

## I've Never Truly Loved (Until You Put Your Arms Around Me)

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# I've Never Truly Loved (Until You Put Your Arms Around Me)

by [theirhappystory](#)

## Summary

A compilation of prompt responses from Tumblr, since everyone is doing them and why not?

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"I hope that you see right through my walls.

I hope that you catch me, 'cause I'm already falling.

I'll never let a love get so close.

You put your arms around me and I'm home."

## Notes

So I've been accepting prompt on Tumblr and decided to follow the crowd and post them as a multi-chapter fic on here. They are all completely unrelated to each other unless otherwise specified. Enjoy :)

# Kiss Me

"A baseball game. How the hell did they follow us into a baseball game?"

"The Bratva have eyes and ears everywhere."

Oliver and Felicity quickly mingle in with the crowd, attempting to go unseen through the masses.

"Come here."

He pulls her into a souvenir shop. Blue and white Dodgers paraphernalia lines the walls. Small children gaze around in awe, holding onto their parents with hands that are not currently stuffed in a foam finger or holding a plush toy. Oliver quickly grabs a baseball cap from one rack and a Dodgers hoodie from another. He throws them on the counter to be scanned along with more than enough bills to cover the price.

"Let your hair down and put this on."

Apparently she isn't moving fast enough because he reaches out to slip the elastic from her hair before she gets a chance to do it her self. Oliver briefly runs his fingers through the strands, spreading her golden hair around her shoulders. Then he fits the cap onto her head before slipping on the hoodie and pulling the hood to cover his own.

"Keep your head down. Don't make eye contact with anyone, okay?"

Felicity nods in understanding. Once Oliver surveys the surrounding area and deems it clear, the two journey back into the crowd. Their pace is slightly faster than that of those around them as they make their way to the rendezvous point on the other side of the stadium where Diggle is waiting for them with the car.

"Damn it." Oliver curses under his breath but loud enough for Felicity to hear him from where she stands at his side.

"What's wrong?"

"Two of Alexi's men up ahead."

Felicity acts quickly, grabbing Oliver's hand closest to her and pressing herself against his side. Her other hand comes up to rest against his chest, over his now rapidly beating heart, and she tilts her head to rest it against his bicep.

"What are you doing?"

"Public displays of affection make most people uncomfortable. Unless these men are complete voyeurs or have no sense of social etiquette they'll look away."

"That's pretty smart."

Felicity doesn't look up but she can hear the pride in his voice and is sure he's smiling, despite their current on-the-run status.

"I tend to be such from time to time."

He chuckles under his breath and it causes her mouth to tilt up in a smile. Their current exchange must help them with their ruse because the pair goes by unnoticed by the two members of the Bratva. Felicity is about to let out a sigh of relief when they round a corner until she feels Oliver tense. She's about to ask him what's wrong when he speaks.

"Kiss me."

"What?"

"There's another one up ahead, coming this way. Kiss me, Felicity."

"I, uh – "

Before she can list the many reasons why that is a horrible idea, Oliver ducks down and presses his lips to hers.

It's soft at first. Mouths closed and lips simply pressed against each other. Felicity's eyes are still open wide in shock while her hands lay limp against his chest. Then Oliver's mouth begins to move against hers and she's pulled into the sensation. Her eyes slam shut as he takes her bottom lip in between his own, sipping at it gently. One of his arms wraps all the way around her small waist, hauling her body to his, while the other reaches up to cradle her jaw between his thumb and forefinger. He angles her head to deepen the kiss, knocking the cap back on her head. The hands she previously had lying on his chest fist his shirt in reply and pull him even closer.

Oliver's tongue slips out, begging her for entrance that she grants him wholeheartedly. It massages against her own, eliciting an embarrassing whimper from Felicity that she should never be making in public. He answers back with a low groan that vibrates against her mouth. It's desperate and needy and oh so hot and Felicity can feel her body ignite with heat. It spreads through her veins and reaches all the way to her toes, causing them to curl, before concentrating in her lower abdomen.

When Oliver's lips part from hers, both of them desperately panting for air, their surroundings come back to them. They stare at each other for a moment, wide eyes still dark with hunger for the other. It's startling for Felicity, seeing the affect she has on him. This whole time she had assumed that the attraction she felt was completely one-sided.

"I, uh... is he gone?"

Her words bring about the sad truth that what just happened between them was a cover. They are trying to make an escape and all that kiss meant was to be a distraction and throw their followers off the trail.

“Yeah, I think so.” Felicity is about to pull away from Oliver when his hold tightens. “But it wouldn’t hurt to make sure.”

He molds his mouth back to hers.

# Charades

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: for whatever reason, Oliver and Felicity are extremely good at charades (or any form of game)

“I don’t know what you’re doing but you’re definitely cheating.”

Thea’s cry of indignation comes from where she is seated, cuddled into Roy’s side on the couch, and is aimed at Oliver and Felicity who have just won their sixth round in a row of charades.

“And how, dear sister, do you propose we are doing that?”

“Do either of you know sign language? Because that’s a form of language and communication that is not allowed in this game.”

Felicity and Oliver exchange a smirk as she joins him back on the other couch. Before she can take a seat in the empty space beside him, Oliver reaches out to grip her waist and pulls her down into his lap, placing a kiss on the side of her neck. She lets out a small laugh because he went an extra day without shaving and the stubble tickles against her sensitive skin.

“No, we’re just very good at reading each other’s bodies.”

“Okay, gross! I do not need to know what you two get up to at night. You know, besides hooded business.”

Thea had found out about Oliver and all things Arrow related after the return of her biological father, Malcolm Merlyn. She took it surprisingly well, even lending a helping hand when she could between shifts at the club and applying for business schools.

“That’s not what he meant.” Felicity smacks Oliver lightly on his chest to make her point.

“Sure it wasn’t. Don’t forget I’ve walked in on you two ‘reading each other’s bodies’ more than any person ever should.”

Felicity blushes and buries her face in the crook of Oliver’s neck to hide her embarrassment. He just pulls her close, whispering something in her ear that causes her to wiggle in his lap and let out another giggle. Thea is really glad she’s sitting on the opposite side of the room.

“Okay. I’m declaring a change in game, since you are definitely cheating.”

“Thea...”

“No, Roy. We are going to win this and prove that we are the superior couple, damn it!”

He only chuckles at her frustration but soothes over his amused expression when she throws a death glare his way.

“Let’s play Catch Phrase!”

It takes six rounds before Thea finally gives up.

“That’s it. I quit! You have this psychic couple bond thing going on and honestly it’s freaking me out. Let’s go, Roy.”

She stands from the couch, grabbing Roy’s hand and dragging him with her up the stairs. The laughter of her brother and his fiancée rings out down the hall but it’s quickly muffled. Just before she’s out of reach Thea hears Felicity’s protest.

“Not here, Oliver! Your mother is going to walk through that door any minute and – “

She doesn’t finish and Thea promptly yanks Roy into her bedroom, slamming the door tightly shut.

“Don’t be too hard on yourself, babe. They did the whole silent conversation thing years before they were together.”

# Undress Me

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Oliver saying “Undress me”.

“Undress me.”

“I’m sorry, what?”

Those weren’t exactly the words Felicity expected to hear from Oliver as he staggered down the stairs from his latest mission, clumsily unstrapping his quiver and letting it clatter to the foundry floor. It was supposed to be a routine B&E bust. Digg was spending his evening with Lyla and Sara was having a girls’ night with Laurel so Oliver and Felicity had decided to take it easy. Apparently, the universe had other plans.

“One of the guys had some kind of canister with him. It released a gas compound that I’m pretty sure is damaging my nerves as we speak. So I need you to undress me and get me in the shower.”

“These are so not the circumstance I imagined you saying that under.”

“Felicity.”

“Right! Nerves dying, get you out of clothes. Sorry!”

Felicity slips and arm around his waist and pulls his arm over he shoulders to support him. As they make their way to the bathroom she can feel him lose strength and control of his limbs. By the time they reach it she’s practically dragging his body across the floor, an impressive feat for someone half his size.

“Maybe you should work out a little less.”

His only reply is a grunt as she slings him onto the toilet seat, which she had drilled the boys to leave down because that’s just proper hygiene.

“Okay, okay let’s get you naked then.” She winces. “You know what I mean.”

Felicity reaches out to turn the shower on, allowing the water to heat up as she undresses Oliver. It’s all very clinical at first. She slips the mask off of his face, placing it on the counter, before unsnapping the gloves he’s wearing and laying them in a small pile next to his mask. She goes for his hood next, quickly unzipping and parting the dark green leather. It slides off his shoulders easily enough and she thanks God the he listened to her request that he wear a shirt under the thing for once since it was raining and colder than normal for



Starling at this time of the year. The material provided another layer between the poisonous gas and his skin.

“Does it hurt?”

“No. Everything is just incredibly numb.”

That causes Felicity to double her pace as she yanks the bottom of the black cotton shirt up and over his head. She doesn't even think twice as she grabs for the buckle of his pants. Her deft fingers unclasp the buckle and pull down the zipper. When Oliver lets out a soft moan she freezes.

“Sorry! Sorry, I'm trying to be as delicate as I can while also saving you from any further nerve damage. It's a little harder than you would think.”

“No, you're fine.”

Returning to the task at hand, Felicity does her best to open the leather pants and slide them over his hips without thinking about how awkward this situation would look to an outsider. She's just helping Oliver so he doesn't die. This really isn't the time to think about how she wants to lick the hard muscled V-shape that leads down to – yeah, nope, definitely not the time for that.

“Okay, we're leaving the boxer-briefs on. Got it?”

“No arguments here.”

Felicity pulls Oliver up from where he's seated. Supporting his body takes even more effort than it did five minutes ago. His beautifully naked, well almost, and toned body. Okay, Smoak, so not the time.

Trying to balance Oliver's weight while opening the shower door is awkward to say the least. She ends up leaning him slightly against the wall before yanking the door open and using her body to keep it that way. Turning to Oliver she reaches out for him and yanks his body towards hers. That was a mistake because the next second they're both tumbling backwards and into the spray of the hot water.

“Shit! Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Just get this stuff off me.”

They landed with her on top of him, sprawled out across his bare chest. Water soaks into her clothes but she doesn't care. Right now her focus is all on washing off whatever nerve-damaging compound is currently on his skin.

Felicity uses what little space they have to slide off of Oliver and reposition him so that he is sitting up with his back against the tiled wall. She reaches for the nearest bottle of soap she can find and proceeds to cover his body in it. The smell of freesia and orchids hits her nostrils, informing her that it was her own soap she had grabbed. Oh well, Oliver is just going to smell a bit florally for the time being. She snickers mentally at that.

“Uh, Felicity?”

“Huh? What?”

“You, uh, you don’t have to get every part.”

When she looks down Felicity blushes profusely. Some time during her silent musings her hands had wandered down his torso. She’s worked up a lather in the soft hairs at the space between his hips, between that V-muscle she was admiring earlier. The sight of her hands on him, so close to something she’s dreamed about, floods her with heat. It takes Oliver clearing his throat for her to realize that her hands haven’t stopped their now gentle movements against his skin. She yanks them away like they’ve been burned.

“Sorry! Sorry, just being thorough. Not that I had planned to clean, uh, that. Oh my God. This is mortifying. Can you feel your fingers? Please say you can and that you can move your arms so that I can leave here with what little dignity I have left.”

“Yeah, whatever the compound was, it’s wearing off.”

There’s an awkward, tense silence between them. She takes this time to check him over for any signs of chemical burns, studiously avoiding eye contact.

“Thanks, for helping me.”

“Of course, that’s what friends are for, right? Undressing each other and basically feeling the other up in the shower. My brain needs to stop. I’m gonna go. Yell if you need anything.”

Felicity hightails it out of there so fast she could give Speedy Gonzalez a run for his money.

But not fast enough that she misses Oliver’s eyes on her white, now see through blouse or the slight sign of arousal in his underwear.

He must have gained his feeling back. That’s probably a good sign.

# **We Weather the Storm, You and I 'Til the End of Time**

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Teenage Best Friends. Oliver trying to hint at the possibility of becoming something more than friends but Felicity is oblivious.

Pretty sure this was supposed to be fluff. I'm so sorry.

It hits him suddenly, on a random Wednesday evening while they're sprawled out on his king-size bed studying for their World Regions test - even though she's two years younger than him they're in the same class because she's a genius and in accelerated classes - that they have the next day. Well, Felicity is studying. Oliver is content playing with strands of her hair and goofing off on his phone, finding silly Internet memes to show her that he thinks are hilarious. She bats his hand away and rolls her eyes at her best friend's antics but it makes her smile and Oliver thinks he would fail a million World Regions exams just to see her smile. That's when he realizes that he is completely, totally, 110% in love with Felicity Meghan Smoak.

And it freaks him out.

He has a physical reaction to the mental realization, dropping the phone from his hand as his whole body freezes. This is Felicity. They have been best friends for years, ever since he was seven and she spilled her juice box on his favorite toy and she told him she could fix it. She had done just that and from then on the two were nearly inseparable. Well, except when he was messing around and getting in trouble with their other best friend Tommy Merlyn.

Oliver's track record with women is one with a check plus, plus in the sexual satisfaction department while his bedside manner and skills as a conversationalist leave much to be desired. There had been a few girls who stayed around longer than average, by that he means he slept with them exclusively for a solid two to three weeks, but nothing serious. Nothing like the type of relationship Felicity deserved. He wasn't capable of that, not now and maybe not ever.

So he keeps his mouth shut and when she asks him what's wrong he distracts her by pulling on her hair and pretending he cares about whatever cultural tradition she was trying to explain to him.

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When his graduation rolls around in the spring, Oliver is still holding in his feelings for his blonde genius best friend. The realization didn't change anything in their relationship. All it did was make Oliver painfully aware of just how much he wanted her. Emotionally,

physically, mentally, in all the ways that mattered. He did little things for her, like bringing her coffee or staying up late with her on the phone when she couldn't sleep, but it was nothing he didn't already do for her. Now it just meant that much more.

He brought Felicity as his date to Senior Prom. At first she had declined, insisting he bring someone he could have more fun with, because she knew what his idea of fun with a girl was for an occasion like this and he wouldn't be getting that with her as his date, but he had insisted there was no one else he could possibly have more fun with than her. It was *his* senior prom after all. He should get to take whomever he pleased and in this case that was Felicity. It ended up being the best prom he had ever gone to, and he's been to many, and one of the most fun nights of his life. They had fallen asleep, drunk and smiling, on Tommy's couch and Oliver had woken up the next morning with his arms wrapped tightly around her waist and his face buried in golden-blond hair. For a second he thinks he's dreaming until she lets out a noise of contentment and snuggles further into him. Her warmth tells him that this is real and not a scene from his many, many dreams of her.

The point is, even though nothing changes for Felicity, it does for Oliver. But he never says anything. She sits with his family during his graduation in one of the front rows, holding a sign that he caught her making with Thea the previous week. When he walks across the stage, receiving the diploma he surely would not have without her help, Oliver can hear Felicity's cheers above everyone else's. They aren't necessarily louder than the people around her but he's so attuned to her voice at this point that his ears subconsciously seek it out. He strolls across the stage, shakes hands with the principal who then hands Oliver his diploma, and then raises the paper in the air like a victory trophy, huge grin spread across his face. Felicity pulls out her phone and snaps a picture of him looking directly at her, he even points in her direction, causing her to laugh.

After graduation, they spend nearly every day of the rest of the summer together and he wouldn't have it any other way.

When Oliver goes off to college at the end of summer, the first out of four he will attend, Felicity still has no clue that he's irrevocably in love with her.

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The next three years are a haze for Oliver. He spends the majority of his days in an alcohol or drug induced stupor. There's pressure on him from his family to become this business scion that he doesn't want to be. He tries to ignore it with booze and women. It never works and he feels like shit afterwards, but he does it anyway because for just a little bit he's numb to it all. Numb to the pressure and the loneliness and the disappointment from his family.

The one constant in it all is Felicity. She calls him or he calls her almost every other day. They sit on the phone or video chat for hours, talking about mundane things just to hear the other's voice. He tells her about his fear of failure and she tells him that he is capable of anything he sets his mind to. It's a nice thought and coming from Felicity he believes it. Until they hang up and reality crashes back around him.

It takes him starting his fourth school, the impending threat of a frozen trust fund, and Felicity making a personal trip to his apartment for him to finally start to shape up.

“Oliver, you can’t keep doing this.”

That’s the first thing she says when he opens his apartment door to greet her.

“Well, hello to you, too.”

“Shut up and let me in so I can tell you how much of an idiot you are.”

He pulls the door wide, allowing her to cross the threshold and into the apartment.

