

Chuck vs The Uprising

by David Carner

Serious AU This came to me in a dream. It's one part Chuck, one part Terminator, one part Norse stuff, one part insanity. NOT FLUFF It's been 10 years since the rise of the machines. Chuck joins Valkyrie and Hogun on a quest to free the Governors sector from the machines, and then, everything goes wrong. In a world with no love, how does our nerd survive?

Rated: T · Genre: Adventure, Humor, Romance · Chapters: 10

Chapter 1: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 1, Friends and Enemies

A/N: If you are looking for fluff, leave now. This, I'm not kidding, came to me in a dream. It is insane. I'm not sure anyone is going to like it, but I can't get it out of my head, so I'm writing it, and if you don't like it, you're not hurting my feelings. It's a mashup of so many things, but the easiest one to describe is Chuck in the Terminator Universe, but that's not even right. Let's just start there, and see how this goes. Let me know if you hate it, I have no idea how I even feel about it. You're still here? Okay, here goes nothing. Ch 1, Friends and Enemies.

A/N 2: Steampunk .Chuckster is the BEST! She helped me figure out a few things the dream didn't provide, and adjust some that didn't work. I don't know what I'd do without her!

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, Norse Mythology, or anything else that pops up in this story. Also I might have eaten a fragment of underdone potato...

"Bartowski? Are you sure about this?" Casey grumbled.

"No, I've not been sure about anything in a few years," Chuck replied. Casey grunted.

"You promise you'll give Doc Awesome the medical supplies he needs?"

"Bartowski, we pull this off, we'll have enough supplies for three years and the ability to start producing our own," Casey replied. "I made a promise, Doc will get the supplies." Chuck looked at Casey, and truly believed if Casey promised you something he would always follow through.

"Do you two want to hug?" their blonde partner asked.

"I'm always open to hugs," Chuck said grinning. The blonde rolled her eyes.

"I should have known," she mumbled, and headed off, her destination in mind. Chuck silently berated himself, and thought back to a simpler time.

"Are you sure, Dad?" the little boy asked.

"Of course I'm sure," his father answered. "Machines will make things so much easier."

"Didn't you watch that movie? The ones where the machines took over the world?" the little boy asked, worried.

"Charles, it's science fiction, emphasis on fiction," his father replied.

"But, Dad, some of the work you do is pretty out there," the son rebutted.

"Charles, you can't be scared of technology."

Chuck sighed, and looked at the blonde agent in front of him, and knew what he had to do. He slowly made his way towards her. He didn't want to spook her, she was the Valkyrie. It was more than a callsign, she was a warrior, and she was beautiful. In this world, women normally had one use, procreation. After the rise of the machines, and the depopulation of humans, love was no longer a factor. There were three reasons for intercourse; procreation, lust, and release. The fact Valkyrie was currently in the field spoke to her abilities.

"I apologize," Chuck said softly behind the blonde. He could see her stiffen. "I sometimes forget where we are and how things are said to you." She turned to tell him that was the stupidest/craziest thing she had ever heard. She looked into his eyes. It took all her training, but she didn't gasp. There was truth there, and he looked ashamed. "It won't happen again." She was shook, and she did the only thing she knew to do in these situations, she fought back with what she had. This man...boy in front of her, had probably never seen anyone like her, and he surely had never been with anyone like her.

"Think I'm not good enough for you?" she asked with a challenge in her voice. Instead of

fleeing in terror, or completely losing his composure, he did the one thing she never thought he'd do. He gave her a soft smile. For a second she got lost in those brown eyes. "I don't think there's anyone out there that is good enough for you," he said gently. She felt herself swallow. She had been propositioned by many men, men much more attractive than this boy...man in front of her. She had been promised untold riches to sire children, and never once did she feel one iota of attraction to any of them. And then, here, in the middle of a mission, in the heart of enemy territory, this man, does nothing more than apologize and she feels something. Something she hadn't known was in her since this hellscape existed. "The entrance is over there," he said softly, nodding to her destination. She returned his nod, and turned, silently cursing herself for losing control on the battlefield.

"I'm going with him, Hogun," she said to Casey. "He needs protection, and you are more likely to get spotted than I am."

"Hogun, really?" Chuck asked grinning. "Can I be Fandral?"

"I was thinking more ergi," Casey said, grinning. Valkyrie grinned at the exchange, and wondered if the wonder boy...man...ugh, he was bothering her, had any idea.

"Ergi?" Chuck asked. "I'm unmanly? It's true I do have some girlish screams."

"Quit insulting girls," Valkyrie said before she could catch herself. Chuck grinned at her.

"And here I thought you didn't have a sense of humor," Chuck said to her softly.

"Maybe if you say something funny, I'd laugh," she said, as she silently took off to her destination.

"Watch it, Bartowski," Casey said to him softly. "You aren't in her league."

"That is something I'm well aware of, Hogun," Chuck said, grinning. Casey grunted as Chuck followed behind Valkyrie. They made their way to the entrance.

"Think you can get in, Ergi?" she asked, grinning. Chuck returned her grin.

"I don't know much in life, but I do know computers and code, I'll get us in," he replied.

"But can you do it without the machines knowing we're here?" she asked. Chuck shrugged, and Valkyrie's eyes widened.

"Well, that answers that question," Chuck said, working.

"What's that?" she asked, with venom in her voice. Chuck turned to her and grinned.

“Does the Valkyrie frighten?” Chuck replied. An irritated look crossed her face. Chuck punched a button and the door opened with no alarms.

“Of course I frighten, you idiot!” she snapped. “This whole world should frighten anyone.”

“Then that means you’re human, just like the rest of us, and not part robot,” Chuck responded. She stared at him. “In case you’re wondering, that’s a good thing,” he said as he slipped inside. She stared after him. Casey caught up to them.

“What’s bugging you?” he asked.

“He might be insane,” she said, gaining control. Casey gave her a look.

“He’s survived this long, I’d say he has to be insane,” as he slipped inside as well. Valkyrie shook her head and followed the two. It was slow going, avoiding patrols of the bipedal machines, but they managed to not be spotted as they slowly advanced through the base.

“The EMP will take them out?” she asked. Chuck nodded.

“We just need to be inside to take over the system once the computers reboot. At that point, we’ll take control and the governor will control the entire sector,” Chuck responded.

“That’s hard to imagine,” Casey said. Chuck shrugged.

“It’s been Heaven’s gameplan for years,” he replied. “They control three sectors, the governor will control one, that leaves six on the continent. In ten years we’ve taken back nearly 40% of the US, Canada, and Mexico. We can win this war.”

“Patrol,” Casey said. “I’ll go up and scout, you two stay here.” Chuck and Valkyrie sat in silence.

“Why is his name Awesome?” Valkyrie found herself asking. She wanted to berate herself. She found herself talking on this mission more than ever. She knew why. She didn’t like it either, but she wanted him to trust her. She needed him to trust her. She looked over at Chuck and he was grinning.

“He was Ellie’s boyfriend, my sister,” he began. “Everything he’s ever done is Awesome, even flossing.” Valkyrie grinned.

“You said was, they broke up?” Chuck shook his head.

"They took her," he said softly. "The machines took her, I can only assume she's dead." He was quiet for a second. "Most probably think she deserves it, same as me," he said so quiet that if Valkyrie hadn't been listening intently she never would have caught it.

"Bartowski," Casey hissed. He looked up and saw Casey waving him over. He snuck over and made his way into the control room, Valkyrie right behind him. "Guard him Valkyrie, he's our only shot." Chuck looked over at Casey.

"Casey, promise me, Doc gets what he needs," Chuck pleaded, one last time. Casey looked him in the eyes.

"God, country, family, Bartowski, I keep my word," Casey said. Chuck nodded. Valkyrie scoffed.

"God...have you seen this hellhole?" she spat. Chuck looked up.

"I've seen an angel," he replied simply. He turned to go back to work. She grabbed his arm and spun him toward her.

"Why?" she asked. "Why are you being nice to me? There is no love here. It's dead. There is no courtship, no dating, no love at all. It's about surviving and procreating, and that's all there is."

"If we don't have love, why are we even fighting?" Chuck asked. She was stunned. "If we don't have someone to live for, to love, are we any better than the cold emotionless machines we're fighting? No one deserves to be treated like an incubator or something to rut with. We are human beings, and we all have feelings, some of us just hide them better than others. That includes you, Valkyrie." He turned and went back to work.

"Sarah," she whispered after a moment. Chuck turned to her, confused. "Sarah...my name is Sarah." Chuck held his hand out. She eyed it, and then shook it.

"It's my pleasure to meet you, Sarah," Chuck said grinning. "Now, I have to get back to work before cold, emotionless machines kill us."

"What are you doing, Bartowski?" Casey asked. "Just set off the EMP!"

"Well, if I turn off some of the sentries and those robots without AI, it might mean we only have to fight off half of the machines here instead of all of them," he said, furiously typing. Casey nodded, his bottom lip out.

"Not bad," he admitted. Chuck hit a button, and an alarm went off.

"Hope you're ready," he said. Both nodded, and he hit the EMP. Everything went dark.

"How long?" Sarah asked.

"Two minutes," Chuck replied.

"As soon as that computer comes up, do your thing," Casey said. "I don't want to be here holding my jock when those machines come to find us."

"Neither do I," Sarah and Chuck said together. They both looked at each other and smiled.

"You can do this," Sarah said softly to Chuck. Casey watched them. In the past three years, he had never seen this side of Sarah. He shook his head, he knew if they got through the next ten minutes their lives would never be the same again. The lights slowly began to come on.

"Do your thing, Bartowski," Casey growled.

"Come on, come on," Chuck said, encouraging the computer to boot up. The computer came up, but they heard the steps coming their way. "I need two minutes."

"I can only promise you thirty seconds," Casey replied, opening fire.

"Really?" Chuck asked. "You couldn't meet me halfway?"

"I'll get you two," Sarah said opening fire as well.

"I like the way you negotiate," Chuck said, his fingers flying. Sarah glanced back when she heard his fingers stop.

"Is everything okay?" she asked.

"Promise me about Doc," he said.

"Chuck, I promise," she replied. Chuck nodded, typed a little, hit the enter button, and the machines stopped moving. "You did it!" she yelled, standing. She was sure this was suicide mission. "They won't come back on?" she asked, turning to him.

"Nope," he said. "They're off." She nodded with a sad smile, and pulled a gun on Chuck.

"I'm really sorry, Chuck," she said. "I like you," and then she fired. Chuck looked down at the dart, not really surprised.

"Greater good?" he asked as he began to fall. She nodded and watched him collapse.

"Greater good," she replied. She turned to Casey. "You never repeat my name."

"All I know you by is Valkyrie," he answered. He looked down at Chuck. "Shame about

the kid. He had something." Sarah nodded.

"Yeah, he has our freedom, the entire district is saved," she replied.

"Then why do I feel like a traitor?" Casey asked. Sarah looked at him, a storm brewing in her eyes.

"Having lady feelings?" she asked.

"Not as many as you did," he answered. She scowled at him, as Casey reached down to pick him up and they returned to their base.

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The taste came to his mouth first. It was like cotton had taken away all of the moisture in his mouth. He opened his eyes and saw things that were blurry. There was a specific blurry thing he saw sitting outside of his cell. A blonde halo seemed to surround her.

"Told you, you were an angel," he said.

"Don't," she said. "I have my orders."

"I know," he said. "You're the perfect soldier, and you do what you're told."

"Why did you volunteer?" she asked.

"Same as you, greater good," he replied.

"But the people you're trying to save are dying," she replied.

"But now with the medicine Doc can save them," he countered. "You are keeping your promise, right?" She nodded.

"He's got the medicine," she said solemnly.

"Tell me you told him I died during the mission," he said. She nodded. Chuck sighed a sigh of relief. If Doc thought he was alive, he'd do something stupid.

"You knew," she said softly. "You knew what would happen and you did it anyway." He shrugged.

"I didn't know," he said, trying to grin, but realizing all of his muscles weren't working right. "I suspected."

"You're an idiot," she said, standing up. Why was she so mad at him right now?

"Yeah, but I saved some people," he replied. "At least my family did something right in the end," he said softly. She heard him, and that was the second time he made mention of his family and their shortcomings.

"Valkyrie," Casey said, coming in. "The governor wants to see us." He started to leave.

"Thank you," Chuck said. "Both of you. You kept your word. That's something rare these days." Casey turned to look at him, and gave a nod of respect. The two headed off to see the governor.

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"It's not right," Sarah said. What was she doing? Why was she pleading the case of this commoner? He was no agent, or warrior.

"I made a deal with Frigga," the governor responded. "I don't like it any more than you do. Why didn't he include his protection as part of the deal?" She slammed her hand on the desk. She was a short woman, but she seemed to tower over the two tall agents in front of her. "If he had only asked, I could have protected him."

"Frigga is going to give him to the machines," Casey replied. "You're signing his death sentence."

"We don't know that," the governor replied, but the look on her face said she suspected as much.

"When's the pickup?" Sarah asked. The governor looked uncomfortable. Sarah rolled her eyes. "No," she said simply. The governor looked down. "You want us, to take him cross county, through machine controlled sectors to Heaven?" The governor nodded. "Governor, I'm a fighter, but this, this is madness. Do you know how many men we'd have to fight off? Not to mention any machines we will encounter along the way."

"There's more," the governor said, taking a breath. "There's a child here that Frigga would like returned. The mother has passed, and the father is in Heaven."

"No," Casey said softly, realizing where this was going. Sarah looked at him and then back at the general. She shot out of her chair.

"NO!" she screamed. "I will not do it!"

"It's for the greater good, Valkyrie," the governor said.

"We can't take a child across the wastelands." She snarled.

"I could order you," the governor said softly. "Or I could just put the child in an orphanage." Sarah grabbed the table and flipped it. The governor moved out of the way in time. She stormed out of the office. "Well, that went better than I expected."

"I would be their bodyguard?" he asked. The governor nodded. "Let me talk to him."

"Do you think that would do any good?" she asked. "I mean he can say whatever he wants, but out there...he'd have to care for the child, while possibly going to his grave."

"He's different," Casey said. The governor just looked at him. "I trust him."

"It doesn't matter if you do or not," the governor replied. "Does she trust him?"

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"I hate you!" she screamed at Chuck, who was cowering in his cage.

"I thought you liked me," he said, terrified. Sarah stopped screaming and looked at him.

"You heard that?" she asked. He nodded.

"Unless I shouldn't have, and then I didn't," he said, scared he was going to lose a limb. She sat down outside the cage and put her head in her hands.

"You have to go to Heaven, and we have to transport you," she said softly. She looked at him. "They want us to take a baby.

"Across the wastelands!" he yelled. "Do you know what would happen to that child? The odds of making it are...I don't know....but not good." She stared at him, incredulous.

"I captured you, put you in a cage, and you're worried about a child?" she asked. Chuck shrugged.

"There's worse things than being captured, and you're keeping me company," he added. She just shook her head and chuckled.

"I am supposed to go," she said softly. "I'm to be married...to you." Chuck's eyes widened.

"That's not right!" he yelled. "They can't do that to you, or the child! I will not stand for...well, I don't like it, there's not much I can do since I'm trapped in here. I know, let me out, and I'll go to Heaven by myself." She turned to look at him again. Again in shock.

"You're not kidding," she said softly looking into his eyes. "You're really not."

"No one should be forced to be with another person," Chuck said. "No one, gets to tell someone else when to...I'm not even going to finish that." Sarah stared at him.

"You know we wouldn't actually be married, right?" she asked. Chuck looked away.

"Oh...my bad," he said.

"You understand if we don't take the child home, they'll put the child in an orphanage." Chuck looked away.

"I'm going to assume like everything else in this world, orphanages have gone downhill since the uprising?" Sarah nodded. Chuck sighed. "So we have to do this for the kid or...." Sarah nodded.

"You understand why I can't trust you, right?" she said, not knowing why she would even care. She glanced over at Chuck, who smiled.

"You don't know me well enough," Chuck said. "Plus, I suspect the male species has not given you a whole lot of reasons to trust men in general." She smiled in spite of herself and shook her head.

"The governor said she could order me to go with you," Sarah admitted. Chuck's face fell.

"That's not right," he said. "It's not. Look, I know you have no reason to trust me, but if she ever forced that to happen to you, I would never forgive myself if something happened to you, because she ordered you to take me and the baby to Heaven." She looked at him, and nodded.

"I believe you believe that right now," she said. "But out there, it's kill or be killed..." she looked away.

"Sarah," he said softly. She looked back. "Never."

"And the marriage cover?" she asked.

"I would be completely respectful of you," he said.

"Well, you sure now how to make a girl feel good," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

"That's for scaring you, isn't it?" he asked, grinning. She nodded. "I had to make sure the EMP wouldn't hurt you."

"Uh-huh," she said.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Don't have a lot of choice, do I?" she replied. She turned to him. "I'm going to make this real clear Bartowski, if you ever do anything to me that I don't want you to, and we make it to Heaven, I will make your life a living hell." With that, she got up and walked away.

"What exactly do you mean if you don't want me to?" he yelled. She ignored him and kept walking. "Maybe I don't want to, you ever thought of that!" She continued to ignore him and left the room. A few minutes later Casey opened the door and walked up to the cage. He stared at him.

"I will kill you if you do anything to her," Casey said. Chuck nodded.

"What did she mean if she didn't want me to?" Chuck asked. Casey just stared at him.

"You know what, never mind." Casey shook his head.

"This ain't right, kid, I'm sorry." Casey looked torn.

"Casey, things aren't always as they seem, and maybe I deserve this," Chuck replied.

"You having this kid and fake marriage with Valkyrie or you getting turned over to Frigga?" Casey asked. Chuck blanched.

"Casey, no one deserves to be put in orphanage or be fake married to Valkyrie," he replied. Casey grunted. "And Valkyrie doesn't deserve to have that happen to her."

"She's right," Casey said. "I think you are insane." With that he turned and left, leaving Chuck alone with his thoughts.

"Dad, is it alive?" the teen asked.

"It is, Charles, it is!" his father answered. "It's starting to move through the internet. It's thinking!"

"Dad, what's it accessing?" the teen asked. His father's face fell.

"No, it shouldn't do that. It shouldn't...Charles, get downstairs. Get your sister and get downstairs, NOW!"

"Maybe I deserve everything Frigga is going to do to me and more," Chuck said to the empty room.

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"Mr. Bartowski, you understand what you'll be doing?" the governor asked.

"I'm going to take a child with my fake wife, make it to Heaven, and turn myself in to Frigga," he replied. The governor nodded. "By agreeing to this," he continued, catching the governor by surprise. "You are going to make sure Doc Awesome always has the medical supplies he needs, and protect him." The governor stared at Chuck for a moment and nodded. "In writing," he said. Casey chuckled. "One more thing, Governor."

She raised an eyebrow. "The name of the child?"

"Molly," the governor answered. Chuck looked at Sarah, who looked at him and nodded. They both looked down at the ring in each of their hand. "Would you like me to say a few words?" she asked with a smile on her face.

"No," Chuck replied. "Valkyrie's luck you'd say something and make us legally married." Sarah snorted.

"You are legally married," the governor said. Both of them jerked their heads up. "All paperwork has been filed. When Valkyrie returns, the paperwork will disappear, but in case something happens along the way, we thought it would be best to have all bases covered." Sarah nodded. She felt Chuck's eyes on her. She turned and she could see the apology on his face. She shook her head. It wasn't his fault.

"Did I take her last name?" Chuck asked. Sarah grinned. For someone that thought he deserved a lot of bad things to happen to him, he sure did make a lot of jokes.

"No," the governor said, trying not to grin. "Her last name is now Bartowski. My apologies Valkyrie." She shrugged.

"At least it wasn't Johnson," she replied. Casey coughed to cover a laugh. "Ready?" she asked Chuck. They both slid their ring on their finger. Chuck looked at it.

"Don't feel any different," he said. He looked over at Sarah who was shaking her head and grinning.

"How do we feed the baby, Governor?" she asked. "It's not like there's a lot of places to get baby food." The governor handed over a map.

"This is the best map we have of towns and places you can find supplies," the governor said.

"Don't worry Valkyrie, I make sure Bartowski is a gentleman if you have to...you know," Casey said grinning. Sarah thought for a second and then she realized what he was trying to say.

"You do know that a woman doesn't produce milk just because a baby is around. The baby would have the same luck with you as I in that regard," Sarah said coolly.

"I don't know, I think the baby might find the experience less traumatic with you than Hogun over there," Chuck said, trying to keep a straight face. Sarah turned and looked

at Chuck. She was quiet for a second, then a slow grin covered her face.

“Now that, that was funny,” Sarah said, and left the room. Casey followed behind, while Chuck stood there a second.

“Mr. Bartowski, I am sorry,” the governor said. Chuck shook his head.

“You have nothing to be sorry for. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few, or the one,” he said. The governor grinned.

