CCold and allthatglitters

by JQ (musicmillennia)

Summary

Lisa sets off a competition to see who can post the most ridiculous stuff on their Instagram.

Len would just like to point out that explanations and context are very important to remember here.

[Sequel to Green Arrow and supersonicpunch. Reading that one first is recommended.]

Notes

I should have written this forever ago, I know. Sorry about that! It's just that, once I started thinking about possible posts for the Snart siblings, I suddenly ended up with more than a page's worth with no order whatsoever, and then I've been going on a ColdFlash kick.

ColdWave was actually not supposed to be part of this, but writing my soulmate au had me kinda sorta maybe shipping it. A little. Even though they're suppose to be platonic soulmates.

Anyway.

Again, just like the first one, this is complete and utter crack. DO NOT take this seriously.

See the end of the work for more notes.
First, two explanations are in order: how this all started, and *that photo*.

Once Len became Cold and Lisa became Golden Glider, everything changed. Central City was fun again. Not only did they start a whole new family, Len got himself a bona fide nemesis. Nevertheless, Lisa still wanted to travel around again, just around the country. She does it sometimes; it's not that Central City isn't home to her as well, only that she likes to make it feel more like home by being away from it. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and what have you. Getting an Instagram was only practical, according to her. So that's how Len got his own, to follow her progress.

Social media is a truly remarkable thing. Communication is a snap. Len's Instagram, however, had sat without a single photo, while his fake name on Facebook was riddled with coded messages disguised as obnoxious comminiquê. Then the Flash and his Arrow started to post things.

Which brings us to *that photo*: Flash's foot on his neck, with none other than a fiendishly delighted Lisa behind the camera. Here is what happened.

So, Len loses. Alright, fine. Some rounds you win, some you don't. Then that smug little shit grins and informs him that he will *not* be going to prison. In fact, not a single badge would cross him for a whole month.

Len's eyes narrow, instantly suspicious. "And why would you do that?" he asked.

"Because now," Flash grinned, "you owe me big time."

Hence the photo. Needless to say, it created problems for Len's reputation. So two days later, Cold swipes a priceless necklace and posts a photo of Golden Glider trying it on.

*CCold posted a photo: Maybe next time, Flash. @supersonicpunch*

After that, he and Lisa just—start posting other things. That photo had been fun to take together; they hadn't smiled like that in a long while.

But if Len was ever honest about something as trivial as this, it would be to say he *never* thought it'd get this out of hand.

What with the cops miraculously leaving them alone (Len's still not sure how Flash managed that), there's only the big heists to plan for, leaving the Snart siblings with some extra free time they hadn't planned on getting.

Naturally, Len wants to see if he can make his sister laugh like before, with the necklace photo. So while he's eating lunch at their preferred safehouse, he takes a photo of his sandwich.

*CCold posted a photo: Mayb next time, Flash. *@supersonicpunch*

Len goes all out with the filters until his sandwich looks like the work of a drunk teenager. Hearing Lisa's laughter from the next room is more than worth it.

*allthatglitters posted a photo: @CCold also what Instagram's for #welcomebrothermine #duckface*

She's turned the brightness up so much it hurts Len's eyes. A little smile brightens his face anyway.
With an entire month to dick around, this could be a fun way to pass the time.

Len doesn't get notifications on his phone from Instagram. It's just not practical to him. If he gets mentioned in one of Lisa's posts, they've agreed she'll text him and he'll check her page when he has the time, maybe put a comment or something.

So, no, he has no idea whether or not he has followers. He doesn't assume there are any besides his sister. After all, who would follow Captain Cold's Instagram? Sure, he's a big deal in Central City, but Instagram? Len's going to say no.

Unbeknownst to him, that photo gets a lot of attention, and not just from other criminals. Len knows it was on the news and everything, but he thought one look at his empty page would've steered people away from it.

In conclusion, he has over a hundred thousand followers within the first week of that photo and he has no idea.

Allthatglitters posted a photo: I twisted my ankle :( luckily my dearest brother helped me out. @CCold #TheParka

Len does remember Shawna holding Lisa's phone so it wouldn't get lost on the way back to the safehouse, but he'd been too focused on making sure he didn't accidentally hurt his sister's ankle anymore than it was. Now the picture of Lisa, wrapped up in his parka and draped over his back, is online. She's even grinning at the camera, while Len is turned to the snow and ice below his feet. If he falls here, the irony will have his Rogues laughing for weeks.