“Are we going to do this now or can I at least get my ‘glad to see you’re alive and I kind of missed you’ hug?”

“You’ll get the hug after I deem you worthy of it. Now sit down and listen.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He speaks the teasing words but lets out a resigned sigh before trudging to the sofa and taking a seat.

“What the hell are you doing, Oliver? This is your fourth school in three years and if you don’t stay put here you’re parents are going to cut you off. So tell me what’s going on because the Oliver I am best friends with doesn’t just screw up his life for nothing.”

Felicity’s right. Of course she is. She knows him better than anyone. And he loves her for it. He loves her for a lot of things.

“I just... I don’t know if this is something I want to do. There’s all this pressure coming from all sides for me to be this brilliant businessman like my father but no one has ever stopped to ask me if that’s what I want.”

“Then what *do* you want?”

“I honestly don’t know.” That’s a lie. He knows he wants her. He also knows he’s still not ready for that.

“Have you even considered what else you could do with a degree in business? Things you might actually like doing?”

“Like what?”

“Well, think of what you’re interested in, what you like to do for fun.”

“I don’t think drinking and partying make a good career path, Felicity.”

“Because you’re looking at it from the wrong angle. Think of it from a business point of view.”

“So I would, what, throw parties and charge people entry?”

She sighs before taking the seat next to him on the couch. Her hand reaches out to cover his, which are clasped firmly together in his lap as he leans forward, bracing his forearms on his

knees for support.

“People do that, you know. It’s called a nightclub, something I’m sure you are more than familiar with.”

“You think I should open a nightclub?”

“I think you should consider other options besides running the family business because they do exist, you know.”

They sit in silence as he contemplates her words because it’s honestly something he’s never thought about before. But now that the idea has been laid out for him it doesn’t seem so horrible. There are a lot of other things he can do with a degree in business and even though it might not please his parents, at least he would be following through with it and receiving an education. Even he wasn’t dumb enough to ignore the value in that.

“Okay.”

“Okay? Okay, what? Okay, I hear you and all but whatever that’s dumb or okay, that actually has merit and I might actually start changing my ways a little bit?”

“The last one. You’re right, as per usual. I haven’t considered the other possibilities. It’s always been get a degree in business, shadow my dad for a few years after graduation, and take over when he’s ready to retire. But that’s not my only option.”

Felicity is in his lap the next instant, arms wrapping around his neck as his instinctively circle her waist to pull her tighter. She buries her face in the crook of his neck and exhales, the breath on his neck causing goose bumps to break out across his skin. Her body is warm and soft and just feels right against his, like two puzzle pieces that fit perfectly together. Oliver wants to freeze this moment in time and never leave it because she’s here in his arms and for once his future doesn’t look like a dismal nothing that’s already been planned out for him. Now it holds a little more promise than it used to.

She pulls back to lightly press her forehead into his and looks into his eyes.

“I’m glad you’re still alive and I guess I kind of missed you.”

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“Come on, Felicity. It will be fun! You and me on the sea for a couple of days, a stop in China where we can go sight seeing like you’ve always wanted to. It will be great!”

“Yeah, except for the part when we get back and your girlfriend demands my head on a platter.”

They’re sitting by Oliver’s pool in his backyard. He hates going swimming but he loves lying out in the sun with Felicity, especially since he gets to see her in minimal clothing because of it. He’s spent the past four years keeping his feelings from her but that doesn’t mean they’ve disappeared. If anything, they’ve grown stronger. He won’t be able to stay away for much longer.

“I told you, Laurel and I broke up. I think you’re missing the point.”

“You two break up all the time. And what is the point exactly?”

“The point is, I stayed enrolled in a school for a whole year, even managed to keep my grades up. So now my dad wants to bring me on this trip as a reward and I want you to come with me. It wouldn’t be a celebration without my best friend there.”

“So ask Tommy to go with you.”

“I already did. He’s doing some internship with his dad that he says he can’t dip out on.”

Felicity laughs and shakes her head in teasing exasperation. He can see her walls begin to crack.

“Are you forgetting the part where I, too, have an internship I can’t miss?”

“Are you forgetting that said internship is with my father’s company? My father whose business trip we would be on?”

“Well, when you put it like that... No, no I really should stay here. That would just be unfair to the other interns and a complete show of favoritism.”

“Even if you weren’t the favorite, which I am not going to deny, you would still be the smartest and people notice that. Come on, please?” She’s hanging on to her last thread of resolve and Oliver knows exactly what to say to persuade her. “Felicity?”

“Alright, fine. I’ll go. What’s a three week trip to China going to hurt?”

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He says it suddenly, on a random, stormy Wednesday evening while they’re sprawled out on the king-size bed in his stateroom aboard the Queen’s Gambit. They’re laughing at random college stories and sipping on champagne to celebrate the kick off of their overseas vacation. Her nose is scrunched up in that adorable way it does and her glasses slip downwards as she shakes her head in disgust at one of his tales. He’s happy, truly and freely happy for the first time in what feels like forever. So he says it.

“I love you.”

It’s not the first time either of them has said it to the other. But it’s the first time he’s said it like this. It’s also the first time in his life when he feels like maybe he can be with Felicity, be what she deserves, what she needs.

“I love you, too, Oliver.”

She smiles at him and takes another sip of the champagne. He could take the easy way out, let her assume what he meant and leave it at that. He doesn’t.

“*I love you*, Felicity.”

The second what he really means registers with Felicity, she freezes. Her eyes grow wide and she stares at him, breath caught in her throat. Oliver holds his as well, waiting to see how she'll react. It's possible that he's just ruined everything between them.

"I.. you what?"

Carefully he reaches for her glass and slips it out of her hand, placing it on the dresser beside them in a stabilizer. The boat has been rocking more than normal because of the storm outside and he doesn't want it to spill. Then he returns his attention to her still form and lightly takes one of her hands in his.

"I'm in love with you, Felicity Meghan Smoak. I've been in love with you for years."

"You... you're in love with me?" He nods. "But you never said anything... Wait, for years? How many exactly are we talking?"

"Four, almost five. We were sitting on my bed, much like now, studying for an exam. I was distracting you with something and you laughed at me and I remember thinking that I would do just about anything to make you smile. It sort of just hit me then, that I was completely in love with you and you deserved so much better than me."

Oliver gives her some time to process that information. He can almost see the wheels in her head spinning at rates that just may cause them to break.

"So for the record, when you say you're in love with me you mean the whole 'go on dates, introduce each other as boyfriend and girlfriend, I want to kiss you' type of in love, right?"

"No. When I say I'm in love with you I mean the whole 'I need you in my life, there is no one more important, I want to spend the rest of my days worshipping your body' type of in love."

"Oh. Well then. I guess that's good, too."

The boat rocks suddenly sending them backwards onto the bed. Oliver catches himself on his forearms to prevent his body weight from squishing her but it still puts them in close contact. He can feel the tips of her breasts brush against his chest as she breathes deeply. His mouth so close to hers that their breaths mingle in a way that he can almost taste her on his tongue. He wants to close the small distance between them and really taste her. Looking into her eyes, Oliver asks, begs for permission and she responds by sliding her fingers through the hairs at the base of his neck and bringing his mouth down to hers.

It starts off slow, a gentle exploration of what they've both wanted for so long. Neither one of them wants to ruin this. Her lips are soft and taste like vanilla, a result of the light pink, shimmery gloss she had on. His are slightly chapped as they press against hers, but in a way that only heightens her sensitivity. He lightly nips at her bottom lip before smoothing it over with his tongue and then he enters her mouth and everything explodes.

The kiss begins to heat up as his tongue strokes the inside of her mouth, flicking at the roof before sliding against hers. It draws out a small moan from her and the fingers in his hair



scrape at his scalp. He shifts his lower body against hers, settling a thigh between her legs and pressing against her. One hand still braces himself above her, the other slides into her blonde hair, free from its usual ponytail, and angles it to give him better access, deepening the kiss.

Oliver pulls away for air, knowing she needs it too, but does not detach his lips from her. Instead, they travel down her jaw to her neck. He places kisses down the side and she whimpers when he hits a particularly sensitive spot. His ministrations pause there and he bites down gently, sucking at the delicate white skin.

“Oliver...” Her hips buck against the thigh pressed against her core, seeking much needed friction. Oliver pushes into her in response.

He continues to suck and bite and lick at the spot on her neck until it's angry red and quickly turning purple. The sight of it makes him groan.

“God, I've wanted to do that for so long. To mark you. To make you mine.”

“You have me, I'm yours.”

“I love you.”

Their mouths meet in a hungry partnering, teeth and tongues coming out to play. He learns what she likes and what makes her moan. He also learns what makes her pull away slightly, like when he bites down just a little too hard. All of it is catalogued away in his head for future reference. Because they are going to do this over and over if he has anything to say about it.

“Say it to me, please, Felicity. I need to hear it.” His request is breathy and slightly desperate.

“I love you, Oliver Queen.”

He rains kisses down the other side of her neck but doesn't stop there. His lips travel down her collarbone to the swell of her breasts not concealed by her shirt. Felicity arches her back in response, egging him on.

He's about to reach down and pull her shirt off when the lights flicker off and the boat tips to the side. They roll off the bed but Oliver reaches out reflexively to pull Felicity to him, taking the brunt of the fall.

“Hey, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I'm fine. This storm is getting really close.”

There's a bright flash of lightning followed shortly after by a loud clap of thunder that rattles their bones.

“Oliver!”

“It's okay, it's okay. This is just a little storm. I'm right here.”

Felicity clutches tightly to him and he can feel her shaking.

“Shh, shh, shh. Look at me?” She does and he cradles her cheeks in the palms of his hands.  
“It’s going to be fine, okay? The storm will pass and we’ll be in China in a couple of days.”

He leans forward to place a gentle kiss on her lips, the urgency before now gone and replaced with the need to comfort her. She sighs against his mouth and relaxes in his hold.

“You’re right. I’m just paranoid.”

She leans forward and presses another light kiss to his lips.

“Hey, I love you.”

A brilliant smile breaks across Felicity’s face.

“I love you, too.”

Their lips are about to meet when a shrieking sound of metal reaches their ears and then the boat tips sideways. Felicity is thrown across the room and trapped under a dresser as water begins to rapidly rise around her. Frantically, she searches around the room until she finds Oliver.

“Oliver!”

“Felicity!”

He reaches out for her and their fingers brush before she’s pulled under.

“FELICITY!”

# Kiss Me Hard Before You Go

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: (Canon) Olicity arguing something fierce and Oliver blurts out that he's in love with her.

The electronic lock on the foundry door clicks open and heavy footsteps echo through the cold basement.

She wasn't expecting him this early. After working at QC she came straight here to think. The time on her computer reads eight o'clock. Usually they don't meet up for another hour to start their night job.

God, she really thought she would have more time to think about how to tell him-them. Tell them. Oliver and Digg. Them.

"Felicity?" She jumps at the sound of his voice.

"GEEZ! Warn a girl before you sneak up on her, will you?" Her heart is pounding in her chest at a rate so fast she's pretty sure it's about to burst.

"I figured the walking down the metal stairs would be warning enough."

".... Go workout shirtless or something."

He laughs at her comment, by now it's pretty standard and really it gives him a little bit of a thrill, then proceeds to do exactly as she says.

Felicity turns back to her computers and starts to run interference on the local police transmission. This is good. He hasn't noticed yet. Maybe she can put it off for a while longer.

Then the clanking of the ladder stops suddenly, his rhythm disrupted and she knows. She knows he's seen it. There's a thud followed by his footsteps approaching her workstation. Felicity continues typing, ignoring his very noticeable presence behind her chair.

"What is that?" Shit. Oliver has definitely noticed.

"I'm running a scan on the police frequency for our next target."

"You know that's not what I'm talking about."

"No, actually I don't."

The chair she's sitting in turns until she's facing Oliver. His expression is guarded.

"Felicity, what's that on your finger."

"Well obviously it's a ring, Oliver. I'm sure your mother and Thea have worn them before."

"I know what a ring is. My question is, why is there one on your left ring finger?"

His tone is serious and she knows she can't tip toe around it anymore.

"Ed asked me to marry him.... And I said yes."

This shouldn't be as hard as it is. Her and Oliver aren't dating. They never were. He's seen and/or slept with other people - McKenna, Helena, Isabel - and he's even loved some - Laurel and Sara - since they met. So has she, although not quite as many. There was that whatever it was with Barry and for the past two years she has been dating Ed. Neither of them owes the other anything. They're friends. And friends are happy for each other when exciting things happen for the other. Things like getting engaged.

"You're engaged."

"Yes."

"To be married."

"That is usually what happens after the engagement."

Neither one if them really know what to say next. Instead they sit in silence, Felicity staring at Oliver and Oliver staring at anywhere but her. Eventually the silence becomes too much for her.

"Please say something."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I don't know how about 'Congratulations, Felicity, I'm happy for you! When's the wedding?' I think that's the customary reply to this sort of news."

"Congratulations, Felicity, I'm happy for you. When's the wedding?"

"Wow, you couldn't muster up a little more enthusiasm for your best friend?"

They've grown close over the years. It's not the first time one of them has referred to the other as their best friend. Only this time it makes Oliver flinch.

"You've known this guy for how long? One year?"

"Two, actually. Not that it's any of your business. And so what? We both want the same things in life: a career in what we love to do, maybe a kid or two in a couple of years, to live somewhere snowy but not blizzard snowy. Most importantly, I love him and he loves me."

Oliver turns away and walks toward the training dummy. He starts to furiously pummel it and Felicity thinks that's the end of the conversation.

"You know Laurel and I dated three years and I wasn't even sure I wanted to move in with her, let alone marry her."

Felicity's blood runs cold. How dare he. She's furious now and bolts from her chair to stand in front of him as he continues to beat the dummy.

"How dare you! How dare you compare your on-again, off-again, 'sorry I cheated on you with your sister, multiple times', dysfunctional relationship with what Ed and I have!"

He stops to look at her dead in the eye.

"You don't know what he's doing when you're here with me at night."

CRACK!

She slaps him so hard across the face that it actually hurts her but at least it leaves a mark. Oliver stares at her, wide-eyed with shock.

"Fuck you, Oliver Queen."

Tears well up in her eyes and she turns to grab her things off her desk before heading towards the stairs. If that's what he thinks of her, that she can't hold the attention of a man long enough to marry him, then fine. He can think whatever he wants. Why should she care?

"Felicity, wait! I shouldn't have said that."

"No, I'm glad you did. Now I know exactly what you think of me and my relationship. Glad we got that cleared up." She's trying to make it out of the foundry before she starts crying but her tear ducts aren't listening.

"Wait, I'm sorry. I was out of line. Please don't go."

"And stay here while you criticize my life choices? No thanks."

She's on the first step when he catches up to her, grabbing her hand firmly but loose enough that she could pull away.

"I'm sorry. Please stay." He sounds on the verge of breaking as he pleads.

"Why should I?"

"Because I love you."

No, no he can't be saying this to her. Not now, after all these years of her watching from the sidelines as he chose others over her again and again all the while feeding her pathetic lines about his life being too dangerous and how she would always be his girl. She told herself she was done with this, him, years ago. Ed Raymond came along and he was kind, caring, and

considerate. He opened up to her, told her about his life and his struggles. He did all those things that Oliver hadn't, even though she wished he had.

"Stop it."

"I'm in love with you, Felicity."

"No! I decided years ago that I was done with this! You knew how I felt! It wasn't exactly a secret."

"You can't marry that guy."

"Why not?"

"Because you're in love with me, too."

Tears flow down her face because she knows she can't go through with the wedding. Not now when she has been made aware of how Oliver feels. Everything that has been locked away inside for years starts tumbling through her.

Oliver pulls Felicity close to cup her face as she cries.

"Why are you crying?"

"Because I'm about to hurt someone that I really care about."

She leans up to kiss him.

# I Get Along With a Little Help From My Friends

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: They go on a team-building trip/week-end. stuff happens (might be a mission or just normal fluffy interaction - depending on your mood). or maybe both?

“This wasn’t exactly what I had in mind when you asked me to schedule the QC jet to take us to Italy.”

Felicity and Oliver are currently being held in a swanky penthouse, which in theory sounds great but in reality isn’t so fun when you’re handcuffed and thrown in a rather small, empty room.

“This wasn’t a part of the plan.”

“Obviously.”

In all honesty she should have seen something like this coming. Oliver suddenly deciding the team needed a weekend off was too good to be true. They had defeated Slade a few weeks ago and since then been taking it easy on the crime fighting, upon Felicity’s insistence naturally. But of course, he found a way around that. There was news of Bratva movement in Italy and fearing a territory war between the Italian and Russian mobs, Oliver took it upon himself as a Captain to step in. That’s how they ended up here.

