Curiouser and Curiouser

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Curiouser and Curiouser

by BlueJay_Silvertongue
“But what is the purpose of a... sandbox?”

“Purpose?” Isabel Maru asks, pausing and squinting up at the goddess’ tall, shadowed figure. The blazing Themysciran sun is directly behind her, cutting into Isabel’s eyes, warming the soft piles of sand that she is spreading evenly to the box’s corners. Ofelia is playing off at the edge of the woods, digging in the dirt and singing to herself.

The evening after they moved into their new home, Isabel had surveyed the land surrounding the elegant building and declared that they would have a garden and a sandbox. Diana did not understand what she meant, but she complies obediently when Isabel orders her to bring up buckets and buckets of sand from the beach and dump them into the specific area that she had marked off with beams of wood.

“The purpose of a sandbox is to provide a child a place to... play in the sand?”

“But she can play in the sand on the beach.”

“Diana....”

A lesser human might have thrown down the heavy buckets of sand and flounced away- or possibly dumped them over the small woman in annoyance, but Diana is not lesser and she certainly is not human.

“No, explain it to me,” the goddess says with a laugh. Isabel sighs, then reaches out a gloved hand and pulls her down onto the sand next to her.

“Look. The edges are a boundary. She is safe inside, and she knows not to go outside, just as she knows not to go past those trees into the forest. She cannot be allowed to wander freely through the island until she is old enough to take care of herself, and understands to not run into the sea, or jump off a cliff- she is a child, Diana, she-” And then her voice breaks off abruptly as she stares at her confused wife- her confused wife who grew up as the only child on an island of immortal woman, and who never saw a baby until she was five thousand years old.

“She what?” Diana asks, her eyebrows drawing together. Isabel shakes her head, a wry smile curling the edge of her lip, then she reaches out and pulls her close, pressing a kiss onto her frowning mouth.

“It will be fine,” she murmurs. “It will be fine, do not worry.”

And Diana’s frown turns upwards as she kisses her back, apparently not worried anymore, and the sun is warm and the sand is soft, and Diana’s lips are sweet, and her hands are strong, and oh her touch makes Isabel shiver as her palms cup her shoulder blades, then slide down her back-
“Tía Isabel?”

Isabel pulls away abruptly, a hint of color creeping up over her unscarred cheek at the sound of her niece’s innocent voice.

“Yes?”

Ofelia looks confused, her face scrunches into an odd expression as she looks from Isabel to Diana, and back at Isabel. They stare back at her, then she says,

“I haf a question.”

Isabel subtly pushes Diana away, but the goddess—she and her shameless Amazon upbringing—looks completely unruffled. Isabel tries to brush the lingering embarrassment away with the rain of sand as she shakes out her clothes and rises to step over to her niece.

“What is it?” she asks, and she winces as her voice sounds unnecessarily sharp in her ears. But Ofelia seems unfazed as she reaches out and takes a hold of the edge of Isabel’s coat, her wide eyes looking around.

“What is your question?” Isabel repeats more gently, bending down and picking up the tiny girl. Ofelia curls up against her, and for a moment Isabel thinks she is never going to find out what this question was. But then she raises an arm and points at the forest with muddy fingers.

“What do worms eat?”

The first time Carmen brought Ofelia over to meet her aunt, Diana had been there. They had just returned from Geneva, and it was a fitting beginning for a new time: Diana was back, the Rif War was over, the Geneva Protocol had banned the use of chemical weapons, and there was a baby. Carmen had been delighted to meet this mysterious colleague of her sister-in-law’s, and both Diana and Isabel had fallen in love with the child at first sight.

But they never thought that one day, they would end up raising her.

The butler’s muffled scream cut through the air, leaving a frozen silence in its wake. Isabel’s brother stared at the door, and his wife stared across the table, both motionless.

