

Chuck versus the Last Wish - One shot

by Brat55512

The last moment of the series. The magical kiss. Did it work? Find it out. One shot.

Rated: T · Genre: Romance

Chuck versus the Last Wish

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The salty ocean breeze drifted across the beach as gentle waves rolled onto the shore. Chuck sat in the sand, hoping for a miracle as he kissed Sarah.

Morgan's ridiculous idea about a magic kiss.

Sarah's lips rested softly against his, and for one perfect moment, nothing else existed.

Then they slowly parted. Sarah kept looking at him for a long time, as if she wanted to memorize every line of his face before finally leaning back.

Chuck searched her eyes in silence.

"Did it work?"

Sarah didn't answer right away. She looked at him, then out at the ocean. Her gaze dropped before returning to his.

"It didn't."

The words lingered between them. There was no coldness in her voice.

Only sadness.

Chuck sat perfectly still. It felt as though the ground had disappeared beneath him. The fragile hope he'd clung to over the last few minutes quietly slipped away. His shoulders sagged.

"I'm sorry," Sarah whispered. "I guess... I started hoping it would work too. After everything you told me about us..."

She reached over and gently took his hand. Her touch was warm and familiar, but Chuck turned away before she could notice the tear forming in the corner of his eye.

"It's... it's okay," he said quietly. "I should've known it wouldn't be that simple. I guess

miracles don't really work that way."

He casually brushed the tear away, pretending he was only rubbing his tired eyes.

"So... what do we do now?"

Sarah let out a slow breath.

"I don't know. I think... I really do need to leave for a while. I need to figure things out."

Chuck nodded, then hesitated.

"Can I ask you one thing? I promise I won't keep you. It's my last request, Sarah." His voice cracked. "It'll probably sound selfish, but after this... I won't ask anything else. Really."

He couldn't bring himself to finish.

Sarah couldn't wait any longer.

"Chuck..." The way she said his name was exactly the same. He'd heard that tone for years. She only used it when something truly mattered

"What is it?" she asked softly.

"Would you come home with me? Just... home. I mean my place." He forced a nervous smile. "For one last night."

Sarah watched him for a long moment, almost as if she were arguing with herself.

"You'd have the guest room," he added quickly. "Don't get the wrong idea."

Sarah simply looked into his eyes.

"Chuck."

"You're right." He let out a quiet laugh at himself. "Listen to me. I'm standing here begging my amnesiac wife to spend one more night with me. That's probably about as pathetic as—"

She never let him finish.

"Okay."

Chuck blinked.

"W-wait... what?"

"I'll stay."

His heart immediately began pounding. He stood up, still not quite believing what he'd heard.

"Thank you."

Sarah simply shook her head.

"Don't thank me."

Chuck frowned.

"What do you mean?"

She lowered her eyes.

"I can't explain it... but something tells me..."

She looked back at him.

"...that this is what I want too."

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The drive home passed in comfortable silence. Chuck kept his eyes on the road while Sarah watched Los Angeles drift by outside the passenger window.

He stopped at a red light. Nina Simone's voice filled the car.

'Birds flyin' high... you know how I feel...'

Without taking her eyes off the window, Sarah spoke.

"My favorite."

Chuck froze.

"...What?"

"The song, "a faint smile appeared on her face. "I love it."

Chuck looked at her for a moment before the light turned green. He pulled away from the intersection while Nina Simone continued singing. Neither of them said another word.

Several minutes later they passed a row of small shops and an old neighborhood ice cream parlor.

Out of nowhere Sarah asked,

"So... what did Louis give you this time?"

Chuck answered automatically.

"The usual. Some DC books, a Bob Morane collection... and an Archer."

Sarah nodded.

"Sounds good."

Several seconds passed. Then she frowned.

"...Who's Louis?"

Chuck glanced at her. Sarah shook her head, looking genuinely confused.

"I have no idea why I asked that."

For the first time since the beach, Chuck smiled.

"I think..." He kept driving, unable to hide it anymore. "...I know why."

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When they pulled into the driveway, Morgan and Alex were already waiting outside.

Morgan started toward them immediately, but Alex gently caught his arm.

"So? How'd it go?"

Chuck turned to Sarah and unclipped the house keys from his belt.