“Can’t you pick the lock on your handcuffs or something? Didn’t they teach you that in Mafia school?”

“First of all, it’s Mob.” Same difference. “Second of all, they know who I am. The restraints aren’t standard.”

“So that’s a no to breaking out of the handcuffs then.”

“That would be a no.”

The next few minutes are spent in silence, minus the occasional huff of annoyance from Felicity. Seriously, what did this man have against taking a breather? He certainly has the means for it.

“Did you really have to pick today to get us kidnapped by Italian mobsters? Sara and I were supposed to go to the Sforza Castle and then do some shopping. You know, girl bonding time and all that.”

Oliver doesn't even look at her, too busy concentrating on what's happening on the other side of the door they're locked behind.

"You and Sara can take the company credit card when we get back and do all the shopping you want."

"It's not the same, Oliver! This is Italy! Milan, Italy as in the fashion capital of the world."

"Felicity! I think I hear something."

She stops her berating to listen for whatever Oliver is hearing. A gunshot sounds causing her to jump. There's the sound of scuffling and angry Italian shouts. A high-pitched sonic blast goes off. Luckily it's muffled slightly by the door but Felicity still cringes, unable to cover her ears with her bound hands.

The door swings open and in comes Sara, platinum blonde wig and black leather outfit in place, followed quickly by Roy and Digg. Digg kneels behind Felicity to unlock her handcuffs while Sara works on Oliver's.

"How did you find us?"

"I taught Roy how to use my tracking system." Felicity answers Oliver's inquiry with pride in her tone. "Good work, by the way. That was faster than I expected."

"Thanks." Roy looks slightly uncomfortable at the praise but also appreciative.

"Ok, let's get out of here before our buddies out there come to and request backup."

Digg ushers them out of the room, lightly grabbing Felicity's arm to silently ask if she's okay. She nods quickly in reply and the team makes their exit.

Once everyone is safely in the car and Digg is driving them away, Felicity remembers something.

"Oh, hey, Sara guess what!"

"What?"

"Oliver is giving us the company card to go shopping."



# Keep on Running

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Olicity, we gotta keep on running til we see the sun.

Run. Keep Going. Survive.

Since Oliver Queen got on the damn yacht 6 years ago this is all he's known. On the island it was kill or be killed. His first year as the Hood it was the very same. Everyday was a fight and he had to keep on going. It was a constant battle and there was no sign of stopping, no bright spot at the end of the dismal tunnel that had become his life.

Until he let Felicity Smoak in.

She was intelligent and caring and selfless. Her endearing babbling and demeanor brought life and brightness anywhere she went. The smiles he had around her were genuine, instead of some act to keep up a persona of someone he once was but isn't anymore. They became friends and she quickly fit in every aspect of his life. Having someone like her made it easier to breathe.

Then Tommy died. Tommy died and he died thinking Oliver was a murderer. The immense pain and guilt he felt over the death of his best friend and his failure at saving the Glades drove Oliver away. He couldn't stay in the place he had tried so hard to save but only ended up failing. So he left and went back to Lian Yu. He ran.

She came for him five months later.

Oliver heard them before he saw them. She wasn't particularly quiet, rambling something about death traps and sky diving and stubborn vigilantes. He never wanted Felicity to be touched by this place, this purgatory that was so much more like hell for him. But somehow she found him and was here now, Diggle in tow. He contemplated leaving them for another hour or so, not altogether sure he wanted to be found, but that quickly changed when he heard her cry out her companion's name. When Diggle crouched down to examine where she had stepped, it wasn't hard to deduce what had happened. Oliver called out without a second thought and knocked her off the mine, his body covering hers as it exploded behind them. As he studied her face to make sure she was okay, a wave of relief and also calm swept through him. She came for him and he knew she wouldn't leave without him. So he went back.

Things are not quiet the next few months. Moira is on trial, Felicity is kidnapped, Roy is injected with Mirakuru, and Sara Lance comes back from the dead. But through all of this Oliver doesn't feel like he's running with no end in sight. He has John and Felicity through it all and somehow they keep him together when he can't.

Slade Wilson returns.

This time the running Oliver does is mental. He runs away from Sara. He tells her to stay away from him and that she is in danger being with him. She tells him she's not going anywhere and that she can handle herself just fine. Eventually he realizes that she's right and he lets her back in. Slade will come after her either way. They're better off together. Only sometimes, late at night when he wakes from his nightmares, he still feels like he's running.

Surprisingly, or not so surprising really, the one to keep her head in all of this is Felicity. None of it hits her lightly, she is very well aware of the threat that Slade Wilson poses. But she is realistic about it. When Diggle tells him what she said, that if Slade really wants to kill her he will, Oliver just about loses it. That is not going to happen. She will not die at the hands of Slade, a ghost from his past that would know nothing about Felicity if he hadn't dragged her into his world. It would be another death on his conscience, one he could not live with. So it's not going to happen. He considers distancing himself from her, like he tried with Sara, but like with Sara it fails. He can't stay away from her and she is insistent on being there to remind him that no matter what is coming they still need to live. They're not dead yet.

He runs after Laurel's funeral and Sara's departure.

But this time he runs towards and not away. He finds himself at Felicity's townhome. She opens the door and leads him to her couch where she makes him sit while she runs to the kitchen. When she returns it's with a steaming mug of hot cocoa, marshmallows included. She tells him it will help. He doubts that but he drinks it anyway, barely tasting the liquid as it flows down his throat. When he's finished, she moves so that her back is against the armrest and pulls him to her. They sit in silence, tears streaming down his face but not making a sound. Laurel is dead. Sara left. Felicity is still here.

Years later he realizes that at some point he stopped running.

Oliver can't exactly pinpoint when but he knows exactly why. That why is in the form of a blonde ponytail and adorable glasses who currently sits outside of his office, typing furiously on her keyboard while talking calmly with someone on her Bluetooth. She lifts one hand to run through the hair in her ponytail, pausing to wrap the end of a strand around her finger before letting it fall. The scene is completely commonplace, normal for them. Then he realizes that he's not worried about tomorrow or the next day or the day after that. He isn't trying just to get by anymore. Because he's finally reached the end of his very dark, very long tunnel and he's found the sun on the other side.

He messages her to make sure his calendar is clear after the four o'clock board meeting and when she replies with a yes he requests that she make reservations for two for tonight at Table Salt. She does and asks him if he wants her to send flowers to anyone. He responds with no. Twenty minutes later a vase of deep purple flowers is delivered to her desk.

# You'll Regret That in the Morning

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Felicity goes out with a friend, they had tons of fun, she really enjoys the night, gets drunk, have a one night stand with the guy she barely remembers because he already left her apartment. Big hangover, late to QC. Oliver worries, go to check on her and walks into her apartment to found her still on pjs, dress from last night on the couch and a tie on the floor. YAY!

Fuck my life.

That's what Felicity Smoak thinks, repeatedly, as she lays on her cool bathroom floor. She should have never let Sara talk her into going out on a girls' night. She especially should have never let Sara mix her drinks and force her to go shot-for-shot with the former assassin/reformed party girl.

Her stomach feels like it was completely destroyed and the world around her is pulsing something fierce. The first thing she did when she woke up this morning, besides sprint to the bathroom to empty the entire contents of her stomach into the toilet, was down four ibuprofen with water, which came back up five minutes later. The water not the drugs. Not drugs-drugs but like medicinal, a-okay with the doctor and the government and her Bubbe drugs.

Somewhere in her apartment the muffled sound of a ringing phone reaches Felicity's ears. She tries her hand at standing and going to find it but her stomach has other plans and she ends up back where she was, on the floor next to the toilet. If she had to take a guess, she's pretty confident she knows exactly who was calling.

The phone rings again... and again... and again.

The small clock in her bathroom reads eleven-thirty in the morning. Which means that she is very, very late for her job as Oliver Queen's glorified secretary. A job she still is not happy about. It is very unlike her to miss a day of work. Actually it's pretty much unheard of. The only time she's ever missed work was that one day two years ago when her supervisor forced her to go home because she was running to the bathroom every thirty minutes and nearly fainted at her desk. That one started some interesting rumors and the following week she had to assure her coworkers than no, she wasn't pregnant or infected with some awful disease.

A long and painful fit of dry heaving breaks Felicity out of her thoughts. It also hides the sound of someone ringing her doorbell and knocking on her door.

"Felicity?" Shit.

"Felicity are you here?"

The only response she can get out is a low groan. It must be loud enough for his super senses to pick up because she can hear the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs in her moderately sized townhome. She can feel the second that he reaches the opened bathroom door but can't work up the energy to turn her head and look at him.

"Go away." Of course he doesn't listen to her, instead entering the bathroom and crouching on the floor next to her. He lays a gentle hand on her back.

"What happened? Are you okay? I thought you were going out with Sara last night. Did something happen?"

"I did go out with Sara and if something did happen I wouldn't exactly remember."

She grumbles low in her throat about never going out with Sara again. There may or may not be some choice words mixed in.

"But you're okay, right? You're not hurt?"

"My head is pounding but that probably has more to do with the excessive amount of alcohol Sara decided to shove down my throat. Help me up please?"

Her stomach has settled for the most part and there isn't anything left in it for her body to expel anyway. The hand Oliver placed on her back slides around her waist to support her as she stands. When she turns her head to look up at Oliver she sees his jaw clench and his eyes shut tightly for a moment.

"I thought you said you weren't hurt."

"I'm not?"

"Felicity..."

"Okay, I'm confused. Why would you think I'm hurt?"

"Look."

Oliver pulls her over to the mirror and pulls her hair to the side. There on her neck are small purple and red bruises. Sudden flashes of hands on her waist and a mouth on her neck flash through her mind and she knows exactly what those marks are.

"Oops. Well they didn't hurt when I was getting them. Actually I think it felt the exact opposite of painful." As soon as the words leave her mouth she blushes deep red.

"Oh..." Oliver quickly moves her hair back to cover the marks. They stand in awkward silence before Felicity speaks.

"Yeah, well, that does tend to happen when you have amazing sex with a stranger. Oh my God I did not just say that. Please, floor, open up and swallow me whole right now." She buries her face in her hands. "Can you ignore what I just said and help me back to my room, please?"

“That would be my preference.”

Felicity goes to take a step, thinking Oliver will just offer his support as she walks. But in true Oliver fashion he gently lifts her into his arms, cradling her to his chest. She wraps her arms around his neck to steady herself as he carries her to her bedroom.

Upon entering the room a few things stand out right away. One, her pillows and duvet are all over the place. Two, the picture frames and small trinkets on her low-standing dresser are knocked over, some on the floor. Three, and most notable, the bright red dress she was wearing last night is laying on top of her lamp and there's a man's tie knotted to her bedpost.

As Oliver gently lays Felicity down on her bed, she can see his eyes shift to the tie.

“Don't. Say. A word.”

# I'd Cross a Thousand Oceans Just to See You Smile

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: 5 times Oliver made Felicity smile and one time he made her laugh so hard she cried

1

It's a dreary, rainy Monday morning when Oliver makes Felicity smile, really and truly smile.

She's late for work, something that almost never happens. Oliver would have been worried if she hadn't texted him, informing him that she was running late and stuck in traffic and would be there as soon as she could. He assures her that it's fine and to take her time. They have a slow day planned.

When Felicity walks out of the elevator on the executive floor and enters her office twenty minutes later, she's soaking wet and grumbling under her breath. She stalks over to her desk and unceremoniously dumps her sopping coat and handbag on top of it. Oliver watches in slight amusement as she plops into her chair and glares at the items, as if it's their fault that it's raining and she's late.

He crosses the glass office to stand in front of her desk.

"Rough morning?"

Felicity sighs, head falling to lie on top of her folded arms sitting in front of her.

"Yeah, you could say that."

"I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do to help?"

He really doesn't like seeing her this way. The usual happiness and warmth that emanates from her is missing and he wants to bring it back.

"Not unless you have a secret closet of women's clothing back there that I don't know about."

"Sorry, can't say I do. But I can have Thea bring you something dry."

Her head pops up at that and the look on her face is so hopeful it makes him grin.

"You would do that for me?"

Of course he would, he thinks. He would do almost anything for her. Actually, he's pretty sure he would do anything for her period.

"Sure. It's nothing."

A genuine smile spreads across her face, the first one of the morning, and even though it's cloudy and grey outside it's sunshine and brightness in that moment.

Her smile reappears an hour later, even brighter than before, as Thea walks in with a change of clothes and the coffee Oliver asked her to pick up for Felicity.

2

The first time Oliver makes Felicity laugh he realizes that he wants to do it again and again. It's not on purpose that he brings about this response from her. And really she's laughing more *at* him but it doesn't matter. The sound is beautiful and he's shocked to realize that he's hardly ever heard Felicity laugh unless in nervousness.

They're attending a fundraiser for Queen Consolidated, one that he would give anything to get out of. But he just took back his position as CEO after the demise of Isabel Rochev and he needs to prove that he is capable of the position. Felicity has kept him in her sight all evening, making sure he doesn't make a break for it. He's slightly ashamed to admit that he had tried about thirty minutes in and she had been right there, blocking his path and turning him back towards the room by his shoulders.

"Trying to run, Mr. Queen? What would the board of directors think?"

Digg stands to the side of the room and shakes his head at the pair. This is normal for them but to anyone else they look like a married couple. It's utterly ridiculous how clueless they are.

One hour later Oliver is about to make his exit, having attended the gala for an appropriate amount of time. (Felicity gave him a minimum of an hour and a half that he absolutely had to be there.) He says goodbye and excuses himself from his current conversation and is about halfway across the room when he feels a hand on his arm.

"Oliver Queen, how have you been?"

The voice sends chills down his spine and sets him on edge. He casually steps out of the woman's grasp as he turns to greet her.

"Hi, Mrs. Anderson. How are you?"

"Oh, Oliver, you've known me for quite some time now. Call me Cheryl. Mrs. Anderson makes me feel old."

That's exactly what he was trying to do. The woman is a friend of his mother's from one of the many committees she participates in. Oliver had met her shortly after his return from the island and quickly regretted it. She was a single woman in her early fifties with an obvious

love of younger men. More than once he found himself uncomfortable in her presence because of her forwardness.

“Right. Well then, how are you doing, Cheryl?”

The woman steps closer and runs her hand up his arm to his bicep, which he’s pretty sure she squeezes.

“Oh, you know, these things they can get so... lonely.”

Oliver swallows hard and begins searching for an escape. Felicity is nowhere in sight and Digg is doing absolutely nothing to help. Oliver can see his friend’s shoulders shaking with laughter from across the room and throws a glare his way.

“They’re not too bad.”

“I’m surprised you don’t have a pretty date on your arm. I can’t imagine a handsome young man like you has a hard time with the ladies.”

“Actually, he does have a date.”

Oliver nearly sighs in relief when he hears the familiar voice and feels Felicity’s warm touch as she slides her hand into his on his other side. He quickly plays along with her.

“Felicity, this is Cheryl Anderson, a friend of my mother’s. Cheryl, this is my EA and plus one for the evening, Felicity Smoak.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Anderson.”

Felicity holds out her hand kindly in greeting and the older woman takes it while clearly sizing her up. She only smiles in response.

“If you will excuse us, Mr. Queen has some very important business he needs to attend to. Have a nice rest of the evening.”

She never lets go of his hand, only pulls closer to lean against his side as she leads him from the room. He feels her shaking against him but doesn’t look to see why until they are alone in the hallway. Then she lets go of him and doubles over in laughter.

“Oh... My... God. That was... so great....” She gasps between bouts of laughter and he waits until she’s calmed down enough to speak properly. Little giggles still escape her and it’s unfair how cute she is, especially when he’s trying to be annoyed with her.

“Are you done now?”

“Yes.” A giggle escapes her again and Oliver can see the effort it takes her to hold it in.

“You don’t seem done to me.”



“I’m sorry. It’s just so funny!” Felicity can’t hold back the laughter anymore and bursts into another fit.

“Glad I can amuse you.”

His words aren’t bitter, not really. How can they be when the situation makes Felicity so happy and gleeful? As she begins to collect herself, Oliver finds his annoyance has faded away and instead he finds himself smiling with her.

3

Oliver will never forget the night he finally learns what Felicity Smoak tastes like.

It had been a particularly hard evening for Team Arrow, which had lost a member a few weeks back when Sara confessed her need to take a break and travel the world. Really, they knew she was going to meet with Nyssa. After Oliver and Sara had broken up, for reasons that had solely to do with the fact that they just didn’t work as a couple anymore, the ex-assassin had been simply going through the motions. She had confessed to Felicity one night her desire to travel back to Asia and reconnect with the spirituality she learned in the League and with Nyssa. Felicity has given her full support. The boys would understand, and if they didn’t who cared? It was Sara’s life, her choice.

