

Nothing Like a Secret So Well Kept

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Nothing Like a Secret So Well Kept

by [Regann](#)

Summary

Even if he doesn't want to admit it, it's obvious (to just about everyone) that Len has a crush on the Flash. (Or, Five people who are amused by Leonard's crush on Barry and one who finds it to be very serious business.)

Notes

I love writing "your secret crush is blatantly obvious, you dork" fics and it seemed like a good way to break into a new pairing. I hope y'all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

1.

Mick is pretty sure that he's the first person to figure out about Len's little crush on Central City's speedy hero. He's definitely the first person to call him on it, gazing into the barrel of the Cold gun with a nonchalance that most people wouldn't have because he knows Leonard Snart too well to fear him at this point. The man went to too much trouble to get Mick back in the crew to kill him now -- even if Mick is mocking him for his obsession with the Flash.

Len can play it off however he wants, but Mick isn't stupid. Impulsive, yeah, and too impatient for Len's preferred mode of operations but Mick's not dumb. He's seen the way his partner pores over the files on Flash he has on his (stolen) laptop, the way the guy actually pouts when the Flash doesn't show up for the meeting he's tried to force.

And Len can pontificate all he wants about how the Flash stands in their way of dominating Central City but Mick knows his partner's M.O. Len usually didn't pull more than a heist or two a year and the Flash hadn't even stopped him from making off with the diamond or the Rathaways' ugly-ass painting. Len's met his quota already but he can't stop now, not when the Flash is there to stalk.

Mick looks up from where he's fiddling with his Heat gun to see Len staring off into space with that grumpy look on his face. His laptop is open and Mick's sure if he could see the screen it would be something related to the Flash. The guy gets notifications on his phone for the Flash blog, for christ's sake.

Len's tapping a finger against his chin, clearly in thought. Mick can't stop himself from snorting in amusement.

Len, however, is not amused. "What?" he asks with a raised eyebrow.

"It's just funny to watch a grown man pine like a teenaged girl," he says.

"That's ridiculous," Len says.

"You're ridiculous," Mick says with a rumble of laughter. "The Flash ain't worth that much thinkin'."

"We need to deal with him," he says, "Without him..."

"Things would be just like it is with him?" Mick shakes his head. "For a man who don't let things distract him, you're letting things distract you."

"Absolutely false," Len snipes, clearly pissy in the face of Mick's words. It just makes it all that much funnier as far as he's concerned.

Mick shrugs. "Whatever helps you sleep at night, brother." Mick can feel the glare his comment earns him but he doesn't care. "You ain't given anyone but Lisa this much thought in years."

"The Flash isn't an "anyone," he's an obstacle," Len argues. "No matter how well I plan something, he's got an edge. I may be the best at what I do but I don't have superpowers."

"And modest, too," Mick adds under his breath.

Len, as expected, just keeps on talking. The guy loves to hear himself talk, so Mick's used to it by now but he tunes most of it out because he's heard it more than enough times by now. Len's been a broken record on the subject since they hooked back up.

"Whatever," Mick finally says when he's had his fill. "All I'm saying is that you don't miss much."

"Right," he says, all cautious-like. He's right to be suspicious of the compliment.

Mick grins. "So I know you ain't missed what the kid looks like in that red leather get-up he wears. Right up your alley, ain't it?"

Len narrows his eyes as he very deliberately closes his laptop. He's too cool to blush or stammer but Mick can tell he's flustered his partner.

"I've got calls to make," Len says before he slinks away to the sound of Mick's laughter.

2.

Leila's been tending the bar at Saints and Sinners for years now, enough that she knows all the regulars and their sob stories as well as she knows her own name. And even though he isn't always around, Len Snart is definitely what she calls a regular.

The kid, though, he's definitely not. He barely looks old enough to be in a bar, let alone one as rough as Saints can be, especially for baby-faced boys with big expressive eyes. Leila's not saying he's likely to get dragged off into a corner or something but if he were there later in the evening, he'd definitely have to fend off some advances, no matter which way he swung. But it's barely afternoon at the moment and, if the way he's using those eyes on Len is any indication, Leila's pretty sure she knows how he swings. Good thing she's not into the pretty boy type, anyway.

