

Flying

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29693076) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29693076>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Wonder Woman (Movies - Jenkins)
Relationship:	Diana (Wonder Woman)/Steve Trevor
Characters:	Steve Trevor , Diana (Wonder Woman)
Additional Tags:	Flying , they go flying , but Diana style , oh look I threw in some kissing in the rain too , wondertrev , fluffy february
Language:	English
Series:	Part 24 of Fluffy February
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-25 Words: 611 Chapters: 1/1

Flying

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Summary

He only just manages to get his legs around her as well, and then they're shooting up, up, until he's looking at the tops of buildings getting increasingly smaller beneath them and *oh*, maybe he isn't in control but a plane could never come near this feeling.

OR; Diana takes Steve for a flight.

Notes

Day 24! This is the final stretch, folks. Only four more to go!

“Bride or backpack?”

He shouldn't have mentioned it, he should *not* have mentioned it.

Steve, in all his infinite wisdom, just had to make a half-hearted joke asking when Diana would let him experience her kind of flying, not expecting much from it other than a look or maybe a similarly lighthearted rebuttal. If he really tried to convince himself, he could take her words in a teasing manner, but sadly (or luckily?) for him, he knew better.

The words may have been somewhat humorous, but her tone was dead serious.

“I didn't mean let's do it *today*.”

“That does not answer my question.” And she's already heading out to the balcony, discarding her phone and her jacket along the way, and dammit if he isn't following right behind her, caught somewhere between anticipation and disbelief.

“You're serious?”

“Were you not?”

In lieu of a response, he gives her shoulder a nudge, waiting until she is facing away from him to wrap his arms around her shoulders from behind.

“Think you can hold on?”

“Yes.” She twists around enough for him to see her raise an eyebrow in a challenge, he's sure, and he amends his statement. “In most scenarios.”

“If you insist.”

And that is all the warning he gets before she takes two steps forward and yeets them off the balcony. He only just manages to get his legs around her as well, and then they're shooting up, up, until he's looking at the tops of buildings getting increasingly smaller beneath them and *oh*, maybe he isn't in control but a plane could never come near this feeling.

She stops, just long enough to run a finger along his forearm, and for him to release a shaking laugh of a breath. There's no way she can't feel his heart slamming against his ribcage, but she doesn't acknowledge it, not beyond a gentle tap on the wrist and a purposefully slow angling to a more horizontal position to let him know they'll be moving again.

Though he is slightly more prepared this time around, it still is hard to maintain any train of thought beyond the sensory input of the cool rush of wind, the streak of lights below, and the seemingly endless warmth of Diana. He knows he's not paying nearly as much attention as he probably should be, but he doesn't dwell on it too long. If he misses a sight or a view, they'll more than likely do this again, and if he's certain of anything in this world, it's that Diana would never let him fall.

The next time she stops, they're far enough out on the outskirts of the city to be able to linger in the air with less concern over being seen, though it is always there. The clouds he had ended up a bit closer to than usual had decided to let loose, a few drops of rain beginning to fall down around them.

Rain. And Diana had no jacket, and Steve's sure as hell wasn't enough for this. Suddenly the flight back home seemed it would be a little more complicated - and slippery.

"There is one problem with this."

Only one? He wants to say, but all that comes out is an undignified yelp as Diana suddenly flips, pulling him into her arms so they're nose to nose without ever letting go. Her eyes linger on his for a moment, gaze flicking down to his lips once, twice, then they're kissing miles above a city half asleep and Steve has no idea how this is his life, but he wouldn't trade it for anything.

"Problem solved."

He forgets about the rain.

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