

Chuck vs Season Three and the Songs AKA Dancing in the Dark

by David Carner

*What if between Season 2 and Season 3 the writers didn't try to make a love triangle?
Charah....always...CHARAH*

Rated: T · Genre: Adventure, Humor, Romance · Chapters: 2

Chapter 1: Chuck vs Season Three and the Songs AKA Dancing in the Dark

A/N: I've met a lot of great people over the years being a part of Chuck fanfic. Steampunk, Joe Watkins, WillieGarvin, and then...then there's MySongStory. He's been an amazing friend, and he shares my love for music and how it relates to any story. One of his favorite singer/poet is the one and only Bruce Springsteen. This weekend, I heard this song. And while this song is written about one thing, I can also see how one Chuck Bartowski could see this song in a slightly different light whereas one Sarah Mae Walker is concerned....WHAT DO YOU MEAN MAE ISN'T HER MIDDLE NAME???

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

They were sitting on the beach, which shouldn't have surprised her. She couldn't help but huff a tiny laugh and shake her head. She looked over at him, and knew that everything was changing...hell everything had changed. Ellie and Awesome...married. Stephen/Orion....missing. Bryce...dead.

She looked over as he pulled a tiny music player, and fiddled with some small speakers. She shook her head. As much as she tried to resist it, Chuck Bartowski had been introducing her to music and it was beginning to affect her.

She looked out over the water gently crashing onto the beach. His music was beginning to affect her, and she was so affected by him....she shook her head. She was ready to lose her job for him.

She thought about that word choice for a second. Job. She no longer saw it as a career but as a job. She was a spy. That, she knew. She couldn't change that. She was good at her job, but....she looked over at him. He was going to enter that world, and it would destroy him. It would change who he was.

Upbeat music began to play and she found herself slowly moving to the music, her eyes closed.

I get up in the evening

And I ain't got nothing to say

I come home in the morning

I go to bed feeling the same way

I ain't nothing but tired

Man, I'm just tired and bored with myself

Hey there baby,

I could use just a little help

Man, did she feeeeeeel that. Some days of her spying...it was exactly what the songwriter was singing. She was good at what she did....but she was burned out. She looked over at Chuck, who was staring out into the water. She realized he still hadn't said anything. She was perfectly fine with the silence, hell she preferred it, but this was Chuck Bartowski. She wanted to speak, but she didn't know what to say, or how to say it. Bryce was dead. Chuck had seen him die. His friend, his...nemesis...did Chuck *really* have a nemesis?

She didn't know what to say, but she knew what to do. She laid her hand on his, the one closest to her. He turned his palm over, and she slipped hers into his, and thought she had never been more comforted when trying to comfort someone.

She gave her head a slight shake and let a small smile cross her face. That was the Chuck Bartowski experience in a nutshell, wasn't it?

You can't start a fire

You can't start a fire without a spark

This gun's for hire

Even if we're just dancing in the dark

"You know," he said, breaking the silence, still looking straight ahead at the waves. She realized he hadn't looked at her since the song began. "This song...it's about life and how hard it is, and finding...a moment of happiness in the worst of things. About finding that someone who just makes things better when life's..."

"When life's shit on you?" she asked softly.

"Casey's word-smithing is rubbing off on you I see," Chuck said, unable to stop the grin on his face. He turned to her. "A lot's changed."

"It has," Sarah agreed.

He gave a slight nod, and was silent, just listening. She closed her eyes, allowing her head to move to the music.

Message keeps getting clearer

Radio's on and I'm moving 'round the place

I check my look in the mirror

I wanna change my clothes, my hair, my face

Man, I ain't getting nowhere

I'm just living in a dump like this

There's something happening somewhere

Baby, I just know that there is

"They want me to go to a facility, to be a spy" Chuck said softly.

She opened her eyes and nodded.

“That means...you and Casey...you’re here,” Chuck continued.

Sarah nodded again.

“Why?”

“They think it’s for the best,” Sarah told him.

“What do you think?” Chuck asked.

Sarah didn’t say anything, she just listened.