"Can I talk to Morgan for a minute?"

Sarah nodded.

"Sure."

He placed the keys in her hand.

"Go on in."

"Okay."

Sarah headed toward the front door, then stopped halfway there. Without the slightest hesitation, she turned and walked straight to the bedroom window instead. Chuck, Morgan, and Alex all watched in silence. Sarah slid the window open, climbed over the sill with practiced ease, and disappeared into the room.

Morgan blinked.

"Uh..."

Chuck smiled.

"Did Sarah just use the Morgan door instead of the front door?"

"Yeah."

Chuck's smile grew a little wider. Alex let out a quiet laugh. Morgan finally looked back at him.

"Okay... seriously. What happened?"

Chuck kept his eyes on the bedroom window for another moment.

"It didn't work."

Morgan's face fell.

"What?"

"The kiss," Chuck shook his head. "It didn't work."

Alex looked at him sympathetically.

"I'm sorry, Chuck."

But Chuck was still smiling. Morgan frowned.

"Hold on... then why are you smiling?"

Chuck glanced toward the bedroom where Sarah had disappeared only moments before.

"Because the kiss didn't work..." He paused. "...but something else is."

Morgan still looked confused. Chuck lowered his voice.

"On the way home she knew 'Feeling Good' was her favorite song. Then she asked what Louis had given me at the comic shop. A minute later she had no idea who Louis was."

He nodded toward the bedroom window.

"And she climbed into the house through the window without even thinking about it as she used to sometimes."

Understanding slowly spread across Alex's face.

"It's like her body remembers before her mind does."

Chuck nodded.

"Exactly."

Morgan was quiet for a moment. Then a smile finally crossed his face.

"So... You haven't lost her."

Chuck looked toward the house.

"No," A quiet smile returned to his face. "She just has to find her way back to me."

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Sarah landed silently on the bedroom floor. Pure instinct. Only after she straightened up did she realize she was standing beside the open window, as if climbing in had been the most natural way to enter the room.

She slowly looked around. The bedroom felt unfamiliar. And yet... There was something strangely comforting about it. She stepped farther inside. The room had its own scent. Fresh laundry. Polished wood... and something else.

She stopped. Closing her eyes, she took another slow breath. It was familiar. She couldn't explain why. It wasn't the smell of a place. It was the scent of someone.

Sarah opened her eyes again, looking around the room as though she expected to find

an explanation.

"...That's strange," she whispered.

The feeling slowly faded. A framed wedding photograph sat on the nightstand.

Chuck was smiling.

She stood beside him in a white wedding dress, smiling just as brightly.

Sarah picked up the frame. She studied it for a long time. The woman in the picture looked happy. So happy that Sarah almost envied her. Carefully, she placed the frame back where she'd found it.

Her eyes wandered across the room. Chuck's vinyl records lined one shelf. The old TRON poster hung on the wall. A handful of books. Several comic books.

Everything in the room told the story of a life someone had built here. A life with someone she was supposed to have loved. And yet she couldn't remember a single moment of it.

Her gaze stopped on something oddly familiar.

The suitcase.

It rested quietly on the floor inside the closet, almost inviting her closer. Sarah froze. She knelt beside it and slowly lifted the lid. A photograph rested neatly on top of the folded clothes.

It was her.

Chuck's arms were wrapped around her from behind. She carefully picked it up. She had no idea when it had been taken. She had no idea why someone had tucked it inside the suitcase.

She simply stared at it.

Chuck held her as though he were afraid of ever letting her go. And in the photograph, she leaned back against him without the slightest hesitation. Sarah's thumb slowly traced the edge of the picture.

Something stirred inside her.

Not a memory.

Just... A feeling. Warm. Familiar. Safe.

She let out a slow breath.

"What's happening to me...?"

The room offered no answer.

She kept looking at the photograph, and for the first time since the kiss on that beach, she allowed herself to believe that perhaps not everything about the woman she used to be had been lost after all.

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Chuck knocked softly on the bedroom door.

"Sarah?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm making coffee... Well, I'm trying to. Want some?"

A few seconds later, the door opened.

"Thanks."

Sarah followed him into the kitchen. Chuck went through the familiar routine with practiced hands.

