

Last Dance

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Last Dance

by [mosylu](#)

Summary

In the shadow of their last stand at Star Labs, Caitlin and Cisco make each other a promise.

Notes

Rokesmith prompted me with: "'hold my hand' and/or 'the last dance' for Caitlin and Cisco."
Apparently I felt like torturing everybody that day.

Iris straightened up from the map. “Okay. Everybody got their positions?”

Nods all around.

“Earpieces,” Cisco said. “Quick last test.” He hooked his in, watching the light blink on the monitors. Three more blinked into life next to it, as Barry, Wally, and Caitlin all put their earpieces in and activated them.

“Good?” he asked, hearing it echo in his earpiece. The acknowledgments from everyone else came in the same way.

“Okay,” Barry said. “Guess it’s time then.” His voice shook.

Wally gave his sister a quick, fierce hug. “Stay safe.”

She tugged at his ear. “That’s my line, baby brother.”

Instead of howling at the nickname, like he had been for the past six months, he pressed his forehead into her shoulder. His back heaved for a moment, as if he’d swallowed a sob. She rested her hand on the back of his neck, breathing reassurance too low for the earpiece to pick it up.

Cisco turned away before he started crying. Wally was a fucking *kid*, god. Still getting his powers sorted out. He should not have to be here for this.

But they needed everything they had to throw at the wave of Zoom and his metahuman army that was about to break over them. This might not be nearly enough, the four of them plus Iris directing things, safe deep inside Star Labs. If things all went to hell, she was going to run for Thawne’s old hidden panic room and stay in there until it was safe to come out.

That was the plan, anyway. He prayed she’d follow it, but worried she wouldn’t.

Wally flashed past him, bolting for his spot at the far edge of Star Labs’ parking lot. Out of the corner of his eye, Cisco saw Barry move around the workstation toward Iris and reach up to pull his earpiece out. He turned his head away and strode out into the corridor, determined to give them their privacy.

Caitlin caught up to him just before the elevator. “Cisco! Wait.”

“What is it?”

He was going up to the roof, where his vantage point would allow him to throw booms in every direction and also call out directions and warnings to the others. She was headed out to the creek that ran alongside the parking lot on the west side, where there was a lot of water she could freeze and hurl as daggers and icy grapeshot.

This might be the last place he ever saw her.

She seemed to be having the same thought, because she reached out to touch his wrist, lightly, her fingers skittering off his gauntlet. She'd never been very touchy, but ever since her powers, and their heat-sucking side effect, had come in, she'd been more leery of skin-to-skin contact than ever. "It," she said shakily. "It'll. It'll be okay."

"You don't know that," he said. "I don't know that. I can't see anything beyond about ten minutes from now, no matter how hard I try. It's like there's a wall."

He knew they were coming. He'd seen that much, had been seeing it for days. It was how they knew to prepare. But - "There's too much that could happen. It's a divergent point." So many timelines could sprout from what came next, tendrils curling through the multiverse in all directions. He wondered which one he was headed into.

She swallowed and wrapped her arms around herself, as if trying to self-administer the hugs she refused to accept anymore.

He put his hand out. "Here."

She shook her head.

"It'll be fine. We're both wearing gloves. Hold my hand for a minute, okay?"

She peeled her hand away from her side and held it out. He took it, squeezing. After a moment, she squeezed back.

The pressure steadied him. He breathed in and out. "Well," he said. "At least we got to party last night."

Okay, it had been kind of a sad party. The food barely touched, the alcohol drained dry, the music a little too loud, all of them laughing a little too hard. But they'd been together, soaking each other in before whatever happened today.

She smiled at him. "We've never danced together like that before."

"We've danced," he said.

"Not like that," she told him.

And, true. She'd actually let him pull her close and hold her through the crooning schmoopy album that somebody had put on at the end of the night, swaying together in the shadows of Joe's living room (always, always Joe's, even if he'd never walk into it again). The way her body had fit against his, the way she'd sighed into his ear every now and then, the way her hair felt between his fingers as he smoothed it back.

He had that much, at least.

The elevator dinged behind him, the door sliding open. He looked back. "Well. This is my ride."

"Promise me something," she said.

“We can’t make promises.”

“Yes. We can. Promise that won’t be our last dance.”

“Caitlin. Divergent point - I - “

“No,” she said. “Promise me.”

“Only if you promise me the same thing,” he said.

“I promise,” she said immediately.

“Okay. I promise, too.”

She tried to smile but her lips trembled too hard to curve. “We should go. They’ll be here soon.”

“Yeah.” But he held her hand until she pulled away.

As the elevator door closed between them, Cisco remembered that his earpiece was in, and so was Caitlin’s, and odds were that the others had heard every word they’d said.

He couldn’t bring himself to care.

FINIS

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