(Lisa doesn't tell him she got ninety-thousand likes on the photo before they even reached the safehouse. They've got a good thing going here; she doesn't want to scare her brother off.)

Thing is, Lisa Snart is a terrible patient. Something must be gripping her attention at every possible moment or she'll start complaining. Len usually puts his foot down...into his boot, and slides on his parka, because when she complains she usually wants something and he has to go and get it.

This time, she wants a limited first edition Iron Man comic book, the kind that's put on display for a ridiculous amount of money and treasured by all nerds everywhere, including Leonard Snart's little sister.

It's almost comical—accidental pun, but definitely intended—to see Captain Cold stride into the best comic book store in Central, point his gun at the manager, and say, "I want everything you've got in that display case. Lose your cool, call the cops, and I freeze everyone in this store. Understand?"

Lisa's face lights up when she sees the stack he brings her. She practically bounces where she sits when her brother hands her a collection of minted comic books only a precious few in the country own. Len tries not to smile, he really does—he fails.

CCold posted a photo: the things I steal for you @allthatglitters. #nerd

She raises an eyebrow at him when her phone pings with the photo. Len smirks all the way to the kitchen.

Until:

Allthatglitters posted a photo: @CCold who are you calling a nerd, you absolute dork?
Len’s eyes bore into the back of her head when he sees what she had the audacity to post. Here’s the context: last Christmas, their first as Cold and Glider, Lisa thought it’d be nice to celebrate together. It was something they’d never done before, not really, so they went all out, because that’s what the people in the movies did. They bought and stole a punch of presents, and one of those presents was a TALK TO THE HAN Star Wars t-shirt for Len.

Yes, Len is a big fan of Star Wars. He may have had a rough childhood, but he didn't live under a rock.

Anyway, Lisa had been so excited for her first real Christmas, she dragged her brother and Mick out of bed before Len had the chance to put his contacts in. Therefore, he'd been forced to slip on his black-framed glasses.

This is the photo Lisa has posted: Len, in glasses, wearing the TALK TO THE HAN t-shirt over his black pajama pants, looking at the back of one of his presents—it so happens to be a first edition of The Odyssey, and he was very happy with it.

Lisa doesn't even turn her head, despite the icy glare freezing her skin. She just opens her Iron Man without a word.

Len’s fingers clench around his phone. One of his biggest problems is his overly competitive streak, and now—oh, it is on.

Brother and sister set up the challenge after Lisa finishes her Iron Man.

Goal: post the most ridiculous picture/video, either of each other or someone else. The Rogues will decide who wins.

Rules: no childhood pictures (what few there are), don't let it interfere with work unless you absolutely have time, you can help each other (because it's so much funnier when you do)

Time Frame: until The Rogues decide on an absolute winner.

It's a terrible idea, but Len can't remember having this much fun outside of a job. There's no longer this bated tension between him and Lisa, and it makes him feel—good.

Which means he's going to destroy her in this little contest.

Lisa's aim for winning is to do as all little sisters do: post stupid pictures of her big brother.

allthatglitters posted a photo: when you can't believe you're related to Cpt. Dork. @CCold

It's early morning when she posts this photo, so Len still doesn't have his contacts in. The glasses have returned, and they're trained on a well-worn copy of Kant's philosophies. It helps that the Nightmare Before Christmas pajama shirt she got him is very much visible.

allthatglitters posted a video: Cold morning @CCold

She says, "I Kant believe you're reading that at five in the morning."

Len can usually multi-task like she's never seen, but when he's reading one of his books, all of his attention is focused on it. Not only does he not realize she's filming him, he actually snorts and replies, "I Kant believe you just made that pun at five in the morning."
The video ends with Lisa giggling. People *eat it up*. If there's one thing they're not expecting, it's a domestic version of a supervillain. Even the Flash comments a couple hours later with a :O.

It's a strong start, but Len's not going to shrink from it.

*CCCold posted a photo: my sister refuses to let this go. @allthatglitters*

Lisa's cheering Elsa on in an over-sized Frozen sweatshirt and Frozen sweatpants, hands in the air as Elsa builds her ice castle on the TV. Len makes the filter have a blue tint and everything.

And then, he kicks it up a notch. Google is a wonderful thing.

*CCCold posted a photo: 20 minutes into heist & chill and he gives you this look.*

It's a photo Len snapped a while ago, and it actually wasn't during a heist at all, but before one. It's only Mick grinning maniacally at his lighter, but Len figures the caption makes up for it.

