

Chuck vs 72 hours

by David Carner

Chuck takes a toxin meant for Sarah. It's not supposed to be lethal, but what it does to him may lead Casey and Sarah to kill him. Silliness and tomfollery abound. If you want seriousness, this isn't for you. One-shot

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance

A/N: This takes place somewhere in Season 4. No idea where, just wherever you'd like it. I've seen some of these done before, but I felt a bout of my own silliness so here you go. Nothing else was working today so this one shot was needed.

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck, and if I'm ever this high, please just take me out and shoot me.

"100 bottles of beer on the wall, 100 bottles of beer, take one down pass it around 99 bottles of beer on the wall," Chuck sang, very, very, off-key. Chuck stopped singing and looked toward the front seat at Casey. "Casey, will you be my sugar bear?"

"WALKER!" Casey yelled. "Get control of your boytoy or I'm pulling out Maggie!"

"Casey, if you shoot him I'll kill you!" Sarah yelled back.

"I was going to use it on me!" Casey retorted. "Christ, his singing sounds like cats having an orgy!"

"WHY ARE WE YELLING?" Chuck yelled, grinning. He stared at Sarah. "You're so pretty," he said frankly

"Focus, Chuck," Sarah said, grabbing both of his arms. He leaned forward, looked around, and smiled at her.

"I need you to tell me the truth," Chuck said, soberly. Sarah nodded. He spoke very softly. "Is my real name Focus Chuck Irving Bartowski, because you're always saying it, and I'm going to be SOOOO mad if it is and no one told me." Sarah closed her eyes,

prayed for strength not to kill her fiancé, and opened them.

Somehow Chuck had managed to have found himself right in the middle of a chemical being sprayed. They were supposed to stop from a nerve agent from being spread. During the fight, one of the terrorists had grabbed an unknown vial and threw it at Sarah. Of course, Chuck had thrown himself in front of Sarah, thinking he was saving her....never really noticing or thinking about the fact that she had a gas mask on, and he didn't. Sarah had no idea what the side effects were of this unknown toxin, but he had been like this ever since they pulled him out of there.

"Call incoming!" Casey barked, pulling Sarah out of her thoughts. Casey put it on speaker.

"Good job, Team," Beckman said. "Now I understand we had a minor problem."

"Chuck," Casey grunted, as if that was all that was needed. Apparently it was.

"We recovered all of the toxic gas we sent you after," Beckman said, sifting through papers. "Oh," she said. Sarah waited, nerves eating at her insides, and then, she swore she heard laughter. "Well, there's good news and bad news." Sarah knew she was hearing Beckman laugh. "It's a type of truth serum with a nasty side effect."

"Is he going to be alright, General?" Casey asked, real concern in his voice.

"Well, it depends, are all of your guns stowed away?" Beckman asked. "Basically it makes them very...high."

"Christ," Casey muttered.

"Physical activity can make the blood stream move the chemicals out quicker," Beckman said. "Maybe you could get him to spar." A crash filled the van. "What was that?"

"Chuck just fell off the seat," Sarah said. This time there was no mistaking Beckman's laughter. "I'm not sure Chuck is in any shape for physical activity."

"Agent Walker, I am putting you in charge of Chuck's detox," Beckman replied. "It is up to you how to use Colonel Casey. He might help, he might be detrimental, your call," and with that she disconnected.

"Walker," Casey growled.

"What's that scary noise?" Chuck asked from the floor. Sarah buried her head in her hands.

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"Casey, how long ago was Chuck exposed?" Sarah asked.

"Three hours ago," Casey replied. He looked up with a grin. Sarah was shaking her head no, and both giving him a death glare, and pleading with her eyes at the same time. "So just 69 hours or so to go." Sarah closed her eyes. She heard Chuck begin to giggle.

"Chuuuuck," she said.

"Sorry, Sarah," Chuck replied, and fell out of the chair from the laughter.

"Casey, go pick him up," Sarah said, her eyes still closed.. Casey grunted.

