Taming the Monster

by Wherethereissmoak

Summary

ARGUS hacker Felicity Smoak was on a mission in Russian when the extraction goes awry. The Omega is stranded for a while, but going into heat in a foreign country is not a great option. For quick extraction, Amanda Waller sends her to a man that did missions for ARGUS in China, but was now mysteriously part of Bratva - Oliver Queen. Back in Starling, the two realize that their one night in Russia may lead to something more.

Notes

I just finished another A/B/O story yesterday lol, but it is the wonderful Carol's birthday and those stories are her fave, with a dash of possessive Oliver. So this is all for her! I don't know how many chapters this will be. It definitely won't be as long as BTCBB, but I hope you enjoy!

Thanks to @hope-for-olicity for reading this last night and assuring me the storyline was okay. :)

ETA: Thanks to @magda1102 for the lovely art!
“This is why I don’t send Omegas out in the field.”

Felicity cringed at Amanda Waller’s words before she cut off the comm link. This was supposed to be an easy in and out mission in Russia. ARGUS had gotten a lead on a hacking ring, but unfortunately Felicity had to be closer to the source to pinpoint their location.

The operation had gone down without a hitch – except one. ARGUS had taken down the hackers and had evacuated the country, but had left behind one Felicity Smoak. And now she was stuck in this foreign land with no extraction plan in site. They could not tip off the Russian government that ARGUS had been there, so she couldn’t just waltz into the local airport with her agency ID and hop on a plane.

And to top it all off – since she was stuck in Russia for an extra two weeks so far – she was starting to go into heat. An Omega in heat staying in an area flush with Bratva, aka Russian mafia, was not the best idea. She had to get out of here, and fast.

Waller had screamed into the comm unit when Felicity told her the news, but had quickly come with a strange alternative for her problem. And now she was walking through town late at night close to her heat to track down a former agent – on Oliver Queen.

Felicity had wanted to ask Waller why a billionaire who was supposedly lost at sea years ago used to be an ARGUS agent and was nowadays a captain in the Bratva, but her superiors no nonsense tone
had shut her down.

Felicity heard the rattle of a trash can behind her and turned to see a man following her. He was murmuring something in Russian, which she did not speak and did not have time to pull out a device to translate. But she could guess by the predatory look in his eyes that he picked up on her Omega in heat scent and his instincts were taking over telling him to take her. She picked up her step. Only a few more blocks to the address Waller had given her for Queen’s location.

She felt the man’s hand on her shoulder and froze, but then turned quickly when she heard the crunch of bone and a scream. Felicity saw an Alpha male in all his glory, standing over the man who had been following her. That guy was on the ground, clutching his hand in pain.

He was shouting at her rescuer in Russian, and the response was a one word growl that had her attacker scurrying away into the night.

Her hero turned and she gasped at the vibrancy of this blue eyes. Felicity knew she should be intimidated by this other Alpha that she was alone with on a dark street, but something in his eyes, although they were fierce, told her that he could be trusted.

“Overwatch?” His voice came out in a sexy low growl that did things to her. Stupid hormones. They were starting to take over. She needed to keep her wits about her. Now was not the time to go into full heat.

“Mr. Queen, I presume? Perfect timing.”

He nodded his head and indicated for her to follow him. “I figured you wouldn’t last long in your condition out on the street, and it looks like I was right.”

Oliver’s long strides moved him quickly through the night, and Felicity had to take several steps to keep up with one of his.

“What did you say to that man? I mean, one word and he was out of here like he had seen a monster or something.”

She saw Oliver’s shoulders stiffen at this. “He did…see a monster. I’m the monster.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. You may be mysterious and growly, but you’re not a monster.”

Before Felicity knew it, her back was pressed firmly into the wall and Oliver Queen surrounded her. His warm Alpha scent created waves of pleasure throughout her body. “Overwatch, or whatever your real name is, I tortured a man today, and then for dessert I just broke a man’s hand right in front of you. I am a monster and nothing will ever change that.”

Felicity didn’t know why she did it – hormones or the way his steely eyes made her stomach flip – she leaned forward and kissed him. He froze in shock for a moment, before his body took command of him and he returned the kiss with passion. His tongue forced her mouth open as he devoured her. The moan that echoed between them seemed to jolt them both back to reality. Oliver stepped away from her, panting heavily.

“We need to get you back to the safehouse, follow me,” he said in a low growl. He moved off so quickly that Felicity had no choice but to hurry behind him.

“See, I told you that you weren’t a monster. A monster wouldn’t have been able to pull away from an Omega in heat, even if it was right in the middle of a public area.”
She thought of the man that had tried to grab her before Oliver showed up, and shivered. He must have mistaken her shaking for cold, because the Bratva man took off his coat and handed it to her. Felicity thanked him, and let out a sigh of contentment when his warmth and scent covered her. God, she was so horny.

A chuckle in front of her indicated that she had said that out loud. She could only see his profile, but she saw the corner of his mouth ticked up in a small smile.

“You never did answer my question. What did you say to that man that had him running away so quickly?”

“I told him you were mine. And I’m a Bratva captain, so he knew better than to touch what was mine.” He didn’t slow his step, but turned his head a little to look at her over his shoulder, his eyebrow raised a little. She could tell he was trying to see her reaction. Felicity forced herself to show no other reaction than raising her eyebrow in return, but his possessive words had sent a wave of heat through her.

They continued their walk to his safehouse in silence – but when they got about a block away she couldn’t take it anymore. She started chatting away about anything and everything – and although he never responded to a word she said, she kept talking.

They arrived at a rundown looking building, and she followed him up a dilapidated staircase. Felicity was surprised to find a well put together apartment at the top, complete with furniture and a bathroom.

“Wow, great disguise for your safehouse,” she said. “I can’t imagine anyone thinking all of this could be in the crap heap of a building.” Felicity giggled, mostly from the awkwardness.

“Do you always talk this much?” Oliver finally spoke.

“Unfortunately, yes. It’s why Waller doesn’t send me on missions much.” She laid down her back of tech on the table in the kitchen, not knowing what to do next. It’s not like he offered her something to eat, drink or even a place to sit yet.

