

Normal Life

by David Carner

Chuck wakes up from a coma. The last thing he remembers is Rye dying, and the Belgian taking him prisoner. Nothing is as it seems.

Rated: T · Genre: Drama, Humor, Romance · Chapters: 7

Chapter 1: Normal Life

I don't own Chuck

His head felt lighter than it had....well, in a long time. Like something was missing from it he had grown accustomed to. He wanted to open his eyes, but he felt like he couldn't, or maybe it was that he shouldn't. When was the last time he had opened them?

What was it Han said? Oh yeah, Instead of a big dark blur, I see a big light blur. He opened his eyes and quickly shut them.

"Chuck?" he heard a familiar voice say beside him. "Oh my God! Chuck!?"

He opened his mouth but words wouldn't come out. His throat hurt even trying to talk.

"Don't try and talk, you've been out for a very long time." That was Ellie's voice, he would know Ellie's voice anywhere. He tried to open his eyes and pain shot through his head. Wait, he had been captured by...he couldn't remember.

"Ellie, give him some room." That voice, it was the booming voice of Awesome. He had been rescued. Where was Sarah? Where was Casey? Where was Rye? Wait, Rye...Rye was dead.

"Mr. Bartowski?" What the hell. That voice, it sounded...he tried to open his eyes, and it felt too bright, but he saw the beard, the face. It was blurry, but it was him.

"R..e?" he croaked out.

"Yes, Chuck, Dr. Rye." There was surprise on the man's face, and happiness. He wasn't dead. That was good, really good. Chuck wasn't sure how he survived the gunshot, the fall, and became a doctor but... "Chuck? Can you move your hand?" Chuck willed himself to lift his hand. "That's good!"

"S...rah," he gasped.

"Who?" Dr. Rye asked.

Chuck wanted to groan. The woman whose massage you had interrupted. The love of his life. Where was Sarah?

"I swore he said Sarah," Awesome muttered, so basically it sounded like a person speaking normally.

"Bryce's ex-girlfriend?" he heard Ellie reply. Well, sure, but not really. He had never really pressed Sarah on what exactly Bryce and Sarah were. Chuck and Sarah were together now, and that was all that mattered.

"Were they broken up when he....you know?" Awesome asked. What, when Bryce died? The first time, or the second? Chuck *really* wished he could talk, or properly see even.

"No," he heard Ellie reply. "The accident is what ultimately broke them up." Ellie said the last part very softly. But what Chuck couldn't understand was how she was calling Bryce's death an accident. Casey had clearly shot him. Maybe she meant him not really dying...but he did...but he didn't. Chuck was confusing himself.

"Wh...e...wh...ere's S...rah?" he managed to get out.

"Buddy, Sarah and Bryce broke up," Awesome began.

"Mr and Mrs Woodcomb, a moment," Rye said to them. Chuck felt them leave the bedside. He heard low voices, but still heard Rye. "We do not know what has been going on in his head since the accident. Given the nature of what they were experimenting on...he may have lived a life in there...in his mind...for the past seven years."

Chuck tried to process what he heard. Were they saying...were they saying he had been captured for seven years? That didn't really make sense. He began to say something

when a new voice caught his attention.

“Charles?”

That voice belonged to one man and one man only.

“D..dad?” he managed to get out. There was a weight against him as he felt his father hug him.

“Chuck?”

He knew that voice as well. It was what had lead him down this road. The voice of his mother, the voice of the woman who had taken the Intersect away from him. How was he here? Why was she here? And were they both hugging him?

He managed to open his eyes and see both his parents, sobbing, holding him while Ellie and Awesome stood behind them. Ellie was sobbing into Devon’s chest, his arm around her.

“M...mom? Dad?” he managed to get out.

“Son,” Stephen said. “I thought we’d lost you.”

“Oh, honey,” Mary added.

“Yo...ou’re dead though,” Chuck muttered. Stephen and Mary looked at him in shock.

“You...you were shot.”

“Okay, everyone take a breath,” Rye said gently. Where the hell was this normal, calm, guy during everything Chuck had gone through. The Rye he knew was amped up on mountain dew and caffeine pills. “As I told your daughter and son-in-law, he may have memories from when he was...” Rye trailed off, seeing Chuck eyeing him.

Chuck turned to Ellie. “Wh..what happ..penned?”

“Why are you asking her?” Rye asked him gently.

“She’s...she’s a doctor,” Chuck managed to get out, as he tried to sit up.

“What?” Ellie said laughing. The entire family began to laugh. “Little brother, I am a fifth grade teacher.”

“So’s..so’s Awesome,” Chuck insisted.

“Bro, I work as a fitness instructor,” Devon said, chuckling. “Your sister, is a teacher, like your parents, remember.”

