Get a clue
by litra

Summary

A 5th dimensional imp zaps Barry, Iris and Len into the board game Clue.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Iris decided that while fifth dimensional imps were clearly messed up in the head, they could do some really cool stuff.

Barry and Cisco had been pretty sure that this one was different then the previous imp Barry had encountered with Kara. (Cisco had been determined to come up with a better name then Music Meister, especially since his powers didn't actually have anything to do with music.) And it didn't seem to be the one that bothered Kara, or at least it didn't answer when Iris butchered trying to say his name.

Instead he'd popped into existence in the middle of the cortex. It had thankfully been a slow night, at least before his arrival, so Barry and Iris were the last ones there.

They'd stuck around on the off chance that Snart would sneak in again. He'd been doing that recently, not taking anything that they could tell, just sneaking in and leaving little notes on how they needed to improve security. Since their copy of Gideon was the only way he could talk to Mick on
the Waverider, he actually had a standing invitation... during business hours. Cisco had definitely tried to emphasis that part, and of coarse Snart hadn't listened. Cisco had even tried lowering the security so it would be less of a challenge and therefore less appealing. The next morning there'd been a sticky note on his desk saying *Nice try, but you might want to close the windows. It's getting Cold in here.*

They'd fallen into a pattern where one or more of them stayed a little late and passed him the keys to lock up when he was done. Most often that duty fell to Iris or Barry and since they were both headed back to the loft it only made sense for the other to stay as well.

That was how the imp had found them. He'd thrown out his hands in a pleading gesture and said, "Can you please get a clue already!" Then a light had dawned in his eyes and he'd snapped his fingers.

Iris had blinked, staggered and caught herself.

She was somewhere else, or in an illusion world or something. She was also wearing a very well tailored navy skirt suit, with a neck line that was at least an inch lower then what she normally wore. The press badge pinned to her breast only drew attention to the hint of white lace that she couldn't seem to hide. To complete the picture, she had a fedora with a wide PRESS tag stuck in the brim, and a notebook that she had to constantly carry around because she couldn't find her purse.

She was wondering around some kind of manner house, all old dark wood and lush carpets. She'd arrived at dusk, just as the party was getting started. The guests were all in dressed to the nines even if the style was slightly old fashioned.

Well, that was fine. Iris knew how to be a reporter, and if playing their roles had gotten Barry and Kara out last time it was worth a try. She set out to explore the house and talk to as many people as she could, hoping that at least maybe she'd find a familiar face.

The layout was simple enough, a basic square with three or four rooms to a side and a sweeping set of stairs in the middle leading up to a second floor. The first thing she discovered was that there wasn't a way out. There was a Hall, with a set of big double doors that should have led outside, except they wouldn't open. When she tried to get a look through the windows beside them, well she'd seen fake plants that looked realer then that backdrop.

To the east of the hall, and taking up a whole corner of the building, was a lounge. It was done in green with several very comfortable looking couches. Sitting in the middle of the biggest couch was an over-sized wrench. She noted that it was set up for the party like the rest of the house with a drink cart and a tray of breads and cheeses on the table. No one had taken advantage of them yet, so she continued on her circuit.

Iris started sketching out a basic map on the note pad. She was sure there was a trick here, and she really didn't want it to be that the rooms moved or something.

The next room took up most of the east wall. It was a formal Dining room with a table that could seat twenty. Every place was set with gold-leafed china ready for people to take their seats. It was there that Iris ran into her first guest. He was a tall, lean older gentleman dressed in something yellow that might have been a uniform or might have been a big game hunter's outfit. The hat certainly fit a big game hunter. Iris had to tear her eyes from his enormous gray mustache.

"Miss?" He asked, stiffly.

Iris fell back on her standard opening, extending a hand, "Ah I'm sorry, Iris West, Central City
"Colonel Mustard, a pleasure." And then he just stood there. He wasn't even really looking at anything, not examining the table or looking out the window (not that there was anything to see, it was the exact same false backdrop as in the other room). He had a drink in his hand and occasionally took a sip, but the level never went down, and so he never bothered to refill it.

