Sleeping With The Enemy

by MissAbominable

Summary

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When Zoom kidnapped the Flash on Earth-2, everyone assumed he was going to kill Flash or steal his speed. However, Zoom had other plans in mind it seems.

It doesn't make sense. If Zoom wanted to kill Flash, why would he be so angry seeing Barry hurt? Angry to the point of killing his own associates? Maybe he wanted Flash’s speed to be unaffected? Maybe because people’s life doesn’t matter to him at all? Maybe he even enjoys it? Yes, he definitely enjoys it, that Barry can say for sure. But things still don’t make sense.

Barry is ruminating over these thoughts over and over lying on his cell. It is made of carbine; he couldn't break through it. There is no one else here. Barry had expected to find Jesse here but she is held at some other place apparently. Zoom is out and he doesn’t know when he’ll be back. Barry kind of dreads his return, the memories of being beaten to half death still fresh on his mind. He is scared inward, more scared than when he was helplessly confined to a bed with his broken back. Even the excruciating pain that he suffered because of the lack of anesthetic couldn’t take his mind off of the dread of facing Zoom again. And now that he is being held captive by Zoom in his own lair, with no means of escape, he’s tried and failed; not knowing what Zoom is planning to do with him, there’s nothing that can keep his fears at bay.

Zoom has finally come back after a long time. He brought a considerable amount of food with him. The next moment he is inside the cell and placing the package down.

‘Eat’, he ordered.

‘You are going to need it for what’s coming next.’

Barry looks at him with equal mixture of fear and loathing, ‘What do you want?’

‘You', Zoom replies, ‘Eat, or you are going to pass out. I mean, you will pass out, I don’t want to rush it through.’

A sudden chill run down Barry’s spine at the word ‘You', at the way Zoom said it, it feels so wrong, it feels so threatening. ‘I don’t understand, if you want my speed, why keeping me here? You won’t get my speed without Dr. Wells's help. And if you want to harm me, why go through the trouble of feeding me?’

‘Oh Barry, you are so naive, it’s adorable. Killing you? Yes, that was my first thought before Wells gave me the idea of stealing your speed. But then I came to know you. My plans have changed ever since.’

Zoom suddenly moves towards Barry so that they are chest to chest. He runs his index finger or better said, index claw over Barry's masked face. Barry can't hold back the shiver that is running down his body at the gesture. Zoom closes in his face to Barry's and whispers in his cold voice, ‘Oh, no, don’t be shy, I already know who you are, remember?’

Barry lifts a hand to push Zoom away but in the millionth fraction of a second his hand was pushed down and he was slammed against the cell wall with Zoom's hand on his throat. It is a miracle how his neck was still intact after that but the impact was enough to make him see stars.

‘You want this the tough way? So be it.’ Zoom pushes Barry's mask open from his face and throws it aside. Barry's heartbeat is on overdrive now, even so compared to his usual super fast ones. Zoom pushes his own mask open with his free hand. The look on Barry’s face is of equal shock and surprise. ‘Jay?’ He asked in a groggy and almost nonexistent voice over the force on his throat.

‘Hello, Barry.’ Jay replied with a smirk on his tone.

And then he crushes their lips together with an agonizing force.

Barry froze for a fraction of a second. Then he tried to push Jay away with all the strength he could master, to no avail. Zoom is too strong. He put both Barry's hands above his head with his free hand
and pinned them there. He trapped both Barry's legs with his own. Barry was now trapped under Jay's body completely. He is trapped between the cell wall and Jay. He tried to keep his mouth closed under Jay's lips who was prying to open them, biting down on his lips mercilessly. By this time his lungs went crazy from the lack of oxygen. He is choking from Jay's firm hand on his throat. He tried to gulp some air and involuntarily opened his mouth only to let Jay in all the way inside his mouth. His tongue is moving inside Barry's mouth voraciously, as if he is going to consume Barry completely.

Barry kept squirming under Jay in a hazy state, helpless, powerless. He doesn’t know how long, a few seconds, a few minutes? Jay pulled back with Barry in the state of almost passing out. He pulled away his hand from Barry's throat and Barry's head lolled down. He is gulping in air desperately, coughing; tear falling from his eyes and water from his swollen red mouth. His face is all red, sweating heavily. His hair stuck to his wet forehead. He would have dropped to the floor if not still pinned by Jay's hand on his.

Jay is not unaffected altogether. He is breathing heavily, a gleam of sweat on his face and swollen lips. He looked at Barry with intent eyes and said something. Barry couldn’t make it at first what he was saying. Eventually he made out the words, ‘Look at you, only one kiss and you are already like this. The fun is yet to begin.’

Barry never felt such horror in his life at mere words. Even all those meta-humans, Reverse Flash himself or on the verge of dying from Zoom's attack were not a close match to what's happening now. He asked in a pleading voice, ‘Please, Jay, don't. Why are you doing this?’

‘Because, Barry, I like you. I’m crazy for you to the extent you couldn’t even fathom.’ Jay said in a serious voice.

This is not happening. This is so not happening.

Barry’s thoughts are racing. He has to get away from here. Oh God, how can he, when he can’t break through the carbine glass walls? He is helpless, ensconced in the hands of a sadistic speedster. First, Reverse Flash killed his mother while trying to kill Barry and then he himself made Barry The Flash, all of that because he was obsessed with him; and now Zoom…Barry even can’t consider the thought of what Zoom plans to do to him. He is brought back to reality by a sudden pull on his hands. Zoom shoved him down to the floor and got over him, pinning Barry's hips. Barry thrashed haphazardly, trying to throw away Jay from himself.

‘Oh, Barry, you are just making this worse. I don’t want to cause unnecessary pain, but you never listen, you are always Joe's stubborn kid.’ Jay said with amusement in his tone. He pulled Barry's hands in the wrong direction and released. Barry bucked in pain, whimpering.

'It's just sprain, will be healed within the hour. But if you keep misbehaving, things can get much, much worse. Take some lesson from our encounter on your earth.’

Barry could not hold back the tears as pain shot through both his wrists. He squirmed as he saw Jay tugging the trousers of his suit down.

Barry cried out, ‘No, Jay, please, please, no,’

His plea is answered by the zipper of his suit opening, revealing milky smooth skin of his chest to Jay. Jay put his right hand on Barry's chest, almost reverently, tracing his fingers down on the beautiful body. Barry's breath is hitching, he squirmed and tried to get Jay off of him with his injured hands and hissing in pain, tried to kick him but failing to get purchase.

‘Oh, no, Barry, you don’t get to do that.’ He gripped Barry's member and said, ‘I’ll make sure you suffer, if you dare misbehave. It’s not getting cuter any more, you know.’

Jay yanked his own trousers down in a blink and said, ‘I could be inside you in a flash, I wonder what that might do to you. Don’t be a brat; all you have to do is open up for me.’

He pulled his zipper down revealing his already hard cock; it is well hung in normal condition, now it looked huge being fully erect. He tugged the loosely hanging trousers from Barry's ankles and got
rid of his suit jacket in an instant. The next moment he is stretching Barry’s legs open and has placed himself in between them. He rubbed against Barry, whose member was flaccid, his eyes are closed, tears streaking down from them. Jay only got angrier at that and pulled Barry’s hips upward and pushed himself inside Barry without any hesitation. Barry screamed. He is feeling like he was being torn apart, the pain is so, so intense. Like there is a knife inside him, or a stream of broken glasses, invading him where it is most intimate, most intense. Jay is saying something, something like he is making it worse, to stop resisting, to lay still and it will be over…he felt Jay's hands roam over anywhere and everywhere on his body, his face, neck, chest, nipple, belly, cock- like a thousand slimy mollusks moving over his body. Barry felt like throwing up, bile coming up his throat from pain, and from disgust. He now started vibrating involuntarily; totally losing control over his body. He is panting, shivering, sweating and vibrating with abandon. Through the haze he felt Jay moving inside him, hard, deep thrusts violating him relentlessly. Jay is panting and vibrating too, he entangled his fingers with Barry's and pressed against Barry’s body, crushing him, engulfing him, mouth to mouth, chest to chest, belly to belly, hip to hip. Barry suddenly felt his arousal trapped between their bodies and he felt like dying from disgust and self hatred. He knows this has nothing to do with enjoyment; it is reaction to the friction his hyperactive speedster’s body is getting on his penis and prostrate. But that does not stop him feeling low, feeling like a vermin, feeling defeated. Jay is getting harsher now, grunting with each thrust, pushing deep, far too deep for Barry’s tolerance. He felt Jay bite at his neck, he is fully pliant now, allowing Jay do as he pleased, and nothing mattered, now, not after what’s happened. And finally, finally he felt sweet darkness greeting him.
Rescue

Chapter Notes

Sorry I am so late. But here are two new chapters :) Enjoy :) Just to confirm, there is no masked man in Jay's captivity.

Barry woke up with haste. He couldn't remember where he was, the surrounding seemed different. The glass walls and the cave ceiling didn’t seem familiar. It took a few moments to gather why he's here. As soon as he remembered, he wished he didn’t.

Jay was sitting right beside him, looking at him intently. ‘You are awake.’

Barry didn’t reply, just closed his eyes.

‘You got me worried for a few minutes there.’

Barry didn’t reply to that either.

Jay was lying down beside Barry. He ran his fingers through Barry's hair lightly. Barry flinched. ‘It's alright now, you'll be alright. You didn’t need to resist me, you know, things would have been easier then. Never mind, though, your wrists healed fine.’Jay took Barry's hands in his own, examining them.

Barry became very aware of the fact that he was lying naked beside his rapist. But he didn’t try to move, to get away, and to resist. It felt like he'd lost every bit of his willingness to do anything. He could feel the stickiness between his legs. There was no pain. His super fast healing body took care of it by itself. But what about his mind?

‘You need to eat something. Let’s get up,’ Jay said.

Barry didn’t move.

‘Well, take all the time you need. And I don’t only mean you getting up, I mean adjusting to your new situation; because you aren’t going anywhere, ever.’

Jay got up and picked his trousers, putting them on. He took one of the take out boxes and started eating. Barry moved then, closing in to the wall and curling into a ball.

‘Oh, you’re hurt!’ Jay exclaimed and moved close to Barry, reaching out to touch him. But all of a sudden he stood up, looking agitated, ‘I need to go.’ Then he was gone in a flash.

After a couple of minutes Barry heard voices. Familiar voices- Cisco and Iris were calling out his name. They’d come for him! They’d found him!

For the first time Barry opened his eyes properly. He felt a battle inside himself, one voice that told him to let it go, to not answer; he didn’t want to see anyone anymore. He didn’t want to look in the eye of another person ever; he just wanted to be vanished. Another one told him to be strong, that they are his friends- that they had come for him. They care for him.

Barry got up slowly, no discomfort on his body, he was really completely healed. He moved to the
other side where the food was kept and took up the water bottles. He was about to clean himself when he noticed the mixture of dried blood and semen on his thighs and dried semen, must be his own, on his chest. He didn’t know what to feel to that. To feel disgusted that he came during his horrific rape when he was being teared down inside? Feel ashamed? Feel pathetic?

Cisco’s voice was coming from somewhere close. He had no time to ponder. Barry cleaned himself in super speed and put his suit on. Then he called out for help.
It’s been two weeks since they got back from earth-2. Things have been quiet since that day. Maybe everybody was still processing the things that happened that day.

Specially Barry. He has been awfully quiet about earth-2. Not even a word about that place. Even if someone brings it up, he passes it with as little words as possible, mostly replying with an ‘Hmm’.

Thankfully, nobody’s been much suspicious about his silence. Cisco told Caitlin about Killer Frost after some pushing from her side and Barry told Joe about the other Joe’s death. Joe and Iris were very understanding and never brought up the subject again. Hell, had they knew what it is that’s actually been eating him up! He couldn’t tell anyone about it. He just couldn’t.

After his friends found him in that cave, they were in a hurry to flee. Neither Barry nor Killer Frost could break down his cage but together they were able to break the walls. Jesse was already with them. She was locked up in another lair of Zoom's, an abandoned warehouse. They took her up from there and headed for Barry's one. Killer Frost set up a false alarm in Star city with the help of some rogues there. Zoom didn’t even verify the alarm because Oliver Queen has been keeping criminals up there on their heels without any super power even after his identity has been revealed. He's gone undercover though. It gave them a head up to get back home before Zoom understood the bluff and came back for them.

It didn’t finish well, though. He still managed to chase them and kill Jay.

Killing Jay! That’s an unsolvable mystery for Barry. If Jay was really Jay, or the Flash in earth-2, who was Zoom then? The first thing that came to his mind was earth-1 Jay Garrick, whom Jay and Caitlin had described as handicapped. Barry cross checked him last week; he really was a sick dying man.

He just has to let it go.

The breaches have been closed. Jesse is with them now; they will never have to go back to earth-2. Barry will never have to face him again. He just has to let it go and move on.

Except it isn’t that easy. He never recalls that event in a conscious mind. He's burying it deep inside and determined to never bring it open in the surface. But, it’s taking its toll in its own style. God, it’s eating him up.

