

Saturday Night Fever

Fandom: The Flash

Von MLang

The Aftermath

It was around midnight when Mick decided to call it a day. It had been too frustrating to get the attention of anybody female in the club and failing didn't belong to his hobbies at all. He tried hard enough, always appearing as the knight in shiny armor whenever a sweet lady was in need for a cigarette lighter, but no one cherished his helpful hand with the flamethrower. What a pity!

Mick entered the men's room, looking for Evan and finding him crouching in one of the open cabins.

"Well, snow queen, let's leave. Trickster and Piper are already gone, probably getting it on in some dirty back alley and Cold and Weather Wizard – oh, just don't get me started!"

Without much hesitation, Mick grabbed Evan and tugged him out of the cabin, handing him a piece of tissue for his still bleeding nose.

At least Mick felt better now, knowing that he wasn't the most pitiful creature under this roof.

When they left the men's room Mick shot a last glance at Len and Mark still sitting at the bar, then he dragged Evan towards the exit.

"Who'd have thought that we would be the last to go?", Mark chuckled, watching Heat Wave and Mirror Master with shallow interest before turning back to Lenny.

"Not me, pal. I'm getting too old for this nonsense." Lenny raised his glass to Mark, smirking. "And so are you. You know, sometimes I think one should settle down before ending up like ol' Digger – without family, without dignity and – huh – dead."

Mark shifted a bit uncomfortably on his barstool. "Settle down? Really? Well, uhm..." He generously ignored Lenny's remark about their age, concentrating on the image of a quiet little house at the coast or in the mountains or wherever. "I don't think I'm ready for that. It's not like I'm – or you for that matter – gonna drop dead tomorrow. We're only... experienced."

"I'd call it veteran", Lenny shot back, eying his companion weary.

Grimacing, Mark snatched Lenny's glass and emptied it himself, before getting to his feet.

"Okay, enough of that. Come on, old buddy, I'm tired of listening to that sentimental trash of yours. How about showing me how veteran you really are? At home... all... alone?" Teasingly, Mark leaned over to steal a kiss from Lenny, before turning to leave.

"Ah, gee. In that case I'd prefer the term 'experienced', all right!", Lenny snarled, hurrying behind the raven-haired man.