

Chuck vs Truffaut Industries

by David Carner

Ah, one of my early fluff fests. I will be adding any one shots in this universe to this story. AU When 2005 upstart Truffaut Industries has a problem setting up their network, there's only one nerd who can fix the problem. What happens when our favorite nerd meets a certain grandmother and her granddaughter? Is it fluff? Probably, it is me. Charah.

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance · Chapters: 14

Chapter 1: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 1, I Only Work on Macs

A/N: I know...don't beat me. Sarah vs The Life Unexpected is almost over. Chuck vs The Uprising is not going to be more than 15 chapters. This, this is a story I have always wanted to do, but didn't have the guts. Today being the 6 yr anniversary of the last episode, has got my mind thinking about it again. I bounced it off of Steampunk. Chuckster for over an hour, and as usual, she said go for it. I'm going to try it, and if it's a bomb, it's a bomb. This is a short introduction, I hope you enjoy it, Ch 1, I Only Work on Macs

Buy More 2005

"Nerd Herd, Chuck Bartowski speaking. Hey, Ray, what's up. I see. I mean I can, but Harry is going to lose his mind. Wait let me get a pen and write all of this down. So, Truffaut Industries network install. What do they do? They're a security company? Don't they have their own tech guy who can help. He only works on Macs...I see. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, Ray. I can't just go do an install and get none of the sale. I see. 60/40. You get the 60, and I do 100% of the work? I don't think so Ray. Ray, I went to Stanford, I'm not stupid. Getting kicked out is beside the point. Yes. That's right I want 60. You know

what, you talk to Harry Tang then. I'm in the system now, I see it, pleasure doing business with you Ray." Chuck hung up and looked at the phone, satisfied.

"You could have got 70," Morgan said wondering by.

"That would just be greedy," Chuck replied, trying to find Harry. "Think I can get to Big Mike before Harry finds out?"

"Bartowski!" Big Mike yelled. "What did you do?"

"I got a sale?" Chuck replied.

"That's exactly what you did, Son," Big Mike said, slamming his fist happily on the Nerd Herd desk. "You've made me extremely happy, Son. Do you know what would make me happier?"

"What's that, Big Mike?" Chuck asked.

"To go complete that install," Big Mike said. Chuck nodded.

"You got it."

"And take Jeff with you," he said as he headed back to his office. Chuck dropped his head.

"I'll go get my can of cheese," Jeff said. Chuck stood there and nodded.

"Take your time, Jeff," Chuck said looking around and noticing how everyone had scurried away. He sighed, at least he could get out of the building for a while.

After a discussion about whether to take Jeff's van or the Nerd Herder (more of a begging on Jeff's part, and Chuck's refusal) the two found the building in Simi Valley. It was obvious they weren't open for business yet, but it didn't look like it was far from opening. Chuck opened the door, and went inside, followed by Jeff.

"Hello, we're with the Nerd Herd," Chuck yelled.

"Do you think aliens took them?" Jeff asked.

"Don't be preposterous," a thin man said coming up to them. "They would have left doppelgangers if they had."

“How do we know you’re not one?” Jeff asked.

“You don’t,” the thin man replied. Jeff reached out, and sprayed his can of cheese on the man’s head. The man looked at him, reached up, got some of the cheese, and put it in his mouth.

“Sharp,” the thin man said. “I approve.” He reached out with the same hand that had the cheese on it to Chuck. “Lester Patel.” Chuck just nodded at him.

“Chuck Bartowski,” Chuck replied. “That’s Jeff, and I’m assuming you only work on Macs.” Jeff shook Lester’s hand and then licked the palm where some cheese had transferred. Chuck closed his eyes for a split second, trying to regain some semblance of control.

“I only work on Macs,” Jeff said. Lester nodded.

“Why would we work on anything else?” Lester responded.

“Oh, I don’t know, because your employer doesn’t have Macs,” Chuck replied.

“You could come work with me,” Jeff offered. “I can get you hired.” Chuck shook his head. Not because Jeff was wrong, because if Jeff told him too, Big Mike would hire him.

“Do you like 80s music?”

“I love 80s music,” Lester replied.

“We could be a band,” Jeff said.

“Do either of you play an instrument?” Chuck asked, trying to stop the out of control freight train.

“Charles, do you hate unicorns?” Lester asked. Chuck shook his head.

“Come on,” Jeff said. “Let’s get you hired.” The two walked out the door, got in the Nerd Herder, and left. Chuck pulled out his phone, and made a call.

“Morgan,” Chuck said. “You owe me \$20, he just took the Nerd Herder.” Chuck laughed at his friend’s response. “Listen, he’s bringing someone to get a job. No, he has no business being at the Buy More. He only works on Macs. I agree, Big Mike will probably

hire him on the spot. I'll call you, Buddy." Chuck hung up as he saw a lady look down the hall at him. "Hello?"

"Hi, are you with the Buy More?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm Chuck Bartowski with the Nerd Herd," he said. "I think your IT guy just quit. He and my coworker just took my car and left."

"Oh, thank God!" the woman exclaimed. She came towards him, hand outstretched. "I'm Emma. Emma Truffaut," she said. "I made such a mistake of hiring that fool. My daughter really wanted to give me grief over it, but she's been too kind."

"Gwanny," a cry came down the hall.

"Oh, could you come this way please," Emma said. "I'm watching my granddaughter until my daughter gets back."

"Dad at work?" Chuck said.

"I have no idea," Emma said. "I've never met the father."

"Oh," Chuck said. "I hope you'll forgive me, I have a terminal case of foot in mouth disease." Emma gave him a smile.

"No worries," Emma replied. "I've never met the father, and I'm not sure he knows he's the father." Chuck gave her a look, and Emma realized she had said too much. "I hope you'll keep that to yourself." Chuck nodded.

"No problem," Chuck said. Emma gave him a look.

"I feel I've told you not enough to tell you as much as I have," she said. "Apparently they met at a football game around three years ago." Chuck's eyes widen just a bit. "They had a night, the way my daughter describes him, she had no regrets, he was a nice guy, and they used protection, but as she says, 99.2%." Chuck put a finger in his shirt and stretched the collar out a little.

"A little hot in here, don't you think?" he asked. "What did you say your daughter's name was?"

“Sarah, Sarah Walker,” Emma replied. Chuck took a deep breath, smiled, and then nodded.

“I suspect there are many out there that could have found themselves in similar circumstances,” he said.

“Gwanny,” they heard, as they saw the toddler in her crib.

“She just woke up from a nap,” Emma said. Chuck looked at the little girl. The long blond hair, the crooked grin, and the stormy blue eyes...if he didn’t know better...

“Did your daughter go to Harvard?” Chuck asked. Emma nodded and pointed to the wall, where her degree hung. Chuck walked over and looked at it. It said Sarah Walker, plain as day. “Well, why don’t you show me what’s wrong and I’ll see if I can’t get this straightened out.”

She told him what was wrong, and Chuck got to work. A few hours later, he found himself under a table, when he felt a presence behind him, assuming it was Emma or Sarah, he decided to ask for a bit of help.

“Could you please hand me that screwdriver?” he asked.

“Okay,” the small voice came, and he felt the screwdriver in his hand. He looked over and saw a smile from the little girl. He tightened a few screws, and clapped his hands.

“I think it’s fixed,” he said to her. He got up off the floor, sat down in a chair, and turned the computer on. She walked over to him, and started to climb up on his lap. Chuck grinned, picked her up, and sat her in his lap. She looked perfectly content.

“Molly?” Emma’s voice came down the hall again.

“She’s with me,” Chuck said, grinning. Emma came around the corner, and she looked quite surprised. “I hope it’s okay, she was climbing up me so I thought I’d save her some work.”

“It’s fine,” Emma said, a strange catch in her voice. “Molly doesn’t have a lot to do with men. In fact she usually cries when one tries to hold her.” Chuck looked down at her.

"Is it okay I hold you?" Chuck asked. She nodded. Chuck began to work on the keyboard while balancing the toddler on his knee. She started to reach for the keyboard. "Don't do that, sweetie," he said gently. She pulled her hand back. "If I tell you which button to push, can you?" She nodded. Chuck clicked the mouse a few times, and then pointed at which button. Molly pushed it with glee. "You're a smart one, aren't you?"

"She should be," Emma said, giving them a strange look. "Her mother went to Harvard, her father to Stanford." Chuck nodded. "Where did you go to school, Chuck?"

"Stanford," Chuck said, grinning. "But, I never met a Sarah Walker." Emma laughed, nervously. "Although I did meet someone once at a Stanford Harvard football game.

"Small world," Emma said. She heard the front door open, and rushed out of the room. Molly looked up at Chuck.

"Is your cheek okay?" Chuck asked. Molly felt it, and looked concerned. "Can I check it?" Molly nodded. Chuck stood her up, and raspberried her cheek, and Molly shriek with laughter. Down the hall, Emma caught her daughter.

"Mom, I thought I told you to only use the Thousand Oaks, Buy More," Sarah said.

"I did, dear, but they couldn't do it, so they sent the best guy they had from the Burbank one," Emma explained. Sarah huffed.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Sarah said. "I'm overreacting."

"Why is it such a big deal?" she asked. Sarah looked at her and smiled.

"Are you sure you aren't a former spy?" Sarah asked.

"Being a parent is a bit of spycraft," Emma replied, grinning. Sarah started toward the offices.

"I hope their best is good enough," Sarah said.

"Oh, I think he is," Emma said, deciding to just see how this played out. Sarah rounded the corner, and saw the technician holding her daughter. The way he held her seemed so natural. He was tall, had brown, curly hair, and she knew immediately who he was. She stopped mid-stride.

“Oh, Sarah,” Emma said softly.

“Mama!” Molly cried seeing her mother. Chuck bent to put down Molly, and she hurried to her mother. Chuck turned around to introduce himself to Sarah Walker. There was the normal Bartowski smile on his face. It fell off halfway through his turn as he saw her. Shock covered his face. He just stared at her.

“Jenny?” he asked, just above a whisper. Emma shut her eyes, and Sarah gave a sad smile.

“Hi, Chuck,” she said.

“Jenny Burton?” he said again. Sarah winced, and then looked on in shock as Chuck fainted onto the floor.

“Sarah,” Emma began, and couldn’t finish.

“Yeah, Mom?” Sarah asked as she bent down to check on him. She found a pulse and she sat in the floor holding his head. She looked up at her mom.

“I guess you did know where he was all along,” she said. Sarah gave a sad smile as she brushed him hair with her hand.

“Yeah,” she admitted.

A/N: There’s a story here. A good one, I think...will this be fluff? I don’t know, but it’s me, so probably. Let me know. Until next time.

DC

Chapter 2: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 2, Complicated

A/N: So, most of you like it, some of you are a little irritated at Sarah (some of you all are flat mad). So, let's see what we can do about that. Backstory time. Sit back, get in your car, head up the 5 to Stanford, find your Arvil Lavigne CD (you know you had it), and put on Complicated. (you might need tissues) Ch 2, Complicated

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but I'm hoping someone makes a movie soon.

Stanford, August 2002

"Are you and Jill coming to the party tonight?" Bryce asked.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," Chuck replied. "I've got class, Buddy, see you later."

Bryce headed back across the quad when he was stopped by a man in a dark suit and sunglasses.

"Bryce Larkin," Langston Graham said. Bryce stopped short.

"Sir, what are you doing here?" Bryce asked.

"This is too important to trust to anyone else," Graham said. "I have an assignment for you."

"Sir, I have class," Bryce said, wanting to do his job, but knowing he couldn't get behind in his classwork. Graham smiled.

"The assignment is on campus," Graham said. "We have reason to believe that Fulcrum has infiltrated parts of the CIA and is already recruiting. We fear that one of your classmates may be an agent."

"Who?"

"Jill Roberts," Graham said, watching the color drain from Bryce's face.

"That's nuts, Sir," Bryce said. "All due respect," he added quickly. Graham nodded.

"Let's be sure," he said, handing him small electronic devices. "Plant these bugs in her purse, phone, residence, wherever you can. Let's be safe rather than sorry." Bryce nodded. "Bryce, above all else, keep Chuck Bartowski safe."

"Chuck, sir?" Bryce asked. "Why would he be in trouble?"

"I don't know that he is, but when we recruited you we also checked out Chuck," Graham explained. "We don't need him going through any more tragedy." Bryce nodded. "I don't want to keep you, Son, but you have to know this is the highest priority."

"I understand, Sir," Bryce said. Graham nodded and Bryce left. He watched him walk away, and pulled out a cell phone.

"Orion, it's done," Graham said. "You'll be surveilling as well? Fine, just get me my Intersect."

Three weeks later

"I can't believe it," Chuck said, taking a swig of another beer. "We got through the summer, that's what I was worried about. I mean I get it, I'm a nerd," he paused and his brows furrowed. "She's a nerd too, but a brainy nerd, you know?" he said, turning to Bryce. "I mean she's kinda outta my league, she's so smart," Chuck said, dreamily. "But to tell me she was doing half the football team, that's just harsh."

"Hypersexuality is such an unknown in the world of medicine," Bryce said, nursing his second beer. Bryce had lost count of how many Chuck had drank. The bug had found Jill was indeed a part of Fulcrum, and in an interesting twist, Graham agreed to keep Jill out of a hole if she would break up with Chuck. He said it had to be something that gave him no chance of ever wanting her back. Bryce wasn't sure her telling Chuck that she was having sex with half of the football team was necessary, but it had done the trick.

"I mean how does she even know some of those guys?" he asked, blowing air out of his cheeks.

"I have no idea, Buddy," Bryce said. He loved Chuck like a brother, but this was the third night of this, and it was enough. Bryce's phone rang. "I gotta take this man." Chuck grinned.

“AHHHH,” Chuck said, grinning sloppily. “I know, is it Heather Jenkins, no, I know, Rebecca Stephens.” He sat up quickly. “I know, I know, it’s Suzie Pfepercorn.”

“I don’t know Suzie Pfepercorn, Chuck,” Bryce said. Chuck thought a second, and then turned back to the bar.

“Yeah, you wouldn’t,” Chuck admitted. “She went to my high school. She had pretty eyes.”

“Eyes, Chuck,” Bryce said chuckling. “You can speak freely here,” he said, as he patted Chuck’s back standing up.

“Thanks, Buddy,” Chuck said. “She had the greenest eyes,” he said, his glossing over thinking back. “It was like looking into a field of grass in the spring after the rain.” Bryce shook his head at his friend, grinning.

“Never change, Buddy, never change,” he said walking outside. He called back the number. “Larkin, secure.”

“Graham, secure,” Graham answered.

“Please for the love of God, Sir, get me out of here,” Bryce begged.

“That bad,” Graham asked.

“Worse,” Bryce answered.

“Hang on tonight, and I’ll get my best agent there to watch him over the weekend,” Graham answered. “I need you to take out that cell, Larkin, they may be targeting Bartowski.”

“Understood, sir,” Bryce answered. “Do I need to hand him off?”

“Negative, Bryce,” Graham answered. “Leave tomorrow like planned. I have other eyes on him, but I need my best on him. She’ll take care of him.” Bryce was uncomfortable.

“Sir, no disrespect, but with everything Chuck’s been through,” Bryce began.

“Larkin, she’s not going to seduce him,” Graham answered. “She’s good enough she doesn’t have to do that.”

"Thank you, sir," Bryce said. He heard a dial tone. He sighed and walked back in, and Chuck was still talking about Suzie's green eyes."

Simi Valley

Sarah stood in front of her mother's house, and just stared at it. How hard was it to walk up and ring a doorbell, or knock on a door....or better yet, hop in her Porsche and drive off? She sighed, walked up to door and rang the doorbell. The door opened.

"Sa-" Emma began. "What do I call you?"

"It's probably best to call me Sarah," she answered. Emma nodded and pulled her into a hug.

"Come in," Emma said, after they broke the hug. Sarah came in and joined her mom at the kitchen table. "So, what's your mission?"

"No, mission, Mom," Sarah answered, shaking her head. "I'm here for the football game, and to see you."

"Football?" Emma asked grinning. Sarah sighed.

"I mean I do like it, but...Harvard's not that great," she said, sighing. "I've been gone on the weekends for so many CAT Squad missions that I need to do something with the student body." She was silent for a second. "I could use the time to study," she grumbled under her breath.

"How is real school going?"

"Good, I'm going to graduate on time, maybe even early," she said grinning. Emma returned the grin, and then it left. "Mom, please don't," she said softly.

"What did he ever do for you?" Emma spit out. Sarah sighed.

"I have a deal with Graham," Sarah said. "He lets dad out on parole after five years, he clears his name after ten."

"Sweetie, your father doesn't deserve what you're doing for him," Emma said.

"He's my dad," Sarah said softly, tears in her eyes.

"I know, Sweetie, I know," she said, putting her arm around her. "I just hate this."

"I'm getting a college education, dad gets out, and you're okay," Sarah said. "I made the best with the hand I was dealt." Emma held her daughter close, and just looked up at the ceiling.

"I hate this," Emma said softly. Sarah gave a laugh.

"There's days I do too," she admitted. Her phone rang, she groaned, and rolled her eyes.

"I've got to take this." Emma nodded, let her go, and Sarah walked to her room.

"Walker, secure," Sarah said.

"I need you to go to Stanford," Graham said.

"I'm going for the game Saturday," she said.

"I need you to go now," Graham said. "We have a high priority target. He's a civilian and he may be in danger, I need you to get close to him and keep him in your sight for the next several days."

"Sir," Sarah began, bile rising in her mouth.

"Sarah, I'm not suggesting what you're worried about," Graham said. "You know me better."

"I know, Sir, it just sounded...yes, Sir, I understand," Sarah said.

"I'll text you the substation address there and the code of the day, they'll have your dossier ready," Graham said. "Sarah, this is a good guy. He is a citizen that's had a terrible hand dealt to him in life, and he needs your protection, that's why I'm sending you, you're my best."

"I'll protect him, Sir," she replied. With that, the call ended. Sarah walked back into the kitchen. "I've got to go." Sarah saw her mom's face. "I'm going to go protect a civilian, it should be little danger." Emma hugged her.

"If you let him rot, no one would blame you," she said.

"I would," Sarah said softly. Emma hugged her tighter.

"You're a better daughter than he ever was a father," Emma said. Sarah laughed as she pulled away.

"Mom, that we can agree on," she said. They said their goodbyes, she climbed into her car, and off she went to Stanford.

The next morning

Chuck was sitting on a bench just looking over the campus. It was Thursday. There would be a lot of parties tonight, and tomorrow night, and Saturday after the game. His plan was to partake of all the free alcohol he could. His brain and stomach wasn't agreeing with that idea right now. He was watching the blonde walk across the quad. She had a map and she had crossed it twice already. It was possible she was lost. He was going to say something to her the next time she passed, but he hadn't seen her again, so he didn't worry about it. He gave a deep, contemplative sigh.

"I mean I passed by twice, you could have said something," the voice came behind him. "Are all you Stanford guys jerks?"

"I'm sorry," Chuck said, never turning his head. "I've been nursing this amazing hangover all morning, and I'm processing on about one quarter speed." She came around him, and plopped on the bench, she studied him for a minute. She sniffed the air, and Chuck laughed.

"Nope, no vomit, and I showered," Chuck said.

"You still smell of alcohol," she said.

"Probably three straight days of drinking," he said. She raised an eyebrow. There was silence for a moment.

"Now see, you can't do that," she said. He turned slowly towards her and lifted his sunglasses, a curious expression on his face. She grinned at him, and Chuck forgot about why he had been drinking. There sitting in front of him was a real life angel. He thought Suzie whatsherface had amazing eyes, they were nothing compared to the girl in front of him. They were blue...a stormy blue, like they would change with her mood, and the grin....he could get lost there forever.

“Chuck Bartowski,” he said, offering his hand. She raised an eyebrow. “My parents were sadists.” She laughed and shook his hand. Chuck was really wondering why he had been drinking. This amazing woman was laughing at his joke. He just stared at those eyes...and then he realized he might be seen as creepy. “Sorry,” he said, as he quit staring into her eyes. “Hung over, not processing.”

“I think that’s the first time I’ve ever had my eyes stared at,” she said, a smirk on her face. Chuck shrugged.

“What can I say, they’re a gateway into the soul,” he said. She studied him for a minute.

“Jenny Burton,” she said. “I’m supposed to be here with a bunch of friends from Harvard to see the game, and they ditched me.” Chuck looked shocked. “Vegas,” she said with a grin. Chuck nodded. “So I have no idea where I’m going. Any chance you could show me around?” He looked at her in surprise. “You intrigue me, Chuck Bartowski, and you can finally tell me why you’ve been drinking for three days.”

“My ex-girlfriend was banging half of the football team,” Chuck said. Sarah didn’t know how to respond. “I’m not sure why just half,” he said, and glanced over at Sarah. She couldn’t help herself, a fit of laughter burst out of her.

“I mean she only did half the job,” Sarah said, giggling.

“Right?” Chuck replied. “She’s probably not worth the drinking.”

“Probably?”

“She’s not,” Chuck said, nodding. Sarah stood up and offered him her arm.

“Take me to breakfast,” she said. “You could probably use some food that’s not liquid form.” Chuck stood and took her arm.

“You’re exactly right,” he said.

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Sarah was trying to not fall out of the chair laughing.

“So, wait,” she said, trying not to snort. “You actually call him, Awesome.”

“Oh, yeah, everything he does is awesome. Climbing mountains, jumping out of planes, flossing,” Chuck said, as Sarah fought off another fit of giggles. “Wait until you meet him.” Chuck realized he was assuming a lot. Sarah just smiled. “So what about your closet and skeletons?”

“I am relatively free,” she said.

“That’s good, I have so much baggage I need my own personal baggage handler,” he said.

“Maybe I could be your baggage handler,” she said. Sarah kept her face neutral but inside, she was losing it. What was she doing? She was part of the CAT squad, this was a just a civilian, true, a civilian that life had taken a dump on, but a civilian. He wasn’t being suave, or trying to get in her pants, and she was caving from honesty? Was she cut out for the CIA life? Chuck was grinning at her.

“You would be the most attractive baggage handler I’ve ever seen,” Chuck said.

“Thank you,” she said.

“Don’t let it go to your head,” he said, grinning. “Have you seen some of them?” She threw a napkin at him, grinning. “Seriously, you have the perfect life?”

“My dad,” she said shrugging. Chuck nodded. “I mean nothing as bad as you, your sister raised you.”

“But,” Chuck said. Sarah grinned, nodded, and thought why not? She’ll never see him again after this weekend.

“My dad and I have problems, and it’s caused problems between me and my mom,” she said. Chuck looked at her. “What?”

“We both know that’s not the full story, but that’s okay,” he said, his smile on full blast. “I’ve got to earn that story.” She leaned forward resting her chin on the back of her hand.

“And how do you plan on doing that?” she asked.

“By showing you every guy at Stanford isn’t a jerk,” he said. She grinned at him, and then her smile fell. “What’s wrong?”

“Well, my friends and I all had hotel rooms booked, but now...” she said, shrugging.

“You trust me?” he asked. “I know you barely know me, but my roommate is gone for the weekend, and if you can handle me being in the same room with you, you can have his bed,” he said. She began to smile. “Before you do, he’s a bit of a player, so maybe we should find some different sheets.” She laughed out loud.

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For the next two days, the two were inseparable. Sarah retrieved her bag from her beat up car provided by the CIA substation. They went to the party Thursday night, Chuck didn’t drink, and he and Sarah talked all night. They dozed off in Chuck’s bed, on top of the covers, fully clothed, watching a movie, Thursday night. Chuck skipped classes again Friday (he was going to have to kill himself the next few weeks making up all he had blown off) and he and Sarah hung out all day. Friday night was the big fraternity party, and Sarah constantly had someone give her a fresh drink. All the guys were so thankful that someone had pulled Chuck out of his funk. They all were calling her Chuck’s girl, and she was playing along, teasing him, and loving every time she caught a blush on his cheeks. She was feeling all the effects of the alcohol, Chuck, and his friends encouraging her, that when she made her way to their room that night, she didn’t have it in her to deny herself.

“Jenny, what are you doing?” Chuck asked.

“I’m going to show that idiot ex-girlfriend of yours how stupid she was for cheating on you,” Sarah said, slightly swaying, trying to line up his lips for another kiss. How did this nerd kiss so well? Chuck took a deep breath.

“Jenny, you’re drunk and we can’t do this,” Chuck said.

“Why not?” she asked. “I know how, and if you don’t know I can teach you,” she said, waggling her eyebrows.

“Jenny, not like this,” Chuck said, hating his moral code. “Not like this.”

"You're right, I've got too many clothes on," she said, grinning. Chuck blew out a breath.

"Okay, let's try this, you go over there, wait for me under the covers," Chuck said. "I'm going to go brush my teeth and I'll be right back." Sarah smiled.

"That's the spirit," she said, patting his cheek. "Hurry back," she said, stumbling into the bed. Her shirt was flying off, as Chuck sprinted out the door. He shut the door and turned and saw one of his fraternity brothers smiling at him and shaking his head.

"She's drunk, wants to, and you won't," he said. Chuck nodded. "Dude, if you ever want to date my sister, I'm cool with it." Chuck laughed softly.

"For the record, I hate myself," Chuck said. His fraternity brother laughed, patted him on the arm, and headed downstairs. Chuck wondered how long he should wait, when he heard a sound coming from his room. He grinned and opened the door, and there was Jenny Burton, snoring. She had one leg sticking out from under the covers. He stared at it, and then jerked his eyes away, refusing to follow it to its eventual end. He walked over, and managed to get the leg in bed without seeing anything. He walked over to his bed, thought about changing clothes, but decided against it, just in case. He crawled into bed, and went to sleep.

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Chuck woke up, hearing Sarah tossing and turning. Sunlight was starting to pour into the window. Sarah suddenly sat up with the blanket held tightly against her.

"Oh, God," she said, looking under the sheet. She turned and looked over at him. "Chuck," she said, her face frantic.

"For the record, that's the first time you uttered that phrase in this room today," Chuck said, shaking his head no. She took a second to process what he was saying, and then the giggles began. They turned into full fledge laughter from both of them.

"Funny," she said. Chuck shrugged. "About last night," she began.

"Please don't apologize," Chuck said. She looked at him. "You have pulled me out of the biggest funk in the world, and I should have watched out for you better last night, my

frat brothers...they were hoping I'd...you know." She grinned at him.

"Thank you for being a gentleman," she said, grinning shyly. Chuck nodded.

"I need to take a shower...a cold one," he said.

"Was that necessary?" she asked.

"You offered to teach me last night," Chuck said. Sarah hid her face in her hand. "Jenny, it was fine, it happens, but I need to be totally honest with you, if you weren't drunk last night..." Sarah stared at him, and then she winked. "And Bob's your uncle!" he yelled shutting the door, Sarah laughed.

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They had spent the day around campus, holding hands, and Sarah found herself finding ways to wrap Chuck's arm around her where she could. She was falling for him, and she knew she couldn't, she shouldn't. She was. During the game she found Chuck's arms around her from behind, and after it was over they walked to the frat house. The party was in full swing, but they ignored it and went upstairs. She shut the door, and locked it. Chuck looked at her nervously.

"Jill, was an idiot," she said, grinning.

"Yeah?" he asked. She closed the distance between them quickly and attacked his lips. This was what she wanted to do. A part of her hated herself. They had no chance at a future, and she wanted one. She wanted a life where she could meet Chuck Bartowski, date him, fall in love, marry him, and have 2.5 kids and a white house, red door, and a white picket fence. She hated her dad so much right now, and she loved this man in front of her. A little girl today had lost her balance, fallen, and spilled her drink. After Chuck made sure she was okay, and they found her parents, he had gotten her another one. She hated her dad so much.

"Chuck, I'm not drunk tonight," Sarah said.

"I'm not either," Chuck replied, grinning, she returned the grin.

}o{

It was around 4 when she heard her text go off. She unwrapped herself from Chuck and gave him a long look. What had happened last night...magical. She hated what had to happen next. She got her phone, saw that the threat had been neutralized, and she could come home. She had thought about how this would happen for a long time, and while she hated it, it had to happen. She got dressed, wrote a note, kissed Chuck softly on his head, ran her fingers through his curls, and then said the words she needed to say.

"I love you, Chuck Bartowski," she said softly. She grabbed her bag, slipped out the door, and headed to the CIA substation.

When Chuck woke in the morning, he knew she was gone, he could feel it. Part of him ached. Ached like he never had before. He saw the note, and picked it up.

Chuck,

I hate leaving, but what I hate more is not letting you know how to contact me. Jill is an idiot, never forget that. Never forget that you are loved. I will always carry a piece of you with me. I know one guy at Stanford who is definitely not a jerk.

Love,

Jenny Burton

Chuck held the letter next to him. He carefully folded it and put it in his wallet.

"I love you too, Jenny," he said.

}o{

2 week later, Stanford

"Bryce, I'm in," Chuck said, happy as could be. He was going to find her.

"All right, Buddy, I knew you could do it," he said. Bryce had a feeling he knew what had happened. Some poor CIA agent came into Chuck's life, and had got turned upside down. She hadn't been prepared for the heartwarming that this nerd possessed. Chuck's fingers stopped typing. "Found her?" he asked with a smile.

"Jenny Burton doesn't exist," Chuck said dejectedly. "There is no Jenny Burton at Harvard," he said, turning to Bryce. "Why would she lie about her name?"

}o{

6 week later, Langley

"Walker, good to see you," Graham said. "Have a seat."

"I'm pregnant, sir," Sarah said.

"How did this happen?" Graham asked. Sarah was in no mood.

"Well, when a woman and a man-" she saw the look on his face and stopped. *I blame Chuck for that. I wonder if his kid is messing with my mind.* Part of her smiled at that thought. "My assignment at Stanford."

"Sarah, that was a great sacrifice," Graham said, struggling to keep his emotions.

"Sir, it was my choice," she said. "I want to keep this baby."

"And the father?" he asked. She shook her head.

"I don't know," she said softly.

