

Keep You On My Side

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Keep You On My Side

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Summary

“This man is sitting in my seat and he refuses to move.”

Oliver leaned over the lady in the aisle seat and waved. “Hi. Didn’t steal her seat because it’s actually mine.”

Bad luck meddles, and decides to double-book a plane seat to both Oliver and Felicity. Arguing over who gets to sit for half an hour doesn’t *exactly* make for the best first impression, and the only thing the two seem to agree on, is that it’ll never be too soon for them to be out of one another’s lives. Forever. Because it’s not like they will ever see the other again... right?

Notes

Hey guys! Here is a fun little piece we’ve worked on since early December. We’re finally ready to share it with you, and we both hope you like it!

A gazillion of thanks to beta extraordinaire @kxmalakhan who helped polish this text into what it is today. In regards to the story itself, Morgan dealt with Felicity’s POV and Manon with Oliver’s (and two train seat-stealers provided us with the inspiration for this fic).

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Problem, sir?

“36A... 36A...” Felicity muttered to herself as she walked down the center aisle of the plane in search of her seat. Her feet were killing her – she was seriously regretting not taking the time to change out of her heels before heading to the airport. The sooner she could sit down, the happier she would be.

When she arrived at row 36, she shifted her bag over to her other shoulder and looked up to find... someone sitting in her seat and looking out the window. Double checking her ticket one last time to make sure she was definitely supposed to be in seat A, she reached out to tap the man on his shoulder.

“Um, excuse me sir but–”

He turned to face her and her words caught in her throat. Annoyance marred his handsome face and she had a feeling he wasn’t going to be keen on her kicking him out of his–her seat.

Oh well.

She put on the most pleasant smile she could muster after a day of dealing with a breach in the server firewall at work. “I’m sorry, but you’re in my seat, so would you mind moving?”

He crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow at her, “This is my seat.”

She held out her ticket and pointed at the label on the seat. “36A. *My* seat.”

Another older lady arrived at their row and tapped on Felicity’s shoulder. “Excuse me miss, I need to get into my seat.”

“Seriously?” Felicity sighed in exasperation. “Are you assigned to 36A too?”

“Uhh no. 36B,” the woman explained, and Felicity shifted apologetically to let her in.

An extra person in between Felicity and the seat stealer only added to the inconvenience of their conversation, but she certainly wasn’t going to deprive someone else of being able to sit down.

“Anyway so...”

“Oliver,” the man introduced himself. “And I see that your ticket says 36A – but so does mine. I was here first, so I’m not moving.”

“Oh I’m sorry, are we in the third grade? Last one’s a rotten egg? I want to sit in my seat, so how about the two of us go get this sorted out?”

The lady in 36B looked back and forth between them awkwardly before slipping a book out of her carry-on and attempting to shut them out.

Oliver raised his hands, “I’m not having a problem. You can go figure it out if it’s so important to you.”

“It’s important to me because I need somewhere to sit and I had somewhere to sit until I discovered you sitting in it.”

He smirked, “How many times do you think you’ve used the words *seat* and *sit* so far in this conversation?”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. It didn’t calm her down.

“Okay do you know how rude you’re being right now?” she snapped. “I have had a *really* terrible day and I just want to sit down and—”

“Excuse me, ma’am?”

Felicity turned and saw a flight attendant standing in the aisle, confusion clear on her face, “Is there a problem I could help you with?”

“Yes...” Felicity checked her name tag, “Lisa. There is something you could help me with. This man is sitting in my seat and he refuses to move.”

Oliver leaned over the lady in the aisle seat and waved. “Hi. Didn’t steal her seat because it’s actually mine.”

Felicity handed her ticket to the flight attendant, “As you can see, it’s my seat.”

The attendant turned to Oliver, “She’s right, this is her seat.”

Oliver pulled his ticket out of his bag and handed it over.

“And... it’s also his seat. So I guess we do have a problem. Give me one second and I’m sure this will be resolved,” she assured them and turned to walk back down the aisle.

Felicity pulled out her phone while they waited and shot a quick text to Laurel.

sent at 5:33pm

Made it onto the plane. Dealing with a JERK :/ Can’t wait to see you!

Laurel replied almost immediately.

sent at 5:34pm

Ugh sorry :(See you soon!

When she looked up, the flight attendant was making her way back to their row and the look on her face was not very reassuring.

“On behalf of the airline, I would like to apologize,” she began. “It seems there was a glitch in the system and we double booked this seat.”

Felicity clutched her phone tightly, “So what does that mean for me?”

“The good news is that there happens to be some space open in first class so I would be happy to show you to a seat there.”

Felicity smiled gratefully, “Thank you so much.”

“Wait a minute,” Oliver spoke up. “Why does she get the upgrade? This mess-up has affected me too.”

“Oh really? Because I’m pretty sure that just a minute ago you said that you didn’t have a problem,” Felicity reminded him.

“You were the one who *insisted* on this being your seat, so why don’t you take it and I’ll go sit in first class?”

Felicity shook her head, “Absolutely not. You caused me the inconvenience, I’ll be taking that seat in first class.”

Oliver stood up abruptly and the woman next to him dropped her book into her lap in surprise.

He flashed a charming smile at the flight attendant, “Lisa, I really would like that first class seat.”

Felicity gritted her teeth in frustration, “She offered it to me, not you.” She turned to the flight attendant, “You offered it to me, right Lisa?”

Lisa’s eyes widened, “You know what? I’m almost positive that there are two seats available in first class so how about the three of us all head up there *right now* before the two of you cause any more of a disturbance than you already have?”

Felicity looked around and, noticing that most of the passengers were eyeing them with a mixture of annoyance and amusement, she blushed.

“That sounds like a lovely idea Lisa.”

It had been twenty minutes – *twenty minutes* – and Oliver was greatly considering stabbing his neighbor with the pen he was clutching in his hand.

His day hadn’t started quite so badly. He had gotten up five minutes before his alarm clock, there were no traffic jams on his way to Queen Consolidated, and the sun was shining high in the sky.

Oliver had thought today would have been a good day. He could not have been any more wrong in the matter.

It had all started to go downhill at eleven, when his dad informed him that the board was to hold an emergency meeting at one, after QC's stock lost two points overnight. That meant he had to reschedule his meeting with the head of Applied Sciences concerning the construction of the new building – which meant in turn that he had to miss out on his best friend's rehearsal dinner.

That also meant he had missed the private jet and had been forced to purchase plane tickets. And as luck would have it, the only tickets left were not only a connecting flight, but *also* in economy.

Oliver had to repress a shudder at the thought. He never flew economy.

And then – as if all that wasn't enough –, this girl came up to him and tried to have him kicked out of his own seat. Which resulted in them being escorted to first class where he naively believed he would never have to see her again.

Oh, how wrong had he been.

Because it turned out, as the flight attendant had so conveniently forgotten to specify before, that both the first class seats she had so graciously offered were next to one another. Which made sense, considering the fact that the two people who missed the plane and left a vacancy *were a couple*.

At this point, he was ready to go back to the commercial seat – or even better, make *her* go back to the commercial seat – when the attendant told them that they either took those seats or would be asked to leave the plane altogether. He had already missed out on a part of Tommy's wedding, he wouldn't – couldn't – miss the ceremony.

So he stayed. And came to the conclusion that the universe apparently hated him.

And *now*, to make matters even worse, it had been twenty minutes that the loud music blasting through *her* earphones were preventing him from getting any work done.

Strike that, the universe officially hated him.

Oliver took one deep breath before tapping the girl on the shoulder with a little more force than necessary. As she turned towards him, her eyes shooting daggers in his direction, he let out, “Could you *please* turn off your music? It filters through your earphones and prevents me from working.”

“Well I'm sorry, but I need music to work.”

“What makes your work more important than mine?”

“What makes *yours* more important than *mine*?”

Deciding this wasn't worth the headache this conversation was sure to bring him, Oliver rubbed his temples before asking the flight attendant for another glass of whiskey.

This was going to be a long flight.

When the plane finally landed in Hawaii, Felicity could not be more relieved. She was more than eager to never see Oliver again. Her first class experience had been tainted by his presence – his *aggravating* presence. She wasn't just annoyed because he had been rude to her during the stolen seat fiasco, oh no, he was literally the *worst person* she had ever sat next to on a plane. Yeah, worse than the gross guy who talked in his sleep about his mistress Helen – *in great detail*– the entire way to her conference in Miami. The trip she had forgotten her headphones on.

