Sugar, we're going down

by Bastetian

Summary

There were plenty of things Joe West did not need on any given Saturday morning.

His son, naked and plastered all over one Oliver Queen was pretty damn high on that list.

Notes

First Flarrow fic, and my first fic in quite a while as well, set some unspecified time after flash 1x08 and arrow 3x08, and it would appear that I am Olivarry trash, 100% unrepentantly
Chapter 1

There were plenty of things Joe West did not need on any given Saturday morning.

His son, more naked than he dared chance a second glance at and plastered all over one Oliver Queen was pretty damn high on that list.

Ever since Barry had woken from the coma, he had eaten more than Joe ever thought possible – even more than that summer he’d grown two feet in as many months - and slept less. Something to do with his crazy fast metabolism, Caitlin had tried to explain. Most of it had gone straight over Joe’s head. So when Barry hadn’t appeared for breakfast by mid-morning, Joe started to worry. Barry hadn’t been home before Joe had gone to bed the previous night, although that wasn’t unusual. What was more unusual was that he hadn’t been woken by ‘the Flash’ crashing through the house at some god-awful hour of the night.

Perhaps Barry had developed the ability to not be a walking (or running, as the case may be) human disaster.
Or perhaps he hadn’t made it home, was bleeding out in an alleyway somewhere; probably not dying, thank you accelerated healing factor, but definitely in danger of getting his secret identity outed and his scrawny butt arrested by Joe’s own damn partner.
As if his life wasn’t complicated enough.

So Joe was just checking on him; just putting his own mind to rest; just a quick glance as he eased the door open, hoping not to disturb a sleeping speedster.

Which was how he found Barry Allen, the same Barry Allen who had been his little boy, straddling the older vigilante and playing tonsil hockey enthusiastically with his hands all over the Arrow’s broad chest. Queen’s own hands might have been hidden beneath the sheets that at least mostly covered them from the waist down – and thank god for small mercies, Joe thought – but those sheets were too thin for Joe’s liking. He could see exactly where Queen had those blasted hands and he didn’t like it.

Quickly, he backed the hell up and shut the door.
Took a few deep breaths.
So this was something he had to deal with now. That’s cool, Joe had handled everything else his kids had thrown at him thus far. Reptile camp, lightning strikes, kidnappings, meta-humans and that time his baby girl had tried to join the police academy. He could handle this too.

Joe opened the door again.
Yep, Queen was still there.
And still making out with his kid.

He stood there for a long moment. For a pair of supposed vigilantes, they could both use a little more hyper-vigilance.

Joe cleared his throat.
Barry squeaked, honest to god squeaked and rolled right off the bed and out of sight with surprise.
(And yep, definitely naked)

Queen had the good grace to pull the sheets up a little further to cover his torso and some of the scars that littered it, which were doing absolutely nothing to convince Joe that the Arrow was any sort of suitable partner for his kid, in any sense of the word.
“Mr Queen,” he said, raising an eyebrow.

Queen met his gaze without flinching, “Detective West.”

Plenty of better men than Oliver Queen had quailed under Joe’s steady glare – though until now, he’d been chasing all of those men out of his daughter’s bedroom, not his son’s. This was certainly a first. Not that Joe had any issue with boys wanting to kiss boys in general, or Barry wanting to kiss boys in particular, but he didn’t like not knowing it. Barry might not have been his flesh and blood son, but he was as good as, and Joe didn’t like the thought that there might have been something Barry hadn’t felt comfortable coming to him with.

For as long as he could remember, Joe had watched Barry be in love with Iris, and watched as those feelings went unreturned. After the debacle that had been Barry’s Christmas time declaration, he would’ve welcomed him finally moving on. Joe had come to grips with not getting Barry as a son-in-law and had even, grudgingly, begun to accept that that place might just have to go to Eddie instead. But really, Oliver Queen?

Hell, after today, Iris owed Barry a big thank you because right about now, Barry had done the impossible. Compared to the bow-wielding, former playboy with a prior murder charge currently occupying his son’s bed, Eddie seemed a perfectly acceptable boyfriend for his little girl.