Like, the other day, Barry almost hit him back when Cisco patted him in the back. He jolted up and almost hit Cisco causing him to drop the prototype he made which will help him vibe. Cisco was all exited to show it to Barry and get his opinion; though he always ends up bragging about them instead of actually taking opinions. He was shocked and backed off instantly muttering ‘Relax, dude.’ Hopefully he didn’t vibe anything. Barry has to be extra careful not to touch him from now on.

But, the thing is, shit is happening. Barry is regularly forgetting tasks, considerably more so that everybody is noticing. Singh has warned him twice for messing evidence. He is loosing concentration in between conversations, his friends and colleagues calling out his name and bringing him back to present, ‘There you are, Allen. Where was your head?’ Iris gossiping about coworkers and suddenly realizing Barry isn’t listening- this is happening a lot. And Joe just keeps eyeing him silently. That is even worse.
The nightmares have started. Barry woke up in his apartment in the middle of the night twice now. Tonight he had dinner at Joe’s with Wally and Iris. He wasn’t fully concentrating, just giving a conceding smile or a little ‘Uhm…’ where it seemed appropriate. Iris and Joe were exchanging looks, he could tell. But they didn’t complain. Wally left after sometime as it was getting late. Iris went to do the dishes. Barry offered to lend a hand but she just shooed him off.

They were sitting on the stairs. Joe was drinking his favorite bear.

’Soo Bear, what’s up with you lately?’

‘Hmm...Nothing, nothing. What could have been up with me?’ Barry tried to scoff.

‘I don’t know,’ Joe replied with his usual gesture, pouting his lips a little, jerking his shoulder. ‘You just seem off since you returned, that’s it. And something tells me you didn’t tell me the whole story about earth-2.’

‘There’s nothing to tell, you know how it’s been there, and here, after I got back. It’s just a lot to take.’

‘It’s OK if you don’t want to tell, it’s really OK. But, I'm a cop, a good one to tell when it’s fishy. And, I'm also the person who raised you.’

Barry tried to reply but Joe stopped him by putting a hand on his shoulder.

‘Something’s eating you up, son, I can tell. It's OK if you don’t want to share. I'm just saying, I'm always there to listen when you feel like sharing.’

They sat there silently for a few minutes. Joe finished his bear in small sips. Finally he got up, ‘Don’t go back today, it’s late. Stay at your old room if it’s not much problem.’

Barry stayed.

It was a bad idea.

.......Barry was running. Someone was running behind him; trying to catch him. Barry was so close to the breach-one or two seconds and he will be gone. He looked back. A clawed hand reached for him. It was growing longer! Barry tried to run faster. But he couldn’t see the breach ending. He felt like he was running through an endless tunnel. He could feel that clawed finger reaching his shoulder. Electricity sparking through it……

Barry startled awake to Joe's voice calling out his name. Someone had his hands on him. His first intention was to throw them away until he realized they were Joe's. He took in his surrounding. He had been crying, his face wet from sweat and tears. Joe was sitting right next to him, lightly touching him, telling him it’s OK, and it was just a dream. Iris was standing right next to his feet, not sure what to do. She tried to comfort Barry patting his legs, at which he flinched. She quickly took her hand off. They were both looking at him worriedly. Barry tried to comfort them, telling them it was just a bad dream. His own voice sounded so harsh that he could barely recognize. Joe offered him some water which he took thankfully. Then he looked at Iris who nodded in understanding and left the room. Joe gave Barry some time to calm down and then said, ‘Why did your fear of darkness return?’

Barry had trouble falling asleep after mom's death. Most days Joe waited for him to fall asleep before he switched off the light and left the room. When he was on duty at night, Barry kept the light on
whole night.

His nightmares have returned. So has the fear of darkness. Only the reason changed.

He didn’t answer. Joe was going to leave when he cached his hand. ‘Joe,’ Barry looked up at him, ‘Stay’.

Joe sat down on the bed. He whispered, running his fingers through Barry’s sweat-drenched hair, ‘It’s alright, I'm here. Go back to sleep.’

Barry closed his eyes. Joe switched off the bedside lamp. How did he know Barry preferred the darkness right now? He just knew. He always knows everything; understands everything. Barry whispered, ‘Joe?’

‘Yes, Bear?’

‘You are right…..about everything. There’s something I really should tell, but I just can’t. It’s too hard……You know?’

‘It’s OK, Bear, someday you’ll get there. Take all the time you need…..Just know that I'm always here for you; we’re always here for you.’

Barry knows that. At this moment, he understands. All those memories, all those thoughts-he just has to let them out. He just has to reach out for the ones who love him.

He is not quiet there. Not tonight. But he will be.

There’s finally light at the end of the tunnel.

He fell asleep soon afterwords.
Chapter Summary

Barry is going back to his previous self. Well, almost.

Chapter Notes

It's been some time I have plotted the whole story; just haven't written it all yet. It is very likely things will be more different from the show in future. I mean, it's already a different story, this is just a reminder that things will be more incongruous.

I'd also like to admit that there are grammatical mistakes in my writing as some of you have pointed out. English is not my mother tongue. So, I'd like it if you go easy on that and enjoy the story :)

Happy reading. Please leave kudos and comments if you have time :)

It’s been a busy day, even for a speedster. Barry was trying to make up for the last two week's sluggishness. There had been an armed robbery and three murders when he was away. Barry had solved two of the murder cases quickly after his return even with his not-good-at-all mental state. The evidence collection of these crimes was mediocre as a newcomer did that in the absence of Barry and Patty. Barry was nobody to complain though, just a couple of days ago he put an evidence in the evidence box of another crime! He also wrote the case number wrong in a case report. Both got him scolded. However, CCPD was quite busy handling Geomancer so the criminals got away with their crimes. That didn’t help them in the long run as Barry put together enough clues to get them convinced. Still, another murderer and a gang of robbers are roaming free and the thought isn’t giving Barry any relaxation; specially the armed robbery. They took two trucks full of arms which were supposed to be delivered to the CCPD force. These were heavy arms, and sophisticated too, designed for the confrontation of rogues and meta-humans of central city. It was Singh's decision to get them for CCPD as he doesn’t want to be ‘too dependent on the skill set of a masked man’ aka The Flash. Barry guesses it has something to do with Zoom putting a show of The Flash on CCPN and CCPD. It’s OK though, though he doesn’t appreciate violence, he supposes an extra hand from CCPD will always help the Flash. But now the arms are gone without a trace. Everyone on the security of the trucks and the drives were left unconscious. They were shot with animal tranquilizers instead of bullets so everyone recovered pretty much. All the trackers on the trucks and arms are deactivated. This is work of some highly efficient mob group, surely. The only good thing is, there is no evidence of any meta-humans being involved. This took place in the highway just outside Central City, so there was no traceable tire print when the CCPD reached there the next day after Geomancer’s destruction stopped. They could have been anywhere now. Everyone is working their asses off on this case, Joe involved Cisco too; but to no avail. There has not been any improvement; well, until today- when Barry noticed the testimony of one of the drivers; going through them for the eighth time; who said he saw a lemon poking out from one of the man’s pocket when he was being dragged out of the truck. As he was half-conscious at the time, he couldn’t say more. The lemon didn’t lead Barry to anywhere, but what if it wasn’t a lemon actually? This lemon thing sounds familiar somehow, but he can’t guess why. He searched the Internet for lemon references but couldn’t find anything of use.
He was processing some evidences concerning petty thefts around the city after lunch. One of them was about a stolen hand crafted jewelry box when it hit him. Iris is obsessed with hand made products. She has obsession over these ridiculously pricey hand made toiletries- hand made soap, herbal home made shampoo, oil, face packs…. Barry once saw a small hand cream bottle that looked exactly like a large strawberry. Iris herself mentioned it as 'ridiculously expensive' whereas her regular toiletries seemed extravagant to Barry. She also said these were made in a place just outside Central City and the makers make a very small number of products only on pre-order. You get to choose the flavor you desire; they have a large collection of fruity flavors. Barry is sure lemon is one of them; which, of course come in an exactly lemon-looking bottle.

Barry left the CCPD building in a hurry. A streak of yellow lightning- all too familiar to its citizens- passed the streets of Central City a few seconds later.

He didn’t bother about official procedure. He had picked up the address from Internet, so just went there and entered through the backdoor. It didn’t take him long to find their records. He took a copy and left. The next process was lengthy. Barry started searching every home address on the list to see if he could find anything suspicious. It must be a quiet neighborhood to accommodate two trucks without anyone noticing; preferably a big house, which can accommodate a bunch of people easily. As there was no news of any suspicious person or vehicle in CCPD, it was safely assumed that the culprits were capable of hiding themselves for a long time. So, a big house in a quiet neighborhood it is. Also, that lemon bottle conforms to that theory- most of the customers are wealthy. Barry had narrowed down the perimeter of search, only the addresses near or around Central City were searched. He went in and out of the houses in a flash through back door, only once facing a woman (she screamed, of course) doing so. It took him two hours to find the right house. He checked the perimeter, broke the garage door and found the empty trucks, number plates gone. He went inside the house. There were six or seven people judging from the voices. He looked for the basement first, the arms were supposed to be there, and found them along with two people. He bound them thoroughly, then the others in the house too. It was really piece of cake! Easier than he thought! Because of a fancy lemon bottle! Who could have thought! He called Joe next and waited for the CCPD to arrive.

He was waiting outside the house for them. It’s a big house surrounded by old trees all around. He could see the evening stars from where he laid down. It’s been a long time since he's been in such a peaceful place. He was thinking of a lot of things. About Joe, Iris, his friends at star labs, about letting that horrific event with Zoom go- he knows it will never properly leave; it will stay in his mind forever. But last night with Joe has given him a peace of mind. And, today, after catching these robbers, he feels like the Flash is getting himself back too. Yes, Central City is getting its hero back. Today has given him that strength back. It’s been a good day, after such a long time! Barry sighed peacefully.

He got up a few minutes later hearing the sirens approach. He didn’t need to stay there for the arrests. He ran past the police cars on his way back home.

Barry just entered his dark apartment and switched on the living room light when a familiar voice rooted him to the spot.

-“Hello, Barry.”
Chapter Summary

Zoom returns.

Chapter Notes

I wrote two chapters in two days. Cheers :D
May be the next chapter will take a little longer. Hope you all stick to Barry until then :)

A cold shiver ran through Barry's spine. He couldn’t turn back to face that person. He didn’t have the strength.

The person spoke again, “C'mon, Barry, don’t be shy. Didn’t you miss me?”

Slowly, very slowly Barry turned back to face his demon.

Zoom was standing in the middle of the room. His body was surging blue electricity like always.

Barry looked up at him. If he could see himself now he would have seen a spectacular combination of emotions all at once in that face- astonishment, horror and disbelief; like a splendid piece of acting from a horror movie scene.

Zoom broke the silence, “You left without saying goodbye.”

Barry found his voice back, “How?....”

“Long story short, I opened the breach. I have come here to take you back. You are going with me.”

Rage overpowered fear for a moment, “Over my dead body.”

Zoom sighed to that. He opened his mask slowly, revealing his face. He took a few steps towards Barry, so that they were just a few inches apart. When he spoke, there was not the slightest hint of rage or anger in his voice.

“Barry, you have no idea the troubles I went through to come all the way back here. All I did to have you back. Don’t say those harsh words to me.”

Barry’s heart was racing wildly. It took a lot of effort not to run and flee. But how far would he have gone? Jay would have caught him in seconds.

“I knew you could be difficult, so I had some arrangements before I came here, just a little incentive to help you to be more agreeable; If you don’t come with me now, I will kill everyone one you love, Iris, Joe, Caitlin, Cisco- I won’t bother to spare that silly old man who went fishing; rather I will finish him first; and you know you aren’t fast enough to stop me.”
Barry's sharp intake of breath was audible everywhere in the room.

“Come now, Barry, I don’t want to go through any unnecessary trouble. I came here silently, whence you know I could have just run havoc and taken you, and there’s no one in the two worlds that could have stopped me. But I thought about you, how much it would have hurt your feelings. I don’t want that! Do you?”

Barry's silence made Jay raise an eyebrow. He crossed the few inches between them and put his hands on Barry's arms. He tugged him a little, putting their foreheads together, “God, I have missed you. Why did you leave me Barry?” he whispered in an accusing tone.

Barry swallowed. He felt like his skin was crawling even under his sweater from Jay's touch. He had changed to his normal clothing before coming home; always does that so that nobody gets suspicious. Jay traced his hands slowly from Barry's arms to his face, caressing lightly. He took a long breath, taking in the smell of Barry. Then he brought their lips together for a slow, languid kiss.

It was nothing like that first kiss, if Jay consuming Barry's mouth in brutal force could have been called a kiss; it was passionate- Jay was licking Barry's lips with his own lips and tongue; urging slowly to open them up. Barry could feel the electricity surging through Jay's suit. He froze for a moment and then threw Jay off of him.

Jay swiped his lips with his gloves covered hand. He didn’t look the slightest bit bothered. Instead he asked Barry casually, “So, will you go without causing trouble or do you want some showdown from my part first?”

“I'll go.”