“That’s not exactly true,” Ellie said, shaking her head. “They teach at UCLA, remember, the college you refused to go to?”

Chuck started to protest, when he saw a face in the doorway. “Bryce?”

“Chuck, you’re awake,” Bryce said, tears in his eyes. “You’re awake.”

“How...how...” he couldn’t get anymore out.

“Seven years, Charles,” Stephen said gently. “You’ve been unconscious seven years. Ever since the accident at Stanford.”

“It’s all my fault,” Bryce said, walking over to the bed. “I never should have let you be in the halo.”

“Enough,” Dr Reys said gently. “He’s just waking up. You’re welcome to stay, but we need to let him process today. He needs time. We also need him to tell us what he thinks has happened.”

“Sarah?” Chuck managed to ask.

“We broke up buddy,” Bryce told him. “But all that matters is you’re okay.” It wasn’t what mattered. Something was wrong, but Chuck didn’t know what.

Chapter 2: Normal Life Ch 2

I don't own Chuck

He woke again, this time his room was empty. He heard sounds, and tried to focus his eyes on where it was coming from. The TV was on. It was an old Buffy episode and Sarah Michelle Gellar appeared to be in a psychiatric hospital. He didn't remember turning on the TV, but he didn't remember falling back asleep either. He pushed himself up in the bed, and found himself exhausted after doing so.

"Knock, knock," came a voice from the door. Chuck's eyes went wide. "Hey, sleepyhead, it's good to actually see you awake. I'm your CNA, Maria."

"Carina?" Chuck muttered. "Are you here to get me out?"

"Calm down, Curls," she said with a smile. "Like I said, it's Maria. You're not the first man to fall in love with me." Chuck blew out a breath. "Hey, just teasing. You and I have a lot of long talks, well, you listened as I talked." She gave him an amused look. "Someone had to keep you clean." Chuck's eyes went wide, making Maria laugh. "So, I've been trimming your beard, but do you want to shave it off...and I'm only talking about what's on your face." Chuck turned red again. Maria grinned victoriously. "Now here's the fun part, as...ah....*intimate* as we have been, they are slowly going to reintroduce you to solid foods, but your legs probably aren't working too well so..." she glanced over to a portable toilet that Chuck hadn't noticed before. Chuck dropped his head into his hands. "Hey," she said gently. "Don't worry, I'll be gentle." Chuck looked up at her, horror on his face.

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"How's the voice?" Rye asked him, pushing him down the hallway in a wheelchair sometime later.

"Better," Chuck replied, not feeling as much pain.

"Good, maybe tomorrow we can get the family together and you tell them what you have....experienced," Rye told him. "It's important for them to know where you're coming from as they try and help you adjust back to life." Rye was silent as they continued down the hall. "Chuck, you haven't asked about your girlfriend."

Chuck didn't answer, because he knew who his girlfriend was, Sarah. He wasn't sure what was going on here, but he was going to find her. "I don't remember having a girlfriend," Chuck finally replied. Rye made a non-committal sound. "BTW, is there a reason my TV is playing Buffy?"

"Oh, that," Rye said, chuckling. "Your sister told me how much you enjoyed the show and might have had a crush on Sarah Michelle Gellar." Chuck couldn't help but grin. "She told me that one of your favorite episodes was *Normal Again*. I had that episode playing on DVD on your TV hoping it might help bring you back."

"It's where Buffy accepts who she is and goes back willingly, and not like when she was ripped from heaven," Chuck explained.

"Interesting," Rye replied. "This Sarah you keep referring to, could it be the actress and your mind struggling with dealing with what happened to you seven years ago." Chuck was gobsmacked by that. "I take it from your silence you don't know."

"I don't," Chuck admitted softly.

"That's fine," Rye said as he pushed him into a room. "It's time to meet your physical therapist."

"Casey," Chuck muttered, seeing the man he knew as John Casey standing there. "Sorry," he said quickly. "That's obviously not your name."

"Oh, it is," Casey replied. "John Casey, but the question is how did you know?"

"Yes, that is the question isn't it?" Rye asked. Chuck had no idea how to answer.

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"You know it's funny you called me Carina," Maria said to him later, helping him sponge down. Casey had worked muscles that hadn't been used in....apparently years. Chuck

still wasn't sure what was going on. "I used to talk to you about how I always wanted to be a James Bond like spy, but not in the CIA or the NSA or MI-6 or anything like that."

"Ohhhh," Chuck moaned as she pushed down on a muscle on his back as she sponged him.

"Liked that, huh?" Maria said, grinning. "Johnny has been known to work out his sexual frustration on his patients, but I didn't tell you that."

"Would explain some things," Chuck replied. "You know I can wash myself."