“She shouldn’t have sent you one at all, especially so close to your heat,” he growled. Felicity would have taken a moment to be offended by his words, but she was distracted when he pulled his shirt over her head.

“What the hell are you doing?” She screeched loudly at him and he looked at her, and then the shirt in his hands in surprise.

“I don’t know, I just took it off, like an instinct.” Oliver sounded legitimately confused, so she forgave him.

“Well, put it back on. I’m struggling enough here without all of that…” she waved her hands around his chest area… “staring me in the face.”

He smirked at her before putting his shirt back on and disappeared into a room in the back of the apartment.

“Don’t mind me! I’m just going to sit down, here…” Felicity called to him, and she could swear she heard him chuckle again at her words. For a man who called himself a monster, he sure found her amusing.

“Please, make yourself at home,” he said as he emerged from the room with a bottle of pills in his
hand. “Here are some meds that I grabbed off of the black market today after getting Waller’s call. They should help with your heat.”

“It may be too late,” she whispered, but still took the medicine. Maybe they would help dull the fire that was in her belly.

“In the morning, I will get on of the Bratva pilots to fly you out of the country…no questions asked.”

“I don’t suppose you want to tell me the whole story about how you ended up here, do you? To kill the time?”

His whole body hardened. It was a site to behold. “No,” was all he said. And he turned to go into the other room. “You should get some sleep. You are going to have a long day tomorrow.”

He turned to leave, but she called his name to stop him.

“Please, stay with me. I don’t want to be alone.”

She didn’t know why she said that, but she had enough of being alone in a foreign country, and he was a tether of sorts to the real world. Oliver hesitated, but as she laid a pillow on the couch and covered herself with a blanket, he sat down next to her on the floor. She was even more surprised when he laid down in a sleeping position on the hard ground.

“You don’t have too…I mean I can…”

“I’ve slept on worse,” was all he said.

Felicity couldn’t sleep, her body too full of adrenaline and heat. So, she started to talk. Once again, he did not respond, but she talked and talked regardless. She told him all about her childhood. Felicity explained her time at MIT and everything that had happened with Cooper – her boyfriend that had betrayed her and then hung himself.

Oliver growled a little when she talked about falling for Cooper – the only indication that he was still awake. Still, he said nothing so she continued. She explained how ARGUS had recruited her after Cooper because they wanted to use her virus to infiltrate criminal organizations.

She started talking about her favorite books and movies, and she rolled over to peek at him. It had been a couple of hours of her talking. Her voice was almost raw, but she was surprised to see his eyes open. He was awake and listening to every word she said.

As if he felt her gaze, he turned and met her eyes, and another rush of heat filled her belly.

“Oliver…”

“Yes?”

She rolled off the couch so she landed softly on him, her legs straddling him.

“The meds aren’t working.”

“We shouldn’t…”

“Why? We are both consenting adults. And this isn’t really different then those times I have to go to an Omega clinic to have a random Alpha help me through my heat.”

He captured her lips and consumed her in a way that set her body to flames. He took his shirt off again (why in hell had she insisted he put it back on) and quickly removed his pants. Felicity did the same, turned on even more by how obviously Oliver was ready for her.

Felicity pulled him down on top of her again, and she felt his fingers slip between them to her wet core. “I’m ready…please.”

It was all she needed to say as Oliver quickly thrust into her. The relief of the tension from her heat was so overwhelming, that she came instantly. Screaming as he thrust. He froze in surprise, looking down at her. The heat started to build again, and she started moving against him. Oliver took the hint and started to move again.

After several minutes of pure fire and bliss, he pulled out of her and turned her over, entering from behind. He rubbed her pleasure center with each thrust, and soon she exploded with another orgasm. Her tightening walls took Oliver’s pleasure to another level and he came soon after.

They lay in each other’s arms, trying to calm their breathing. “Thank you, Oliver, I know you didn’t really want to…but I feel so much better now.”

Oliver turned to her and cupped one her cheeks. “Overwatch, you have no idea how much I wanted to do that. How I wanted to do that since I kissed you out on the street, hell when I first saw you.”

Felicity could drown in his sincere eyes that rendered her utterly speechless for the first time in her life. Finally, she spoke. “It sounds weird that you are still calling me Overwatch after what just happened. My name is Fe…”

Oliver cut off her words with a kiss. “Don’t tell me…please,” he begged when he finally pulled away from her lips. “If I know your name, it is going to be so much harder to put you on that plane tomorrow.”

Felicity didn’t know what to say to that. She suddenly wasn’t as eager to leave Russia as she had been earlier in the day.

“You could come with me, you know. I think you probably have a lot of family members who would be thrilled to know you’re alive.” Her heart sank when she saw the hardness creep back into his eyes.

“I am planning on coming home…soon…but I have a few things to finish here in Russia first. Can you promise me you won’t tell anyone you’ve seen me?”

She wanted to ask a million questions, but she could tell from the stiffness in his body that this door was closing fast.

“I will, if you promise me one thing.” When he didn’t respond, she continued. “I want you to promise me that you will find something, anything, to help you remember that you are not a monster. I know you believe this to be true, but I’m telling you that if you want to come home and be with your family, you need to do something to help cage that animal you think is inside you. You cannot let it consume you.”

He looked at her in surprise, and she wondered herself how she had gotten such insight into him so quickly. But she felt like she KNEW him, deep within her soul. And she did not want him to be lost in himself.

Finally, he just nodded at her words and pulled her back into his embrace on the floor. She fell asleep listening to his heartbeat.
The next morning, they didn’t speak much as they got ready and he drove her to the private airport where the Bratva pilot was waiting. He didn’t say anything as he loaded her bag of tech on the plane.

“Well, goodbye, I guess,” she said awkwardly. “Thank you for everything. And I hope to hear news of your return from the dead very soon.”