“Good. Let’s not waste time then. It was beyond difficulty to reopen that breach at STAR Labs. Clever work there, closing all the breaches. If it gets closed again, it’ll take a lot to reopen it.”

Jay paused and then spoke again, “Don’t get any idea about raising alarm, I will spare you, but I can’t say so about your friends.” He put emphasis on the word ‘friends’. “You don’t need to take anything either. Just come with me.”

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They were at STAR Labs in a flash.

They would have gone straight to the breach unless loud arguments stopped them in the spot. It was coming from the breach-room where STAR Lab's breach was situated. Jay put a hand in Barry's mouth and poked in. There was no breach! Everybody was standing there arguing- Dr. Wells and Jesse, Cisco and Caitlin, Joe even! Barry and Jay couldn't fathom what was going on.

Jay was quick in assessing the situation though, “They closed the breach!”

He hissed in low voice. “Those idiots!”

He jerked Barry's neck, “Did you tell them? Did you tell them about me?”

He jerked Barry again with more force.

“No,” Barry replied.

“Ah, good. Good for them.”
Jay relaxed a bit then hissed again in Barry's ear. “Play along or I’ll start a massacre. Just…play along.” Then he listened to some more to get the situation.

Jay had a few clothes in STAR Labs. He stayed here for a few weeks, like Jesse and Dr. Wells are staying now. He took Barry with him upstairs to change, wiped the video feeds of him in Zoom's suit and returned to the breach-room where everyone else was. It took them four seconds for the entire ordeal. When they entered the room, nobody noticed them. Cisco was livid, he shouted at Dr. Wells, “Harry, how come you closed the breach without even talking to us! What if Zoom has entered through it? Are you out of your mind?”

Dr. Wells shouted back, “Will you just stop arguing and check the video feeds? You’ll know for sure then. I know no Meta has passed through the breach. I didn’t get any alarm on my watch; just a siren from this room when the breach opened. It may have been just unstable, so I closed it firsthand before Zoom or anyone else threatening to us can become aware and pass through.”

“Wait, you have a siren for the breach?” Joe asked.

“Yes,” Dr. Wells answered. “Contradictory to someone's belief.” He eyed Cisco here, “I actually take precautions. I have a silent siren system which will alarm me, Caitlin, Cisco and Barry if any of the breaches are reopened.”

“And I am certain that no Meta human passed through here tonight. Which, we can clear off if we see the video feeds of this room instead of keeping arguing all night.”

“That won’t be necessary; it's me who passed through here tonight.” Jay joined the conversation at last.

Everyone was so consumed in the arguments that no one saw Barry or Jay coming in. Now they were all shocked as if seeing a ghost.

“It’s good to be back. I was with Barry in the core explaining him the situation; didn’t notice you guys coming.”

“Jay” Caitlin cried out, half joy, half disbelief in her voice.

“No, no, you can’t be! I saw you die! Zoom put a hand through your chest. How can you be still alive?” Cisco exclaimed.

“Everybody relax, it’s me, really me. Zoom left me in front of the breach in STAR Labs in my earth. He thought I was dead. But the people in STAR Labs helped me recover. They made me velocity 9 so that I could get the speed force in me and heal fast. It worked. I was afraid Zoom will come after me if he found out I was alive.”

“But the speed enhancer is destructive. It will kill you.” Caitlin cried out again.

“That’s another reason why I'm here. You’ll help me find a cure, won’t you?” Jay smiled brightly at Caitlin. “I was explaining this all to Barry when I heard you guys arguing. He reached here earlier noticing the siren. Isn’t that so, Barry?”

Barry was listening incredulously how efficiently Jay was lying to his friends and how effectively everyone believed him!

He forced his gaped mouth close and stammered, “Yeah….I….yeah.”

Joe spoke at last, “OK, I'm going home now. I just got out of CCPD when I got Cisco's call…too
tired”. He rubbed his forehead, “Barr, coming with me?”

Jay eyed him in silent ‘no.’ “No, I think I'll stay a bit longer.” Barry answered.

“Yeah, he can give me a ride or something; it’ll be the fastest ride home. I still got my apartment, right?” Jay looked at Caitlin.

“Of course;” Caitlin replied, coming close and hugging him, “The rents are paid. Feel free to go…..It’s so good to have you back, Jay.” Caitlin said in a deep voice, tears on the corner of her eyes.

“Yeah, however unbelievable; it’s so good to have you back man!” Cisco came forward and gave Jay an awkward hug, patting his shoulder.

“Never thought will say this, but good to see you, Mr. Garrick.” Dr. Wells put his hand forward for a handshake which Jay took smiling at him.

Barry just stood there, just stood there and watched his greatest enemy making friends again with his closest ones so easily! Falling for his lies so innocently!

This whole thing was going to hell.
They were at Jay's apartment. Barry came with Jay giving him the quickest 'lift' like he ‘asked’. They were now sitting in Jay's bed facing each other. Jay made him sit down; telling him they needed to ‘talk’.

“Astonishing, isn’t it? How curiosity overpowers anger, fear or loathing even!”

Barry raised his eyes to look at Jay. It was like the speedster could read him like an open book.

“Yes, that’s another perk of being a speedster. If you just let go of all those superficial emotions and actions, you’d have been so much more powerful by now. You concentrated on the wrong facts always.”

Jay ran a finger on Barry's cheek and continued, “Being a speedster doesn’t only give physical abilities. If you concentrate on people’s appearance, behavior, the change in them over only a fraction of time- how their facial expression changes, their posture changes, so fast that even the most observant eyes are oblivious of; you can see them all, perceive them all. And that makes you a mind-reader, only if you observe.’’

…..’’And my observation tells me you are curious. You want to know what happened and how.’’

Barry stayed silent, listening to Jay's monologue. Jay's finger on his cheek felt like a vicious snake, dangerous and loathsome. But he was right; Barry did want to know everything.

“The man you knew as Jay Garrick previously, his name was Hannibal bates. He was an identity thief; after gaining Meta human powers he became a shapeshifter. I am guessing you are grabbing this quickly as I came to know that your earth has him too….So, when I first came across Hannibal Bates, I was running through some trouble. After I killed those policemen, which gave me the nickname ‘Zoom’,…..Oh, you didn’t know about them, did you?....Whatever, the CCPD was searching for my human identity like mad dogs. I was at a great risk. Not that they could have taken me down by themselves; but if my identity was revealed, who knew where the blow would come
from. And I really didn’t want to reveal my identity; I still wanted to have my life as a scientist; I had so much more to gain. A fugitive’s life was not for me. That’s when I came to know about Shapeshifter. And an idea came to my mind. If I was the good speedster, no one would imagine me as the evil one. In that way I wouldn’t have to hide my abilities either. But, of course, I couldn’t let the Shapeshifter touch me; it would have given him supreme power; my power. So I gave him my DNA sample from before I was a speedster. I collected them by running back to the past; a drunk sleepy I wasn’t any problem to get some skin tissue. I gave them to Shapeshifter and injected him with my marvelous invention, velocity-7. I initially made them for myself but didn’t take them seeing the negative effects on my lab rats- or should I say lab humans?’’

Jay gave a non-humorous laugh at his own joke. Barry shivered; moving his face away from Jay’s touch.

“So, Hannibal Bates took the identity as The Flash; removing all the possibility of blame from my shoulders. Can you see the irony? Central City's deadliest supervillain became their very own superhero.’’ Jay took a pause and started again, “Hannibal liked the game at first; I was paying him well. Of course I couldn’t take the risk of him getting annoying; so I took his grandma in one of my safe houses to keep him motivated. I took good care of her, certainly; and let him meet her occasionally; but that’s all about it. She was under my thumb forever. So was Bates. It didn’t take him long to find out that the speed enhancer was making him sick. When he encountered me about this, another plan was going through my mind. I wanted you, the other speedster from the other earth; I wanted to steal your speed. The speed enhancer wasn’t working and I wanted to get faster; faster than ever. Or to kill you, no more speedster, no more rival for Zoom. I asked Bates to go to STAR Labs as Jay Garrick and seek for a cure. This in turn may have helped me get faster and of course, would help me to get info about you.’’

“Bates was equipped with a specially engineered tracking device which transmitted not only his location but also recordings of everything that happened around him. Through them, I came to know more and more about you. And as much I was getting involved, the irresistible urge to tame you, to devour you, to destroy you completely was growing stronger and stronger. I couldn't name this feeling, this overwhelming sensation to consume you completely. I still can’t.’’

“I knew all about the plan of Linda Park's imposition as Dr. Light. So I didn’t take the bait. But I went there, and observed you; which increased my fascination even more.’’

‘’After our first encounter, after I broke your back that is; I took Bate's place sometimes to invade STAR Labs. It was about enhancing my speed- I told myself. But it was really about you- all about you.’’

‘’You know more or less about what happened next. Or can guess; until tonight. You did a wise thing, not revealing my identity; it wouldn’t have done much problem for me though; them knowing. But it would have caused you great problem. I'd have spared you, of course, but I can’t say the same for them.’’

Barry hissed, pausing between each word, “Don’t you dare touch them, ever.’’

“Oh, touché, are we?’’ Jay mocked.

‘’By the way, it took me a lot of effort to open that breach; I couldn’t create another singularity and couldn’t find any solution either. Then one of my colleagues gave me the idea of nuclear fusion at the entrance position of the breach. She told me the path was already there; we just require enough energy to reopen the entrance. She told this all theoretically, of course, oblivious of the facts that they existed for real. So I recovered Firestorm's dead body and set the splicer off to separate the bodies and create enough energy. I have to do the same to go back. I have to find this earth's Firestorm. Too
bad I couldn’t find Dr. Wells or his daughter on the core; had I found them and taken care of them before coming for you, a lot of complications could have been avoided.’’

“But now I’m here, trapped in a earth I didn’t wish to stay, but also the earth containing my Barry Allen.’’

Barry shivered at the way Jay said ‘my Barry Allen’.

‘‘Luckily, this is also the earth containing everyone my Barry Allen cares for.’’

‘‘So, I’m willing to make a deal with you, Barry, which will benefit us both.’’
A Deal (With The Devil)

Chapter Summary

Barry is forced to make a deal with Jay.

“What makes you think I'll agree to anything you say? There can be no deal between us.”

“Tsk, tsk, I know you better than that. I know you will be more than willing to agree with my terms. Because, Barry, because, if you don’t, I will take everyone you care about from you.”

“And I know that you know that I can do anything. You've seen it with your own eyes.”

Barry closed his eyes for a brief moment. He remembered how ruthlessly Zoom killed Reverb and Firestorm. Their dead bodies still vivid in his mind’s eyes.

“I also know you'd do anything to stop me from hurting your close ones. I researched you, Barry, I know about each and every one of them, what they do, where they live, all their little secrets. I don’t even have to kill them, I can just go back in time and mess with it a little bit. Remember how Cisco almost got erased from the timeline? Scary, isn’t it?” Jay laughed that dry, chilling laugh of his, again.

“And know you'd do exactly as I tell you without even hurting them. I just have to hurt a random person of Central City or anyone of this world for that matter. You know why Barry? Because I know you care too much. You care too much for all of them. That’s why you crossed the breach to save a girl you hadn’t even met before. Unnecessary, really; but works just fine for me.”

“Here I make a deal with you, Barry Allen, no one on this earth will see me or my wrath; won’t even know I'm here. Only if you, Barry Allen, be mine. Completely, absolutely and forever be mine. All you have to do is open up your body for me and I promise you no harm will come to anyone by me. Deal?”

Barry stared at the mattress he was sitting on helplessly. His eyes were beginning to fill with tears. How can someone be so helpless with all his superpowers? With all his super speed? He couldn’t do this. He couldn’t give himself up to his rapist to be destroyed over and over again. He still wasn’t able to get over that first- that time- God; it was so hard to say it even. How could he let him touch Barry ever again? How would he be able to stand that? No, No, Barry internally screamed, ‘NO!’

Then all those faces came back circling in his mind, entrapping him, Cisco being erased from timeline, Joe, Iris and Wally laughing at a silly joke on their living room couch, Caitlin flinching at Barry’s pain while attending him after a rough encounter with meta humans of Central City, all the people he has saved, all the people in this world he cares for….

Barry looked up at Jay. He couldn’t see his face through his own tearful eyes, but he slowly, almost unperceivably, whispered, “Yes, I take the deal.”

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Jay laid them down on the bed slowly; Barry on his back, Jay on top of him, chest to chest. He entangled Barry's fingers with his own and put both their hands overhead, trapping Barry. He liked
this closeness. He liked to see Barry helpless under his ministrations. Just the sight of seeing Barry like this was enough for him to get a boner. And rightly so, for what a view it was! Barry was shivering slightly, his lips slightly open, pink from the abuse of Jay's ones, a hicky forming on his jawline from Jay's caress; eyes closed, teardrops on the corner of them. Jay could feel his heartbeat, faster even for a speedster, sharp intakes of breath as he tried to calm himself down desperately, and failing; every single thing was a delight for Jay's eyes. They were still fully clothed; it was difficult to decide for Jay if he would take him with that red sweater on; Barry really looks delicious in that; or he'd just tear it away along with all his other clothes- the thought only sent a spark of pleasure through his own body. Barry shivered, feeling the spark; another tear falling from his closed eyelids. Jay kissed the tear away. He kissed Barry's eyelids, his nose, cheeks, and forehead- and repeated. He shifted his thigh and ground against Barry's crotch; eliciting a sweet 'Ah' from the younger man. He looked so beautiful like this; it was unfair. Jay wanted to know how far below that flush on his face went; he wanted to consume Barry, all over again, then again, then again and again and….