"I know, but I like taking care of you, Chuckie," Carina told him. "I'll let you do your privates, and after today we'll work on you taking your own bath, but today...today you've been through it."

"Thank you...Maria," Chuck said gratefully.

"Oh, the Carina thing," she said, remembering her earlier train of thought. "So I wanted to be an agent. I wanted to stop the drug trade, and I wanted to have a cool name like Carina Miller, or Hansen...I flipped back and forth on them, but eventually I settled on Miller. But I wanted to be like James Bond in every way, you know."

"So you wanted to have sex with hot bad guys?" Chuck asked.

"Listen, don't you kink shame me," Maria teased.

"I'm not," Chuck insisted.

"I know you're not," Maria replied. "Okay, I'm going to step out in the hall....unless you want me to stay...." She grinned at him.

"No-no, I got this," Chuck insisted. Maria laughed as she walked outside. Chuck finished bathing himself, dried himself off, straightened up his gown and called for Maria. "So are you decent?"

"Yes," Chuck told her.

"Pity," Maria replied. She cleaned everything up and prepped for next time. She stopped in front of his bed. "I'm glad you're back in the real world with us Curls." She was silent

for a moment. "Your family really missed you, and your friend, Bryce...he was here all the time."

"Why haven't they been by today then?" Chuck asked. "Dr. Rye asked them to give you today to adjust to everything, to get used to being awake," Maria told him. "Now, tomorrow, we take out your IV, get you some real food and...well, you and I...we're going to become closer." Chuck groaned. "I'll be gentle," she told him. "Seriously, Chuckles, I'm glad you're awake. The world needs you." With that she left.

Chuck sighed. "Where are you Sarah? What in the hell is going on?"

Chapter 3: Normal Life Ch 3

I don't own Chuck

"So let me get this straight," Stephen began.

"Honey," Mary said, trying to calm him down.

"I *left* my kids!?!"

"Well, according to him I left first and messed up his head," Mary reminded Stephen.

"I'm still trying to get over being a doctor," Devon muttered.

"Will you all stop?" Ellie said, making the room go quiet. "I will walk us all through this, if that's okay?" Everyone nodded, making Chuck giggle. No matter where she was, Ellie still knew how to command a room. "Mom left when we were kids, dad left some time after?" Chuck nodded. "I helped raise you...me," she said, pointing at herself. Chuck nodded again. "I went to UCLA, met Devon, both of were us in medical school. Then you went to Stanford, and got kicked out because Bryce framed you for cheating on a test to keep you out of the CIA...which he was already in?"

"That part would have been better than what actually happened," Bryce muttered.

"Honey, we forgive you, you need to forgive yourself," Mary told him, rubbing his shoulder.

"Jill..." Ellie turned to Bryce, her eyebrow raised.

"I did *not* sleep with Jill," Bryce insisted. Ellie chuckled.

"Went her own way and you hid out in the Buy More for five years, did I get all of that right?" Ellie asked. Chuck nodded. "Then it gets weird."

"I created an Interloop?" Stephen asked.

"Enterprise," Bryce corrected.

“Intersect,” Chuck told them. “You’re making it sound like I’m crazy.” Everyone exchanged glances.

“There’s a reason I wanted you to tell us everything out loud, Chuck,” Rye said gently from the other side of the room where he had heard everything. Everyone turned toward the doctor. “A computer program in your head, Chuck.”

“I know,” Chuck began.

“Your parents abandoning you, and child services not stepping in,” Rye continued.

“But,” Chuck protested.

“Everything that happened in your life, that was significant, every important moment, a clandestine government agency was involved,” Rye finished. “Chuck, your brain has been through absolute torture the last seven years. It shut your body down and did what it had to do to protect you, to let you heal.” Chuck sat there. He glanced over at his parents, seeing their eyes, pleading with him to accept reality. He looked back over at Rye.

“No one is expecting you to accept, overnight, what really happened, but what we are asking, hoping, and praying is that you will listen to those that love you as they tell you what they’ve been through, what really happened, and how much they love you.” Chuck cleared his throat and gave the slightest head nod. “Chuck, for seven years you believed the world to be a certain way. No one thinks that today, tomorrow, or even six months from now that you aren’t going to think about that life, but what we are asking is you live here, with us.”

“I hear you,” Chuck began, and then trailed off.

“But it all seems so real,” Rye said, nodding. “What if we bring in someone to talk to? Someone that isn’t invested like everyone here. Someone that can talk to you in a safe space. You’re not going to leave here for some time. We need to make sure your brain is okay, we need to make sure there is no relapse, that you can walk. Everything is paid for by Stanford.”

"Okay," Chuck said nodding. He felt the sense of relief from his family. They were all there, his family. "So....what did happen?"

Bryce got a guilty look on his face. "Do you remember the class with Fleming, Psychology and Symbolism?"

