Ripped Off In A Flash

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Summary

Detective Leonard Snart is having some trouble slowing down a very fast meta thief.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

"Run this by me again," Detective Leonard Snart drawled, his fingers massaging the ache throbbing behind his brow.

"It's a Cold Gun," Cisco Ramon was explaining excitedly, "This thief is super fast, right? Like, inhumanly fast. Off the charts! Based on the way his molecules are probably resonating-"

"Ice will stop him?"

"In theory, yes," Cisco said, a hint of a pout curling his upper lip at being interrupted. "Or at least slow him down enough to get all Starsky and Hutch and slap the cuffs on him."

"So, I'm going to shoot him with an Ice Gun-" Snart began.

"Cold Gun," Cisco immediately corrected.

"Is it lethal?"

"It... shouldn't... be?" Cisco's forced smile was almost comical. "Maybe aim for his legs or something, just to be safe?"

"Fantastic," Snart breathed, his head continuing to ache.

The thief had been making a clean getaway every night for the past week, emptying out jewelry stores and banks within seconds. Snart was exhausted, having spent hours combing through surveillance footage looking for any clue that might help catch him.

All he had been able to deduce was that the suspect was likely male and he moved so fast that the cameras barely caught anything but a few frames of him.

Ever since the particle accelerator explosion nine months ago, Central City had been at the mercy of damn meta-humans. The CCPD was not equipped to handle the threat and they had been working with Star Labs to develop tech to help even the playing field.

Least they could do, Snart had figured, since the explosion had been their damn fault.

When they ran into tough cases like this, Cisco Ramon would appear with all kinds of new toys for them to play with.

"Here," Cisco said, offering out a small wristwatch. "Make sure you wear this. He's so fast that he doesn't always trigger the alarms. But! I'm going to set up special sensors around every entrance and exit. This watch will vibrate when the sensors detect super high frequencies, just like the ones the Ghost emits."

"The Ghost?" Snart scoffed.

Cisco smiled shyly, shrugging. "You know, well, that's what the paper is calling him. Because I told them. That's what we... call him. Uhm, down at the lab..."

"Cute." Snart was not amused and refrained from commenting about Ramon talking to the press. He'd let the captain handle that mess, his head already hurt enough.

"Anyway!" Cisco clapped his hands together, continuing. "So, where am I gonna be setting all of
this fun stuff up?"

"We'll set up a trap tonight at the Central City Museum," Snart said, picking up the gun and getting a feel for its weight. "They're showing off a lovely collection of royal jewelry. Too much shiny for our little thief to resist." He looked over the gun approvingly. "We'll see what this little baby can do."

"Perfect," Cisco said, nodding eagerly. "We'll make sure back up is close enough to respond in three minutes. Any closer than that."

"And he'll see us coming," Snart said with a small tilt of his head. "Let's see if we can catch ourselves a Ghost."

Cisco immediately started humming the Ghostbusters' theme, and Cold was only mildly tempted to try out the gun on him. They worked together for the rest of the day, getting the plan put into place.

Snart didn't leave a single detail to chance. He liked planning, his calculating mind well suited for this meticulous kind of work. He had already run through a dozen different scenarios of how the evening would go and in every version they were successful.

The Ghost's looting spree was going to end tonight.

Equipment all set and Cold Gun in hand, Snart was waiting patiently in the shadows of the museum's largest exhibit hall. There were at least a dozen display cases, but the largest held an ornate richly jeweled crown. It was appraised in the millions, easily the most valuable item in the royal collection.

He kept his eyes on the crown, certain that the thief would go for the biggest ticket item first. Made sense in case he got caught or anything went wrong. The thief would still make it out with the best prize even if he had to give the others up to flee.

That's how Snart would do it; if he was a thief anyway.

He felt the watch Cisco had given him buzz, gripping the Cold Gun tightly and scanning the room intently.

The Ghost was here.

