

Chuck vs The Nightclub

by David Carner

One-Shot. Takes place after Nacho Sampler. After 3 straight nights of casing night clubs, Chuck breaks down from the pressures of the spy life. She had a choice, listen to him, or continue to be hurt by seeing him hurting. Do I even have to say it's Charah?

Rated: T · Genre: Hurt/Comfort, Romance

A/N: This takes place after Nacho Sampler. Nothing else was working today so this one shot was needed.

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck, and I always prefer early Madonna to late Madonna

"It's a bust, Kids," Casey said into their ears. "I'm heading home, you two...do whatever it is you want." Chuck sighed and walked back to the table. Sarah followed him. They were supposed to be scouting nightclubs in the areas. The belief was there was a Ring agent handing off information to the Elders in nightclubs owned by Tommy Pescatori. This was the third nightclub in as many nights. Sarah watched him go, torn. Prague...damn that city. Damn the whole situation. She was hurt so bad by Chuck, and she knew she had rebuilt the walls, but the past few days, without him even trying, she was breaking inside. Casey said Chuck was becoming a spy, but she wasn't so sure.

"Hey, why don't you head home," Chuck said, breaking her train of thought. He looked so sad sitting at the table. She sat down beside him. If he asked it was so she could hear him over the music, truth was, she wanted to be near him. She wanted to comfort him. She looked him right in the eyes, and she saw more hurt in them than at any time over the last two years.

"Hey, talk to me," she said. Chuck shook his head.

"Sarah, I can't, you said spies have to keep their feelings to themselves," he said. She didn't say anything, he was right. "Of course, I guess I can, because I'm not."

"You will be," she said, feeling herself heading into the same whirlwind of torment. Damn Prague. Damn the Intersect.

"No, Sarah, I'm won't," Chuck said, shaking his head. The tears started to flow, his at first, but as they did, hers did as well. "I did this for you, I did all this for you, to be with you, to just have a chance, and now I've lost you, and I can't do this. Without you, I can't do it, and frankly, I don't want to, but if I don't we couldn't be together, and if I do, you don't want to be with me. God, I hate Bryce Larkin, and that's awful, because he's dead, and he told me to destroy it, but I didn't, and if I didn't you would have died, and Casey. Casey's important too, you know. I'm a rambling mess right now." He finally turned to look at her, but there were tears in her eyes as well.

"You know, we really suck at communication," she mustered out. There were so many things she wanted to say, so many things she was scared to say. "Words, I'm not good at. Action, that's where I excel, showing things." Chuck nodded.

"And I overanalyze things to death, and make decisions that I think will help others at the cost of my own wellbeing without talking them over with the person affected," he said. He thought for a second. "Crap, I'm Bryce." Sarah burst out laughing, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Chuck, you are no Bryce Larkin," she said. His sad "Bryce Larkin" smile returned. The one that said he was his friend, he cared for him, but he took everything from Chuck. Sarah knew it was time. He was the same. Nothing had changed. What he had done, while stupid, was a grand Chuck Bartowski gesture. Truth be told, she really should have expected nothing less. She should have talked to him more, but there hadn't been time. She should have pressed him on everything, she shouldn't have given up on him. And telling him he couldn't hurt her....HA! The past few days she ached for him, every time she saw the pain on his face, she hurt right along with him. If anything, it was worse now that they were "just colleagues". She took a deep breath. "Chuck, I hate to speak ill of the dead, but Bryce didn't hold a candle to you." Chuck smiled at her. He took a deep breath.

"I'm going to quit trying to be a spy, Sarah," Chuck said. "I can't anymore." She bit her bottom lip, took a deep breath and summoned every bit of courage she possessed.

"You said a minute ago, you can't if I'm not with you," she said softly. She cursed herself. What if he didn't hear her from the music. She looked up...oh....he had heard. She smiled, seeing that big goofy grin on his face. He started to speak several times, but stopped before he started each time. Sarah's smile grew. "I think it's time we were both honest, Chuck." He nodded.

"So, to be clear, because this could be one too many shots of Johnny Walker Black, and good Lord how does Casey drink that stuff? Sorry, spiraling...you think we can try?" She nodded. "Okay, so we have to work on communicating if we are gonna do this." She nodded, and got a grin on her face.

"Trust me?" she asked. Chuck's face softened, and he grinned.

"Sarah," he said, like she was crazy for asking. "Always."

"Wait here," she said, and disappeared for a few minutes. When she came back, Chuck wasn't sure when he had seen her smiling more. "Now, I admit we have weaknesses communicating, but we also have strengths, so let's practice using those."

"Sarah," he began, and paused. He didn't want to say the wrong thing, but he had to know. She leaned forward and gently, but quickly kissed him on the lips. She pulled away and he looked hopeful. "This is for real?"

"Yes, Chuck," she said, taking his hand. "Come dance with me." She pulled him on the dance floor and *Express Yourself* by Madonna came on. "Chuck, forget everyone else, it's just me and you." He nodded. She began to dance, grinning, and he did his best to keep up, but he focused on her like she said. She pointed at her ear to listen.

Don't go for second best baby

Put your love to the test, you know, you know you got to

Make him express how he feels and maybe

Then you'll know your love is real

He saw Sarah's face, her eyebrows raised slightly as if asking a question, a smirk on her face. He swallowed, put his hands around her waist, and as he pulled her in, she glided to him.

"Sarah, I love you," he said. Tears came to her eyes, and a smile grew on her face. "Furthermore," he said, and she leaned back, impressed. "I know you love me, because your actions show it. You could have left, you should have left, I thought you were leaving me because of Bryce, but each time you stayed it was because you were showing me, but I was too insecure to see it, and didn't want to push you to ask. I know what it means to do your job, but for two years you went above and beyond. Sarah, I can't do this without you, will you help me?"

"I will," she said softly. "Do you promise to do everything you can to stay my Chuck?" He smiled down at her.

"I will," he said. He leaned forward to kiss her, the two standing in the middle of everyone dancing, not caring about anything.

"Next time, make sure the mics are off," Casey grunted. "And it's about damn time!"