

Chuck vs The Little Mermaid

by David Carner

The kiss on the beach didn't work, but Morgan has one more idea, and he gets Molly involved. Rated D for diabetes inducing fluff.

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance

A/N: You ever have a crazy idea, and it won't go away...well since you've read my fics you know I do all the time. Yes, this is absolute pure unadulterated FLUFF. If you want anything else, just get out now....you're still here. You're as bad as I am. I give you Chuck vs The Little Mermaid, set post-finale.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, and I apologize for this song getting stuck in your head for the next several hours.

Morgan swore it would work, just one magical kiss and she'd remember everything. It didn't work, well not the way he thought. She didn't leave. She stayed because she felt something, but she refused to hurt him again, so she was being careful. She didn't want to get his hopes up and dash them. There was something there between them, but she was beginning to think that it wasn't enough. She didn't know if there was anything that would let his Sarah return, because she wasn't his Sarah, she was just Sarah. She huffed. She couldn't believe she had been talked into this. She was going to kill Morgan. First she got his hopes up about that stupid kiss, and now she had let him talk her and Chuck into babysitting Molly.

She was glad she had gotten to know Molly, and the relationship with Emma was better than she remembered. Of course Emma and Chuck had known it had been better, but she didn't. She looked over at him and felt her heart melt the way he was with Molly. Molly was acting more like Chuck and Sarah was her mom and dad and not her sister and brother-in-law. She paused. Technically she was Chuck's in-law. For now. Maybe, maybe it was time to give this up. She was never going to remember.

"You know the thing about this movie I love is how the Prince falls in love with Ariel," Morgan said from the other couch where he sat with Alex. She swore that Alex and Morgan were up to something, but she didn't know what. "He doesn't know her past, he doesn't even know anything about her, he just follows his heart and falls for her." Chuck looked at Sarah, and she couldn't help but have an amused smile. This was all Morgan's doing, and it was obvious, Chuck had no clue.

"He's not being subtle or anything," Chuck muttered to Sarah. Molly took Chuck's hand and Sarah's hand and put them together. Chuck and Sarah both looked down at her.

"See, you're just like the Prince and Ariel," Molly said. Chuck and Sarah looked up at each other. Good grief, they had gotten the kid in on it too. "Alex, I need to go the bathroom," Molly announced. Alex hopped up to take her. Chuck closed his eyes. Molly turned toward them. "You two need to sit closer together." Sarah started to argue, but what was the point? She knew how this would end, so she moved over beside Chuck. Molly smiled and nodded. "Now, Chuck, put your arm around her." Chuck started to say something.

"Just do it, she'll win in the end," Sarah whispered to him. Chuck grinned and put his arm around her, and she snuggled against him, surprising Chuck, but telling herself she was doing this before Molly could say anything. It was extremely comfortable, and in fact, she felt rather safe. Morgan hopped up and excused himself saying he needed to take care of something at the apartment. He left, and the two of them were left alone. She looked at Chuck, and horror was on his face. "What?"

"It's this scene," Chuck said, nodding to the movie. "They aren't even being slick."

She sat there and watched the scene unfold, and she couldn't help but laugh. Everyone around them was trying to get the Prince to kiss Ariel. A kiss wasn't the problem. The man could kiss, she knew that. No, her problem was simple, what happens after?

"You know, the thing I like about this movie, is they work together to fix things, the terrible deal that happened to her," Chuck said. "You know I really don't care if you ever get your memory back, I just want you to be happy."

“But how can I be happy if I’m not the woman you remember?” she blurted out. AW crap! How did he do that to me? How does he always get me to tell him things? He breaks down all my barriers, what was it about him? She watched the animals on the screen sing about how he should kiss the girl. She knew what it was, she was just scared. Chuck looked at her, and smiled.

“Because you are her, you always have been, and you always will be,” Chuck replied shrugging. “Just because you don’t remember things doesn’t mean they didn’t happen and didn’t affect you. Just because you don’t remember actual events that happened with people doesn’t mean you don’t feel it,” he lightly touched her where her heart was. “In here. Sarah, you are you.” Sarah blinked. Chuck gave her a sad smile, squeezed her hand, and turned back to the TV.

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A few hours later, a depressed Morgan left. Nothing had gone the way he planned. Molly had fallen asleep right in the middle of Sarah’s bed, and Sarah wasn’t about to fight the six-year-old. Besides, you never really share a bed with a child, you just take whatever scraps they dole out. Chuck had gone to couch, without a grumble, before Sarah could say a word. She hunted around his room until she found the song she wanted on his playlist, put it on pause, and went to the living room door.

“Chuck, please come in here, it’s not like I haven’t slept with you before, just because I don’t remember it,” she said with a smirk. She couldn’t see him well because it was dark, but she knew he blushed all the way to his roots. She turned around and headed back into the bedroom. She wasn’t sure if he would follow, because she was only wearing one of his button ups and she was well aware of what her legs did to him in one even if she didn’t remember.

“That’s funny, Sarah,” Chuck said entering the room, and he paused. She had hit play, and it was the song from the movie, Kiss the Girl. Chuck was confused.

“What’s wrong, Chuck?” she asked.

“Uh, well, erm, you see,” Chuck stuttered.

“You know, I’ve been thinking,” she said, starting towards him. “I feel things, but I don’t remember.” Chuck nodded. “But it seems apparent to everyone that we’re together and all I can see is I’m not ‘her’. But if you love me, and I love you, what does it matter, right?”

“Sarah, did you just say you love me?” Chuck asked, making sure this was real.

“Chuck, what’s wrong, I know I’ve said it before,” she answered with a smirk. She stopped and listened.

“Sarah, are you saying,” he began.

“Chuck, shut up and go on and kiss the girl,” she said. And he did.

A/N: ABSOLUTE PURE SAP AND FLUFF....I’m not even sorry...til next time...hope you enjoyed it!