

To Us!

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To Us!

by [strangeallure](#)

Summary

The Wonder Men celebrate their survival after they've stopped General Ludendorff's plans and Diana has defeated Ares.

Notes

Today I've made a collage with three beautiful paintings of Esther and three very pretty photos of Gal Gadot.

I hope you enjoy this continuation of Steve and Diana's story!



“I still can’t believe we made it.” Sameer shakes his head and blinks against the late morning sunlight streaming in through the windows of the small pub. They fought all night. They won and they survived. They deserve this, no matter the time of day.

“To us!” he says, toasting around the table.

Diana raises her metal cup of cheap vodka diluted with water and takes a good look at each of them, this motley crew of men who have become her friends, her allies; one of them becoming so much more.

Every single one of them looks worse for wear. Charlie's arm is splinted. The side of Chief's face is dotted with black spots where metal debris burrowed into his skin. Half of Sameer's hair was singed off, gauze hiding the burn marks on his neck and shoulders. And Steve, whose leg is pressed against hers, whose hand rests on her thigh, has at least two cracked ribs, a sprained wrist and ankle, and small cuts all over his hands and face. He might be the most beautiful thing she's ever seen.

"To us!" she agrees and takes a drink. It stings her throat on its way down in a way Diana's come to enjoy.

"You know what's my favorite kind of suicide mission?" Charlie asks, suppressing a smirk. "The one where you come back."

They all laugh, more raucously than the joke warrants, but it's as good an outlet as any to burn off some of the residual energy from this awful, victorious night.

It doesn't take too long for Diana to notice that Steve is quieter than he usually is, and she instinctively knows that it's not about his physical wounds. He's smiling, but there's something in his eyes she can't quite make sense of.

Soon, Charlie gets up and starts singing a cheerful song, drawing a smattering of cheers from the people around them. Some patrons are joining in as he belts out melodies everyone seems familiar with. There's still so much she has to learn, Diana thinks with a smile.

When Chief and Sameer leave the table in search of more alcohol and some food to soak it all up, Diana turns towards Steve, leaning in so close her nose almost touches his.

"What's wrong?" she asks gently.

"Nothing," Steve says, a pensive expression on his face.

"Steve," she insists, "something's not right. I can feel it."

He gives a half-shrug, his mouth pulling tight when the movement seems to agitate his cracked ribs. "It's just that-" he swallows, "I should be dead. I knew I was about to die. And then you saved me, and I didn't."

She doesn't understand. "But that's a good thing, Steve."

He huffs a laugh that's cut short by a brief flicker of pain across his features. "Yes," he nods, "it's good. It's very good." He takes her hand in his, brings it to his mouth and kisses the back of it. "Thank you," he whispers against her knuckles.

After a moment he adds, "I know it's crazy, but it feels like-" He falters, tries again. "It's just that I had made my peace with dying for what I believe in, for what *you* believe in. And then you risked everything just to save me. If Ares had used the time you wasted on me to defeat

you-” His eyes shine and his lips are parted to make a sound that won’t come. “I could never forgive myself if he’d gotten to you. I’m a liability. I distracted you from what’s truly important. And I hate that.”

His words make no sense, but his distress is so real that Diana can’t laugh it off. “You’re wrong,” she says instead. “You’re not a distraction, Steve. You showed me why mankind is worth saving. You gave me a purpose beyond fighting.” There’s pressure behind her eyes, a tightness in the back of her throat. “You’re a source of strength. And saving people is never a waste of time. It’s a necessity. It’s why good wins over evil.” These are the tenets of her faith, this is why Diana left Themyscira behind for this strange new world. “We look out for each other. We care. We-” she exhales shakily. “We love.”

Steve’s big, soft lips curve in a smile that’s so open and vulnerable it makes Diana’s breath catch. “That we do,” he says quietly.

“When the doctors were tending to your wounds,” Diana tells him, “I found a room for us. Do you want to go there?”

“Of course,” Steve agrees instantly. “You deserve to rest.”

“I don’t want to rest,” she blurts out. “I want to kiss you again.” Just thinking of that night when they danced outside and snowflakes fell from the sky like magic makes Diana’s skin flush. She wants him to herself. She wants to taste his lips, explore his body and touch every inch of his skin to make sure the doctors didn’t miss a spot.

“Even better.” Steve’s smile is equal parts sweet and suggestive. Pushing himself up off the table with his good hand, he turns towards her and says, “Lead the way.”

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