Their talk looks pretty serious, she notices, but Len seems more amused than anything even if the kid looks aggravated. It makes her wonder what's got the kid's boxers in a bunch. Is he a spurned ex? A rent boy who didn't get his pay? Her mind likes to go the fanciful route, sure, but he doesn't look like the kind who would be on one of Len's crews. She might think he's a sweetie of Lisa's come to have a talk with big brother, if she couldn't see the looks the guys are throwing between them. She watches as they continue their conversation, getting all up in each other's space before Len finally walks off. The kid is left standing there, looking frustrated and disappointed.

Finally he storms out, not noticing that Len has come up from the other side of the bar to watch his departure from the safety of the shadows.

Leila almost reconsiders the kid being a business associate until she watches Len watch him go. Len's never been one to mix pleasure with business and those baby blues of his are very emphatically fixed on the kid's ass. Definitely not a co-conspirator.

She pretends to be busy wiping down the bar when Len ambles back over for his drink. She's got the shot ready before he even sits down and he gives her a thankful nod before he downs it. The burn looks like it settles him as he sighs.

"Kid causing you trouble?" she asks with a nod toward the door.

"He's nothing but trouble," Len says. Then he smirks. "But I think I've been given a chance to return the favor."

Len always talks with a certain grandeur but there's an absolute purr in his voice at the moment. The smirk he's giving her at whatever thoughts he's got in his head mellows into something more wicked but no less pleased. To continue with the cat metaphors, it's very "cat that got into the cream."

Leila's never seen Len look like that before, except maybe once about a job that netted his crew enough that they came in bragging about it. Len's not a bragger but this face is close. She's re-evaluating her opinions on pretty boys if Len's can bring on that kind of look.

"Don't ride him too hard," she says with a grin. "He looks like he'd be easy to break."

Len Snart has always been a cool cucumber, so it's hilarious to see him the color rise in his face. She'd think he was embarrassed, maybe, but everyone knows Len doesn't do embarrassment. She never thought he did hot and bothered, though, not until the kid walked in.

"Don't worry about him," he says with an evil gleam in his eye. "He's tougher than he looks."

3.

Most girls' first love is their fathers, or at least that's what people say. Lisa certainly knows he wasn't hers -- she can barely even guess what it feels like to have a father to love, let alone be the kind of woman who has any affection for the idea of being "daddy's girl." Some of her best memories are when her father was in prison because at least then he couldn't hurt her or Len.

But she doesn't feel like she's lost anything because Lisa has always had Len, who she thinks had to be better than half a dozen doting fathers. Her brother is pretty much the most amazing person she's ever known and no one will replace him in her life, no matter what cute guy catches her eye. She knows that no one could love a brother more than she does hers and vice versa. Maybe it's because he's the only one she's ever had but Lisa wouldn't trade Len for anything.

That's why Lisa doesn't bother feeling guilty that her father is dead, only that Len is now in prison for it. She knows the Flash saved her life -- and Len's, probably, given how their father liked to deal with his partners -- but she can't help but hate him a little as she goes through security at Iron Heights for a chance to visit Len.

As she waits, she eavesdrops on the detention officer as he calls for Len to be brought down to Visitation, only to hear that he's already there, a fact which piques her interest. Who would come visit her brother that wasn't her? It's not like he has a lot of friends, especially on her side of the iron bars.

The door buzzes as someone exits into the waiting area and Lisa is shocked to see that she knows him. He's Cisco's cute friend, who was with him both times she went looking for him. He looks as startled to see her as she does him.

"Lisa," he says.

"How's Cisco?" she asks before she can think.

He smiles. "Fine. You?"

She shrugs. "You were visiting somebody?"

He looks embarrassed. He's even cuter when he blushes, she notes. "Your...uh, brother, actually," he admits, running a hand through his hair.

"You know Len?" she asks.

"I work for the police," he explains.

He's less cute with that information. "What are you trying to pin on him now?"

"Nothing!" She believes his big sad eyes. "I just came to...see him. Talk to him."

Lisa knows she looks dubious and she feels like she's missing some vital piece of information that she plans to drag out of him but an officer interrupts, offering to escort her back to the visitation area. Cisco's friend doesn't pretend not to look relieved as he takes his chance to escape.

Len is waiting for her behind the glass and she's impressed, as always, how nothing can bring her brother down. Even in his jumpsuit, shackled, he looks like he's totally in control. She knows it's an act but years of depending on that act means she's relaxed just by seeing it.

"Hey, Lenny," she says into the receiver.

"Lisa," he rumbles back.

