

Homecoming

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by [silentflux](#)

Summary

Tommy is just glad Oliver's finally home.

Notes

After posting about my lack of creativity and asking for prompts, I managed to throw this out onto the page. Just testing the waters of writing after a long, long absence from sharing/posting any fic. Yay! :)

Written for the prompt Home for 100_tales and for paliphrase - hope.

Could be slashy, if you lean far enough :)

Tommy stared, eyes following the jagged lines. So much had changed since the last time he'd seen his best friend, but perhaps this was the most startling. His fingers twitched slightly, his gaze following the line of Oliver's spine. "Jesus, Oliver."

Before he even thought about whether it was a good idea to move quickly around someone who'd obviously been abused - tortured - Tommy was across the room, hand stretched out to touch. "What did they do to you?" his voice shook a bit, and he hated it. He couldn't imagine how strong Oliver had to be to live through whatever had made these marks - he couldn't even fucking guess. And then to come back here, to this life, and act like nothing was wrong, to allow his best friend to fuck his girl. His breathing came faster and faster and he couldn't help but notice how still his friend was, how utterly still he was under his hand, the scars rough and warm under his touch. It was just wrong. Oliver was always in motion, always planning, always scheming - it was what Tommy had always appreciated about him. That they were so alike in that manner. Even when the other man appeared calm, Tommy could still see it. Now, he wasn't sure anymore.

"Tommy, relax." The words were clipped, barely even using breath, but Tommy felt them reverberate through his hand, and he just couldn't let this go. Wrapping his arms around Oliver, he hugged his friend hard, not even caring when he didn't reciprocate.

"I can't tell you how glad I am that you're back here with me," Tommy murmured. "I hope that you are too."

He waited. Despite what anyone thought of Tommy Merlyn, he could be patient when he needed to be. And this time it paid off when Oliver's arms came up around him as well.

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