"Sure, the class I got...." Chuck trailed off. "Yes," he said. "Yes I do."

"We, me, you, and Fleming all wondered if we could track your recognition and created a halo with probes that we attached to your head. You called it your tiara."

Chuck laughed. "I did love Wonder Woman."

"Yeah," Bryce agreed. "You had it on, had just started the test when..." he trailed off and looked out the window. "No one to this day is sure what caused the power spike on campus, but electricity basically ran back in on your brain."

"Ouch," Chuck said. "That's was the accident." Bryce nodded.

"Yeah, since then...since then one of us has been here just about every day," Ellie told Chuck. "Jill...Jill felt horrible, but she couldn't keep coming, and...she found someone else. She got married last year, and she's happy."

"Good," Chuck told them. They stared at him, shocked. "What? I mean, yes, she hurt me in...you know what I mean, but I want her to be happy, you know?"

"Same ole' Chuck," Bryce murmured.

"And your girlfriend?" Chuck asked. Bryce shrugged. "Bryce?"

"It's hard to love someone...to be what they need, when you're wracked with guilt."

"You shouldn't have been," Chuck began.

"No, it was my job to make sure it was safe, it was-"

"It was an accident, Bryce, something we've been over a thousand times," Stephen reminded Bryce gently.

"Do you think all of this is still fake, Chuck?" Rye asked. "Tell me, what is more believable, this...or a computer program in your head. Every move you make,

surrounded by clandestine government agencies. Which of these sounds like the real world?" Chuck couldn't answer.

Mary patted his hand. "Listen, you've had a long day, and we know you have a session scheduled with John Casey in the morning." Chuck groaned. Mary began to laugh. "I will say, him having an itchy trigger finger in that other world is apropos given what all I've seen him do to you while you were in that comma. He kept moving you, giving you therapy."

"I owe him a lot," Chuck said softly.

"Here, Chuck," Rye told him. "Here, in this world." Chuck held his gaze but said nothing and didn't react. "Okay, let's let him rest. See you tomorrow." Everyone gave their hugs and said their goodbyes. Rye was the last to leave, pausing at the door. "Once you accept where you are, then you can begin to heal." With that Rye left.

Chuck laid there, thinking of one person, and one person only. Sarah Walker.

Chapter 4: Normal Life Ch 4

I don't own Chuck

The next morning he awoke, finding the TV on again. On the same Buffy episode. That seemed strange. Rye had told him why, but for some reason, something was niggling at the back of his head. The switch to food had begun yesterday, well, liquids at first, and while things were...more intimate with Carina...Maria now, then he would have liked, he did feel his strength returning and was starting to feel like doing more and more each day.

He went through a battery of test that day and everything came back fine. He was just going to have to get his muscles going again, the old fashioned way. He couldn't yet walk, but there was always someone to push him in the wheelchair if he needed it.

That afternoon Awesome pushed him outside in his wheelchair. As Chuck sat in the pleasant sunshine, he noticed the blond man grinning. "You don't know how happy your family is to have you home, bro." He paused for a second. "Well, not home but...you know."

"I do," Chuck said, nodding. He thought about how this would have been his younger self's biggest dream, to have his whole family back. His mom, dad, sister...they were finally all back together. Yet, something was missing...and it wasn't just Sarah.

"Listen, I know you love that sci-fi stuff, but...I'm just gonna say it," Devon began.

"Please, do," Chuck said, knowing if this Awesome was anything like his Awesome there was no stopping him once he began.

"You're kinda freaking your parents out a bit with everything you told them," Devon told him. "They...they worry you hate them."

"I don't," Chuck assured Devon. "I don't even hate my....I didn't hate them...." Chuck was struggling. It seemed wrong to call his parents the "dream parents," because right now, they were still his parents. He wasn't sure what he thought about this Stephen and

Mary Bartowski, other than they hadn't left their children.

"You don't hate anyone, Chuck, because that's who you are," Devon told him. "That's why I gotta tell you this. Bryce's girlfriend, Sarah, the one you keep talking about. She's a con woman, Chuck. She tried to con Bryce after the accident."

"Sarah?" Chuck asked.

"It's who she is man, I hate to be the one to tell you but everyone's scared to," Devon told him. "You need to know why they are so bothered by what you were saying."

"But Sarah-"

"Bro, she was a dream, and yeah, I saw her, she's beautiful, but, is she your kind of girl?" Devon asked. "I don't mean she couldn't be in to you, but does she enjoy that kind of stuff that you do?" He took a deep breath and looked remorseful. "Chuck, which one sounds real and which one sounds like a fantasy, or a dream."

"But she is my dream girl," Chuck told Devon. "I love her."