“I seem to remember that line gets changed around in the next movie,” the governor said. She extended her hand, and Chuck shook it. “Thank you, Mr. Bartowski.”

“My pleasure, Governor Beckman,” he said, and he walked out of the room. Beckman watched him leave.

“I sure hope he makes it,” she said to the empty room.

A/N: Okay, that's how it starts. That's probably 15 to 20% of the dream. No, I didn't dream all parts that I put on paper, or if I did I didn't remember them all. What I remember are huge sections but my brain has easily filled in the rest of the holes. I know, it's super-weird. Let me know what you think!

Chapter 2: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 2, Sins of the Father

A/N: When I posted this all I could think is, no one will like it, no one will like it....well...I was wrong. So thank you! Please remember when reading this, this is a world of no love, of depopulation, and then...there's Chuck. Chuck is Chuck, and you know what he's all about. This is not a nice world, it's not even the Terminator world. This is really outside of my comfort zone, but so far you guys seem to like it. Also Steampunk .Chuckster, you are the BEST. She has gone to great lengths to help me flesh out this story. Here's Ch 2, Sins of the Father.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, or Norse Mythology, but my daughter really wants one of those Thor hammers...

He tossed, turned, and twisted, the images coming through his head like an image on a TV.

"Run!" she screamed.

"They're right behind you," he answered, scrambling as fast as he could.

"Chuck, run!" He ran, he ran as fast and as far as he could, it was only a few hundred yards to the checkpoint. If they could get there, they'd be safe. "CHUCK!" he turned and looked. It had her. It looked him straight in the eye, and it had her. Hands grabbed his shoulders and began to pull him into the vehicle.

"NO! I can't leave her!" he screamed. "I can't-"

Cold water splashed over him making him sit up, sputtering.

"Wha? Where?" he tried to get out.

"You were having a bad dream," came the soft voice. He looked around and saw her. The Valkyrie. A real life angel, as far as he was concerned.

"I was trying to sleep," came the gruff voice from his left, with a bucket in his hand.

“And obviously you thought the appropriate response to my nightmare was a bucket of water,” Chuck said, trying to wipe water from his eyes. Casey grunted and left the room. There were two double beds in the room. Casey thought the two should get used to sleeping in the same room, because once they hit the road...Chuck really didn’t want to think about that.

“Sorry, I should have woken you, but...” she trailed off.

“No, it’s fine,” Chuck said. “You never know what someone might do, lashing out while, in their sleep.” Sarah gave him a look.

“That wasn’t it,” she said, trying to hold back a grin.

“Sarah, I’m really sorry about this,” he said.

“You’re the one who’s wet, not me,” she responded.

“No, about the whole fake marriage thing, you know,” he said, not sure how to talk about it. She waved it off.

“Oh, that,” she said. She didn’t say anything else, and Chuck went to find some more clothes, ones that were clean and dry. He changed in the bathroom, came back out, grabbed his pillow, and tossed it on the floor. “What are you doing?” He looked at her.

“My bed’s wet, so I need somewhere to sleep,” he explained.

“Oh,” she said. She looked over at the other side of her bed. “Is the whole bed wet?”

“Yep,” he said, trying to get comfortable.

“There’s room up here,” she said softly. He sat up and looked at her.

“It’s okay, I’m good,” he said.

“We have to pretend to be married, you’re going to have to sleep with me sometime,” she replied.

“I’ve been thinking about that,” he said. “We should have you sleep with the baby.”

“Why, so I can change the child’s diaper?” she asked, in a tone Chuck was not familiar with since he really hadn’t had a lot of experience with the opposite sex.

"Diapers?" he said, concern filling his voice. "We'll have to change them, and not with disposables either. We'll have to wash them."

"Calm down," Sarah said, not believing what a wuss this guy was.

"No, I'll have to wash them," he said. She looked at him. "It's only fair, you got dragged into this."

"Are you for real?" she asked, not believing what she was hearing. "Besides, I will not be a child's mother, pretend or otherwise and not do my fair share of changing and cleaning diapers!" Chuck saw the challenge in her eyes, and decided to keep his mouth shut. "Now about this grand idea of you not sleeping with me?"

"I just thought it would give you and the baby some room," he said.

"So the baby can roll out of bed on the side an adult is not sleeping on?" she asked.

"Oh," Chuck said. "I hadn't thought of that," he admitted. Sarah nodded. She watched him for a second. "What?"

"Get. Up. Here." She said. Chuck decided it was best not to upset his wife, even though they really weren't married. But they were. But they weren't. But they were. His head hurt, so he crawled into bed, hugging the furthest spot in the bed, to give her plenty of room. "Good night, Chuck," she said.

"Good night....Sarah," Chuck replied. She didn't say anything, but Chuck felt like some of the tension left the room.

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Daylight poured in the room and Casey walked in ready to yell at them to wake up. He paused as he noticed the two in bed together. He looked hard, because he was having real trouble figuring out where one began and the other ended. Valkyrie appeared to be on top of the kid. Casey thought about waking them, thought better of it, and left. Another hour passed and Chuck began to stir.

He felt warm, and cozy. He looked down to see the mess of blonde hair on his chest and shut his eyes, content. His brain rebooted and he realized what was going on. His eyes

snapped open and he stopped breathing.

"Eventually you'll pass out," the mumble came from below him.

"Just practicing holding my breath for the next time I go swimming," Chuck said. He watched as the head slowly lifted, turned, and looked at him.

"You know, it would be helpful when you tell these little stories if you put a little thought behind them," Sarah said. "That way they wouldn't be quite so easy to pick apart."

"How do you know that's not the truth?" he asked. She raised an eyebrow and just stared at him. "Are you implying that I'm uncomfortable right now?" he asked as his voice raised just a hair of an octave. "Because I'm totally comfortable on my end." Sarah grinned, bounced her shoulder, turned her head, and laid back down. Chuck gulped.

"See what I mean?" she asked.

"In all fairness, I was trying to be a gentleman," Chuck said.

"I'm not really concerned about a gentleman right now, what I am concerned with is a pillow," she retorted.

"That's all I am to you, huh?" he asked, grinning. He could feel Sarah fighting a chuckle.

"You've gotten funnier," she said. "You're also my husband. I figure at some point you need to appear to comfortable to be around me."

"So this was training?" he asked.

"If that's what you need it to be," she replied. She stretched against him. About halfway through her stretch she realized he had quit breathing again. "Breathe," she said softly.

"You're going to be the death of me," he said.

"Better me than one of those machines," she said somberly.

"When I'm gone I want you to find someone else," he said. She turned to look, fighting laughter. A grin covered his face.

"Okay," she said, grinning. "Do you me to wait a specific amount of time?"

"Whatever you feel is reasonable," he replied. "But not Hogun, I don't think he appreciate your skills." Sarah laughed out loud at that one. "Told you I was funny."

}o{

The three were eating breakfast, in the back corner of the restaurant. Chuck sat by Valkyrie, thinking about how hard the journey was going to be. He felt someone behind him rather than heard him.

"How about you come with me, honey," the man said. Sarah was facing Casey.

"I've always wanted to do this," she said. She raised her left hand, with only her ring finger extended, the ring glinting in the sunlight.

"That was subtle," Chuck said, grinning. Sarah grinned back at him.

"I've never been accused of it," she replied.

"My apologies sir," the man said. Chuck nodded. "Would 1,000 credits for an hour make it worth your while." Chuck about choked on his drink. Sarah started to say something but he held up his hand. She remembered their cover and nodded.

"I don't know who you are, but no, there is no amount of money that is worth-" Chuck began.

"She's pure," Casey said cutting in. Chuck glanced at Casey, confused.

"My apologies," the man said, and left.

"Moron," Casey said quietly. "There's no love out here, 1,000 credits is a perfectly acceptable offer for any normal husband." Chuck looked at Sarah, and shook his head.

"I'm sorry, I could never," he began and couldn't finish.

"Thank you," Sarah said softly. "I appreciate what you tried to do, but getting us killed over protecting my integrity isn't worth it."

"So a husband would let you go for that?" he asked.

"Yes, but with Casey saying I'm pure, then that makes you out to be someone of wealth or importance, so we have to be careful with that, or someone could attack you," she

replied. Chuck shook his head.

“Well, it’s obvious I can never be married to you,” Chuck said. Sarah gave him a look, but inside she was surprised at how much it hurt. “Because I would never let anyone have you for any amount of money.” Sarah had things in her flutter and flop she didn’t even know she had. She stared at him, so confused at what she was feeling.

“Let’s just hope the rings are enough, and let me and Casey handle anyone that tries to approach me, okay?” she asked, barely trusting her voice. Chuck looked at her, like he wanted to argue, but he didn’t say anything. “What?”

“I was also gonna ask what was he going to do with the other 59 minutes,” Chuck said, not looking at her. Sarah laughed, loudly at that one.

“You are funny,” she said.

}o{

The three stood in the governor’s office, looking at a map. They were trying to strategize the best way to get to Heaven, taking the least amount of time.

“I’ve gotten you rail passage through the east Badlands from Washington, D.C. through what’s left of Bowling Green, KY, on to Fayetteville, AR,” the governor said.

“Governor!” Casey protested. “Fayetteville is one of the biggest hotspots for the machines!”

“While that may be true it is the shortest route through the wasteland, and remember you’ll be carrying a baby,” the governor replied. “From there to Stillwater, OK is just under 190 miles. You’ll be doing that on foot. With a civilian, and a baby. The most you can hope for is 40 miles a day.”

“More like 30,” Sarah said. She looked up at Casey. “Having to dodge patrols, possibly double back, and not being able to take a straight route, we’ll be lucky to only be out there a week.” She looked over and Chuck had his hand raised. “Yes, Chuck?”

“Badlands?” he asked. Sarah nodded.

"Most everyone refers to the 6 machine control districts as the Wastelands, but that's not exactly true," Sarah answered. "From Washington to Fayetteville, we would travel through the Badlands, which are lawless for the most part. There's a chance the train we travel on might be robbed, but it will at least give us some protection, some cover from the elements, and we'll actually have a private room and the baby can probably have the crib."

"I get my own room, right?" Casey asked. The governor nodded.

"When we get to the actual Wastelands...well, it's strange there. No one is quite sure what the machines have done, but they are more concentrated there, the earth has funny things happening to it, and the weather is messed up, is the best way to put it," Sarah explained. "Once we past Stillwater, we're in the Western Badlands, same as the eastern, just in another part of the country."

"Frigga should have you some transportation on a train out of Stillwater, and supplies for the baby," the governor explained. "Your biggest challenge will be the Wastelands. You'll get off at Bowling Green, restock, and stay the night there. If all goes well, it will take you two weeks."

"What if we take too long in the Wastelands and miss our train in Stillwater?" Chuck asked.

"You'll have a ticket for anytime," Beckman answered. "I suggest you two get some sleep tonight," she said looking at Chuck and Sarah. "This is the last time you'll have a quiet night until you get to Heaven."

"Unless Bartowski's girlish screams wake us up again," Casey said.

"Quit offending girls, Casey," Sarah said, shoulder bumping Chuck where the governor didn't notice. Chuck stuck his tongue out at her.

"I've had to give the safehouse to another team, tonight you'll be in a hotel room, Hogun, you're by yourself," the governor said. "Mr. and Mrs. Bartowski..." she couldn't finish the sentence from grinning.

"Our last night alone, Charles," Sarah said with a Southern Belle voice. "Whatever shall we do?" she asked taking the key from the governor. The governor was fighting a laugh.

"I hope to see you all back here one day," the governor said stoically.

"Group hug," Chuck said opening his arms. Casey grunted and left. Sarah raised an eyebrow, shook her head and left. Chuck turned to the governor who had an eyebrow raised and pointed to the door. "You're gonna be sorry if you never see me again."

"Are you sure?" Beckman asked. Chuck nodded.

"Wait up, Honey!" Chuck yelled hurrying after Sarah. Beckman watched them go, sure she'd never see Chuck Bartowski again.

}o{

Chuck and Sarah were in their hotel room. Sarah was going over the train schedule with Chuck.

"So from DC to Hendersonville, TN then to Bowling Green, KY. There we'll stay the night at a hotel and take off the next morning," she explained.

"Why?" he asked.

"It lowers the chance of the train being robbed if it's not running as much at night," she explained. Chuck's face went a little pale and he just nodded. She continued. "From Bowling Green to Hopkinsville, KY to North Little Rock, AR, and then finally to Fayetteville, AR."

"Okay, I understand," he said. They sat there quietly for a second. "Would it help to talk about it?"

"It's not you," she said softly. Chuck nodded, keeping his mouth shut. "I don't think you would ever would try anything, and God knows I know more ways to kill you than you really want to know." Chuck kept listening. "I'm an agent. I'm the Valkyrie. I have a job as a killing machine. I don't love. I don't have feelings. I don't do anything but destroy what I'm pointed at." She was quiet for a minute.

"You don't know how to do this, and it scares you?" Chuck asked. She nodded.

"I know it's a cover, but out there...don't you get it, I have to trust you, and I don't know how to trust anyone," she was close to tears.

"But you have to trust Casey to watch your back," Chuck said, trying to understand. Sarah nodded.

"An agent who's been trained," she said. "I have to trust you, a civilian. You have no training, I've had no training in this. I mean, you're a good person...at least everything tells me you are."

"I'm not," he said softly. She looked at him. He was looking at the floor. "My father, he was Orion." Sarah stared at him, in shock. "My father created this hellhole and you're right not to trust me, because there will come a point that I'll screw something up."

"You didn't do what he did," Sarah said.

"I was standing right there when it happened," Chuck said. "I was standing there when he activated it, and it started to take over the internet. He made me run and get my sister, and protect her." He gulped back the tears. "And then I didn't protect her," he whispered hoarsely. "They took her, and left me, and I hid for the next two years, working with Doc Awesome, until he was going to lose people. I knew it wanted me. It wanted to use my mind like it has all those others that are good with computers. I know it wants to take us out so that we aren't a threat to it. I know I'm being given to Frigga and I'm going to be sacrificed to the machines, and I'm okay with it. My family caused this hell to happen, and I should be the one to pay. So, Sarah, don't trust me. Don't put your safety in my hands, because my family, we fail." Sarah looked at him. He was nearly broken, crying. She looked at her ring. A wife would comfort. Valkyries didn't comfort. They punched things, fought things, destroyed things, and did it all while smiling. She couldn't be what he needed. That's why she was so shocked to see herself take his hand.

"I'll protect you," she heard herself say. "Frigga won't sacrifice you."

"You have a job, Valkyrie, you have to turn me over, and it's okay," he said. She squeezed his hand and looked at him.

“Why do you trust me?” she asked.

“Because you’ll tell me the truth, no matter how bad it is,” he answered. “You really were sorry to shoot me.” She let go of his hand, and got into bed.

“We’ve got a long day tomorrow,” she said. Chuck nodded, and got on the far side of the bed. She just looked at him, shrugged, and came over to his side to hold him.

“Cover?” he croaked. She shook her head. “Warmth?”

“How can I protect you if I don’t know where you are?” she asked. A few minutes later she fell asleep. He was sure he wouldn’t all night. Minutes later he was.

A/N: So there you have it, Stephen Bartowski screwed around and created Skynet, or this version of it. This dream was wild guys, and it continued on a bit last night as well. I know the big broad strokes of this story, I just have to figure out the small details, and I’m trying. I’m stunned at how much you all have enjoyed this. If it’s too dark and you need some fluff, I hear that Sarah vs The Life Unexpected is pretty good. ☐☐ Take care guys, til next time.

Chapter 3: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 3, How Far You'll Go

A/N: I'm following the order of the dream, there are some time jumps and I know some of you hate them, but I'm sorry. Ch 3, How Far You'll Go, submitted without comment.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, or Norse Mythology, but my daughter really, really, really, has a crush on Chris Hemsworth...

Now, one week after the last chapter ended

It stood before them, the metal shiny, the eyes red, over six foot tall. The T-800, straight out of the movies. She should be terrified, she should be scared out of her mind, God knows Hogun was, but she wasn't. She was pissed. She was a madder than a baptized cat pissed.

"I swear to God I will rip you apart. I will take your arm and beat you to death with it!" she screamed.

"Valkyrie, let him go, we've got no way of beating it!" Hogun screamed from across the room.

"NO!!!" she screamed, rage rushing through her. "He is not yours to have." The machine paused, as if it was studying her. The next words out of her mouth shocked even her. "He is mine," she said softly. "And, I will destroy this entire hellhole if I have to, to protect him." The lighting flashed in this dark section of the world...the Wastelands.

"Valkyrie you can't beat it" Hogun yelled, still using his body to shield Molly. Molly didn't seemed scared, she trusted Casey, which was a miracle in its self.

"I can to," Valkyrie snarled. Chuck lay there, groaning, the beating the bandits had put on him was evident. The machine looked in Chuck's direction and then at Valkyrie. "You. Don't. Get. Him." She said softly, but intensely. The sword she was holding she had taken off the bandits, almost seemed to glow. Her clothes were ripped, her blonde hair whipping in the strange wind. In this land of lovelessness, she was protecting someone

not because of her job. She couldn't admit why, but somewhere, deep inside her, she knew.

"You will bring him to Frigga," the machine said, as it turned.

"I'll not let her hand him over to you either," she said. The machine turned, and almost seem to study her. It stared at her for a long minute, nodded, turned, and left.

"What the hell was that?" Hogun yelled. Valkyrie turned to Hogun.

"It was me, keeping my promise," she said. Hogun could only stare.

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One week ago

Sarah woke up, but didn't open her eyes. She had slept better the past two nights than she had in years...since before the machines. She was tired. She was tired of being a killing machine, just to be a killing machine. Today, she wasn't tired any more. She had something to fight for, a spark of hope. If Orion had created the machines, then maybe, just maybe, Chuck could stop them. She knew what she had to do. She got up, grabbed a robe, and headed out. She knocked on Hogun's door. After a few seconds, Casey opened it.

"Valkyrie," he grunted. She nodded to come in, and he opened to let her.

"Casey, I'm not turning Chuck over to Frigga," Valkyrie said, not looking at Hogun. He stood there.

"For three years we've been partnered together. You are a fighting machine, never letting an emotion get in the way of anything, until this kid," Casey began.

"He's the same age as me," she said.

"Valkyrie, he's naïve, and has no clue. He's not like us," Casey replied. Valkyrie's head snapped up.

"That's the point, John," she said. "He's not like us, he can do things." She paused for a minute than continued, softly. "His father is Orion."

"Ah, hell," Casey muttered. He went over and got a cigar to chew on. "Valkyrie, do you think he can save the world?"

"I don't know, but don't we have to give him a chance?" she asked. "Hogun, our way isn't working, we're not winning, we're not even drawing even. We own four sectors, but you and I know the truth, everything the machines want is in the wastelands. There is a stronghold there we can never overrun." Casey nodded.

"Propaganda has given the people hope," Casey admitted. He studied her for a second. "I don't get it, Valkyrie. In three years, you've never done anything like you've done in the past two days, why?"

"Because for the first time I think we have a chance to be something more than just the human version of killing machines. Because I know you hate feelings, but those machines have no feelings, and they do it better than we do. The only way to beat them is to have something to fight for," she said.

"We're disobeying an order," Hogun said, his resolve weakening.

"God, country, family," Sarah said. "He's got a chance to give us our country and families back."

"That's a lot of feelings," Hogun replied.

"Look the governor would never agree to this, but if we do it, she's got plausible deniability. If we hand him over, it's more of the same," Sarah said. Hogun nodded, chewing on his cigar.

"Okay, but if we find out he can't do anything, I'm out," he said. Sarah just stared at him. Casey shook his head. "Tell me you have been mixing your peanut butter with his chocolate."

"I don't even know what that means," Sarah said honestly. Casey smiled.

"Sure you don't Valkyrie, sure you don't," he said. He studied her for a minute. "If you fight that well, with nothing to live for, I wonder how well you'll fight with something to live for." Valkyrie took a few steps toward Casey.

"You trying to say something, Hogun?" she asked, staring at him as if daring him to say the wrong thing. Casey grinned and chewed on his cigar.

"Pretty sure I'm saying it," he said. She studied him a moment, turned, and left.

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The governor was sitting in her office when her screen came to life. A distorted figure came on in front of her.

"Governor," the voice said.

"Frigga," the governor responded. "Bartowski is on his way accompanied by two of my best, Hogun and Valkyrie. They are also bringing the baby."

"You ordered them to bring the baby?" Frigga asked.

"No, I told them if they didn't the child would be put in orphanage if they didn't reunite it with the father, and Valkyrie and Bartowski decided to deliver the child."

"Interesting," Frigga replied. "Anything else I should know?" The governor considered for a moment, then spoke.

"Bartowski is special," she said. "I beg of you, do not sacrifice him."

"Did he ask for protection?" Frigga asked. The governor shook her head. "Has anyone freely decided to become his protector?" The governor shook her head again. "Then you know what the rules decree."