"Why don't you give it a week and then we'll talk, but as for now, you are an analyst." She nodded and left. Graham picked up the phone and made a call. "Orion, you should know, the agent I sent to watch your son, they...she's pregnant." He listened for a minute, and his mouth fell open. "You don't know that she's like your wife! You've never met her." He sighed and blew out a breath. "I understand Orion, he'll not be told, but I better have that intersect soon, or I'll call him personally. Do you understand? Goodbye." Graham hung up his phone, sat there a second, stood up quickly, and with an arm knocked everything off his desk in a rage. He sat back down with his head in his hands. "They don't deserve this."

}o{

A week later

"Sarah, have you decided about Bartowski?" Graham asked. She shook her head. "Sarah, he's a civilian. You didn't tell him your name, you're a CIA agent, and your family's past, do you think he'd want to be a part of that?" She shook her head, tears coming out of her eyes. "I think deep down you know." She nodded.

"I won't tell Chuck," she said. She left a few minutes later. Graham pulled out a flask.

"Of all the things I've done in this job, this feels like the worst," he said.

}o{

One year later

Sarah stormed into Graham's office.

"What the hell!?" she screamed. "He got expelled from Stanford!?"

"Sarah, calm down," Graham said.

"Calm down!? I have that man's child, who he can't know about and you want me to be calm because one of your agents got him expelled!?"

"How do you know about this anyway?" he asked his eyes narrowing. Sarah realized she was caught.

"He's my child's father, I can't not know," she said. Graham's face softened.

"Sarah," he said softly. She was near tears.

"She lives an hour from his sister's apartment," she said, crying. "I only get to see Molly a little each month, he could be there with her."

"You know it's not for the best," Graham said, sick to his stomach.

"I know," she said. "I made a deal with you, one I will honor." Graham nodded.

"He's already out," Graham said. Sarah looked up at him. "We had a deal, I honored it. Now, it's time for you to go to the Farm and finish your training."

"What about the CAT squad?" she asked.

"Without you, it wasn't the same," he said. She nodded and left.

}o{

One year later. Ice Cream shop, New York City

"I'll have a scoop of Butter Pecan," the man said.

"And two scoops of Rocky Road in a cup," Sarah said, behind him. He turned around and grinned at her. He turned back to the cashier.

"You heard my darlin'. Two scoops," he said. They went and sat. "What are you doing here?"

"Nice to see you too, Dad," Sarah said.

"It's Jack Burton today," Jack replied, winking.

"Ahh, playing the hits," she said, grinning.

"Talk," he said, watching her. She gave him a look. "What? I still know all your tells." Sarah sighed and told him about the deal she made with Graham, Chuck, and the baby.

"And, now, in two months or so, they're going to give me a red test. I have to kill someone, Dad, someone very dangerous, but someone," she said. Tears were in her eyes.

"Sarah, you're not a murderer," Jack said. "That's not you. Cons, protecting people, all the rest, is fine, but killing someone, bad guy or not, that's not you." She smiled and he laid his hand on hers. "You know this, so why come ask me?"

"Because a girl needs her dad," she said. "Even when he is a bad one." She grinned, but he looked at her seriously.

"Then why haven't you told that schnook?" Jack asked. "Because we both know he'd be a better one than I am." Sarah put her hand to her mouth. "Darlin' tell him. I don't think he's gonna care."

"But she's sixteen months old," Sarah said.

"Better late than never."

}o{

The next day, Langley

"Sarah, what can I do for you?" Graham asked, knowing what was coming.

"I can't pass the red test," Sarah said. "Too much has changed in my life."

"I know," Graham said. "And I know why you stayed on. I should have done away with our deal then."

"So, what do we do?" Sarah asked, terrified.

"Stay away from Bartowski for the next four years and your father's record is expunged." Sarah's eyes bugged out of her head. "There's still some heat on him," Graham said. "Stay away for four years, your father stays out of prison." Sarah nodded. "We'll finish all the paperwork tomorrow." Sarah got up and left. Graham picked up his phone.

"Orion, I've gotten what you wanted, but this is sick," Graham said. "You are purposely breaking up another family. Why don't you give them a chance instead of projecting your problems onto them? Fine! Just get me my damn Intersect!"

}o{

A few weeks later, Simi Valley, Christmas

"Look at you, holding your girl," Emma said to Sarah. "Sarah, your dad wouldn't want this." Sarah had tears in her eyes.

"Look, in four years I'll go see him and explain all of it," she said. "Then we'll see."

"Sarah," her mom began. Sarah shook her head.

"There's no chance of an us," she said softly. "I've already messed it up too bad."

"Is he seeing anyone?" Emma asked. Sarah shook her head. "How do you know?" Sarah wouldn't look at her, as she looked away sheepishly. "Have you wondered why?" Sarah didn't want to, but she grinned.

"He's very into his career right now," Sarah answered.

"Didn't you say he worked at the Buy More for \$11 an hour?" Emma asked.

"He's working on other stuff," Sarah said. Emma shook her head.

"Dada," Molly said, pointing at the picture of Sarah and Chuck from that weekend.

"He is," Sarah said. "One day, baby, one day."

}o{

Four months later, Echo Park

She slowly opened the Morgan door. She had done this a half a dozen times the last six months. She should just tell him, and damn the consequences. She walked quietly right beside him.

"Jenny," he mumbled, a grin on his face. She felt things move in her. She softly stroked his hair, leaned down, and kissed his head.

"I love you, Chuck. Nothing's changed," she said softly and went to the window. "I'll be back in a few weeks," and with that she left.

}o{

Three months later

"And you're telling me the CIA is telling them if my granddaughter doesn't meet her father, I keep the deal?" Jack asked. Emma nodded. "Screw that."

"Gwanpa," Molly said.

"Do you want to see Dada?" Jack asked Molly.

"See Dada!" Molly yelled, and clapped.

"Jack, are you sure?" Jack reached over and put his hand on Emma's.

"Emma, I've screwed this family up enough, isn't it time I make things right?" Emma smiled at him.

"You were always a schnook, but you're my schnook," Emma said. "And I think I have just the idea."

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This morning

“Ray, Emma Truffaut here. Yes, I know you’re coming in, but my IT guy was looking at it, and he says it’s a big deal. We’re on a time crunch, and I was told about a Chuck Bartowski that is supposed to be the best, do you think there is any way you could get him? Really. Of course I need that for the building. Absolutely we can purchase that. Thanks. Oh, and Ray, don’t let Chuck know we asked for him. Thanks.” Emma smiled as she hung up and looked at Molly.

“It’s time we straighten this mess out, sweetie.”

A/N: Still mad at Sarah? Until next time.

DC

Chapter 3: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 3, Want You Back

A/N: Remember when I told you in Chapter 1 I was afraid this might bomb...the last chapter was why. Either you're going to be mad, or you're going to understand that Sarah was in a no-win situation. Did she do the right thing? Did she do the wrong thing? Was there a right answer? Here's what we know, Sarah loves Chuck, Chuck loves Jenny, and Jenny is Sarah. We all hate Orion. So now what, as several of you asked. Well, find your Haim CD (you should get one if you don't) Ch 3, Want You Back

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but I do have the Haim CDs

"So, just to get this out there so there is no confusion," Chuck began, and then paused, as Molly made herself comfortable in his lap, looking up at him, with a smile on her face. Chuck couldn't help it, he reached up and brushed her hair with his hand. Molly leaned against him, sighed, and closed her eyes, content. Chuck looked at Sarah, who was on the verge of a breakdown.

"She's yours," Sarah said. "If you need a test or something to prove it, I understand." Tears were in her eyes. "I'm not expecting anything, just so you know. I made this terrible decision and I am prepared to live with all the consequences." Chuck studied her.

"Two things," he said, preparing himself. "One, are you really prepared? Two, what do I call you?" Sarah lost it, and the next thing she knew, Chuck pulled her into him.

"I don't deserve you," she said, through sobs. Molly reached up and hugged Sarah. Emma was watching it all, on the verge of tears herself.

"I don't ask this to be cruel, but do you think I could get your contact information this time?" Chuck asked. Sarah laughed. She looked up at him and smiled. Chuck reached behind him, pulled out his wallet, and pulled something out. He pulled out the letter and looked at it. He offered it to Sarah. She took it, unfolded it, saw it, and the waterworks

began. She held it up to her mother, who came over and looked at it. Emma began to cry as well. Chuck's phone went off, he pulled it out of his pocket, and looked at it. "Uh, this is my ride." Sarah nodded, gathering herself.

"Maybe if you have time tomorrow you'd like to come over and see Molly?" she asked. "And, it's Sarah," she added. She reached for his phone, hesitantly. He handed it her, and she put in her number, the agency's, and Emma's. "We're all in there," she said, handing it back.

"I'd love to see Molly," he said.

"Anytime you want, I'm not keeping you away any more," she looked up at Emma, as something hit her.

"He's fine," Emma said. Sarah let out a breath, Chuck was confused.

"It's my dad, and he's a huge part of what happened, that I will explain. I promise, you deserve all of this," Sarah said. Chuck nodded and looked down at Molly.

"I have to go, Sweetie," he said. She reached up to hug him.

"Go home, with me," Molly said. Chuck had tears in his eyes and Sarah was just flat crying at this point.

"It's not my home, Sweetie," Chuck explained.

"Mommy and Gwammy will let you stay," Molly explained. Chuck gave her a sad smile.

"I'm so sorry, Pumpkin," Chuck said, and he started to the door. He got there, paused, turn around and came back. He walked right up to Sarah and took her free hand.

"I have to say this, and I'm sorry if it hurts, because I don't mean it to," Chuck said. "I love Jenny Burton, I don't know if I know Sarah Walker." Sarah nodded, understanding. "However, we are not done," and he turned to Molly. "And we, Pumpkin," he said, and leaned in and gave her a raspberry on the cheek making her squeal. "Are never done." Chuck looked at Sarah, and kissed her on the top of her head. "We'll talk," he said, and he left. Emma watched him go and then watched her daughter and her granddaughter. Sarah turned to her.

"See, I told you I made too many mistakes for us," she said. Emma smile a knowing smile.

"I never heard him say that," she said, thinking. Outside, Chuck got in the car with Morgan.

"Thanks, Buddy," Chuck said softly.

"Rough install?" Morgan asked.

"You remember me talking about Jenny Burton?" Chuck asked. Morgan rolled his eyes.

"Remember?" Morgan asked. "That requires you not to talk about her so that I could forget her." Chuck gave a small grin at that one.

"I found her," Chuck said softly. Morgan's eyes got huge.

"Dude!"

"She has a kid," Chuck continued. Morgan nodded.

"This isn't a deal-breaker, right?" Chuck looked at Morgan and shook his head no.

"No, Morgan, it's not a deal-breaker," he said.

"Good, Ellie would be disappointed in you if it was," Morgan said. "I would understand, but I'm proud of you."

"Especially when it's my kid," he said softly. Morgan's eyes got wide again and he made a U-turn.

"Where are we going?!" Chuck yelled, grabbing on the handle bar as car horns blared.

"To see my, nephew, niece, which is it?"

"Niece, her name's Molly," Chuck said. "And, turn around. I need to go home and talk to Ellie." "You need to talk to Ellie," Morgan said, giving Chuck a look. "That bad?"

"Jenny knew where I was the whole time and never told me," Chuck said.

"How do we feel about that?" Morgan asked.

"She didn't tell me why, she didn't get a chance, but what good reason can there be?" Chuck asked. Morgan turned the car back around.

"We need Ellie," Morgan said, and the rest of the drive was in silence

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Simi Valley, Ca, home of Emma, Sarah, and Molly

"Sweetie, why don't you get some sleep?" Emma asked. Sarah had been quiet ever since she got home.

"I don't know if I'll ever sleep again," Sarah said. "I made such a mistake. I let Graham tell me..Oh no, Graham." She picked up her phone and went in the other room.

"Graham Secure," Graham said.

"Walker, Secure," Sarah said.

"Sarah, is everything okay?" Graham asked.

"No," Sarah whispered.

"You told him?" Graham asked, his voice not betraying the emotion on his face. He was past caring what Orion wanted.

"He found me, by accident," Sarah said. "I told him about Molly, and I'm going to tell him all of it."

"Understood," Graham said. "Sarah, if you need to, call me and I'll explain my part."

"Sir?" Sarah said, confused.

"Sarah, this has gone on long enough," Graham said. "Your father's record is expunged, and if he needs to talk, or yell at me, tell him to feel free. You two deserve your chance."

"I've missed that chance," Sarah said. "I'm just hoping for Molly to have one."

"Sarah, has he said that?" Graham asked gently. "Chuck Bartowski is many things, but one who holds a grudge...that doesn't seem to be in his makeup."

"I made him do to Molly what his father did to him," she said.

"No, I did," Graham reminded her. "And, Chuck didn't leave by choice."

"Regardless, I made him miss two years of her life," Sarah said.

"I gave you orders," Graham said.

"I didn't have to follow them," Sarah said. Graham sighed.

"A piece of advice, Sarah, you can do your best to fix the future or fixate on the past," Graham said. "Make it your mission to win him back, and the poor guy doesn't stand a chance."

"I'm not going to seduce him," Sarah replied, the fire in her waking up.

"Did I say seduce?" Graham asked. "Did you seduce him at Stanford?"

"No," she whispered.

"Then win him back, take care Sarah," Graham said, and ended the conversation. Sarah came back in the room with her daughter and mother.

"What is it, Honey?" Emma asked.

"I want him back," Sarah said. "Or I want him, or whatever. I want him in my life, however he'll let me be."

"You've watched him ever since, haven't you?" she asked. Sarah nodded. "What are you willing to do for him?" Sarah looked at her mom. Tears were in her eyes, but so was determination.

"Anything," she said.

"Sarah, you haven't told him about your child, your over two year old child. You were with him using an alias, and you haven't told him the truth about your family, the CIA, or anything, do you know how long it could take?" Emma asked.

"I don't care," Sarah said. "He saved me from going down a long terrible road. He gave me one of the best weekends of my life. He gave me a wonderful daughter, and I love him. What else is there? What else compares? What else am I supposed to do? How far mom? I can't go far enough." Emma nodded, tears in her eyes.

"Take a nap," Emma said. "I'm going to go out, get a few things, it could be a bit. I'll take Molly, and when I get back, we'll work on getting Chuck back."

"Dada come home?" Molly asked upon hearing Chuck's name.

"Would you like that?" Sarah asked. Molly grinned and clapped. "Me too, Sweetie." Sarah went to bed, and Emma took Molly on her errand.

}o{

Echo Park

Chuck and Morgan came in the door, and as usual, Ellie began to threaten to run Morgan out, but took one look at Chuck's face and knew something big was going on. She took one look at Chuck, and pointed for him to sit.

"Summarize, Morgan," Ellie said.

"You sure, Ellie?" Morgan asked. "This is huge."

"I'm a doctor, we just rip the band aide off," she replied.

"Okay," he said, not sure this was the right thing to do. "Chuck just found Jenny Burton, and our boy has been a father for a little over 2 years and he didn't know it." Ellie's eyes got wide.

"Have you seen them?" Ellie asked softly. Morgan shook his head.

"No, I turned back in traffic to go meet my niece," he said, ignoring the look Ellie was giving him. "But he told me to come here, because he needs to talk to you. He wanted to talk to you." Ellie's eyebrows raised.

"He wants to talk to me?" Ellie said slowly. She sat. "This is big." Morgan nodded. "Sit, Morgan, you're part of this." Morgan sat. "Next time you need to not only go back, but get pictures. Good job though." Morgan smiled.

"Next time, El?" Chuck asked, an eyebrow raised, and a small grin on his face. "I don't really plan on doing this whole scenario ever again. I'm going to see them tomorrow and I'll get pictures then, and I'll invite them to dinner," he said, making Ellie smile at

predicting her requests. "El, what do I do?"

"Why did she leave?" Ellie ask. Chuck shrugged.

"We didn't get that far, but she promised to tell me everything," Chuck said. "I am going to be a part of my daughter's life, but I have a problem, I make \$11 an hour, so how am I going to contribute, live an hour away, and have to take on an extra job?"

"Is she asking for money?" Ellie asked, her hackles raising.

"No, just the opposite, she said she wants me to be in Molly's life and wants nothing from me," Chuck said.

"But you can't do that," Ellie said, proudly grinning at her brother.

"I had no idea El," he said, tears in his eyes. "I did to Molly what Dad did to us." Ellie came over and put her arm around Chuck. He leaned into her, and cried. Morgan looked at his friend, feeling helpless.

"You didn't know, Chuck," Ellie said, rubbing his back. There was a knock on the door. "Morgan, would you?" Morgan nodded, got up and went to the door. He opened it.

"Is this where Chuck Bartowski lives?" the woman asked, holding a baby.

"Dada!" Molly yelled, causing Chuck to raise his head.

"Uh, Chuck," Morgan said. "I thought Jenny was your age?" Chuck came over, and Molly reached for him. He took her, and she hugged him.

"Come in Emma, and please ignore my friend, carnival freaks found him in the dumpster," Chuck said.

"But, they did raise me as one of their own," Morgan said, extending his hand. "Morgan Grimes, Chuck's best friend.

"Emma Truffaut," Emma said, "Sarah's mother..er..Jenny...but she goes by Sarah now," she said sighing. "I'd tell you more, but it's Sarah place to tell it."

"I understand," Chuck said. "Emma, this is my sister Ellie," he said, introducing the two.

"Pleasure to meet you," Emma said. "Is your boyfriend here?" Ellie's and Chuck's eyebrows raised. Emma grinned.

"Sarah has kept eyes on you over the years," she said. Chuck's eyebrows raised.

"What is she, a spy?" he asked, chuckling. Ellie was playing with Molly, who was loving it. Chuck turned around and saw the look on Emma's face.

"She is the head of Truffaut Industries, but what she did in her prior life...again that's a discussion you two should have," Emma said. Chuck thought for a second.

"That makes so much sense," Chuck said. "The name, she didn't exist at Harvard," and then he realized what he said. Chuck shrugged. "We all have our talents." He thought for a second, and his face fell. "I was just a mission," he said dejectedly. Emma shook her head.

"Listen," she said, getting Chuck's attention. "What she felt for you, wasn't a mission, and honestly, you saved her." Chuck looked at her, and then lowered his head.

"How could she just leave?" Chuck said. "How could she just leave after she found out she was pregnant and not tell me about Molly?"

"Chuck, there is nothing she regretted more, but it wasn't her choice," Emma said. "May I sit?"

"Where are my manners, of course you can sit," Ellie said. Emma sat, as did everyone else. She looked directly at Chuck. "Chuck, to a certain extent she was blackmailed. She was told her father would go back to jail if she saw you."

"Me?" Chuck asked. "Why me, and for that matter why was she assigned to me?"

"I have no idea, and that's a conversation you two need to have," Emma said. She took a deep breath. "But, there's a conversation we need to have." Chuck looked nervous, and Emma smiled. "Chuck, don't worry, everything's fine. I think it's a shame you've lost out on all this time with your daughter, so I have an idea that might suit everybody." Chuck raised his eyebrows. "I need an IT person." Chuck grinned. She pushed a piece of paper over to him. "This would be your starting salary, and no, that's not what I paid Lester,

but he hadn't proved himself like you have." Chuck opened it, and looked at it. His mouth dropped. He looked back at her. "Sarah has some business sent her way from her former boss," Emma explained. "We have plenty of clients.

"I have a counter offer," Chuck said. "I keep the salary of \$11 an hour, and the rest goes towards Molly's back child support." Ellie never looked prouder of her brother. Emma's smile threatened to break her face.

"While I appreciate that, it's not necessary," Emma replied.

"I haven't done my part," Chuck replied, crossing his arms. Ellie looked away, her hand was across her face, covering her mouth to keep laugh hidden.

"Okay, for six months," she said.

"Two years," Chuck said. "That's how long I've not contributed."

"Six months, Chuck, or nothing," she said. Chuck looked at Emma and grinned.

"Well, that's where she gets her stubbornness from," Chuck said grinning.

"Uh, Chuck, if you leave the Buy More, how will you get to work?" Morgan asked. Chuck's face fell.

"Part two of my offer," Emma said. "I want you to move into the empty bedroom of my house."

"Uh, I'm not so sure about that," Chuck said. "Does Jen- uh Sarah know about this?"

"It's my house, Chuck, and my granddaughter has been without her father way too long," Emma replied.

"I don't know," Chuck said.

"Charles Irving Bartowski," Ellie said. Chuck turned toward her.

"Ellie I'd be living in the same house as Sarah," Chuck said as if that explained everything.

"You two are adults, what you do is your business," Emma said, with a grin. Chuck turned four shades of red.

"That's kinda my point," Chuck said, adjusting his collar. "Is it just me or is it hot in here." He looked around and everyone else was enjoying him being uncomfortable. "Look, I don't know her."

"Yes you do," Emma said. "She gave you everything that was her. Chuck, you know her."

"Chuck, go pack a bag," Ellie said. "You're staying there until the weekend and then if you want to stay Devon and I are bringing your stuff." Chuck's mouth dropped. "Chuck, you wanted me to talk, and this is our talk, go be with your family. Raise your daughter. Spend the week, talk to Sarah, and then afterwards if you want to come back, we'll talk, and I'll see."

"Ellie, you can't do this," Chuck said. Ellie raised an eyebrow and he knew he had messed up.

"Chuck, I can, I'm throwing you out," Ellie said.

"Chuck, I'm with her," Morgan said. "Do you remember how much you wanted your Mom and Dad back?" Chuck hung his head.

"What about Big Mike?" Chuck asked. Morgan waved his hand.

"Chuck, he knows every day he gets from you is a gift," Morgan said. He picked up his phone and made a phone call. "Big Mike, Morgan. No sir. I'll bring you a dozen in the morning. Chuck is being offered a job that make four times what he does, but he can't give two weeks notice, and is worried. He's right here, sir." Morgan handed the phone to Chuck.

"Hello," Chuck said.

"Son, you're fired," Big Mike said. "Good luck and if it doesn't work out, there's always a spot here for you."

"Thank you, sir," Chuck said. He hung up, got up, and went to pack. Ellie leaned in.

"What about Sarah?" Ellie asked, grinning.

"She told me she couldn't go far enough to win him back," Emma said. Ellie tried not to squeal.

"Family dinner, here," Ellie said.

"Tomorrow night at my place?" Emma asked. Everyone exchanged phone numbers and addresses, including Morgan. Chuck walked out of his bedroom with his bag. Ellie stood up, came over, and hugged him.

"This is the right move, for Molly," she said, hugging him. She whispered in his ear. "Give Sarah a chance to explain." He pulled away.

"What can she say?" Chuck asked.

"She can say she's sorry and made a mistake," Ellie said. Chuck nodded. "Listen, it doesn't matter how you start, it matters how you end, and this, this could be a great ending." Chuck nodded.

"You're not letting me come back, are you?" Chuck asked. Ellie shook her head no and gave him a tight grin.

"Love you, El," Chuck said.

"Love you, baby brother," Ellie said. Morgan came over and hugged Chuck. The two watched Emma and Chuck walk out, Chuck holding Molly, they waved and the door closed. Morgan put his arm around Ellie.

"It's hard to watch them leave the nest," Morgan said.

"You're touching me, Morgan, we have rules," Ellie said.

"Right," Morgan said, moving his arm.

"Chuck's gone, it's time for you to be," Ellie said.

"Are you sure you're okay and don't need me to co-" Morgan began.

"OUT!" Ellie yelled, pointing at the door. Morgan scurried out the door. He stopped and looked back.

"Ellie, are they going to be alright?" Morgan asked, halfway out of the door.

"They need to talk, and then..." Ellie shrugged. "We'll see."

“You’re going to interfere if not, right?” Morgan asked. Ellie gave him a look. “Right, silly question.” He left. Ellie stood there in the empty apartment.

“Your damn straight I’m going to interfere if it doesn’t work,” Ellie said. “He deserves to be happy.”

A/N: Do we feel better? Resolved a few things, and yet left a lot unresolved. This is going to take some time. Until next time.

DC

Chapter 4: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 4, When I Look Into Your Eyes

A/N: I know what you all are doing. You're taking wagers as to if I have them put together by chapter 5. That's okay, I get it. But, this is going to take a bit to fix, and he doesn't even know the worst of it yet. On that note, there's a bit of language in this one. I don't put much in my writing, but I knew of no other way to write this one. It's not that bad, but if you're use to a certain style from me, I wanted to give you a heads up. But enough from me, find your Firehouse CD (am I the only one with one?) Ch 4, When I Look Into Your Eyes.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but I do have a bad joke about Firehouse and Crock Pots...hello...is this thing on? Too soon? (This Is Us fans may kill me)

Sarah woke up, and looked around, it was late, she padded into the living room, and there she saw her favorite sight, Chuck holding Molly.

"Oh, it's my favorite dream," she said.

"Your favorite dream?" Chuck asked. She looked so happy.

"Mmmhmm," she hummed, sitting down beside Chuck, picking up his arm, cuddling beside him, and shutting her eyes. "No Graham telling me I can't see you, you were here at Molly's birth, and we're a family like we should be." Chuck looked down at her, and all he could wonder is what did she go through? He should be so mad at what had happened, but all he could think was he was here now.

"I'm your favorite dream?" Chuck asked, grinning. Sarah nodded and Molly turned around, put one arm around both parents, and hugged both of them.

"I wish this was real," she said, snuggling closer to Chuck. "I wish I had just told you. I love my Dad, but he made his decision long ago, and I chose wrong, Chuck, I'm so sorry," and she began to cry.

"Hey, hey," Chuck said softly. "You're not supposed to cry during your most favorite dream."

"See, that's why I love you," she said. "You always take care of me, even when I didn't take care of you." Chuck just held her. "This is what I could have had."

"You don't think you can?" he asked. Molly crawled into Chuck's far arm and Sarah snuggled deeper into Chuck.

"I kept your daughter away from you for over two years," Sarah said. "I picked my father over you and I rationalized it by believing the first time you'd leave me if you knew about my Dad, my CIA career, and all of my past. The second time I rationalized away because Graham said I tell you about her in four years. How could you forgive me?"

"Have you asked?" Chuck said.

"It's not that simple, Chuck," Sarah said.

"It could be," Chuck said.

"So I ask, and you just forgive me?"

"No, but it would be a start, it would be hard work, but who knows," he said.

"I would do anything," she said. "I hate what I did to you, and I'm sorry."

"I forgive you, I don't understand it all, but I forgive you," Chuck said. She groaned into him.

"That's the next thing I have to do, tell you everything," Sarah said, yawning. "I love you, Chuck. I always have. Don't give up on me." And with that she was asleep. Chuck leaned over, kissed her head, and leaned back.

"Give her a chance, Chuck," Emma said. She had been in the kitchen when Sarah came down and had heard everything. Chuck nodded.

"It's not going to be easy," he said.

"It will be worth it," Emma said. Chuck looked at the two women asleep in his arms and just grinned.

"It may already be," Chuck said.

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Sarah woke up on the couch the next morning, and looked around. She saw Emma and Molly in the kitchen. She stood up, stretched, and headed upstairs where her and the empty room was. She heard a noise in the empty room, and she dropped into ninja-spy mode. She snuck to the doorway, and noticed the door was slightly cracked. She saw movement in there. She noticed the intruder had his shirt off. What the... She needed to get this guy out of here, now. She noticed his back was to her, and she quickly moved through the door and took him down.

"Ahhhh!" came the scream.

"Chuck?" Sarah said, seeing the back of his brown curly head.

"Sarah?" Chuck asked. She let him go and the two separated. Chuck looked a little scared.

"Uh, I know I told you to come by and see Molly today, and you're welcome any time, but I wasn't expecting you quite so early," Sarah said. "I'm sorry about that."

"Well, I don't need to worry about your three's safety," Chuck said, grinning.

"Or yours," she said softly, a soft grin on her face, Chuck's grin grew.

"Uh, I guess you didn't hear, I won't be able to visit with Molly today, I have a new job to start," Chuck said.

"You have a new job, that's great," Sarah said. "Is it nearby?"

"Yep," Chuck answered.

"Does it pay well?" Sarah asked.

"Yes, and I'm having money taken out of my check for you, Molly, and Emma," Chuck replied.

"No, Chuck," Sarah said, shaking her head. "You don't need to, we're fine. You're in her life as much as you want to be."

"All the time," Chuck said. Sarah's eyes got big, wondering what he meant. "I want to be in her life as much as I can, without making you uncomfortable."

"You wouldn't make me uncomfortable," Sarah said. Chuck studied her for a minute.

"Are you aware your mom hired me last night and offered to let me move in?" Chuck asked. Sarah attempted to remain cool. She just studied him.

"So do you need a car ride?" she asked.

"Well, considering all I had was....you already know how I got around, don't you?" he asked. Sarah bit the inside of her cheek.

"Chuck, I've kept tabs on you since I left you that weekend," she said. "When I came back here, I would sneak in the Morgan door many nights and just watched you sleep, or stroke your hair, or kissed your head, or all three. Chuck I've never forgotten about you, and I'm sorry for what happened."

"That's impressive, and a lot creepy," Chuck said, with a small grin on his face. Sarah felt a blush hit her cheeks. "I said last night I forgive you, but I can't, because I don't know what happened." Sarah nodded.

"Well, how about lunch today?" Sarah asked. Chuck shrugged.

"Well, I don't know, I've got a new job and a new boss today, and I'm not for sure what kind of task master she is," Chuck said grinning.

"I'll take care of her," Sarah replied.

"How does HR feel about that?" Chuck asked.

"What they don't know won't hurt them," she said. "Dress casual, Chuck, you'll be running more cables and systems today." Chuck nodded and she turned to leave when it hit her. She turned back around. "What did you mean last night?" Chuck tried to think quickly how to get out of this, but he decided there had been too much secrecy in their relationship (did they have a relationship? They had to have something, they had a

child).

"You came out to the couch last night where I was with Molly, and you thought you were having a dream," Chuck said. Sarah studied him for a second, and her eyes started tear up. She hit him with a hug and held him for dear life.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You don't know what that means to me. Where ever we are between us, that meant the world. Thank you." She pulled away, turned, and left quickly. Chuck looked at her go. He was so confused. He knew he was mad, he just wasn't sure who he was mad at.

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"Lester did this, didn't he?" Chuck asked Emma. He had worked for three straight hours, on setting things up. His original job was to get the network up and running yesterday and he did. He had met everyone's expectations and then some, but when he really got into the heart of the system, he noticed it wasn't performing up to peak performance. Lester had done things the easy way, and Chuck quickly realized to maximize the power they had meant he had to strip everything down, and rewire it from scratch, and he did.

