

Chuck, communicate!

by nevr

Chuck wants things to change, but decides to actually talk to Sarah rather than just make a decision on his own. Maybe communication would help.

Rated: T · Genre: Romance

A/N: This was my second solo fic. Published in April 2021. I thought I'd publish this one here, as well, but this time trying to overcome the sites removal of formatting when transferring from .docx, particularly the removal of essential section separators that blurs sections together.

This fic tackles another of my issues with the show: their inability to communicate.

Based loosely on canon, starting with S1 "Chuck Versus the Truth," but I've changed some actions & dialogue and mashed together a couple of other episodes from S1 & S2.

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A huge thanks to LetsGoRed who agreed to beta after he did such a great job with my first fic - he's a real star. Any mistakes are all mine, added after he had done such an excellent job. I also corrected some tense issues for this version.

***Disclaimer:* I don't own Chuck. Period. Not going to talk about it.**

Chuck, Communicate!

Chuck doesn't want to split up, but the cover relationship isn't working for him. He knows that Ellie would tell him to just talk to her, but Sarah probably wouldn't talk. She's the silent type, after all. A woman of action, not words.

He's the talkative one. He could talk for hours about trivial things. When he got nervous, he talked faster, rambling. Spiraling, Ellie called it.

However, when he needed to talk about something important, he couldn't converse. In fact, with Sarah it was worse. He'd assume the worst, jump to conclusions and just tell Sarah what's going to happen, without discussion.

He's a mess!

Back when they'd both received the truth drug, he'd asked her if they had a future. Her eyes said yes, but her mouth said no. That really got him down. He was only interested in her, no one else.

Lou, the deli girl, is interested in him, though. He could have a real relationship, but that doubt about Sarah's response to his question is nagging him.

His frustration is telling him to just go to the Wienerlicious and tell Sarah he's breaking up with her and their cover relationship. But as he sat and thought about that, he knew that would just be him shutting her out again. Maybe he should talk to her about it, rather than just announce it fait accomplis. He would do that before work.

As he enters the Wienerlicious, Sarah is wiping down the surface by the checkout. She looks up and gives him that 100-watt smile. *God, she's gorgeous!*

He is going to be strong, and discuss his problem with her. He walks up to the checkout and looks at her for a few seconds, not saying anything.

Sarah starts to look uncomfortable. "Are you okay, Chuck?" Well, that's his prompt.

He tries to stay calm and not go through with his other plan to just announce he's breaking up with her. He looks her in the eyes. "No, Sarah. I'm not. Can we talk, please?"

Oh, no, Sarah thinks, is this another one of those relationship conversations that I'm so scared of? He keeps pushing to be with her. She knows that she's falling for him, but also knows that she can't act on it without being sent away.

Sarah just nods and they go and sit at one of the tables.

Chuck reaches out and grabs her hands. She gulps.

"I can't handle this relationship anymore, Sarah." He stops to let that sink in.

This wasn't what she'd been expecting. She quietly asks, "What do you mean, Chuck?"

She's now frightened of the answer in a different way. She'd seen the deli girl at the Nerd herd desk talking to him. *Is he going to date her?*

"You told me that we are never going to have a future, together. That's all I want, Sarah."

She knew this, but hearing it always brought both panic and a flutter in her stomach. She wants this too, it excites her, but also frightens her. Her fears had been winning so far, but would they continue to do so?

Before she could respond, he continues. "Lou, the deli girl..."

That damned brunette! she thinks.

"... she asked me out. It's a chance at a relationship. A real relationship" There he'd said it.

Sarah looks down at their hands. *God! He is breaking up with me!*

Chuck sees how she's taking this. He knew she would harden, putting on the spy mask, but that's not what he's seeing. So, he quickly tells her, "I don't want to be with her, Sarah, but I know I can't keep waiting for someone who doesn't want me."

She looks up at him. *This wonderful man still wants me rather than her, even after I keep pushing him away.*

Her reply is so quiet, he could only just hear it. "So, what are you going to do, Chuck?"

Well, that's the question, isn't it! He knows that giving her the full answer would probably be too much for her, so he scales it back to the current conversation. "I don't really know, Sarah." Then a mischievous look appears in his eyes and a smile on his lips. "A kiss would help. A real kiss."

His playful comment did make her smile, but she knows that isn't the purpose of the conversation, so she looks seriously at him. "But that's not all, is it?" she questions further.

That wipes the smile away. "No. You're right." He looks out the window for a while, then looks back at her, his mind made up. "Help me with this, Sarah. How can I move forward? How can *we* move forward?"

That surprises her. She leans back, taking her hands away, and looks at him. She didn't want them to split up. Their cover relationship meant the world to her. Almost real, but so much better than the real relationship she'd had with Bryce.

She shyly gazes into his chocolate brown eyes. "Are you suggesting we work together on this, Chuck?"

Oh. He hadn't expected that. He thought she might just shut him down, but talking to her was giving him the encouragement he needed. "Would you?"

She knows that him talking to her about this must have taken courage, so she has to do the same. "I'd like to, Chuck, but you know the risks."

She'd like to! Then he thought about the risks and the whole Intersect thing. "Are you just saying that for the cover? To control the Intersect?"

That had sounded harsh, when she'd been opening up to him. She looked away, but he could see her jaw tightening. Her mask was about to go up.

"Sorry. I shouldn't have said that," he offers.

