

Dirty Little Secrets

Von TheBatter

Life Can Suck Sometimes

It wasn't like Barry didn't love Iris.

Oh, he loved her. He'd loved her since the day he met her. She was such a bright, beautiful woman, so smart and full of love.

And he loved being with her. He'd never regretted the day he dropped on his knees in front of her and asked her to marry him.

He loved her with all his heart. He loved her to death.

But he didn't feel attracted to her. Not at all. Of course, they had sex. Iris was always the one to initiate it. Barry just went along with it, always happy to please Iris, but also always happy when it was over. He knew why.

He knew why he just didn't feel any attraction, even though he loved her.

Barry was gay. He'd always been.

And he had spent his whole life in the closet. He had been ashamed of himself, for being different. He felt, like he was disappointing his mother.

When he met Iris, beautiful, happy Iris, he'd just turned 29. And when she asked him on a date and he agreed, he felt relieved. Finally, he had been normal.

Iris had been such a lovely girl back then. 24, a young reporter that fell for a geeky, badly dressed police scientist while filming at the scene of a real nasty murder.

He remembered that day like it was yesterday.

Barry had been kneeling on the dirty ground, collecting small DNA samples. Blood, a clump of hair, a torn-off finger nail. Putting the evidence in small plastic bags, he worked fast. He'd felt like such a failure. At the time of the murder, he'd been fighting Captain Cold. Even though he'd been the fastest man alive, he hadn't been able to stop this murder.

A few feet away, a woman had soundly made her way through the people and cops, asking questions.

And when Barry had looked up, he'd fallen for her.

Just one year later, he'd married her - even though he was gay.

Now he felt something stab his heart every time he woke up and looked at his beautiful wife. She was the victim. She was the one having to urge her husband to

make love. She was the one getting replaced in his more and more frequent wet dreams.

Dreams, in which Barry found himself under, above and in front of his male peers. And with each dream, he became more needy. When it started, it had only been Hal. His best friend, with that handsome face and lean build. Oh, the dreams he had! Countless dreams where they made love in his room at the Watch Tower, after defeating another threat in a violent mission. Dreams were Hal confessed his love to him, before Barry dragged him off to some quiet, private place.

Later, when his body lacked what he wanted worse with each day, some of the others had been in his dreams instead.

Clark (who actually was a pretty handsome, all american kind of man), who, under the influence of Red Kryptonite, almost devoured him in the Fortress of Solitude.

Hartley, one of the younger Rogues, who squirmed while getting filled up while the others were already getting transported to Iron Heights.

Even Bruce, who took him out for dinner and wine and took him in one of those large beds at the manor, that most likely cost more than he earned in a year.

Those dreams made him hate himself. Did having frequent dreams about having sex with other men count as cheating?

Barry refused to tell Iris, though. His sweet, gentle Iris. No matter how many dreams of that nature he'd have, not matter how much he wanted to get it on with another man.

She didn't deserve this. She deserved a nice, sweet husband who took care of her. And he'd be that for her.

While the others showered after missions, Barry always stayed outside. He never liked getting naked in front of others. Most of the time, he waited for the others to finish, before rushing through the water, washing himself and getting dressed in about five seconds.

Of course, his behaviour was a little weird to the others. Flash always was such a nice, friendly man, who always wanted to spend time around others.

On the other hand, they passed it off as him being a bit of a geek anyways.

Those wasn't his reason, but he let it slide. He actually had two reasons.

Reason number one was that he was plain scared. He didn't want to pop a boner - which, in all honesty, was normal for a speedster, but embarrassing nonetheless.

Reason number two were his scars. They were old. Of course they were, his skin didn't scar anymore.

Iris thought they looked beautiful. He got them the day he got his powers. When lightning struck his neck while he got splashed with chemicals.

Lichtenberg scars. White scar tissue, forming a tree like figure all over his back, arms and nape.

Not even Hal knew about them. Barry refused to even wear short sleeves around him. Or anyone, or that matter.

There actually were times when he didn't feel guilty. Times like these, when fighting the Rogues with his beloved nephew and partner Kid Flash. At least, they used to be a nice break from feeling guilty all the time.

As soon as they fight was over and Captain Cold and Mirror Master were transported to Iron Heights, he suddenly had some sort of Deja Vu when facing the Pied Piper, alone, without Kid Flash.

The long haired deviant circled him, without making a move. It seemed that he wasn't out to hurt Barry. And to be honest, he couldn't frame him. Piper hadn't been involved in the bank robbery, after all.

The man -or rather boy, he wasn't much older than Wally - smiled and crossed his arms, making Barry take a step back.

"You seem a little nervous, lately." He moved to his motorbike, leaning against it with a smirk. "Go on a date with your wife."

Did he know about Iris? Barry bit his lip as he watched the man wink at him and start the motor.

"You need some time out."

With that, he left the fastest man alive with a dumbfound expression on his face.

He sighed as he grabbed his partner and walked - or, in his case, ran - him home to his parents, before, heading home as well.

Life could suck.