"I just wanted my email fix," Emma said, amused. Chuck grinned at her.

"I know, and I'm sorry," he said. "But these processors..." he trailed off, nearly drooling.

"I've seen that look before," Sarah said, behind them, leaning on the doorframe. Chuck and Emma both turned to her, and it dawned on Sarah exactly what she had said. She stood there, determined not to be embarrassed, but when Chuck looked down at Molly and then back at her and grinned, laughter filled the room. "Well, I have," she said, embarrassed but comfortable all at the same time. "Time for a break."

"She's a tough one," Chuck said to Emma.

"Does my email work now?" Emma asked.

"Me, me, me, me, me," Chuck said, shaking his head in mock annoyance. Emma gave him a shove on his shoulder and he walked over to Sarah. "Me and you, or is our little

chaperone going?"

"I've got her, you two talk," Emma said. Chuck nodded.

"I blocked just your email," Chuck yelled back on the way out. Emma smiled. It was going to take time, but there was hope.

"Dada come back?" Molly asked. Emma picked her up.

"Dada isn't going anywhere, Sweetie," Emma said. Molly hugged her.

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"So that covers everything up until you met me," Sarah said.

"Wait, Clandestine Attack Team Squad?" Chuck said, shaking his head. "Don't they know Team and Squad basically means the same thing?" Sarah grinned. "It's like when CBS called it Navy NCIS." Sarah looked confused. "The N stood for Naval."

"That may be worse," Sarah said. Chuck shrugged.

"That was to grab people by the throat marketing wise," Chuck said. "This was some yahoo in Washington wanting to call you four CATS." He thought for a second. "Cat suits?" Sarah nodded coyly, tearing off a piece of the crust of her pizza and biting it. Chuck shook his head. Chuck sat there quietly for a moment thinking while Sarah ate. She was comfortable with it, but she knew he had something he needed to say.

"Talk to me," she said softly.

"I don't want to hurt you," he said.

"Chuck, whatever you're thinking, can be nothing worse than what I already think of myself," she said.

"I forgive you," Chuck said. "I have to, you're the mother of my child, you've shown all the contrition in the world, and at the end of the day, we all make mistakes, it's just..."

"You can't trust me," she said. Chuck looked at her helplessly.

"I want to," he said. She nodded, understanding. "I know what you want, and part of me wants that too..."

"You can't," Sarah said, her heart sinking.

"Yet," Chuck said softly. Her head jerked up. He looked at her, the raw emotions covering his face. He cleared his throat. "Yet," he said much more clearly. "I don't know you, and I know what you said, and it's not that you don't mean it, but you've changed from even how you were three years ago." Sarah nodded. He took a deep breath. "My number one priority is Molly."

"As it should be," Sarah said. "And you need to live with us to be near her, and if you want to date other people, then I understand and hold none of it against you. I just need us to be friends," she said, reaching for his hand. He took her hand and gave her a soft smile.

"Okay, I know you've had a lot longer to think about this than I have, so you may have some preconceived ideas in your head," he said, grinning. "And, I think a lot of them are wrong."

"So, tell me," she said, squeezing his hand.

"I love Jenny Burton," Chuck said. "I don't know anything about Sarah Walker." Sarah nodded. "I live with Sarah Walker. If I try and have a relationship...a romantic relationship with her, and fail..."

"Things get really messy," she said nodding. "We are friends, right?" Chuck nodded. "I get very handsy with friends," she said grinning. Chuck couldn't help but return the grin.

"I think hugging and snuggling I can handle," he said. She nodded. "I think we should take this super-slow. Both of us have been hurt enough." Sarah nodded.

"Thank you," she said softly. Chuck took her other hand, and looked her right in the eye.

"I've forgiven you, but you, you need to forgive yourself," he said. She nodded.

"After I finish telling you everything, I will," she said. "The next part...it's the hard part."

"Well, we've made a good start, but, I have a taskmaster boss so..." he said grinning.

"Watch it Mr. Bartowski," Sarah said. "I hear the boss has a crush on you," she said winking. Chuck shook his head.

"Nah, she's in love with me," he said grinning. The smile fell from her face. "Damn it, I'm sorry, Sarah." She looked up at him and shook her head.

"It's okay, you've given me more hope than I dare asked for." Chuck squeezed her hand.

"I didn't say I couldn't love Sarah Walker, I just gotta figure out how," he said. "I'm not trying to tease you, put one over on you, hurt you, or anything. Sarah, we've both been hurt, and I've got to be sure, and I'm sorry, because I know that causes you pain."

"Just keep being honest with me, whatever you decide," she said. He squeezed her hand again.

"Today, I promise you this, no lies, no secrets," he said.

"No lies, no secrets," she replied. Tears were in her eyes.

"I do like Sarah Walker, a lot," he said with a grin. "If I'm being honest."

"I'm in love with Chuck Bartowski," Sarah replied. "If I'm being honest, and I love more than anything he's putting his daughter first, unlike my father." Chuck looked sad.

"So is your dad still in jail?" he asked.

"That's the next part," she said. Chuck nodded. She stood. "Come on, I can't have this conversation in public."

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They made their way to one of the beaches. Emma called her mom and told her they wouldn't be back, that they were still talking. Emma told her to take her time, and if needed she would call Ellie and reschedule tonight. Sarah told him everything, and Chuck got madder and madder. He was livid. How could someone do that to her, to them? To Molly!? She pulled out her phone.

"I told my boss that I was going to tell you. He said you were welcome to call him," she said. She had never seen him this mad. He nodded and she dialed.

"Graham, secure," Graham said.

"Walker, secure, but with a gentleman who wants to talk to you," she said.

"Put him on," Graham replied. Chuck took the phone.

"Langston Graham?" Chuck asked.

"Yes, Mr. Bartowski, I would-"

"I would like to know just who the hell you think you are!" Chuck began. Sarah swallowed. This was not going to go well. Graham closed his eyes, he was afraid of this, and honestly, he deserved it. "You trampled two private citizens rights and for the sole reason of using leverage over one of your own agents? You are a piece of work, Sir," he said sir with all the sarcasm he could muster. "You have torn apart a family, because of some screwed up priorities. You threatened this wonderful woman when all she wanted to do was tell the father of her child he was in fact the father of her child!? What kind of sick, low life, son of a bitch does that?!?"

"The head of the CIA, Mr. Bartowski," Graham said.

"Well, the head of the CIA can kiss my ass," Chuck said, and hung up the phone. Sarah watched him, fighting a grin. He glanced at her. "What?"

"The head of the CIA can kiss my ass?" Sarah said, trying not to laugh.

"Well, I was more than a little upset," Chuck said.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, Chuck," she said, grinning. "He deserved that and a whole lot more, but that's what you say to him?" Chuck grinned in spite of himself.

"I just told one of the most powerful men in the world to kiss my ass," Chuck said. Sarah's phone rang and they both glanced at it. "And that's him calling me to tell me a hit squad is coming for me."

"Walker, secure," Sarah said.

"Has he calmed down yet?" Graham asked.

"Yes, he realized he told one of the most powerful men in the world to kiss his ass," Sarah said, grinning. "That sobered him up."

"I deserved that," Graham said.

"Yeah, you did," Sarah answered. "It's what I should have told you when you told me I couldn't see Chuck."

"You should of," Graham agreed. "And I never should have put you in that position, and I am sorry, Sarah." Sarah realized him calling her by her first name meant a lot. "May I talk to him?"

"It's for you," she said, a grin covering her face. Chuck swallowed and took the phone.

"I was a little rude earlier, Sir, and I apologize," Chuck began.

"Mr. Bartowski... Chuck, what you said, I deserved," Graham said. "I was being blackmailed by Orion. He was creating a classified system for us, and I was told to keep you two apart, or he wouldn't finish it."

"Why, Sir? I mean I'm no one," Chuck said.

"I can't answer that, Son," Graham answered. "All I can say is he married his handler and she left him."

"So wait, this guy projected his hurt onto me?" Chuck asked. "Sir, that's insane."

"I'm not convinced he's not a little insane," Graham admitted. "Chuck, I'm sorry, and for the record, she hated me keeping you apart." Chuck looked over at Sarah. "Chuck, it's not my place, but that girl loves you, and would do anything to make it right."

"I don't mean this hatefully, or even trying to be mean, but you're right, it's not your place," Chuck said. "For the record, I know, she is trying, and we're working on it."

"Good luck, Chuck," Graham said. "Again, I am sorry." And with that, he had disconnected the call. Chuck smiled at Sarah and handed her the phone.

"So, what can I do to make you trust me?" she asked.

"Keep telling me the truth," Chuck said.

“So you know, I have a mission,” Sarah said. “It’s a mission to heart warm you, prove to you I’m trust worthy, and win you over.” Chuck just looked at her. She had a slight smirk on her face.

“Not even gonna play it cool, are you?” Chuck asked.

“Nope,” she said, popping the “p”. “I’ve never failed a mission,” she said. Chuck looked at her and smiled.

“I hope you keep your record intact,” he said, grinning and waggling his eyebrows. Her mouth feel open in faux scandalous shock. He stood and offered her him hand. “Ellie’s?”

“Ellie’s,” she agreed.

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Dinner was great, the company was great, and Ellie and Awesome were in full aunt and uncle mode. Chuck even made a few jokes about Awesome having one of his own. The look on his face was not lost on Ellie or Chuck...soon. After dinner Chuck disappeared for a while. Sarah was worried she had done something or he was missing living here. Ellie caught her eye and nodded her head toward Chuck’s bedroom. Ellie gave her a smile, Sarah nodded, and headed that way.

“How’s it going on that front?” Ellie asked Emma.

“They’re talking,” Emma said. “I think they are taking it very slow.” Ellie shook her head.

“He pined for Jenny after she left. He never really dated again,” Ellie said. “Working together, living in the same house, raising this little angel...they haven’t got a chance.” Emma smiled.

“No, they haven’t,” Emma agreed. Sarah had knocked on Chuck’s door, but no one had answered. She had slowly pushed the door open and noticed the window open. Had Chuck run off? She looked around the room and noticed his desk was empty, and several things looked like they had been moved.

"Hey," he said, climbing through the window, startling her. "I was loading some stuff up to take back."

"Oh, yeah," she said, trying not to appear too anxious.

"Yeah, if it's okay with you," he replied. She bounced a shoulder and tried to keep her face neutral.

"It's Emma's house," she responded.

"I know, and I already know what she says, but I'm asking you," Chuck said. "I don't want to make things hard on you." She walked over and wrapped her arms around him and buried her head in his chest. He wrapped his arms around her.

"I'm going to do this a lot if you stay," she said.

"Non-negotiable?"

"Non-negotiable," she replied. "And don't be shocked if I sneak into your room and run my fingers through your hair."

"You're driving a hard bargain," he said smiling.

"Are you okay about today?" she asked, pulling away and looking into his eyes. Chuck sighed.

"No, yes, I don't know," he replied. "I know I don't blame you. I'm not happy you picked your dad's safety over me, but I know why, and I get it. I guess what I really don't understand is this Orion." She smiled sadly, and before she could help it, she ran her thumb across his jaw, and looked directly into her eyes.

"If you want, I'll help you figure out who he is," she said. He nodded.

"I think I deserve to know. I think WE deserve to know," Chuck said. He broke the gaze the two shared and looked over at the door. "I need to bring something, but it's awful nerdy."

"Bring the Tron poster, Chuck," she said smiling. Chuck gave her a look of surprise and then smiled. He paused a second and kissed the top of her head. "Your heart warmed

yet?" she asked grinning.

"Not yet," he said, taking the poster down. He turned around to look at her. "You know this is gonna take a while, right?" She bounced a shoulder grinning.

"I've waited three years, and I know where you live," she said. "I can wait some more."

"That's a little creepy," he said. She bounced a shoulder again.

"Deal with it," she said, leaving the room. Chuck watched her go, and stood there a minute.

"Jenny, I've missed you," he said softly to the room.

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Chuck had his computer set up, and was in the process of hanging the Tron poster when the monitor to his computer came on.

"Charles," came the voice, scaring Chuck.

"Who are you?" he asked, having fallen down from the fright.

"I am Orion, and you need to leave this house," it said.

"You need to stay the hell out of my life," Chuck replied, getting angry.

"Charles, you don't understand," the computer said, and then the grainy picture went away and there was Stephen Bartowski. Chuck's mouth dropped. "Charles you need to get away from her."

"You, you did this?" he said softly, standing up. "You kept me from my daughter?" his voice getting louder. "You can go to hell." He said softly. "I never want to see your face again, do you understand?"

"Chuck?" Sarah's voice came as she opened the door. "Everything okay?" she asked, and stopped seeing the computer.

"You caused me to be the same sad excuse for a father that you were! You can go straight to hell! I never want to see you again!" Chuck screamed. Orion clicked off of the screen. Sarah was in shock. Chuck grabbed the poster, fled the room, and was out of the

house like a shot. Sarah was right behind him. He was standing by the garbage can, wanting to throw the poster away, but couldn't. He was crying, rage and grief coming out of him simultaneously. Sarah grabbed him and held him. "My father is Orion," he whispered. "He did this to me, to you, to Molly. My own family." Tears flowed and Sarah held him and comforted him like she wanted to for all those years. After a bit, they stopped flowing, but he was numb, almost broken. She took the poster, led him back inside, put the poster down in the living room, and helped him up the stairs.

"Come on," she said, and led him to her bedroom door, she felt him hesitate. She stopped and looked at him. "This isn't about us and our future. This isn't about our relationship. This is about me, comforting you, and that's it, okay?" He nodded. She led him inside, and shut the door.

A/N: Wait!! You're stopping there!?!? But...did they?...are they?... MWAHAHAHAH. Until next time.

DC

Chapter 5: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 5, If You Only Knew

A/N: I cannot thank you all enough for the support of this fic. I read every one of the reviews, and I know many of you have questions and theories. I'm gonna stay quiet on them for now, but I suspect by the end of this story, you'll have your answers.

So the question is what are we listening to today, David? Well, it's my favorite band, Shinedown. Pull out your CD, or mp3, or whatever you listen to, and let's get this show on the road. Ch 5, If You Only Knew

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, or Shinedown, but seeing them live is highly recommended...It's 4:03 and I can't sleep. Without you next to me I toss and turn like the sea...

Sarah woke up, and looked up at the warm body pillow she was sleeping on. How did she just spend one weekend with him (well, 4 days) and he had so affected her life? Sure, he was the father of her child, but there was something about Chuck Bartowski that wormed it's way into her heart and soul. She loved him. She would marry him in a hot second, but just a few days ago she doubted that ever happened. Now...maybe there was a chance. Things were better, and she knew she had to give him time, but she had some hope. She got up and went into the kitchen.

She knew she had a silly smile on her face, but last night, it was more than she could hope for. He kept apologizing to her about his father. He cried, and she had held him. She told him she was there for him, and it seemed to comfort him.

"Good night?" she Emma asked, a smirk on her face. Sarah turned to her mother.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked, returning the smirk.

"Chuck's bed wasn't slept in last night," Emma retorted. Sarah moved to the fridge and got some eggs out.

"Oh?" she said.

"In fact, he hasn't slept in it either night he has been here," Emma said, studying her daughter. Sarah shrugged.

"He's a grown man," she answered. "He's allowed to sleep wherever he wants."

"Uh-huh," Emma replied. "What if it was at another woman's house?" Sarah turned to her mother with a glare.

"I was going to ask him to fix your email, but I think I've changed my mind," Sarah retorted.

"Who's going to fix whose email?" Chuck asked, walking into the kitchen.

"Hey," Sarah said, giving him a smile, walking over, and hugging him. "Sleep okay?"

"Yeah, thanks to you," he said softly, holding her. "You know I've yet to sleep in my bed since I've been here." Sarah shrugged.

"It's okay, you can sleep either place," she said, keeping her face as expressionless as possible.

"Just like that?" he asked, grinning.

"Come on, Chuck. There's only one night you and I have been together in the same building and we didn't sleep with each other," she said. Chuck saw the look on Emma's face. Sarah saw Chuck's face and turned to her mother. "We fell asleep watching the movie the first night we met, the second night I was drunk and he refused to 'take advantage of me,'" she said using air quotes.

"To which I appreciate you returning the favor last night," he said. She gave him a look.

"I wasn't that drunk," she said.

"I was that upset," he replied. She gave him a tight smile. She turned back to Emma.

"And you can figure out the rest," Sarah said. "I just sleep better with him near me."

"You mean you use me for your personal snuggly pillow," Chuck said.

"Tomato To mat toe," she said, shrugging. "How do you want your eggs?"

“Over medium?” he asked. She raised an eyebrow and pointed her finger at him.

“Testing me to see if I’m domesticated?” Chuck gave her a look, and she laughed. “I’m just teasing, but I’m serious about the bed.” Chuck reddened just a bit.

“You know I’m in the same clothes from last night so I’ll go take a shower,” he said heading upstairs.

“Since you haven’t unpacked everything yet, it won’t take long to move it down to my room, or our room, if you want,” she said, with a grin he couldn’t see. Chuck nearly sprinted up the stairs. Emma smacked her shoulder, both of them laughing.

“You are evil,” Emma said.

“Did I go too far?” Sarah asked. Emma shook her head.

“He loves you, he’s just got to figure it all out,” Emma said.

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A little while later, with everyone clothed, fed, and ready to go, Chuck saw the poster on the ground by the door.

“I can throw that out if you want me to,” Sarah said softly. Chuck turned to look at her, and took her hands.

“I need to apologize to you,” Chuck said. Emma’s ears perked up. “Last night, I found out that my father is Orion.” Emma was now stunned. “I found out my father made me do the same thing to my child that he did to me. I wanted to rid myself of everything of him, including this,” he said, looking down at the poster. “But I couldn’t,” he said lowering his head. “I understand now. At the end of the day, your choice was your father or a guy you knew for four days. I get it. I even believe you love me and still made that choice, because I get it. I’m sorry my father put you through that. No one should ever have to make that choice, because there is no right answer.” Sarah grabbed him and held him tight.

“I told you when we started this, just be honest,” she said. “Thank you.”

“Thank you for not taking advantage of me last night, because you easily could have,” Chuck said, grinning pulling away.

“I can behave,” she said smirking.

“I’m going to be late, I have to get to work,” he said, and bolted out the door.

“How long until he realizes he’s riding with you?” Emma asked.

“Oh, he’s already figured it out,” Sarah said, smiling. “The question is, does he come back in here and admit it.” The door opened and there stood a very embarrassed Chuck. “Come on,” she said with the biggest grin on her face. “You’re riding with me.” Chuck dropped his head and followed her.

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Buy More, Burbank

Morgan started to walk into the Buy More. It wasn’t the same as it used to be without Chuck, and now Jeff has a partner in crime in Lester. They had already started calling themselves Jeffster. Morgan sighed, and prepared to enter, when someone grabbed his arm.

“Mr. B!” Morgan yelled.

“Shh!” Stephen said. “You have to tell Chuck something for me. You have to tell him he can’t trust her, she’s a queen and he can’t trust her.”

“Have you thought about switching to decaf, Mr. B?” he asked.

“TELL HIM!” Stephen yelled, and then he was gone. Morgan stood there, confused.

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Simi Valley

“Sorry about that,” Chuck said. “It’s a little weird, not only did I find you, but we have a child, and your mom is there, and I feel like she is so judging me.”

“Chuck, you’re spiraling,” Sarah said.

"I know, I know," he said. "But the weird thing is, I can talk and joke with her, but the idea that you and I ever...well...you know."

"I do, I was there," she replied. "And enjoyed it," she added under her breath.

"I didn't catch that," Chuck said. Sarah shook her head with an innocent look on her face. He watched her a second and continued. "I just feel like she blames me for all this."

"Mom blames you for nothing," Sarah said. "In fact, she didn't believe you could be as good a guy as I said you were. Being around you the past few days has proved it." Chuck turned toward her worried. "You are better than advertised." Chuck let out a breath.

"Sarah, remember how you asked me how you could win my trust?" Chuck asked. Sarah nodded. "Last night...you were there for me, and it was exactly what you promised it would be, thank you."

"It was my pleasure, Chuck," Sarah said smiling.

"Okay, we need to call Graham," Chuck said.

"Uh, Chuck, he is the director of the CIA," Sarah said. Chuck nodded.

"So either he lied to us, or he doesn't know my father is Orion," Chuck said.

"If they do, what good will it do, if they don't they could come get him," Sarah said.

"Let them," Chuck said coldly. "He promised them something to get them to agree to keep us apart."

"I don't like this," Sarah said softly. Chuck nodded.

"I'm not thrilled, but we don't have the full story, and we deserve it," Chuck said. He swallowed, and looked straight ahead. "For the record, I do enjoy sleeping with you. I'm just afraid." Sarah nodded, but grinned.

"You should be," she said, and laughed at the red spreading across Chuck's ears. She found her phone, pulled it out, and dialed the number.

"Graham, secure," he said.

"Walker, secure and with Chuck," she replied, winking at him. Chuck grinned.

"Am I about to get cussed again?" he asked.

"Maybe," she replied.

"Put him on," Graham sighed. Chuck took the phone.

"Director, sir, I hate to bother you, but I was contacted by Orion last night," Chuck said.

"YOU WERE WHAT!?! " Sarah was taken aback by the response she heard across the car.

"Got one more for you, he told me I was his son," Chuck replied. There was complete silence. "But, you already knew that didn't you."

"Chuck, I'm sorry, this is so highly classified," Graham tried to explain.

"Save it," Chuck said. "He told me again, to get out of the house."

"Did he say anything else?" Graham asked. Chuck looked a little embarrassed. Sarah took the phone.

"Sir, he didn't get the chance because Chuck let him have it," Sarah said.

"As bad as me?" Graham asked, amused.

"Sir, yours was a Sunday picnic compared to what Chuck did to his father." Sarah heard Graham chuckle.

"If he contacts you again, let me know," he said, and hung up.

"That went well," she said. Chuck sat there in thought.

"He said last time that Orion was married to his CIA handler," Chuck said softly.

"Chuck, your father and mother worked for the CIA?" Sarah asked, confused.

"This is the first I'm hearing about it," he said.

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Langley

Graham thought long and hard and picked up the phone.

"Graham, secure," he said. He listened for a second. "Orion has revealed himself. Yes, they called and confirmed. I agree. I don't like it either, but they need someone. I agree, General, this is not what we hoped for. I don't think that's necessary, yet. I will. Have him call to verify me. You too, General." Graham hung up the phone. "Chuck and Sarah, what have you two gotten yourselves into?"

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Simi Valley

Chuck was hard at work. Whoever had created the cyber security for Truffaut Industries wasn't very good. Chuck had Molly on his lap as he typed in code. He had her click enter sometimes for him, and sometimes he would explain what he was doing, but the little girl was just happy being there with her father. He felt, rather than heard the person behind him.

"I got you your email back, now what?" Chuck asked, turning in his chair, preparing to mess with Emma. He was happily surprised to see Sarah.

"Mama!" Molly yelled holding her hands out.

"Hey baby girl!" Sarah said, picking her up. "Are you showing Daddy how to use the computers?"

"Yep!"

"Do you think Daddy should sleep in the same bed as me?"

"Yep!" Sarah beamed at Molly and looked at Chuck, who had an amused look on his face.

"That is low down, Sarah," Chuck said. Sarah bounced a shoulder, clearly not caring and had an amused smirk on her face.

"What are you doing?" Sarah asked.

"Uh, giving you some actual cyber security," Chuck replied.

“Chuck, I have the best cyber security money can buy,” she said, a little confused. Chuck grinned.

“The security I can give is not for sale,” he answered.

“No, Chuck, you don’t understand, I literally have the best cyber security money can buy, I’m contracting it out to this company as part of our security measures,” Sarah said, worried. Chuck gave her a look.

“Look, I know I’m your employee, but-” he began.

“Chuck, what’s mine is yours,” she said with a very pointed look. His ears went red again.

“Anyway,” he squeaked out. “This isn’t good. I mean I could hack it in a matter of minutes.”

“Give me a second,” she said, handing Molly back to Chuck.

“Do you like me living with you?” Chuck asked. Molly nodded and hugged her father.

“Don’t tell your mother, but I’m not going anywhere.” Molly grinned. “In fact, if I was honest with myself, I probably love her, I just gotta figure some things out.” Sarah walked back into the room, and swapped the contract for Molly. Chuck began to go through the contract.

“I love you,” Sarah said to Molly. Chuck looked up and grinned at the two interacting.

“Love you,” Molly said. “Daddy too.”

“I love you, Pumpkin,” Chuck said.

“No, Daddy love Mommy,” Molly said. Sarah slowly turned to look at Chuck who was very busy studying legal jumbo on a page.

“I believe what you’re looking for is on page four, Dear,” she said, grinning.

“Well, Sweetie,” he replied, making her grin grow. “It appears your being fleeced.” Sarah sighed. He was going to avoid them and talk about work. That was fine, she would play his silly little game...for now.

"It was the best offer I could get just starting out," she said. Chuck nodded in appreciation.

"This, Verbanski Corporation is pretty slick," Chuck said. "They give you peanuts for you setting up clients with their product, and then when it comes time to renew, they could come along tell your client that it's their computer security and they have a much larger corporation."

"They had me over a barrel," she said. "I was desperate." Chuck looked mad. "Are you okay?"

"No," he said. "She took advantage of my girl and I'm not going to let that slide." He turned around and began typing. Sarah's eyes nearly bugged out of her head. He had said my girl. Talking about her. She put her right hand on his shoulder as he typed as she held Molly in the left one. He was doing something with the mouse with his right, and he reached across and held her hand on his shoulder. She leaned down.

"You know I can take care of myself," she said softly into his ear. He squirmed a little in his chair.

"It never hurts to have someone who cares about you having your back," he replied.

"Cares?" she said, still inches from his ear. "Our daughter thinks it's love."

"Well, kids, you know," Chuck stammered. "They hear things, take it the wrong way. Tell secrets they aren't supposed to."

"It's okay, Chuck," she said, grinning hard, and feeling the happiest she could ever remember feeling. "You'll tell me when you're ready."

"Awful confident," he said, his voice going up an octave.

"I don't fail missions," she said, patted him on the shoulder, and left the room.

"I hate you, Dad," he said softly. "Two years you've cost me."

"I don't see him here now," Emma said. Chuck jerked up, having not heard her come in.

"What do you mean?" Chuck asked.

"He kept you two apart," she said. "Who's keeping you two apart now?" she asked with a pointed look.

"It's not that simple," Chuck said. Emma shrugged.

"You both love each other," she said. "Everything else is details. You both know you're going to be together, so the question is why are you keeping the two of you apart?"

"My heart says to go with it," Chuck said. "But my head...the last time we were together...she left me."

"Chuck, you are in her house, her company, and her life," Emma said smiling. "You're scared of getting hurt, and that's the long and the short of it. Use that brain of yours for something other than making yourself miserable, because that is all you are doing." She gave him a tight smile and left. Chuck sat there a second.

"I really hate you, Dad," Chuck said, tears falling down his face.

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Sarah found herself on the phone with a frantic Gertrude Verbanski. Sarah had never in her life used that term to describe Verbanski, but that's exactly how she sounded. An email came to her from Chuck that was marked urgent. She read it while Gertrude continued to fume and had to bite the inside of her cheek to not giggle.

"Gertrude, my IT person is just showing you that we have a legitimate out clause in our contract. It clearly states that if we can find a better security program that our contract is null and void," Sarah said.

"Sarah, my people will have it gone by the end of the day," Gertrude said. "You are not getting out of the contract."

"Verbanski, your people have no chance," she said, knowing if Chuck told her they couldn't break it, they couldn't. "I'll make you a deal, you have until the end of the day to let us out of our contract, and sign one giving you the same terms you gave us."

"That's robbery!" she shouted.

"You should know, you got me to sign the same contract," Sarah replied, coolly. "However if I don't hear from you by four I'll go to my lawyers, and I won't have the virus removed, because if I did, how could I prove my legal point." Verbanski grumbled something and hung up. Sarah sat there quite pleased with herself. Her phone rang and she picked it up. "Truffaut Industries, Sarah Walker speaking, how may I help you?" She listened for a second and fought off a groan. She checked her email like she was told and her eyes nearly bugged out of her head. "So basically his salary is paid, and he's to work for us, plus we get this contract. Done. When can he start? Tomorrow? I'll have to see about getting him an office set up, but that shouldn't be a problem. No, thank you." She hung up as Chuck stuck his head into her office.

"Hey sexy," she said. "What's up?"

"Is that sexual harassment?" Chuck asked.

"Chuck you're a one-third owner, how can that be?" she asked.

"I'm what?" he asked. She pulled out the newest legal paperwork.

"You need to sign, here, and here, but wait until we have some witnesses," she said.

"Sarah, this is too much," he said. She shook her head.

"No, it isn't," she explained. "I am partners with the people I trust." She looked him right into his eyes. "I'm not going anywhere Chuck Bartowski, and if you sign this neither are you." He looked Sarah right in the eye.

"Sarah, regardless if I sign this or not, I'm not going anywhere," he said. "My daughter's here." He paused a second, and decided if he was going to be honest, he was going to be honest. "Even if she wasn't, you're here." They were silent for a second. She stood and looked him right in the eye.

"Well, where does that leave us?" she asked softly. Chuck shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered. "What do you do when your heart and brain are at war?"

"Make peace," she said. Chuck nodded. "Not to change the subject, but we do have a new employee starting tomorrow. We got a new contract, the government is going to

pay his salary, and he will handle our security in the office, and we can use him out in the field.” Chuck nodded.

“Do you have his name?” Chuck asked.

“Casey,” Sarah said, studying the email. “John Casey...that’s funny, I think I knew of a John Casey in the NSA.” Chuck looked at Sarah.

“Why do I get the feeling that this has something to do with my dad?” Chuck asked.

“Trust your feelings, Chuck,” Sarah said. “They were my best asset as a spy and as a person.”

“Huh,” Chuck said. “Are you talking about you, or this Casey guy?” Sarah shrugged as Chuck walked out. He winked at her. Sarah watched him go.

