook. "He apologized to me, Sarah. Langston Graham APOLOGIZED! When the hell have you ever heard of that?"

"Never," Sarah admitted. "But I've never heard of someone who has done the things Bryce Larkin has either. He appears to be the head of FULCRUM."

"What the hell is FULCRUM?" Chuck asked her.

"That's a part of the story further down the road," Sarah told him. Chuck stood and the two just naturally began to walk down the beach together. They were close, and it took everything in Sarah's power to not reach over and take his hand. "Do you remember how at Stanford you were recruited?"

"Sure," Chuck said. "Professor Flemming thought Bryce and I would make great spies based on our scores in his class." Chuck glanced over at Sarah. It was dark, but he could see her struggling with something. "What?"

"Professor Flemming thought you would make a great spy, Chuck," Sarah told him. "Bryce had wanted to be a spy his entire life, and again, this is all just coming out, from his taped confession he sent us."

"Wait, why would Bryce want to send a confession?" Chuck asked. "I mean, he turned on me, sure--"

"Chuck, he may be the biggest threat the world has ever seen," Sarah told him. Chuck's eyes went wide. "I'm serious."

"Sarah...the biggest threat the world has ever seen? I mean, he's good but--"

"He has stolen Project Pegasus, which I know means nothing to you." Sarah stopped and turned to face him. "He has all of our secrets." Chuck's face went white. "He said he would never hurt Molly." Chuck blinked, stunned by what she had just said. "The NSA has sent John Casey to watch over your sister, brother, and Molly. I believe him on this, Chuck. He said, even when you come after him, he wouldn't hurt her."

"Why does he think I'll come after him?"

“Because it’s who you are is what he said.” Chuck shook his head and looked away. The man he had thought of as a brother, had not only turned his back on him and the US Government, but was now the biggest threat the world faced?

“How the hell did this happen?”

“It’s a long story,” Sarah began.

“And I need to shut up and listen,” Chuck said, nodding. “Sorry, I do this sometimes.”

“It’s fine,” Sarah told him, grinning at him. “So, Bryce’s parents were spies, well one of them.”

“CIA, like us?” Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head.

“KGB,” she told him. “He’s the son of Alexi Volkoff, and a Russian spy named Inessa Petrov. He’s a sleeper agent, and everyone in the US missed it.” Chuck’s mouth dropped in shock. “Also, the baby you saved. She’s the daughter of one of Volkoff’s enemies.” Chuck tensed. “They don’t hurt children, Chuck, you know that’s one of Bryce’s rules.” He did, but did he really know Bryce at all?

Chapter 2: Brothers in Blood Ch 2

I don't own Chuck

"He was always serious about that," Chuck muttered. He knew he was being ridiculous right now, but he was shook to his core. Normally, he'd morph into Agent Carmichael and put up his mask, be an agent, and not a person....normally. He wasn't sure if that was possible right now. Sarah Walker had done something to him. He didn't know if he could revert to Agent Carmichael. But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was he wasn't sure he wanted to.

Because that path might lead to madness. That path would lead to him thinking about, and accepting all the things he had done as an agent. All the lives he had taken, all the carnage he had brought forth, and now, he had to wonder, how much of it had been tainted by Bryce. How many times had Bryce Larkin been the one to point him at a target, and pulled the trigger so to speak?

"Chuck, you with me?" Sarah asked. Chuck nodded, his mind still unraveled by what she had told him. He turned to her and nodded again. "Okay, so apparently Bryce had something on your professor, he never said what. Bryce told your professor, he could convince you to join the CIA."

"He did," Chuck said, his voice raspy. He cleared it, and licked his lips, his throat and mouth dry. He looked at Sarah. "That's exactly what he did. We used to play a game in the library. He was basically teaching me to be a spy. How to sneak. How to take someone out." He blinked and looked off into the ocean. "Jesus, Sarah, how much of my story is actually mine?"

He felt her hand on his arm, gently rubbing it. "Maybe we should stop." He turned to her. "It's going to get nothing but worse."

"I'm okay," Chuck said shaking his head. "I'm sorry, I'm usually better than this, I'm usually-"

“An emotionless robot? The Ice King?” Sarah offered. Chuck stared at her. “See, I know what they teach, I know how they train. I know how they taught you to compartmentalize and I know the downside to that training.”

Chuck watched her as she quit rubbing his arm and went to clasp his hand in both of hers. “I see you, Chuck. I see you trying to be a person right now. I see you being very venerable, and I know it has to be terrifying. What you’re doing is very brave, and that’s what we need. You need to remember Bryce Larkin KNOWS Agent Carmichael.”

“He helped create him,” Chuck said softly. Sarah nodded. “Does he know Chuck Bartowski?”

“I don’t think he gives a damn about Chuck Bartowski,” Sarah told him. “Because Chuck Bartowski didn’t serve him in any way. Chuck Bartowski is a man full of emotions, a caring man, a loving man.”

Chuck looked back out to sea. “So I’m gonna need to hire you as my hype guy...I mean girl...I mean woman...gah!”

“Hey, it’s fine,” Sarah told him, letting go of his hand and rubbing his arm again in comfort. “Do you want me to stop with the story?” He shook his head no, and hoped she also wouldn’t stop rubbing his arm. “Bryce said that with you in the CIA he was allowed to finish school early.”

“He did,” Chuck said, turning back to her. “I never understood why.”

“To be with his wife,” Sarah told him. Chuck’s jaw dropped. “Let me guess, Bryce was quite the player at Stanford?” Chuck nodded. “Someone believed in their cover. His wife encouraged it.”

“Oh my God,” Chuck murmured. “He was married and did....all of that?” Sarah nodded. “Wait, we keep saying was, is he still? Sarah shook her head. “She get tired of him playing the field?”

“No,” Sarah said softly. “He had married Evelyn Thiebaud secretly in Russia some years ago. He didn’t say exactly when.” Chuck nodded. “When he left Stanford he went back and publicly married her.”

“Okay, so he did it publicly to help sell the cover?”

“I guess, he didn’t explain, but that would make the most sense,” Sarah agreed. “That fall was when he left, it was also when my group the CAT squad was disbanded, and I was supposed to become Graham’s personal assassin. I didn’t know it at the time, but Graham told me everything.”

“Something isn’t making sense,” Chuck cut in. “I see how your story cuts through mine, but the problem is, I’m currently on Bryce’s radar, and by me teaming with you, that’s just putting a target on your head.”

She gave him a sad smile. “I already am on his radar,” Sarah explained gently. “I was being fastracked to be...well, what you became.” Chuck nodded. “During a training, I was hurt, badly. Bryce claims he sabotaged me.” Chuck’s mouth dropped again. “He did it and then went to Graham telling him the two of you could become the Carmichael brothers. I was on my way to being his cover wife, part of the Andersons before all of this happened.”

“I’m still not seeing it,” Chuck said, getting frustrated.

“I know,” Sarah said gently. “After I healed up, I wanted a mission, and Graham had been hearing buzzes about a mole, or a leak. He told me to go to Paris and to look into the reports we had coming in. Apparently the day I took off, Bryce came in, offering to go in my place. I was already gone.”

She stopped for a second and looked out over the ocean. Chuck knew that look. He had seen that look in the mirror many times in his career. It was the look you got when you thought about a life you had taken. “He made it seem afterwards like he knew nothing. Everything pointed to her being a mole, and he was clean. Plus by that point you and Bryce were really an effective team.”

“Sarah,” Chuck said softly, reaching out, putting his hand on her shoulder. She turned back to him, and took both of her hands in his.

“It wasn’t a kill order, but I had no choice.” Chuck stood there quietly, letting her get it all out in her time. “I killed Evelyn Larkin.”

Chapter 3: Brothers in Blood Ch 3

I don't own Chuck

"She drew a weapon on me, she knew who I was," Sarah said softly. Chuck stood there, looking at her back and side as she stared at the ocean. He wasn't sure what to do, he knew what his CIA training said, but maybe this was time to use Bartowski training, that he knew of from before Stanford, before the CIA. He remembered all the times in his life that he felt loss. He did what he thought might be the absolute bravest thing he had done since joining the CIA.

He walked up to her, and she turned, confusion on her face. "Ellie, my sister, used to tell me while a hug wouldn't fix everything, it let you know, in that moment, you aren't alone," he began, opening up his arms. In a split second the confusion on her face turned to something else, what it was, he didn't know, but she was wrapped up in his arms. She had ducked her head, almost burying herself under his chin. "I'm so sorry."

"It was her or me, and it sure the hell wasn't going to be me." Chuck couldn't help but chuckle at that. "So, do you get how I'm on his radar."

"Yeah," he replied, pulling away. "Sorry about the hug, I normally don't do that sort of thing, but you looked like you needed one, I think. I haven't really hugged anyone in a while. Did you know that there was a therapist that believed you needed four hugs a day for survival, eight for maintenance and twelve for growth?" Chuck clamped his mouth shut. "Oh my God, what am I doing? I never do this, I'm spiraling. Charles Carmichael doesn't spiral."

"But Chuck Bartowski does," Sarah said, slipping back into his arms. "Don't ever apologize for hugging me. I need you to grow, so that means I'm going to have to hug you a minimum of twelve times a day." Chuck started to protest and she pushed back and looked him in the eye. "I don't think you get it. Bryce used you, *made* you into Carmichael. You are NOT Charles Carmichael and I am going to help you figure that out." She shook her head. "God, Chuck, if I had gone through what you had....what the

hell would I be?" "Amazing," Chuck blurted out. His eyes widened as he realized what he did. He cleared his throat and pressed on. "I mean, you would be. You have persevered through all of this, and you are here, to help me, beat him, and-and I hope if our roles were reversed that I would do the same for you."

A slow grin grew across her face. There was something in that grin that he really didn't understand. "I think you would," she replied softly. They stood there a moment, eyes locked on each other.

"So," he said, trying to break the quiet between them, and stop himself from growing any more uncomfortable. "I know I keep interrupting, but it's the why that I don't understand."

"Fair enough," Sarah said. "So Bryce's mother was former KGB...well, it would have been the SVR by then." Chuck nodded. "She apparently volunteered to try and penetrate one of the Red Mafiya cells. She was going to try to seduce one of the members." Chuck made an "ew" face. "Yeah, that's why they don't want us sleeping with the enemy." Chuck couldn't help but chuckle at that. "She was turned, she told her mark everything, and eventually she joined the group after she gave birth to their son, Bryce."

"Okay, that much I get," Chuck said. Sarah nodded and continued.

"Inessa actually came up with the idea of a way to help themselves, of planting Bryce in the United States and having him feed information to the CIA to make him look like a hot-shot agent." Sarah shook her head in disgust.

"Wait a minute, all those leads Bryce found, they were given to him?"

Sarah nodded. "And every one of them eliminated one of Volkoff's rivals." Chuck threw his hands up in the air in frustration. "Of course, you know Graham, anytime anyone makes him look good...."

"He covers for them," Chuck said, nodding. "He worked his way up the ranks using Bryce's intel, and my guess, Bryce's suggestions on how things should be done, from what you told me so far."

“Correct,” Sarah replied, nodding. “Bryce pushed, pulled, and coerced Langston into doing what Bryce thought was best. Bryce brought intel to Langston, and that’s why you two were made a team. He had the info, and you had been taught the skills of how to carry out a plan.”

“But, he’s as good or better fighter than I am,” Chuck protested.

“And no one but you knew it, it was your secret,” Sarah reminded him. “He let you get all the blood on your hands, to break you.” Sarah went quiet and twisted her lips. “And he broke you, didn’t he?”

Chuck stared at her, and that’s when it went through her mind. “Wait! When did that happen?” He paused, not wanting to hurt her any more than she was, but he needed to know.

“When I killed Evelyn?” Chuck nodded. “Why, Chuck?” she asked, just above a whisper. He didn’t answer. He couldn’t. He couldn’t be right, he just couldn’t. “January 23rd,” she replied. “Some eight months after you graduated college.” Chuck blinked and looked away, tears spilling out of his eyes. “You’ve already figured it out, haven’t you?”

“Jill,” he choked out, hoarsely. “Was she really...” he couldn’t finish the sentence.

“No, Chuck,” Sarah told him, grabbing him and pulling him to her as he began to sob. “She was innocent. Bryce Larkin set it all up so you would kill your girlfriend. He planted everything that we had on her. Jill was innocent.” She held him as he cried in grief, shame, and rage.

Chapter 4: Brothers in Blood Ch 4

A/N: Double chapter today, won't have time to update until at least Monday.

I don't own Chuck

"Come on," she said, tugging at him gently. He opened his eyes and looked around. He was in the passenger seat of a Porsche.

"Where are we?" Chuck asked.

"Your apartment," Sarah replied. "I've got one rented here as well." Chuck nodded, finally seeing Mason 23 and getting his bearings. He didn't know how long he had cried. He had lost track of everything. All he could think of, was him killing his girlfriend, the woman he was going to propose to, because Bryce Larkin had lied to Langston Graham. Because Bryce Larkin had faked information on Jill. He thought back to that day.

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"Come on, we have to go," Bryce said, pulling him away from her body.

"I just...I need a second," Chuck told Bryce.

"Listen, Chuck, I know this is your red test, I know you are sanctioned to kill her, but the less that is known about either of our involvements, the better." Chuck nodded, but still didn't move. Bryce grabbed his arm and pulled him back to the vehicle. They took off. How long they drove Chuck didn't know. He lost track of everything.

He found himself sitting at a diner with Bryce. "I've lost someone too that betrayed me," Bryce said softly. Chuck looked up at him, saw the sorrow in his eyes. "I never told you this, but there was someone, and she betrayed me." He paused for a second. "The same way Jill betrayed you." Chuck nodded. "We gotta have each other's backs. The Carmichael brothers."

"Yeah," Chuck said softly, nodding, staring off into space. He shook himself and locked eyes with Bryce. "We have to have each other's backs."

"Brothers," Bryce said, holding out his hand.

"Brothers," Chuck replied, clasping it.

