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Nineteen years. My nod to them. The way I do.

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance

A/N: If you want something serious....just leave now.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Another day.

She had gotten home late last night and hadn't checked the mail. Sarah knew there was nothing there that required the urgency of a CIA briefing so she left it until this morning.

She walked outside.

The birds were chirping, the sun was up, and it was absolutely beautiful.

Just another day.

She got the mail, turned and saw the curtains that she swore she had opened were closed. She raised an eyebrow and began to walk, with a purpose, to the front door. (The red front door) She opened it, and the lit house she had left, was dark. She shut the door, confused.

As the door shut, a spotlight came on. There on the couch, he sat. A guitar in his hand, and music began to play. To say she was confused was an understatement. She watched him, eyes closed, as he began to lip sync....aggressively.

Hello, my friend, it sure has been a while

I don't know where the time has gone

But I've really missed your smile

It's been too long

"I went outside to get the mail," Sarah said, gesturing toward the door. He never stopped what he was doing as he spoke. The confusion was growing on her face. "I literally told you I was going to get the mail."

I've got so much to say

That I don't know where to start

Ever since we went our separate ways

There's been a big hole in my heart

"Chuck," she said, exasperated. "I went. To get. THE MAIL. I walked down the sidewalk. To the mailbox. Got the mail," she held it up, shaking it for emphasis. "And then came back it. It was a minute. TOPS!"

But as I recall, It was you who said goodbye

Now you're asking me to give it one more try

Well only time will tell

If you're gonna stand beside me

"It's not even January," Sarah muttered. "Wait a minute, what is today?" she said, as she started to walk past him to the kitchen, towards the hanging calendar. As she passed him, he stood, followed her, still miming playing the guitar (which was not an electric guitar like the one playing on the song), smiled where she didn't see, and kept lip syncing...aggressively.

Through both Heaven and Hell

I wanna know that you're behind me

But only time will tell If what we have together's

Gonna' last forever more

She got to the calendar, saw the date and rolled her eyes. "Oh, God," she groaned. She turned to him. Chuck still....well, being Chuck and playacting that he was singing to her. "Okay. You want to hear it? Is that what you want?" He never stopped, he just kept lip syncing and fake playing. "I FORGOT." She swore his lips twitched into a smile. "I forgot what today was."

Upstairs, on the balcony, a set of eyes watched the two. "Hey guys," the boy called out. "Mom and Dad are being weird."

"They're always weird," came the reply from one of his sister's bedroom. "It's just who they are."

"No, like...January weird."

That brought both of his sisters to the railing. Stephen stood there, watching in fascination as his parents were being like only they could be. Faye and Samantha watched for a moment, shared a look, pulled out their phones almost synchronized, and began to look something up.

"Oh," they said together. They weren't twins. There were thirteen months between the two girls, they looked nothing alike. One was blond, the other brunette. The blond had curly hair, the brunette straight, but watching them together, there was no mistaking the bonds.

"I'll text Molly," Samantha, the older of the two said.

"I'll text Uncle Morgan," Faye replied.

"What's going on?" Stephen asked.

"It's the day they met," Samantha explained.

"Oh," Stephen said and went back to watching whatever it was his parents were doing. He loved them. They loved each other, it was clear. But they were WEIRD some times.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch...er...kitchen, Chuck continued to serenade, or as Sarah thought, attempted to assault her.

And so my friend, I hope you understand

It's hard to put my trust in you

'Cause I'm afraid you'll leave again

I want to believe you've finally seen the light

That you've missed my love and you want to make it right

“Okay, we’re gonna play that way,” Sarah said, trying to look stern but unable to stop the smile. Chuck finally broke. He began to smile, and took a step back. “Fine. I won’t play your silly little game, but I will play mine.” Chuck held up his hands in surrender, the music still playing, and gently laid down the guitar.