"AHHH!" Chuck yelled. "Scary, not pretty!"

"Casey leave Chuck alone," she said. She opened her eyes, huffed a breath, put a smile on her face, turned, and walked over to Chuck. She squatted down in front of him, her elbows on her knees. Chuck began to giggle again. "What's so amusing Chuck?" she asked, trying hard not to show her exasperation.

"That out fit is really tight," Chuck said. Sarah had an amused grin on her face. They were her normal black BDUs, it wasn't even the tight catsuit, that was at home.

"You like this outfit, Chuck?" she asked coyly.

"Sarah, you're beautiful in anything," Chuck said, grinning. The grin fell from his face. "I know what I must do," he said, scrambling to a sitting position.

"Chuck," Sarah began, trying to keep him still.

"I need to sing," Chuck said.

"Christ, no," Casey muttered.

"Baby, I-I wanna be....your soul provider," Chuck belted out, very off-key.

"It had to be Michael Bolton," Casey grumbled. Sarah turned to look at him.

"How do you know it's Michael Bolton?" Sarah asked. Casey went quiet. Sarah turned back to Chuck, but he had hopped to his feet.

"It takes two to make a things go right!" he sang to her, off-key again. Sarah had one eye shut.

"CHUCK!" she yelled. He became completely quiet and still. Sarah stood and took his hand. "I don't think you singing is the best idea right now." Chuck grinned, leaned over, and looked at Casey. He did a couple of slow shallow nods, and leaned back to face Sarah.

"I get it," he said, giving her the Bartowski eyebrow dance. Apparently this dance was the new and not improved version. Before it was cute, this...this looked like a spasm. "You might not be able to control yourself and you don't want old captain grump over there to judge you."

"Christ, he thinks he Don Ho or something," Casey muttered. Sarah turned to look at Casey, who shrugged. Sarah turned back to Chuck, knowing she shouldn't want to know where this was going, but fascinated by it, like a passerby watching a car crash. Chuck leaned in toward her.

"But see, here's the thing," Chuck said, in a voice that was not a whisper. Sarah thought the way he positioned himself, he was going to whisper, but he didn't, in fact, if anything, he was talking louder. "He's rooting for us." Chuck leaned back, proud of himself.

"That's bull," Casey said. Sarah turned back to Casey, grinning. "I have better things to do," he said, and walked off.

"Good, now I can sing to my girl," Chuck said. Sarah turned back around. "Or we can talk about our pasts," Chuck said, his eyes widening with excitement.

"Sing away, Chuck," she said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

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"Where are we with Agent Bartowski, Colonel?" Beckman asked. "And what is that noise?"

"That's Chuck singing," Casey replied.

"How do you stand it?" she asked. Casey held up a pair of earplugs, grinning.

"It's been eight hours, General, can we shoot him?" Casey begged.

"No!" Beckman yelled.

"I mean just a little tranq?" Casey pleaded. Beckman shook her head.

"However, I will sign off on your recertification for torture resistance," Beckman replied.

"I'd rather do the class for four straight weeks," Casey muttered. Beckman signed off.

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"And then in 9th grade, Tommy Barnhart, pulled my pants and underwear down in front of my entire gym class where the cheerleaders were practicing," Chuck said, hugging his knees. "I had just had a very cold shower, and I hadn't hit my last two growth spurts."

"Now is that hart or heart?" Sarah asked, writing his name down. There was a small list of names of all of those that had done something to Chuck in school and what that transgression was.

"I'm not sure," he said.

"Don't worry, I'll find him," Sarah promised.

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"Colonel, you look terrible!" Beckman said, looking at Casey.

"It's been 24 hours, General," Casey said. "I've lived in walls for weeks. I've gone seventy-two hours without sleep, but this is torture."

"What is going on?" Beckman asked. Casey turned pale.

“Walker had an idea of physical activity that might get things out of his system,” Casey said. Beckman’s brow furrowed, and then it raised to the top of her head. “Yeah, and when he’s like this, he’s very vocal, moreso than the earplugs can handle.” Beckman was snickering. “General, permission to leave.”