So Sara had left and Team Arrow was a member short. It hadn’t been a problem until their latest mission, when their fieldwork required Felicity to be on site of the mission. It wasn’t her first time in the field; she had insisted on taking a more active roll ever since Sara and Digg has increased her training. But this one required Felicity to directly engage their target and to convince him to bring her back to his room. Oliver was against it from the start. Felicity may have been training but she still wasn’t ready to fight off a grown man with an entourage of bodyguards.

But she had insisted and to her credit, she did her job perfectly. She flirted with the man, a little too well in Oliver’s opinion, and received the invitation back to his room, which she accepted coyly. It set Oliver on edge and caused his jaw to clench shut as he let out a low growl that could be heard through the coms. Digg had laughed at his tortured friend while Felicity studiously ignored him.

It’s about the time that they thought they were in the clear when things go south. Felicity had successfully retrieved the information she needed and was on her way out under the guise of using the restroom. She is just around the corner from their planned rendezvous point when one of the bodyguards grabs her. Her elbow swings back into the man’s nose with a satisfying crunch and a yelp of pain from her attacker. She had surprised him with her strength and training and really that was Felicity’s greatest physical weapon, the ability of others to underestimate her.

Hearing the scuffle over the coms Oliver runs towards her location. He rounds the corner to find her pinned to the wall, one of the man’s hands clasped around her throat and the other palming her waist. Oliver is on him before he gets the chance to even contemplate his actions. The anger he feels towards this man is raw and all consuming. It burns through him and rattles his being so hard that he can’t think straight. His actions don’t register until a

familiar voice calls his name over and over to get his attention and when he finally stops what he's doing, Felicity's hand gripping the fist that was previously smashing the bodyguard's face in, he realizes that it's covered in blood and the man is out cold.

Felicity makes soothing noises and speaks to Oliver in a low, intimate tone. Calling him back to her and to himself. He gathers his bearings and quickly realizes that they need to leave. Now.

The time between the ride back to the foundry and from the foundry to her house is tense. Oliver insisted on driving her home because he may have finally calmed but there's no telling what is running through her mind.

Felicity breaks the silence when they reach her door.

"You know, I'm not scared of you, right?"

It startles him because even though he never consciously thought about it, having her state it out loud causes him to realize that yes that was something he feared. She knew he did things that weren't always morally acceptable and had made her peace with that. Some of them, getting rid of Slade, she had even supported him in. But the situation tonight reminds him of another time during a prison riot with another woman who witnessed the same actions and thought of him as a killer, a monster with no remorse. It's not surprising his subconscious would fear a repeat.

"You were trying to protect me and in the end you stopped yourself. I understand that."

"I didn't stop myself. You did. Felicity, if you hadn't pulled me back I would have seriously injured that man."

Not kill. That instinct has been long buried away. But there are other terrible things he could do besides kill a man.

"But you didn't and that's what matters and I know that you would have pulled back had I not been there, even if you think otherwise."

He gazes at Felicity in awe and wonders what he's done to deserve having someone like her in his life, someone who stands by him through thick and thin and encourages him to be the best form of himself when he doesn't even know who that is.

"How do you do that?"

"Do what?"

"See the best in me."

"It's not that hard."

It's spontaneous, what he does next. There's no forethought or premeditation. He just leans over and captures her mouth with his.

If Oliver's actions surprise Felicity she doesn't show it. The second his mouth moves against hers, she answers him with just as much fervor. He sucks her bottom lip between his and feels her respond by sliding her tongue into his mouth. The kiss is warm and wet, soft but full of emotion. His body pushes against hers until she is pressed against the front door and he angles her head with the hand that is now tangled in her hair for better access.

She tastes like the wine she drank at the gala and something sweet. He wants to keep kissing her until he can identify what it is but the need for air becomes too great and he's forced to pull back, both of them panting heavily as he rests his forehead against hers.

"What was that for?"

"I got tired of staying away."

The smile that graces her lips causes his heart to stutter and takes his breath away.

4

Oliver calls out to his girlfriend as he makes his way up the stairs and towards her bedroom.

"Felicity?"

There's an answering groan of pain and he laughs under his breath.

Rounding the corner, Oliver finds Felicity curled into a ball on her side in the middle of her bed. She's hugging a pillow to her chest. He fondly notes that it's the one he usually sleeps on when he stays over, which was becoming an almost daily occurrence.

The bed sinks where he sits down but Felicity only acknowledges his presence with a small grunt. He reaches out to gently brush back the hair that is covering her face and tucks it behind her exposed ear, thumb gently stroking her industrial piercing.

"How are you feeling?"

"Leave me alone to die. My uterus feels like it already has."

Oliver quickly learned that Felicity's feminine cycle was not something she talked about shyly, especially when she was experiencing it. She didn't whine about it or speak crassly by any means but she didn't keep it a secret either. It was a natural occurrence and nothing to be ashamed of. Luckily, Oliver had experience dealing with women on their cycles and he had yet to meet someone who was worse than Thea. Sure, he had been uncomfortable when Felicity first brought the topic up but over the past four months he had learned how best to deal with it and to help Felicity through the pain.

"I brought you a couple of things that might help."

Felicity turns her head to look up at him questioningly. A grateful smile makes its way onto her face when he shows her the contents of a bag she wasn't aware he was holding. In said bag are chocolates, a heating pad, ibuprofen, and a vast array of Nicholas Sparks movies. She

reaches for Oliver to place a gentle kiss against his lips before pulling back and smiling at him.

“You’re the best boyfriend ever. Did you know that?”

They spend the rest of the afternoon cuddling in her bed while Felicity gushes over the stories of true love playing on her TV screen. Oliver just snuggles into her side and can’t help but think, as sappy as it is, that their story could beat them all.

5

“I love you.”

Oliver states it like a common fact. As if declaring his love for Felicity is a normal thing to do. It isn’t.

The couple is currently seated on her soft, plush sofa. One of Felicity’s favorite crime shows, that Oliver admits isn’t so bad, plays in the background while they enjoy take out from their favorite Chinese restaurant three blocks down from her townhome and talk about their day. Felicity left her job as his EA two months back and now holds a leading position in Queen Consolidated’s IT Department. A job she loves immensely. Because of this, they don’t see each other as often during the day. It’s been good for Oliver and Felicity, giving each of them their own personal time to themselves and allowing them to share things the other doesn’t already know about.

She’s in the middle of a ramble about one of her co-supervisors and how he stupidly downloaded a virus onto his laptop doing something she warned him not to, when he blurts the words out.

“I love you.”

“Yeah that’s nice...”

Felicity continues on with her venting for a solid minute before it registers with her. Oliver watches as her body freezes and she goes silent midsentence. It’s not exactly the reaction he was going for but he did just spring it on her. He’s been thinking those three words for a while now but only ever said them silently, through his actions, or at night when she was asleep beside him. Now they’re out there in the space between them and it’s up to Felicity what they do next because Oliver has already decided that he’s in this for the long haul, if she wants him that way.

“Can you repeat that?”

Her voice is slightly shocked, but there’s no insecurity there. Instead he’s pretty sure she sounds... hopeful.

Oliver inclines closer to Felicity, cupping her cheeks in the palms of his hands so that he can convey his sincerity with his eyes. Some of their best conversations were the silent ones, exchanged in the foundry before a particularly dangerous mission or across the glass walls of

Queen Consolidated on days where they almost couldn't control their need for each other, both physically and emotionally.

"I am completely in love with you, Felicity Meghan Smoak."

A smile to rival all others appears on her face before she launches her self into his arms.

Felicity presses soft kisses to his lips, cheeks, forehead, nose before properly joining her mouth with his. It's deep and slow, full of elation. His hands grip gently at her waist, securing her in his lap, as he slants his mouth against hers.

The smile is still in place when they pull away for air and now he's smiling with her.

"Incase that wasn't clear enough, I love you too."

+1

"Uncle Ollie, you have to put your pinky up!"

The sound of little four-year-old Amelia's voice reaches Felicity's ears as she walks out onto the porch of the Queen Manor. The sight she finds is enough to melt her heart. Oliver is sitting at a table set for a tea party in a chair much too small for him. Plush animal toys occupy the seats around him and a little girl with dark brown hair and tan skin sits across from him. The tea set they are using was a gift sent anonymously from a remote village in the mountains of Asia.

"Kind of melts you like butter, doesn't it?"

Sara walks up beside Felicity who has paused in the doorway to watch the scene unfold.

"She's beautiful, Sara."

"I know."

When the blonde assassin had shown up at the foundry two years ago with a little girl in tow the team had been shocked. Nyssa had brought the child to Sara, asking that she take her far away from the clutches of the League, stating that a temple of assassins was no place for a little girl to grow up. Nyssa knew this from experience. Sara had agreed and taken the girl as her own, despite the complications it would create. First the first four years Sara and Amelia had to move from place to place but now things were beginning to settle.

"Mr. Sparkles likes the cup with the blue flower, Uncle Ollie."

"Oh right, of course. I'm so sorry."

Watching Oliver interact with Amelia is something Felicity could do for days. He's a whole different person than the hard, jaded man he once was. He jokes with the little girl and plays along with the utmost seriousness a grown man can while holding onto a miniature teacup. He's gentle and kind in a way that he only ever is with Felicity or Thea.

“You know, he’s going to make a great dad.”

The two women watch as the man in question leans across the table and whispers conspiratorially with the four-year-old to which she nods vigorously.

“Aunt Lissy! Come have tea with us!”

It’s a trap. Felicity knows her husband and she knows the grin on his face means he is up to no good. But she joins them anyway.

“What’s up, Amelia Bedelia?”

“Uncle Oliver said everyone is ticklish.” Uh oh. “But *I’m* not ticklish. So I asked if you are.”

“And what did he say to that?”

“He said yes.”

A strong pair of arms carefully wraps around her waist and pulls her down into Oliver’s solid chest. The shift in weight causes them to fall backwards in the too-small chair and onto the soft grass of the lawn. Then gentle fingers begin to wiggle at her sides and Felicity can’t contain the laughter that spills from her lips almost instantly.

“Oliver! No!”

The sensation only increases, causing her to laugh harder as she attempts to squirm away from his hold. Sidesplitting laughter spreads throughout the backyard and tears reach Felicity’s eyes.

“Oliver! Stop! Stop I’m gonna pee my pants, oh my God!”

When he finally relents they’re lying on the ground in a laughing fit. Tears leak from Felicity’s eyes and her sides are sore. His hand rests lightly over her swollen stomach.

“You know, this baby puts enough pressure on my bladder as it is. That was a dangerous maneuver you just pulled, Mr. Queen.”

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Queen, but Amelia insisted.”

Oliver leans over her to place a light peck on her mouth.

“Ew! Kissing is gross!”

They laugh at the petulant voice of their niece and Oliver helps pull Felicity to a standing position, wrapping an arm around her waist and gently caressing the side of her tummy.

“You’re right. No kissing until you’re married. Got it?”

“Got it!”

Amelia holds out her pinky to promise Oliver and his larger one wraps fully around hers. It causes Felicity to smile fondly at him and she leans over to whisper in his ear.

“Oh I can’t wait until our little girl starts liking boys. Or girls. Or both.”

Oliver shakes his head adamantly.

“Not going to happen.”

“Sure it won’t, honey.”

# The Night(wing) That Changed it All

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: unestablished Olicity, jealous Oliver, and then their first kiss :)

“Hey! What are you doing with my - oh! Hi Richard.”

Felicity’s usual anger at anyone touching her babies dissipates as soon as the man standing at her bank of computers in the foundry turns around. He’s wearing his usually black and dark blue leathers without the mask, his ever present bo staff strapped to his waist. She’s happy to see him without the mask for once. He usually always had his eyes covered, unwilling to be so vulnerable to anyone. Also, he has really, really pretty blue eyes.

“Hi, Felicity. I know you hate it when people touch your computers. But I remembered you mentioning those new systems updates and I thought I would run those while I was still in town.”

“It’s okay. You’re more than qualified to run a simple update. Thanks.”

She crosses over to see the current status of her processors and hard drives. It all looks to be in order, which is unsurprising. Richard Grayson isn’t just a pretty face and a hot body. Although that’s definitely something Felicity does not take for granted when he comes around to help them.

Leaning over to get a better look at the codes running across the screen, Felicity feels his body brush against her side. He gestures to a line on the screen, using his other hand to brace himself against the desk right next to her.

“This code right here, it’s a new defense mechanism Babs and I came up with. It scour the system for variance and unidentified coding as well as repairing any weak fire walls or vulnerable programs.”

“Which line? This one?”

“No here. Let me show you.”

He gently grabs the wrist of the hand Felicity used to point at the screen and moves it to the line of code he was talking about. They’re close, so close that she can feel his breath on her neck.

A throat clears behind them and Felicity whirls around to see Oliver at the foot of the stairs, still in his business suit having just come from the office.



“Sorry am I interrupting?”

He doesn't look very sorry at all.

“Oh, no, Richard was just showing me some of the updates he made to the system for me.”

“How nice of you, Dick.”

Oliver is glaring at the other vigilante, who has a taunting grin on his face. Felicity glances back and forth between the two men, trying to figure out what the hell is going on.

The tense silence is broken by the beeping sound of a crime alert from one of her many computers.

“Robbery in progress. 52nd and Robins.”

“I got it.”

Richard quickly slips on his mask, donning his full Nightwing persona, before accepting the com Felicity offers him.

“Be careful.”

“Nice to know you care, cutie.”

Then he ducks down and places a kiss on her cheek before leaving the foundry through the back entrance. Felicity sits in shock for a minute before Oliver's expression catches her eye.

“What?”

“Nothing. I just thought you were smarter than this.”

Okay, if she wasn't confused by him before, she is definitely confused now.

“I really have no idea what you are talking about.”

Felicity brushes it off and turns back to her computers, looking over the crime report on one monitor and studying the new coding once more on the other. She hears Oliver's heavy footsteps echo through the basement as he travels over to her side.

“Dick Grayson, Felicity? You know his reputation.”

“If by reputation you mean super secret superhero persona, then yes, yes I do. Still not seeing the point here.”

“He's not a nice guy, Felicity.”

“Maybe not to you. But then he really doesn't have a reason to be since every time you're around him all you do is glare and insult him.”

“Because he’s a distraction with a smart mouth who doesn’t know how to keep his hands to himself.”

Wait a second...

“Are you... jealous?”

Oliver shifts his weight from away from Felicity and looks away uncomfortably, arms crossing over his chest in a defensive stance.

“No. Of course not.”

Felicity slowly stands, studying his tensed figure.

“You are. You are totally jealous of him.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Felicity. Why would I be jealous of that kid?”

The situation is hilarious to Felicity and she can’t help but egg him on.

“Well he is ridiculously handsome AND a tech genius. Maybe not as skilled as me but – “

Oliver cuts her off midsentence. With his lips. On hers. What?

Felicity is disoriented at first, trying to figure out what exactly is happening and how to make sense of it all. But then his mouth opens and his tongue runs along her lips and instinct takes over.

She grants him access to her mouth, lips parting in invitation. Her hands reach up to twine around his neck and grasp at the short hairs at the nape of it, pulling him closer. Oliver groans into her mouth and the hold he has on her hips tightens. They begin traveling backward in small, uneven steps until her lower back collides with the edge of her desk. He promptly lifts her and sets her down on the cold metal surface, causing her to arch into him.

Felicity’s legs wrap around Oliver’s waist, pulling him in closer as his mouth slants against hers urgently. While his hands move upwards to tangle in her hair, hers slide down his shoulders and explore the hard muscles of his chest over his dress shirt. His teeth bite at her lower lip gently and Felicity sighs into his mouth.

Their kisses begin to slow from the urgent devouring of mouths to playful nips and soft pecks. Both of them breathing heavily and smiling like idiots as their foreheads press together.

“Maybe I was a little jealous.”

Felicity laughs softly against his mouth, neither of them wanting to completely end the contact, and presses another gentle kiss there.

“Don’t be. He has a sassy IT genius of his own waiting at home for him.”

“Oh. Good.”

# In This Shirt

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Oliver in his white dress shirt and suspenders and Felicity waking up wearing Oliver's dress shirt.

Warning - Rated M of My OTP likes to have sex.

Warmth.

It's the first thing he feels as he begins to wake. It surrounds him, fills him. This isn't how he used to wake up, but it's a welcome change. The pull of sleep calls him and he is about to answer it when a different kind of warmth, soft and wet, presses to his bare chest over top of his Bratva tattoo.

"Good morning."

"Hmmm... yes it is."

Oliver doesn't open his eyes just yet. Instead he turns into the small, warm body next to him. His arms band around her waist and pull her closer as he nuzzles his face into the crook of her neck, inhaling her sweet scent mixed slightly with sweat.