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"The sonofabitch broke me," Chuck blurted out. Sarah turned to him. He had been silent in the elevator. He seemed to be lost in his thoughts. She couldn't blame him. How would she have felt if she had killed the man she loved, or was dating and in a relationship with. She assumed he loved her, she didn't know, but Bryce believe Chuck did.

"No, he didn't," Sarah replied softly. Chuck turned to her. "I misspoke earlier. He tried, but he failed, Chuck. If he had broke you, then I would have never gotten through to Chuck Bartowski." Chuck didn't say anything. He pressed his lips together, staring off, his eyes unfocused, nodding. "Chuck." He looked up at her. "He didn't break you. He may have hurt you deeply, but he didn't break you."

The elevator door opened and she led him to his apartment. He fished out his key, and stood there a second. "Thank you," he said softly. "I need some time alone to process this." Sarah nodded. "In the morning, do we call Graham?"

"We do," Sarah said. She hesitated for a moment. "There's more to talk about."

"Later," Chuck said. "I just..." he trailed off. She reached down, took his hand and squeezed it. "Thank you."

"I'm here if you need me," she told him. He opened the door and stepped through. He paused before he shut it.

"Thank you, Sarah," he told her, looking back over his shoulder at her. She nodded, moved toward her apartment, and he shut the door. He didn't turn on the light, instead walked to the bed, sat down and sank his head into his hands.

He was in the exact same position he was that night. The night Bryce had told him his target, the woman who betrayed him...supposedly. The woman that had begged him not to kill her, that there had to be some mistake. He killed her as Bryce encouraged him to, a sanctioned kill.

He found himself, hurt, confused, and in so much pain he just sat on his bed, and cried. He had felt the mattress move as Bryce sat down beside him. Bryce had put his hand on his shoulder, as Chuck wept.

"Come'ere," Bryce had told him, and Chuck had fallen into his embrace as he wept. He was hurting so bad.

"I killed her and she begged me not to," Chuck told him. "She was a mole, and used me!" Chuck remembered just shaking in Bryce's arms. "It hurts, Bryce," he had said in a soft voice through the tears. "It hurts so much."

"I can make it go away," Bryce said softly. Chuck pulled away, blinking. Bryce moved a curl of Chuck's. "Just for tonight, whatever you need."

Chuck shook his head, trying to get the memory out of his head. "ARRRGH!" he screamed, standing and shoving everything off of the nightstand. He watched it all crash to the ground. He stared at everything, lying on the ground, in bits and he thought back to the next morning.

He was lying in bed, alone, when Bryce walked in, dressed for the day. Chuck had sat up, looking nervous. "It's fine, Chuck," Bryce told him, a smile on his face. "Last night, was last night. I told you, whatever you needed. We're brothers. You were at the worst point of your life. I would do whatever you need to help you through this. I just need you to help me, get revenge on those that have hurt us."

Chuck nodded. "I can do that." He cleared his throat. "Uh-"

"As far as anyone knows, last night, you passed your red test, came home, drank Johnny Walker, and fell asleep." Chuck nodded.

"Sonofabitch seduced me," Chuck muttered, staring at the electronics broken on the floor and realizing how ironic it was. Those electronics was his life from that moment

forward. Bryce had been true to his word. He had never mentioned it again, he had never made an advance.

Chuck crawled onto the bed, and wept. He had been used. He had been turned into Bryce Larkin's personal weapon. What would Sarah say if she knew? Not that he was ashamed of what happened, but the way it did. He had been called Graham's personal enforcer many times, but the truth was he had become Bryce's personal enforcer.

He heard something in the lock, and turned over in the bed, but he didn't care. If it was Bryce, let him kill him. Let him end the pain. He saw her there as the door opened, the light behind her causing an angelic like aura around her.

"Chuck, it's okay, I know," she told him, hurt on her face. "I need you to know it's okay, he fooled everyone. I know what he did."

"I don't know what-" Chuck began, praying she didn't.

"Bryce confessed to all of it on the recording," Sarah told him. Chuck still refused to say it. "He told Graham how he seduced you." Chuck felt like he had shattered just like the lamp and electronics on the floor.

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She was by his side in a split second, but she hesitated. "I don't know what to do," she told him. He looked up at her, pain in his face. "I don't want you to think I'm doing the same thing he did." He buried his head in the pillow. "Fuck it," she muttered. She ran around the bed, crawled on from the other side, and pulled him into her arms. She held him until the tears stopped. He was asleep. She thought about leaving, she thought about how she might be invading his privacy, but as she started to leave, his arm moved across her stomach, pulling himself closer to her. She placed a gentle kiss on his head and shut her eyes. She was asleep in seconds.

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He was running down the beach, trying to stay as disciplined as he could. Part of him wondered, how many innocents had Bryce gotten him to kill? He blew out a frustrated breath, and nearly screamed as he noticed the woman suddenly running beside him, her

blond ponytail bouncing.

"I swear I'm a better agent than this," he muttered. Suddenly she wasn't beside him because she stopped running and was laughing. "I don't know that it was that funny," he said, jogging back up to her.

"The line itself, no, the fact that you think you can't be human, the fact you think no one else wouldn't have reacted the way you did or worse." She shook her head, still chuckling. "I'm not laughing at you, I'm laughing at the absurdness of it all. How the hell are you functioning? Seriously? You are here. And yes, Bryce did terrible things, but you are here, and if you want, you can do something about it."

"If I want?" Chuck asked.

"There is no way Graham, or I, or anyone can make you take this one," Sarah told him.

"I'm not so sure about that," Chuck said, before he could think. What the hell was wrong with him? No one had affected him like this before. He was just saying whatever popped into his head. What had she done to him?"

"No, Chuck, no one will, I'll make sure of it," she told him, misunderstanding what he was saying. She was silent for a second and tilted her head. "Do you want to talk about?"

"No," he said. "Walk with me." He gave a head nod toward the direction he had been running, and she began to walk beside him. "But maybe I should."

"I can listen, no judgments," she promised.

"You must think I'm the worst agent ever," Chuck said, blowing out a frustrated breath.

"No, I think a human being is trying to be a person again, learning about how he was betrayed," Sarah replied. "And make no mistake, Chuck, you were betrayed."

"I am so ashamed," Chuck said, shaking his head. "At every turn he used me, he played me, he..."

"He conned you," Sarah finished for him. "He waited for the perfect moment that you were at your lowest. He waited until you thought you had absolutely no one, and

then...then he took advantage of you, and played it off like what he did he did for you."

"He made me think I had no one," Chuck said softly. "I had been cut off from my friends, my family. I had killed Jill...well, murdered." "No, Chuck, maybe she was innocent, but you didn't murder her. There was no intent there to take an innocent life. The CIA gave you a kill order." Chuck said nothing, but she could see him listening, trying to process what she was saying. "What he did to you was wrong on so many levels. Every step of your journey, he tricked you. He violated your trust, Chuck."

Chuck looked up and blew out a breath. "He laughed when he told Graham what I'd done, didn't he?" Sarah didn't answer. Chuck turned to her. She sighed and nodded. "Damn it."

"I promise you, if you'll let me, we'll take him down, together."

"I still think you should run," Chuck told her. "I think all you'll do is catch a bullet if you stay with me."

"Let him try," she told him with a wink. "Listen, I've learned a lot about you, your past, and I feel the only way this partnership is fair is if I tell you mine."

"Sarah-" he began to protest.

"No, that's the only way this works, no secrets no lies," she insisted. Chuck nodded. He was silent for a second.

"I don't understand," he blurted out after a moment. Sarah glanced at him. "I've never felt anything for men before, never have since, not even him, but in that moment...." He shook his head.

"Come on, Chuck," she said, bumping his shoulder with hers. "Think about it. How many times have you heard of someone in their darkest moments, hooking up with someone else? Now, add in how he was controlling you with what he had you doing, and then setting you up to trust him."

"Perfect storm," Chuck said, nodding. He snorted. "He dude bro'd me." Sarah couldn't help but laugh.

"I suspect you aren't the first person he did that way," she said gently. He nodded, thinking about what she was saying. "Knowing who his parents are, how they were taught, how he is willing to anything--"

"So I'm a thing," Chuck muttered. Sarah couldn't help herself. She stopped walking, closed her eyes, trying to control her laughter. She couldn't and she heard Chuck laughing as well.

"Chuck, I promise, no one else will ever hurt you the way he did."

"I get that you could see where you owe me a Wookie life-debt from me saving you from this life, but Sarah, all of this isn't necessary."

"I disagree," she countered. "I've seen your file, and even with everything he did to you, where there was a place you could save someone, you did, to the chagrin of Bryce Larkin, may I add." Chuck couldn't help but grin at that. "Chuck," she said in a lower voice, that seemed to be filled with something. He wasn't sure what, but he liked whatever it was. "I had to see if you were for real. If Chuck Bartowski was really in there, and he is, and he shines. I like you, Chuck."

"Thanks?" Chuck replied, making her laugh again. "This is really fucked up, Sarah." "Yes it is," Sarah agreed. "But if you'll let me, I'll help you." She held out her hand. She realized that this was a move similar to what Bryce had done, and she started to pull it back, when Chuck's hand clasped hers.

"Just don't seduce me," Chuck dead-panned.

"Promise," Sarah said, a sparkle in her eye. Chuck swore that meant more, but what, he didn't know.

Chapter 5: Brothers in Blood Ch 5

I don't own Chuck

He was standing in his bathroom, looking in the mirror at the wounds that were healing.

He had just finished securing the baby, thinking he was safe. Chuck had a new mission now that Bryce had disappeared. Ryker had a gun, pointed at Chuck. "Give me the kid."

"No," Chuck refused. Ryker lifted the gun and pointed it right between Chuck's eyes. Chuck put his hands over the baby's eyes. "Don't do this," Chuck said, tensing to spring. "Come on, Carmichael, I can't give up this much ack!" Ryker quit talking and looked down at the blade that had run through his body. Ryker slumped forward and Chuck saw Bryce standing behind him.

"You don't hurt kids," Bryce muttered. He looked at Chuck, resigned. "I'm sorry, Chuck, but we're going to have to go our separate ways," Bryce had told him, pulling the knife out of Ryker's body.

"What are you doing?" Chuck asked, trying to make sure the baby in the carrier attached to his chest couldn't see.

"This is where we split up," Bryce told him. "You take the child to safety, and I'm getting the codes."

"You're a traitor to the US!" Chuck argued.

Bryce sighed. "We really gonna do this?" Bryce saw the look on Chuck's face. "Really, Chuck? Fine, take off the carrier. You know I don't hurt kids." Chuck gently removed the carrier laying the baby down safely. He picked up a knife. "Bryce, I have to take you in."

"I really wish I didn't have to do this, Chuck." Bryce flicked his wrist and the first of many cuts appeared on Chuck's torso.

"You okay in there?" Chuck heard through the door pulling him out of his thoughts. He had a towel wrapped around his waist and had left his clothes in the other room. He

snorted.

“Yeah, uh, all I have on is a towel,” Chuck called back.

“Want me to leave?” she replied.

Chuck opened the door, and she grinned at him and then hissed as she saw the wounds that were nearly healed. “Yeah, you know the best part, he made sure not to hurt me too bad so I wouldn’t pass out and no one could take care of the baby.”

Sarah didn’t say anything, he grabbed a pair of boxers and went into the walk-in closet. “You know, he did kind of have an unfair advantage,” she said. He stuck his head out, confusion on his face. “Bryce.” Chuck nodded and went back into the closet to finish dressing. “When we seduce, we are taught how to do it without ever using sex. That if it requires sex, it’s too far, and we’ve failed.”

“And he was taught to do whatever it takes,” Chuck said, walking back into the room wearing jeans and a tee shirt. “I never saw it coming.”

“No,” Sarah said. “And he knew that and used it.”

“He knows our weaknesses,” Chuck said with a grin. Sarah gave him a confused look. “I know Bryce Larkin, I know how he thinks, that means I know how to beat his ass.”

“There he is,” she said softly, a smile on her face. “You’ve put it all together about Russia then and the baby.”

Chuck nodded. “Now knowing who he is, he had us take down a rival, and his family took over the assets. The CIA has been helping out Volkoff’s Red Mafyia for years now, thanks to me.”

“Chuck,” she said in a tone telling him not to go down that path.

“It’s the truth, Sarah,” Chuck told her. “I’m not mad, I’m not upset, I’m just analyzing the facts, the way a spy would.”

“And I think I’ve told you, you’re allowed to be human,” Sarah reminded him. “And if I haven’t then I’m telling you right now.”

"Well, which is it," he teased. "Am I human, or am I spy trying to figure this out." She shook her head, a soft smile on her face. He stuck his tongue out at her, making her giggle.

"Okay, so my turn to tell you a story, about me," Sarah said. She glanced at the bed. "Mind if I sit, it's a lot." Chuck nodded, and sat in a chair facing the bed. "My dad was a conman."

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"Holy shit," Chuck said softly when she finished. "You say I went through a lot but Sarah..."

"Chuck, what would Bryce had done if I had been his partner? What would I have done with my background? I didn't have Ellie like you did, Chuck." Chuck sat back, digesting that. "I owe you, and when this started, I saw that file, and I'm not going to lie, I saw you in it. I saw the times you went the extra mile and saved someone. I heard it in Bryce's voice, the disgust, when he mentioned one or two you went beyond the parameters and saved someone." She paused a second. "And then I saw it in your eyes at that bar. I saw the pain." She shook her head. "God, I know it's got to be hard to trust me in all of this after what he did to you, but I am going to show you, that there are decent people out there. I'm going to show you that you did make the world a better place...if you'll let me."

"I will," he said softly. "I'm not going to lie to you. I might be wary of you at times."

"Fair," Sarah said with a soft chuckle. Her phone went off and she sighed. "Well, that's Graham. I have to go back to DC to finish off some things." She looked up at him. "Your choice, stay here, and heal up." She nodded at his side. "Or, you could come with me, I promise Casey will watch Ellie, Devon, and the family."