"I get it, I do, but...does she love you? Does she tell you she loves you? If don't have that thing in your head, then..." Devon trailed off.

"Does it matter?" Chuck asked, understanding what Devon was getting at. "Will she want to be with me?" Chuck looked up at Devon. Pain was on Devon's face for what he had just done to Chuck. "If you don't mind, I'd like to go back inside."

"Sure, bro, I'm sorry," Devon told him. Chuck waved at him, like it was fine, but worry began to creep in.

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He had been lying in bed for sometime, the sun setting, the room going dark. He hadn't turned on the lights. He didn't feel like it, not after what he and Devon had talked about.

"Nice to see you awake," a familiar voice came from the doorway. He whipped his head around, tears in his eyes. Finally. She had found him.

"Sarah," he said softly. "I knew you'd find me."

"No, I'm not Sarah," the woman replied. "My name is Jenny Burton, and I have found you, because I'm supposed to talk to you. I'm your therapist."

"You...you're my therapist," Chuck said, confused. "But...ooooo, I get it."

"Do you?" she asked, tilting her head. "Why don't you tell me what you think you know."

Chuck looked around. "I know," he said in a whisper. "You're... 'undercover'," he told her, using air quotes.

"No, I'm not," she replied gently, a soft smile on her face. "I'm here to talk to you about what you have experienced for the past seven years. But the thing I am most interested in at the moment, is why do you think I'm this Sarah?"

"You look, sound..." he paused. "If I could smell your perfume I bet you'd smell like her."

"Who is Sarah to you?"

"Sarah Walker. She's the love of my life, my girlfriend, my...she's my world," Chuck told the therapist.

"I see," she said. "Get some sleep, we'll talk tomorrow." With that, Jenny turned and walked away from the door.

"Wait!" Chuck yelled. He tried to get out of bed but fell. He dragged himself to the doorway, and looked down the hall. The only person he saw was Maria. "Where did she go?"

"Where did who go, Chuck, what are you doing?" Maria asked, rushing up to him. "Are you hurt?"

"The blond woman, Sarah, she had to walk right past you!" Chuck insisted.

"There has been no one in this hallway but me for the past thirty minutes," Maria insisted, walking over to Chuck. Chuck sat there, stunned. "What happened? Did you dream of someone?"

Chuck looked up at her. "I guess...I guess I had to of."

"It's okay, Chuck, it happens." She bent down, and helped him stand, her arm around his waist. She guided him back to bed. "We can't lose you Chuckles. You're important around here. You're important to me." Chuck looked at her. "I like you."

Maria helped him back into bed. "Thank you," Chuck told her. She grabbed some supplies, came back and cleaned his hands up where he had fallen from the bed. "I guess...I guess it was all a dream." Maria ran a hand gently through his hair.

"Good night, Chuck, get some sleep," she said, leaving the room.

"Where the hell are you, Sarah?" Chuck asked the empty room. "I need you."

Chapter 5: Normal Life Ch 5

I don't own Chuck

"Come on, Moron, you have to try," Casey told him. "You can't leave here not able to walk." Chuck let go of the bars and crashed to the ground. Something was wrong, very wrong. That morning his father had shown up early, and took him over the grounds in his wheelchair. As they neared the exit to the hospital, Chuck swore the driveway out of the hospital looked a little brighter, a little more inviting.

"Once we get you out of here, we'll watch Tron," Stephen told him. "I'd bring it in, but Rye told me that I shouldn't. It should be a reward for you leaving."

"Leave?" Chuck asked. "You think I'm ready to leave?"

"Of course you are, it's time you come home and be with your family, and-and if you need someone that Maria girl has offered to work with us," Stephen told him.

"Where would I live, what would I do?" Chuck asked him.

"Live with us, and when you get your feet under you, we can see about completing your degree, or whatever you want to do, but son, it's time for you to live. Out there."

There was something out there. Chuck knew it, but he wasn't sure it was right.

"Moron!" Casey yelled, running over to him.

"Get back," Maria's voice said, rushing over to Chuck and pushing Casey away. "I've got him, you pushed him too hard."

"Come on, Chuckles," she said, helping him to his wheelchair. She walked over and snatched the electrical equipment from Casey. "I'll do this to his legs today, and I'll walk him around the hallways."

"Good, see that you do!" Casey snapped.

"We gotta get you out of here, Chuck, Maria said softly. "He's gonna push you too far. If you need someone I can help at your house."

"Everyone seems to be trying to get me out of here, asap," Chuck muttered.

"We just want you to be safe, to be cared for," Maria told him, pushing him back to his room. "We care about you Curls." Chuck sat there quietly, not sure what to do, but wondering if she was right.

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The Belgian stood there, watching Chuck strapped to the chair. "Dr. Mueller? How is our patient progressing?"