No, Oliver was way worse. He complained about her music, his fingers never stopped rubbing together in this twitch that made her nervous, he stared at her, he fidgeted, he tapped his pen on the table in front of them for a solid half hour– okay, so maybe Mistress Helen Man was worse, but Oliver was *definitely* number two on her list. He had this attitude about him that reeked of self-proclaimed importance but she didn't care enough to ask him about his *important work* that she was disturbing with her music. Or speak to him at all.

The flight attendant seemed to take an eternity to go over the procedure for disboarding and as soon as their section was dismissed, she was already rising from her seat.

“Wait,” Oliver spoke up and she looked back over her shoulder to see him standing there with her glasses case in his hand. “Wouldn't want to forget these.”

“Thank you,” she muttered, taking the case from him and slipping it into her bag.

Now, she was free from him.

Making her way down to baggage pick-up, she spotted her suitcase coming out of the conveyor belt and grabbed it. As she was maneuvering her way through the terminal, she heard her phone beep and pulled it out to see a text from Laurel.

sent at 1:34am

Sara took one of the rental cars to come get you

Out on the concourse, Felicity scanned the crowd for her friend. She smiled when she spotted Sara waving at her, and she headed in her direction.

“Ugh thank you for coming to get me. I am *so* exhausted.”

Sara hugged her, “No problem. I take it you won't be joining the rehearsal dinner after party when we get to the resort? You missed Tommy and Laurel dueting to a moving karaoke rendition of *Time after Time*.”

Felicity snorted, “Someone better have gotten that on video. And yeah, there is no way I will be joining the party. After the day that I've had, a hot shower and a comfy bed is pretty much the only things I want.”

“No worries, I’ll text it to you asap,” Sara assured her with a grin. “Let’s get you back to that shower and bed. Not going to lie, Laurel and Tommy managed to pick a pretty sweet resort for their wedding. Steam showers, memory foam mattresses, personal balconies that look out over the beach... you might cry when you see your room.”

“Tommy’s favorite thing to do is spoil Laurel, did we really expect anything less?”

Sara shook her head, “Nope. So what happened on the plane? Laurel said you were super ticked when you texted her earlier.”

“Oh, I only had to deal with the biggest jerk ever.” Felicity rolled her eyes, “The airline messed up my ticket and I was double booked with this guy who only made the predicament worse. Between the hacker armada at work and seat stealer, I almost committed murder today, Sara.”

“Yikes,” Sara cringed as she slid into the car.

Felicity sat her suitcase in the trunk before getting into the passenger side. “We ended up both getting upgraded to first class, but *of course* we had to sit next to each other so I couldn’t even enjoy that amazing leg room.”

“Felicity, you’re like 5’ 5”. How much leg room do you really need?”

“Okay, point taken – but he was so annoying.”

Sara started the car and asked, “Worse than that weird guy who told you about his mistress in his sleep?”

Felicity cringed, “I have come to the conclusion that nothing will ever top that, but this was a close second.”

“What exactly did he do that was so annoying? I mean, after the whole *being an ass about the seat mix-up* thing?”

“I don’t know, there was just something about him that got on my nerves,” Felicity insisted. “He fidgeted a lot. And he complained about my music.”

“Mhmm,” Sara nodded. “Was he hot?”

“What? No. I mean maybe– I don’t know.” Felicity got flustered as the image of his face flashed through her mind and she realized that he had been somewhat handsome. Such a shame that it got majorly overshadowed by his awful personality. “That’s not relevant. I’m very glad that I will never see him again.”

For the rest of the ride to the resort, Sara filled her in on the schedule for the remaining wedding festivities. “No one will expect you to emerge until brunch at 10:30, so you can get some good sleep. Sleep off your anger at hot, annoying airplane stranger because we need you to be one of the calm ones if Laurel turns into Bridezilla at the final hour.”

Felicity huffed, “He wasn’t hot.”

And so we meet again

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! Thank you so much for the enthusiastic and warm response to the first chapter of this fic! It goes beyond what we could have imagined, and we're very thankful for all the nice feedback we've received in the past couple of days.

Without further ado, here is chapter 2, and we really hope you enjoy this one as much as we did writing it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oliver! My man! Or, best man, as it is,” Oliver heard Tommy’s voice coming from the entryway of the outdoor restaurant. “Woah. Has anyone told you that you look like shit today?”

That was probably the understatement of the year, Oliver thought. As he had headed to his room around 2am the previous night, he had been exhausted but still unable to sleep. Try as he might, his brain refused to shut down and grant him some rest. With a grand total of four hours of sleep, this was going to be a long day. Even the hour he spent in the hotel’s pool wasn’t enough to wake him up completely, and he was currently nursing his third cup of black coffee – at 9am.

“No, but I’m sure they wanted to give you the honors of doing so.”

“And I’m very grateful of that fact!” Tommy replied in a chirpy tone. “So, is the corporate world kicking your ass again?”

“You could say that.”

“Or was it the plane that killed you? I heard a rumor that the great Oliver Queen had to fly coach,” he mock-whispered, leaning conspiratorially across the table. “How did you survive with so little leg room? And babies wailing everywhere?”

Oliver couldn’t help the grin that overtook his features at his best friend’s comments. Tommy’s joy was always contagious, no matter whether they were nineteen and downing shots as if it were water, or twenty-eight and on the morning of his wedding.

“Sorry to disappoint, but we got upgraded to first class.”

“‘We’? What ‘we’? I sense a story there. Tell me more.”

“It was nothing, just this annoying blonde girl who accused me of having stolen her seat and tried to have me kicked out of the plane. She was a pain in my ass for the entirety of the

flight, even after the attendant got us seats in first class.”

“Was she hot?” Tommy inquired, wiggling his eyebrows in ridiculous manner.

Thinking back on it, Oliver realized he’d never even considered her physical appearance during the whole of their interaction – his seventeen-year-old self would be appalled, he thought mirthfully –, which says a lot about the state he’d been in. She hadn’t been his type, exactly. Blond hair, average height, glasses – pretty, but common. The frazzled look with the hair sticking out of her ponytail didn’t help, either.

“She was alright, I guess. But it’s not like it matters, since I’m never gonna see her again. But enough about me: how is the future groom feeling on his wedding day?”

Tommy leaned back in his seat, looking out towards the ocean with a small, peaceful smile, one that Oliver wasn’t used to seeing on him. “I feel oddly calm, actually. It’s like I was meant to do this, you know? Like nothing has ever felt more right.”

“You and Laurel are two of the best suited people I have ever met. I’m happy for you, man,” came Oliver’s reply, as he gave his best friend a pat on the shoulder.

Just as Tommy was going to say something else, his gaze zeroed in on something in the distance, and Oliver smirked at the comical face his friend was making, figuring Laurel had entered the terrace. He was proved right a couple of minutes later when as the party reached their table, he heard her voice announce: “So Felicity, this is Oliver, Tommy’s best man, the person I told you about.”

And then, as Oliver was about to turn around, he heard a voice he remembered *really well* despite his best efforts to obliterate it from his brain completely.

“Oh no.”

For the first time in their short relationship, the feeling was mutual.

This could not be happening.

She knew the minute she approached the table, even though he was facing away from her, that it was him.

How was this happening?

Of all the people in the entire world, how was it that *he* was Tommy’s best man? She wasn’t exactly close with Tommy, so it’s not like she knew his friends, but she had not expected him to be best friends with the world’s biggest jerk.

When he turned around she could tell that the smile on his face was as fake as hers.

She gritted her teeth, “Nice to see you again, Oliver.”

“Again?” Laurel tilted her head in confusion. “I didn’t think you two had ever met?”

“Oh we’ve actually spent a lot of time together,” Oliver replied before adding under his breath, “Far more than I ever wanted to.”

“Yeah, in fact, we sat next to each other on the flight here,” Felicity explained and Laurel and Tommy’s eyes widened in realization, having both received SOS texts during the plane fiasco.

“Oh,” Laurel clasped her hands together and shot Felicity a look that could only be interpreted as *please act like an adult and don’t ruin my wedding by being petty*.

