

Chuck vs The Name

by David Carner

Daniel Shaw is dying, and he has something he needs to get off of his chest. 1 million percent Charah. Post-finale.

Rated: T · Genre: Romance

A/N: This takes place several years after the finale.

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck, and I really wish I had a time machine to go back and find a way to rewrite season 3

She knew she had forgotten many things, things she couldn't remember no matter how hard she tried, but it seems lately her husband forgot she was a spy, well, used to be. His phone rang again, and he had that same look on his face when he saw who it was. He answered it, walking away and spoke in hushed tones. She knew what he was about to say.

"You know, lesser women would be worried you're having an affair," she said, an amused look on her face.

"I'm not trying that hard to hide this from you," Chuck answered honestly. "I just don't think it's a good idea for you to deal with this."

"You know from what I can remember and the stories you tell me, you making these kinds of decisions...they never end well for us," she said with a pointed look. He took a deep breath.

"It's Shaw," he said. She sat back. "He's dying, and he wants me to visit...again."

"Daniel?" she said, a disgusted look on her face. Chuck nodded. She shook her head. One thing she did hate about the randomness of her memories was sometimes it was memories of Shaw that came back...together...alone...in DC.

"If you're remembering what I think you're remembering, do us both a favor and don't tell me," Chuck said. Sarah grinned at him.

"Talk about wishing you could forget something," she deadpanned. Chuck grinned.

"That bad?" he asked a little hopefully. She smiled coyly.

"Let's just say with hindsight, it's pretty clear we were both trying to forget someone and move on with our lives, and it really wasn't working," she said. Chuck's grin grew.

"That's all your getting."

"Oh, Sarah, you forget, I know you, and that fact you said that much, says TONS!" he said, nearly skipping out of her office. She threw a wad of paper at him.

"Do you want me to go with you?" she asked. Chuck shook his head.

"No, I think at this point it wouldn't do anyone any good," Chuck said, a forlorn look on his face. "It hasn't been pretty the past few times."

"You said dying," she began not sure how to ask what she was wondering.

"I don't think he'll last the week," Chuck admitted. "That Intersect...it burnt his brain up, Sarah. It's pitiful, actually." Sarah nodded. "If you want to come, you're more than welcome. It really won't bother me." Sarah shook her head. "Love you."

"Love you," she replied with a wink, and with that, he left. When he arrived at the hospital Shaw was staying, he was met by his doctor.

"Ellie," he said, hugging her. "How's it going?"

"Not good, Chuck," she admitted. "We did get it removed, but it was too late." Chuck lowered his head. "Hey, he did this, it's not your fault. He does seem to be sorrowful for a lot of things though."

"From what I can tell, he was so distraught over Eve, when he found out Sarah had killed her, he uploaded the faulty Intersect," Chuck said. "I think it fed his rage and anger for years."

"You don't have to do this," she said. He gave her a sad smile.

"El, if I don't who would?" he asked. She hugged him.

"Aces, Charles," she whispered. "You're Aces." Chuck went in the room.

"Chuck," Shaw said weakly. His body was losing mass, the luscious black hair was thinning, he looked like he was slowly dying. "I need to give you something."

"Shaw, you don't need to give me anything," Chuck said, sitting down in the chair.

"No, I tried to manipulate you, and I need to fix it," Shaw said.

"Shaw," Chuck said, patiently. "You can't fix it." Shaw took a deep breath. That action alone seemed to rack his body.

"I did terrible things to you, things I can never fix, but this, maybe I can give you some piece of mind," Shaw said. Chuck was confused. "I played you from the beginning. I knew about the Intersect and thought the problem was Sarah, so I sat out to remove the problem by seducing her."

"You can't seduce a CIA agent," Chuck said, scoffing. Shaw gave him a speculative look.