"Umm, are you alright?" Iris asked hesitantly.

The minute she spoke directly to him his focus was fixed on her again, "Yes, quite. Wonderful party. Shame about that poor girl." Then he went back to staring into space. A minute later he walked out of the room without glancing at her.

"Well that wasn't creepy or anything." Iris muttered to herself. She flipped to a new page and wrote down Col, Mustard - dining room. Then she thought for a moment and added, Lounge - wrench. It might not have been part of this freakishness but she wasn't about to rule it out.

The kitchen was in the south-east corner of the building. It was as fancy as the rest of the place with stainless steel appliances and a large central island that was covered in trays of little sandwiches, deviled eggs and other finger food.

Iris contented herself with the fact that if she was stuck here for a while, at least she wouldn't starve. Not that she wanted to try sampling magic/illusion food. Come to think of it. The party was in full swing and yet she'd only met one other person so far... She noted both facts down in the notebook, while updating her map.

Iris was about to turn and keep exploring when a head popped out of a trap door in the corner of the room. She stared. Not so much at the auburn hair, as the fact there was a trap door. Seriously how had she missed that?

The guy was wearing a white coat and it wasn't until he was fully out of the tunnel and was bending down to help someone else that she even recognised him.

"Barry, oh thank god."

He looked up, a grin splitting his face, "Iris!" He was wearing more then a white coat she noticed, he was wearing a lab coat with glasses and a rainbow bow tie over a well tailored set of suit pants and a vest. Pity the coat was so long, she'd bet those pants showed off his ass. At least she wasn't the only one dressed to impress.

Barry came over and squeezed her hand, as she took in the second figure.

It was Len, but instead of fancy dress he was in head to tow black. The top was a skin tight sweater that looked soft enough to melt in. There was a thin line of skin between the end of his sleeves and the supple leather gloves. His pants were as well fitted as Barry's.

"Len, you got stuck in here too?"

He nodded, "Barry explained what happened."

Barry squeezed her hand. He wasn't literally vibrating but his grin was full of glee. "Have you figured it out? Where we are?"

She opened her mouth to say no, then stopped, "tell me we're not..."
"He told us to get a clue." Barry said, nodding. "I met Mr. Green and Ms. Peacock in the library."

"And I found the gun in the study before Barry found me and we figured it out." Len added, "Have you had a chance to look around here?"

She shook her head. They all glanced around.

"One of the knives?" Barry offered after a moment.

Iris shook her head, "I found the wrench in the lounge and it was sitting out in the open."

"So was the gun," Len nodded, "I think we just get the room for this one. After all if someone was killed here I think it'd be fairly obvious." He gestured around at the pristine counter tops and appliances.

Barry nodded, leaning over the island and snagging a mini-sandwich.

"Barry!" Iris caught his wrist before he could eat it, "Poison, we are in a murder mystery after all."

Len side eyed the food, but Barry slowly shook his head. He held up his spare hand and counted off on his fingers, "rope, lead pipe, wrench, gun, knife, candlestick." He popped the sandwich into his mouth. "If he's sticking to the script, then the food's safe."

"Okay, I guess that makes sense," she agreed, still eyeing the food.

Len draped himself over the end of the counter and and started picking at a bunch of grapes. "So, we've got the wrench and the gun out as weapons, and Mr. Green and Ms. Peacock out for people."

"And Colonel Mustard, I met him in the Dining room." Iris interjects, pulling out her notepad.

Len nods, "Okay, who does that leave us with?"

"Professor Plum, Miss Scarlet, and Ms. White." Barry answered around a mouthful of cracker and cheese. Len and Iris shared a fond exasperated look at his lack of table manners.

"Not that I mind, but why do you know all this?" Len asked.

