

## Power Outage

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29650155) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29650155>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Wonder Woman (Movies - Jenkins)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Diana (Wonder Woman)/Steve Trevor</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Diana (Wonder Woman)</a> , <a href="#">Steve Trevor</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Power Outage</a> , <a href="#">Reading</a> , <a href="#">Clouds</a> , <a href="#">enjoying some peace and quiet</a> , <a href="#">wondertrev</a> , <a href="#">fluffy february</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 22 of <a href="#">Fluffy February</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-23 Words: 444 Chapters: 1/1

# Power Outage

by [KnightAniNaberrie](#)

## Summary

Maybe they were on opposite sides of the room, but there was a certain closeness brought on from sharing a space in a peace that somehow would have felt wrong to break with unnecessary words or movement.

## Notes

Day 22! This has more the vibe of something I'd do for one of my classes. Also, I have no idea how often cities may or may not lose power (I live in the woods, so I'm intimately familiar with outages), but I figure a building being off for an hour or so probably isn't unheard of.

For the first time since Steve found himself in 2017, the apartment was silent. The low hum that usually emanated from the fridge, the ventilation system, practically everything that had been invented or improved in the last 100 years had ceased to function a little over an hour ago, taking with it the lights and the heating.

The power was out, and it was simultaneously relieving and frustrating.

From the way Diana kept habitually reaching for a switch here or there that currently would not do anything, he was not the only one to think so.

Neither of them had grown up with the vast conveniences the 21st century had to offer, but after encountering them day in and day out, incorporating buttons and switches and touchscreens and a wide variety of notification and operating noises into average life, the sudden stark lack of most of them was a little unsettling.

There was a stillness to the quiet. Every so often the distant blare of a car horn on the street below would remind them there was a world still carrying on outside, undisturbed and untouched by the outage. But, as far as their building was concerned, there were no vacuums sucking dirt out of carpets, no tv's or stereo systems playing just a hair too loud. A group of kids had gone running through the stairwell towards the beginning, but since then all that could be heard was the two of them.

Diana had pulled a chair over next to the window, a worn book in her lap being illuminated by the sunlight that only occasionally managed to slip between the clouds. Steve had settled in on the couch, alternating between watching the clouds float by and watching Diana read and closing his eyes and thinking how odd it was to find silence strange.

Strange, and intimate. Every breath, every turning of a page or shifting in a seat was highlighted by the lack of anything else. Maybe they were on opposite sides of the room, but there was a certain closeness brought on from sharing a space in a peace that somehow would have felt wrong to break with unnecessary words or movement.

And then there came a click, and an almost palpable rush as the lights popped back on. The fridge resumed it's typical hum, a fan in the laptop whirled to life, and the vents blasted out not quite yet warm air. Both the stove and the microwave blinked four zeros, the clocks not aware of the time that had passed.

Diana closed her book, standing and placing it on the stool behind her.

The silence had passed.

“Lunch?”

“Sure.”

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