

Presents for Lisa

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6134230) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6134230>.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | F/F |
| Fandom: | The Flash (TV 2014) |
| Relationship: | Lisa Snart/Caitlin Snow |
| Characters: | Lisa Snart , Leonard Snart , Caitlin Snow |
| Additional Tags: | Killer Frost - Freeform , Meta!Len , Meta!Lisa , meta meta everywhere , Established Relationship , Fluff |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-02-29 Words: 432 Chapters: 1/1 |

Presents for Lisa

by [JQ_\(musicmillennia\)](#)

Summary

Anonymous asked: “You fainted...straight into my arms. You know, if you wanted my attention you didn’t have to go to such extremes.” killergold

Notes

Reminder: I love Killer Frost

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

Golden Glider feels the needle as soon as it pricks her neck. Damn police.

Her vision blurs almost instantly, forcing her to swerve her bike to a stop. Lenny pauses with her, concern quickly dissolving into rage when he sees the dart in his sister's hand.

"You know," Glider calls over the sounds of men scrambling out of their cruisers, "it's not polite to shoot a lady when her back is turned."

Who the fuck could even *shoot* her at ninety miles an—ugh. Speedster bastard. She makes a mental note to add something precious of his to her own collection later. For now, the world's starting to spin, and the rush of molten heat accompanying her powers is fading fast.

Damn it.

Glider pouts, ignoring the swoon in her stance as she flicks the dart from her hand. "Lenny, I want a new ice sculpture. Can I have one?"

"I'll make you twenty," growls her brother, ice already misting from his hands. He steps in front of her, stalking towards the policemen.

Good. She's covered. Now she can pass ou—

Lisa wakes to a blue corset shirt and leather jacket. Cold burns sharp in her nostrils, entwined almost seamlessly with a *lovely* perfume.

Killer Frost grins down at her, stroking her hair. "You fainted straight into my arms, baby. You know, if you wanted my attention, you didn't have to go to such extremes."

Lisa simpers, "But where's the fun in that?"

Really she had no idea Frost was in the area. How gallant of her to come to Lisa's aid; it's the spontaneous dates that keep the romance alive.

More cold, a different vein, breathes behind her. Lisa turns her head, mindful of the tranq's lasting headache despite its short-term knock out.

"Hey sis," Lenny smirks, "hope you like your new sculptures."

He makes a grand gesture behind him. Lisa grins at the multitude of frozen sculptures—cop cars, civilian cop cars, cops with their legs frozen to the ground.

Killer Frost takes her hand and kisses the back of her knuckles. "I got you a squirming speedster."

Lisa gasps, whipping herself up into a sitting position. "Oh sweetie," she purrs, "you always get me the best presents."

Lenny's eyes roll behind his goggles; Lisa can *feel* it.

"Don't worry big brother," she says, "I don't mind being spoiled."

Her gold warms her bones. Much better. Now Lisa can press her lips to Frost's blue ones.

"Can I have my present now?" she murmurs in between kisses.

"Darling," Frost purrs, "you can turn his trigger finger into a new necklace."

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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