"She was hurt, she was insecure, she was feeling things she never had before, and she was so far in love and compromised it was easy picking," Shaw said. Chuck was stunned. "I studied her, found out her name, I told her that Sarah never sounded right for her, but it was a lie. She is Sarah. She may not have been before Burbank, but Chuck, when she was around you, she was Sarah. She was looking for anyone to latch on to after Prague, and I did everything I could to give her the port in the storm she needed. She would rebuke, and rebuke and rebuke, but as she saw you in the light she was terrified of seeing you in, she gave in. She bought into those fears you were changing, and found evidence to support what she wanted to see, instead of looking at the big picture. Plus Casey inadvertently helped me by telling her you were becoming a spy and changing, it scared her more and more. She wanted you so bad, but didn't know what to do about it."

"You're playing a game," Chuck said.

"Why would you think that," Shaw asked. Chuck just looked at him. "Okay, I'll admit, I've played mind games with you before."

"The reason none of that works, none of it, is she was with you, a spy. If she couldn't be with me, and I was a spy, then why you, if you were a spy?" Chuck asked.

"What you say makes a lot of sense," Shaw said. "But think about this, did you make a lot of common sense decisions when it came to Sarah." Chuck looked a hair sheepish. "If she was with you, she would know she missed her chance to have more than the spy life, which is what she wanted. She wanted you, and to be with you and not have it all...that just reminded her that she messed it up. If she was with me, we both knew what we were, and somewhere in her mind it made sense. Plus I hadn't hurt her like you did."

"I don't know if that was necessary," Chuck muttered.

"It was a perfect storm to keep you two apart, and it still didn't work," Shaw said. "Look, she told me her name because I got her at the right place, right time. I used it like twice and never again. Sarah's 'real name' may be Sam, but she's Sarah. Chuck, I am sorry. I am sorry my vendetta cost you happiness, I am sorry that I nearly ruined your life on multiple occasions, and I'm really sorry about your dad." Chuck sighed and looked at the monitors. It didn't look good.

"I forgive you," he lied. Shaw nodded a thanks, and shut his eyes. Chuck watched the heartrate slow. A few minutes later, Shaw flatlined. Ellie came in with a team, and Chuck got out of the way. He watched them work for a few minutes on him, but he couldn't be saved. She called time of death and turned to stare at her brother. "He asked me to forgive him," he said softly to her. "I lied. I told him I did, but how do you forgive the man that killed your father?" Ellie put her arm around him and led him outside. Sarah was there, to Chuck's surprise.

"I had a feeling this was going to end this way so I sent for her," Ellie said. Chuck hugged her, not able to speak at the moment. Sarah took his hand and led him away. She took him to her car, saying they would get his later.

"Can we just drive a bit?" Chuck asked. Sarah squeezed his hand and they took off. After a half an hour of no words from Chuck, Sarah had to say something.

"Want to talk about it?" she asked.

"Maybe," Chuck answered. "But I'm not sure you're the one I should talk about it with, or if you're the only one I should talk about it with."

"Well, let's give it a try," she said.

"It's going to affect you and..." Chuck trailed off.

"Just spit it out," she said.

"Fine," Chuck said, emotionally spent. "He ran a seduction game on you. He said he knew about your name, he came in with the intent of getting you away from me to make me a better spy." Sarah was quiet for a minute.

"That's kinda impressive," she said softly. Chuck looked over and saw a tear in her eye. "I mean I don't remember everything, but from what you've told me and what I do remember, that is a really good plan." She was quiet for a minute. "So, tell me the rest." Chuck grinned.

"Do you remember when he said Sarah doesn't fit you?" he asked. She nodded. "He lied." She looked over at him. "He said ever since you came to Burbank, you were Sarah. Maybe not before, but since Burbank, you were Sarah."

"Because of you," she said. "You know what's funny. When I lost my memory, I thought a couple of times of going back to Sam. Every time I saw you, I knew Sam wasn't right. I was Sarah now, and if I'm honest with myself, since Germany I've been Sarah Bartowski."

"I love you Sarah Bartowski, or whatever it is you want me to call you," Chuck said.

"How about Myrtle?" she asked. Chuck whipped his head around to see her laughing.

"Home, Myrtle," he said.

"Sure thing, Barnaby," she replied with a wink as they headed home.

A/N: Hope you liked it, reviews and PMs are always welcomed...Take Care

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