“I swear to God if this Casey does something to get between Chuck and I, I will gut him like a fish,” she grumbled to herself.

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Casa de Walker y Truffaut y Bartowski

It had been a long day. Verbanski had shown up at 3:30 with a new contract, exactly as Sarah had stipulated, the papers were signed, plus the new ownership papers. In just a few days, Chuck had gone from a member of the nerd herd making \$11.00 an hour to owning a part of a security company making serious money, found out he was a father, and had a...girlfriend? Chuck had put Molly to bed that night, and came back and watched a movie with Sarah on the couch. After it was over, Sarah went to bed and told him not to stay up to late. She winked at him before she went in her room. When he finally decided enough was enough, he got up, and walked to her door, but paused. He shook his head, went upstairs, got ready, and crawled into bed. He had been lying there a little over a minute when the door opened.

“Sarah, what’s wrong?” he asked.

“My feet are cold, Chuck,” she said, starting to get into bed. He put a hand on her shoulder, gently, to stop her from getting in the bed.

“Sarah,” he began.

“Chuck, I swear to you I am not up to anything, but I sleep better with you and my feet are cold,” she said, determinedly. His hand didn’t move, and he began to slide her direction.

“I know,” he replied. She was staring daggers at him. “I also know you prefer that side,” he said, nodding his head on the side of the bed he had been lying on. She smiled, walked around, lifted up the covers, and slid in, taking her normal place in the crook of his arm, her head on his chest.

“Thank you, Chuck,” she said softly. He lay there a minute, quietly.

“So, I was thinking, how about we go on a date?” he asked. He felt the smile on her face against his chest.

“Okay,” she said.

“You know the being honest thing?” Chuck asked. Sarah nodded. “I’ve been abandoned by a lot of the people I love my whole life.” Sarah’s mind began to race. Did he just say he loved her, and if he did he had just included her in the part about abandoning him. “I’m more than a little scared.”

“I understand,” she said.

“That’s why we gotta take this slow,” he said. “That’s why I don’t want to sleep with you.”

“Because you can’t control yourself?” Sarah asked. “And how is any of that my fault?”

“It’s not your fault,” Chuck replied quickly, and Sarah grinned. “I just kinda lose my head around you. You’re pretty amazing, you know that?”

“Okay, honesty?” Sarah asked. Chuck nodded, she was looking straight in his eyes now, her chin barely resting on his chest. “You can either move down to my room, or I’m going to come in here every night.”

“Sarah,” Chuck said, whining. She shrugged.

"You wanted honesty," she said. "But here's the deal, Chuck, I've lived the past three years with so many regrets, and I'm not doing it anymore. I know I can't have what I want, but this I need. You close, Molly close, if I can't ever have the family legally together, than I can at least have them nearby. I know you won't take advantage of me. I know how you feel about me, both good and bad, and whatever you decide we should do or be, I will live with, but I need this, Chuck."

"I have no chance do I?" he asked, sincerely. "I mean this is how it starts. I'm not saying you're using your spy skills, or seducing, I mean you are just being as honest and as straight forward as you can be, and you know me. You know that at some point you're going to get it all, right? You know I've never said that we can't be, because...I think we can." Sarah grinned at him.

"Chuck, I don't think we can," she said, and there was the look she hoped she would see, the one of disappointment. This wasn't a test, this was her being honest, but it felt good to have her suspicions confirmed. "I know we can." Chuck grinned. She lay her head down on his chest. "You set the pace."

"What if I change my mind?" he asked. She didn't move. "On the pace," he clarified. She shrugged.

"Good night, Chuck. I love you," she said, closing her eyes. There was silence.

"I love you, Sarah," he said. She sighed contently.

"About time you figured it out," she said. "We're moving downstairs in the morning, my bed is more comfortable."

"I'm glad you got assigned to me," he said softly. Sarah held him tight, and for the first time in a very long time, she felt like things were going to be okay.

A/N: Next: Casey...Morgan...If I drown tonight bring me back to life. Breathe your breath in me. The only thing that I still believe in is you, if you only knew...Until next time.

DC

Chapter 6: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 6, Break In

A/N: This chapter is going to be little things, but they make up the big things down the road...again thank you for the reviews, follows, favorites, and just all around love.

Today, let's find Halestorm, put in on yo' music device. Ch 6, Break In... You are the only one.

The only that sees me. That trusts me and believes me...

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, I don't own Gremlins, and you shouldn't feed me after midnight either.

Sarah woke feeling warm and comfortable. She was on her side, and she felt Chuck behind her, and her hand on top of his, on her hip. She traced her thumb over his hand and electricity shot through her body. She looked over her shoulder, and he was staring at her, with a look that could only be described as hunger. She gave a salacious grin, and flipped over onto her other side. She reached across and cupped his head with her left hand, letting her fingers play with her curls. The look in his eyes only increased, and she sprang. The two nearly moaned simultaneously and somewhere in Chuck's mind he k-new he thought they should take it slow, but he couldn't remember why. His thumb caught under the hem of her shirt and rubbed across her rib. He swore he heard her growl. For a second they parted and there was a question on her face. Chuck never said a word, he just grinned, and slowly leaned in, taking her bottom lip between his. Sarah shoved him down, and got ready to pounce.

"MAMA!" the yell came from next door, and just like that, it was over. Sarah was back beside him before Chuck could figure out what had happened.

"In here, baby girl!" she yelled. The door opened and Molly came in, looking very upset.

"You wasn't in your room," she said.

"Weren't," Sarah corrected.

"Weren't," she said nodding. "Gonna sleep here now?"

"No, Baby," Sarah replied. "Daddy and I are moving to my room today." Chuck gave her a look and she returned it. "Aren't we, Daddy?" she asked with an amused smirk. Chuck turned to Molly.

"Sorry we scared you, Pumpkin," Chuck said.

"It's ok," she said crawling up between the two. "Love you," she said, giving each of them a kiss.

"Sarah, do you see this?" Chuck asked, in faux worry.

"Oh, my," she said, in the same way. "What do we do?" Molly giggled.

"This," Chuck said, and raspberried her cheek. Sarah did the other side, and Molly squealed in delight. Emma came in the room to see what all the fuss was about.

"I see you're good intentions did no good last night," Emma said.

"He's moving into my room today," Sarah told her. "He can either help me move his stuff, or I'll do it myself."

"Word of advice, help her," Emma said. "We both know she's stubborn and will do exactly what she wants."

"I feel like I have no say," Chuck said.

"Nonsense," Sarah replied. "You have all the say you want, I'm just going to do what I want to do." With that, she hopped out of bed, grabbed Molly and left the room.

"There's a couple of old sayings that apply here; be careful what you wish for, and I think he doth protest too much," Emma said grinning. Chuck returned the grin. Emma left, and Chuck got out of bed, and slowly made his way to the stairs. When he got there, Sarah was coming back up, so he leaned back against the wall to give her room. She got to the top of the stairs, grabbed his arm, drug him into her bedroom, spun him around, and managed to shut the door, lock it, and kiss him all in one move. He found himself pinned against the door.

"Good morning," she said, grinning, pulling away.

"Morning," he managed to get out.

"I was just curious how the battle of heart and head was going?" she asked innocently.

"Right now, one side is winning handily," Chuck answered honestly. "But it's being heavily influenced." Sarah grinned.

"Will you please move in here with me? I will behave," she said.

"What if I don't want you to behave?" Chuck squeaked out. Sarah smiled.

"I think I need to quit influencing your battle," she said, pulling him gently off the door.

"You're probably right," Chuck said, and he pulled her to him kissing her. "I've thought about you every day for three long years, Sarah Jenny Walker Burton. I've thought about you when I wake up, when I go to bed, when I'm working, when I was studying, and all throughout my dreams. I hacked Harvard looking for you."

"You found me, and you're in my life, Chuck," she said. "You're a part of my life, Chuck," and pulled him into a hug.

"I meant it last night, I love you, Sarah."

"I love you too, Chuck."

"Where would you like to go on a date?" he asked.

"Wherever," she said. "Just as long as I'm with you."

"Just me and you, or our little chaperon?" he asked.

"Just you and me," Sarah replied. Chuck nodded and leaned in to kiss her. "I thought you wanted slow?" she asked with a grin.

"Given our history, isn't this slow?" he asked, pulling out the eyebrow dance. Sarah laughed, and headed for the door.

"I'm going to have to stop by the store on the way to work, just to be safe," she said, winking. Chuck gave her a look. "Not that they did us a lot of good last time." Chuck's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. She stared at him for a second. "You didn't say no," she said, and left.

"Oh, boy," he muttered to himself.

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Chuck rode in silence to Truffaut with Sarah

"She thinks we need a little quiet time and she like driving around Molly by herself," Sarah said. "She even did this when it was only the three of us." Chuck looked at her. "I thought maybe you were wondering why we didn't all ride in one vehicle." Chuck nodded. "Okay, Bartowski, you usually can't shut up and you haven't said a word this morning."

"What are we?" Chuck said softly. "Us."

"Oh," Sarah said. "Well, remember when I said you could see other people and live there with me?"

"Yeah."

"I really wish you wouldn't," Sarah said.

"I don't want to," Chuck said. Sarah nodded.

"I'm not seeing anyone, in fact, I haven't really been out since you and I went out at Stanford," she admitted. "I found out I was pregnant a little while later, so that really shuts down the dating life, and most guys were jerks compared to the incredible guy I was longing for. Then after I had Molly and went back to the CIA, most of the time was at the Farm so I put my all into it. They wanted me to have a cover partner in Bryce Larkin-"

"WHAAAATT?!" Chuck asked, shocked. Sarah giggled.

"Yeah, after he got you kicked out of Stanford...not happening," she said.

"You know I should feel a little weird how much you stalked me, but I don't," Chuck said, grinning. Sarah grinned back.

"Well, that's good, because the only other guy I've been kinda seeing since I got back to California, was in his bed, asleep, and I'd just sit and talk to him. He seemed to always

know I was there though, because he would say Jenny in his sleep.” Chuck turned to her. “My dreams about you had increased in the past few months,” Chuck said. “It never dawned on me until right now as to why.” Chuck put his head in his hands. “We are some strange couple.”

“It’s California, Chuck,” Sarah said. “We probably aren’t the strangest, but we might be up there.” Chuck’s phone made a noise, and he checked it.

“Uh-oh,” he said.

“What’s wrong,” Sarah said. Chuck gave her a look.

“Well, my friend, Morgan, he wants to come see his niece,” Chuck began. Sarah grinned.

“You mean Morgan Guillermo Grimes, born 1982, son of Bolonia Garcia Boganzia Grimes and-”

“AHH!” Chuck said, cutting her off. “We don’t talk about him.” Sarah nodded. “Continue,” he said, enjoying this.

“Morgan is better known as Charles Irving Bartowski’s hetro-sexual life partner, and may be best known for taking Ellie’s pillow to the prom.”

“He had such a good time with it that night,” Chuck said, thinking back. Sarah shook her head an amused expression on her face.

“So he wants to see his niece,” Sarah said. Chuck nodded, not looking her in the eye. “And, make sure I’m good enough for you.” Chuck didn’t say anything, but he gave a quick nod. “Good.” Chuck turned to her, confused.

“Good?”

“Good,” she said. “You need someone in your life like him looking out for you.” Chuck smiled.

“You mean besides you?” he asked. “Watch it, Chuck, I’ll have to go to large mart and buy the big box,” Sarah said. Chuck blushed, turned around, and looked straight out the window as Sarah laughed.

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Sarah and Chuck were in her office chatting when there was a knock on the door. Chuck opened it, and looked at the muscular man in front of him.

"John Casey," he said in nearly a grunt. "I was told to report here."

"Chuck Bartowski," Chuck said, offering his hand. Casey shook it, and Chuck was worried Casey might have crushed Chuck's hand.

"John Casey, NSA," Sarah said, standing and walking up to him, hand out.

"Sarah Walker, CIA," Casey said, shaking hers.

"I feel a little inadequate here," Chuck said. They both looked at him, Sarah holding in a laugh, Casey looking at him like he was a dumbass.

"I was told to be in charge of security," Casey said, not asked. Sarah nodded.

"John, why are you here?" Chuck asked.

"It's Casey, and I take orders, I don't question them, and I don't answer to you," he said.

"Chuck is one-third owner, so technically you do," Sarah replied. Casey grunted which sounded suspiciously like the word moron, but Chuck let it go.

"I'll be out front," he said, turned, and left.

"Pleasant fellow," Chuck said.

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Morgan walked in the door at Truffaut looking for Chuck.

"Can I help you?" Casey asked.

"I'm here to see, Chuck," Morgan replied. Casey checked the calendar.

"He has no appointments today," Casey said.

"Well, call him," Morgan said.

"I don't have his number," Casey countered.

"You are the worst secretary ever," Morgan replied. Casey growled and stood. Morgan's eyebrows shot up. "But, man, congrats to you for trying something outside of your comfort zone, you should be proud of yourself."

"Describe Chuck," Casey growled.

"Tall, good looking in a self depreciating kind of way. Brown curly hair, and chocolate eyes that stare into your soul," Morgan said. Casey looked a little disgusted.

"Huh, I thought the geek was dating Walker, not you," Casey said. Morgan shook his head.

"First, nerd," Morgan said. Casey gave him a weird look. "It's nerd, not geek, second, he is dating Sarah, I'm just his hetro-sexual life partner."

"Right, and the first thing you corrected me on was nerd instead of geek," Casey countered. Morgan shook his head, and began to walk in.

"I've had enough o-ack-" Casey grabbed Morgan by the neck and held him against the wall. He picked up the phone with his other hand.

"I have a situation out here," Casey said and hung up. A minute later, Sarah came down the hall.

"Casey, put Morgan down!" she said. Casey shrugged and let go. Morgan fell to the floor in a heap. "He is Chuck's friend, let him in whenever."

"It's your company to ruin," he said. Sarah gave him a look, and then went to check on Morgan. He sat up, shook his head, and looked at Sarah.

"Wow, he said you were attractive, but he forgot to tell me you were smokin hot!" Morgan said. Sarah raised an eyebrow. "You know what this means don't you?" Sarah shook her head. Chuck was walking up, hearing the whole thing, but not close enough to stop it. "That make you Vicky Vale, him Bruce Wayne, and me Dick Grayson, because I'm Batman's Robin!"

"Batman?" Sarah asked Chuck.

"I mean you are Vicky Vale," Chuck said. "It is a high compliment."

“And that makes all of that better?” she asked grinning.

“Seems your stalking missed out on how big a nerd I was,” Chuck said, proud of himself. Sarah shook her head, got up, walked past, and stopped right beside of him.

“No, I’m just more of a Selina Kyle,” she said, and kept walking. Morgan’s mouth dropped and Chuck nearly fainted.

“Dude you’re dating CATWOMAN!” Morgan yelled. Chuck heard Sarah laughing down the hallway. “I have to go talk to her.” Chuck put his head in his hand.

“Buddy,” he began.

“No, Chuck,” Morgan said. “It is my duty as your future brother-in-law-”

“Ellie is not going to marry you,” Chuck cut in.

“Let’s not let facts get in the way,” Morgan said. “It is my duty as your future brother-in-law to make sure she’s right for you.” Chuck stood out of the way and watched him head up the hall to find Sarah. “Uh, which office is she in?” Morgan eventually found it, as Sarah was sitting there, waiting for him.

“Morgan,” she said. “Please, sit.” Morgan took a seat, and studied her.

“I don’t see a Jenny,” he finally said. Sarah nodded. “Sarah, though, that’s right.”

“Really?” Sarah asked. “Because that’s not my birth name.” Morgan’s eyes got big. “I’m not 100% sure what it is, to be honest. It’s changed so many times. My dad was a con man so we moved from town to town switching identities.” Morgan’s jaw dropped.

“That’s so cool,” Morgan said.

“No, it was horrible,” Sarah replied. Morgan shook his head.

“I mean, it sounds lonely, but the adventure, the travel,” he said in awe.

“All of it, overrated,” she replied.

“Then why did you leave him?” Morgan asked, point blank, Sarah sighed.

"I was told if I didn't my dad wouldn't get out of jail," she said. Morgan nodded. "Then I was told if I told him before our deal was up, my father would be put back in jail and his record not expunged."

"You know everyone except Ellie and I have abandoned Chuck," he said.

"I know," she said, looking away, tears in her eyes. "I kept up with him. I knew about Stanford and being expelled, I knew about the Buy More, the Morgan door." She looked at him. "When I met him, Morgan, he was so terribly hungover. I was supposed to protect him, and I had walked by him twice. He had the chance to use every pickup line, but he didn't. He made me laugh, took care of me, offered me his roommate's bed to sleep in, and refused to take advantage of me when I wanted him when I was drunk, and I had to leave him. Four days. That's all it took for him to change my life. I don't what went wrong with our protection, but I'm glad it did, and I'm glad I have that little girl."

Morgan just stared at her, in awe, not knowing what to say.

"You know what killed me the most?" she asked, wiping her eyes with the backs of her hands. "When I moved back, I got to see our child every day. The one who looks like me, but acts like him. Loving, caring, forgiving," she said, nearly breaking down. "She just looked at a picture and knew who her daddy was. The first time he was here, she climbed into his lap. It killed me Morgan, and I didn't have the guts to make sure my little girl had her dad, because I was too scared to lose mine."

"Chuck understands that," Morgan said. "Chuck understands family." Sarah nodded.

"I'm not going anywhere, Morgan," she said. "I swear to you, I'm never going to hurt him like that or let anyone else do that to him again. I hate that I did, but at the time I made what I thought was the best choice, obviously it wasn't." Morgan got up and came around. "What are you doing?"

"I'm giving you a hug, Sarah, because you need one, and a friend," he said, hugging her. Sarah hugged him back, surprising both of them. "Don't let him eat after midnight," he said.

“Why, will he change into something?” Sarah asked, the two breaking the hug. Morgan’s eyes lit up.

“Did you just make a Gremlins joke?” Morgan asked. Sarah shrugged. “Okay, well, see, he gets like...well, gassy.”

“That happens,” Sarah said.

“No, you don’t understand, like super gassy,” Morgan said. Sarah was fighting the smile for all she was worth.

“What about water?” she asked. Morgan stared at her and then hugged her again.

“I’m so happy,” he said, near tears. He pulled away, a smile of joy on his face. “Thank you,” he squeaked out, and left. Sarah smiled as she watched him leave. Morgan found Chuck and the two spent some time together with Molly. Around noon he needed to leave, and Chuck and Sarah walked Morgan out.

“Oh, before I forget, I saw your dad yesterday when I was going to the Buy More, Chuck,” Morgan said. They were near the front, and Casey heard what Morgan said. Sarah saw him start paying attention. “He said that, not to trust her, she’s a queen.”

“Who’s a queen?” Chuck asked. Morgan shrugged.

“I told him to switch to decaf,” Morgan said. Chuck and Sarah shared a look. “Well, good seeing you guys.”

“You too, Buddy,” Chuck said. “I’ll try to catch you online for a game soon.” Chuck watched him leave.

“We need to call this in,” Casey said. Chuck and Sarah shared another look.

“I told you something was fishy about the whole thing,” Chuck said.

“I agreed with you,” Sarah said. Chuck grinned at her, and followed behind the two. They walked into Casey’s office, and he turned on the TV. After a minute, the screen split in two.

“General,” Casey said. “Graham.”

"Wow, I called a really big guy-" Chuck began.

"Something you don't want to again," Sarah said to him.

"Agent Casey, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Bartowski," Graham said. "Now what's happened?" Casey turned to Chuck. Chuck pointed at himself, as if to say, "who, me?" Casey grunted at him.

"Well, it seems my dad visited my friend, yesterday and had him give me a message of not to trust the queen," Chuck said. Graham straightened when he heard that.

"Mr. Grimes told you that?" Graham asked.

"You don't know it was Morgan," Chuck said. "I could have lots of friends." Graham just stared at him. "I mean I don't, but I could, I'm very sociable."

"Is there anything else?" the general asked.

"Yes, who are you?" Chuck asked.

"General Beckman, NSA," she said.

"Why is Casey here?" Chuck asked.

"To protect you," she replied.

"From what?" Chuck responded.

"That is what we're trying to figure out."

"Please don't ever write inspirational cards," Chuck said. Beckman stared at him, and her feed cut off. Graham tried to hide the grin. He nodded and did the same. He thought for a second, got up, walked over to his safe, opened it, and pulled out a cell phone. He dialed the only number programed into it.

"Hello, I was calling to see if you can make pear frosting?" he asked. There was silence on the other end for a second.

"Did you say pear frosting?" the voice asked.

"That is correct," Graham said.

"I think you have the wrong number," the voice said, and disconnected. Graham stared at the phone, wondering if he did the right thing.

A/N: Next: Date night...And just who is Graham calling (most of you know)... You are the only one. The only one that knows me. And in the dark you show me...Until next time.

DC

Chapter 7: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 7, Good Enough

A/N: You guys...you're killing me. I started this thinking no one would care anything about it, especially after Chapter 2, but no, you just keep coming back for more. I was working on Uprising and Break Up and the reviews kept coming in on this...so....there's something you need to know. One more piece of evidence, and some of you are going to flip, some of you may have guessed, but it may change your mind on things one more time. I apologize, this one is on the short side as well, but....well...you'll see.

Today's music is inspired by something Dillwg said, (and if you're not reading Crashing Castle, go now) it's by the amazing Amy Lee and Evanescence. Ch 7, Good Enough... Under your spell again. I can't say no to you. Crave my heart and it's bleeding in your hand. I can't say no to you....

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, I can't sing, but you put Amy Lee on, and I'm gonna try...

Sarah watched Chuck and Morgan take Molly, and couldn't help but smile. Things had been interesting the past week. After getting to know Casey a little better, well as well as someone can when the person only speaks in grunts, Sarah knew there was more to Casey being there than she was told. He was supposed to be coming over in a few minutes, and she was going to do her best to get him to read her in. She knew she was a civilian, but she needed to know. For Chuck's sake, and her own.

She smiled as she thought about the third date they went on last night. The first date was a little Mexican place they laughed and had a good time, and she remembered how it was in Stanford. Just the two of them, together, and for a few minutes everything seemed right with the world. After they got home, Chuck wanted to watch TV. She suspected it was for a "cooling down" moment. She was fine with that, she had told him to set the speed.

The second date had been dancing and he was better than she hoped. He made her laugh, made jokes about himself, that she quickly corrected him about said jokes, and then...they had just danced. They held each other, and Sarah believed there was a

chance. Again, he had wanted to watch TV before they went to bed. She agreed, and curled up into him, knowing she was doing the exact opposite of what he had intended. As great as the two dates were, it was the night before the third date that made her believe she really had a shot of salvaging everything the CIA had screwed up.

She had woken up, and he wasn't there. She got up to find him, and he was downstairs, on the couch, alone. She didn't say a word, just sat down beside him, and curled up into him.

"You know," she said after a bit of silence. "I'd like to think we're friends."

"We are," Chuck replied.

"Then talk to me," she said. Chuck sighed. "Use generalities if you have to."

"You sure?" he asked.

"Fire away, I'm ready," she responded.

"Okay, there's this amazing woman, and I'm crazy about her, I love her, but I'm scared to trust her," he said, a tear running down his eye.

"Hmmm," she said, snuggling closer. Chuck was surprised by the response, both verbal and physical. "Interesting choice of words there, Mr. Bartowski."

"Really?" Chuck asked, confused.

"You didn't say you didn't trust her, you said you were scared to trust her." Chuck thought for a second.

"Isn't that semantics?" Chuck asked. Sarah raised her head and looked at him, and paused. "What?"

"I was going to say something snarky about college, but that would be mean," she admitted.

"You could say one of us went to Havvard," he said exaggerating it. She grinned.

"Of course it isn't semantics. Look, say you are scared to love someone, doesn't that mean that you do love them, you're just scared?" He sat there a minute thinking.

"Wow," he said after a bit. "Smart and beautiful." She gave him an affronted look.

"Mr. Bartowski, are you trying to get in my pants?" she asked, fluttering her eyelashes.

"Nah," he replied. "I've already done that," he said, leaning back. Sarah looked shocked.

"Well, I never," she said.

"Yeah, you did, and we have the kid running around to prove it," he said. She just grinned. "And that's the other problem."

"They make pills for that," she said. He jerked his head around at her. "Still wanna play?" she asked with a coy look.

"Nope, lost that one," he said, setting back, and her snuggling into him. "I don't want to mess this thing up."

"What thing?"

"Our thing," he said. "What are we?"

"Dating exclusively?" she asked.

"Are we, because I'm hesitant to ask you out, because you might have a certain expectation?" he replied.

"You already met those and then some," she muttered. He looked at her and she shrugged. He had a cocky head bounce. "Of course, that was three years ago."

"She giveth, and she taketh away," Chuck said.

"Chuck, will you go out with me?" she asked.

"Do I have to gussy myself up?" he asked.

"Just have on clean clothes," she replied shaking her head. "I'm thinking a picnic on the beach."

"That's kinda romantic," Chuck said. "What are your intentions my dear lady?"

"To rock your world," she said, standing, offering him her hand, pulling him up, and into her. "Trust me," she said whispering into his ear. "I can rock your world and sex will

never enter the equation," she said, and went back to bed. Chuck stood there a second, brain trying to reboot.

"Obviously," he got out, in a choked whisper.

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Playground

Chuck and Morgan sat at the bench watching Molly play with the other kids. Chuck noticed a couple of moms watching them, and one approached them. Chuck had a bad feeling what was about to happen.

"Excuse me, but are you two together?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Morgan answered. Chuck started to correct him, but thought just go with it.

"We've been together since before middle school."

"Wow!" she said. "That's impressive!" Morgan shrugged.

"When you have a partner for life, you just know," he answered. Chuck shook his head. He didn't have to worry about being hit on today. As she walked away, Morgan leaned over. "Think I should ask her out?"

"Buddy, she thinks you're taken," Chuck answered. Morgan looked confused, but put the pieces together.

"Why didn't you say something?" he asked.

"I've got enough problems than to have one of these moms after me," he said. Morgan studied him.

"Okay, I'm here, tell Dr. Morgan what's wrong," he said.

"It's complicated," Chuck answered.

"Baby momma left you and didn't tell you were a baby daddy, and you're totally in love with her," Morgan said.

"Well, I would NEVER phrase it like that, but yeah," Chuck admitted.

“Let’s see, she’s smart, funny, nerdy, is totally in to you, oh yeah, she’s frickin Catwoman! What’s the problem?” he asked.

“She left me,” Chuck said. “Then she didn’t tell me.”

“Okay,” Morgan said shrugging. “What’s the big deal?” Chuck whipped his head around, confused. “You don’t think everyone out there doesn’t worry about their loved one leaving them? Buddy, you’ve been through it, you survived, and you at least know why. You even said yourself you can’t blame her, so basically all you’re telling me is your scared, just like everyone else.”

“Dude, she is so out of my league,” Chuck said softly. Morgan nodded.

“There it is,” Morgan said. Chuck looked at him again. “For years it was the chase. It was the legend of Jenny Burton nee Sarah Walker.”

“I don’t think that’s how that word works,” Chuck said. Morgan waved him off, and Chuck just went with it.

“Over the years the hunt consumed you, and you never once considered what you’d do if you ever found her,” Morgan explained. “Then, BAM! There she is, and you have a daughter, and she loves you. You’re world has been turned upside down, and you have no idea what to do about it. That’s called love my friend, so quit blaming the past, your father, the CIA, or whatever you’ve been blaming, and understand the only person to blame is one Charles Irving Bartowski. You have the shot, my friend. The shot that we nerds only dream of. This time, the nerd gets the girl, if you’ll just give her a chance.” Chuck looked at his friend, and reached over to give him a big hug. That’s when he heard the woman from earlier.

“Oh, aren’t they adorable,” she said to her friend.

“I think I totally screwed up your chance of getting her number,” Chuck whispered into Morgan’s ear.

“Totally worth it, Dude. Totally worth it.”

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Emma and Sarah's house

Sarah sat there thinking about the date last night. They had gone simple. They went to the beach, and just talked. Sarah had laughed until her sides hurt. As the night got colder she snuggled into Chuck. Dinner had been light, but a perfect picnic. Chuck held her as the sun set on the water.

"I need to show you something," Sarah said, a little nervously. She pulled an envelope out of the basket. "I should have told you this already, but it was one of those things that never came up...and...well...here." Chuck took the envelope and opened it. It was Molly's birth certificate. He looked at it, and noticed her name.

"Sarah," he said softly.

"Just so you know, if you ask, I'm willing to complete the trio," she said. Chuck looked at her, dumbstruck. "World rocked yet?" she asked. Chuck nodded dumbly as he looked down at the birth certificate of Molly Bartowski.

Sarah grinned at the memory. Nothing had happened last night...well, that wasn't true. Chuck held her last night like she might run away if he let go. She was good with that, in fact she loved it. The knock on the door brought her out of her reverie. She got up and opened the front door. Casey was there, and she invited him in.

"Walker," he said.

"John," she returned the greeting. "Thanks for coming by, there's things I think you need to know, and I think there's things I need to know."

"Walker, you know I can't read you in," Casey said. She held up her hands.

"How about I tell you mine, and then you decide?" she offered. He shrugged, and Sarah told him the entire story of Orion, Chuck, Graham, her, and Molly. After it was over, Casey thought he was going to have to pick his jaw up off the ground. "Use the kitchen to call it in," she said. I'll wait." John nodded and went into the kitchen and called Beckman.

"Beckman, secure," she answered.

"Casey secure," he replied. "General, this thing is more messed up than we thought." He told her the entire story. "Walker wants to be read in, and frankly ma'am given what I've heard, I think it's the right call. These two have been put through the wringer."

"Major, I am hesitant to do so, but given the history you just told me...read her in, and if she wants to tell Mr. Bartowski, I am okay with that as well. Do you have the appropriate forms?" she asked.

"They both signed them the day I started working," Casey said. Beckman checked her email and found the non-disclosure agreements.

"I'll make some calls around here," she said. She hesitated a second.

"General, if you're having to think that much, I probably don't need to know yet," Casey said.

"There's more going on than you realize Major," Beckman said. "Watch those two."

"Do you think Orion will attack them?" Casey asked.