Barry started to answer but he'd just taken a bite of some little flaky pastry so Iris stepped into the gap. "It was his favorite game growing up. There's a reason he became a CSI, and it wasn't all because of his mom."

Barry rolled his eyes.

Len gave that some consideration then nodded, "Better then candyland I suppose. I can't tell you how many times Lisa got me to play that game. At least Clue has some strategy.

Barry nodded and swallowed, "getting the rooms was always the hardest part. There's just so many."

"Well, if Len's right about the crime scene thing then we can cross off the Hall, the lounge and the dining room on my end." She opened her notebook to a new page and started a list.

"I started in the Library, then found Len in the Study." Barry said.

Iris noted down the rooms then looked at Len.

"Just the Study I'm afraid."
"You didn't look around?" Iris asked.

"No, I did." Len said with a smile. "I just didn't leave the room. I recommend the brandy by the way it's a very good vintage."

Barry snorted, "Of course you spent however long we've been here casing the place." He leaned over to bump shoulders with Len.

Iris couldn't help but smile. Len was good for Barry, she thought. He loosened him up, made him relax and forget about the reasons rather then the rules.

She looked down getting back to the puzzle. "And then you came here?"

"Yeah, we'd figured it out by then." Barry nodded, He picked up a mini-quiche and then waved at Len, "Oh show her the thing."

Iris glanced at Len in question.

Len huffed in mock afront then pulled a twisted piece of mettle from his pocket. "When I woke up here, this was all I had on me," He said. Standing he went to the door and tapped the piece of metal against the frame. There was a clicking sound.

"I don't get it," Iris said.

"I think it's supposed to be a lock pick. Nothing like a real lock pick of course, but it seems to lock or unlock any door i want it to. It's how we found the secret passage. I went all over the Study before Barry got there and nothing. Then he says there should be a passage and thing thing created one."

"Yeah and I got these." Barry pulled a pair of test tubes from a pocket of his coat. "Check this out." He looked around then picked a lock stemmed flower from a vase and held it up to the test tube. There was a kind of twisting in the air and then the flower was inside the tube and it was stoppered shut despite the fact that the flower had been way too big to fit and Barry hadn't had a stopper. "It's like a videogame bottle. I can put anything in here."


"Well it's handy at least. All I got was this notebook." She offered it up and the men looked at it quizzically. It sat there like a normal notebook would.

"Maybe you have to do something special to activate it?" Barry offered.

She shrugged, flipping through the pages.

"So what next?" Len asked a minute later. "Just keep trying rooms until we find a crime scene?"

Barry shrugged, he'd devastated most of the food trays and was now looking around idully. "Well there are only a few left. Ballroom, Billiard room, and the conservatory." He counted them off on his fingers.

Iris bit her lip, "Is it just me, or does this feel too easy?" The two men looked at each other.

Len shrugged, "Don't look at me. After time travel and coming back from the dead my scale for these things is a bit off."

Barry nodded slowly, "No, I think you're right. When the Music Meister put me and Kara in that musical, there was a whole back and forth and realizing things about ourselves thing."
Len lifted an eyebrow, "Musical?"

"Tell you later. Anyway if this... Cluemaster is anything like that guy there's probably going to be some twist."

Len nodded, "So how do we get around it?"

"We probably can't" Barry said apologetically. "He's in fifth dimensional imp. He's got powers way beyond me."

"And I don't have my gun," Len said sourly, "So what do we do then?"

There was a minute of silence which Iris eventually broke, "We stay ready. We play the game and when we win, we do what we have to."

They nodded.

Len tapped the door with his lock pick ans as a group they headed for the ballroom, except when Barry tried the door it didn't open. "That's new," he said.

"Allow me," Len said stepping forward. He waved the lock pick like a magician's wand and the door clicked open. Giving it a little nudge they all peered inside.

They had found the crime scene.