That same bow-wielding, former playboy with a prior murder charge who was standing very, very naked in front of Joe right now. Smoothly and without any haste, Queen had shrugged off the sheets and retrieved a pair of sweatpants from the mess that decorated Barry’s floor. He moved like a panther, all grace and barely restrained power, even with something as simple as putting his damn pants on. And his eyes never left Joe’s.

‘Was that meant to intimidate him?’ Joe thought to himself, ‘Because he could be pretty damn intimidating himself when he wanted to be.’

And it would take more than some little naked punk to rattle him.

Barry, on the other hand, had popped up from the other side of the bed. Super speed must have counted for something because he had thankfully already found his boxers and was in the process of tugging a t-shirt on as well.

But not before Joe noticed that at some point, he had developed abs. Since when did Barry Allen have abs?

“I’m okay,” Barry said, a mile a minute as always, “if anyone was wondering. Nothing bruised other than my dignity.”

“Both of you,” Joe pointed a finger at Barry, “Downstairs in two minutes.” Turning to Oliver, he added pointedly, “Dressed. I’ll be counting.”

Oliver might have been just about impossible to read, standing there all stoic and silent, and still mostly naked; but Barry was an open book to Joe, always had been. Joe could only watch as the blush which suffused Barry’s whole body – from arousal, or embarrassment, or probably some combination of the two – fled and he swayed on his feet.

“Bar, you okay?” He asked as all the colour on Barry’s face drained away.

“I don’t feel so good,” Barry looked up, his wide eyes were glassy where they met Joe’s, before flicking rapidly over to Queen, “Ollie – ”
The nickname sounded so small coming from his lips. And then he was falling.

Joe was already reaching for him but Oliver beat him to it, vaulting over the bed frame and catching Barry before he hit his head on the cold floorboards.

“His pulse is rapid,” Queen said tersely, those same hands which Joe had so disapproved of only minutes earlier covering Barry’s chest to feel its rise and fall and deftly finding his pulse, “and his breathing is shallow.”

“I’m calling an ambulance,” Joe said, “He needs a doctor.”

“No,” Queen cut across him, something of the Arrow’s deep growl slipping into his voice, “He needs Caitlin and STAR labs. Do you have a car?”

Joe nodded as Oliver lifted Barry’s prone body into his arms effortlessly. He was starting to shiver as both men cast concerned eyes over him. Whatever issues Joe might still have had with Oliver Queen were put aside for a later date. Barry had called for him first, after all.

“You ride in the back with him.”

‘And you look after him,’ went unspoken.

Queen nodded.

“Drive fast.”
The tension in the room was palpable, even after Caitlin had reassured them Barry would be alright. Hypoglycaemia, she had said. Apparently it had happened a few times before when Barry was still getting his bearings as the Flash. She had slipped a needle into his vein, hung an IV bag or three and promised he would be right as rain once they got his sugar levels back within normal range.

Oliver wanted to believe her.
He really did.
But somehow, they always ended up back here.

Oliver couldn’t look at Barry – his skin bleached against the crisp white sheets someone had careful tucked around his still body, the slow rise and fall of his chest, his long eyelashes fluttering against his cheek whilst he slept. He looked so small in the makeshift hospital bed, surrounded by all of Caitlin’s monitors.
And innocent.
Far too innocent for this life they led.

Joe never left Barry’s side, just sat there with his long fingers steepled, chin resting on them, as he watched over Barry. Oliver envied the man his patience, but Joe just shrugged.
“I used to sit with him ‘til he fell asleep, kept the nightmares at bay. Then he was in that coma,” he said, “Got to be pretty good at it."

But Oliver couldn’t do it. So instead, he paced the same six steps up and down the sterile facility – and really, it said enough that they even had a designated hospital/recovery area at STAR labs. The foundry didn’t have its own medical facilities. The foundry didn’t need its own medical facilities. They just had a table. Oliver could get by perfectly well with jagged lines of sutures, some magical herbs scavenged from the island, and apparently that rat poison Barry had used to save his life. (Oliver had never even thanked him for that. Not verbally anyway.)