(Fanfiction sprouts up like daisies. Again, Lisa doesn't tell him.)

Meanwhile, Barry Allen nearly chokes on his coffee.

Here's the thing about Mick.

He and Len ran together for a while. Len never said it, not even to himself, but he enjoyed having Mick with him. Sure, he was a bit off the top, but he was built for brute force: in a word, Mick Rory is intimidating. For someone still secretly terrified of his father, Mick was like a big brick wall, a bastion. A comfort. Which is a strange way to look at Heat Wave, but that's how Len saw him.

Sure, they slept together a couple times, but neither of them brought it up—not when they split, nor after Len approached him with the heat gun.

They are polar opposites. Mick is out of control, a loose cannon, even a liability at times. But when he'd told Len there was nobody else who would listen to his talk, he'd been right. Somehow, Mick Rory is Leonard Snart's best friend. When Len is troubled by something, Mick wrings it out of him in a way nobody else can, or bothers to do. When they fight, it's an exhilarating rush of irritation and fun. The Rogues will question Len's decisions from time to time, but Mick pushes back. Shoves at Len until Len is forced to argue his position, sometimes physically, and that? That actually makes his Rogues listen more often.

Without really intending to, Mick helps Len and Len helps Mick.

About a week into the contest, after the heist and chill photo, Mick approaches Len while he's reviewing blueprints for a high-end business skyscraper in the heart of downtown. His arms are crossed, feet shoulder-width apart—obviously he's planning to snap something. But he doesn't, not at first anyway. He just...peers at Len with hard eyes until Len sighs through his nose.

"Something you want to say, Mick?" he asks without looking up from his notes.

A phone slides into his view. Len blinks at it, because really, of all the things he expected, Urban Dictionary was not one of them.

*Netflix and chill: It means you are going over to your partner's house and fuck with Netflix in the background.*
Mick braces his hands on the table and leans forward until their heads are almost touching. "Something you wanna say, Snart?"

Len swallows.

allthatglitters posted a photo: I believe this is called #ColdWave ;) @CCold

That's as much of an explanation as Len is willing to provide for the photo of him dozing on Mick's shoulder at five-ten in the morning after a—late night, glasses once more in place and a book, for once, abandoned in his lap.

What's worse about this photo: Mick playing with his lighter, doing absolutely nothing to stop Lisa, and Len's snowflake pajama pants.

For that one, Lisa owes him a joint-post, where points go to him automatically. She doesn't seem to mind; in fact, she says, she has a few ideas...

CCold posted a video: @allthatglitters

Cold and Glider are standing in a nondescript room that looks like it's in a home. The parka's on Cold, and Glider's got a light brown leather jacket with a gold necklace.

"Hey sis," says Cold.

Glider keeps her eyes on the camera. "Yeah Cold?"

"What's cooler than being cool?"

Glider shrugs. Suddenly, Cold's goggles appear on his face.

"Ice cold," he smirks.

Glider stares into the distance...until black sunglasses pop over her eyes.

They nod their heads along to alright-alright-alright-alright-alright-alright—

This just in, Oliver Queen isn't getting laid tonight. His boyfriend's too busy laughing his ass off at something his nemesis posted on Instagram.

Sometimes he worries about Central City.

Lisa knows she gave her brother some gold material. She'll have to step up her game.

When the opportunity presents itself, she's torn between laughing until she cries or throwing up in the nearest dumpster. Brought to you by the sick minds of fanfiction writers.

allthatglitters posted a video: you guys are disgusting. My BROTHER thinks so too. @CCold #stopthesnartcest

This time, Len sees that she's aiming her phone at him. He gives her a suspicious look.

"Brother mine, did you know people actually ship us online?" Lisa asks.

"...ship?" he ventures, cautious. One slip-up and she could gain the upper-hand, that stupid video
notwithstanding.

Lisa's mouth twists behind her phone in a way that lets him know she's pissed enough to start turning people into gold. "Yeah. As in, people like to think we're together. Together, together."

Len's expression is the best one Lisa's ever seen. The pure shock mixed with disgust mixed with what the fuck is a beautiful, beautiful thing. She decides to get another one of those candid faces—maybe she'll start a trending hashtag with it. That should get at least Shawna on her side for the judging.