Oliver’s lips turned up at her words, but he remained silent. She turned to board the plane and she felt his hand on her arm. He spun her and pulled Felicity in for a deep kiss. Finally he pulled away, but kept their foreheads together. “Overwatch…you need to get out of ARGUS. Amanda Waller is not a good person. I can’t come with you, but it will make me feel a lot better if I know you are trying to get out from under her thumb.”

Felicity nodded. “I don’t disagree with you. I will try.”

He kissed her again, then turned her around and practically pushed her on the plane. She looked out the window and watched his still form grow smaller and smaller as the plane soared into the sky, Felicity wondered what would happen to Oliver Queen.

_Six months later_

Oliver Queen rolled his eyes at the story his sister was telling him about her antics at school. He had been back from Lian Yu for only a month now, and his mother had insisted they come out to a restaurant every Friday night to help him ease his way back into civilization. He thought she probably also wanted to keep an eye on him – since he spent most of his days and nights dodging his security guard John Diggle and hooding up as the vigilante. Moira Queen was always complaining about his constant absences.

Returning home had been hard – but suiting up in his green hood and fighting crime helped. Overwatch had been right, finding an outlet for his monster had helped be able to be more normal during the day with his family.

Overwatch. The very thought of her sent his blood rushing. It was amazing how one night with a practical stranger had reignited a fire inside of him, and had given him the will to live. He only wished that he knew what became of her.

As if the universe was doling out miracles – the scent of the very Omega he had been thinking of filled his nostrils. Oliver scanned the restaurant before his eyes landed on her. She was laughing softly at something a man – an Alpha – was whispering in her ear.

Oliver’s entire body stiffened as jealousy and rage filled him. He knew in his mind that he had no claim on her. That he had given up all hope to be her Alpha when he put her on that plane all those many months ago. But his body…and perhaps his heart…had a differing opinion. His body and heart made him want to storm up to the man who dared touch his Omega and break every bone in the hand that dared touch her.

He didn’t even know her name – but there was no question that she was his.
Oliver no longer had control over his body as he slammed his fist on the table and stood up.

“Ollie – what are you doing?” Thea stared at her brother in shock. He realized that his monster was
starting to surface, and his family had not seen the angry side of him.

“My apologies, but I need to go to the restroom.” His mother narrowed her eyes at him, and he knew he would have to come up with a story later to throw her off track, but for now, he had to get closer to her.

He saw Overwatch and the Alpha get up and start to leave the restaurant, so when he neared the bathrooms, he veered quickly through the kitchen and out the back door. He used the dumpster to parkour his way to the restaurant’s roof, where he crossed and peered down at the couple as they waited for the valet to bring their vehicle.

Was she going home with him? He couldn’t detect the scent of her heat, so she didn’t need to. Were she and this Alpha together? The thought made his blood boil.

He heaved a sigh of relief when two cars were brought forward – they were going home separately.

“I had a really good time tonight, Felicity,” the Alpha said.

Felicity – the name suited her, and just hearing it sent a rush of joy through his heart. That joy was short lived, however, when he saw the Alpha lean forward and kiss her. Rage consumed him once again. Nope, this was not happening. She was his and that man had to get his lips off her.

Without thinking, Oliver leaped from the roof and landed perfectly on his feet next to the couple. Felicity pulled back from the kiss in surprise, her mouth hanging open when she saw him.

“Oliver?”

“Felicity…” he practically growled and her eyes widened in surprise at his use of her real name. Her date, like any Alpha would do, stepped between them and pushed Felicity behind him, as if protecting her.

Felicity peeked over the man’s shoulder, seemingly unable to take her eyes off Oliver. He only had eyes for her, completely ignoring the Alpha in his way.

“How the frack did you get here? I mean, not here in Starling…I heard you were back. I figured we didn’t run in the same circles so bumping into you would be unlikely. I meant here, here. Like appearing right in front of me out of thin air, here.”

Her date turned to her and practically growled. “You know Oliver Queen? How is that even possible? I thought you were from Vegas…and went to school in Boston.”

Oliver’s hackles were raised at the man’s possessive tone.

Felicity scrambled to come up with an excuse, so Oliver decided to save her. “I went to college in Boston as well, for a while.”

The two Alphas stood toe to toe, sizing each other up. Neither was backing down. Oliver wanted to show this man exactly what skills he had learned during his time away, but forced himself to remain still.

“Maybe you had better go home, Mark, and I will call you tomorrow,” Felicity said, obviously trying to stop a fight before it even started.

The monster must have shown a little in Oliver’s eyes, because the other man backed down quickly. However, Mark did turn and caress Felicity’s face, causing Oliver to growl again. “Are you sure you
don’t want me to follow you home? Just to make sure you get there safely?”

“She will get home fine without you.” Oliver stepped forward with his words, and the other man quickly dropped his hand from Felicity. Still, he did not give up.

“Okay, I will be waiting for your call,” Mark said as he got in his car, never taking his eyes off Oliver.

“Don’t hold your breath,” Oliver said as he slammed the car door after the man.

“Oliver, really, was that necessary?”

He took a moment to study her. She was just as beautiful as the last time he saw her. She stood there glaring at him with her arms folded across her chest. Yep – she was just as he remembered.

“I see you are just as chatty as you were in Russia. It is really good to see you, though. I’m glad that you finally decided to come home. I didn’t know if you were actually listening to me when I talked. And I’m rambling now. Which I will stop in 3…2…1…”

Oliver took a step closer to her and cupped both her cheeks in his hands. “I listened. I heard and cherished every word that came out of your mouth.”

“Cherished?”

“Cherished,” he said in a low voice, stepping even closer. She stepped back, until she bumped into her waiting car.

“Damn, Oliver Queen, you don’t say much, but when you do…” Felicity gathered herself and reached below her back to open her car door. “I should probably go. I have to work in the morning. That’s why I drove separately to my date.”

Oliver growled at her mentioning the date. He placed his hands on the roof of her car, on either side of Felicity’s head. He almost completely engulfed her with his form.

“I think I should take you home. I promised Mark I would bring you home safe,” Oliver whispered in her ear, snarling the name of her date. He took pride when she shuddered at his breath on her ear. But he admired the flash of fire that flashed through her eyes.