"We're getting there," Mueller told the Belgian. "The program is running, he believes he is in a hospital, and his entire life is a dream. Once he leaves the grounds, his mind will open up and give us complete access to the Intersect."

"Good," the Belgian said, grinning. "Are we experiencing any problems?"

"I'm reading two very small anomalies," Dr. Mueller admitted. "I tried to isolate one earlier but it quickly disappeared. When I tried to isolate it, it did cause some stress to the subject. But in a program this large, dealing with his brain and the Intersect..."

"Are they causing any problems?" The Belgian asked.

"Not that I can see," Mueller replied.

"Carry on," The Belgian replied. He looked down at a report of a disturbance. "Probably best to leave those anomalies alone, we might need to hurry."

"This takes time, sir," Mueller insisted.

"Time may not be on our side."

"Understood."

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It was nearly twilight when he heard the voice. "Chuck." He turned his head toward her. "Sorry about yesterday, I need to do some research, to understand exactly what you had been through."

"I see," Chuck said to her. "Please don't run away again."

"I may have to leave quickly, but it's not your fault if I do," Jenny assured him. "Would you like to take a stroll...or wheel about in your case?" There was a grin on her face, one that he knew oh so well.

"I'd love to," he told her.

"I'm not her," she stressed.

"And yet here you are," Chuck said with a shrug. She blew out a breath, chuckled, and helped him into the wheelchair. Chuck noticed that the TV was on the episode again.

"Big Sarah Michelle Gellar fan?" Jenny asked.

"Not as much as I am of another Sarah," Chuck admitted.

"Okay, so you're not going to lie to me." "I've never been able to lie to you," Chuck told her. Jenny didn't say anything. She pushed his chair out of the room, down the hall, and outside. Chuck found it interesting he didn't see anyone else around like he did when Stephen took him out. "So what should I talk about?"

"Talk about whatever you want to," Jenny told him. "I'm just here to listen."

"I miss her," Chuck said softly. "Before this all went pear shaped...God, Casey is rubbing off on me...my Casey, not-"

"I get it," Jenny told him. "I get it."

"We were having issues...no, that's not true, I was having issues. I'm not a spy."

"And that's why she's with you, because you're a spy?" Jenny asked.

"I...no, she said she would have a normal life with me, she said..." Chuck trailed off. "On the train, she was willing to leave the spy life with me, but...I had the Intersect."

"So you're left with one question," Jenny replied. "Do you stay here with your family, the family you always dreamed of, the family you always wanted?"

"Or?" Chuck asked, knowing what was coming.

"Do you go back, to a world that may or may not exist, to a woman, who wants to be a spy? To a woman who's adult life has been about being a spy, and you cannot be a spy

with her.”

“Would she even want me?” Chuck asked softly. Chuck looked up at her. “Would you?”

“I’m not her,” Jenny told him.

“But you are, aren’t you,” Chuck insisted. “Because you’re not them.”

“What do you mean?”

“No one has seen you, no one is ever around when you’re here.” He was silent for a second, and looked around. “There’s something else that I’m missing.”

“Don’t you mean someone else that you’re missing?” Jenny asked.

“Huh?” Chuck replied. “What do you mean?”

“Chuck, who’s missing?” Chuck sat there, confused, no idea who or what she was talking about.

Chapter 6: Normal Life Ch 6

I don't own Chuck

"I don't know, who am I missing?" Chuck asked her. She tilted her head to the side. "I should really know this, shouldn't I?"

"Chuck...your beard," she said, pointing at his face. His eyes went wide as he put his hand over his cheeks and felt the hair there.

"Morgs!" Chuck blurted out and looked around. "Where the hell is Morgan?"

"I don't know, but I know you need him."

"I need you," Chuck insisted.

"I'm not her," she replied, smiling.

"Then why do you look like her?"

"Why do I look like who?"

"Sarah Walker, aka Jenny Burton, aka Rebecca Franco, aka the woman I love," Chuck said, standing and looking her right in the eye.

"Chuck...you're standing," she said with a grin.

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"Sir, we have a problem," one of the scientists yelled. "There has been a breach."

"Initiate Phase 3," The Belgian told Muller. Dr Muller hit a button on the keyboard.

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Chuck shook his head, pain shooting through it. "You okay, son?" he heard his father ask. They were outside, again, he was in a wheelchair, his father's car parked in front of him, the passenger door open. "I have the theater rented out, we can go watch Tron."

Chuck turned to look at him. "We-we can go watch Tron? In the theater?"

Stephen nodded, smiling at his son. "All we have to do is leave here," he said, gesturing toward the car. Chuck frowned at that. "Son," he said softly. "Sarah doesn't love you."

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"Sir, they are getting close!"