He saw a strange flicker and suddenly there was a man standing there all in black by the crown case, a mask pulled over his face.

Shit, he was fast.

Snart stepped out of the shadows, gun trained on the thief. He didn’t hesitate, firing at his legs before he shouted, "Freeze!"

The blast knocked the thief to his knees, his left leg encased in thick ice and holding him in place. He actually laughed, calling out, "Hey! That's not cool. Aren't you supposed to yell 'freeze' and then shoot? Not the other way around?"

"Oh, aren't you a quick one," Snart snorted as he stalked toward him. "You'll forgive me for the minor breach of protocol. We both know if I shouted first, you'd be long gone before I could arrest you."

"Arrest me, huh?" the thief chuckled, his hands resting on his hips. He didn't seem too alarmed about his leg being frozen. His lower body suddenly began to shake, the ice cracking and crumbling away. "Yeah, we'll see about that."
The ice! How-!

Snart was on the thief without even thinking, forgetting all about the Cold Gun and tackling him. He got a punch right in the face for his trouble, but he couldn't resist a smirk. It hurt, it hurt quite a bit, but his jaw wasn't broken. His head didn't pop off.

Yeah, this guy was super fast, but he wasn't super strong. Snart could do this, he could keep him pinned down. He finally had the Ghost right where he wanted him.

Snart used his hips to hold down the thief's kicking legs, pinning his flailing arms up above his head with one hand. He used his free hand to start peeling off the mask. "You have the right to remain silent," Snart began, trailing off slowly when he finally saw the face staring up at him, "Anything you say..."

Deep hazel eyes framed by lush lashes gazed up at him, Snart stunned into silence by their beauty. The thief... was gorgeous.

And he was a kid.

All of this time, Snart thought, they had been duped by a damn kid. He couldn’t have been much older than twenty. Maybe twenty five tops.

"Hi," the thief said softly, coyly biting at his lower lip as he looked Snart over.

"Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law," Snart continued, trying to stay focused. It didn't matter how good-looking this kid was.

"You have really pretty eyes," the thief said, smiling brightly.

"You have the right to an attorney and have them present while you are being questioned."

"I know this is kind of fast, but would you like to go out sometime?" The thief tilted his head, gazing hungrily at Snart’s lips.

Snart continued to ignore him, reciting dutifully, "If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you."

"We could chill out," the thief said, his hips rising up to press against Snart's. "Get to know each other... totally into this whole bad cop thing you've got going on, by the way."

"Will you stop that?" Snart hissed, his concentration slipping.

"Stop what?" the thief asked innocently, his back arching up from the floor and pressing close.

"That!" Snart snapped, using every ounce of his willpower to keep his body under control. Having such a lovely thing grinding against him was going to have certain consequences very soon.

"Just trying to be friendly," the thief said, purring sweetly, "I mean, other than you shooting me? It's been so ice meeting you."

Snart refused to let himself be charmed by ridiculous puns, a smile twitching at the corner of his mouth. He banished it, but he couldn’t resist growling, "Sorry I've gotta give you the cold shoulder, kid. Tough luck."

The thief grinned, teasing back, "Aw, there we go! All those good looks and a dorky sense of
humor? I really hit the jackpot."

"You're still very much going to jail," Snart assured him.

"Yeah, no," the thief laughed again, shaking his head. "Got big plans tonight, trying to rob a museum, not sure if you've noticed. But maybe another time?"

There was a sudden warmth all over Snart's body, a buzzing sensation erupting beneath him, and for a moment he thought the watch had malfunctioned. It wasn't the damn watch, he suddenly realized.

It was the kid!

"What are you doing," Leonard hissed, his face flushing. The sensation was getting stronger by the second. It was particularly strong around his groin, and it felt really good. Really good.

"Vibrating," the thief answered with a sly smile.

"This is resisting arrest..." Snart gritted his teeth, wishing he could will all the blood headed south to anywhere else in his body.