She visibly relaxes. "No. You're right to think that, Chuck. I've only ever stated it." She looks back at him. "It's right that the cover is important. The General and the Director would probably blow up at me if we split." She smirks at him, to make sure he realizes

that wasn't the most important thing. "But I don't want to lose what we have either." There, she'd said it. Sarah nervously watches him. How is he going to react?

Chuck had been stunned to hear that. Their "almost relationship" meant something to her, as well.

He holds her gaze and slowly says "Thank you, Sarah." He then continues, "That means the world to me."

They just sit and look at each other for a while. She realizes they are holding hands again. *How had that happened?* She wasn't letting go, though.

"Let's talk about this some more after work," she says, then a smile started to form. "We need some cover maintenance." She then grins at him.

He nods and leaves.

As he walks back to the Buy More, he thinks how much better that had been than breaking up with her to go out with Lou.

Maybe discussing things *is* the best approach.

He was going to the deli to get food for a late lunch, for him and for Morgan, but not until after the lunchtime rush. Then he'd thought about his conversation with Sarah. He wasn't going to ask Lou on a date, but didn't want Sarah to think he was. He decides to involve Sarah.

Sarah is working. Lunch obviously being peak time for teenagers heading to the Wienerlicious to ogle the gorgeous blonde who worked there. He walks in and, true to form, three lads were waiting for food, eyes glued to Sarah's backside!

She looks up and gives him a smile. "Be with you in a sec."

The lads had seen him come over before and knew he was her boyfriend. So, when she hands over their corndogs, they hastily head out.

She gives him the smile that made him weak at the knees. *How does she do that?*

“Hi!” he eloquently begins.

She grins. “Hi to you, too.”

“I’m going to the deli later to get sandwiches for Morgan and me.”

She thinks, *he’s going to see that Lou!*

Her mask is now fully in place. The cold look was sort of expected, but he wanted to get rid of it.

“I need to let Lou down, gently if I can, and let her know I’m still with you.” *Forever*, he thinks.

Her features soften. Her lips curl up at the sides. “So, the cover’s back on, then?”

She’s surprised at the serious look on his face when he replies. “Never off.” That earns him a big grin. *God, he wanted those all the time.* He smiles and asks, “You haven’t tried anything from there, have you? Do you want to join me and try?”

That surprises her. He’d never involved her in anything to do with the deli. She’d been thinking he would flirt with Lou and that was why she would be excluded.

Sadly, she couldn’t right now. “You know I can’t, I’m too busy.”

“Oh, I’m not going now. I have an install to do first. It won’t be until around 2.”

She’s puzzled. “Why isn’t Morgan getting them while you are out?”

“He used to, but he got banned from going there. I haven’t been before, but am now the only one who can!” His amused look told of more to that story, but she knew it wouldn’t be one she’d want to hear.

She makes her decision. “Okay. Come over when you’re back and I’ll tell Scooter I’m having my break for an hour and come over with you.”

“Great!” His big grin makes her quiver. She knows she’s falling for him, but tries hard to hide it.

It's 2:15 before Chuck arrives. Sarah hadn't been worried, though. The installs rarely fitted his time expectations. That was usually because he stayed to help more than he needed to. *That's Chuck to a tee*, she thinks.

"Missed me?" he quips as he enters.

"Missing my lunch, more like," she growls. The smile takes the sting out of the comment.

He isn't fazed. "Come on then." He bends his arm and she puts hers through it and smiles at him.

They're both thinking the same thing. *Together!*

They walk into the deli like that. It's quiet and Lou is standing at the counter. She looks up and sees how they look at each other. *Damn!* She thinks. She puts on her happiest, customer helping smile. "Hi. What can I get you?"

"Hi, Lou. With Morgan not coming over, can I have what he usually gets for us, please. His wrapped to go and I'll have mine here, with a water." He turns to look at his companion. "What do you want, Sarah?"

Sarah had been flicking her eyes between the board and Lou, but knows what she wants and tells the short brunette what she'll have.

"Can you grab that table in the corner? I'll be with you after I've paid," Chuck says to her.

As Sarah walks away, she hears Lou ask, "Is she still your girlfriend?" Curious to hear his response, she pauses for a while.

"Absolutely. Luckiest man alive."

That brings a big smile to Sarah's face. She continues to the table, sits and watches the rest of the conversation.

"So, no chance for me, then?" Lou opines.

Chuck just looks straight at her. “Lou, I think you’re lovely, but, sorry, my heart’s taken.”

His eyes confirm it. She just nods. “Here are your drinks. I’ll bring your sandwiches over when they’re ready.” She then turns away.

He walks over to Sarah. His downcast look is sad.

“Everything okay, Chuck?” Her fears are returning. *Was he having second thoughts?*

Chuck looks up and sees Sarah’s expression. *Is she worried? And is it more than just for the cover?*

“I don’t like giving bad news, Sarah” he says despondently.

That increases her nervousness. “To her or to me?” Her voice sounds shaky.

He grabs her hand. “To her.” He then grins, “You’re stuck with me!”

She beams.

Then his grin fades and his eyes drop down again. “For the cover.”

She knows she had to be more open. The relationship is rocky at the moment. She places her other hand on his, bends and looks up into his eyes. “Not just for the cover.”

Sarah has a tentative look. Almost vulnerable. It’s as if she’s unsure of herself. He’d never seen that before. He tightly grips her hand and just stares into those amazing blue eyes. She looks back and her eyes tell more than her mouth.

