

If I Ever Fall Apart

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29606601) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29606601>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Wonder Woman (Movies - Jenkins) , Wonder Woman - All Media Types
Relationships:	Diana (Wonder Woman)/Steve Trevor , Diana (Wonder Woman) & Steve Trevor
Characters:	Diana (Wonder Woman) , Steve Trevor
Additional Tags:	Missing Scene , Fluff , Hurt/Comfort , Sharing a Bed , wondertrev
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-21 Words: 2,699 Chapters: 1/1

If I Ever Fall Apart

by [Monisse](#)

Summary

Tomorrow they would start the journey to the Western Front, with a long road ahead among death and sorrow, where hope could seldom be found. But for tonight, Steve allowed himself a selfish moment to enjoy the warmth of their bodies and the relentless hope Diana had in mankind.

Missing scene from the Wonder Woman 2017 movie.

Notes

How do I know my life is about to reach peak stress? It's when I get a spark of inspiration for a story that won't leave me alone until it's written, regardless if I have time or not.

Although I'm a long time fan of Wonder Woman I have always been too scared to write a story for this fandom, but it's done now and I'm proud of the result.

This one is a different take on a familiar missing scene from the movie, inspired by another story that made a lasting impression on my subconscious.

Please enjoy and be kind to it.

They left the pub late, the streets of London already deserted by then, and their steps were the only sounds echoing across the cobble stones on the short walk to his apartment. The harsh wind was filled with scents Diana had never experienced before. It whipped at her cheeks relentlessly and despite being fairly impervious to cold, she inched closer to Steve and felt the familiar weight of his hand on her back.

When Steve opened the door to his apartment, the stale air immediately invaded his nostrils as a reminder that he had been away for quite a long time. The light he switched on was enough to illuminate the main room, small as it was, then he allowed Diana to enter and closed the door behind her.

She stood in the middle of the room which was scantily furnished. Even though the apartment expanded into a kitchen and an even smaller room with a bathroom, she wondered how the people in this world could ever live comfortably in such a small space, and in a crowded city with absolute lack of natural green.

“This whole apartment probably fits inside your own bedroom in Themyscira,” he said with a nervous chuckle.

Diana nodded absently, entirely too distracted by the bits and pieces of his life, her attention captured by the objects laying haphazardly on a table. Everything was new and exciting all at once, and the desire to learn by touch was more vivid than ever.

Ever since she met Steve, her mind had been rapidly expanding with knowledge that the thousands of books in the library of Themyscira could never fully provide.

This table was a world in itself, his own private world, and as interesting to her as the foreign one outside the window.

Not one used to ask for permission, Diana reached forward and her fingers brushed over surprisingly realistic portraits with the smiling faces of a man and a woman that vaguely resembled him. Despite feeling his eyes on her, curiosity dared her to flip through the books and maps, the nearly hidden pen under a pile of papers with what she assumed was his handwriting, the long-forgotten cup of tea that contained more dust than anything else.

Besides the small collection of items, the rest of the apartment seemed devoid of a true sense of belonging, unlike a proper home, and she wondered if he ever felt lonely in this place.

“I will sleep on the couch and you can take the bed,” Steve said after clearing his throat, already discarding the coat and arranging a pillow and blanket on the couch. When Diana opened her mouth to object, he continued with raised hands, “and please don’t fight me on this. Etta already left your things in the bedroom.”

Diana bit her lip and nodded silently. She noticed the lines of exhaustion hatched deep in his face, his eyes had acquired a pale shade in the last few hours and she was suddenly unwilling to press the matter any further. She followed the direction he pointed and entered the other room where a bed occupied most of the space.

It was only when her head touched the pillow, that she acknowledged the faint traces of fatigue. It had been a long journey since they left the island, and she was more than eager to release her body and mind to much rest.

A strangled sound cut the silence a while later, nearly imperceptibly at first, but growing in intensity as time went on. It filtered through her ears and invaded her mind. Diana sat upright in the bed, immediately alert but not yet entirely aware of her surroundings, the realization that she was still in his apartment lagging slightly behind. By instinct, her hand closed tightly around the handle of the sword and she listened.

It was still night and the echoes of danger loomed outside the room, carried by the wind that lashed onto the window. But the sounds that woke her were not of nature, rather something eerie and more distressing.