A young girl in a white dress was sprawled on the floor. blood had collected in a pool under her, but whatever wound had killed her couldn't be seen. Crime scene tape was strung up between several chairs blocking off a large area with the girl at the center. A police officer stood guard over her, staring into space like Colonel Mustard had been.

"Well I think this counts as a clue." Len whispered. "Think he'll mind us taking a look at the body?"

A brief scene flashed through her mind of the three of them running through the halls as the cop blew a whistle and threatened them with a club, like they were in some Scooby Doo rerun.

"You're dressed like a thief, you really want to chance it?"

"I'll have you know dear lady that I am not just dressed like a thief, I am one"

"Well if you'd like to do the honors instead miss reporter."

Iris glanced at Barry, who nodded encouragingly.

Iris gripped her notebook like a weapon and stepped into the room. As if that was a signal, the guard held up a hand and spoke in a flat voice. "You need to leave miss, this is police business."

"Iris West, Central City Picture News," She steamrolled over him, "What happened here? Who is this girl? Was she murdered?"

The cop started to frown, then froze. He flickered, jerking like a wind up doll that had slipped a gear. The notebook in Iris's hand was glowing softly.

Iris distantly heard Barry whisper from the doorway, "Ha take that. You were totally right Len."

Then the officer opened his mouth and actually answered her questions. "This girl's been killed. Her name is Ms. White. She was murdered."
The repetition startled Iris for a moment but the tone was so wrote that she had to assume he had a limited vocabulary, or maybe limited intelligence.

"How was she killed?" Iris thought it was worth a shot to ask. Better than trying to hunt down the rest of the weapons in any case.

Again the cop answered as if working from a script. "She was stabbed."

"Who stabbed her?"

The cop twitched again, "we are still investigating."

"Figures." Len said from the door. HE wasn't even bothering to lower his voice but the cop didn't seem to notice him so...

"At least we're down to two people now," Barry offered. "It has to be either Miss Scarlet or Professor Plum."

Iris cleared her throat, glancing at her companions. She gestured between herself and the cop.

Len got it first. "I don't have any questions, do you Miss Scarlet?"

"No I, wait, Hey" Barry tumbled over his own words, "If anyone's Miss Scarlet it's Iris."

"It's true." Iris agreed, joining them in the hall. "I always played as Scarlet when we were growing up, while Barry was Professor Plum."

"So one of you is our killer? Maybe I should frisk you and see if I find that knife." Len was looking them over with clear interest. Iris shivered. She was suddenly very aware of the way his hands looked in those supple leather gloves, and the way his eyes caught on her cleavage, and the hint of lace showing there. She'd always known he was attractive, in some distant way, but the way he was talking brought it all to the surface. It was a joke of course, just another bit of banter, like he was always throwing back and forth with Flash.

A sea of guilt blossomed at the thought of Barry. She loved him. They were married. Okay she was only human and she could look as much as she wanted, but she'd also made promises to him, ones she fully intended to keep.

"Actually that might not be a bad idea."

Iris turned to stare at her husband. He was as red as his suit, so at least he knew what he was suggesting, but he was also biting his lip and looking between the two of them from under his lashes.

"I mean, we can't be sure. Cluemaster created a whole universe. One of us could be some kind of copy, a fake."

Never mind that all the people they'd met were practically robots, Iris thought... Still, if Barry was suggesting it... He kept glancing at her, but every time his eyes slid back to Len, Gaze running up and down his sleek frame.

Oh.

Well if it was like that.

Iris tossed her hair over her shoulder and brought one hand dramatically to her chest. "Good sir, I couldn't possibly," She let a wicked smile take over her features, "At least not without fair turnabout.
And not in the hallway." She tacked on.

Barry's eyes had glazed over. He kept opening his mouth like he wanted to say something, but couldn't figure out how to put sounds together into words.

Iris tossed her mind back to the game board and guessed that the billiard room was closest. She looped one arm through Barry's and the other through Len's. She pushed them through the door ahead of her, barely glancing to make sure it was empty, before pulling the door closed behind them. Len tossed her the lockpick and the lock clicking made an extremely satisfying sound.