Lucky her, Mick drives the van later that very day. If there's anyone who's worse than a mom in the passenger seat, it's Leonard Snart. He either drives or has an internal breakdown.

allthatglitters posted a video: the reaction's understandable. Heat Wave can't drive for shit. #CandidCold @CCold

She makes sure to show Mick's wild driving at the wheel before panning over to Len, who's not so subtly gripping the arm of his seat and glancing back and forth between Mick and the road.

At STAR Labs, Cisco sucks on his lollipop with worry on his face.

"Is this some kind of strategy for world domination?" he wonders aloud, "Like, get the public on their side to avoid arrest?"

Barry likes the video. "I'm pretty sure it's not."

#CandidCold is trending via everyone posting reactions to it. As if sensing it, Len gets sick.

Captain Cold has a cold, and the Rogues can't stop snickering about it.

In contrast to his sister, Len is a good patient. He recognizes that he needs to recover and does everything in his power to ensure it as fast as possible. There are exceptions, a job that he can't abandon and so on, but the Rogues just pulled a huge heist on that skyscraper whose blueprints Mick asked Len out over. He's got time to suffer a horrible death on the couch.

Thankfully, Mick's back with them. Little known fact about Heat Wave, he likes to cook. Stoves have fire, and one day Len snapped at him and told him if he's going to stare at that thing all day he might as well do something useful with it. To his infinite surprise, Mick did. Usually he works with food he can set on fire, but spices will do in a pinch because they taste like fire. His soup can burn someone's face off.

So when Len's eyes roll over to where Mick's coming towards him with a steaming bowl, he (never) whines, "What is that?"

Where Lisa just sounds congested when her nose is stuffed, Len gets all nasally. Lisa claims it's his inner dork finally manifesting in his voice; Len claims he's going to shoot her one of these days.

Lisa's taken a video of his nasal voice and a few pictures of her brother lying face down on the living room couch surrounded by tissues, blankets tangled over him. His nose is red by now, his face flushed with fever. Still, none of them are right.

Here's how she finds her post: Mick sets the soup on the coffee table, saying, "Somethin' you're gonna swallow."
Len squints at the steaming bowl. He never wears contacts while he's sick, and his glasses are out of reach. "Did you make it?" he croaks.

Mick's never one to beat around the bush. He grabs Len's shoulder and heaves him into a sitting position with a gruff, "Yeah."

"I can't eat spicy foods, Mick," Len (definitely—shut up Lisa) whines.

"You wanna get better, Snowflake? Quit bein' stupid and eat it."

allthatglitters posted a video: our poor Captain has a cold. #CandidCold @CCold

Len shoots Mick a withering glare, but doesn't deny his—associate? Friend? Boyfriend?—has a point. Bracing himself, he takes a deep breath through his mouth and reaches for the spoon. He blows on it, not that it'll help, and lifts the soup to his lips, mindful of Mick's heavy hand still on his shoulder, blocking any escape.

As soon as it so much as touches his skin, the soup lights Len's senses on fire. Swallowing it is like swallowing the heat gun's asshole. Not that it has an asshole, it's a gun, but—you get the fucking point. It's fucking hot.

Len makes an absurd "uh-hoohl!" noise that sounds like a broken ship horn and starts coughing, dropping the spoon back into the bowl with a tiny splash. Tears stream from his burning eyes as he coughs and coughs and coughs, until—Lisa cuts the video off as Mick produces a trash can with a satisfied smirk.

"What did I tell you, buddy?" he asks, looking way too smug.

While Len can breathe better now, and his sinuses are somewhat clearer, he still wipes his mouth and glares at Mick with every ounce of hatred in his body.

"...okay," says Caitlin Snow in STAR Labs, "okay, that was—" she starts giggling, "—really funny."

She and Barry end up leaning on each other, red from laughing.

supersonicpunch commented: Chill out, Cold. You'll be back in jail before you know it! :D

Oliver is very concerned for Central City.

The Flash is true to his word. Sure enough, Golden Glider posts a new photo of her brother getting shoved into a police car.

allthatglitters posted a photo: what a loser @CCold

Len gives her the cold shoulder for hours when he finds out she took the time to post that before springing him. Lisa is not at all sorry.

The Rogues decide that the Monday after Coming Out Day is going to be the deadline for this competition. Right now, Len knows that Lisa's winning, and it irks him, like an itch he can't scratch. He knows how to lose, but that doesn't mean he has to like it.
Now, if you've not listened to any of his explanations so far, Len demands you listen to this one, because this...that video...just listen.

