

Cookie?

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Submitted: September 6, 2006

Updated: September 6, 2006

Random vignette. Vala brings Daniel a cookie, and Daniel realizes what it means to have her as a friend. No spoilers but set in season 10.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Falthee/39080/Cookie>

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"Are you sure you don't want it?" Vala asked—again. She cocked her head, glancing at him with sad, puppy-dog eyes.

Daniel didn't take the bait, refusing to even look up from his translations. He chose the age old tactic of ignoring her.

"Because, you know," she began, "if you didn't take it, I would be forced to eat it. And, as all Earth women agree, it will probably go straight to my hips."

"Vala, I don't want the cookie," Dr. Jackson stated, pushing the tiny paper plate aside.

"What about half of the cookie? Don't tell me that you're too good to even eat a measly half."

Daniel clenched his fists, blinking away the weary in his eyes before glancing up at the woman. "I do not want the cookie, Vala," he stated in an even, stern tone. "I can not possibly get through this stack if you continue to disturb me. Now, please, just go away."

Vala took a step back from his desk, picking up the plate. She didn't move any farther. "Are you sure you don't want just a *tiny* bite?"

"NO!" Daniel slammed down his pen, turning in his chair to face her. "Vala, what did you do to the cookie? Obviously, you laced it with some sort of drug."

She raised a brow. "Nothing—Daniel, are you feeling alright? You're awfully paranoid."

Daniel let out a shallow breath as if to stop himself from screaming. "Why don't you just give the cookie to someone else, then?"

Vala frowned, staring down at the plate. "It was the last one. I saved it for you, because, well, you didn't eat with the rest of the team."

He glanced down at his watch. "Everyone else ate dinner together?"

"I came by to ask if you wanted to join us, and you told me to go away." Vala shrugged. "You looked busy. Anyhow, do you want the cookie?"

Daniel smiled slightly. After a moment, he leaned forward, taking the plate from her.

Vala nodded. "Good. I'll leave you to your work now," she said, walking back toward the door.

A grin stretched across Daniel's face as he watched her leave. He sat up straight, quickly dropping the expression from his face and calling out, "Vala?"

The woman turned back, brushing a lock of black hair off of her shoulder. She crossed her arms protectively, a questioning sigh her only reply.

He broke the cookie in two, holding out one piece. "Want half?"