You can't start a fire

You can't start a fire without a spark

This gun's for hire

Even if we're just dancing in the dark

You sit around getting older

There's a joke here somewhere and it's on me

I'll shake this world off my shoulders

Come on, baby, the laugh's on me

“That opinion wouldn’t be appreciated by my supervisors,” Sarah told him, opening her eyes, and staring into his.

She saw him hesitantly lick his lips and then speak. “Yeah, but I don’t care what they think.”

Stay on the streets of this town

And they'll be carving you up all right

They say you gotta stay hungry

Hey, baby, I'm just about starving tonight

I'm dying for some action

I'm sick of sitting 'round here trying to write this book

I need a love reaction

Come on now, baby, gimme just one look

She stared at him...and the look she gave him...

"If you do this," she began, and paused. Was she really going to do this? She stared into his eyes as the music continued to play.

You can't start a fire

Sitting 'round crying over a broken heart

This gun's for hire

Even if we're just dancing in the dark

You can't start a fire

Worrying about your little world falling apart

This gun's for hire Even if we're just dancing in the dark

Even if we're just dancing in the dark

Even if we're just dancing in the dark

Even if we're just dancing in the dark

Hey, baby

She took a deep breath. "If you go, you're gonna be a spy for the rest of your life." Chuck nodded. She could tell that part excited him.

"Every city is gonna be a new mission and a new identity, and you're not gonna be the same person."

"Yeah," Chuck said, nodding. "That's a great thing."

She blew out a breath. "Chuck..." God why was this so hard? "Chuck...this song...it's me." Concern covered his face. "I'm..." she sighed, frustrated at herself. "I am changing

my life every little bit...every time I go somewhere, but not for real reasons, you know?"

He nodded, listening, thinking. She licked her lips, and continued. "Chuck, listen. We could..." she paused...was she ready to do this?

"We could what?" he asked.

"We could run?" she offered. She took a deep breath. "Together. You and me. We go now, and we never look back."

"Are you serious?" Chuck asked, stunned.

She nodded, letting it all spill out of her now. Chuck could see how important all of this was to her. "I have some money saved up. I'd have to get us some new identities, create an escape route. For now, go to the training facility in Prague, then meet me at the Nadrazi train station in three weeks' time at 7:00, and then I can figure the rest out later."

"What are you saying?" Chuck asked.

"I'm saying I want to be a real person again," Sarah told him. She looked him straight in the eye. "With you." He sat there, stunned. "This is what you want, right? I mean, this is it, Chuck. Will you run away with me?"

"Yeah," he said, breathlessly. "Yeah." She nodded, and turned to look out over the ocean, knowing that she had been more vulnerable in her life.

"This isn't some vacation, is it?" Chuck asked. She turned back to him. He was staring at the ocean as well. "This is...this would be the rest of our life...on the run."

"It would," Sarah said, nodding, fear gripping her. "Do...do you want to-"

He turned to her, quickly, and the worry she had that he didn't want to be with her, faded. When he spoke, what he said made her realized no one in her entire life had paid more attention to what she had said and done than Chuck Bartowski.

"What you're feeling now...is some of that because of the life you had to live...before the CIA?" Chuck asked.

‘What do you mean?’ Sarah asked.

“Sarah...Sarah...what your dad told me, what you told me...you’ve always...you’ve always been on the run, even when you were sitting still,” Chuck said softly.

“I have,” Sarah said.

“Is that what you want?” Chuck asked. “Or...”

“Or what?” Sarah asked. “Chuck, we don’t have a choice.” “Okay,” Chuck said, nodding.

“Okay.” “Okay,” Sarah said, but something told her...it was not okay. And when things were not okay....Chuck Bartowski tended to not leave them alone.

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“Why are we here General?” Casey asked the next day.

Beckman pulled off her glasses, confusion on her face. “I was told the team had questions,” Beckman said. Sarah and Casey shared a look, fought to roll their eyes, and both turned to Chuck. Chuck didn’t look at them, but stared straight ahead. “Bartowski?” she said, the tone indicating she was most certainly not pleased.

“Some times you have to dance in the dark,” Chuck said softly. Sarah’s eyes went wide. He cleared his throat. “General, with all due respect,” he began.

