

Chuck vs the Jump

by David Carner

From the Tumblr challenge The way you said "I love you." Two readers picked #34 Before we jump. Chuck and Sarah about to jump...Set after the finale...

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance

A/N: This came from a Tumblr challenge to write a fan fic The way you said "I love you." #34 was chosen by two readers, Before we jump. I give you Chuck vs The Jump.

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck.

"Sarah, I was wrong, I can't do this," Chuck said as he looked over the cliff at the water swirling in the pond below.

"Chuck, don't say that," Sarah replied, looking a little worried.

"No, not this," Chuck said, pointing between the two of them. "Sarah, never this."

It had been two months, Chuck would have called them the two longest months of his life but the six weeks Sarah had lost her memory may have felt longer because then...then there was no hope. There was only Chuck trying to figure out how to save his wife that didn't even know she was married to him, and frankly didn't care. But she had a mission to stop Quinn that Chuck had gotten her to let him help. She relented and he joined and he began to do what he had done for three years, Operation Infiltration by Nerd. It was a slow, arduous process, but he had succeeded. He had overcome his own insecurities, heart-warmed a "cold-blooded killer" (he didn't agree with that description of her) and married the love of his life, and then Quinn happened.

Quinn thought he had erased everything from the previous five years, however for all the memories you can erase from the mind, you can never erase the memories of the heart. Chuck had known where she would be when she said good-bye...admittedly it took Morgan reminding him of them. Morgan, the guy who had never thought he wasn't

good enough for her, who basically set up their first date, the guy who had married them, had again been the biggest Charah fan [™] (Morgan's trademark pending). He went to the beach and told her their story. They laughed, they cried, and Chuck, knowing he was heartwarming her again, told her their bearded friend's thought. That one kiss, one magical kiss could return the memories. She told him to kiss her, and he did. It was magical, it was full of promise, of desire, but the most important thing there was a touch of love, and hope.

It hadn't worked quite the way Morgan thought. As they returned to Echo Park and Morgan celebrated, Chuck gently told him the kiss didn't work. They were both shocked, when Sarah grabbed Morgan, hugged him for all he was worth and thanked him for believing in her, in Chuck, and in them. She moved in, Chuck moved to the spare bedroom, and they slowly began to try to figure out how to fix the mess they were in. Ellie came back from Chicago and began to run tests. Chuck...well, he had his own plans.

She had agreed to stay and to give it time, real time. They had agreed to take it slow, but after a few days, Chuck knew that wasn't happening. Sarah was different than five years ago. Just seeing the memories of herself, seeing how different her life was, the life she could have that she always wanted, had already opened her heart and kept down the walls she had built. Chuck told her the second night about Molly and Emma, and the tears that fell down her face told Chuck, somewhere deep inside, she was in there, and he was going to find her, because they both knew, even if she couldn't admit it right now, that they were each other's home.

They visited with Emma and Molly the next day and while no memories came back, when Emma told Sarah everything Chuck had done, she walked over and hugged him, kissed him on the cheek, and whispered, "Thank you," in his ear. When he whispered back, "You're welcome," into her ear, he felt her shiver. She pulled away, and looked into his eyes. Chuck couldn't help but grin, seeing the look on her face. She was there, his Sarah, the one that gave him that look. That look that was just for him and no one else. Chuck knew it was a matter of when, and not if. He didn't know if the memories would ever return, but he knew it didn't matter, and he began to treat each day as just

that, a new day.

When he asked what she wanted to do the next morning, she told him it didn't matter, to let him take her wherever. They hopped in the car and he took her down to San Diego. They checked into a hotel (separate beds) and they went to the pier to enjoy the beauty and sunset. They talked about everything. They observed people, had fun, and laughed. Chuck told her stories, not of them, but of his past, that he didn't think he had ever told. He told her things his friends did, he answered any questions she had, and at the end of the day, they both had a smile on their face. That night Chuck laid in his bed after Sarah came out of the shower. She crawled up beside him and hugged him. She scooted into him like she had done so many times in the past, and he just held her, stroking her hair, while they chatted softly, but mostly enjoyed each other's company.

The next morning found them in the same position, having fallen asleep that way. Sarah woke first and wondered where the panic was. Where was the fear she should have, because there was none, and what was there, was absolute content. When he opened his eyes and saw her looking at him, he knew Operation Heart Warmed was proceeding better than he could ever hope. She told him she didn't think it was fair that he didn't get to sleep in his own room at home. He asked her if she wanted to switch and she shyly shook her head, and suggested maybe he should be in there with her. He replied that would probably be best since he had the Intersect and needed to be protected still. She gave him a smile, got up, went to the bathroom door, looked at him, and told him she would protect him, Intersect or no.

They got ready, but before they left, a tentative hand stopped him. She handed him her engagement and wedding ring and asked him if he would help her put them on. He asked her if she was sure, and she looked right in his eye, and said she was. He slid them on, one after the other, and held her hand for a second afterwards. He looked her in the eye, and told her he loved her. He told her she needed to know that, and he didn't expect anything. She moved her hands around him, and told him, she wasn't going anywhere, and pulled him in for a kiss. Chuck thought if he had forgotten any memories he would have remembered all of them.

They spent that day at SeaWorld, and the next at the Zoo. They looked, and acted like a young married couple just enjoying each other's company. The night after SeaWorld, Sarah got into bed with Chuck and asked him about birth control. He sputtered and stammered, taken completely off guard with that one. He told her about their talk about kids and what steps they had taken. She nodded, never said a word, opened the nightstand drawer and tossed him a box, smirking. Chuck asked if she was sure. She never answered, but her attacking him after made it pretty clear. They headed back home the morning after the Zoo, and Sarah told him she had an amazing time, she just wished she could remember going there before. Chuck grinned and told her that was the first time they had ever gone there. She whipped her head around, and a slow grin started to grow.

She asked him why, and he said they needed to know they could make all the memories they wanted they just needed to be together. Sarah smiled, leaned back in her seat, and watched the miles pass by, as happy as he could ever remember herself being. When they got home, she pulled him into the bedroom, and asked him to help her unpack. They did...eventually.

The trip to Hawaii was their version of a second honeymoon, and when Sarah had found the waterfall that could be dove off of, she had done everything short of seduction to get Chuck to agree. He had, until he saw the fall itself, and his fear took over.

"Chuck," she said, wrapping her arms around him, looking in his eye, and watching him melt. "Do you trust me?" she asked. He grinned.

"Always."

"On three," she said, still holding him. "One, two, I love you, Chuck, three." They jumped together.