“You have pretty much messed up things with my date, who could very well be my future Alpha…and the thing neither of you seems to realize is that I am capable of getting my own self home without incident. Just as I have for years.”

His growl returned. “That man is NOT your Alpha and he never will be.”

Felicity scowled up at him. “And how do you know that?”

“Because he left you. No Alpha in their right mind would leave you, especially in the presence of another Alpha.”

“You put me on an airplane,” she told him.

“To keep you safe…and I came home.”

“And I’m so happy you did – your family needs you and that life you were living in Russia could not be the healthiest. Not like you told me much about your life. I blabbed away, and you were the strong and silent type. Much like I’m doing now.” Felicity forced herself to take a breath and he
couldn’t help but smile at her. “But honestly Oliver, we spent one night together. And then we thought we never would see each other again. It’s not like it meant anything.”

As usual, Oliver was at a loss for words with her, so he did the next best thing – he captured her mouth in a passionate kiss. He poured all the months of lonely nights he had spent thinking of her since their first encounter into her lips. When she signed and opened her mouth, he took it and gave her all the feelings he had from seeing her with another Alpha.

Oliver Queen had never been good with words, but he sure as hell was trying to communicate with the Omega with his body.

He pulled away, and was proud to see her standing there completely dazed.

“It meant something,” he growled out. Felicity looked up at him with wide eyes, as if waiting for him to say something else. He didn’t, and she sighed.

“Oliver, I’m tired, my date is over, and you’re looming over me in all your hotness and I’m having a hard time thinking straight.”

He grinned at her words. She finally opened her car door and got in.

“You can count on me seeing you soon,” he said in a low voice.

Felicity grinned at him. “You’re just going to have to find me first.”

And with that, she slammed her door and drove off into the night. So, his little Omega wanted to play cat and mouse with him? This was a game she had no hope of winning. He was tempted to follow her, but as he turned toward the restaurant he saw his family standing there with surprised looks on their faces.

He strode up to them, already forming excuses for his strange behavior. But his mind was on the woman who had just driven away from him in the night. He could not believe he had seen her again so soon after coming home. Oliver’s plan had been to settle into his life, and his mission as the vigilante, before reaching out to Amanda Waller to find his Overwatch.

She was the reason he found the courage to come home. The reason to channel his monster into his mission as the Vigilante. His reason for living. Oliver had thought of her so often in the past few months – wondering what she was doing, if she had gotten out of ARGUS, if she was safe. Never in a million years would he expect to find her here in Starling City.

In a restaurant. On a date. With another Alpha.

Oliver didn’t bother to temper the rage that boiled in him now. He made his excuses to his family and made his way to the Foundry. He would just have to take out his anger at that other Alpha on the criminals of Starling City.

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Felicity poured herself a giant glass of wine as she stewed over the evening’s events. Her date with
Mark had gone well. He was a very nice man. And when he had kissed her…it wasn’t awful.

Still, he wasn’t Oliver. And she had been furious at herself for that thought when the very man in question had popped out of nowhere and interrupted the kiss. Just when she thought she was over Oliver Queen – he literally jumped back into her life.

Who was she kidding – she was never really over him. Why the hell else would she have moved here to Starling City? Why would she have listened to his advice and gotten out of ARGUS, only doing the occasional mission now on a contract basis? Why else would she be watching what he was up to at night?

With that thought she logged into her computer and hacked into the traffic cams in the Glades where she suspected his base of operations was. Yes, she knew exactly what Oliver Queen got up to at night, donning that green hood and fighting crime. It seemed he had listened to her advice too and found an outlet for the “monster” he thought he was.

She followed him from camera to camera, watching him take down a mugger and someone attacking a woman in an alley. Felicity was so proud of him – if she had a right to be after only knowing him for one night. She had spoken so much to him, and told Oliver all about her life, but he seemed to have trouble forming more than a few possessive words here and there around her. And his idea that he was a monster. He must be hurting after all he had gone through, and she hoped that one day he would open up to someone.

She saw him chase a criminal into a building, and freeze when the man entered a building and the door locked behind him. Felicity’s keys moved swiftly over her keyboard as she made quick work of the electronic lock – and the Vigilante was shocked when the door opened for him.

A few minutes later, he hauled the criminal out of the building and handcuffed him to a nearby fire escape before pulling out his phone and calling the police.

Felicity seized the opportunity and hacked into his phone and sent him a message. She smiled when he saw his body stiffen as he looked around when he read her message.

She didn’t know is she would call Mark back or not, but she was finally willing to admit to herself that she was not over Oliver Queen. And she didn’t know if she ever would or even wanted to be.

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Oliver awoke the next morning with a start – shaking off the nightmare that plagued him in the few hours of sleep he got. Out of instinct he reached under his pillow and pulled out the T-shirt he kept there and inhaled its scent. Immediately, it calmed him down.

It was a woman’s T-shirt. More specifically, it was a T-shirt that a certain Omega had left behind during her stay in Russia. Overwatch…Felicity. Her scent still barely clung to the garment, but it was enough to send the nightmares back where they belonged.

Thinking of the Omega had him reaching for his phone and reading the text she had sent him last night for probably the 100th time. You’re welcome for hacking the door. – Overwatch P.S. Your butt looks nice in those leather pants.

She knew he was the Vigilante, and more importantly, she had been watching over him somehow. While the idea should fill him concern, it only gave him peace somehow. Felicity was watching over him, and joking about his butt – and he had no idea what her last name was and how to find her. But knowing that she was looking out for him meant that Felicity was still in his life. And that gave him
hope that he would see her again soon.

Oliver got dressed quickly and put on his “Ollie” persona to have breakfast with his family. They had barely bought his excuses last night, so he thought he should put in some extra face time.

He chatted with Thea about Harry Potter, they had been watching the movies and reading the books together since he got back, when he got the answer to his Omega mystery from the person he was least expecting – his new stepfather, Walter Steele.

“So, have you been seeing Ms. Smoak for long, Oliver?” the older man asked.

“Ms. Smoak?”