"What is the hold up?" The Belgian hissed at Mueller.

"It's the anomaly!"

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He was standing, holding her hands. "Who are you?" Jenny asked him.

"What?" Chuck asked.

"Who are you?"

"I'm your boyfriend," Chuck replied.

"Even if I was her, that's not right," Jenny told him.

"I'm the Intersect," Chuck said, hurt in his voice, lowering his head.

"No you're not," Jenny said, dropping his hand, putting a finger under his chin and gently lifting it until she was looking him in the eyes. "No, you're not."

"I'm Chuck Bartowski," Chuck said, tears in his eyes. "I'm Chuck Bartowski, and I am more than the Intersect."

"Good," Jenny told him.

"Who are you?" Chuck asked her. "That's the first correct question you've asked all day," she told him.

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"Kill him," the Belgian growled. "If we can't have it, then they can't either."

The door flew open as Mueller hit the button.

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The hospital disappeared. "Chuck, don't freak out," Jenny told him.

"That's kinda my thing," he muttered. The hospital disappeared. "What is going on? Sarah!"

"I'm not Sarah," Jenny insisted.

Chuck, come on, please wake up. Chuck, listen to me. I'm here. Chuck, I'm here. Chuck, I'm here.

Chuck turned and looked up over his shoulder at the voice he heard, but she wasn't there. He turned back to Jenny. "But she is."

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"What the hell did you do to him?" Sarah growled at the Belgian.

"He's gone, I'm afraid," the Belgian answered smugly. Casey gave Sarah a look and she nodded. Casey hit the Belgian with the butt of his gun, knocking him unconscious.

"I came to rescue you," she told Chuck, taking his face in her hands. "I'm right here, Chuck. Chuck, please, come on." She was starting to lose it.

Morgan came up to her. "Hey. Hey, hey, hey. Tell him what you told me before, okay? He'll hear that, I know it. This is your chance. Don't-Don't be Sarah Walker the spy, be Sarah Walker the girlfriend."

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"Who are you," Chuck insisted.

Jenny grinned at him. "Tell me, Chuck, if you were fighting for your life, and needed to get a message to you. If you could pick one person to talk to you, who would you pick?"

"How do I know you're not part of all of this?" Chuck asked.

"You don't," Jenny replied. "How do you know Sarah loves you? She doesn't say it like other women do. Is she just with you because you're the Intersect? Is her job that important?"

"No," Chuck said, shaking his head. "Why are you saying this?"

Chuck was silent a second. "You're my conscious," he said softly. Jenny nodded. "So if I know all of this, why can't I go home?"

"Maybe because it's safer here?" Jenny offered. "Think about how bad you lost it after Jill."

"Can I not?" Chuck groused, not wanting to relive that embarrassing time in his life. "What are you saying?"

"What's safer, going out there, where your family is gone, with a woman that may not love you back, or here, with your family?" Jenny asked him.

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"Chuck, please," she begged. "Chuck, I love you. Please wake up. I have so much that I want to tell you. I found your proposal plan."

}o{

Chuck looked at Jenny. "She doesn't know about that! This is my mind playing tricks on me."

"Or is it her?" Jenny asked. "It's time to decide, Chuck, do you return, to a woman who may or may not love you?"

"How do I return?" Chuck asked.

"You want to go back?" Jenny asked. "You want to back to the chance of being hurt?"

"Yes!" Chuck told her. "Yes, I do! I know, I've lost my family, I am in love with an emotionally constipated woman, but I love her, and damn it, that's all that matters! I love her! And-and I believe she loves me, but if she doesn't...if she doesn't, she's taught me something."

"And what's that?" Jenny asked.

"I'm more than the damn Intersect, or my degree at Stanford, or anything else society or I want to shackle myself with! I'm Chuck Bartowski, damn it, and I'm good at so many things."

"Yeah, you are," Jenny said, and she began to shimmer. "Looks like it's my time to go." Jenny disappeared, and the room went black. He saw her, she was crying. He rushed over to her and heard her speaking.

"You were gonna do it on the beach in Malibu. Where we watched the sun rise after our first date. There were several race cars involved." She was crying and laughing at that.

"I revised that," Chuck muttered, walking up to her, and reaching for her hand.

"Chuck, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I don't care if you have the Intersect or not. Without you, I'm nobody. I'm nothing but a spy. Come back to me, Chuck. I want to marry you." He took her hand and the whole room disappeared.

Chapter 7: Normal Life Ch 7

I don't own Chuck

Several months later

"Kiss me Chuck"

They pulled away from each other, and Chuck knew it hadn't worked. He had been thinking about this for several days, how it would be to wake up, in a world he didn't know, no idea how he got there, people he didn't recognize. She didn't know how he could relate.