But Isabel moved. She had killed more than enough men to recognize a scream of death, and she had enough time to make one move, one single motion. Perhaps it was some maternal instinct, or because Ofelia was sitting there on her lap, her warm, soft body cuddled against her own as Isabel tried to coax her to eat her vegetables; or perhaps it was because she was in her home, and in this building, in this room, she was Isabel Maru: lover, sister, aunt—she was not Dr. Poison here, not the most dangerous chemist known to humankind, at least not instinctively.

Pedro had been in the middle of a long speech about America, and how everything would be better there, in the wealthiest country in the world, a place where hard work was rewarded, and there was land and resources to be cultivated. Carmen was smiling, but there was a worry line above her brow. Because she understood that all of one’s problems did not go away when one changed the scenery, she understood that this young country could not possibly be as perfect and full of goodwill as her husband believed.

And then there was the scream.
In an instant, Isabel swept the girl off of her lap and into her toy box. Because she, being perhaps an overly indulgent aunt, had a toy box for her niece in her dining room. The girl yelped and the lid of the box slammed shut as she tumbled down amongst her stuffed animals.

Isabel didn’t even have time to lie to her and say, just be quiet, my sweet, it will be all right...

The dining room door broke in. They were here.

The Amazons ask as many clarifying questions about Ofelia’s parentage as they had asked Hippolyta of Diana’s; meaning, Isabel eventually gets sick of correcting people when they politely inquire after her daughter and gives up, letting them believe what they want.

The warriors openly adore the girl, anyway, and although she is certainly a quieter, dreamier child than Diana ever was, she is just as mischievous.

Isabel keeps a sharp eye on her niece, though, not sure of just how much of her parents’ murders she had heard while she crouched inside of her toy box. And the child does startle violently whenever she hears loud noises, and she refuses to sleep without her stuffed lamb, and she panics whenever she is in a tight, enclosed space. And, of course, she cries for her mother.

And at these moments, all Isabel can do is pull her into her arms, whisper to her that her mother is not here anymore, and can she please be brave? She doesn’t know what else to do- after all, she lost her own mother once, and no one had held her. Pedro had still been a baby himself, and her father had taken to spending less and less time in their silent house, and only came home to wander the empty halls like a ghost.

Sometimes Diana appears and reaches out to take the girl, holding her, singing quietly to her until her eyes are dry and she is smiling once more. And Isabel will never admit it, but she knows that Diana is a natural because she has had plenty of practice soothing emotional outbursts in the last three years...

But most days, Ofelia is happy as a toddler can be, and delights in wandering through the woods, making friends with the scurrying animals and bugs and trees, or chasing waves on the beach, trailing her hands in the colorful tide pools, or charming the Amazons at the market or the palace.

Once, when flying with an imaginary dragon, the girl leaps off of the edge of the wall overlooking the training fields, apparently not aware just how far the ground below actually is, and Diana turns as if in a dream, watching as the girl’s laughing face turns into a mask of surprise- and then she has leapt across the field like the warrior and goddess she is, and the child lands snug in her arms. For a moment they look at each other, Diana’s brow furrowed, her heart pounding out of her chest, and the girl glances down at the ground, then looks slowly up at her aunt, a sheepish, innocent smile on her face.

“...h- hello, Diana… how are you today?”

And Diana sighs. When they return to the field, Hippolyta is smirking at her, smug self-satisfaction written all over her proud features. Diana pointedly avoids looking in her direction, but Menalippe smiles softly and claps her niece’s shoulder before taking Ofelia from her arms.

“Come, child, let us see where you left your tutor.”

“I did not leave, it is playtime,” the girl is insisting as Menalippe carries her away. Diana picks up her sword from where she dropped it onto the field and glances around at the sound of a laugh. Hippolyta is standing before her.
“I am not going to apologize,” Diana says, frowning.

“I am not asking you to apologize,” Hippolyta says, her voice still heavy with amusement. “It has simply been so long… I have never forgotten how curious a child can be.”

The Queen raises her own sword and mother and daughter spar briefly before stepping apart to circle each other once more.

“Stay here. On the island. Do not raise that child in the world of man, Diana… not now. Not yet,” Hippolyta says, the humor finally leaving her voice.