“Felicity Smoak, the woman we saw you kissing by her car last night,” the man explained.

Oliver sat up straight. The Alpha in him wanted to leap at his stepfather demanding answers, but he forced himself to remain in his seat.

“You know Felicity?”

“Yes, Ms. Smoak works in the IT Department at Queen Consolidated. Very talented, and very underutilized. She will be running the department within a year if I have anything to say about it.”

Oliver was floored. Felicity had not only moved to Starling City, but she was working in the building with his last name on the side of it. That had to mean something. He wanted to shout for joy. Felicity may be going on dates with another Alpha – but it was clear that Oliver was the one she wanted in his life.

Her little game had not lasted for long, and it was time for this cat to go catch his little mouse.

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Felicity was surprised to see a big bouquet of flowers waiting for her on her desk when she arrived for work. Her heart pounded harder at the thought that they may be from Oliver – that he had found her so quickly.

She tried to ignore the surge of disappointment that filled her when she saw on the card that the flowers were from Mark. Felicity felt guilty – she should probably let the man down easily, but because he was an Alpha, she knew he wouldn’t back away easily. And she had no idea what was going to happen with Oliver.

The polite thing to do would be to at least call Mark and thank him for the flowers. When he answered, the two of them fell into their easy conversation. Felicity honestly felt bad that she didn’t have the same feelings for him that she had for Oliver. Mark was a nice guy, and they got along well together. As friends.

“The flowers are lovely, Mark, thank you so much. No, I don’t know when we can go out again. No, it’s not about Oliver…okay fine maybe it is. Oliver is…here,” Felicity said in surprise when she saw the Alpha in question looming over her desk, scowling at the flowers. She heard Mark talking in the background, but she tuned him out as Oliver picked up the flowers. Never breaking eye contact with her, he dropped in the trash.

“Hey! You jerk, those are my flowers!” Her voice didn't really have the fire in it that it should have when she's mad.
“I will buy you new ones.” He said simply.

“What did he do to my flowers?” She heard Mark shout angrily into the phone. “Do I need to come there?”

Felicity took one look at Oliver’s face and knew that would be a bad idea. “No, Mark, I don’t think you should come here just now.”

Oliver nodded in agreement, and pulled the phone from her hands, hanging it up over Mark’s protest.

“You didn’t have to hang up on him, Oliver. And you didn’t have to throw out my flowers. That was kind of rude.”

Oliver didn’t say anything as he stalked around her desk and pulled her out of her chair. She let out an “eep” as he pressed her into his chest and whispered into her ear.

“Found you,” he said in that growly voice she loved so much. His breath on her neck send a shiver of lust through her body.

“Well frak,” was all Felicity could say before she totally forgot that she was in her cubicle in a busy office building in the middle of the day and succumbed to his kisses once again.

Chapter End Notes

Will Felicity finally kick Mark to the curb? Will the other Alpha stand up to Oliver and fight for Felicity? Will Oliver ever be able to open up to Felicity and share what he’s been through? Stay tuned for more!
Chapter Summary

Last chapter of this A/B/O story. Felicity must choose between two Alphas - and will Oliver be able to give her what she needs to make the decision?

Chapter Notes

Here we are, at the end of the fic I wrote for @tdgal1’s birthday. I hope you enjoy this last chapter. I'm sorry it took so long - I had a lot of writer's block on this one. Thanks to @magda1102 for her lovely art.

Not beta'd, so look away if you see any mistakes. :)

Communication was not one of Oliver Queen’s life skills – but damn, could that man kiss.
That’s what Felicity thought to herself as she lay in her bed with him later that evening, with their limbs tangled together and their skin tingling with the afterglow of making love. She was slightly scandalized by her own behavior. Felicity barely remembered them somehow transitioning from making out in her office to having sex in her bed.

Really, really good sex, Felicity thought to herself. While their time in Russia had been fevered and hurried due to her heat, this afternoon’s lovemaking was slow and passionate. Body remembering body. In-depth exploration. New discoveries and familiar territory at the same time.

It was amazing that even though she was not in heat, Oliver awoke something in her that she had never felt before. And that worried her a little bit. She had heard of some mates connecting on a primal level before they even bonded – but she had always brushed that off as an urban legend. She didn’t like the idea of hormones and biology determining her future, but on the other hand, she could not deny how being with Oliver made her feel…complete. Not in a way that meant she couldn’t live without him (although she questioned whether she could at this point), but rather that her life was so much better now that he was in it.

Felicity could tell he had similar thoughts, because he had gone from kissing her lips to moving down her neck, and he was now nuzzling her scent gland. If he took a bite from that spot while she was in heat, they would be bonded mates for life. She shivered as he kissed it.

“When is your next heat?” Oliver’s voice was husky in a way that did things to her. Would she ever be satisfied in her cravings for him?

“Next week, probably, but Oliver, I don’t think we should do what you’re thinking yet,” Felicity said as she climbed out of bed and threw on her clothes.

Oliver scowled – she didn’t know if it was just because of her words or the fact that she had covered up her naked body. He stood up and put on his underwear and pants, and she understood the feeling.

“You don’t think we should bond? Why not?”

“Why not? We barely know each other!”

Oliver smirked at her. “Felicity, I think the last hour has proven that we know each other very well.”

Felicity threw up her hands in frustration.

“Not physically. I mean outside of the bedroom,” Felicity explained as she made a point to sit on the opposite side of the room from him. She knew that if he touched her, all hopes of rational conversation would be out the window.

“Felicity – we have a connection. You can’t deny it. I made the choice to come home and face my monster because of you. And I can only assume you took my words to heart about leaving ARGUS because you are working at Queen Consolidated now.”

Felicity only nodded at his words, so lost in thought that she didn’t notice Oliver stalking over to her until he was lifting her chin so their eyes could meet.

“And why did you choose QC, Felicity? Out of all the tech companies in the world…why did you choose the one with my name on the side of the building?”