"I'd like you to meet them," Chuck said softly. "I think it's time I move out of here and into Echo Park."

Sarah nodded. "Uh, how do we want to handle the cover, or are we just gonna say fuck it?"

"Ellie knows who I am, and maybe it's a mistake..." he trailed off. She got off the bed, came over and took his hands.

"No, I don't think whatever you're thinking is," Sarah told him, locking eyes with him.

"Bryce trained me to be a one man machine," Chuck told her. "It's time for Charles Carmichael to retire. Does he know you?"

"I wasn't Sarah Walker then," she told him. "Speaking of names-"

"Sarah, I don't need to know your name," Chuck told her. "It's probably safer that I don't. In less than twenty-four hours, I learned who you are, and that's more important." She beamed at him. "What do you think about getting a two bedroom apartment in Echo Park and me being Chuck Walker? He'll never look there."

"If you think it's best," Sarah replied, grinning. "I'm sorry what he did to you."

"Not as sorry as he's going to be," Chuck replied. Sarah nodded. "Thank you."

"Any time, Chuck."

Chapter 6: Brothers in Blood Ch 6

I don't own Chuck

The lyrics, *It's beeeen, two weeks* kept going through his head. He was in his room at Echo Park, in the new apartment he shared with Sarah. While the two of them were out of town, the CIA had worked at lightening speed to set it up for them. He was writing on a notepad, listening to the recording Bryce sent, and looking at files from the CIA on the computer. He leaned back and stretched, his body, mostly his shoulders, cracking.

"Still at it?" he heard the voice from the doorway. He turned to her, grinning. She had the soft smile on her face she always when they were in their apartment. "You know we have to go to dinner with your sister soon?"

"Yeah," Chuck said, nodding. "How's Casey?"

"I'm not sure," Sarah admitted. "Molly spit up on him last night, and I don't think he knew quite how to handle that."

Chuck laughed. Two weeks ago, they had gone to DC. Sarah went to close up her apartment and the two of them agreed, in front of Graham, to work together. Graham had Chuck create new legends for himself and Sarah so that any mole in the CIA would not be able to figure out who Chuck and Sarah were easily.

While Chuck was there he asked for a copy of Bryce's recording and access to any mission Bryce requested. Graham granted what he asked for quickly. Graham apologized over and over for what had happened to Chuck.

As Graham began to procure a room for Chuck to stay in, Sarah surprised both of them by telling them, it made more sense for Chuck to stay with her. They had a cover they needed to begin to build and frankly, she would feel better if he was closer. She did not trust Bryce to try and attack either of them.

Chuck thought for a second and agreed to her request. Graham gave him a strange look but said nothing. As Sarah and Chuck went to leave, Chuck paused at the door, and told

Graham, "I don't blame you for anything that happened. This is all Bryce Larkin's doing."

"Hey," Sarah said softly, pulling him out of his thoughts. "Right, dinner," Chuck said, slapping his hands on his jean covered thighs and then standing. "So, Casey is off the babysitting list is what I'm hearing?"

"I have no idea," Sarah admitted. "All I know is he didn't appreciate having milk thrown up on him."

"I'm not sure anyone does," Chuck replied, making her smile. The two left the apartment, crossed the courtyard, and knocked on the door of Ellie and Devon's apartment. The door opened, and Casey thrust Molly forward into Chuck's hands.

"Kid's been crying all afternoon," Casey told him. Chuck took Molly and she immediately quit fussing. "She bonded with you Bartowski. She knows you saved her."

"She may have saved me," Chuck said softly, holding her tight.

"Don't cry, little one," Chuck said, wincing in pain. He looked over his chest, filled with cuts. None of them were deep but they hurt like hell. He picked her up out of the carrier, and she quit crying. "We gotta hold on. I've activated the emergency distress signal." Molly cried.

"Hush little baby don't you cry," he sang in the most soothing tone he could. "Daddy's gonna buy you a lullaby." He fought to stay conscious.

He looked down and she was asleep in his arms. "I promise, you're gonna have the best life possible," he whispered to her. Sarah stood there, watching the two, swearing on everything she held dear that she was going to help Chuck keep that promise, and him to have the best life possible as well.

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Sarah was drinking a glass of wine after dinner sitting on the couch with Ellie. "Is that song a cover?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, Halestorm covered it," Ellie told her. "Chuck gives me hell when I listen to anything rock. He says it's a hold over from my goth days."

Chuck was walking back in from the kitchen and heard the conversation. Ellie hit play, and he listen to the beginning guitar licks.

"What's it called?" Chuck asked.

"Bad Romance," Ellie answered.

"Huh," he said with a snort. "See, this is why no one should ever date me, especially you, Sarah." She looked up at him, confused. "You're too good of a person, and after all I've been through..." he shook his head. "This would be us. This would be our song, or anyone who ever dated me."

Ellie started to speak, but Sarah grinning, laid a hand on her arm, stopping Ellie. "He has no idea, does he?"

"Not one," Sarah told Ellie. Chuck looked confused until he heard the lyrics. Sarah and Ellie both looked at him.

"Little brother, you may be a hell of a spy, but you screwed up that one," Ellie said, getting up. "Need a refill?"

"No, I'm good," Sarah said. Ellie left and went to the kitchen leaving the two of them alone.

"Ha," Chuck said, trying to laugh. "It-" he stopped, before he could say anything else. Her finger was on his lips making him stop.

"It's true, this is what I feel about you," she said with a shrug. "But, at this time, I don't think Ellie needs to know that." Chuck's eyes went wide. Sarah pulled away, grinning. Ellie walked back into the room. "So, what are you going to do about Bryce?"

"Chuck is listening to Bryce's entire recording, and trying to find the best place to start," Sarah told Ellie. "He's quite amazing." Chuck was blushing. Sarah wasn't sure if it was from her compliment, what she said earlier, or both. "He'll find something and we'll go from there."

"I bet you will," Ellie replied, taking a sip of her wine, winking at Sarah. Chuck wasn't looking at her, and didn't notice.

"I am going to see this mission through to the end, Ellie," Sarah promised her.

"I know," Ellie said, reaching over and squeezing her hand. Chuck said nothing, not seeing what was going on between Ellie and Sarah, as he continued to listen to the song. Sarah swore he was growing redder.

Chapter 7: Brothers in Blood Ch 7

I don't own Chuck

"The Anderson Brothers," Chuck heard Bryce's voice say on the recording. "The player, and the serious businessman. The two wealthy brothers that were turning the underworld on it's head." Chuck wondered how long Bryce had been making the recordings, and when. It was obvious he made them as he went along, and not only that, he seemed to have no worry Chuck would ever find them.

"It was perfect, I'd seduce someone's wife, and while I was banging the shit out of her, Chuck would use the intel to steal what we needed, or kill who needed to be killed, or just do whatever needed to be done." He could hear the pride in Bryce's voice. Bryce always told him he would never sleep with a mark unless he absolutely had to. Another lie.

"The best part, everyone thought it was all Bartowski doing everything. I was the invisible hand pointing him where I needed him." Chuck shut his eyes and couldn't stop the memories

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"So you're seriously not sleeping with her?" Chuck asked, the two of them at a cafe.

"No," Bryce said, shaking his head and smiling. "I give her the knockout juice, she wakes up, feeling amazing and thinks we did." He shrugged, looking extremely proud of himself. "Now, are you sure you can do this? He's runs that sweat shop, working kids to death."

"I got this," Chuck promised. "You'll keep her busy so she won't be anywhere near him?" Bryce gave a lecherous grin. "Right, don't know why I asked," Chuck said, shaking his head and grinning.

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Chuck turned off the recording and began to search his victim from that night. After some time, he sat back in his chair, confused. The man he killed had run sweat shops. Many kids had been killed or hurt working there.

"There's something to this kids thing," he muttered to himself.

"Stand up," he heard from the doorway. He turned in his chair, his eyes a little wide, to see Sarah standing there, leaning against the door frame. "Come on."

He began to stand, unsure of what was going on. "Did I do something?"

"Yes, you have a certain amount of hugs you need to get in daily," Sarah reminded him, grinning at him.

"Sarah," he began, and then saw the look on her face. She beckoned him to her and he acquiesced. He walked across the floor to her, and she pulled him tight against her, burying her head under his chin. He swore he heard a contented sigh. "Are you getting enough hugs?"

She pulled away, and gave him a look. "If you want me to hug you more, you can always just hug me."

"I feel like I would need permission," he replied, not sure why every time around her he felt like he could be silly and it not only was okay, but she enjoyed it. "You don't just hug someone."

"You can me," she said shrugging. "Now, if you don't mind, I have some hugging to catch up on." She pulled him in tight, and this time, he knew he heard a content sigh. The thing was, it had come out of him.

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"Chuck, I'm not a mole!" Jill insisted. She had fallen down as he stood over her, the gun aimed at her.

"Then what about your uncle?"

"He's done some shady stuff, sure, but I know nothing about this stuff you're talking about, you have to believe me," Jill pleaded. "Chuck, I love you."

"I wish I could believe you."

"JILL!!!!" he screamed, sitting up straight in bed. His heart was racing, he was covered in sweat, and suddenly the door swung open. He was nearly tackled by a blond blur. Her arms went around him and for just a second, just for one second, he forgot the pain of killing the woman he loved. He forgot the pain of killing the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. "Damn it," he swore softly, tears spilling from his face.

Her grip tightened around him. "I want to kill that sonofabitch myself for what he did to you."

"I'm the one that killed Jill," Chuck muttered.

"Yeah, and he left you alive, knowing what finding that recording would do to you," Sarah told him. Chuck nodded. He was absolutely exhausted. The sleep he did get was nearly worthless, given he was dreaming about the worst day of his life. "Okay, scoot over," she told him.

He looked at her, and started to argue when he saw the look on her face. He scooted over and she got into the bed beside him. "Sarah," he began.

"Hush," she told him. "I'm not seducing you, I'm not using you, I'm just going to lay here, your head on my shoulder, so you know you have someone in your corner, you know the way Ellie said about hugs?" Chuck started to tell her he didn't think it worked that way, but at this point, he was so tired he really didn't care.

He laid his head on her shoulder, and she gently threaded her fingers through his hair. "I hate this," he muttered.

"I know you do," Sarah told him. Her fingers kept gently working her way through his hair. "Forced to lay against me, having your curls played with, it's absolute hell." He snorted at that and she giggled.

"I mean I don't find you completely repulsive," Chuck admitted.

"Stop the gushing, you're gonna make me blush," Sarah told him.

"Did I tell you I found something weird about Bryce?"

“Let’s don’t talk about Bryce,” Sarah said placing her lips to his head and gently kissing him. “Let’s talk about something more pleasant.”

“Nuclear waste?” Chuck offered.

“See, that’s good,” Sarah told him. “If I had a third arm from the radiation I could use it to help me play with your curls.”

“If you keep doing that, I’m going to fall asleep.” “I know,” she said softly, placing another kiss on his head. He didn’t respond, and a few seconds later she heard his breathing change. “I got you, Chuck. I got you.”

Chapter 8: Brothers in Blood Ch 8

I don't own Chuck

Sarah came back from the meeting she had with the contractors. After the disaster of losing the Intersect, it was decided that there would be an inter-agency team put together. A coffee shop was going into the old Weinerlicious building with a base built underground.

After a long discussion, and promises from Zondra, it was decided that a taskforce consisting of members of the CIA, NSA, DEA would work together to deal with threats. For the time being, only one member of the NSA and DEA would be working on the taskforce, to keep Chuck and Sarah safe.

Sarah snorted at the thought of her, Zondra, and Carina working together again. After Sarah's accident, Zondra had come to Sarah in her hospital room, Carina by her side. The three talked, and quickly put everything together to figure out that Amy was the traitor on the team. She had been dealt with by Carina and Zondra while Sarah had tried to put her career back together.

She was going to have to tell Chuck about her two friends, but right that moment, she was too busy pulling her phone out to take a picture of what she thought might be the most adorable thing she had ever seen in her life.

Chuck was typing on the computer one handed, while holding Molly in his left. Molly looked content and was peacefully sleeping. "What are you doing?" Chuck asked, confusion on his face.

"The next time you doubt yourself, the next time you wonder if you're good enough, I'm going to show you this picture, 'Ice King,' to remind you of a life you saved. One of many, may I add."

Chuck sat there quietly for a moment. "I'm not going to be able to argue my way out of this, am I?"

"Nope, and if you raise your voice too loud you might wake Molly," Sarah pointed out. Panic covered Chuck's face. "I take it because Casey had to join me earlier, you were put on Molly duty."

"I mean, I'm right here in the complex, I saved her, so shouldn't I also help watch her?" Sarah smiled at Chuck. He thought it was different than her normal amused smile. She shook her head.

"Never change, Chuck, never change."

"Wasn't planning on it," Chuck told her. "But I do have something that I wanted to show you last night."

"Sorry, I was busy last night," Sarah replied, setting on his bed.

Chuck turned in the chair to face her better. "Playing with my curls," he pointed out. Sarah gave him a look that seemed to say, "Yeah, and?" "I don't understand you."

"I'm aware," Sarah replied. "Now, what did you figure out?"

"So, the majority of the missions we went on that Bryce fed Graham information were to help his father's empire," Chuck pointed out. He picked up four folders. "But these missions, were about taking out someone that hurt kids in some way."

"He's got a thing about kids," Sarah said. "Something had to happen."

"Yeah," Chuck nodded, agreeing. "But what, I don't know, and I don't even know if it matters."

"So no idea where he might strike next?" Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head.

"It's hard to get much done with one hand," Chuck said, glancing down at Molly.

"Usually using one hand online keeps you from having one of those," Sarah said. Chuck had turned back to the keyboard to begin work, furrowed his brow at what she said, and turned back to her, his jaw open in shock.

"Sarah!"

"What, it's true," she said with a shrug. "Here, gimme that precious little girl."

"But she whines when I'm not near," Chuck told her.

"She's not the only one," Sarah muttered. Chuck didn't think he heard her right. "What?"