“Jesus,” Casey muttered. Sarah felt her heart drop to her shoes.

“You’re making a mistake,” Chuck continued. Beckman’s eyebrows almost shot off of her face. “Your plan is to make me an agent.”

“Yes,” Beckman said.

“And that’s what you want?” Chuck asked. “Me? An agent?” Beckman pursed her lips. “For the sake of this discussion can we pretend you’d prefer I not be.”

“I think I can do that,” Beckman answered straight faced. “What are you doing?” Sarah hissed, never moving her lips. Chuck made a mental note to have Sarah teach him how to do that.

"Lighting a spark," Chuck answered. Sarah had never been more terrified in her life. "I have many reasons for wanting to be an agent," he began. He glanced at Sarah, and continued to look at her. "Some of them....much more important than others."

"Christ," Casey muttered, putting his hand over his face.

"Chuck?" Sarah tried to whisper, but it came out an octave too high.

Chuck looked back up at Beckman, a look of constipation covered her face. "I'm sure you have the greatest plan to make me an agent."

"The best we have in spycraft have agreed on a perfect training ground for you," Beckman said.

"So, Casey, Sarah and who else were consulted?" Chuck asked.

"Excuse me?" Beckman said. Casey and Sarah slowly turned to him. Not out of shock, but because...because of the point they thought he was making.

"General, I'm not like you," Chuck began.

"God, don't I know," she groused.

"And I'm not like Casey or Sarah, or any other spy," he continued. "But these two...these two have gotten the most out of me."

"They have," Beckman agreed. "Their results have been...unexpected."

"Then why aren't they continuing to train me?" Chuck asked.

"Chuck, you are going to be an elite spy, that means no team," Beckman began.

"Excuse me," Chuck said, cutting in. Sarah wished she could disappear and at the same time wouldn't leave if a stampede came through. "I thought we were the best team you had."

"You are but," Beckman began.

"So, we're the best team, I'm like no other person in your employee, and you're going to..." he turned to Casey and Sarah. "Take me away from the two that make me the best."

Casey nodded, holding Chuck's gaze. "He's got a point, General." Casey let out a sigh. "I hate to admit it, but...he's got a point."

"Major?" Beckman said, confused.

"Bartowski...he's a social butterfly," Casey began.

"God is he," Sarah groused. Chuck gave her a look, making her shrug. "What? You are."

"So me being by myself, the life of a normal spy, how would I do?" Chuck asked.

Realization hit Sarah. "You wouldn't do well at all," she said softly, nodding. "Not like Casey or I."

"What are you three suggesting?" Beckman asked. Casey pointed at himself, confused.

"Yes, Major, you clearly seem to agree with whatever....this is," she said, gesturing to the three.

"Casey is trying to be a team player," Chuck said quickly. Casey looked at him but kept quiet. "Keep us together, have them train me, and have each of us do what we are best at."

Beckman sat there, considering.

"And no red test," Sarah said softly, but quickly. She looked up at Beckman. "He can't, General."

"I can past tests," Chuck protested.

"Not this one, Bartowski," Casey said.

"A red test is you killing someone," Sarah said.

"WHAT?!?!" Chuck replied. "No, I won't."

"Then you won't be a spy," Beckman countered.

"Then you won't get what's in my head," Chuck countered the counter.

"General..." Casey began. He sighed, looked at Chuck with all the contempt in the world, shook his head, and turned back to Beckman. "He'd shit the bed." "Thanks,

Casey," Chuck muttered.

"But he's right," Casey continued. "That's not who he is, and furthermore..." Casey paused, struggling. "You can do it," Chuck said softly. He jumped and grabbed his foot, hopping, giving Sarah a glare, as she just stared ahead. "Shut. Up." She whispered, again, not moving her lips.

"He shouldn't," Casey said. Beckman started to reply, but Casey plowed ahead. "He could kill someone to save Walker or I. I don't doubt that, but...he's not like us, and...that's what makes him...." Casey looked like he wanted to throw up in his mouth. "Special." "Not. A. Word." Sarah hissed, not moving her lips. Chuck had never been more impressed in his life.