But only time will tell

If you're gonna stand beside me

Through both Heaven and Hell

I wanna know that you're behind me

But only time will tell

If what we have together's

Gonna' last forever more

He turned and ran.

“You just want me to chase you,” she muttered giving him a two second head start. “I always do, you nerd.” She ran after him.

The door opened and Morgan walked in. He took one look at everything going on and nodded. “Nice,” he said, with a smile. “Chuck, Sarah,” he said as they ran back.

“Morgan,” Sarah said. Chuck was still lip syncing while running.

I got no way of knowing

What the future's gonna bring

So I'll just listen to my heart

'Cause it's never lied to me

And what is meant to be

“Come on kids,” Morgan yelled.

“What did you have to do with this?” Alex asked as she walked in, and surveyed the...festivities.

Morgan spread his hands. “I was listening to some girl groups,” Morgan began.

“For the last time, while Nelson does have long blond hair, and are beautiful, they are not a girl group. They are brothers,” Alex said, rolling her eyes.

“Tomato, Pumpkin pie,” Morgan replied. Alex blew out a breath, and hid the smile on her face, not wanting to encourage him. “Said this song was really him and Sarah. He got that smile he gets and then, this was all him.”

“Uh, huh,” Alex said.

Only time will tell

If you're gonna stand beside me

Through both Heaven and Hell

I wanna know that you're behind me

“Uncle Morgan,” Stephen said, walking up to the two. “Aunt Alex.” He paused and looked over at his parents. His mother had now caught his father and was on his back, her legs wrapped around him, laughing as his dad continued to run around the house. “Why are they so weird?”

But only time will tell

If what we have together's

Gonna' last forever

Time will tell

Do you believe in me?

Time will tell

If we're gonna be together

Only time will

I want a love to last forever

Time will tell

Only time will tell

"They're in love," Morgan said shrugging.

"You know a lot of my friends parents have split up," Faye said as she joined them.

"Yeah, we never have to worry about that," Samantha agreed.

"What's the 911?" Molly asked, walking up to the front door shaking her phone to indicate the text she got.

Samantha simply pushed the door open for her to see. "I got the kids!" Molly yelled out to them.

"Thanks!" Sarah yelled.

This time, Chuck didn't head back toward the living room, but down the hall.

"Time to go," Morgan said, grabbing the door knob and quickly shutting it, his eyebrows raised.

"Why are they so weird?" Stephen asked.

"Because it's September twenty-fourth," Molly said, squatting down to look the young man in the eye. "Because your parents have the greatest love story ever told, and they are still as crazy about each other today as they were all those years ago."

"Most people wouldn't have made it," Morgan said. He stood there a second and then wiped a tear from his face.

"Okay," Alex said. "We need to go."

"Aunt Molly," Samantha asked softly. "Will you tell us the story again?"

“Sure,” Molly said. “It began in the Buy More when your mom, a bad-ass spy, approached her target to get information.”

“I was there,” Morgan said, as they walked to the car. “I sang the Bat-Dance song by Prince.” “Because that made it better,” Alex muttered.

“What happened?” Samantha asked.

“You dad said ballerinas were tall,” Morgan said.

“Wait, you’re skipping the part about him dropping the phone,” Faye reminded him.

“Is it because Dad’s hands were sweaty?” Stephen asked. “They sweat when he gets nervous.”

“Probably,” Morgan said.

“Am I telling this story?” Molly asked grinning as everyone piled into their vehicles. Morgan and Alex waved as Molly drove off with the three Bartowski children, telling the story.

“She’s in pretty good shape,” Morgan said softly, looking back at the house.

“Yeah,” Alex said, as he had said the most obvious thing in the world.

“Oh, I meant if she had another one in nine months,” Morgan pointed out. Alex rolled her eyes, shook her head, physically turned her husband, put both of her hands on his back, and began to walk them to their house across the street. “I mean we both know-”

“MORGAN!” she said.

“Yep,” Morgan replied.

A/N: Twenty years. Take care fam.