"Barry, open your eyes!" he whispered softly, "I want you to watch what I do to you."

Barry tightened his eyes closed, biting his lower lip hard.

Jay sighed. He had decided to tear the clothes however. He gripped Barry's red sweater- Barry's favorite; and to be frank, his too; it's been a long time he'd wanted to tear that apart. He started tearing it down, earning a surprised gasp from Barry who had now opened his eyes and observing wide eyed what was happening.

His shirt was torn down next, buttons flying over the mattress; some to the floor. Jay gave Barry a sweet smile, a maniac's sweet smile which only earns fear, not assurance. Well, assurance was not Jay's intention, either.

Jay leaned down to touch that milky smooth skin, hands and lips moving across Barry's chest almost reverently- almost. He twitched Barry's left nipple with his right hand, licking the right one with his tongue. Barry gasped loudly. A different kind of torture, that was. Something which could have been so beautiful, so amazing with the right person; was even worse than that brutal horrific rape. This was pleasure Barry denied with all his being; but he could not get past the pleasure he didn’t seek.

His sweatpants were gone soon. They were laying on the floor- the torn pieces of what they were. Jay cupped Barry's crotch through the underwear; Barry whimpered; he asked his body to stop obliging; but all it did was sending an involuntary vibration through his shivering body; he was getting hard slowly under the small piece of clothing.

Jay lowered his face down and started kissing the clothed erection. Barry gripped the bed sheet hard with both hands. He moaned involuntarily.

Jay got up abruptly. Barry’s erection was hardly confined by the boxers now. He did nothing to give it a relief. Instead, he reached over and tore the boxer on the backside; displaying Barry's hole but covering his erection still. He put a finger between the cheeks. He didn’t enter it or anything, just placed it there, when Barry jerked; reaching out to catch his hand and removed it from his most intense, most vulnerable spot. "No," he sobbed.

"This simply won’t do, Barry, you have to go a long way, I see, You need to be tamed. But, for now…” Jay took up Barry's torn sweater and bound his right wrist and right angle together; ignoring his protest. Then he took up the torn shirt to do the same with Barry's left wrist and ankle. He moved a bit to get a better view of his work, it was mouth watering. Barry's hole was raised upwards in this position, better on display now; hands and legs tied down in a position which must have been a little uncomfortable; Barry was beet red by now; his whole body was flushed; a little sweaty as well. He looked at Jay in disbelief; his body in tremor.
Jay reached at his bedside table for the bottle of body lotion. Barry should thank God he had this one at least; the boy didn’t do well last time without lubricant.

Jay coated his index finger with a generous amount of lotion and rubbed it around Barry’s anus slowly. This earned him another whimper from the younger man who requested him to stop.

“Jay, please, I can’t, please.”

“You can.”

“Not now, not today, please.”

“It’s alright, Barry.” He looked up at Barry, who didn’t get any comfort but became silent nonetheless; knowing it was futile.

He took some time to prepare the flushed man lying down on his bed. His eyes were squeezed shut again, whimpering every now and then, specially each time a new finger was added. Barry started squirming when the third finger was added. The younger man was really tight. Being bound in an awkward position added more discomfort to him. It was hard to keep his hands and legs upward for so long.

Jay finished his preparation finally. He was still fully clothed. He got rid of them in a whirl, wanting skin to skin contact with the beautiful man beneath him.

He entered slowly into that tight, overwhelming heat; barely having control over himself not to go all the way in one thrust. But he wanted to feel Barry, all of him. And there was no rush. Barry gasped feeling the tip entering. He really was tight; and even after all that preparation he couldn’t relax. His whole body was rebelling; mind screaming to get away. He closed his eyes and took sharp intake of breath. He really, really needed to relax or this was going to go very bad.

Jay entered slowly, very slowly; murmuring how amazing Barry felt; which only agitated Barry more and more. By the time Jay had bottomed out, his huge cock with complementary girth fully inside Barry, who had thrown his head back on the pillow, mouth agape, on the verge of screaming. Tears were falling openly from his eyes now; Jay reached out to wipe them away but Barry just moved his head sideways, avoiding the touch and hiding his face more into the pillow.

Jay started moving. He couldn’t start a slow pace even his aim wasn’t to hurt Barry this time. He was too overwhelmed in his own arousal, his super-sensitive body craving the rush. He gripped Barry's bound ankles and thrust earnestly. Barry was doing an incredible job, taking him all the way in, though he was crying out in a low voice every now and then. Jay shifted the angle and started hitting Barry's prostate with each thrust. Barry almost choked, his hands gripping his ankles so tight it was surely hurting. His back was arching up, he was trying to move, to get away from the sensation. But Jay was having none of it. He thrust harder, with abandon now, hitting that spot again and again, leaving Barry's ankle and gripping his cock roughly, pulling it out of the boxers, setting a fast rhythm. He didn’t lube it up, Barry will be sore; but who cares, really? Barry and he both were vibrating now, very tiny sparks were forming on both their bodies, blue and yellow- really, how beautiful they were together- like this- how could Barry never see this? He will, Jay thought. He was brought to reality by a sudden tug- Barry was phasing out of his bonds- he was trying to get away; even though not quite realizing what he was doing! Jay gripped Barry hard, keeping him in place; and kept fucking into him. Barry screamed and came simultaneously. Oh, what a sight it was! That was it for Jay; he came with a loud groan and slumped over Barry, coming in long stripes; painting Barry's inner walls with his come. He reached out for Barry's cock even through this haze; and kept tugging it- feeling Barry squirming beneath him, his cock was soft and over sensitized- trying to get away for what number of time this night God knows- to no avail. Jay let go after a minute or so; it
must have felt like a decade for the younger speedster, and slipped out of him.

Barry was lying motionless beneath him; only his ragged breathing indicating he was awake. Jay whispered to him breathlessly, “You have been so bad tonight, Flash, phasing out of the bond like that- you surely need to be disciplined.”
The next day at STAR Labs was joyous for everyone. Well, everyone, except for Barry, of course. Caitlin was so happy that her usual grumpy-anxious attitude was changed into a more relaxed mood. Even her lips were twitching into a small smile a few times. Dr. Wells and Cisco were debating with Jay about some theory related to the speed force, Barry did not find the heart to join them. He was watching them from a distance, ruminating over the events of last night.

Jay spared him last night of his so called ‘discipline’. Said there was time for that. He also murmured something about groundwork, Barry was too exhausted physically and mentally to concentrate. In the morning when he was leaving Jay’s apartment, Jay said “See you tonight at your place.” Barry didn’t reply. What was there to say?

Caitlin’s voice brought him back to reality, “Barry, what happened to you last night? Were you unwell? Your heartbeat sped up rapidly.”

Barry stammered, “Umm, nothing, nothing….bad dream?” he answered, unsure of what to say. He wished it was all a bad dream.

“For THAT long?” Caitlin exclaimed.

“It’s nothing, I’m fine, really,” Barry tried to avoid her.

“Speaking of which, your bad dreams are a regular thing now, I am guessing, because your vitals are fluctuating every night since we got back. Man, Zoom has really messed you up.” Cisco joined the conversation.

Barry flinched visibly at his words.

Caitlin understood Barry’s uneasiness. She gave Cisco an warning look. They let the topic go, for now. Everyone knew Zoom was a sensitive topic for Barry. They just assumed all the wrong causes
Jay left STAR Labs before lunch. He said he needed to ‘rest’. Caitlin gave him a full check up this morning and was more than happy at seeing Jay ‘taking care of himself’.

Caitlin was also asking Barry to have a check up but he refused. No evidence of last night was present in his body now, but the thought of being touched brought distaste. She didn’t fret though; gave him his space and said they could always do that later.

Caitlin and Dr. Wells started talking about Jay's health next. His ‘condition’ was unchanged, apparently. It took all of Barry's willpower not to snap and tell them they were being played like pawns. They were trying to cure a man who had no physical sickness. Jay had passed them Bate's samples again, for sure.

Barry left STAR Labs early in the evening. He skipped office today, Joe didn’t bother him asking why or anything, just told him to wrap things over about current situation on the phone.

He wondered around the city for about an hour. Not in his super speed, just a normal languid walk around.

Eventually he returned to his apartment, because sooner or later, he had to return- not to his home, to Jay's grasp that is.

Jay returned very late. Barry didn’t feel like eating, or doing anything either. Most of the time he started vacantly at the bedroom wall. When he was finally thinking he was spared for the night, Jay knocked. Barry got up and opened the door. Jay brought take off. He entered and placed the plastic boxes on the living room table. Then he sat down on the sofa, looking a little tired. He sighed, “Ah, a long day even for a speedster. But satisfactory, I’d say. All arrangements are done finally.”

He looked up at Barry, “Come here, sit by me. Don’t be like a little scared bird!” He observed Barry from head to toe. “Although, I don’t mind much, because you ARE my little scared bird, aren’t you?” He smiled, a sweet smile a lover gives his beloved. He reached out for Barry's hand and tugged him down on the sofa. After Barry sat down, still not saying a word, Jay pulled him closer, placing an arm around his shoulder.

”Let’s have dinner. Put your trepidation at bay cause there's going to be plenty of occasions tonight for that.” Barry shivered. Jay moved his hand to run up and down Barry’s back. Then he opened the take out boxes, “Sushi, your favorite.” He placed Barry's one in front of him and started eating from his own box. “I am not hungry.” Barry said. Jay looked at him, “Barry, this is how it is, you are going to be fully compliant and obedient. I am not having any of these tantrums. Now, you are going to open your mouth and I am going to feed you.” Barry opened his mouth at this, letting Jay feed him up. Rest of the dinner was finished in silence.

After dinner Jay took Barry's hand and entered his bedroom. He laid down on the bed, placing Barry beside him. Then he started caressing Barry, roaming his hands all over his clothed body. Barry tried to relax under Jay's touch. When Jay pulled him closer and kissed at his jaw, Barry pulled back abruptly. Jay sighed, moving his head sideways in disapproval. “You really, really need to learn some discipline. I thought you were understanding today, but you are just being more and more hopeless.”

Jay got up from the bed, looking for something on Barry's reading table. He opened up the first drawer and took out a pencil. He observed it with care, then looked up at Barry, “You know, the art of disciplining does not depend on the tool, anything can be the right tool if you know exactly what you want to do.” He put a step forward, “Tonight, you are learning precisely why you are going to
have to obey me properly.''

He took a chair from beside the table and placed it in front of the large mirror in Barry's bedroom. It's unusual for a man to have such fancy mirror. It was a gift from Iris. After that horrific event of the singularity, when Barry was 'rebuilding' Central City, a parcel came to his home, two men carrying a five and half feet French wall mirror. A phone call came next, Iris telling him to look at it everyday and to see himself on Iris's eyes in it, to see the reflection of the man who loves and cares for everyone, who is the superhero of Central City, and, who is the cutest nerd ever lived. Barry was speechless at her words, and somehow, it helped. It really, really did.

Jay sat down on the chair, facing the mirror. He reached out for Barry and made him sit on his lap, between his legs. He was still holding the pencil, now he placed it in front of Barry's eyes, gripping it with one hand and placing the index finger of his other hand on its tip. ‘‘Iris gave this mirror to you.’’ He smiled at the surprised look at Barry's face. ‘‘Yes, I know. I also know the purpose, so that you can see yourself in her eyes. Well, after tonight, you'll look at it and see your true self, you’ll see yourself with my eyes. Now, look at the mirror Barry, look at what I do to you tonight. Look how I help you to find your true self.’’

Barry did. He saw Jay nipping at his ear lobe lightly. Then he saw and heard him whispering in his ear, ‘‘Keep your eyes open.’’ Then he placed his left hand on Barry's zipper, rubbing his clothed penis. He opened the zipper next, putting his hand inside Barry's boxers to pull out his erection. Then he reached onto his own pant pocket, pulling out a small bottle of lube. ‘‘I bought it with the hope of a different encounter with you tonight, but what we are going to do will be more fun.’’ Barry was not getting Jay's intension. He was panicking inside. Jay opened the lube bottle and inserted the pencil inside to lube it up as long as it went. Next he pulled it out and lubed the rest of the pencil. It was so wet that lube was dripping from it. Barry almost expected to be ass fucked by the pencil at that point but when Jay started lubing up his flaccid penis next, he yelped, ‘‘No!’’ ‘‘No, Barry, tonight I talk, and you listen. Let me explain what I'll do to you if you disobey. Now shut the fuck up.’’