Just at that point, Lou arrives with their sandwiches. She is looking at Sarah as she places them in front of them. *She’s got the same look, Lou thinks. She’s in love with him, too.*

“Morgan’s is in the bag.” She turns away and heads back to the counter.

They sit quietly eating, both having the same thought. *Being open and talking seems worthwhile.*

Chuck is stunned. That kiss in front of the bomb! Sarah had kissed him. Not him kissing her. She'd kissed him!

Then the bomb hadn't gone off. They'd pulled apart before Casey rushed in so no one else knew. *She'd kissed him.*

She'd then looked panicked and rushed off. He knows they need to talk about it. She's probably thinking she'd made a mistake.

He heads to her apartment for that conversation. He knocks on her door. Silence. He knows that she's there. *Avoiding me!*

"Sarah, I'm not going to pressure you, but can we please talk?"

The door opens. She steps back and motions him to enter.

She knows that she shouldn't have kissed him, but she couldn't die without his lips on hers. The kiss had been better than she'd expected. Better than any kiss before, from anyone. Now she wants more, but that would be a disaster.

She's nervous, but pulls him over to the table and gets him to sit. She sits opposite and looks him in the eyes. She keeps her hands under the table. They are shaking.

"Chuck, before you say anything, please let me talk." That surprises him. She's not a talker, but he nods and keeps quiet. "Chuck, I shouldn't have done that," she starts and then pauses trying to marshal her thoughts.

Chuck thinks that is all she is going to say. He doesn't want to leave it as being a mistake. He opens his mouth, but she quickly puts a finger over his lips to stop him.

"Please don't," she quietly states. "I have to tell you why."

He nods.

"Chuck, there are a few reasons. The CIA does not allow a handler to have feeling for an asset. Handlers that do are seen as compromised and are removed." She gives him a long look. "I might be sent away, Chuck. I don't want that."

She swallows again. *I am going to tell him.*

"There's more than one reason for that, as well." She looks down at her still shaking hands. "Chuck, I won't let anyone hurt you and I want to keep you out of a bunker. I don't think another agent would care as much."

Chuck's struggling to keep quiet, but he does so.

Sarah looks straight at him with a very serious look. "A compromised handler has too much invested in the asset's wellbeing. They wouldn't be able to terminate, if that was required."

That shook him and he couldn't keep quiet. "They'd ask you to do that?"

"They might, Chuck. In fact, that was part of the original mission objectives, if you were a traitor."

He couldn't handle this. "You'd do that?"

She grabs his hands. "No, Chuck. I couldn't. I *am* compromised!" She doesn't look away.

He parks the awful message and focusses on what she'd just said. "You are?"

"That's the other reason I don't want to be sent away. I'm being selfish, but I don't want to leave you." Sarah holds his gaze as that sinks in.

The smile that grows on his face is priceless. "Yes, you nerd!" she exclaims with a smile growing on her face, too.

Chuck thinks about what she'd said. "You said there was more than one reason the kiss was a mistake."

Sarah looks away. *Could she really admit this?*

She turns back. "You're a great kisser, Chuck. I'm worried you are addictive!" The smirk makes him laugh. "Seriously. A relationship with you, would cause problems here, because of the rules, but I also have personal issues, too." This is as hard as she'd expected.

She takes a long drink from the glass she'd been drinking before he came around.

"I have a lot of insecurities, Chuck." *Could she get away with just that?*

Chuck finds that hard to believe. This was Sarah Walker, super spy. She was the strongest, most confident person he'd ever met. *How could she have insecurities?*

"Really?" is the most articulate he could get.

She knew she had to say more than just 'yes', but before she says anything, Chuck continues, "Sarah, I am surprised. It never shows. If you can face sharing about them, I might be able to help." He then smirks, "I am the king of insecurities, after all!"

She has to tell him about some of her past. "I'll tell you more sometime, but for now let me just tell you a bit of my history." She looks imploringly at him.

He nods and stays quiet.

"My dad was a conman. I left my mom and helped with his cons from age seven until seventeen. In the later years, I knew it was wrong but couldn't stop. I had no friends, as we never settled long enough."

This is all hard to take in, but he focuses on part of it. "No friends?"

"None, Chuck," she sadly replies. "I tried to be invisible when in schools. Dad didn't want us to be recognized and, anyway, there was no point as we were likely to move on at any time."

He then thinks about another thing. "And you left your mom when you were seven?"

"Yes. I didn't see her again." She isn't going to talk about recently.

"What happened when you were seventeen to stop this?"

"Dad was arrested and I had to join the CIA." Her flat tone tells more than that, but he is already reacting.

"At seventeen? Is that even legal?"

"Unlikely, but Graham gave me no choice."

He's shocked, but can't see how that relates to her claimed insecurities. "And your insecurities?"

She looks down and quietly continues, "My mom never tried to get me back. My dad left me on some of his cons, and completely at the end. On top of that, the one person I had thought I might be in love with betrayed me. He left me, too."

He wants to understand that more, but first reflects on what she'd said. *Unloved. No friends. Abandoned.* That was worse than what he'd experienced. At least, he had Ellie, Devon and Morgan.

"That's terrible, Sarah." He reaches out and holds both of her hands. "You know you have a friend in me. More, if you're willing."

She looks at him quietly. "I know, Chuck. Thank you." There is a tentative smile on her lips.

Then she starts to close off again. "Is there more?" he asks to try to avoid that.