Barry deserved better. Barry deserved better than what Oliver could offer. There was a reason Oliver kept everyone he loved at arm’s length. The same reason he had pushed Felicity away and into the waiting arms of Ray Palmer, who hadn’t figured it out yet. They would always end up here.

So Oliver paced and refused to look at Barry’s body.
He paced until Joe told him to cut it out.
Then he paced some more, until Caitlin told him enough.

So he took up vigil, a silent sentinel, in the corner of the room. It was only after he’d mentally assessed all the defensible positions within the labs, reformulated their security protocols, and carried out surveillance on a pair of suspiciously lingering pigeons outside the window that Caitlin laid a gentle hand on his arm, disturbing his thoughts.

“He really will be fine,” she said.

“Then why isn’t he awake yet,” Oliver growled, with just enough of the Arrow in there to carry authority but not enough to frighten.

“His body needs rest right now,” Caitlin replied, “but he’ll be up before you know it. And probably wanting pizza,” she added with a small smile.
Oliver assessed the scientist. She was pretty in a delicate sort of way, but with an air of strength about her, like tempered glass. Her smile might have been tight-lipped but it shone through in her eyes. And Felicity trusted her.

Just then, the other scientist – the young one with the floppy hair – came spinning into the room on a wheelie chair, tablet in hand. Crisco, or something.

“Okay, I gotta know,” he said, “what exactly did you guys get up to last night? Because I’ve got his latest blood sugar results and man, they are tanked.”

He had an adorable, almost puppy-like quality to him. And in that moment, Oliver half wanted to kick him.

From his seat beside Barry, Joe snorted almost imperceptibly. Oliver ignored him, fixing a pointed glare on the boy instead until realisation dawned upon his face. Beside him, Oliver felt Caitlin’s posture stiffen. An uncomfortable silence descended upon them and it felt like all the air had been sucked out of the room as the two scientists glanced between where Barry lay and back to Oliver, before finally sending knowing looks each other’s way. Under their scrutiny, Oliver was suddenly glad he only had one of Felicity.

Joe, the bastard, had to stifle a giggle.

“Oh woah,” the younger boy finally exclaimed, his jaw dropping, “For real? I thought it was gonna be a vigilante thing, not a sex thing.” He lowered his voice, whispering the last two words theatrically, “but for the record, this is so much better. The Arrow and the Flash. Partners. Am I right, or am I right.”

“Cisco,” Caitlin chastised as the boy – Cisco, Oliver reminded himself – waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

To Oliver’s immense relief, Cisco left the room only to reappear, his head poking comically around the doorway, moments later.

“Just one thing,” he said, brow furrowing with what looked disturbingly like curiosity. “How?”

Oliver didn’t think it was possible to roll his eyes any harder.

“I mean, not how, how, obviously. I know how,” Cisco elaborated, complete with hand gestures, “I just mean, like, how?”

Caitlin, thank god, intervened.

“I think what Cisco means,” she said, almost apologetically, “is that by my calculations, with his accelerated heartbeat and the sheer rate of blood flow through his body, Barry shouldn’t be able to sustain physical arousal for more than a few minutes.”

Two high spots of colour appeared on her cheeks, but her professionalism never wavered.

At that, Joe quickly got to his feet.

“I’m’a take that as my cue to leave,” he said.

He even patted Oliver briefly only the shoulder on his way out, in a sort of sympathetic gesture.

Barry, of course, would get to sleep through the entire painful conversation, leaving Oliver to face Caitlin and Cisco alone. Fortunately, he didn’t have to contribute much. The two scientists were already off.
“Of course,” Caitlin said, realisation passing across her face, “he wouldn’t need to sustain anything -

- not with his recovery rate,” Cisco added.

“We need to know,” Caitlin said.
Cisco was nodding, “For science.”
They shared a mutual look of determination.
One that gave Oliver the chills.
As one, they rounded upon Oliver.

“Here’s the low down,” Cisco started, “We are willing to bet that Barry has a better refractory period than your average horny teenager - ”

Caitlin interrupted, “And we need to know all his physical capabilities and limitations. All of them.”