He lubed Barry's tip generously. Then he directed the pointy head of the pencil right on the tip of Barry's cock. Slowly, Jay entered the tip of the pencil inside Barry's urethra. Barry let out a desperate noise, it sounded like howling. Jay ran a hand over Barry's arm soothingly, then placed it back on the pencil.

‘‘You already know I recruited Metas from my world to kill you as it was my first intension. As it has changed now, I revised our arrangements today. If I give them a signal, they will start killing your family and friends, one by one. Oh, no, don’t give me that look. It’s your fault, actually. Had you been a good boy this would never have happened. But you just keep resisting each time I touch you and keep saying ‘No.’ You should have known by now I don’t take know as an answer. So, Barry, we have now come to this ‘let me do or let them die’ situation. But, I can promise you, if you keep your end of the deal, I'll certainly keep mine. Nobody will get hurt.’’

Jay took Barry's penis in his left hand again, gripping it firmly, but not too tightly. With his right hand he inserted the tip of the pencil a bit deeper, half of the sharpened wood edge was inside his pee hole now. Barry gasped loudly. A slight burn starting to grow inside his urethra tip. Jay ran his left hand up and down Barry's penis, then moved the entire sharpened edge inside. Only the thick portion of the pencil visible outside. It BURNED. Really burned this time. It took all of Barry's willpower and some more not to throw it away. Jay's lips twitched.

“Would you like to say ‘no’, Barry? Because you can, if you want to.” Barry closed his eyes, trying desperately to relax. “No? That’s what I thought. Now open your eyes and look.”

Barry opened his eyes and looked at the mirror. Jay warned, “We’re going in.” Then he moved the
pencil some more, slowly, the thick edge now beginning to go in. Barry yelped. It felt like his urethra was being torn open. It was stretched at an impossible girth by the pencil. Jay murmured, “Take it. I know you can take it. Relax.” He pulled out the thick edge backwards slowly and entered it again. Barry reached out to hold onto Jay. He half-embraced Jay by placing his arm around his neck in a tight grip. “It’s OK.” Jay assured, then forced the pencil go deeper again more slowly. Around one inch of the pencil was inside Barry's pee hole now. He rolled it a little, earning more sweet gasps from Barry now, he was shaking slightly, sweat forming on his forehead. Jay murmured some more assurances, asking him to take it like the little brave bird he was. He kept moving the pencil in a reciprocating motion, inwards and outwards of the urethra. Slowly, very slowly he kept pushing the pencil deeper, until only the bottom half inch was outside. By this time Barry was sweating all over, he was whimpering relentlessly, his mouth agape, hand on Jay's neck holding so tight that it was hurting Jay. His legs were parted open, whole body rigid, fearing the pain it would cause on his urethra if he moved only a bit. He tried to hold Jay's hands with his free one when it was too much, Jay just slapped it away, reminding him of the consequences. It burned, it itched and it hurt, it felt like he was being breached. And the only thing he could do was take it silently.

Jay now lifted Barry slightly from his lap, pushing Barry's pants and undergarments and pants towards his thighs to open his buttocks. He was going to fuck Barry like this. It couldn’t be resisted. He tugged his own zippers open, pulled out his cock, fully erect, and emptied the bottle on his cock. He then rubbed his lube slicked hand on Barry’s buttock and hole, who already understood what was going to happen and dreading it.

Jay slowly guided Barry down onto his cock. The burn on both his urethra and anus became too much for him; Barry let out a scream. Jay placed a hand on his mouth abruptly, shutting him up. Barry howled throw the hand. He bit down on it when Jay started vibrating his penis. Jay stopped and removed his hand. He asked Barry to place his free hand on his mouth if he couldn’t help himself stop screaming. Barry obliged. His one hand was gripping Jay's neck still, so hard it became red. Another on his own mouth. Jay let go of Barry's cock, he started milking his balls instead, ignoring Barry's whimpers. With his other hand, he guided Barry up and down onto his cock. Suddenly Barry's whole body jerked in waves of yellow lightning sparks.

Jay ordered Barry, “Look at the mirror, Barry, look at us joined together. Don’t you get it? How beautiful we are like this? This, is who you really are, Barry Allen, you are my toy to be played with.”

He didn’t last long after that. He came with a loud cry of Barry's name. Barry didn’t come. Jay got out of Barry slowly and got them both on the bed. Barry was limp. His arms and legs splayed over the bed. His clothing soaked with sweat as if he was soaked with water. Jay pulled out the pencil finally earning a relieved sob from the younger man when Barry's phone rang.

Jay took it up, “Caitlin. Talk to her.” He put the call on loud speaker.

“Barry? Are you OK? Your vitals have gone wild. Like, really, really wild.”

“I’m OK” Barry rasped, “Just a nightmare.”

A pause from the other end. “Should I come to see you?”

“No”, Barry almost pleaded.

“OK, but we need to talk about this. This definitely can’t continue.” Caitlin replied in sharp tone.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Caitlin.” Barry dismissed.
Jay pressed the end button. Barry let out a loud sob.

There was no stopping this time.

Jay came closer, carding his fingers through Barry's hair.

Barry just kept sobbing louder.

He didn’t lie to Caitlin at all, it was really a nightmare, a nightmare he was living through.
Lies and Deceptions

He was running. Running like he had never before. So fast that he couldn't even see himself, as if his limbs had been replaced by red and yellow blur. He couldn't remember why he was running, he could only perceive that it was not enough, he had to run faster. That's when he realized it, he was running, but he hadn't moved an inch! Like he was running in a running machine, moving with all his might but stuck in the same position, somehow. He remembered why he was running. There was someone behind him, a hand- covered with black leather suit, fingernails like claws… he felt that hand behind him, gripping his torso tightly- he couldn't move any more- he tried to scream- but nothing came out! Oh God what happened to his voice? He thrashed, trying to get away- he had to get away- but the arm around his torso was gripping him more tightly- engulfing him…. Barry woke up with a start. He was hyperventilating. Something was wrong. That hand was still wrapped around his torso. Someone was saying something to him.

“Breathe, breathe, it’s OK, it was just a dream.”

For the first time since he woke up, Barry realized he was in his own apartment, on his own bed. He was stark naked, lying beside Jay, who was spooning him from behind, a had wrapped around Barry tightly. That hand was now moving up and down his side, a gesture which was supposed to be soothing. Barry took in deep breathes to calm himself down.

He half fell asleep, half passed out last night from exhaustion. From what he could remember, Jay ‘took care’ of him afterwards. He removed all of Barry's sweat-soaked clothes and cleansed him thoroughly with a damp towel soaked in warm water. It felt so relaxing, so reassuring!

Barry doesn’t get Jay, he really doesn’t.

He lay still in bed, allowing Jay run his hand over Barry's body. After a while Jay whispered, “Are you alright? You are sweating. Need a wash. We'll take a bath when you are ready to get up.”

Barry got up a few minutes later. He felt dizzy instantly. Mental and physical exhaustion. Jay helped him get up. He actually half- embraced him and led the way to the bathroom. He got rid of his own clothes and got under the shower with Barry. The warm water felt heavenly on Barry's skin. He slumped over Jay the whole time, too tired to even bother about self-respect. Jay held him, washed him, dried him up with a towel. He helped Barry put on his clothing- a blue shirt, a pair of black sweatpants and his usual jacket.

He let Barry rest on the sofa. A few minutes later he came back with some energy bars and a jug of water. He took one for himself and went to the kitchen to cook breakfast, asking Barry to finish both the bars and water, “You need it.”
Around ten minutes later Jay came back carrying a full meal for both of them in a tray. “Pity kitchen appliances aren’t as fast as speedsters.” He joked.

Barry took up a toast silently.

“Are you hurt? That’s unlikely. You were not injured in any way last night. The discomfort should have gone by now.”

True. There was no sign of last night’s activities on Barry’s body. That didn’t mean he wasn’t hurt.

“Ah, angry, then…. I'm sorry, I was a bit overwhelmed last night.”

A bit? Barry let out a humorless laugh. Jay showed him how inhuman he could get. Or, maybe, it was just a glimpse of what he was capable of.

“Yes, it was just a glimpse. You can’t even fathom what I am capable of.”

Barry didn’t react, he was getting used to Jay’s mind reading.

“We have some problems at hand, by the way. Wells is still suspicious about me, I think. He is too clever. Even I can’t read him properly.”

“I don’t understand, why didn’t you kill him already? I mean, you had the chance when you came through the breach that night.” Barry finally spoke.

“I didn’t find him. Apparently he and Jesse were ‘watching stars’ in the roof. Didn’t check the roof. Lousy work on my part. Besides, I just thought I’d grab you and leave. That worked out good in the end. With both of them killed off, there would have been suspicions.”

“But”, he spoke again, “We have bigger problems at hand. Vibe.”

“Cisco?”
“Yes. He can vibe anytime about us. About this.”

“Please, don’t hurt him. I’m begging you. I am doing everything you asked!”

Jay chuckled. “That isn’t my intention any more. I was thinking of killing him off, but he is not as powerful as Reverb. Uses all his brilliance to get you faster rather than harnessing his own powers. Innocent and stupid. Last night when Caitlin called you, a solution came to my mind.”

“What is it?”

“STAR Labs monitor your vitals by using a microchip. It’s inserted in you. Better thinking, I must say, as they could only monitor you through the flash suit beforehand. But the new improvement is problematic for us. I need to do two, no, three things, one, Access STAR Lab’s security footage so that I can tamper it occasionally. I am anticipating our interaction will make them suspicious sooner or later. Two, I need access to your vital monitoring system so that I can give false feeds during our ‘love sessions’”.

Barry felt like vomiting at the last pair of words.

“And, finally, I need to steal a similar microchip to upgrade it to a frequency blocker.”

“So that Cisco can’t vibe any more?”

“Yes, so that he doesn’t receive any frequency a normal human being can’t access. Thus, you little friend will get to live and our problem will be solved.”

******

“I’m fine, Caitlin, really.” Barry said for the tenth time for the evening.

“Like hell you are.” She quoted Cisco for the equal number of time as well.

“I don’t understand. You are physically alright. More than alright, actually. Why do your vitals keep going erratic? And, sometimes, like, this morning, you were all exhausted?”

“Who said that? My vitals?” Barry tried to roll his eyebrows. He is a pathetic actor.

“Yes.” Caitlin sternly replied, putting both her hands on her hips, looking at Barry with her eyebrows knitted together.

I am only trying to save you all, Barry thought.

“Barry, something is clearly wrong with you. You are trying to avoid us, well, Cisco, especially, you are not paying attention most of the time, you flinch at little things- and you are making a very poor attempt to hide it all. You may think we are not observing, but we are, Barry, and we ARE worried about you, like- A LOT! We even talked with Iris and Joe- who only confirmed our suspicion. What’s wrong, Barry? We love you, we care for you! Don’t hide from us!” Caitlin exclaimed. Her eyes full of emotions, looking at him intently.
“Barry, talk to us, please!” Cisco pleaded, he was sitting right next to Barry. He was so overwhelmed by Caitlin’s speech, didn’t even notice when Cisco came in. Barry avoided Cisco’s hand reaching for his shoulder.

“Yeah, and that, have you forgotten I don’t require touch to get vibes? What don’t you want me to vibe, Barry? What are you so unwilling to let us know?”

“I…. I will tell you later.”

“You are a terrible liar, Allen. I don’t know you that much but even I can tell you are lying.” Harrison Wells joined the conversation.

“If it’s too difficult for you to tell, let Ramon vibe you. He hasn’t done that yet because he thought he will violate your privacy.”

“And that will ameliorate his situation? No wonder he didn’t come to you for help.” Jay came in out of nowhere.

“When did you ‘pop up’?” Caitlin exclaimed, again.
“I will tell you what happened to Barry. If that’s what it takes to keep you all out of his hair.”

“No!” Barry pleaded. He didn’t understand where this was going. What was going on in Jay’s mind?

“It’s OK, Barry.” Jay looked directly into his eyes.

“When Zoom kidnapped Barry, he imprisoned him, you all know that much. What you don’t know is, he tortured him, physically and mentally. He threatened to kill you all, too. After he broke Barry’s back, being tortured by him again was just too much for him. He was not hiding, he was just taking his time. Which, you, his so-called ‘friends’ failed to give.”

A pin drop silence floated around the core for a few seconds.

“I’m so sorry, Barry, I’m so ashamed.” Said Caitlin.

“I’m so sorry, bro, won’t try anything like that ever again.” Cisco exclaimed.

“And, of all people, Allen told you?” Dr. Wells asked, still suspicious.

“Because I survived the same fate as him. I am the broken, beaten speedster, who survived the same evil in the same manner.”

“That makes sense. Actually, everything makes sense now.” Caitlin said.

“And if it helps, I will never try to vibe you unless you want it….well, I can’t help it always, you’ll have to forgive me if I accidentally……”

“Ramon!” Dr. Wells warned.