"You know... this machine is smarter than I am. Some days it cooperates. Some days it doesn't."

A faint smile crossed Sarah's face.

"Does that happen often?"

"To the machine?" Chuck shrugged. "To me? Every day."

The coffee maker sputtered loudly before spraying a few drops across the countertop.

Chuck sighed.

"See?"

This time Sarah actually laughed. Chuck looked up.

"That's a good sign."

"What is?"

"You laughed."

Her smile faded into a thoughtful expression. Chuck didn't push it. He set two mugs on the counter.

"Sugar?"

The answer came without hesitation.

"Two."

Chuck froze. Sarah noticed.

"What?"

"Nothing."

Still smiling, he dropped two sugar cubes into her coffee.

"It's just... you always took two."

Sarah lowered her eyes.

"I did?"

"Every time."

Silence settled between them. Not an uncomfortable silence. Just a quiet one. Chuck opened the refrigerator.

"I'll make breakfast too. Or... at least I'll give it my best shot."

"Need some help?"

"I'd like that."

He reached for the carton of eggs.

One slipped from his hand. Sarah caught it instinctively, stopping it only inches above the floor. Neither of them moved. She slowly placed the egg back on the counter.

"...That was a reflex."

Chuck smiled.

"A pretty good one."

A few minutes later they were making breakfast side by side. Neither of them spoke very much. For the first time that day, the silence felt comfortable.

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Around noon, Chuck closed the refrigerator.

"Want me to order lunch?"

Sarah looked around the kitchen.

"No."

Chuck glanced at her.

"We have pasta."

The words left her mouth before she could think about them. She stopped.

"I... think."

Walking over to one of the upper cabinets, she opened it. A package of spaghetti sat exactly where she'd expected. She stared at it for several seconds.

"How did I know that?"

Chuck didn't answer. Sarah opened the refrigerator.

Tomatoes.

Garlic.

Parmesan.

Without thinking, she reached for each ingredient.

Only when the water began to boil did she stop.

"This is so strange."

Chuck stepped beside her.

"What is?"

She looked down at the wooden spoon in her hand.

"It feels like I've done this a thousand times..."

She shook her head.

"...but I can't remember doing it even once."

Chuck simply nodded.

"I know."

Sarah didn't ask any more questions. A few minutes later they were eating in silence.

Chuck twirled some pasta around his fork and took a bite. A smile slowly spread across his face.

"It tastes exactly the same."

Sarah looked at him, puzzled.

"The same as what?"

Chuck set his fork down.

"The way you used to make it."

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Late that afternoon, the house had settled into a comfortable silence. Chuck was tidying up the kitchen when someone knocked.

Morgan poked his head through the front door.

"Bad time?"

Chuck looked up and smiled.

"Come on in."

"I figured I'd check on you guys."

Morgan stepped into the living room.

Sarah was curled up on the couch with her legs tucked beneath her, completely absorbed in a book. She didn't even notice him until he stopped beside her.

"Hey."

She looked up.

"Hi, Morgan."

"Just checking in. How're you two doing?"

"Nothing exciting," Sarah said. "I'm reading. The deckhand's cleaning up."

Morgan froze.

Deckhand.

Sarah hadn't called Chuck that since their mission in the Caribbean years ago. Slowly, Morgan turned toward the kitchen. Chuck had stopped in the middle of drying a plate. Their eyes met. Neither of them said a word.

Morgan finally nodded toward the book.

"So... what are you reading?"

Sarah looked down at the novel in her hands.

"I don't know."

Morgan laughed.

"That is such a Sarah answer."

A small smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

"I mean... I don't know why I picked this one."

She opened the book. An old bookmark rested between the pages.

"I just... had this feeling I'd started it once."

"And never finished."

Morgan's smile slowly faded.

"Do you remember reading it?"

Sarah shook her head.

"No."

She gently ran her fingers along the spine.

"But when I saw it... it didn't feel right to leave it unfinished."

Morgan watched her for a long moment.

"Chuck."

Chuck stepped out of the kitchen.

"Yeah?"

Morgan simply pointed at the book. Chuck recognized it immediately. He remembered all those evenings when Sarah would read a chapter before bed, then tuck that same bookmark between the pages.