"Major, before you told me what you told me today, I would have said no, but now...I just don't know," she said, and with that she just hung up. He walked back into the living room.

"You ever hear of Project OMAHA or the Intersect?" Casey asked. Sarah shook her head. Orion is building this Intersect. As to what it does, I have no idea except somehow it takes all the intelligence data of all the agencies and puts it all in one place." Sarah whistled.

"And this is the thing that Orion is holding over Graham's head?" she asked. Casey nodded. "Are we safe?" Casey nodded.

"Walker, I've got you," he said. "My house is just two houses away," he said, grinning.

"No inside surveillance," she said. "I'll handle everything in here." He studied her a second.

"You really dipped your chocolate in that nerd's peanut butter?" he asked. Sarah gave him a look.

"Yes, Casey, we have a child together, though I'm not sure that's the way I would describe it," she said. He was quiet for a second.

"I left someone behind," he said softly, studying her. "Hardest thing I ever did."

"Did you have a child?" she asked. Casey shook his head. "If you did?" He took a deep breath.

"I probably wouldn't have," he said.

"So you understand?" He nodded. "I'm glad I got pregnant, I finally get my chance."

"I don't know if I'm built for that life, but I'm glad you found yours," he said. "You would have been one of the best, you know." She nodded, no bragging, just the facts, and he knew it.

"We are letting anything happen to my family," she said. Casey nodded.

"God, country, family," he said. Sarah nodded, knowing she had a partner if things were to go pear shaped.

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Langley

Graham came into his office looking at the report he had just been given, and the door slammed behind him. He spun around and there she stood, her eyes flashing daggers at him. Graham thought he would try and calm her down.

"Now," Graham began.

"Don't you say a damn word!" she yelled. "I do the one thing I didn't want to do! I did it to correct our mistake! I do it for YEARS! I thought I would be back in weeks, or months, but no, it's been 20 YEARS! I thought I would see my children grow up but no, I'll be lucky to see my grandchildren born!" Graham swallowed and her eyes narrowed. "Langston, don't you dare tell me....what has happened?!!"

"You already have a grandchild," he said, fearing the worst. Langton Graham is a tall man, 6'5", and the woman is nearly a foot shorter than him, but right now he cowers.

“And you didn’t tell me!?!” she screamed.

“How, Mary, how was I supposed to tell you?” he asked. Mary looked enraged. She walked around like a caged animal. He sat down in his chair, just watching her. She finally got control of herself and plopped in a chair in front of him.

“So do I have a granddaughter or a grandson?” she asked finally.

“Granddaughter, Molly Bartwoski,” she said.

“So Ellie isn’t married?” she asked. Graham smiled.

“No, but it’s not Ellie’s it’s Chuck’s,” he said and then a look came across his face. Mary closed her eyes.

“He got someone pregnant?” she asked. “Is he at least supporting her?”

“It’s not that simple,” Graham said. “She got pregnant almost three years ago, but she left, never told him, and then he found them just a few days ago.”

“Why would she not tell him?” Mary asked, starting to get angry.

“Because she was an agent and I told her not to, or I would use leverage I had,” Graham said, looking away. Mary started to rise up out of her chair. “Orion told me if Chuck knew about her he wouldn’t finish the Intersect.” Mary stopped mid-rise. She reached into her coat, pulled out a picture, and threw it on the desk. It was made a few days ago at the Buy More when Stephen was talking to Morgan.

“Notice anything about my husband’s wrists, Langston?” she asked. Graham gulped and nodded. “Notice anything missing?” Graham nodded again. “Where the hell is the governor at he’s supposed to have, Langston?”

“No one knows,” Graham said softly. “In fact, we don’t think he’s had it on since sometime before he left Chuck and Ellie.”

“He left Chuck and Ellie?” Mary asked, looking ready to attack someone. “When did he leave?”

“1995,” Graham said. Mary stood, put both hands on his desk and stared at him for a minute. She then shoved everything off of his desk into the floor, flipped the chair she had been sitting in out of her way, stalked out of the room, and slammed the door so hard he thought it might break the hinges. “That went better than I thought it would,” he muttered to himself, as he pulled out a bottle to have a drink.

A/N: I'm going to back away quietly now....Good Enough, I feel good enough. It's been such a long time coming, but I feel good...Thoughts, reviews, comments, and prayers for fictional characters safety are always welcomed....Until next time.

DC

Chapter 8: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 8, The Search Is Over

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/N 2: So...did you see that coming? Yes, pear frosting was code to Frost for things had gone pear shaped. You seemed to have varying opinions on Graham. Some of you are scared for his life, and maybe you should be. But, we have everything, right? Right? Insert GiF of Zac evil laughing Muahahaha! here...

Today's music was going to be At Last, and then Feeling Good, but I've used those in others, so I thought we need something else, so I thought, and I searched, and I found one. For those of you who say it's about time...yeah...it is. No fakeouts, no cliff hangers, it's time. Ch 8, The Search is Over... You followed me though changes, and patiently you'd wait, Till I came to my senses, through some miracle of fate....

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck,

Beckman was on her phone listening to Graham tell his side of the story. As she listened she picked up a decanter, pulled out two glasses, and poured two fingers each into them. The door opened, and Mary walked in. She plopped in the chair in front of Beckman, still looking mad. Beckman ended her call with Graham, handed Mary a glass, and they both drank, neither saying a word.

"I've missed you," Diane finally said. Mary nodded, not trusting herself to talk. "This probably isn't a good time to say I told you so about joining the CIA." Mary gave her a look and they both broke out laughing.

"How bad is it?" Mary asked. Diane shrugged.

"Since the Intersect is not yet operational, it's not yet a joint program, so the information flow is....awkward at best," Diane said. "Here's what I know, I have John Casey there to watch Chuck...and Sarah."

"Tell me about her," Mary said. Diane smiled.

"She's you, except when she had her child, she was able to do what you never were and always wished you could," Diane said. It wasn't said with malice, or ill-intent, it was the truth between old friends. "You fell in love, just like her, you had children, just like her, but at that point she couldn't put the job first." Diane handed Mary the file on Sarah, and she began to look through it. She looked at Diane in shock.

"Seventeen?" she asked. Diane just nodded. Mary went back, and nodded. "Harvard," she mumbled. "While pregnant, that's impressive." She read some more. "CAT Squad?"

"Don't ask," Diane said, rolling her eyes. Mary just laughed.

"Her scores are...incredible," Mary said, looking up. "And he just let her go?"

"She was done with this life," Diane said, shrugging. "All it would have done is get her dead by keeping her." Mary nodded.

"So it's for real, not some twisted op?" Mary asked. Diane shrugged.

"I see nothing that says otherwise, and neither does Casey," Diane said. "He's a little upset given how everything played out, but it appears they are together. He's actively being Molly's father." Diane studied her for a second. "Mary, I'm sorry, you should have gotten pulled out sooner." Mary shrugged.

"Let's be honest, I'm not real motherly," she admitted. "I tried to fix a huge mistake, and I couldn't. Would me staying have helped Stephen and the kids? Who knows? I should have had found better ways to make contact and kept up with them. I didn't. I can only use the excuse the op took longer than I thought for so long. It was 20 years. I could have come back, I should have come back. Chuck and Ellie have been through hell, and it's my fault."

"Yes, yes it is," Diane said. Mary stared at her, but knowing there was more. "We still have time, we can fix it. Let me talk to them, all of them, including Graham and let's see if we can't fix this." Mary nodded. Diane reached over and took her friend's hand. "Let's give the Bartowski family the ending they deserve."

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Simi Valley

Chuck opened the door to the house to let him, Morgan, and Molly in. He saw Sarah and John on the couch talking. He walked over, kissed her on the forehead and headed into the kitchen to find Emma. Sarah's eyes followed him. She noticed Casey watching her, smirking.

"Seriously, what do you see in him?" he asked.

"He's just the kindest, most generous, sincere man I've ever met," she said. Casey grunted. In the kitchen, Chuck found Emma.

"So, I need to ask you something," Chuck said. Emma just looked at him, grinning.

"I'm going to make it easy on you," Emma said with a smile. "This house is your home. Move all your stuff in whenever you want." Chuck just grinned at her.

"How'd you know?" he asked.

"Everyone knows but you," Emma replied. She shoved him out of her kitchen. Sarah saw him, and his grin, and knew he was up to something. Casey's phone went off.

"We need to go," Casey said, looking at Sarah and Chuck. Chuck pointed to himself. "Yes, moron. You're needed."

"Chuck, I don't think you're subordinate realizes that you get to make your own decisions," Sarah said, grinning. Casey growled.

"Bartowski, the general wants to see all three of us," Casey said. Chuck turned toward the kitchen to speak to Emma but she was there.

"I think my assumption that Sarah's sneaking skills were learned at the CIA is incorrect. They appear to be genetic," Chuck said, grinning.

"Go, I'll watch my granddaughter," she said. Sarah and Casey started out the door. "Talk to her," she said softly. Chuck nodded. He walked outside, and noticed Casey was already gone. He got into the car with Sarah.

"Hey, I need to talk to you," Chuck said, rubbing his hands on his pants. Sarah gave him a look, and then went back to driving.

"I'm sitting right here," she said, amused.

"So, have you got any plans tomorrow?" he asked, swallowing.

"No," she said. "Chuck, what's going on?"

"Oh, I'm just thinking about renting a truck and moving the rest of my stuff out of Ellie's and Devon's and moving it into our room," he said, looking straight ahead. Sarah just nodded, never looking at him. "Think you could help?"

"Sure," she said, trying not to grin. She pulled up to Truffaut. "About time," she muttered, getting out of the car.

"Really, that's it, no other snarky remarks?" Chuck asked.

"As skittish as you are?" Sarah asked, grinning. "I'll get you moved in and then I'll be snarky, or even a little sassy."

"Huh," he said. "I thought I was the sassy one." Sarah gave him a look.

"I'm the sassy one," she retorted.

"You're both annoying," Casey grumbled, waiting for them by the door. They walked in, and went to Casey's office where he had the connection with the general. He started the TV and a split screen popped up again. On one side was Graham, on the other was Beckman, and.

"Mom?" Chuck said, his mouth hanging open. Sarah stared at the screen and then looked at Chuck. She took his hand.

"You okay?" she asked. He nodded.

"What is this," he asked, looking up. "You two don't have the ability to look in on me when I was a kid and now, you think you can get involved in my life that I'm adult?" Mary was a little surprised. Graham wasn't and he wasn't sure Chuck wasn't right. Beckman didn't say anything. "You know what, screw all of you, I'm out of here," he said, and walked out. Sarah crossed her arms.

"I happen to agree with him," she said. "The whole bunch of you have done nothing but interfere in our lives the past few years," and with that, she walked out as well. Casey stood there, looking at the door Walker and Bartowski had just walked out, and then back to the screen.

"Want me to go shoot them?" Casey asked, his heart not really in it. "No, Major," Beckman said, sighing. "I suppose we all had that coming."

"At least no one destroyed everything on my desk," Graham said.

"I can correct that," Mary muttered and the screens clicked off. Outside, Chuck was running his hand through his hair, wondering what now. He was surprised when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"You okay?" Sarah asked. He turned to her, confused.

"Wait, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Checking on you, Chuck," she said, wondering if his mind had short circuited. Where else would she be? Chuck shook his head.

"Won't you lose their contract? Don't we need that money?" he asked, worried about her and Molly's future

"So? What if I do? You're more important," she said. Chuck sighed. "Now, are you okay?" she asked.

"No," Chuck said. "I've been blaming a whole lot of people for my circumstances, but I haven't blamed the right one yet. A lot of this is my fault," Sarah started to argue. "Look, I said I understood and I forgive you, but I'm hiding behind excuses. You, Sarah

Walker, have stood by me when I haven't done a thing to deserve you. You were put in a no win situation. You were going to lose someone, and I do understand, and now, I need you to stand by me one more time, and please accept my apology. I'm done running, I'm done fighting this, I'm done being anything but Molly's father, and your...whatever you think I am."

"Baby Daddy with benefits," she said, waggling her eyebrows, tears in her eyes. "See, I am the sassy one."

"I deserve that," Chuck said.

"Boyfriend?" she asked. "Guy I'm crazy in love with and dating exclusively? Future Mrs. Bartowski? Run off to Vegas and be Mrs. Bartowski?"

"Whoa," Chuck said, putting up his hands. Sarah was laughing so hard, she was nearly double over.

"That's for ever thinking you were the sassy one," she said between breaths. "We're not ready for me being Mrs. Bartowski. Give it a week," she said, winking. He took her hands. "So, you're done running huh?" she asked with a smirk on her face.

"I'm sorry," he said. Sarah shook her head.

"Chuck, what happened to us wasn't fair," she said. "What happened to you wasn't fair, and it's a testament to the man you are that you didn't give up on me. Thank you. I promise you, I'm not going anywhere."

"Well, I wasn't planning on living the rest of my life in this spot, but okay," Chuck said, grinning. She gave him a faux glare.

"You know what I mean," she said, punching him in the arm. "So, shall we celebrate?"

"Yep, how about we go home, to our daughter, and your mom, order pizza, and enjoy our time together?" he asked.

"And later?" she asked, not even trying to play it cool. Chuck leaned in to her ear.

"Hopefully we'll both misbehave," he said softly. He pulled away and Sarah just grinned at him.

"Oh boy!" she said, waggling her eyebrows.

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They arrived back at the house sometime later, a pizza in tow. The couple spent the rest of their evening with their daughter as Emma looked on. At one point, she snuck into the kitchen and made a phone call.

"Jack," she said when he answered.

"Hey, darlin'," he said. "Everything okay?"

"It's perfect," Emma said, tears in her eyes.

"The schnook came through?" Jack asked.

"He's treating his daughter like a princess," Emma answered. "Your's too," she added softly.

"So there's hope for them?" he asked.

"When you love someone, there's always hope," Emma answered. There was a pause.

"That's good to hear," Jack said, emotion in his voice. "Miss you, Baby."

"I miss you," Emma said. "Why don't you do something about it?"

"I don't deserve a second chance," Jack said.

"Jack, we as so past second chance it's not even funny," Emma said with a laugh. "You know where we are."

"Good-bye, Emma," Jack said.

"Bye, Jack," she said, and hung up. "I love you," she whispered into the air.

"Mom?" Sarah said, seeing tears in her mother's eyes. Emma turned around and Sarah caught her in a hug. "Don't give up, you were right, it's never too late." Chuck walked into the room with Molly.

"I think we've interrupted something," Chuck said to Molly.

"Just a lot of happiness," Emma said, reaching over and taking Molly. "I've got this, you too enjoy the rest of your evening," she said, winking at them and walking away.

"I plan on it," Sarah said, making Chuck blush. She took his hand.

"Where are we going?" he asked. Sarah turned around and just stared at him.

"Wait," Chuck said. "As much as I love you and Molly, we don't have any supplies, and I don't know if we need a second one right now." Sarah just looked at him with an amused look.

"Large Mart bag," she said, not even trying to hold the grin off of her face at this point. He walked over, looked in, and then looked back at her in shock.

"That's a lot," he choked out. She was now full on laughing at him. "Oh, boy."

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"Wake up, Chuck," Sarah said, shaking him after she parked the truck at Echo Park.

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Didn't sleep much last night."

"I'm well aware," she replied, amused at him. He just stared at her.

"How are you this energetic?" he asked.

"The guy I love is in my life and is moving into my home," she said shrugging. She studied him a minute. "Might I add, you added to your repertoire." Chuck's ears turned red.

"Awesome," he choked out.

"Yeah..it was," she said. Chuck got even redder.

"No, Devon, he gave me a book," he said. Sarah stared at him.

"I wonder if would be inappropriate to buy him flowers," she said. Chuck was now nearly crimson.

"Please don't," he begged. She turned back to him and shook her head.

"Come on, man o'mine," she said. "Let's go get the rest of your stuff." Chuck got out of the van, and knew he was forgetting something, but he was tired. As the shriek began, he remembered, but by then, his ribs were being crushed from the hug. "Ellie, don't kill him, I kinda need him." Ellie let go, and went and tackle hugged Sarah.

"El, I'm so glad you're happy, because we have a lot to tell you," Chuck said. Sarah nodded looking somber. "It's a lot, but we're going to start with the good part. I'm moving to Simi Valley permanently." The squeal made birds fly away from the apartment complex.

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"They're both alive," Ellie said, sitting on Chuck's bed, drinking her third glass of wine as he and Sarah continued to pack the room. Chuck nodded.

"And working with the CIA," he said, pulling a box out.

"Ooooh," Ellie said. "Are you gonna let Sarah into your P.A.N.T.S?" Sarah gave her a look.

"You are a doctor and do know mprph," she said as Chuck put his hand over her mouth.

"Let's don't finish that sentence in front of Chuck. In fact, let's never have you two talk about my sex life," Chuck said. Ellie and Sarah shared a look after Chuck removed his hand.

"Girl's night?" Ellie asked. Sarah smiled.

"Absolutely!" Chuck groaned, and opened the box. He stared at a watch.

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

"This is my Private Artifacts Never To Share box," Chuck said looking at her solemnly. "I hope you realized by seeing this, you understand the commitment you just made to me."

"You want a commitment, get me a ring, and we'll do it," she said grinning. Ellie was vibrating.

“While I am so happy to hear that,” Ellie said. “Sarah, to him, this goes beyond marriage. Two people have seen inside that box other than Chuck before today.”

“Ellie and Morgan,” Chuck said, pulling up the watch.

“What is that?” Sarah asked.

“His watch from dad,” Ellie said. Chuck shook his head.

“Actually, this is Dad’s,” he said, a little choked up. “See, Dad used to work on a program and one day I accidentally on purpose pushed some buttons, and I saw the entire thing. It gave me a bit of a headache, but he told me his watch would make me feel better. I put it on, and it did. He started making another one, and we passed his back and forth until mine was made. After that, we each had our own and always wore them. Dad started working more and more, and we’d see him less and less. During seventh grade, right before a big test, I fell and broke mine. I took it apart, and got the watch fixed, but the rest, I didn’t understand. So I put it back together, snuck into Dad’s room, and swapped them, because I had a big quiz coming up, and even though at that point it was all mental, I needed to have it on. After that, Dad started to get really weird and shortly after he left. Once he left, I took it off and never put it back on.” Tears were in Chuck’s eyes.

“So did it really help?” Sarah asked. Chuck shook his head.

“I’m sure it was all mental, but after that, I never wanted it back on. I didn’t want the reminder, but just like the poster, I couldn’t throw it away.” Chuck put it back in the box, and sighed. “Okay, let’s finish this and then get home to our little girl.” Ellie squealed. “I’m going to be deaf before the day is over he said.” He put the box into the pile to move, and moved on to pack the rest of his stuff.

A/N: ...Oh look, the villagers all have pitchforks and are ready to come get me...You caught it, right...I’m going into hiding now...Now I look into your eyes, I can see forever, The search is over, You were with me all the while...Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 9: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 9, Get What You Need

A/N: *peaks from around the protective barrier I've built* Oh, hey, you're back. No one really stormed the castle, so it appears we're all good. Chuck and Sarah have moved past what happened (it's me, you knew they would), we learned Stephen may not be at fault, and Mary sucks at time-management. (What if she'd left something on the stove when she left? Goodness gracious.) So Truffaut is up and running, but it seems to have very few employees. It's okay, I have ideas. Chuck is about one thing, family, and families are messy.

Today's music was released way back in 1969, but don't worry, you don't need an 8 track and you know the song. (You guys do know what an 8 track is...right...never mind.) This song by the Rolling Stones, You Can't Always Get What You Want sums up this entire story. Ch 9, Get What You Need...You can't always get what you want but if you try sometimes you find you get what you need...

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, I don't really like cherry red soda, but I love the Stones.

"They seriously started a band?" Chuck asked.

"Yeah, Jeffster, and Chuck, they are God awful," Morgan said. "Neither one can sing, and that keytaur....I mean I love the 80s but give me a break."

"How's Anna?" Chuck asked, thankful he was out of that place.

"Scary...hot....scary hot...but scary," Morgan said, thinking.

"Still wearing the nerd herd uniform the way she wants?"

"Oh, yeah," Morgan said, grinning and lost in thought. Chuck shook his head, and watched the video again. He wasn't sure what he was looking for, but he figured he ought to appear to give it a shot.

"Do you want me to take him back to the zoo?" Casey asked, coming into Chuck's office.

"Nice to see you too, John." Morgan said pleasantly. "Enjoying your new job as a secretary? You should be a bouncer or something, it more fits your skill set."

"You should be a garden gnome," the big man grumbled.

"Well, should I give you two some alone time, or do you just want to go out on a date?" Chuck said. Casey growled.

"I came in here to find out if anyone made any progress on the break-in," Casey replied.

"Well, I haven't and I don't know if Sarah has or not," Chuck said.

"Why don't you go ask her?" Casey asked. "We're missing something, no one is that good."

"I'm not asking her because she's talking to her mother," Chuck replied. "And, you're right, there is no sign of anything."

"Does she know you're out here with your boyfriend mixing your chocolate and peanut butter?" Casey asked.

"That does sound delicious," Morgan said. "What does that even mean though?" Chuck shrugged. "Casey, what type of sandwich would you want if you were stuck on a deserted island?" Casey turned and left. "He always does that." Morgan turned to Chuck. "I thought you were a partner in the company."

"I am, but those two started it, so I'm trying to stay out of their way," Chuck said. Morgan looked at him, and shook his head, disappointed.

"Charles Irving Bartowski," Morgan began. Chuck looked at Morgan in shock.

"Ellie?" he asked. Morgan waved his hand.

"Focus, Chuck," Morgan said, annoyed. "You are going to take in the profits of your position without doing any of the work." Chuck thought for a second.

"Okay, 1, I never thought of it like that, and now I feel bad, but 2, don't you do that at the Buy More?" Chuck asked.

“Chuck, it’s the Buy More,” Morgan replied as if that explained everything. Chuck nodded and got up to go talk to Sarah. “Go ahead, if you don’t care, I’m going to watch this while you’re gone.” Chuck shrugged. “So what am I looking for?”

“Anything that will explain how they got in with no one realizing it until it was too late,” Chuck said.

“Really?” Morgan asked. “Because it’s pretty obvious.” Chuck turned to him. Casey stuck his head around the corner.

“There is no way a bearded gnome can figure this out and I can’t,” Casey said.

“Bet me,” Morgan countered.

“What’s the stakes?” Casey asked.

“If I’m right, I get a job here, a place to live in Simi Valley, and a date,” Morgan said.

“If you lose, you never come in here again,” Casey said grinning.

“Deal,” Morgan said.

“Deal,” Casey said, reaching out his hand his eyes gleaming. They shook on it.

“Not to be a party pooper, but Casey, you don’t have that authority,” Chuck reminded him.

“Fine, let’s go tell you girlfriend and throw out the gnome,” Casey said, as happy as they’ve ever seen him.

“I really don’t think he likes me,” Morgan said.

“He didn’t choke you this time,” Chuck pointed out.

“There’s that,” Morgan said, brightening. They walked to the conference room, where Sarah waved them all in. Casey told Sarah the bet.

“Okay, if you can figure it out, I’ll get you the job, but the housing-” she began, and then the screen popped on.

"Oh good, you're all here," Beckman said. Chuck didn't look happy. "Listen, Mr. Bartowski we can sort out our disagreements later, this is about the safety of your friend." Chuck nodded, Morgan looked concerned. "We are very concerned about Stephen contacting Mr. Grimes, and given what he did to Chuck and Sarah, we fear he might escalate things."

"General, do you mean physical harm, because my father wouldn't do that," Chuck said.

"Chuck," Beckman said as gently as she could. "After talking to your mother about what we think is going on, I need to ask you a question, and you to answer seriously, did you ever think your father would keep you away from your daughter?" The look on Chuck's face gave the answer. "I'm sorry, I know that sounds harsh, but he seems to be escalating. I want Mr. Grimes there with you, and I'm thinking about assigning Casey as his permanent security."

"General," Casey began. "Hold on just a minute, I'm already watching four people." Beckman nodded. "Is this guy really worth it?"

"I figure out what happened at the break in, and you haven't," Morgan retorted. Beckman leaned forward.

"Really," Beckman said. "I'd love to hear what you think, because we need this solved quickly to find the information taken." Morgan looked at Chuck.

"He and Casey kinda made a bet, General, but Casey promised things he couldn't deliver on," Chuck explained. Beckman frowned.

"Whatever the major said, I will honor," Beckman replied.

"The problem is, General, if Morgan is wrong he's not allowed to come back in the doors here," Chuck said.

"That's not happening, I need Mr. Grimes there, and not in Burbank," Beckman said. Casey groaned and Morgan rubbed his hands together.

"Great, I'm playing with house money," Morgan said. "The fight was staged." Beckman lifted an eyebrow. "The fight between the security guy and the robber, watch it again,

it's staged. I know my Kung-Fu movies." Casey stared at Morgan. Sarah, grinning played back the video and Morgan pointed everything out.

"Well done, Mr. Grimes!" Beckman said. "We'll have the security guard picked up, and find out where his accomplices are. Now, what were your terms?"

"A place to live here in Simi Valley," he began.

"Done, the Major has a duplex, Morgan can move into the other side," Beckman said. Casey groaned.

"A job here," Morgan said.

"Doing what?" Sarah asked. "I'm not saying no, just what would you do?"

"We can't play video games like we do every night, Buddy," Chuck said.

"Wait," Sarah said. "You are who Chuck plays?" Morgan nodded. "General, Morgan is an amazing strategist."

"I have my moments," Morgan said proudly. "And I find the best sub-\$10 cuisine in Burbank, I'm sure I can do the same here."

"Done," Beckman said. "Mrs. Walker, you and I can work out his compensation." Sarah nodded.

"I also want a date," Morgan said. Sarah's eyebrows shot up. "Not with any of you," he quickly added.

"Looks like you missed your chance, Bartowski," Casey muttered.

"You sound a little jealous," Chuck retorted. Sarah stood there, thinking.

"I have an idea," she said. Morgan smiled.

"I trust you," Morgan said. Sarah smiled at him. "Now, I'm going to go get my stuff to move in, if that's alright."

"Sarah, attach a tracking watch to him, and show him how to use it," Beckman said. "I don't like sending you alone, but I just don't have the resources right now." She scanned some paperwork and looked up, catching Sarah's eye. "There is a government agent in

California though...let me work on something. Good job team!" And, with that, she cut off.

"Team?" Chuck asked. Sarah shrugged.

"She is one of our biggest customers as far as money is concerned," Sarah said. Chuck looked a little upset.

"And I nearly blew it yesterday," he said. Sarah shook her head.

"I don't care if you did," Sarah said.

"Chuck, you're family," Emma said. Chuck gave them a sad smile. They heard Molly on the baby monitor.

"I'll go, let you all do some real work," and with that Chuck was gone. Sarah knew this whole mess was still bothering him. It wasn't going to affect them anymore, but it was still bothering him.

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Morgan had loaded the Nerd Herder, he had to figure out how to get it back to Burbank before he was reported for stealing it, and thought he would bring some sizzilin' shrimp to his new co-workers. He was walking to his car when he heard a commotion. He turned and a beautiful red-headed woman was running toward him, being chased by men. Morgan quickly opened the door, and started the car.

"Get in," he yelled, she seemed to take a second to weigh her choices, but she dove in the car and he took off. "Morgan Grimes," he said.

"Huh?" the woman answered.

"It's my name, Morgan Grimes," he replied.

"Oh, Carina," she said. "Thanks for the save."

"Where to?" Morgan asked. "And what did you do, stiff them the tip on some egg rolls?" Carina just stared at him.

“Sure, let’s go with that,” she said. “Unless you know anyone with access to the federal government agency, I’m not sure.”

“I do, but it’s in Simi Valley,” he answered. Carina just stared at him.

“Blonde lady, blue eyes, tall?” Carina asked.

“Yeah, Sarah!” he exclaimed. “You know her?”

“Probably,” Carina said.

“Oh, you may know her as Jenny,” Morgan said. Carina looked at him. “That’s who she was when Chuck met her.”

“Chuck? Chuck Babinski?” she asked. “Wait, so you’re Martin?”

“No, I’m Morgan, and he’s Chuck Bartowski,” Morgan explained.

“Same thing,” she said, as she sat back. “Let’s go there.”

“It’s a bit of a drive,” he said, and gave her a quick glance. “So, what type of sandwich would you want if you were on a deserted island?”

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“Hey, what’s wrong?” Sarah asked, watching Chuck hold Molly in his office. He was sitting in one the chairs facing the back of his monitors like he was a client.

“I feel a little useless,” he said.

“Chuck, why?”

“Listen, I get it, I did something good with Verbanski, but what else am I good for?” he asked. “Morgan figured out things I couldn’t, he even pointed out I wasn’t doing my part as an owner.”

“Well, he’s right,” Sarah said. Chuck looked at her, and she gave him, a “well, you said it” look. “Listen, I can’t do a thing you did with those computer programs. You’ve turned this business into a profit machine, and take away our government contracts because of my contacts, you are the only reason we make money. We each have a specialty, but there’s something else you have that the rest of us don’t. You care. Chuck, you’re a part

of this, it's up to you to decide how much you want to be a part." Chuck sat there nodding.

"Sorry," Chuck began, but stopped.

"What?"

"No, it's just an excuse," Chuck said. "Starting now, I'm going to be a part, but if I do too much tell me to back off."

"If you were going to say your life's been flipped upside down, you'd be right, and I don't think that's as much as of an excuse but an adjustment," Sarah said, winking.

"Now come on, we've got work to do, and I need you, as a part owner to look at some things. They walked up front as Morgan entered and Carina was behind him.

"Hey, Sarah, this is Carina and she needs some help," Morgan said.

"Carina is it?" Sarah said smiling. She walked up to Carina, studied her, grinned, and hugged her.

"Miller," Carina said, returning the hug. "I'm glad you got out."

"Walker," Sarah told her. "I'm glad I got out." The two broke the hug and Carina saw Chuck holding Molly.

"Wow, she's gotten big," Carina said. "Nice boy toy," she whispered.

"Chuck, this is Carina, an old friend," Sarah said. Chuck raised an eyebrow, but said, nothing, knowing he'd get the full story later.

"Wait, baby daddy, Chuck?" Carina asked.