"Uh...nothing," he said, shaking his head. He gently handed Molly to Sarah. She took her, went over to the bed, laid down on it, holding Molly against her. She looked down at the little girl who opened her eyes, studied Sarah for a moment and went back to sleep. "Huh," he said.

"Something wrong?" Sarah asked, smiling with a proud look on her face.

"No," Chuck said, shaking his head, turning back to the computer. Sarah continued to have the satisfied smile on her face as Chuck went back to work.

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Three days later the entire taskforce found themselves in their base of operations, named Castle. "More of a Batcave," Chuck muttered.

"Don't give Carina any ideas about sliding down poles," Sarah said softly to Chuck. His eyes widened as he turned to her. She simply shrugged. The monitor kicked on.

"Team," Graham said, sitting beside a short red-headed woman, in a military uniform. "For those that don't know, this is General Beckman."

"General," Casey said, saluting.

"At ease, Casey," Beckman replied, her face tight. "I have news, good or bad, I don't know." She paused, and glanced at Graham. He nodded. She turned back to the team. "Volkoff has been found this morning, dead. He was....mutilated might be the right term. There was a typed note, pinned to his body. *You don't hurt children.*"

"Bryce," Chuck muttered. Everyone turned to him. "It was his thing, not to hurt children."

"There is some belief what he stole is..." Beckman cleared her throat, sat up a little straighter, and took a deep breath. "Destroying his mind."

“How can a computer program do that?” Chuck asked. “The only way that is possible....” He trailed off, his eyes widening. “That’s not possible. That’s...that’s fucking science fiction.”

“Welcome to science fiction then Agent,” Beckman said gently. “Our people have notice a string of thefts from different intelligence agencies that we believe could be someone wanting to upgrade the Intersect.”

“Any chance there are parts that haven’t been stolen?” Chuck asked. Beckman nodded.

“We’re having one of them shipped to Castle,” Beckman told them. “You will have a member of MI6 joining your team. Agent Rizzo.” Zondra straightened up. “Cole Barker of MI6 will be your partner.” Zondra nodded. “Casey, Miller...fix your shit, because you two are teaming up together.”

“Christ,” Casey muttered

“I assume Sarah and I are the last team?” Chuck asked. Beckman nodded. “Eight hour shifts?” Beckman nodded again.

“If he shows up, you contact the other four immediately and do whatever it takes to stop him,” Beckman told them. “Good luck agents.” With that, she turned off the feed.

“Want me to set up the rotations?” Casey asked.

“Do it,” Sarah told him. “It’s time to end Bryce Larkin.”

Chapter 9: Brothers in Blood Ch 9

I don't own Chuck

He kept hearing something, a reoccurring beeping noise. There was also pain...a lot of pain. He tried to open his eyes but the lids felt like they weighed a thousand pounds. He felt cold, very cold, except for his right hand. It was enveloped in warmth, warmth that he had only felt in the last few weeks. Warmth he didn't know existed after his red test, until he had met Agent Sarah Walker.

There was something else he heard; voices. He couldn't make them out, they sounded garbled, like he was underwater. What the hell was that annoying beep? It sounded like a heart monitor. There was something in his nostrils. He tried to move his nose around but he could still feel it.

He also realized he was feeling pain. A dull ache from all over, but a sharper pain from his middle.

"Have you ever seen anyone beat her in a fight?" he heard a hushed female voice ask.

"Not one on one, and sure as hell not two on one in her favor," another female voice replied.

"She's sitting right here," he heard a third female voice reply. It was too his right, and that voice he knew. In the few weeks they had been working together, he had learned that voice. It had become his lifeline. He would know it anywhere. That voice belonged to Sarah Walker. "I've never seen anything like it," he heard her say in a mixture of disgust and awe.

He wanted to hear more, but he felt like whatever had him underwater was pulling him back. He felt a squeeze of his right hand. It was Sarah. He recognized the warmth, he recognized the touch. She was there...where ever the hell there was.

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He was sitting on the balcony of some expensive home, looking over water, their work done. He knew he should remember where this mission took place, but for the life of him he couldn't, but he knew something important had happened here. Bryce had a satisfied smirk on his face. He was looking over the water, and spoke, never turning towards Chuck. "You know how you know who the real bad guys are Chuck? The ones that beat kids. The one that hurt kids, for being kids. The ones that make their kids grow up before they are ready. Parents, adults, they're supposed to protect kids."

Bryce turned to Chuck. "I know the CIA has a mission for us, but I think we need our own, to do whatever it takes to stop people that hurt kids." Chuck nodded. "You with me?" He held out his hand, and Chuck clasped it. "Brothers...in blood. We do whatever it takes to stop these monsters."

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He was hearing that damn noise again, but he was also hearing an argument. This time he recognized both female voices; Sarah and Ellie.

"You need to be in bed," he heard Ellie say.

"Get him a bigger bed then," Sarah argued. "I'm not leaving him."

"Sarah," he heard the exasperation out of Ellie and decided he would say something. In his mind he opened his mouth, asked them both what was wrong, and how could he help, but that wasn't what came out.

"Whawng?" was the sound that he managed to get out.

"Chuck!" he heard both of them reply. And then there was warmth on both his hands. He could feel Ellie on his left, and Sarah on his right.

"Hey, I'm here," Sarah said, her lips by his ear. He felt something wet on his cheek. Was it her tears?

"I'm quite mad at you," he heard Ellie say. The teasing tone came through, but it was full of emotion. What in the hell was going on? "You keep fighting, you hear me?"

"Kay," he managed to reply. "Ove u," he added, feeling himself being pulled back under.

"Love you, baby brother," he heard Ellie say.

"Love you," he heard another voice say as he disappeared into the depths. Was that Sarah? Did she just say she loved him? He wanted to fight his way back to them, to ask what he had just heard, but he was too weak. He didn't have the strength. As he slipped under he felt a warm pressure on his right side, and he knew Sarah was hugging him.

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That damn sound was bringing him back up again, but this time there was something else with it, a voice. Her voice. "Molly really misses you," he heard Sarah say. "But we can't bring her in here, not with you still badly hurt as you are, plus...well, I always promised to never lie to you. You'd probably scare the hell out of her. All these tubes running out of you. So, you have Ellie and Molly that want you better."

There was a silence for a few moments and when she continued he heard her voice full of emotion, nearly breaking. "And then there's me, Chuck. God, you saved my damn life from that asshole not once, but twice. This time, literally, he was going to kill me, and instead...instead he shot you in the gut."

That would explain the pain, and the bed, and how he felt. He tried to remember the fight, but at that moment, it didn't feel important. He put all his energy into squeezing her hand.

"Chuck!?" he heard her say. He fought with everything he could to open his eyes. She was there, fuzzy, and unfocused in his sight, but she was there. Bruised, cut up, looked like she had lost a hell of a fight. "Chuck?"

"M'ere," he managed to get out. Her left hand was stroking his head, tears in her eyes. "U ook ike sht," he managed to say. She gave a wet laugh and laid her head on his shoulder. He hissed in pain and she quickly pulled back.

"I love you," she said softly. She pressed a kiss to his cheek. He didn't know what to say, he didn't know what to do, but he knew he felt so much for her, and he shouldn't, for her

sake. As he felt himself go under again, he squeezed her hand, and the darkness swallowed him again as went back under.

Chapter 10: Brothers in Blood Ch 10

I don't own Chuck

"We've lowered the morphine," he heard Ellie say, not feeling the tug like he had the past few times he woke up. "He should be coming out of it soon."

"And then the real work begins," he heard Sarah say.

"Nah, I'm pretty sure you started the real work a few weeks ago," he heard Ellie reply. He heard a giggle beside him and tried to turn her head toward him. "Oh look, Sleeping Beauty is trying to wake now. I do need to check his vitals."

"I guess brother trumps being a Neurologist?"

"Absolutely," Ellie said, and then he saw her, and then a bright light. Was it over? Was he supposed to go toward the light? Suddenly everything went dark, and then he saw Ellie again but this time in the other eye. Again there was a bright light. "Good," she murmured.

"Arah?" he managed to get out. He felt his right hand being squeezed.

"I'm here, Chuck, I'm here," he heard her say. He tried to open his eyes, and he saw her. Again, she was fuzzy, looked like she had lost a fight, but he realized how beautiful she was, regardless of the state.

"You okay?" he managed to get out. He saw her smile widen.

"I will be now," she replied. Chuck didn't know what that meant but he shut his eyes again, feeling very tired.

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A few hours later, he opened his eyes, the majority of the painkillers making him sleep flushed from his system. He looked down at his stomach and he remembered what happened. Bryce had shot him. In the gut.

"Sarah!" he said, remembering how she had been hurt. She jumped in the chair beside him and that's when he saw it was a wheelchair she had been sitting in. "Your leg."

"I'm okay, Chuck," she told him. He gave her the flattest look he could manage, and she chuckled. "Okay, no permanent damage." He nodded. "What do you remember?"

"Not a lot," he admitted.

"Bryce showed up," Sarah reminded him. Chuck nodded. "He...he seemed to know fighting moves and styles perfectly."

"He did," Chuck replied. "He kicked our asses."

"Broke my leg, sent me flying," Sarah recounted. She was silent for a moment. "And then he was going to shoot me, and you punched him," Sarah continued. "And then he shot you."

"He laughed at me," Chuck said, remembering everything. "Jokes on him though, he played his cards. He now has...something-"

"They're calling it the Intersect," Sarah told him. "Apparently it is much more advanced than they thought. It has fighting styles and all sorts of physical abilities implanted into it."

"He's lazy," Chuck told her. "He will use that, like a crutch."

"So what do we do?"

"We figure out how to take him out as a team," Chuck told her. "We learn how to fight as one."

"That's gonna mean a lot of time together, Chuck."

"You should probably run, get away from me," Chuck told her. He hurried on before she could disagree. "But I hope you don't."

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Days later found the whole team in his new hospital room now that he was out of the ICU. "So it appears that Bryce had the new, upgraded Intersect all along," Casey began.

"He was just going around, destroying the parts so no one could create another."

"I mean, we could," Chuck said, making Casey snort. "It slows us down, but we could."

"They also think it's driving him crazy," Casey continued. He paused a second, looked at Chuck, and continued. "Crazy enough to kill his own father."

"That may not be the Intersect," Chuck said softly. Everyone turned to him. "He said something to me long ago, about adults who let kids be mistreated...beaten." He was silent a second. He looked up at everyone. "I wonder how far Alexi would have gone with his son?"

Casey grunted and looked away, a look of disgust on his face. "Heal up, Chuckles," Catrina cut in. "You're our best hope of stopping him. For now, the four of us are going to try to put out all the fires he's causing."

"Hey, we mean it, you two get better," Zondra said, pointing from one to the other. The team filed out, Cole not saying a word, and Chuck wondered how much of an outsider he felt like.

"Don't do it," Sarah said softly.

"What, ask Cole how he's doing?" Chuck asked.

"No, that's fine, it's the other thing you're doing," Sarah told him. "And before you even try to tell me you're not sitting here feeling sorry for Bryce and his circumstances, I know you." Chuck shut his mouth before he said exactly what she told him not to say.

She sighed and shook her head. "Chuck, what happened to him was terrible, but it doesn't excuse what he did to you."

"It doesn't," Chuck agreed. "But it is sad." Sarah shook her head. "So, there's been a lot going on the past few days, and I need to ask something." He was rubbing his hands on the sheets over his legs. They were sweating. "I thought I heard you say something a few days ago and-"

"I love you," she said, smiling at his spiraling, and feeling sorry for the guy. She shrugged. "I don't need you to say it back, I don't need you to feel anything for me. And before you say it's from you saving me or something stupid like that, I was feeling it long before that happened."

"I see," Chuck said. Sarah reached over, took his hand and squeezed it. "Before I met you, I wondered if I could ever feel...ever love again. Bryce broke something in me...at least I thought he did." He blew out a rough breath and looked over at her. "I don't know what I'm feeling, but it's something."

"Well, that's something," she told him, grinning. "I told you that I don't need you to say it to me. I just need you to know that you are loved, Chuck Bartowski. Now, get some sleep."

"You know you do have your own room," Chuck began. She gave him a flat look. "You're totally moving into my room when we get to the apartment, aren't you."

She gave him a look that clearly said, "Don't be stupid, of course I am."

"I told you, I would never do anything like him," Sarah began.

"And you haven't," Chuck told her, squeezing her hand. "You've been saving me." Sarah looked away, a smile on her face, a tear rolling down her cheek. He leaned over the best he could, and placed a soft kiss on the side of her head. "Thank you."

She didn't say anything as he laid back and closed his eyes, but he swore the warmth and safety he felt from her hand wrapped around his, seemed to grow.

Chapter 11: Brothers in Blood Ch 11

I don't own Chuck

"Should you be doing this?" Chuck asked her. Sarah gave him a flat look and he sighed.

"I am fine on these crutches," Sarah told him. Chuck nearly responded when the door opened and the smirk on Sarah's face fell.

"Nope," Ellie began.

"I am released from the hospital," Sarah argued. "He needs to walk, and I need to walk, so..." Ellie and Sarah stared at each other. Chuck grabbed the blanket on his bed and threw it over his head to hide. Both women couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"What if I walk with you two," Ellie offered.

"That would work," Chuck said. Sarah turned to him, an amused smile on her face.

"Listen, I'm the one who's being double teamed here."

"What do you mean double teamed, Chuck?" Sarah asked.

"The two women that care for me more than anyone else," Chuck replied.

"No, there's another," Ellie said gently. "Molly."

"How is she?" Chuck asked hurriedly. "I want to see her, but.." He glanced down at his stomach and then back to his sister.

"She's okay," Ellie assured Chuck. "We will find a way for you to see her and you be protected."

"Kevlar?" Sarah asked. Ellie thought for a second and nodded.

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"You doing okay?" Sarah asked. After two weeks in the hospital, Chuck had been released. They were walking back to their apartment from the SUV. Ellie, Devon, and Casey were right there to watch them. Sarah was doing well on the crutches, Chuck was

shuffling along more than walking, trying not to hurt himself each step he took.