"Oh? You don't seem to mind," the thief laughed, his eyes widening in a mock expression of shock as his body rubbed lewdly up against Snart's. "Why, officer! Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"

"Stop it," Snart demanded, groaning quietly.

"Just one more second," the thief sighed happily, lifting up his head and nuzzling his mouth against Snart's neck.

Snart grunted, unable to ignore how wonderful it felt. He was so hard now, and he couldn't resist pressing his hips down to gain some more friction. God, it was getting hot in here, really hot. The kid was so close, and he smelled so damn good. Snart's cock was practically pulsing, fuck, fuck, fuck, he was right there, and then all of a sudden...

It stopped.

Snart was confused, panting hand and snapping, "What are... what the hell!"

"Oh, I just needed time to get my legs free of all that stupid ice," the thief explained with a naughty grin, "Cute trick with that gun and the ice thing, though. Pretty effective!"

"You-!" Snart started to shout, but suddenly the whole world spun around him. His stomach lurched and he was back on his feet, pressed against the wall.

In the time it took him to lunge forward and grab the Cold Gun from where he had dropped it on the floor, every single display case was empty, and the thief was gone.

"Oh, come on," Snart roared, completely enraged and embarrassed for having failed so spectacularly, "For fuck's sake!"

There was a startling gust of wind and the thief was right there in front of him once more. He was smirking triumphantly, his beautiful eyes dancing with mischief. "Hi again," he greeted, "Long time, no see!"

"Why did you come back. There's nothing of any value left to fucking steal," Snart growled, gesturing at the vacant cases. He was still out of breath and absolutely furious at how easily he'd
been taken advantage of.

"Mmm, I wouldn't say that," the thief mused, his hand cradling Leonard’s face and pressing a soft kiss to his lips.

Snart froze, his trigger finger itching. He should fire his gun, he should tackle him back to the ground, he needed to arrest him immediately.

But he couldn't move, locked in place by the sweetest kiss he'd ever tasted. He gasped quietly, returning the kiss without even thinking. There was a tingle of electricity running between them, and all he wanted to do was bring this kid home to his bed and feel that magical sensation beneath him once more.

The thief giggled, tilting his head to whisper softly in Snart's ear, “If I steal your heart, is that considered cardiac arrest?”

Snart was dumbfounded, starting to say, "That doesn't even make any-"

There was a rush of wind, and the thief disappeared.

Snart's heart was pounding, he had an intensely uncomfortable erection, and his plan had been a complete disaster.

The Ghost had won.

Snart stared down at his hand, scowling when he saw the Cold Gun was gone.

That little...

Snart stormed out of the museum, reporting in that backup could stand down. He declined to elaborate as to how the thief had escaped, stomping out to his car. He slid into the seat, slamming the door shut and punching his steering wheel a few times.

He grumbled to himself, trying to come up with a new course of action. The sensors were a success, and the Cold Gun was very effective. Too fucking bad the little brat had stolen that, too. He couldn’t concentrate, his thoughts still hung up on sweet lips and a gorgeous smile, cursing loudly.

That fuckin' kid.

Snart frowned as he leaned back in the seat, realizing there was something in his pocket. He pulled it out, quirking a brow as he realized it was a note. The thief must have snuck in there while they were kissing.

Want to finish what we started? Meet me down by the docks. I'll be waiting.

P.S. I won't let you arrest me, but you can still totally bring the handcuffs.

Snart read the note over a few more times, tapping his fingers on the dash. It could be a trap, but the thief had every opportunity to take Snart out if he had really wanted to. The offer was incredibly tempting, and it gave Snart another chance to take the kid to jail. It also gave him a chance to find out all about how those beautiful vibrations might feel in several erotic scenarios.

It only took a few more moments to make up his mind, cranking the car with a sly smirk.

One way or another, the Ghost was ending up in a pair of cuffs tonight.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The drive down to the docks was quick, Snart’s foot heavy on the pedal the whole way. He had no idea what he was doing. Yes, he needed to arrest the Ghost, but all he could think about were those damn vibrations.