Oliver crossed his arms across his chest.
He had thought this day couldn’t get any worse.
He was wrong.

“You don’t need to know that,” he said firmly.

“We really do,” Caitlin countered, wringing her hands. “You see, Barry is quite difficult to physically incapacitate due to his extraordinary regenerative abilities but in this instance, those could actually be used against him. Theoretically, a meta-human who targets the pleasure centres of the brain or any sexual function itself could induce multiple orgasmic events in him, effectively rendering him useless.”

Oliver raised an eyebrow, stared the pair down.
“Your theory rests on a meta-human with sex-powers?”

“Well why not,” Cisco interjected, “all the metas we’ve encountered so far have developed powers relative to whatever they were doing on the night of the accident. All it would take was one person getting their freaky on that night and boom, meta-human with weird sex-powers.”

“Also,” and now, Caitlin genuinely did blush, but continued on anyway, “The meal plan we devised for Barry originally didn’t account for sexual activity. So if this is going to be a regular thing, we need to know exactly how much energy Barry could potentially burn and modify his intake accordingly.”

“Basically,” Cisco grinned, “you’ll need to feed him before and after. Kills the mood a little, I know, but - ”
He shrugged.

Oliver looked at Barry, still sleeping peacefully. The whole situation – Barry passing out, that was – was a pretty effective mood killer too. He was starting to stir, already some of the colour returning to his cheeks, but he still remained blissfully unaware of the entire painful conversation going on around him. And wasn’t that going to be fun to enlighten him on when he eventually awoke. Even worse, Oliver groaned internally, was what would happen to him when Felicity found out he had fucked Barry halfway to a hypoglycaemic coma.

But he would wake up.
And he would smile that goofy smile.
And his light would be infectious.
And Oliver would let himself believe, for one moment more, that he could have this, could have Barry.

(And eventually, he was going to have to face Felicity)
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

wow, thank you all for being so patient with me, I’ve been completely blown away by the love this fic has received. I have to admit, I’ve had virtually no time for TV this year, so I’ve only seen up to halfway through season 2 at the moment, but from what I’ve heard about season 3, we could all use a little more fluff in our lives…

The first time Barry woke, he was swimming in the darkness and all his muscles ached like he’d run a mile (or, you know, many many miles because Barry could run a mile in under three seconds now. He couldn’t move, or see, but he still knew that for a fact).

He struggled to sit up.

Suddenly, his mind registered pressure on his shoulders, the warm weight of a pair of broad, calloused hands. They steadied him but they also wouldn’t let him up. Those hands were strong, and quite insistent.

“Stop moving,” a voice said in the darkness. It was a command, but one gently delivered, “You’re going to pull your IV out.”

He cracked one eye open and woah, not so dark anymore. Bright. Too bright actually. The lights stung his eyes, making his head spin. He blinked stupidly until Oliver Queen’s face swam into focus before him. Well, mostly into focus.

“Rest, Barry,” Oliver said.

Yeah, that sounded like a great idea.

His eyes were so heavy.

Sleep, why hadn’t he thought of -

Barry let his eyes drift shut again, as Oliver smoothed down the blankets around him, and gave himself back over to the blackness.

The second time Barry woke, everything was sharp again. His body was practically vibrating, bursting with energy after having been cooped up for too long. His mind quickly registered that he was, once again, lying in the STAR labs medical bay. This had got to stop happening. Internally, he groaned.

Or maybe not so internally because next thing he knew, Cisco was looming over him, saying, “Hey there, Sleeping Beauty.”

Caitlin might have looked pleased to see him as she came over to give him the once over, but Cisco - Cisco was positively beaming.

Barry was upright so fast he nearly head-butted Cisco right in his goofy grin. He sat on the edge of the bed, legs dangling off the sides. And why was it that every time he woke up in this bed, he was shirtless? Every time. And really, this was becoming a bit too much of a regular occurrence.
Case in point: He had his arm outstretched for Caitlin and her blood collection kit before he’d consciously thought of it.