"Wonderful," he groaned. He pulled up to stop, and then turned to everyone behind him. "I feel like the pied piper," he told them. "How about all of you go wait by the fountain while we shuffle our way to our door?"

Ellie gave him a look, but relented. Devon followed her, and Casey did as well, chuckling. Chuck turned back to Sarah, apprehension on his face. "I need to talk to you a minute."

"I'm not forcing my way into your room," she told him gently. "But, I'm not gonna lie and tell you that I'd really rather be right there to help you if you need it. Especially with me like this." She glanced down at her leg and then back at him. "Chuck, I'm not going to apologize for what I said-"

"I don't want you to," Chuck cut in, surprising himself. "I...I am absolutely crazy about you, Sarah." He took a deep breath, looked away, and then back to her, tears in his eyes. "I shot the woman I loved, because my partner, told me too. I was then seduced by him and made to believe that it was us against the world until he got what he wanted and then did his best to mentally destroy me while physically hurting me."

"He did," Sarah replied. "But I'm not him."

"Oh, I am *WELL* aware you are not." He took a deep breath. "I didn't know I could care about anyone who wasn't family. I didn't know I could ever care about anyone else, and you've shown me I can." He looked down and set his jaw. He looked back up at her. "I'm scared Sarah. Scared you'll leave, be taken away from me. I'm scared he'll hurt you because of what you mean to me."

"What I mean to you...Chuck?" She emphasized the "k" and had to steel himself from the shiver that ran down his back. "Let me be crystal clear, I am not going to let that sonofabitch hurt you if I physically can." She glanced down at her leg. "Obviously I lost the first round, but not the war."

"I swear to God, part of me wants to run and take you with me, but that's not who we are."

"No, we're not," Sarah told him. "But, I'll make you a deal." She grinned at him. "*WHEN* we finish him off, and clean up this mess, if you want to leave, I'll leave."

"Sarah-" he began.

"No, Chuck, I'm not doing this for revenge, but because he'll never stop if he thinks you're his weakness."

"He doesn't," Chuck argued.

"Right now, he doesn't, but he'll realize it." She smiled at him. "He'll figure out exactly who you are."

"Who am I?" Chuck asked her.

"Chuck Bartowski."

"He already knows that," he replied, confused.

"No, he thinks your Charles Carmichael," Sarah gently reminded him.

"I don't want to see you hurt, Sarah." She nodded, moved to him, and pulled him into a hug. He wrapped his arms around her. "I need to tell you something, but I'm scared of what it will do to you."

"What do you think it will do, run me off?" she teased.

"No, I think it will pull you in even closer and get you killed."

She pulled away a bit, and looked up at him. "I already know," she said softly. He started to argue and she gave him that amused smile that always disarmed him. "Chuck, I know."

"About my comic books?"

"Yep, that's it," she told him as she released him and noticed he didn't release her.

"I'm going to say this softly, so Ellie doesn't storm across the courtyard, and tackle hug both of us putting us back into the hospital," Chuck told her. "I love you."

She stared into his eyes. "You and I have one first class sonofabitch to take down, and then...then you and I..." she trailed off and winked at him.

"Just be gentle with me, I'm a bit beat up. Like physically beat up."

"I've got the broken leg you big baby," she reminded him, grinning. "Come on, we stand here much longer, Ellie's gonna jump to her own conclusions."

"Pretty sure she already has," Chuck said, as the two slowly made their way to their apartment.

Chapter 12: Brothers in Blood Ch 12

I don't own Chuck

Three weeks later found the two of them very slowly walking through the park. Chuck had to sit down for a moment, holding a small pillow against his stomach as he coughed.

"Hey, don't over do it," Sarah warned him, sitting down beside him.

"I mean, are you at least a little sore?" Chuck asked, grinning at her. She bounced a shoulder and grinned at him. "A little, but I'm so excited to have the cast off that I don't care."

"Yeah," he said, looking a hair uncomfortable. He blew out a breath. "You know I'm lucky, if that bullet had gone much either way...I'd have on a colostomy bag right now."

"That would be a shitty situation," Sarah told him. Chuck looked at her, and she began to laugh, her tongue stuck out between her teeth. "Do you want to talk about why you're nervous about me having off my cast?"

"No," Chuck replied, standing and grinning. Sarah burst out laughing as he slowly began to head down the path. She stood up and started after him.

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She came back from Ellie's having spent some time with Molly and Ellie. Chuck was acting nervous around her, and she wanted to give him a break. She walked in and paused, seeing the worst day of her life on the big screen, and Chuck and Morgan on the couch watching it. She didn't say anything, she couldn't.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Morgan said, pulling her thoughts off of that day. "Three different forms of martial arts."

"You sure, you thought four a minute ago," Chuck reminded him.

"No, three, and you have them all written down there, now what?"

"Now I program four robots," Chuck said. "Three of the robots will have one discipline each, and the fourth will have all three, and a random number generator changing the discipline at a random time."

"Chuck, that's gonna take a while." "I know," he said softly.

"What are you doing?" Sarah asked, watching the two turn towards her, fear in their eyes.

"Shit, I'm so sorry, Sarah," Chuck said, standing quickly, and wincing just a little. "I was trying to do this where you would never see it. I never wanted to relieve this day again."

"Okay, but what are you doing?"

"I'm preparing for us to beat Bryce," Chuck explained. "I was watching the footage, looking for an advantage."

"How can you watch it?" Sarah asked.

"You know what, I'm gonna go," Morgan said, and he fled from the apartment. Sarah walked up to Chuck, and squatted a little moving her head around to catch his eye.

"How can you watch it?"

"I had to be Agent Carmichael and shut everything off," Chuck told her. He saw the pain on her face with his answer. "I had to analyze the footage, to find a weakness, to figure out where, or even if there was a weakness."

"And you found one?" Sarah asked. Chuck nodded. "Okay, show me." "No," Chuck said shaking his head. "I watched it, you don't have to, I can tell you."

"Show me," she told him. He swallowed, a little scared and maybe, a hair turned on...okay, more than a hair. He started the footage, and it was where he was fighting Chuck. "Okay, what am I looking at?"

"I don't know the names of all the fighting styles like Morgan did, so I wrote them down." He grabbed the notebook and handed it to her. "If you watch him, he's robotic, and I know Bryce, he's lazy. He'll use the Intersect as a crutch."

"How does one person beat someone who has this style memorized and is like muscle memory?" Sarah asked.

"One person doesn't," Chuck told her. She looked at him, but he was looking straight ahead at the TV. "It would take two people, completely in lockstep with each other. It would take two people that absolutely knew exactly what the other was thinking and could anticipate their next move. It would take two people days, weeks, months, hell, maybe years."

"But two people could do it?" she asked gently. "Two people being that in tune with each other...that's quite....intimate."

"Very," he said, his voice rising an octave. He cleared his throat. "And the trust you'd have to have in the other person..."

"You might not know where one ends and the other begins," she finished the sentence for him. He turned to her as he spoke, their eyes locked. "That would create a type of bond that I don't know could ever be broken."

"It could...it would be very dangerous, and I don't know if I have the right to ask someone to help me." Sarah reached down and took his hand. He licked his lips and continued. "Especially if I cared and loved that person."

Her eyes held his. "I would think if I was a person who was loved and cared about by someone I might be a little upset if I wasn't asked by said person." Chuck thought that over in his head. "Do I need to rephrase it?"

"No, I got the gist of it," he told her.

"And of course, you have four robots?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, those I'd have to build, that would be no big deal," Chuck said, thinking about how he was going to ask her to help him. She just stared at him a little gob-struck. "What?"

"Of course, you can just build four robots like it was no big deal."

Chuck grinned, and scratched the back of his neck. "So, I need help Sarah."

"I'm in," she told him. "Now, first things, first, I need to work with you on your footwork." Chuck arched an eyebrow. "I gotta see what I'm working with."

She took the remote from him and clicked a few buttons, and a song came on. "You're not near as non-tech savy as you make out."

"I don't have to be, my boyfriend is," she told him. Chuck smiled at her and then she stretched up on her tiptoes and gently kissed him on the lips. "I've been wanting to do that for a while, but I wasn't supposed to put any pressure on my leg."

"Is this gonna fall into the hug category?" he asked, as he took her in his arms and began to slowly dance with her. "That's probably a good idea," she told him. "Don't worry, I'm gonna wait until you heal up."

"I don't know what you mean," Chuck said. She gave him a look through her lashes. "Fine, I know exactly what you mean, but do you mean physically or mentally?" Sarah shrugged. "That could take a while."

"Worth it," she said, shutting her eyes, lying her head on his shoulder as they swayed to the music.

Chapter 13: Brothers in Blood Ch 13

I don't own Chuck

He slowly woke, feeling a comfortable heaviness on his right side that felt right. Since Chuck had met Bryce Larkin, Chuck didn't know if anything had felt this right. He had loved Jill, he was sure he had, but what they had, didn't feel like what he had with Sarah, and he and Sarah hadn't been together for that long, and not at all in the way he and Jill had. He was sure that all meant something, but he wasn't sure what.

He opened his eyes and saw her laying on his right side. He realized that heaviness was her leg draped over him. "I am so glad that cast is off," she mumbled. She raised her head up and looked at him. "You are okay for snuggling like this, right?"

"I mean, I feel like if I say no you won't believe me," he replied. She reached up and booped him on the nose. "Woman, you did not just boop a stone-cold killer on the nose."

"You're right, I did not," Sarah replied. "You're not a stone-cold killer, and you know it." Chuck couldn't help himself, he pulled her tight against him. "You keep hugging me like that Chuck Bartowski and I may decide you are healed."

"Is that a threat?" Chuck asked looking down at her.

She winked at him. "It's a promise."

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She stood there, looking atwell, whatever the hell it was. "Uh, I don't mean to disparage...this," Sarah said, waving her hand at it. "But this isn't like any robot I've ever seen."

It was several weeks later that Chuck had announced he had finished the first robot. Sarah had seen many movies, TV shows, and other bits of media with robots, and this looked NOTHING like any of them.

"I am not a....robotist?" he asked. Sarah gave him a look and he shrugged. "Look, maybe robot is a little much."

"It rolls, Chuck," she pointed out.

"No one has figure out how to do all of what you're suggesting," Chuck reminded her.

"What I've done is programmed this robot-"

"Please quit saying robot, because it's not a robot," Sarah cut in.

"Fine, I have programed this fighting stick figure with two arms, two legs to fight with, and wheels to move around to help train us," Chuck offered. Sarah looked at the machine, back to Chuck, and shrugged.

"Fine, whatever the hell it is, how does it work?" Sarah asked.

"Try it," Chuck said, hitting a button. Sarah got into a fighting stance. She went at the robot for a few minutes, only being hit a few times, noticing a green bar fall each time she was hit. After it dropped by one-third, it turned yellow. After a few more soft hits, it dropped by another third and now was red. Sarah connected a few more times, and so did the machine, and it stopped fighting.

"I killed it," she said, grinning. Chuck was shaking his head. "What, that was it's health, right?"

"No, Sarah, that was yours," Chuck explained gently. "If those strikes had landed at their full velocity..." Chuck trailed off.

"Oh," she said, nodding. "So, like you said, we have to do it together." Chuck nodded, his bottom lip pulled between his teeth, him not looking at her. "Chuck?"

"I can't lose you," he blurted out in a horse whisper, tears falling from his eyes suddenly. She crossed quickly to him and pulled him into a hug.

"I promise you, you are not going to lose me," Sarah told him, hugging him tight.

"He has taken *EVERYTHING* from me!" There was rage on his face, which was something she had never seen. "He used me every chance he got, and now, now I have what seems to be somewhat of a real life, and.." He trailed off, realizing what he had

said.

"What do you mean somewhat of a real life?" Sarah asked him. "You have a real life. You're back with your family, you're doing your job, creating things that no one else can, you have a girlfriend...." She trailed off and watched his face as he ducked his head and a shy smile began to grow, but then stopped.

"That I can't have a physical relationship with because of everything he's done to me," Chuck reminded her.

"There's pills for that," she said gently. His head popped up, his eyes wide. "So, that works?" He narrowed his eyes at her as she stuck her tongue between her teeth and laughed. "So, you do know how, right, because I can teach you."

"I'm fairly certain I know how," Chuck retorted.

"Then what's the problem?" Sarah asked, looking him right in the eye. "Don't love her?"

"You know I love you," Chuck told her taking her hands. "It's just..."

"You're scared to death he's going to take me away from you?" Chuck nodded. "Chuck, let him try, there is no way."

"He's already hurt you," Chuck protested.

"And I'm still standing," Sarah reminded him. She pulled him into a kiss. It started slow but it built quickly. He pulled back a little and looked down at her. She cupped his face. "I'll wait as long as I have to."

"I told you, that you should have run," he said.

"Yeah, yeah," she replied, grinning at him. "I got you, Chuck. I got you."

He leaned down to kiss her again, and his hands wrapped around her back, holding her tight. One of his fingers touched the bare skin where her shirt and pants met. She pulled away, and looked him in his eye. He nodded, and swallowed, nervously. "I told you I'll wait."

"Maybe I'm tired of waiting," Chuck replied.

“About damn time,” she told him, and resumed kissing him.

“Growing impatient?” he asked her jokingly. He pulled away, and moved a lock of hair behind her ear. “I love you, Sarah, and you have to know I wouldn’t have gotten this far without you.” She squeezed his hand. “Any chance you’d like to take the next step with me.” The smile on her face gave him his answer.

Chapter 14: Brothers in Blood Ch 14

I don't own Chuck

She walked into Ellie's using everything in her not to slam the door shut. "What did he do?" Ellie asked, seeing the thundercloud on Sarah's face.

"Why would you think he's done anything?" Sarah replied, picking up Molly and holding her close. She felt Ellie's eyes boring into her. "Fine, he doesn't want me."

Ellie snorted. "Sarah, sweetie..." Ellie went back to whatever it was she was cooking.