Although they both knew the answer – he would not break eye contact until she said them out loud. She threw her hands up in the air in exasperation.
“Fine, I wanted to be close to you…somehow…after Russian. Are you happy? But it doesn’t mean anything. Not really.” She made an attempt to escape his closeness, but he doubled down by pulling her in for an embrace. Her body betrayed her by relaxing into his arms. *Stupid body*, she thought, *I’m trying to make a point here and you’re not helping.*

“Felicity, it means everything. You’re my Omega. I’m your Alpha. You know it and I know it. You just have to accept it, right here.” He pulled back from their embrace and placed his hand over her heart.

“Oliver…I will admit that that I have…feelings but that doesn’t negate the point I made earlier. We barely know each other.”

“I know you. You told me just about everything about yourself in Russia.” Oliver smiled at the memory, but Felicity blushed with embarrassment over her babbling.

“Yeah, I babbled everything, and you said barely anything.”

“I’m not good at…communicating,” Oliver said dejectedly, making Felicity want to comfort him. “I mean, I wasn’t even before the island, and now…”

“It’s hard to talk about,” Felicity finished for him, and he nodded sadly. “I understand completely, Oliver, but at the same time it leaves things…unbalanced between us.”

He cupped her face and held her gaze. Felicity gasped at the sincerity…and dare she imagine love…reflected in his eyes.

“What can I do to fix it?” He asked in a whisper, and she opened her mouth to reply, but the doorbell rang. With a sigh, Felicity stepped away from him and into her living room toward the door. She felt Oliver follow her, but he stopped at the couch to give her a little space.

But as soon as she opened the door, Oliver by her side in a flash – because Mark was standing there with his arm raised to knock again.

**It took everything in Oliver’s power not to lunge at the man on the other side of the door, but he held himself back for Felicity’s sake. He was trying to convince her to bond with him, so beating the living shit out of the other Alpha vying for her attention probably wouldn’t win her over.**

Still, it gave him joy to see the look cross Mark’s face when he realized what Oliver had been doing with Felicity. Not only was she covered with his Alpha scent, and the smell of sex was intermingled with that scent. Mark’s eyes widened, and his hands clenched into fists. Oliver wondered if the other man would challenge him, or finally give into the obvious conclusion about who truly was Felicity’s Alpha.

Mark took the option of ignoring Oliver completely. “Felicity? Did you forget we had plans?”

“Plans?” Felicity squeaked. Oliver grinned when he realized their morning together had completely driven the other Alpha from her mind.

“Yeah, I mentioned on the phone this morning that I had tickets for the baseball game this afternoon. You said that you would leave work early, after lunchtime. I stopped by your office, but they said that you already left…with Mr. Queen,” Mark said, scowling at the last part.

Oliver scoffed at this, remembering Felicity’s 30-minute rant in Russia about how stupid sports were.
They may not know everything about each other, but at least Oliver knew more than this guy that a baseball game was a terrible date idea.

It was telling, however, to Oliver that the man knew that Felicity was with him and he still showed up at her door. He was not giving in so easily.

“Yes, I’m so sorry that I totally forgot,” Felicity stammered. “I was a little bit distracted at the time of your call.”

Oliver grinned again at this.

“I’m aware,” Mark ground out. Oliver’s body stiffened at his tone, ready to defend Felicity. She laid a hand on his arm, and he relaxed instantly. Even though his Alpha nature was heightened, he knew he needed to trust her to handle this guy. Even if his fingernails were cutting into his hand because his fists were clenched so hard.

“Mark, I apologize, but I don’t think this is going to be the best day to go to a baseball game for me.”

Mark narrowed his eyes, his gaze shifting back and forth between Oliver and Felicity. “Today…or ever?”

Both Alphas tensed, and Oliver knew that Mark was indeed going to fight for her. Physically if he had to. Oliver looked forward to it, because the monster within him was shouting to be released.

Felicity, eager to diffuse the situation, grabbed Mark by the arm and pulled him into her apartment. She picked up Oliver’s shoes, shoved him into his arms and pushed him out the door.

“Oliver, I think you should go home for now. I will call you later…I promise.” Felicity’s eyes were pleading with him. She didn’t want a fight in her apartment, but he wasn’t sure he could just leave her with another Alpha. Every fiber of his being rejected that notion.

“I’m not sure I can,” he pleaded back.

She stepped forward, embracing him. Oliver heard Mark growling behind them, and it made him smile. “Please, honey, you have to trust me. I need to talk to Mark without you being all growly and interrupting, okay?”

It was in that moment that Oliver realized that he was utterly helpless when it came to requests from her. Finally, he nodded.

“Thank you,” Felicity whispered in his ears. “Why don’t you go take out your frustration on some criminals, or better yet, think about solving that problem about us being unbalanced when it comes to information about each other. If you want to be my Alpha, I need to know you.”

Oliver pulled back, and threw Mark a warning look over Felicity’s shoulders. That man better not lay a finger on her. To stake his claim, he pulled Felicity in for a passionate kiss. Mark’s entire demeanor stiffened behind them, and Oliver grinned down at Felicity when he pulled away.

“Was that really necessary?” Felicity scowled at him, and put her body in the doorway to block Mark from lunging at Oliver.

“Baby, kissing you is always necessary,” Oliver said before giving her one more peck on the lips. “Oh and, I already am your Alpha. You just haven’t admitted it to yourself yet.”

And with that he winked at her as he turned and walked away. Felicity’s flushed cheeks and dazed
expression told him that he did not have to worry too much about Mark.

**

Felicity sighed as she shut the door behind that incorrigible man and turned toward Mark. The other Alpha was seething.

“What the hell, Felicity? We had a date planned for tonight, and I find you here having sex with another Alpha?”

Felicity forced herself to count to ten. If she used her loud voice on Mark, it probably would only make things worse.

“First of all, I apologized for not remembering about our date. Second of all, you did not find us having sex.”

“Well, recently having sex. I can smell his scent all over you,” Mark spat out. “I thought we had something here, Felicity. You were my Omega, and I find you mating with another Alpha.”

Okay, manners be damned, Felicity’s loud voice was coming out.