Captain Cold is not a hero. Leonard Snart's a world-class criminal. But he knows what it's like to face abuse for being who you are. While he has learned to live with it, grow past it, it's still with him, a scar none of his tattoos can cover.

He doesn't help people, doesn't feel the inclination to, but—but.

There's a kid standing on the edge of Central City bridge. Can't be older than fourteen. Cars drive right past him without stopping, drivers not even bothering to look. Len was just taking a walk; now he's jogging over.

"Hey kid!" he calls, not sure why he's doing this, why he's planning on getting this kid to get down and go home.

(He knows why. Lisa's tearful face as she balances on the building's ledge flashes behind his eyes in horrifying detail.)

Len's not wearing any of his gear, but the kid's eyes widen in recognition anyway. "Captain Cold?" he gasps. A smirk edges onto Len's face on reflex. "Wh-what're you doing h-here? I—I don't have any money."

Then Len needs to work on his reputation, because—"And I don't take from kids. Planning on an early swim?"

The boy freezes. Wipes his nose with a shaky hand. "U-uh..." Len crosses his arms, prepared to wait. "Well..." the kid's shoulders slump. His mumbled "yeah" barely reaches Len's ears over the rush of cars.

("Lenny, don't try to stop me!")

Cold grabs the child by the waist and yanks him back onto the sidewalk. The kid yelps, staggering away from him as soon as his feet touch the ground.

"Why—why did you stop me?" he cries.

"Quid por quo," Len replies, "ever heard of it? Means you tell me why you wanted to jump, and I'll answer you're question."

The kid sniffs. Maybe he'll call the cops. Maybe he'll run. At the moment though, he doesn't seem to be trying either.

"Why should I tell you? You're a criminal!"

"A criminal who just saved your life. You want an answer, you give me what I asked for."

The kid's face scrunches in anger. "Yeah? Well..." then he just looks plain confused. "Why do you wanna know?"

"You ask an awful lot of questions, kid." Len leaves it at that. The kid cowers under his cold stare.

"My..." the kid sighs, "my parents found out. A-about me. I mean I—I told them..." he blushes, scuffing his feet. Len waits. "I told them I was—was—gay."

Ah.
Len remembers the oh so lovely day when Lewis found his son about to blow one of the regulars at Saints and Sinners. The less said about it, the better.

"Let me guess," he says, "they told you to get out, they never wanted to see you again, that you were, what? An abomination? Going to hell?"

The kid starts. "Well—yeah. How...?"

Len turns on his heel.

"...w-wait! You didn't answer my question!"

He spares the kid a cold smile. "I answered your biggest one. The answer's no. Don't kill yourself."

The kid's left gaping after him. Len texts Lisa that he concedes the victory to her, and she gets to post whatever she wants of him as a reward. When he gets back to the safehouse, he tells her in short terms what happened.

The rest of it was not his idea.

There's your context. Now shut up about it.

October 11th: Coming Out Day.

allthatglitters posted a video: For that kid on the Central bridge.

Lisa's walking with the camera trained on her. She grinning, full of mischief. Something's about to happen.

She says, "Did you know that when Captain Cold's not making puns, ninety percent of his humor is based on his sexuality?"

The camera whirls, facing in front of Lisa now. And what a sight it is before her.

Shawna Baez, dressed in an LGBTQ Ally t-shirt and black skirt with fishnet leggings, covered in glow sticks, dances with Hartley Rathaway, who is draped in rainbow colors, to some upbeat pop song. Rainbow streamers litter the place; glitter is everywhere.

And there is Captain Cold, sprawled across the couch, holding Interview with a Vampire. His eyes are covered by 80's neon blue glasses. Purple and white Vans are loosely tied around his shoes. But the best part is the bright pink tank top he's wearing over black sweats, which reads in all black letters GOD BLESS MY QUEER SOUL.

He lifts his head and replies, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Later that day, supersonicpunch posted a video: to the kid on the Central bridge, and all of you like 'em: we're here for you!

The Flash smiles adorably at the camera. "Maybe I wasn't clear a few weeks ago, and I am so sorry for that. But you guys should know that I, the Flash, hero who saved Central City and gladly protects all of you, am completely, unabashedly—" he reaches out of frame. His hand returns clasping Green Arrow's collar. "Bisexual."

The two of them kiss for a good ten seconds before the video ends.
Lisa sips her wine. Victory is sweet.

End Notes

Quite a few posts didn't make the cut. I hope the ones that did made you laugh :D

Thank you for reading!

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