"I really don't like that term," Chuck said. Sarah shrugged.

"It's not an untrue statement," she said.

"You keep being the sassy one," Chuck said grinning.

"You two are sickening," Carina said. Sarah stuck her tongue out at Carina. Carina shook her head. "You are absolutely domesticated, and you love it." Sarah nodded.

"Oh, what fresh hell is this," Casey growled.

"Miss me, John?" Carina asked. Casey growled and walked away.

"They know each other?" Chuck asked, the whole group following Carina following Casey.

"Long story, I'll tell you later," she said.

"Casey, seriously I need to check in," Carina said. Casey turned, gave her a look, grunted, and took her into the conference room along with everyone else. Beckman came on the screen.

"Agent Miller, thank God you okay," Beckman said. "Last we heard the Triad was on your trail.

"Wait, those were Triad?" Morgan said.

"Yeah, Marty, why did you think I jumped in your car with you?" Carina asked.

"The beard," Morgan admitted.

"It is an impressive beard, my friend," Chuck admitted. "What did you think was going on?

"I thought she had stiffed someone a tip," Morgan admitted. Chuck just blinked and shook his head. Sarah had her head buried in Chuck's arm laughing.

"Agent Miller," Beckman said, really enjoying what she was about to do. "The DEA has two choices with you so badly compromised right now. They can put you in the office and have you do nothing but paperwork-

"I'll take the other, whatever it is," Carina said, cutting in. Beckman smiled.

"Or, you can move in with Mr. Grimes for both of your protection," Beckman said. Chuck tried so hard not to laugh. Sarah was crying from laughing so hard, and Casey was even chuckling.

"Uh, General, that's a bad idea, the Triad are looking for me," Carina said.

“Not in Simi Valley, and certainly not in Morgan Grime’s half of a duplex,” Beckman said. “Plus with the Major living right beside you, he can keep an eye out if something should happen. These are your choices Agent Miller. DEA desk, or temporary assignment to the DEA where you could sometimes, possibly do assignments.” Carina looked at Morgan.

“General,” Casey said. “It might be even better if you made Carina Mr. Grime’s cover girl friend.” Carina glared daggers at Casey.

“This is for Prague, isn’t it?” she said. Casey just shrugged.

“That’s not a bad idea,” Beckman said. “Sarah, can you find something for Carina to do at Truffaut, you won’t actually have to pay her.”

“She does have a certain, skill set,” Casey said, laughing.

“Casey, that’s a bit low,” Chuck said. Sarah beamed at Chuck.

“Agent Miller, regardless of the crude was it has been put, Major Casey is right,” Beckman said. Carina sighed.

“How much cover goes into the cover?” Carina asked.

“Not as much as you usually give,” Beckman responded. Sarah’s eyebrows about shot up off of her head. “But as usual, what you and Mr. Grimes decide to do, that’s your business.

“Okay, I’ll date Marty,” Carina said.

“Good,” Beckman replied. “Mr. Bartowski, Mrs. Walker, would you be so kind as to help them get into their role by going on a double date tonight. I do believe we owe Mr. Grimes a date.”

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As Chuck and Sarah got to the restaurant, Sarah got a text. She read it, looked at Chuck, and then pulled him in for a time-stopping kiss.

“What’s was that for, national emergency?” he asked, when his brain rebooted.

"No, that kiss was I love you, thank you for being my boyfriend, baby daddy," she smiled as Chuck gave her a look. "And, to hope you know whatever she says in there tonight, I'm not that person in anymore." Chuck smiled at her.

"Sarah, I've been told by enough people what kind of changes you went through after you met me, I don't care about before that," Chuck said, sincerely. "I love you." Sarah smiled, but she looked worried.

"How about in a few days we either have Ellie over, or go to her house and have her tell you all the embarrassing stories in the world about me," Chuck said. Sarah grinned, but there were tears.

"Chuck, dad was in prison, and I had to do things for the CIA, any means necessary," she said. Chuck looked upset. "See, this is why I don't talk about the past much."

"I'm going to kill Graham, to make you use yourself like that-" Chuck was angry, but Sarah laid a hand on his arm, to try to calm him and cut him off.

"Listen, I had to stop people, by killing them, not bang half the football team," she said, trying to make a joke. "Too soon?"

"You made a joke about that right after I met you, how would now be too soon?" Chuck asked, the anger abating. "Sarah, were they bad guys...or girls, I don't want to be sexist...should that be women instead of girls." Sarah rolled her eyes.

"Yes, Chuck, bad people," she said. "And some men I had to seduce, which meant lead them on, let them have what they thought would be a good time, and then..." Chuck nodded.

"You did it to save innocents, at the cost of your own innocence," he said. Sarah stared at him.

"Damn," she whispered.

"What, did I say something wrong?" he asked, very confused.

"Just when I think I can't love you more, you say something like that. Something so understanding, and exactly what I needed to hear," she said. "We need to stop by Large

Mart on the way home.” With that, she swallowed, steadied herself, and began to lead him inside.

“Why would we need...Oh,” he said, understanding hitting him. “We have a full box.” She just gave him a look, and it finally dawned on him. “Oh, boy.”

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Sarah was humming happily, working on business expenses when Carian barged in.

“Is something wrong with me?” she asked. Sarah gave her the once over.

“Nothing physically, mentally we don’t have that kind of time,” Sarah answered. Carina was still upset and not taking the bait. Sarah sat back, arms crossed, curious. “Sit,” she said, nodding toward the chair across from her. Carina hesitated, shut the door, drawing an eyebrow raise from Sarah, and sit down.

“He slept on the couch last night,” Carina said. Sarah unfolded her arms, and leaned forward on her desk. “He was an absolute gentleman.”

“Those guys exist you know,” Sarah said.

“I need to go back to the DEA,” Carina said. “I’ll just stay on the desk, I can’t do this, Sarah,” she said.

“Who will protect him?” Sarah asked. Carina looked at her. “You are shook to your core,” she said. “Morgan Grimes rescued you without wanting a thing, he took you to dinner, treated you like a princess, refused to take advantage of the situation, and you, Carina, are feeling things you don’t know how to handle.”

“Blondie, you don’t understand...” Carina began lost for words. Sarah just smiled.

“Oh, I don’t?” she asked, picking up a picture of Chuck and Molly. Carina looked at it, turning pale. “You are scared to death. You enjoy your life, you really do, and that’s great, you should, but you’ve got the taste of something else, and while you don’t want to want it, a small piece of you, is attracted to it in a way you’ve never felt. So, Carina Miller, are you gonna face it, or run, and leave ‘Marty’ all alone.”

"I called him Morgan last night, and you know what he said?" Carina asked. Sarah shook her head. "He looked kinda disappointed, and I asked why, and he told me, 'Me being Marty, that's kinda our thing,' and he walked off."

"Now tell me how it ends," Sarah said. Carina blushed and Sarah nearly fell out of her seat.

"I said, 'I'm sorry Marty, it just slipped, you know being all these different places, it won't happen again.'" Carina couldn't even look Sarah in the eye.

"Is it the beard?" Sarah asked, grinning.

"No!" Carina said forcefully. She was quiet for a second. "I do like it though." A knock on the door paused their conversation, they saw it was Chuck and Sarah signaled him to come in.

"Sorry to intrude, but we have a potential client," Chuck said. "They have a potential infiltration they'd like us to do for them to check their security," he said, wincing.

"What?" Sarah asked, worried.

"Morgan, heard the whole thing, saw the blueprints, and thinks he knows a way in, but it would take someone with a certain skill set," he said.

"Me," Carina said, grinning. Chuck nodded.

"Okay, I'll talk to them," Sarah said. "If we agree, you and Casey do the infiltration and take Morgan on coms with you since he knows the plan." Carina nodded, got up, and headed outside.

"Did it work?" Chuck asked grinning.

"Did what work?" she asked, amused. What were those two up to?

"Operation RESPECT," Chuck said, the smile covering his face. "Reject Each Sexual Predicament Carina Tries."

"Are you allowed to use two letters in the same word?" Sarah asked, laughing. Chuck shrugged.

"It's all Morgan's idea, I'm just helping him," Chuck said.

"You do know Carina is..." Sarah trailed off.

"A human being that deserves to be loved just like anyone else?" Chuck offered. Sarah smiled, got up, walked out her door, and as Chuck turned to join her, she swatted his backside. "Gotta stop by Large Mart tonight."

"AGAIN?"

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"Did it work?" Morgan asked, sticking his head into Chuck's office. Chuck shook his head, smiling.

"They were talking about something pretty seriously, when I walked in, Buddy," Chuck said. "They want to take you on coms." Morgan fist pumped upon hearing that. "Are you ready for this?"

"I'll just take ANOTHER cold shower," Morgan said. Chuck gave him a look. "Dude, do you know the look she gave me, when I told her no. She gave me puppy dog eyes, and then came and sat on the couch with me."

"Morgan," Chuck said, warning him.

"Then, she stretched a leg over me," he paused, lost in thought. "They are so long," he said, in awe.

"Morgan," Chuck said, his voice getting louder.

"Then she straddle me, and whispered into my ear about how she'd make me think my name actually was Marty," Morgan said, his eyes far away.

"MORGAN!" Chuck yelled bringing Morgan back to Earth.

"Sorry," Morgan said. "There's been a lot of cold showers the past 24 hours dude, I think part of my brain is frozen." Chuck nodded.

"I understand," Chuck said.

“I get now why you wanted Jenny back so much,” Morgan said, his eyes glazing over again. Chuck put his hand over his face. He picked up his phone and sent a text. A few minutes later, Casey came in, with a bucket of water, and poured it over Morgan’s head.

“AHHH!” he yelled. Casey grunted at Chuck, nodded and walked off. “Thanks, Buddy.” Morgan said, and headed out of his office. Sarah stuck her head in, a confused look on her face.

“Thinking about Carina?” she asked. Chuck nodded. “What do you say you and I take our girl to lunch?”

“That’s the best idea I’ve heard today,” Chuck said, grinning.

A/N: Next time, dinner with Ellie, bring your ear plugs...You just might find, you get what you need... Take care, see you soon

DC

Chapter 10: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 10, End of the Road

A/N : I, David Carner, solemnly swear I will not let more than a week go by without updating this. (waits for a minute) OK, Grace's gone. HELP! I went almost 2 weeks without updating this, and she's mad. MAD! I may have to write another Li'l Chuck just to make her happy. Send supplies, I'm trapped here until I finish!

Today's musical inspiration comes from Boyz II Men, Welcome to Ch 10, End of the Road

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but I do enjoy Pot Roast...It's unnatural you belong to me...I belong to you

Sarah smirked sitting on the couch thinking about the last two weeks. Things could not have been more perfect. She had been concerned about hiring Morgan, but that...well, that had been a blessing in disguise. When he asked what time Molly went to daycare and got nothing back but blank stares, Morgan looked shocked. When he asked who was in charge of her educational development, he looked disappointed. He disappeared into his office for two hours and when he came back, he pulled Carina to the side and began to talk to her. They went over a notebook he had written in, and they had an actual discussion. He listened to her, made changes, sometimes he would make a suggestion about something she said, and then she would get a whole new idea.

The next morning, the two presented something that blew Chuck and Sarah away, a curriculum for Molly. Morgan wanted to make sure she was advanced over her peers when she went to school. Sarah gave Chuck a speculative look, but Chuck had promised them they'd look at it. They kept their promise and they were glad they had. Carina had come up with different games and activities that worked with Molly's motor skills and dexterity, Morgan had come up with activities for literacy and math. They had worked together to come up with activities for science and social studies. Chuck and Sarah were blown away but the biggest shock came when John Casey spoke up.

"You have nothing for endurance," Casey said. Everyone turned to stare at him.

“Well, John, in this company, if you have a problem, we also believe you should come up with a solution,” Emma said. Everyone fought to keep the smile off of their face. Casey would say anything to anyone except Molly and Emma.

“Ma’am, I’d have to do some studying to see how to turn some of those exercises into something appropriate for someone her age,” he said.

“Then I guess you’re the best person to be in charge of that,” Emma said. John nodded, a strange look on his face. If Chuck were forced to guess he would say it was a smile. That’s how Molly’s homeschool preschool began. Everyone in the company would basically spend an hour a day with her, Chuck and Sarah didn’t always have an activity for her, sometimes they just wanted to spend time with her, but Molly was getting an education, mostly off the government’s dime. Chuck and Sarah felt that was justified considering their past with said government.

She smiled thinking about the last two weeks. Seeing Carina and Morgan work together...something was there, the question was would Carina let herself feel it? Morgan was an absolute gentleman around her and Carina was about at her wit’s end trying to figure what to do about him. Many times she would catch them talking. Usually after she left, Morgan was standing there in a dream state. This led to Casey buying a SuperSoaker 9000 eXtreme. Every time Casey saw that look on Morgan’s face, he would blast him with the gun. Morgan always thanked Casey, and Casey would always shake his head and grunt.

“You like the bearded gnome don’t you, John Casey?” Sarah had overheard Emma asking Casey after one soaking.

“It’s not that I like him, because he annoys me to no end, but....awe, hell, I respect the moron,” John said, shaking his head. “Everyone has warned him about her, and not only does he risk it, he takes it slow, and treats Carina with respect. Carina doesn’t even treat Carina with respect, and that’s not a shot, Ma’am, that’s just how she is. Even if nothing happens between them, Carina’s been shown something she needed to see.”

After that speech, Sarah began to wonder about Casey. He normally didn’t string four words together in a sentence that wasn’t a mission briefing. That was the other thing

that shocked her. Casey and Carina were going out on mission and bringing Morgan. For the most part, the NSA had been pushing people toward hiring Truffaut Industries when it wasn't something of high importance. They had become the outsourcing company of the NSA. Beckman had even hinted at making it a permanent arrangement, one that shocked everyone that Casey didn't disagree with.

The absolute shocker was when Gertrude Verbanski showed up, and told Sarah that there was a problem within her company. Gertrude had been going through everything since Chuck had destroyed their encryption and learned those she had employed, may not be all they thought they were. Sarah was very kind, offered her a job which Gertrude immediately turned down, but did ask how she would feel about hiring them to take a look at her company. Sarah agreed and her and Chuck went over everything.

Gertrude took it all in stride as they showed her all the shortcuts her people had taken. It appeared there was a group within her company that was being led by a man she had turned down romantically years ago. He was slowly dismantling the company from the inside. When Casey found out, he went to Beckman explaining how this could affect them since the NSA sometimes used Gertrude's company for different things. Beckman had told Casey, with what Chuck swore was a twinkle in her eye and a slight grin, that the NSA would stay out of it, but since Casey's cover was a Truffaut employee and Gertrude had hired them, he should do whatever he thought was necessary. Needless to say twelve people disappeared from Gertrude's company over the next few days.

Sarah wanted to grin, she wanted to be happy, but all she could do was sigh as she looked out her window and saw the house next door. Well, house was an understatement, it was huge. Five bedrooms and a basement, huge backyard, it was Sarah's dream house from when she was a child. She knew she wanted to own it one day with her husband and children. The foreclosure sign in the front yard was killing her a little inside.

"Have you talked to him about it?" Emma asked from behind, pulling her out of her thoughts. Sarah just shook her head.

“What am I supposed to say, ‘Hey, Chuck, I know in the past few weeks you found me, met your daughter, uprooted your life, and did all this for me, but how do you feel about owning my childhood dream home that I probably can’t afford?’”

“So I guess you’ve already looked to see how much it is?” Emma said, smiling. Sarah nodded.

“Yeah, there’s no sense talking about it,” Sarah said.

“Yeah, because not talking about the future has served you two so well in the past,” Emma said, patting her shoulder, getting up and walking off. Sarah thought about that for a second. Chuck wandered into the living room a few minutes later, leaned down and kissed her head. She looked up at him and smiled.

“So, I’m not used to you being first up,” Chuck said. Sarah shrugged. “Did I do something wrong?” Sarah looked at him, in her loving, “I love you, but some days you’re an idiot,” look.

“No, Chuck, I just had something on my mind,” Sarah said. Chuck sighed and looked a little sad.

“I thought we were friends,” Chuck said. Sarah gave him a look, knowing what he was up to. “Friends talk about things.”

“Okay, I guess I deserve that,” she said, smiling. Chuck smiled, and snuggled into her the same way she did him a few weeks ago. “Should I speak in generalities?”

“If it helps,” Chuck said. “I could also shut my eyes and pretend to be asleep.”

“No, that’s not necessary,” Sarah said. “So, there’s this guy.”

“There’s always a guy,” Chuck said, shaking his head. Sarah grinned and flicked his ear. “OW!”

“Shush you,” she said, grinning. “So there’s been this incredible, kind, wonderful, charming guy.”

“It’s me, isn’t it?” he asked.

"See, this is why we never do this, you can't be quiet," she said, trying to look irritated, but her eyes giving it away. Chuck made a motion to zip his lips.

"Anyway, this annoying jerk," she said looking at him as Chuck appeared to be affronted. "Has given me almost everything I've ever wanted." Chuck raised his hand.

"What has this insufferable fool not given you?" Chuck asked.

"Don't talk about my jerk that way," Sarah admonished. Chuck put his hands up as if to say "my bad". She grinned. "I had a dream growing up, of living in this big house, but the sexy jerk has uprooted his life, and I can't ask him to do it again."

"He is such a jerk," Chuck said. Sarah gave him a warning look. "I mean I would go anywhere to be with you." Sarah looked at him. "Sarah, you're my home." Sarah's eyes filled with tears. "You and Molly, you're it. Anywhere you want to go, I'm there." She kissed him and he lost track of time.

"So, you want to see the house I want to live in but can't afford?" Sarah asked grinning. "Sure," he replied. "Is there an open house, or do you have a key..." he trailed off and looked at her. He shut his eyes, and covered them with his hand. "You're going to pick the lock, aren't you?"

"I have a certain set of skills," Sarah said. She got up, and pulled him off the couch. They got dressed and she took him next door. Emma watched the two go, and got her phone out.

"Hey," she said softly. "We need to talk. I'll see you then." She hung up, and looked up another number. She grinned at how she knew he was reacting to seeing her number on the phone. When he answered, she was direct. "I need to meet with you, can you see me in an hour? I'll text you the address." She hung up and watched the young couple with their daughter enter the house. "She's not the only one that wants to see her dreams come true." Over in the house, Sarah was giving Chuck the grand tour. As it ended she spun toward him. Molly was over to the side exploring as they talked.

"See, isn't it perfect?" she asked. Chuck had to agree it was. "I just wish I could afford it."

"I'm sorry, Sarah," Chuck said, honestly. "I just don't have anything saved up. I mean with our combined incomes we could afford the payments...did I say something wrong?" Tears were streaming down her face.

"We?" she asked, wetly. "Like me and you pay for it, together?"

"Yeah, I mean that was the plan, right?" Chuck asked. He found himself on the floor seconds later, having been tackled. Molly looked at the two, and clapped, seeing her parents playing.

"I love you," she whispered. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," he groaned. "But, I think I'm going to need a new kidney."

"You only need one," she responded, not loosening her grip.

"Your concern is touching."

"I'm trying to show you affection here you big jerk," Sarah replied, still hanging on tightly.

"You went to Harvard so you may have gotten the definition for affection and affliction confused," Chuck joked with her. She sighed and snuggled more into him. "I just told you, you were my home, why would you think I wouldn't buy a house with you?"

"I don't know," she replied, shyly.

"Sarah, we're together," Chuck said. "What do you need me to do to prove it to you?"

"I just worry that one day..." she trailed off.

"That I'm going to leave you to hurt you?" Chuck asked. He felt her nod into his neck.

"Sarah, that's not who I am."

"I know, you won't leave Molly" she whispered.

"Sarah, I won't leave Molly, but even if she wasn't in the picture, I wouldn't leave you," Chuck said. Sarah began to softly cry. Chuck's phone began to ring.

"Go ahead and get it, I'll be okay," Sarah said.

"Nope," Chuck replied.

"Chuck, either you get that or I will," she said. The tone in her voice told him he'd best get it.

"Hello," he answered. "Hey, Ellie, how are you?"

"Hey, Chuck, I'm good. I have two weeks off, because I've worked too much, and I'm being forced to take the time, and I was wondering since Devon is working the whole time if I might come see you guys?" Chuck pulled the phone away and looked at Sarah.

"Can Ellie come stay with us for a couple of weeks?" he asked. Sarah and yanked the phone from Chuck's hand.

"Ellie, come stay with us for a few weeks and get to know your niece," Sarah said. "Oh, and bring earplugs, because your bedroom is right next to mine and Chuck's." Chuck smacked a hand over his face. "Here he is."

"Hey, no, I can't wait either. No, Ellie, I'm serious she will love you. Can you do me a favor, and bring me something?" Chuck asked. He smiled. "That's exactly what I was going to ask for. Love you, Ellie, see you soon!" Chuck hung up and grinned at Sarah. "Bring your earplugs?" Sarah shrugged, grinning.

"I have three years I've been making up for Bartowski, I'm not letting your sister stop me," she replied. Chuck's ears turned a shade of red she didn't know existed.

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Ellie arrived and hugs and squeals were given out in spades. After they got her set-up in her room, she pulled Chuck aside and gave him something. Chuck thanked Emma again for having her stay with them when she got home. Emma reminded him she was family, and hopefully one day, sooner rather than later, it would be official. Sarah heard every word and just beamed. Chuck again turned red, and it didn't help when he realized Ellie heard it all as well and was vibrating.

"Everything okay earlier?" Sarah asked. Emma smiled.

"Yes, just meeting some people," she replied. Sarah studied her.

“Okaaaay,” Sarah replied. “We’ll talk.” She said, turning away. Emma just smiled thinking about her meeting.

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A few hours ago, at a nondescript diner

Emma walked in and saw her ex-husband sitting in their booth, and sat down beside him.

“Hey, beautiful,” Jack drawled. “How’d you know I was in town?” Emma gave him a look.

“Jack, you’ve been in town since Molly and I came and saw you a while back,” she said. Jack stuck his tongue in his jaw, and moved it around thinking.

“Am I getting that old, that I miss things?” he asked.

“Dear, everything I learned, I learned from you,” she said. “The real question is why haven’t you been home.”

“I don’t have a home, Darlin’” he replied. Emma stared at him, and Jack grinned. “Do I?” Emma tilted her head and started to answer when John Casey walked up to her.

“Ma’am,” Casey said. Emma offered him a seat and he sat. He looked at the two. “Miss,” he began.

“John, it’s Emma,” she said. Casey nodded.

“Emma, I know he’s your ex-husband, but-” Casey began.

“I’m clean cop-face,” Jack said. “Have been since your boss came and saw me a few years back about how your bosses screwed her and the schnook.” Casey grunted a laugh. “I went legit and I’ve actually been showing some of your people how to stop cons. I feel dirty doing it, but I have a granddaughter now, and it was time.” Casey nodded.

“Casey, Sarah’s dream house has been foreclosed on,” Emma said. “It’s the one right beside my house. I want you to have the CIA or the NSA or whoever to buy it, and sell it

to us for one dollar more than what they paid for it.”

“That’s not the way it works,” Casey said. Emma leaned forward.

“John Casey,” she said, making John straighten. “Those two have been screwed by the government, don’t you think it’s time they made a few things right. I’m not asking for anything special, just buy the house at the foreclosed cost and we buy it from them.” Casey sat there a minute.

“I don’t think that will fly with my superiors, but I’ll try,” he said. “Excuse me a minute,” and with that he got up and walked outside.

“I don’t like it,” Jack said. Emma smiled, and patted his arm.

“A few years ago, you’d already be gone,” she said, looking at him.

“Part of me wants to bolt, but I’m too old for that crap anymore, Emma,” he said, sighing.

“Yes,” she said.

“Gee, thanks, I mean I knew I had a few years on me, but you didn’t have to agree with me,” he said, grinning. She turned back to him.

“Yes, you have a home,” she said simply. Jack blinked his eyes, and sat there for a second not sure what to say. “It’s taking too long,” she said. It was true, but she mainly said it to take pressure off of Jack.

“We’re not getting what we want,” Jack agreed.

“No, but maybe we’re getting what we need,” she said, and looked him right in the eye.

“Emma, I, uh,” he stammered.

“Sorry to take so long,” Casey said, coming back to the table. Jack turned back to Casey.

“It was a no go, the house is off the market.”

“Any chance we can talk to the buyer about selling it to us?” Jack asked.

“Oh, absolutely,” Casey said. “I also had your financials checked, everything you made is above board.” Jack gave him a look. “Come on, you know I had to check.”

"So, do you have any suggestions of how to approach the buyer?" Emma asked. Casey gave a half smirk.

"Buy him a piece of pie," he said. Jack caught the look in Casey's eye, and signaled the waitress.

"Darlin'," he said. "Would you bring my friend over here a piece of Apple?" he asked. Casey nodded. Jack returned the nod. "A piece of apple pie."

"Ala mode?" the waitress asked. Casey looked insulted.

"I don't want any of that French crap," he said. The waitress left and Casey leaned forward. "If you ever tell those two I bought it..."

"We won't, John," Emma said, laying her hand on his arm.

"It will take about sixty days to clear escrow before I can sell it to them, but they can live there in the meantime," he said.

"How about we take a look at it and see what, if any repairs need to be made," Jack said. Casey gave him a nod. Emma looked at the two, and saw a modicum of respect.

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Now

Chuck went to talk to Sarah when there was a knock on the door.

"I wonder who that is?" Emma asked.

"Making pot roast?" Chuck asked with a grin. Ellie nodded. "Same bet as always?"

"There's no way it's him, Chuck," she replied. "Yes, it's a bet." Chuck smiled and opened the door.

"Morgan," Chuck said, turning his head back inside to look at Ellie with a, "I told you so," look on his face. Ellie rolled her eyes.

"Chuck, I smell it, is she here?" Morgan asked. Chuck nodded, stepped aside and he came in, looking very upset.

“Morgan?” Ellie asked. Morgan held up both hands.

“Ellie, I need to say this, and I need you to be strong,” he began.

“Oh, boy,” she muttered.

“Ellie, I know we’ve both had our dalliances with others in our relationship,” Morgan began.

“We don’t have a relationships,” Ellie countered. Morgan went on like she never spoke.

“But, we always knew we’d find our way back to each other,” he continued. Sarah leaned over to Chuck.

“Is he on drugs?” she whispered.

“Oh, no, this is all my little buddy,” Chuck whispered back.

“Today, is the day I never thought would happen, but today is a sad day. Ellie, I will always love you like a sister, admittedly a sister I want to have sex with.” Chuck made a face at that one, and Ellie looked sick. “However, I think,” he paused. “We’ve come to the end of the road. Still, I know you can’t let go.” Sarah leaned back over.

“Is he quoting Boyz II Men?” she asked, trying to hold in the laughter.

“Yes, he likes the classics,” Chuck replied.

“Whew,” Morgan said, taking a deep breath. “Ellie, I think we’re over.” Ellie just stood there, stunned. “I know, I know, there’s not someone else, yet, but the possibility...it’s just too great and I can’t do that to you.”

“Thank you?” she said.

“If you need one more night with me, I can give you that,” he began.

“Nope,” Ellie said. Morgan nodded.

“I get it, cut it off, rip the Band-Aid off, that’s good, El, that’s good. Being a doctor I wouldn’t expect anything less.” Morgan opened his arms. “Come on, we need to hug.” Ellie rolled her eyes, blew out a breath and hugged Morgan. Chuck was standing where she could see him, biting his pointer knuckle trying to stop himself from laughing. Sarah

looked like she might explode from holding it in. Ellie pulled away. "Now, when you see her, will you be alright?"

"I'll find a way to get through it," Ellie said. Morgan nodded, and then clapped his hands together.

"Great, is that pot roast I smell?" he asked. She gave up.

"Yes, but it's not my house, so I can't invite you," she said. Morgan waved.

"I have a standing invitation," he said. Ellie smiled and walked into the kitchen. "She's taking this well." Chuck nodded, Morgan turned to check on Ellie again, and Chuck and Sarah fled outside. Outside, they both laughed until tears ran down their faces. When they finally stopped, they were sitting on swing on the porch just looking down the street, enjoying each other's company.

"We need to talk," Chuck said. Sarah looked at him. "Calm down." Sarah grinned. Chuck took a deep breath. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met. You have a heart that is so big, you took care of so many and protected them, and I just can't figure out why you are so insecure about us." Sarah looked a little meek. Chuck cupped her face, and she lifted her head to look him in the eye. "Sarah Lisa Walker, there is no more I, me, you, or any other singular pronouns, there is only us. You deserve better than you're letting yourself have. There is no more you accepting whatever I decide. You don't get the scraps. We are in this together and I won't have it any other way, you hear me? You want to succeed in this mission?" She nodded. "Then you deserve to have what you want and sometimes that means disagreements and arguments, but when two people love each other, as we do, we work through those arguments. I'm not going anywhere, and I only know a couple of ways to prove that to you." Sarah's eyes started to tear up.

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, I agree with you, I love you, but I can't just accept whatever it is you're willing to give me."

"Have I given you any reason to think I'm leaving?" he asked. She shook her head. "Have I done anything to make you this scared?" She shook her head.

"It's my past life, my dad leaving my mom, what I did to you," she said, he laid a finger on her lips.

"It's all the past, right?" he asked, grinning. She nodded. Chuck removed his finger. "Sarah, I want to give you something." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a box and handed it to her. She opened it, and her mouth dropped. He reached down, picked up the charm bracelet that was in the box. "This was my mom's, my dad gave it to my mom when Ellie was born. I know my family hasn't had the greatest track record of hanging around. That's why I want you to have it. This is a symbol of my promise to you, Sarah that I am going to do whatever it takes for us to be together." Tears were flowing out of her. "This is real, and I don't leave." Sarah nodded.

"I love you so much," she whispered. "I'm just scared I'm going to lose it." Chuck smiled.

"Trust me, I know that feeling," he said, and pulled her close. "How many times do you think Morgan cries tonight during dinner?" Sarah burst out laughing, and put her hand against his chest. "Chuck, you said there were a couple of ways, what were the others?"

"Well, the only other thing I knew to do was marry you, but Chuck Walker just sounds like a bad TV show," he said. He felt her grinning against him.

"I would have said yes," she said softly.