She swallows. "Yes. It is probably the biggest problem."

She gets up and walks to the window and just looks out for several minutes. He knows his normal tendency to push or to babble wouldn't help, so he sits quietly waiting.

Resolving to talk this through as well, she returns to the table and sits opposite him.

"My history in the CIA is bad, Chuck. I don't think you'd want to be with me if you knew what I've done." *There, it was now out.*

"I don't agree-" he starts, but she cuts him off.

"No, Chuck. Don't say that! Not until I've explained." She looks down again and almost whispers, "it will take me a while. I have never talked about this."

He feels honored. She's trusting him that much. She sees the look on his face. "It's horrible, Chuck. You'll hate me, but if I don't tell you, you'd be living a lie."

He sobers up. "Sarah, I already know some of the things you've done."

"But you don't know it all. Or how much blood is involved." That isn't all. "Or the other missions either."

What he says next was a little unexpected. "So, tell me. We can get through this. Together."

"Together?"

"Together!" With that he grabs both of her hands again. He looks so confident, she almost believes him.

"We'll see," she sadly replies.

"Sarah, you've already told me more than ever before. It means so much that you trust me enough to share this with me." He then frowns, looking concerned, "How do you feel about telling me?"

She sits back and thinks about that. All this is very painful to think about, let alone discuss, but she realizes that telling Chuck feels like a burden lifted. She isn't hiding things from him anymore.

Smiling hopefully at him, she replies, "I'm surprised, but I'm actually relieved. To have someone I can share this with. Some of this, I've never told anyone before. It is hard to talk about my past, though. I have a lot more to tell you, but that's all I can manage for now." She brightens a bit more, "It does feel good to share, though."

"Stopping there works for me as well, Sarah. I have some site visits that I'm now late for. Can we talk more later?" he says and gets up. She does too and nods. He then does something unexpected after the conversation they'd been having. He hugs her.

She feels protected. Her vulnerability over opening up, gone completely. *He wouldn't betray or abandon her.*

She rests her head on his shoulder thinking, *I could get used to this.*

Chuck didn't want to let her go. Holding her felt so good. *I could get used to this.*

Bryce!

Just when things were improving, he had to turn up!

In the last couple of days, Chuck felt he and Sarah were getting closer and she talked! She didn't seem to be holding back as much, just when at Castle or under surveillance. When they were alone anywhere else, she held his hand whenever she could. That included when she was driving, which was scary, to be honest.

Every time they held hands, it was like electricity shooting up his arm to his chest. The same happened when they brushed hands. *God, I have it bad!*

A couple of times, she'd kissed him. Not the passionate kiss like in front of the bomb, but a kiss all the same. And that electricity happened even more.

He'd been looking at her the last time it happened and he could see she had the same reaction. *Does she really feel the same way?*

Then the news!

Bloody Bryce Larkin!

"I've only just heard, Chuck." Sarah looks as upset as he feels. or maybe that's just his imagination.

He looks at her with his thoughts spiraling. All he could get out is, "He came back for you?"

That upset look hardens. She looks angry. "I don't care if he did! I've moved on!"

That brings a smile to his face. She notices it and her face softens. She smiles back briefly, but has more to say. "I haven't seen him, but I've been told he won't talk to anyone but you, Chuck."

"Me?" Sarah watches as he gets angry. "I don't want to talk to that bastard!"

"Please, Chuck. We need to know where he's been and why he came back to us like he did."

He looks at her for nearly a minute before he replies. "Okay. But I'm only doing this for you, Sarah, not the CIA or NSA."

God, he makes my knees go weak, she thinks. "Thank you, Chuck," she quietly replies. Then she grabs his hand and pulls him along. "Come on."

Bryce is hooked up to monitoring equipment and IV feeds. Chuck has to look away from those and just looks at his face.

"What do you want, Bryce," Chuck snarls, almost as soon as he enters the room.

Bryce just looks at him for a minute, then says, "How do I know you're Charles Bartowski?"

"bInal'a!" Chuck snaps back. (Klingon: 'you bastard!')

Bryce raises his eyebrow. Maybe it is him.

Chuck continues "tugh 'e' vIchaw'." (Klingon: "I hate what you did to me.")

Bryce smiles. Yes, that's Chuck Bartowski! He then frowns. "ghojmoHwI' tu'lu'be'chugh, vaj ghojmoHwI' tu'lu'be'." (Klingon: "I need to tell you something, but not shout across the room.").

He beckons Chuck closer.

Chuck bridges the gap without thinking. Sarah had told him to keep a distance, but he wants to know what Bryce has to say.

Bryce whispers. "I don't trust anyone but you. I have to get out of here, but trust me. I won't hurt you."

Bryce pulls the IV from his arm and, grabs an injection kit with a long needle, pulls Chuck to him and holds it to his neck.

Casey and Sarah burst in the room.

Sarah shouts, "Bryce! No!"

Bryce is surprised to see Sarah, but ignores her. "Keep back or he gets hurt!"

Casey and Sarah back away and let the two of them out.

“Don’t follow or he gets it!” With that Bryce backs off down the corridor to the elevator, pulling Chuck behind him.

Sarah has to give him the access code for the lift.

Bryce starts to talk to Chuck as the lift descends. “You did know I wouldn’t hurt you, didn’t you!”

The lift stops and they face a man who Chuck then flashes on. Tommy Delgano, a murderer with a lot of blood on his hands.