He pulled into the warehouses near the last pier, assuming the Ghost would be hiding somewhere pretty secluded. Snart guessed correctly, finding him in one of the more isolated buildings.

The Ghost was waiting in an abandoned office, cramped and musty, the blank walls punctuated with wrought iron shelving. The thief was perched on a ratty old chair and his face was uncovered, smiling brightly when he saw Snart.

Snart couldn’t stop himself from smiling back, drawling, “Well... here we are.”

“So, did ya’ bring the cuffs?” the thief asked cheerfully.

“Yes,” Snart replied firmly. “So I can take you in.”

“Right,” the thief scoffed, “Because that’s why you came here alone with no back-up.”

“I’m more than capable of taking you down by myself,” Snart snapped.

“Listen, gorgeous,” the thief laughed, flickering over to the desk and sitting on the edge in a blink, his long legs swinging, “You can take me anywhere. Down, up, whatever... just take your pants off.”

“You like to move pretty fast, don’t you?” Snart scoffed.

“I see something I like, I tend to go after it,” he replied, gesturing to Snart. “Not gonna leave me out in the cold, are you? You came all this way and I could really use somebody to help warm me up...”

“Now, listen, Ghost-“

“Ghost?” the thief tilted his head curiously.

Snart faltered briefly, explaining, “That’s what we call you.”

“Aww,” the thief pouted, “And you were doing so well! You were flirting, even being quite charming, but then you had to go and let the cop back out.”

“I am carrying a badge,” Snart reminded him. “I’m always a cop.”

“And yet still not trying to arrest me,” the thief pointed out with a proud smile.
“I fully intend to,” Snart said stubbornly, “Plus retrieve l the items you stole, including my Cold Gun.”

“Your what now?”

“My Cold Gun.”

“Ohhh, pffft, that thing you froze me with? Yeah, definitely not. That freakin’ hurt. And not in the ‘yes, may I have another’ kind of way.”

Snart was practically right on top of him, mere inches away. He could feel the energy buzzing off the thief’s skin and practically taste the electricity of his lips. He didn’t understand this incredible attraction, taking a deep breath and demanding, “Why did you kiss me?”

“Maybe you just looked like you needed to be kissed,” the thief replied, lazily dropping his head to his shoulder and appraising Snart with a sly smirk.

“I don’t kiss criminals,” Snart huffed defiantly.

“Ouch, hey, innocent until proven guilty!” the thief retorted. “And hey, you weren’t complaining at the time...”

“You took me by surprise,” Snart argued.

“Is that why you kissed me back? You were so surprised you just had to shove your tongue down my throat?”

“I did not-!”

“But you wanted to,” the thief taunted, his eyes ravenously feasting on Snart’s lips. “And you want to know if you can feel me vibrate again... you’re probably wondering just how much control I have over them... here’s a hint; the answer is a lot.”

“I’m wondering where you stashed the jewels you stole,” Snart fibbed, “How hard it’s gonna be to get you into these cuffs, and I really-

“Ugh! Just shut up already,” the thief groaned, grabbing Snart’s collar and dragging him into a firm kiss.

Snart wanted to protest and stand his ground, but those lips were a beautiful prison he could not resist. He was immediately held captive, moaning as the thief’s long legs curled around his hips and pulled him close.

The thief’s hands were running through his hair, pushing his lean body into Snart’s waiting arms.

Snart kissed back deeply, one hand sliding along the thief’s waist, the other hovering by his side close to where he kept his handcuffs hooked to the back of his belt. He kept kissing the handsome thief, waiting for the right moment.

The thief reached down to palm Snart’s cock, feeling along his girth with both hands and giving him a playful squeeze as he purred excitedly, “Mmmm, what a big nightstick you have, officer...”