“And if you are all done with him, I’ll accompany him to home. Looks like he needs the break.”
Barry got up from the table. It was going to be another long night. Another night he dreaded.
Barry was surprised at his own numbness. He was astonished how he talked to Jay casually in the morning after that dreadful night. How he was living with the man who repeatedly raped him, violated him. He was practically having a domestic life with Jay at this point. Barry wakes up every morning finding Jay cooking breakfast for them, they eat in silence or a little chitchat from Jay's end, then he goes to the precinct, finishes duty, goes to STAR Labs or at Joe's, returns home at some point at night, always finding Jay there. He does his Flash duty in between this routine. He didn’t give any thought to this first, things were so messed up to even bother about thinking. But now, when some days have passed after Jay’s last assault, the thoughts came. And they scared Barry. Was he starting to accept his situation? As there was no way out of it, had his mind found some peace at acceptance? If Barry really accepts Jay someday, just because he has no other way- that day he will loose. And not to just Jay, no, Barry Allen will loose himself completely that day. Nothing of him will be left when he surrenders to Jay, not because he was forced to, but of his own free will. And that thought scares him to the core.

Jay has been surprisingly gentle the last few days. He hadn’t touched Barry in that way since. He talks, cooks, urges to eat and he cuddles Barry in bed. It was almost like he was atoning.

Barry’s nightmares hadn’t subsided though, not even a bit. He woke up every night in horror, finding the man behind this all spooning him, whispering in his ear it was OK. And it never failed to feel bizarre to Barry. Barry sometimes wished he could look inside Jay’s brain to see how his thoughts actually worked, how the monster and the person were assimilated.

Jay had finally made the frequency blocker. He went to Cisco’s apartment last night while he was sleeping to finish the job. A small gun-shaped device, made by Cisco himself was stolen from STAR Labs for the job. The chip was adjusted to it’s tip. All that needed to be done was press it against his neck and pull the trigger. The chip would be inserted. The bleeding is minimal, almost that from a scratch. “Pray that he doesn’t wake up or vibe me beforehand. It won’t take more than two minutes.” He went and came back in two and a half minute accurately. “It’s done.” The relief Barry found at the words was priceless.

Enough of thoughts, Barry had plans for the night. He was going to dine at Joe's. Iris and Wally would be there too.

When he reached Joe's he saw Joe, Iris and Wally talking from the window. They looked so peaceful
and happy! Even Wally— the always rough and angry boy looked at ease. The sight made Barry happy and sad simultaneously, happy to see his beloved persons being cheerful, and sad not being a part of it. Barry knows he felt this way because he was lying to them, this assumed distance was his own creation. But, seeing Wally with Joe made him sad too. Does Joe miss him that much now that Wally is there? He wasn’t jealous, no, he was just—it was just a feeling.

After dinner they all gathered around the living room sofa— laughing, chatting. Barry was more responsive than the last time. Joe and Iris were eying him from time to time. Joe had told him that Cisco told him and Iris about Zoom beating up Barry when they insisted. They were worried about Barry, but none of them said anything. Barry was grateful for that. Wally was more open today, laughing at Joe's little jokes, his usual bickering at Barry absent. Barry was pleased about that too.

A crashing noise startled them all. They all looked upwards at pure astonishment to see where the noise was coming from. There was a big hole on their roof. An unbelievably large hand with sharp claws came through the hole. A harsh non-human voice roared, “Where’s the Flash?” A shredded timber from the hand flew across the room and landed on Iris without Barry noticing. A sharp cry of pain. Blood. Barry's scream, “Iris!” Another roar, “C’mon, c'mon, Flash.”

King Shark.

Two full seconds later Barry was out of the house and in the road in his Flash suit. He lured King Shark in the road. Then tried to thunderbolt him. But King Shark got lucky. He hit him randomly inside the lightning circle and it hit Barry square in the chest.

Barry saw him fleeing. Siren approached behind him. He ran off to Joe's, hearing sirens there as well. As he reached there, he saw the ambulance— Iris was being lifted to a gurney. Unconscious. Joe looked up at him and nodded before getting on the ambulance. Barry wanted to rush there, to see Iris himself— but he was on the Flash suit.

Suddenly he felt livid. All this— all this he’d done and he still couldn’t stop Iris from getting hurt.

He went inside the house and changed into clothes. He was about to leave for the hospital when Wally confronted him. “Wally, Iris- is she all right?” he urged.

“Why do you care? I can’t believe you just flew for your life leaving her like that. Leaving US like that!” Wally replied with every bit of venom he could gather in his voice.

“Wally, I….”

“Enough of this, Barry. I thought a lot of things about you. But coward was not one of them.”

Wally was leaving.

“Where are you going?”

“To the hospital. And don’t bother to come. My family has done everything they could for you and some more. If you can’t repay that, at least leave them alone.”

Barry almost spit out it wasn’t his fault, but he paused then and there. It WAS his fault. King Shark was looking for the Flash. He was looking for Barry. Barry WAS the reason Iris got hurt.

Wally stormed out of the house, slamming the door shut behind him.
Barry's phone rang.

“Cisco?”

“Hey, Barry, King Shark is heading towards the dock. Two offices were following him. He destroyed their car. Both of them got hurt badly… maybe even worse.”

“I'm on my way.”

“Barry, we don’t have a plan. Once he is in the water, he will be faster than you. You can’t defeat him on water.”

“I have to go, Cisco. I can’t let him hurt anyone else.”

“Barry, running there headstrong..”

Barry cut him off mid sentence, switching the com off. He had to stop Shark.

After that, he had to get some answers from Jay.

He found the smashed car on the way to the dock. The officers were badly injured. One of them was bleeding profusely. Barry was not sure he'd make it. It reminded him of Iris again. He heard the sirens of paramedics behind and got up. He had to stop King Shark before he hurts anybody else.

The dock was quiet. Barry approached with caution. Suddenly a smack from behind threw him a few feet away and in the ground. King Shark roared. Actually roared. Barry was disoriented from the sudden attack for a few moments. But as King Shark approached him for the next hit, he got himself together and hit him hard in the mid section with a super speedy punch. This time it was King Shark who hit the ground. Barry got up and landed a few more punches on him, giving him no time to adjust. But King Shark was clever. He aimed for Barry's unguarded leg. As Barry bucked in the sudden pain of claws literally stabbing at his left leg- King Shark took the chance to get up and reach the water. Barry chased after him. If Cisco was still on the com he would have told Barry how stupid it was. Running in the water like that- injured, when he wasn’t fast enough even with his full strength. Yes, King Shark was much faster than him in the water. But Barry was determined to stop him right now. Before anyone else in his family got hurt. The image of Iris on the gurney snapped back in his mind- and he ran into the water headstrong.

He could see where King Shark was. He was going deeper into the sea. But not stealthily, no, there was a huge disturbance in the water from where he was. He was luring Barry, challenging him to play this game on his ground.

Barry accepted. He had a plan. He ran right above where King Shark was and started running in circular motion. He was going to create a lightning bolt. His leg was bleeding and hurting like hell. He didn’t care. And, in the process, he created a vortex which was getting stronger with each step Barry took. King Shark was now trapped inside the vortex- he couldn’t swim across it. Also, the water was getting electrified which added a lot of discomfort to him.

The Flash was only a few steps away from defeating him.

But, sharks are cunning creatures. They are cunning and ferocious. So is King Shark.

When he felt he was trapped, he stopped fighting to get away from the vortex. Instead, he used it to swim upwards. He reached for The Flash blindly inside the circular yellow blur.
He got lucky.

Barry was pulled into the water by his uninjured leg. The electricity created by him was still present in the water. King Shark ignored his own discomfort and tugged him anyway, pulling him deeper into the water. He was going to drown The Flash.

Barry's lungs were on fire. The wounds on his legs were on fire too from contact with the sea water. He couldn’t focus, overwhelmed by the pain. But he had to, otherwise he would die.

He had to do something and he had to do it right now.

He used his speed to roll his body in a fraction of a second. The next moment his index finger was right on King Shark's left eye, spinning like a drill machine, with electricity passing through it.

King Shark howled. It sounded muffled, distorted in the water. He let go of the Flash and covered his eye in pain.

Barry couldn’t care less. He was swimming. It was so hard, so painful. His legs formed two streams of blood in the dark water.

He finally hit the surface. He took long gulps of air, and it was still not enough! He wheezed, coughed, took a few more breathes and dragged himself out of water. He had lost all his strength by then. Running was impossible. He was about to switch his com to ask for help when the water behind him made a huge splash, wetting his body even more.

King Shark got on the dock. He was silent this time- in following his prey. He looked awful. His eye was bleeding, even that shark- alike face visibly swollen.

Barry tried to drag himself forward.

King Shark walked towards him with his huge feet.

He took Flash up by the throat, hanging him in the air, his feet dangling helplessly, mixture of water and blood dropping on the mud beneath him.

King Shark made an inhuman sound- half howling, half roaring!

Then he pulled The Flash towards him and sank his shark- teethes on The Flash's chest.

It was indescribable pain- it couldn’t be compared to anything. It was overwhelming and all engulfing.

Everything Barry felt was pain.

Everything he knew was pain.

And he couldn’t breathe any more.

A sudden blue blur snatched him from King Shark's grasp and laid him on the ground.

The next moment the blur was all over King Shark.

Barry was numb. He couldn’t breath and he was cold and he felt numb.

Everything felt so quiet. Why was there no sound?
He was drowned in blood. His red suit soaked in his own blood—so much that they couldn’t be differentiated.

He somehow looked sideways.

A surreal scenario was taking place before his eyes.

The blue blur was zooming in and zooming out.

It was everywhere on King Shark.

King Shark’s body was not visible any more. There was a lump—a lump of flesh and blood standing there.

Every time the blur zoomed in, it took a chunk off that body!

It must have taken only a couple of seconds, but it felt like forever.

Barry saw as Zoom took apart King Shark piece by piece alive with indescribable rage.

Everything went blank after that.
Chapter Notes

There is no point in apologizing, still, forgive me for being impossibly late. I don't know if anyone is even following this story any more!

I am not a medical person. So, there must be tons of misinformation and faults in medical descriptions. Please ignore them and concentrate on the feels :)

A sudden blue blur. A gust of wind. Everyone in the cortex spun their heads towards the entrance.

Barry was lying on the floor. Though it was barely recognizable as Barry- a motionless lump of flesh and blood and suit fabric.

Caitlin gasped at the sight, shivering.

Everyone rushed to the spot where Barry was lying.

**************

It’s been five and a half hour since Caitlin entered the makeshift operation theatre.

When she finally came out with Cisco and Dr. Wells at her toes, anxious faces looked up at her questioningly. Joe strode forward to speak first, “How is he?”

-“Bad.” Caitlin answered. She and Cisco both looked exhausted, haunted. Dr. Wells was in relatively better shape; not very much though.

-“Tell me.” Worry and impatience leaked through the words.

-“He is suffering from pneumo-hemothorax…”

-“I don’t understand,” Joe raised a hand to stop her, more impatient, “Say it simply.”

Caitlin took a deep breath; thinking how to describe the situation. A few seconds later she spoke again.

-“The most serious injury is the punctures in his lungs, seven of them, caused by King shark’s teeth.”

The gasps from the audience stopped her for a moment before she started again.

-“Five of the teeth were broken from King shark’s jaw and remained in Barry's lungs; in both of them. The skin and tissue surrounding them were already healing. I had to reopen each one of the wounds to treat them properly. He’s on ventilation and chest tube now. Four broken ribs… his leg injury is also very serious… has lost a huge amount of blood from both internal and external bleeding. I had stocked his blood time to time in anticipation of something like this…”

Caitlin ran a hand over her face, voice shaking. “Never thought it'd ever come to this.”

-“But he will make it through, right?” Joe asked in shaky voice, almost whispering in fear of what he
is about to hear.

-"I wish I could say yes", tears started to fill Caitlin's eyes, "I don’t know. If the bleeding stops in the next hour and his lungs heal quickly, maybe. It’s a 50-50 chance. The only good thing is he never gets worse, heals by himself and there is no chance of infection with him.”

-"And he is a fighter.” Cisco took a step forward, touching Caitlin's shoulder lightly.
-"He also got here quickly. A few minutes late and he would have been gone.” Caitlin choked.

-"But how the hell did he get here? Did you see the blue streak?” Dr. Wells asked.

-"Hang on a second, what blue streak?” Joe asked, astonished. He got here from hospital after hearing the news. Iris is admitted there, her leg got broken due to King shark’s attack. There were fourteen lacerations too. She’ll be in there for a while. But at least she is ok, and conscious.

-"That could only be Zoom.” Cisco replied.

-"But how can he even be here? Why would he save Barry? And if he’s here, why is he silent? Not showing off himself like he always does? It can’t be him. There has to be another explanation.” Dr. Wells shook his head vigorously.

-“Only one person can answer these questions.” Cisco turned back, looking at the still, unconscious body lying on the table on the other side of the glass door.

************

He is sitting beside Barry's bed. A heart monitor beeps rhythmically to ensure the presence of his lover. ‘Lover’- can he call Barry his lover? When he is not sure if he can even call him ‘his’?

Barry's chest is covered with bandages; red spots seeping through them. He's still bleeding. They’re out of blood. So he has arranged a direct blood transfusion from his own body to Barry's. He looks down at his own arm- where the cannula is attached. ‘Please be enough’, he pleads inwardly.