Barry had apparently gotten over his shock. He was standing to one side, practically vibrating on the spot as he looked from one to the other of them.

"So were you thinking a full pat down or more of a strip search?" There was a hint of Flash in Barry's voice, daring, taunting. Iris shivered and squeezed her thighs together. This was a side of her husband that never failed to heat her up, and she didn't get to enjoy it nearly often enough.

"Oh Scarlett, you know I'm always up for playing cops and robbers." Len leaned over the billiard table, hands spread wide, gripping the corners. He glanced over his shoulder and slowly spread his legs. Iris sucked in a breath, suddenly hyper aware of her bra as her nipples hardened.

"Iris?"

Barry was looking at her, and she suddenly realized he was waiting for her permission.

There was a bar in the corner of the room, she pulled a stool over to a spot where she'd have a good view. She took her time spreading her skirt around her, letting her men get a good look as it rode up her leg, revealing garters that matched the bra.

When she was comfortable, she fixed Barry with a steady gaze. "Do it."

Barry turned to Len.

Iris had seen pat downs before. She'd even played this game before, but not like this.

Barry grabbed Len's waist, pressing his hips to Len's. His movements were tauntingly slow as he drew them up Len's sides and around to his front. Barry was laid out over Len's back, chin on his shoulder, whispering something in his ear. Len shuddered. Then Barry's hands slid down and Iris heard the clatter of a belt being unlatched. Len's pants slid down an inch or so, catching on the spread of his legs but revealing inch or two of pale skin and the line of his boxers before they stopped.

It fell to the floor with a clatter, and Iris bit her lip. At some point she had let her head fall back, exposing the curve of her neck. She'd never imagined anything like this, and now that she had it, she couldn't believe it had never occurred to her before. Len and Barry had always a sparking kind of chemistry. She wondered if Barry had ever realized how much he wanted this? Both of them, had been stuck in a rut, Iris and Barry, Barry and Iris. They had so much history it had been hard to think of anyone else fitting there between them. Yet that's just what Len had managed.

The curve of Len's back arched under Barry's hands as his husband pushed him forward with a hand between his shoulder blades. Barry rocked forward, pressing his hips to Len's ass. Iris just knew Barry was hard, probably straining against his pants behind where his coat fell to cover them.

Well she couldn't have that.
"Barry, take off your coat."

Barry stepped back to do as told and Len let out a small moan, hips shifting to follow him. The Thief turned and met Iris's gaze. His eyes were smoldering.

"Careful, remember, you're next." He warned.

Iris matched Len's smirk.

Barry's coat fell to the floor. Iris had been right. He was hard, as if he could be anything else when he was molesting a man who had been testing and teasing him for so long.

Barry dropped to one knee, continuing the farce of a search by checking Len's ankles and slowly drawing his hands up his inseam.

"Something you want to say?" Barry asked when Len gasped.

"Tease," Len managed to gasp.

"Oh trust me this is nothing." Iris tossed in. She'd been on the receiving end of Barry's ministrations and knew exactly what Len was going through. "Barry dear?"

"Yeah?"

"Show him that think you can do."

Barry laughed and smiled without a hint of shame. "As the lady wishes."

He pressed up against Len's back again, one hand sliding up under his shirt, while the other went south, slipping into the open V of Len's pants.

Barry kissed the back of Len's neck, waited a beat, and then vibrated.

Len jerked in shocked pleasure, a string of profanity spilling from his lips. Barry rocked with him, guided him into a rhythm.

It was beautiful.

Iris tugged her skirt up, slipping a hand between her legs. They were so good together, matching in all the right places and complementing each other everywhere else.

Berry had always been hers, but now...