“How dare you? I am nobody’s Omega and I’m damn tired of people saying I am until I’m ready for it. I will bond with whomever I please when I think the time is right and not a moment sooner.”

Mark’s eyes flared with rage, and for a moment Felicity wished she hadn’t sent Oliver away. What happened to the nice guy she thought Mark was? She thought they had been great friends until now.

“I’m not trying to force you into anything, Felicity, but we have put a lot of time into dating. We enjoyed each other’s company. At least I thought we did. Was it all for nothing? Oliver Queen shows up and flashes you his cocky smile and immediately you drop your pants?”

In his anger, he had grabbed Felicity’s arm and was gripping it so tightly, it caused her to cry out in pain. Felicity gritted her teeth and tried to push him away. She used one of the self-defense moves she had learned at ARGUS to get out of his grip, and flip him over until he slammed onto his back to the floor.

“Mark, I think you should leave…NOW.”

Mark’s eyes widened as he processed what had just happened, seeming to shake off the rage that had been filling him. He looked up at the marks from his fingers on her arms that would surely leave a bruise and quickly got to his feet. He reached for Felicity, but she backed away. “Oh my God, Felicity, I’m so sorry, I don’t know what came over me. I can’t believe I hurt you!”

Felicity just nodded at his apology and pointed angrily toward the door.

Mark opened his mouth to apologize again, but changed his mind at the look on her face and turned toward the door with a sigh.

“I could challenge him, you know, if I thought there was any chance you would bond with me when I won,” he said as he opened the door.

“Oh, Mark, you are a fool if you think you could ever be a challenge to him…or me for that matter.”

Felicity slammed the door behind them, and sat down on her couch with a sob. How had she misjudged him so much? He had always been a good guy up until now, but she guessed it was all for
show. Alpha behavior was not an excuse for losing your temper like that. Any Alpha worth their salt would die before letting any Omega, let alone one they wanted to bond with, come to harm.

Felicity knew Oliver would chew off his left arm before he ever laid hands on her in that way.

Oliver.

He was going to kill Mark if he found out what happened here tonight. She rushed to the kitchen to grab some ice for her swelling arm. Maybe if Felicity wore a long sleeve shirt the next time she saw him, he wouldn’t notice. She let herself believe that lie.

A knock sounded at her door and Felicity immediately sprang into action, thinking Mark had returned. “Oh, no. I’m not here for any of that bullshit,” she said out loud to her apartment, as she grabbed her pistol from its hiding place in the kitchen.

She opened the door with it raised, surprised to see that no one was there. She looked down to see a stack of books tied together with a note on the top, and next to it a really expensive bottle of red wine.

Felicity dropped her gun on the table next to the door and scooped up the items, looking around one more time to make sure no one was there.

Once inside, she unfolded the note at the top.

Felicity,

I didn’t want to interrupt you time with Mark, but I saw his car speeding away as I pulled in. Much as I want to come in and wipe that Alpha’s scent out of your apartment, I’m going to follow your request to take out my anger at him on the local criminal element.

I did think about your other request as well. These books are the journals I have kept over the past several years – some from the time I was a way, and some from since I came home. There is even one from before my time on Lian Yu, but old Oliver “Ollie” is not someone I’m proud of, so please ignore about 99.9 percent of that one. Please.

I’m not great at sharing my thoughts with people, at least out loud anyway, but I hope this helps “balance” things for us. I want more than anything to bond with you, but I will wait until you are ready. I know in my heart and soul that I am your Alpha and you are my Omega, but I’ve waited this long to be with you – I can wait a bit longer.

The wine is not a bribe – I just remember you saying you loved it and thought you would enjoy having something to drink while you are reading. Some of my memories are not…pleasant.

When you are done reading and if you have any questions, you know how to find me…Overwatch.

Love,

Oliver

Felicity blinked at the letter several times before she finally sat down with the gift on her couch. Love. He had signed the note with “Love, Oliver.” Was that even possible this soon? Her heart told her it was possible.

Ignoring the wine for now, she dove into the books, wanting to know as much about Oliver Queen as possible.
Oliver winced at the cut on his arm as he punched in the passcode to get into his lair. It had been another long night of crimefighting – taking out his frustrations on the criminals of Starling City. The police department should appreciate that he hadn’t heard from Felicity in three days, because it meant just about anyone and everyone with questionable activities ended up handcuffed to their doorstep.

Even though he hadn’t heard from the Omega, he knew she was safe because he had perched on the roof across from her a few times just to make sure she was okay. He could see her snuggled on her couch with his journals. She had an intensely focused look on her face, not the one of disgust Oliver was fearing. He wondered if she would run from him, moving far away from Starling City, once she read all the terrible things he had done. Once she saw more of the monster, would she fear the man?

As he made his way down the stairs into the lair, his senses went on alert. Someone was down here. He cringed in pain as he pulled an arrow from his quiver, knocking it at the ready.

“Really, Oliver? You think taking on three criminals at the same time is a good idea? You could have been killed!”

He dropped his bow as Felicity marched toward him.

“I’m assuming you have a first aid kit down here so I can take care of that?” She pointed at his wound, but he could only stare at her in surprise.

“You’re here.”

“Uh, yeah, I hope you don’t mind. I kind tracked your patterns and figured out this was your base. I finished your journals and wanted to talk to you.” Felicity was twisting her hands nervously.

“You’re here,” he said again incredulously.

“I think we already established that. Where else would you think I would be after reading what you gave me?”

Oliver handed her the first aid kit and eyed her warily as he sat down on the med table.

“Far, far away from me once you learned the truth about who I am?”

“Oh you mean the fact that you are a survivor who endured the worst circumstances and came back stronger and better because of them?”

“But, I’m a monster. Didn’t you read about the things I did while I was in Russia? On the island.”

“Yes.”

“Well, then how can you stand to be in the same room as me?”

Felicity was silent for a moment as she cleaned his wound. He could tell she was mentally counting to ten because she was getting mad at him, and his lips turned up a bit without his permission.

“I told you once in Russia and I’m telling you again…for the last time. I’m never going to repeat this. Are we clear?”