The source of the sound laid on the couch and Diana stepped out of the bed to pad barefoot across the floor in its direction, the sword left behind. She observed, quite shocked, that Steve was tossing around the confined space of the couch with his eyes firmly shut. His face was contorted, there was air trapped in his lungs unable to escape and his fingers clawed at his throat. The blanket had landed on the floor, tossed aside by his restless movements.

Diana approached carefully, kneeled by the couch and reached a hand toward his forehead. It was damp from unconscious exertion and she moved her fingers gently across his skin, mindful to not scare him.

“Steve?” she called in an attempt to release him from the grip of whatever torment had held onto his mind.

He tensed altogether, muscles stiff for a split second, then his body was in motion again when he rose slightly from the couch, this time fully awake. His eyes were wide and unfocused in the dim light, and in them Diana saw fear swirl in the deep pool of blue accompanied by the ghosts of images still alive in his mind.

Now that he was awake, his lungs captured copious amounts of air as if he had been deprived of it for a long time while frantically looking around to distinguish dream from reality. His eyes landed on her and she saw the previous panic ebb away, if only for the moment.

Steve moved to a sitting position and she followed the motion with her hands as if to catch him should he fall.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you.” he said quietly while his hands travelled nervously through his hair, tossing it in all directions, before resting on his face. He sat there, with sunken shoulders and slightly bent forward.

“It’s alright. You were having a nightmare and it sounded terrible.”

“Yeah, for a change.” Steve offered sarcastically, the words muffled by his hands. He dropped them and looked at her.

Diana tilted her head in the way he came to understand meant she had missed the tone of his words, her almost child-like innocence sobered him immediately.

He was vulnerable in that moment, more exposed under her gaze than when he had been completely naked in front of her. Yet, to his surprise, he did not feel ashamed, for Diana looked at him with no trace of pity, only with genuine kindness.

The moonlight that slipped through the curtains played across her face in tricks of light and shadow, both softening and sharpening her features, most accurately reflecting her own self. Steve had yet to see her full warrior potential, but if her fellow Amazons were any indication or even that encounter in the alley, he was sure she was equally as deadly. And even containing all that lethal power, she still seemed to have a special type of gentleness in her, one that softened the edges of a warfare attitude.

“Are you alright?” Diana asked, voice filled with concern.

She kept staring at him openly as if attempting to extract the deepest secrets of his soul, which he feared she might easily succeed should he allow himself a moment of distraction.

“I will be.” he finally said with a tentative smile and her own smile in return wrapped around him like a blanket, soothing his mind and chasing away the last remnants of the nightmare.

It was then that Steve noticed she was only wearing a nightgown, most likely lent by Etta when she brought their belongings back to the apartment after their shopping spree and a quick detour for a back alley fight. The curved silhouette of her body was visible through the delicate material even in the dim light of the room. Conflicting emotions coursed through his mind and not for the first time in her presence, he recognised overwhelming desire among them. He cleared his throat, somewhat embarrassed by the path his mind decided to take.

Steve moved his head around tentatively as a distraction, the muscles on his neck were still tight, both from the cramped sleeping position and the lasting impression left by the nightmare itself.

“You must be very uncomfortable in here. Come sleep in the bed, Steve.” she insisted.

“No, Diana, I shouldn’t.”

“Is it the marriage problem again? We...”

Steve grunted under his breath, effectively cutting her argument again. “Please don’t say that we’ve already slept together.”

He saw the corner of her lips curve into a smile, this time not missing the implication behind his words. Then she pulled at his hands even before he could refuse again. “You will sleep better in there, yes?”

He truly doubted that statement, not for the lack of comfort of the bed itself, but because it would include the most beautiful and powerful woman he ever met. Steve was scared to even entertain the thought of something more beyond their partnership forged by war, no matter

how much the tip of his fingers tingled with yearning to touch her. Those treacherous thoughts of a future to be lived in times of peace would certainly be his descent into madness.

But Steve was exhausted beyond measure and had lost track of the last time he slept properly. So, when Diana tugged his hands again, this time more forcefully, he capitulated and rose slowly from the couch, allowing her to guide him to his own bed.

Steve slipped between the sheets as she did as well and the bedframe groaned under their weight.

Only a few inches of white linen separated them, though it felt like an excruciatingly large expanse of land that should remain uncrossed, both for the sake of his own sanity and his mother's lessons about respect. Steve remained still, with his back against the lumpy mattress, eyes trained on the imperfections of the ceiling and utterly aware of her gaze on him.

Regardless of the stillness in the room, his heart beat wildly and blood ponded so loud in his ears that he was sure Diana would be able to hear.