“Bryce. Who’s your friend?” Delgano asks.

Bryce grips Chuck and the injection gun tighter. “Stand back!”

Delgano calmly says, “Okay. I wouldn’t want you to kill some innocent person. I’d feel terrible.”

Bryce replies “Tell your people I’m gone.”

Delgano has not pulled back. “This is your choice, Bryce. This is me being reasonable. Let’s go. Let’s be friends again.”

Bryce snarls, “We were never friends!”

“Ouch! Now my feelings are hurt. You’re gonna run, aren’t you?”

Bryce nods.

Delgano just states, “Good” and the lift door shuts.

When they reach the final floor, Bryce injects Chuck with a small amount of the tranquillizer and made his escape.

Casey and Sarah get there to see Bryce had gone and find Chuck on the floor. Sarah sees that the tranquilizer gun is beside him and not much has been used.

“Casey, I’m taking him home.” She lifts him, puts his arm over her shoulder as did Casey. Together they get him to her car.

Sarah had driven to the car park by the apartment and just sat mulling things over. Chuck then starts to come around.

She knows that Ellie and Devon would be at work, so not in the apartment. Chuck is still groggy but is able to walk to the apartment. "I'm okay, Sarah. I should go to work," he sighs.

"Not yet!" she snaps.

He knows that arguing won't work, so he opens the door and ushers her in.

Sarah pulls him to the couch and makes him sit down. She sits very close. "Chuck, you could have been hurt! ... or worse!"

He looks into her eyes, seeing real anguish there. "I'm sorry, Sarah."

She just places both hands around his face and kisses him. It's an 'I-nearly-lost-you' kiss. As they pull away from each other, they are both breathless.

She knew he would get confused. *I need to tell him more.*

As she looks into his beautiful chocolate eyes, she softly tells him, "I panicked. I thought I was going to lose you."

Music to his ears! As he looks into those deep blue eyes, he can see sincerity and *love*? He smiles at her, replying, "You'd have to push me away!"

That brings a smile. "Okay, mister. We both have to get to work, but tonight..." She leaves it at that, and gets up.

He shakes himself and gets up, as well. Then, he remembers something. "Damn! I forgot. Ellie has invited you to Thanksgiving dinner this evening."

"Sounds good. I want to be here," she replies over her shoulder. "I have plans."

He eventually catches up with her for his lift to the Buy More.

Casey had also been invited over, and brings food with him. Morgan has brought Anna Wu, which proves to be awkward as she knew Morgan had been infatuated with Ellie.

Most of the meal went well, apart from some painful Anna/Morgan interactions.

Ellie is making coffee while Devon brings over the pie.

Chuck decides he wants to get something as a gift for Sarah and goes to his room.

Bryce again!

“What are you doing here, Bryce?”

“I’ve been thinking. Why is Agent Walker here?”

Chuck outlines why and that it was Bryce’s fault. Bryce winces at that. “Sorry, Chuck. Like I said, I don’t trust anyone but you.”

“Why?”

“There are traitors everywhere, man.”

“You think Sarah is a traitor?” Chuck angrily asks.

Bryce raises his eyebrow. “First name terms?”

Chuck is angry now. Bryce hadn’t answered his question. “Yes! She’s here to protect me and is having to pretend to be my girlfriend, thanks to you! So, surprisingly, first name terms!” He then slowly repeats, “Do you think she’s a traitor?”

Bryce steps back from Chuck who had been moving forward aggressively. Chuck had never behaved like this before. Bryce then thinks about the question. “No. I don’t think she is and that’s why I’m here. I need to talk to her about Fulcrum.”

Chuck flashes on that word. Bryce notices. “Oh God! You downloaded it, didn’t you?”

Chuck shakes his head to clear it. “Yes, you bastard. Like you planned!”

“Chuck, please get Sarah to come and talk to me,” Bryce pleads.

Chuck nods and heads back to the table. Gift forgotten.

Sarah watches him come out of his room. *He looks shaken*, she thinks. When he sits down beside her, and leans closer, she asks, “Are you okay, Chuck?”

He whispers, so that only she can hear, "Bryce is in my room. He wants to talk to you, alone."

She looks at him, then nods and gets up, seemingly heading to the bathroom.

After a few minutes, Chuck gets up and heads back to his room telling the others, "Sorry, I forgot to get what I should have gotten before!"

When he gets to the door, he finds it ajar. He sees Bryce grab Sarah and kiss her.

If she hadn't been with Chuck earlier, and over the last few days, his heart would have sunk then. As it is, he just stays quiet and watches. It's hard to watch that.

Sarah looks surprised, then she pushes Bryce away and slaps him.

Bryce stares back at her, looking stunned. "Wh ... what? Why?"

"Keep your fucking hands off me, Bryce!" she snaps.

He just looks confused. "Why?"

"Because you betrayed me. We are over!"

"But the Andersons, we're so great together, both as spies and in bed." He smirks.

"The Andersons are no more! They divorced!"

"You don't mean that," he starts.

"Yes. I do. You better leave. Now!" she turns to walk away, only then seeing Chuck at the door. She grabs his hand and pulls him back to the dining table.

They sit down and she doesn't let go of his hand. He looks at her and she just nods.

Casey leaves after having a quiet word with Sarah. "He's still around, Casey, so I'm staying over. Please turn off the surveillance." He looks at her. "What? I don't like it on me!"

"Okay, but don't damage him!" he grunts.