"I know, I know, he's your brother, and you have to defend him-"

"What did he do, exactly?" Ellie asked.

"He said he was ready," Sarah told her. "He said he was ready for the next step, and then, he said he was not." Sarah found herself rocking the baby back and forth. She stopped, turned and looked right at Ellie. "He told you, didn't he?"

"Of course he did," Ellie replied, rolling her eyes. "He does....you know what, that's my brother, so let me put it a different way, nothing has changed about how he feels about you. Now why don't you tell what you think happened, and then I'll have two opinions that are both off base, but I can then figure out where the middle of all of this is."

"You make it sound like we're being ridiculous," Sarah accused. Ellie stopped stirring, put her spatula down and stared at Sarah. "One of you is head over heels in love, and worried about losing the life he has finally found. The other one is head over heels in love, scared he's going to think you're just like Bryce. You two had a silly misunderstanding, during some tense moments, and you're both blowing the whole damn thing out of proportion. And you're both being comforted by a child, because you both want so much more out of your life." Sarah stood there, her mouth hanging open.

"My guess," Ellie continued. "Chuck suggested you try it together, the fighting that is, not the other thing." "He did also suggest we try the other thing," Sarah muttered. Ellie gave her a flat look. "Sorry."

Ellie chuckled. "He saw you getting hit, you were in the mood for...other things, not really paying attention, and your...what did he call it, life-bar?"

"Yeah," Sarah replied, a little bothered by how right Ellie was so far.

"Your life-bar went from yellow to red, and he dove in front of you to take the blow," Ellie finished.

"That's right," Sarah said, a little defensively.

"Could it also be possible that you did not appreciate the man you love taking a blow meant for you, especially after he also took a bullet for you?" Sarah said nothing. "Could it also be that his fear got the best of him, and he thought if you two were to get physically intimate, that it might distract you and get you killed?"

"I'm really not enjoying this," Sarah muttered.

"Sarah, sweetie, he's so scared."

"God, Ellie, I know, hell, I'm scared, but if we don't live our lives, Bryce wins," Sarah told her. "We might lose, we might." Ellie nodded. "But we have to go try and take him out, but in the meantime..." The door burst opened before either of them could say another word, and Chuck came in, looking at the kitchen, where Ellie was. "Ellie, she's gone. She's gone, Ellie. What if Bryce took her? What if I hurt her, and she's left me?" "I'm right here, Chuck, and I'm not leaving you," Sarah said. Chuck turned to her, his eyes wide, embarrassment covering his face. "I overreacted, I'm sorry."

"No, I overreacted, and got scared that you'd get hurt," Chuck replied, shaking his head walking toward Sarah. Ellie rolled her eyes, came out of the kitchen, took Molly from Sarah as Sarah made her way toward Chuck.

"Chuck, I admit, I was a little preoccupied about other things while we were practicing, and that's on me," Sarah began.

"No, no, that was my fault," Chuck insisted.

"Oh for the love of God, go home and work this out!" Ellie told them. The two looked at her, nodded, and made their way out the door. Molly waved to them. "You didn't want to

see your Mommy and Daddy fight, did you?" Ellie blew a raspberry onto Molly's cheek, making her squeal.

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Some time later

"You know, if we move together that well against the robot, I think we can beat it in no time," Sarah nearly purred, running her hand over Chuck's bare chest. Chuck started to speak, but stopped. As his grin grew, Sarah's curiosity peaked. "What?"

"Well, I was gonna ask, is this gonna be like the hug thing?" Sarah swatted him on the chest lightly.

"Maybe," she replied, as sultrily as she could. "But I wouldn't want you to think I'm seducing you."

"I love you, Sarah," Chuck said, taking her hand. "I love you so much and I am so scared, and I completely overreacted."

"Hey, I overreacted too," Sarah admitted. "I think this is kinda new for both of us, so, maybe we cut each other some grace, hmm?"

"That's a good idea," Chuck agreed. "So, do we want to try the robot again?"

"How about we work on getting our moves down tonight and work with the robot tomorrow?" Sarah offered, grinning at him. Chuck nodded. "You know that means we have more practice?"

"This is totally gonna be like the hugs thing," Chuck said, grinning as she burst out laughing.

Chapter 15: Brothers in Blood Ch 15

I don't own Chuck

Sarah opened the door to their apartment, and stopped dead in her tracks, seeing something that made things inside of her lurch.

"Something wrong?" she heard the brunette ask behind her. Sarah moved out of the way and let Ellie the rest of the way into the apartment. There sat Chuck on the couch, asleep. Molly was curled up in his lap, his arm wrapped around her in protection, asleep as well.

"You really need to finish this Bryce thing," Ellie told Sarah. Sarah nodded. Over the last eight months Chuck and Sarah had been practicing continuously against the first robot, to the point Morgan told them it was time for the second.

Neither of them had said anything when Morgan first started watching them fight, but after several practices where they had both gotten through it "alive" but had sustained some damage, they had heard Morgan making a "tsk" sound.

"You're starting to low with your arm angle," Morgan told Chuck. Sarah snickered. "And you're putting too much weight on your front foot," Morgan told Sarah, making Chuck snicker.

"If you think you can do better, you come do it," Sarah told Morgan.

Morgan held his hands up defensively. "Oh, I cannot," he admitted. "But, I have watched so much fighting over the years..." he shrugged. "Obviously you two are fighting perfectly." He turned to walk away.

"Damn it," she muttered. "Morgan," Sarah called after him. "Where?" Morgan was confused. "Where is my arm angle too low?"

"Start the program again, and I'll yell out when you make a mistake," Morgan told her. Chuck and Sarah shared a look. "I can't tell you where, because its moves are random."

“If we can’t master one discipline, how are we gonna master three, Sarah?” Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head, and then gestured toward the robot. Chuck turned it back on and they began again.

After a few minutes, Morgan stopped the program and walked over to Sarah, showing her footage from his phone he had recorded of her. “Sonofabitch,” she muttered, watching herself putting too much weight on her front foot. It was the tiniest bit, but it was enough to throw her off. “Chuck, you need to build some kind of recording system so we can watch what we are doing wrong.”

Morgan’s eyes lit up as Chuck turned to Morgan, a grin on his face. That had set them back a week in training as they came up with the perfect way to film and Morgan study it to find the mistakes they made.

The mistakes were tiny, but that was the point. Bryce had a computer in his head having his body reacting perfectly, and it would only take the tiniest mistake for Chuck and Sarah to be not only hurt, but eventually beaten.

After the mastery of the first and second style of the fighting robots, Chuck went to program the third, when Morgan threw them off. He had been watching them, and while they weren’t cocky, their confidence seemed to be a little much. Morgan suggested the new robot be program with the two fighting styles they knew and randomized.

Sarah argued it was a waste of time. Morgan finally got his way after asking Chuck if it would be difficult to add the third style to the fight matrix. When Chuck answered it wouldn’t take any time to add the third style, Sarah relented.

A few days later when Chuck and Sarah went to square off the new robot, they were confident, very confident. Morgan wasn’t surprised at all that they were beaten within minutes.

“What in the hell happened?” Sarah asked.

“You compartmentalize everything,” Morgan explained to Chuck and Sarah. “That’s how you were both taught. Everything in section A goes in box A, everything in section B goes in box B. You see something from A, you start looking for signs of other things from

A, and when you get something from B it takes your brain a second to realize it.”

“I think I get it,” Chuck replied, nodding. “So your saying once we see B, if another punch from the B style is thrown, we’re good, but if it’s A...”

“You toast,” Morgan finished for him. “You have to decompartmentalize.”

“So are we hurting ourselves by learning each discipline?” Sarah asked.

Morgan shook his head. “No, you have to learn that style first, how to combat it, before you can figure out how to combat all three.”

Sarah and Chuck shared a disappointed look. “You two thought you had this, sorry. I hate to be the one to tell you, but no one else here understands what you’re doing. The rest of the agents are trying to find Bryce, and Ellie and Devon only know that you’re practicing fighting.”

“You’ve always been insightful, Buddy,” Chuck told him. “You probably are helping to save our lives.”

“Remember something else, Bryce was trained the same way, so that is your edge,” Morgan pointed out. “Does he have an edge with a computer in his brain, sure, but you two have a greater edge.” Morgan looked from one to the other and grinned. “Each other.”

Sarah shook her head, pulling herself out of the thoughts of training. “Ellie, I want that.”

“I know,” Ellie replied. “So does he.” Ellie put the bags she had on the counter. “Now, I want to be loud and wake him, but I don’t want to wake Molly.”

Sarah walked over, gently pulled Molly from Chuck’s grasp, grinned at the woman she was considering her sister, opened the door and went outside. Ellie picked up the bags off of the counter, and dropped them, making a loud clanging noise, bringing Chuck off the couch.

“Molly!” he yelled, looking around. The door opened with Sarah having a finger to her mouth admonishing him. “Sorry, when did you two get back.”

“Just now,” Sarah told him, walking over and sitting on the couch beside him, the two looking down at Molly. Ellie stood in the kitchen, shaking her head. She walked over to the door, opened it, and left, leaving the family to themselves. Dinner could wait until later.

Chapter 16: Brothers in Blood Ch 16

I don't own Chuck

Three months later found the team, minus Cole, standing in front of a monitor with a very somber, and grim, Diane Beckman.

"Team," Beckman began. "Agent Cole and his MI-6 brethren..." she trailed off.

"Damn," Casey said softly. "What happened General?"

Beckman straightened. "MI-6 got a lead on one of the builders of the compound that Bryce is holed up in. Apparently different builders and contractors built separate parts of the facility."

"Smart," Morgan muttered. Casey turned and glared at him.

"Hey, he's on our side, Casey," Sarah reminded Casey. "He's the one helping Chuck and I, he's the one that has helped YOU with the plan to attack the compound."

"A plan that is useless," Beckman told them. "I have uploaded the new plans to your laptops, including yours Mr. Grimes. Cole and his men attacked where they thought the fortification was weak, what they did not know was that there were sensors that alerted everyone in the compound. The agents walked into a sea of gunfire."

"Jesus," Carina said, shaking her head. "So, how do we get into this thing?"

"Our analysts have spent days on this data, and their conclusion...we don't," Beckman told them. "The casualties would be unacceptable. Dropping a bomb wouldn't work because they are in Russia. Bryce Larkin has the perfect hole to hide in."

"Or does he?" Morgan murmured. "Chuck, he knew you loved Star Wars, right?"

"Yeah, why?" Chuck asked.

"There's an exhaust port here that could be entered, but I'm betting you have no schematics on that, do you General?" Morgan asked.

"No, we do not," Beckman replied. "One analyst did think that was the best place to attack."

"Bryce wants you to think that," Morgan said, still studying. "So this area here, the kill zone that Cole and his men stepped into, do we have any idea how the alarm is triggered, or sensors set off? It's in the wild. A random animal could trigger it."

"That part I can answer," Beckman said, leafing through a folder. "According to data collected during the assault and other data from satellites, it appears that it takes six life signs moving at a certain speed to set off the sensors."

"So if you do it at night, you can only move so fast, and then you risk being seen, or even getting to your target, but being extremely cold...having frostbite...losing a finger..." Morgan trailed off, and then grinned. "This is actually perfect. What's here?" He pointed to what appeared to be a cave several hundred yards behind what they had called the "kill zone."

"It appears to be a cave full of wolves," Beckman told him.

"So we have this area here, the 'kill zone'," Morgan began. "This area on the west side, where the exhaust port is that I am sure is booby trapped."

"So you have the opposite side of the 'kill zone'," Casey continued. "With the main door and elevator that goes down into the compound." Casey grunted in approval. "Smart to have that side and the east side built against a hillside. On either corner of the main entrance you have two sniper towers and all these guards."

"But if the alarm goes off, all of these guards leave," Morgan reminded him.

"So that leaves two snipers," Casey said, nodding starting to understand. "How many did Cole take with him, General? I'm sure too many agents would have caused an international incident."

"You are correct, Major," Beckman replied. "He had ten agents, including himself."

"We don't need that many," Morgan said, still staring at the plans. "These five, me, to operate the drone to set off the sensors, someone to throw a grenade down the exhaust

port so Bryce thinks someone tried to enter that direction, and however many we have to bring to take out these snipers.”

“I can take one out,” Casey told Morgan.

“As can I,” Chuck added.

“Nope, don’t want to chance anything with your hands, you are too important,” Morgan told Chuck.

“I can do it,” Zondra spoke up. “Casey and I can take the shot at the same time, taking out both. We leave our rifles there, they’re too bulky to take inside.” Casey nodded in agreement. “We go in with the other three, then Casey, Carina, and I take out everyone we need to, getting these two to Bryce. If most of the guards are at the far wall, it should be relatively simple.”

“Wait, I’m confused about the far wall and this drone,” Chuck interjected.

“Oh, sorry, thought the whole thing through in my brain forgot to explain it,” Morgan said, looking up at Chuck. Chuck had to admit his little buddy looked pretty proud of himself. “So, my guess is by building the facility where it is, those wolves don’t have as much of a food source as they used to have.”

“We have satellite imaging of the wolves...eating the dead bodies of agents,” Beckman added. Everyone shuddered.

“I thought wolves only ate what they killed,” Sarah pointed out.

“If there’s no food, and there are other scavengers around, they will adopt those principles,” Morgan explained. Morgan stopped and turned back to the monitor. “Did the wolves not set off the sensors? Because if they did not then this whole plan is out the window.”

“Oh, they did, that’s what I was checking on,” Beckman said. “One of the guards posted it on social media. Our techs have been scouring the digital footprints of those in Bryce’s army. There’s a video of the guard filming the wolves, and in the background, you can hear the alarm going off, saying the perimeter has been breached.”

“Perfect,” Morgan said. “I mean...not for Cole and....” Morgan tailed off, wincing.

“We get it, Buddy,” Chuck said. “So this drone...?”

“Oh, right. So I’ll fly in a drone with fresh meat into the kill zone, and drop it off. I’ll fly it to the wolves den first, let them get the scent, and then into the kill zone, hopefully like the pied piper with the wolves following,” Morgan explained.