"That's good to know, but we're not ready," he said, sighing. "But one day." She sighed contently beside him.

"One day," she replied. Silently she changed her mission parameters from getting Chuck Bartowski back to marrying Chuck Bartowski. Sarah Walker never failed a mission.

A/N: Wait, you didn't think the title of the chapter had anything to do with Chuck and Sarah did you? Of course you didn't because it's me...Until next time

DC

Chapter 11: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 11, Crazy In Love

A/N : I know what you're thinking...it's been over a week, and Grace is going to murder me...well, it's okay, because I've been working on something else...yep...you do know what it is....I need to finish Aces before I drop another fic, but....(smirks evilly)(I've been spending way too much time with Steampunk . Chuckster) We have a story here that has been progressing nicely, but the comments all seem to want this story to head in a certain direction, one I frankly wasn't suspecting so quick, but, I do like to keep people happy, so let's keep it moving...Ch 11, Crazy in Love

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but I sure enjoy writing him.

Chuck was shaking his head and smiling, not believing his life. He found himself doing that a lot the past few days. Ever since he gave Sarah that charm bracelet and let it slip he had considered proposing to her, Sarah was...different. She had been becoming more affectionate as their relationship progressed, but now....now she had no chill in anything. Sunday afternoon they went grocery shopping and when they were checking out, she picked up a bridal magazine. Chuck just lifted an eyebrow and chuckled. She smirked at him, and while holding his stare, she grabbed a second one and bought them both.

She had called him Mr. Walker several times, and to get even, he decided to call her Mrs. Bartwoski...that had been a spectacular failure. She got a smile on her face that he didn't even know how to describe. Emma didn't even bother hiding her laughter at him, and Molly was happier than ever, her two parents were there, loving her, and that's all she cared about.

Dinner Saturday night had been interesting. Morgan was panicked the entire time, worried his two women might fight over him...his words.

"Dude, what if during dinner they just begin brawling over me, I might be banned from the house and I couldn't deal with that," Morgan said, very worried.

"Morgan, I feel pretty safe promising you don't have to worry about that exact scenario," Chuck replied, keeping his face as straight as possible.

"You're always welcomed in my and Chuck's home," Sarah added, giving Chuck a look to make sure he caught what she was saying. He rolled his eyes, but slipped his arm around her shoulders.

"But, it's Emma's house."

"What are you expecting, a huge food fight for the right for your hand?" Chuck said. Morgan's eyes about popped out of his head.

"I wasn't but now I can't stop thinking about it, thanks!" he said disgustedly, and walked off.

"He should be your best man," Sarah said, grinned and followed after him. Morgan was very surprised both women practically ignored him all night, but Chuck did notice Carina would glance at Morgan every time she thought he wasn't looking.

Chuck thought Monday would calm things down. He was so wrong. Every time that day he was near Sarah, all she would do was stare at her fourth finger on her left hand.

"Something wrong with your finger?" Chuck asked, knowing he shouldn't but not able to take it anymore. Sarah looked up at him with the happiest smile on her face.

"Yes, it's bare, don't you think we should do something about that?" Chuck gulped.

"What would you like us to do?" Chuck asked. Sarah's smile grew, it was at that moment Gertrude Verbanski walked in, saving Chuck, or so he thought. He fled her office and crashed into Casey who was watching nearby. He took a look at Casey's face and couldn't help himself. "Casey, you and Gertrude...is there something there?" Casey scowled at him, looked around, and lowered his voice.

"Some years ago..." he began, very uncomfortable. "She took my gun as a souvenir."

"Wait, Gertrude took a memento of her conquest of you?" Chuck asked. As soon as he saw the look on Casey's face he knew he had made a mistake. "That just wasn't nice of her."

"It was very nice of her," Casey said, with a look on his face that Chuck didn't think any amount of brain bleach would ever get rid of. Chuck winced.

"You know how you hate me sharing...I now understand, and I'm sorry, so sorry," he said, fleeing. He went and found his daughter, knowing she would help him be in a better mood. Carina had her. "Hey, you two, what are we working on today."

"Oh, Sarah was having me working with her on different words," Carina replied with a smirk.

"Daddy, I'm gonna wear a pretty dress," Molly said. Chuck picked up his daughter and held her, smiling.

"Well, I can't wait to see it," Chuck said, munching on her cheek making her giggle.

"I get to be a flower girl," she said. Chuck turned toward Carina, with slow shock covering his face. Carina shrugged. "Rina's gonna be a bedmaid." Carina gave Chuck a look. He shook his head.

"I'm not touching that with a ten foot pole," he muttered. Carina punched him in the arm. "What is her obsession?"

"You, you nerdy moron," Carina said, shaking her head. "She gave it all up for you, and now that she thinks her, and I can't believe I'm about to use this word, it already shows how much you nerds have infected me, endgame, is obtainable, she's pulling out all the stops." Chuck grinned. "You haven't seen them all yet." Chuck's face fell, and Carina smiled.

"I have no chance," he muttered, with a mix look of worry and anticipation on his face.

"I hope you're happy, God knows you make her happy," Carina said. Chuck couldn't help but pick on her.

"Carina Miller, are you approving of this?"

"No, I am not, but if she's that dead set on it happening, then at least I know it's with a great guy, an amazing father, and one that's not so hard on the eyes," Carina replied.

“Easy, you’re gonna make Morgan jealous,” Chuck said, laughing. Carina’s face fell, but as luck would have it, that’s when Ellie walked in.

“I’ve been looking for you two,” she said. “Chuck, I’ve decided, I want to talk to mom, no arguments.” Chuck nodded, knowing that there was no reason to fight hurricane Ellie...he would lose. She turned to Carina. “And you...you do know that Morgan is amazing, right?” Sarah walked in, wondering what was going on. “Sure he can be a little obsessive, but he’s a good guy, one that will treat you like a princess...literally. I mean he will call you your majesty if you let him. Sure he has issues with working.”

“He’s been tearing it up around here,” Sarah said. Ellie nodded.

“He’s a nerd,” Ellie continued.

“Nothing wrong with that,” Sarah said, not even hiding her look at Chuck. Chuck shuffled a little uncomfortably.

“And, he will make you his world, that’s both good and bad,” Ellie finished.

“He’s not as bad as Jeff...Jeff would smell your hair.” Chuck thought about it. “You know, Jeff would probably smell anyone’s hair.”

“I need to never go to that Buy More,” Sarah said. Ellie turned to her.

“You have no idea. It’s like a zoo,” Ellie said to her.

“When she used to come in and they’d see her....it wasn’t pretty. She was the most attractive woman most had ever seen,” Chuck explained. “And the things they said...for God’s sake didn’t they realize she’s my sister?” Chuck shuddered. Ellie shook her head.

“Sarah, I need to speak to my mom, and I want to look at those magazines,” Ellie said, throwing Chuck a look. He shook his head as he watched them go.

“Betrayed by my own sister,” he said. “OWW!” he yelled, where Carina had smacked him in the back of the head.

“You are the stupidest smart guy I know,” Carina said, her eyes blazing. “Let me ask you something, Bartowski.”

"Oh, crap," he muttered.

"Oh, crap is right. Do you love her?" He nodded. "Are you going anywhere?" He shook his head no. "Are you going to be there for those two until your dying day?" He nodded. "Then why in the hell shouldn't you get married?" Chuck had no answer. "That's what I thought. Guess what Chuckles, there's no 'How to Handle When the Love of Your Life Leaves Without Telling You About Their Child Because of the Government Agency She Works for for Dummies.'"

"I would think that book would have a very narrow audience," Chuck replied. Carina stared at him.

"It's a defense mechanism, isn't it?"

"The jokes, oh yeah, otherwise I'd just lock myself in the bathroom and cry all the time," Chuck replied. "Sooooo, any idea what kind of ring a certain someone might like?"

"Yeah, one from you," Carina replied. Chuck nodded.

"I've gotta go," he said. He hurried off, Carina shaking her head at him and grinning. Chuck stopped by Sarah's office. She was holding Molly, talking to Ellie. "Having a sisterly chat?" he asked, winked and walked off. The squeals down the hall made John jump.

"Christ!" Casey yelled. "What did you do, Bartowski?"

"I messed with their lady feelings," Chuck said, grinning.

"That's a dangerous game, Chuck," Casey said.

"So, tell me something, Casey," Chuck began with an idea in mind. "Say there was a house that was in foreclosure," he began. Casey snapped a look at him. "What?" Casey shook his head.

"I swear it's like you're all sharing lady feelings," he said. "Come with me, kid."

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A little while later the two pulled up at the house next door to Sarah's.

“What are we doing here, Casey?” Chuck asked. Casey just smiled. Chuck saw the sold sign on the property and his face fell. Casey just kept smiling as he unlocked the door. Chuck was in shock, he was even in more shock when he saw Sarah’s dad inside.

“John? Is this the schnook?” Jack asked.

“Yeah,” Casey replied. “He was about to ask me how to go about buying the house.” Chuck looked shocked. “Oh come on kid, I’m a spy.” Chuck nodded. Casey handed Chuck a set of keys. “So, this is your’s and Sarah’s, it’s a package deal. We can talk about money later.”

“No, it’s paid for,” Jack said. Chuck turned to look at him. “I was a part of what ruined you getting a chance to be a dad. I was never really a dad, so I’m trying here to make things right, and I’ll do whatever it takes to make it right by both of you. So you know both Emma and Sarah give their approval.”

“Two things then,” Chuck said. Jack nodded. “I’d like to marry your daughter.” Jack smiled.

“You just made my daughter and granddaughter very happy,” Jack replied.

“Second thing, you have a skill set I could use,” Chuck said, grinning. Jack didn’t look real thrilled. “I want to surprise your daughter.” Jack grinned.

“I like you, Schnook,” Jack said. “I like you a lot.”

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“Everything okay?” Sarah asked, sticking her head into Chuck’s office.

“Well, if it wasn’t before it’s sure better now,” Chuck replied. That got a look from Sarah, the you’re up to something, but I like it. “What?”

“Nothing, you’re just awful playful,” Sarah said, grinning. “You’ve left a couple of times in the past few days, and I’m not checking up or anything, I just wanted to make sure everything is alright.” Chuck turned and grinned at her.

“Afraid all the marriage talk is making me run out every so often?” Chuck asked. Sarah looked slightly sheepish.

"I may have gone overboard," she said. Chuck shrugged.

"I don't know of any guy who's in love with an amazing woman that talks about how she wants to spend the rest of her life with him who'd be upset by that," Chuck replied honestly. Sarah's eyes got huge in surprise. "You okay?" She nodded.

"How do you do it?" she whispered.

"Do what?"

"How do you know the thing to say that just melts me?"

"It's a talent...and a curse," he lamented, looking like he was in deep thought. She punched him in the shoulder. "And, there it is, spousal abuse."

"You have to be married for it to be spousal abuse," she replied sticking out her tongue.

"Tomatoe, to mat toe," he replied, kissing her on the cheek and walking out of his office knowing he had won that one.

"Bartowski, you're going to get it," she said breathily.

"I'm counting on it," as he fled, Sarah right behind him.

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Chuck stood there, his hand in Sarah's. Emma had Molly because they both thought it best if a child not be in the room, specifically if Chuck had another outburst. Chuck was wondering why Gertrude was there, but Sarah told him they needed to talk about her. She was standing close to Casey. Not too close, but close. Ellie was a bundle of nerves, and Morgan was watching her, concerned. Carina was watching Morgan, watching Ellie, and if Chuck didn't know better, she was jealous. The countdown began and the screen came on. Why it was a split screen and why Graham was there, Chuck didn't know.

"Mom," Ellie said softly as she saw her beside Beckman.

"Ellie," her mother replied. "Son." Chuck nodded. That's all he had in him.

"I'm glad you're all here, we need to talk about Mr. Bartowski," Beckman said.

“Excuse me, who the hell are you, and what do you want with my brother?” Ellie said, protecting her brother/son like always. Chuck looked at her, grateful for her.

“I apologize, Ellie, I am General Beckman of the NSA, in the other screen is Director Graham of the CIA, and I was talking about your father, not your brother. I think we’ve messed with his life enough,” she said truthfully. Ellie nodded. “We may know what is wrong with your father.” Ellie and Chuck exchanged a look. “Have either of you ever seen anything like this?” Beckman put an image of the governor on the screen. Chuck and Ellie both gasped.

“Why would you want to know about that?” Chuck blurted out.

“That’s a governor, Son,” Mary said. “It’s supposed to keep the Intersect from messing with your mind.” Chuck’s eyes got very big and Ellie turned to him.

“Let’s say....it....broke,” Chuck said, trying real hard to appear nonchalant.

“That would be bad,” Mary replied. “His brain could be frying.” Chuck closed his eyes and started to just collapse, but two sets of hands had him. He knew exactly who they were. “What’s wrong?”

“Mom, I broke mine and swapped it with dad,” Chuck said softly, nearly crying. He lifted his head, tears in his eyes. “I screwed up dad.”

“NO!” Ellie yelled. “No, you didn’t!” she insisted.

“She’s right, Chuck!” Sarah agreed. “I don’t know a thing about this Intersect, but if he had it in his brain then why didn’t he have other safeguards.”

“Because his safeguard was in Russia,” Mary said. Everyone turned and looked at her. “But I have one question, why did you have a governor?” Chuck looked sheepish. After all, she was still his mom, and she could still give that mom look.

“I may have accidently seen something on one of his computers and told him about it,” Chuck said.

“It’s called porn, you idiot,” Casey said.

“Cool it, Casey,” Sarah said. “It wasn’t porn.” She turned to Chuck. “It wasn’t was it?” she asked softly.

“No, it was some program but I was having headaches so dad and I shared his special watch until he had me one made. Then I broke it and swapped them when he was asleep. He never knew. He disappeared shortly thereafter and I never wore it again after that.” Mary looked stunned. “I’m so sorry, Mom.”

“Never mind about that, there’s something more important, how are you?” she asked. The look on Chuck’s face was indescribable. After all these years, his mother, was checking on him. He wanted to be so angry but he couldn’t.

“I mean as good as I can be knowing I made Dad crazy,” Chuck replied.

“Son, he was crazy long before you came along, I mean the headaches?” Chuck shrugged.

“As I got older they went away,” Chuck replied.

“What happened when you went through puberty?” Mary asked. Ellie snapped her fingers and nodded.

“So if this program went into his brain, as his body grew-” Ellie began.

“His body, specifically his mind, adjusted to compensate for the change,” Mary finished.

“So his mind truly is built to hold this thing,” Ellie said, astonished.

“OH, HELL NO!” Sarah said, making everyone jump. “My soon to be husband is NOT, I repeat NOT going to get some government computer program put in his head, do you understand me?” Ellie was vibrating. Chuck turned to Ellie.

“Please for the love of God, don’t squeal, we’re in confined quarters and you might kill us all,” Chuck said.

“Chuck, I know we’ve had problems but you could have told me,” Mary said.

“Well, it’s not exactly-” Chuck began.

“He’s got cold feet, I’m working on him,” Sarah said.

“He will not be the Intersect, Sarah, I promise you that,” Mary said. “And welcome to the family.”

“Do I get a vote in any of this?” Chuck asked. Casey snorted a laugh.

“Listen you two, I know our family has had issues, but we might be able to save your father,” Mary said. “Do you know where that governor is?” Chuck nodded. “Okay, I’m coming there in a few days to get it, and I have an idea. Ellie you’re the neurosurgeon, I may need your help.” Ellie nodded. “We have a lot to talk about, and God knows I never was good at it, but you all deserve answers, but we have to help your father.”

“We do have a lot to talk about,” Ellie said, steel in her eye. Her mother recognized the look and nodded. Graham quickly turned off the feed, thankful no one had cussed him or destroyed any of his furniture. Beckman went to sign off.

“Congrats you two, you deserve all the happiness,” Beckman said. “And, Sarah, Chuck will never be the Intersect as long as I have anything to say about it,” and with that, she cut the feed. Sarah smiled at Chuck, gave him a peck on the lips, and nearly skipped out of the room. Chuck shook his head and turned seeing everyone else standing there, looking at him.

“What?” he asked. Ellie grabbed his shoulders.

“What are you waiting for? I’ve listened to you whine about Jenny Burton for soooooooooo long!” Ellie said, starting at him like he had lost his mind.

“Dude, she’s right,” Morgan agreed. “You love her, go ask her.” Chuck looked at Casey and grinned.

“So, you all want to join my little plan?”

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That’s how Chuck found himself downstairs with his girls the next day, shaking his head. His loves of his life were dancing...at least that’s what he thought was happening. Beyonce’s *Crazy in Love* was playing on the radio, and Sarah had Molly, swinging her around, singing along. When he walked in the room, she looked right at him, singing, *It’s*

the way that you know what I thought you knew, It's the beat my heart skips when I'm with you.

"I hate to break up this new Destiny's Child auditions," Chuck said, getting a laugh from Sarah. "But, I need to borrow you two for a minute." Sarah looked at Molly.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked, winking.

"I think he's going to kiss you," Molly replied. "He likes kissing you," she said softly.

"That's okay, I like it when he kisses me," Sarah replied just as softly giving Chuck a smirk. He shook his head and headed out the door, his heart doing flips and flops. They went across the yard to the new house, Sarah giving him a strange look.

"It's okay, I know the owner," Chuck said. Sarah schooled her features and Chuck had his head where she couldn't see the smile on his face. Chuck unlocked the door, and Sarah put Molly down. She ran inside.

"I love this house," she said.

"Me too, baby girl, me too," Sarah admitted, looking around. "It looks beautiful." Chuck was grinning at her as she turned back.

"Not as beautiful as you," he said. She gave him a look.

"You're up to something," she said. Chuck nodded and led her inside. She stopped as she looked at the picture that hung over the fireplace of the three of them they had made a few days ago. Chuck put a set of house keys in her hand. "I thought we might try living by ourselves for a while," he said, her turning toward him, in shock. "I didn't want to go too far from Emma since she had to raise Pumpkin for a bit." Sarah's mouth was hanging low. "Now, I need you to be calm, because I'm a little nervous," he said, reaching into his pocket, pulling out a box, and sinking down to one knee. "Sarah Walker, Jenny Burton, or whatever you want me to call you. I have loved you for so long, and it took a whole lot of people to make me realize that I'm never going anywhere so why am I waiting. Would you please do this poor nerd a favor, and marry me before I screw up the best thing that has ever happened to me?" Chuck found himself on the floor again, having been tackled by a blonde blur. "Is that a yes? How's our insurance? I

think we took out my other kidney.”

“Yes, you magnificent nerd, yes I’ll marry you, now shut up and kiss me!”

“Ma’am, there’s a child in this room,” Chuck protested. Sarah wagged her eyebrows.

“She has to go to bed sometime.”

“Oh boy!”

A/N: Are we happy now? Okay, I know nothing about the Intersect, obviously, but what else makes sense that it didn’t drive Chuck crazy as a kid with that download? If you hate that explanation I get it, but it’s all I really got. Hey, if you’re reading Aces, there’s a chance you’re a chapter or two behind because it didn’t pop back up to the top the last time I updated it...Until next time....By the Way, Thin Ice, Ch 6...Ya’ll ain’t ready for it....I promise...if you’re not reading it, GO DO IT!

DC

Chapter 12: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 12, Stuck on You

A/N : Wow. You guys seemed to enjoy that last chapter. I've thought long and hard about this story and where to take it next. I could extend it out, do other things, but the main story...we'll we're there, aren't we. I think this is it, there may be a return to this universe in the future, but I think this is the end of it. There will be an "alternate ending" that will be published. I know some won't like it, so you can either decide it ends here, or there. When I post it, you'll get it. Thanks to Cas for being my sounding board on this and all other projects. Without you, these wouldn't be here. So here we are, I guess it leaves me no choice, there must be a wedding....get ready, Ch 12, Stuck on You.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, but you never have to wonder what happened in my final chapters....(yeah, I said it)

Chuck felt her hit his leg before he heard her. He looked down at the mop of blonde curly hair, and his heart swelled.

"Daddy, do you like my pretty dress for the wedding?" Molly asked. Chuck bent down and scooped her up, as she giggled.

"You have to be the prettiest flower girl I've ever seen," Chuck said, blowing raspberries on her cheek. She squealed in laughter. "How does mommy look?"

"She's gorgeous," she said, her eyes wide.

"Pfft," he said. "Is that all, she's just in jeans and a tee shirt isn't she."

"No, Daddy," she said, indignant. "She has on her pretty dress, and she is beautiful."

"She is, huh?" Chuck said, grinning. "But isn't she always beautiful?"

"She's beautifuler," Molly said, with a nod, ending the discussion. Chuck gave a nod also. Morgan came up to them.

"I know you're not supposed to see her before the wedding," he began. Chuck started to say something but thought better of it. "She needs to see you." Chuck nodded and followed him as Molly went over to Carina.

It had been two months since the proposal. They lived in Sarah's dream home now, and soon it would legally be theirs. Chuck and Ellie had reunited with their mom and were working towards fixing their relationship. It wasn't going to be easy, and no one knew what the outcome would be, but they were trying, and that was all that anyone could ask. Chuck had shown Ellie and Mary the "special watch" as Chuck had called it. Mary asked him if he knew how the Governor worked. He told her he understood the watch part, and that's what he had fixed on his, but the other stuff...it was over his head...then.

Ellie and Chuck began to just look at it, and try to figure out the schematics. Mary told them not to break it because it was their last hope of "saving" their dad, and even if he put it on, there was no way of knowing if it would work. Mary had Chuck try on the Governor and Chuck did say he felt something, just a tingle, but nothing like he used to feel. Mary asked him if she could see could try something. She explained that she had a removal system and she'd like to try and remove the program he had uploaded as a kid. He agreed and she had him put on a pair of sunglasses, and he saw images, like he did when he was a kid. After it was over, she asked him how he felt, and he just shrugged. He put the governor on and felt the same tingle.

Ellie and Mary hypothesized that the Intersect had integrated itself into Chuck's brain through puberty and it was now a part of him. The question of what skills or things he learned with it, if anything was unknown, and probably never would be unless Stephen was found, and recovered his memories. There was a plan to help Stephen, but finding him was the problem. Mary was desperate to find him, Chuck was as well. Chuck was still mad at Stephen...mad wasn't the word, furious was, but if there was a chance his actual father was somewhere in the man that had ruined part of his life, he was determined to find him. It had become his mission, one that wasn't making Sarah the happiest. He knew exactly why she wanted to see him.

Things had been great the past two months. Sarah was calling herself Mrs. Bartowski and had not one bit of chill while doing it. If he thought she turned up the heat trying to get him to propose to her, he hadn't seen anything. She threatened to drag him down to the courthouse multiple times. He promised her they would wait no more than six months, and that placated Sarah somewhat. Chuck really wanted his family at the wedding, and if his mom couldn't make it by then, he would go forward regardless. They had finally settled on a compromise, or so Chuck had thought.

"Morgan doesn't believe you should see me before the wedding," Chuck said, to his beautiful fiancé, who did in fact look beautifuler.

"Oh, really," Sarah replied with an arched eyebrow. "Stupid traditions," she said with a smile.

"You really aren't okay with this, are you?" he asked. There was a hint of a smile on her face, but her look gave him the answer.

"You have to ask?"

"Sarah, what do you want me to do?"

"Marry me, Chuck, marry me," she said simply. "This whole thing has been a nightmare, you know what I mean," she added quickly. He did. "What I should have done in Stanford...what I should have done weeks later...I just want this, and I don't fail a mission Chuck, and my mission is to be Sarah Bartowski."

"Sarah, you told me that as far as you were concerned we're married," Chuck said.

"That's true," she agreed. "I'm your wife, and your my husband, but I want it official, because I've had too much taken away, we both have." Chuck nodded and took her hands.

"Okay, we do this your way, what do you want me to do?" he asked. She looked at him.

"What I want, is to make this a double wedding, but I'm afraid that won't be possible, so one more month," she said.

"So after a month we start planning?" Chuck asked. She gave him a level look.

“Chuck, we’re getting married in a month whether or not your mom is here, whether or not she found your dad,” Sarah stated. “We’ve let your family run our lives, too long.”

“She’s right, baby brother,” Ellie said from off to the side where Chuck didn’t know she was there.

“Ellie,” Chuck began.

“Don’t,” Sarah said, grinning. “I told her I wanted her here to hear this, because I needed the one person in your life that really mattered...well, two, Morgan has already agreed with me as well.”

“Wow, Sarah,” Chuck said, grinning. “You are playing dirty.”

“I’m doing what I should have done a few years ago,” Sarah said, looking into his eyes. “I’m trying to make it right, Chuck.” Tears were in her eyes. “I nearly lost everything, and I won’t again.”

“Sarah, you aren’t going to lose me,” he said, pulling her in. “I love you. I always have, it just took me a bit to not be mad, which is my fault.”

“No, Chuck, no it’s not, but it’s time,” Sarah said, sighing against him. Chuck looked over at Ellie, who was vibrating, she was so excited.

“Charlie, you sure you want to wait?” he heard behind him. Chuck turned and saw Jack, dressed in his tux.

“Dad,” Sarah said softly. She let go of Chuck and walked over to him. “I...I’m so glad. The one good thing that came of all of this, is I got you back, but more importantly, mom got you back.”

“Angel, I never should have taken you and left,” Jack admitted, pulling her in. Morgan walked over and handed Chuck a box. Chuck knew what was in the box.

“Eu tu, Morgan?” Chuck asked, grinning.

“Why not,” he heard Emma say, behind him. Chuck was positive at this point that woman was a ninja.

"She doesn't have a dress," Chuck said.

"Yes, I do," Sarah answered grinning.

"It's here isn't it?" Chuck asked. He looked around, and everyone was grinning. "Jack, are you and Emma even getting married?"

"Yes, Charlie," Jack answered. "But, you've been a bit preoccupied with things to plan yours, so someone asked me to set all this up. Seems I have a certain skill set," he said with an amused look on his face. Chuck looked at Sarah.

"Wasn't me," she answered. "I mean I had to make sure you were ready and willing, but it wasn't me who set this up."

"It was me, Chuck," his mom said, joining the group. "Your life has been turned upside down for our family for too long." Chuck's mouth was open.

"So whadda ya say, Chuck?" Sarah drawled. "Wanna get married?"

"More than anything," he answered honestly. "But how is this going work?"

"Two separate ceremonies," Jack said. "And your buddy here wanted to marry you two, I couldn't say no."

"Morgan is going to marry us?" Chuck asked.

"I got a legal license," he said. Chuck looked at Sarah.

"Uh, marriage license?" Chuck asked, finding the flaw. He saw her smile.

"Beckman agreed to help us out on that and got it for us through some back channels," Sarah said, grinning. "She'd be here, but she wants it to be low key."

"Are you sure about this?" he asked.

"I've never been more sure of anything in my life," Sarah said.

Jack's and Emma's ceremony was simple. Chuck was then ushered off to a side room to change and Sarah was taken to the other side of the church. Just before he went through the door, he heard his name called. He turned and saw her. She gave him a salacious wink, and blew him a kiss. Twenty minutes later, he found himself standing at

the alter, looking over at his friend, with the biggest smile on his face.

"Dude, I so approve," Morgan said. "I'm ready to be her best friend-in-law."

"Does it work that way?" Chuck asked, a little overwhelmed with the moment, and letting Morgan run wild to calm his nerves.

"Pretty sure it does, I have a license to marry, you know," Morgan said. Chuck started to say something when he felt Devon, who was his best man, touch his shoulder.

"Just let Morgan have this," Devon said. "It's a big day for him." Chuck nodded, and the Bridal March began. He swallowed, and couldn't believe it. After everything they had gone through, Stanford, the CIA, his father, the stupid Intersect, his father, and the belief that he would never find her. She came down the aisle, and Chuck wondered why she was so blurry. He realized he was crying. He felt a small hand in his and looked down at his daughter who was so proud to be there. She looked at her mother.

"She's so pretty," Molly said.

"Yeah, she is," Chuck agreed. He watched as Jack walked her right up to Chuck and they stood there.

"Who give this woman to be wedded to this man?" Morgan asked.

"Her mother and I do," Jack said, tears in both his and Sarah's eyes. He kissed her on the cheek, and in an unorthodox move, grabbed Chuck and hugged him. "It's about time, Schnook." He pulled away, patted Chuck's shoulder, and walked to his seat. Morgan looked at the two. Sarah was positively radiant, she was nearly glowing. Chuck...he was a little nervous, as evident as how often he wiped his hands on his pants.

"Friends," Morgan began. "We have been invited here today to share with Chuck and Sarah a very important moment in their lives. In the time they have been together, and in the even longer time they have known each other, their love has proven it is a force that cannot be contained, and now they have decided to live their lives together as husband and wife. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together, let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

Chuck always hated that part of any wedding, he thought it was too cliché and hokey. That's why he was shocked when the following words were said.

"They can't get married!" a voice yelled. Chuck turned toward the voice.

"Dad?" Chuck said, his mouth agape. He looked over at Sarah who had reached a level of pissed off he didn't know existed. What shocked him more was his sister, in her place as bride's maid, handed Sarah a gun.

"You have got to be kidding me," she muttered as she squeezed off three rounds into his father, dropping him. Chuck looked at her in shock. She held up the gun. "Tranq gun, Chuck," she said. "Do you want to continue?" He nodded. "Good choice." Chuck looked over at his dad being restrained by Gertrude and Casey. Mary gave him the motion to go on with the ceremony. Molly took Sarah's free hand and Chuck's.

"Are you getting married?" Molly asked, worried.

"Yes, baby, if daddy will agree to it," Sarah said.

"Was this all a setup?" Chuck asked. "Was this all a setup just to get my dad here?"

"No, Chuck," Mary said. "But when I heard the about it, I wondered, and Sarah agreed, that's why we were prepared."

"Admit it, Chuck," Ellie said. "If anyone deserved to shoot dad it was her."

"I don't know," Chuck said, scratching the back of his head and grinning. "I've got a few reasons of my own," he said, looking at his soon to be bride. The smile on her face lit up the entire church. Chuck turned to Morgan. "Think you can keep this thing going?" Morgan just grinned.

"How about this, the vows?" Morgan said. Chuck looked at Sarah.