"So, what should we do?" Beckman asked. "Glad you asked," Chuck said. He reached over, grabbed a tablet, hit a button, and watched as Beckman glared at him. "I sent you my proposal."

"Have you shown it to the team?" Beckman asked.

"I haven't," Chuck replied.

"The first thing you need to do as an agent as a part of a team, is communicate to your team," Beckman chided him.

"So, I'm no longer an asset?" Chuck asked.

"That's correct Mr...Agent, Bartowski," Beckman said, rolling her eyes. "If they're okay with this, I am. Your training will take place in Burbank."

"So, I'm an agent?" Chuck asked. "For clarification?"

"General," Casey said, a warning in his voice.

"Yes," Beckman said, feeling a migraine coming on.

"And Sarah and I don't have to be a cover couple?" Chuck asked.

"I guess not," Beckman said, shaking her head, wanting to be off the call.

"General," Casey said, almost pleading.

“Major, hush,” Beckman said. Casey grimaced. “What...wait...what are you...Agent Bartowski, unhand her.”

“Sarah,” Chuck said, taking Sarah’s hand. “I made a mistake, and asked you to go on a vacation with me. What I should have done is ask, if you’re not doing anything, would you like to go to dinner with me, and we...we talk about if you’re open to dancing in the dark with me?”

“Is that a euphemism?” Beckman asked, unable to look away.

Casey groaned and walked off.

“No,” Chuck said quickly.

“But what if I want it to be?” Sarah asked. Chuck’s mouth dropped. Beckman sighed, and cut the feed.

“Uh, Sarah,” Chuck began.

“Chuck, shut up and kiss me.”

A/N: I hope you enjoyed it.

Chapter 2: Ch 2 Fight Song

A/N: I've been going through IT. Like....I want to disappear from the world going through it. And yet....I keep finding myself coming back to these two idiots (said with all the love in the world). I haven't felt like writing much at all. I have ideas but no drive, no want to, but this fic kept whispering to me. It was a one shot. I've had many people tell me I don't understand the concept of a one shot. Once again, you're right. My daughter once threatened, at 4, to make me go back to preschool because I couldn't count. She's starting her doctorate, and also she's right. So, chapter 2 of what was a one shot. Will there be more? I have no idea. But I wouldn't count against it....see what I did? I wouldn't COUNT against it....I'll show myself out.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Sarah stood in her apartment, looking at the mirror. She looked at the woman looking back at her, and she wasn't the same woman. She was...happy. Not to say Sarah Walker had never been happy in moments. No, there were always small moments of happiness but BEING happy...that was new. All from a kiss.

No. That wasn't true.

She was happy because she could be with Chuck. The best man she knew.

Chuck Bartowski wanted to take her to dinner, to romance her. She had to shut that down, because, unfortunately, for the greater good...and one day she was going to have to think about how the greater good was affecting her personal good....he had training the next morning. He had done...okay.

The Intersect worked fine. The problem was...well...Chuck was a nerd. He worked at the Buy More. He had been on missions, but even though he did NOT stay in the car, he hadn't trained like Casey and Sarah.

He wasn't anywhere near the physical shape he should be for a CIA field agent...especially one that was to be used the way he was.

Sarah had no idea what the flashing did to his muscles. What the cost was to the muscle memory that was instantly implanted within him.

But she knew he was tired. He was hurting. He was sore. But he was persevering. At least...she thought he was.

She hadn't seen him, except for training, for the last week.

He was either training, or sleeping in Castle. He hadn't gone back to his apartment. Ellie and Awesome wasn't there, and he said it was just easier to stay at Castle.

Sarah missed him...missed...them.

GAH!

Sarah Walker looked in the mirror and saw the small satisfied smirk on her face. God, she hated smirkers and that thought...that thought alone, made the smirk grow. She was with Chuck and he was affecting her.

He always had. She was just allowed to admit that out loud now.

A knock on her door pulled her out of her thoughts. She knew that knock. It wasn't Chuck.

She walked over and opened the door. Casey stood there, a look on his face that was indescribable.

"Take this," he said, thrusting it toward her. It was a flash drive.

"Ooookay," Sarah replied, taking it. Casey turned to leave. "What's on here?"