She and Oliver had made enough of a scene on the plane, a truce could be called for their friends’ wedding. Right?

And it’s not like they had to talk to each other beyond this conversation.

She responded to Laurel with an expression of understanding.

Felicity was about to sit down when her phone started vibrating in her clutch. Slipping it out, she saw that it was her boss. As in the Vice President of the entire company, *boss*. That could be a good or really bad thing, but she definitely couldn’t just ignore it. An easy escape from this awkward encounter was also gladly welcomed.

“I’m sorry, it’s work,” she apologized. “I promise that after this call I will totally disconnect myself from that place, but I really should make sure that a full scale meltdown hasn’t occurred since I left. A lot of hand-holding is required in the IT department...”

It only took five seconds after Felicity had left the terrace for Tommy to snicker, “Shit, man. This is the funniest thing to have happened this weekend so far. Thank you for providing free entertainment.”

“Tommy!” Laurel exclaimed.

“What? Don’t tell me you don’t find this funny.”

Laurel rolled her eyes at her future husband and walked over to Sara, who had arrived shortly after the introductions debacle.

“Please refrain from ruining my wedding, though,” Tommy added, pointing a finger in Oliver’s direction. “And wait ‘till the ceremony is over to indulge in some angry sex.”

Feeling decidedly more connected to Laurel than he ever had before, Oliver rolled his eyes as well. Sex with Felicity... yeah, right. Like that was ever gonna happen.

“Whatever you say, Tommy.”

Gulping the remnants of his last cup of coffee, Oliver stood. “I think I’ve stayed seated in this chair for far too long. I’ll head back to my room and try to get some more work done before 10.”

“I’ll walk you up,” Tommy offered, and the two of them waved goodbye to the rest of the brunch party before heading back inside the hotel.

And that’s when he heard it.

“—yes Lucius, definitely. I’ll deal with it as soon as I get back. Mmh. Have the head of Applied Sciences from Queen Consolidated email me, and I’ll fix it. Don’t worry, you know the project means as much to me as it does to you – ok well, maybe not,” she laughed, her voice becoming increasingly clearer and louder as they neared the entrance of the restaurant. “I’ll work on it as soon as I can. Thank you, nice weekend to you too, Lucius.”

If he was confused before, the mention of Queen Consolidated, the company *he* was the VP of, only worsened matters. And *Lucius* ? She could certainly not be speaking to— that would mean— she can’t be— Felicity *must be* a more widespread name than—

Oliver turned abruptly towards his best friend. “Where did you say Felicity worked at, already? And what’s her last name?”

“Felicity? Oh, it’s Smoak, with an ‘a’ and no ‘e’ – and she’s the head of the IT department over at Wayne Enterprises. Why?”

Oh. Oh shit. Oh *fucking* shit. Oh *fucking goddamned* shit.

Rubbing his eyes, Oliver let out, “You know how we’ve just finalized a partnership with Wayne. A partnership I will be overseeing at QC, and that their head of IT will deal with on their side.”

“Wait – you mean, you’ll be working in close relationship with Felicity for the couple of upcoming months? For the sake of a huge government-warranted project that is literally worth millions? Dude, I will give it to you: I didn’t think the situation could get any better, but it *really* has.”

“Speak for yourself,” Oliver grumbled.

He was never flying commercial *ever* again.

When Felicity got back to the table she saw that the open space was between Sara and Laurel’s friend Joanna. And several seats away from Oliver, who she noticed pointedly ignored her return to the group.

“Felicity, it’s so nice to see you,” Joanna greeted her when she sat down. “We missed you at the rehearsal dinner yesterday. How was your flight?”

Felicity took a sip of her mimosa. “Long,” she answered simply, staying true to her silent promise to Laurel to keep her feud with Oliver out of the festivities.

She heard Sara snicker but Joanna must not have noticed. “Oh I know. I had some cases I needed to review and even though I wished that I didn’t have to mix work with my vacation, they did help the time to go a little faster.”

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Oliver excuse himself from the table and stand up to leave. After avoiding looking directly at him since arriving at brunch, she couldn’t help but sneak the tiniest of peeks at him over the rim of her glass. She needed to have a definitive answer to Sara’s question about whether or not she thought he was hot. For science.

She supposed that she had been right about him being handsome, but also he was slightly hot with a nice strong jawline and shoulders that filled out his button down shirt perfectly. And the way his sleeves were pushed up revealed a bit of his tanned, toned arms that...

...that in no way changed her opinion on the fact that he was the worst.

Chapter End Notes

Just as last time, don’t hesitate to let us know what you thought, and what you liked/didn’t like in the comments! We always love to read what you have to say.

This fic will be updated on a weekly basis every Monday from now on. In the meanwhile, you can find us at our respective Twitters at [@queenofoldyork](#) (Morgan) and [@wittyfelicity](#) (Manon), as well as on our blogs at [mogirl97.tumblr.com](#) and [wittyfelicity.tumblr.com](#). See you next Monday!

Don't burn so bright

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry this is a day late! Manon was stranded in Birmingham so we had to postpone... but we think the chapter will make up for it. ;)

Thanks again for all of your feedback, we're so happy to hear that you're enjoying this trope-y goodness as much as we did writing it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Felicity was starving. At her wedding she was definitely going to insist that the eating happened a lot sooner, *not that she was even close to thinking about planning a wedding for her and her nonexistent groom*, but still. She smoothed her hands over the plum colored fabric of her bridesmaid dress as she waited to be repositioned for another photo, and hoped that the grumbling sound of her stomach was only audible to her.

“Hungry?” Sara whispered over her shoulder, causing her to startle.

“A little,” she whispered back.

“Me too,” Thea chimed in, fanning herself with her hand as they all melted under the hot, beachy air.

“I think this is the last one that we’re in and then we can hightail it to the reception hall,” Joanna muttered from the other side of her. “Sorry Sara, they’re doing family ones next.”

“Yay,” Sara deadpanned. “Please remind me when I’m planning my wedding that I’ll want to eat something before the marathon picture session.”

“That’s exactly what I was—” Felicity began before she was interrupted by the photographer asking them to smile and she turned her attention back to him.

Out of the corner of her eye she thought she spotted Oliver turn his head away quickly, like he had been looking at her while she was talking, but she shook the thought away. It was random enough that they had both ended up at the exact same destination without her imagination running wild. What reason would he have for staring at her except to glare metaphorical daggers? She was interested in getting through this wedding without any awkward encounters where they would be forced to acknowledge the fact that they had sparked up a strong dislike for each other on the way here. Getting past such a disastrous first impression would be downright impossible. Perhaps she was being a tad bit dramatic, but something about him just rubbed her in all the wrong ways. Which was sort of a shame, because his looks certainly made him seem like the kind of guy who—

Oh no. No. No. There would be absolutely no thinking that way.

Finally, the photographer dismissed the wedding party, save for Sara, so that he could take the family photos. She waved at Sara with fake sympathy and Sara stuck her tongue out in return as she walked with Joanna and Thea up the beach towards the building where the reception would be held.

Joanna laughed, “I hope the photographer captured that. A true portrait of beauty and grace.”

When they got to the reception hall where the rest of the guests were already seated and eating, Felicity eagerly set out in the direction of the table where the wedding party was supposed to sit. Laurel hadn’t wanted a traditional set-up where they were facing out towards the entire room, but instead had them at a round table like everyone else.

“I don’t want people coming up to bother me while I’m eating,” she had explained and gestured over to a fancy couch in the corner of the room. “Tommy and I will sit over there afterwards and people can come congratulate us then.”

Eating was clearly a high priority for everyone at this shindig.

She circled around the table and looked for her placecard amongst the other bridesmaids and groomsmen. Finding her name right beside Sara’s, she pulled the chair out to sit down and peered at the place card on the other side of her.

Of course.

When did it get decided that Oliver and Felicity had a permanent seating arrangement next to each other?

This was really messing up her plan of avoiding him.

Oliver slid two fingers in between his skin and the collar of his suit, trying to loosen it a little and avoid suffocation. It was uncomfortably warm for mid-October, even in Hawaii – a weather to lie half-naked on a beach in, not one meant for staying under the sun for half an hour for the sake of wedding photos.

Thank God that part was over with.

And that the reception hall had appropriate AC.