She knows they can't say anything of real importance because there's no telling who's listening. But that's why they have a code all worked out. "Mick and me are looking for a new place to stay," she says. "Just got to hire the movers to help us pack."

Len frowns. "Hold off," he says. "I don't want you to sign a new lease...prematurely. I'm still looking at all the options."

Lisa frowns because her brother is clearly telling her to hold off on any escape attempts. "Yeah?"

"There are things to consider," he says. "Trust me."

Lisa lets it drop. "I saw you had another visitor. What's up with that? A cop?"

"Not hardly," he snorts. "A minor annoyance from the crime labs."

"What did he want?"

Len rolls his eyes. "To save me apparently. He's got this idea about the goodness inside me."

Lisa gets the joke but, from her place, her brother does have goodness inside him. Just not the kind that means going straight. "What did you do to fool him, Lenny?" she teases.

"Something about my sparkling personality, no doubt," he says.

"Maybe Cisco told him about how you saved the Flash that once," Lisa said. "I know they're friends. Cisco and your little fanboy, I mean."

"Barry," he says and there's a certain affection in the tone that surprises Lisa.

"Barry," she repeats. "He's cute."

The look she gets is unimpressed and disinterested -- and one put on for effect. She grins at him. "Not that you noticed."

"It didn't really cross my mind when he was helping put me in prison, sister dear."

"How about when you were sitting right there, staring into his big brown eyes?"

"They're green," he says.

"Hazel," she concedes with a laugh.

"Your point?"

"Just making conversation," she says. "I always wanted you to find a nice boy to settle down with."

Len snorts. "Please."

"He's cute, smart, I assume, since he's friends with Cisco," she continues. "Not afraid to come visit you in big, bad prison. He's a keeper."

"He used to come visit his father here," Len informs her.

“Even better!”

“He’s younger than you,” her brother says. “I’m almost old enough to be his father.”

Lisa lets out a laugh, a real one. Her brother knows too much about this Barry and he protests too much. She actually thinks maybe her teasing isn’t so far off. “Isn’t that every man’s fantasy?”

As her brother glares at her in indignation, she tries to ignore the pang in her heart that their father has separated them once again. She feels the emotion well up inside her but pushes it down and opts to continue her teasing, dwelling on the few moments that she can share with him until she can get him out for good. Lisa can’t let her father take anything else from them.

4.

Cisco doesn’t tell anyone that he’s agreed to have coffee with Lisa Snart because he knows what they’ll say. Caitlin, especially. Barry, probably. But he -- well, he likes her and she’s very unlikely to mean him much harm with her brother in prison. And they meet in the middle of the day, in public at Jitters, and he has Barry on literal speed dial. He doesn’t expect anything to go wrong.

At first, it’s awkward as they sit across from each other with their orders because Cisco doesn’t know what Lisa does other than steal things and he can’t exactly talk about the stuff he does -- because secrets -- so the conversation takes a minute to start. Finally, though, they begin to comment on a TV series they both watch and the conversation spools out from there. Lisa’s smile lights up everything when she’s excited and Cisco is completely dazzled in a way he knows makes him look like a goof. Before he knows it, they’ve reached a groove where he can ask, “Are you doing okay? With your brother and all...?”

She deflates a little. “It’s hard but we’re managing,” she says and there’s a little smile as she continues. “I think your friend helps too.”

“My friend?” he asks.

“Barry? The one who was with you the last time,” she says.

“What about him?”

“He’s been visiting Lenny,” she explains. She laughs. “I think my brother has a little crush.”

“On Barry?” Cisco asks, wincing at the squeak in his voice.

Lisa frowns. “Is that a problem?”

“What? No!” He promises. She clearly means the gay thing which isn’t a problem for Cisco. Captain Cold crushing on the Flash? That’s a different matter but it’s not one he can explain to Lisa. “Just...weird.”

“Well your friend seems to like Len, too,” she says. “People don’t visit people they don’t like in prison.”

Cisco has to admit she has a point. Plus, isn’t it such a movie cliché, the hero falling for the villain that he can’t help but try to save? In his head, Cisco can see it all fall into a narrative -- Barry’s continued clashes with Snart, their weird stalemate, the way they all rushed to save him from his father...granted, Cisco was helping mostly for Lisa but it doesn’t change that Barry did rush off to save Snart, only to almost get shot for the trouble. It plays like one of his mom’s telenovelas when he thinks about it.