“Not until Agent Walker gives the okay,” Beckman said. “Why don’t you go to another part of Castle.”

“I WAS AS FAR AS WAY FROM THEM AS I COULD BE!” Casey yelled. Beckman burst into laughter. “Sorry, General.” She just grinned, and cut the feed.

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“Casey, go home,” Sarah said, looking exhausted.

“No, the marines leave no one behind,” Casey replied.

“Casey, I don’t know if I can do this,” she said, near tears.

“Look, he’s locked out of the system from Washington, there is no way he can get out,” Casey replied, his voice full of despair. “We shoot each other and then we don’t have to deal with him anymore.”

“It’s a small world after...” Chuck began to sing. He looked down to see six darts sticking out of him. “I feel a weewoozyh,” he mumbled and collapsed on the floor. Casey reached over and took Sarah’s tranq gun away from her.

“Perhaps we both shouldn’t have shot him,” Casey said looking at him. Sarah shrugged.

“I told him what would happen if he sang that song again,” Sarah replied.

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“Casey! Walker!” Beckman yelled. The two agents rushed into the briefing room, looking refreshed. Beckman raised an eyebrow. “Whatever you do, do not tranq Bartowski.” Sarah’s eyes grew wide.

“Crap on a cracker,” Casey muttered.

“General, if we did, what would happen?” Sarah asked.

"Once he woke up, each dart he was hit with would make the toxin last an additional 12 hours," Beckman explained. Casey openly sobbed. "Colonel?!" Sarah looked sick. Beckman looked from one to the other. "Dear God, how many?"

"Three," Sarah replied. Beckman nodded. "Each," Sarah added. Beckman tried to control her face, but it twisted and she burst out laughing, and cut the feed.

"We thought we were halfway home, now we have 4 ½ days left with him like this," Casey cried. Sarah patted his back.

"Maybe they were wrong," Sarah said. Casey looked up at her. "Yeah, if anything knowing our luck it was too short of an estimate."

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"My fiancé shot me in the heart," Chuck sang off-key.

"It wasn't in the heart, Chuck. It didn't reach the heart," Sarah said.

"My fiancé tried to shoot me in the heart but couldn't reach it," he sang, giving her a look.

"Chuck, I'm sorry," Sarah said. "This is just hard."

"Tried to save your life," he sang very low. "And then you shot me....YEAAHHHHHHHH. You shot me." Sarah rolled her eyes. The printer began to print and Beckman came on the screen.

"Team, we're going to try something," Beckman said. Chuck wandered over to the printer, and picked up the paper. He looked at it, finally focused, and flashed. He fell over after it was over. "Well, that answers what happens if the Intersect flashes drunk." Sarah ran over to Chuck.

"Owie, my head hurts," Chuck said.

"Focus, Chuck," Sarah began.

"I knew it was my name," he replied.

"CHUCK!" she yelled. He froze, his eyes nearly bugging out. "Do you know the antidote?" He didn't move. "You can respond." He nodded slowly. "You seriously know the antidote?" she asked, starting to get emotional. He nodded. "What is the antidote, Chuck?" He shook his head no. "Chuck," she said, the warning in her tone.

"No, you two shot me, and I'm not gonna tell," Chuck replied.

"CHARLES IRVING BARTOWSKI!" She screamed. "If you don't tell me that antidote, I am going to kill you, and then eat you, because you've made me so mad I can't stand it!" Chuck was giggling.

"You're so cute when you're angry, plus, I knew it, you are a cannibal," Chuck replied.

"BARTOWSKI!" Casey yelled. "I have a needle I'll stick in your eye if you don't tell me!" Casey roared. Chuck screamed and passed out.

"CASEY!" Sarah yelled, frustrated. "You know he has a low pain tolerance!"

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"You sure about this, Walker?" Casey asked, as Sarah walked by wearing a trench coat. Sarah turned and looked at him. "Heh."