“This is not their home, their people,” Diana says, parrying Hippolyta’s thrust easily.

“What pride is there in being from the world of mankind?” Hippolyta scoffs, jabbing forward abruptly, forcing Diana to leap aside.

“They take great pride in their heritage.”

“Teach her, then. Your lover is intelligent.”

“Her name is Isabel.”

“I know what her name is, Diana- must you take everything as an insult?” Hippolyta sighs, twisting her wrist expertly to parry the rain of blows that her daughter has unleashed onto her. “As I was saying, you are welcome here, on Themyscira. All three of you. She has an unpleasant, haughty way about her, your- Isabel- but…”

“But what?” Diana demands, accenting her question with a staggering blow, forcing her mother back a few paces.

“But she is not weak,” Hippolyta snarls, leaping forwards and sending Diana ducking down to the ground before snapping back up again. “And she is dignified enough to not put up with your tantrums-” Diana drives her back and Hippolyta flinches as the blade clashes with her bracers- “And there is something wicked about her that you find endearing, is there not?”

Diana feels her face grow red, but she says nothing, opting instead to raise her sword and let her attack answer for herself. And soon she and her mother are too busy throwing and avoiding each others’ blades and fists and legs to speak.

Diana wins, sending her mother’s sword flying across the field, and pointing her own at the woman’s neck. Hippolyta bares her teeth and steps back, panting, but her expression is less a grimace and more a smile.

“Diana…” she begins, but then she seems to think better of it and turns to leave the field without another word. And Diana lowers her sword and watches as the Queen mounts her horse and rides away once more.

*Stay. Please. Do not leave me again. Not yet.*

The words the Queen is too proud to say. Diana sighs, but she is smiling as she turns away and crosses the field to pick up the sword her mother had abandoned.

Hippolyta decides that she will gift them with their own home away from the palace, but not before, to Diana’s surprise, consulting with Isabel.
*She asked you to what?* the goddess says in disbelief when the chemist mentions it casually at night.

*She asked me to accompany her through the city, and she showed me several buildings...*

Diana frowns at the ceiling in confusion, but Isabel’s tone is deliberately neutral, a clear sign of her interest.

*And did you find one that you liked? A home?* she asks, rolling over to look her lover in the face. The corner of Isabel’s lip lifts slightly.

*Perhaps.*

She will say no more, and Diana shakes her head, smiling.

*You are allowed to show emotion, you know, my darling.*

Isabel frowns and looks at her sideways, but her eyes are dancing like fire and she sits up abruptly.

*Is that what you want?* she asks, leaning over her.

*Is what... what I want?* Diana asks, even though she is fairly sure that whatever it is, she wants it, and the sooner the better. Isabel grins down at her, and the goddess shivers.

*You tell me.*

And she does.

In increasingly unintelligible words.

But Isabel doesn’t seem to mind, not even when Diana abandons words altogether and throws back her head. In fact, she seems quite amused, grinning almost unkindly down at her as Diana falls back onto the pile of furs, panting.

*God, Isabel...* she breathes, staring up at the dark ceiling for a moment, then closing her eyes. Neither of them speak for several moments, then Isabel rises and pulls back the covers, because even in this warm room on this tropical island, she still needs several covers on her bed.

*Anyway, there was one building where-*

*Oh no, we are not finished yet,* Diana interrupts, opening her eyes and sitting up suddenly. Isabel looks at her, startled, the blankets still clutched in her hands, an eyebrow raised in surprise, then her heart skips a beat as Diana tosses away the covers and crawls across the bed towards her, like a predator stalking its prey, her grinning face hard with anticipation... and Isabel backs away, her breath catching in her scarred throat when she notices the glowing lasso wrapped tightly around her lover’s hands...

Perhaps they are both a bit wicked.

Chapter End Notes

So as you can see, this fic is going to have a lot of solo WonderPoison as well, because we basically saw them happy together in Hatred for like half a chapter, and I feel bad
about that. Also these two as an actual happy couple is *fascinating*.