The memories of how she worked up that sweat play through his mind.

Heated gazes across the manor's parlor turned party room ("We can't leave early, Oliver. This is our engagement party." "Exactly why we can.") Stumbling down the hallway towards his room. Yanking on his suspenders so she could pull his mouth to hers ("You're feisty tonight." "Shut up and kiss me.") Pausing along the way as he pushed her up against the wall. Her giggles turning into soft mewls and desperate whimpers as he ravished her neck and shoulders ("Oliver! Someone is going to – ah – see us!" "It's not like they don't already know we're doing this. You're my fiancée, we're getting married.") Rapid shedding of clothing when they finally made it into his bedroom and slammed the door behind them ("Leave the suspenders on for a little longer." "Only if you wear those heels the whole time.") Her responsive body underneath, on top of, surrounding him ("Stop! You know I'm ticklish there – ah! Okay, yeah. Right there is good. Right there is great!" "Fuck, you're so wet.") The screams she finally let go at his urging while their hips slammed together at a pace far too rough, both of them too lost in pleasure to care ("Come on, Felicity. Let me hear you." "Fuck, Oliver! Oh! OH!")

"It was a pretty good night, too. If I do say so myself."

He nips lightly at her pulse point while his fingers slip beneath his white button down that is currently wrapped around her body. Her skin is smooth under his fingertips as they run from hipbone to hipbone before sliding down into the soft hairs at her apex.

“Nah uh, my body is screaming at me it’s so sore and I am in desperate need of a hot shower.”

She pulls away from his arms, quickly avoiding his hands as he makes a grab at her. As she makes her way over to the en suite, Oliver lets his eyes rake over her form, only slightly hidden by his white dress shirt that ends just below the curve of her ass. The small bruise he sucked onto her skin there last night causes him to smirk.

She pauses right as she’s about to disappear behind the bathroom door and turns to face him, mischievous grin on her face.

“Well, are you going to join me or not?”

He’s out of bed and by her side in seconds, quickly unbuttoning the dress shirt as he pushes her inside.

“Felicity, have I told you how much I love you lately?”

“I think you showed me just how much last night. Four times if I remember correctly. But I wouldn’t mind if you did it again.”

And he does.

# Dance to the Rhythm of the Night(wing)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Felicity dancing at Verdant with some guy and Oliver gets jealous. She says it's cute, but he sulks because he is NOT cute.

Oliver watches her, pouts is probably more apt of a word, across the dance floor. She's all smiles and bouncing blonde curls and swirling pink fabric as she is guided around the floor. By somebody who isn't him.

She's dancing with Dick Grayson.

Oliver hates Dick Grayson.

"Oliver, they're just dancing. Don't get your arrows in a quiver."

Digg steps up beside Oliver where he is positioned, leaning against the bar – serving only nonalcoholic beverages for tonight's event – with a glare on his face.

"He needs to watch his hands."

"They're swing dancing."

He hits his breaking point when Dick leans down and plants a kiss on Felicity's cheek.

"That's it, I'm going over there."

"Play nice."

Oliver turns his back on his friend's amused chuckles and stalks across the floor, hands fisted, towards Felicity and Dick. The two are about to continue their dance when Oliver reaches out and grabs her hand.

"Hey, mind if I cut in?"

Like they have a choice. Even as he asks the question, Oliver is already pulling Felicity to his side and wrapping a slightly possessive arm around her waist. If he paused his glaring for a second to look down at Felicity, he's sure he would find a knowing smirk on her face.

"Who am I to stop a man from dancing with his wife? I'll see you around, Felicity, and congratulations to both of you."

Oliver continues to glare at the Bludhaven vigilante as he walks away. Only when Felicity's small hands reach up to wrap around his neck does Oliver look away, giving his wife his complete and undivided attention.

"Mr. Queen, I do believe that you are jealous."

"I am not."

He knows he sounds like a petulant child, but that's what seeing another man with his wife does to him, regardless of whom the guy is.

"It's ok. I think it's cute."

"I put the fear of God into hardened criminals on a daily basis. I am not cute."

Felicity bites her lip, holding in a laugh, and tugs at his neck to bring their foreheads together.

"I'm sorry. You're right. You are a big rugged manly man, not cute at all."

"You're mocking me."

"Maybe a little."

Her head tilts so that their noses brush against each other and their lips briefly touch.

"But you wanna know something? I'm a little bit in love with you because of it."

Oliver can't help but smile and wrap his arms further around her waist so that they overlap, bringing her body flush against his. He buries his face into the crook of her neck, pressing a kiss to the skin just below her ear before whispering softly.

"A little bit? The ring on your finger says differently."

He feels her shiver against him slightly and it amazes him that after all these years he still has such an affect on her.

Felicity reaches around her back and tugs gently at one of Oliver's hands. When he lets it loose, she guides it over her waist to rest over top of her abdomen. His fingers gently stroke over the area in small circles.

"I'd say the little guy inside says differently, too."

Just like that, any remaining sparks of jealousy Oliver was feeling disappear. Instead, replaced by awe and devotion to his wife and their unborn child. This is the living, breathing proof of their love. Half Oliver, half Felicity, and complete perfection in his eyes. It's overwhelming in the best way possible.

His eyes travel back up from where they gaze at her barely-showing tummy to meet Felicity's. He can see the unshed, happy tears in her eyes and brings the hand still holding her waist forward to gently cup her cheek, thumb rubbing back and forth over the smooth skin.

“I love you so much, Felicity Queen.”

“I love you, too.”



# Namaste

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Oliver accidentally hurts Felicity, probably a little baby scratch during sparring or whatever, and he flips out and makes a big deal about it while she's all like, "Chill Oliver, i'm fine."

Or that time I turned a simple prompt into prenatal yoga and charley horses.

"I really don't think this is a good idea, Felicity."

"Oliver, it's fine. You're not going to hurt me and the doctor said it was okay."

They're in the foundry, of course. Where else would they be on a beautiful Saturday afternoon? Definitely not outside like normal people.

"I want a second opinion."

"We got a second opinion at the OBGYN, and a third. Every time you asked them they said prenatal yoga was a great exercise. They even gave us a list of poses to try. Think of it as pregnancy-safe training."

Between the two of them, Oliver is definitely more worried about her pregnancy than Felicity is. From the second she told him she was pregnant he has done anything and everything she asked. If she was so much as slightly uncomfortable he noticed. He also ordered about ten different baby books off of Amazon and had them overnighted to the manor as soon as he found out.

In all honesty, it was usually one of the most endearing things Felicity had ever encountered. Oliver's enthusiasm towards being a father was both surprising and incredibly relieving. She had been worried that with their nightlife he wouldn't be open to the idea. But they had talked about it while they were dating and then after they were married and he had expressed that it was something he wanted just as much as, if not more than, she did.

"I just... What if you're shifting poses and it hurts the baby? Or you?"

Felicity's reaches up to cup his jaw in her hands before leaning up to peck his lips.

"It's sweet that you're so worried but the doctors know what they're doing. They wouldn't give me the go ahead if it wasn't safe. That's their job. Nothing is going to happen, okay?"

Oliver takes a second to breathe and ponder her words. It doesn't really matter if he says yes or no. Either way Felicity is at least going to stretch for a good thirty minutes to an hour. Her

muscles are killing her and she's not about to sit around doing nothing for the next seven months she has left in her pregnancy.

"Okay, you're right."

"I usually am." She gives him another small kiss before grabbing his hand and pulling him towards the mats. "Now come be my solid wall for tailor's pose."

They make their way to the training area and sit down in the center of the mats. Oliver takes a seat behind Felicity and brings her back against his chest. The warmth and feel of his defined body against hers causes Felicity to shiver. Lately, the slightest of touches have set her ablaze with need for him. But right now she is determined to flow through at least one series of poses.

The soles of her feet press against each other in front of her, a position she was told was called "butterfly" when she took creative dance classes as a child per her mother's insistence. To be fair, Felicity really did love the classes and even continued them for a few years. It definitely helped with her flexibility and balance which is probably why she enjoys yoga so much.

"Can you push down on my knees? It will help stretch my pelvis and hip flexors."

"Are you sure that's a good idea? Won't that hurt you?"

"Not if you're gentle, which I know you will be."

With that Felicity closes her eyes and begins to breathe deeply. Oliver's hands come to rest on her thighs, then slide down to the insides of her knees. Again, his touch sends bursts of heat through Felicity that cause her to lean further back into him. A small smile graces her face when he presses a soft, brief kiss to the exposed skin on the side of her neck.

"Harder."

"What?"

"You can push down harder."

"Your legs are almost flat against the ground."

"S'okay. Feels good, really good."

The light pressure he's exerting on her legs increases slightly. It's exactly what she needs to let her hips loosen further and fall completely open. They sit in silence after that.

At some point, Oliver's hands travel back up to the insides of Felicity's thighs where they begin to massage small circles into her skin. She hums lightly in response and brings her own hands to rest over his large forearms, tracing lazy patterns across his skin. These are her favorite moments, the quiet understated ones where they can just be themselves and be together. Felicity and Oliver, Oliver and Felicity. Well, Oliver and Felicity plus baby now, but that only makes it better.

“I was thinking Rose Dearden, after your mother.”

“How do you know it’s not our son in there?”

“Trust me, this one is our little princess. Or should I say Queen?”

Oliver groans against her neck at the pun, she does that a lot, before wrapping his arms around her waist and burrowing his face into the back of her neck.

“Rose Dearden Queen. It’s perfect.”

A few more minutes pass them by with Oliver occasionally pressing his lips to her hair, neck, and shoulders. Felicity only breaks the silence when it’s absolutely necessary, meaning her feet and slowly her legs are beginning to tingle and fill with a pins-and-needles sensation.

“Okay, time to switch poses. My legs are falling asleep. Let’s do downward dog.”

To his credit, Oliver does a fairly decent job of hiding the grin threatening to break out across his face. If she didn’t know him so well and didn’t know *exactly* why that would make him smile, Felicity wouldn’t have caught it at all.

“I saw that smirk, Mr. Queen, but I’m choosing to ignore it for yoga’s sake.”

He chuckles deeply in return before following her lead and taking up the position on all fours, pushing back into his pelvis and calves.

No more than a minute into the pose Felicity drops to that mat, clutching her calf.

“Ouch! Owowowow! Shit that hurts!”

The throbbing is excruciating as the muscles in her calf contract painfully and she frantically rubs at it, hoping to relieve the pain. Oliver is by her side in a matter of seconds.

“What’s wrong? What happened? Do I need to call a doctor or an ambulance? Should we go to the hospital?”

She shakes her head no, the pain is already beginning to subside but leaves the muscle extremely sore.

“No, no I’m fine. It was just a Charley Horse. They’re very common with pregnancy. It’s probably a potassium inefficiency combined with muscle fatigue.”

“Let me see it.”

She knows that when Oliver gets like this, there’s no reasoning with him. So instead of fighting him on it, she merely straightens her leg in his direction and allows him to take her calf in his hands. He begins to massage the muscle and tissue there and she can feel it begin to loosen, the dull ache that is still present seeping away.

“Feels better already.”

“No more yoga for today.”

At this point, the soothing motion of his hands feels too good for her to really argue, but she can't resist teasing him about it.

“Are those the doctor's orders?”

“They're my orders.”

“Well then, Dr. Queen, I think you might need to kiss it better for good measure.”

Felicity smiles coyly at her husband as he pauses his ministrations, then restarts them, traveling up her leg. He leans down and traces the same path that his hands make with his lips, starting at her calf and following the inside of her leg to her knee.

“Is that so?”

“Mhmm, in fact, I can think of a couple of other places that might need some special attention.”

“Well who am I to deny a patient the care she needs?”

So they technically only made it through two, okay one and a half, poses. But she's not complaining. In fact, she's thinking they might have to practice prenatal yoga more often.

# Who Says Boys and Girls Can't Be Roommates? (Everyone)

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Oliver and Felicity are living in the same house and he sees her naked and that vision taunts him until he just goes for it

This may not have been such a good idea.

Most likely.

When Oliver had come to her on a Tuesday night and asked if he could crash at her place, Felicity had thought it would be a one-night thing, a week tops. But then one day turned into two days, which turned into two weeks, which turned into two months.

Honestly, there were a lot of benefits to having Oliver as a roommate. They worked well together; very much aware of what the other needed without having to ask. Felicity had invited Diggle over for dinner one time and after observing her and Oliver preparing the food together and setting the table, he had joked about how they worked together better than most married couples he knew.

That had brought on some blushing and rattling off of statistics about studies on domestic partnerships versus marriages and how the label could put a strain on some relationships. Not that there was anything wrong with marriage. Or that her and Oliver were in a domestic partnership, or a relationship at all. Because they weren't. They were just two really good friends. Really good friends who lived together. And occasionally fell asleep on the couch together after marathoning a show that Oliver swore up and down was completely inaccurate when it came to methods of wilderness survival. (She found him looking up spoilers for the upcoming season in his browser history the following day while she was cleaning it out.)

The point is she and Oliver actually worked pretty well as roommates. They had similar sleeping schedules, coming home way too late (or early depending on how you looked at it) after their nightly activities and getting up early to start their day jobs. (Felicity had, thankfully, been offered her spot back in IT at Queen Consolidated and Oliver had started working at a cafe down the street while trying to find a way to get his family's company back.) So really, things were going pretty smoothly.

Until last week. When Oliver had walked in on her naked. (Well, almost naked.)

In Felicity's defense she was in her room when it happened. She had just come home from work and was changing out of the form fitting, yet totally appropriate dress with a skirt that was definitely not that short, in hopes of taking a quick shower before her and Oliver met Digg at the new and improved foundry.

She had made sure to close the door so as not to give Oliver an impromptu peep show if he came home from work while she was changing. Unfortunately, she hadn't locked it. So when Oliver knocked, something Felicity didn't hear because her 'I'm happy and I know it' playlist (it's witty, okay?) was on full blast, he had taken the lack of answer and unlocked door as a sign to go on in.

The ensuing five minutes were some of the most awkward in her life. And that's saying something because Felicity Smoak has definitely had more than her fair share of awkward moments. The most embarrassing part was that it took her a good minute to notice Oliver's blatant staring from the doorway, a minute during which she was happily dancing around and singing in her underwear. (Which was an embarrassing, mismatching combination of stripes and polka dots. She hadn't exactly been planning on anyone seeing her in it.) Then there had been screaming (her), gaping (him), and a jumbled mix of apologies and embarrassed exclamations (her and him). It ended with Oliver *finally* looking away via slapping a palm over his eyes (she may have been a little flattered by his staring if she hadn't almost had a heart attack) and mumbling yet another apology before turning around and slamming the door behind him.

It's been a week since that happened and Oliver has been... strange. First of all, he's avoided being alone with Felicity for any extended amount of time, a difficult feat considering they live together. Second of all, they haven't had a decent conversation since then. He always ends up zoning out or excusing himself to do something *important*. (The last time he said that she walked by his room and heard angst-ridden indie rock music from the 90s playing so loud she doubted he could hear his own thoughts, talk about dramatic.)

Now they're walking into her (their) townhome on a Friday after calling it an early night on the Arrow front. Maybe this is the opening she needs to bridge the awkward gap between them.

"Hey, uh I think there's some left over pizza in the fridge and a Mentalist marathon calling our names. Wanna heat it up while I grab the comfy pillows and blankets from the hall closet?"

Felicity catches a glimpse at Oliver as she unlocks the side door and pushes it open. He looks conflicted and a glance down shows the fingers of his right hand, his bow hand, rubbing together. It's a sign of stress and frustration that she's noticed over the past two years they've known each other.

"I, uh, I have some papers for the QC case I should really look over."

Her stomach drops a little at the rejection.

"Oh come on, your meeting with the lawyer isn't until next Wednesday. What's one night of Jane and Lisbon goodness going to hurt?"

"I just... It's not a good idea, Felicity."

They're in her (their) living room now and if Felicity drops her purse on the coffee table with more force than necessary, well, she doesn't think it's completely unwarranted. Pulling off

her jacket, she whirls around to face Oliver.

“Okay, did I do something? Because you have been acting weird and distant for the past week. If I did something, crossed some invisible line, left my dishes in the sink longer than appropriate, then please tell me.”

Oliver sighs in frustration, fist clenching and unclenching before he returns to rubbing his fingers together, only this time a little bit faster and with more force.

“It’s not you, Felicity. You didn’t do anything, so please don’t think that. I just need some space.”

Ouch. That one hurt. A lot.

“Oh... okay. I’ll just, uhm, I’ll marathon it in my room and leave you alone then. You won’t hear a peep from me.”