As she slipped the needle into the crook of his elbow – and really, for a doctor with only one patient, she was disturbingly good at that, he barely even felt it - and the vial filled with his blood, Barry could feel the tell-tale pinch of an IV line in the back of his hand. Sure enough, a quick glance down revealed a cannula in his hand and a pile of empty fluid bags beside the bed.

Barry groaned, “I fainted again, didn’t I?”

“Yup,” Cisco replied, popping the ‘p’ with glee, “You’ve been out for most of the day.”

It had been ages since that had happened. Barry had been following his meal plan religiously. Actually, he was pretty thrilled to be given doctor’s orders to eat third helpings at every meal. He’d even been snacking on Cisco’s gross calorie bars in between meals to keep on top and seriously, those things were awful.

When he voiced that thought – that it had been ages since his last faint, that is, not that Cisco’s calorie bars sucked balls because really, he just didn’t know how to tell his friend to maybe stick to developing the cool tech. Cisco’s kicked puppy face could have melted stone – Cisco and Caitlin exchanged a loaded look.

“Well, did you do anything out of the ordinary last night?” Caitlin asked delicately.

“Like Oliver Queen,” Cisco added, significantly less delicately.

Barry’s mind rapidly put the pieces together.
Last night, there had been those drug dealers down by the docks, then he and Oliver had – and then in the morning, Joe had –
Oh no, Joe.

Joe who had chosen exactly that moment to appear, leaning casually against the doorframe.

Barry wasn’t sure if the appropriate response was to blush, groan or bury his face in his hands. He went with all three.

“Sex did this to me?” He said, incredulously, as Cisco and Caitlin stifled giggles. “I hate my life so much right now.”

“No you don’t,” Caitlin reminded him, patting his shoulder consolingly.

Barry wasn’t so sure about that. He was twenty-five years old, couldn’t get drunk and now apparently, couldn’t have sex. Though in the balance of things, he did have superpowers… and that was pretty damn awesome.

“No, I don’t,” he agreed.

“Can I have a word with Barry,” Joe cut in. The two scientists made themselves busy, Cisco fiddling with one of the many monitors that surrounded the bed and Caitlin labelling the various samples she had collected, until Joe added pointedly, “Alone.”

Caitlin smiled over the top of the small basin containing the vials of Barry’s blood, “I’ll just go and run these samples.”

Cisco’s eyes darted back and forth between Joe and Barry.
“I’ve gotta go work on that thing, you that, that I was working on.”

Then they both scampered.

Barry had become exceedingly fond of both scientists – their voices in his ear when he was out in the field, their fierce intelligence that made him feel so at home, Cisco’s dorky exuberance and Caitlin’s warm hands – but as they both abandoned him to face what was promising to be the most awkward conversation he’d ever had with his foster father, all he could think was, ‘Traitors.’

“So,” Joe said, settling himself down on the bed next to Barry but staring determinedly at the ceiling, “Oliver Queen huh?”

Barry thought about bolting but really, there was nowhere he could run to where Joe wouldn’t find him eventually.

“Yeah,” Barry drew out each syllable, kicking his heels nervously.

Then, Joe turned to him, finally and the expression on his face took Barry by surprise. It was hurt.

“Did you think you couldn’t tell me?” Joe asked, looking worried, “Did you think I would judge you?”

God no, Barry’s mind screamed, not for one second. There were plenty of things Barry Allen knew for certain – $e=mc^2$, his father did not kill his mother, and that no matter what, Joe West would always be there to support him.

But this thing with Oliver was so new and it had snuck up on him so fast. Before, it had always been Iris, but now, post-christmas, he was finally starting to move on. And maybe his sweet spot for Iris would never fully fade, but she was happy without him, and strangely, he had found himself happy without her. The world was full of so many possibilities and he wanted to chase them all. And even if Ollie was stronger, Barry would always be fast enough to catch him.

Barry shrugged, “I didn’t not tell you because he’s a guy, but because he’s Oliver Queen.”

“The Arrow,” Joe deadpanned.

“Yeah, the Arrow,” Barry repeated.