My main plan with this fic is to write WonderPoison oneshots as the spirit moves me. Most of the ones I already have in mind have to do with parenting, but I don’t have any particular plot in mind, so if you have any suggestions, please let me know!

Thanks for reading!!
Hippolyta requests a meeting with Isabel and Ofelia. Without Diana. Also, Ofelia has a new favorite word.

Chapter Notes

TW: Violent murder, kidnapping.

“...and this is not- I refuse, I will not stand for this- and if my mother believes that I will, she can come here and tell me herself- ”

Diana’s angry voice is growing louder, and Isabel hurries out from the kitchen, tossing aside the towel she’d been using to dry their breakfast dishes.

“Diana… Diaaaaana- Tía Isabel, looky...”

Isabel barely hears her niece as she snatches her up and walks quickly to the door, where the raised voices are echoing. She knew she should have gone to answer the door instead of Diana, and if the goddess is arguing again with one of her sisters...

“...no, she will not. She will not, she is my guest, she is not to be summoned like a servant at the wishes and desires of the Queen, and especially not without my-”

“What is this?” Isabel interrupts.

Diana turns, her face a thunderstorm. There is a messenger standing in the open doorway, her face flustered and apologetic. She pulls off her helmet and bows low when she sees Isabel.

“The Queen requests your and your child’s company in her chambers this morning, Doctora Maru… without the Princess.”

Isabel raises an eyebrow, but says shortly,

“Fine,” and shuts the door in the poor soldier’s face. Silence rings throughout the room. Ofelia squirms in her arms, her chubby face worried, and her thumb has found its way into her mouth. Isabel tugs it out without looking, her steely eyes fixed on her angry lover.

“Looky,” Ofelia says again.

“Was that so difficult?” Isabel demands, bouncing her niece slightly.

Diana scowls. “I do not like it.”
“You do not like most things involving your mother.”

“I do not want her to hurt you-”

“What makes you think she is capable of hurting me?”

And Diana falls silent.

“…looky.”

Isabel sighs and looks into the big eyes that have pushed themselves in front of hers.

“Yes, what is it, my sweet?” she says tiredly. Ofelia stares intently at her, then takes a deep breath and blows directly into her face.

“What? What is it?” Isabel asks, startled.

“Wind. It windy.”

Isabel stares at her, then allows herself an amused smile before setting her down and sending her to dress herself for their adventure with the Queen. They both watch as the girl runs in a zig-zag across the stone floor to her room, then Isabel turns to the tall woman.

“Do you think I am weak?”

“Isabel…” Diana begins with a sigh, but Isabel’s gaze is sharp, and she goes on quickly, “No! No, of course not, but-”

“Then stop acting as if I am.”

Diana lets her head fall back and stares at the ceiling in frustration, and Isabel steps forward to take her hands.

“What, Diana?” the chemist asks, her voice softer now.

“It’s just… it is different now. Than in the world of man. There, I could do nothing. I could do so little. But here, this is my world, my people, and if they harm you…”

“Then what?” Isabel prods gently.

“Then I will…” Diana’s voice trails off, and Isabel raises an eyebrow, waiting, then she pulls her hands away.

“Kiss me.”

“What?”

Isabel reaches up and slides her hands around the back of Diana’s neck, winding them through her thick, messy, early morning hair. The goddess shivers, and Isabel’s eyes narrow.

“Kiss me.”

And Diana bends down to comply. It is a sweet kiss, a tender kiss, their warm bodies pressed gently against each other, breathing against each other. Their lips part slowly, naturally, and then Isabel pulls away, her cool hands cupping Diana’s cheeks. They stare at each other for a moment, saying nothing, and then Diana smiles at last.
“There we are,” Isabel whispers, reaching down to curl a length of the woman’s hair between her fingers. Diana lowers her head to watch as Isabel’s fingers become entwined in the inky strands, and Isabel presses a light kiss against the tip of her nose. “Tame that wild anger of yours, Princesa. Look at us... how can anything harm me now?”

And Diana has no answer for that.