But of course, because it seems the universe was intent on making everything go *wrong* this weekend, something bad had to happen right then and there.

His first clue should have been the fact that as soon as he stepped into the room, he found himself once again at the receiving end of what he’d dubbed Felicity’s “dagger glare” (which, if he was honest with himself, was more adorable than truly frightening. Or rather, as frightening as an angry kitten can be.). But for some unknown reason, he wasn’t phased by it

– figured she was still pissed because of the plane incident, even though his frustration had mainly morphed into deeply-rooted annoyance.

And that's when he got to the table where the wedding party was to sit.

More precisely: that's when he got to the table *and saw he was to be seated on Felicity's left for the whole night.*

He turned around and decided that he wasn't ready to deal with that yet, and spotted Tommy leaning against the bar that overlooked the beach, watching as the photographer took pictures of the Lance sisters – just like the ones that had been taken of Tommy and him not fifteen minutes ago. Taking off his jacket (still too warm), Oliver walked over to his best friend.

"Tommy."

"Yeah?"

"Why am I seated on the opposite side of the table from you and Laurel and next to Felicity no less?"

"Oh that? Well, since you and Felicity were the only two of our close friend group who hadn't met before, Laurel figured that by sitting you next to one another you'd have an opportunity to become friends. Of course, we couldn't really *plan* that you'd be seated next to one another for ten hours on a plane and didn't become friends at all. Sorry, bro. At least Roy is on your other side?"

"Can't we switch the placeholders or something?"

"Change the–? Oliver, remember that time I crashed at your place for a night because I said me and Laurel had a fight?"

"Yeah?"

"We had a fight *over seat placement* . Or more precisely, we had a fight over seat placement which lead Laurel to decide I was unfit to even *look* at the seating charts after I told her they didn't really matter. Do you even *know* how complicated it is to create a seating arrangement? At some point I thought she was going to start ripping her hair out because of it. So sorry buddy, but no changing the assigned seats unless you wanna find yourself on Laurel's bad side. Tonight's the first day of my honeymoon Oliver, and I fully intend on having sex with my wife instead of sleeping on the couch. You'll have to deal with it. Oh," he added a second later as he spotted Laurel waving him back down onto the beach, "looks like I'm needed again down there. Gotta go. Try not to commit murder while I'm gone."

"No promises."

Oliver almost voiced the thought that the day couldn't go any worse, but knowing Fate's ability to screw him over, he figured it was safer not to. Knock on wood and all that.

"Well," he thought instead, "at least I'll be able to talk to my baby sister's delinquent boyfriend for the entire dinner. Great."

But for now Roy was probably somewhere with Thea, and his parents were off talking to some old friends, and there wasn't anything else to be done other than take his seat alongside Felicity, who was actively trying to pretend he wasn't there.

Everything was just *great* .

Felicity survived dinner by pointedly avoiding having to talk to Oliver. And wine. Wine helped to numb her hyper awareness of his presence.

While Laurel and Tommy had their first dance, she angled her chair ever so slightly away from him so that she could pretend he wasn't there.

Ignoring him was basically her strategy for the entire rest of the weekend since completely avoiding him had proved impossible.

After the couple's first dance and the father-daughter dance, she was dragged onto the dance floor by Sara and Joanna who were also dateless for the wedding but intent on not letting that stop them from having fun.

"Where's Nyssa this weekend?" she asked Sara as they got swept into a group of people.

Sara frowned, "She couldn't make it. Something came up with the family business."

"That's a bummer. I guess you'll just be stuck as my dance partner," Felicity quipped, extending her hand.

"I suppose you'll do," Sara assessed, a grin betraying the teasing underneath her critical tone, and grabbed her hand.

They made it through a few songs, including some cheesy wedding staples like the YMCA and Macarena, without incident before Laurel decided it was time for the bouquet toss.

With the way this weekend had gone thus far, you can guess what happened.

Despite her protests, she had gotten pushed into the group of single girls interested in catching the prized bouquet. In the end, she hadn't had a good enough excuse not to, she *was* single after all.

Despite not wanting to even catch that darned bouquet, it had sailed right in her direction. She knew Laurel didn't exactly have the best aim, and really who could when you were tossing something back over your shoulder, so she wasn't intentionally trying to send it her way, but it was like that bouquet was practically magnetized towards her. It was either have it hit her in the head or catch it and she chose the latter. Her updo had taken a long time to be perfectly put into place by the stylist that morning; death by kamikaze flowers would be a cruel way for it to go.

And so, as some of the girls around her sighed in disappointment, she ended up clutching the bouquet in her hands.

Which in all honesty, could have worked out perfectly fine. There were plenty of attractive men at the wedding, college buddies of Tommy's, cousins of Laurel's, a nice selection of guys to be potentially paired with should they catch the garter.

Naturally though, that's not what happened...

Chapter End Notes

We'd apologize for that cliffhanger but... we're not really sorry. Trust us, next chapter will be worth it.

Just as usual, don't hesitate to let us know what you thought, and what you liked/didn't like in the reviews! We always love to read what you have to say.

This fic will be updated on a weekly basis every Monday from now on. In the meanwhile, you can find us at our respective Twitters at [@queenofoldyork](#) (Morgan) and [@wittyfelicity](#) (Manon), as well as on our blogs at [mogirl97.tumblr.com](#) and [wittyfelicity.tumblr.com](#). See you next Monday!

I don't think you're ready for this

Chapter Notes

Yeah... we don't really have an excuse for being late this time, as much as we kinda sorta forgot to update? In any case, this chapter should prove to be... sufficiently entertaining to sustain you for a while until the season finale airs. Hopefully.

As usual, thank you all so much for all of the great feedback, it means a lot to the both of us – and we really hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Oliver checked his phone for the fifth time in the past half hour, almost wishing there would be a business emergency at QC that would give him an excuse to get out of the room for at least a little while.

But no. Nothing. Where were business emergencies when they were really needed?!

Sighing for the fiftieth time in the past half hour, he watched in disinterest as a clump of women gathered on the dance floor for the traditional bouquet toss. His interest was only mildly piqued when Felicity almost got hit in the face with it.

Oliver snickered internally.

His merriment was short lived though, as the garter... *thing* was about to happen, and a herd of single men replaced the women.

He looked at his phone again, and was jolted out of his thoughts by a hand – *Tommy's*, he realized a second too late – which was dragging him to the front of the group.

Oh *hell* no.

“Tommy—”

“The only way you're getting out of this is by being in a serious committed relationship, and then you'll owe me a bottle of that Russian vodka of yours for having kept this from me.”

Oliver stared blankly at him.

“Yeah, that's what I thought,” he gloated after a meaningful beat of silence.

“Alright everyone!” Tommy yelled, turning towards the crowd gathered at the edges of the dancefloor. “It is now time for me to take the garter off this lovely lady I am now proud to

call my wife,” he winked in Laurel’s direction, to which she bowed with a laugh. “May the fittest of these worthy men behind me win the prize!”

Tommy then turned back to Laurel, and proclaimed, “This one’s for you babe!” as a 2000s song began to play, accompanied by laughs from the crowd. Something about a girl’s body being too *bootylicious* (was that even a word?), from what Oliver could hear from the lyrics, and it was so ridiculously and so unbelievably *Tommy* that he couldn’t help but join in the laughter.

Tommy ducked under Laurel’s full skirt and took his time taking the garter off her leg. She apparently didn’t seem to mind, but rather appeared to be having a good time based on the way she was wiggling on her chair at the rhythm of the beat. Oliver could see from his peripheral vision that the four bridesmaids were dancing in the corner – and *that’s* when he remembered that it was *Felicity* who had caught the bouquet, which meant grabbing the garter was a definite *no-no* .

This is precisely the moment Tommy chose to reappear from between Laurel’s legs, emerging from a mountain of tulle, the garter proudly hanging from between his teeth. He then wrapped it around his wrist as he motioned for one of the staff members to bring him something.

Laughter echoed in the room again as Tommy grabbed the football he was handed and put the garter around it, adding something about needing to “make this a little more manly” (which, in turn, earned him a light slap on the back of his head from Laurel).

Tommy turned his back to the group of men, in position to throw the ball from under his arm, as he hollered, “Are you ready?”

He started a countdown, quickly echoed by the champagne-drinking, camera-holding crowd surrounding them.