She smiles at that. "I won't break him."

Chuck's first words on closing his bedroom door are, "Are you staying to protect me from Bryce?"

"Partly," she cryptically replies.

"Okay," he draws out the word.

She smiles. "You get ready first, while I get my things from the car."

He heads to the bathroom as she goes out, through the Morgan door. When he returns she has her toiletries bag and a robe in hand and goes through to the bathroom herself.

He gets into the left side of the bed, waiting.

Sarah stood looking at herself in the mirror. *Am I right to do this? Can I trust him? Or myself?* Yes, I can!

Sarah enters in her robe. Chuck looks up and smiles at her. She smiles back. "Chuck, you know I'm not good with words."

He snorts, then looks apologetic. "Sorry."

She smiles. "You know I prefer action to words." She pauses, looking him in the eye. "There is going to be action," she smiles at that. *Yes, there is!* "but I need to tell you something first."

She sits on the right side of the bed twisting to look at him. His eyes are immediately drawn to her bare legs.

She smiles. "My eyes are up here, Chuck."

"Sorry. I was distracted! What did you want to tell me?"

She gulps but starts, "CIA agents are sometimes sent on seduction missions, to get information." She looks away briefly, but then looks back. "I have been sent on those, but you have to know I never had sex on them. I always got what I needed before that."

"Why are you telling me this, Sarah?" He looks genuinely confused.

"I was sent here to control you. Any way I had to." She holds his gaze.

He realizes what she was saying. "You were told to control me with sex?"

She nods. "If that was what it took."

He's angry now. "So, why didn't you?"

She grabs his hand with both of hers. "I just told you, I don't have sex for the Company, but I couldn't seduce you either after I got to know you on that first date. I couldn't do that to either of us."

That eases the anger, but still leaves him confused. "Why are you telling me this now?"

This was it. Time to confess.

She holds his gaze and says, "Because I've been falling for you from the start and I want you, Chuck."

He's amazed. *Had she really said that?*

Sarah gets up and takes off her robe.

He looks stunned at what she is wearing. How little she is wearing.

She grins at him. "Time for some action."

Chuck wakes with his arms around his beautiful girlfriend. *Yes, girlfriend, in every meaning of the word!*

Their legs are entwined with him against her back. Somehow his left arm, under her, is not uncomfortable.

He can tell she is awake when she grabs the hand on the arm over her. "Good morning, Beautiful," he murmurs.

She'd been called that so many times in her past, but when he says it, it warms her heart. "Morning," she replies with a smile.

"We should get up. I can hear El making breakfast. She'll come in if we're not quick."

She rolls over and looks him in the eye. "Quick?"

The gleam in her eye spoke more than that. "No, Missy. Much as I'd love that, we have to get up."

She's going to disagree, when the door burst open with Ellie coming in saying, "Get up, sleepyhead ..." She stops when she sees Sarah's head just above the covers. "Oh God! Sorry!" She turns and runs back to the kitchen.

Both are blushing. "Told you!" he says, getting up and dressing. He is heading out, when she finally gets up.

Ellie had headed out to work after continually apologizing.

Chuck and Sarah sit quietly drinking their coffee while just looking at each other.

Talk to him, she thinks to herself.

So, she breaks the silence, "Best night of my life."

He looks up, his thoughts broken. "Really?"

She reaches for his hand. "Really."

"Mine too," he replies with a big smile.

She has to say more. Steeling herself, she continues, "I said I was falling for you. That was only partly true." She pauses, thinking, *Keep going!*

She looks at him and sees fear in his eyes. *Oh God! He thinks I'm changing my mind.*

"Don't panic. I *was* falling for you, but it's more than that, in reality. I have fallen for you. Completely." She watches as he takes that in.

Chuck recovers and smiles. "And I've fallen for you too, Sarah. I was just frightened that if I told you, you'd run for the hills," he confesses.

She smirks. "The hills, eh?"

"I love you, Sarah." *God, he'd said it*, he thinks.

God! He said those words, she thinks. Panic starts to rise, but then she thinks about it more. *Why not, I love him, too.*

She looks at him, but couldn't actually say those words. "Thank you, Chuck. I still need to tell you about my past. You might change your mind."

"Never!"

She pats his arm. "We'll see."

She looks at her watch. "We need to head out ourselves soon, but I just need you to remember some things."

He nods for her to continue.

She looks at him. "No one can know about our true feelings. You can't show them."

"But I'm over the moon, Sarah. I can't hide anything. You know that." She could see him starting to panic.

"Just hide it with other thoughts."

"Like what?"

She contemplates that for a few seconds, then replies, "You're happy I'm not going anywhere with Bryce. Casey, at least, knows you have feelings for me. He'll believe that."

He smiles at that thought. "I can do that."

They head over to Casey's apartment when they spot him walking back to it. He must have been out for some reason. As they all get there, Casey notices the door is slightly ajar. Casey tells Chuck and Sarah to look in his apartment while he checks around outside. They find Bryce attempting to break into Casey's computer. He tells them he's not rogue and that he was recruited by Fulcrum for an operation called "Sandwall."

Chuck flashes which confirmed the story. Bryce tells them Fulcrum is a rogue faction within the CIA, and he stole, destroyed, and sent the Intersect to Chuck to keep it out of

their hands.

Then Casey enters...and shoots Bryce. Fortunately, Bryce is wearing a bulletproof vest.