“She has your blood.” The Queen’s calm voice is barely a murmur, but it echoes softly off of the high ceiling, as if to fill her guests with twice as much fear. But Isabel only nods briefly in response, distracted by Ofelia squirming in her lap. The baby is cooing as she tries to crawl out of her arms, pointing at the swirls of gold running along the smooth marble floor.

“Look. Look, Tía Isabel…”

“Shh...” Isabel shushes, smoothing down the girl’s dark hair. Hippolyta smiles wryly.

“I imagined the countless ways my daughter might return to me, but never did I imagine that she would arrive with a demigod, a child, and you.”

Isabel bristles, looking up to scowl at the grand image before her. The Queen has not taken her eyes off of them since the moment they stepped into the enormous hall, but her gaze, although haughty, is not unkind.

“I have no objection if you wish to insult me, but I would prefer you do so without my niece present,” Isabel replies, annoyance accentuating the rasp in her voice. Hippolyta lifts her head, but her lips are pressed together in amusement.

“May I?”

The Queen’s voice is gentler now, and Isabel stares at her, gauging her, challenging her, then slowly sets Ofelia onto her feet.

“Looky,” the girl whispers, reaching out to touch the floor with her palm.

“Go,” Isabel urges. “Go say hello to the Queen.”

Ofelia looks up at the stern, proud face, then shakes her head and turns to bury her face into Isabel’s skirt.

“Go on,” Isabel says quietly, slipping down from her chair and onto her knees next to the girl, her hands resting gently on her shoulders. Ofelia looks back at her, eyes wide, then, to Isabel’s surprise, Hippolyta rises from her gilded throne and joins them, kneeling across from Isabel on the floor that so fascinates the little girl between them. And Ofelia finally steps towards the Queen, her gaze fixed on the soft fur draped across her strong shoulders. A tiny hand reaches out to stroke the pelt, and she doesn’t even notice when Hippolyta pulls her close.

“πως σε λένε?”

“Ofelia.”

Hippolyta's eyes flash and a grim smile crosses her face.

“ποια είναι η ηλικία σου?”

“τρία.”
που σας δίδαξε αυτό?

“What?”

“Who taught you how to speak and understand our language?”

“...looky.” Ofelia is distracted now by the pillars towering over the room, her head tilted so far back it is nearly parallel with the floor, her mouth open wide in awe. “Tía Isabel, look.”

“Answer the Queen, my sweet,” Isabel murmurs, reaching out to wipe the dribble of awed drool from the side of the baby’s chubby cheek.

“Dianaaaaaa,” Ofelia giggles, walking forwards and finding herself trapped by Hippolyta’s clasped hands. She looks down at the elegant fingers, touching the leather gauntlets, then whines as she pulls against Hippolyta’s grasp, trying to escape. Isabel gives the woman a look, and the Queen withdraws, waving for an attendant to take the girl to the corner, where some children’s toys have been laid out. Isabel rises and watches with a shiver of dread as Ofelia peers into the box and begins to lift out the toys, one by one.

“When did they die? Her parents?”

“Two weeks ago.”

“So recently?” Hippolyta asks, her eyebrows shooting up.

“Of course so recently,” Isabel snaps, her voice full of unintentional and intentional spite, wondering what the woman is trying to imply. Surely, someone must have informed the Queen of what had transpired, what had brought her, Diana, Villainy Inc., all of them- to Themyscira in the first place? But Hippolyta simply stares down at her, then sinks back into her seat.

“You were there.”

“Yes...?”

“Were you... close?” The Queen’s tone is almost cold, but there is a strain in her voice.

Isabel bites back a retort as she sits and folds her hands in her lap, wishing her niece were still here so she could muss up the girl’s hair with her nervous fingers.

Close? With Pedro? With her brother, the baby whose silence made her almost as anxious as his cries? Whose anger was as cold and fiery as hers, and whose thirst for adventure rivaled hers for knowledge?