Fourteen bags and a direct transfusion- and he's still bleeding. Two bags are still left in the freezer; in case Caitlin gets worried that they are out of blood. She'll never know. He made a false feed of this room; in case anyone checks the live feed.

He had to get through a lot of trouble for this arrangement. It took a lot of convincing to get Caitlin and Cisco out of the room to take some rest. They kept denying until he convinced them that if any emergency takes place, Barry would be needing them in their full strength and efficiency. They left somewhat reluctantly; both now resting in the cortex, fell asleep probably. Joe went back to the CCPD; he went somewhat nuts with the whole situation. Both his kids were injured; one of them mortally so and the blue streak- apparently it was present in the street too- Cisco acknowledged them from his cctv feed. Joe ultimately decided to go back to CCPD; see if he can get any lead on Zoom. He won’t find any though.

This is all his fault. That ventilator, that chest tube, those fluids, that cannula, bandages, blood, Barry being surrounded by all these machines- all because he gave King shark Barry's address. It is all on him.

************
A broken promise

Finally, finally he has stopped bleeding. Jay was detaching the tube when Cisco came in.

There was something thrifty in his movement. His eyes met Jay's and he looked uncomfortable. Jay was uneasy too. Did Cisco see him detaching the tube from his arm? Doesn’t seem so. He was holding the tube in his hands, unsure what to do.

“Bleeding stopped”, he informed Cisco.

Cisco's face brightened instantly. He took long strides to cross the distance from the door to Barry's bed.

“Thank God!” he exclaimed. He touched Barry’s forehead lightly, as if a little pressure would make the man disappear.

“He is going to make it, it’s only a matter of time now. The worst is over.” Jay informed him.

“I should go tell everyone.” Cisco replied, though he didn’t move from the bedside. Instead, he slowly let his hand down to Barry's arm, holding it with both hands.

“What are you doing?” Jay asked, alerted.

“You know what,” Cisco replied, cautiously eying Jay.

“I thought you promised him you wouldn’t.”

“I did, but the situation calls for it, don’t you think?”

Jay remained silent. Cisco closed his eyes and tightened his hands around Barry's arm.
A few moments passed. Cisco opened his eyes, disappointed. The he crunched his eyes shut and grabbed Barry’s arm tighter.

Another few seconds passed before he opened his eyes again.

Jay quirked his eyebrow questioningly.
Cisco shook his head in a silent ‘no’ and exhaled disappointedly.

“I should go tell the others, and wake Caitlin up. She needs to check on him…. Do you want me to take that?” He gestured towards the tube in Jay's hand who was still holding it.

“Yeah, sure….Just throw it in the trash bin.”
Cisco nodded, taking it from Jay. He left the room with one last glance to Barry.

*****

“I think it will take some time for him to wake up.” Caitlin said. She just finished checking Barry.

“That’s a good thing, will give us some time to work on the anesthetics,” Replied Dr. Wells.
Others eyed them questioningly.

“When he wakes up, he will be in extreme pain…we’ll need something to keep him under, giving him time to heal. Barry is extremely strong, his pain threshold is very, very high. I would have been doomed otherwise, ’cause he gets hurt frequently. But he can’t take this one.”

“All this time… haven’t you tried it before?” Joe asked. He came instantly hearing the news.

“I’ve tried and I failed, every time.”

“What if you fail this time, too?”

“I can’t afford to fail this time; but if I do, someone has to sit beside him and keep pushing morphine every few minutes.”

“Let’s hope we succeed this time.” Cisco replied.

***

It’s been a day since the bleeding stopped. Barry has opened his eyes four times since then. Every time a few seconds, never more, and then he drifted again in unconsciousness.

“He's coming and going, won’t be long before he wakes up fully,” Caitlin sighed. She was going nowhere with the anesthetic. Well, almost nowhere. Normal ones keep Barry under for about ten minutes. She increased the intensity of the drug, changing it to sub-molecular level. Will hold up to about thirty minutes, she expects. But it’s not enough.

***

They were discussing about Barry's treatment method. What needs to be done before he wakes up and what not, when a loud beeping sound came from the med bay.

“He's up,” Cisco and Caitlin exclaimed together, running towards the sound, others on their toes.

Barry looked like his eyes were going to explode. He was trying to breathe through the ventilator, confused and surely in extreme pain. He didn’t seem to even notice that someone was there- so overwhelmed with it.

Caitlin rushed to his side, pleading Barry to remain still. He couldn’t move more than a few millimeters though, attached to ventilator and tubes. But the slight movement was enough to hurt himself.

Horrid few moments those were, the two minutes before he drifted to unconsciousness again.

Caitlin wiped sweat from her forehead, whispering, “It begins.”
“He is going to wake up again, soon; and won’t be able to breathe on his own. I need to keep him under before he gets better.” Caitlin said.

“What do we do?” Cisco asked.

“Jay, Dr. Wells and I are still working to make the anesthetic stronger. One of you need to be by his side and dope him every time he wakes up.”

“Can’t you just give him the drug through tube?” Joe asked.

“I will. But he will still wake up. His immune system is working overtime now. The faster it heals, the sooner it will wear off the drug. You’ll see.”


Barry has been waking up more frequently. Every time he does, it takes more amount than before to put him under. It’s horrible watching him suffer- the one who always tries to mitigate other’s sufferings….

When he is under, the stillness of him haunts Joe. Every time he fears Barry is never going to wake up again, even though he knows he is getting better as each second passes. But, the few moments when he is awake, he is breathless and restless and there is so, so much pain in his feature- Joe can’t just stand it. Sometimes Caitlin or Cisco comes in and takes charge- Joe leaving the room unable to watch his son in horrible pain. How could he be breathless even through ventilation- he wondered. Caitlin told him patients aren’t actually breathless, they just feel they are. The explanation didn’t help Joe the least.


He is finally off ventilation. Caitlin sighed in relief watching Barry breathing on his own, through the oxygen mask though; but it’s a huge, huge improvement. He is still on drugs though; they’ve finally improvised to make it last at least one hour each dose, which is good enough considering Barry’s immunity.

Joe, Jay and Cisco have done an extraordinary job in taking care of Barry. Specially when she was busy with Dr. Wells improvising treatment system for their speedster.

Joe is not here right now; went to see Iris in hospital. Wally was amazing too, taking great care of his sister whenever his father was ‘God knows where’ according to him. Joe told her he was pretty pissed off on his father’s behavior and his foster son's complete ‘absence.’ Iris's strong opposition was the only thing that kept his vehemence in check.

Barry woke up, third time this day- and the beeping loud beeping started again. Joe and Cisco rushed
in, like every time they do whenever Barry wakes up. They can’t do much, but it gives them hope seeing him awake. That is enough for them.

He seems coherent. This is the first time that he is, after four never-ending awful days.

Caitlin was trying to sooth him while reaching for the syringe. Barry's eyes roamed across the room until they settled on Jay's.

He was trying to say something. Jay closed in to listen. Caitlin didn’t notice, busy to push the drug in Barry's vein, when the words reached her ears.

“You promised, you promised!!” was all Barry could make through the haze of pain and sharp intakes of breath.

Then he passed out. Again. And two pairs of eyes rotated from him to Jay demanding and explanation through their gaze.
“I don’t know, I don’t know, may be he was just delusional.” Jay babbled.

“Well, you must know something!” Cisco replied, voice raised, hands on his waist, glaring at Jay.

“Ok, ok guys, let’s wait till he is conscious enough to talk; then you can ask yourself.” Jay waved his both hands defensively.

“Well, that’s going to take some more time,” Caitlin replied. Her fingers were moving across the keyboard, typing furiously, eyes fixed on the monitor.

Cisco sighed, displeased. But thought better to drop the matter now. Instead he crossed the room to stand beside Caitlin. “What’s his condition?”

“Better, much better.” Caitlin looked at Cisco, relief evident in her eyes, a ghost of a smile on her lips.

“Ok, give me,” Cisco said, resting a hand on the desk Caitlin was sitting and gesturing towards her with the other.

“His lungs are healing, the wounds in his lungs are much better now, will heal completely within next four-five days.”

“Ok,” Cisco nodded. Jay had closed in too, listening intently.

“His ribs will heal by the same time. Leg wound is completely fine now. Other superficial wounds… well, superficial considering a speedster's body, are also healed.”

“That’s great news,” Cisco replied. A big, bright smile on his face.

“Yes, that’s really great. But he will still be facing difficulty in breathing and there will be chest pain…..though, the worst is over.”

“He literary had gaping holes in his body… no matter how much pain it is, is bearable; considering he could have been….” Cisco didn’t have the heart to finish the sentence.

Caitlin took his hand, the one not resting on the desk. She wrapped both her hands around it, nodding, fighting back tears.

*****

Barry is fully awake now. Caitlin decided to keep him on morphine drip only, if he could manage the pain. Apparently the high usage of intensified morphine was hampering; his metabolism was working to burn it and that slowed down the healing process as a consequence. Also, effect of morphine was wearing off too quickly near the end.

He is a fighter, undoubtedly. Taking every breath is a struggle, even through the oxygen mask. But he doesn’t complain, doesn’t whimper. It’s been forty hours since he has been out of extra drug; hasn’t slept much since then; two to three hours at a time, at best. He just lays there, breathing in,
breathing out; only sign of pain is in his ragged breathing and occasional scrunched shut eyes and gripping the sheet too tightly.

Joe was running his fingers through Barry's hair. Knowing how his son has always loved this gesture, hoping it would soothe him somewhat.

Barry hasn’t talked about the incident. Hasn’t even tried to talk to anyone, really. Just once, he asked Joe how Iris was doing, and if everyone else was alright. Looked relieved with the answer he got. One would say he has been in deep thought. About what, Joe didn’t ask. He knows it’s unlikely that he’ll get an answer.

*****

“We need to talk….no, YOU need to talk, actually. You need to tell us what happened that night and get it over with.” Caitlin demanded.

Barry was popped up against the pillows. He wasn't fully recovered yet, but his doctor decided he was well enough to charge against, apparently.

“I went after King Shark without thinking. He was too strong and too clever… “

“Yes, yes, we know that, and don’t think I- no, WE will ever forgive you for that!” she retorted.

“We want to know what happened after. How did you get here?” Cisco joined in.

“It’s all a blur, I don’t remember anything.” Barry was being only half- honest, though he doesn’t remember, he knows exactly how he got there.

“There’s no way you got here by yourself. The state you were in, it’s impossible.” Caitlin replied, shaking her head, trying to clear her head of the images of that god awful night.

“There was a blue streak coming from the shore to the cortex. Can you explain it?” Dr. Wells asked, he was calm, looking at Barry intently.

“No, I can’t.” Barry replied curtly.

“A blue streak refers to Zoom.” Dr. Wells said, unwavering.

“But it doesn’t add up, does it? Why would Zoom be silent if he were here? And most of all, why save me?”

“That I don’t know.”

“There has to be another explanation. This makes no sense.” Joe spoke at last. He was sitting right beside Barry, carding his fingers through Barry's hair. Had it been any other time, Barry would be scandalized with the show of affection in front of his friends and others. Right now, he is too exhausted to notice.

“We have other ways of knowing,” Caitlin suggested, gesturing towards Cisco with a bit of anticipation of refusal from Barry.

“Umm…. I sort of already tried.”

“You promised, Cisco!” Barry was shocked; hurt- one might say.

“I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry…. But I really needed to know what happened to you…. And I failed….couldn’t vibe anything.”

“Could you try again?” Caitlin asked him and then looked at Barry. “Would you let him?”

Barry glanced sideways at Jay's direction. His face was stony, no reaction there. He looked up at Cisco and nodded at Cisco in acceptance.

Cisco couldn’t vibe anything.

He tried a few times and shook his head in exasperation.

“Your power is not like others. As mighty as it is, it’s very subtle, too.” Dr. Wells told him, “Don’t push it too hard. Let’s leave it here for now.”

“But what about Zoom?” Caitlin asked.

“I honestly doubt that it was really Zoom. He is not one to sit idly without causing mayhem.”

“Ok, I hate to say it, but let’s leave it for now,” Joe said, echoing Dr. Wells, “Let Barry rest.”

His son was breathing laboriously throughout the conversation. He is still in pain, nausea and vomiting joined in too, lately; has been puking up even the very little amount of food he has been consuming.

Everyone left the room letting Barry rest.

He couldn’t.

He hasn’t had the chance to be alone with Jay after waking up. They need to get some things straight.

Or, do they really need to?

What was Barry thinking, relying on the promises of a monster?

He thought he was protecting his loved ones.

Oh, how wrong he was! There’s no protecting them unless this monstrosity is put to an end.

He has to put him to an end.
He was far too much desperate. Today’s ordeal earned him a lot of shouting from everyone, Caitlin, Iris, even the usually calmer Wells…. And Joe, God, he was livid. He was so, so angry that he couldn’t even formulate his words properly.

They were right to yell at him, he gives them that. He isn’t perfectly healed yet. Usual daily chores were piece of cake, even the flash activities are somewhat alright; but jumping canyons was just pushing himself too far. He was breathless and aching when cisco pulled him up with the drones. He also got his proper share of being yelled at for being so flimsy regarding Barry's wellbeing and joining his stupid plan of ‘training’ without informing others. It was Barry's fault, really. He knew it was easier to manipulate him and did just that.

