

## One for you (you for me)

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# One for you (you for me)

by [KnightAniNaberrie](#)

## Summary

“Where is yours?”

It seems she’s not the only one tuning out a bit tonight, with the way his head snaps in her direction, the blank stare remaining for a moment more before he seems to properly process her question. “Oh, they ran out.”

## Notes

Day 21! That means I’ve kept this up for THREE WHOLE WEEKS. We’re on the home stretch here, folks.

Diana doesn't often let her mind wander, not the way she did many years ago. But there are exceptions, here and there, when things feel calm, and particularly when there is someone else around she trusts to maintain awareness. That list of people is very, very small.

Nevertheless, tonight was one of those times. It wasn't that she was paying no attention, more that there was a certain mental lull created by the steady stream of cars passing on the street, the click of their shoes along the sidewalk, and the consistent warmth of a body pressed close to her side.

So when Steve points off to their left with a soft "hey, ice cream stand," it takes her a moment to fully realize that they're already walking towards it.

When a cone appears in front of her nose, she wastes no time, digging in as he leads her towards a bench. She makes it about a third of a cone deep before she looks over at Steve.

Sipping a cup of water, gaze fixed on some unknown point in the distance, with no ice cream in sight.

"Where is yours?"

It seems she's not the only one tuning out a bit tonight, with the way his head snaps in her direction, the blank stare remaining for a moment more before he seems to properly process her question. "Oh, they ran out."

She could not have heard that right. "The cart that sells ice cream and only ice cream, ran out of ice cream?"

"They were closing when we showed up," he says, taking another sip of the water, and alright maybe that much makes sense, but...

"Why did you not tell me?" Even if they weren't inches apart looking directly at one another, she was fairly certain the subtle dismay would be clear in her voice.

But all he does is shrug, and give her hand a little squeeze, and say "you have a cone, and I have you."

He says it like it's the only thing in the world that makes sense, like there was no other way the events could play out. There's no hints of embarrassment or teasing, just a casual, blunt statement of fact.

Well, two can play that game.

She takes the cup, depositing the partially eaten cone in his now empty hand and taking a drink to hide a smirk.

"Now you have a cone, and I have you."

He looks between her and the cone, one eyebrow raised in amusement.

“Well, that’s neat.”

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