He didn't say any of that. He simply smiled. Sarah looked at him curiously.

"You're smiling again."

Chuck shook his head.

"I'm just glad you're finishing the story."

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After dinner, Chuck quietly gathered the plates from the table.

Sarah stood.

"I'll help."

"You don't have to."

"You sure?"

Chuck smiled.

"Yeah."

She lingered for another moment before wandering into the living room. Chuck washed the dishes slowly, the sound of running water filling the quiet house. It had been a good day. Far better than he'd dared hope that morning. Sarah had laughed. She smiled. She'd cooked. She'd read.

She'd even called him by an old nickname she had given him as a joke during the mission, when she acted as a pirate Captain. Deckhand at day, the Captain's lover at night.

And yet...

By tomorrow, she'd probably be gone. Maybe this had been their last day together.

Chuck closed his eyes for a moment.

"Hey."

He turned around. Sarah was leaning against the kitchen wall.

"You okay?"

He nodded too quickly.

"Yeah."

She watched him for several seconds.

"No."

Chuck let out a quiet laugh.

"You still read people pretty well."

"I don't remember ever being able to."

"It still works."

Sarah walked over to him.

"You're sad."

Chuck lowered his eyes.

"I just..."

He sighed.

"I know you'll probably leave tomorrow."

She didn't answer right away. The truth was, she didn't know what she was going to do either. She only knew that the thought of leaving made something tighten in her chest.

"I don't want to promise something I can't keep," she said softly.

Chuck nodded.

"I'm not asking you to."

He offered her a small smile.

"I just wanted to say... Thank you for today."

Sarah held his gaze for a long moment. Then, almost in a whisper, she said,

"I had a good day too."

It was a simple sentence. To Chuck, it meant more than anything else she'd said all day.

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Night settled over the house in quiet silence. Chuck stopped outside the guest room and knocked softly.

"Come in."

Sarah was sitting on the edge of the bed. She had changed into comfortable clothes, but the same book she'd been reading that afternoon was still resting in her hands.

Chuck stepped inside.

Sarah's eyes immediately locked onto the combat knife he was carrying. Her body tensed in an instant. Her shoulders stiffened as her gaze flicked from the blade to Chuck's face. He noticed immediately.

"Hey... it's okay."

He raised the knife so she could see it clearly.

"It's not meant for you."

Sarah slowly let out the breath she'd been holding.

"Then... why do you have it?"

Chuck smiled.

"Because you always keep it under your pillow."

She looked at him, puzzled.

"I do?"

"Yeah."

He shrugged.

"You always said you sleep better knowing it's there."

Sarah studied the knife for a moment.

"...That's surprisingly logical."

Chuck laughed.

"See? I thought so too."

He walked over to the bed and carefully slipped the knife beneath the pillow.

"Old habit."

Sarah watched him. Something stirred inside her again. Not a memory. Just a strange feeling. As though she'd seen that exact gesture a thousand times before.

"Good night, Sarah."

"Good night, Chuck."

He lingered in the doorway for another moment.

"If you need anything..."

She nodded.

"I know."

Chuck smiled one last time before quietly closing the door behind him. Sarah stared at

the closed door. Almost unconsciously, she slipped her hand beneath the pillow. Her fingers found the knife's handle. She didn't pull it out. She simply rested her hand on it. For some reason... it made her feel safe.

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Chuck had been lying awake for hours. At least, that's what it felt like. Sleep simply refused to come. He stared at the ceiling before finally reaching for the framed photograph on the nightstand. Their wedding day. Even in the dim light, Sarah's smile seemed just as bright as it had that afternoon.

"Good night..." he whispered to the picture.

He wasn't sure who he was talking to.

The Sarah he'd lost... or the one trying to fall asleep only a few feet away.

A gentle knock broke the silence. Chuck quickly set the frame back down.

"Come in."

The door opened just enough for Sarah to peek inside.

"Am I bothering you?"

"Not at all."

She lingered in the doorway, uncertain.

"I can't sleep."

Chuck sat up.

"I'm sorry."

"You don't have to be."

For several long seconds, neither of them spoke. Finally Sarah lowered her eyes.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Would you mind..."

She hesitated.

"...if I stayed here?"