“Then once the alarm goes off, someone tosses the grenade in the exhaust port, Zondra and I take out the snipers, and in we go,” Casey finished. “Damn, Grimes, that’s...good.”

“So it’s up to you and I to take out Bryce,” Sarah said to Chuck.

“Yeah,” Chuck said, nodding. This was going to be over soon....one way or another.

Chapter 17: Brothers in Blood Ch 17

I don't own Chuck

Three months later found them ready, or so they thought. Chuck and Sarah had continued practicing until they felt like they had mastered everything, and then Morgan made them do it again.

Chuck was working on dinner when the door opened. He saw the look on Sarah's face and his heart sank. "What is it?"

"It's Bryce," Sarah said, anger, fear, and rage on her face all at once.

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They gathered in front of the monitor, Zondra and Carina watching Chuck in a way he had never seen them look at him. Beckman and Graham appeared on the screen.

"Team," Beckman began, the look on her face indescribable. She paused and stared at Chuck. "Agent Bartowski, the rest of the team has seen this video. After you have seen it, I think you'll understand why." Chuck narrowed his eyes and nodded. Beckman hit a button and she and Graham were replaced on the screen with Bryce.

Bryce was sitting, a smirk on his face. "Agent Carmichael," Bryce began, smugly. "I was going to let you go, leave you alone, but over the past few months, I've realized that you can't leave loose threads out in the wild." He paused, leaned back, and tapped his forefingers against each other, looking like some villain mastermind that was about to tell his evil master plan.

"You have three options," Bryce continued. "The first option is you do nothing." Bryce paused, and then gave an evil grin. "If you do that, you should know the consequences." There was a long pause. "I will kill Ellie and Molly."

"You sonofabitch," Chuck muttered, anger on his face. Sarah took his hand, and squeezed it.

"You won't do that one, I'm sure of it," Bryce continued. "Don't make me kill Ellie and Molly, Chuck." Bryce glared at the camera like it was Chuck's fault that might happen.

"The second option, and the one I'm pretty sure you'll pick, though I wish you wouldn't." Bryce leaned back in his chair, a proud smirk returning to his face. "You come to me, and we fight this out. You have three months. So kiss Ellie and Molly goodbye, and your new piece of ass, and come fight me. I'll hate to kill you, but I have to."

"God, he is so arrogant," Chuck muttered. He noticed Carina and Zondra still staring at him. Before he could ask what was going on, Bryce continued.

"The final option, and the one I hope you choose, is to return and join me," Bryce said, a sick smile on his face. "But, to do so, you have to kill your whole team. Ellie and Molly, they will be left alone, but your team, it has to go." Chuck turned to Sarah, shock on his face. Sarah shook her head at him and nodded back to the screen. "Now," Bryce continued. "What I suggest you do, is not let them know this is the one you are going to choose." Bryce moved in close to the camera. "Come on, Chuck, you can't tell me you haven't missed us. We're brothers, Chuck."

Chuck was shaking his head. "Think about it," Bryce said softly, almost like he was trying to seduce him. "The freedom to kill. The freedom for us to do whatever we want. The freedom of us to rule the world...together."

He smirked. "I know that you have a plan to come attack me. I know you have a team, but do you know what I just did to you? I have made sure the team will never trust you. I have made sure you are all alone. Do you think anyone is gonna trust you? Do they know?" Chuck took a deep breath, knowing what was coming. "Do they know about the night we had?"

The pride on Bryce's face made Chuck's stomach churn. "I do hope no one sees this before you do," Bryce added, chuckling. "Three months, Chuck. Don't make me kill Ellie and Molly." With that the camera clicked off.

Beckman and Graham returned on the screen. "Agent Carmichael," Graham began.

"I'm sorry, sir," Chuck cut in. "There is no Agent Carmichael. I am agent Chuck Bartowski. I have a team I trust, I have a family here." He gestured to the TV. "I know what he just did. I know exactly what Bryce Larkin did. He's scared and he took his big shot. He has tried to turn my team against me, and that tells me he's worried."

The room was silent for a moment and then Casey's voice rang out. "Semper Fi." Chuck, and everyone, turned to Casey. "Semper Fidelis is a Latin phrase that means 'always faithful' or 'always loyal'." Zondra and Carina shared a look. "God, country, family," Casey continued. "Chuck Bartowski is the very definition of always loyal." Chuck straightened and nodded to Casey.

"I guess this is where I tell you that there was a night that Bryce..." Chuck cleared his throat.

"Bryce Larkin being the piece of shit he is seduced you at your lowest point," Carina said, anger on her face. "Casey's right. You are loyal and faithful...to a damn fault." Zondra nodded in agreement. "I don't trust many people, and even fewer men, but you Curls...you I trust."

"Me too," Zondra added. "We got this."

"Great," Chuck said, nodding. "Well, this has been fun," and with that he turned and left.

"I got him," Sarah said, heading off after him.

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"Come on," Sarah said, catching up to him, looping her arm through the crook of his. "There's something we need to do." Chuck gave her a look, but went with her. They found themselves at Ellie and Devon's apartment. "She knows," Sarah told him. "I knew you'd want to tell her, but it would be a lot."

"Thanks," Chuck said, as they headed inside. "What are we doing, Sarah?"

"I know you, Chuck Bartowski," Sarah told him, grinning. "I have gotten to know you better than I thought I could know anyone."

“So if you know me so well, what do I need?” Chuck asked, confused. “He might kill us Sarah.”

“He might,” Sarah agreed. “But I think maybe you need one more thing to fight for.” Sarah had him sit on the couch, and disappeared for a minute. When she came back, Ellie was with her, carrying a sleeping Molly. Ellie gently handed Molly to Chuck, and sat down across from him in a chair. Sarah sat down beside Chuck.

“Chuck, that’s your daughter,” Ellie told him. Chuck looked at Sarah. “When this is over, I want you and Sarah to adopt her. She already sees you two as her parents.” “Ellie,” Chuck began. “Chuck, you know it’s true,” Ellie told him.

“But Sarah and I aren’t....” He trailed off and looked over at Sarah.

“I double dog dare you to finish that sentence,” Sarah told him. “Tell me what we are not, because buster, I know what we are, do you?”

Chuck looked from her to Molly. “I don’t dare ask...or guess,” he said softly.

“We’re a family, Chuck,” Sarah told him. Chuck nodded, as he held Molly tight. Sarah put her arm around him and pulled him in. “We’re a family and you can’t go too far for family or those you love, can you Ellie?”

“Nope,” Ellie chirped. “You can never go too far for family.”

Chapter 18: Brothers in Blood Ch 18

I don't own Chuck

The plan was going absolutely perfectly. The guards had ran to the far wall, because of the wolves. Casey and Zondra took out the two snippers and then the five entered the building. Casey, Zondra, and Carina took care of any stragglers leaving Chuck and Sarah to finally enter Bryce's den. Chuck went to the main door, turned to Sarah and nodded. She took off down the hallway as Chuck took a deep breath.

Chuck opened the door and there sat Bryce behind a desk, looking proud of himself. "I knew you'd find a way to get here."

"It's just you and me, one on one...well, you've got that Intersect in your head," Chuck pointed out.

"Sorry, Chuck, some of us just get a natural advantage in life, and others of us just take it." With that, Bryce stood. As he stood, he pulled out a gun, and shot Chuck in the right shoulder. Chuck grabbed the shoulder, holding in the cry as Bryce shrugged, looking as smarmy as ever.

"Me, I take it," Bryce said, his gun off to the side due to his shrugging. Suddenly he grabbed his hand as the gun skited across the floor. "What the hell?" He looked over and there stood Sarah who had just perfectly thrown a decorative plate at him. It was shattered on the floor. "I see you didn't kill her."

"You okay," She said, coming over to Chuck.

"Fine," Chuck told her, standing straight. "I just wish Morgan would quit being right all the damn time."

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Six months ago

"Can we agree that Bryce is an evil sonofabitch?" Morgan asked after Chuck and Sarah had successfully defeated the robots.

"I think that's being slanderous to sonsofbitches by comparing them to Bryce," Sarah replied. Chuck looked over at her, and grinned. "What?"

"I love you," he said softly.

"I love you," Sarah replied.

"I love both of you, in very different ways of course," Morgan added. Both Chuck and Sarah looked at Morgan. "I mean one of you is my heterosexual life partner--"

"That would be you," Sarah told Chuck.

"I had that part figured out," Chuck told her.

"And the other is my friend who made my heterosexual life partner happy," Morgan finished.

"I thank you for making me happy," Chuck told Sarah.

She bounced a shoulder. "All in a days work," she quipped.

"But what I'm about to tell you is going to make both of you very unhappy," Morgan told them. "I've been looking at the plans and thinking about Bryce. There's going to be a plot twist."

Chuck closed his eyes and slumped his head backwards. "He's right," Chuck groaned.

"When you get to him, if both of you go in at the same time, he's going to shoot both of you," Morgan told him. "He doesn't do fair."

"He does not," Chuck agreed. "So what do we do?"

"You have to be the magnet," Morgan explained. "And Sarah's job just got a lot harder."

"Why do I think I'm not going to like what you're about to do to Chuck?" Sarah asked.

"I don't like what I'm about to do to him, but it's the only way things work," Morgan said, trepidation on his face.

“Hey, it’s not your fault, Morgs,” Chuck told him gently. “I know who and what Bryce is, and we will do what we have to. So, what is it.”

“You’re going to have to get shot,” Morgan told him.

“I really am not liking this plan,” Chuck told Sarah.

“I hate it,” Sarah told him.

“If you both go in, he’s just going to shoot both of you with that damn Intersect,” Morgan pointed out.

“He’s right,” Chuck sighed. “So, I get shot...wait, why not a bulletproof vest?”

“He’ll see it, and shoot you in the head,” Morgan told him. Chuck groaned. “If you go in, showing you want to fight, he’s going to wound you so he can gloat. You don’t want to get shot in the leg, because then you can’t support your weight. A bulletproof vest guarantees a shot in the leg or head.”

“There is so much logic to all of that it’s scary,” Sarah murmured.

“And that’s what the Intersect is supposed to do,” Morgan reminded her. “Logic.”

“So, how do we fight him if I’m hurt?” Chuck asked. “You have no idea where he shoots me.”

“Actually, I kinda do,” Morgan disagreed. “He should shoot you in the right shoulder. It’s your dominate hand. He wants to humiliate you. He wants you to beg to him to take you back.”

Chuck was silent for a moment. “God, I’m glad you’re on our side.” He turned to Sarah. “That’s exactly what he’ll do. Morgan is exactly right.”

“What you need to do is practice fighting in a sling on your right arm,” Morgan explained. “Sarah will be to your right, and she’ll have to cover up any deficiencies you might have.”

“She’s been doing that for a while now if I’m honest,” Chuck muttered. Sarah backhanded him for that one. “What? It’s true!”

“We’ll also have you put it on your left arm, just in case I’m wrong,” Morgan added. “And we’ll have you wear a leg brace on each leg to practice as well. That would be worse case scenario.”

“What will stop him from shooting me?” Sarah asked.

“He’s going to gloat shooting Chuck,” Morgan said. He pointed to the map. “There’s a side door, here. When you hear the shot, you’ll enter, and use something to knock the gun out of his hand.” Chuck studied the map. “I know what you can use and upset him, possibly throwing him off his game,” he told her. “Bryce always bitched about a commemorative plate his father gave him for his birthday when he was small. He always had it, and I’ll bet you anything that it’s on this table, here.”

“Okay, and if it’s not, I’ll just use one of my knives,” Sarah said with a shrug. Chuck turned to her, his mouth agape. “What?”

“God, that’s hot,” he muttered.

“Sex later, fight now with a sling,” Morgan said, clapping his hands together. “Chop, chop.”

}o{

Now

“He’s been right about everything so far,” Sarah agreed with Chuck.

They watched Bryce flash and a smarmy grin cover his face. “Let’s hope he right about this,” Chuck said to her, as they went into a fighting stance. “Shit this hurts.”

“It’s about to not to soon,” Bryce said. “I’m about to kill you both.” He attacked.

Chapter 19: Brothers in Blood Ch 19

I don't own Chuck

Bryce started attacking Sarah and Chuck could hear Morgan's voice in his head.

"He's going to go after Sarah, because he wants to humiliate you. The good thing is with your hurt arm being on the inside of the two of you, you can strike his dominate right arm. The bad news is, it's your left arm you're striking with."

Chuck watched, the way he was taught, and kept striking Bryce in the Brachialis which was located right below the Deltoid and next to the Bicep. When he could, he hit Bryce with a fingertip to the armpit. It wasn't much, but it was enough to throw Bryce off of his game, and it began to deaden the muscle in Bryce's arm.

"Remember, Bryce hasn't had to fight like you two have for the past year. You have him in endurance, however, chances are Chuck will be bleeding."

When Sarah had come over to Chuck she had a prepared patch to put on Chuck's shoulder. It was put on quickly and painfully as Bryce had gathered himself. It wasn't the greatest, but it was the best they could do in the situation they were in.

"Here's what could happen, and probably will. At some point he's going to remember there's a gun nearby. Sarah, that's gonna be on you to take care of."

Bryce had a look on his face that clearly read, "fuck it." He turned and ran toward the gun. Sarah took a step in that direction, and Bryce lunged for the gun. Sarah dropped, and in one smooth motion a knife appeared out of her boot and she launched it.

Chuck looked at Morgan for a minute. "Why doesn't Sarah just use the knife against Bryce?"

Morgan shook his head. "He'd dodge it with the Intersect, also, Indian Jones?" Chuck nodded but Sarah looked confused. "Never bring a knife to a gun fight, or always bring a gun to a knife fight. I forget which but keep it for getting rid of the gun."

"And if I have to use it to get the gun out of Bryce's hand when I burst in the room?" Sarah asked.

"Bring two," Morgan said, giving her a look like the village had lost its idiot. She glared at him. "I'm sorry," he quickly murmured.