Thing is, none of them know about Barry's desperation or the reason behind it. They are thinking King Shark is still out there somewhere, and Barry is all desperate to catch him. Everyone, after their initial anger subsided, requested Barry to take it slow. Joe pleaded, almost, to go slow before he causes more harm to himself.

But he can’t go slow, not now of all times. He has to get faster, get so much faster because that is the only way to defeat his enemy.

There’s no other way, there simply isn’t. He has to get faster than Zoom.

He was lying in his bed; a hint of pain still lingering on his chest. He is back in his apartment, has been so for a few days now. Jay comes and goes, doesn’t stay. Barry doesn’t talk to him. In the Labs, he maintains the facade, but in person he doesn’t have it in himself to even look at his face.

Jay has apologized, more than once, trying to explain himself. Barry doesn’t listen.

Why would he? He agreed to this monstrosity in the first place to keep his loved ones safe. What’s the point if they’re still facing mortal danger, what’s the point?

Jay looks cautious, worried. Scared, one might say. Barry doesn’t know why.

Barry, himself is scared. He asked Jay once, the only time he talked to him in person- who else knew? Who knew he was the Flash? Knew his address, about his family?
Jay didn’t give any specific answer. He just ensured Barry this will never happen again, over and over.

It doesn’t do anything to soothe his mind. Although he defies Jay, he is scared to the core. He is scared that monster in Jay will rise again, rise at any moment, it is just in hibernation at the moment. He can’t avoid to notice the flashes of rage in Jay’s eyes every time he refuses him. Jay wanted to get close again, to kiss him, when Barry pushed him away. Even through his own anger, he could feel Jay’s. For a fraction of a moment, he expected the worst before Jay put all his strength together to calm himself.

And Barry knows. He knows this is the calm before the storm, before it strikes again with all its might.

At the same time, he knows Jay is scared too. He doesn’t know why. Jay still has everything wrapped around his arms, he doesn’t have a reason to fear anything. So it continues. Their mutual somewhat inexplicable fear.

He has to finish Zoom Someday, somehow. He has to put this to an end before it engulfs everything.

A knock on the main door pulled him back to reality. Definitely not Jay. He never knocks; a closed door is only so much to keep away a speeding speedster.

He got up with a grimace. God, it hurts.

Another knock this time. Hesitant.

Barry opened the door. It was the last person he expected to see today.

Also, the best.

-“Hey, slugger.” A beaming face greeted him.
-“Dad!”

-“Good to see you.” The smile broadened.

-“You too, Dad!”

-“Aren’t you going to ask me to come in?”

-“Yeah, yeah, of course.” Barry moved aside to let Henry come in. “I... I am just surprised, that’s all.”......”Iris called you?”

-“No, it was Joe this time.” Henry sat down on the living room couch.

-“So, I heard what happened. No one even bothers to tell me now, is that so? Even if it is my son almost.” Henry didn’t have the heart to finish.

-“No, Dad, it’s just... it was just too much... for everyone.”

-“Come here, son.”

Barry sat down beside dad. Henry caressed his son's cheek. In a soft voice, he asked, “How are you?”

-“I'm fine now, dad.”

-“I am just coming from Joe's house. He told me everything. I don't understand, Barry! What made you so desperate?”

-“It was a mistake, dad. I..I thought I was fine. I pushed myself far too much.”

Henry's had left Barry's cheek. It was now resting on Barry’s shoulder, wrapping him around in his
“Why?”

“I thought I could.”

Henry looked down at his own palm, as if observing the lines there. He exclaimed without looking up, in a calm voice,

“No, you didn’t.”

After a few second's pause, he stated again,

“No, you didn’t. You knew you weren't healed properly but you still went on. You went on desperate. Why were you desperate, Barry?”

There was only silence on the other side.

“I haven’t spent a lot of time, I haven’t. But, still, I know my son like the back of my hand. I know the only thing that gets him desperate is something concerning his loved ones.”

Another few minute’s silence.

“You won’t open up? Ok, it’s fine. I won’t push you, I never have.”

Slowly, very slowly Barry rested his head on Henry's shoulder.

“Have you had dinner, slugger?”

“No dad.” He replied, still resting his head on Henry, relieved at the sudden change of topic.
-“Well, I’m cooking, then. One of your favorites? Let’s see what we’ve got in the fridge.

*****

Barry snuggled closer to his father. They had a lovely evening together. Dad cooked some of his favorite dishes. They chatted a lot while preparing for dinner. Dad was extremely slow (compared to a speedster, of course) but he was not one to complain. In the beginning it was only Henry who was doing all the talking- about him living outside Central City, the effect of soothing nature calming him after all those years in prison cell, how he still misses his son, should’ve met him often…. Barry didn’t even notice when he broke his own silence and joined in. Soon, the kitchen was filled with laughter and chitchats. Dinner was delicious. Barry doesn’t remember when was the last time he ate so heartily. This definitely had something to do with the cook himself, rather than the dishes.

After dinner they watched TV together. Dad was at a loss with the ongoing shows and their storylines. So, Barry started updating him about them only to find out the ridiculousness of the stories himself. They both started laughing at that point.

Dad received a call at that point. Barry was certain it was Joe, if how his father went to the balcony and talked in a hushed tone and assuring someone of something and giving a look towards Barry occasionally were anything to go by.

Jay came in just at that time. He entered the living room phasing through the front door like he always does. It was stupidity on Barry's part, really, he should have informed Jay about Henry. He got carried away by his father’s presence.

Barry told him about Henry. Jay, himself could see Henry in the balcony, peeking over Barry's head. He left. It happened within a second, maximum. May be less. Henry came in just then. “Who were you talking to?”

-“No one. Do you see anyone?” Barry tried to joke.

-“No, no. I…It was just a feeling.” Henry muttered, looking over Barry at the closed main door.

Rest of the evening passed unceremoniously, father and son spending a beautiful time together.
Later that night, Henry was preparing the couch in order to sleep.

-“Um, dad?”

-“Yes?”

-“You can sleep in my bed if you want to.”

-“Oh, no, you need to rest there. You are still hurt. I'll be fine here.”

-“Um…”

Henry quirked an eyebrow. Barry blushed.

-“I was thinking my bed is bigger for two people and…”

Henry was caught off guard.

-“Oh!”

-“I'm sorry. It must be awkward. I..”

-“Oh, no, no, no. It’s just.. I didn’t think you would… I’d like to, yeah.”

****

Barry snuggled closer yet. His head was resting in Henry's left arm, eyes closed. Henry was running his free hand through Barry's arm. A comfortable silence lingered in the room.
-“Slugger?”

-“Hmm?”

-“Do you want me to stay here?”

-“Hmm!!”

-“I mean with you or in the city, however you prefer it. I don’t want to leave you again.”

-“No.”

Silence.

-“No? Why?”

-“Um… it’s just…”

Henry tilted his head to look at his son through the darkness.

Barry searched for an answer. He didn’t want his father to be here. He would be another leverage to Jay; his biggest leverage. Barry doesn't want that. No.

But what would he say?

After contemplating for a few moments, he decided to be honest.

-“I don’t want you here. I do and I don’t. It’s just… um… remember you told me you don’t want to an weakness for the Flash? You are my greatest strength, dad, you are. But you were right about being my weakness, too. It IS possible that someone might harm you to get to me someday.”
“Do you have any specific concern?”

“No.” Barry replied quickly.

Henry knew he was lying. He has to talk to Joe about this.

For now, he wrapped his free hand around Barry and pulled him even closer.

Barry fell in deep sleep within minutes.

Henry didn’t. He couldn’t.
Barry was sitting in a chair in the cortex while Caitlin was poking and prodding him with her medical instruments. ‘Necessary checkup'- she called it. Well, since when do checkups come along with arguments and scolding? After a few remarks Barry stopped responding and let her have her way.

His mind was drifting elsewhere. Henry left this morning. The morning was beautiful, too. Barry cooked breakfast this time. They chatted and cheered. Henry got a bit emotional before leaving. He made Barry promise if it’s not safe for him to visit Barry, Barry must visit him more often. He hugged him, kissed him like he was still eleven years old. Then he left.

And now Barry is lonelier than ever. For the few precious moments his Dad was there, Barry forgot the flat was his torture cell. He forgot he got raped in the same bed when he woke up this morning- limbs entangled to his father- hugging him like an octopus.

Now he is gone. And Barry dreads to go back there.

So, instead he decided to hang out in the labs more. May be after Caitlin's tantrum is over, he could have some peace.

Iris, Cisco and Jessy came in. They were arguing about something.

-“I think it will be great. You and Barry have just recovered. We need to celebrate.” Exclaimed Cisco.

-“What do you say, Barry?” Iris asked.

-“About what?” he replied.

-“Cisco has been asking to go out…you know, hang out and stuff..” Caitlin told him, shaking her shoulder in usual manner, eying him cautiously, as if she is certain Barry is going to refuse.

Barry contemplated the idea. It’s not his favorite pastime idea; but way better than going back to his flat.

He shook his head in agreement, “Alright, let’s hang out.”

They invited Wally too. Barry doesn’t know why, may be Joe or Iris talked to him, may be he didn’t care to bother this time, or may be he was just too happy to meet Jessy- he didn’t start with his bickering with Barry.

Barry was glad.

Now Cisco and Caitlin are dancing on the floor- or to be exact, Cisco was throwing his limbs everywhere when Caitlin was trying to play along and keep herself from laughing out loud. Wally and Jessy were nowhere to be seen.

-“Promise me, if you ever get married, you are not having that dance.” Iris said, laughing.

-“Me? Getting married?” Barry scoffed.
“Mmm… I wonder what our doppelgangers are doing on earth-2. Can’t believe we are married there.”

“Are you jealous of them?”

“Umm… yeah, I could be. Too bad my Barry Allen is attracted to men.” Iris pouted in pseudo-disappointment.

Barry suddenly fell silent. Will he ever have a normal life again? Will he ever be able to fall for someone again? Somehow, being with a man- any man, not just Jay, feels impossible to him now. He is broken.

Iris noted the sudden change in Barry. She touched him lightly, “Hey, Barr…”

Barry jumped at the touch, literally. Iris eyed him cautiously, “What’s wrong?”

A red streak entered and left in a flash before Barry could formulate an answer.

He chased it.

The other Flash winked at him before increasing his speed and outrunning Barry.

***

It was time for Barry to be livid. They had a way. They had a fucking way to get him faster. And they didn’t tell him.

“Barry, it was for your own good. Velocity 9 isn’t perfect. It has side effects. Disastrous side effects.” Caitlin exclaimed.

“I don’t fucking care!” He yelled. Grasping the vial containing that precious red liquid. This could be the end of his misery.

“Barry…” Caitlin called after him, but he was already out of the cortex.

***

He was sitting alone in almost darkness, only a faint red light coming from somewhere above dimly lighting the area. The precious red liquid held in front of his eyes, a overwhelming temptation to just open the vial and inject that magical liquid into himself.

“She was right to keep it a secret, Barry.” Wells came in, standing tall in front of Barry. Barry rolled his eyes in annoyance. He was not in a mood for counseling.

“If you follow a shortcut, you will LOOSE.”

“Yeah, you're one to talk.”

“If you compromise with humanity, you will fall into an endless pit.”

Barry couldn’t argue with that.

Meta Human alarm rang out loudly. They ran towards the cortex.

“Bad Flash has been spotted again.” Cisco exclaimed.
Barry ran.

***

-“So, we've finally got a female speedster. Just one question, purely scientific, is she good looking?”

Caitlin scoffed. She was treating Barry's face.

-“You don’t have any chance with her, Cisco.”

-“Why?” Cisco and Jay asked in unison. Cisco, damn seriously, while Jay had a mocking smile on his face.

“Well, for one reason, she seems to be into Barry.”

Barry stiffened. Jay narrowed his eyes. Cisco made a sad face.

-“What do you mean?” Jay asked in casual tone, but Barry understood too well that it was not so casual for him, if the darkening in his eyes was anything to go by.

Caitlin continued, oblivious to the situation, “Well, on their first meeting, she winked at him. This time, after punching him in the face, she said, ‘Good bye, pretty boy'. You heard it too, Cisco.”

Cisco shook his head in sadness. He heard that along with others, through the comm.

-“Is that so?” Jay commented in a joking tone. A shiver ran through Barry's spine. He could sense jealousy.

-“Yeah.”

-“But, Barry is gay!” Cisco exclaimed, as if it was his last resort.

-“Too bad out new speedster doesn’t know that.” Caitlin laughed. “By the way, where have you been?” She gestured at Jay. “For a man from another world who has no job here, you seem to be awfully busy.”

-“Hiking.” Jay replied, looking straight into Barry's eyes.

Barry is sure he wasn’t hiking. Who knows what God awful thing he has been after!

He doesn’t dare mention she also gave him a flying kiss after saying those words.

Chapter End Notes

I will be back to Jay/ Barry storyline soon. Promise.

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