They look so good together. It had been her idea, just a casual flirtation, here where it didn't matter, where there weren't any stakes, where no one would see. Except this is more than that. Maybe they've been leading up to this for a while. Certainly Barry has... The way they move together... They already know each other, already react almost before the other moves. Matching each other. The Way Len pressed up into Barry's touch. The way Barry rested his head against the back of Len's collar, murmuring to him.

It almost feels private. Like they've let her in on some secret, which is ridiculous. Knows Barry from a lifetime, and knows Len by all the meaningful spaces he carefully constructs around him. Len has let her in and Barry would never shut her out.

Len came with a shuddering gasp, and Barry worked him through it. Len was left shuddering, leaning on the billiard table, as Barry slowly pulled away. He was still hard.
Iris looked away. There's heat on her face and she can't tell if it's arousal or embarrassment. The whole situation, her little tease, has spiraled so far out of her control. She doesn't know if she's going to be able to land on her feet.

Barry turned to lean against the billiard table, a tight smile on his face. His erection is obvious from where he's been rubbing against Len. And now he turned that attention on her. She couldn't meet his eyes. Barry's head fell to the side, eyes narrowed, then he nudged Len.

"Hey, I think you made the lady a promise."

Len levered himself up, still mostly supported by the table. "Hmmm, yes I did, didn't I? And I do always keep my word."

Iris's breath caught in her chest. After that performance, she's not sure if she's going to be able to keep up. What if she isn't good enough, Len and Barry already fit together so well... She won't lose Barry, not after everything they've been through but what if Len takes one taste and decides not to bother with her?

Because yes, okay. She does want Len as much as Barry does. She wants his wry humor, his puns and his pride. She wants to be able to share a glance with him when Barry goes off without a plan. She wants hot chocolate. She want to surprise him with a kiss in the morning, and watch him get all flustered.

And if this is the only chance she's going to get for that, Iris is going to grab it with both hands.

She reaches back grabbing the stool under her so her breasts push against the fabric of her blouse, and the buttons strain. Propping up one leg she lets the other fall open, tossing her hair over her shoulder with a tempers grin.

Len takes his time stepping forward, trailing a hand up her leg, pushing her skirt up over the garters. It's not that Barry rushes in, but something about the leisurely pace makes her hyper aware that this isn't him. It's new and wicked in all the best ways. Barry leaning on the billiard table and watching them with dark eyes as he rubs himself through his pants, only makes it better. Except...

Iris wraps one arm around Len's neck so she won't overbalance and points at Barry. "Oh no you don't, wait your turn."

His eyes go wide and he has to make a visible effort to stop touching himself. "Iris," he whines. "Turnaround is fair play," She replies as Len chuckles into her collarbone. She kisses the side of his head. "Now, weren't you going to give me something?"

He kisses her all in a rush, hungry for it. Iris revels in the feeling of his lips on hers, and the scratch of his stubble against her cheek. Two fingers tap her knee and she spreads her legs so he can slide up between them, pulling her against his hard chest. Iris rocks up, wrapping one leg around his hips. Any second now she's going to push too far and fall of the damned stool, and she doesn't even care.

Len hissed in a sharp breath. Iris pulled back enough to catch his eye, confirming everything was alright, but his eyes were narrowed.

"Sorry, still sensitive," he offered.

Right, she hadn't thought about that bit. Barry's recovery time might be practically non-existent but Len didn't have that advantage. Well, she was sure they could find some way to work around it. Len
was already grinning.

He held up a hand. "Ah, Don't think I haven't noticed yo watching my hands. Is it the gloves or just my fingers?"

"Both," she admitted, "and what I know you can do with them."

"Oh is that so?" He curled his hand in an idle gesture, managing to snap open a button on her blouse with the movement.

Iris's breath caught, "Mhmm, yeah. I was almost disappointed when the lock pick was magic. Didn't get to see you show off."

His eyes went dark at the suggestion, "Well, I guess I'll just have to do a bit of showing off then."