"Can I appeal to Odin?" the governor asked, not believing the words coming out of her mouth. There was silence and the figure seemed to give a smile...a frightening smile.

"Do you know your mythology, Governor?" Frigga asked. Beckman nodded. "Then you know when Odin is in his sleep, I am the law and he is powering up for an attack."

"Maybe I won't send Bartowski," the governor said. Frigga again seemed to give the frightening smile.

"Maybe I tell the machines that he is there and is the son of Orion," Frigga countered. "They won't care that I control three sectors when they learn their creator's son is in

your grasp." The governor blanched. "Do we understand each other?"

"You're sentencing him to doom!" the governor hissed.

"Didn't his father do the same thing to this world?" Frigga countered. The governor's shoulders slumped. "Who says I'm sentencing him to doom?"

"All of the missing technology people you have acquired over the years says so!" the governor snapped.

"So I have acquired them," she replied. "Oh, you believe the fairy tales that I sacrifice them to the machines so the machines will leave Heaven be?"

"Don't you?" the governor asked.

"Governor, you can never go too far for the people you love, and for family. Always remember that," Frigga said, and with that the screen went blank.

}o{

Sarah walked back into her room and noticed the bed was empty. A part of her was glad because that meant they could get going another part of her...she didn't even recognize that part. She heard the shower running and walked over to the bathroom door.

"Do you have clothes in there?" she asked. "If not I can leave so you can get some."

"I'm good," came the voice, a little high pitched.

"Everything okay? Do you need some help?" she asked, a grin on her face.

"Nope," he yelled, the voice even higher. Sarah couldn't help herself and smiled.

"Okay, I'm here if you need anything," she said laughing to herself.

"Got it!" he yelled, sounding almost scared. She shook her head and went and sat on the bed. She heard the shower turn off and a few minutes later he came out of the bathroom, dressed. He looked a little freaked out if she was honest. "It's all yours," he said, as controlled as he could. She slowly got off the bed and let the robe fall to the ground. She was modestly dressed, but she noticed his ears quickly go red, and he took his gaze to another part of the room.

“Chuck, are you feeling okay?” she asked, grinning.

“Yeah, why do you ask?” he sputtered out.

“Your ears are getting kinda red,” she said.

“That happens when my shower is too hot, or strong, beautiful women tease me,” he replied. She studied him for a second.

“Was the shower that hot?” she asked grinning.

“No,” he replied, finally able to look her in the eye. She held his glance.

“You men,” she said softly. “Always noticing how someone looks,” and with that she started to walk past him, when she felt a hand tentatively grab her wrist. She glanced at the hand, then at him. He noticeably swallowed.

“You are devastatingly beautiful, and it’s not even one of your top ten features,” Chuck said, his voice thick. Sarah froze. “You have an inner beauty that makes your physical beauty look like someone that was beaten with an ugly stick. You could have ran last night when I bared my soul. You could have told me how I deserved to die, how I was going to get from Frigga what I deserved, but instead you told me you’d protect me. No one has ever done anything for me like that, ever.”

“I haven’t done anything yet,” she replied, barely trusting her voice.

“But you will,” he said. “Because you said you will.” She nodded this time not trusting herself to speak. Chuck let go of her.

“For the record, the reason I call you Angel, is because you are. You keep saving me,” he said. Sarah nodded, not knowing what else to do, and walked calmly to the bathroom door and shut it. She leaned against it, and slid down it. Her face was in her hands. She had no idea what to do with all these emotions she had. This fool out there, he wasn’t interested in her because of her looks, he was interested in her because of her. She suddenly had a very good idea what Casey meant about mixing chocolate and peanut butter.

}o{

The three had breakfast very quietly. Casey was studying Chuck and Sarah, Chuck was thinking, and Sarah kept playing with her food, her mind a million miles away.

"Everything alright with you two?" Casey asked.

"Just thinking about how hard it's going to be in the wastelands with a baby," Chuck answered. Casey grunted and looked at Sarah. She was still pushing food around with her fork.

"Valkyrie?" Casey asked.

"Probably best to start calling Mrs. Bartowski," she said. Chuck looked over at her. "You know, the cover."

"Is that why you're pushing your food around, regretting your choices in husbands?" Chuck asked, grinning. Sarah looked up at him, and held his gaze. A smirk started to make its way across her face.

"No, I've just been thinking and I can't decide if it's good or bad," she said. "We can't use the pure excuse anymore Casey, I'm going to be carrying around a kid." Casey grunted in the affirmative. "However, for whatever reason once a woman has a child, there does seem to be less of a...desire...is that even the right word? However, I was thinking the same as Chuck, food, diapers, all of those things in the Wastelands...it's going to be rough." Casey nodded.

"And being stuck in the same room as Bartowski for a few more days can't make any of this easy," Casey said grinning. "I mean it's bad enough caring for one child, now two." Chuck made a 'ha-ha' face at Casey. Sarah reached over and took Chuck's hand. It was harder to tell who was more surprised, Chuck or Casey.

"Chuck has been nothing but an absolute pleasure," Sarah said, as sultry as she could. With that, she got up, and left. Casey shot Chuck a look, who put his hands up in defense.

"I have no idea what's going on," Chuck said.

"That I believe," Casey replied.

}o{

They had gotten Molly, gotten their tickets, and were on the train. There were two rooms, one for Casey and one for the other three. Chuck's and Sarah's room did have a crib, so the two had plenty of room to share a bed. Sarah was putting Molly down for a nap while Chuck was stretching out on the bed.

"Rats," Chuck said. Sarah turned to look at him.

"Something wrong with our accommodations?" Sarah asked.

"My feet hang over the bed," Chuck grumbled. "It happens quite a bit, so I have to lay on my side and bend my knees."

"Show me," she said. Chuck turned over and got into the most comfortable position he could.

"See the problem?" he asked.

"Not really," she replied.

"I kinda hang over your side," he explained. She gave him an exasperated look, and came over and got on the bed with him. "What are you doing?" he asked, a little concerned.

"I'm showing you how ridiculous you're being," she replied. She lay on her side and found herself plopped up against him, his chest to her back. "See?"

"No, that won't work," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"My hand," he said, trying to figure out the best way to tell her.

"What about it?" she asked, looking over her shoulder, getting perturbed. He gave up, and slightly pinched his fingers, making her jump. The look on his face was, 'see' she mocked glared at him. "I thought you were going to behave."

"I thought you were going to ease up on the teasing?" he counted.

"I'm teasing?" she asked, a grin on her face.

"You are killing me," he said honestly. She smiled.

"Good," she reached down, grabbed his hand and put it on her hip. Electricity jumped at the touch for both of them, but they both tried to play it off. "See, that will work just fine."

"We have different definitions of fine," he muttered.

"Can't control yourself, Chuck?" she challenged.

"You put my hand there, I didn't," he countered. The baby cried, ending the standoff. Sarah hopped up to get Molly, leaving Chuck on the bed wondering how he'd ever sleep tonight. She took the baby, sat in the rocking chair, and rocked it. Chuck watched, the motion of the train and Sarah rocking sending him off to sleep.

He woke a few hours later, finding Sarah in the same position, quietly talking to the baby. The room was dark, so he could barely see Sarah, his eyes not adjusted to the dark. He assumed she couldn't see him, but she could since her eyes had adjusted.

"He thinks he's being cute over there, watching me like I don't know what's going on, but I see him. He's a good one, you'd be lucky to have a father like him," she said softly where only the baby could hear her. "I hope your father is a good man."

"What are you doing?" Chuck asked.

"Spending time with the baby," Sarah replied.

"But, I thought there was no love in the world?" Chuck said, using her own words. "I thought we had to blend in." Sarah held the baby and just stared at him, smirking.

"You keep trying to be funny," she said. Chuck lay there watching them, not sure if he should say what he was thinking.

"You'd be good at that, you know," he said, earning an eyebrow raise. "A mother." She laughed.

"Chuck, there are a lot of things I'm good at, but motherhood, isn't one of them," she said.

“Really, you’re the baddest woman on the planet,” Chuck replied. “If anyone tried to hurt or take your child, you’d end them. You love, even when you’re not supposed to, you’re kind when nothing is expected in return, you, Sarah, are the perfect mother.” Sarah said nothing, but her eyes said so much. “I think you sell yourself short.”

“I think it’s time for dinner,” she said. “Of course since you slept all day, you’re probably not hungry,” Sarah said. “I’m going to get Casey.” And with that, she put the baby in Chuck’s arms, and left the room.

“Molly,” Chuck said looking at the little girl. “I’m sorry about your real mommy. I’d say maybe one day you’ll get one as awesome as Sarah, but she’s kinda one of a kind.” Molly cooed.

Sarah knocked on Casey’s door. He opened it and pulled her in.

“Valkyrie, be careful by yourself,” he said. “I know you can defend yourself, but we don’t need a lot of questions.”

“I can’t do this,” she said. She looked up at John, tears in her eyes. “I can’t do it.”

“Ah, hell, you fell for the moron didn’t you?” he asked. She couldn’t answer. “Okay, Valkyrie, we keep him safe.” She looked at him in shock. “What can I say, the moron grows on me too. But, let’s not tell him until we’re there, because I can’t take what all he’ll say.”

“I can hear him now,” Sarah said, grinning. “See, I knew you two were capable of feelings.” Casey pulled out a bottle of Johnny Walker Black and poured them both a drink. “To life with the moron.”

“To life with Chuck,” she said. Casey raised an eyebrow, but didn’t respond. They took the drink.

“Come on, let’s go have dinner before he tries to Barowskify the entire train,” Casey said.

“They’d be powerless to stop him,” Sarah muttered.

“Seriously, you fall for that nerd?” Casey asked.

“Shut it, Hogun,” Sarah said, following him out the door.

Now

Frigga stood at her monitor, having watched the entire meeting between Valkyrie and the machine take place. She looked down at the tube, the human body inside, being kept alive by machines. She looked back up at the monitor, and rewound the footage to the curly haired man on the ground. She pushed some buttons and checked the readouts. The footage had been analyzed in real time. While the man had some minor damage and bruising from the bandits, he was okay. She smiled as she watched the blonde haired warrior do something she had never seen...stand up to a machine, and know she would win. She was willingly his protector. There was hope still alive in this world. There was a chance, and for the first time in a very long time she believed they could win. She looked back down at the tube, and nodded.

“Well, things just got interesting,” she said. “You can never go too far for love or family.”

A/N:Dreams are weird....Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 4: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 4, Infected

A/N: I got asked how do I write the Molly verse and this. The answer...very carefully. We're getting serious now. Ch. 4, Infected.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, or Norse Mythology, but if they reboot the Thor movie franchise, I'm campaigning for Yvonne to play her...

Six days before Valkyrie faces off against a T-800

They went to dinner in the dining car. They were almost alone, except for one gentleman who was sitting at the table beside them, smoking a cigar. Except for him, the car was empty. After a few minutes of Valkyrie fanning the smoke away from Molly, she stood up.

"Let's move to the other end, so Molly won't get smoke in her face," Sarah said. Casey gave her a stunned look, Chuck a proud one. She didn't say it hateful, or spiteful, and if anything she was trying to give the other diner the space he needed to enjoy his dinner the way he wanted to. Unfortunately he didn't see it that way.

"You should control your woman," the diner said to Chuck. Casey was still slackjawed from Valkyrie worried about Molly, and Valkyrie just turned to look at Chuck. Chuck grinned. He knew she would do what he said, because it was cover. Valkyrie always did what the mission called for. Chuck turned to the other diner.

"I don't understand you," Chuck said softly, but firmly. "We are simply moving to let you enjoy your dinner and cigar, but you want to take offense. But as bad as that is, what's even worse is you think I should 'control my woman'. Why in God's name would I ever want to control such a wonderful person?" Casey groaned to himself this was going to go bad. He turned to Valkyrie, but there was a look in her eye that Casey had never seen before, well, not for a person. For some of the nicest weapons, sure. It was desire, even if Valkyrie didn't know it yet.

"A wife's place is to do what her husband tells her," the man said standing. Chuck moved in front of him.

"Here's a little tip," Chuck said. "Just because we live in a hellhole doesn't mean we have to act like the devil. Let people be, make their own choices, and the rewards...they might surprise you." Chuck nodded at the diner, turned to go back to table the other three were now occupying, and was caught mid-stride by the blonde warrior. Her lips crashed into his. He knew this was cover, that she was protecting him after what he just said, but part of him, it so hoped it was more. She let him deepen the kiss, and he did. Casey's mouth dropped, and it was all he could do not to drop Molly. The other diner stood there in shock. They broke the kiss, and Valkyrie ran her hand down Chuck's face and winked at him. Chuck forced his brain to reboot, turned to the other diner and simply said, "See."

"Chuck me," Casey muttered.

}o{

That evening found Chuck, Valkyrie, and Molly in their room. Chuck kept glancing at Valkyrie but wouldn't say anything. After the fourth glance Chuck thought she couldn't see, she spoke, wanting to move things along.

"Just ask it," Sarah said. "Things can't get more uncomfortable." Chuck stared at her, and began to laugh. She turned to look at him, and she couldn't help but smile at his infectious laugh.

"I don't think things are all that uncomfortable," Chuck said, shrugging. Sarah gave him a look, but couldn't help grinning. "I seem to remember a few days ago you said you didn't know how to do this, and now Casey is trying to figure out how to tell you not to be too nurturing." She gave him a look, and Chuck couldn't help but grin.

"See, what did I tell you, Mama Bear," he said. She said nothing, but she kept the amused look on her face while messing with Molly. He stuck his hands in his pockets. "I'm sorry about earlier, putting you in that position where you had to kiss me." Sarah stopped what she was doing, and slowly turned to him. He was looking down, ashamed.

"You told me you trusted me, and I put you in a bad spot."

"You put me in a terrible spot, Chuck," Sarah said softly, Chuck never raising his head. "You treated me like a person, and not property." Chuck blinked. "You treated me with respect and as a person, and not as something or someone to satisfy your every whim." Chuck raised his head slowly, and saw Sarah standing there watching him, the amused look still on her face. "I trusted you, and you did not break that trust. What I chose to do, I did to protect both of us, and it was a choice I gladly made." Chuck nodded, swallowed, and then spoke softly.

"But, I did force it a little more than it needed to be, and for that I'm sorry," he said. He started to look down again, but saw her grin.

"Forced, Chuck," she said, the grin growing. "I don't think you forced anything."

"Oh," he said.

"It was good for the cover," she said. Chuck nodded.

"The cover, a loving husband and wife in a world where there is no love," Chuck replied. Sarah bounced a shoulder, shrugging.

"Maybe we give others hope," she replied. Chuck grinned at her, and then held up a finger as he had a thought. He started digging through his things. She watched him, wondering what he was doing.

"Ah, here it is," he said, and handed her a watch. She looked at it.

"Interesting gift," she said as she took it, Chuck grinned. He took his right hand and flipped open the arm band around his left hand. Inside was a computer. "This and that watch were my father's," he explained. "Now, I can track the watch, and the watch can track this," he said, holding it up. "If we ever get separated, we can find each other." He paused, thought, and looked a little sheepish. "Okay, if I get lost, you can find me." Sarah couldn't help but smile.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but the chances of me getting lost..." she trailed off, grinning at him.

“So if I wander off the wrong way, now you can find me,” Chuck said. “I mean we are married, so if I run you can drag me back home.” Sarah couldn’t help herself. She took a step toward Chuck and adjusted his shirt collar.

“Thinking about running, Chuck?” she asked, popping the k on the end. Chuck gulped.

“Nope,” he said in an octave too high.

“Good,” she said looking him straight in the eye. “Because I can’t protect you if I don’t know where you are.”

“The mission,” he said, wheezing out the words. She stared at him.

“It’s my most important one,” she said softly. She laid a hand on his chest for a second, and then patted it. “Come on, it’s time for bed.” She walked into the bathroom to change. “Tomorrow we’ll be in Bowling Green. We can get more supplies, sleep in a hotel where the bed is big enough for you, and be back on the train the next morning.” She walked out, ready for bed, and noticed Chuck looked like he was a million miles away. “What’s wrong?”

“I need you to promise me, if it comes down to a choice between me or Molly, save Molly,” he said. She was silent for a long time.

“If there’s no other way, okay,” she said. “But, I’m always going to look for another way.” He studied her for a moment, and nodded. She got into bed, grabbed his hand and put it on her hip.

“Just so we’re clear,” she began.

“I know,” he said softly. She turned and looked at him. “Thank you.”

“For what?” she asked. He grinned, and closed his eyes. “”It wasn’t like it was the worst thing in the world.”

“I’m growing on you,” he said softly.

“Like a wart,” she replied.

"I'll take what I can get," he replied. In spite of herself, she laughed. After a few minutes, they both drifted off to sleep.

}o{

Valkyrie was dreaming. They weren't nightmares, oh no. She was dreaming of a certain lanky, tall, animal shaped hair, tech wiz with chocolate eyes. She now knew what Casey meant about chocolate and peanut butter. But she was bothered by the smell. The weird smell...no not weird, like something died. She woke, her eyes watering, and she nearly retched.

"What is that smell!" she yelled.

"Keep it down do you want to wake the entire train?" Chuck asked, working on Molly.

"What is going on?" she asked. Chuck just looked at her. "She did that?" Chuck nodded.

"That's kind of impressive, and very frightening." Chuck had the diaper changed.

"I need to take this to be cleaned," he said.

"Nope," Sarah said opening a window. "Toss it." Chuck looked at her. "We can buy her a new one." Chuck shrugged, got ready to toss it, and then paused.

"We could put it in Casey's room," Chuck said. Sarah thought for a minute, grinned, and then shook her head.

"That's a war where there are no winners," she said, grinning. Chuck nodded and tossed it out the window. He shut the window, and turned, seeing Sarah fussing over Molly. Chuck grinned, shook his head, and got back in bed. Sarah gave him a look.

"I know, you know forty-three bazillion ways to kill me," Chuck said, as she slid in against him, allowing her to take his hand and place it on her hip again. Sarah knew she shouldn't, she knew, but she couldn't help herself.

"You know, several of those would be quite enjoyable ways to go," she said with a grin on her face.

"Ha!" he said loudly, which got him a glare. "Right, don't wake the baby." He lay there quietly a moment. "Can we put the next one in Casey's room?"

"I'll think about it," she said, grinning as she drifted off to sleep.

}o{

Now

Valkyrie ran to check on Chuck. He was moaning, and there was a knot rising up on his head.

"He took a lump in that fight," Casey said, watching him.

"It's more than that," she muttered, and felt his head. He was burning up. "Hogun, he's on fire."

"Ah, hell," Casey muttered. "That's all we need right now." He handed Molly to Valkyrie and started digging in his supply bag. He found the medicine and pulled it out. "This should help fight any infection." He crushed up some medicine, mixed it with some water, and lifted his head. Casey poured it down his throat, Chuck swallowed the concoction. Sarah handed Molly back to Casey and began to search Chuck for signs of infection. She found redness on his lower left arm where the computer was wrapped. She undid the straps and when she went to pull it off, she saw it. From his arms it was like...wiring ran from it to the computer. She checked the computer and it was still functioning. She tried to pull it off, the wiring went taut, and Chuck screamed. "This ain't good," Casey grumbled. He and Valkyrie shared a look. She put the computer back on his arm, stood up, and walked out of the shelter. She looked over the barren, blackened land. She watched the lighting play in the distance. She turned back to look at Chuck for a moment, then she sighed, and her shoulders fell.

"We have to split up," she said.

"Valkyrie, you know this is the wrong choice!" Casey yelled. "We have to take the baby, he's done for." She turned at him and stared, causing Casey to take a step back. "It's what he would want," he said softly. She nodded and then shrugged.

"Lucky for him, I don't always listen," she said.

“Valkyrie, it’s suicide. Look come with me, get horses and supplies and come back. It will take five days,” Casey pleaded.

“And if something finds him between now and then?” she asked.

“Valkyrie, he’s infected,” he hissed. She nodded.

“And I have a sword now, so I can cut off his forearm if I need to,” she said, not blinking. Casey shook his head.

“You won’t,” he replied. Sarah looked away.

“If it’s to save his life I will,” she said.

“If it comes to it, I will,” he said, softly. Valkyrie studied him for a moment and nodded.

“Go, get help, and supplies,” she said. “I’ll keep him safe.” She took off the watch he gave her. “This has a beacon in it, that the computer can track. I don’t know how far the signal goes, he never explained that much, but it will help you.” Casey nodded. “Keep Molly safe,” she said, and gave the little girl a kiss on the forehead. Casey’s mouth dropped. “Not a word, Hogun,” she snarled.

“If he dies, our mission isn’t over,” Hogun said.

“If he dies, mine is,” she retorted. Hogun shook his head, and in spite of himself he grinned.

“Three years I’ve never seen you like this,” he said to her. She smiled.

