The Way to a Man's Heart is Through His Stomach
by viviegirl05

Summary

Barry comes home after work one day and Mick Rory and Leonard Start are in his kitchen. Cooking dinner. For him. What the heck?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It was the end of a normal day for Barry Allen. He had gotten up, got to work five minutes late, dodged Captain Singh, and made it to his lab where he spent the day running tests for the pile of cases on his desk. He had run out twice as the Flash to stop an attempted robbery at a jewelry store and a warehouse fire. Nothing special. He was taking a well-deserved night off from Flash work this evening. Things had been pretty quiet on the metahuman front lately but regular crime had been eating up a lot of his time, so all of Team Flash decided to take a night off to just relax at home.

Barry took a deep breath as he walked down the hall to his apartment. Someone was cooking something that smelled amazing, making Barry’s mouth water as he thought on the dismal state of his kitchen that barely had any food in it thanks to his crazy metabolism. He sighed when he reached his door, but paused before inserting the key in the lock. Was that his imagination, or were there voices coming from his apartment? Did he leave the TV on? Seemed like something he would do, but he could have sworn it was off when he left this morning…

Cautiously, Barry opened the door and peeked inside. Ok, someone was definitely in his kitchen. Two someone’s, if his ears were correct. Two someone’s who sounded suspiciously like…
“Snart? Rory? What? What the...why the...how...just...why?” Barry stammered as he stepped into the kitchen, confirming his suspicion that Leonard Snart and Mick Rory were, indeed, in his kitchen. Cooking food for some reason. Were those shopping bags?

“Do you have a problem with keeping your kitchen stocked or something?” Rory rumbled.

“I, well I… I kinda eat a lot? So it’s kinda hard to keep the kitchen stocked when I eat everything in just a day or two, so…”

“Fortunately, we came prepared for your appetite. Brought enough food for at least a dozen people.” Snart drawled.

“Len said you like lasagna, so I’m making plenty of that.” Rory said, checking the oven.

“…Thanks? I do love lasagna…is that a rotisserie? Did you guys bring a rotisserie to my apartment so you could make me chicken? Wait, it takes, like, four hours for a chicken to cook in an individual rotisserie like that…how long have you guys been here?”

“We had to see what you had in your kitchen, so we came by at 10am to make sure we had plenty of time.” Snart supplied.

“Seriously? Wait- why did you even break into my apartment to check my kitchen in the first place? What do you want?”

“Dinner,” Rory grumbled.

“Ok…but…”

“We thought that you might like a break from Big Belly Burger and all that fast food you eat, and we know how to cook. Figured we’d spread the wealth.”

“Uhhh….thanks?”

“You’re welcome.” Snart replied smugly.

“So…”

“I made four lasagnas, five loaves of garlic bread, a rotisserie chicken, green beans, mashed potatoes, homemade kung pow chicken, and crab rangoons. Wanted to make sure you have plenty of variety in your leftovers for the rest of the week. For dessert we made chocolate chip cookie ice cream sandwiches, and an Oreo cheesecake.”

“Wow. You made all that yourself?”

“Yep.” It was Mick’s turn to be smug now.

Barry breathed in, taking in all the heavenly scents that filled his kitchen.

“You’re drooling, kid,” Len said.

Len? What the heck? When did he start calling Snart Len?!

“Uh…” Barry quickly wiped his chin, embarrassingly actually finding drool.

“S’alright,” Mick- Mick? - rumbled. “If you like the way it smells, you’ll love the way it tastes.” Mick tossed Barry a sly little smirk and a wink.
Did Mick Rory just make an innuendo? What on earth is happening? Barry was about to ask, but Len spoke before he could.

“Shall we sit?” He pulled out a chair for Barry as his kitchen table, which he now noticed was set for three. Again, what?

“Alright…” Barry cautiously eased himself into the chair while eyeing the two men suspiciously.

Mick served all of them lasagna, giving Barry a ridiculously large portion of the meat-flavored layer cake, before he set a basket of warm garlic bread in the middle of the table. “Dig in,” he proclaimed once they were all seated.

Barry took his time picking up his fork, watching Mick and Len as they started eating, waiting until they had both taken a bite before taking one himself. But once the food touched his tongue, all thought of caution fled.

“So good!” He groaned before launching into Flash speed and devouring the whole plate in a second.

Len and Mick smirked and exchanged a glance. “Help yourself to more if you like, there’s plenty more where that came from.” Mick rumbled.

Barry flashed over to the counter and traded his empty plate for the entire tray of lasagna. He was back at the table before the other men could blink, demolishing the lasagna at Flash speed. There were plenty of groans of pleasure thrown in as well as an occasional slice of garlic bread making its way into his mouth.

When the tray was empty, and about two thirds of the garlic bread gone, Barry looked up. Both of his…were they really guests if they broke in and cooked the meal? Whatever they were, they were looking at Barry with somewhat heated looks.

“That was amazing. You guys feel free to break in and cook for me any time you want!” Barry grinned at them. Mick smirked and Len offered his napkin.

“You’ve got a little sauce on you face, Scarlet,” Len said. Barry accepted the napkin and wiped his face.

“Still there.”

When Barry missed the sauce again, Len simply reached over and took the napkin, “here, let me.” He gently wiped the sauce from Barry’s cheek. When he was done Barry was blushing scarlet like his namesake.

After a charged silence, Barry spoke up.

“Did I hear you say there was more lasagna?”

Mick and Len exchanged another look, grinning.

Oh yes, the way to a man’s heart really was though his stomach. Especially if that man was the Flash.

End Notes
So I wrote this while watching Kim Possible, so let me know if it totally sucks, 'cause it definitely wasn’t getting my full attention!
Unedited, so let me know if I need to fix anything!

Any suggestions for the next fic?

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