She turns quickly, trying not to let him see how his words affected her. Stupid emotions. She’s usually pretty good at keeping a lid on them when it comes to Oliver. But as she makes her way towards the stairs, Felicity can feel the tears begin to well in her eyes.

“No, Felicity, wait.” A large, callused hand grabbing hers stops Felicity in her tracks but she doesn’t turn to face him. “It’s... that’s not what I meant. I really appreciate you letting me stay here these past couple of months. I can’t tell you how much it means to me.”

Turning around slowly, Felicity meets Oliver’s gaze. They’re almost standing level for once with her perched on top of the first step of the staircase. His eyes beg, plead with her to understand some hidden meaning behind his words. Usually it’s no problem; they’ve always been able to communicate exactly what the other means. But now it’s not so clear to her.

“I don’t understand. If everything is so great then why are you barely talking to me and saying you need space? I’m not trying to sound like the needy girlfriend here, because obviously we aren’t dating, but I need to know what’s going on.”

“It’s just some things I’m dealing with, okay?”

“No, no that’s not an answer. That’s avoiding one. If you don’t want to live here anymore, that’s fine. I get it. I’m sure your uncomfortable after last week and I don’t blame you.”

“Felicity, it’s not like that.”

He’s getting frustrated, she can feel it in the tightening of his hand around hers, see it in the set of his shoulders and the tension in his jaw. Well good, now he knows how she’s felt all week.

“Then what’s going on? Because I can’t fix it if you don’t tell me.”

“You couldn’t fix it even if I did.”

“Try me.”

The glint in her eye is challenging, daring him to present her with a problem that Felicity Smoak can't fix.

She watches as something in him snaps. He shifts towards her, one hand reaching up to cup her cheek as the other slides around her waist and pulls her forward. Then their mouths meld together.

He's kissing her. Oliver Queen is kissing her, Felicity Smoak.

It's fire and passion that burns where they touch (which is pretty much everywhere as he pulls her body tighter to his). But it's also tenderness and something deeper in the way their lips meet and the almost gentle slide of his tongue against her bottom lip, begging for entrance. The hand cupping her cheek slides to the side of her head and tangles in her loose curls, having been set free from her ever-present ponytail when she unfastened it on the drive home, and tilts her head for better access. (She might possibly moan into his mouth at that and he might possibly groan in response.)

Oliver takes a step backwards, causing Felicity to lose her footing before she quickly wraps her legs around his waist, hips rocking against each other in a satisfying rhythm. Then he's walking aimlessly until they hit the wall with a thud, pulling another moan from her. They continue to explore each other with lips and tongues and hands until the need for air becomes too great. They part from each other, but remain with foreheads touching. Their mouths close enough to brush against each other with each ragged breath they take.

"Wow..."

Oliver chuckles at Felicity's response, still panting against her mouth.

"I've been wanting to do that all week. After walking in on you... It was all I could think about."

"That's why you've been so distant? You were scared of jumping my bones after my impromptu strip tease?"

"... I wouldn't put it that way exactly but it works."

Felicity can't help but stare at his mouth as he speaks because it tasted really good and she wouldn't mind feeling it against hers again.

"You're such an idiot."

They don't talk for another ten minutes as they enjoy the taste and feel of finally (*finally*) being together.

"Does this mean I can get a not-so-impromptu strip tease from you next time?"

This was definitely a good idea.



# How Wonderful Life Is (Now That You're In the World)

## Chapter Summary

I was having some serious Queen Family Feels after the Stephen/Emily/Willa pics from SDCC.

The sound of a thud outside the mansion door followed by tinkling laughter and low chuckling pulls Thea's attention from the trashy HBO movie that has occupied her attention for the last hour. Roy offered to come and keep her company tonight but the city still needed a hero, even if the Arrow was taking a night off. Speaking of, she can currently hear the low timbre of the aforementioned man in green as he speaks with his partner just outside the locked door. It's followed by a higher pitched, melodious response and then there's silence.

Oh God, not again.

Thea has been around her brother and Felicity long enough to have a pretty good idea of just what unsavory actions are occurring on the opposite side of the large wooden doors. Seriously, it's been seven years and they still act like teenagers sometimes. Scratch that, they're worse because Thea's pretty sure that she and Roy were never this bad even when they first got together.

Reaching for the remote and shutting off the TV, Thea moves from her place on the couch wrapped in a large blanket towards the front door. Too many times has she walked in on the couple in various states of undress to be embarrassed or shy about breaking up their current little love session on the front porch.

"Oliver – ah! Stop you know how sensitive I am there! – Oliver, your sister is on the other side of this door."

"So? She's your sister, too."

Thea snorts a little at her brother's reply. At least Felicity has the decency to try to be courteous about their activities.

"Sister *in law*, Oliver. That won't make it any less embarrassing when she finds us with your mouth glued to my neck and your hand up my skirt!"

By now Thea's reached the main foyer, right in front of the double doors. She's debating returning to her spot on the couch or opening the doors when her brother lets out an exasperated but good-natured huff of air.

"Fine. But I'm not finished with you. I believed I promised you at least four by the end of the night and right now we're only at one."

Oh, gross. Really, Oliver?

Thea is about to open the door and let the pair come tumbling in when it's gently pushed open, a blonde head poking inside to presumably make sure there are no teeny tiny ones eagerly waiting by the door. When Felicity's gaze instead finds Thea's unimpressed look, a sheepish smile makes its way across her face before she opens the door the rest of the way to let herself and Oliver in.

"So I assume the date went well."

Getting a better look at the pair in the light of the mansion, it's clear to see that the zipper down the front of Felicity's dress has been pulled down to a place just shy of indecent and the top two buttons of Oliver's dress shirt are undone, tie nowhere in sight.

"You know, I could have watched them overnight for you if you wanted to stay at a hotel or something."

Felicity blushes bright red as Oliver chuckles beside her, arm wrapped around her waist to pull her tight into his side as he presses a gentle kiss to the top of her head.

"I tried to tell Felicity that but she didn't want to leave the kids for the night."

"Well excuse me for not wanting to miss our son's first steps."

"Actually..."

Both Felicity and Oliver's heads snap around to stare at Thea and she swears she can see the blood draining from Felicity's face. Their expressions are comical and end up sending Thea into a fit of laughter.

"Oh my God, I was kidding! You should see your faces right now."

"That's not funny, Thea."

Her sister-in-law pouts a little as she curls further into Oliver's side. He gently rubs a hand up and down the top of her arm before reassuring her with his words.

"Baby, you know Parker isn't going anywhere until you're right by his side. Half the time he refuses to eat without you there, let alone walk."

There's a little bit of a jealous tone in his voice, but it's all in good humor. Thea's only seen them truly fight on very limited occasions. Don't get her wrong, they definitely have their differences at times, but it never escalates unless it's something big. Like that one time Ollie sent himself to the hospital while on a mission because he skipped a safety precaution in his eagerness to get the job done. There had been a lot of tears as he lay unconscious in a hospital bed and a lot of yelling when he woke up. But they'd come out stronger than ever because of it like they always do.

"Oh, stop it with the grumpy cat face. May I remind you what Reese's first word was? Because it wasn't *momma*, I'll tell you that."

A grin makes its way across Oliver's face before he bends down to press a gentle kiss against his wife's lips.

"I love you."

Okay, they're kind of cute together.

Truth be told, despite her initial impressions of the bubbly blonde, most of them fostered by sly comments from her mother, Thea really likes Felicity. Actually, she couldn't think of a more perfect fit for her brother. She's never seen him happier than when he's with her, except maybe when he's with their children.

When the kiss doesn't end and hands start to wander, Thea makes a gagging noise to draw the couple's attention. They break away from one another, Oliver leaning in to whisper something against Felicity's ear that makes her giggle and to which she responds with a small nod.

Thea retracts her earlier thought. They're not cute at all. They're sickeningly sweet.

"Okay, well I'm not about to sit here and watch you to make kissy faces at each other the whole night. Mind if I go up and see my beautiful little niece and nephew one more time?"

"Yeah, we'll go with you."

The three of them make their way up the large, carpeted staircase. Thea asks about their date and Felicity stutters a little when she mentions the show they went to, causing Oliver's face to break out in the biggest shit eating grin that Thea's ever seen. She doesn't ask about the details after that.

The trio rounds the corner of the hallway and Thea leads them towards the master bedroom, causing Felicity to tilt her head to the side in question.

"Reese wanted to keep Parker company until you guys got back. You know I can't deny the little cutie anything."

"Her father doesn't fair much better. Must be a Queen sibling trait."

Oliver looks completely offended at the remark, mouth opening and closing before he speaks.

"Hey! I can lay down the law when I need to."

"Oliver, name one time when you've been the bearer of bad news."

"I..."

He trails off, obviously trying to recall a time when he's played the role of the bad cop, parenting edition. He can't.

"That's what I thought."

They're all quiet then as Felicity pushes the door open to the bedroom. Asleep on the bed are two of the most precious people in Thea's life, Reese Dearden and Parker Thomas Queen, her 3-year-old niece and 9-month-old nephew. The days these two were born are some of the happiest memories Thea has. Not only are they the result of the strongest love she's ever witnessed, but their births represented a new time in her life. These two beautiful babies marked the end of the lies and the deception and the pain. They brought nothing but happiness and joy to the lives of those around them, lightening the heavy load of the world she and her family lived in. They're a gift so precious that she never even considered putting on her wish list.

"How were they?"

Felicity speaks softly as she approaches the bed, reaching out to tuck a loose, dirty blonde curl behind her daughter's ear. The little girl sighs gently, an angelic sound that brings warmth to Thea's chest, before tucking herself further around her baby brother.

"They were angels, as always."

Oliver lets out a small laugh before raising an eyebrow at his sister.

"Angels? Have you met Reese? She's a teenager in a 3-year-old's body. Kind of takes after her aunt in that respect."

"Well I guess that's why we get along so well then."

Thea steps up to the side of the bed and leans over to press a gentle kiss to her nephew's forehead, then does the same to her niece. Reese stirs at the contact, eyes blinking sleepily as she looks up at Thea.

"Aunty T-ea?"

She still can't pronounce her "th-" sounds.

"Just saying goodnight, Reeses Pieces."

"Is Daddy and Mommy home?"

Oliver steps up to wrap his arms around Felicity from behind, chin coming to rest on her shoulder as he smiles down at their daughter.

"Right here, baby. Mommy and Daddy are gonna take you into your room in a little bit, okay? Go back to sleep."

The little girl's eyes have already fluttered shut as the last words leave Oliver's mouth. She lets out a little yawn before humming a soft 'okay' against her brother's back.

Thea can see that Oliver and Felicity are lost in their own world as they gaze adoringly at their sleeping children. She bids them a quiet goodnight, not at all surprised by their barely murmured replies, and makes her way out of the room.

Pausing at the door, Thea takes a look back at her brother and his family, *her* family, and smiles. After all they've been through, they've finally found their happy story and as she glances down at the diamond ring on her own finger, she can't help but think that she's begun to find hers, too.

# The Chemistry Between Us

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: lab partners au (but dude imagine them in high school chem)

“Okay so you want to pour thirty milliliters of the sodium chloride concentration into the beaker.”

“Right.”

Oliver looks back and forth between the myriad of test tubes held in the rack, trying to discern which is the solution he should be going for. This is his third time doing this lab, having switched partners once his teacher realized that the dynamic duo of Oliver Queen and Tommy Merlyn would not get anything done together, and he still can't tell the clear liquids apart. The tubes are all labeled with the contents' atomic symbols instead of their full names and while he knows the basics, it still takes him a little bit longer than average to figure out.

“It's the one marked NaCl.”

“I know that.”

Quickly locating the tube, Oliver grabs a plastic measuring cylinder and begins pouring. Of course, the warmth of his lab partner's body pressed against his side immediately distracts him, the smell of her shampoo invading his senses.

Felicity Smoak is unlike any girl he's ever met. She's beautiful by any definition of the word, shining blonde hair, bright blue eyes, delicious pouty lips that are always painted a bright shade of pink... and the glasses. The glasses send his imagination running rampant. Oliver would be lying if he said he hasn't woken up at least once within the past three months hot and heavy from the image of bending her over the lab table as she looks back at him with nothing but those damn glasses on.

But what really gets him is how she refuses to put up with any of his shit. Like right now for instance.

“Did you switch shampoos?”

“What?”

“Your hair smells really good and I was wondering if you switched soap or something.”

“Are you high off lab fumes? Focus, Oliver.”

The only reason he hasn't given up completely is because every time he says something like that to her, a rosy tint colors Felicity's cheeks and her lips twitch in an effort to suppress a smile. God, she's beautiful when she smiles.

"Are you watching to see when the bottom of the meniscus hits thirty?"

"I'm watching something curvy, but it's definitely not the meniscus."

"Oh my God."

Oliver can't help but laugh at her exasperation. This has sort of become a running joke between them. He takes every opportunity possible to make ridiculous come-ons and she attempts to keep them focused on the task at hand. He really is trying to learn from this lab, but there's no harm in making it a little fun for both of them.

Not to mention that there's truth in everything he says to her. He's got it bad and the only way she'll really accept his affections is through jest.

Turning back to the cylinder, Oliver pours until he's measured out the correct amount, and then moves to add the solution into a glass beaker.

"You know, one of these days you're going to give in to my charm and dazzling good looks, Smoak."

"Don't hold your breath, Queen."

Seeing as the school day has yet to begin, there's no one else with them in the lab. Felicity had agreed to meet with him before school two or three times a week in order to help him catch up with the class. So far they've been making great progress on it. But that's not all Oliver wants to make progress on.

"No, seriously, what's it gonna take for you to realize that I'm not just joking around with you?"

"Oliver, I... We've been over this."

It's true, they have. He just refuses to accept it.

Taking one step forward, followed by another, Oliver moves into Felicity's personal space. He leaves enough room so as not to overwhelm her with his proximity but still gets close enough that he can feel the nervous energy emanating from her body.

"I know what my reputation is, okay? But I'm trying to turn that around. You know that. Even Tommy has commented on it. I'm trying here but you won't give me an inch."

Her eyes flutter shut for a moment as Felicity takes a deep breath in to steady herself before swallowing hard.

"Oliver, I can't."

“Why not?”

Without realizing it, Oliver has taken another step closer, effectively crowding her into the lab table. His hand lifts of its own accord to cup her cheek, an action that catches them both by surprise. Felicity stares up at him, eyes wide and captivating, drawing him in as he whispers his next words.

“What are you so afraid of?”

“You.”

“I would *never* do anything to hurt you, Felicity.”

They’re close, so unbelievably close that he can almost taste her on his lips. It wouldn’t be the first time. Memories from their drunken kiss at Tommy’s party three nights ago play in his mind and Oliver wonders what it would be like without the numbness of alcohol in their systems. What would she taste like without the bitterness of beer on her breath? What would she feel like pulled flush against him? What sounds would she make as he worshipped her body?

“Oliver...”

His name escapes her mouth like a plea but he can’t tell if it’s one of desire or one of warning. Both of their eyes fall shut as his nose grazes hers and bumps against the rectangular frames of her glasses, top lips *just* brushing against one another.

*RIIIINNGGG!*

The sound of the first school bell has them jumping away from each other like they’ve been set on fire. Oliver’s jaw clenches in frustration, his hands fisting by his sides as Felicity hurriedly begins cleaning up their lab station.

“Uhm, yeah, okay. Everything is good here. We just have to leave the, uh, solution to sit for forty-eight hours. You can handle wiping the table down right? I just remembered I have to be... somewhere. Okay. I’ll see you later, I guess. Bye.”

Felicity hightails it out of there, hastily grabbing her backpack and slinging it over her shoulder as she exits the classroom without so much as a glance in his direction.

All Oliver can think as he watches her blonde ponytail disappear out the door is that he really fucking blew it.



# You Can't Have Your Cake and Eat It Too

## Chapter Summary

roommates au. ROOMMATES AU. ROOOOMMMMAATESSS AU!!!! (although feel free to make it 'not so au'. We both know what I'm talking about... right? RIGHT?!)  
AKA Anna wanted me to write Oliver and Felicity as roommates in canon verse with Oliver finding Ray in their kitchen the morning after he spent the night with Felicity.

He's been living with Felicity for the past five months and honestly, it's the only place he's felt at home since... well since he returned from the island.

The mansion had been home once, but not really. It was huge and ornate and staged, far too big for a family of four even with the house staff. When Thea was born it had become a bit more of what a young Oliver imagined home to feel like. He and Tommy would let her chase them down the halls, picking her up when she fell over on her chubby little legs and pretending to trip when they got too far ahead of her. That's the closest he's ever really been to feeling at home.