Iris let her head fall back and gasped as his hand pulled her panties aside and went to work. The leather glove was soft, but dryer then normal skin and the seams caught unexpectedly on her folds, making her shiver with the added sensation. He found her clit almost without trying, tracing the edge of her opening before pushing two fingers inside. She'd been wet since Len had started with Barry, and finally having some sensation, something to clench around and rub against, nearly pushed her over the edge right there.

Len bent, opening another button with his teeth. Her shirt fell open. Iris raised her head to look down at Len kissing her breast through her bra and caught sight of Barry.

The pool table was clearly the only thing keeping Barry upright. He was vibrating in that almost lazy way that only happened when she'd pushed him right up to the edge and let him hang there. Where she was the only thing in the world, except this time it was both of them,

Len hit that perfect spot and Iris gasped, rocking up against him as she came.

Len held her through it, his hand at the small of her back the only thing that kept her from falling over as her legs turned to jelly. When her shudders had mostly stopped he pulled back slowly. Iris's gaze couldn't help finding his hand. The glove was stained dark with her come, completely unsalvageable. She felt her cheeks grow warm again, but didn't look away. When she finally looked up, catching Len's eye he looked smug.

"You know, if you keep him waiting much longer he might break." Len said, as if Barry wasn't right there hearing every word.

"I better do something about it then." She replied just as casually.

Iris tested her legs and found she could stand. It was only four steps to where Barry waited but she wobbled on the third. Barry reached out, catching her, pulling her close and falling with her to the carpeted floor. He rolled on top of her murmuring into her neck like he had for Len.

"God that was... Iris, you're so amazing-- I don't know how I ever deserved you.... And oh-- the two of you together-- god that was..."

His cock was hard against her hip, and it didn't matter that she'd just had a spectacular orgasm, she wanted him inside her.

Her hands came up, tangling in his hair like they had a hundred times before; pulling him closer.
"Barry, please, oh."
He didn't need any more than that, pulling her underwear off entirely and sliding into her fast and easy and so, so good. He rocked up into her in exactly the way he knew she liked. Iris moaned when he lost control of his vibrations. Her second orgasm lifted her up and rolled over her like a wave, all heat and sensation, and pleasure.

When she finally sank onto the carpet to catch her breath, Barry was shuddering through the aftershocks of his own climax. He slowly pulled out and rolled over to lay beside her.

"Wow, that was..."

Len hummed agreement. at some point he'd joined them on the floor a few feet away. he was managing to stay upright so far which Iris thought was amazingly unfair. She waved a hand at him until Len gave up and scooted closer. She pulled him into their snuggle pile.

"This was nice," Iris said into someone's shoulder. She was too tired at the moment to care who it belonged to.

"Yeah, we're definitely doing that again." Barry agreed.

Len stiffened, "I-- I mean, if you're sure. I'm not expecting..."

Iris considered elbowing him or something but it was too much effort. "shut up. We're not letting go of you now."

"Yeah, not now that we know you're interested... oh..." Barry started to laugh.

Iris twisted enough to look at him.

Barry pointed at the ceiling, still smiling, "Pat, I'd like to solve the puzzle." he announced to the room.

It wasn't that Iris had forgotten where they were exactly, it had just slipped her mind. She wondered if Barry had spotten one of the missing weapons in the middle of everything. It wasn't like she'd paid much attention to the room when they were...

"He likes us, we like him. We should stop dancing around it and schedule regular make out times." Barry continued.

Len snorted, but the world was fading out around them so it looked like Barry was right. Iris barely had time to wonder where they would end up next, before she felt her own bed under her. Looking around confirmed it, the three of them were in their apartment. Len started to move, but Iris wrapped her arms around him.

"Stay,"

"Please?" Barry added.

Len slowly relaxed, "alright, but only because my bike is still at Star Labs."

Iris decided that was good enough. They could figure out the details in the morning.
End Notes

So this was going to have more of a plot when I started, but then porn happened *shrug*

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