“There aren’t a lot of people who get what this is like, Joe,” Barry pressed on, “Like, really get it. I’m lucky, I really am, because I’ve got you. And I’ve got Dr Wells, and Caitlin, and Cisco, but I need him, and he needs me too. I know you don’t think the Arrow’s a hero –”

“He’s not –” Joe interrupted, but Barry reached out, placed one hand over Joe’s broad forearm, silencing him. “He is to me. Sometimes, he just needs to be reminded of that.”

Joe let his head hang, and made a noise that sounded suspiciously like a harrumph, but not an entirely disapproving one. He was coming around, Barry could tell. He always did in the end.

“So guys are a thing for you now?” Joe asked, fixing his gaze back on Barry.

Oh good, they’d reached the interrogation part of the conversation.

“Yeah, Joe,” Barry said, snuffing a laugh, “I mean, not that girls aren’t a thing, girls are great you know, but guys too.”
“And Oliver Queen specifically - ?”

“Oliver Queen, specifically,” Barry cut him off.

To his credit, Joe only hesitated a moment, “You’re sure?”

In the background, Barry could hear Ollie answer his phone.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“Just checking.”

And that was that. With Joe, some things were just that simple, and number one on that list, was that he would always, completely and unconditionally, love his children. Even if he didn’t particularly care for their taste in men.

Just then, a shriek cut across the facility, and if the way Oliver, standing in the central room, was holding his phone at arm’s length from his ear was anything to go by, it had come all the way from Starling City, courtesy of one Felicity Smoak.

“Oliver Queen, you did what?!?!”

Barry winced.

“I should probably go rescue him,” he said, motioning towards Ollie.

“Yeah, you do that,” Joe replied, whilst in the background, a few snippets of dire and rather imaginative threats of the fate that would befall Ollie should he hurt Barry wafted through.

As he reached the door, dragging his IV pole with him, Joe’s voice called out once more. “Hey Bar,” he said, “he does know I can shoot a gun faster than he can draw an arrow, right?”

Barry just smiled – that wasn’t as outright a threat as Eddie had received. They were going to be just fine.
epilogue

Chapter Notes

Fun fact: I did a fairly substantial amount of research into sexual world records for this little fic (have fun explaining that internet history!) and the (best verified) record for most number of male orgasms in a single hour went to a German man with 16!

There were plenty of things Joe West did not need on any given Monday morning.

Oliver Queen – and seriously, for the Starling City vigilante, the guy spent far too much time in Central – sauntering into STAR labs whilst Team Flash was still sorting out how to track down their bad-guy of the week was one of them.

Since said bad-guy of the week had made it his mission to take out as many of Central City’s police departments as possible with the, honest to god, disturbingly sentient slime which oozed from his every pore (and absolutely no one wanted to guess what he’d been up to the night of the particle accelerator explosion), Joe had stopped by to offer his help.

He was starting to regret that decision.

Strangely enough, Barry didn’t look thrilled to see Queen either. He ducked his head, hand coming up to rub at the back of his neck in a nervous tic Joe knew well.

Queen, on the other hand, was wearing that satisfied little smirk of his he usually reserved for public functions.

“That data you wanted,” he said as he tossed a small file drive to Cisco, and winked.

Cisco looked like all his Christmases had come at once as he plugged the drive into the nearest computer and an indecipherable stream of numbers filled the screen. Even with only a cursory glance, Caitlin seemed torn between scientific curiosity and mortification.

Cisco had no such qualms.

“Dude,” he whistled appreciatively, “I am impressed, and I gotta say, a little bit jealous. You came like, seventeen times in the first hour - ”

Joe chanced a glance at Barry, who looked like he was considering making a run for it.

“Slime-guy,” Barry interjected, “Targeting cops. Anybody else want to maybe discuss that instead?”

“ - and there’s eight hours’ worth of data here.”

With that, Barry gave up all pretence of being cool, burying his face in his hands so that the only visible parts were his ears, and even they were flaming red.

“He does slow down,” Queen added, looking smug, “Eventually.”

“Eight hours…” Cisco repeated, awed.

As for Joe, well, he just left.

No matter how much he loved Barry, there were some things no parent ever needed to know about
their kid.
Ever.

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