5.

4.

3.

2.

1.

And that’s when he threw the football *directly* into Oliver’s chest, who caught it by habit.

And that’s when Oliver realized that *he had caught the goddamned fucking ball* .

And that’s when Oliver figured out that he would have to put the *goddamned* garter on *Felicity* , and that they would need to dance a fucking *slow dance* together.

And that’s when Oliver wished he would wake up in his Starling City bed from this absolute *nightmare* , ready to take the jet with his family for Tommy’s wedding and never having had

to spend a flight from *hell* seated next to his future *business partner* .

But no, this was reality, and according to Felicity's loud "*NO!*", he wasn't the only one displeased by the situation.

Oliver made up his mind: he *was* going to commit murder this weekend, but his first victim would be none other than Tommy.

He took a deep breath as he removed the garter from the football and shot Tommy a vicious glare – that *little shit* was positively beaming in his direction. His mind kept spinning circles over the fact that *he couldn't believe this was happening* and *why does the universe fucking hate him so fucking much* . Its sense of humor was definitely of very poor taste.

He risked a glance in the dreaded spotlight's direction (that was where he was heading, after all), and saw Laurel rising from the wooden chair she was previously perched on while Felicity took her place, failing to hide her annoyance.

"Well, makes two of us," he thought.

Tommy motioned to the DJ to start the music and one of those ridiculous strip-tease songs began to fill the room. Clenching his fist, he fought the urge to punch the shit-eating grin right off of Tommy's face – he doubted Laurel would appreciate such a display – and walked to the center of the dancefloor.

Here goes nothing .

As he stopped in front of the chair and looked at Felicity's face, he noticed her gaze was focused on the knot of his tie – just as his had been focused on her feet as he made his way to her. They probably made a very contrasting image to carefree and happy Tommy-and-Laurel from earlier, what with uneasiness and embarrassment clouding the air around them like a suffocating mist.

"Better make this quick," he muttered. "For both our sakes."

Oliver knelt down in front of her carefully, and her gaze suddenly fixed beyond his head on the spotlights above them.

Mimicking Tommy's earlier actions, he let the garter slide around his wrist before he raised Felicity's right ankle off the ground and dragged the garter up to rest around her bent knee.

Oliver's fingers froze.

There was no way to not make this any less awkward.

He glanced up to Felicity's face, and saw her gaze hadn't moved, still looking without seeing at the blinding lights.

Rip off the bandaid, right?

He rubbed the fingers of his right hand quickly and wrapped them loosely around her ankle. Moving the leg aside a bit, he scooted a bit closer. (He couldn't help but think with mirth that this was probably the first time he wasn't trying desperately hard to peek at a girl's panties – and what those hid – as he was on his knees in front of them. But then again, this was Felicity, friend of his friend, plane seat stealer, future co-worker. All-in-all, that was a thing he *really* didn't need to see.)

Hand still around her ankle, Oliver used his left one to drag the garter up and up and *up* , studiously keeping his fingers on the lace of the garter and not moving from those self-imposed borders.

Until, just as he deemed the garter high enough (but not *too* high), he slipped.

And he found himself with his fingers pressing against the soft skin of the inside of her thigh.

And *oh* , how soft it was, and he couldn't help but wonder what the *rest* of her would feel like, and–

Oliver's alarmed glance went up and up and *up* and met Felicity's, and it was as if tendrils of electricity shot from this singular point of contact and shocked them both back into reality.

He snatched his hand away quicker than he'd thought possible, and suddenly it was as if time started hurling back at dizzying speeds, jostling them away from that strange moment.

The music was still blaring loudly through the reception hall, deafening hollers came from all sides, and some flashes added to the white spotlights directed on them.

Rising swiftly from his spot on the ground, Oliver put on his Felicity-disapproved sardonic smile to wear off the remnants of awkwardness lingering around them.

“Need a hand?” he asked her, as she was still sitting on the chair.

She scowled at him, and Oliver figured everything was back to plane levels of normal.

His smile widened.

Felicity wasn't sure what had just happened.

One second, they were both just trying to get through this stupid tradition as fast as they could and the next second she was really enjoying the way his fingers felt on her leg.

Enjoying. Oliver. Touching. Her. Leg.

Had she gone insane?

At first she wasn't sure if it was intentional or not but with the way he ripped his fingers off of her like her skin was on fire she had a feeling it was an accident.

So then the whole thing was over and he was giving her that stupid grin that she hated and it was back to reality.

Their friends were hooting and hollering and she wanted a hole to open up in the floor and swallow her.

He extended a hand to her to help her up off the chair and she scowled as she remembered that they still had to dance.

Did that smile on his face mean he was looking forward to dancing with her or that he was enjoying how annoyed this was making her?

Because she was annoyed. Mostly because when his fingers were skimming her thigh her stupid brain had imagined those fingers creeping just a tiny bit higher and she totally did not want to be in a situation with him where that was happening. *Ever.*

She took a deep breath and stood up pointedly without his help.

“You know you’re going to have to hold my hand while we dance, right?” he whispered in her ear as he snaked an arm around her waist and tugged her in close. “And the sooner you cooperate, the sooner we can be done.”

He made a good point.

She interlocked her fingers with his and they swayed slowly to the music. And honestly it wasn’t that bad.

A little awkward? Yes. Everyone was watching them and they were moving a little stiffly and she was a little concerned that there might be some foot trampling.

But was it awful? No. He didn’t have sweaty hands and he didn’t smell bad and he actually seemed to know how to dance a little bit and if she didn’t insist on staying 9 inches away from him they might not actually look so awkward.

On a scale of her Junior Prom to Cinderella at the ball it was at least a 7.

That made no sense.

But quite frankly, neither had anything that had happened to her this weekend.

Before she was aware of what was happening, he dipped her back and she stifled a yelp of surprise. His face was so close to hers and they could kiss... if it wasn’t for the fact that they hated each other.

“Don’t believe for one second that this means I like you, Felicity Smoak.”

“Rest assured, the feeling is mutual,” she muttered and he grinned as he returned her to her feet.

She hated that stupid grin.

Chapter End Notes

Just as usual, don't hesitate to let us know what you thought, and what you liked/didn't like in the reviews! We always love to read what you have to say.

Since we apparently suck at sticking to a schedule, let's just say this fic will be updated sometime in the first three days of every week. In the meanwhile, you can find us at our respective Twitters at @queenofoldyork (Morgan) and @wittyfelicity (Manon), as well as on our blogs at mogirl97.tumblr.com and wittyfelicity.tumblr.com. See you next Monday!

Without restraint

Chapter Notes

A week late, but better late than never... right? (Trying to post when we're in timezones 6 hours apart has proven to be a bit of a challenge.) This is the penultimate chapter so the story is drawing to a close, but we really hope you enjoy all the fun going on in this!

This chapter is what earns the story its very low M rating, so if that's not your kind of thing, you might want to skip a couple of lines at the end... just sayin'.

As usual, thank you all so much for all of the great feedback, it means a lot to the both of us – and we really hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After her dance with Oliver, Felicity was ready to sit down with a glass of wine. She stopped off at the bar and then made her way back to their table. When she got there she saw that Thea, Roy, and Oliver were taking a break from the dance floor as well. Thea and Roy were absorbed in their own conversation and barely acknowledged her when she sat down and Oliver had his face in his phone. Probably checking on that *very important work* of his.

She pulled her own phone out of her clutch and saw notifications for a few emails from her assistant displayed. Setting it down on the table, she turned her gaze back out to the dance floor and watched her friends while she sipped her wine. Work could wait until this weekend was over.

She smiled sadly as she saw Laurel and Tommy dancing together, totally lost in their own world. Sacrifices had been made for her to achieve her position at work and one of those was any semblance of a love life. Most of the time it didn't bother her, but seeing her friends so happy together, she was hit with a pang of loneliness.

The sound of her phone buzzing pulled her focus from the dance floor and she saw that her mom was calling. An inner debate occurred in her head just like every time her mom called as to whether or not she should pick up. She was at a wedding, she had a justifiable reason not to, but at the same time she hadn't spoken to her mom in a while and there was a slim chance that she was calling to ask about the status of her promotion. A *slim* chance.

She decided to just answer it and took a deep breath before greeting her mom.