Casey grunted with such a disgusted tone, Sarah couldn't help but laugh.

She went back inside, and stuck the flash drive into her computer, and what she saw shocked her.

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"Better," Sarah said, watching Chuck complete the course.

"But not good enough," Chuck answered, wiping his face with a towel, sweat dripping from his face.

"Chuck," Sarah began.

"Hey, it's not a shot at me," Chuck said. "I know. I know that if I'm to have your and Casey's back I have to be a certain place to use the skills I've been give. The cheat code I got came with a cost." He got a look on his face, like he was thinking.

"What?" she asked.

"Sorry," he said, shaking his head, chuckling. "Thinking that would be a cool video game idea." Sarah gave him a confused look. "So, I get this ability, but it's at a cost. So that's the game, as you get powers, you get them at a cost to your character."

"Nerd," she said shaking her head, laughing at him.

"Guilty," he said with a shrug. "What's next?"

"A break," Sarah told him. Chuck started to protest. "Chuck, your body needs recovery time." Chuck looked at her. "What?"

"Shit," he muttered. "I didn't think..."

"Didn't think what?" Sarah asked.

"Nothing," Chuck said. Sarah nodded, got up, walked over to his phone that was sitting on the counter. Sarah picked it up and looked at him. "I have nothing on there that I am hiding from you."

Sarah gave him an amused grin, opened his phone and hit a button. The speakers began to play a song. "Left the bluetooth connected," Sarah told him.

Like a small boat on the ocean

Sending big waves into motion

Like how a single word

Can make a heart open

I might only have one match

But I can make an explosion

Sarah studied him as the music played. This was Chuck Bartowski.

He might be one person, but he had changed her life, the CIA, the NSA, and he had managed to open her heart. Something she thought was absolutely impossible. This man had done more damage to things she thought personally and professionally could never be touched.

Beckman had been affected. Casey had been affected. But none of them had been affected more than Sarah.

"I like Rachel Platten," he said, like he was trying to defend himself.

"Who doesn't," Sarah said with a shrug. Chuck grinned at her, and gave a little fist pump. "Calm down, music guru," she said, grinning.

And all those things I didn't say

Wrecking balls inside my brain

I will scream them loud tonight

Can you hear my voice?

She listened and remembered the video of Chuck working out after hours in Castle, thinking no one could see him, singing this song, trying to motivate himself.

This time this is my fight song

Take back my life song

Prove I'm alright song

My power's turned on

Starting right now I'll be strong

I'll play my fight song

And I don't really care

If nobody else believes

'Cause I've still got

A lot of fight left in me

Casey had basically made a montage video for her. Apparently Chuck had been texting his brother-in-law. He was drinking protein drinks...and making faces while doing so, making Sarah fight herself not to giggle at it.

He was working out more than Casey or Sarah had realized, and the whole time, he was playing this song...on repeat.

And then, when no one was around, he would run the course again.

She thought about him, talking to himself in the video. "Again," he would say. And when he was absolutely exhausted, he would say something different.

"For Sarah. To protect her."

She had felt her heart leap and break at the same time. He was pushing himself not just for himself, but for her...and Casey...but more for her. Not to prove himself for her, in some macho way, but to protect her, the way he believed a partner should be protected.

Losing friends and I'm chasing sleep

Everybody's worried about me

In too deep they say I'm in too deep

And it's been two years

I miss my home

But there's a fire burning in my bones

I still believe, yeah I still believe

He believed in her. He believed in them, and he wasn't going to let their professional life ruin their personal one.

"It's inspirational," Sarah said, holding his gaze the entire time she spoke. Chuck nodded. "Chuck, you're doing an amazing job."

"You'd do better," Chuck countered.

"I was at the farm for months getting physically in shape," Sarah reminded him, pushing off the counter, walking towards him. "Stand up," she said.

"Sarah, I'm really sweaty," he told her.

"Stand. Up," she told him. He stood, and looked nervous. She couldn't help but enjoy that just a bit. She wrapped her arms around his neck. "You're doing a fantastic job, but if you push yourself too far in your training, you'll hurt yourself."