Chuck and Sarah manage to convince Casey that Bryce was telling the truth, and to turn Bryce over to the CIA.

Casey, Sarah and Chuck are sitting in Castle waiting for the call from General Beckman. All three of them are surprised when the door opens and Bryce walks down the steps.

Casey is about to get up and aim his gun at him again. Old habits die hard. Then the call starts.

General Beckman barks, "Sit down, Major." Beckman then looks up. "You too Agent Larkin."

Bryce sits opposite Sarah. He would have sat next to her, but Chuck occupies that seat. Casey feels uncomfortably close. He turns to look at the screen.

"Agent Larkin has shared some worrying information. Finally!" She glares at him.

She continues, "A Fulcrum agent has stolen an update for the Intersect from an NSA facility. Bryce has learned that an English software engineer, Von Hayes, has been hired to decrypt the data on the chip. Tonight, Agents Larkin and Walker will attend Von Hayes's party posing as a married couple. The microchip is hidden in the mansion, and you will search for it. Find it by any means."

Sarah looks at Chuck, knowing he'd know what that meant. An affectionate couple who would be seen finding a room together. She could see him tense. She places her hand just above his knee and squeezes.

"Mr. Bartowski, you will pose as a waiter and wait to flash." The General ends the call.

Chuck knows he shouldn't let them, but his insecurities are going haywire. He gets up and rushes up the stairs heading back to the Buy More.

Sarah wants to stop him, but Bryce catches her in the Orange Orange.

“So, the Andersons back together again,” he says suggestively.

Sarah glares at him. “No, Bryce. The Andersons on a mission. No more.” She pushes passed him and follows Chuck.

She catches him just before he enters the store. Grabbing his wrist, she pulls him to one side.

“Chuck, nothing is going to happen. I won’t let it,” she urgently says.

“Sarah, he’ll have his hands all over you,” he wails.

She looks him in the eye. “But he’s not getting into my dress. Although, if you play your cards right, you just might again tonight.”

He gulps, but looks much better. “Thank you. For calming me down.” Then she sees a twinkle in his eyes and thinks she knows what is coming next. “And, in advance, for tonight.” *Yep, there it is!*

She stands smiling as he enters the store.

Sarah and Bryce are dancing at Von Hayes' party. Chuck is distracted by it when delivering wine to the host and accidentally spills wine on Von Hayes' lap. He apologizes and rushes away.

Then he sees them finish their dance and kiss. He drops the bottle and Von Hays summarily fires him.

As Chuck is being escorted out, Chuck flashes on the voice of a woman who asks the host if he has her microchip. Juliette is a Fulcrum agent who has killed a number of people, but neither her photograph nor her last name are in his data and he didn’t see her face.

Casey orders him to head back inside to get a look at her, and after Casey enables the lock to the side door, Chuck manages to get in and hide under a table.

Chuck watches as Juliette shoots the host's bodyguard. Von Hayes panics and tells her the microchip is in his vault. He drops his keys. Chuck flashes and realizes the microchip is actually on the key chain.

He calls Casey to tell him. Unfortunately, Juliette obviously heard him. He finds a gun pressed against the side of his head and has to come out from under the table.

At this point, Von Hayes makes a run for it.

"Sarah, come on." Bryce pulls her to follow Von Hayes, but she'd spotted Chuck in trouble and shook him off and heads in Chuck's direction.

Bryce just turns and follows Von Hayes, but he is too late, seeing him drive off in his Lamborghini.

Sarah shoots, but misses Juliette, who dives into a car to be driven away, sliding a bomb towards them as she does. Sarah sees it and pushes Chuck away, but is caught in the blast.

It had all happened so fast, Chuck is still in a daze, but then he realizes Sarah is hurt. "Casey, we need help."

Seeing Sarah on the ground, Casey makes the call. She is whisked off to the hospital. "You can't go with her, numb nuts." Casey grunts dragging him to his Crown Vic.

Chuck can't sleep that night, tossing and turning. Sarah got hurt on the mission. Hurt rescuing him! Eventually he drops off.

He wakes to his alarm. As fast as he can, he gets out of the house, driving to the florist on his way to the hospital. '*Gardenias, gardenias,*' he keeps repeating to himself.

When he gets to the hospital, he quickly checks where to go and rushes there.

He enters her room and she spots and smiles at him. "Chuck!" she says as if nothing had happened.

She sees what he's holding. "Gardenias! My favorite!" she beams.

“Beautiful flowers for a beautiful lady,” he replies, then notices flowers all around the room. His heart sinks. “I just can’t compete with him, can I?”

She looks annoyed at him. “Chuck, he will have put this on his CIA expense account! He wouldn’t spend a penny on me!” she growls. “And you don’t have to compete. You won!”

He grins and gives her a kiss that makes her forget everything.

Chuck had driven home smiling. All the way home. Sarah is being kept in overnight, but he’ll be able to collect her in the morning.

As he approaches the apartment, someone steps in front of him; someone that wipes the smile from his face. “What do you want, Bryce?” he snarls.

“We need to talk,” is the reply. *Why did that phrase always make him expect bad things?*

They sit at the fountain.

Bryce starts, “Chuck, I’m worried about Sarah.”

“Why, because she got shot?”

“No, Chuck, she went off after you instead of sticking to the mission. That’s why Juliette got away. And also, why Sarah got hurt.” Bryce looks serious.

Chuck looks down at his hands.

“Chuck, I think she has feelings for you,” Bryce continues.