Chuck blinked.

"With me?"

She nodded.

"I can't explain it."

She searched for the right words.

"I just keep tossing and turning in the guest room." Another pause. "But in here..."

She looked at him.

"...I feel calmer."

Without a moment's hesitation, Chuck folded back the blanket.

"I could never mind."

Sarah walked over slowly and slipped into bed beside him, carefully leaving a respectful gap between them.

Silence settled over the room.

"Would you tell me another story?"

Chuck smiled.

"About what?"

"About us."

He leaned back against the headboard.

"One time you took me to a restaurant because you wanted to prove you could actually plan a normal date."

Sarah laughed.

"Really?"

"Well..."

Chuck grinned.

"It didn't exactly stay normal."

"What happened?"

"We got shot at about five minutes later."

Sarah couldn't help laughing again.

"That... somehow sounds believable."

Chuck kept talking. About the Buy More. About Morgan. About Ellie and Captain Awesome. About the missions they'd survived together. About the night Sarah taught him how to cook hot dogs over a campfire. And about the countless times she'd taught him to believe in himself.

Without realizing it, Sarah slowly moved closer. Little by little. Eventually, she rested her head against his shoulder. She stayed perfectly still for a few moments before

speaking.

"...Is this okay?"

Chuck looked down at her. She met his eyes with quiet uncertainty.

"I don't know why I'm doing this."

A small smile appeared on her lips.

"It just... feels right."

Chuck felt his eyes sting. Very gently, he slipped an arm around her.

"It's okay."

His voice caught for just a moment.

"It's more than okay."

Sarah closed her eyes.

"Good," She nestled a little closer. "Then... I'll stay a little longer."

Chuck didn't answer. He didn't want to disturb the moment. Sarah's breathing gradually became slow and steady. Within minutes, she was asleep. Chuck remained awake long after that. Not because he was afraid she would wake up. Because he was afraid that if he closed his eyes... he might wake to discover that this had all been a dream.

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Chuck slowly opened his eyes. The morning sun was already filtering through the curtains. Smiling, he rolled onto his side. The bed was empty. The smile vanished from his face.

"Sarah?"

Silence. He sat up and hurried to the guest room. The pillow looked untouched. The blanket had been folded neatly. Chuck felt his stomach tighten.

She'd left.

Of course she'd left.

She hadn't promised him anything.

He'd been the one hoping again.

Even the doorknob felt heavier than usual as he stepped into the hallway.

The house was quiet. Then he heard it. The soft sizzle of a pan. The gentle clink of dishes.

He stopped.

The sounds were coming from the kitchen. Carefully, he looked around the corner. Sarah stood at the stove with her back to him, making scrambled eggs. Bread was toasting. The coffee maker hummed quietly in the background. As if sensing him, she turned around.

"Good morning."

She smiled softly.

Chuck could only stare.

"I thought..."

The words caught in his throat. Sarah's smile became a little warmer.

"That I'd left?"

He nodded.

"Yeah."

She lowered the heat beneath the pan.

"So did I."

Chuck frowned, confused. Sarah looked back at the eggs.

"When I woke up, I was completely sure I was going to pack my things and leave."

She paused.

"Then I came into the kitchen."

"I saw the eggs. The coffee. The bread."

A small smile found its way back onto her face.

"And before I even realized what I was doing... I started making breakfast."

Chuck let out a quiet laugh.

"Reflex?"

Sarah nodded.

"Maybe."

Then she looked at him. For a long moment.

"I still don't remember us. I don't remember our wedding."

She fell silent.

Chuck didn't interrupt.

Sarah slowly let out her breath.

"But yesterday after the kiss..."

She searched for the words.

"All day long... everything kept telling me that this is where I belong."

"That's a start," said softly Chuck.

Silence filled the kitchen once again. Then, almost in a whisper, she spoke.

"I think..."

Chuck hardly dared breathe.

Sarah smiled at him.

"...I'm staying."

Tears welled in Chuck's eyes. He didn't say a word. He simply walked over to the table.

Sarah slid a plate in front of him.

"I still put too much pepper in the scrambled eggs, don't I?"

Chuck laughed.

"Yeah."

Her smile widened.

"Then at least something really hasn't changed."