Bryce watched as the gun went flying away from him, Chuck and Sarah both advancing on him quickly. Bryce stood, frustration on his face.

"I see you're prepared for me, but you're not prepared for this." He launched at Chuck and hit him near the gun shot wound.

"Okay, you're really not gonna like this," Morgan told them.

"I mean I'm already shot in your scenario, what can be worse?" Chuck asked. Morgan swallowed. "He's gonna hit me in the gunshot, isn't he?" Morgan nodded. Chuck blew out a frustrated breath.

"But, and this is the important part, this is where Sarah can get her real first blow in on him," Morgan pointed out. "He's going to focus so hard on hitting you and you're going to sell it....you know like in wrestling, you really sell the pain of the move-" "I'M SHOT!" Chuck reminded Morgan. "I don't think there will be much selling!"

"But you need to fall back, more than normal, so Sarah can get a clean shot at hitting him in the left side of his temple," Morgan pointed out.

Chuck yelled out as he was hit and fell backwards more than Bryce was expecting, opening him up. Sarah's right hand hit Bryce cleanly on the temple, and he saw stars. He was staggering as Chuck and Sarah took their spots again, Chuck looking a little worse for wear.

"Now, here's the big finale, the spot that you may frustrate him and can finish him off," Morgan began. "He's going to charge you, forcing you to separate and get behind you. That way, Chuck can't do much damage and he can pick you two apart. The thing is, when he charges, you're gonna let him split you up and get behind you."

"Are you nuts?" Chuck asked.

Frustration covered Bryce's face as he grabbed a chair, broke it, and lifted the leg up over his head, heading toward them. The two split up, but as they spun, Chuck strode backwards and to his left, while Sarah strode forwards and to her right. As Bryce spun around, Sarah stepped backwards, Chuck forwards, and the two were back in the same position they were before the charge. The frustration on Bryce's face, made both of them think they finally had him. Morgan's plan had worked to perfection.

Bryce launched at Sarah with the chair leg, swinging wildly. Chuck stepped to the side, out of the way, and kicked Bryce in his ribs as his arms were outstretched, swinging at Sarah. Sarah had stepped away, and as Bryce dropped the chair leg, launched herself, and hit him square in the face with a superman punch, dropping him to his knees.

Chuck launched another kick, catching him the side of his head, and as Bryce's head careened away from Chuck, it was crashed into by Sarah's rising knee.

The two stepped back. Bryce was swaying, blood pouring from his nose, where it was clearly broken. "You're gonna have to kill me, and you can't do it," he said, laughing. "I'm gonna keep coming after you, and I'm going to kill Molly and Ellie when I get out, you hear me, Chuck? I'm gonna kill-"

He stopped talking as the front of his head exploded. He fell forward, dead. There stood Casey, behind him, his gun smoking. Sarah and Chuck looked at Casey. "What? He said he was gonna kill Molly. No way I'm letting that happen. You look like hell Bartowski."

"Now, here's the hard part Sarah, when it's over, Chuck is probably gonna pass out from all of it," Morgan warned her. Chuck shook his head.

"I'm just gonna sit right here," Chuck said, slumping to the floor.

"Christ," Casey muttered, heading over to Chuck and gently lifting him over his shoulder. "Let's get the hell out of here Walker."

Chapter 20: Brothers in Blood Ch 20

I don't own Chuck

Six months later

The agent sat at the bar, swirling the drink in front of them. "Are you sure this is a good idea," the voice in the agent's ear asked.

"No, I'd much rather we be play acting and I pick you up at the bar, but we have a mission, so in that regard, yes," the agent responded, grinning. For three years they had been partners in the CIA...and more.

"Are you ever going to let me forget that night?" the voice asked.

"Do you really want me to," the agent responded.

"No," came the warm voice on the other end. "No, you saved me," Chuck said softly.

"Eh, I think you saved me from a hard life," Sarah replied. "Oh listen, it's our song." She heard Chuck snort. When Sarah Walker had met Chuck Bartowski he was in a bad place in his life. For three years they had worked together to fight Fulcrum, to fight a man Chuck had at one time considered a brother, that had a computer in his head. The two of them had literally had built secret identities as them being brothers, and in every sense, except of blood, they had been. They also fought the demons that haunted Chuck, and everything he had been through. When they had first heard *Bad Romance* covered by Halestorm, Chuck had said it was their song, not knowing the lyrics, just assuming, based on the name.

Sarah had an amused smile on her face as she watched him listen to it for the first time.

Want your bad romance,

Want your bad romance....

I want your ugly, I want your disease

I want your everything as long as it's free

I want your love (I want your love)

Love, love, love, I want your love (I want your love, I want your love)

I want your drama, the touch of your hand

I want your leather-studded kiss in the sand

I want your love (want your love)

Love, love, love, I want your love (want your love, I want your love)-

You know that I want you, and you know that I need you,

I want it bad, a bad romance

She remembered as his eyes had gone wide. She remembered as he turned to her, their partnership weeks old, their love affair hadn't even yet begun, because he insisted that she would want nothing to do with him. He had started to speak when she laid a finger on his lips. "It's true, this is what I feel about you."

"Someone is heading your way partner," she heard him say, pulling her out of her thoughts. She sighed, it was her favorite part of the memory, where he had tried to tell her he was talking about their cover relationship.

"Agent Walker," the man said, walking up to her. She stiffened.

"I got you," she heard the voice in her ear and she relaxed. She had the best marksman in the world covering her.

"I am," Sarah replied. The man handed her a packet and walked away. "What have you done?"

"Why do you think I have done something?" Chuck asked. She could feel the grin through the ear piece.

"Oh, remember when you gave me your spy will, all dramatic-like?" Sarah asked him.

"I don't know that it was all dramatic-like," Chuck protested, Sarah hearing the humor in his voice. He had wavered, fought them being together, told her he was darkness and that he would destroy her light. It was in this actual bar that a courier did deliver it to

her and as she read it, she understood what he was saying. "I mean I even let you in my P.A.N.T.S."

"Chuck, I can get in your pants anytime I want and we both know it," she said, opening the packet, smirking. She heard him choke on the drink.

It had been a long, hard three years. Dealing with Bryce, with Fulcrum, with so much heartache, but she began to help him see the joy, the light of the world. They had watched Molly grow, to the point, many nights she stayed with them.

As she began to pull the papers out of the envelope, she remembered the night she had held him as he had broke down sobbing, telling her of his red test, telling her how he had to kill his ex-girlfirend because she was a Fulcrum spy.

"Chuck?" she said, seeing the papers.

I want your love and I want your revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

(Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh)

I want your love and all your lovers' revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh

Caught in a bad romance

Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh

Caught in a bad romance

Want your bad romance....

Want your bad romance

I want your horror

I want your design

'Cause you're a criminal as long as your mine

I want your love

(I want your love) love love love

I want your love (I want your love I want your love)

I want your psycho, your vertigo stick

Want you in my rear window

Baby you're sick!

I want your love

(I want your love) love love love

I want your love (I want your love I want your love)

You know that I want you, and you know that I need you

I want it bad, a bad romance

"Chuck, are these your retirement papers?" she asked in a soft, shocked voice. She turned as she felt him beside her. "You're leaving?"

"What's left for us Sarah?" Chuck asked her. "I mean, if you want to stay in the CIA, I absolutely will, but...but I'm ready, for more, for a real life."

"Yes," she told him. "Yes, we can retire...wait, what about me and me leaving?"

"Graham knows," Chuck told her. "He knows that what happened to us wasn't right. He made decisions he wasn't proud of, with incorrect information, but decisions he made nonetheless. He knows." He held out a pen, and she raised an eyebrow. "The second set of papers." She pulled them out, her retirement papers, and looked at them.

"We can't do this here, we need...how many agents are here right now?" She had seen the grin on his face and knew he was up to something.

"Five, and two of them are notary's," Chuck told her.

"They do not have more power than attorneys do, Chuck, no matter how much you try to insist they do," she said, grinning, and signing the paper. When she finished, she sat

back, and shook her head as the bartender took the papers, and notarized them. She pushed his papers over to him.

He took a deep breath, picked up the pen, and it hovered over where he had to sign his name. "We don't have to if you don't want to," Sarah said softly. He smiled, pressed the pen to the paper, and scrawled his signature. The bartender nodded, took the papers, and notarized them. He stuffed them all into the envelope, nodded to a man by the door, who got up, picked up the envelope and headed out the door.

"Okay, maybe it was a little dramatic," Chuck admitted, shrugging. She grinned at him.

I want your love, and I want your revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

(Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh)

I want your love and all your love has revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh-oooh-oh

Caught in a bad romance

Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh-oooh-oh

Caught in a bad romance

Want your bad romance....

Want your bad romance

(Na na na na! Na na-na na na! Na na na na)-

Want your bad romance

"Now where?" Sarah asked him.

"Down the street, to your favorite Mexican restaurant," Chuck told her. Sarah perked up immediately. "We have a bit of a celebration waiting for us." Chuck stood, and offered her his hand, trepidation on his face.

"Chuck, I'm here, we're going to walk out that door, and everything is going to be okay, trust me."

"I do," he said, taking a deep breath. They headed out the door, down the street, and entered the restaurant.

"Chuck!" he heard a sweet, infectious voice call out. He couldn't stop the smile forming on his face if he wanted to. A force hit him in the legs. He bent down, and picked up the little girl that was giggling.

"Hiya, sweetie!" he said, smiling at her. "Did I make you wait long?"

"Almost, momma Ellie says that she's gonna eat all the chips if you didn't show up soon," Molly told him, a serious look on her face.

"I guess it's a good thing we got here when we did," Chuck told her. He sat her down and she scrambled back to Devon and Ellie.

"Do they know?" Sarah asked him.

"They knew my plan," Chuck told her. "Not your answer."

"Yeah they did," Sarah told him. He grinned and looked over at her. "Together," she said, taking his hand. She saw something on his face, his shield was down, and she could read him like a book. "What?"

He looked around, took her hand, and pulled her outside. "Chuck?"

He went down to one knee.

I want your love, and I want your revenge

I want your love - I don't wanna be friends!

Je veux ton amour

Et je veux ta revanche

Je veux ton amour

I don't wanna be friends

(I don't wanna be friends)

I don't wanna be friends

(I don't wanna be friends)

No I don't wanna be friends!

(I don't wanna be friends)

Want your bad romance

(Want your bad romance)

Want your bad romance!!!

"Sarah, you've seen me at my worst, and you stayed with me," he began.

"Yes, Chuck, you don't have to do this, yes," she told him, pulling him up and kissing him.

"Yes?" he asked, tears in his eyes.

"Yes," she said. "I'll marry you." His smile could have lit the night by itself. "See, you do get a happy ending."

I want your love, and I want your revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

(Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh)

I want your love and all your lovers' revenge

You and me could write a bad romance

Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh-oooh-oh

Caught in a bad romance

Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh-oh-oooh-oh

Caught in a bad romance

Want your bad romance

(Na na, na na! Na na-na na na! Na na, na na)-

Want your bad romance

}o{

He sat up in bed quickly, drenched in sweat. He looked around and saw he was alone. The window was open and he heard the waves crashing against the shore. He ran his hand over his face, and pushed his hair back. His shoulder slightly twinged from where he was shot.

Three months ago he had proposed to Sarah Walker. The next day, he found himself married to her. He grinned like he did every time he thought about being married to Sarah.

After Casey had slung Chuck over his shoulder and carried him out of Bryce's compound, Chuck found himself in "recovery" for the next six months. It didn't take that long, but Sarah refused to let him out of her sight as Casey, Zondra, and Carina hunted down the rest of Bryce's men.

The paperwork for adopting Molly was completed, and the only thing Chuck was allowed to do during his "recuperation time" was to hunt down things for the team on-line. Chuck had assumed that meant tracking down Bryce's men. What he didn't know was Sarah had included a place for them to live.

They were both, "retired" now. Chuck did freelance work for the NSA and CIA when three certain operatives needed information, and Sarah was teaching young ladies self-defense at gym a few times a week.

During Chuck's "recuperation" Sarah had him hunt for homes on the beach, because that was where they were living. Their toes were going to be in the sand, that's what she told him. He also managed to find a house with a red door while he was at it, and that did seem to be very important to Sarah.

He walked out onto the deck, looked out at the ocean, and saw the two most important women in his life (Ellie was forcing him not to include her in that statement any longer) playing in the water. Sarah happened to look up and saw him. She waved, and said

something to Molly. Molly turned, saw Chuck, screeched, and began to hurry to him as fast as she could.

Chuck snorted to himself. Sarah had just *happened* to look up when he had come out on the deck. There was a bond between them, with the training and everything they had been through that seemed to let the other know when they were around. Chuck was positive if he would have been able to find a way to know the exact time his nightmare had begun this morning, it was when Molly and Sarah had left the house.

"You okay?" he heard her ask as she walked up to them. Molly had already crashed into him and anyone who overheard would have thought Sarah meant that. But she had seen it in his eyes, he was sure.

"Just a small nightmare," he told her. She frowned, walked up to him, and rubbed his back. He looked over to her. "I'm fine, really."

"Yeah, I know, but I hate to see you in pain," Sarah said with a shrug.

He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her tight, gently kissing her head. He reached down, and scooped up the little girl who had been holding onto his legs, loving the giggling screech sound she made as he pulled her up against her.

"Pain?" Chuck asked, looking at Sarah. He shook his head. "I've never been happier. What more could I ask for?"

"I would like a brother or sister," Molly told them. Chuck's eyes went wide and he turned to Sarah.

"Well, we would hate to disappoint our daughter now would we?" Sarah asked, bouncing a shoulder. She turned and went inside the house.

"Do you know how to order a baby brother?" Molly asked. Chuck tried to hold in the laughter. "Because I have a friend at preschool that told me how. His name is Jerry."

"SARAH!" Chuck yelled, his eyes wide.

A/N: So ends our tale. I think this will be the last story from this account. The authors would like to thank you for reading, and we will be returning to our regular accounts.

Take care, thanks for reading, and we'll see you soon.