So it's a strange yet overwhelmingly *good* experience, spending these past few months at Felicity's. Her apartment is so vibrant and lived in, so much the opposite of what he's used to. The halls are a bit small and the living room teeming with *stuff*, but it's so *Felicity* that it makes Oliver smile the first time he spends the night there, sans one blonde genius who was pulling an overnight shift at Kord Industries. He'd slept in her bed that night, which was both the best and worst decision he's ever made. It was the best because he can't remember a time within the last six years, maybe ever, that he's slept so soundly. But it was the worst because her scent was *everywhere*, sending his senses and his imagination into overdrive picturing all the scenarios in which Felicity would be in bed with him. He's sure to get up early the next morning, before she gets back, and make her a fresh pot of coffee as well as take a jog down to the local bakery for those scones she loves so much.

After that it just became a routine. Oliver would come back from patrol and Felicity would insist he spend the night at her place until eventually it turned into an unspoken agreement. There was never any official conversation about it, but after a month of doing this Oliver had his essentials and an adequate amount of clothing at Felicity's apartment. She apologized profusely for the lack of space in her guest-turned-storage room but even then it was still more comfortable to live in than the damp, cold basement of Verdant. Or what used to be Verdant.

It's funny how one encounter can change that feeling so completely.

Since their ill-fated date three months prior, Oliver has done everything he possibly can to encourage Felicity to move on. Just because he can't have the life he wants with the person

he loves, doesn't mean she should be deprived of that happiness, too. Which is why when Felicity blurts out over Chinese takeout and red wine that her and Ray Palmer are seeing each other, Oliver plasters on his widest "Oliver Queen, reformed billionaire playboy" grin and offers his utmost support. He can see in her eyes that she knows he's lying.

"I don't want this to change things between us. You're still my best friend and I love having you here as my roommate. That doesn't have to change, right?"

"No, of course not."

Only Oliver feels like someone just stabbed him in the back with his own arrow.

He has absolutely no right to feel this way. After all, he's the one who put a stop to things between them before they could really even begin. He's the one who encouraged her to see other people, to go visit Barry in Central City. But Ray Palmer, the man hell-bent on buying up his company, was not who Oliver had in mind.

"You're sure? Because if this is going to make things weird I'll..."

She trails off, unsure of how to end that sentence.

Exactly. What is she going to do? Break up with the guy? No, Oliver is too much of a masochist to let that happen.

"It will be fine. I promise."

He promptly downs the rest of his wine and refills the glass immediately after.

But that's not what taints the sense of home he's found at Felicity's. No, that comes at eight 'oh seven AM the following Saturday when Oliver returns from his morning jog to find Palmer standing in their, *Felicity's* kitchen with only a pair of sweatpants on and casually cooking eggs on the stove.

"Oh, hey, Queen. Question for ya, does Felicity have any cinnamon around here? I wanted to make her some of my homemade French toast. We had a... long night and I thought she would enjoy breakfast in bed."

The way this man so casually adapts to their, *Felicity's* living space has Oliver gritting his teeth and talking himself out of going over and decking the guy. He knows exactly what Palmer means by having a long night.

"Queen?"

"Spice cabinet is above the stove."

The words come out as a near growl and Oliver clears his throat in an attempt to cover it up.

"Thanks, man. She likes French toast, right? Probably should have asked that first."

“Yeah, French toast is good. And she likes her eggs scrambled with a little bit of paprika on them, ketchup on the side.”

Oliver honestly doesn't know what compels him to share this bit of information with the man, but Ray looks a little surprised by his knowledge of Felicity's eating habits. Turning down the stove to the lowest setting, Ray turns to face Oliver and leans back against the counter, his gaze calculating.

“Listen, man, I'm not trying to get in the middle of anything here. Felicity assured me that there was nothing going on between you two, that you were strictly platonic.”

*Very... platonic circumstances.* Yeah, that's exactly what they are.

“There isn't. We are.”

“You sure? Because the last thing I want to do is cause any problems between you and her. You're important to Felicity and I can see that she's important to you, too. I'd be a dick to come in and ruin that. So just say the word and I'll bow out. But you should know that if you don't, I'm not going anywhere.”

This is his chance, his chance to stop anything between Felicity and Ray before they get too serious, before it's too late. But he can't. Because just like it would be a dick-move for Ray to knowingly come between Oliver and Felicity, it would be unforgivable for Oliver to keep Felicity from what he has so desperately been urging her to do.

So instead he just shakes his head and gives a terse reply.

“There's nothing between me and Felicity.”

The paper bag from the bakery down the street gets dumped in the trash on his way out.

# What's In a Family?

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Nanny/single parent au

“Come here, munchkin. You still have chocolate on your nose.”

“Ah! No! That tickles!”

The tinkling laughter of his little girl along with the sloshing of water and small exclamations brings a smile to Oliver’s face as he ventures further into his four-year-old daughter’s bedroom. It’s past eight o’clock and he’s just now getting home from the office. With a possible merger on the horizon, everyone at Queen Consolidated has been working overtime, including its CEO. And while this was great news for the company, Oliver has found that his time with his daughter has been extremely limited. That’s why he hired Felicity nearly six months ago.

“What tickles? This?”

More giggles and high-pitched squeals ring out from the direction of the bathroom as Oliver draws closer.

“Stop! Feliissyy!”

“What’s that, Kate? I can’t hear you.”

He pauses in the open doorway, taking in the heartwarming sight before him. Kate is splashing around in the too-big-for-her bathtub, surrounded by a myriad of Barbie mermaid dolls that Thea bought for her birthday last week. She has the brightest smile on her face, pearly whites all on display, as she attempts to twist away from Felicity’s hold.

The older blonde makes an exaggerated reach for his daughter who laughs in delight when she successfully evades her grasp.

“Missed me!”

“I did! How did you get so fast?”

“Aunty Thea! Daddy calls her Speedy. That means she’s *super* fast!”

Oliver chuckles at the logic, alerting both females to his presence. Two very blonde heads whip around to look at him, bright smiles spread across both of their faces. The greeting sends his heart racing for reasons he chooses to ignore.

“Daddy!”

Kate climbs out of the bathtub almost immediately, completely disregarding her currently soaking wet and unclothed state as she charges toward Oliver. However, a fluffy pink towel encompasses the little girl before she can get to him, a playful shriek escaping her mouth.

“Oh no you don’t, you little monkey. You’re going to get Daddy’s suit all wet!”

Felicity hauls the four-year-old to her body, hugging her close as she rubs the soft cotton against her skin. Kate doesn’t mind at all, laughing and playfully squirming in her arms.

She used to not do that. Laugh, that is. After Kate’s mom died, the little girl had been heartbroken. And while it seemed like she had finally come to grips with the fact that her mother wasn’t ever coming back, she was less cheerful than she had been during her first two years of life. That is until Felicity came along. Sweet, intelligent, *young* Felicity who brought happiness and laughter back into his daughter’s life the day she stepped through those massive front doors of the Queen Mansion, fresh out of grad school and in need of money and a place to stay during her part-time internship with his company. To be honest, that’s the first day he laughed in a long time, too.

A soft impact to his legs stirs Oliver out of his reverie, looking down to find a mass of wet, blonde curls buried into his thigh.

“Daddy, Felissy was tickling me!”

“She was?”

Bending down, Oliver scoops his freshly robed daughter up in his arms and places a loud kiss against her cheek.

“You know what that means?”

His gaze shifts from Kate to Felicity, a mischievous spark in his eye that he knows she takes note of as she warily stands from her crouched position beside the tub.

“Oliver...”

“It means we have to get her back!”

Felicity’s eyes widen for a fraction of a second before she takes off running, Oliver and Kate hot on her heels. He chases after her out of the bedroom and down the hall before she turns into another room. Were it not for the little girl in his arms, he would have caught up to her by now. As it is father and daughter are already closing in on the blonde while she runs further into Oliver’s room.

“We’re gonna get you, Felissy!”

“Never!”

But just as Felicity shouts the word, Oliver wraps an arm around her waist and pulls her to his chest, sending all three of them sprawling across the massive bed behind them. His reflexes prove quicker than hers and Oliver quickly releases Kate so that he can flip them over and pin Felicity to the bed.

“Get her, Daddy! Get her!”

Encircling both of her wrists into one of his hands, Oliver reaches down with the other to tickle her side. The action sends Felicity into hysterical laughter and causes him to expel a chuckle of his own.

“Stop! Please!”

“What do you think, Katie Bug? Should we let Felicity go?”

His daughter jumps on the bed, clapping her hands in delight as she replies.

“More! More!”

With a wide grin firmly in place, Oliver doubles his efforts, causing Felicity to writhe beneath him in search of escape. Tears leak from her eyes as she attempts to catch her breath in between bouts of laughter. He doesn't realize that her shirt has ridden up until his hand slides across her bare skin.

They both freeze when it happens, drawing in near simultaneous gasps at the spark of electricity that comes with the contact. Felicity's eyes meet his and for the first time Oliver realizes just how sexual their current position could be in a different context. The thought alone causes his gut to tighten and his fingers to involuntarily flex against her side. She squirms against him in reaction and Oliver has to shut his eyes against the onslaught of desire that has been building up ever since she accepted the job as Kate's nanny.

“Daddy, why'd you stop?”

His daughter's inquiry has Oliver quickly releasing Felicity and taking a step back from the bed. She shifts and hastily pulls down her top as he shifts his attention to the child beside him, gathering her in his arms.

“I think Felicity's had enough tickling for one night. Don't you? Plus, it's a certain little girl's bedtime.”

Her adorable pout coupled with her patent puppy dog eyes are almost enough to have Oliver stray from her eight-thirty bedtime. Almost.

“Nice try. You have preschool in the morning. Say goodnight to Felicity.”

With a cute little sigh, Kate turns to her nanny and blows a kiss in her direction.

“Nighty night, Felissy! Don't let the bed bugs bite!”

A breathy laugh escapes her and Oliver has a hard time not being distracted by the attractive flush of her cheeks.

“Goodnight, Katie Bug. Sweet dreams.”

Oliver crosses the room, pausing before he disappears from Felicity’s line of sight to address her.

“Goodnight, Felicity.”

“Night, Oliver.”

Their gazes hold for a second longer than they should, eyes still dark with want from their earlier encounter. Then with a shake of his head, Oliver exits the room to get his daughter ready for bed.

Fifteen minutes and two readings of *The Princess and The Pea* later, Kate is settled into bed and drifting off to sleep. Oliver reaches over her to turn the bedside lamp off and slowly eases himself out of the bed. A small, tired voice has him pausing on his way towards the door.

“Daddy?”

Kneeling by her bedside, Oliver smiles down fondly at his half-asleep four-year-old.

“Yes, Princess?”

“I love you.”

His heart clenches at the sentiment as he reaches out to gently stroke her semi-dry curls and cup her cheek.

“I love you too, Baby.”

Kate smiles softly up at him, eyelids heavy with exhaustion.

“And I love Felissy.”

This time his heart stops altogether, an unbidden image of doing this same exact thing but with Felicity by his side flashing through his mind. They don’t do bedtime together. It’s a sort of silent agreement they have. But lately Oliver has found himself wishing more and more that she were there with him.

By the time he pulls himself back together, Kate’s eyes have already drifted shut and her breathing evened out. Leaning forward, Oliver presses a gentle kiss to her forehead before whispering against her skin.

“Yeah, me too.”

# Hot for Student

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: teacher/student AU

It's torture looking at her like this, sitting in the front row of his lecture with a bright red pen tucked between her equally bright lips, blonde ponytail high on her head and rectangular frames perched on the bridge of her nose. Every once in awhile a look of concentration crosses over her face as she takes notes and Oliver knows she's reworking whatever he's said in her head.

The way her mind works is proportionately captivating to her appearance, maybe even more so. The first paper she had turned in was some of the best work he's ever seen in his few years of teaching. Oliver had called her into his office to tell her as much and somehow ended up talking in depth about the concepts presented in the piece for over an hour. That should have been an immediate warning sign right there.

"Can anyone describe to me the second step in Annis Pratt's archetypal patterns for women in fiction?"

It's not surprising when no one jumps at the chance to respond. They are a bunch of college kids in class on a Friday morning, a good portion of them too hungover to even process the question let alone come up with an answer. Oliver's eyes scan the moderately small lecture hall until a motion upfront catches his attention. He meets the crystalline blue gaze that has been stuck in his memory nearly all semester and nods his head.

"Ms. Smoak?"

"Usually, the female meets her Greenworld guide, someone who doesn't conform to societal constraints but is still privy to them. It's usually a male who helps introduce her to the more mature and darker aspects of life. Often times he becomes her lover along their journey."

Damn it. Since when did basic concepts of a female hero journey become such a turn on?

"Good. Very good."

The blonde smiles at him and Oliver finds himself drawing in a stilted breath of air at the sight. Quickly putting an end to their eye contact, his gaze sweeps across the classroom, taking in the myriad of bored, tired faces. A glance at the clock shows that class is almost over so he decides to cut them all a break.

"Alright guys, it's Friday. I'm not going to make you suffer anymore. You're free to go. Just remember that if you want me to review a draft of your final thesis paper it's due in my inbox



at eleven fifty-nine tonight. Not midnight, not twelve oh-one, eleven fifty-nine. Have a good weekend everyone and stay safe.”

Stay safe.

It’s something he’s become accustomed to saying since the accident, since he lost his best friend to a drunk driver a week before graduation. The story is infamous around campus here at MIT, golden boys Tommy Merlyn and Oliver Queen at the height of their glory days, torn from it all because the guy who was supposed to be their designated driver had possessed an even higher blood alcohol content than them that night. Not a day goes by when Oliver doesn’t think that it should have been him who died in the crash.

“Professor Queen?”

Stirring from his dark thoughts, Oliver looks up to meet vivid blue eyes and bright pink lips, parted in a timid smile.

“Felicity, what can I do for you?”

He only uses the formality of last names in class. They’ve talked enough to be on first name basis, even is she insists on calling him ‘Professor’ ninety percent of the time.

“I was wondering if you had a second to take me in your office.”

Oliver’s eyes widen as Felicity’s squeeze shut in embarrassment. It’s not unusual for her to slip like this but it still catches him off guard every time, especially now that he has that particular image in his mind.

“I’m sorry. That came out very, *very* wrong. What I meant to ask was if you had a couple minutes to talk about the paper in your office. Or out of your office. You know, whichever you prefer.”

A small snicker off to his left alerts Oliver to the fact that they are not alone. Sara Lance, a spirited young lady whom he’s discovered Felicity is fairly close with, stands to the side, knowing smirk firmly in place as her shoulders shake with mirth. Felicity quickly throws a glare in the other blonde’s direction before bringing her attention back to him.

“You know what, I’m sure you’re very busy. I’ll just put it in your drop box on the scholar site.”

“No, that’s okay. I have some time to spare.”

“Great! Great. Sara, I’ll meet up with you for lunch?”

As Felicity takes a step closer, Oliver is accosted with an alluring floral scent. It’s one he’s become quite familiar with over the course of the semester. There were days when, after she had come by his office to talk about one thing or another, the scent had teased and taunted Oliver, permeating the air around him as he tried to grade papers and remind himself of the university policy for student/teacher conduct. His fists clench at his sides for a brief moment, fighting against the onslaught of desire that washes over him.

“Sure thing, Lis. I wanted to swing by Nyssa’s dorm for a little bit anyway. I’ll see ya at lunch! Have a good weekend, Professor.”

Sara throws a wink in Felicity’s direction that is anything but discreet before marching out the door in her studded boots that look like they were meant for crushing souls. Oliver once overheard the boys in his lecture talking about how Sara had thrown a punch at some frat guy when he wouldn’t leave her alone and ended up breaking the kid’s nose. For some reason it’s an oddly comforting thought that she and Felicity are such close friends. He worries about the petite blonde more than he probably should, certainly more than he worries about any other of his students.

“I’m sorry. Sara wasn’t taught the concept of subtlety as a child. She’s just being ridiculous. Please ignore her. Should we head to your office or...?”

Felicity trails off, bright baby blues staring up at him questioningly.

“I don’t mind. It’s refreshing, actually. I had a friend like her when I was your age.”

The openness with which he refers to his deceased best friend is a little jarring. It’s been five years, almost six, but that didn’t make it any easier to talk about.

“Yeah, I joke but she’s great. I don’t know what I would do without her.”

“I’m glad you have her. Let’s make our way to my office, shall we?”

Oliver is one of the lucky staff members on campus whose office is in the same building that he regularly teaches in, so it takes them less than five minutes to get there. A dark leather office couch sits against one of the beige walls and the two are quick to settle in on it. Felicity slides the patterned backpack off her shoulders and begins rummaging through it to find her rough draft while Oliver lets his own messenger bag fall to the floor with a thud. He turns slightly in his seat, angling his body towards the blonde beside him.