"I'm sorry, Chuck," she told him, real regret on her face. "I wanted it to work."

"I know," Chuck told her, a warm smile on his face. He gently tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Could I tell you one more story?" She nodded.

"So, I told you about how you saved me, but what I didn't tell you, and never did even back then, was what was going on with me, while you saved me," Chuck began. Sarah sat up with interest. "I didn't tell you how I failed you that day."

Sarah pulled her chin back, surprised. "Chuck, you said you were kidnapped, how did you fail me?"

"Let me back up a bit. While I was kidnapped, I thought I was in a world where my family was together, they loved me, and there was no intersect," Chuck told her. "That world was missing two things, my best friend, and the woman I loved."

"So it's kinda like me, except I'm not missing my best friend," Sarah said. Chuck grinned. "Oh, are you both?" she asked, grinning at him. Chuck shrugged, but then he nodded, she shoulder bumped him. "I can see that," she admitted shyly.

"But what was there was everything I had hoped for with my family," Chuck continued. "What was there was a way to get away from the pain. He paused, and looked her right in the eye. And what was there was a very important question; did you really love me for

me?"

"So this world is your dream world in my case," Sarah realized. Chuck didn't answer, he just let her process what he had said. "So how did you mess up, how did you fail me?"

"When I woke up, you said, 'Without you, I'm nobody. I'm nothing but a spy. Come back to me, Chuck. I want to marry you,'" Chuck told her. She looked at him, gestured with her hands as if to say, "See." "That's not true."

"Chuck," she began to protest.

"Sarah, you are so much more than a spy," Chuck told her. "I didn't fall in love with a spy, I fell in love with you." She looked away, tears beginning to run down her cheeks. "I feel in love with your heart, the one you try to hide from everyone. I fell in love with your wit, your humor. I fell in love with you, regardless of what your name is, how much you remember, or where you are in your life's journey."

She wiped away tears and sat there, scared. "How'd you know you wouldn't get hurt?" she asked softly, looking out at the crashing waves of the ocean. "How'd you know that coming back was the right thing to do?"

"I didn't," Chuck admitted. "I'm not gonna lie, there was so much there that was everything I had dreamed of. And part of me, even knowing it wasn't really real knew it was safer. Physically, emotionally...for my heart. I don't know if you've noticed but sometimes," he paused as she began to giggle. "So you have noticed."

"Yeah," she told him.

"But the thing is, even though I knew the world I was in was a lie, there were parts of it that were so much safer," he admitted. Sarah nodded. "And then I had to make a choice, an active choice." She looked at him.

"What did you do?"

"You were there," Chuck told her. "I thought you were my subconscious, my Jiminy Cricket if you will. But you weren't. You kept saying over and over, you weren't her."

"Who was she?" Sarah asked.

“She was you, but she wasn’t the person who I thought she was. I thought she was there to save me, to be my savior, she wasn’t. She was there to get me to save myself,” Chuck told her. “She told me that you, were my savior, but she was wrong as well, and I see that now.” Sarah gave him a confused look. “See, that’s what you and I do for each other. We keep saying we save each other.” He shook his head. “We give each other strength, we give each other hope, we give each other courage, but at the end of the day, we save ourselves. Even when I shot Shaw to ‘save’ you.” He made finger quotes at the word save. “You had saved yourself by believing in me, by giving me the confidence to go on, to do what was right, even when Beckman told me no. Sarah, that’s why you’re sitting here in your spot, in our spot. Because you have to make an active decision. It doesn’t have to be today, but one day you have to decide to save yourself....if you want to be saved.” She sat there quietly.

“And what do you do while I decide?” Sarah asked him.

He laughed. “I keep loving you, and believing in you,” he said with a shrug. He looked her in the eyes. “It’s all I can do.”

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Five years later

“Nice spot,” he said, dropping down beside her on the beach.

“I rather like it,” she told him, shoulder bumping him. “You doing okay?”

“I am,” Chuck told her. “Lot going on in life, but I’m okay, you know why?” She grinned at him. “I have you by my side.”

“Yeah, you do,” she said.

“Seriously, you two,” Morgan yelled from across the beach. “Quit looking at each other like that, isn’t two kids enough?”

“He did offer to babysit and now he’s complaining?” Sarah asked, chuckling.

“I think just for that we ought to have two more,” Chuck said, as she leaned against him.

“At least,” Sarah agreed. She turned to Chuck. “But not right now.”

“Whenever Sarah,” Chuck told her.

“Thanks, I mean, I could deal with the sand in places, but in front of Morgan and the kids....” She shook her head no as Chuck’s jaw dropped.

“Woman,” he said in a low voice making her giggle. “I love you Sarah Bartowski.”

“I love you Chuck Walker,’ she said, leaning over and kissing him.