A Safe Place to Lay My Head
by Ranger_of_Estel

Summary

After returning from the League Sara is having a hard time sleeping, and seeks out the one person who always seems able to ground her.

Missing scene from S1E9 Left Behind

Notes

Fill for Tumblr's ficcingcaptaincanary prompt: missing scene from season 1.

I'm a sucker for these two sharing a sleeping space; especially in the aftermath of nightmares/battles.

Sara jerks awake, chest heaving and her clothes sticking to her sweat coated skin. After a moment the violent images begin to fade and she’s able to calm herself, glancing toward the ceiling. “Gideon, how long?”

“You have been asleep approximately one hour miss Lance.” The ship replies calmly.

“Figures,” she mumbles while untangling the sheet from her legs. Still, it’s more than the previous night. Changing into a clean tank and shorts she pads her way silently through the timeship. The once familiar hum setting her on edge, each click and shift of metal causing her to reach for the weapons no longer at her waist. She’d been forced to disarm after nearly slicing Jax’s
throat when he startled her after they returned from Nanda Parbat. And she still couldn’t look at Kendra without feeling a wave of guilt.

When she reached the galley she found the strongest drink on the shelf and poured a shot before quickly knocking it back. “Miss Lance, I am not sure alcohol is the best –“

“Gideon, don’t.” She warns, tossing back another shot. This won’t be enough for a buzz, but if she could just blur the bloody images in her mind, deafen the screams, then maybe she can rest. She’s not sure how long it takes to feel the slight dulling of her senses, but she figures it will have to do. She’s not focused on anything particular as she returns to the halls, finally stopping in front of the door to Snart’s room. Absently she wonders if he’s awake inside; if he’d want company. In Russia he had been the one to bring out her humanity, and right now she could really use that faith in her control.

Without a word Gideon opened the door; Sara doesn’t hesitate before stepping into the dark room. Her eyes quickly adjusting, settling on the form laying in bed with his arms behind his head. At the sound of her footsteps he turns onto his side, brow raising as he watches her. “Assassin,” He notices her flinch, though if it’s from breaking the silence or the name he is unsure. Whatever the case it breaks her from whatever thoughts held her and she makes her way to the bed. She doesn’t ask permission before getting onto the bed, a whispered “Crook,” her only acknowledgment as she climbs over him, slipping beneath the light sheet. He’s about to turn when she presses against his back. He tenses at the feeling of her forehead and the bridge of her nose between his shoulders; the warmth of each breath as she exhales against the thin sleeping shirt. She doesn’t move, and after a couple minutes he relaxes once more. He’s debating turning and demanding to know why she’s chosen to invade his bed, but her breathing has evened and he doesn’t intend to wake her. He knows she hasn’t slept since returning to the Waverider, since Mick, Chronos, drove her back into the very life she was trying to escape.

When he wakes several hours later he finds they have shifted and she is now snuggled against his chest, head tucked beneath his chin. He instinctively pulls back, just enough to see her clearly and he cannot help but think she looks like angels must. Blonde hair framing her face before falling over her shoulders and onto the sheets, porcelain skin, and the most peaceful he’s ever seen he. He lifts a hand from her waist to push a few errant hairs from her face, freezing as she shifts beneath them.

“Len?” she breathes, and something in his chest tightens. But he notices the hint of alcohol on her breath, tells himself it’s the reasonable explanation to their situation.

“Sleep a little longer Birdie, you’re safe.” he whispers without really thinking, it’s doubtful she’ll remember anyway. His breath hitches as she snuggles closer once more. If it was anyone else he would have already pushed her away, such intimacy not an area he is comfortable. But it’s Sara, which shouldn’t matter, but something about it feels so….right. And it scares the hell out of him. Still he cannot bring himself to pull away from her just yet.

When Sara finally wakes it’s to an empty bed, and she tells herself it’s not disappointment settling in her chest. She swings her legs off the edge; head tilting slightly as she notices her favorite mug sitting on his desk. She walks over, finding it full of warm coffee and a note in Leonard’s handwriting.

Coffee for your head
Clean clothes on the dresser.
- Crook
She smiles, picking up the coffee and nursing it as she makes her way to the dresser. Sure enough a pair of her jeans and a black top are folded neatly on the corner. “Thief indeed” she chuckles before changing. After making his bed and returning her clothes to her own room she heads to galley. Most of the others already there eating, a few looking up to greet her when she enters. She finds Snart leaning against the wall, coffee mug nestled in his hands as he watches her. She moves to lean next to him, and after moment she sighs. “Hey, about what happened –“

“Don’t mention it,” he drawls, smirk tugging at his lips as he shifts, angling slightly toward her, almost whispering. “But next time at least take me to dinner first.”

She snorts, “In your dreams Snart.” But she’s smiling and he just smirks a little wider. Before he can reply Gideon is calling them to a team meeting with Rip and they begin making their way out. Neither one mentions the night’s events again; but he notices she seems less tense, and she doesn’t see quite as much guilt in his eyes.

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