No, ‘close’ was not quite the word, but they had made a pact together, on the warm, blustery night they both ran away- her on a train destined for Germany, and him on a ship sailing for South America- a pact to live fully, to live freely, and to never embarrass each other. But they had never promised those weepy promises that families often do: promises to write often, to meet again, to stay alive-

A swirl of masked faces. Cloaked figures swarming forward, pushing her roughly against the wall. Evilless gives an order, and the Cheetah leaps forward with a snarl, sharp teeth unsheathed. Blood pours onto the dining room table, splattering onto their still uneaten dinner. Carmen screams as her husband falls forward with a lifeless sigh, and then her voice is abruptly silenced.
Isabel’s mind clouds with rage, but she refuses to struggle. It’s already too late, and anyway, she’s tortured enough subjects to know how amusing it is when they try to fight the inevitable. The room surges in and out of focus, and at some point, she finds herself spitting in Eviless’ face and laughing bitterly at her naivety.

“Foolish woman—what kind of a villain are you? You cannot just march in and kill everything, you keep the extras alive and use them as leverage—”

Eviless slaps her. The porcelain mask slides down to the carpeted floor and lands unbroken at their feet. And Isabel forces herself to bare her teeth and sneer at the horrified expression on the alien’s perfect face instead of flinching away. Rage is boiling through her now; rage, mingled with grief—loud, fiery wrath, and silent, breathtaking despair.

The Cheetah is still prowling the dining room, growling. Ofelia, bless her three-year-old soul, is silent as death as she hides inside the dark box, surrounded by her soft, lifeless friends.

“Give me the capsule,” Eviless says, finally tearing her eyes away from Isabel’s unmasked face and reaching out a hand. A hooded figure steps forward, and Isabel’s insides twinge.

I never considered you a friend, Paula… but never did I believe you were my enemy…

The German spy turns away before Isabel can look her in her traitorous face. Eviless breaks the capsule and holds it up to Isabel’s nose, and she recognizes it, of course; it is, after all, her own invention.

“You lost your way, Dr. Poison,” Eviless is whispering to her as she shudders. She can feel the gas as it slides like some sinister syrup through her veins. “Look at you… I will remind you of who you are.”

“I know who I am.” Isabel hisses.

“Do you?” Eviless laughs, pulling away. “Then you won’t for very long.”

Isabel gasps and the Cheetah growls appreciatively as she collapses face-down onto the bloody carpet.

“Let’s go,” the Eviless orders, and they gathered her none-too-gently and carry her out. Isabel’s head lolls to the side and she catches a sideways glimpse of Paula von Gunther walking beside her. Her old colleague is staring ahead, not looking at her.

Paula... for the love of God, why... Isabel wants to scream. But she can do nothing. The woman glances at her, smirks, and raises her fists, forearms crossed— a gesture clearly meant to mock her complete lack of strength. But Isabel, even with her brilliant mind drowning in the humiliating, bewildering effects of Reverso, is intelligent enough to understand secret spy signals when she sees them.

And somewhere, deep inside of her own drugged head, Isabel hears herself laughing at the sheer irony of it all.

“Close?” Isabel repeats, her choked voice echoing through the pillared hall. Ofelia is singing in the corner, the two stuffed animals in her hands dancing together in midair. In less than a year, she will no longer remember her parents; she will no longer ask for them, cry for them. Yesterday, she hadn’t mentioned her mother once, and at night Diana had asked again and again what was wrong, but Isabel could not find the words to describe the well of emptiness inside of her, the stabbing
realization of what had happened, now that the heat and rage of the moment had passed: Her brother was dead. Pedro was dead, and his daughter would go through life without a single memory of him, without any recollect of the parents who had given her life.

Fool... how many children did you orphan during the war? How many parents did you leave childless?

Isabel’s fingers twitch and she looks up. Hippolyta is staring at her, her gaze uneasy, as if she wants to look away, but cannot.

“I…” Isabel begins, for a moment unsure of how she wants to answer this strange woman, and then some old, familiar feeling of resentment ripples through her. “Close? No. Not anymore.”