“I never met anyone like him in three years,” she said honestly. “Go,” she choked out. Casey slung his bag over his shoulder and took off with the baby. She watched him go until he was a speck in the distance. A low groan turned her attention back to Chuck. She walked over to him and sat down beside him, pulling him in to fight the chill he was feeling. “You’re going to live, I won’t let you die.”

“You should have gone with him,” he muttered. She looked down at him, and stroked down his sweat slicked hair.

“I have my mission,” she said.

"And the mission always comes first," he croaked out. She grabbed his face, making him look her in the eyes.

"The mission is you," she said intensely. "Keeping you safe is the mission." She paused for a second and softly added. "It's my mission."

"The governor won't like that," Chuck said, shutting his eyes.

"I'm in the middle of the wasteland, having just held off a T-800, if she don't like it, she can try and do something about it," Sarah said.

"You're so cute when you get possessive," Chuck said.

"Cute?" Sarah asked, a tone in her voice.

"I have a fever, you should ignore me," he said.

"Probably best," she said. Chuck grinned.

"You didn't deny it," Chuck said.

"Deny what?"

"That you get possessive," Chuck said, eyes shut, grin plastered on his face. She just stared at him for a long minute, and then bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Shut up and go to sleep, Chuck," she said.

"Okay, Sarah," he said. She sat there, wondering if she had enough to save him.

}o{

Unknown compound, Heaven

"Odin, the readout is coming back, and it's not good," Frigga said out loud. "He is infected by the techno-virus." On the monitor, words appeared.

"How infected?" the words asked. Frigga punched a few buttons on the computer.

"He is currently three percent infected," Frigga answered. "That's strange, he should be further along."

"He's fighting," the words said.

"Has it been activated?" she asked.

"No," the words read. "He is fighting the infection, but it is weakening him. He needs to stop so it can work. I will have to talk to him."

"Be careful," Frigga said.

}o{

Wastelands, Chuck's brain

"What is it dad?" the young boy asked.

"It's a special program," the father answered. "It works like my wrist computer and watch. It's what I call a last line of defense. Don't mess with it," he said. He got up and walked away. The young boy stood there a minute looking at the screen that said, press Enter. He smiled, and pressed the button. There were many screens in front of him, and they all lit up with images. On the main screen, a progress bar showed the upload percentage. It reached 100, and the images stopped. The young boy fell backwards and landed on the carpet. The noise brought his father back. He saw what had happened and checked on his son. "Are you okay?" the father asked. The boy nodded and looked at his father. "Amazing," he muttered. "You're special, son, never forget that. Aces, Charles, Aces."

"I remember this," Chuck thought. "I thought dad would be so mad."

"Do you trust him," the voice asked beside him. Chuck looked to his right, and there was a computer image, but blurry.

"Of course I do," he said.

"Even though he brought the machines to earth," the image said.

"Who are you?" Chuck asked.

"I am Odin," he said. Chuck's jaw dropped. "If, and this is a huge if, you trust him, quit fighting the virus. You are special, and you'll find out once the techno-virus occupies five percent of your body."

"That's the craziest thing I ever heard," Chuck said. The image said nothing for a minute.

"Trust him," the voice said, and disappeared. Chuck took a deep breath, and forced himself to stop fighting the virus.

}o{

Wastelands, Sarah

Sarah watched Chuck toss and turn, his body covered with sweat, burning up. It was obvious he was losing the fight to the infection. She glanced at the sword. "Fight it, Chuck," she said softly.

}o{

Heaven

"The virus is spreading," Frigga said. "He's at four percent."

"At five, it should activate," the words said on the screen.

"Should!?" Frigga screamed. "What do you mean should!?"

"It was never tested," the words said on the screen. Frigga put her head in her hands.

"This is why I always have a headache," Frigga muttered. She looked at the monitor, and now five percent of Chuck's body was taken by the virus. "Time to find out what you're made of."

}o{

Wasteland

Sarah watched him struggle, and she took a deep breath, glancing at the sword.

"I'm sorry, Chuck, but I have to save you," she said softly. Suddenly he sat straight up and his eyes opened. His eye lids fluttered and his eyes moved like he was seeing a million pictures at once. Chuck screamed. A primal scream and Sarah flinched back, taken unawares. He took three deep breaths, and then turned away from them and retched everything out of his stomach. He heaved several times and nearly collapsed

backwards, but Sarah grabbed him. His skin was cool to the touch. She looked at him, the fever eyes were gone. He looked down at the wrist computer, unstrapped it, and took it off. He sprang to his feet and looked at his arm as he held it up in front of him, no sign of the techno-virus.

“Chuck,” Sarah said, amazed. “What happened?” Chuck put the wrist computer back on, his movements slowing. He looked at Sarah, his eyes glazing over.

“He told me I was special,” he said as he fell backwards, crashing into the ground. Sarah looked at him and shook her head.

“Of course ‘he’ did,” she said, sighing. “Of all the tech nerds left in the world...” she shook her head, walked over, kicked dirt over his retchings, and checked him out. The knot was still on his head, and his clothes were soaked with sweat. She knew a creek was only a few hundred feet away. “I’m Valkyrie, I’m not washing his clothes,” she said out loud to no one. She sat there, thankful he was okay, as she stroked his hair.

}o{

Chuck woke up, wrapped in a blanket. He felt better than he had in a long time. He thought about how nice the blanket felt against his chest....his bare chest...where was his clothes. He sat up, lifted the covers, and put them down again quickly, a worried look on his face.

“See something you didn’t expect?” Valkyrie asked, walking in. Chuck started to answer that question a few times, but each time he couldn’t. Sarah though her face would burst trying to keep from laughing at him. “Your clothes were soaked in sweat, and I figured they needed to be cleaned,” she said, with a challenging look.

“I appreciate it,” he choked out.

“I barely even wash my own clothes,” she said. Chuck nodded. He realized others must do those chores for her.

“So I wash your clothes the next time,” he said. She raised an eyebrow grinning. He began to blush. “Or whatever you think I should do to make it up to you,” he said quickly. She dropped the clothes in front of him.

"They might be a bit damp," she said, stepping back, crossing her arms in front of her. He nodded.

"Uh, question," Chuck began, not sure how to ask it, but decided just to go with it. "How'd...how did...."

"I pulled them off of you," she said. "Nothing I've not seen before when having to help someone on the battlefield."

"Not mine you haven't," he muttered. She rolled her eyes.

"You were under the covers, I rolled you over, and pulled them off," she said. "At most, I might have seen your pale backside," she said grinning. Chuck couldn't help but laugh. "Be glad it was me, and not Casey. He'd be yelling about brain bleach." They both laughed over that one.

"Why not just get clean underclothes out of my bag and not worry about cleaning those?" he asked. Sarah grinned.

"I think they're in the bag that Casey took," she said. Chuck's face was a mixture of irritation and humor. "Now get dressed." He looked at her, she smiled, and turned.

"Really," he said.

"Yes, really, we need to get going and I'm not going to wander around outside while you primp," she retorted. "Maybe if I stand here, you'll hurry."

"Sarah," he said softly. "Thanks for saving me." Sarah sighed. She closed her eyes and thought about the last 24 hours. She forgot where she was. All she could think about was those chocolate eyes and how she was afraid she'd lose him. She turned not thinking.

"Chuck I'd do...OH MY GOD!" she yelled, remembering what he was doing, and she spun back around. "What are you doing?"

"It's called the Morgan," Chuck said in a strained voice. "It's a move my old friend created to protect himself from getting his in sensitive areas. It's surprisingly good at covering things up too."

"Not that good," Sarah muttered. "You know what, I'm going to give you that privacy, I apologize."

"You saved my life Sarah, I'm sorry," he said. She paused.

"Why?" she asked.

"I feel like you keep getting forced closer and closer to me," he said. She swallowed, and forced the words out.

"However close I'm getting to you is my decision," she said. "I'll be outside," and with that she left. Chuck stood there a minute thinking about what she said. He realized he was still naked and quickly got dressed.

Outside, Sarah leaned against the shelter, her hand covering her forehead. What was she doing? She was breaking every rule there was. Just for one civilian, that probably couldn't save them, but she was betting on him. Even if she couldn't she knew she'd be here. She knew she'd protect him...and she knew why, even if she couldn't admit it to herself.

}o{

Heaven

Frigga played back the recording of Valkyrie.

He is not yours to have. He is mine. And, I will destroy this entire hellhole if I have to, to protect him.

Words appeared on the monitor.

It appears someone has freely decided to be his protector.

"It does," Frigga said, smiling. "Do you think she realizes what she has done?"

Probably not, but do you think she cares? What is it you always say, you can't go too far for those you love. Frigga smiled at the words on the screen. *He's Aces.*

"That he is," Frigga agreed. "That he is."

A/N:Dreams, I mean....weird, right?....As for the techno-virus, it will be explained shortly. I hope you guys liked it, let me know. Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 5: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 5, Exponentially

A/N: These parts, coming for this chapter and maybe the next, aren't all parts of the dream but leaps my brain made. I hope it works. We're getting close to Heaven, and some of you are very close in your guesses as to what's going on. Like I said, it was a CRAZY dream. Warning I think this chapter...it got fluffy....I didn't mean to but it's me, so who's shocked. Ch. 5, Exponentially.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, or Norse Mythology, and right now, with all apologies to Tom Petty, I'm trying to run down a dream....

Now

They walked quietly for hours. It wasn't uncomfortable, but Chuck could tell Valkyrie was preoccupied.

"Thinking about Molly?" he asked. She was slightly in front of him, and he couldn't see her face well, but he saw enough, and he could see the irritation. Whether it was with the question, that he figured it out, or both, he didn't know...but he thought it was both. "It's okay to care about someone."

"That gets you killed," she replied, not looking at him.

"Or it makes you pick up a sword and fight off some crazy, huge machine," Chuck said, thinking he might have pushed it too far as the words came out of his mouth.

"It was a T-800," she grumbled. With those words, Chuck grabbed his head and screamed. Light flashed in his eyes, pictures zipped in front of him and he tried to follow them, his eyes moving rapidly. He thought his head would explode. Valkyrie rushed to his side, but before she could get there, his eyes stopped moving and he fell straight backwards, landing on the ground. Sarah stood there shocked.

"Cyberdyne Systems Series 800, equipped with a Neural Net Processor CPU or learning computer within the endoskull and protected by inertial shock dampers," Chuck said, still lying there. "The T-800 is the first in the line of Series 8xx." He opened his eyes and

saw Sarah kneeling beside him, brushing his hair away from his forehead, and staring in his eyes. He got a goofy grin on his face. "Anyone ever tell you, you look like an angel."

"Had a guy once call me the angel of death," she quipped, softly, concern covering her face. "I can't figure out this other guy though that does."

"Really?" Chuck asked. "What's his problem?"

"He keeps calling me Angel, but he also says I'm going to be the death of him," she replied.

"Oh, poor fool is so enthralled by you strength, grace, kindness, inner beauty, and humor that he thinks he may just explode from happiness just being around you," Chuck said. Sarah raised an eyebrow.

"Inner beauty?" Sarah asked. "You don't think I have any outer beauty?"

"I mean you're a'right," Chuck said grinning. "Blue eyes that will haunt your dreams, silky smooth skin that men would give their life to touch, let alone kiss, I mean some would say you're physically perfect...if you're into that sort of thing." Sarah nodded.

"I think you have a concussion," she said.

"I must, otherwise why would I ever say any of those things, that or I think I'm dying," Chuck replied.

"Do you think you're dying?"

"No, it hurts too much for me to be dying," Chuck replied. Sarah thought a moment.

"That has to be the dumbest thing I ever heard," Sarah said. Chuck gave her a goofy grin.

"Hang around me, I'll say dumber," he replied. She appeared to think for a second.

"Okay, that's an offer I can't refuse," she replied. Chuck swallowed.

"Are you ever going to let me win one of these?"

"Nope," she said popping the "p". "You have to earn everything with me."

"If that's the way you want to play it," Chuck said, with a smirk. Heat rushed into her cheeks. She may have gone too far.

"We need to get moving," she said. "It's still daylight." Chuck nodded, and with her help, stood up. He moved around gingerly. "Any idea what happened?"

"My brain just exploded with knowledge is all I can tell you, and it hurt," Chuck replied, wincing. "Hurt so bad, I wanted to yell, but couldn't."

"You screamed, but it wasn't what you call girly," she said, as they slowly began to walk.

"You know we can just talk and not have to hide behind all this banter," Chuck said softly. She turned at him and grinned.

"Oh, I know," she said, and then, knowing she probably shouldn't but wanting to, continued. "But I like it," she said and kept walking. Chuck's mouth dropped. After a moment he gathered himself.

"That's Valkyrie 1 and Chuck 0," he muttered.

"It's Sarah to you, and it's much more than 1, more like 856," she said.

"We've only known each other a little over a week," he protested.

"And that's how bad you're losing," she countered, as they continued walking and bantering toward the Western Badlands.

}o{

Two days before the T-800 attack.

"It will be alright," Sarah said, reassuringly.

"You keep saying that," he muttered.

"Have I let you down yet?" she asked, adjusting Molly in her arms.

"No, but you have to admit there have been some close calls," he huffed. Sarah had to agree. In Bowling Green, she was approached with a lot of money for a night of big fun, Casey had fixed that issue immediately, and they fled. She and Chuck barred themselves in their hotel room the entire night, and raced back on the train the next morning. After

that, Casey made them stay in the train car. They had been so close to each other physically the past few days that it should have been wearing on them. It hadn't been, and that was starting to worry Sarah...Valkyrie. She glanced at Chuck. Ever since she met him....she hadn't told anyone her name since...training. In those close quarters, she sometimes found herself moving one of his curls out of his face, placing her hand behind his neck to comfort him, and the bed... She didn't know when she had slept better. No matter how they started out, they always ended up with her in the crook of his arm, her head on his chest. If this wasn't a hellhole...she couldn't think like that. She was Valkyrie, and she had to protect him. She grinned for a second and knew something that would get his mind off of what was in front of them.

"It's all part of the Sarah experience," she said to him. Chuck blinked at that, and slowly turned his head toward her, a goofy grin on his face. She knew she shouldn't but she couldn't help herself, and she gave him a wink.

"Valkyrie, keep it in your pants, let's go," John said, coming by and catching them both unawares. He was ready to get through the wastelands.

"Hogun, I know you want to go, but it took longer than we thought to get here, we already lost several hours of daylight, and we need to double check our supplies." Valkyrie said. Casey thought for a second and nodded.

"Then let's get some lodging so you and the kid can mix your chocolate and peanut butter one last time before we hit the Wastelands," Casey said, taking off. Chuck leaned in toward Sarah.

"What does that mean?"

"I have no idea," she lied, trying to contain the blush that threatened to take her cheeks.

}o{

Molly was down in the crib. All the supplies were ready to go, and the party was leaving at first light. It was early but they all knew they needed to get rest. Chuck came out of the bathroom, just as Sarah was getting into bed. You would think as many times as the two of them had shared a bed, Chuck wouldn't be so uncomfortable. You would be

wrong. Chuck got in bed, staying on his side, and felt two eyes boring into him.

“Really?” she asked, taking his hand and putting it on her hip the way she had for several nights. Chuck didn’t say anything, but decided he was tired of always being messed with, and for once, he was getting even. He gently squeezed his hand twice on her hip, and sparks flew up Sarah’s skin, her eyes snapped open, and she had to control her emotions.

“You know I know over 4,829 ways to kill you, right?” she asked, trying to hold back her grin and failing.

“You do know that number keeps growing?” he retorted. She raised an eyebrow, and he carried on, not one bit nervous, to both of their surprise. “Also after about 20, it’s not as effective. There isn’t an exponential growth to each way you could kill me.” She just studied him for a second.

“You’re such a nerd,” she said, closing her eyes.

“You love it,” he said, closing his as hers popped open, and a slight grin crossed her face.

“Good night, Chuck,” she said with the least amount of emotion in her voice that she could. Her voice did not match the look on her face.

“Night nerd lover,” he said, almost asleep. She closed her eyes and never felt more at peace and confused in her life.

}o{

They were off at first light. They past the man-made walls and entered the Wastelands. The guards at the gates looked stunned seeing not only three adults but a baby enter the ungodly land. They walked all day, Casey trying to make sure they got in a minimum of three miles each hour, but by the ninth hour, it was obvious Chuck was struggling.

“He’s a civilian, Casey, he can’t keep this pace forever,” she said softly to him during one of their breaks.

"This was my biggest worry," Casey muttered. "We have to push on at least three more hours while there is light." Sarah nodded.

"If we get a mile an hour, that's three more miles under our belt," Sarah said, glancing over at Chuck. "You know he's doing the best he can." Casey nodded.

"I'm not pissed at him, Valkyrie," he replied, looking at her. "I'm pissed at this situation. These two have no business being out here. Hell, we have no business being out here." Sarah nodded and turned to Chuck.

"We need to press on," she said. Chuck nodded. He double checked his socks, now realizing why Casey had stressed to wear the thicker socks even though it was summer. He stood, took his pack, and offered to carry the baby. Casey shook his head. Chuck was willing to do his part, but Casey would gladly take on extra if it got them out of there quicker.

They set-up camp, and that's when things went wrong. Chuck insisted on taking the middle watch, since he had it "easiest" all day. Sarah and Casey didn't agree, but he argued and argued. When he fell asleep, Valkyrie told Casey to wake her for the middle shift. Chuck was asleep in a way she couldn't get close to him. He had Molly between himself and a rock formation, protecting her. Sarah knew what he was doing, but she didn't like it. She went to sleep. When it was time, Casey woke Chuck. Deep down he knew he shouldn't but he made the choice of Valkyrie being mad and quiet all day, and possibly yelling a little, than the kid sulking, moping, and fighting with Valkyrie all day.

They had been watching, and knew exactly who the weak link was. When Chuck took over the watch, he started out well, but as the night went on, and it got darker and darker, his eyelids drooped, until he was asleep again. That's when they attacked. Hogun and Valkyrie woke up quickly sensing something was wrong, but they had Chuck and as good a fighters as they were, there was no way they could get through twelve bandits before they killed Chuck while protecting Molly.

The leader had a sword, and kept threatening to cut Valkyrie's face with it, if she didn't do what he wanted. Chuck feared the worst.

"Please, don't rape her," he said, softly. The bandit smiled.

"Rape, please, I'm civilized," the bandit replied. "We have an agreement with the machines here. We just have to give up a human every so often, and it's time. We just need one of you, so you decide which one it will be, and we'll let the other three go."

"I'll do it," Casey spoke up. Sarah looked over as if to argue. "Come on Valkyrie, between me and you, who's more likely to watch the kid...and the baby." Sarah lowered her head, when she looked up, she had acceptance in her eyes and nodded.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"See, that wasn't so hard," the bandit said. "We infect him with the technovirus, the T-800 picks him up, and it's all good."

"No," Chuck whispered. Casey's eyes widened, Sarah whipped her head around.

"Chuck, it's done," she said dangerously.

"No," he said looking up at her. "They're going to do the same thing to me in Heaven so why not just cut out the middle man."

"Chuck. Shut! UP!" she screamed.

"Heaven?" the bandit said, grinning evilly. Valkyrie was working hard on her bonds. She had a chance of breaking free, but what good it would do, she had no idea. "Heaven's going to sacrifice you? If I sacrifice a techno geek that will be worth 3 or 4 regular humans."

"He's no one!" Valkyrie screamed. "He's got a death wish, we're trying to get him to Heaven to get him help!" The bandit walked over to Chuck and looked at the cover on his arm. He pulled it open to see the computer. The bandit shook his head.

"I don't understand," the bandit said. "I'm letting you live, why do you care about him?" Valkyrie was fighting back tears.

"Listen to me very carefully," she said. "If you do this, I'll kill every. Single. One of you."

"Honey, if you don't shut up, we're each going to take a turn with you," he retorted.

“Sarah, it’s over,” Chuck said, his eyes blazing. She just stared back at him, and shook her head.

“I’m supposed to protect you,” she said softly. Chuck nodded.

“I know, but I’m deciding to protect all of you,” he replied. The bandit leader grabbed Chuck and headed with him toward a dark spot on the ground. In the middle was a hole.

“I’d tell you it won’t hurt, but I’d be lying,” he said. “They are going to enter your body, and slowly transform you.” Chuck nodded.

“Keep your word,” Chuck said, with as much courage as he could muster.

“For what it’s worth, I’m sorry,” the bandit said. Chuck looked at him. The bandit laughed. “Not that it’s going to change anything, it’s me or you, and it sure ain’t me.” Valkyrie was fighting with her bonds, she was nearly out. The leader had left the sword off to the side, and all the bandits were watching this abhorrent integration that was about to take place. The bandit stepped away out of the circle, and watched him. In front of Chuck, electricity seemed to spark in mid-air. “Open your mouth!” he yelled. Chuck looked at him.