He nodded, and she grabbed his face and looked sternly into his eyes. “You. Are. Not. A. Monster.”

“But…”
“Oliver, I read your “Ollie” journal and the entire journey it took to make you into the Oliver I know and love today.”

His heart started pounding in his chest.

“Love?”

“Yes, love. I was right about getting to know you. The scales are more than balanced and I fell in love with the man I discovered in those journals. You are brave, kind, strong and so much more, Oliver. And I absolutely was humbled and honored to read you description of me and our meeting through your eyes.”

“But…”

“Oliver, don’t make me use my loud voice. I told you I wasn’t going to talk to you about being a monster again,” she leaned forward and tentatively kissed him on the lips. The contact jerked him out of his stupor and he grabbed her and gave her a kiss of his own – deeper and more passionate. He could not believe that this ray of sunshine was choosing him.

When finally, they pulled apart, they stared at each other with love in their eyes.

“I’m so glad Amanda Waller sent you to me in Russia. I don’t deserve you, but I’m going to spend the rest of my life trying to be worthy of you, my Omega.” Oliver leaned forward to kiss her again, but Felicity stopped him by laying her palm on his chest.

“Oliver – please don’t ever talk like that again. You have nothing to prove. In fact, you already proved yourself worthy a few days ago when you trusted me to handle another Alpha rather than challenging him yourself. And then you found a solution to our communication problem and gave me space to read it and process it,” Felicity said. “Believe me when I say not all Alphas would show the same restraint. I know that from personal experience.”

Oliver stiffened at her words, and jumped off the med table.

“What did he do,” he growled. Felicity’s eyes widened, and he realized she hadn’t planned on letting that slip.

“Oliver, it’s fine, I handled it.” She folded her arms, ready to stand her ground. But when she folded them, her sleeve slid up and bruising was exposed. He lifted up her shirt even more, rage slamming into him.

“I’m going to kill him,” Oliver said as he stalked across the lair to grab his bow.

“Oliver, no, you’re injured and you shouldn’t go out there. Besides, I already handled it. He’s going to have a sore ass and back for days, and I may have bricked all of his technology and put him on the no-fly list.”

Oliver forced himself to calm down, regulating his breathing. He pushed down the thoughts of putting an arrow through Mark’s heart for laying hands on his Omega.

“What does brick mean?”

“Huh?” Felicity asked as she crossed the room to him.

“What does brick mean? You said you bricked his technology – please tell me that is something really, really bad.”
“Oh, I rendered everything he owned basically useless without hope of ever being fixed.”

“She grinned up at him. “Thanks for remarking on it. Now are you done wanting to be all arrow-y on Alphas that do not matter to me at all?”

Reluctantly, he dropped his bow and nodded.

“And are you ready to take me home and have lots of sex with me?”

He vigorously agreed to that one.

“And in a week when I go into heat, will you mate and bond with me?”

At this, he hesitated. Despite all her assurances, uncertainty plagued him. Would he ever be enough for her? Had he pressured her to bond too soon?

“Are you sure…Felicity? Are you ready? I mean, although it pains me to think about, there might be a better Alpha out there for you to choose.”

Felicity leaned forward to cup his cheeks in her hands.

“My silly Vigilante, don’t you know? There was and will be no other choice to make.”

And she sealed her words with a kiss.

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Eight days later

Oliver was lost in passion for his Omega, the feeling building and building to claim her once and for all. Their bodies were joined, growing closer and closer to ecstasy. He licked the scent gland in her neck and they both groaned with the shock of pleasure that coursed through them.

Oliver forced himself to still, looking down on her. “Are you sure, baby? It’s only been a week. We can wait until next heat, or later.”

Felicity’s face switched from pleasure to annoyance in less than a second. “Oliver Jonas Queen, don’t make me use my loud voice. I’m ready to bond with you forever.”

He smiled down at her.

“God, I love you so much.”

“I love you too, now bite me already.”

He did just that, and both of them were sent into oblivion as their bond as mates was cemented. As they were coming down from their orgasms, Felicity snuggled into him.

“I really like your room. It smells like you,” she murmured into his chest.

“We have to find our own place. Your bed is too tiny and I had to wait until my family was out of town to invite you to stay over. My sister is too damn nosy,” Oliver said.

“Hey – I like your sister.”
“I like her too, but I don’t want her running in here to investigate the screams you make when coming.”

Felicity smacked his chest lightly.

“I don’t scream that loud.”

“Baby, you hurt my ears.” Oliver laughed as she rolled over away from him in a pretend huff. He stilled when she reached underneath the pillow and pulled out a shirt. She sat up and held it up against her chest and frowned at him.

“Whose shirt is this, Oliver? I mean, you could have at least cleaned out all evidence of the last girl who was here before bringing another.”

He cursed himself for not including that detail in his diary.

“You don’t recognize it?”

“Why would I…wait…is this my shirt?”

“Yeah, you left it in Russia. I…uh…slept with it a lot after that. It had your sent,” he said, lowering his head sheepishly.

“Oliver Queen, you let off the appearance of a big bad monster dude on the outside, but you are really a big old teddy bear,” Felicity said. “That is honestly the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard.”

He grabbed her and flipped them on the bed so that he was straddling her.

“Oh no, Ms. Smoak, I’m no teddy bear. I’m a hard ass with one particular soft spot,” he said before kissing his giggling mate.

“Just one soft spot?” she asked in a flirting tone.

“Oh no, I can think of another soft spot,” he said, kissing her breast. “And another,” he said kissing her other one. “Oh and this one,” he said, kissing her navel. Felicity was giggling uncontrollably at this point.

“You’re going to have to stop that or we won’t be out of this bed in time before your family comes home. We don’t want to scandalize your sister with all my screaming,” she teased.

Oliver took her house hunting the very next day.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading this story! It has been fun to write! Drop a comment and let me know what you think! If you want to follow me on Twitter, I'm smoakinfan and I'm wherethereissmoak on Tumblr.

Thank you to everyone for all the comments and kudos on this fic!
End Notes

Thanks for reading! Drop a comment and let me know what you think!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!