"Now remember, no matter what you hear, do not come in there," Sarah said.

"Walker, short of Ronald Regan walking in here and commanding me to go in that room, I'm not going anywhere near it," he said. Sarah walked in. Casey heard the trench coat hit the floor.

"Ack," Chuck mumbled.

"Chuck, will you please tell me what the antidote is?" Sarah asked, seductively.

"That's nota...nope...not gonna tell you," Chuck sputtered. Casey heard Chuck make a few noises. "I'm stronger...this is no way to start marry time....you're so pretty." Casey heard a soft hum, that sounded like Walker. "NO!" Chuck yelled. "I'm not telling you the antidote is milk!" Casey heard heels, and Sarah walked past wearing a black lingerie outfit with heels.

“Christ, I’m shocked he lasted that long,” Casey muttered as she walked back by. She stopped, started to say something, shook her head, and headed back into the room, carrying milk.

“NO, SARAH! NOT GONNA GULPAPhahapyguwytyh!” he yelled.

“It sounds like she’s waterboarding him,” Casey mumbled, and started toward the room.

“Don’t come in here!” she yelled. Casey went back to the desk.

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“I’d like to apologize to everyone for my actions the past few days,” Chuck said a half hour later. He was freshly showered and had changed clothes. “I don’t really remember a lot, except singing...really bad singing.”

“You took the toxin meant for your teammate, Agent Bartowski,” Beckman said. “That’s who you are.” Chuck smiled. “Although next time, you might want to factor in she was wearing a mask and was protected.” The smile fell.

“Noted,” he said, looking down.

“I’m going to take Chuck home and deal with a few errands, General,” Sarah said. Beckman nodded.

“I’ll clear your schedule for the next few days while you recuperate,” Beckman said, and cut the feed. Chuck turned to Sarah.

“I feel like I should help you, since I’m sure I put you through a lot,” Chuck said. Sarah smiled at him, and pulled him in for a hug.

“I got this, Chuck,” Sarah said. Sarah watched him walk out of Castle. Casey pushed a folder over to her.

“He should be getting off of work in about an hour,” Casey said, grinning. “Need backup?” Sarah grinned at him.

“I could use a little muscle,” Sarah said.

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Tommy Barnhart woke up, feeling a little woozy. He opened his eyes and noticed he was naked, all wet, and the water was quite cold. He was in an open shower, chained up. He looked and saw the key on a bench in front of the locker. He remembered coming out of the office building, felt something in his neck, and someone whispered, "Payback's a bitch." He looked up at the sign on the locker room wall. We Welcome the Burbank Rusty Years Retirement Home Ladies! The door opened to the room, and twenty or more older ladies, the youngest looked to be seventy, came into the room. They all stopped short.

"Cold water, gets them every time," one of the women in front said, shaking her head.

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Chuck was flipping through the paper, and stopped short. It had been a few days since the debacle with the gas. He felt good, and ready to go.

"Something wrong, Chuck?" Sarah asked, coming into the kitchen, and seeing him look at the paper in shock. He grinned and looked up at her.

"Nothing wrong, more like some karma came around on an old high school bully," Chuck said, pointing at the article in the paper. Sarah came over and looked at it, an amused grin on her face, but her spy face was on. Chuck narrowed his eyes. "Did I ever tell you about Tommy Barnhart?"

"I don't know," Sarah said, making a thinking face and sitting down across from him. Chuck grinned at her.

"Well, he's in my past," Chuck said. "I do wish I could thank whoever did that though."

"I guess we'll never know," Sarah said grinning.

"It's a small world-" Chuck began, not off key.

"I WILL KILL YOU AND EAT YOU!" she yelled. Chuck nodded.

"Noted, I'd hate to end up like Tommy," he said, grinning as he got up to put his empty cereal bowl in the sink. "I love you, Sarah."

“Love you, Chuck,” she replied, smiling. “Now never sing that song again.” Chuck just shrugged and headed to the bedroom. “Chuck? Do you hear me?” she yelled chasing after him.

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

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