“Hi sweetheart!” she replied.

“What's up Mom?”

“Where are you? I can barely hear you over the noise.”

“I’m at Laurel and Tommy’s wedding in Hawaii, remember?”

“Oooh that’s right! So who’d you take?”

“What?”

“WHO DID YOU TAKE AS A DATE?” her mom raised her voice, repeating the question and Felicity moved the phone away from her ear.

She looked around sheepishly and saw that Oliver, Thea, and Roy’s attention had been caught.

Turning away slightly, she answered quietly, “I didn’t take anyone Mom. I’m just here by myself.”

“Sweetheart that’s tragic.”

She rubbed the bridge of her nose and sighed. She was so not in the mood for this conversation. Why didn’t her mom ever answer the questions she wanted to ask? Like, *sweetheart how does it feel to be promoted to Vice President of your company after just a few short years of slogging away in the IT department?*

Instead, it always came back to the status of her romantic entanglements.

“Look Mom, it’s really hard to hear you in here. I’ll call you back later.”

She ended the call before her mom could add some comment about finding someone else who was at the wedding alone to spend the night with.

Taking a sip of her wine, she pressed her fingers against her eyelids to ward off the migraine that she could feel coming on.

“Are you okay?”

She looked over at Oliver in surprise. She didn’t think he had a tone of voice that wasn’t smug, aggravating, or irritated.

“Yeah... I just...” She stood up. “I just need to get out of here for a few minutes.”

He raised a concerned eyebrow.

“Headache,” she offered as an explanation.

Oliver had been staring at his phone for the past half hour, out of sheer boredom.

He could pretend all he wanted it was because he didn’t feel like getting roped into going on the dancefloor again – in truth, he just felt lonely.

Usually, weddings were fun, because he and Tommy would spend the whole event together, drinking and laughing and getting laid.

But this wedding was *Tommy's*, which made a world of a difference, as his best friend and his new wife were gazing lovingly into each other's eyes, while he was sitting at the table.

Alone.

He would be lying to himself if he claimed that watching the man he considered a brother get married to the love of his life while he hadn't had a serious relationship in years didn't send a pang of pure *want* slice through his being. He yearned to have that, that stability and support and love, with someone, but Queen Consolidated swallowed all of his time like a never-ending black hole.

He'd almost missed out on the ceremony, for God's sake.

Maybe he needed to reevaluate his priorities. But he couldn't do that now, not when the stock market was more ruthless than ever – not when the life-saving contract with Wayne could prevent budget and staff cuts.

His private life could come second, if it meant employees were able to keep their jobs – if families could keep their houses and workers their retirement benefits and great minds a place to express their talents.

He was dragged out of his thoughts by the sound of a feminine voice shrieking something about dates on the other side of a phone line. Turning his head around, he realized the shrill sound was coming from Felicity's phone, who stood as the epitome of embarrassment as she glanced around the table.

Oliver furrowed his brows as he listened to the rest of the one-sided conversation (thankfully the woman had stopped yelling) with barely hidden interest. *So what?* He was bored, and this was always more interesting than staring at his lockscreen, pretending to be captivated by the static image.

Felicity hung up before throwing the phone on the table, shoulders slumped and fingers pressing on her eyelids. Oddly enough, it felt to Oliver as if she illustrated all he'd felt inside only moments before. A weird feeling of empathy surged in him then, as he remembered her quiet and wistful and resolved tone of voice when she told her mother she was alone at a wedding, and the quiet and wistful and resolved look in her eyes when she stared, just as he had, at the newlyweds dancing in their new own little world.

It was the moment Oliver realized that maybe, *just maybe*, they were more similar than they'd first thought.

It was that same inexplicable unwilling wave of empathy that prompted him to ask, in a way uncharacteristically devoid of the sarcasm or anger that had been the DNA of their interaction thus far, but full of surprising sincerity, if she was okay. He almost regretted it when her eyes shot to his in evident astonishment, thinking she probably was going to blow him off – but then she surprised him again by answering, just as sincerely as his enquiry had been. She rose

off the table and left him behind, full of that odd feeling of concern he had no idea what to do with, and—

“So, when’s the wedding?”

Oliver startled, suddenly brought out of his thoughts by the light chime of his sister’s voice. Turning towards her, he noticed she was occupying Roy’s seat, and that her boyfriend was nowhere to be seen. *When had he left?!*

Thea’s expectant eyes were fixated on him, and Oliver realized after a beat that she’d asked him a question and was awaiting a response. A question he’d apparently forgotten, leaving him to reply with a very eloquent ‘Mmh?’.

Thea narrowed her eyes at him, the twinkle of mischief shining in her eyes letting him know he was about to be a) angry, b) pissed or c) severely annoyed.

Nothing good ever came out of Thea being playful.

“You *are* aware the entire wedding party has placed bets on when you and Felicity are gonna hook up, right?”

“What?!”

“Yeah, I personally think Tommy was jumping the gun when he bet Laurel fifty bucks you’d have slept together by tomorrow morning,” she shrugged as if finding out your *friends* had an ongoing betting pool on *you* was an everyday occurrence.

This wedding was the worst thing to have ever happened to him.

“But then again,” Thea continued, “she’ll get a nice pair of shoes out of this. Oh! And please don’t wait too long to make out? Cause then I’ll owe Roy twenty, and you know how I hate to lose. *Especially* to my boyfriend.”

“I’m not going to—! We’re not going to make out! Or have sex!”

“Really?” Thea inquired doubtfully, an eyebrow raised as if mocking him.

Definitely option c).

“ *Yes* , really. I don’t like Felicity, okay? Not like that. It’s not gonna happen.”

“Okay, okay, calm down. I was just kidding. Not about to betting pool, I mean. That’s definitely a thing. I mean, if you haven’t noticed all the conniving that’s been happening to push the two of you together that’s your own fault. Oh look,” Thea added when she saw the death glare Oliver was giving her, “Roy’s calling me! Gotta go! Please think about kissing her tonight so I can make twenty bucks! Bye!”

What on *Earth* did he do to deserve this?

Felicity turned out of the hallway leading to the bathrooms and slammed into a very solid chest.

“Oww,” she complained, stumbling backwards and looking up to discover that— *of course*.

Her eyes narrowed, and she quipped sarcastically, “You’re certainly a professional at improving my mood .”

It wasn't really fair to snap at him, she knew bumping into him was more her own fault since she wasn't paying attention to where she was going. Also, he had shown earlier that *maybe* he was capable of human interaction that wasn't some variation on obnoxious, but she was tired and her headache was persisting despite a few minutes respite from the noise of the reception hall.

He threw his hands up defensively, “Sorry.”

She crossed her arms, “Did you follow me out?”

“No,” he insisted. “I left because I found out that they're trying to—”

He paused and she raised an eyebrow, waiting for him to continue.

Instead, he just shook his head, “Never mind, it's stupid.”

He turned to head back in the direction of the reception hall and her curiosity kicked into overdrive. Gathering up the long skirt of her dress so that she wouldn't trip, she stalked after him.

“Oh no Mr. Queen, you have to tell me now,” she demanded, reaching for his arm.

He turned back to her and sighed, rolling his eyes, “They're trying to set us up. Apparently there's a betting pool.”

A laugh bubbled up in her chest, “What? Are you serious?”

He nodded, “Mhmm.”

“That's the most ridiculous thing ever. I mean, you are the most annoying and obnoxious person that I have ever met and if they think... wow.” She shook her head, laughing again, “They should have called off all of their bets when they heard about the plane fiasco.”

“You think that I'm annoying and obnoxious? Have you even *met* yourself?” Oliver asked, crossing his arms.

“No, sadly I haven't had the privilege. Why don't you tell me what it's like?”

“When you walked up to my seat—”

“My seat,” she corrected and he huffed.

“When you walked up to my seat, I thought I got lucky because I was going to get to sit next to a— *passably* attractive person, but then you opened your mouth and I realized that you were the most irritating person that I had ever met. And trust me, I deal with *a lot* of irritating people.”

“At your *very important* job, right?” she interjected, remembering their jabs at each other on the plan while they were trying to get work done.

“Yes! And I can’t wait until you’re going to have to deal with them too,” he exclaimed, grinning smugly.

“Oh yeah? Well— wait what?”