Before he realizes it, he’s laughing out loud at the image in his head. “Okay, I see it,” he admits.

Lisa’s good mood returns. “Maybe you can put in a good word for Lenny,” she says. “He can look Barry up the next time he’s in town.”

“Your brother is in prison,” he points out before he thinks about it. “For murder.”

Lisa shrugs and gives him that dangerous smile that reminds him that she shares blood with Captain Cold. “Not for long,” she says.

Cisco is left a little agog by her casual admittance, so much so that he doesn’t really react until she’s out of her seat and planting her soft lips against his cheek. “Thanks for the coffee,” she says. “I’ll call you.”

She walks away and Cisco forgets all about his humor over Cold’s hypothetical crush on Barry because he’s got his own Snart to think about.

5.

There’s a lot of down time, Sara realizes, when you’re time-traveling to save the world. She feels like she spends more time staring at the walls of the Waverider than she does in action. It’s not bad, but it is boring.

Lucky for her, she seems to get sidelined a lot with Central City’s favorite criminals and they’re entertainment, if nothing else. She knows some of the others are put off by Leonard and Mick’s inclusion on their team but Sara likes them, even they are rough around the edges. At least they make no bones about it, which she finds refreshing.

The three of them are currently B-teaming it, stuck on the Waverider. Clearly, it’s another mission where no one needs to be robbed, maimed or killed. Mick’s messing with his Heat gun like always and Sara’s just glad he hasn’t set anything on fire to amuse himself. Leonard is lounging, deceptively relaxed. She knows he’s never actually that relaxed but he loves to play to an audience, even if it’s just her. Sara wonders if he’s ever done anything in his life that wasn’t orchestrated for maximum effect.

“Nice outfit, by the way,” he says out of the blue with a studied up-down look at her.

She's wearing the White Canary suit that Laurel gave her. "Better to ogle my ass in?" she asks with a raised eyebrow.

"I was going to say it looks...functional," he says, ignoring the pointed reminder of one of their first conversations. She can't tell if he's being sarcastic or not. Most things he says sound sarcastic.

"My sister's friend made it," she says. "Cisco is very resourceful."

"He is," Leonard agrees. "He made the Cold gun."

"And the Heat gun," adds Mick.

"Is Cisco some kind of tech genius for hire?" she asks. It seems odd that Laurel would have a friend who also makes weapons for criminals.

"He's the Flash's sidekick," Mick explains.

"We happened to...acquire some of his work," Leonard finishes.

Sara is pretty sure that "acquire" is blatant code for "stole" but she lets it slide without comment. Instead she admits, "I've never met the Flash."

"We have," Leonard says, which Sara figured since their base of operations is Central City.

"He has an appreciation for the functional nature of his leather get-up, too," Mick says with an amused snort. Leonard actually deigns to roll his head toward his partner to glare at him.

Sara is interested in that little aside but she lets it slide too. "What's he like? The Flash?" She knows a little about him from Oliver but her old flame isn't what one would call verbose on any topic.

"Annoyingly persistent," Leonard offers immediately. "Ridiculously naive and stupidly committed to heroism."

"Don't let Len fool you," Mick says. "He likes the kid."

"I tolerate him as long as he stays out of my business," Leonard corrects him. "We have a deal and we've both stuck to it...more or less."

"Yeah, okay," Mick says in clear disagreement.

Sara is now even more interested in whatever Mick is hinting about Leonard and the Flash. She watches Leonard's face closely as she says, "Sounds like you're pretty chummy."

"He wants to save everyone," Len says. "Even those that don't want to be saved."

Because she's watching, she sees the flicker in his eyes, the softness that he allows through his calm mask for an instant. And it was in his voice, just for a moment, a hint of something outside of his usual smarmy schtick.

“Doesn’t sound like someone you’d have much patience for,” Sara says.

“I don’t,” he says. “But, like I said, he’s annoyingly persistent. He has a thing for fool’s quests and lost causes, I suppose.”

Sara finds herself grinning as she continues to watch the struggle of some emotion on Leonard’s face. He does such a good job at hiding so much but there is something there, she’s sure of it. And maybe, she thinks, it answers a question that she and Stein and Ray have discussed among themselves -- for a man who says hero isn’t in his resume, Leonard has certainly committed himself to Rip Hunter’s cause.