Hippolyta shakes her head slightly, her eyebrows draw together, and the gesture is such a mirror image of her daughter, Isabel has to look away. The hatred fades as quickly as it had flared.

“Tía. Tía Isabel…”

“What is it?” Isabel asked, her voice sounding strained in her ears.

Ofelia giggles in reply, holding up a smiling giraffe and armadillo. She dumps them into Isabel’s lap, and trots off across the floor, back to her corner. Isabel smiles tightly, then raises her head to meet the eyes of the Amazon sitting across from her.

“What do you want?”

“I wished to meet with you, without my daughter hovering overhead,” Hippolyta says drily, but her face is solemn. “And I... I am finding it necessary to come to terms with your presence, in my life, on this island. I scoffed at you when we first met, because you are not one of us; you are not an Amazon, you have not suffered as we have, or fought as we have fought.

“...but I see that you have suffered nonetheless, Doctora Maru, in the world of mankind. Perhaps... in ways even we Amazons cannot fathom.”

Diana is waiting outside when they emerge, her tall figure silhouetted against the sunlight pouring in from the end of the dark hall. Her scowl lightens only fractionally when Ofelia runs to her.

“Diaaaaana,” the girl calls, waving her arms. The goddess bends and picks her up, but her eyes are fixed on Isabel as she approaches, her pale face drawn.

“Are you all right?”

“Please, you look as if your mother is conspiring to murder me-”

“Isabel.”

Diana’s hand reaches out, cupping her unscarred cheek. Ofelia is still waving at her, trying to get her attention, but Diana is staring at Isabel as if there is nothing else in the world, her eyes darkening with concern.

“Diana…” And Isabel sighs. “I am fine. She… she gave me permission to grieve. I wish you would do the same.”

Diana looks wounded, but she does not pull away, and Isabel shakes her head.
“No- I am sorry, I did not…”

“I just- I hate seeing you in pain.”

“You… are the reason I feel pain, Diana,” Isabel says, but her lip lifts into a small smile as she stares up at the goddess. “Would I be human if I did not?”

Diana stares at her and for a moment they stand in silence, the air laced with tension and restrained emotions and unspoken words. Then Isabel steps forward and murmurs,

“Hold me,” and Diana slides her arm around her, pulling her close, and Isabel closes her eyes. And Diana holds her, breathing a sigh of relief as she feels the smaller woman relax. And for a moment, all is calm. Then the goddess jerks suddenly at the feeling of small feet kicking her side.

“Ouch, Isabel, did you tell her to do that?” Diana grumbles, and Isabel pulls away, her eyes shining as Diana and Ofelia pretend to frown at each other.

“I know you rather well enough, Doktor Prince, to know that does not hurt you at all,” Isabel replies, raising an eyebrow, but she nudges her niece to make her stop. Diana blushes, and Ofelia giggles.

“You…” Diana shakes her head and leans in to plant a soft kiss on Isabel’s forehead. Then Ofelia sticks her face into Diana’s for a kiss too, and she grins as she obliges, and Isabel slides her hand into her lover’s as they turn and walk together towards the sunlit streets of Themyscira.

And if Diana had turned to look back, she would have seen the Queen, standing alone at the end of the hall, her head up and back straight, a graceful hand resting against the tall marble pillars, watching her daughter’s family as they walk away. Menalippe comes up behind her a few moments later and asks if something is wrong, and Hippolyta does not reply. But she turns her face away to hide the tears in her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is literally just wish fulfillment/stress relief for me, so THANK YOU to those of you who have read and left kudos on this random angst. At some point I may delve into another more "serious" fic, but for now, I'm just going to spend some time tying up some things I blew over in Hatred, and exploring WonderPoison as a stable couple with a child.

I'm also realizing that Diana and Isabel have a LOT of issues that kind of got swept under the rug when they were busy avoiding arrest in Spain and saving the pre-WWII world. But luckily, they're quite good at reading each other and knowing what the other needs.

(Also, I clearly do not speak/understand Greek, and I apologize profusely to anyone who does!)

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