“Don’t!” Sarah screamed.

“Do it or we take turns with her!” the bandit said.

“Chuck, don’t!” she screamed again.

“I love you, Sarah,” he said, and opened his mouth, suddenly his head jerked back and he began to thrash.

“ARGGGHH!” Sarah screamed as she broke the bindings, everyone was watching what was going on in front of her. She grabbed the sword and took out four of them before they even realized what was going on. The other eight didn’t last long, as they were so scared they couldn’t even get their guns up before she was on them. She quickly freed Casey and ran to the circle, mouth closed, dragging Chuck out of it. His body convulsed and jerked. She felt more than heard measured steps, and then she turned. There it was, the thing of nightmares, a T-800.

}o{

Heaven, now

Frigga read the screens again, just to make sure. She looked over at the cylinder like tomb.

"He's had his first one," she said.

"He flashed?" the screen read.

"Is that what we're calling it?" she asked.

"He told me it all came to him in a flash, and I kinda liked it," the screen read. Frigga shook her head. "Did she protect him?"

"He seems to be fine, other than falling backwards," Frigga said.

"The original is ancient compared to the current," the screen read. "This type of reaction is not unexpected."

"Are you even human anymore?" she muttered.

"I heard that," the screen read. "And, to answer your question, I don't know, but I'd like to think so." Frigga nodded.

"How far will she go?" Frigga asked. Frigga swore the words that came up were a smile, maybe there was humanity left in him.

"I don't think anyone will go farther," the screen said. For some reason, Frigga was comforted with those words.

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Wastelands, now

"Okay, you need a break," Sarah said.

"Nope, I'm good," Chuck replied. Sarah eyed him

"Uh-huh, the last time I heard that you ended up in great shape," she countered, shaking her head at his stubbornness.

"Sorry," he said. "I know I'm the weak link." She turned and walked up to him.

"You aren't the weak link, this just isn't you're specialty," she said. A slight grin came on his face.

"And just what is my specialty?" he asked.

"Thinking you're funny," she said, pulling away to find a comfortable spot to sit down. She sat, and patted the ground beside her. Chuck, came over and sat. She looked at him for a minute, reached over, and gently, but forcefully, put his head on her shoulder. He shut his eyes.

"I think this is a little more than what Beckman ordered you to do," Chuck said.

"One of these days that mouth of yours is going to get you in trouble," she said. She felt the cheeky grin.

"Promise?" he asked. She snorted and shook her head. She sat there a minute, sighed, and decided to address what had been bothering her.

"Chuck, I heard what you said."

"Which time?"

"Right before the nanobots," she said, wondering if they were really going to play this game.

"Oh," he said. "Well, I thought you deserved to know that there is love in this world, and I meant it."

"Thank you, Chuck," she said softly. "I haven't heard that....well, since well before all this craziness infected this planet."

"Now, would saying it more often help? I really think you would see exponential increases. You know how you keep increasing the amount of different ways you could kill me?" Sarah just turned to look at him.

"Seriously, you want to do this now? We're in this Wasteland, in this terrible situation, and you want to talk about love?" Chuck opened his eyes and studied her a moment, the

grin still on his face. The grin left, but it was a look of love and adoration that replaced it. Sarah knew she should be uncomfortable, but she wasn't.

"Sarah, my life is literally in your hands. You know 9,730 ways to kill me," she chuckled at the increase in the number. "If in this moment, with the woman I love, I can't talk about this, then when can I?" She slightly shook her head, and then laid it on top of his.

"Go to sleep, Chuck," she said.

"You can't watch all night," he said, tiredly.

"Shut up, Chuck."

"Good night, Sarah."

"Good night, Chuck."

"I love you, Sarah," he said. There was a pause.

"Damn it," she said softly.

"What?"

"You were right," she said, making him lift up his head, grinning. "It does work exponentially."

"I'll make a nerd out of you yet," he said grinning. "Wait that means I got a point!"

"It's still 1243 to 1," she said. He got a look on his face.

"I think you're cheating," he said.

"Prove it," she said challengingly. He shrugged and then laid his head back on her shoulder. She looked over at his curly hair, shook her head, and kissed him gently on top of his head.

"Awww," he said. She lightly slapped his chest. "It's okay, Sarah, I know."

"You don't know anything," she said teasingly. He lifted his head again and looked her in the eye.

"I know," and winked at her, closed his eyes, and laid his head on her shoulder.

"Damn," she muttered.

"That's 2."

A/N: I'm well aware that nanobots don't need you to open your mouth to enter. I'm trusting the dream...well, unless it does something that I find inappropriate.....Workin' on a mystery, goin' wherever it leads. Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 6: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 6, Start of Something Good

A/N: Can I say how much I love that I posted the last update the 25th, (Thursday) and this story is now over halfway down the Chuck fanfic page! There have been 19 stories/updates since last week! To all those writers keeping Chuck going, thank you. Seriously, I know what it takes to put your work out there and be vulnerable and I thank you for it, and the amazing stories you all create!

Anyone else ever work on a fic for 30 minutes and realize it was the wrong one? Anyone? Asking for a friend....Okay, it was me! (This is the one with the T-800s, right?)

Now, we have Chuck and Sarah in the Wastelands...plodding along, one admitting they are in love with the other, and one...well, she's doing as much as she can. Charrakids...I think you're gonna like this one.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, Norse Mythology, or Daughtry, but we do have the same hair cut....You never know when you're gonna meet someone. And your whole wide world, in a moment, comes undone...

The T-800 had Ellie, and it looked him straight in the eye.

"Chuck!" the voice screamed, but it wasn't Ellie. "CHUCK!" His eyelids popped open and he looked at lovely vision in front of him that pulled him out of the nightmare. He wasn't sure if the nightmare he had was the worst nightmare or not, but it was in the top two. He was covered in sweat, gasping for air, but she was there. He stared at her, the worry on her face, the concern in her eyes, and he was alive. She had saved him, gave him a new lease on life. The past few days and all the emotions he felt, poured to the surface. They were in a hellhole with very little chance to escape and he knew one thing, he had to live life. He knew what he wanted to do, but he couldn't, not to her. As much as he wanted to take her in his arms, he couldn't do that, he knew how she felt about things, and he would not be that man. Hence why he was so confused when she crashed into him.

It took him just a second to realize she was kissing him. Her tongue played on his lip, and he opened his. He nearly moaned as she deepened the kiss. He was seeing sounds, hearing colors, and possibly having an out of body experience. When she pulled away he felt a sense of loss he didn't know existed.

"ARGGGGHHH!" she screamed as she bound to her feet and walked away. She looked at him, tears in her eyes. "I can't do this," she said at a whisper. "I can't let you die, and if I let down my guard, you will."

"You think you feeling something for me will let down your guard?" Chuck asked. Sarah nodded. "So by not acting on your feelings shuts off your feelings?" Sarah just stared at him.

"Damn it," she muttered softly.

"Is that 3?" he asked with a grin. She just looked at him, but the grin came. The one she should stop, but couldn't, the one she didn't want to stop.

"I think you're well past 3," she said. Chuck's grin made his nose scrunch up.

"Let's just call it 3, but know those 3 count a whole lot more than 1 a piece." Sarah shook her head at him. "Seriously, Sarah, I don't want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable." She just looked at him and smiled. At least Chuck thought it was a smile, he kinda thought it was the way a lion looked at its prey.

"Who said I was uncomfortable," Sarah said, winking, and going over to check their bags.

"And she scores again," Chuck said.

"Not yet I haven't," she muttered to herself. Chuck made a small noise, and she whipped her head around. He wouldn't look at her, but his ears were red. She grinned. He was going to be the death of her, and she could care less at this point. They took care of breakfast and breaking camp in silence, comfortable silence. Chuck was ready to go, and was looking at his wrist computer when he turned and there she was standing quietly beside him. He nearly fell over from the surprise.

“Sorry, I was off in my own world and you startled me,” Chuck said. Sarah had him by the waist, and had him steadied...well she did, and then his knees began to get a little weak her holding him like that.

“Are we heading toward Hogun?” Sarah asked. Chuck nodded.

“Yes,” Chuck replied. “The only problem is I’m not quite for sure how far away he is. Dad never tested them, or if he did, he didn’t leave me his findings, and I’ve never had a reason to split all this gear up and try it before.” Chuck almost sounded like he was apologizing. Sarah bounced a shoulder in a shrug.

“Then we just follow the signal,” she said, and they sat out. After a bit, she noticed Chuck looked several times like he wanted to say something and then changed his mind.

“You must be lonely,” Chuck finally said. She looked at him. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not talking love, or needing someone, I’m just saying, you must be lonely. Do you have someone to talk to?”

“I’m not much of a talker,” Sarah said, smirking. Truth be told she had said more in the time she had been with Chuck than at any point in her life she could remember. “I don’t do the sharing of feelings and stories of my past well.” Chuck grimaced a little at that one, not sure if it was a shot or not, but he thought not as Sarah seemed to have a look on her face like she was reflecting. “It’s been so long since I’ve had family or people I trust...” She gave her head a small shake and looked over at the nerd traveling with her. She shook her head. “How did you do it?”

“Do what?” he asked.

“Become the first person I trust since these machines landed?” she asked. Chuck gave her a look she couldn’t describe.

“You must hate me,” he said softly.

“Uh, I may not deal with my feelings much, but what I feel definitely isn’t hate,” she said, and thought about what that actually implied. She hurried on. “Why would you think I hate you?”

“My dad made those things and your family...” he said, trailing off. She stopped and placed a hand on his shoulder and he looked up at her.

“I don’t blame you for any of it,” she said. Chuck shook his head, and started walking. “So let’s talk about the elephant in the room.”

“How my dad destroyed this world?” Chuck asked.

“It’s that or our feelings for each other,” Sarah said.

“Was that a joke?” Chuck asked shocked.

“If I have to explain it, it wasn’t much of a joke,” Sarah said. “For the record, I’m not discussing my feelings, because that would just lead back to earlier.”

“Would that be so terrible?” he asked, grinning. She gave him a flat look, that she couldn’t hold.

“Damn it,” she muttered, walking on, shaking her head trying to hide the grin from him.

“That’s 4, wasn’t it,” he asked as she ignored him and kept walking. “You can admit it, it was 4.” She spun on him.

“If I didn’t have to save your life, you would be in so much trouble,” she said. Chuck walked right up to her.

“You know those 75,392 ways you know how to kill someone?” he asked. She nodded, grinning. “You also know that many ways to save me,” he said softly, placing a light kiss on her forehead. He walked on, following the signal on his wrist, knowing she wasn’t moving behind him. Her shoulders slumped, he was definitely going to be the death of her. “And for the record, that was 5.” She turned and took off after him.

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They had walked in silence, Chuck’s grin fading as time and the distance past. Sarah was worried he was brooding about them. She couldn’t, not that she didn’t want to have feelings for him, because she did, and that scared her and excited her all at the same time. She was working up the courage to say something and promising whatever his answer was to deal with it, when he spoke.

"I guess the irony is, he did it to save the world," Chuck said softly. She looked at him, but he couldn't look at her. There was absolute shame on his face. "Overpopulation."

"I don't understand," she said. Chuck swallowed thickly and steadied himself.

"He created...I don't even know what to call it except Skynet because of the movie," he began. "He created the AI to help solve the problems of overpopulation."

"So what happened?" she asked. His eyes were far away, and haunted.

"He activated it," Chuck said, tears in his eyes. "He thought that it would find solutions, save fossil fuels, reduce our carbon footprint, but he never imagined the solution it would come up with." Sarah was confused. She studied him and it dawned on her. The most simplest, direct solution to the problem of overpopulation.

"Kill humans?" she asked with horror in her voice.

"Yeah," he choked out. "Solved all the problems at once, and it started with the creator," he said turning to her. "It also realized that the biggest problems came from those with the abilities to create things. By killing them, society wouldn't advance."

"You're telling me the reason the "sacrifices" of the techies are made are to prevent the world from overpopulating again?" she asked. Chuck nodded.

"That's why it wants me," he said. "I'm the last of my line, and with my death..." He couldn't finish.

"They will not take you," she said.

"I know you'll do everything in your power to save me," he said.

"No, I will save you," she said. Chuck shook his head.

"Not at the ultimate price you won't," Chuck said and looked into her eyes. She met his look, but what she was there, it touched her soul. He wasn't going to let her die for him. "I had nothing left in this world." He reached up and gently cupped her face and smiled a sad smile at her. "Now that I do, I can't go on knowing I caused your death."

"Chuck you can do more good than I ever can," she said. Chuck shook his head.

“More good for who?” he asked. “Because my world, it would be destroyed.” She grabbed his wrist.

“You think I want to go on without you?” she asked. She stared at him, just realizing what she was saying, but saying it she was. He had to go on even it mean without her. “You can fix things.” Chuck shrugged.

“If I don’t have you, then why would I even care?” he asked. She started to respond, but they heard something, and she looked around. Her eyes narrowed as she listened intently and she heard it.

“We’ve gotta run! We need shelter, now!” she screamed. Chuck followed her gaze and figured it out. Rain. Acid rain. In this part of the Wastelands it wasn’t unheard of. He didn’t know how much damage it could do, but he didn’t want to find out. He looked around and saw it in the distance.

“There!” he pointed at the old substation. They took off in a sprint, and they knew it was going to be close.

“If we get there without being fried alive, I’m going to kiss you,” Sarah said.

“Don’t tease me like that, Valkyrie,” he replied, thinking she was teasing him to encourage him on.

“It’s Sarah, and who said I was teasing?” she asked with a wink. Chuck’s eyes nearly popped out of his head, but he ran with strength he didn’t know he had.

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Chuck was seeing spots, but they got inside the substation as he gasped for air. His hand automatically went to where a light switch was, but his brain told him it wouldn’t work...but it did. He felt to the floor, gasping air.

“Out of shape?” Sarah asked, her breath seeming normal.

“I’m dying,” he said. She started to bend down to give Chuck his prize when he asked the million dollar question. “Sarah, how are the lights on?” She froze. How were they on? She stood up straight and looked around. Chuck got up, holding his side, trying to

catch his breath. "There" he said, pointing to a panel. He walked over, studied it and put his hand on it.

"Human DNA recognized. Welcome to the resistance," the computerized voice said and the door slid opened. They walked downstairs through the narrow opening.

"This is genius," Chuck said. "Even if they could break through the door, the walkway is very narrow making it hard for a T-800 to get here."

"But eventually they would all come," she said. Chuck shook his head, and then realized she couldn't see him.

"There are only ten of them," he said. "Well, nine at the most now, I don't know if Heaven destroyed any or not."

"What?" Sarah asked. "Dad created them as well," Chuck said. "They were supposed to help stop wars, stop crime, but instead they became Skynet's enforcers."

"A lot of people died to kill that T-800 in the Governor's sector," Sarah said.

"If there are only six left, if they banded together..." Chuck didn't want to finish that sentence.

"So the bipedal machines, they're created by Skynet?" she asked.

"Yes, somehow Skynet can't replace the T-800s, yet," Chuck said. They got to the bottom, and Chuck's face lit up. He ran into the room and began to turn things on. "Sarah, electricity!" He ran the bathroom. "Running water!" She then heard the sound of a shower turning on. "SHOWERS!!!!" He ran up, picked her up, and spun her around. She laughed. For a moment, just one moment, he thought there could be some peace and quiet they both deserved. "We can have our own rooms tonight!" Sarah's face fell, for just a split second. "Unless, that is, you don't want to."

"I think it would be safer if you were nearby," she said. Chuck nodded.

"That makes complete sense," he said. She started to walk off. "I'm glad, I would miss waking up with you." She stopped dead in her tracks. "That's 6 right?"

"Chuck, you're playing with fire," she said, controlling herself...but just barely.

“Well, I guess this is a bad time to ask about my prize,” he said. She didn’t move, if she did, she would tackle him, kiss him, and ...a blush rose in her cheeks thinking about it. “I was thinking about trading it in for something.” She didn’t like this idea. She was looking forward to that kiss. She turned to face him and the look on his face was one of amusement. She narrowed her eyes at him. “Your choice on if I do or not.”

“Trade for what?” she asked.

“A date,” Chuck said.

“A date?” she repeated, stunned.

“My guess, you haven’t had many, honestly I haven’t either, but I was thinking, what if next week you’re fighting a T-800, ripping it’s arm off and beating it to death with it, and the through crosses your mind, I should have gone out on a date with Chuck.”

“Okay,” she said shyly. Chuck’s face lit up.

“Okay?”

“Mmmhmm,” she nodded. Chuck nodded, grinning.

“Okay, it won’t be the fanciest things, there are some ration packs here, and I thought maybe a little music,” he said.

“Dancing,” she said quickly and quietly.

“You want to dance?” he affirmed. She nodded. “What kind of dance?”

“Slow,” she said just above a whisper. Chuck nodded, the grin seemingly permanently etched to his face.

“I’ll do my best to make it the best date you ever had,” he said.

“I know,” she said and walked off.

“Was that from Star Wars?!” Chuck yelled, as she shrugged and kept walking.

“Still wanna play this game?” she yelled back.

“Absolutely,” he said to himself softly. “Either way, I win.”

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"Do you know what it is we're eating?" Chuck asked with a grin on his face. Sarah was trying not to laugh or spit up food so she simply shook her head.

"Are we sure it's not expired?" she managed to get out. Chuck shook his head no. "Great, Chuck, you're going to give me food poisoning."

"Well, you'll never forget the date," he replied, making her laugh again. She didn't know when she had laughed more. Even before the machines. "I'm sorry, I really thought there would be better choices of food."

"Chuck, you are doing the best you can with what we have, and I really appreciate it," she said. She took a deep breath. "Chuck, when this is all over, and we both survive," she said, pointing her fork at him to let him know they would. "I'm supposed to go back to the Governor." She took a deep breath. "I don't know if I want to," she said softly.

"What would you do?" he asked. She knew she was being too vague.

"I like spending time with you and doing things with you," she said. He looked at her, and grinned.

"I like doing things with you," he replied, not seeing the problem. Ugh, Chuck she thought. Why are you making me say this? "I'd love to have you around. You know that." She nodded.

"If I don't go back...our arrangement..." she couldn't say anything else. Chuck looked confused, and then it hit him. His eyebrows went straight up.

"Oh," he said. Then her REALLY thought about it. "OH!" She nodded.

"It would be permanent, and it wouldn't be fair if you found someone else," she said, looking away. Chuck lifted an eyebrow.

"Do you really think that I just find you convenient?" he asked. She looked away and shrugged. "Have you met you?" he asked, astonished. "You are amazing, and I'm not even talking about the way you can beat one of the machines to death." She shook her head, and it dawned on Chuck what this was about. "Oh, it's because you 'don't know

how to do this' isn't it?" She nodded, tears in her eyes. "Will you please look at me?" he asked softly. She did. "Sarah freakin' Walker, I 'don't know how to do this' either, but I know I'm falling more in love with you every day. I would love for you to stay with me when we get through this, and I understand if there were things you didn't want to do, I mean one day I hope you would, but for now, I get it. I won't make you stay, but if you want to stay, I would do everything within my power to make you happy." Sarah gave him a shy smile. "I love you, and I know you think you can't tell me how you feel because if you do it could get me killed, but I think because you love me, you make sure I don't get killed." She sat there silently for a second.

"You could be right," she admitted softly.

"Really, I could be right," he said, grinning.

"Fine, you might be right," she said, and she pointed a finger at him. "But that's all I'm admitting to."

"I'll take it," he said the smile on his face. He stood up, messed with a computer for a second, and music started to play. He turned back to her and offered her his hand. "I believe I owe you a dance." They began to slowly dance.

Birds flying high

You know how I feel

The song ended, and the two just stood there holding each other.

"What's next for your date, Sarah?" he asked.

"You'll think it's silly," she said, he head right on his shoulder.

"No, I think it's what you want, and that's what we'll do," he said.

"You won the prize and you traded it in for a date that will make me happy," she said.

"I know," he said smiling. "Don't you get it, that's all I want for you to be happy." She scrunched into him even more.

“Okay, what I want is to go to bed with 30 minutes of complete silence, but I want to cuddle with you while I have the silence,” she said, waiting for him to laugh.

“Sound great,” he said.

“And then we go to sleep,” she said, waiting to see what he did next.

“Uh, do I still get to cuddle?” he asked. She smiled into his neck.

“You better believe it,” she said, pulling away smiling at him. She took his head in both her hands, and gently kissed his lips. It wasn’t the kiss from this morning, but she said so much with it. She pulled away and the smile he gave her made her heart flip. She took his hand and led him to the bedroom. The room was empty, until a computer monitor came on. It simply read “1 or 11”.