Maybe, she thinks, even if he won’t admit, Leonard wants to see if he can add it and maybe that reason is as simple as that some lightning-fast kid with a savior complex wants him to. Love can be like that, Sara knows from experience.

And maybe -- maybe the Flash’s cause isn’t quite as lost as Leonard pretends it is.

(+1)

The fight is over but Barry is still wired, all crackling energy as he paces around the confines of the Cortex. Caitlin is over by the hospital bed fussing over her latest patient while Cisco and company hangs back to give them the illusion of privacy. Barry is about to jitter out of his own skin.

When he went up against the baddie, he wasn’t expecting to need to help and he certainly wasn’t expecting to get it in the form of the Rogues. But the two Snarts and Rory appeared at his side just when he was sure a retreat was going to be absolutely necessary and suddenly the tide had turned, for which Barry was grateful.

He was less grateful that Leonard Snart decided to step between him and a blast of energy.

Well, Barry was actually ridiculously grateful for the sentiment but he hates when other people get hurt, especially when it’s for him and especially when they don’t have superpowered healing like he has. The predicament is currently why he’s taking erratic steps around the room while Cisco and Lisa Snart look on with matching frowns.

He’s so agitated by what’s happened that he’s pulled off his cowl, even though Lisa is in the room and probably didn’t know his real identity until he did but he can’t bring himself to care. Barry is still trying to forget the frightening image of Leonard Snart going down under that blast, crumpling with a grunt of pain. Considering a year before, Barry was the one bringing him down, it’s strange how unnerving the moment was for him.

“I’m sure he’s going to be fine,” Cisco says and Barry can’t tell if it’s for him or Lisa. “We got him here ASAP. Caitlin will take care of him.”

“Why did he do it?” Barry asks. “I mean, I’m grateful for the help but he didn’t need to step in front of me. I could’ve taken the hit better than him.”

“That’s Lenny,” Lisa says with a timorous bit of humor. “He’s a giver.”

Barry can’t help but smile back. “I’m sorry he got hurt.”

“He knew what he was doing when he did it,” Lisa says. “I’m sure Cisco is right and he’ll be fine.”

Barry feels bad that Lisa is the one who is comforting him but he can’t shake the agitation. For all he knows that Snart has good inside him, he’s disconcerted to see him using it to save Barry.

Again.

Finally Caitlin heads toward him and Barry can see Snart resting against the raised back of the hospital bed. Caitlin doesn’t look upset and something uncoils in Barry’s gut. “It’s not pretty but with some rest, he’ll be fine,” she tells them. “I’ve bandaged him up and gave him a little something for pain. I think he should stay overnight, though,” she adds in Lisa’s direction.

“Thank you,” she says before she bounds over to her brother’s side.

Barry lets out a sigh of relief. “That’s great.”

Caitlin is looking at him with concern. “Are you okay? You look stressed.”

“Just worried about Snart,” he says.

Caitlin gives his arm a quick squeeze before she leaves.

Cisco is giving him a look he doesn’t understand.

“What?” he asks.

His friend just shakes his head and heads off to some other part of the labs.

Barry leaves to change out of his suit and into his regular clothes. He doesn’t speed through, instead taking his time to give the Snart siblings some privacy. He’s not ready to go home, though, so once he’s cleaned up and dressed, he finds his feet leading him back to the Cortex. He runs into Lisa on the way.

“Cisco is around here somewhere,” he tells her. “I’m sure he’d give you a ride home. Or you can stay. Whichever.”

She nods. “Thanks, Barry.”

He winces at the reminder of his blown secret identity.

She laughs. “Your secret is safe, don’t worry.”

It’s his turn to offer his thanks.

“Don’t know what I’m going to do about Mick, though,” she says. “This has ruined our little bet.”

“About what?”

“Well he bet that Len’s head over heels for the Flash where I bet it was over Cisco’s cute police friend.” Lisa’s smile is suddenly very reminiscent of her brother’s. “But you’re one in the same.”

“I...” Barry’s brain has stuttered to a stop. There are a lot of things about his feelings about Snart that he’s never examined too closely but he never thought it would be matter because it’s Leonard Snart. Now, though, Lisa is implying something that shakes everything up.

“Uh...”

Lisa’s mischievous smiles softens and her eyes are serious. “I hope he won’t kill me for saying this but...he does care about you,” she tells him. “More than he’s probably willing to admit.”

She leaves Barry standing there like an idiot, wondering how someone who’s the fastest man alive can be so slow on the uptake.