"If I don't you and Casey could get hurt," Chuck told her softly.

"Casey can take care of himself," Sarah said, pulling him in.

"So can you," Chuck replied, unable to stop himself from licking his lips, as she pulled him closer, oh so slowly.

"Yeah, but let's be honest, you like protecting me," Sarah said, a grin on her face. And with that, she kissed him.

And all those things I didn't say

Wrecking balls inside my brain

I will scream them loud tonight

Can you hear my voice?

This time this is my fight song

Take back my life song

Prove I'm alright song

My power's turned on

Starting right now I'll be strong

I'll play my fight song

*And I don't really care
If nobody else believes
'Cause I've still got
A lot of fight left in me
Like a small boat on the ocean
Sending big waves into motion
Like how a single word
Can make a heart open
I might only have one match
But I can make an explosion
This is my fight song
Take back my life song
Prove I'm alright song
My power's turned on
Starting right now I'll be strong
(I'll be strong)
I'll play my fight song
And I don't really care
If nobody else believes
'Cause I've still got
A lot of fight left in me
Now I've still got a lot of fight left in me*

He pulled away, and looked down at her. "Casey," he said simply.

"Wow, I must be a terrible kisser, if after that, you talk about him," she said, a grin on her face, letting him know she was kidding him.

He sighed, a grin on his tired face. "Woman," he said deeply and softly, making her giggle. "He...he recorded everything didn't he."

"You know, he'd be really good at making one of those video montage things," Sarah told him.

"The hidden talents of John Casey," Chuck mused.

"Tell me something, how are those protein drinks?"

Chuck barked a laugh. "I don't know what's worse, the taste of them, or Awesome constantly telling me about another drink that's, and I quote, 'Good for my wang'."

Sarah put her head against his chest she was laughing so hard. "Okay," she said, patting his chest. "Go shower, you're taking me out tonight," she told him.

"Sarah," he began. "It's not that I don't want to..."

"Chuck, you need a break, and...I miss you," Sarah told him. The grin that spread on his face....Sarah needed that in a way she didn't know. "You are doing an amazing job. That's not your girlfriend talking, that's your trainer." Chuck's eyes went wide. "I know, Casey only grunts so I have to make sure and use my words to tell you how you did."

He tried to speak, but his jaw seemed unable to move.

"You having a stroke?"

"Girl...girlfriend?" Chuck stuttered out.

"Yes," she said. Her eyes narrowed. "Wait, do you not want to be my boyfriend?"

"What? No! Yes! I mean...GAH!"

"Chuck," she said taking his hands. "Breathe. Talk to me."

"I didn't want to assume," Chuck said. "Yes, I'm thrilled to be your boyfriend." "Assume?" Sarah asked. "Barstow. The two bed in jail comment. Us running away together. How would you be assuming anything? I thought I was very direct in

what I was saying.”

The soft smile on his face soothed any fear she had. “You were,” Chuck said. “I guess I’ve never actually said it, have I?” Sarah said, blowing out a breath, and looking down.

“But,” Chuck said, gently cupping her chin with the crook of his finger and lifting her head so she could look at him. “You told me in your language.”

“Chuck, I am fluent in many languages,” Sarah said, a grin on her face. “But if you don’t understand the language, what good does it do?”

“I’m learning Sarahese,” Chuck said.

Sarah barked out a laugh. “Take a shower you goof, and then take your girlfriend out to dinner.”

“Okay,” he said. He turned to leave.

“And I’m paying,” she yelled after him.

“Then, are you taking me out?” Chuck asked.

“You know what,” she said. “I am.” “I’m a very modern man,” he said. He paused at the doorway. “Thank you, Sarah.”

She waved at him, like it was nothing. He grinned and walked off. She blew out a breath. “And at dinner...or after...we’re going to talk,” she said. “Actual words.” She closed her eyes. “Jesus,” she muttered. “I think I’d rather attack a nation with a spoon.”

A/N: DAVID! I thought you said we couldn’t count on another chapter????

Wellll, I’m not saying I’m doing it, but there is a third chapter title. Stand By Me/Lean On Me. We’ll see. Take care fam. Life is hard out there.