A/N: And I’m gonna say what I need to say. And hope to God it don’t scare you away. Don’t want to be misunderstood. But I’m starting to believe that. This could be the start of something good. Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 7: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 7, Time After Time

A/N: The pace of the updates is slowing and let me say why. I'm having eye issues. Nothing major but about this time every year I need new glasses. (Getting old...okay, older) It's getting uncomfortable to read, watch TV, or anything that's not at a larger resolution. Hopefully by the end of the month I'll have my new noline trifocals that will do away with the strain, until then, I'll do what I can. Thanks for your patience.

A/N2: I may have put charahkids (and some of the rest of you) in a diabetic coma last chapter... I can't promise I won't do it again (it's me, I probably will). Where are we in the story? Somewhere past the ½ mark...maybe...of the dream anyway...after that...who knows...Today's music while originally done by the great Cyndi Lauper, will be by Minnesota band Quietdrive. Find something to hold on to, because folks, this is THE BIG ONE, it's Ch 7, Time After Time

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, Norse Mythology, or Quietdrive, but I'm beginning to wonder if someone didn't spike my food when I had this dream...If you fall I will catch you-I'll be waiting...Time after time....

Chuck woke, finding Sarah tangled up around him again. He really wanted to brush the hair out of her face, but he knew that would wake her, and she could be a little grumpy when woken. He wanted to explore the facility. They thought it was a resistance base that had been abandoned. They had found the generators that run the facility, and thought it would be a good place to equip and stage an assault from if one wanted to attack the machines at their home. Chuck slipped from under Sarah the best he could, but she felt him move.

"C'me bac to bd," she mumbled.

"I'm going to make breakfast," he said.

"Don care," she mumbled. "Nee my Chuck." Chuck froze, the smile that grew on his face would have lit up the room.

"Your Chuck?" he asked.

"You my Chuck," she mumbled.

"Your Chuck is going to make you breakfast," he said. She never responded. He walked out to the main room, and noticed a computer monitor on. He stopped short when he saw what it said. "1 or 11" Chuck stared at it like he had seen a ghost. He knew the answer to the question, but the thing was, the only other person that would know the correct answer....well, he was dead. Chuck swallowed, and had to know. He reached down, typed, Aces Charles, and stood. The screen went blank, a light came out and scanned him, worrying Chuck. "Charles Bartowski, welcome to the Resistance," it said. Then millions of images came over the screen. He saw them all and he wondered if his head wouldn't explode. They stopped and he blinked once, and fell straight back. He lay there, unconscious. Sarah burst into the room looking for who to attack, but no one was there. She saw Chuck on the ground, and hurried to him.

}o{

Heaven

A computer made a noise and Frigga looked at it. She walked over, read the read-out and became enraged. "ODIN!" she screamed.

"Yes?" the words appeared on the monitor.

"WHAT? DID? YOU? DO!?!?" she bellowed.

"I uploaded the second installment into him," the screen read.

"I thought we agreed!" she yelled, enraged.

"No, you did what you do, and I listened, and then I did what I do," the screen read.

"You could have killed him!" she said, realizing being angry was solving nothing.

"There was less than a 5% chance," the screen read.

"The team will be there soon," she said, changing the subject so she didn't do something stupid to his body.

"Is that a good idea?" the screen read.

"Why wouldn't it be a good idea?" she asked, close to seething.

"If she thinks they're trying to hurt him..." the screen read. Frigga thought a second, turned, and walked away. "FRIGGA?" the screen said in all caps. There was screaming and the sound of something breaking in another room. "Perhaps its best if I disappear for a bit."

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Wastelands

"Chuck, please wake up," Sarah said, holding his head. "Chuck."

"Shhh, not so loud," he mumbled. Sarah pulled him to her. "Breathe," he mumbled into her shoulder. "Can't breathe." She let go and looked at him. "Air is good." After determining he was alright, she punched his shoulder. "OW! What was that for?"

"For doing something stupid!" she said. "I tell you that I don't want to return back to DC and then you go and do this."

"How do you know it's my fault?" he asked. She glared at him. "Okay, so maybe it's my fault."

"What did you do?" she asked through gritted teeth.

"I answered a question on the computer," he said. "But, here's the kicker, Sarah, the question was something my father used to say to me."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that I think my father left something for me to fight the machines," Chuck said.

"What did it do?"

"I think I uploaded something," Chuck said. "I think it might have been an update to whatever I had earlier." She stared at him and shook her head.

"This is our deal, non-negotiable," she said. "I take the risks, you don't."

"No," Chuck said. Sarah glared at him. "We are a team. There are somethings that you do better than me, but I'm not going to sit back and do nothing if I can help." She came closer, the glare growing. "You are so sexy when you try to intimidate me." Chuck kissed her on the nose, and he swore he heard her growl. He scrambled backwards to get away before she beat him. "You know we should eat and get going, we don't want Hogun to have to double back too much. You know he has Molly, and we need to check on her, you wouldn't want her to have to be with him too long." Sarah just stared at him.

"No one has ever told me no," Sarah said.

"Well, there you go," he said swallowing. She walked up to him, their faces inches apart.

"For a smart guy you do some real stupid things," she said. She walked off. "I'm going to shower, make me breakfast and I'll think about your counter offer."

"It's not an offer," Chuck said. She turned around and stared. Chuck gulped. "What kind of pancakes did you want?"

}o{

He had found chocolate chips to make chocolate chip pancakes. He apparently had not found enough for Sarah to munch on chocolate chips while he made the pancakes.

"You're going to end up with one chocolate chip in each pancake at this rate," he said. She just stared at him, and popped another in her mouth. Chuck was an absolute mess. Sarah had showered, changed into the BDUs she had found in the base, which fit her quite nicely he might add. She had on no makeup, her hair was still wet, and hung loose down her back. He wasn't sure he had ever seen a more beautiful sight in his life.

"Will, you quit staring and cook my food," she said. Chuck snapped out of his thoughts.

"I-I wasn't.." he stammered.

"Yes, you were," she said. "It's okay, I don't mind, just don't burn my food," she said, a grin on her face. Chuck swallowed. She narrowed her eyes, studying him. "You're hurting." He waved it off, and took the chocolate chips away from him. She pouted a bit, and Chuck stopped in mid-turn. No one, absolutely no one, should be able to do that,

especially not the Valkyrie, and be that adorable. It just wasn't fair.

"If I don't take these from you, you'll eat them all before I get them in the pancakes," he said. She glared at him.

"You should probably snack on a few," she retorted. "Don't want you getting too skinny," she said, smacking his rear as she walked off. Chuck put that comment in context with all the ones she'd been making the past few days. He wasn't sure what their relationship status was, but he suspected it was going to be interesting...if they both survived this. "More cooking, less thinking," she barked.

"Yes, ma'am," he said mock saluting.

"Chuck, we're not going anywhere today, it's obvious, your head is still hurting," she said.

"It's just a little headache," he retorted.

"Chuck, I need you alive," she said.

"I know I have to be handed over to Heaven, I know," he said.

"Chuck," she said softly. "I" she said, stressing the word. "Need you to be alive." He turned and looked at her. "I'm not going back after this is over."

"Sarah," he began, she held up her hand.

"You better respect me," she said pointing at him. "I know a long con, and while for the life of me, I can't see you doing it, if you do, I will hurt you like you've never been hurt before." He walked over to her and took her hand.

"I thought we kinda already established my life is in your hands," he said. She nodded, he noticed tears in her eyes. She took his other hand.

"Be patient with me," she said softly. The look on Chuck's face was indescribable as the smile threatened to consume his face. He leaned forward and softly kissed her forehead.

"Always," he whispered. She pulled in abruptly, and held him like her life depended on it. "The pancakes," he tried to choke out.

"Don't care," she said, holding on to him and for once in her life, she didn't feel alone. That was when a soft beeping noise started to come from Chuck's wrist. "Get the pancakes then," she said, pushing him away, thinking it was an alarm. Chuck had never heard the wrist computer to make a noise before. He opened it up, and grinned.

"CASEY!" he yelled. He jumped up, took the pancakes off, and the two rushed up the stairs. They exited the building, and looked in the direction he should be coming from.

They saw the dust cloud, and it was quickly apparent that it was more than one horse. Sarah tensed, but Chuck showed her the computer. It appeared that was Casey coming, and he had help. The horses appeared, and they watched them slowly take form on the horizon. After a bit, Chuck could tell it was Casey and what appeared to be nine others with him. He pulled up in front of them, a grin on his face, and they both saw strapped to his front was Molly.

"I'm so glad to see you," Sarah said, and reached over and picked up Molly. Casey looked at Chuck who shrugged.

"What's going on Casey?" Chuck asked.

"These are Frigga's men," Casey answered. "A carriage should be here this evening for the three of you to go to the train station."

"Will you be riding with us?" Chuck asked.

"Depends on what you and Valkyrie are up to," Casey answered. It wasn't a shot at them, it was just the honest truth. "How you turned Valkyrie into what have, I will never know," Casey muttered, as he looked at Chuck's arm. "Glad to see you didn't lose that." Something had been picking at Chuck's brain.

"Strange," Chuck said. "There's the original three of us, then with me, Sarah, and Molly appearing to be a family, that's three, and then the nine of the guard." Casey nodded.

"The two most important numbers in Norse mythology," Casey replied. Chuck realized something big was going on. "You got anything to eat?" Casey asked. Chuck grinned and brought them inside. They entered, with the guard following them. When they got downstairs, Casey was very impressed.

“An old resistance base,” Casey said. Chuck nodded. One of the guards came over and talked to Casey, who nodded. He turned to Chuck and Sarah. “Sorry guys, but you have to talk to someone.” The guards left, telling them they were heading for the kitchens. “After this, we’ll have the rest of the day to prepare, and leave in the morning.” He went over to a computer and put in a flash drive. The screen came to life with an image.

“Charles Irving Bartowski, I presume,” the image said. It was a woman, but the face was computer rendered. There was no hair on the woman, but Chuck thought that was the computer image, though he wasn’t sure why.

“Who are you?” Valkyrie asked, shooting Chuck a look to be quiet, she would handle this.

“I am Frigga,” the lady said. Chuck stared at the image...there was something, and the voice...

“How do I know that?” Valkyrie asked.

“We are unsecure,” Frigga answered. “I will reveal my true self when you reach Fensalir, my hall, here in Heaven.”

“Where are you at, the old South Los Angeles Wetlands Park?” Chuck asked, thinking he was funny. Sarah looked at him.

“Very good, Charles,” Frigga said. “Yes, Fensalir does mean marshlands, and I have built my hall there.” Chuck was impressed with himself. “I see you both have rings.”

“Why does that matter?” Sarah asked.

“Frigga is the goddess of marriage for those that have been sanctioned by society,” Chuck explained. “But you’re not really a Norse Goddess.”

“You are too smart for your own good sometimes, Chuck,” Frigga said, amusement in her voice. “This is why we need you, Trickster.” Chuck stared at the image.

“I am not turning him over to you,” Sarah said.

“You wear his ring,” Frigga said, not asked.

"Yes," she said. Chuck looked at Sarah.

"Are you his protector?" Frigga asked.

"No," Sarah said, and drew up. Frigga seemed disappointed. "Calling me his protector does not begin to describe what I am. I am whatever Chuck needs me to be, protector, friend, partner, or whatever other term he feels I deserve." Chuck's mouth was on the floor. While Frigga's face never moved, you could feel the smile on her face.

"And the child, what are you to her?" Frigga asked.

"The same," Sarah said.

"Both parents are dead now, what will you do for her?" Frigga asked. Chuck glanced at Sarah.

"Then I guess I will add mother to that list, because as bad as I am, I love that little girl and I will not let her be raised by some orphanage in this world," Sarah said. Hogun's mouth was on the floor beside Chuck.

"I thought you said this was a loveless world, Valkyrie?" Frigga asked, the amusement apparent in her voice.

"Someone made me see different," she said.

"And will Charles be the father?" Frigga asked.

"If he wishes," Sarah said, too scared of his answer to speak for him.

"Yes," he said, taking Sarah's hand in his, standing right beside her. Sarah looked at Chuck, grinned, and nodded.

"I see," Frigga said. "So by your own admission you are your husband's protector," Sarah looked a little shaken at that, and Chuck brain may have been permanently fried. "And, you're daughter's protector. Chuck, what are you to Sarah?"

"Whatever she'll allow me to be," Chuck said. Sarah squeezed his hand.

"Hear me, Frigga," Sarah said, drawing up. "I know that I may seem like nothing, but if you try and take Chuck or Molly from us, you may eventually kill me, but I will take

down an entire host with me. I will never give up, are we clear?"

"Crystal," Frigga said. "By their own admission this is a family, and you are its protector, you are hereby blessed by Frigga, and granted permission to enter Heaven, along with your colleague Hogun. We need your assistance. Please join me at Fensalir, at your earliest convenience. For the rest of your trip, my guard will see you to the train station, and then from there to Heaven. I assume the three of you still want your entire family in the one room." Chuck looked at Sarah. She never glanced at him.

"How can I protect them, if they aren't beside me?" Sarah asked. Frigga seemed to smile again.

"Excellent answer," Frigga said. "I look forward to meeting in person soon. I will inform Beckman of new terms and your status. To be clear, you are...married?"

"Yes," Sarah said, knowing this was important, but not sure why.

"Do you think you should check with your husband?" Frigga asked, Chuck had been dumbstruck this entire time, but that little teasing jab made him turn.

"Are we allowed to live in Heaven?" Chuck asked.

"Yes," Frigga answered.

"Can I bring the rest of my family?" Chuck asked. "I have a brother out there, technically brother-in-law, can we get him to Heaven?" There was silence for a second.

"We will discuss that," Frigga said, Chuck sensed the emotion, though she tried to hide it.

"Thank you, Systir, yes, we are married," Chuck said, tears in his eyes.

"Aces, Charles," Frigga said, and the feed cut off.

A/N: I know, I know, it was short, but, we got to where we needed to. There's more to come...So much more...If you're lost you can look and you will find me...Time after time....Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 8: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 8, Heaven is a Place on Earth

A/N: Apparently the fanfiction website is having an issue getting out alerts about stories right now. If you are interested, I am posting all of my work on my tumblr, davidcarner. You're welcome to follow if it helps. Some stuff happened last time, what exactly? Let's fine out. Ch 8. Heaven Is a Place on Earth

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, Norse Mythology, or Belinda Carlie, or the Go-Go's, but I had one serious crush on her as a kid....and Susanna Hoffs.....okay, I'm back...sorry...They say in heaven love comes first...We'll make heaven a place on earth....

"What was that?" Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head, not daring to think what just happened, had actually happened.

"I'm not sure," Chuck said. "Give me a second to verify somethings," he said, rushing around.

"Kid, what the hell just happened?" Casey said, his jaw just now coming off the floor, and not hearing Sarah. She just gave him a look.

"Can you get me one of her guards?" Chuck asked Casey. Casey nodded, and rushed off, yelling at one of them to get their derriere in there. Chuck paused.

"Did he just say 'derriere?'" Chuck asked. Sarah nodded. "Maybe it's because of the baby?" Sarah shrugged. Chuck booted up the computer that Frigga had been on.

"You called her sister," Sarah said.

"I did," Chuck said. "You said you are married to me." He didn't turn around, and just continued to type. She walked up and placed her free hand on his shoulder.

"I did," she replied. "And you said you were married to me." Chuck nodded.

“Well, won’t Beckman be surprised,” Chuck said, looking at her and trying to grin. There was no humor in Sarah’s face. He swallowed. “Frigga is the Goddess of-”

“Marriage for those that have been sanctioned by society,” Sarah said.

“You don’t get much more sanctioned in her sector than you do by the Governor,” Chuck said. Sarah nodded. “You do realize the way we are talking about this, is actually avoiding what we really should be talking about?” Sarah stopped for a second and thought.

“That actually made sense,” she said, a little surprised.

“I have my moments,” Chuck said.

“I’ve lost count, but it’s more than 6,” she said softly. Chuck looked at her. “Between last night and the talk with Frigga...” she trailed off, never breaking eye contact. “Your moments, when you say something to me that I just don’t know how to handle...I...” Chuck put his finger under her chin and lifted her head up to look her in the eye.

“I love you, and I’m going to do everything to make you happy,” he said. Sarah nodded.

“I will protect you with everything inside of me,” she said. Chuck smiled.

“I don’t think not saying you love me, makes it any less real,” Chuck said. Sarah took his hand with her free hand.

“I don’t know how, but if I was able to say it, I think it would make it more real, which as I said, shouldn’t be possible,” Sarah continued to stare at him. “I won that one didn’t I?” Chuck blinked, and nearly collapsed.

“Yeah, yeah, you win,” he said, turning back to the computer, her hand stopped his head and turned his head back to her.

“Yes I did,” she said.

“Okay,” he squeaked. “Now you’re just rubbing it in.” She laughed. A pent-up laugh of the entire day’s stress. It was infectious, and when Casey joined them with one of the guards, they were both wiping away tears they had laughed so hard.

"Lady Frigga has updated our orders, may I be the first to welcome you to Heaven, sir, madam, and little one," the guard said. Chuck nodded to him.

"Have you seen Lady Frigga?" Sarah asked. The guard shook his head.

"I have not have that privilege ma'am," the guard said. "I've mostly worked the border wall, driving back and forth, making sure it is secure." Chuck, Sarah, and Casey all shared a glance.

"Drive?" Chuck asked. "Is it like the Governor's sector where only the guards have vehicles?" The guard gave them a look.

"No, all inhabitants of Heaven have vehicles," he said. Casey's mouth dropped. "Heaven is as it mostly was before the machines. When Odin arrived he drove them back, and we were able to set up the perimeter."

"A wall keeps them out?" Casey asked. The guard shook his head.

"No, Odin does," the guard said. Casey started to ask something else, but Chuck stopped him.

"Thank you," Chuck said. "If we have more questions, can we find you later?" The guard nodded and excused himself.

"What the hell is going on, Bartowski?" Casey asked.

"I'm not sure, but I have an idea," Chuck said.

"If Frigga is Ellie," Sarah began, drawing looks from both Casey and Chuck. She ignored them and pressed on. "Then who is Odin, because Captain Awesome is going to be quite upset."

"Dear God, you've broke her," Casey said. "She's making terrible jokes." Chuck just grinned at her.

"I don't think it's literal," Chuck said.

"Why would you think that?" Casey asked. Sarah gave him a look. "I'm not trying to be contrary, Valkyrie, I just want to know what would give him that idea."

“Because she all but called me Loki, and if I’m her brother...I can’t finish that thought,” Chuck said. “I need brain bleach.” Casey looked confused.

“Loki was the adopted son of Odin and Frigga,” Sarah countered. Chuck nodded. “And Ellie did pretty much raise you after your father’s death.” Chuck grinned. “What?” Chuck opened up his wrist computer.

“Who says my father’s dead?” Casey and Sarah shared a look. “Odin, are you there?” he asked. He waited a minute. “Odin!” He waited a minute more. “Orion?” he said softly. Casey and Sarah exchanged a look, wondering if he had finally snapped. Chuck made a happy sound and they both turned back to his wrist computer.

“Took you long enough,” the words came over the screen.

“You’re in the machines,” Chuck said, not asked.

“Yes, my mind is, my body...” the screen said.

“That’s why you had the T-800s take Ellie,” Chuck said. “You need a doctor, specifically a neuroscientist. You know she didn’t finish her degree because of all of this, right?”

“I know, if she had stayed in California with you and Devon, we could have finished this already,” the screen said.

“So I’m not being sacrificed to the T-800s?” Chuck asked. The screen remained blank. “Dad?”

“It’s not that simple,” the screen said. “You can beat them, but things...they could go wrong.”

“Then he won’t do it,” Valkyrie said. Chuck gulped.

“Valkyrie, he’s the only one that can,” the screen said. “I can slow them down but he...he can destroy them.”

“No,” Valkyrie said. Chuck took her hand, and he watched a single tear fall down her face. “I love him,” she whispered.

“We know, Dear, we all know,” the screen read.

"I won't lose him," she said.

"Then help him, so all of mankind can have a chance," the screen read. Sarah took the baby and walked off.

"Give it some time, Dad," Chuck said. "Dad, I'm glad you're alive."

"Until we defeat these T-800s, I'm stuck like this," the screen said.

"I'll fix it, Dad," Chuck said, no clue how to.

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Chuck walked into the bedroom that night. Sarah had barely said two words to him the rest of the day. He saw she had made up a space for Molly to sleep, surrounded by pillows, blankets under her. Sarah watched her.

"I don't think you should sleep in here," she said.

"Okay," Chuck said.

"If I'm going to lose you, then I might as well get used to it," she said. Chuck stared at her, and started laughing. She rose, and glared at him, Sarah gone, Valkyrie in her place.

"You don't scare me," Chuck said. "See, if we are really going to do this, this is what you need to understand. We are going to have disagreements, and I am going to do whatever it takes to keep my family safe, and that includes you. I'm not choosing them over you, I know that's what you think. Sarah, if I don't do this, Molly will grow up in this hellhole. Is that what you want?"