“What if she does?” Chuck quickly responds.

“Agents should get those feelings. She could get distracted. She could get killed.”

Chuck hadn’t thought about that and looks shocked.

Then Bryce says, “You need to push her away, You need to save her, Chuck.”

Chuck is still sitting with his head in his hands as Bryce drives away.

The next morning, Chuck heads directly to the hospital, but before he gets there, he's stopped by Von Hayes who tells him that he is scared, and still has the microchip. Chuck tries to convince him they should meet and that he would get protection. However, Von Hayes wants more - immunity and money. Lots of it, which Chuck definitely doesn't have.

He calls Casey who tells him to come to Castle immediately.

Von Hayes has already left and, even though Chuck really wants to go to Sarah, he realizes he can't and drives to Castle.

"I have to go, Casey. He'll only exchange with me!"

Well, I'm coming too," grunts Casey.

"No. He said only me," is the reply Casey receives.

What neither Chuck nor Casey know is just at that time, someone in nurses uniform enters Sarah's hospital room with an injection.

Just before he's going to inject her, Sarah spots his name tag and realizes the picture on it wasn't his. *He's not that nurse!*

She leaps out of bed and wrenches the injection from him and holds it against his neck. "Who sent you?" she hisses.

He knows who she is and her reputation. She would inject him with the poison if he kept quiet. So, he says, "Juliette."

"Where is she?" She pushes the needle just into his skin.

He gulps. "At the station."

"Is she leaving or meeting someone?" Another slight push of the needle.

He knows that she will keep pushing, literally, so he tells her everything, hoping she'll stop and release him.

She knocks him out. In the old days, she would have injected him. It's what he was going to do to her, after all. *Chuck, has definitely changed me.*

She grabs her clothes, quickly dresses and heads out, calling for a taxi as she goes.

The exchange at the station is a farce with Juliette's henchmen arriving and Von Hayes running off. They quickly catch him and he is held at gunpoint. Casey and Bryce confront them and are about to start shooting, when Chuck arrives with the duffel bag and trades the money for Von Hayes.

As the henchmen reach for it, Casey and Bryce open fire. Casey grabs the money and Bryce and Chuck lead Von Hayes away.

Suddenly, Juliette appears next to Chuck, point a gun to his head and says to Bryce, "Give me the microchip or he dies."

Bryce spots Sarah arriving and aiming her gun at Juliette, so he drops his.

I can't get a clear shot! She panics. *I can't kill Chuck!*

Just then Sarah hears a shot ring out. *Oh, God! Has she shot him?*

Then she sighs in relief. It was Casey who shot. Juliette lies dead behind Chuck.

It was a painful call with the General after that, but Sarah justifies not shooting. "I couldn't get a shot without hitting Chuck, General. He's too valuable to us." Beckman couldn't argue with that.

Chuck had seen her being distracted, just like Bryce had warned. *What if she had done that and she'd been shot herself?*

He felt he should break up with her to save her, but then thought about his decision to talk rather than dictate.

"Sarah, we need to talk," he says as they walked up the stairs. That makes her stop. *That phrase hurts her, too?*

They head to her apartment, neither talking.

When they arrive, he holds her hand and walks her to her bed where they sit down.

“What is it, Chuck?” He looks at her and realizes she looks frightened. He grabs her hands.

“Sarah, I’m worried that your feelings for me are going to get you hurt. Or even killed.”

“Chuck, I’ve had feeling for you all along. Why is this a problem all of a sudden?” Then she thought who might be making him focus on this. She coldly looks at him. “Who told you that?”

He hadn’t expected that and says, without thinking, “Bryce.”

“Bastard!” she shouts, jumping up and starts to pace around.

She stops and turns on Chuck. “Why do you think he said that?” she demands.

“B... b ... because you tried to save me and got hurt.” He looks forlorn. “And then you didn’t shoot her, to save me. She could have shot you, Sarah!”

She sits down and grabs his hands. “Firstly, I’m here to protect you. It’s also part of my job, whether we are lovers or not! Secondly, like I said, I couldn’t get a clear shot. If she’d raised her gun in my direction you wouldn’t be in the way, so I would’ve been able to shoot her.”

As she earnestly explains reality to him, she notices he looks brighter, then he says, “Lovers?”

She smiles. “Yes, lovers. Boyfriend/girlfriend. Whatever you want to call us. We’re together. You are NOT pushing me away!”

“I like lovers,” he says looking dreamy.

Her expression then hardens. “You are NOT taking advice from that shit-stirrer again, Chuck!”

He refocuses and sheepishly says, “At least I talked to you. I didn’t just break up.”

That got home. She quietly replies, “Yes, you did, Chuck.”

She reaches over and kisses him until he couldn't breathe.

They stay in her apartment for the rest of the day and all night.

When he wakes up with her in his arms, exhausted. *I'm so glad we talk now.*

Sarah knows that he's awake, but doesn't move, happily snuggled, with warm feet and a warm, breathing pillow. Everything would have been awful if he'd broken up with her. It would have broken her heart. *I'm so glad we talk now.*

A/N: I used Google Translate for the Klingon, so I apologies to any Trekkies if it's wrong!

There are A LOT more communication problems later in the show, but this tackles some of the significant early ones.

I hope you liked it. I'd really appreciate a review to let me know what you think. I won't reply because on this site, that gets displayed for everyone rather than just going to the intended recipient. However, know that I appreciate all comments.