Flirting with the Enemy

by partyghost

Summary

Captain Cold's heist gets interrupted by the Flash as usual, but he seems a bit more serious this time.

Notes

hey this is my first ever posted fanfic
i hope you enjoy! please let me know if ya liked it! lemme know if you want more chapters,
if i get enough positive feedback ill start workin on it <3
constructive criticism is cool too
apologies in advanced tho for a gajillion commas and possible grammar mistakes

thanks!

The day had just been any other normal day of villainy for Captain Cold. He'd been scouting out the
Central City's Museum for about two hours for his up-and-coming heist. With any other museum, he
could take up to a whole month to figure out the security system and the security guards’ routes and
schedules, but with this museum, Leonard Snart knows it as well as the back of his hand. He has,
after all, grown up in this town and had been going to this museum since he was a kid. The scouting
was just for safety precautions, like if there were to be a newbie or a last minute schedule change. But all was good; the plans were set and in motion, the security tied up and taken care of, and the art he had flawlessly appropriated (along with some jewels for Lisa) were even in his hands. All was well, of course, until the Flash showed up.

Now, the Flash being there attempting to bust his heists is never really a problem for Len. He actually rather much enjoys his company and their weird borderline-flirting banter. And he gets to see Barry in that super-tight super-suit of his, which is always a plus. But no, the problem today with Central City’s very own Scarlet Speedster, is his determination.

The Flash doesn’t even seem to be all that into their light hearted insults. He actually seems kinda serious. Len has no idea what’s gotten into Barry, because the usual for their cop and robber game is just punny comebacks and snark with a hint of innuendos. And then, of course, Captain Cold distracts the Flash with a too-forward of a comment that even oblivious Barry can’t miss, and magically disappears within the 0.24 seconds it takes Barry to gather himself. Then Barry laughs the whole thing off and heads back to Star Labs with no further pursuit of Central City’s ‘super villain’. That’s that. But this? Barry's barely even smiling, let alone laughing, and when he does, it's more like a sad chuckle that he seems to immediately regret. It’s kind of depressing really.

Captain Cold smugly walks around a corner entering the museum’s lobby with his hood off and cold gun rested against his shoulder while the Flash finishes up with melting(vibrating) some ice off of a slightly panicked security guard. As soon as Len hears the tell tale static getting closer, he readies his gun and shoots with perfect timing as always. The Flash lets out a surprised and angry shout as he’s frozen to the floor just a few feet away from Captain Cold.

“Oh, don't tell me you've gotten cold feet now, Barry. We were just getting started,” Len says, with his usual smirk as he lifts up his goggles to get a better look at his favorite hero.

Barry looks up from his ice covered legs and glares, “I'm not in the mood Snart.”

“What's got you actin' so cold, Scarlet? You’re no fun today,” Captain Cold pouts.

“I can't keep doing this with you,” Barry averts his gaze and looks down. He sounds so frustrated, almost resigned. Len can practically feel the inner conflict coming off of Barry in waves.

Len raises an eyebrow at that odd statement though. He’s not exactly sure what Barry’s talking about, but he might have an idea. “Doing what, exactly?”

The Scarlet Speedster flails with an exasperated huff, “This!” He shouts as if it were obvious. He looks back up at Captain Cold, but seems to be avoiding eye-contact, “I can't keep making puns and tossing jokes around with you like we're friends. You're a criminal! And I need to start treating you like one,” Barry raised his eyes to meet Len’s and made a hard, determined glare, “No more having you escape when it can be easily prevented. It's my job to catch you so that's what I'll do.”

“And here I thought I was supposed to be the icy one…” Len muttered, “And what do you mean by ‘easily prevented’?” He asked, as he raised an eyebrow and moved a hand over his heart in mock offense.

The Flash just let out what sounded like an annoyed grunt, but Lenny could tell Barry was just covering up a small laugh.

“If I'm going to be honest,” Captain Cold continued, “these don't exactly sound like your words. So tell me, did Detective West and the rest of Team Flash back at Star Labs throw you some kind of intervention?” He asked, now slowly making his way closer to Barry, “About how you shouldn't
make-nice and flirt with dirty rotten criminals?” He was right in front of the famous Scarlet Speedster now, eyes scanning and assessing to see if his presumption was right. Which, of course, it was, especially if he were to go by the brief flash of guilt that just swept across the hero’s face. Leonard Snart may not exactly be a people person, but he sure knows how to read them, especially when they’re such open books like Barry Allen. He should've seen it coming though. Should’ve known that the Flash’s team would finally have enough of just standing by and watching a thief, villain, murderer, monster, whatever he was, flirt with the good and pure, life-saving hero, Barry Allen. He should’ve been prepared for the Flash to realize that Captain Cold is no good and is just another vile criminal that belongs behind bars. But it still hurts; to know that someone who once believed in you to be convinced otherwise by those closer to him.

But by the conflict behind Barry's eyes, Len knows he still has a chance. He's not gonna get his hopes up, but he at least wants to try and get under his skin a little.

So he decides to saunter around the trapped hero, “I didn't think that they'd get to you since you seemed oh so very convinced about that ounce of ‘good’ in me.” He states, making sure to put as much disappointment as he can into his tone, “But oh well, I guess you really do exactly as you're told, huh?” Captain Cold adds tauntingly, now back in front of the speedster, giving him a cocky smirk.

This earns him another glare from those pretty green eyes, “Listen, Snart, I can make my own decisions. And I decide that I agree with Joe and the team. I need to take you and your crimes more seriously,” Barry sighs and looks Len in the eyes with something that Len for once can’t read, and says more calmly and sincere, “And I still do believe there’s good in you, I always will. But until you change you need to be stopped and held accountable for your actions.”

Captain Cold flips down his goggles back over his eyes and aims his cold gun at the melting ice around the Flash’s torso, “Well, I guess all you need to do now is catch me then,” he smiles. And with that, he shoots, covering the Flash in an even thicker layer of ice.

The Flash shuts his eyes and yells in surprise and slight pain. But by the time he opens them again, Captain Cold is out of sight. Barry can only hear his echoed laughter and the distant farewell, “Catch ya later Flash!”

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