"No, but I want you," Sarah whispered.

"You have me," Chuck said. "And if we only get a little bit of time together, isn't that better than being miserable, and living in this hellscape for sixty years. Because here's the thing, one day, all of us, we're going to die. I don't think I'm going to die fighting the T-800s, because there is this badass Valkyrie who's going to do everything in her power to keep me safe, and that includes just loving me. Because I have something they don't, I have her love, and something to come home to." Sarah stared at him, she was visibly

trembling.

“Don’t die,” she whispered.

“I’ll do my best not to,” he replied.

“Promise,” she said.

“I promise I’ll do everything I can not to die,” Chuck said. “Anything more, could be a lie.” Shen nodded. “Still want me to leave?” She shook her head no. He nodded, and walked over to his side of the bed, and she stared at him. “Sarah, we can talk all night, but I can’t read your mind.”

“I don’t know how to say it,” she said. He came over and hugged her. She melted into him. He softly stroked her hair. “I love you, Chuck, and you’ve changed me. I thought you changed me for the worst. I thought I couldn’t fight any more if I admitted I love you. I was wrong.” She pulled away, and took his head in her hands. “I can fight anyone for you and Molly. I can fight a T-800, I can fight a whole fleet of them, but I can’t fight this. Not anymore. I love you.” She kissed him, soft but urgent. She smiled against his face as she heard the moan from his throat. His lips opened, and her tongue made her way in, and he stopped her. “What’s wrong?” She was scared, worried, and wondered what she did wrong.

“Molly,” Chuck squeaked out. Sarah looked over; Molly was fine.

“What’s wrong with her?” Sarah asked.

“We can’t,” he choked out. “Not with her in here.” She groaned and laid her face on his chest.

“Chuuuuuck,” she whined.

“Sorry,” he said. She groaned as she walked away and got in her side of the bed. “Can we cuddle?”

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The next day in the carriage, Casey found himself sitting by Chuck with Molly occupying the spot beside Valkyrie. Chuck looked a little preoccupied.

"I figured once you two mixed your peanut butter and chocolate your moods would improve," Casey said. They both glared at him. Casey laughed.

"Should I take the baby once we get on the train?" Casey asked, chuckling. Sarah stared at Chuck. He had no idea the correct answer.

"That's more a question for Sarah," Chuck said. "She's designated herself protector of all Bartowskis." Sarah smiled at him.

"Molly is a Bartowski?" she asked.

"Well, I am and I do seem to remember Beckman saying she was," Chuck said. "I wonder how ole' General Becks is?"

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Beckman's screen flicked on, startling her.

"General," Frigga said. "I have news."

"They're dead," Beckman said sadly.

"No, they are not dead, they are in fact, a family," Frigga said happily. "Sarah has named herself Chuck's and Molly's guardian."

"What?!" Beckman said, amazed. "She named herself?"

"That is correct," Frigga said. "I understood you married them?"

"That is correct," Beckman said. "It was for the mission-" Frigga cut her off.

"It matters not why, you have completed the contract, and I am accepting their union," Frigga said. "They should be here soon. I suspect you wish to speak to them personally?"

"I would, and what of Hogun?" Beckman asked.

"He is welcomed to stay with us," Frigga said. "At some point, Chuck would like his brother-in-law to join him." She kept the emotion out of her voice.

"We'll get in contact with Captain Awesome and see what we can do about that," Beckman said. The screen cut off. "Valkyrie wants to stay married to Bartowski....I'll be damned...maybe we can win this war."

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A few days later, the team found themselves on a train heading to Heaven. There wasn't much to worry about this time. The guard protected the small group, and few bothered them. The four were in Chuck and Sarah's room, Chuck, Sarah, and Molly on the bed, Casey sitting in a chair across from them.

"I'm just saying I could take Molly for a night. Give you two time to fix what I thought you would have taken care of by now," Casey said, pleased with himself giving them more grief. Chuck's light touch to Sarah's arm stopped her from exploding on Casey.

"I think Uncle Casey misses Molly," Chuck said. Sarah grinned and the look on Casey's face said Chuck had hit the mark. "I think he just wants to make it look a certain way.

"Big bad Hogun like children," Valkyrie said. Casey looked away. "Casey," she said softly. He turned to her. "It's okay."

"He did it," Casey said, looking at Chuck and then back to Sarah. She raised an eyebrow. "He Bartoskified every one of us."

"And there wasn't a damn thing we could do about it either," Sarah said smiling. Casey shook his head, held his hands, out, and Molly came gladly to him. He got up, and took her to his cabin. "Tonight is our last night on the train," Sarah said.

"Some find a train very romantic," Chuck said. Sarah scooted close to him. "Me, I'm afraid raiders will find us and capture us."

"I'll protect you," Sarah said softly. "I know a few tricks." Chuck looked at her. "Trust me."

"I do," he said. The smile he got...he wondered if he hadn't just walked into something.

"Okay, so the first thing, is not to have anything on that can be taken, so you probably better take off all your clothes," she said.

"All of them," he asked, his eyebrow raised. Sarah nodded. "Okay, what else?"

"Well, I'll be close to protect you," Sarah said.

"How close?" Chuck asked.

"So close air can't even get through," she said.

"Now, wait a second, I'm not dumb," Chuck said, and Sarah rolled her eyes. Chuck ignored that. "You'll be clothed, and I'll be naked." Sarah just stared at him. "You're going to have to take off all your clothes too, or it does no good for me to be naked."

"Okay," she said softly.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Mmmhmm," she said, almost humming, a smile ghosting her lips.

"One thing, with you not having clothes on, and me not having clothes on, and there not being enough room between us for air to pass, don't you think it will get a little...intimate?" Chuck asked.

"Well," she said, bouncing a shoulder. "We are married."

"Yes, we are," Chuck said, grinning. "For the record, you once said you'll kill me if I do anything you don't want me to."

"I won't kill you, Chuck," Sarah said. "But if you don't do what I want you to, I might hurt you."

"I'm allergic to pain," Chuck replied. Sarah took his shirt and helped him lift it off. She stared at him.

"I never thought I'd ever do this for love," she whispered to him.

"We don't-" Chuck began.

"SO HELP ME GOD IF YOU SAY WE DON'T HAVE TO, I AM GOING TO HURT YOU!" she said. Chuck nodded. "I was just saying I thought I would die on a mission."

"You can beat anyone," Chuck said, grinning.

"Eventually I wouldn't be able to," Sarah said.

"So you retire," Chuck said.

"To what?" Sarah asked. "For what? I wouldn't be a warrior, and someone, somewhere..." tears started to fall down her eyes. Chuck pulled her in to him, and held her tight.

"Sarah, I love you, and the way it sounds, Heaven is just that. It's going to be what we both want," he said. Sarah shook her head.

"No, Chuck, all I want is you, and you are home, wherever you are, that is where I'll be," Sarah said, pushing him down to the bed. "Now I need to protect you, and it could take all night."

"Whatever you think is best, Dear," Chuck said, grinning.

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"Where's Bartowski?" Casey said, looking a little concerned about Sarah being alone and then realized that there were nothing but guards around. Sarah just smiled, and Casey grunted in annoyance. He looked at the guards, thinking. "What do you do in Heaven about the population problem?" The guards exchanged looks.

"What population problems?" the guard asked. Sarah and Casey exchanged a look. Chuck walked in, looking a little worse for wear, but a goofy grin covered his face. Sarah patted the seat next to her and he sat.

"Wait, the stories are true?" a guard asked. "Women are just...."

"Used," Casey said. The guard nodded, a sick look on his face.

"No, Hogun," the guard said. "Things are like they were before the machines, sure there are some men that need a lesson in manners, but no one just..."

"Good," Chuck said. "So if we went and stayed in Heaven, and something happened to me, Sarah would safe." The guards nodded. Sarah looked at him. "I'm not planning on going anywhere, trust me, I've got two important people to come home to." Sarah reached for Molly and put her between Chuck and Sarah.

“When we reach the train station, we will disembark, enter Heaven, and a convoy will take us to Frigga,” the guard said. The train whistle blew. “It seems we are here.” Chuck looked at his travel companions.

“You know there was a point I wondered if we’d ever get here, and when we did, if I’d have an arm,” Chuck said.

“I thought I was going to have to cut it off,” Sarah said. They exchanged a look, and while they did, they didn’t notice another member of the guard enter the train and hand a note to the head of the guard. He read the paper.

“Are you absolutely sure?” the head of the guard asked. The other guardsman nodded. The head of the guard turned toward the group. “It is my duty to welcome you to Heaven.” The three smiled. “Loki, Odin and Frigga want you to know they are sorry. Ragnarok,” he said, and the flash began. Chuck screamed, Casey snatched Molly out of the way as Sarah grabbed Chuck before he crashed to the ground.

“WHAT DID YOU DO!?” Sarah screamed.

“I am sorry, we are preparing your husband for war,” the head of the guard said. A gurney was wheeled in, and Chuck was strapped on, as the flash continued. Sarah walked out with them eyeing them, the guards keeping a distance from her. They were quickly escorted through the gates of Heaven and into the waiting vehicles. Chuck was put in an ambulance and no one told Sarah she couldn’t join him. A second later Casey and Molly joined her.

“Get the feeling this isn’t Heaven, and is really Hel?” Casey asked. Sarah nodded, wondering what they had stepped into.

A/N: I know...I know...I’m a jerk....Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 9: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 9, The Ride of The Valkyrie

A/N 1: Sickiness in the family, daughter in 2 plays and more regional and state competitions than I can shake a stick at. I've missed this, I promise you more than you've missed reading. March looks to be even more busy, but I'll write when I can. It's my mental health escape from my Asperger's and I need it. Enough about me, let's go.

A/N 2: Apparently the fanfiction website is having an issue getting out alerts about stories right now. If you are interested, I am posting all of my work on my tumblr, davidcarner. You're welcome to follow if it helps. As pointed out by several, Chuck is getting taken advantage of...A LOT...in this story. What does that say about my dreams? I don't know. (Sorry Zac) This chapter...please remember this is a dream I had, it is Sci Fi, and don't ask me to explain to you exactly how it all works because I have NO idea.

Ch 9. Ride of the Valkyrie

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, Norse Mythology, Richard Wagner, or Bugs Bunny...you all have seen What's Opera, Doc...right...right?

Frigga watched the monitor as the status bar slowly loaded. It was currently at 89%.

"I thought this union was supposed to go smoothly?" she asked, becoming irritated...again.

"Well, he's not dead," the words came to the monitor. Frigga's eyes narrowed.

"What about the third upload?" she asked, scared to hear the answer.

"I predict few problems," the screen replied.

"Given your assurances about the other two, that doesn't comfort me one bit," she said, her head in her hand.

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Ambulance on the way to Frigga's headquarters

"Hogun, are we being played?" Valkyrie asked. She blamed herself for this. No, not her, Chuck. He wouldn't quit, with his kindness, his heart, his love...he had caused her to lower her guard and now he lay there motionless. But could she really have prevented this? If she was honest, this was bigger than her. She felt things she didn't know she could, and the fact this happened the day after she finally gave in to herself...she felt like she had to blame herself. She knew, deep down, if he was awake, he'd tell her she was wrong. He'd tell her what they had couldn't be taken away. She knew what she had, and now, she didn't have to wonder anymore. She would do whatever it took to get him back, she didn't care who she had to go through. Hogun's words pulled her out of her thoughts.

"I don't get it, Valkyrie, IF Frigga is his sister-" Hogun said.

"We don't know that she is," Valkyrie replied, cutting him off. "All we know is that she never denied it. Actually we don't know that, she may be setting us completely up."

"You're going to slice them from end to end," Hogun said, not asked. Valkyrie looked at him, her blue eyes flashing.

"I going to send them straight to the gates of Hel if they've hurt him," Valkyrie said softly, but intensely.

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Frigga's base

"That's it, Systir, protect him," Frigga said, smiling.

"You know that's us she's talking about sending to the gate of Hel," the monitor read.

"Maybe that will make sure you don't hurt him," Frigga said testily. "How much longer?" The monitor popped the status back up. It was at 99%. "That last 1% could take an hour," she muttered. No sooner than she said it, it turned to 100%

"You were saying?" the screen read.

"You may be more annoying without a body," Frigga said.

}o{

Ambulance

"Uhhh," Chuck moaned. Valkyrie grabbed one of his hands and put her other hand on his shoulder.

"Chuck?" she asked, worried.

"What's that noise?" he asked.

"It's a heart monitor," Casey said.

"It needs to stop," Chuck said, holding his head.

"Chuck," Valkyrie began, but then she realized. She turned and looked at the heart monitor; it was off. She looked back at Chuck, he was looking back at her.

"That's better," he said. "Hi, Beautiful, sorry if I scared you. Thanks for turning that thing off Casey." Sarah just stared at him.

"I didn't turn it off," Casey said, he was about to say more when the vehicle stopped moving. "We've stopped." He looked out the back window and saw vehicles behind them and a stop light a block further down. "It looks like nothing's really changed here, and it's like it was before the machines came. We're probably stopped at a stoplight."

"I wish it'd turn so we can go on," Chuck said. "I want to get this over with." Suddenly they heard a squeal and a crash in front of them. Casey and Sarah shared a look.

"Chuck me," Casey said, opened the door, hopped out, and looked. The light was green in front of them, and from the way the two drivers were arguing in front of them, all the lights were green. Casey turned, his mouth opened. Sarah hopped out, holding Molly, and looked around. "He's affecting electrical objects."

"Casey, they said Ragnarok," Sarah said. "Ragnarok is the battle between the powers of Hel led by Loki and the Aesir. That includes Frigga, and Odin. Is Chuck going to face off against his family?"

"Are those two really his family?" Casey asked.

“Really?” Chuck said, climbing down. “You two haven’t figured it out?” he asked, smiling. “It’s okay, if it wasn’t for whatever happened, I wouldn’t know,” he said as he pointed at his head. “The Norse terminology wasn’t used until the machines showed up. Their father, or...”

“Odin,” Sarah said, starting to understand. “They pulled him in. Odin is Orion.” Chuck nodded.

“Apparently Dad’s consciousness or something,” Chuck said. “They, well, the machines that Dad controlled, apparently took Ellie that day, but they named her Frigga.”

“Why?” Sarah asked.

“Best I can figure out, it was a truce between Dad and the machines,” Chuck said. “Ellie was put in charge of marriages, and family. This side of the world got to live normal, Dad would quit trying to destroy the machines. The only destroyed T-800 we know of is in the Governor’s sector.”

“So what does this mean?” Hogun asked, wary of Chuck. He assumed Chuck was in control of himself, but what if the machines...

“Hogun, if you try anything, I will personally end you,” Sarah said. Casey blinked. He wasn’t about to go after Valkyrie.

“Guys, I know where we need to go,” Chuck said. “We can end this. We can finish them, I just need one more update, and I need you two.” Sarah walked right up to him.

“I don’t like this,” she said.

“I am aware,” Chuck said grinning.

“You are soooo gonna owe me,” she replied, a smirk growing.

“I’ll gladly pay up, but I need the Valkyrie to ride one more time,” Chuck said. He looked up at Hogun. “You too, big guy.” Casey grinned.

“I get to shoot things?” Casey asked. Chuck nodded. “Of course I’m in!” The guards that were driving the ambulance were watching them, not sure what was about to happen. Chuck finally turned to them.

“Is there something else we can ride in?”

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Over ten hours later, the team pulled up at their destination. Sarah, holding Molly, and looking less like Valkyrie every passing moment, was rolling her eyes at Chuck.

“I’m just saying, of everything to survive, Vegas?” Chuck said.

“The world’s ending, or so people think,” Sarah replied. “Where do you think most people will go in their last hours? Those that have families would go to them, but others....Vegas makes a lot of sense, one last hurrah before the world ends.” Chuck stood there nodding. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

“Inside these doors are either my family, that I thought was dead, or the most evil plan-” Chuck didn’t get any further when an ear splitting shriek hit them and the front door burst open. Before Sarah or Casey could react, a brunette blur hit Chuck right in the chest and grabbed hold of him. Sarah was about to pull the crazy woman off, when an arm grabbed her neck and pulled her in as well.

“You’re all three alive!” she cried.

“Ellie, you’re killing us,” Chuck choked out. Ellie let go and pulled back. Tears were in her eyes. She turned and looked at Sarah with admiration and love. Sarah nearly stepped back, but it was too late, she pounced again.

“Thank you!” Ellie said. “You kept him alive, you loved him, you protected him, and you gave him hope!” Ellie pulled away, looked at her, and pulled her back in again.

“Ellie, she is the Valkyrie, you might not want to upset her,” Chuck warned.

“Hush, Chuck, I’m hugging my sister,” Sarah said. Ellie squealed even more. Casey had his eye shut, wincing. “Meet your niece.” Ellie reached in and took the little girl. “This is your Aunt Ellie,” Sarah said. Molly cooed, and Ellie pulled her in again with her free arm.

“Holy hell,” Casey said. “I’ve seen it all.” Ellie broke the hug, handed Molly to Sarah walked over, and punched Chuck right in the arm.

“What did I do!”

“You didn’t get captured with me,” she said.

“Dad,” Chuck said, and Ellie nodded. “Crap, he sent those machines to get both of us. Before that we were never in a position, were we?”

“He was dying, Chuck,” Ellie said. “The machines were trying to keep him alive, but couldn’t. They needed him alive or his consciousness would float in those things forever, messing with them. I was the one they had to have, but they wanted you. If you had been here sooner little brother, this might already be over.” Sarah stepped up beside him.

“No it wouldn’t,” Sarah said. “He wouldn’t have us to watch his back.” Ellie’s smile was huge.

“You’re right, now, shall we go inside and continue the family reunion?” Ellie asked. They all nodded and headed in. “Dad was able to hold back the machines and keep this part of the world as it was. We let those crazy theories run wild in the rest of what remains of the US. It was awful, but we only had so many resources, and we had to try to win this war.”

“Is Dad going to survive this?” Chuck asked. Ellie took a breath, and set her shoulders.

“I don’t know, Chuck,” she said. “What I do know is he won’t rest until he fixes this mess.” Chuck nodded. “What we need you to do is dangerous.”

“That’s what being the trickster is all about,” Chuck said grinning. Ellie gave him a grin.

“I figured you’d be pleased to have the code name Loki,” Ellie replied. They all stopped as they reached the control room and saw the huge chamber that housed the body of Stephen Bartowski. Chuck walked up to it. There was a screen attached to the chamber.

“Glad you could make it son,” the screen read.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming that day?” Chuck asked.

“It was all I could do to control the machines, I didn’t have the ability at that time to send a message and do what needed to be done. I wanted both of you back, but I had to have Ellie to survive,” Stephen said. Chuck nodded.

"Dad, we need you to survive this," Chuck said.

"Let's defeat the machines, and then go from there, okay?" the screen read. "There is a third upload, the one that will give you the power to turn off the machines. What I need you to do is make sure to broadcast it over their internal communication hub to each other."

"Are we gonna do Independence Day to them?" Chuck asked grinning. Casey grunted in confusion.

"It's a movie where to beat aliens humans put a computer virus into the aliens' systems, destroying them," Ellie explained. "And, basically, yes."

"So how do I get in?" Chuck asked.

"Why can't you just upload the program since your already in the machines, Odin?" Casey asked.

"The program is incompatible with me in my current state," Odin answered. "Look, Son, I'm not going to lie, this one...it's going to hurt, and it may knock you out."

"How long?" Sarah asked.

"Not too long," Odin answered. "Two or three days, max."

"TWO OR THREE DAYS!" she screamed.

"TWO OR THREE DAYS!" Ellie also screamed. Chuck had never seen a screen look nervous before, but he was pretty sure he it did right then.

"He'll be alright," Odin assured them. "Once the three merge, Chuck will wake up, we'll attack the T-800, Chuck will figure out how to turn off the power to the T-800, and turn on the transmitter to infect the other seven machines."

"That doesn't sound quite so easy," Chuck said.

"I don't like this," Sarah said, giving the screen a threatening look.

"Breaking the screen won't hurt him," Ellie said.

"How many?" Chuck asked, grinning.

"Dozens," the screen said. Chuck laughed.

"I'm the only one, huh?" he asked. "So ,what will happen while I'm out?"

"Supercomputer genius here thinks we should transport you to the site while you're out," Ellie answered.

"Not a terrible idea, he won't talk as much during travel," Casey grumbled. Chuck gave him a look.

"Think we can wait until morning?" Chuck asked. "I would really like some alone time with my wife before this...you know, just in case." Sarah just looked at him.

"Don't you mean your family?" she asked.

"Yes," Chuck said nodding. "My wife, and daughter?" Sarah nodded. "And, Sister?" Sarah nodded again. "And, Dad?" Sarah nodded and gave him a look. "And my dear friend who is the older brother I never wanted, Casey?" Sarah smiled.

"What in the fresh hell did you do to her, Bartowski?" Casey asked.