Snart made his move, snapping the cuffs down on the thief’s wrists and grinning triumphantly. His ego took a small hit when the thief gave him an unimpressed look and he realized his success had not been on his own.
“Super speed, remember?” the thief drawled, rolling his eyes. He gave the cuffs a tug. “These are only on me because I want them to be.”

“You look good in them,” Snart replied with a snort. “Bet you’d look very enticing in an orange jumpsuit, too.”

“Oh, but I look my very best in nothing at all!” the thief teased coyly. “Wanna strip search me?”

“Do you have any dangerous weapons concealed on your person?”

“Only one way to find out.”

Snart’s hands moved up the thief’s thighs, fingertips grazing the button of his pants. He had a brief second of hesitation, wondering if he should keep going.

This was insane.

But then he saw those beautiful hazel eyes hungrily gazing up at him and his heart skipped a beat. Snart was a cop, sworn to uphold the law, but he was only human. He couldn’t resist.

Snart leaned in to kiss the thief roughly, their teeth clicking as he licked his way deep into his mouth. He began to frantically pull their clothes out of the way, groaning when he felt a familiar shiver run through the thief’s body.

“How do you fuckin’ do that,” he gasped in awe.

“You know, like if I find something really cute on sale? Get extra fries in my Happy Meal? Oh, or when I have a totally smoking hot man making out with me...”

Snart actually laughed, bright and happy, the sound smothered in thief’s sweet mouth as he came in for another kiss. Because of the cuffs, he couldn’t take the thief’s shirt off all the way, shoving it up as high as he could and getting a fantastic view of a finely sculpted stomach.

He didn’t think his own body was as enticing, but the thief was speedily divesting him as if unwrapping an exquisite present. There was soon nothing left between except the thief’s bunched up shirt and the handcuffs.

Snart could feel a bashful flush heating his face when the thief stroked his bare chest so reverently. Nothing about him was as firm as it once was, but the thief’s hungry caresses made him feel more desirable than he had in years.

The thief was impatient, grabbing at Snart’s cock and dragging him up between his legs. “Come on... I’m in desperate need of a fuckin’ cavity search.”

“Hang on,” Snart huffed, reaching down to stroke his fingers against the thief’s ass. He was quite surprised to find him wet and open, clearing his throat. “You already...?”

“Got bored waiting for you,” the thief snickered, rubbing the head of Snart’s cock against himself lewdly.

Snart groaned, the heat overwhelming, gasping sharply, “Condoms-“
“Don’t need them,” the thief insisted. “I’m immune to all disease.”

Snart scoffed at such an insane claim, but he was about to have sex with a meta who could move faster than the human eye could see and could vibrate his entire body at will.

Fuck it.

Snart began to plunge forward, gasping at the stretch of tight muscle hugging his cock, the tight fit making him shiver and want to push even deeper. He wanted to take his time, but the thief was greedy.

He used his legs to pull Snart in, digging his heel against his spine insistently. “I can take it,” he moaned, “Fuck! Give it to me! Now!”

“Fuck,” Snart hissed, slamming his cock in the rest of the way and making them both moan. He kissed the thief passionately, their tongues sliding together as he began to thrust hard.

Even with his hands cuffed, the thief was an incredibly passionate and nimble lover. He held Snart’s face as they kissed, constantly readjusting the angle of his body to find a way to take Snart deeper. He squirmed often, a sensual livewire that cried out so prettily with every slam.

Snart grunted, giving the thief everything he had and he could feel him starting to shiver and twitch. No, fuck, he was vibrating, a beautiful shimmering sensation that made him moan shamelessly.

Snart soon had to bury his face against the thief’s neck, too breathless to keep their kiss. He held him close, caressing the long lines of his back as he pushed into him again and again, certain he was going to start vibrating himself because it felt so fucking good.

“God,” he gasped, “Ghost...”

“Call me Barry,” the thief moaned sweetly, nuzzling Snart’s cheek. “My name is Barry...”

“Barry,” Snart sighed, repeating the name like an incantation to summon Aphrodite herself. He rolled his hips, pivoting his feet from the floor to pound himself harder into Barry’s tight body.

