

Sharing

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Sharing

by [KnightAniNaberrie](#)

Summary

“You are wearing my robe.”

He looked down, appearing to notice for the first time the black satiny garment that was definitely a little short for him.

“Huh. Guess I am.”

Notes

Day 20! So I did not get to the longer prompts (yet), nor did I get the chance to make this one longer. Oops.

“Isn’t that mine?”

“Maybe.”

The first time the exchange occurs, Steve is only just back from the sort-of-but-not-really dead, and they’re wearing each other’s watches.

By the fourth time, they no longer comment on it, just share a smile, a brief touch, and go about their days.

After a dozen or so times, it becomes such a natural occurrence they hardly seem to notice.

But they shared more than watches.

“Oh, I love your jacket! Where’s it from?”

Diana looked up from the computer screen, tuning into the presence of her bubbly colleague a second too late to catch what she said.

“I’m sorry?”

“Your jacket! Where did you get it?” Aimee moved a step closer, reaching out a hand to rub a thumb across Diana’s jacket sleeve.

No, not hers. Steve’s.

“A friend,” she said, though something must have shown on her face, because the other woman’s eyes brightened and she clapped her hands together with a knowing smile.

“With a look like that? That’s more than a friend, honey.”

Despite her tendency to not share details of her personal life at work, Diana figured she could give the excited woman this much.

“Definitely more than a friend.”

Something was off about the world that day, almost as if everything was discolored, and not in the way Steve was used to from his sunglasses. Whereas they usually left things with a brown hue, everything was a little darker, and somehow more pink.

For a while, he just ignored it, but eventually curiosity got the better of him, and he pulled the glasses off, thinking maybe something had gotten on the lenses.

There was nothing on the lenses, but then again, these glasses weren’t brown, either.

He had grabbed Diana's sunglasses instead of his own.

At least the purple tint the world had taken on wasn't just his imagination.

"Chinese?"

It was a Saturday night, and they had elected to camp out on the couch. The intention was to choose a new tv show to start, but all they'd managed so far was to agree on what they didn't want to watch, not what they did.

And what went better with mindlessly scrolling through tv listings than food?

"Definitely Chinese."

The nearest phone was on the coffee table, and Diana leaned forward and grabbed it without a second thought, tapping into the app for a local 24 hour place.

"The usual?"

"Sounds good to me."

Everything was already saved to the app, their most frequently ordered items accessible with only a click or two. After she hit order, the phone vibrated with a text, a notification bar at the top reading out Thank you for your order, Steve. . .

"They'll text you when they get here," she said, passing him what was apparently his phone.

Eventually they settled on something, though it was a show they'd seen before rather than anything new.

When the arrival message came about half an hour later, followed soon after by a knock on the door, Steve rolled off the couch to greet the delivery person who, from Diana's quick glance, looked to be a young man in his late teens or early twenties. They exchanged a few words too quiet for her to hear, and then the door clicked shut

"That was interesting," he said, sitting the bags down on the table and falling back onto the couch beside her.

"What was?"

"All he said was 'nice, dude.' What's nice?"

Diana glanced around the apartment, trying to find anything that might have stood out to the delivery man, her gaze continuously drifting back to Steve. Something was nagging at her. She gave up on looking around, focusing on him instead. A moment later it clicked.

"You are wearing my robe."

He looked down, appearing to notice for the first time the black satiny garment that was definitely a little short for him.

“Huh. Guess I am.”

“I like it,” she couldn’t help but add.

“I think I could get used to it myself.”

(Spoiler alert: both were already used to it.)

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