The heat of her body slipped deep into his skin, all the way into the bones, and for a second, Steve realized that the gelid claws of war had gripped him for so long that he could barely remember the last time he felt this warm.

"Do you want to tell me about it? I will listen." she said to his silent form, her voice barely above a whisper.

Steve hesitated, unable to find words to accurately describe the horrors of war, particularly the ones he had been an active part of, which had carved a dark place deep within his soul that could never be erased. Neither did he want to press further terrors upon her, he had done plenty of that since he literally fell from the sky and brought the corruption of his world into her untouched paradise. Soon enough Diana would see for herself, but Steve wanted to preserve her untainted view of his world for as long as he could, so he remained silent.

Her body inched closer to his, pushing the invisible boundary between them and almost imperceptibly so, and he might have missed it if not for the fact that he became acutely in tune with her presence ever since they met.

Steve turned his head to look at Diana. Her eyes were large in the faint moonlight, framed by long, dark lashes. For a brief moment, he thought that she might not have needed the Lasso after all. Her eyes were always filled with a blend of strength and curiosity that made her seek answers, and that sure would be enough to compel the truth out of any man, most certainly out of him.

And despite himself, the words formed in his lips and disturbed the fragile peace of the night.

"I was locked in one of Dr. Maru's chambers, one of those I watched her use on other people every day. The gas was spreading on the space around me, rising slowly from the floor and filling my lungs. I couldn't breathe, no matter how hard I tried. It felt like an eternity until I

could breathe no more.” It had been a dream, one based on observation alone, thought even just repeating such horror out loud sent a shiver through his body.

There was a rustle in the sheets and her hand landed on his chest right above the heart, reassuring and carrying the weight of her next words.

“I won't let that happen to you Steve, or to anyone else. Trust me, I will end this war.”

Her touch was sure, devoid of hesitation or the constraints of what was considered proper, as Diana remained oblivious of the rules designed by his society to keep both man and women in their respective places. After all, propriety between them started to be cast aside in the deep caves that reflected that impossibly blue water on his naked body.

His hand covered hers, trapping it between his palm and heartbeat, and the feeling was surprisingly more familiar and real than anything else that surrounded him.

The certainty of her promise took him by surprise. *And a promise is unbreakable*, his memory supplied.

Steve had come to learn that Diana harboured an immensity of hope inside, which was a concept he nearly forgot. Yet, it poured out of her so unapologetically that, at times, was almost tangible. He wondered when he had lost it, that sense of confidence that made him feel like anything was possible, that he could actually make a difference. Turns out, he was nothing but a single drop in the ocean of the down fall of mankind, drowning in senseless violence and playing in a twisted political chess that cared little about the small pieces of the game. Steve often felt as if he was constantly pushing against a wall that would never budge, no matter what he did. But he kept trying nonetheless.

Steve appreciated her sentiment, but more than anything, he appreciated her presence far beyond the guilt he felt for having taken her, albeit willingly, out of the comfort of peace and bringing her to the very center of chaos, even though they desperately needed her kind of strength and determination.

Tomorrow they would start the journey to the Western Front, with a long road ahead among death and sorrow, where hope could seldom be found.

“We have a long day tomorrow, try to rest.” he said, not moving his hand away from hers, and his thumb dared to caress her skin in small circular motions.

Diana did not attempt to move her hand either and instead tugged the other hand under her chin out of habit.

“Goodnight, Steve Trevor.”

A smile played on his lips as he closed his eyes. “Sleep well, Diana.”

“Prince.” she murmured so softly he almost missed it.

Diana *Prince*. The name was woven by her lips in such a delicate manner that she might as well just have stitched it permanently on the surface of his heart. When Steve turned towards

her again, she had already slipped into what he hoped were pleasant dreams of beaches and endless blue water that blended seamlessly with the sky. Her features were relaxed, her breathing even, her hand still above his heart.

Steve had given her that name in the split of a second, ever the quick thinker under pressure, and had not thought much of it since then. But Diana seemed to have latched onto it, easily absorbing the name into her own identity in his world, and it made him smile again.

The war and the rest of the world could wait until tomorrow to chip away another layer of his humanity, as it inevitably would, but for now he allowed himself a selfish moment to enjoy the warmth of their bodies and the relentless hope she had in mankind.

In that moment, shielded by quiet of the night, Steve could almost believe Diana would indeed save them all.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!