“Fuck! Len!” Barry screamed out, a blissful smile curling his lips and growling ravenously. “Fuck, yes! That’s what I’m fucking talking about! Fuuuu-uck!”

Soon, Barry wasn’t just vibrating; he was actually sparking, little crackles of electricity dancing all over his skin.

“Barry,” Len whispered in huskily, completely in awe. “What’s happening?”

“Sorry!” Barry moaned, flushed and surprisingly bashful. “It’s just, fuck, it feels so fucking good! Slow down and it’ll stop... mmmph, fuck!”

Len jerked his head, grabbing Barry’s legs and spreading them wide. He fucked him relentlessly, panting, “No... it’s beautiful... don’t stop...”

Barry’s eyes widened, something fragile breaking within him, sobbing as his body began to sparkle brilliantly with energy. The vibrations were even stronger, moving in steady waves that peaked when the light was at its brightest. “Fuck... yes...”

Snart kissed him fiercely, driving them both towards their inevitable climax. Minutes or hours, he had no idea how much longer it went on for. Time actually seemed to slow down, that fantastic
shuddering sensation pulling the most incredible orgasm from inside of him that he had ever felt.

The intense ecstasy made his eyes tear up, pumping an impossibly thick load deep inside of Barry. Each pulse was a delicious crawl to the finish line, trying to savor each magnificent moment for as long as he could.

They both cried their pleasure against each other’s lips, Snart embracing Barry tenderly and rocking them through all the spectacular tremors with steady pumps of his hips.

Sweating and out of breath, all he could manage to say was, “Wow...”

“Twelve out of ten,” Barry agreed with a big grin. “Would totally bang again.”

“Again?” Snart smiled despite the threat of reality creeping back in, sighing, “You know this is a very, very bad idea...”

“What? Having incredible and amazing sex?” Barry scoffed. “I’m gonna have to very strongly disagree. I think it’s a fantastic idea and should be repeated often.”

“I should be arresting you,” Snart grumbled.

“Might be kind of awkward since your dick’s kind of all up inside of me still,” Barry giggled gleefully. “What would your boss say?”

Snart ignored the crude comment, saying instead, “What if you decided to come over to the right side of the law?”

“Huh?”

“It’s painfully obvious the CCPD is not properly equipped to handle this new wave of meta-human criminals,” Snart explained. “But someone like you, with your powers?”

“Mmm, I am pretty damn awesome,” Barry purred thoughtfully. “That’s true.”

“You could come work with us,” Snart insisted. “Help us keep the city safe.”

“And you’d what, just pretend all the robbing shenanigans never happened?”

“No one knows what you look like except me,” Snart pressed, cupping the side of Barry’s face. “Who’s to say the Ghost didn’t skip town? Come on... what do you say?”

“Mmm, tempting, but I’m gonna have to pass,” Barry replied, blinking away from beneath Snart. He reappeared a moment later, fully dressed and stretching his arms up above his head with a very satisfied grunt. He gave the handcuffs a little jingle, teasing, “Wanna see a magic trick?”

“A trick?” Snart scowled. “No, I want you to really consider this. Think of all the good you could do-”

There was a bright flash of light, Barry stealing a passionate kiss and whispering in Snart’s ear, “Abracadabra...”

“Barry! Wait!”

Barry chuckled wickedly and with another brilliant flash, he was gone.

Snart blinked, staring down at his wrists in shock. The cuffs were now on him and he was naked.
chained to the iron shelving on the wall.

“That little shit...!”

As he tried to figure out exactly what story he was going to try and sell to Captain Singh to explain how he ended up like this, his mind was already made up.

He had to catch himself a Ghost.

Next time, maybe they could even try to have dinner before the cuffs came out.

Chapter End Notes

Remember the smutty follow-up chapter I promised a million years ago? Here ya’ go!

XD

End Notes

Enjoy! <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!