And then suddenly, it hit her. Oliver *Queen* . As in, Vice President of Queen Consolidated, the company that her company was about to sign a partnership deal with.

She pressed her fingers to her temples and muttered, “Oh frack.”

“Yep,” he nodded grimly, seemingly aware of the conclusion she had just come to. “Believe me, I am just as ecstatic about that as you are. But let’s not get off track because I wasn’t done introducing you to yourself yet. You are the most stubborn, argumentative, pain in the—”

“Are you sure you aren’t just describing yourself?” she interrupted him, tilting her chin upward, glaring, and seeing the same fire blazing in his eyes.

She also noticed the very second the look in his eyes changed.

Oliver had no idea what exactly happened.

One minute they were arguing about how annoying Felicity was, and the next... his hand is low on her hip, her dull nails are scratching at the back of his neck, and *his tongue is in her mouth* .

Oliver always prided himself on being a man that thinks before he acts – or at least, he has been in recent years. He’s reliable. Responsible. Cautious.

However, when Felicity, not to be undone, pushed her tongue past his and flicked at his teeth, before invading his mouth with a determination and a dexterity that were quite astonishing, all coherent thought flew right out of his body.

Growling low in his throat, Oliver moved the hand that was resting on her hip up, to press against her shoulder blades and bring her even closer. The two of them stumbled, him forwards and her backwards, until their combined weight came to rest upon the nearest vertical surface.

The kiss was aggressive, and way too fast, but it felt so *right* Oliver didn't want to – *couldn't* – stop.

Seemingly out of its own volition, his other hand went dangerously low on the small of her back, effectively pressing their lower bodies together. To compensate with the loss of balance, Felicity hooked a leg around the back of his, bringing them even closer, and *oh* . They both let out a strangled gasp before diving right back in, starved for everything but oxygen, and the pressure felt simultaneously too much and *not enough* .

Felicity had apparently had a hand wrapped around his tie the whole time, as he could feel her nimble fingers start to try to loosen the knot more than he had right before the garter incident. She hummed as she finally got it untied enough that she could press cold fingers against the burning skin of his collarbone, making him hiss. In retaliation, he pressed her even more firmly against the wall, the action getting her practically off the ground. This earned him a light nip as she hooked her leg higher, wrapped around his hip with the back of her heel digging into his ass, and he was sure that if they kept going at this rhythm he was going to come in his pants like a teenager *very soon* .

The sound of the ballroom doors suddenly reached their ears as a door somewhere opened, deafening in the silence of the hallway they were in, and reality came crashing on them like a tidal wave of cold hard truth.

Felicity still had a leg around his hip and a hand underneath the collar of his shirt, and he still had fingers molding the shape of her jaw and a hand resting on the curve of her ass, and *shit* .

Her eyes shot to his in a show of absolute horror that mirrored his own facial expression, and it was all it took for the two of them to break apart as quickly as it took them to start kissing.

Oh God . Kissing. They were kissing. Worse, really: they were quite thoroughly making out, absolutely inappropriately grinding, against a wall at *Tommy and Laurel's wedding* .

And they were supposed to start working together in a handful of *months* and she'd stolen his plane seat and *how the hell did this just happen?*

“What... just happened?” was all he managed to say.

“I don't know. But it's not gonna happen again. Ever.”

“Agreed.”

A glimpse of her plum dress and blond hair was all he caught before she walked through the door.

Just as usual, don't hesitate to let us know what you thought, and what you liked/didn't like in the comments! We always love to read what you have to say.

Hopefully the sixth and last chapter will be published next Monday? Don't hold your breath, though. Just in case we're late again. In the meanwhile, you can find us at our respective Twitters at @queenofoldyork (Morgan) and @wittyfelicity (Manon), as well as on our blogs at mogirl97.tumblr.com and wittyfelicity.tumblr.com. See you next Monday!

We wait for the fall

Chapter Notes

There it is, the final chapter!... a couple of weeks late. Oops. Better late than never, right?

Anyway, writing this fic has been a really fun adventure for the two of us, and we hope it has been the same for you!

Without further ado, here comes the end of *Keep You On My Side*...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Felicity dropped her bathing suit onto the top of the pile of clothes she was shoving in her suitcase before zipping it shut. As nice as Hawaii had been, she was ready to head back home... especially after whatever had happened with Oliver. They had avoided each other diligently ever since the incident at the reception. She wasn't sure if it was because they hated each other or because they were afraid of what might happen if they let things get too intense between them again. She would have to be completely incapable of feeling to claim that it hadn't felt amazing to have his body pressed up against hers and his kisses bruising her lips. She would be lying if she said she hadn't replayed it in her head, imagining how it could have gone under different circumstances. She would be a complete idiot if she let it happen again. And so she kept her space, awkwardly dodging him as they passed each other in the halls of the resort, her eyes glued to the floor or her phone, for the remainder of the trip. When they were all on the beach, she positioned herself as far away as possible and he seemed intent on doing the same. It was a little ridiculous and she was pretty sure that some of the other members of the group had noticed but she figured that they assumed it was because they were both still stewing over the plane incident, and not because they had nearly hooked up and made some of those with money in the betting pool a little richer. Which was so not okay, considering the professional situation they were on the verge of. How were they even going to face each other in a conference room after everything that had transpired?

She sighed and pushed her glasses up onto her head to rub her eyes. Despite having behaved on the contrary multiple times, they were mature adults, they could handle this. Their jobs depended on it.

Sara tapped on the edge of the door frame and peeked her head into the room, "Hey."

She looked over in surprise, "I thought the Queen's' jet already left?"

"Eager to be rid of me?" Sara teased.

"Not you," Felicity muttered as Sara ignored her and continued.

“We’re leaving soon, I just wanted to come say goodbye.... and also to make sure that you’re alright.”

Felicity furrowed her brow in confusion, “Why would I not be alright?”

Sara shrugged, “I don’t know, you’ve just been acting really strangely since the reception. I know things got a little weird with the bouquet and garter thing since Oliver isn’t exactly your favorite person but you know that if you had truly been uncomfortable we never would have—”

“It’s not that,” Felicity interrupted her. “I mean, sort of, but not really. And I am fine, but what happened was—”

“Sara!” they heard Thea holler down the hall. “My parents want to leave in like five minutes we have to go now.”

Sara turned back to her expectantly to finish what she had been saying and Felicity shoed her out the door, “You have to go and it’s a long story, I’ll call you later. Okay?”

“You promise you’re okay though?”

“Yes,” she laughed, “it’s honestly so stupid.”

Sara ducked out of the room and Felicity did one last check to make sure she hadn’t forgotten anything. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed something peeking out from under the bed. Bending down, she realized it was the garter that she had tossed to the floor while undressing after the wedding. She wasn’t entirely sure what she was supposed to do with it. It’s not like Laurel wanted it back and it wasn’t exactly the type of souvenir she had planned on bringing home from Hawaii. Having a reminder of Oliver’s hands on her leg just sitting in a drawer in her townhouse was just too weird. If she just left it here, she could much more easily pretend that it ever happened and not feel like she wanted to be swallowed by the floor every time she sat across from him at a conference table.

She deliberated.

And she stuffed it into the outside pocket of her suitcase with a grunt of annoyance.

“So Oliver,” Sara pointedly began in a tone of voice that tried (and failed) to be nonchalant, as she handed her suitcase to one of the flight attendants, “what exactly happened with Felicity?”

Yeah, he should have guessed that was going to happen. Sara has got to be the least casual person he has ever come across in his entire life.

Hell, even *Thea* is more subtle.

Oliver let out a sigh, and pushed his sunglasses back up the bridge of his nose.

“Nothing happened.”

“Felicity said something happened, but didn’t have the time to tell me what. So something definitely happened.”

He had barely had the time to settle in his seat, which was unfortunately on the other side of the aisle from his sister, when Thea’s head shot up from where it was lying on Roy’s shoulder as she exclaimed,

“Wait! Something happened between you and Felicity? Did you kiss? Oooh, better yet, did you two sleep together? I *do* remember the two of you sneaking out at some point...”

That thing about Thea being subtle? *Taking it back* .

“Speedy!”

Great, so now his parents had stopped their fascinating discussion about whether to add gardenias next to the south terrace, and were looking at him in confusion.