"I believe you called it being, Bartowskified," Chuck answered grinning. Casey grunted and shook his head. For the rest of the night, the mission was dropped, a family reconnected, a new family was forged, and there was a growing belief this would not be a one-time thing. There was a true feeling that after this mission, this gathering would be a regular occurrence. As the night ended, Sarah noticed something against the wall she never had before.

"What is that?" Sarah asked, handing Molly to Chuck and walking over. Ellie smiled, and never looked in that direction.

"I believe you call it a sword," Ellie said. "It's made of a material strong enough to hurt the T-800. I don't know if you could kill one with it, but you can sure make it mad."

"It would be a good thing to have to give someone a distraction if they needed it," Sarah said, looking at the sword in awe.

"That's why you're going to take it, you are the Valkyrie," Ellie said, grinning at Chuck. Sarah's face broke into a smile, she sprinted across the room, and hugged Ellie.

"This is terrible," Casey said grumbling. Chuck winked at Sarah and handed Molly over to Casey as he continued his tirade about lady feelings. He never once thought about not holding the little girl. "I only hope that I can save you from this madness," Casey ended his speech talking directly at Molly and having a huge smile on his face. He looked up, saw everyone looking back at him. He turned to Chuck. "I hate you."

"Love you too, Big Guy," Chuck said, his arms out for his daughter.

"Oh no you don't," Casey said. "I know what you two are going to do tonight, and you're not corrupting her. I've got her for this evening." With that, he picked up the little girl and headed off to bed.

"Your bedroom is on the farthest side of the compound," Ellie said, a grin on her face that said she meant exactly what they thought she was saying.

"Probably best," Sarah said, making Chuck's chin bounce off the floor. She led him off, Chuck's brain trying to reboot. "Just for the record, I'm still in the lead."

"Just for the record, losing to you, really isn't losing," Chuck replied. She stopped and faced him.

"Chuck, I'd say you won," she said, smiling.

"Thirty minutes of silence and then cuddling?" he asked, grinning.

"Can you be quiet for thirty minutes?" Sarah asked.

"OUT!" Ellie yelled at them. "I don't want to have to scrub my brain!" The two left, leaving Ellie with Orion. "I hope this isn't the last time we're all together," she said softly.

"If it is, those that make it will have to honor the others," the words said on the screen. Ellie nodded, and went to lay down, a worried feeling in the pit of her stomach.

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The next morning found them all gathering in the main room. Chuck's hands were sweating like crazy.

"I need you to promise me something," Chuck said. Sarah looked at him. "IF, this goes wrong, I need you to make sure you raise Molly. I can't have you going out there being the Valkyrie and going on a suicide mission. She needs her Mom, and don't give me that you're not her Mom, because you are now." Sarah nodded, tears in her eyes.

"Chuck Bartowski, if you don't come back, I will haunt you the rest of your days," she said, tears now streaming down her face.

"Sweetie, I don't think it works that way," he said softly. There was a glint in her eye.

"Trust me, Buster, it will," she said. He believed her. He gave her a chase kiss and leaned his forehead against her.

"There isn't a T-800, big enough or bad enough to keep me from coming back to you," Chuck said.

"Damn, straight," she mumbled. "Especially since I've got that cool sword to watch your back with. Be careful, Chuck, there are people here who need you." With that she gave him a toe-popping kiss, smacked his backside, and walked over to the rest of the group. Chuck nodded, walked over to the monitor, turned to Ellie, and nodded.

"Good luck little brother," she said. "When you wake up, you will definitely be the trickster they never wanted to see." She pressed a button and the images flew. His eyes watched them all, and when it was over, he fell straight back. "I knew I forgot something," she said, wincing at his crash.

"Okay, let's get this show on the road," Casey said. They all packed the gear, and Chuck, and departed, leaving Ellie, Molly, and the chamber holding the body of Stephen in the compound.

"He'll be okay," the monitor read.

"I hope you right," Ellie replied. "If not, I'll let you deal with Sarah." She swore the monitor shuddered.

A/N: We've got one more chapter to go. Next up, Valhalla I Am Coming. Just go ahead and put Immigrant Song on repeat...Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 10: Chuck vs The Uprising Ch 10, Valhalla is Coming

A/N: You're still here. Really? After all of this, you are still here? Okay, for the record, this scene is the first I actually dreamt, and the rest was flashbacks. (I know, I can't stand the Arrow flashbacks, but yet I'm dreaming it that way) Again, this is a dream. This chapter goes all the way over the top and to go away from the dream now would be a disservice. I have changed minor things but this, this is what woke me up and made me go....Whoa...Nine chapters have led us to this moment, and now I'm telling you, we really get weird. Of course the Intersect, Norse Mythology, and the Terminator universe aren't exactly normal are they?

A/N 2: Apparently the fanfiction website is having an issue getting out alerts about stories right now. If you are interested, I am posting all of my work on my tumblr, davidcarner. You're welcome to follow if it helps. You made it this far, let's finish this. (Yeah, just turn on Zeppelin while you listen, because it was on repeat in the dream) Ch 10, Valhalla I Am Coming.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, Terminator, Norse Mythology, or Led Zeppelin...wait...you do know who Led Zeppelin is...right?

"You've got to wake up," Sarah said. "It's been five days and we're nearly there." Chuck's eyes fluttered opened, and looked around.

"We're the strangest Warriors Three ever," he mumbled. Sarah and Casey shared a look. "She's got to be Fandral."

"No, I'm the Valkyrie, and apparently you're Loki," Sarah said. Chuck sat up, and held his head. He looked right at her.

"You're not going to like this," he said.

"It's dangerous," she said. He nodded. "Will I be there with you?"

"Close, but the actual destruction, it's on me," he said. "I'm going to need you to take it on, and somehow I'll have to look into its eyes, up close."

"That's suicide," Casey said. Chuck turned to him.

"The whole time, you'll be fighting off the bipedals with new guns that shoot lasers but shouldn't run out of ammo," Chuck said. Casey grinned. "You've got problems. The eyes, aim for the eyes because behind there is the processors which will destroy them."

"The guns won't run out of ammo?" Casey asked, excited.

"Oh they will eventually because of the charge wearing down, but by the time that would happen would take several days, and if we're fighting that long we're dead already," Chuck replied. They somberly nodded, understanding what they were up against.

"Okay, what else?" Sarah asked.

"We have suits that should absorb some of their fire, should we be hit, it won't necessarily be lethal but..."

"It will hurt," Casey said. Chuck nodded. "So any idea where we do this at?" Chuck nodded, and looked a little pale. "Chuck me," Casey muttered. "We have to go to the heart, don't we?" Chuck nodded.

"So basically we're going to be fighting off thousands of bipedals until we get a T-800 to come out and play with us?" Sarah asked. Chuck shrugged.

"Dad has somehow gotten them all away from the tower they've built, but like you said, it's guarded by the bipedals," Chuck explained. "Once we get there, Dad is going to try to send only one our way. They'll know it's our attack, they'll probably attack Heaven's defenses in retaliation."

"If we don't succeed..." Casey said, trailing off. Chuck nodded.

"They're probably all dead," Chuck admitted. "Dad can only hold so many off for so long."

"This isn't just suicide it's a chance at the whole country dying!" Sarah said. Chuck nodded.

"This is our one shot at hope," Chuck admitted. "We'll go to the bunker we found, and launch the following dawn."

"That's two days out," Casey said. Chuck and Sarah glanced at each other. "The night before, I'm sleeping on the other end of the compound. I'd tell you two to get plenty of sleep, but that would be wasting my breath." They didn't even bother to argue with him.

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That morning found all three silent. They dressed in the clothes sent to each, head to toe in black with black trench coats. Chuck began to technobabble explain to them how the coats protected them, but Sarah just kissed him and took his word for it, and Casey grunted.

"Can I tell you how ridiculously hot you look with the sword on your back?" Chuck asked. Sarah just grinned at him. She slipped on her shades, checked both of her guns, and started walking toward the door.

"If we survive this, she may kill you in the after math," Casey said, grinning.

"Yeah, but what a way to go," Chuck replied. When they all reached the doorway to the outside, Chuck paused. "Okay, here goes nothing." Chuck's eyes flicked back and forth, and then he shook his head.

"You okay?" Sarah asked, and he turned to her and grinned.

"This upload was a beast," he said. "But it gave me some amazing skills." Sarah grinned.

"Then let's go break somethings," Sarah said, grinning.

The three hopped in the vehicle that had been provided for them, and made their way to the tower that rose in the distance. After a short drive, they stopped the car and saw the army that stood before them.

"How many?" Casey asked. Chuck's eyes flickered. "You are not counting them. You are not!"

“Okay,” Chuck said. Sarah fought back a laugh and Casey rolled his eyes. “Say five hundred a piece,” as he got out of the car.

“And we have to hit them in the eye?” Casey asked. Chuck shrugged.

“You and I do, she has a big sword over there that can cut through them like a hot knife through butter,” Chuck said. Casey grunted, jealously. Chuck pulled out one of his weapons and aimed. Casey just watched him, shaking his head. “Are you ready?” Chuck asked.

“As ready as we’ll ever be,” Casey answered. “I’m just glad those things aren’t all armed.”

“Only about fifteen percent or so,” Chuck replied. “Here goes nothing.” With that, he squeezed off five shots and Casey’s mouth dropped when he saw five of the bipedals go down.

“HOW?” he shouted. Chuck shrugged.

“Intersect,” Chuck said. “Let’s go,” he said, grinning and began to run toward the hoard. Sarah smiled and took off after him, drawing her sword.

“They’re both nuts,” Casey said, but grinned, drawing his weapons.

The firefight began, and it looked like they would be overtaken in no time, but Chuck leaped over the front line with skills no one knew he had. The first row turned and got taken out by a sword swipe by Sarah. The battle raged, and several times Casey swore the kid was laughing as he made gestures with his hand and it did things to the bipedals. As the bipedals fell they kept their eyes for the T-800, but it didn’t show.

“How is your gun holding up?” Chuck asked, when he and Casey found themselves back to back.

“Good, how many do you think are left?”

“Under six hundred,” Chuck replied.

“I’m getting tired, Kid,” Casey admitted.

"How many shots have you taken?" Chuck asked.

"More than I wanted to, some of us can't flip like you...or her," Casey admitted.

"Should we make a stand here?" Chuck asked.

"May have to, Kid," Casey said. "I'm scared we bit off more than we can chew." Suddenly a plane swooped over and shot down several hundred of them.

"How's that?" Chuck heard in his head. "I finally figured out which station I could contact the Intersect with. By the way if you'd turn on your audio on the wrist computer it would be easier to talk with you about strategy." Chuck turned it on quickly.

"Ellie?" he asked, amazed.

"ARE YOU CRAZY!" she screamed. "We could have blown up the majority of them with the plane but you had to charge them like a crazy person, like some..."

"Mischievous, crafty, cunning, genius?" Chuck offered.

"You are really buying the line of being Loki," Ellie said. "How's the odds now?"

"Oh, it's less than 100 to one," Casey said. "I may take a nap and let the other two handle it."

"Don't get cocky there are more in the tower," Ellie said.

"Thanks, Sis, we've got it from here," Chuck said. Sarah stabbed the last bipedal, walked over, and slapped Chuck on the arm.

"ARE YOU NUTS!?" she screamed. "Why would you do that?"

"Because no one told me beforehand about any plan," Chuck replied. Sarah through for a second.

"So, your new plan is to invade that tower and kill everything?" she asked. Chuck nodded. She took a deep breath and turned to Casey.

"You good, Hogun?" she asked. Casey nodded, grinning.

"My trigger finger is getting a goood workout." Sarah shook her head, grinning.

"Chuck, Dad said, one is one its way," Ellie said. Chuck looked at the other two.

"Ellie, if this goes wrong, and we don't win, what would happen if we took down that transmitter?" Chuck asked.

"Ellie, ignore him, it's not going wrong," Sarah said. Chuck gulped. "Now let's go finish this." They headed toward the tower, and the earth began to tremble. The three took positions, and Chuck looked at Sarah. "I love you, I never thought I'd feel that here," she said. "Don't die."

"Don't you die either," Chuck said. "That goes for both of you." Casey and Sarah looked at each other, and shared a nod. They all three readjusted their sunglasses, and Chuck punched something into the wrist computer.

"What did you do?" Casey asked.

"Does it help?" Chuck asked. Casey grinned as he looked at the readout on the glasses screen.

"Oh, yeah," he said. Casey opened fire on the T-800, and with that distraction, the Valkyrie struck. She wielded her sword like a thing of beauty hitting it over and over while Chuck flashed. He studied all the fight possibilities and found only one. He took his glasses off and tucked them in his inside coat pocket.

"Hey, you looking for me, I'm Loki," Chuck said, with his arms opened wide. The T-800 moved with a speed no one realized. Sarah jumped on its back, but it flung her off, into Casey. They both went down, but Chuck stood his ground. A metal hand grabbed his throat, shoving him down to the ground, trapped. "Hey," he choked out. "At least look into my eyes before you kill me." The T-800 pulled back his fist to end Chuck when it looked right in Chuck's eyes. Contact. "I want you to know, this is gonna hurt," he said, and the mother of all flashes began.

The T-800 was caught in it, and Chuck felt all the Intersect going through him into the T-800. Chuck also felt himself joining it, as he left his body and entered the T-800.

"Over hear," he heard, and there was his father. "You have to flip that switch to infect the others!" Chuck found the switch his father talked about, and went to push it, but his

hand went right through it. "You're not physically here, Son, you have to use your mind, concentrate on what's important to you."

He thought about the world, but that wasn't doing it. He thought about his family, and he felt it tremble. He thought about Sarah and it strained, and then, the picture of Sarah holding a baby with Molly running around entered his mind, and the switch moved.

"We've got to go!" Stephen yelled. They headed for the exit, and Stephen went down as things that resembled miniature bipedals grabbed his foot. "GO! It's the T-800s defenses! GO!"

"I can't leave you!" Chuck yelled.

"GO!" and with that he was ripped from the T-800. He awoke on his back, the hand still wrapped around his throat.

"Hang on, Kid!" Casey yelled. He and Sarah pried the unmoving T-800s hand off of Chuck's throat.

"Ellie, what's the status?" Chuck asked.

"It's over! We won, we won!" Ellie screamed, looking at the monitors. All the machines were no longer moving. There were no signs of electronic life. "Dad! We did it!" she said, looking at the monitor he always talked to her through. There was no message. Tears welled in Ellie's eyes. They had won, but at what cost. A tapping behind her pulled her out of her thoughts. She spun and found the source of the tap. It was the chamber Stephan's body was in. She rushed over, and opened the door.

"..lie..," came the voice.

"Easy, Dad, you haven't talked in a while," she said.

"Sis, we're all okay," Chuck's voice came over the speaker. "We're a little battered and bruised, but we're okay." Ellie lowered her head and let the tears of joy out. The nightmare was over.

Epilogue I

6 months later

"You can made a soufflé? Chuck asked, surprised.

"Why would you think I can't?" Sarah asked.

"Well, you spent most of your time fighting your way through an apocalyptic hellscape, and I wouldn't have thought you'd have much time to pick up the finer points of cooking," Chuck said.

"Maybe this is pre-your-dad-screwing-things-up," Sarah said, grinning. She threw a chopstick at a knife she had left out on the far counter, knocking it away from the edge where Molly, pulling herself up couldn't get to it. The chopstick bounced away at an angle that wasn't even close to the child. Chuck let out a low whistle.

"Where did you get chopsticks?" he asked, impressed.

"Delivery from the Bamboo Dragon yesterday," Sarah said, as if he had lost his mind.

"I didn't order Bamboo Dragon yesterday or have any," Chuck said. Sarah looked down guiltily at her stomach.

"You're blaming the baby," Chuck said, in amusement. Sarah shrugged. Chuck walked over, picked up Molly, and headed toward the door. "Want me to get the food?"

"I drug you through the Wastelands, Chuck Bartowski, I can carry some food through the courtyard, I'm pregnant, not dead!" Chuck slinked away, not seeing Sarah grinning at him, knowing he was only trying to care for her and their new one.

The monthly get together was always held at the compound, which was just across the courtyard. Homes had been built for the saviors against their protests. The people said it was for them more than the saviors themselves. They wanted the group to always be nearby...just in case. As always everyone was there, Casey, Chuck, Sarah, Molly, Stephen, Ellie, and Devon who had come immediately to find his wife when the crisis was over and he was told she was still alive. Gertrude had begun to come to the gatherings, since she made Casey happy; Sarah had demanded it. Stephen was always a bit withdrawn, looking like he was far away.

"Is he okay," Chuck asked Ellie, in what was becoming a recurring question each time they met. She shrugged, which had always been her answer. Chuck nodded and grinned, knowing what was coming.

"Who knows what happened to his mind in there," they said together, it had been said by Ellie so many times that Chuck knew what was coming.

"What's important is he's here, we're here, we survived," Ellie said.

"Yeah, but so many didn't," Chuck said.

"And, that could also be weighing on him," Ellie said. "Besides, someone else is watching him as well." Chuck looked at her, and followed her gaze. Sarah was always watching Stephen when they were together. Ellie put her hand on his arm. "She doesn't think he's a threat, she's just trying to protect you." Chuck smiled. "That's what saved her, so don't even think of ever asking her not to." Chuck watched her, and Sarah turned to him with a smile.

"Wouldn't dream of it, Sis."

Epilogue II

2 Years After the Final Battle

Stephen sat at the computer, having just finished the code. He studied it long and hard, and looked at the line. He needed to plug his computer into the internet to make it connected to the outside world. He got up, stretched, and walked out of the room. From the dark hallway boots clicked on the ground as they stopped right in front of the computer. She clicked enter.

Shall we play a game?

"Are you connected to the outside world?" she asked.

To play you need to connect me.

"Yeah, nah," she said, reaching for the sword on her waist.

"Honey, wait," came the voice behind her. She turned to find her husband, two and a half year old daughter, and fifteen month old son. Her husband was reaching into his pocket and pulled out a device. He clicked it and Beastie Boys *Sabotage* began to play over the room's speakers.

"You think of everything," Sarah said smiling.

"I know, now go get it, Valkyrie," Chuck said returning the grin. Sarah looked at him. "Sorry, Sarah." She smiled, winked and brought the sword down on the computer tower. She began to absolutely destroy it into tiny pieces. Stephen walked back into the room holding a flash drive.

"What's going on?" Stephen asked. Chuck gave him a look. Stephen sighed. "I missed it, Chuck," his father answered honestly. "I thought I could find what I was looking for, and I didn't. I don't know that it's out there," he said, a look on his face that his thoughts were millions of miles away. He shook his head and held up the USB drive. "This would have killed it, I won't do it again. The stakes are too great. I guess we can go too far."

"Grandpa, can we play checkers?" Molly asked.

"I'd like that, Sweetie," Stephen said, walking over to the other side of the room to get the board. Between her swings, his and Sarah's eyes met. He nodded at her in approval, she returned the nod, turned to her husband, winked, and returned to destroying the tower. "She really puts herself into her work." Stephen said, grinning.

"You have no idea," Chuck replied, grinning. "You have no idea."

Epilogue III

"It's all been contained," the man behind the desk asked.

"Yes," the woman answered.

"And we have no idea why it only happened in America?" he asked.

"Only speculation, and all of it seems crazy," she replied.

"He survived?"

“All reports are that he did.”

“Thank you, that will be all,” he said, as she turned and started to leave. “Frost?” she paused. “Do you think it was to find you?” She turned back to face him and shrugged.

“We have a saying in our family, you can never go too far,” Frost replied.

“I would say you’re wrong on that, Frost, because if he did, it wasn’t enough and it was too much.” She nodded, turned back around, and walked out. As she headed down the hallway a slight smile crossed her face.

“No, Alexei, you’re wrong, you can never go too far,” she said as she strolled down the hallway of Volkoff Industries.

A/N: First I am well aware that Beastie Boys *Sabotage* would have been made during the time of the machines, and probably didn’t exist, but the dream said it did, so it did. I know, insane, right. Second, there is no plan for a sequel, because what could top that, but I dreamed the last part so...who knows. (I mean the thing that poisoned Sarah in the show was called the Norseman...Part of my mind keeps thinking that Volkoff Industries could be Hel or Nifheim....probably Hel, because if Frost is the female Baldr than that would signal the beginning of Ragnarok....I’ll stop now) Third, if there are any loose plot threads, it’s probably because I don’t know. Why did the machines only attack America? I don’t know. Why didn’t any country help America? I don’t know. I gave you the dream the best I could, it’s crazy, let’s just all admit that, but it was kinda fun, wasn’t it? That’s it, thanks for hanging out and hearing about it. Working on other things, so keep checking in with me. Got a story idea you want me to tackle? Got a take on how the sequel would go? I’ll always listen, don’t know if I can make it happen, but I can try. Take care, see you soon.

DC