“Okay, so, I just have a few things that I’m unsure about. Mostly, I think the transitioning of topics needs some guidance. You know how my brain likes to jump around. I’ve already marked down the sections and annotated it a little bit. So here you can just see for yourself.”

Another thing Oliver has learned about Felicity is that she’s very systematic when it comes to her work, which probably originates from her Computer Science major. If there’s a pattern or a principle operation to something he teaches, she’ll find it. The way her mind works and the speed with which it does is fascinating.

“Why don’t we start from the beginning, yes?”

“Uh huh. Sounds good.”

Felicity offers him the paper and Oliver quickly immerses himself in the workings of her mind. It takes him five minutes to read through and comprehend the extensive scope of her argument. The paper is well written and even though there are a few grammar mistakes here

and there as well as, like she said, some choppy transitions, the concept is impressive in its entirety.

“So... how’d I do? If it’s complete trash you can tell me. I won’t be offended. Not that that should be a concern of yours. You are, after all, my professor. Critiquing me is sort of in your job description and – “

“Felicity.”

Oliver reaches out, a large callused hand falling softly to lie on top of her bare thigh. The contact sends tingles of electricity up his arm and out to the rest of his body. He has to fight the urge to smooth his palm over the exposed skin, pulling his hand away in a quick, controlled motion all the while trying to ignore the tiny gasp that escaped Felicity’s lips at his touch.

“Sorry, I... uh, anyway, it’s great. You were right about the transitioning and I saw a few grammar mishaps but it’s still a rough draft. The subject matter is very fresh and you handle it well.”

A small smile graces her fuchsia lips and Oliver finds himself wondering what it would take to see that expression in full force.

“Thank you.”

Silence engulfs them as their gazes hold, drawn together by some invisible force. He should look away. He knows he should. He should look away and move to sit in his desk chair, distance himself from her. But he doesn’t.

Instead, he’s captivated as Felicity abruptly takes the paper from his grasp and begins thumbing through the pages, talking at a mile a minute.

“I really wanted to work through this change over right here, between the sixth and seventh paragraphs. *You* understand where I’m coming from, but not everyone else does. For some reason, you actually comprehend the things going on up here.”

Oliver can’t help but laugh because for once she’s wrong about something. He has absolutely no idea what’s running through that mind of hers the majority of the time.

“What? Are you laughing at me? Do I have something in my teeth?”

Felicity quickly covers her mouth with her hand and Oliver can tell that she’s attempting to clean her teeth with her tongue. Chuckling lightly, he takes Felicity’s hand in his to lower it from her face. His grip remains firm even when his skin comes in contact with cool leather.

“No, there’s nothing in your teeth. It’s just... You are very wrong if you think I have even the slightest idea of what’s going on in your head. I’ve never had a student who thinks quite like you and whose mind I find as captivating as yours. You are constantly surprising me, Felicity.”

A beat passes between them, surprise etched on both of their faces at Oliver's admission. He hadn't planned on saying that and she certainly hadn't expected him to either. The atmosphere around them becomes thick with tension as they wait to see who will make the next move.

Then, as if to prove his declaration true, Felicity surges forward to press her mouth against his.

Oliver inhales sharply in surprise but soon after finds himself answering her in kind. The kiss isn't fast or desperate like it had played out in his mind so many times before. Instead it's slow, a hard slanting of mouths against one another. His hands involuntarily rise to cradle Felicity's face and pull her even closer. The warmth of her fingers curling around his wrists briefly registers in the back of Oliver's mind just as their lips part, yet remain close enough to brush against one another with each inhale they take.

He's afraid to look, afraid to open his eyes and have reality come crashing back down around them. But they can't stay suspended in this blissful moment forever and he's the authority figure here, so with great regret Oliver pulls further away and forces his eyes to slide open.

Immediately he wishes he hadn't because the sight he's greeted with only makes him want to pull Felicity right back in for another round. Her eyes are still shut, lips parted as she draws in a ragged breath. Bright pink lipstick is smudged around her mouth and Oliver briefly ponders how long it would take to make it disappear entirely.

No. That is the exact opposite of what should be going on in his head right now. Clearing his throat, Oliver lets his hands fall from Felicity's face, the movement causing her eyelids to flutter open. She looks at him with blown pupils, gaze clouded with desire, and Oliver swallows hard.

"Felicity, I..."

The blonde's eyes widen in shock, as if she's just now processing her actions, and she quickly jerks away from him.

"Oh frack. I'm... I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have done that."

Standing abruptly, Felicity shoves her paper into one of the compartments of her backpack and yanks the zipper shut. The canvas bag is barely settled onto her shoulders before she bolts towards the door of his office. Oliver finally snaps out of his daze and strides after her, extending a hand in an attempt to grab a hold of hers.

"Felicity."

"I have to go."

The door slams shut behind her just as he reaches it, air rushing over his face in her wake.

Oliver stands stoic, processing everything that just happened in the last minute. Felicity kissed him. And he kissed her back, wanted to do a lot more than that actually. One of his

students kissed him and he kissed her back.

With a groan, Oliver presses against his temples with his thumb and middle finger, already feeling a headache coming on.

“Fuck. I’m getting fired for this.”

# Step One: Admit You Have a Problem

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: best friend's sibling AU

## Chapter Notes

This has now been put into a series titled "Step by Step" along with a follow up piece :)

Felicity Merlyn has a problem. A six foot, one inch problem with chiseled abs and sandy blonde hair. His name is Oliver Queen and he's her older brother Tommy's best friend.

It's a total cliché, she's well aware and honestly she even judges herself sometimes for it. Oliver isn't exactly a good guy. He parties, a lot. He gets in trouble with the law and drops schools like they're yesterday's newspaper. He also has quite a reputation with women. Well, at least he used to. Lately Oliver's been pretty clean.

The point is he's the exact opposite of Felicity's type.

Only she's insanely attracted to him. So much so that she kissed Oliver last night. Well, kissed is sort of an understatement. Heavily made out with him in the sand is a more adequate description.

It was a stupid move, so incredibly stupid. So why is she still thinking about it?

It's the twentieth annual Queen-Merlyn family beach vacation and the kids – that being Oliver, his younger sister Thea, Tommy, and herself – had come up a few days earlier than the adults. Obviously this meant that Tommy and Oliver were going to throw a huge rager at their multi-million dollar beach mansion – not house, *mansion* – the second night they were there. And that they did.

The party was in full swing. People were throwing each other in the pool, the bass from the music was vibrating the stone patio if that were even possible, and tons of sweaty bodies writhed against each other under the influence of alcohol and probably more than one illegal substance. Most of the partygoers were people Tommy and Oliver had invited and around the same age as them, twenty-two, save for Felicity and Thea at their respective ages of eighteen and seventeen. No one seemed to care though as a red Solo cup was shoved into each of their hands.

Things went on as expected for about the first hour and a half of the party. Thea and Felicity sipped their drinks and danced to the beat of the music together, goofing off and enjoying not having a care in the world for the time being. And seeing as their worlds were pretty complicated, it was a much-needed reprieve. Then a boy in a red hoodie who looked like he was sculpted by the Abercrombie gods started flirting with Thea and that was the end of that.

Felicity didn't mind, honestly. She was starting to get overwhelmed by the atmosphere anyway, could feel the alcohol buzzing in her system and now she would need to take a break soon or risk facing the wrath of Big Brother. So when Thea had asked Felicity if she minded her accepting Abercrombie's invitation to dance, Felicity had wholeheartedly urged her on, which is how she ended up walking down the beach and stumbling upon one very attractive, surprisingly alone Oliver Queen.

"Hey, I heard there's a huge party going on back that way. Lots of booze, lots of girls. Sounds like your kind of scene."

At the sound of her voice, Oliver shifts his gaze from the foaming edges of the sea to the blonde walking towards where he's seated in the sand. A genuine smile spreads across his face as he beckons for Felicity to join him.

"Yeah, thought I might check it out a little later. What are you doing down here?"

"Oh you know, just getting some fresh air."

She leaves out the part where his little sister left to grind with some guy. Probably not what he wants to hear about.

"What about you? Isn't it rude for the host to leave his own party?"

"Probably. But when has that ever stopped me before?"

"Point."

Felicity takes a seat beside him, careful not to get too close. There's no telling what she'll do with a little liquid courage in her.

They sit in silence for a few minutes; both of them content to watch the rolling and breaking of waves on the California coast. The sounds of the ocean lull them into a sense of calm and security, the scent of the sea carried on the breeze.

It's Oliver who breaks the silence.

"Laurel's here."

"Oh."

So *that's* why he's avoiding the party.

"I don't... It's not that I want to get back together with her or that I'm jealous of her and Tommy. It's just... I'm realizing that who I was with her is not who I want to be anymore and

seeing her, it reminds me of how much I've screwed up."

Wow. Okay, she was not expecting that. At all.

"Am I a bad person, Felicity? Be honest."

Felicity studies his profile, trying to discern if he's only saying this because he's been drinking or if it comes from a genuine place. To her surprise, he appears almost completely sober and a glance down at his hand reveals that he's holding a water bottle, not a glass of beer like she had expected to find.

"No. No, you're not a bad person, Oliver. You've just made some mistakes, that's all."

He turns to look at her, blue meeting blue like the tides before them.

"I've fucked up so much of my life. I don't know where to start putting it back together."

"People make mistakes. It happens. What's important is you acknowledge that and learn from them. I don't think you're as irredeemable as you believe yourself to be."

His gaze is captivating, a whirlwind of emotions that sucks her in, beckons to her to come closer like a siren's song. Without realizing it she begins to lean in, gaze flickering down to his mouth for the briefest of seconds before returning to his face, only to find Oliver doing the same.

"You really believe that?"

His voice is deeper than it was a second ago and possesses an edge that has Felicity shivering for reasons that have nothing to do with the chilly ocean breeze. In fact, the shiver strikes a heat in her, sends her heart racing as she moves closer still.

"Yeah, I do."

And then in what is probably the stupidest move she's ever made, Felicity surges forward to press her mouth against Oliver's.

At first she freezes against him in shock at her own actions. She just kissed Oliver Queen, a guy four years older than her, a guy who is her older brother's best friend. For someone with a genius IQ, this really was an idiotic idea.

But then something happens that makes any form of coherent thought impossible. He kisses her back.

Threading his fingers through the hair at the back of her head, Oliver changes the angle of the kiss. It's deeper, more sensual and Felicity's toes curl in the sand at the sensation. Eager for more, she presses forward, parting her lips when his tongue begs for entrance. A groan leaves Oliver's mouth and it sends a thrill through Felicity that only serves to further her enthusiasm.



Somehow she ends up in his lap, straddling Oliver as his mouth breaks away from hers and trails down her jawline to the delicate expanse of her neck. Running her hands through his newly cropped hair, Felicity pulls Oliver closer to her and moans in approval when he sucks at her sensitive flesh. He bites and tastes and laves his tongue over the area until she's sure it's bruised, the rough feel of his stubble against her skin heightening the sensation. With a wet pop, he releases the skin, groaning as Felicity dips her head to return the favor.

"We shouldn't be doing this."

She would be concerned if he didn't practically growl the words at her while tightening his grip on her waist to pull her further into his lap.

"No, we shouldn't."

Their mouths meet once again, furiously pressing against each other as their hands wander.

"You're Tommy's little sister."

His hands wander to her ass and squeeze.

"You're Thea's older brother."

Hers slip beneath the hem of Oliver's Polo to run across his defined torso.

"I'm bad for you."

His hips jerk up into hers, causing them both to moan into each other's mouths.

"I don't care."

And it might have gone further had it not been for the whooping and hollering of drunken college kids a couple yards in the distance.

The ocean might as well have come up the shore and crashed down on them. Felicity scrambles off of Oliver's lap at a speed even she didn't know she possessed. They stare at each other, wide-eyed and unmoving, like deer caught in headlights. Neither one of them knows exactly what to make of what just happened.

Unknowingly, Felicity lifts a hand to her mouth, gently running her fingers over kiss-swollen lips. Oliver's eyes track the motion before quickly looking away.

"I, uhm, better go back to the party before Tommy starts worrying."

"That's a good idea."

"I'll... see you later?"

The words come out more as a question than a statement because honestly, she wouldn't be surprised if he spent the rest of this vacation avoiding her like the plague.

“Yeah.”

“Okay, then.”

The sting of tears behind her eyes has Felicity quickly turning on her heel and striding towards the house.

The tears start falling before she even makes it back.

So why does all of this matter? It matters because now she’s sitting across from Oliver at dinner with both of their families, trying to avoid eye contact at all costs. And people are starting to notice that something’s off. Thea has already given Felicity a weird look more than once and Tommy actually asked if she was feeling okay. If the ground opened up and swallowed her whole she would be forever grateful.

“Felicity, darling, are you sure you’re alright? You’ve barely touched your food.”

The blonde glances at Moira Queen sitting diagonal from her and manages a small, placating smile.

“I’m fine. Just had a big lunch and a few too many snacks is all.”

It’s a lie. She hasn’t eaten all day.

“Oh, well then maybe you and Oliver would like to take some of the plates into the kitchen and start cleaning since you both seem to be finished.”

Felicity tries her best not to startle at the sound of *his* name, but can’t help the quick flicker of her eyes from mother to son and then back again.

“I can do it. It’s fine. Oliver doesn’t have to help. I’m sure he has other things he would rather be doing.”

“No, I don’t have anything planned. I can help you.”

Why, oh, why does he insist on helping? Isn’t it pretty clear she’s embarrassed enough without being in close proximity to him? She would think he’d jump at the chance to not be near her.

“Wonderful. Thank you, sweetheart.”

They go about collecting a few empty dishes off the table, the clink of silverware mixing with the conversation of those gathered in the large dining room overlooking the sea. Felicity doesn’t glance at Oliver once as they head for the kitchen, making a beeline for the sink as soon as she steps through the door.

“You can leave the plates on the counter. I’ll rinse them and put them in the dishwasher.”

Please just go away.

“Felicity.”

“Seriously, it’s fine. It won’t take me that long.”

She flicks on the facet and grabs the first plate, scrubbing furiously at it with the soapy sponge.

“*Felicity.*”

“There aren’t even that many dishes yet. Maybe five minutes top. You’re good.”

“*Felicity!*”

The sudsy serving plate almost slips from her hands at the forcefulness of his voice. She gently places it at the bottom of the sink and braces her hands on the counter, eyes screwed shut.

“What?”

“Look at me.”

She doesn’t, can’t. The humiliation from last night flares back up, tears pricking her eyes.

“What do you want, Oliver? I’m sorry, okay? It was a mistake. We were drinking. It happens.”

“I wasn’t drunk.”

Her body stiffens as Felicity feels him come closer, stepping up behind her. She refuses to turn around.

"Okay. You weren't drunk. I was."

No she wasn't. Tipsy, maybe. Drunk, no.

"No you weren't."

Damn it.

Sighing, Felicity shakes her head and allows it to hang dejectedly.

"What do you want, Oliver?"

"In a word? You."

An involuntary shudder rakes through her at his reply, slight arousal mixing with stunned surprise. Oliver takes another step closer and cages her in, hands landing just outside of Felicity’s on the counter as he gently presses his chest against her back.

“Truth is, I’ve wanted you for awhile now. And not just for your body. You’re remarkable, Felicity, mind, body, and soul. I’ve never come across anyone quite like you and now that

I've tasted what it's like to have you, I can't get it out of my mind."

By the end of his confession, Oliver's head has fallen to rest against the back of hers. The feel of his hot breath against the back of her neck coupled with his confession has Felicity trembling, fighting desperately for control.

This whole time she thought it had been a drunken accident, a horrible mistake on her part. To know that he can't get their encounter on the beach out of his memory either is... it's game changing.

"Oliver? Felicity? Everything alright in there?"

With a frustrated sigh, Oliver distances himself from her, but not before placing a tender kiss on the back of her neck, left bare by her high ponytail. Even that brief moment of contact is enough to send Felicity's body reeling as blood rushes through her veins.

"Yeah, Mom, everything is fine!"

She can feel his gaze burning into her skin even as Oliver answers Moira's enquiry and she can't help shifting a little on her feet.

"Felicity, you don't have to say anything right now. But I needed to make sure that you know this isn't one sided. I was as much a participant in what happened last night as you were. So just... think about it, okay? I'm going to check if there are anymore plates that need to be cleared."

She listens to the sound of his retreating footsteps, chancing a glance in Oliver's direction just as he exits the room. With a sigh she shakes her head and grabs the abandoned dish from the bottom of the sink, returning to her previous task in hopes of distraction as she whispers to herself.

"Pull it together. He's only going to cause you trouble."

Felicity Merlyn has a problem and his name is Oliver Queen

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