"Chuck, I made the worst mistake of my life at Stanford when I walked away, and I don't know if I can ever forgive myself for it. But I PROMISE you, I will spend every day the rest of my life showing you how much I love you, and will do everything in my power to make you happy. You are my home, and where ever you go, where ever you are, I'm there with you." There were a few wet eyes over that one.

“Sarah, I spent so long looking for you, and when I couldn’t find you, I gave up. I gave up on love, my future, everything. Then through some miracle, I found you, so if you think I’m ever going to lose you again, you’re crazy.” He looked down at Molly. “We have the most beautiful little girl in the world and I’m going to do everything in my power to be the dad she deserves.” She smiled at him and hugged his leg. “I love you Sarah Walker, I have to say that, because after today, you are, and forever will be Sarah Bartowski, and that...that is all I could ever hope for.” At this point, Morgan was crying.

“Sarah, do you?” he asked,

“I do,” she said. Morgan blew his nose.

“Chuck,” he choked out.

“I do,” Chuck said.

“The rings,” he said, tears flowing down his face. Sarah and Chuck tried to hold their laughter. Morgan got the rings, looked at them, and began to bawl. Chuck and Sarah looked at each other and both reached toward Morgan. He placed each ring in their hand.

“With this ring, I thee wed,” Sarah said, sliding it on Chuck’s finger. “Did we do it right?” she whispered. Chuck just grinned, and shrugged.

“With this ring, I thee wed,” Chuck said, sliding the ring on her finger. He heard a sniff, and looked out into the small crowd. Casey was red eyed. Chuck looked over at Sarah, who was positively glowing.

“By the power invested in me, and the Intergalactic Federation of Planets, I pronounce thee husband and bride. Sarah, you may kiss your husband,” Morgan said, grinning through the tears. Chuck looked surprised. She reached over and grabbed his face, grinning.

“Finally,” she said softly, as she kissed him.

“Mommy does like kissing Daddy!” Molly said, causing the two to separate, laughing.

“I give to you Mr. and Mrs. Sarah Walker,” Morgan said, getting a chuckle out of Chuck.

"I'll take it," Chuck said, looking at his wife. "We actually made it."

"Yeah, we did," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Uh, I hate to be that person, but we could try and save Dad," Ellie said, behind the two. Chuck looked at her, and tears were flowing from her eyes. Chuck nodded.

"Where do we do this?" he asked.

"Right here," Mary said. Everyone looked at her. "I mean it is a church and we need every advantage we can get." Stephen was coming around, and was rambling. Mary put the governor on his wrist, and his body straightened. His eyes opened, and started at Mary.

"You're alive," he whispered.

"I am," she said. "I have something for you." He looked at her, his eyes unfocused.

"Stephen, trust me," she said.

"Is that a CIA thing?" Chuck asked. Sarah punched him in the arm. "Spousal abuse!"

"Yeah, it is," she said, grinning. Chuck just laughed. Mary gently put the glasses on Stephen. His body jerked and twitched. Ellie went over, her doctor instincts taking over. When it was over, she felt his pulse. She looked at Chuck and nodded. They all stood there a few minutes, waiting. Stephen's eyes opened slowly.

"Who are you?" Stephen asked, looking at Ellie.

"I'm Ellie, Dad," Ellie said. Stephen just looked at her, and shook his head.

"No," he whispered. "My Ellie, she's 16." Stephen looked at Chuck and then back to Ellie, and finally he saw Mary. "Does anyone have a mirror?" One was provided and he looked in the mirror at himself. An old stranger looked back at him, but one he knew. "No," he said softly. "It was corrupted," he muttered. Mary looked at Chuck.

"I can stop him," she said. Chuck looked confused. She began to take the governor off of Stephen's arm. Sarah wrapped her arms around Chuck.

"She's going into agent mode," Sarah said softly. "Chuck, she's leaving." He whipped his head over to her. He saw in her eyes what that meant. He moved toward his mom.

"Mom, you can't do this," Chuck said. Mary stared at him like he was speaking a foreign language.

"Chuck, I can end my assignment! I can finally fix this entire mess!"

"Mom, NO!" Chuck yelled. She stared at him. "There's NOTHING you can do. He's lost years, we all have, Sarah and I have given up so much, but you two have given up everything. And Ellie...she didn't get to be a teenager, she had to be a mother, she had to raise me." His voice dropped. "Just let it go and let our family heal," he pleaded softly. She stared at him for a minute, and pulled out her phone, pushing a button never taking her eyes off of Chuck.

"Frost," she said, and looked away as she walked out of the church. Chuck dropped his head. Sarah came over to him and held him.

"I'm sorry, Baby," she said softly. Chuck just held her, and then bent and scooped up Molly.

"What do we do with dad?" Ellie asked.

"We'll figure it out," Chuck said. "We're Bartowski's Ellie, we always do," he said grinning. Ellie smiled at him, came over, and hugged him.

"I'm so proud of you," she said.

"Me too, Son," Mary said, coming back in the church empty handed. "I'm done with my mission. It's up to someone else to finish it. My job," she paused and looked at Stephen, who looked very confused. She sighed. "My job is to stay here, and help him."

"You're not alone, Mom," Chuck said. Sarah reached over and squeezed her hand.

"We're family, Mary," Sarah said.

"That includes us," Jack said, his arm around Emma. Mary nodded.

"And us," Morgan said, with Carina beside him looking nervous, but she was there. Chuck heard Casey grunt in agreement.

"I'm pretty sure we can find a job for you," Emma said smiling. "I seem to find myself surrounded with people of a certain skill set." Everyone laughed.

}o{

9 months later, Truffaut Industries

"Hey, I got a postcard from Mom and Dad," Chuck said, walking into Sarah's office. She began to get up to come over to him. "Wait, I'll help you." He stopped dead in his tracks with the look she gave him.

"Bartowski, I'm good with you helping, in fact, I am grateful, but I am NOT a delicate flower," Sarah said, easily getting out of the chair. "I'm barely three months along, so COOL it!" Chuck was smiling dreamily.

"Did someone call you a delicate flower, because I bet you kicked their ass," Chuck said. Sarah chuckled and took the card from him.

"Aww, your Dad looks good," Sarah said, smiling up at Chuck. "How much longer are they there?"

"Two weeks," Chuck said. "Hawaii agrees with him. Now, what can I get you for lunch?"

"I'll take a Philly Cheesesteak," Carina said, walking in, propping her feet on Sarah's desk after she sat down in a chair.

"Morgan wear you out last night?" Sarah said, grinning. Carina glared at her. "Wow, never thought I'd saw the day when you would be quiet about talking about your love life."

"I'm a changed woman," Carina said.

"Not that changed," Sarah deadpanned. Carina grinned, almost lewdly.

"Let's talk about Casey," Carina said.

"Can we not," Chuck said, not wanting to hear about Casey's love life, or lack thereof.

"He asked her out," Carina said. Chuck's ears perked up.

"Really?" Chuck replied. Carina nodded. "Where to?"

"The gun range," Carina replied.

"Was he nervous?" Chuck asked.

"Quaking," Carina replied, laughing.

"But, I thought..." Chuck trailed off. Carina shrugged.

"Spies are good with having flings and sex...dating and relationships...they scare us," Carina said. Chuck looked at Sarah.

"Some of us run away," Sarah said.

"Not forever," Chuck replied, and kissed her on the forehead.

"We have a client," came Jack's voice from the door.

"Yes, Dad," Chuck said. Jack gave him a level look.

"Come on, Schnook," Jack said grinning, and making Chuck, Sarah, and Carina laugh.

"I'll make you some more money." Chuck followed him to the conference room, he paused at the door.

"Love you," he said to Sarah.

"Love you," she said. She watched him leave. "I'm so glad you didn't give up on me."

"Ack," Carina gagged. She gave Sarah a hug, and left the office. She paused at the door and looked back at her friend. "I'm glad you didn't give up on him," she said, and left.

"Me too," she said, smiling dreamily at the door. "Me too."

A/N: So there you have it. If you want, this is the end. There is an epilogue, and some may not like it, like I said earlier. Nothing to worry about as far as they go, and hey, it's me. Just give it a try. Until next time....Told you all you weren't ready for Thin Ice, Ch 6!

DC

Chapter 13: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 13, Don't Stop Believin'

A/N : I got a lot of reaction to the last chapter. So to sum, is this story done, yes. Might I return to this universe, maybe, possibly. I'd need a good story. If I did, you'd have to ignore this ending...well, we'll discuss that at the end. Before we get to it, this was actually an idea from a friend, that kinda bloomed. I actually kinda foreshadowed this in Chapter 4. There's an old writing adage that you shouldn't do this, the reason is you didn't have a real ending. I disagree; we had an ending, now we have another possible ending. The reason I'm doing this is one single comment made by her, and at the end I'll share it. Welcome to the optional epilogue, Ch 13, Don't Stop Believin'

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and if you ever see anything published by me that screws up Charah, someone hacked my account.

Sarah woke, feeling strange, she squeezed her arms gently, and felt him under her. She raised her head, saw him, and smiled. Chuck had a goofy grin on his face. She kissed his cheek and slipped out of bed. She padded lightly down the hall, checking the first room and then the other. Both Molly and Samantha were asleep. She sighed quietly, and shook her head. She wanted to go back to bed, but thoughts of the past were creeping in now, and she had to deal with them.

She made her way downstairs, opened the back door, went outside, found her comfy seat, and sat on the porch. The stars were somewhat visible, the night peaceful and pleasant. Her thoughts of those years wouldn't leave her. 2002. It seemed so long ago, and just like yesterday. What would have happened if she had made one single different choice at any point, had plagued her thoughts for years. She sat there quietly listening to the night, at peace. She heard the door opened, and grinned. Two arms wrapped around her, pulling her in close. She lay her head on Chuck's chest.

"I take it you can't sleep?" he asked.

"I had a weird dream," she admitted. "More like a nightmare." She was quiet, and Chuck didn't say anything...for a bit...it was Chuck after all.

"Wanna talk about it?" he asked gently. She sighed.

"I left," she said. She felt the confusion. "Do you remember the football game at Stanford when we met?" Chuck grinned.

"Hmmm, it was a while ago," he said. She elbowed him lightly. "How could I ever forget that night?"

"You know I had orders that night...uh...morning, to leave," she continued.

"Mmmhmm," he said, his lips on her neck below her ear.

"In this dream I left when I got the text," she said. Chuck pulled away, laughing.

"You mean when you got the text, and said screw that?" Chuck asked.

"Yeah," Sarah grinned. "The text when I called him back and asked him why he was pulling the protection detail."

"I'm not pulling it, I just think it would be better if it was a male," Chuck said in his best Graham voice. He laughed at the thundercloud on her face.

"You needed protection from the threats the company got, your parents had a big CIA contract, I had Secret Service experience for over a year," she said, still fuming.

"Plus, I don't think whoever they sent would have given me the level of attention you did," Chuck said. Sarah gave him a "you are so stupid sometimes, but I love you look," and shook her head.

"That's also when I told you my name, and what I was doing there. Boy was Graham pissed." She turned to him. "Did I tell you he thought I got pregnant on purpose?"

"Uh, no," Chuck said, laughing. "I mean after you told me everything and I found you that lawyer, giving you legal means to get you out of the shady way they got you into the CIA if you chose to pursue it, you'd think that he would know we had all sorts of options. Besides, he agreed it wasn't the life for you."

"In the dream I left, went back to the CIA, found out I was pregnant, and your father had gone batcrap crazy," she said, leaning back into him, just enjoying the night and her husband. "He kept working on something called the Intersect, some kind of computer program you upload into your head."

"You've watched one too many sci-fi movies, Missy," he said, tickling her under her ribs, causing her to squirm. "Wait if you were pregnant...do I want to know?"

"I kept the baby from you," she said. "I'm sorry."

"Baby, it was a dream," Chuck said. "Don't be upset. Wait, if Dad was nuts and building a crazy computer thingy."

"Intersect."

"Right," Chuck said. "Where was mom?"

"I think someone else had the Intersect, and she was working for the CIA trying to get it out of this other guy," she said. "You know dreams, they don't always explain everything."

"You have to tell her this," Chuck said. "Dad crazy, and mom in the CIA...wow, the two heads of Orion Industries..." Chuck trailed off, chuckling. Sarah was laughing.

"They called her Frost, which she can be in some of those board meetings," Sarah said. Chuck burst out laughing.

"She'll love that," Chuck said. "What about your parents?"

"Oh, that was the one thing it got right," she said, shaking her head.

"Okay, so you had the baby, and what happened to her, him?" Chuck asked, now curious.

"Well, I named her Molly, just like our daughter, and Mom raised her," Sarah said. Chuck just looked at her.

"Secret Ninja Mama Emma raised Molly?" Chuck said.

"She could do it," Sarah said.

"When would she have time, she's always sneaking up on me!" Sarah laughed out loud. "I'm sorry, go on." She was quiet for a second, and when she spoke her eyes were thick with emotion.

"You weren't there, Chuck," she said, softly. She was looking at him, tears running down her face. "You weren't there when I had her. You weren't there to hold my hand through labor, to encourage me, to let me know you had my back, to be told we weren't having sex again, EVER." Chuck grinned, and she tried to smile, but she had to get it all out. "You didn't hold her when she was born, or any time when she was a baby. You didn't see her walk, say her first word, or any of that." Tears streamed down her face, and he pulled her in tight. "It was all my fault because I wasn't brave enough. Your Dad was blackmailing Graham, and he held my father's probation over me. I chose him over you."

"So the Kobayashi Maru," Chuck said. Sarah pulled back, looked at him, and rolled her eyes. Chuck grinned. "You're trying to act mad because I turned this nerdy, when you're really mad because you exactly know what that is." Sarah smiled and grinned.

"Yes, Chuck," she said, sounding defeated. "I know the Kobayashi Maru is the no-win scenario. But I didn't have any way like Kirk to cheat it."

"Really, because I have a feeling even dream Sarah wouldn't let what happened stop her," Chuck said. "We ended up together, right?" Sarah just grinned. "Isn't that what's important in the end?" She grinned at him.

"So I had to do a Red Test, kill someone, and I talked to dad beforehand, and quit the CIA. I didn't have it in me after having Molly," Sarah said.

"Wait, a Red Test is to kill someone?" Chuck asked.

"Yeah, you can't join the CIA per my dream without taking it," Sarah said, shaking her head at how crazy it all was. Chuck was chuckling and shaking his head as well.

"Now you've been watching too many crazy TV shows," Chuck said. "I can see your dad talking you out of it."

"So, I came home, here, but didn't tell you," she said, grinning. "You got framed at Stanford for cheating by Bryce because your dad wanted you out of there. Apparently

you were about to get recruited by the CIA. Your dad thought you and I would end up like him and Frost.”

“And since I didn’t have my amazing wife to scare my professor half to death when I was accused...” Chuck trailed off, laughing.

“Right, you got kicked out, and went to work at the Buy More,” Sarah said, turning to see the look on your face.

“Hush yo mouth, woman,” Chuck said, his eyes wide. “THE BUY MORE!” Chuck groaned.

“You came and set up the wiring for mine and mom’s company,” Sarah began.

“Emma, super-secret ninja grandma?” Chuck said. Sarah laughed.

“Yes,” Sarah said, shoulder bumping into him. “Super-secret ninja grandma planned it for you to meet Molly and me.” Chuck turned to her, grinning. “Oh you know she thinks we’re perfect together.”

“She’s right,” he said. She laughed, a sound that always put Chuck at ease.

“Anyway, I made it my mission to get you into my and Molly’s life,” Sarah said.

“I can’t believe that was very hard,” Chuck said. She gave him a look. “Oh, come on, when it comes to you I’m easy.” Sarah snorted.

“You were hurt, and resisted a bit,” she said.

“How long?” he asked.

“How long what?” she asked smirking. Chuck waggled his eye brows.

“You moved into my house that night when my mom went and got you,” she said. Chuck closed his eyes, snickering. “To be fair she brought Molly to meet you and Ellie.”

“So our daughter was deaf after that?” Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head.

“Ellie showed a bit of restraint,” Sarah admitted. “The next night, your father showed up on the computer screen and told you to get away and you exploded on him. I took you to bed that night and held you.” Chuck just looked at her. “You even said the next morning

that I didn't take advantage of you the way you didn't take advantage of me at Stanford."

"By the way, do you know how hard it is to be a good guy when you're throwing your clothes at me?" Chuck asked. Sarah laughed and fell into him.

"So," she said, after slowing the laughter. "The next night I crawled into your bed because my feet were cold."

"We really have no restraint around each other," Chuck said, grinning. Sarah shook her head, the same grin on her face.

"None," she agreed. "I told you that either move in with me, or I was coming into your room each night."

"That's a pretty effective negotiation ploy right there," Chuck said. Sarah shrugged.

"I did get a business degree at Harvard," she said. "While pregnant."

"Away from me," he added, with a forlorn look on his face. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"And after I was done we've been together ever since," she reminded him. Chuck kissed the side of her head. "So you agree to move into my room, not necessarily to make love, but to be with me, because I need you. Then you tell me you love me."

"That was a shocker to you I'm sure," Chuck snorted.

"I mean, I think I answered something like, 'It's about time you figured it out,'" she said. "It took a few weeks, a few dates, and finally on one of our dates I showed you Molly's birth certificate, it said Molly Bartowski." She was silent a second. "How could I ever take her from you? I mean in the dream, I was basically blackmailed, but even then..." She shook her head and Chuck pulled her close.

"It was a dream," he said.

"Felt real," she muttered. "Anyway, you FINALLY came around."

"Well, given what you told me, I'm sure I was my normal emotional stable self," he said. She turned and gave him a flat look. He exploded with laughter.

“Care if I skip to the end?” she asked. “We have that big presentation with your dad in the morning.”

“Nope, fire away,” Chuck said.

“Let’s see, Carina and Morgan ended up together, Casey and Verbanski were...something, Mom and Dad remarried, and you and I got married. We found something to fix your dad. Your mom and dad went to Hawaii on a vacation to find each other again, and we were pregnant with Samantha, I guess...it could be a boy,” Sarah got out.

“So it all ended well?” Chuck asked. She nodded. “Okay, Mrs. Bartowski, to bed?”

“To bed, Mr. Walker,” she agreed. “Although I’m not that sleepy,” her eyebrows wagging.

“And they say I’m the easy one,” Chuck said, laughing.

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After the meeting with the new client, that Sarah dazzled as usual, she was telling Mary about the dream.

“SPY?!” she said, laughing her head off. “That’s almost as bad as when Chuck was a kid and thought he was John Connor because he thought I resembled Sarah Connor. Wow, that’s crazy.” She looked over at her husband. “Stephen has something he wants you two to look over. He won’t even tell me about it, but he’s real excited. It may be a bust, so take it easy on him, okay,” she said, squeezing her daughter-in-law’s arm with affection. Sarah nodded and Mary headed off. Sarah walked over to Chuck and Stephen.

“So, I wanted to show you two something I’ve been thinking about,” Stephen said. He pulled out some plans. “I call it the Intersect.” Sarah and Chuck exchanged a look. “It is to be a teaching tool. It takes skills and uploads them into your brain.”

“Dad, I think that’s a bad idea,” Chuck said. “You haven’t tested it on yourself, have you?” Stephen looked at him, guiltily.

“No,” he answered. “I thought about it, but no.”

“Are these the only plans?” Chuck asked. Stephen nodded. “Give them to me.”

“Why?” Stephen asked.

“Because I know you, you’ll push something too far,” Chuck said. “And, the way you want it to be implemented could be used in nefarious ways.”

“What?” Stephen said.

“Martial arts, sniping, foreign languages, schematics on anything,” Sarah said. Stephen looked at her with his eyebrows raised as she rattled things off. “How to make a soufflé, all things the government could use in ways you never wanted.” Stephen nodded, and handed them over to Chuck.

“You two know me, and I trust you,” Stephen said. “Besides, you’ve dealt more with the government than me.” With that Stephen walked off. Sarah took the plans, and dumped them in a trash can. She then set them on fire. Chuck looked at her. She looked up at him.

“Maybe your dream wasn’t so crazy,” Chuck said. Sarah smiled and walked toward him.

“Chuck, crazy or not, one thing is true no matter where I go,” she said. “You’re my home, and I will always be here.”

“I might need very close protection later,” he said, grinning. She grabbed his shirt and pulled him in.

“Who’s your mamma?” she asked, pulling him in for a kiss.

“Oh, boy!” he said.

A/N: So it could have been a dream. Why? Because something a friend said. I just can’t believe Sarah left. How can I say Sarah wouldn’t have left? In the pilot, she kept Chuck from being thrown into a deep dark hole. You think she’s going to walk away from him? You think the woman that told Chuck she liked him, that laughed at him offering to be his personal baggage handler would have left? If Casey doesn’t show up, seriously, what happens that night? I know what I think, and while I had a story to tell, it bothered me a little the way I did chapter 2. So when a friend said, I just don’t think Sarah would have

left, I agreed. So your choice, either you get the happy ending, or the really happy ending. What can I say, I'm a romantic Charah fluff writer, no apologies. Thanks for all the support of this and the other fics. Working to wrap Aces, and then then work a bit on Buy More High. Until next time....

A/N 2: So out of curiosity, anyone interested in an AU fic where there's this gruff police officer named say...John Casey...trying to catch a con artist who claims his father was framed for a crime he didn't commit and said officer has a civilian nerd working with him that falls for said con artist, and for a twist the con artist is a tall, male, curly haired brunette and the civilian nerd is a blonde female, without ninja like skills? Anyone? Anyone?

DC

Chapter 14: Chuck vs Truffaut Industries Ch 14, Truffaut Industries Christmas Special

A/N: Welcome back to the David vs The Christmas Fics, 2018 challenge. Okay, this one...this one hit me like a ton of bricks. I love the fic Truffaut Industries, and I go back and forth about the ending. I like the dream because it gives us the fluffy ending I like. I don't like the dream because it gives us a very messy world that Chuck and Sarah make it in. I think the real reason I dislike the epilogue is it closed the door on the universe. However when this one was requested I was told any of the following three universes: Sarah vs., Reassigned, or Truffaut. At first my mind jumped to Reassigned, but then...then it got to churning to give us a David special. One of those crazy ones you know I like to do. The prompt is simple: Chuck and Sarah convince Casey to be Santa to deliver what the kids want from Santa without reading the letters... after Santa leaves Casey walks in as Santa. The Universe I chose....it has to be Truffaut. Welcome back, folks. Welcome to the Truffaut Industries Christmas Special.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and I finally figured out how to spell Truffaut consistently...after I finished the fic.

"What fresh hell is this?" Casey grumbled, trying to get the fat suit on.

"It's a Santa Claus outfit, Casey, you know that, you agreed to it," Chuck explained, rolling his eyes.

"Only because Gertrude tricked me," Casey replied. "She can be very persuasive that way."

"She offer to oil your gun, Big Guy?" Morgan asked. Chuck gave Morgan a "what the hell?" look. "Oh," the bearded man said, realizing. "I meant actually oiling your gun."

"I'm out," Chuck said, walking out of the room before the two of them began one of their weird talks. He was heading for the staircase when his lips were suddenly attacked by a blond blur. "Mistletoe?" Chuck asked.

"Nope, just hadn't been properly kissed in," Sarah looked at her watch. "Forty-three minutes."

"Oh, I was getting close," Chuck replied. Sarah grinned at him. "I hear if you go over an hour, you get angry, and I wouldn't like it when you're angry."

Sarah swatted him. "Your Mom and Dad will be here soon."

"Jack and Emma have any problems with them at the airport?" Chuck asked. Sarah shook her head no. "Good, I want this Christmas to go smoothly as possible. It will be Carina's and Morgan's first as a married couple."

"I can't believe Operation RESPECT worked that well," Sarah admitted.

"I can't believe Morgan didn't marry Ellie's pillow case." Sarah laughed. "Both of our parents are back together, Ellie and Awesome have Clara, we have Samantha and Molly, what else could we ask for?"

"Another kid?" Sarah suggested. Chuck slowly turned and gave her a look. "No, Chuck, I'm not...but...."

"I mean we could practice."

"That's never been a problem," Sarah replied, a grin on her face.

The door burst open, and Burtons, Bartowskis, and Grimes made their way in. It was Christmas Eve and they were together, as a family. Santa Casey made his appearance to the delight of the kids, and the adults. Dinner was a festive night, and as the entire house settled down for Christmas Eve's warm winter's nap, Sarah couldn't believe how well that terrible mistake she made as a CIA spy at Stanford those few years ago had worked out.

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Sarah woke, and shook off the sleep. It had been a long time since she dreamed of that life. Secretly she was glad they were all okay. She hadn't told Chuck, but she had wondered what happened to all of them, but it was nonsense, it was all a dream....right? She looked over at the clock. It was 5 am and she heard shuffling downstairs. She

walked down the stairs and shook her head.

“Casey,” she said. The man in the Santa suit didn’t say anything. Casey....who knew he would be the one that wanted to stay in character. “Santa,” she said again, not able to keep the smile off of her face.

“Ho, ho ho,” Santa replied. Sarah rolled her eyes.

“Why so early?”

“Don’t your girls get up about this time on Christmas?” Santa asked, giving her a wink.

“You’re playing this up,” Sarah replied.

Santa studied her a second and cocked his head to the side. “You do know I know everything Mrs. Bartowski, so why don’t you tell Santa what is bothering you.”

“Well if you know everything, then you don’t need to tell me,” Sarah replied.

Santa chuckled, reached into his bag, and pulled out a snow globe. He held it out to Sarah and she came over to take it. She gasped. “It’s the house...our house...from my dream.” She looked up at Santa who was busy getting presents out. “How...how’d you know what it looked like?”

Santa stood and turned towards her. “Do you know some ancient cultures believe dreams are doorways into other realities? Where one decision was made different and it affected everything?”

“Wait, you’re saying that dream isn’t a dream?”

“No, Sarah, I’m not,” Santa replied. He went back to unpacking presents.

Sarah studied the snow globe. “Are you saying the dream is just a dream?” she asked softly.

He laid the last present down, placed the bag over his shoulder and faced her. “No, Sarah, I’m not.” She looked at him. “Maybe that,” he said, pointing at the globe. “Maybe that is where your dreams go. Maybe that is a way for you to return, because you worry about them.”

"That's silly, they're a dream."

"Sarah, it's your family."

"It's a dream," she insisted.

"Probably the wrong Bartowski to have this talk with," Santa chuckled.

She rolled her eyes. She turned, put the snow globe on the table and turned back to the tree. He was gone.

"Walker!" a voice hissed from the kitchen. How had he done that? She walked into the kitchen where she saw Casey in a Santa Suit, but he looked nothing like he did just a minute ago. "Walker, the presents are missing!"

She motioned for him to come toward her. He walked over and she pointed for the tree.

"What the hell did you do that for Walker?"

"It's Bartowski, Casey, I was married before you even met me."

The girls began to come down the staircase, dragging their father. Sarah turned back toward her family. What was going on?

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A few hours later after the entire family had come over, presents had been opened, and Casey had swore 23 times he hadn't put out the gifts this morning, Sarah found herself sitting on the steps of the staircase, watching everyone. Carina was pregnant with her and Morgan's first child. Casey was in the middle of the kids, Sugar Bear indeed. Gertrude was smiling at Casey and Sarah had no want to know what was going through her mind. Ellie sat down beside Sarah, drink in hand, and shoulder bumped her.

"Where's the Christmas spirit, Sarah?"

Sarah gave her a look. "This is gonna sound crazy." Ellie just shrugged. "Remember that dream I had a while back about my mom running a security company?" Ellie nodded. "I dreamed of it last night, their Christmas....well Christmas Eve"

"Okay," Ellie said shrugging.

“When I woke up Santa was here.”

“You mean Casey?” Sarah just gave her a look. Ellie’s eyes widened. She turned away, took a drink, and when she turned back, she barely had her face under control “You can’t be serious?”

Sarah pulled the snow globe out of her sweater pocket. “This is the house Chuck and I moved into in our dream. Santa said to me that some cultures believe dreams are doorways.”

“Sarah, medically speaking, it could be stress,” Ellie began. “You could have put the presents out yourself, saw the house in this snow globe before, and was in a dream state when you thought you saw Santa.”

“So I’m having full blown fantasies of another life?” Sarah shook her head. “Are they gonna lock me up?”

Ellie put her arm around her and pulled her in. “You know what I think? I think you’re worried about that family the same way you are your own family, and that’s okay.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously,” Ellie replied.

“Should I tell Chuck?”

Ellie gave her a flat look. “Do you know how much nerding out he’d do? Absolutely not. Merry Christmas, Sarah.”

“Merry Christmas, Ellie.”

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“Wanna tell me what’s bothering you?” Chuck asked. Sarah looked up at him. They were in bed, she was on her “Chuck pillow”, but she hadn’t been able to sleep. “I’ve been told I’m a great baggage handler.”

“You are,” she confirmed. “You remember that dream a while back?”

“Where you left at Stanford?” Sarah nodded. “Have it again?”

"Kinda," she replied. "It was Christmas there."

"We okay?"

"We're great," Sarah replied.

"Good," Chuck said. "You know I'd like to think there are other Chuck and Sarah's out there in other universes and maybe their stories are different than ours, but we...they...always end up together." She looked up at him. "You think we beat the odds no matter what?"

"Every time," he replied.

"Chuck, I need to tell you something, and I'm not sure how to." Chuck rubbed his hand through her hair. She began to tell him the story that morning of Santa Claus and Casey. "What do you think?" She looked back up at him for the first time since she told the story and saw he was intently looking at the snow globe.

"I think you need to protect that snow globe and check in on them from time to time."

"WHAT?"

"Sarah, you're the Monitor, no...you're the Watcher of that Chuck and Sarah."

"Is that a comic book thing?"

"Yeah, but more importantly, you might be required to observe their history, and that is an important task."

"You're crazy," she said, shaking her head.

"About you," Chuck replied. She rolled her eyes and then started up toward him for a kiss.

"Chuck, I think I forgot one of your presents."

"I love Christmas."

"Love you, Chuck."

"Love you, Sarah."

A/N: I HAVE A WAY BACK IN!!!! I hope you enjoyed it, and check back soon for more one-shots. Reviews and PMs are always welcomed. Take care and I'll see you soon.

DC