The scene was only missing a camera crew to make it a mini-rendition of an episode from that Kardashians reality show.

“No, okay, nothing happened. I just went out for a bit of fresh air, alone. But even if something *did* happen, it’s none of your business. None of you. So *please* just cancel that ridiculous betting pool you all have going on because *nothing is ever going to happen* . Now, if you don’t mind, I’ve got work to do,” Oliver added, ignoring the two girls’ grumbling, as he took out a couple of documents his assistant had highlighted as demanding immediate attention.

However, despite his best intentions and hardest efforts, it took him close to an hour before he finished reading the two-page document he had in front of him. For some unfathomable reason, his traitorous mind kept wandering back to *her* .

Fuck, if when she wasn’t even here he kept replaying their *encounter* in his head over and over again until he could feel the ghost of her legs around his waist and her fingers in his hair, how the *hell* was he going to manage seeing her again in a professional setting? Adding to it that now everyone suspected something was up, and he still had no idea what that *something* really was, and he knew Sara would not let them rest until she knew... his nerves were shot and he had spent an hour staring at this page with blank eyes and he came to a most upsetting realization.

He was doomed. Completely, utterly, *doomed* .

Felicity had barely made it into her townhouse after her first day back at work post-Hawaii (a very hectic day) when her phone started ringing. She pulled it out of her bag to find Sara’s contact picture looking up at her and pressed the screen to accept the call.

“Hello?”

“Oh good, I wasn’t sure if you would still be at work or not. You’re not at work, right?”

“I just got home,” she replied, slipping out of her pumps and curling her toes in relief.

“Sooo....?” Sara prompted.

“So, what?” she asked, opening up her fridge and frowning at the emptiness that awaited her.

“You promised me you would tell me what happened between you and Oliver,” Sara reminded her.

“Didn’t I also say that I would call you?” Felicity teased.

“Well... yeah, but I—”

“What happened is completely irrelevant, so you don’t need to tell anyone else, okay?”

“Why is irrelevant?”

“Because, starting tomorrow, Oliver and I are going to be coworkers.” She moved onto her cupboards and found some cereal that didn’t seem too stale. “We need to keep things professional.”

“So you did sleep together!”

“We did not sleep together,” Felicity emphasized. “Kissed, yes, but that’s it. For the most part.”

“For the most part?”

Felicity could practically hear her waggling her eyebrows and she rolled her eyes, “Did you miss the part where I said that all of this is irrelevant because we have to work together?”

“Exactly. *Together*. Your companies are creating a partnership, why can’t you two?”

“You’re getting way ahead of yourself. We made out, literally in the middle of a fight. We’ve known each other for less than a week and so far we’ve only managed to drive each other crazy, we’re like an explosive just waiting to go off. If we can work together peacefully, that will be a miracle in and of itself. If there *are* feelings between us, they’re not amicable ones.” She ended her rant as she slid onto her barstool to eat her cereal.

“Really? Because I’m pretty sure that’s not how Oliver feels...”

“What?” She dropped her spoon on the counter, and chastised herself for letting that simple statement get a reaction out of her.

“I’ve known Oliver for a long time, and I’m pretty good at knowing when he’s got a crush.”

“Umm, I—” she fumbled.

“The question is, is it mutual?” Sara asked.

“I barely know him,” she answered feebly.

“I’m not asking if he’s the love of your life. I’m just saying that maybe you shouldn’t let a bad first impression ruin the opportunity for you to get to know a great guy.” Felicity heard a muffled voice in the background before Sara spoke up again. “Anyway, that was the love of *my* life, so I gotta go. Have a good meeting tomorrow!”

It had been a week.

It had been a week and Oliver knew it had been a week because he had dived into his work trying to ignore what his brain was screaming at him, trying to ignore how empty his condo felt every night he would go back home when it had never felt that way before.

It had been a week and Oliver knew it because just this morning, his assistant reminded him that today he would be flying to Gotham, in order to iron out the last details of the partnership. At Wayne Enterprises’ HQ. Where *she* worked.

Oliver let out a sigh.

It had been a week and it still wasn’t enough to forget about it. To forget about her.

Oliver was suddenly dragged out of his thoughts by the feeling of a warm hand settling over his on the backseat armrest, stopping the subconscious nervous drumming of his fingers.

“Son, what are you so restless about?” Robert Queen said, sitting back against the seat.

“Nothing.”

Oliver looked out of the window of the car, but all he could see were dull steel buildings shining against a dull grey sky.

“Is it about that Felicity girl?” Robert continued, seemingly unaware of the way Oliver’s traitorous heart skipped a beat from being taken aback. “Lovely person. We had a chance to talk a bit during the reception, and she was absolutely charming.”

“Dad—”

“Mr Queen, Mr Queen, we’ve arrived,” came the driver’s voice from the front.

“We can discuss this later. And don’t believe we will *not* discuss this. As your father, I want to know, and as your boss, I need to know if there’s something going on that’s going to affect your work. I know about all the late nights at the office, Oliver. Something’s going on. But for now, we have a partnership to finalize.”

Twenty minutes later found the both of them, Bruce Wayne, and Felicity, in the executive conference room. Wayne had explained Lucius' absence from the meeting by stating that Felicity was officially in charge of the project for WE, as she was to take over his position as VP by summertime. Nobody commented as it had been agreed upon long beforehand, but it didn't prevent Felicity from letting out a small bemused smile at Wayne's words – which Oliver probably shouldn't find as endearing as he did. *Annoying, Oliver, she's annoying, remember how annoying she is –*

The rest of the meeting consisted in the reading and the signing of a lot of boring paperwork, and Oliver's mind wandered again. The lingering awkwardness from the *incident* was still permeating the air between them, and it seemed they both tacitly agreed that avoiding one another's gaze was the best course of action to follow in such a situation.

Though, judging by the couple of side glances his father shot him throughout the meeting, Oliver wasn't doing a good job of keeping his professional 'I am very interested in what is happening here' face on – and by "what is happening", he meant the business part, not the 'pink lipstick and freckles look good on *her*' part. This meeting was just one giant formality, so it shouldn't matter too much how much (*how little*) attention he paid in the end... *right?*

All too soon, or not soon enough, Oliver couldn't decide, the meeting ended. The car was waiting for them downstairs, the jet was waiting for them at the airport, and Oliver felt torn. He was so lost in thought, once again, that he missed on Robert and Bruce leaving the conference room together. Shaking his head, he realized he was still standing by the central table, and that Felicity had finished gathering her papers in a neat pile and had just unplugged her tablet and was about to leave.

It was a split second decision.

"Felicity, wait!" he exclaimed, shooting forwards, the tips of his fingers grazing her forearm, a wave of something weird and warm unexpectedly surging through him at the contact.

She turned towards him, expectantly – but he could see the nervousness fluttering around her like a halo, and he smiled.

"Would you, uh, want to go to dinner with me? Tonight?"

She raised an eyebrow at him, "Like, as a date?"

"Uh–" He smiled sheepishly, "yeah."

The grin that blossomed on her face and the accompanying nod she gave him let Oliver know it'd been the right choice. They'd had a rocky start, sure, but...

"Don't believe this means I like you, though," Felicity warned him, her smile turning mischievous.

"Wouldn't dream of it," Oliver winked.

... that didn't mean things wouldn't turn out alright, in the end.

FIN

Chapter End Notes

We really hope you have enjoyed this last chapter, and the fic as a whole, and don't hesitate to let us know in the comments! We always love to read what you have to say.

Before we close this chapter, we would also really like to thank everybody who kudo-ed, commented, shared, or merely read this story, as your support means the world. This wouldn't have been half as fun without everyone's various responses to our little story!

You still can find the both of us at our respective Twitters at [@queenofoldyork](#) (Morgan) and [@wittyfelicity](#) (Manon), as well as on our blogs at [mogirl97.tumblr.com](#) and [wittyfelicity.tumblr.com](#). We hope to see you for our next adventures in Arrow fanfiction!

End Notes

Don't hesitate to let us know what you thought about this first chapter, what you liked/didn't like in the comments! We'd love to get some feedback.

If you want updates on the story, you can reach us on our respective Twitters at @mogirl97 (Morgan) and @wittyfelicity (Manon), as well as on our blogs at mogirl97.tumblr.com and wittyfelicity.tumblr.com.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!