The Cortex is dim when he makes his way back and Snart -- Leonard -- Len -- is there, resting like Caitlin ordered. He’s shirtless, which is completely unfair when it comes to Barry keeping his composure, but most of his stomach and one of his shoulders are wrapped in white from Caitlin’s medical ministrations. It looks like his eyes are closed under the curve of the arm he has thrown over his face.

Still, he knows that Barry’s there. “Is there something I can do for you, Barry?” he asks, lowering his arm until their eyes meet.

Barry ducks away from the gaze, feeling a flush starting on his face. “I wanted to thank you,” he says. He lets his fingers rest on the edge of the hospital bed. “You took a hit meant for me and...”

Len shrugs. “It was an accident, I assure you.”

“No it wasn’t, it was pretty deliberate,” Barry argues. “Can’t you just accept my thanks?”

Len rolls his eyes. “You’re welcome.”

This is one of the things that Barry love-and-hates about Len -- he leaves him off-balance. Sure, Barry has always been off his kilter when it came to romance but Len is in another league entirely.

In more ways than one.

Len raises an eyebrow when Barry doesn’t respond, just stands there looking at him. Barry takes a breath, thinks of how he felt when he dragged Len’s unconscious body away from the fight and does what feels right.

Before he can question it, he's kissing Leonard, moving so fast that he's sure the thief had exactly no warning. Barry's hands are curved around the strong line of Len's jaws, holding him in place so that Barry's mouth ends up right where he wants it, moving against Len's.

Barry steels himself for complete humiliation but instead he feels Len's hands make a grab at him, under his jacket to fist in the fabric of his jeans at his hips, pulling him as close as he can come given their respective positions. Barry's heart is hammering and he's pretty sure the thrum he feels is a literal one as Len's tongue slips into his mouth and his hand slides up beneath Barry's shirt and onto the naked skin of his back. By the time Barry has the willpower to pull away, he's got himself braced against the back of the hospital bed to keep from collapsing onto its occupant because Len is grabby -- not surprising, Barry guesses, since he is a thief.

Len's eyes are dark and his mouth is wet. Barry can't look away. "That's one of the better thank-yous I've received."

Barry lets out a breathy laugh. "It's one of the better you're-welcomes for me too."

"Is this how you thank everyone who saves your life?"

It's Barry's turn to roll his eyes. "Just the snarky criminals who do." He grows bold enough to drag his hand over Len's bare shoulder and chest, his fingers slowing at the line of his bandages. Suddenly, Barry's not so playful. "Don't ever do that again," he says quietly. "I have super healing. You don't."

Len's fingers come up to tangle in his, gently pulling them away from the injury. "I'll try to refrain," he says but it's so sarcastic that Barry knows he means the opposite. Barry decides he doesn't like Len's sudden turn at heroism if it means he'll be throwing himself into even more danger. That's Barry's job.

Barry's saved from any more deep thoughts because Len surges up and buries his hands in Barry's hair, forcing his head down for another series of expert kisses that leaves Barry without much ability to think about anything but Leonard Snart's mouth and skin and strong, rough hands. He's a second from crawling into his lap just to get closer when Len lets out a hiss of pain. "You have terrible timing, kid," Len teases as he reluctantly lets go of Barry. He shifts his position on the bed. "Me with all these ideas, too."

"Caitlin will release you tomorrow," he says. "You'll get your very own superhero escort out of here."

"I can't wait." Len smiles and it's almost free of smirk. Barry takes it as a win. As he turns away to leave, Len pulls him back one more time. He gets one more soft kiss that lands high on his cheek, just about where his freckle is. "Be seeing you."

Barry's grinning when he finally untangles himself but he pauses at the door. "Hey, Snart," he says. "You're doing an awful job at being a villain this week."

Len actually laughs. "I blame bad influences."

“The worst,” Barry agrees. He holds onto to the sound of that laughter as he heads out into the night.

(the end)

End Notes

- Lisa couldn't actually visit Len in prison if she has any current warrants against her because they check your ID when you show up to visit someone. Let's pretend she's clean or she has a fake ID.
- I'm basing Len's age on the fact he was at least 5 years old as of 1975, per 1.03 of Legends of Tomorrow. That makes him about 20 years older than Barry.
- The line about Len looking at Sara's ass comes from a deleted scene from the Legends pilot that Caity Lotz posted on Youtube.

Thanks for reading!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!